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Friendly Talks With The Editor

Spring

SPRING is only about two steps and a jump away. You're looking forward to it, but have you helped those birds to be able to reach it safely? How about those feeding pans? That wasn't what we started to say, but there it is. What we really set out to write was, what are you going to do with spring when it gets here? Are you going to put in a garden to help out Dad and Mother in these days of high prices? Are you going to learn to swim just as soon as the water is warm enough? Are you going to get for yourself every breath of that fine, outdoor air you can draw into your lungs? Spring is a coming to life of the world, isn't it? Are you going to sprout with the rest of nature and do your bit to make the world lovelier and pleasanter to live in? That, we think, is what spring is for.

Improvements

WE KNOW of a little country bank that was getting along about the way you would expect. It was all right, sort of crowded and jumbled and unhandy. Then along came a new officer who thought it would be a good idea to fix things up. He spent quite a lot of money making that bank look as much like a city bank as he could, and providing facilities for the bank's customers. Nine-tenths of it was an improvement to the appearance, but most of it also made business easier to do. It was little short of amazing how that bank's business increased. The improvements did it. Now we wonder if it wouldn't work the same way with a boy. Build on a new suit, and put in a hair combing and coat brushing and shoe-blackening department, you know. If such things will get business for a bank, we believe they'll get it for a boy.

Self-Rousers

WE KNOW a fellow who tells himself when he turns in at night, "Now, you want to get up at six to-morrow morning," and promptly at six he wakes up and hops out of bed. We don't know just how his mental alarm works, but we have a hunch that if he merely rolled over several mornings instead of hopping out, he'd soon find that he had lost that handy little buzz in his brain. If you have a self-rouser inside of you, you're lucky—whether it is, "Six o'clock!" or "You're going to smash in algebra if you don't look out," or "You have a fighting chance to make the team." But you want to hop when you hear that self-rouser. As a rule, it's no patient repeater. If you roll over and go to sleep again, the next thing you know, someone will be

dousing you with cold water or yanking you rudely out of your dreams. You'll find life pleasanter if you respond when your self-rouser barks: "On your mark! Get set! Go!"

Politics

WE BELIEVE you boys are interested in politics, so we'll tell you a story we heard President Harding tell the other day. He said there was a wealthy farmer out in Ohio who got sick, and they called in a doctor, and then he got worse, so they called in another doctor, and the first thing the family knew they had in half a dozen doctors, all giving advice and medicine, and it looked as though the patient would die. But as a last resort they called in a new physician, a young man who had just come to town. This young man said the only condition upon which he would take the case was that all the other doctors be discharged. Well, he had his way. Then he went into the kitchen and mixed up an awful mess of mustard and vinegar and red pepper—perfectly harmless, but tasting dreadfully. This he told the family to give the patient every half hour. Then he went away. In a week the patient was up and at work. "Now," says Mr. Harding, "that's the trouble with our country. Too many doctors who want to give their own medicines. Leave it alone, and it will get well of its own strength."

Laws

A HIGH SCHOOL BOY who stood up in a Student Council meeting the other day put something of Mr. Harding's idea into different words. "Let's not make a whole bunch of rules," he said. "Probably we need a few good laws—so strictly enforced that the meanest or the nuttiest fellow in school doesn't dare break them. But a mess of hastily made little laws about anything and everything will just breed lawbreaking and buck passing. Why not give the student body a common-sense chance?"

Being Funny

TO LOOK at folks you would think that being funny was the most desirable thing in the world. Everybody seems to want to make folks laugh. Why is it, we wonder? Of course being funny is very fine indeed—when you can do it. But there are a lot of folks who are funny at the expense of their friends. They think up funny things to say about them; or tell silly things they've done. Maybe what they say (the facts stretched just a little bit, probably) makes a dozen people laugh—but, do they stop to think that it deeply wounds one person? On the whole, we think it better that the dozen should remain solemn than that one should be wounded to make them jolly.

Judgment

WHEN WE GO to judge a friend or enemy we should proceed about it fairly, shouldn't we? First, we should consider not his words, but his actions. He may be the sort who conceals his virtues with queer talk. Then again, we should not consider a single act, but should weigh all his acts for a long time. He may go wrong once, or be mistaken, but if he is right in the long run, that is the kind of man he is. We should disregard his occasional sudden tempers. They don't count. We should be patient and dig deep to find the real man, and not jump to conclusions from noisy or garish outward incidentals.

Wasting Time

WE'VE DISCOVERED we are wasting about half our time, and somehow we can't seem to find any way to stop it. It looks as though we were doomed to be able to work about half as many hours as we plan to do. Something sneaks in, things we don't know how to avoid. We find we lay out six full days of work for next week, and then when the week is over we're lucky if we have crowded in four to our satisfaction. For instance, we've got to go up town to-morrow to buy our son a birthday present. That can't be dodged, now can it? No way out of that. Well, it ruins a day of work. Next day we've got to go up town to do about half an hour of business and there's another day busted. Time stealers. There's some way out of it for us just as there is for you. Maybe if you fellows want to work on your lost time problem you could find a solution for ours. If you can we wish you'd write us about it.

Better Speech Hour

WE have decided to set aside one hour every day in which we shall use nothing but the purest brand of the King's English. No slang—no ungodly "the don'ts" or "have got's"—no slurring "dija know's" or "salla same's!". We shan't even split a mincing little infinitive. We believe that hour will contain sixty character-building minutes. And won't it be a pleasure to listen to our pure speech? Perhaps during one of these coming hours, we shall call upon the man who some years ago refused us a job because he didn't want anyone around his office who mumbled his words as though his mouth was full of hot mush. And another time, we may call at the home of the fellow whose mother told him he shouldn't ask us to any more of his jolly little informal dances because we were so "darned slangy" (we're quoting the fellow, not the mother). We don't want the job just now, and we're not so keen about dancing as we once were—but we should like to change the impressions we made.

Perfection

DID YOU ever hear a wonderful tenor sing? It seemed perfection, didn't it? But while that tenor was singing he wasn't satisfied with his work. He knew it ought to be better. Have you looked at a great painting? You thought it was perfect. But the man who painted it was probably disappointed and full of regrets, for he knew it should have been better. Read a great book. You say that it couldn't have been better—it is marvellous. Yet, when the author finished it he probably was almost sick because he knew it wasn't what he had hoped and intended to write. That's the way with people who do great things. What's the answer?

A Bargain

THE CHEAPEST thing in the world is sleep. Anybody is foolish who doesn't get all he needs of it while the bargain price is on.

Temper

IT WOULD be a mighty fine thing if every time our tempers got lost our tongues would get lost with them. The big trouble as it is happens to be that when our tempers lose themselves our tongues stay home and occupy the whole house. They even bulge out into the road. We've often wondered what tongues were for, anyhow, and we've just guessed. Tongues are built on purpose to hold when we get mad.

NOW FOR OUTDOORS!

ARE YOU a red-blooded adventurer? Do you like to be out in the "big spaces"—the great forests, the high mountains? Do you like to go exploring, or camping, or fishing? Do you like outdoor games?

If the answer is yes, you will especially enjoy the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY—the Outdoor Number.

First comes the story of a great canoe trip in the Canadian woods—a story of exciting wilderness adventures, including a fight for life in a forest fire. There's mystery in the story, too—the mystery that gives the story its title, "Medicine Gold," and engages the boys in a bitter conflict with the Indians. Start it next month.

Two American boys' adventures in mountain climbing in the Alps are told in a novel, thrilling, TRUE story by Dana B. Durand, one of the daring adventurers.

"The Crime at Lone Lake," by Laurie V. Erskine is a gripping tale of a puzzling problem that confronted a group of boys out camping.

The second story by Bernard Marshall in the series which leads up to the mystery of the Knight of Ascalon (the first of which appeared last month) will come in May.

A baseball story, "Ginger Burke," by Ralph Henry Barbour; a rowing story, "Little Duffy the Great," by K. P. Kempton; another Northfield High story by William Heylinger; a fine baseball article by H. G. Salsinger; more fact stories about high school politics and politicians; Mr. Perry's story of the U. S. Mails, which was mentioned in March—these are some of the many other features you will get in your AMERICAN BOY next month.

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GROUSE AND A DOUBLE HIT

By WARREN H. MILLER

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

"I SWEAR I don't get this bird! Can't see him at all!" declared Tommy Buckfield to himself, wondering what combination of fates had willed it that he should choose little Ross Harding as his companion for this season's grouse shooting trip. Tommy was six-foot-three in his stockings and intolerant in his views. Like most boys that are destined to become big heavyweight men, Tommy was mature for his age—seventeen—and inclined to look down on little fellows of all shades and descriptions as somehow weaklings, niggardly dealt with by that same Mother Nature who had made him and his kind big and strong. Yet history is full of those queer friendships of big man and little man, stronger friendships than most others.

Had Tommy ever read his history with both eyes open and applied it to his personal life, which no school boy ever does!

The two boys were the most exact opposites that could be picked in all the Everett Latin School. Ross was small, slender, immature, about five-foot-one in height, a Southern boy from Alabama. The only prowess he had displayed since joining the school had been a remarkable and unbeatable agility at tennis. Also he had proved the star shot of the school gun club—which was quite natural for a Southern-born and reared among the quail of the plantations. As Tommy reflected over it, he guessed that it had been his own skeptical disbelief in the Southern boy's shooting ability when pitted against our Northern ruffed grouse that had really made him invite Ross to go with him on this trip.

Tommy himself was a Vermont boy, tall, angular, scrawny, red-haired; with a chlorotic green eye and a nose that may once have been Greek but was now broken-backed from some football scrimmage. Tommy, as left guard, had stopped the elbow of the opposing halfback with the nose on that occasion, and when he got out of the hospital he made all school records for champion ugly man go bump—with that nose of his mended but carrying a deviation of two points north-by-west forever more. He was still the star left guard, for he weighed a hundred and seventy pounds and had an eleven-inch paw and a number ten foot. When the paw laid hold of a body, that person did not get away until Tommy chose to let him!

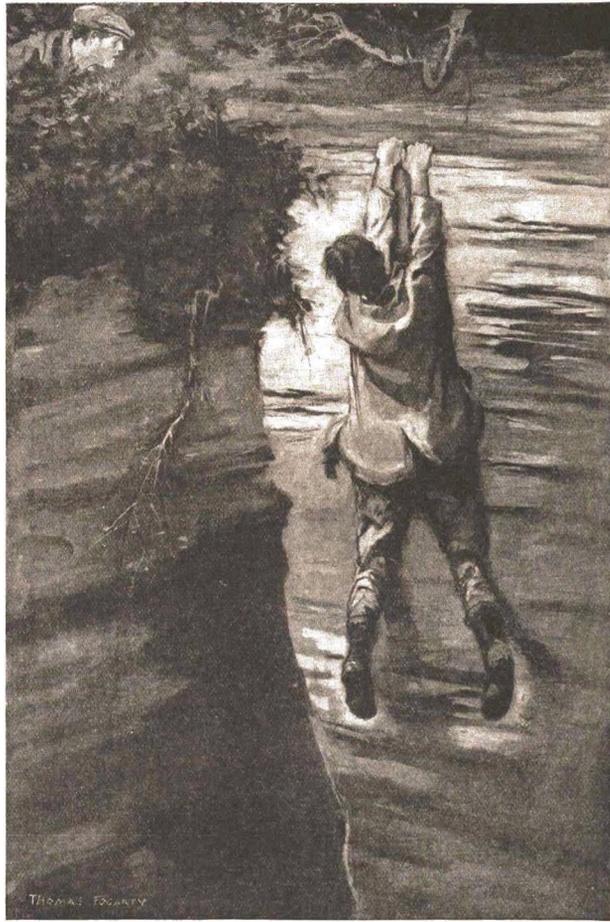
In spite of his misgivings as to how Ross was going to pan out, Tommy characteristically stuck to his decision to take him on the grouse hunt. He himself could not hit a grouse once in ten shots on the wing, but he was not particularly ashamed of it, for Sir Ruffed Grouse is the king of game birds and it takes a master wing shot to bag him. But he did not believe that Ross could hit 'em either. "The little String Bean" as Tommy called him had certainly smashed the clays in great form at the gun club; but hitting clay pigeons and hitting ruffed grouse were two different things! He was still from Vermont and you had to show him!

Opening day, November tenth, found the two trudging into the forested hills that filled the northwest corner of the State of New Jersey, some twenty miles across a valley from the school seat. Each of them bore a pack and a double two-gauge shotgun in hand. There were provisions enough for four days—excepting meat, which had to be shot or you went hungry! That was Tommy's creed; also he had a sort of proprietary interest in these hills for he had discovered the season before that there were grouse in them. Those ancient mountain forests were also pitted with old Revolutionary iron mines, abandoned for better ores over a hundred years ago. No one lived there now; there were no farms within five miles of the hills; even the old lumber trails had long since so grown up with second growth timber as to be almost indistinguishable.

There is something in the freedom of an outdoor trip that induces comradeship. Little old String Bean was turning out not half bad, thought Tommy patronizingly, as they hiked along, crunching through the dry leaves and threading through the trees over hill and ravine. String Bean had promptly retorted upon the nickname, "String Bean" by calling the big fellow "Moosehide"; he carried his pack well and didn't fight it or complain; and he had an enthusiastic eye as Tommy's for game possibilities and the beauties of the autumn forest. So far, good enough! ruminated Tommy. It was a risky business, anyhow, taking a fellow you did not know on a camping trip.

Well into the heart of the mountains, now, they were skirting a deep leaf-strewn swale and soon came out on an mighty ridge where an outlook could be had. As Ross leaped up on a huge flat rock a grouse drummed out from under the ledge on the other side and a rabbit darted for cover between Tommy's very legs. So far they had done no shooting, for it was essential to find a camp site and pitch the tent before the short November day should fall dark.

"Jeemientley-dingit, Tawmy! This sure is game coun-



Then He Groaned Inwardly for the Bushes Parted and Ross Stood on the Brink Opposite.

try, let me tell you!" cried Ross, looking about enthusiastically; "why don't we camp 'bout here, sometime, somewhere?"

Tommy looked about him judgmentally. Giant wooded ridges crossed the horizon ahead of them everywhere. Opposite them rose a steep wall of cliffs, with bare and wind-swept cedars dotting the sky line along its crest. Below them an illimitable deep valley that had no bottom faded down into misty depths of forest.

"If there's water down there, we camp, String Bean," declared Tommy. "Let's go!"

Together they started down the slope. There was not a lumber road anywhere nor even a trail. Not within the memory of living man had this country been worked or used by human beings. They pushed and crashed their way through undergrowth so dense that you could not see the way ten feet ahead—down, down, always deeper and deeper into the valley, while the high rocky ridge opposite rose more and more frowningly above them.

Suddenly there was a crackling of dry branches and a smothered exclamation from Ross. Tommy saw him pitching in front of him, and his big paw shot out—to grab a fistful of the slender boy's hunting coat and stick fast.

"Whoa, there, little man—where do you think you're goin'!" roared Tommy, holding Ross in that immovable grip and hanging him over an empty nothingness that yawned before them both. "That's a hole, String Bean, an almighty hole!—one of Washington's mines," grinned Tommy. "You keep out of 'em until I tell you to drop in!"

He lifted Ross back as by a derrick and set him gently down on firm ground. The little fellow squirmed around, his face flushed, the reaction from the sudden scare mantling to his temples—for before him gaped Death, a round and bottomless pit, dreadful in its dark and cavernous mystery.

"Gosh—all! Thanks, Tawmy!" gasped Ross, still staring fascinated over the brink. "One of Washington's old Revolutionary mines, eh? You don't say!" he ejaculated. "Think of it, Tawmy, Washington's cannon came out of this very hole—the cannon that freed us!"

He stooped down eagerly and searched until he had found a small bit of yellow iron ore at the pit mouth. "I'm going to keep this, Moosehide, to take back home for a souvenir. Think of it, man—a piece of the ore that cast Washington's cannon!"

Tommy grinned sardonically. Ross' intense enthusiasm

for an old piece of worthless iron ore was all lost on him. He could not realize how sacred to a Southern boy was anything of Revolutionary interest: "You watch your step, little man—that's all," he growled, releasing him. "I don't want to be dug up out of any of Washington's mines a hundred years from now—nor you either! These hills are pitted with 'em."

THEY worked on down hill warily. Another pit mouth passed them, off to the left, a great beech tree grown up since the Revolution nearly closing its mouth with its gnarly roots. Then a grouse jumped and soared off into the ravine. Instantly Tommy's gun sprang to shoulder, but, hindered as he was by his pack, he was slow in aiming. Before he could so much as train on the bird, both of Ross' barrels had cracked out. There was a moment of listening silence while the smoke cleared; then came a thud in the dry leaves.

"Dead bird! My first of your Newfangled grouse, Tawmy!" carolled Ross happily. He ran forward to retrieve.

Tommy shook his head lugubriously. "How does he do it!" he groaned whimsically. "Son, I swear I hadn't come to life yet—when you up and got off both barrels!"

Ross came back holding up his first grouse. He was as big as a small hen, barred with buff and black, and ornamented with two large tufts of black feathers which jutted out from each side of his neck.

"He's the wariest and cutest thing that flies, I'll say, String Bean!" quoth Tommy, "—and you won't get the next one!" As for himself, well, let one jump—that's all! However, quickness and accuracy were to be admired, even in a little runt. If Ross could keep up that shooting! Well, he wouldn't say—

They climbed on down to the bottom of the ravine. It grew steeper and more enclosed with every foot of descent, until there was not a level spot left anywhere on which to set up the tent. But that did not matter; what really counted was water, for they were a mile in from the last brook. The bottom of the ravine was filled with tumbled boulders covered with leaf-fall. Pawing a way down through these, small pools of clear water showed, deep hidden in the clefts. A twig dropped on the surface moved slowly down the valley, showing that the remnants of the brook still ran, even after the long dry season of the Indian Summer.

"It's good to drink, Ross—we've camp!" decided Tommy. "You get me some large flat stones for the campstove."

They threw off their packs and from the top of his Tommy unlimbered "The Pig" as he called a light sheet steel stove that was his special pride and joy. It weighed only three pounds and was sure the cat's tail for cold weather camping! In ten minutes it was belching forth smoke from its short pipe and two pots on it were giving out steam under their covers.

Ross studied the problem of the tent, for Tommy had left its pitching to him. "No use setting it on this slope, Moosehide," he chirped. "We'll both be sliding down hill in our sleep and ramming the stove all night. Let's get that dead tree yonder and tote her to camp. I've got a hunch."

"What's your hunch, little man?" grinned Tommy appreciatively. Why, the little worm almost had brains! Darned if he hadn't!

"Come over and help and I'll show you!" grunted Ross bucking up over the log.

Tommy strode over. "You stand clear and give me room, little man!" he growled, brushing Ross aside and picking up the tree, roots and all.

"Where do you want it, String Bean—and what for?" grunted Tommy, coming to camp with the tree across his knees. The trunk was perhaps eight feet long, broken in two long ago by its fall. Ross pointed and Tommy threw it down on the uphill side of the stove. The little fellow then leveled up his end with a big stone and eyed the slope of the hill calculatingly.

"Here's my hunch, Tawmy. We lay a row of poles along the top of that trunk, see? Then we take and jam the other ends of them into the hill so they lie good and level. Then we put a lot of small brush atop of them, crossways, and above that pile our leaves until we get a bed a foot thick. How come, eh?"

"Set up the tent over the whole business, huh?" grinned Tommy understandingly. "Cut! Think that all out yourself, String Bean?" he banted.

"Sure did! Let's go!" laughed Ross, picking up his belt axe. They went to the nearest thicket for poles and by nightfall had the bed done. Over it went the tent, a five-by-seven wedge of green canvas weighing four pounds. Packing it full of dry leaves and then packing these down, they soon had a level bed platform on which the blanket bags were rolled out. As Ross lit the candle lantern and hung it from the ridge rope Tommy began to feel that "little man" was going to make a whale of a tent mate. You

(Continued on page 32)

THE HAYMAKERS' ROW

A Connie Morgan Story of Trouble at the Round Seven—and a Fight

By JAMES B. HENDRYX

Illustrated by Frank Schoonover

THE CALF round-up was over. The Heart Bar cattle had been rebranded with the Round Seven brand and turned onto their own range north of the Missouri River, and Tex, with a half dozen riders who had been retained, was out on the range gathering a trainload of three-year-old steers and turning them onto the Indian Reservation where they would "finish off" for fall shipment to Chicago, to much better advantage than the open range.

Connie remained at the Round Seven home ranch where haying was in full swing. Each day found him in the hay fields where the crews under the direction of Tombstone and Canary were harvesting the crop of winter feed. To the boy whose experience had been for the most part in the far North, there was a certain fascination in seeing the tall grass laid flat to the whine of the mowers. There was fascination, also, in the scent of the sun-dried hay that was rolled into long windrows by the rakes, and whipped into cocks by the forks of the hay crew, and in watching the huge stacks grow, as load after load was swung aloft by the big boom of the stacker.

One evening as the boy sat on the porch of the log ranch house with his eyes on the far horizon where the square head of Sugar Loaf Butte stood out distinctly in the afterglow, Tombstone, doleful of countenance, slowly chewing the end of a stalk of hay, ambled around the corner of the house and seated himself on the top step. For a full minute he sat there chewing his piece of hay, his eyes fixed somberly upon the ground. Connie was the first to speak.

"How are things coming, Tombstone?" he asked.

The man shoved his Stetson toward the back of his head, shifted the straw to the opposite corner of his mouth, and spat with deliberation and accuracy upon a sun dried chip. "Things looks bad. Tol'able bad, a man could say."

"Why, what's the matter? Everything seemed to be going fine this afternoon."

"We got a lot of hay down. One field of blue j'int layin' flat. A lot of wild hay up the west cocked raked, an' that alfalfa down in the medder, all cocked up."

"What's the matter with that?" The boy's eyes swept the sky that had been cloudless for weeks. "Not looking for rain, are you?"

Tombstone submitted the heavens to a minute scrutiny. "You can't never tell," he opined, with a wag of the head. "I've saw it rain before now, an' I've saw it not. If it hauls off an' rains things will be worst an' worst, which they're had enough as they be."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, some of the hands has quit."

"Quit! What did they quit for?"

"They want more money. They claim it's too hot, an' they won't work for no forty dollars a month."

"Isn't it always hot at haying time?"

"Sure it's hot. It ain't the hot. That there's just a excuse fer to have somethin' to kick about. They think they've got you where they kin gouge five dollars more on the month out of you. This here is a heavy hay year, an' all the outfits has hired all the men they is, an' they figger you can't git no more if they quit."

"Have they all quit?"

"Nav. Only one gang. Them ones that's in the bunk-house. They's two or three of 'em that claims they're I. W.s., whatever that is, an' they've talked around amongst the rest, an' made speeches nights, ontill they've got the hull gang onsatisfied with the work an' the wages, an' everything else. Besides which they know you're just a young feller. I wisht Tex was here. Mebbe he or Canary could find him in a day's ride, or so."

"I guess we won't bother 'em," Connie replied. "He ought to be pulling in a most any time, now. But even if he should be out a few days longer, I think we can handle this gang. I ran across some fellows who said they were I. W. Ws. once up in a log camp in Minnesota, and I know something of their tricks. You stay nere and I'll go down to the bunk-house and have a talk with 'em. I was looking for Tex and the boys in this evening. If they come before I get back, tell them not to show up around the bunk-house. If the trouble-makers want to start anything, it's just as well not to let them know how strong we are."

"I do no," said Tombstone, doubtfully. "I don't b'lieve talkin' will do no good. An' if you agree to give 'em a five dollar raise, the other gang'll want it, too. An' if you don't, the heft of 'em'll quit, an' we'll be short-handed an' lose a lot of hay, or if they don't quit they'll be wantin' another five dollar raise in a week's time. Things looks bad, boys, I'm a-tellin'—mighty bad."

Connie laughed. "Cheer up, Tombstone! Things generally by work out all right. What we've got to do is use our heads. I'll know more about it when I come back."

"They's a lot of times things don't work out," for-hooded Tombstone lugubriously. "Lots of hay has be'n lost 'cause outfits was short-handed. Outfits has busted, an' men has died before now, because things didn't work out right. If yer luck's runnin' poorly, it ain't no use to try to buck it. Even if only half them fellers quits, we're crippled so we lose a lot of hay."

On the way to the bunk-house Connie grinned to himself. "Poor Tombstone," he muttered. "It must be awful to always look on the dark side of things."

TWILIGHT was deepening, and as the boy approached the bunk-house he could see by the yellow glow of the bracket lamps that the men had sought shelter from the mosquitoes behind the closed screens. The sound of a voice reached his ears. Evidently one of their num-



"The Trouble With This Here Gang Is Settin' Right Over There," He Said, Pointing With His Pipe.

ber was haranguing them in a sort of set speech.

Fragments of the man's remarks reached his ears as he drew near the door: "Capital grinds labor in under its heel. Bosses an' slaves—that's what this country's made up of. Us pore fellers toilin' an' sweatin' out there in the sun all day is the slaves, an' the ranch owners is the bosses. An' what do we git out of it? Forty stinkin' dollars a month! The price of one steer! Or two ton of hay! An' how many steers has this outfit got? An' how many ton of hay? Thousands of 'em! But, the time's comin' when things will be changed. Labor's got to organize. Capital can't exist without us. We've got the bosses by the throat, an' we don't know enough to squeeze down an' choke 'em! Right now, we've got the chanct to squeeze down an' git a little of what's comin' to us—"

CONNIE opened the door and entered the bunk-house. A sharp featured man, with narrow shoulders, and a blue cotton shirt open at the throat, stood at one end of the room. Two others were seated beside him, and the rest of the men lounged on chairs and bunks. Connie seated himself in a chair and deliberately tilted its back against the wall. The narrow shouldered man stared at him for a moment, shuffled uneasily upon his feet, glanced over the faces of the others, and sat down abruptly between his two companions, where he mopped his sweat-beaded forehead with the sleeve of his blue cotton shirt.

"Go on," urged Connie, smiling. "Don't mind me. Go on with your speech. I'd like to hear it."

The man scowled, wriggled, and shot an appealing look toward the man on his left, a large, low-browed man with a month's growth of beard. The big man answered the boy's invitation without rising from his chair. "What we got to say, ain't fer you to listen to. All you've got to know is that you've got to pay us five dollars more on the month, or we'll quit."

"Why should I pay five dollars more a month? You agreed to work for forty dollars, didn't you? None of the other outfits are paying more than forty."

"That don't make no difference one way or another. The p'int is, we've got you where you'll pay the five, or you'll lose more hay than what the raise would come to. You're up agin organization, young feller, an' organized labor is goin' to show the bosses where to head in at. Time ain't so fur off when the I. W. W.'ll make the prices, an' you bosses'll pay 'em, same as you're goin' to come across now."

"Are you all I. W. W.s.?" asked the boy glancing about the room. He noted that the eyes of most of the men lowered before his glance, and the man with the stubby beard answered. "No—only us three here is, now—but the rest of 'em will be when they see how easy it is to git their rights."

"There are a few points I'd like to talk over," replied Connie. "You say that the fact that you agreed to work for forty dollars don't make any difference. You expect these men to join your organization and the first thing you show them is that the organization welches on a bargain."

The boy turned to the others who had remained silent listeners.

"How do you boys feel about it?" he asked, abruptly. "You've all worked in the hay fields before. What's the trouble?" He paused for a moment, but no one answered, and he continued: "Don't your sleeping quarters suit you? Or, is it the grub? Or the hours? I want to find out where the trouble is. Tombstone told me someone said it was the hot weather. But, if you did quit, it would be

just as hot the next place you worked, and the wages would be the same." Once more the boy paused and allowed his glance to travel over the faces of the crowd. No one volunteered an answer and he pointed his finger at a large, roll-sleeved man whose arms were tanned to the color of old leather. "You, there—with the pipe—you tell me what the trouble is, and we'll talk it over."

THE eyes of all centered upon the man, who, finding himself singled out, hunched forward in his chair and removed the pipe from his mouth.

"Talkin' about me, personal, they ain't no trouble," he said. "I've be'n hayin' fer fifteen year, not only around here, but in other places, an' other states, an' they ain't be'n a onct I was better set than what I be right here. The bunk-house is better'n most places they sleep you, an' the grub's jest as good as any I ever et, an' a heap better'n the general run, an' the hours is the shortest I ever seen called a day in hayin' time. I've worked fer outfits that figgered a day started in the grey of the mornin' an' quit when it was too dark to see, an' most outfits call a day from sunrise till sundown, which this time of year is plenty long. But with this here outfit the sun's shinin' when we go to the fields, an' it's still shinin' when we come out of 'em. When a boss or a coffee-cooler comes out like a man an' wants to know where the trouble is, the way I figger it, he's got a right to be told. The trouble with this here gang is settin' right over there in them three chairs."

He pointed with his pipe stem, and settling back in his chair, replaced the pipe in his mouth and spoke slowly between puffs.

"Talkin' about me, I'm goin' to stay where I'm at. Personal, I'm an American, an' I don't need no Rousian Kike er whatever them birds is, to tell me when I'm settin' purty. I've set an' listened to their talk about their lodge, er whatever it is, till it looks to me like if Congress would go to work an' turn everyone loose that's locked up in every jail an' pen in Ameriky, an' fill up the jails an' the pens with these here W. W.s., the general average of folks runnin' loose would be consid'able better'n what it is now."

Hardly were the words out of the man's mouth than with a snarl the big, low-browed man leaped to his feet and with chair swung aloft rushed at the man with the pipe, who had no time to defend himself, or even to rise from his chair. Quick as a flash, Connie, who was seated between the two, and a little to one side, thrust out his foot, and the next instant both he and the big ruffian crashed to the floor.

Pandemonium broke loose in the bunk-house. Before the big fellow could regain his feet, the man with the pipe was upon him. Connie scrambled to his hands and knees only to be knocked flat the next moment by a chair wielded by the narrow shouldered man. The rungs of the chair struck the boy fairly upon the back of the head, and for a moment the room turned black. Sounds were all about him; the quick breathing of men, the thud of blows, and the hoarse grunts that followed the thuds.

Again he scrambled to his hands and knees. The floor seemed to be swaying and rocking beneath him, and a wave of nausea and dizziness swept over him. Two men, grip-locked in each other's arms, tripped over him, and as Connie squirmed and wriggled from beneath them he saw the narrow shouldered man snatch up the leg of a broken chair and sneak forward, his eyes fixed upon the head of the man with the pipe whose back was toward him and who was exchanging blow

for blow with the big man who had started the row.

Unarmed as he was, Connie did not hesitate. His brain cleared, he struggled to his feet and launched himself upon the back of the narrow shouldered man just as he raised his club to strike. Connie's right arm shot over the man's right shoulder, and instantly his forearm tightened with a vise-like grip under the man's chin, at the same moment his right knee bored into the small of the man's back. With a startled yelp, the man gave backward, the chair leg flew out of his hand and knocked the chimney from one of the bracket lamps causing it to flare smokily. The two crashed to the floor with Connie on top.

AMIGHTY surge of rage seized the boy as he realized that beneath him lay the man who had dealt him the cowardly blow from behind, and who was stopped in the act of dealing another cowardly blow from behind. The man's hand closed on another chair leg as Connie's fingers gripped his throat, and he flattened himself against the man's body as the weapon swept harmlessly above him. Putting every ounce of strength into his grip, the boy squeezed the man's windpipe. The man struggled furiously, and doggedly Connie maintained his grip, pumping up and down with all his strength, so that the back of the man's head audibly battered the floor. The man's legs and arms thrashed and writhed as he vainly sought to break the grip at his throat. Finally his struggles grew weaker, and suddenly ceased. The boy released his grip as he glanced into the face of the man whose mouth had sagged open, and whose eyes had rolled back until only the whites were visible, showing in startling contrast to the fast purpling skin of his cheeks and forehead.

The sounds of struggle dwindled and ceased. Connie regained his feet with the aid of the overturned table, and glanced about him. Three men sat astride of three others upon the floor. The big ruffian who had started the fight covered upon his knees, with his face buried in the blankets of a bunk, and his arms protecting his head, while the man with the pipe stood over him with doubled fists. The narrow shouldered man's chest began to heave and his breathing apparatus began to function once more. The third trouble-maker lay peacefully slumbering a few feet distant, with a big blue lump on his forehead where a chair leg had met him head-on.

The man with the pipe turned his gaze on the boy. One deeply purple eye had swelled shut, but the man's swollen lips grinned, and his good eye winked, and he indicated the three men who were held to the floor.

"Say, boss, looks like this here lodge had 'nished three new members, but they's six of us that they didn't 'nishiate—not what you'd notice. Which it means that when it comes to a show-down Ameriky's still on top!"

Connie laughed. "You bet she's still on top!" he agreed. "And now, if you boys will stay here and keep an eye on these fellows till I come back we'll give 'em their time and get them off the ranch."

"Leave 'em to us, boss," replied the man, searching about the floor for his pipe. "They won't start nothin' we can't stop."

Tombstone was waiting on the steps of the porch. "D'you have any luck?" he asked.

"Pretty good luck?" grinned the boy. "We argued the thing out, and only half of 'em decided to quit, the three I. W. Ws., and three more. The other six will stay."

"Even if half of 'em quits, we'll be short-handed an' probably lose a lot of hay," Tombstone glanced into the boy's face, and his brow puckered. "Say, boss, what's the matter? Yer shirt's all tore. You look like you be'a in a fight."

"Things did get a little lively down there for a few minutes, but they're quiet now."

Tombstone's reply was interrupted by the sound of hoofs, and the next moment Tex and his six cowboys swept down the creek and drew up sharply in the open space before the house.

"Hello, boss," called the new foreman, as he slipped to the ground. "Well, we finished up the job. Shoved five hundred head of steers onto the reservation, an' picked up four head of missin' saddle horses." His glance rested for a moment upon the face of Tombstone, and he grinned: "What's eatin' you? You're plumb doleful lookin'. Got a burr in under yer suspenders?"

"Huh, they's plenty trouble 'round here. Part of the hay crew's quit, an' the boss had a fight down to the bunk-house, an' things looks mighty bad."

"A fight, did you say?" Tex stepped closer to Connie. "How about it, boss? It ain't over, is it?"

The boy laughed. "Yes, it's all over. You're just a few minutes too late to get in on it." Connie spent the next ten minutes in explaining the situation, concluding with the information that he was going to pay off the insurgents and get them off the ranch.

Tex looked grave. "I. W. Ws., eh?"

Connie nodded: "Yes. Know anything about 'em?"

"Those I've seen were the kind that when they can't get holt of dynamite they use fire. There must be a lot of haystacks in the fields by now. They belong where Harmon an' his gang is. Ain't they done enough so we can haul 'em to town an' turn 'em over to the sheriff?"

The boy shook his head. "No—but—" his voice trailed into silence, and for some moments he stood apparently lost in thought. Then, "We started a setting just inside the fence up where our road joins the main trail. We must have half a stack there already."

"I wasn't thinkin' about no half a stack," replied Tex. "How about the settin's that's already finished—the ones that's got anywhere from a hundred to four hundred ton apiece in 'em?"

"And I was thinking of that half a stack," replied the boy gravely. "These I. W. Ws. are pilgrims. They wouldn't go far off the main trail in the dark."

Followed, then, a colloquy, at the end of which Tex

and his rider turned and rode away into the night, and Connie and Tombstone proceeded to the bunk-house.

"Holy Smoke!" exclaimed Tombstone, as he stepped into the interior. "They ain't a hull chair left! I'll say things was lively! Charge 'em up with the chairs, boss. It's their fault they was broke."

Connie laughed. "I'll contribute the chairs to the good of the cause." He surveyed the six battered individuals who had been herded into one end of the bunk-house. "Step over here, one at a time and get your money. You've worked a half a month." One by one the three trouble-makers slouched forward and accepted their wages while the six loyal hands stood guard, each with the leg of a broken chair held conspicuously in his hand. The three others who had thrown in with them followed, only the last man making any comment. "I don't want to quit," he whined. "I'm satisfied to keep on workin'. I'm like him," he indicated the big man with the pipe. "This job suits me, an' I want to stay. These here fellers talked me into strikin' fer more wages, but I'm gittin' enough the way it is."

"You're a little too late deciding," answered Connie. "You should have made up your mind when the fight started, like these other men did. Here's your money." The boy handed the man his wages and turned to the others. "You fellows are going to pull out of here in about ten minutes," he ordered. "Tombstone will hitch a team to the wagon and haul you out to the trail."

"The trail!" roared the big I. W. W. "You hauled us out from town an' you'll haul us back where you got us! We know our rights! You'll haul us clean to town, or we'll have the law on you!"

"You're a fine chunk to appeal to the law," sneered the boy. "But go ahead. Your bluff is called, because once outside my gate you're going to be afoot. We're short-handed here because you've made us short-handed, and I haven't got a man or a team to spare for a trip to town. It's only sixty or seventy miles, and the walk will do you good. If you get tired just camp along the road and wait for the stage. It will be along sometime tomorrow."

"If you don't haul us, you've got to sleep us, an' feed us till the stage comes, an' then pay our fare in!"

"Oh, do I?" Connie smiled. "Well, just add that to your claim for damages when you bring that lawsuit."

A few minutes later Tombstone pulled up at the door with a loud "Whoa!" and Connie turned to the big man with the pipe. "Load 'em into the wagon," he ordered, "and you boys better go along to see that they don't start anything. Dump 'em off at the gate and hustle back. We've done a pretty good evening's work since supper, and I'll have the cook rustle an extra lunch."

EXCEPT for the little light of the stars, the night was dark, and very still. Beside the trail, just outside the gate of the Round Seven ranch, six disconsolate figures stood glowering into the night. During the ride to the gate no one had spoken. (Continued on page 41)

NORTHFIELD HELPS ITSELF

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

THE EDITORIAL home of the *Northfield Breeze* was a corner room on the top floor of the Northfield High School. The room, tucked into an out-of-the-way wing of the building, had the remote appearance of an architectural afterthought. A stranger, strolling through the corridors, might have passed the doorway with the impression that the threshold probably led to a storage chamber for janitor's supplies. It was a dull and uninviting doorway.

But once inside the room one would have recognized the calling of the place. Three scarred tables held implements that possessed an editorial look—ancient type-sheds loose on their hinges, and disordered piles of school papers and magazines. Drawings that had had their day of renown in the school weekly hung framed upon the walls; and there was also a well-preserved letter of advice that a famed novelist had once written to a *Breeze* staff. That letter was each succeeding editor's heirloom, to be duly pondered and handed down, in time, to his successor. A dictionary on a stand was near the tables, a filled bookcase stood against one wall, and between two windows was a rack holding newspapers to which the school had subscribed. Four newspapers hung suspended from rods—the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Daily News*, the *Kansas City Star* and the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

At one of the windows Bristow, the editor of the *Breeze*, and Praska, president of the Northfield Congress, stood staring out at a stretch of vacant building lots that lay parallel with the rear of the school building. Praska was the first to speak.

"If something isn't done," he said, "it will be the same story that it was three years ago. Northfield won't have a chance."

Bristow pursed his lips. "Three years ago the election came right after that outbreak of typhoid fever. Everybody was taking sides on the question of pure water. Nobody was thinking about an athletic field for the high school. Scarcely anybody bothered to vote yes or no on the question of buying the site back there."

"It will be the same this year," said Praska. "This time everybody is interested in Commissioner Sloan. His side is saying that the parks and public improvements were never kept up better than he has kept them. The other side is saying that he's done nothing but make a lot of soft jobs for his family at public expense. Every night there are street corner meetings. Nobody says a word about the referendum on the high school field. It's just a side issue. It's up to us to see that it stops being a side issue."

Bristow, his lips still pursed, whistled a preoccupied, aimless, almost silent tune.

"We've been to the editor of the *Morning Herald*," Praska went on, "and we've had a talk with the editor of the *Evening Star*. We asked them to get behind the athletic field and boost it. But both papers are attacking Commissioner Sloan. They won't go off on any side is-

sues, either. What's the result? They've each given us one little item buried on an inside page—a couple of inches in each paper. That won't get us any place. There's only one road left. We've got to make our fight in the *Breeze*."

"We won't reach much of the public," said Bristow. "We'll reach the parents of our eight hundred students. Less than eight hundred voters bothered to say either yes or no three years ago."

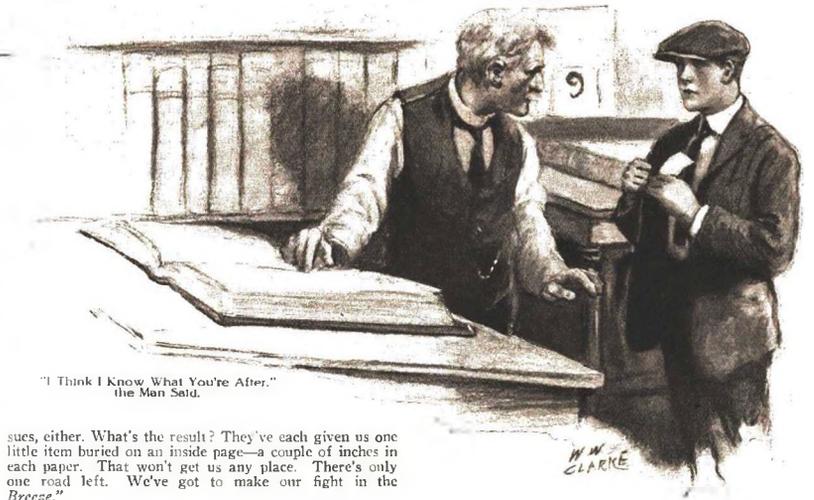
Bristow, still whistling that almost soundless tune, walked to the middle table of the three, and stood there toying with the clipping shears.

"If the *Breeze* goes into this," he said abruptly, "it's going to be mighty hard work."

"Everything's hard," said Praska seriously, "until it's done."

Abruptly Bristow dropped the shears.

"There was a time," he said, "when I didn't believe in a school paper's going into this sort of thing—but I've changed my mind. You can count on the *Breeze* to go with you all the way. Something Mr. Banning said in civics last week has started me thinking. He said that



"I Think I Know What You're After,"
the Man Said.

half the fellows in the senior class would cast a vote in the next election for Governor of this State. It gave me a job to think how close a lot of us were—you and me, for instance—to American citizenship. Then he said we don't keep in touch with the people who have graduated from this school. I think I know what he meant by that. He meant that whenever the school had a fight on it ought to call on its graduates for help. It's going to be a fight for that athletic field, and we're going to call on ours. First crack out of the box we ought to call in Carlos Dix."

"Fine!" cried Praska. Bristow grinned. "I thought that would get you. You've been a Carlos Dix worshipper ever since we were in the sixth grade. I'll bet there was a time you dreamed of him at night."

"I'm still for him," Praska said honestly. "He was the best quarterback Northfield ever had, and he made a record on the State University team."

"Oh, he had a good head," Praska said sharply. "Not many high school letter fellows ever took the trouble to coach a grammar school team as he coached ours. After he went to the University he wrote us a couple of times and suggested plays. He's kept in touch with us ever since he came back and opened his law office. He's come out to the high school games when he could and—"

"Gag yourself," Bristow cut in, half in good humor, half in earnest. "When I said Dix had a good head I wasn't slamming him. What's your objection to his having a good head?"

Praska subsided. Bristow, he knew, was twisting words around. At that Bristow excelled him. He had never developed the knack of deft, quick speech. Yet his mental picture of Carlos Dix was as clear and as strong as it had ever been in grammar school days—a keen, alert man, generous, public-spirited, and straight as a string; and he remembered that years ago Bristow had twitted him about Carlos Dix even as he twitted him now.

"Let's get back on the main line," the editor said imperceptibly. "We ought to get Carlos Dix to use his head in this athletic business. He knows a lot about managing public affairs. My father says that in another year or so he'll be in the State Legislature, young as he is. Last fall he made political speeches all over the State. He's just the man to help us."

"He may be too busy," Praska suggested doubtfully. "He may not have the time for a campaign like this."

"Do your years at Northfield mean anything to you?" Bristow demanded sharply.

"Yes," Praska answered simply. "Then if Carlos Dix is the man you say he is, the four years he spent at Northfield mean something to him. Somebody ought to go to him."

"I'll go," said Praska.

At five o'clock the next afternoon the elevator of the Union Trust Building dropped him off at the seventh floor. Carlos Dix's office was down at the end of a corridor—the type of office that would naturally be rented by a man whose future was bright but whose present demanded economy. A girl, sitting at a typewriter desk, disappeared into an inner room after Praska had given her his name. A moment later Carlos Dix came out.

"Hello, Praska," he said with a cordial handshake. "Come in." He led the way into his private office and motioned the boy to a chair. "Just give me a minute to pick up these papers." With swift fingers he fell to banding legal looking documents into neat packets.

Praska had a momentary chance to study once more this man to whom he had long given a boy's half-hidden allegiance. Carlos Dix's build was still as rangy as when he had shrilled his signals to the Northfield eleven. His forehead was high, his hair was crisp and brown, his gray eyes looked at you openly and directly, and the ghost of a smile seemed to tug constantly at one corner of his wide, generous mouth. He had that vague something that men call magnetism. Lincoln had it. So, too, had Roosevelt.

The young lawyer snapped on the last rubber band and turned to Praska with friendly alertness. "Well, what is it?"

"It's about the election," said Praska. "We're going to try to put through the referendum for an athletic field, and we've come to you for help. Northfield hasn't forgotten you."

"I haven't forgotten Northfield," said Carlos Dix. He walked to the wall, and stood looking at the framed picture of a football team. When he came back to his desk, it was plain from the expression on his face that his thoughts were in the past. Abruptly he aroused himself. "What you want from me," he said, "is principally advice—right?"

"Right," said Praska. "You've got two ways to reach people, word of mouth and the printed word. You must use the *Breeze*."

"We're going to. That's all planned."

"Good. That reaches the parents of eight hundred students. You want to hammer away on two things, why the school should have an athletic field, and what it will cost. You can easily figure the cost. Go down to the Tax Assessor's office in the City Hall. Find out what figure the city puts on those lots in back of the high school for taxing purposes. Taxing value is always less than market value. In this town, add about forty per cent to the taxing value and you'll have a fair market selling price. Then keep yelling about how little it will cost each taxpayer."

Praska had drawn pencil and paper from his pockets

and was making notes.

"Now for your word of mouth campaign. Every Northfield student must do missionary work at home and with the next door neighbors. Each student must centralize on just that—his own family and the families next door. Don't spread your fire; center it on the people who know you. The athletic field is a side issue in this campaign. The whole town is caught by the ear by just one thing—will Commissioner Sloan be defeated or re-elected? Half of the people won't even bother to vote on the athletic field. If you get out a crowd who will vote 'yes,' you'll win."

Carlos Dix's voice, vibrant, sure, confident, warmed Praska through and through. As he shook hands with the lawyer in leaving, he was struck anew with the thought that only a few short years ago this man of affairs had seen little of the world except what went on in a high school classroom.

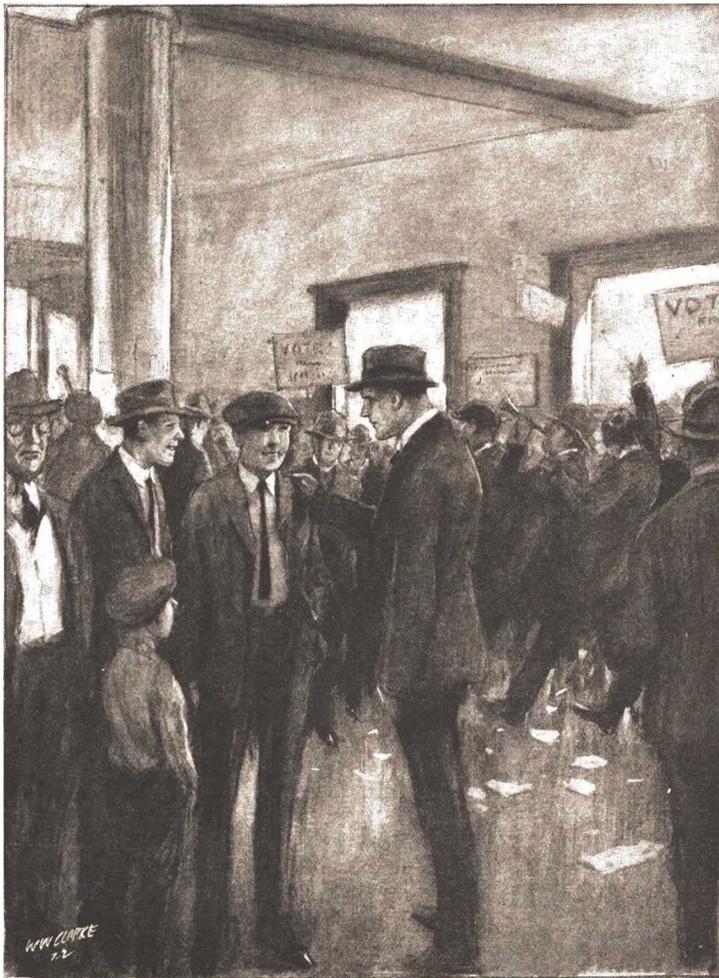
school. There would be at least one real estate man, he thought, who would quickly join in the school's campaign.

But when he told this to Bristow, the editor looked at him with a sudden, speculative smile. "Ballinger! Carlos Dix is his lawyer. I wonder if Carlos is in this with us to get his little commission money."

"Carlos Dix is in this," Praska said indignantly, "to help Northfield. Anyway, there wouldn't be anything wrong in it if he wanted to help Mr. Ballinger sell some lots to the town."

Bristow grinned. "Stirred you up, didn't I? Thought I'd get you with that. But just between you and me, George, if Carlos jumped right into this because he wanted to help Mr. Ballinger it would be a whole lot more honest if he'd come out in the open and say so."

"Well—" Praska began weakly, and stopped. There was nothing he could think of to say.



"The Field Will Win by Six or Seven Hundred Votes," Carlos Dix Said. "Praska, I'm Proud of You!"

"I'm glad you came in," Carlos Dix said, "for many reasons," and Praska left with a feeling of deep inward satisfaction. The campaign would succeed—he was sure of that. But of even greater moment to him was the fine way in which the lawyer had responded to the call of his old school.

Next morning he told Bristow the success of his errand. "Carlos Dix," he said enthusiastically, "didn't hesitate a minute. You can always count on him. Remember the first year we were in high school, the time the football team was swamped in its first game—"

"Oh, bother Carlos Dix!" Bristow said with irritation. "Let's attend to this election. You get those tax figures and we'll begin to stir the pot. I'll do my bit. You get the rest of the school to campaign at home and among the neighbors. Just get me some figures, and I'll use them as a peg to hang up some snappy articles."

Praska got the figures that afternoon. The gray-haired chief clerk in the Tax Assessor's office took him back among the assessment books and speedily gave him the information he sought.

"I think I know what you're after," the man said. "If you high school fellows are going to try to get that athletic field, I'd buzz around and see the lawyers and the real estate men."

"Why?" Praska asked eagerly. "Some of the people who own these lots do business through lawyers and real estate brokers. If a real estate man has a client who owns any of that property he'll help you put it over for the sake of his client. If a lawyer has a client who owns some of that property he'll lend a hand to help you put it over, too. There may be a little commission money in it for them."

Praska thanked the man and walked out into the rotunda of the City Hall. The list he had in his pocket showed that B. B. Ballinger, Northfield's leading real estate broker, owned six of the lots in the rear of the high

"That," Bristow said confidently, "is something that ought to strike home."

Praska was sure that it would bring results. And yet, before two days were gone, it was apparent that the article had created scarcely a ripple. The school itself, the party most vitally interested, was not impressed. Bristow was disappointed.

"You ought to go down and see Carlos Dix again," he told Praska. "We're slipping up some place. We're not getting the most out of what we're doing. Dix may be able to put us on the right track. He'll try hard enough if he's in this to sell those lots for Mr. Ballinger."

Praska went again to the office on the seventh floor of the Union Trust building, carrying with him a memory of Bristow's teasing, exasperating grin. But all doubts fled as he sat again beside the lawyer's desk. It did not seem possible that those candid eyes, that frank smile, could mask a purpose other than absolute school loyalty.

"I gave you the right road," the lawyer said frankly, "but I sent you up the wrong side. The first thing to do is to convince the school itself. The students cannot campaign at home unless they believe in what they're doing. Try this. Pack together your best arguments for voting for an athletic field. Word them concisely and forcefully. Give, also, brief, logical answers to any objections that have been raised. Keep the whole thing short and have it printed on small slips of paper. See to it that there is one on every student's desk. Then send out speakers from the Northfield Congress to visit each home room and discuss these arguments with the students. Let them ask questions and answer them. Hammer the arguments home. Sell them to the citizens of the school community. Then print a short article on the same lines in the next issue of the *Breeze*, and get the students to take the paper home, with the article marked, and sell their dads and mothers."

The solution was so simple (Continued on page 30)

BRISTOW opened his campaign in the next issue of the *Breeze*:

NORTHFIELD'S OPPORTUNITY.

Every person, every community, every school is judged by two standards—the things done and the things left undone. In the coming election Northfield has an opportunity to supply a need of Northfield High School. The town had the opportunity once before, but did not see it. It must not be said again that Northfield was blind to its chance.

It will cost, it is estimated, about \$25,000 for an athletic field. Is this too much? It all depends upon what the town will get for its \$25,000. A sick man is usually willing to give all his money to regain his health. Doctors say that it is cheaper to stay well than to spend money for cures. Northfield speaks of that field as an athletic field, but it would be better, perhaps, to call it a "health field."

The old Greeks had a saying, "A sound mind in a sound body." The classroom provides a mental training field, but a basement gym is a poor body builder. Exercise should be taken in the open air. When it is taken on a school field it becomes as much a part of school duty as study. Health marks are as important as examination marks.

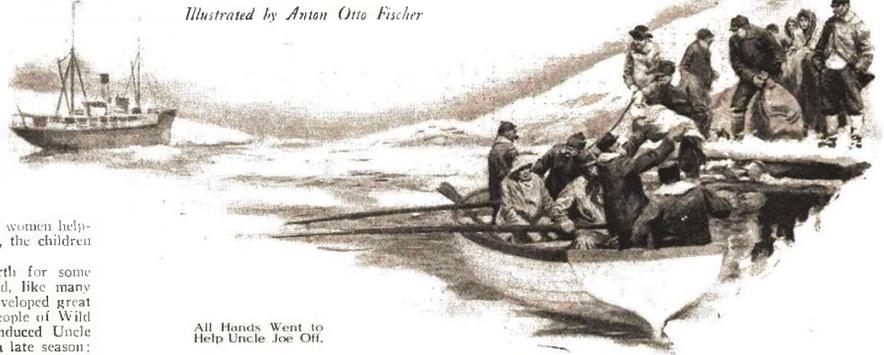
Why did the Greeks insist upon a sound mind in a sound body? For the same reason that one would not store precious oil in a cracked bottle. The crack would allow the oil to leak away, and a weak body is a crack through which energy is lost. The best brains have usually gone with rugged bodies.

Northfield doesn't ask \$25,000 merely for an athletic field. It asks for an athletic field plus—and plus is health.

THE WRECK of the MAIL STEAMER

By DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer



All Hands Went to Help Uncle Joe Off.

THE NORTHWEST coast of Newfoundland is no favorite with our seafarers in the fall of the year. The long, straight, rock-bound shore line for eighty miles in one stretch, offers no shelter whatever even to the small vessels that ply to and fro along it in pursuit of their calling. Yet, as great shoals of codfish frequent the cold waters of the north shore of the Gulf, just as soon as the frozen sea permits it in spring, swarms of fishing craft, of all sizes, from all the Newfoundland coasts, and even from as far south as Gloucester, push their way "down North" in pursuit of the finny harvest. On the Newfoundland vessels women and children often come, the women helping to cure the fish and cook for the men, the children because they can't be left behind.

Uncle Joe Halfmast had not been North for some years, for he had never liked the sea and, like many another of our handy fishermen, he had developed great talents as a carpenter. But this year the people of Wild Bight were building a church, and had induced Uncle Joe to come down and lead them. It was a late season: the fall weather had been so wet and "blustery" that the men found it impossible to dry their fish for shipment as usual, and were consequently late getting ready for the return South. Moreover the church had to be sheathed in before Christmas, so that, when spring came round, the work would not have to be done over again.

The little mail steamer which served three hundred miles of coast was unusually crowded with passengers and wrecked crews, and it had twice passed Wild Bight without calling on the southern journey, owing to the impossibility of making the Cove in northwest gales. Indeed every inch of space aboard her had been already occupied long before she reached us. Thus for three long weeks we had been waiting for a chance to go South.

Winter had set in in real earnest. Ice was making everywhere, and to offset our anxiety the whole Cove was secretly rejoicing that we might be compensated by Uncle Joe having to spend the winter with us. He was justified a little by the fact that everyone knew his attitude to rough seas, and that if he returned he had promised to take back with him Susie Carlless' derelict baby—a tiny piece of flotsam—with no natural guardian to "fear" for it. And near Christmas is no time for sending babies traveling round our northwest coast. Uncle Joe said nothing—he never did—and the church grew steadily under his hands.

"I'm not worrying," was Uncle Joe's motto. "I leave that to Him that watches over us," he would add, if he was in a real talkative mood.

So as a matter of fact no one was surprised when, one day after Michaelmas, a familiar fussy whistle broke the absolute silence of the harbor just at the first streak of dawn, and kept restlessly repeating itself as if to say, "Last chance—last chance—last chance for the year. Hustle, hustle, hustle." Sorry as they were to lose him, all hands went to help Uncle Joe off, and give the baby those last touches that only women's hands are allowed "to be able for" on our coast.

THE little vessel was crowded, for her accommodation; badly overcrowded. But she was as fine a little sea vessel as money and human skill could make her and through many a gale of wind she had safely car-

ried our friends. It was bitterly cold, the thermometer being actually away below zero, and our weatherwise people knew that something was brewing to windward that boded no good to a small boat however staunch, with only our long miles of harborless coast under her lea. Some at the risk of appearing self-interested, urged the old man to stay right on through the winter, and with that unbounded hospitality that is so universal a characteristic of our northern people were offering him a home, "baby and all." But Uncle Joe's philosophy is proof against any fears; indeed his faith is such real simple working material all through his life that the cynic calls it fatalism. So, as from those who saw St. Paul off on his long sea journey from the beach at Ephesus, not a few prayers went up for their friend and his helpless charge, as the little column of smoke once more disappeared into the sullen darkness that hung on the horizon under the southern sky, while the ominous soughing of the sea note on the rocks sent all hands back to make everything fast, even about the small homes on the land.

The storm did not actually break till after dark that night but slow come is long last with us, and it will be still longer before the memory of that Christmas gale ceases to blow in our memories.

The mail steamer was lost in it, violently blown out of the water on that evil coast. But these happenings are not strange in our world and we never got the story till the following year when one fine Sunday morning I happened to drop into young Harry Barney's home, a little wooden cottage on the glorious sandy beach at L'Anse au Loup in Labrador.

Harry was enjoying a morning pipe of peace, with his darky embryo Vikings playing round the door. This was my reward for a Sunday visit. For it is as easy to catch a weasel asleep as Harry with time to burn from midnight Sunday till the next Day of Rest comes round.

A big liner had run ashore close to us only a week before, and was now an abandoned wreck lying well out of water on the north side of Burnt Island, so we fell to talking of wrecks, and the topic of the loss of

our mail steamer came up. To my amazement he said, "Yes, I knows about her, doctor, I was fireman aboard when she was cast away."

"You? What have you to do with steamers?" "Oh, they shipped me and poor Cyril Manstock as they couldn't get men south. I'd acted runner before, but it was Cyril's first voyage, and he died after of consumption, as you know. They says it was that chill did it."

"Tell us about it, Harry. We heard that a dog saved all hands by carrying a line ashore. I've been crazy to get the facts from an eye witness."

"I wasn't much of an eye witness till we were high and dry, but I saw the dog do his bit, doctor, and he certainly did it all right."

"WE knew below decks by six o'clock—that's just at dark—that it would be a fight for life," he began. "What was left of our coal was all dust, and we'd had trouble keeping steam with it even in smooth water. We were anchored then, right on the straight shore, landing some freight for the village at Cowhead. The wind was already rising and the sea beginning to make."

"My watch was from eight to twelve. But I was a new hand and wanted to give her every chance, so I went on at six to watch that the fires were kept clear and a good head of steam when we made a start. It did seem an awful time delaying, and I wished a hundred times that we would throw that freight overboard."

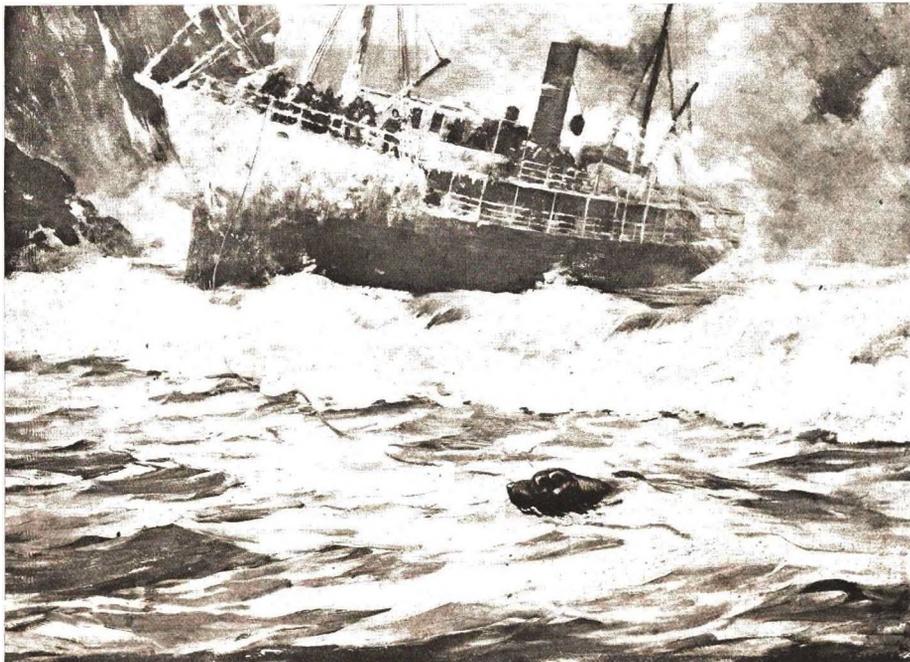
"I guess I was a hit excited. But when at last the bell did go, we were all ready below. It was a hard fight, however, from the first. For the boat was small and we knew she couldn't do much in a dead hard sea. Her propeller comes out and she races, and it's no soft job trying to fire at the best of times. She wasn't so bad first out in the spring either. But like everything else, she had run down with hard usage and at the end of the long season she couldn't do her best by a long way. However, as I said, we had a full head of steam when the gong rang at last and, for a time, it looked as if we might make it by standing right out to sea."

The fierce dust in the stokehole from the powdery coal, and the heavy and quick rolling soon made our eyes blind and our throats dry, and before my watch was out at midnight I just had to go up for water. I found the doors were all sealed up with ice, so had to crawl out through a ventilator to get that drink. I hadn't been up two minutes, it seemed, before the chief sent for me to hurry down again, as the steam was going back. I was only second fireman really on my watch, but the first, a Frenchman who had been at it seven years, was an oldish fellow and was getting all in. At midnight watches were called but both of us stuck to it for we were losing steam again. Water was now washing up over the plates of the engine room, and we were wet and badly knocked about by the ship rolling us off our legs when we tried to shovel in coal.

"At two o'clock the old man gave in altogether and went up, and I never saw him again until it was all over. Cyril was in as trimmer, and he came in to help me. Every time I opened the fire box door Cyril would grab me by the waist and hold on hard, but in spite of it I got thrown almost into the fire one time by the ship diving as I let go to throw the coal in."

Harry here slowed me a big scar across his arm and one on his face. "I got these that time," he remarked, "just to remember her by."

"The water was rising then in the engine room, and the pumps had got blocked so we couldn't pump it out. We didn't think she was leaking but we heard after some port holes had been stove in, and she took in water every time she rolled. We got the pumps to work again after a while. But the (Continued on page 29)



After They Seemed to Have Failed, the Dog Rushed Down Into the Sea, Held the Rope in His Teeth . . .

ZOWIE, SAMMY NEALE'S DOG

By JOHN A. MOROSO

Illustrated by F. C. Yohn



SAMMY NEALE was brought before the judge of the Children's Court of the City of New York to be found guilty or innocent of the charge of having no home.

In the high-ceilinged court room, with its windows of stained glass casting bands of amber light across benches and upon wainscoting carved in ecclesiastical fashion, the boy uplifted steady brown eyes to the man who was to judge him, a little old man with a thin, clean-shaven face, a mass of silver hair and a flowing black silk robe. An agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children stood beside the lad.

"What about this boy?" asked the judge as his clerk passed him the written complaint.

"Mother dead. Father, a laborer, gone somewhere," was the terse answer. Sammy twisted his cap into a knot.

"Where does he live?"

"Around the wharves of the East River. He's running with a bad crowd. He makes his living out of the junkmen."

"Steals?"

The agent nodded.

"No, sir," blurted Sammy with an indignant flash in his eyes. There was a lot more he might have said. He might have told of days spent without a crust of bread and nights coiled up in a corner between piles of freight, his dog keeping his empty stomach warm. He might have told of plucky fights he had put up to protect himself and his dog from bullying by bigger boys. But Sammy wasn't a whiner. He swallowed hard—and remained silent.

The judge motioned with his hand for the agent to draw the lad further back from the raised desk so that he might see him from top to toe. Sammy was typical of his tribe, a thatch of tangled brown hair, a narrow and keen face, a neck as thin as the stem of a wild flower, bony shoulders under a ragged shirt, trousers held up with a pin here and a nail there, torn stockings and shoes much too large. The judge took it all in with one glance and, being humane and a lover of boys, did not fail to see the anguish back of the outcast's eyes.

"Did you get him in the junkman's?" he asked, turning to the agent.

"I saw him go in with a bag of lead pipe, cut out of the plumbing of an empty warehouse on Water Street. He was paid forty cents and then I picked him up."

"I didn't steal it," broke in the boy, finding his voice.

"A man named Duffy told me to take it there and he'd gimme a dime."

An old story and an old excuse with the chances one in a million that the boy was not lying. The judge looked over his list of refugees and picked out the least crowded, a protectory across the Hudson, just north of the New Jersey boundary line in a beautiful country of gently rolling hills, orchards, pasture land and running streams. As he signed the commitment blank, Sammy knew that he was to be "taken away." He leaned forward against the desk, putting his head in the bend of his ragged right arm, and sobbed aloud.

"Listen to me, son," said the judge. "I am going to send you where you'll have three good meals a day, clean clothes, a clean bed and where you'll be taught your lessons so that you can make a living for yourself when you are a young man."

"No! I won't let 'em take me away. I'm no thief. Don't let 'em take me away!"

There was a note of desperation in his voice.

"Take you away from what, boy?" asked the compassionate man on the bench. "From hunger and cold and evil?" The lad looked at him with tragic despair in his eyes. "From what am I taking you away?" insisted the judge.

"From Zowie."

"Zowie!" The austere face of the judge was creased in a smile.

"That's the name of his dog, Your Honor," grinned the agent. "It's just a street cur, a little bit of a black mutt that did the best he could to tear a leg of my pants off."

The boy spoke up indignantly. "He's the best dog in New York."

His Honor pondered but there was no solution for the problem. Protectories, reformatories and other refuges of New York made no provision for the pets of their inmates. That would come in the jurisdiction of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The case of Zowie would be reported to that organization and if no corner could be found for Zowie, if it were possible to catch Sammy's one friend, then a quick and painless death would relieve him of the struggle for existence.

The commitment papers were signed and the boy was taken away.

THEY crossed a ferry, leaving the city, high and white in the sunlight of a perfect June day, behind them. There were other gamins of the streets of New York and guards to watch them. Some of the boys' faces were marked with the stigmata, the visible traces of criminal instincts. Others showed just weakness, the result of never having had kindly and thoughtful mothers to tell them right

from wrong. Others, like Sammy Neale, had the keen pinched face of bitter struggle.

The train plunged into a tunnel and then out of it into the open country, passing at little villages in the bleak lowlands, the marshes stretching far beyond them to the west, a sea of bright green touched with the pink and white blossoms of the wild marshmallow flowers, clouds of blackbirds rising from cover with the shriek of the locomotive.

In a half hour the meadows were left behind and the wooded hills began, rising higher and higher, heavier with foliage, more beautiful, the villages showing finely kept flower beds, the near-by houses covered with climbing roses, the more distant domiciles rearing in stately fashion and speaking of wealth and luxury. Glistening automobiles flashed by and, occasionally, open carriages with sleek, high-stepping horses.

With a look of sullen despair Sammy Neale sat in the dirty red plush seat. He couldn't help thinking of the frantic wagging of a small black tail and the little whine of joy that was Zowie's welcome to his master. What would Zowie do that night?

"All out, boys!" came the sharp command. There was a wait of a few minutes for the carry-all that would take the party to the protectory, a mile back from the railroad station. The youngsters peered curiously about them, studying the lay of the land with keen eyes for knowledge that might prove useful in the event of a chance to escape.

The word "Warning!" in large red letters caught their attention from a bull-tin board. They thought it applied to them but it did not. One of the lads read it aloud:

WARNING!

Because of an epidemic of rabies, the proper county authorities have ordered shot and killed on sight any dog found at large and unmuuzzled.

Henry Weaver, County clerk.

A village constable, in blue uniform and large badge, stroked a large white, tobacco-stained mustache importantly. "Had to kill three last week," he informed the listeners. "One big one got away with a bullet in the leg. I'll get him yet. He's hiding off somewhere. But he can't run down any rabbits or chickens with that bum leg and he'll be coming out for food."

It made Sammy feel sick all over. Perhaps the dog wasn't crazy. A big pistol bulged under the constable's coat. When the poor wounded animal crawled out to look for a bone or a drink of water . . . He was glad when the carry-all arrived and they were all piled in behind the team of sturdy farm horses.

The carry-all rolled between two great pillars. Iron gates clanged behind it. They had left behind them nights of cold and hunger and had come upon clean beds and good food. The great rich city of which they had been a tiny part was going to try to make good citizens of young manhood. A huge building of brick and stone was before them, its many windows covered with heavy wire gratings, the wide grounds fenced in. Not being old enough to realize that Society was making a genuinely worthy effort in their behalf and in its own behalf, the boys filed in, miserable and dejected, to be scrubbed and started on their new life. A bell clanged and after a few moments the feet of hundreds of other young inmates stamped in step and the newcomers saw the lines marching in close formation to the mess tables, their bodies close together and swaying slightly, just

as the unfortunate children of a larger growth march and sway in Sing Sing and in the other prisons of the world.

AT FIRST Sammy ate ravenously and slept like the dead but by the end of the first week his appetite for food was appeased and the desire for slumber had left him. The walls of the great building seemed to have come together like a telescope. He was like a weed or a wild flower transplanted to a hothouse, robbed of the rain and the wind and the hot sun. In the middle of the night he would creep from his cot and put his face against the heavy wire covering the window and his mind would travel back to the streets of New York and he would imagine that he was just leaving the ferryboat at the foot of Chambers Street and starting across town in the direction of Water Street over which rears the old Brooklyn Bridge like the web of a great spider.

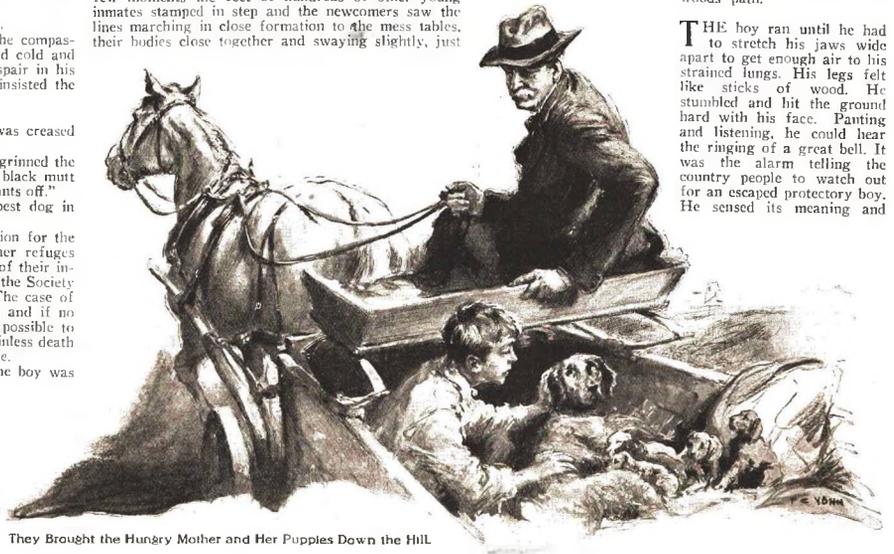
Down in that neighborhood, the old Cherry Hill section, a little black mutt would be snooping for him from doorway to doorway, just a young cur that looked up to him with adoration in his eyes and that would skin up one side of his face in a dog's grin the minute he caught sight of him. Zowie would wiggle up to him and then roll over on his side, wagging his tail in ecstasy. Together they would find shelter and snuggle in it, quite contented, understanding each other, never worried about to-morrow unconsciously leaving the future to God. The "cats" would come from somewhere and they would divide fifty-fifty. Of course there would be fights with bigger boys, who thought it manly to smash a runt, but he had lived through many battles.

He sickened under the confinement and worry and was dosed with castor oil in the hospital. He had dreamed—sometimes about Zowie. Then the constable would appear and whisk out the big pistol, just as a hungry dog started to cross the railroad tracks. As the constable fired Sammy would scream in his sleep and the nurse would come to him and take his temperature.

The protectory physician knew his business and healed his body although he could not heal the wound in his soul. As he began to get his strength back, Sammy made up his mind to try a break for freedom. Daily he would stow away a slice of bread to stay him on the long journey back to Water Street, concealing it under his shirt. He could hide in the daytime in the woods and walk at night. He would get lost, of course, but he would find his way again. He thought it all out carefully as he lay in the hospital and, later, when he was allowed to sit in the sunshine in the recreation yard, with its ten-foot high fence of heavy wire.

The hours in the sunshine helped him get strong. The terrible dreams and the fever that made them went away. His mind grew clear and keen again. He was determined to get back to Zowie some way. He kept on hoarding scraps of food until one day a carpenter at work on an outhouse dropped a small file. Sammy managed to pick it up unseen. He sat with his back to the wire fence all that afternoon and filed away at the strong wire. The next day he resumed his work and the next. Three sides of a square were filed free. He twisted it up, slid through into a mass of black-berry bushes, bent down the wire again and bored his way through thorns to a woods path.

THE boy ran until he had to stretch his jaws wide apart to get enough air to his strained lungs. His legs felt like sticks of wood. He stumbled and hit the ground hard with his face. Panting and listening, he could hear the ringing of a great bell. It was the alarm telling the country people to watch out for an escaped protectory boy. He sensed its meaning and



They Brought the Hungry Mother and Her Puppies Down the Hill.

dragged himself away from the path and deeper and deeper into the woods.

He came to a little gully at the bottom of which trickled a trout stream where he washed the blood from his face and drank his fill. There was a little natural shelf near the top of the bank, a place where a mother fox might have made her den for the coming of her whelps or where any other hunted animal could have hidden snugly. It would do for him. The day was warm and the air sweet with the scent of wild roses, honeysuckle, and the spicy, pungent exhalations of wild thyme, fennel and other growths making the tangle of his refuge. He crawled into the hole and ate a little of his stale bread. The great bell ceased to toll. The late afternoon came. The birds sang their evening songs, orioles, robins, thrushes, the lark with its sweet descending note, so brief and so beautiful, the catbird with its florid operatic performance, the humbler singers such as the wrens and peewees, they did their little best. A trout splashed in the stream below Sammy's hole in the earth. The leaves began to whisper of the coming of the stars. The music of the birds ceased with a few sharp bedtime calls of mate to mate and Sammy, after a little rest, crawled forth to resume his journey, in grope and stumble his way to the great glittering, high-towered city where lived his friend.

IT was on the third night that the heavy traffic of trucks and the clang of trolley gongs told him that he was getting nearer his goal.

His last scrap of bread was being hoarded for a rather long night's trudging. He was hungry, but he knew that he would be a great deal hungrier the next night. When the stars began to grow pale he left the road and sought a hiding place for the coming day. In a little valley, hardly more than a mile away, the street lights of a village blinked, telling of snug homes, happy children, contented dogs . . . and warning him of constables and a lock-up. He was crawling into a hollow in the side of a hill to get shelter from the dew when, with a growl of protest, a heavily coated dog raised its head and from behind came the whining of puppies. In the dawn-glow, boy and dog examined each other closely.

"What do you know about that?" demanded Sammy. "She's got little ones!" The mother dog cocked her head at the sound of a young voice. Certainly, Sammy, the runt, was nothing to be afraid of.

"Come on out and show the family," urged the boy. "Come on out. Atta girl."

The mother came out, smelled the intruder and, deciding that he was all right, wagged her tail. "You're a nice old girl," coaxed the boy as he sat down beside the little cave she had dug for her babies. "Gee, what's the matter with you? Come here. Come here."

Dragging her left hind leg painfully, the dog came to him and laid a fine muzzle on his knee, looking up to him as if trying to tell him her tragedy. "Shot, I bet," decided Sammy, "and you look like you ain't had anything to eat in a year." He fished out his piece of bread and broke it in half. The great, wounded beast gulped it down and wagged her tail frantically as the puppies began to whine for their food.

"Starvin'," decided Sammy. "The whole family." He gave her the rest of his bread.

"If I only had about fifteen cents," he thought as he sat with his starving new friends, hunger beginning to gnaw hard at his own vitals. "Or ten cents. Or five cents." The lights of the village became paler as the dawn crept upon them. Down there were shops with boxes of crackers, whole hams, canned beans, leaves of snowy white bread and bottles of milk. The mother dog pressed her muzzle harder against his knee, begging, and the cries of the puppies were pitiful.

It was fierce! Sammy knew that if he did not have some little food by afternoon he would not be able to make a mile that night. And if he did prove strong enough to start his long hike again could he march off with these starving dumb friends left behind? He shook his head. It was up to him to do something. "Stay here," he ordered the dog, pointing to her puppies. "I'm going out to hustle some grub." He was worn out, sleepy and hungry but he started down the hill on his errand of mercy.

The sun had not yet risen. The villagers were deep in the last hour's sleep before hustling to shops and gardens and the day's toil. The milkman had made his round and the white jars stood temptingly on gate posts and porch steps. But the lean face of the judge in the black silk robe came before Sammy's mind, eyes and although the sight of the sustaining fluid caused him pain little short of anguish he passed on, furtively, anxiously and with heels that dragged. He had been charged with theft of the lead pipe by the Society agent in New York and that had separated him from Zowie. The lesson had been bitter.

He came to a butcher shop, where a fat sleepy German was luging fine cuts of beef from his ice box.

"Where you come from?" the butcher asked.

"New York."

"Where you going?"

"Anywhere I can get a job." Sammy could hardly hold to his feet.

"Clean out them scraps under there. Put 'em in a box and outside the back door." With a ray of hope in his heart, Sammy gathered many fine bones and pieces of meat and lugged them out, enough food to stay him and his famished friends on the hill for days.

"Burn up them old papers. Here's some matches." Sammy began to feel so gay that he even tried to whistle as he burned the rubbish in the back yard and put the matches he did not use in a pocket. Gee! A fine



An Old Story and an Old Excuse
With the Chances One in a Million
That the Boy Was Not Lying.

thought came to him. If the butcher would give him the scraps he could take them to the hill and with the matches make a fire. He and the dog and the puppies would have a feast.

"Sweep up the floor and put down fresh sawdust." When this was done the sun was shining. "Now, boy," said the butcher, "you come around to-night and help me and I give fifty cents for der chob. Das iss alles."

"Could I have the scraps outside?" Sammy asked.

"Sure."

The butcher gave him a big heavy paper bag which he filled. He was lugging it away when a hand fell on his shoulder. He turned to behold the village constable.

"What you got in there?" he demanded. "Stealing something, hey?"

The boy faced him angrily. "Don't you call me a thief! I never stole anything. The butcher gave me some meat scraps."

The constable's fingers tightened on his shoulder.

"Where'd you come from?"

Sammy wriggled in the tight grasp. "I haven't done anything. I got to go. There's—there's somebody waiting for me."

"Where's your home?"

"Haven't any."

"Where do you think you're going?"

"In the woods."

"Come along with me, boy. If you haven't any home I better let the judge take a look at you." The constable was stronger than Sammy. Clinging to his bag of cast-off meat, the lad was taken to a court room. Again he faced the Law.

"Suspicious character, Your Honor," said the constable.

The judge, a shrewd-faced man of sixty with narrow jaw and a little white paint-brush beard, stared at him and finally asked him questions in quick succession. Questions he could not answer. Where did he live? He lived like the stray mother dog he had tried to help.

Where was his father? He didn't know. What was he doing in the village? Back of the judge and to one side stood a white-haired man with a healthy pink complexion and eyes in which was a wealth of kindness. Those eyes seemed to be sending Sammy a message. The old man smiled to him. Sammy found his voice and told of the starving mother dog and her puppies up on the hill.

He showed the matches with which he intended to build a fire. He told of cleaning out the butcher shop that morning.

"I'd better hold this boy. He might have escaped from the reformatory," said the judge. He turned to the smiling old man. "What do you think, Cap?" the judge asked. "You are an expert on boys and if anybody

denies that Fallon doesn't know kids, horses and dogs I'll send him to jail for thirty days."

Roger Fallon, the village fire chief, retired after many years of fighting the flames in New York City, famous in the county for his kindness and for his great white fire horse, Molly, who retired with him, came around to the front of the raised desk and put a big hand gently on Sammy's shoulder. "I'd say, Judge," he began, thoughtfully, "that this lad is pretty hungry himself. He looks like a homeless city boy to me and I've seen many of them. As everybody knows, I adopted a kid just like this one, and he has turned out a fine youngster. If this boy is telling the truth about getting food for a starving dog family I'd say also that he is mighty worth while saving. My old Molly and the farm wagon are waiting outside. Suppose you give the kid into my custody and let me look up his story."

"Paroled in custody of Roger Fallon," announced the judge. "Call the next case."

THEY brought the hungry mother down the hill, her puppies at her breast, all tucked in the farm wagon. In the kitchen of Roger Fallon's pretty cottage no questions were asked as the fuzzy little pups lapped up the rich warm milk and as their mother and their boy friend silently, gratefully ate.

The old fire fighter, the idol of every boy and dog in the village, felt under the heavy coat of the mother dog, found her collar and unbuckled it. He smiled broadly as he read an inscription on its brass plate. "You're in luck, kid. That's Fanny, the Stewart's fine setter. The Stewart kid has been just sick over losing her and his dad has offered a reward." He stepped into the hall, picked up the telephone and called "1621 Rosedale."

"This is Roger Fallon talking," Sammy heard him say into the instrument. "Mr. Stewart, please."

Here's good news for your boy. His dog's been found. She's been hurt, shot I think, but not badly hurt. She has a family and the whole bunch were starving out in the woods, when a fine young friend of mine picked them up. You'll be right over with the boy? Fine. And the reward, too? Well, I guess my young friend might need it."

An eager small boy burst into Roger Fallon's cottage and rapturously fell upon the mother dog and her puppies. With ecstatic yelps, Fanny pawed and licked her master and proudly displayed her family. Mr. Stewart twisted the point of his silvery beard when the excitement of the reunion was all over and Cap Fallon had slowly drawn from the city wafif his entire story.

"The five hundred dollars reward is a very small matter, Captain Fallon," Mr. Stewart said a little solemnly. "There are two big things to be done. My car is outside and we will proceed to do them immediately. The first is to find Zowie!"

"Oh!" cried Sammy. "Oh, mister. Oh, mister!"

"And then I must go to the Children's Court and see the judge and have it fixed so I can take over this lad and give him a chance in life. There's lots of room on our place and a fine housekeeper we all love and who loves all kids and dogs and horses."

"You'll have to take the boy with you. I'll stay home and look after Fanny and her family," said Roger Fallon. "Besides, my own boy will be coming home from school for lunch at twelve o'clock."

"Boys to the car!" shouted Mr. Stewart.

IT seemed to Roger Fallon, after he had unhitched Molly and had done his chores, that there had never been a more beautiful June day. His adopted son came in at noon to give his old red neck a tight squeeze and to show a fine school report, his boy who had been a city wafif not so long ago. His old fire dog, Danny, who always waited on the school step for his young master, came with him, gave a glance at Fanny and her little ones and wagged out of the kitchen without loss of time. "Give the old dad another hug and he'll tell you a fine story of a brave young heart," Fallon began, but the telephone bell rang furiously and ended the story before it was begun.

"We got him! We found him!" came over the wire from Mr. Stewart. "The funniest, happiest little black mutt you ever laid eyes on. When he saw the kid he just skinned up his face in a grin and lay down on his back. I'll bet he knew all the time his boss was going to come back to him. And the judge of the Children's Court fixed up the paper for me so I can bring the boy home."

"And Zowie?"

"And Zowie."

Extraordinary Camping Thrills!

IT was to Section Seven Lake—off in the middle of the wilderness—that Chuck Kelly, Hal Saunders, Sox and Pinhead made their way with their duffle, by truck and canoe and rough logging roads. And it was there that Pinhead discovered his ghost! In the darkness of the lonely lake as he paddled at night, he saw it—a black bulky form, a glittering greenish head, a long, shimmering, silver thing gliding horribly toward him What was it?

It comes in "The Crime at Lone Lake," a new story by Laurie Y. Erskine, author of the Renfrew Mounted Police stories. Was there a criminal or a ghost at large in the shadows of the dark, still lake? This is the problem the four camping boys tackled. The answer they found makes an exciting tale of the woods.

In *The American Boy*
Next Month

HIGH SCHOOL POLITICS and POLITICIANS

By ESCA G. RODGER

About These True Stories

In all sections of the country, you have been asking, What are high school fellows doing in student-body politics? Here's the faithful, accurate answer, told in FACT STORIES that come from high school students and graduates in many different states.

Members of the editorial staff of THE AMERICAN BOY spent months in gathering these stories through personal visits to towns and cities in different parts of the country, and through correspondence. Long trips and long, confidential talks lie back of the selections for this and other groups of fact stories that will appear in coming issues of the magazine.

—THE EDITORS

GETTING into school politics is like going in swimming; you may have to urge yourself in, but once in you never want to come out," says a Middle West student who plunged into high school politics over two years ago and hasn't come out yet.

This year's alert young mayor of the Holland High School, City of Holland, Michigan, puts somewhat the same thought into different words: "The work takes a lot of time and it's hard sometimes, but it's fun."

"Do you mean that in some schools the students don't take part in government? That they just go around from class to class without taking any responsibility for anything?" exclaimed the first lieutenant of the Dotey Squad at the DeWitt Clinton High School in New York City. "We'd hate that here. Why, getting in and helping to make things go gives us half the fun and half the good we're getting out of high school."

That's the sort of thing the high school politicians of the country are saying. And back of the saying, there's doing. To-day, in the high schools of the United States, there are hundreds of hard-fighting, clean-going young politicians who are "getting in and helping to make things go." They like the job, and they're doing it well. Moreover, they're having one glorious good time in school; and they're getting ready to have another in college, and still another later on.

Who gave these student-politicians their chance to get into public affairs? They went out after it.

How they got it and what they are doing with it make inside stories of school politics well worth hearing. In any kind of work, to know what the other fellow is doing is spur and warning and illumination, all in one. That's why this discussion is going to be principally story after story of actual political happenings in high schools of America.

Putting an Idea Through

TAKE as a starter the story of how Holland High School got student participation in government. Nearly ten years ago, two Holland boys began asking themselves why the students couldn't take over a lot of fun and work of managing the public business of the school. Oh, not all at once! But why couldn't they take over gradually one job after another as they made good on each? The boys put the question to other students and to the principal and other members of the faculty. Something in the way they put it was convincing. Students, teachers, and principal warmed to the idea.

A constitution providing for the organization and running of Holland High as a school city was drawn up by the students, approved by the faculty, and finally adopted by the entire school community. That same constitution, barring certain modifications and additions necessitated by changing conditions, is still in force. For nearly ten years Holland High has had student government. "Like it? We'd fight for it, all of us, teachers and students," said one of Holland's six hundred high school citizens—and then grimaced an apology for his enthusiasm.

But they'll never have to fight for it. The adult city of Holland is tremendously proud of this high school city—proud of the way in which the student body manages its business, proud of the records that Holland High's graduates make in public affairs at college, and proud of the fact that these active high school citizens are turning into live-wire adult citizens of the kind that every city wants.

The annual school-

city election in Holland makes almost as much stir in the homes and on the streets as the regular a d u l t city election. "Who is going to be the new mayor of Holland High?" "Why are you putting Blank up as an alderman?" "Think the new mayor will appoint So-and-So as chief of police?" Holland High students have learned to expect this warm interest. They have earned it, and they welcome it.

One Senior Class' Legacy

ANOTHER instance of how a school got student government is tied up with that ever-recurring question of the senior class legacy to the school. The Class of 1920 of the Fifth Avenue High School at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wanted to leave behind it a legacy that should become a vital part of the life of the students.

After much discussion, they decided upon—not a wonderful picture, nor a bronze tablet to keep alive fine memories, nor a drinking fountain to satisfy beauty-loving eyes and parched throats—not upon any of those but upon student participation in government. A costly gift, for it would mean the investment of practically unlimited time and energy! But the seniors felt that it would hold all the wonder, all the inspiring record, all the satisfaction of the other three gifts combined.

Of course, it is one thing to decide upon a gift and quite another to get it ready to give. The biggest obstacle in the way of the Class of 1920 at Fifth Avenue High was that the school had once tried student government and found the results unsatisfactory. Enthusiasm and co-operation had been lacking; bread without salt and yeast is no flatter than student government without enthusiasm and co-operation on the part of both students and teachers.

The members of the Class of 1920 realized the problem they faced. They must sell to others their belief that student government could put more "punch" and power into every phase of school life. So first they enlisted the support and counsel of the high school principal, and of some of the teachers who were especially interested in student government. Then, enthusiastically, tactfully, persistently, they offered to both faculty and students their convictions and their well thought out plans for carrying those convictions into action.

In the end, they sold co-operative government to the student-teacher market. Fifth Avenue High School is now in its fourth year of successful student government. Each year increases the school's appreciation of the legacy left by the Class of 1920.

A Hot Race for Mayor in School

OBVIOUSLY, big student groups get a chance in politics by going out after it. Just as obviously, certain key individuals—public starters—play a big part in group movements. That brings us to the question: How does the individual student get his chance to get into public affairs?

Here's one answer. Some four or five years ago, Holland High School drew a new citizen, a boy from a certain preparatory school who entered Holland High as a sophomore. Perhaps the only thing anyone noticed about him at first was that he was rather older than the average sophomore.

This Jim Norris (that name is as short as his real one) did nothing spectacular during his sophomore year, but he planted a creditable line of passing marks on the



Men Prominent This Year in Holland High School City Politics: The Left Guards Is Mayor; the Quarterback Is Chief of Police. Four Aldermen and the Editor of the Annual Are in the Group Also.

school record books, and showed himself a likeable sort of fellow who was interested in school affairs. In his junior year, he picked up speed in both ways. He began to be one of those fellows whom everyone wants to know.

Probably Jim himself was the only one surprised when a group of influential high school citizens began to talk about him as a possibility for school-city mayor for the next year. As a prospective senior, he was eligible. But the mayorship is the highest honor and the greatest responsibility that Holland High can give any student, and Jim felt humble when he thought of it.

"Marvin Shaw is going to run," he protested. "He's one of the best athletes in school, and everybody likes him. He's a good man for the place—he's been here longer than I have and knows a lot about what should be done."

"Sure, Shaw's a good man. But so are you," Jim's friends returned cheerfully. "And the constitution calls for at least two nominations for mayor, you know. Better run. You've been saying we ought to have a more effective police department. As mayor, you can see that we get it."

In the end, Jim agreed to run for mayor. He had studied conditions in the school city and was confident that he could bring about improvements in the work of the police. If elected mayor, he would have the appointment of the chief of police, and he meant to see that the chief was a man well fitted to carry out the plans that were taking definite shape in his mind. There were other solid planks in Jim's platform, but none dearer to his heart than the improvement of the police department.

His Past, Dug Up, Defeats a Candidate

NEVER had Holland High had a more exciting election campaign than that of the year when Jim Norris ran against Marvin Shaw for the mayor's job. Nominations for office are always made at an annual general caucus held on the second Friday in May. Elections take place the following Friday. Between the two, comes campaign time, "the biggest week of the year." With the rival candidates as closely matched and as warmly liked as were Jim and Marvin, interest in the election flamed higher and higher.

The climax came with the campaign speeches that are always delivered in front of the entire student body in the auditorium on the afternoon of the elections. Here each candidate defines his attitude in public affairs; then follow enthusiastic talks by his supporters, who set forth his qualifications for office. The students listening are alert, critical, tense. They are making important decisions. One speech may turn a close election for or against a man. It did in Jim Norris's case.

But Jim was not the man who made the decisive speech. A supporter of Marvin Shaw's did that. He held forth first on some five or six of Marvin's good points, and every student listening admitted in his mind that Marvin had all of these qualifications—and that Jim could match him, point for point. Then the speaker began hitting on scholarship, and how it indicated man's calibre. Marvin Shaw had a good record; everyone knew that an athlete had to have a passing record, but Shaw's was better than that. You could go down to the office and look up his record for yourself; beginning with his freshman year, you'd find it decidedly above that of the average student.

The speaker paused, and the crowd came as near yawning as an election crowd at Holland High ever could. They knew all about Marvin Shaw's record. Jim Norris's was just as good.

But Shaw's supporter was off again, hard and fast. Did they know all about Jim Norris's record? What about his freshman year? They must remember that Norris had entered as a sophomore.

It came out then and there that the managers of Marvin Shaw's campaign had looked up Jim Norris's record at

Official Ballot

EXPLANATION: This ballot is to be filled out by the student body of the Holland High School, City of Holland, Michigan, for the purpose of electing the Mayor, Clerk, Treasurer, and Aldermen of the Holland High School City.

For Mayor

For Clerk

For Treasurer

For Aldermen

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CITY OF HOLLAND
Holland High School

*James Lyke, a member of the
Sophomore class of Holland High
School*

GREETING:

In the name of the STUDENTS of the HOLLAND HIGH SCHOOL, you are commanded to appear personally before me, the undersigned, a Judge of the Holland High School, on the 23rd day of January, A. D. 1923, at one o'clock in the after-noon of that day to testify on the part of the said James Lyke the truth according to his knowledge, touching a complaint by Elmer Fordahl against James Lyke for contenually creating a disturbance in the assembly room, after having been officially warned by a board officer. He also showed disrespect to Russell Samstra, an officer, while he was on the act of doing his duty.

and for which the said James Lyke is then and there to be tried. Hereof fail not at your peril.

Given under my hand at the Holland High School in said City of Holland, the 23rd day of January, A. D. 1923.

Edw. Hall
Judge of the Holland High School Court.

John Van der Bank (clerk)

Use the Ballot in Important Elections—Tell an Offender Exactly What Charge Has Been Brought Against Him. (See Warrant at Right).

the preparatory school that he had left to enter Holland High—and had discovered that Jim had loafed through three years there, making in that time just his one year of freshman credits.

That settled the election. The facts spoke for themselves. Marvin Shaw was chosen mayor.

Of course, Jim's friends raged; they do to this day, for that matter. The meanness of it, they say—digging up a man's back record to down him after he had turned over a new page and proved his real worth. Yet in justice they have to admit, too, that the public has a right to know—should insist upon knowing—the past record of a candidate for public office. That theory is all right, Jim's friends admit. Then they stop, but you know what they want to say: Jim's case was exceptional. Well, it was. Hard to argue if you never knew him. Doubly hard if you were a good friend of his.

Alone With the Boy Who Lost

ONE good friend certainly found it so. That was the fellow who first missed Jim after elections were over. The crowd was still milling around in the auditorium, but Jim, after shaking hands with the mayor-elect, had quietly slipped away.

The fellow who missed him slipped quietly away, also, and started on a tour of the building. Up on the deserted third floor, he heard a sort of choking sound in one of the classrooms. He hung around outside for a little while. Then he couldn't stand it any longer; he went in and dropped a steadying arm over the defeated candidate's shaking shoulders.

A kid trick, going to pieces because you're downed in a fight! Well, possibly. Poor sportsmanship! Not necessarily. Ever hear how Harley, captain of the Ohio State team in 1919, broke down and cried when Illinois made a field goal in the last twenty seconds of the Ohio-Illinois game and defeated Ohio State for the Big Ten Championship with a 9 to 7 score? But no one in the great crowds that had watched that game thought of calling the big, clean, hard-fighting All-American half-back a poor sport.

Well, presently the two up in that third-floor classroom got to talking things over, and it came out that while Jim had been hard hit by his defeat, he had been even harder hit by the cause of that defeat—his loss of standing in the school community. Jim felt that the shot which had been fired had riddled beyond repair the new reputation he had been two long years in building.

"Raked out my prep school record! So that everyone from the seniors down to the littlest freshman kid is talking about how I played the fool over there for

three years! Oh, I did all right, but I thought I'd lived it down. A hot chance I'll have of doing it now!"

Jim thought he couldn't even try. He was going to leave school.

The friend who had hunted him up didn't condemn him, didn't even argue with him. Just got up, put his hands in his pockets, grinned down on Jim in a half-aggravating way, and said, "Come on out of this, old man. We're going for a tramp."

So they tramped—up the streets where you met the fewest people, out where the houses are scattered far apart, then far out on the country roads. When they got tired, they rested on the top rail of a fence, two lean boyish figures with coats buttoned tight against the chill. Sometimes it's easier thinking on a rail fence than in a third-floor classroom.

They got back in town too late for any orthodox home supper. In a shabby little restaurant, over pork sandwiches and hot coffee (we're talking politics, not dietetics), Jim Norris came to his big decision: He would stay in school and work for a chance to help put through those improvements in the police service—perhaps the mayor would give him the best chance by making him chief of police.

The fact that Jim wanted the chief's job leaked out through some of his friends, and the news got to the mayor-elect before he had made his appointments for the following year. Those who know say that Marvin Shaw had quite a fight with himself then.

Give the opponent who had nearly defeated you the best appointive job in the school city? It simply wasn't done; at least, Marvin had never heard of its being done in adult politics. There was more than one man among those who had supported him who would make good as chief of police. Why take a chance on a man of strong influence who might not pull smoothly with the administration?

But there were other sides to the question. Jim Norris had made some fine plans for strengthening the work of the police department. He was willing to turn these plans over, but could anyone else put them through as well as the fellow who had thought them out? . . . Jim was square. . . . Game, too. . . . No use sticking to the old ways in politics if you could see better.

Jim Norris got the appointment as chief of police.

Sounds like a fiction story. But there are facts. Here's just one more. The fellow who took Jim Norris on the tramp that warmed Jim's fighting blood again happened to be the high school principal. When the Holland boys talk about him, you get the impression that he is some extraordinary combination of human live wire, stern

referee, and staunch pal. At any rate, he is an interesting factor in this story of how an individual student—no, two individual students, got their chances in politics.

A Top-notch Police Chief

WHEN it comes to what high school students are doing with such chances, we might as well stay with Jim Norris a little longer.

He made good as chief of police, just as Marvin Shaw made good as mayor. They worked together without clashing. Marvin was big enough to appreciate Jim's ability and give him a free rein; Jim was big enough to take the initiative in his particular field without overstepping limits. He could solve problems that a less capable chief would have bungled, and every problem he took over left Marvin that much freer for work that only the mayor could do.

Holland's big study hall, to which all students go during vacant periods, is entirely in charge of student officers. No teacher is ever on duty there. Never has the order in the hall been better than during Jim Norris' regime. He and his officers had the gift of gaining cooperation; and because they tried to give every student-citizen a square deal, they could enforce strict regulations without arousing much resentment.

Jim's greatest improvements, however, were made in the handling of the traffic in the corridors. It was in this work that the police service had been weakest. Jim and his officers strengthened it: first, by mapping out carefully the best ways of handling the traffic in every part of the building; second, by making sure that every citizen knew the traffic regulations; and third, by rigorously enforcing those regulations every hour of every school day of every week. Not easy, that last. It meant being overlastingly on the job, walking the chalk line yourself, playing no favorites, and fearing no man's opinion. Only A number 1 officers under an A number 1 leader could have done it.

But the final test of man's calibre lies in the way he handles the exceptional problems.

During Jim Norris' year as chief of police, a class record book was stolen from a teacher's desk. Some fellows might have wondered whether this was a problem the chief had to solve. Not Jim.

Off by himself, he analyzed the situation. Then he went to the principal early in the morning:

"Is it all right to ask Miss Smith if she will announce to her classes to-day that she was depending on her records in that class-book to give her the right monthly grade for each student; and that now unless the class-book is returned to

(Continued on page 53)

THE WHISPERING MUMMY

By EDWARD EDSON LEE

Illustrated by George Avison



"He's Gone!" She Wailed. "Oh, Why Didn't You Stop Him?"

(Synopsis of preceding chapters on page 28)

CHAPTER SEVEN.

DING-A-LING-A-LING-A-LING went the alarm clock. It jerked me out of dreamland in a jiffy, and I found myself sitting up in bed. My eyes smarted and my head was kind of thick. I couldn't think quick at all. It was dark in the room and dark outside. I wondered for a moment what made the alarm clock go off in the middle of the night, because it seemed to me as though I had been asleep but an hour or two at the most. Then there came to me a recollection of what had happened the previous night at the museum, and I scrambled out of bed and shut off the alarm.

I wasn't sleepy any more now that I had before me the

knowledge that I was a Juvenile Jupiter Detective and doing real detecting with a possibility of sharing with Scoop and Red and Peg the two-hundred-dollar reward which Mr. Barton, the college president, was offering for the return of the missing mummy.

In a few moments I was in the street, buttoning my shirt as I ran along the sidewalk. Now that I was outside it didn't seem quite so dark. In the east a grayish light was driving back the night shadows to the black spots under the elm trees that face themselves above Hill Street where I live. I knew it wouldn't be very long before the red sun came peeping beautifully over the tar roof of the slaughter house, which stands on Knob Hill just east of town. That would mark the true beginning of a new day. I wondered a bit, as I hurried along the street with my shoelaces flopping, if this new day would find us at the end of our trail, the whispering mummy mystery solved and the reward in our pockets.

It was awfully still in the deserted streets, with everybody in bed and asleep. The shadows under the trees seemed to take on goblin-like shapes, and I could imagine invisible hands reaching out to touch me. I was glad when Ed Allen's milk wagon rattled around a corner. As he was headed my way I skipped into the street and hopped on.

"Howdy, Jerry," he cried, after swinging his lantern close to my face something fierce and he had to yell to make himself heard. "Up kinda early, ain't you? How's your ma's milk been keepin' lately since I changed pasture? Goif to put the cows out 'rye this fall. Got three fresh ones comin' in next month. Only milkin' six now. Ain't no money in the milk business."

Ed's an awful talker. I knew he didn't expect me to reply to everything he said, so I just yelled, "Hello!" and sat down in the door of the cart with my feet hanging out and finished lacing my shoes. He kept on talking about his cows, and about an old man he almost ran down near the deserted Morgan house on the Treebury pike when he was coming into town. I didn't pay much attention to what he was saying about the old man. Afterwards I wished I had.

When we came opposite the emergency rooms I hopped out. Everything seemed quiet about the place. The lights within the building were turned low. I went up the front steps on tiptoe and gently turned the door-knob. The door swung back. Just inside I found Scoop curled up on a hall settee like a puppy. I gave him a shake and he sat up, rubbing his eyes and staring at me.

"Guess I pretty near dropped off to sleep that time," said he.

"Guess you pretty near did—the way you were snoring," I returned.

"For all that's happened here to-night I might just as well have been home in bed," he grumbled.

"Hasn't Mr. Arnoldsmith—" I began.

"No, he hasn't," cut in Scoop crossly. He got up and stretched himself and tightened his belt. "He just lies there like a log," he added. "Doc was up with him till one o'clock. There's to be a consultation in the morning. Maybe they'll have to operate."

THE public health nurse stays at the emergency rooms. It is her job to take care of the patients who are brought there. While Scoop and I were talking in guarded tones, she came along the hall sleepily rubbing her eyes. She frowned at us just as much as to say, "What are you boys doing here?" then passed into the room where Mr. Arnoldsmith was. She left the door open and I tiptoed across to peck in. Just as I got to the door she gave a scream. I was so startled I almost keeled over backwards. The first thing that popped into my head was the thought that Mr. Arnoldsmith was dead. Scoop dashed by me and I followed him into the room. The nurse was running about, wringing her hands, her face the picture of fright and dismay.

"He's gone!" she wailed, pointing to an empty iron bed against the wall. She clutched Scoop's arm. "You were in the hall; he must have passed you. Oh, why didn't you stop him?"

Hysterically, the nurse ran into Doc Leland's side of the house and awakened him. Then she telephoned to Bill's boarding house. We could hear Bill exploding words into the mouthpiece when he learned that Mr. Arnoldsmith had disappeared from the emergency rooms. It wasn't long after that before his firmer came tearing down the street and stopped in front of the building with a fearful grinding of gears. He came into the hall on the run, his hair tousled and his shirt open at the throat. If he was surprised to find Scoop and me there he didn't show it. I guess he was too excited to think of anything but the vanished patient.

Under his direction we searched the building from end to end, even squinting into the coal bin and under the back porch where Doc keeps his lawn mower. Not a trace did we find of Mr. Arnoldsmith. His clothes were missing, showing that he had dressed himself before

leaving. Doc said he was probably out of his head.

"It's a serious situation," said Doc, waddling about the hall, his fat cheeks flopping. I wondered what made him talk so sputtery-like till I noticed that in the excitement he had forgotten to put in his false teeth. "We've got to get him back spick—I mean quick. No telling what he's likely to do, bein' out of his mind."

Red and Peg came tumbling in when the excitement was at its height. Upon learning what had happened, they looked dumb. As for me, I was both dismayed and disappointed. I had looked forward to our getting from Mr. Arnoldsmithe an account of what had happened in the museum. That would open the door leading to a complete solution of the missing mummy mystery. Now Mr. Arnoldsmithe had disappeared; and with him had vanished our immediate chance at the two hundred dollars.

Truly we weren't getting at the bottom of the mystery very fast. It seemed to me we were just standing in one spot. We were working our feet, but, like a swimmer who treads water, we weren't going forward.

When it became evident that the man was not in the building, Bill got mad and began jawing at the nurse. He blamed her for the whole thing, and she cried and went into her room and slammed the door.

You can bet your boots Scoop never spoke up about being in the hall! No, sir-c-e-e! He didn't want Bill jawing at him. As a matter of fact, Scoop was sort of taking a back seat. He had lost his pep and some of his self-confidence over the thought that he had let Mr. Arnoldsmithe get by him. He made me think of a starved collar that had been rained on.

Bill lined us up and instructed us to start out in four different directions to see if we could locate the missing man.

"I've got an idea he ain't gone far," said Bill. "The nurse says he was here at three-thirty. It's only five-fifteen now. We've got to get him, fellers. He's the mainspring in this missing mummy business, I'm thinkin'. When we squeeze out of him what he knows, I guess we'll have a pretty accurate idea where the mummy's gone to. Gosh all hemlocks! If I'd expected anything like this, I'd been on guard. To have the darn old slicker get away from me this easy! Wough!" And just to show how he felt, Bill kicked a wild-eyed cat that poked its face into the hall to see what was going on. He missed the cat and barked his shins on the door casing. Then he was mad!

We beat it into the street, realizing that it wasn't any too safe to be around Bill just then with his shin hurting him. I felt a bit luffy toward him for calling Mr. Arnoldsmithe a slicker and holding the old man responsible for the disappearance of the mummy. I knew he was all wrong about that. Mr. Arnoldsmithe probably knew something about the matter, yet he had nothing directly to do with the theft of the mummy. But as sure as I was of this, I decided not to argue the matter with Bill.

I T'S FUNNY how I never once recalled what Ed Allen said about seeing an old man on the Treburey pike close by the deserted Morgan house till I noticed a milk bottle on Doc Leland's side porch. Then it all came to me like a flash. The man Ed almost run down in the dark was Mr. Arnoldsmithe! I gave a gasp and drew the fellows across the street. It wouldn't do to have Bill overhear what I had to tell.

"I'll bet a cookie it was Mr. Arnoldsmithe," cried Scoop excitedly when I finished my story. "He was probably looking for a hiding place and was headed for the old Morgan house. It's in the middle of a pasture and no one ever goes there much."

"But how would he know about the old house being there?" said Peg.

"He seems to know a lot about this locality," said Scoop. "Look how he was found in the museum. You never would have expected to find him there, but he was there."

"Well, if he knows about the old Morgan house, and was heading for it when Ed saw him, that proves pretty much that he isn't crazy in his head like Doc says."

"You're right," said Scoop thoughtfully. "It looks to me like his senses came back to him and he decided to beat it."

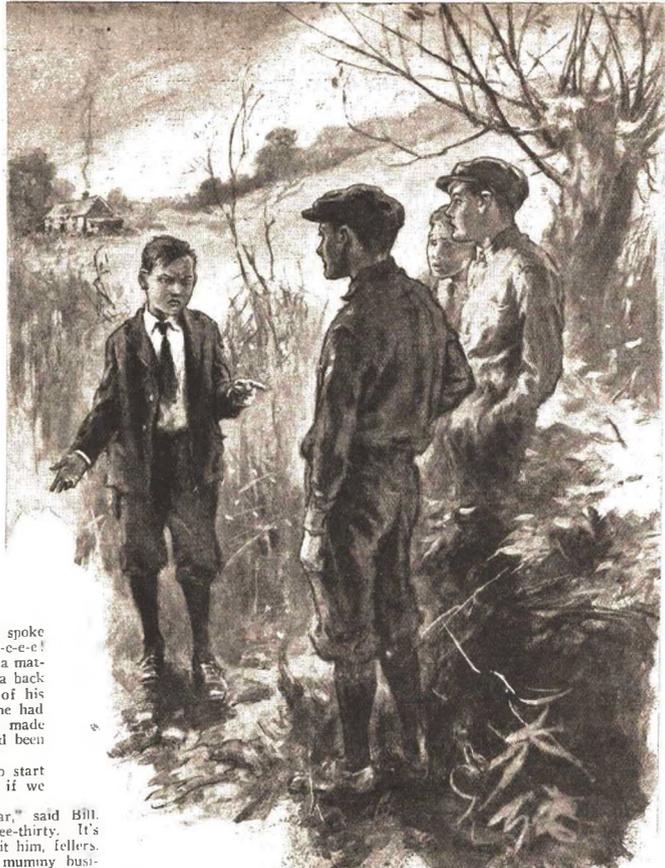
"But why—?" began Peg.

"Good-night nurse!" cut in Scoop impatiently. "Don't ask me why. I'm no fortune-teller. We've got to find out why. That's what we're detectives for. If Mr. Arnoldsmithe got his senses back and ran away on the sly, he likely had a good reason for doing it. It has something to do with the missing mummy—I'm sure of that. We'll find him and do what we can to help him. Something tells me he's in deep trouble and needs our help."

"And if we find him, we won't do as Bill says and bring him back to town?" inquired Red.

"If he says not, we won't," said Scoop. "At least, not right away. If we were to bring him back and Bill got his clutches on him, you know what'd happen: right away Bill would plunk him into jail. We don't want him put in jail, do we? Course not. He isn't a criminal, like Bill tries to make out. He's a good man, but unfortunate in getting mixed up in this thing. It's more manly for us to help an old man like him out of trouble than to help him into jail. Besides, if we keep him out of Bill's reach for a few days, we'll get his story first and that will give us first crack at the two hundred dollars."

"You're counting your roosters before they're hatched,"



"I Think We Better Plan Things a Bit Before Going Further," Said Scoop.

said Peg. "Maybe he isn't within ten miles of the old Morgan house."

"There's just one way to settle that," said Scoop, starting briskly down the street.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

At the Old Morgan House.

I T WAS NOW daylight and the red sun was lifting itself into the sky. There was a nice, summery feeling to the air that I liked. It gave me pep and made me glad that I was alive.

A few automobiles with cane fishing-poles strapped to the mud guards whizzed along Main Street. One of these fishing parties stopped at Mugger's restaurant and went noisily in to breakfast. That reminded me of the quarter that Dad had given to me. Right away I got hungry. With the money we had taken in from the ice cream, and the quarter Red got at the fraternity house, we were pretty well fixed. So we went into the restaurant and bought four cups of coffee and a lot of doughnuts and some cherry pie. Shortly after that we were hoofing it out of town on the Treburey pike.

D AD SAYS that the old deserted stone house we call the Morgan place was at one time a tavern. Years and years ago, before the railroads came, men hauling grain and driving cattle to market at Chicago used to put up over night at the Morgan tavern. But the road that had led past the door of the tavern in those far-away days has long since disappeared. To-day the old house, with its thick stone walls and knocked-out windows and doors, stands by itself in the middle of a cow pasture owned by Charley Wilson. The cattle at one time used to roam through the downstairs rooms, switching their tails against the rough-plastered walls and peering into the huge fireplace. But the doors are barred now, because one of Mr. Wilson's cows broke its leg by stepping through a rotten board in the floor.

We have played in the old Morgan house lots of times, hiding in the mouldy closets on the second floor and shining across the age-twisted rafters in the big attic. We have been in the cellar, too, which is deep and fearfully dark, more like a dungeon than a cellar. Dad says maybe it was somewhat of a dungeon in the days when the house was in its prime, because wicked stories were in circulation when he was a boy regarding things that had happened in the old house to travelers who seemingly had more money than friends. After Dad told me that, I got the fellows together and we dug up the earthen floor of the cellar in search of buried treasure. All we ever found was the skeleton of a cat with a short tail and an old monkey-wrench.

We decided to approach the house along the creek bank, as the willows would screen us from sight. So we kept to the Treburey pike where it winds out of town through Happy Hollow till we came to the third creek bridge. Here we followed the creek bank, keeping behind the willows and mustard weeds. Just ahead of us we could see the old house, seemingly grim and silent and lonely in the slanting rays of the warm morning sun.

We were walking single file with Scoop in the lead. Suddenly he paused dead still and gripped my arm, pointing to where a faint spiral of whitish smoke gently lifted itself from one of the tumble-down chimneys. That meant to us that a wood fire was burning in the big fireplace, in the same room where a heavy trap door opens into the gloomy cellar. We felt pretty certain we knew who was tending to that fire!

"I think we better plan things a bit before going further," said Scoop in a guarded voice. "We don't want to fumble."

"I surely must be Mr. Arnoldsmithe," said Red. I could see he was scared. Red is that way. He's got oceans of grit after he gets into a scrap; the getting in is the hard thing for him.

"Not much doubt about it being Mr. Arnoldsmithe," said Scoop confidently. "What I'm wondering, is whether we ought to rush right in and overpower him, explaining things afterwards, or just come up in a friendly way."

"What's the use of getting rough?" said Peg. "He's an old man. We don't want to forget that. And if we're going to help him out of his troubles, it would look queer to rush him right at the start."

"All right," said Scoop. "We'll go walking up on him as though nothing has happened. I don't know what we'll find out; but we can decide what to do by the way things work out. If it comes to a show-down, I'll yell 'Thirteen!' That'll be the signal to close in on him. You know, fellows, there's just a chance that he is crazy, like Doc says."

HERE Scoop took the lead as before and we trailed after him. Our shoes made no sound in the soft sod. Soon we came to the front of the house. At one of the barred doors we paused and squinted in. There was Mr. Arnoldsmithe bending over a wood fire that snapped and crackled in the big fireplace. A small tin pail steamed on the coals, giving out the odor of coffee; and in a dirty-looking pan that the old man held over the fire, sizzled eggs and bacon. He was softly singing to himself:

There were an old soldier
An' he had a wooden leg;
An' he had no terbaccy
Nor terbaccy could he beg.

"Good-morning, Mr. Arnoldsmithe," spoke up Scoop. Gee! I thought the old man was going to throw a fit. He straightened with a cry that was almost a scream. His eyes were wild as he faced us. He trembled all over, like the leaves on the trees when the cold fall winds come down from the north. In his fright he dropped the frying pan into the fire. In an instant there was a flash as the contents of the pan spilled on to the coals and the grease blazed up.

"Why—you—you just about scared the wits out of me," panted the old man. Then he seemed to get a grip on himself and his trembling and terror faded away. I was glad to see the wild look die out of his eyes. He didn't appear so fierce and dangerous now. I was satisfied he was wholly in his right mind.

With quick nervous steps he came to the door and looked out, letting his eyes sweep over the range of pasture, as though he might have been of the opinion that we were not alone. I heard him give a sigh as though a load had been lifted from his mind. One of the door bars could be pushed up. He showed us how to work it, inviting us to come in.

"You'll find things a bit smudgy, as I ain't had time to dust the parlor furniture," he said; and crackled nervously over his little joke.

"Do you live here?" said Scoop quickly, a note of surprise in his voice.

"I jest bin stayin' here off and on," the old man admitted. Then he seemed in a hurry to add: "I was jest hopin' you boys'd happen along. Now ain't it funny how a body thinks a thing and then pretty soon it comes true? But I wish you hadn't startled me so, boys: Jest see what's happened to my breakfast." There was now a doubtful touch to his voice that made us unhappy. There we were full of doughnuts and cherry pie and coffee with cream and sugar in it and he was hungry and we were the cause of his breakfast burning up.

He probably read our thoughts. On the instant he let a happy smile ripple over his wrinkled face and said:

"Now, boys, don't you worry none 'bout that spilled bacon. Reckon I got some more where that come from; and some eggs, too." He crossed to an old cupboard in a corner of the big room and from a wooden box on one of the dirty cupboard shelves brought out a small square of bacon and two eggs.

We watched him slice the bacon into the hot pan and later break the eggs into the sizzling grease. The eggs sputtered and the bacon kinked itself and got black. After a bit Scoop said:

"I suppose you're wondering if we followed you here and what we did it for."

"I reckon I know pretty much what you come here for," said the old man quietly, never glancing up. "Mebbe you even intended knockin' me out, like I was knocked out last night, and had an idea of carryin' me back to town with you."

(Continued on page 26)

THE SECRET OF THE BUNT

A Surprise Play That Rattles the Enemy—and Puzzles the Fans

By H. G. SALSINGER

TY COBB was on first base and Harry Heilmann at bat. Cobb, the greatest base runner in modern baseball, was prancing about nervously, intently watching Heilmann. Heilmann, one of the best batsmen in the game, stepped out of the batter's box, picked up a handful of dirt and tossed it to one side, then resumed his position at bat. The pitcher, after two unsuccessful attempts to catch Cobb off first base, turned his attention to the batter. He took a short wind-up and threw the ball.

As the pitcher released the ball, Cobb was off for second base. The pitched ball went wide of the plate and Heilmann, reaching far over to connect, missed. The catcher, who had stepped out of his box as the ball started for the plate, made a fast and accurate throw to second. Cobb and the shortstop collided at the bag and a dust cloud partly hid the infielder and runner from the spectators. There was a moment's suspense, and then the base umpire waved Cobb out.

Up in the press box the telegraph instruments began to click the news as the baseball reporters dictated to the operators beside them, "Cobb tied in an attempt to steal second, Schalk to Johnson." And a boy, seated in the top row of the right field bleachers, lamented, "Aw, I don't see what he tried to steal for."

In the official score Johnson is credited with a putout. Schalk with an assist and Cobb is charged with a failure to steal. The record will tell no more and the boy in the right field bleachers, as well as the spectators in the grandstand and pavilions, will remember for a few hours afterwards that Cobb was thrown out stealing. Their memory will have a keener edge if Heilmann makes a safe hit after Cobb is thrown out. This is not unlikely.

As a matter of fact, Cobb wasn't trying to steal second. What he wanted to do, with the aid of Heilmann, was to work a hit and run play, one of the most effective weapons in baseball attack. His attempt failed because the opposing pitcher and catcher saw it coming.

The Hit and Run

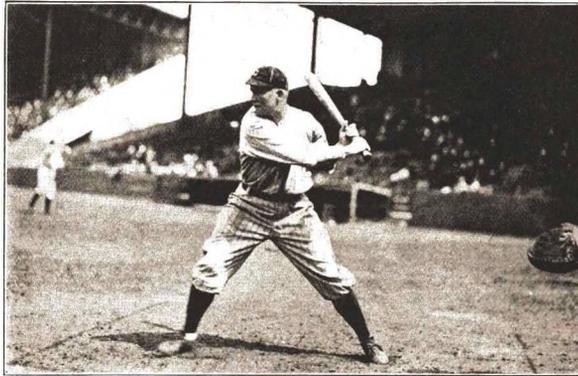
THE HIT and run play has been one of the chief offensive weapons of every great scoring team in major league history. The famous Baltimore Orioles and Cleveland Spiders used it. Baltimore developed probably the most successful hit and run batsman of all time in the late "Wee Willie" Keeler, the diminutive player who made more than 200 hits for eight consecutive seasons, a record that Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, Rogers Hornsby, George Sisler, Napoleon Lajoie, Hans Wagner or other great batsmen have never equalled.

When the Chicago Cubs, under Frank LeRoy Chance, became a remarkable baseball team, the hit and run play was used extensively by them and it was a favorite weapon of Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics when the Mack combination was winning world's championships. The Boston Red Sox used it too, when they sat atop the baseball world. However, the best exponents of the play in the last five years have been the New York Giants under the wizardly leadership of John J. McGraw.

Summing up, teams that "ride" to the top use the hit and run play often. Nevertheless, very few spectators recognize the play, and rarely is it seen on the amateur or semi-professional diamonds.

Let's return to the Cobb-Heilmann incident. All the time that Cobb, on first, was prancing around, he was watching Heilmann for a signal. The hit and run play is always worked by a signal or sign from the batsman. Heilmann had discovered that the shortstop would cover the bag if Cobb started for second and if the shortstop ran to second it would create a vacant space from second to third. Heilmann intended to hit the ball through this space. When he stepped out of the batter's box, he picked up the dirt and tossed it to his right, he was signaling his plan to Cobb. His "sign" meant that he would try to hit the next pitched ball and consequently Cobb should start for second base with the pitch, draw over the shortstop to take the catcher's throw and thereby leave a hole between second and third.

The play went wrong because the catcher guessed that the batter was signaling the base-runner. Also, he deduced that the signal called for a hit and run play. So, the catcher ordered the pitcher to pitch the ball wide of the plate. Also, he signaled the shortstop to run to second with the pitch. Thus the shortstop started



Will Tris Speaker Bunt or Line It Out? Pitchers Never Know, Especially When There's a Man on Base. Often They Play Safe by Keeping the Ball Away From the Plate.

at the same time the ball left the pitcher's hand. He was on second when the catcher threw. The catcher, with a stationary target, pegged with greater accuracy.

By ordering the pitcher to pitch wide of the plate the catcher played doubly safe. Heilmann is a right-handed batter. The catcher did not intend to have Heilmann hit the ball at all; he wanted it so far to the side that Heilmann could not reach it.

But, if Heilmann did connect with the ball, pitched wide, he would hit it toward right field. The second baseman and first baseman prepared for this contingency by remaining in their natural positions. Thus the defense was solid on the right side of the field; it was a good thing for Heilmann that he missed.

The pitcher followed instructions and pitched wide. Heilmann tried to go through with the play by lunging at the ball but it was too wide for him. The shortstop attended to his duty by starting with the pitch and when the catcher began to throw the shortstop was ready on second base. The hit and run play, consequently, failed.

There are three methods of attack that amateur teams can learn and use with success. One of these is the hit and run, another the bunt and a third the squeeze play. The last named, like the hit and run, is not always recognized by the spectators; and its failure is always recorded as an unsuccessful attempt to steal home.

These three plays depend upon teamwork to succeed. Baseball, generally speaking, is a game of individuals. It is the opposite of football, where success depends solely upon team play.

The hit and run play is used to advance runners as well as to score them. The bunt is used to advance the runner and when it is used to score a runner, the play becomes a "squeeze." There is also the double squeeze play, first worked with success by the world's champion Philadelphia Athletics, but more of this later. I will try to tell you how the three plays are worked and also show you how to develop a defense against each of them.

The hit and run and the squeeze plays require signals. The signals should be simple; when they are complicated they often become disastrous. Also, when a team tries to use too many signals it gets confused.

"Hitting Through" the Infield

IN TRYING a hit and run play your aim is to "hit through," as ball players say, meaning to drive the ball through the infield. In order to make this easy you create an opening. The runner (the hit and run play can only be worked when there's a man on base) makes the hole for the batter.

It does not require an exceptionally fast runner to succeed with the hit and run play; alertness counts as much as speed. With a man on first, or men on first and third, the time is ripe for the play. Many clubs prefer the hit and run play to the double steal with two out and with a man on first and third. The man at bat has four times as much chance of hitting safely as the runner—or runners have of stealing.

The batsman must choose the proper time to hit the ball. If he thinks the pitcher intends to "slip" the first one over then it is good policy to signal the runner just before the first pitch; if he has two balls, and no strikes, on him, it again is a good time, for the pitcher is in a hole, as players say, and must get the next ball over. To do this he is likely to throw a fast one, instead of a curve, because he can control a fast ball best. The batter must decide for himself which ball he wants to hit. After he gives the signal he must go through with the play and hit the ball or make every effort to hit it.

You are probably wondering where to hit the ball—toward short or between first and second? Make your decision according to the way the opposing infielders work. Sometimes the second baseman covers second and sometimes the shortstop. Much depends on yourself. If you are likely to hit a ball to left, then the second baseman covers, while if you are inclined to drive the ball to right, the shortstop watches the bag. If the batter doesn't know which infielder is going to cover, the man on first can find out for him by making a bluff start for second. Notice which infielder runs toward the bag.

Having given the signal to the runner the batter must

be prepared to poke the ball at the hole. He should not "swing on" the ball. It is better to "push" it at the uncovered spot. And keep the ball on the ground. Many hit and run plays are spoiled because the batter drives the ball too hard. One bad feature of the drive is that the batter does not control the direction of the ball as well as when he pushes it; another danger is that the ball will rise. In that case, even if it isn't caught on the fly a fielder may reach it quickly enough to throw out the runner at third. The best way is to hit the ball just hard enough to carry it through the opening. Such a hit is well out of reach and hard to handle.

Simple Signals Best

NOW, as to signals. Some teams believe in numerous, intricate signals, on the ground that they fool the opponents. Naturally, every player seeks to hide his intentions at bat. However, there is such a thing as too much deception. Often, in major league games, you will see a runner go down with a pitched ball. The catcher throws him out after the batter fails to strike at the ball. The runner gets up, glares at the batter and begins to mutter. The batter had given, unintentionally, what the runner considered was the signal for the hit and run play. The trouble was not with the batter but with the manager, who had taught his players such a large number of hit and run signals that almost any movement by the batsman was likely to be misconstrued by the runner.

Signals should be few and unobtrusive. Among the hit and run signals common on the major league diamonds are pulling down, or pushing up, the peak of the cap; drawing right or left hand across letter on shirt front; lifting right foot or left foot; bending either or both knees; rubbing dirt on hands; rubbing either hand on trousers; tightening or loosening belt; stroking heavy end of bat with right or left hand; lifting the cap.

There are any number of possible signals. Often, to cover them up, a batter will go through ten or twelve coverments, any of which may call for a hit and run. Perhaps none of them is the real signal, but all the better if the opposition thinks one is. If the catcher suspects the hit and run he will call for a wide pitch. I have seen pitchers throw as many as three balls to the outside with Cobb, Speaker, Collins, Sisler or other good batsmen up. While the crowd was yelling, "Can't get 'em over," the pitcher really was not shooting for the plate at all. The catcher was ordering these "pitch-outs" because he thought the batter was signaling to the runner. Thus, by fooling the catcher, the batter gets the pitcher into a hole.

One signal announces the hit and run play and another calls it off. There must always be two signals. If the batter believes that the catcher suspects the play, or that the pitcher plans to make him hit at bad balls, he can revoke it. To do this he employs another simple signal.

Boys who plan on using the hit and run play make up their own signals and learn them thoroughly. They should have as few "on" and "off" signals as possible, and all of them simple.

If you suspect that opposing teams know your signals, get new ones. Also, always remember to go through several movements at the plate, all natural, whether you want to give the hit and run signal or not. Thus you either will allay suspicion or else arouse it. You're the gainer, either way.

The hit and run play, if worked properly, assures the runner of advancing at least two bases. Runners often advance only one on a hit to the outfield. The runner starts with the pitch and is so near his objective base when the ball is hit that even if the ball has poor direction and is handled by a fielder, a double play is impossible. It is impossible also, for the opposition to force him out. The fielder has no choice but to make the play at first base.

It takes superfine fielding to break up the hit and run play and, even in the major leagues, there are comparatively few infielders who can do it with regularity. The best a team can hope for is to thwart it more times than it succeeds.

Every baseball team leans heaviest on its infield. No pitcher can succeed without a good infield backing him up and the hit and run play can be stopped only by the infield, unless the catcher out-guesses the batter and orders a pitchout.

All great infielders have been good at (Continued on page 45)



Knowing When to Bunt Helped Make George Sisler Champion Batsman of the American League.



Eddie Collins Is Always on the Alert for Bunts, but He Watches Second, Too.

CATTY ATKINS—FINANCIER

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

WELL, next morning at daylight we were out on the job, and so were the teams. Mr. Print had got a pretty good crew and the saw was buzzing along like a beehive and the wood was piling up again in a way that did my heart good. Or it would have done it good if I hadn't felt the way I did about Catty. I just couldn't get excited about anything. Catty was as chipper as a cricket, and he acted funny, too. He acted like he does when he's all filled up with some big idea, and is kind of stuck on himself because he's thought of it.

We worked that day, you can bet. We helped load, and then we rode into town and, as fast as the men unloaded at the houses of our customers, we collected. But it takes a long time to deliver wood, even when you've got quite a gang of men working. You can't work too many without having them get in each other's way, and a team that loaded and delivered and unloaded four cords of wood from our lot in a day was doing pretty well. With a couple of extra big trucks we'd managed to hire we delivered more, so that by supper time we had got to town and collected for exactly thirty-three cords. That was something, but I would have liked to have seen it ten times as much.

Next day we started out the same way, and before folks were through with their breakfasts we had delivered our first mess of loads. My goodness, how we worked! My hands were as full of splinters as a quill-pig is of quills. The men got kind of interested, too, and worked as hard as if it was their own job. The second loads were delivered and the teams back and loading again by ten o'clock. Just about then I looked up and saw Toop in his little runabout. He was out in the road watching with a kind of a satisfied look on his face, and when he saw that I saw him he laughed right out.

"What are you squawking about?" says I.

"Oh," says he, "you'll find out soon enough."

"If you go laughing at me," says I, "you'll find out something sooner than that."

"Going to buy all my wood and shut off competition, weren't you?" he says.

"What we were going to do," says I, "isn't any of your business."

"I made it my business," he says. "You two kids have been pretty snooty, and it's about time you got taken down. And I'm the little elevator to do it. Way down to the basement."

"Listen to what's perched out there in the road," says I to Catty.

"I hear it," he says, "what's it trying to say?"

"Guess it's talking hog Latin," says I, "I don't understand it very well."

"You will when you get to town," says Toop. "Read the paper. When you get there read a paper the first thing you do—and then take a look around."

"What I'd like to do," says I, "is fix you so you could look around the back of your own neck."

"Profiteers!" says he.

"What's that?" says I.

"Profiteers!" he says again. "Taking advantage of your own friends. That's what you're doing. Just because they can't get coal you're selling them wood at outrageous prices—"

"We're not," says I, "we're taking a reasonable profit."

"Haw! . . . Well, you won't take much more of it. I'm going to show this town that I'm a good friend to it. That's what I'm going to do. I'm not going to sit around and see honest people gouged by a couple of kid sharpers like you. You watch."

I STARTED to walk toward him and I made up my mind that if he did any watching for a few days it would be with somebody else's eyes. You bet he would, for I was going to close up both of his so that the butcher shop would have to work overtime cutting steaks to put onto them. But he didn't wait. He just laughed and wagged his fingers at us and started his car. Toop wasn't the kind to stand around and fight. Before I got to the fence he was a quarter of a mile away.

"What d'you suppose he means by that?" says I to Catty.

"I don't know," says he.

"We'd better get there and find out," I says.

"These loads are pretty nearly loaded. Then we'll go in," he says.

It wasn't more than fifteen minutes before we left on the first load, and it seemed to me that was the longest and slowest ride I ever took. It seemed to me I could have walked to California in about half the time. But we did get to town finally and jumped off the load and ran to the newspaper office. We both grabbed a paper and started to look through it, but it didn't take much looking. What we were trying to find was put where it could be found without any looking at all. It was the whole back page of the paper, and when I saw it, I almost keeled over backwards. It was an advertisement, and that advertisement just knocked the props from under us in a way that was enough to make you sick to your stomach.

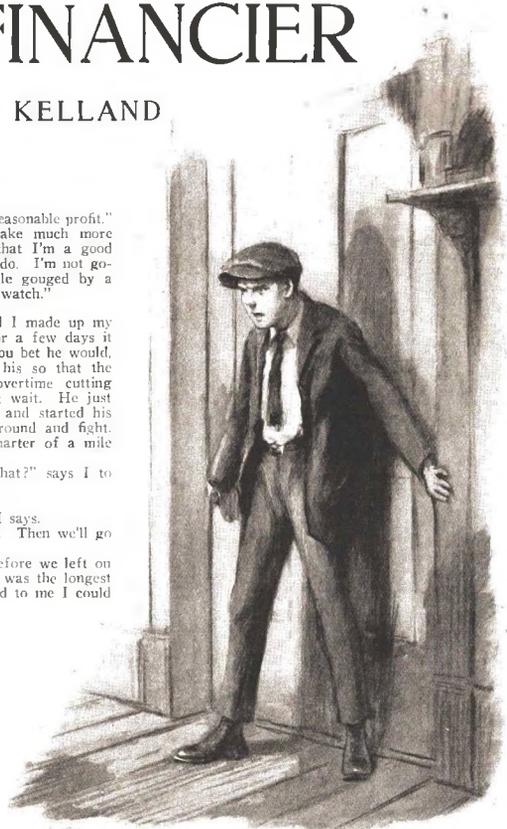
"Don't be gouged by profiteers," it says in big, black letters. "Don't pay more than you have to." Then there was some smaller print, but just below it, in the biggest letters the paper had, was the word "Stove wood." And then it says, "The coal shortage is the profiteers' opportunity. You must have stove wood because you can't have coal. But stove wood doesn't cost more than it always did. Why should a strike in the coal mines raise the price of wood which grows at your door?" And then there was a lot about how Toop was prepared to sell stove wood at cost, just because he loved the people so, and hated to see anybody done out of their hard earned money, and it ended up by saying that he would sell wood for four dollars a cord as long as it lasted, and would begin taking orders the next day at ten o'clock.

"Well," says I, "now what d'you think?"

"I think," he says, "that it might be worse."

"How worse?"

"It might be true. We might really be profiteers. We might be gouging folks, but we aren't. We are really



"You Sha'n't Have Him! You Sha'n't Take Him!" Says I, and Ran to the Door and Stood Against It.

doing something for them, and at a profit that's only fair and just. It we hadn't gone into the wood business in a wholesale way, most folks wouldn't have been able to get any at all, and they couldn't get coal, and there would have been a bad time all around. But we saw the chance, and it was a fair, decent chance to make reasonable money. Now here comes Toop, and, just because he wants to put it on our eye, he sells what doesn't cost him a cent, for less than we can afford to sell for. It isn't fair, but it makes us look like a couple of gougers. But, we're not."

"Nobody'll ever believe it."

"It doesn't matter a bit what people believe, so long as you know you're right," he says.

"But," says I, "so far as our pocketbooks are concerned, it matters a lot. We'll never sell another cord of wood."

"Serve them right if we didn't," says he. "It would be all right anyhow if we could afford to wait, because people have got to have wood this winter, and we've got it to sell. But we can't wait. Wages and cost is going right on."

In about ten minutes we met one of our teams in the street and the driver stopped and says, "The folks where I was to deliver this wood wouldn't take it."

"Why?"

"They said they were being cheated."

"Fine," says Catty, "take it up to my house." Then he turned to me and says, "All the loads that are refused we can deliver to your house or mine, and then we won't be out anything for the work."

"Sure," says I, "but what about the other hundreds and hundreds of cords?"

"We can quit right now and not lose more than our whole summer's work has earned us. We can pay for everything, and just about break even."

"What?" says I, "not throw away all the hard work we've done since school was out?"

"Yes," says he, "we can do that."

"I won't," says I.

"But," says he, "how can we go on? Folks won't buy our wood."

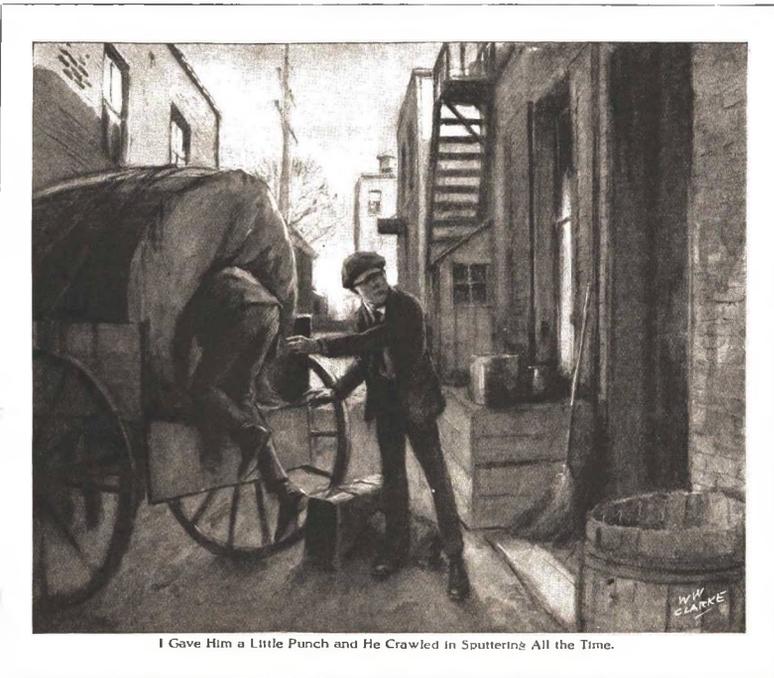
"There's some way," I says, "and we've got to find it. I won't quit. I tell you I won't quit. No, sir. That Toop kid can't go around all the rest of his life bragging about how he licked us."

"Good for you, Wee-Wee," says Catty. "I just wanted to know how you felt about it. I'm with you, and we'll stick until they get maple sap out of iron fence posts."

"You bet," says I.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

IT WAS a puzzle and I'm not good at figuring out puzzles. Anybody with half an eye could see that folks wouldn't buy wood from Catty and me for five dollars when they could get it from Toop for four dollars. And, when they had got it into their heads that four dollars was the right price, they wouldn't want to pay five no matter what happened. And there we were. Of course, Toop couldn't supply a quarter of the wood the town had to have, but he was supplying it quick, and he had spoiled our market. We had to have money coming in all the time to pay off the men who were working for us, and, of course, none was coming in. It looked to me like we would not only not make a penny,



I Gave Him a Little Punch and He Crawled in Sputtering All the Time.

but would lose every cent we had made in our other investments all summer.

"Well," I says to myself, "Toop's wood may catch fire or something, and that'll help. If it burned up, folks couldn't buy it."

Which was true, but it wasn't going to burn up, not then. Where it would burn would be in the stoves of folks we had expected to sell our own wood to, and who had actually ordered wood from us. We had discovered the market and worked it up, and then along comes this kid and just spoils it to be mean.

I hunted up Catty, not that I wanted to see him, because I felt as if I never wanted to see him again after his turning traitor to Pawky, but because business made it necessary for me to see him. He was sitting in our office whistling to himself and writing on a piece of paper. When I came in he looked up, but he didn't say a word and went right on writing again as if I hadn't come in at all.

"Well," says I.
"Um," says he, "honesty is the best policy."

"Maybe," says I, "but what's that got to do with the present price of stove wood?"
"A lot, possibly," says he.

"How a lot?" says I.
"Well," he says, "you never can tell what funny things happen on account of telling the truth."

"I guess," I says, "you must be off your trolley."

"No," he says, "but a current's beginning to run through my trolley wire."

"What kind of a current?" says I.
"Of common sense," he says.

"It's time," I says kind of short.
"We agree on that," he says kind of dry.

"But that doesn't sell stove wood," says I.
"It may," says he. "If we tell enough truth and tell it hard enough."

"I'm willing to tell all I know," I says.
He tore off a piece of paper and handed it to me with a grin. "Honest?" he says. "All you know? Well, write it on that and be sure to leave a wide margin."

I could have peeked him one in the eye, but I couldn't see what good that would do, so I just says, "You think you're kind of smart to-day."

"I hope I am," says he. "One of us has got to be smart or our soup'll be spilled."

"If you've got any kind of a scheme," says I, "why out with it and don't talk so much foolishness."

"I have," he says, "and maybe it'll work and maybe it won't. But here's what there is of it, and as I said, it's nothing but telling the truth. I'm going to advertise in the paper like Toop did and tell folks all about the stove wood business and how much profit we make and why they ought to buy stove wood. I'm going to tell them what I know about coal. I know that there won't be a ton of coal per family in town this winter. Nobody knows when any coal will come. I've found that out. Coal can't be gotten. That's the truth and I'm going to tell it to everybody so they'll be sure to know it and to think about it."

"Yes," says I, "and what then?"
"I'm going to tell them that if they want to cook and keep warm till spring they'll have to have stove wood."

"Sure, so they'll buy it of Toop."
"Maybe," he says.

"We don't want to sell his wood."
"Not exactly. But he's selling it. Five hundred cords of it. And that's all he's got. I'm going to tell the folks just how much he's got, and that it don't amount to a cord a house for this town. See? He can't supply everybody, can he? Well, I'll prove to them that Toop can give them only a fraction of the wood they've got to have, and I'll explain why he can sell it cheap."

"Yes," says I.
"And then I'll tell them about us, and how many cords we can supply, and how much we have got to charge for that out. Coal can't be gotten. That's the truth and I'm going to tell it to everybody so they'll be sure to know it and to think about it."

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"I'm enough of one to do that," I says, "and I'll show you."

"Well, I sha'n't do it for maybe a day or two," he says, "so you can be exercising your muscle during that time, and getting in training. I'll bet," he says, "that it will be quite a fight."

I TOOK one step toward him with my fists all ready, but then I stopped. We couldn't afford a fight now with all our business to look after. So I just undoubled my fists and grabbed a hold of the seat of my pants with both hands and hung on so my knuckles wouldn't fly at him when I didn't want them to.

"That'll be all for to-day," I says. "Let's get to work and do what's got to be done. This trouble between us can be taken care of afterwards."

"And it will be. Wee-Wee. don't you worry," says Catty.

A Thrilling Story of Mystery and Big Adventures in the Great Forests



Medicine Gold

By Warren H. Miller

"HE who opens me dies!" That was the inscription discovered on a mysterious locket worn by Antoine, a half-breed boy. It led to adventure—unlooked for, exciting—in the big woods of Canada.

It was a jovial crowd that started on the trip, for the "Trojans" were a hunting, fishing, and exploring club of upstanding American boys. Travelling through swift Canadian streams in their canoes and over hard-fought portages, feeling the tug of trout and ouananiche in a sportsman's fishing paradise, hunting the bull moose, and learning the mysteries of Indian superstition—these are part of the first installment of **MEDICINE GOLD** by Warren H. Miller in the May number.

The story brings you the clean tang of outdoor winds, the thrill of battling with the elements in an awful wilderness, the comradeship of healthy, sharp-eyed outdoor boys, and the Indian mysteries connected with a strange locket—a locket that brought danger to the half-breed boy and his American companions.

Pack your duffle, load your canoe, and get ready for wilderness adventure—in

The American Boy Next Month

Well, Catty got to work on his advertisements, and they came out in the paper. When folks saw them and read them there was a lot of talk, but nothing much happened, and Catty and I felt kind of discouraged, at any rate I did. Catty wouldn't let on if he was discouraged. But next day, without saying a word to me, he came out with another advertisement, which wasn't exactly an advertisement at all. It was just two telegrams, printed in big type. The first one was signed Atkins and Moore, which was Catty and me, and it was to the Watrous Coal and Wood Company in the city. It said:

"How much will you offer for 2,000 cords first class beech and maple stove wood, F. O. B. this town?"

The answer, printed right under it said:
"Will give four-fifty a cord if immediate delivery is guaranteed. Signed, Watrous Coal and Wood Company."

And under this Catty said to the folks, "If you want wood for this winter, get your order in within twelve hours."

That was all, not another word. Well, I almost had a cat-fit. Somehow I'd never dreamed of trying to sell our wood out of town. It never occurred to me we could do business in foreign parts as you might say, but you could depend on Catty to think of everything. There was two thousand cords as good as sold. Of course we lost fifty cents a cord profit, but there would be enough left—if only we could deliver the wood. But to deliver it we had to have money to pay our men and we couldn't get the money until we sold the wood. So there we were again.

But I guess that second advertisement kind of scared folks, for the first thing in the morning there were two men in our office and each of them wanted twenty-five cords.

"The price," says one of them, "is four-fifty, like the paper said."

"The price," says Catty, "is five dollars like we sold it to you before. If you take two thousand cords we can make it to you for four-fifty. But not a cent less on retail orders."

"I won't pay five," says the man.
"Then," says Catty, "we can't do business. Good morning, sir."

"But I've got to have wood," says the man. "I can't get coal."

"That's so," says Catty "but our price is five dollars

Maybe you can get it cheaper some place else."

"You know very well I can't," says the man. He kind of scowled and then he pulled out his pocketbook and counted out a hundred and twenty-five dollars. "I'm paying in advance," says he, "so I'll be sure to get my wood delivered right off."

Well, that was that. The other man didn't say a word, but just made out his check for a hundred and twenty-five which made two hundred and fifty together, and we didn't need to worry for a day or two. Before the day was over we had taken back orders for a whaling lot of wood, and it looked as if everything was all right again, but Catty was ambitious.

"We ought to find out some way to take care of that Watrous Coal Company," he says. "Two thousand cords is a lot, and it would be a lot of profit. I wonder if we can't manage it?"

"No," says I, "we've got our hands full."

"If we had another saw and twice as many men," says he.

"Where'd we get it?"
"Well, there is another saw, and there are more men. As long as there are things, why we can get them. Now there's Toop's saw and his crew. He must be pretty nearly through with them."

"But he wouldn't sell us his saw," says I.
"He won't keep it for a sawyer," says Catty.

"Try to buy it and see," says I.
"I'm going to," he says, and with that he went out of the office, and I didn't see him again until night. When he came back he was grinning like a Cheshire cat, whatever that is, and went and sat down and pretended nothing had happened just to aggravate me. I stood it as long as I could and then I says, "Well, what you been up to now?"

"Nothing much," says he.
"Did you buy that saw?" says I.

"I did," says he.
"How?" says I.

"From Toop's father," says he.
"How'd you manage that?"

"Just went to him and says, 'Hear you have a buzz saw for sale.'"

"What'd he say?"
"He says his son had one that he was through with and he guessed it was for sale, and I asked how much, and he told me what it cost and I offered him half, and told him the saw wouldn't ever be any good to him any more. Well, we haggled some, but in the end I got it, and it's out on our lot all set up and sawing wood, and we've six more men at work and two more teams, and two flat cars are ordered in add to-morrow we begin delivering to the Watrous Coal and Wood Company. And that," says he, "is a pretty fair day's work."

"Huh. . . . So now we've got to deliver four thousand cords instead of two?"
"You bet."

"I can see us doing it," says I.
"You'll see more when I get about ten more men to work to-morrow. I've got 'em, too."

"That was all right. But, I said to myself, there'll be a lot more water passing under the bridge before we have the money safe in the bank. And there was.

JUST then I turned around, and there, standing in our door, was Mr. Toop's hired man—the one who had caught us in the cave, and the one Catty told where Pawky's box was.

"Good morning," says he, kind of sour.
"Thought I'd drop in to see you."

"Always glad to have visitors," says Catty.
"What can we do for you?"

"You can tell me what you boys are acting so suspicious about, that's what you can do. You fooled me the other day out at that cave of yours, but you won't fool me again. I mean business. We've been watching you pretty careful, and we know you are helping this fellow Pawky. We know you know where he is. We know you have been buying food for him and taking it to where he's hid. Now, you better come through and tell what you know."

"I've been kind of thinking that over," says Catty.
"Then go ahead," says the man.

"But," says Catty, "this man Pawky seems kind of valuable, and folks don't give away valuable things."

"Catty Atkins!" says I.
"Shut up, Wee-Wee. I'm managing this," he says.

"And I don't like the way you're doing it," says I.
"Well," says the man, "do I understand you're willing to make a deal?"

"You don't understand anything," says Catty. "We don't even admit we know this Pawky. But you can bet, if we know him, we're not going to give him away just for fun, and we're going to know more about the whole business. There must be a lot of money in it."

"Oh, not so much," says the man. "He just knows something Mr. Toop wants to find out."

"Such as what?" says Catty.
"Just a business secret," says the man.

"Um. . . . Well, I think it's a pretty valuable business secret, and I'm a business man. You go and tell Mr. Toop that I am, and that I do business in a businesslike way. If he wants to buy anything from me, you say to him that he'd better come and make an offer before I sell to somebody else."

"Who else?"
"How should I know? If this secret is worth money to one man it's worth money to another, and I'll find him."

"What do you want?"
"I don't know exactly," says Catty. "I don't even know that I've got anything to sell. But if I have I'll deal with Mr. Toop direct. You tell him that. Tell him we might know something and we might not. But if we do, and he's willing to take a chance on it, he'd better drop around to talk."

"That's the best I get out of you, is it?"
"That," says Catty, "is the best."

"Then he'll be here, and you'd better be here to see him. And watch your step, young feller, watch your step."

"With both eyes," says
(Continued on page 36)

JIBBY and the LIVER COFFEE

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

WELL, we didn't have any money, and it looked pretty bad for our vacation up on the island in the Mississippi River, because without a motor boat to chase around in we could only have about half as much fun. The trouble was that Wampus Smale owned the only motor boat in our crowd and he had been careless with it. When it came along toward winter his father had told him to be sure to dock the boat in a safe place, where the ice would not crush it in the spring, but Wampus just let the whole thing slide, in a careless way, and when the ice did go out it jammed the motor boat up against a couple of dock timbers and just about crushed the life out of it. One side of the boat was all bashed in and part of the motor was crushed, and that meant it would need quite a lot of money to have the boat put in shape again.

Usually Wampus's father was easy-going and ready to give Wampus a little cash to make repairs on the boat when an accident happened, or anything like that, but this time he just said he would have nothing to do with it. He was clear and plain about it, too, and said he had told Wampus at least ten times to put the boat in a safe place, and that it was Wampus's fault that anything had happened, and Wampus could make the best of it or go without a boat, just as he chose.

We all talked it over—Skippy and Wampus and Tad Willing and I—and said it was a shame we could not have the boat to use, but we did not see what we could do about it. We went down to the levee and looked at the wreck, but it was not the sort of damage that we could repair ourselves; it needed a carpenter that was a boat mender, and a mechanic that was a motor repairer, and that meant that we had to have money if we expected to use that boat that summer.

We were going up the avenue from the river, on our way home, and all feeling blue about the boat, when we saw Jibby Jones come out of the post office. We shouted, but he was too far away to hear us.

"There's your Jibby Jones!" Wampus said, and he said it sort of sarcastic, because I was maybe about the best friend Jibby had in our crowd. "Why don't you yell your head off and call him? He's always so smart, why don't you just say 'busted boat' to him and let him fix it all up as good as new in about one half of a minute?"

"Well, of course," I said, "you can't expect him to fix a boat that you let the ice make mincemeat of."
"No, you bet I can't!" Wampus said. "And that's always the way with these terribly smart fellows. They can do everything except what you want them to do, and mend everything except what you want them to mend. I'm glad you've got some sense, George; I thought maybe you would expect Jibby Jones to poke his nose to windward and sniff the air, and then tell us about how the natives in Zanzibar mended a busted crocodile when Jibby and his father were there studying the Oomph Boomph River, and then take an old shoe and a piece of cheese and mend the motor boat in half a minute! One of these days you'll find out that your Jibby Jones is not as smart as you think he is. You and your Jibby almost make me sick."

Well, that would have made me sore if I had not known that Wampus was feeling sore himself; sore at himself for letting that boat get crushed and for spoiling about one half the fun we expected to have that summer. So I did not go back at him very hard; all I said was:

"That's all right, but I bet if that had been Jibby's boat he would not have left it where you did."
"Oh, quit!" Tad Willing exclaimed. "What's the use in ragging about what happened to the boat? We want

to know how we can raise money to have it put in good shape before vacation begins. How can we get the money?"

We talked that over all the rest of the way home, and we could not figure out how we could raise even one tenth of the money. We all had to go to school and the only time we had was in the afternoons, after school was over for the day, and Saturday, and there did not seem to be any way to raise much money in Riverbank just then anyway. We went into my yard and sat on the grass and tried to think of a good way to raise the money and we were all lolling on the grass there and picking a dandelion head now and then to pull to pieces, when Skippy Root sat up and gave a yell of joy. We all sat up and looked down the street and what we saw was enough to make a horse laugh. Up the sidewalk Jibby Jones was coming, and he was coming so slowly he hardly moved.

OUR sidewalks are made of boards and the boards are put an inch apart, to let the rain run through, and the walks on our street were rather worn. And there came Jibby Jones, tall as a beanpole, with his funny little straw hat on his head and his high-water pants and his coat sleeves half way to his elbows and his long nose that stuck out like the jib of a sailboat. He was bent over until his back looked like the back of a camel, and the reason was that he was pulling one of those little boy express wagons and there was some sort of tall iron machine-like business on it. While Jibby pulled the wagon with one hand he had to keep the other hand on the machine-like affair to keep it from falling over as the wagon bumped over the planks of the sidewalk. So he was sort of edging along sideways like a crab, with his elbows stuck out like two wings and his eyes as serious as an owl's as he watched that machine-like thing through his shell-rimmed spectacles. And just as he reached our gate one of the wagon wheels went off the side of the walk and the whole business toppled over onto the grass. Jibby straightened up and stretched his back and saw us. He looked at us and then at the wagon.

"This lightning express has had an accident," he said. "We all piled out of the yard then and got around the machine thing."

"For the love of Mike!" Tad exclaimed. "What on earth is it?"
"It's a coffee grinder," Jibby said, as solemn as ever. "It's not a good one; it does not grind fine enough any more."

And that was what it was, too. It was about the oldest-fashioned coffee grinder on earth, I guess. It looked as if it had been made in the year one and never painted since then.

"A coffee-grinder?" Wampus hooted. "What do you want a played-out, busted-down, no-good coffee grinder for?"

Jibby turned his head on one side and looked at the coffee grinder as if that was a new thought that had not occurred to him before.

"Why—why—?" he said, "why, I don't know. Mr. Beasley did not want it, because it was not worth anything any more—"

Well, we all hooted then. If it wasn't like Jibby Jones to borrow a kid's toy wagon and pick up a no-good busted old coffee mill and haul it all the way up hill! His face got a little red when we laughed.

"You see," he said, for I guess he thought he ought to explain as well as he could "I was thinking of Zanzibar and the time my father and I were there—"

"I told you! I told you!" Wampus shouted. "Zanzibar!"



One of the Wagon Wheels Went Off the Side of the Walk and the Whole Business Topped Over.

bar! Didn't I say so?"

Jibby looked at him in a puzzled way for half a minute, then he gave it up; he could not see the joke.

"I was at Mr. Beasley's grocery store when he unpacked his new coffee grinder," he said, "and I helped him carry this old one out back of the store and dump it in the waste pile. And I just happened to think, 'My! but the natives of Zanzibar would love to have this old coffee grinder!'"

"What for?" I asked Jibby. "Why would they love to have it?"

"I don't know," Jibby said. "It just looks like the sort of thing a native of Zanzibar would love to have. He could—he could turn the wheel."

"What good would that do him?" Tad asked.

"I don't know. It wouldn't do him any good," Jibby said, "but he would just love to have a machine that looks as machinery as this and that has a wheel he could turn. Any native of Zanzibar would. He would give a ton of ivory for a machine like this, especially if the wheel squeaked when he turned it. He would love it. Everybody would envy him and come and beg him to let them turn the wheel—turn it just once. So I thought it would be a pity to let this coffee mill lie there on the dump heap and go to waste."

"Why? Do you expect to go back to Zanzibar?" one of us asked him.

"No; I never expect to be there again—"

"Well, do you know anybody that is going there—anybody that would want to pack up an old played-out coffee grinder and tote it all the way to Zanzibar?"

"No, I don't know anybody that would do that. I don't know anybody that is going to Zanzibar."

"Then I can't see why you have gone to all the trouble of hauling the old junk all the way up the hill," declared Wampus. "I would not give a cent for it! You couldn't make me take it for a gift!"

"That's so, isn't it?" admitted Jibby, looking at the old coffee mill as if he was seeing it in a new light for the first time. "It is useless, isn't it? I was silly to bother hauling it up the hill, wasn't I? But it did seem foolish to leave it there—a thing the natives of Zanzibar would think was so precious. It seemed such a waste."

"Well, you can't leave it there," I said. "My father don't want Mr. Beasley's old junk left on his sidewalk, that's sure! He's not a native of Zanzibar."

"That's so!" Jibby said. "I'd better take it on home, I guess."

SO he boosted the old coffee grinder back onto the toy wagon, and it was all he could do to lift it; we helped him. The little wagon groaned under the load. That coffee grinder was three feet high and must have weighed almost one hundred pounds. And the minute we got it on the wagon it toppled off the other side! Jibby took off his hat and wiped his forehead and shook his head.

"I've had an awful lot of trouble with that coffee grinder," he said. "It has been falling every ten feet. Just that same way!"

"Come in and rest, then," I said. "You can't be in much of a rush if there isn't much chance of the natives of Zanzibar getting that coffee



"No, You Won't!" the Old Man Said. "I Kin Pay. How About Ten Cents for a Pound of It?"

mill for a hundred years or so," and Jibby went into the yard with us and presently we were talking about the motor boat again, because that was what was bothering us most. Jibby sat with his long legs spread out and listening to what we had to say about it and then he asked us a question that certainly seemed about as foolish as any question anybody could ask.

"If you need money," he asked, "why don't you get some?"

"Get some? Where?" we asked him. "Selling old coffee grinders to the natives of Zanzibar?"

"No," he answered seriously. "No; I don't think that would pay. Zanzibar is too far away. I don't know anyone there to ship coffee grinders to. And you couldn't get enough old coffee grinders to make it worth while. The freight would cost more money than we have. No; we'll have to think of something nearer than Zanzibar. It ought to be something right here in Riverbank—something there is plenty of."

"Dandelions," said Wampus. "There are plenty of them here. Why don't you think of them?"

Well, Wampus was right! There were plenty of dandelions in Riverbank. That year there were millions of them—billions, I guess! It was a dandelion year. I don't know whether you have ever happened to notice it, but the wild flowers we call "weeds" do run in "years." One year whole fields—acres and acres—will be white with daisies, and the next year there will be hardly any. One year the dandelions will be only about as usual, and another year the whole county will look as if it had been painted golden yellow. And another year will be a goldenrod year, or an aster year. It depends on the weather, mostly: how much rain, or how much dry weather. Everything that grows is like that; one year will be a "good apple year" and then there are heaps of apples and they are cheap, and another year will be a "poor apple year" and that year apples will be high. In the same way there are good years for corn and wheat and oats, and bad years for them. But there is one thing about dandelions—it takes a mighty bad year to be a genuine bad dandelion year. The dandelion is a mighty hardy and easy coming plant. And a hard one to get rid of. And this year there were millions. Every lawn in town was full of them. I looked around and it seemed as if I could see a couple of million from right where I sat. And then Jibby said what we did not expect him to say.

"Yes, that's a good idea," he said. "I'll think about dandelions."

"Well, you needn't," said Wampus flatly. "You take my advice and don't waste your time thinking about dandelions."

"Why?" Jibby asked.

"Because we've had all the dandelion jobs we want, and don't want any more, and we won't have any more! We're through dandelioning!"

"You bet!" I said. "We're through!"

"So if your idea is that you can get us to raise money by digging dandelions, you're wrong!" Wampus de-

clared. "You can forget that idea here and now! We've had plenty of it, and more than plenty. We are wise. A couple of years ago some of the men in town here offered to pay us one cent for every ten dandelions we dug out of their lawns and we worked like slaves at it. It's hard work."

"And a fellow has to have some time to play," Tad agreed. "That spring we hustled home from school and got into our old clothes and piled out and dug dandelions. We worked digging dandelions, until dark every school day, and all day Saturday—"

"How long?" Jibby asked.

"Well, three days," I admitted. "That was all we could stand. Three days of it was enough to last us the rest of our lives. It is hard work, Jibby, and mean work. I don't want any more of it."

None of us did, and we all said so. Just to look at the dandelions was enough to discourage a fellow, there were so many of them.

"They have such long roots," I said, "and you have to dig up the whole root, and then you only get a cent for digging ten. Why, they can't even get the little kids to dig them any more! A fellow starts in digging some for somebody and then his father says, 'Here, George! If you can dig dandelions like that you come and dig them out of your own yard,' and you have to do it!"

WELL, we thought we had settled the dandelion business for good and all. Jibby Jones took out his old jackknife and tried digging a few. He dug a dozen I guess, and he was poor at it. We told him it would take a year to earn a dollar, digging them that way, and we showed him how to dig dandelions the proper way. When we had dug ten or twelve apiece he said:

"Yes, I see; but I don't think I would ever amount to much as a dandelion digger. I don't seem to know the knack of it."

So he gathered up the dandelions we had dug and started out of the yard to go on up the hill with that old coffee grinder but we went with him and helped him home with it. We took it around to his woodshed and dumped it there and got ready to sit around and have a good talk, but Jibby said:

"You can sit here and talk awhile, but I want to go in the house. I want to think about something."

"What?" Wampus asked. "Dandelions?"

"Yes," Jibby said. "We've thought a lot about them but we have not thought everything that can be thought about them, I guess. There must be more to think about dandelions when there are so many dandelions."

We gave him a loud boot then and Wampus said:

"Well, you might as well do some thinking about Zanzibar and coffee grinders while you are about it."

"I'm going to," Jibby said, as solemn as an owl. "I want to think a little about a coffee grinder my father had when we were in Zanzibar. It was just a small one but it ground all the coffee we could use. And when my father made our coffee he never would use anything but pure spring water from a spring on the other side

of the ridge back of the house, and I had to get the water. Every day, three times a day, I had to get the water. So I hated to do it. And no wonder, because there was a little Zanzibar kid I played with, and we had to stop playing when it was water-getting time. So my father got up a game. He gave us each a small tin pail and took out his watch and counted 'One, two, three, go!' and it was a race to see whether the Zanzibar kid or I got back first, and which had the most water left in the pail. Getting back first counted fifty, and having the most water left counted fifty. So we raced for it and counted the points and whoever won got a prize."

"What was the prize?" I asked.

"Whoever won the water race could grind the coffee," said Jibby, and then he went into the house.

Well, we sat around and gabbed for about an hour, and Jibby did not come out and we thought we had better go in and get him before he thought his head off. We all piled into his house and there he was in his father's study, weighing out dandelions on the letter scale.

"I leaves and all, just as they run," he said, "these spring dandelions run 64 to the pound. That's about five to an ounce and a half—three ounces for ten. If we got paid a cent for ten dandelions it would be six and a half cents a pound, about, tops and all. If we paid three cents a pound for dandelions we would make three and one half cents on every pound we bought."

"He's gone crazy!" Tad said. "He's talking about buying dandelions. I don't want to buy any dandelions, do you? What would we do with dandelions if we did buy them?" he asked Jibby.

"Nothing," Jibby said. "We couldn't. We'd have to throw them away, except the tops. Maybe we could sell the tops as greens, like spinach, for a cent a pound."

"Pay three cents and sell for one cent!" Wampus hooted. "We'd get rich at that, wouldn't we?"

"But we would make our contracts first," Jibby said.

"What contracts?" I asked. "This is the first I've heard about contracts!"

"You didn't give me time to say anything about them," Jibby said. "The contracts would be with our fathers and with other men that have lawns in Riverbank. At the same old price, ten dandelions for a cent. We would sign them all up to pay us one cent for every ten dandelions we got dug from their lawns, and we would buy no dandelions except these dug from those lawns. That would be six and one half cents a pound. Then we would get one hundred boys and girls to dig the dandelions, and we would pay them three cents a pound. We would make three and one half cents a pound on every pound, and an extra cent a pound on any dandelion leaves we could sell for greens. If our hundred diggers dug only one pound a day it would give us three dollars and fifty cents or four dollars. In ten days we would have forty dollars, and that would mend the motor boat."

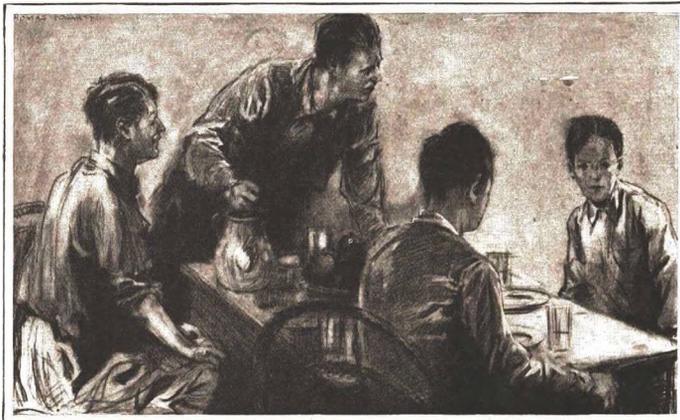
"Yes! Sure! Of course!" said Wampus in his most sarcastic tone. "Only" (Continued on page 48)

MIRZA FATEH KHAN

AFTERWARDS Toussaint Lamotte used to laugh into his great, black, snape-shaped beard and, since he was a Frenchman and therefore a skeptical logician, to insist that he did not care one snap of his fingers—*non, mes amis*, not the fraction of the shadow one tiny snap—how it had happened, given the irrefragable and—again quoting him verbatim—"eminently satisfactory certainty" that it had happened somehow. But then he had been fond of Mirza Fateh Khan from the beginning, ever since the young Persian had come from New York, where his father had been the Shah's Consul-General and where he had received part of his education, here to Bab-el-Sraq, the gateway of the Algerian Sahara, not far from Morocco, to serve a practical apprenticeship, before going to college with the International Development Corporation which was carrying on here a great irrigation work, destined to cause this strip of yellow desert to blossom and bear fruit.

"My little sympathetic Persian," the Frenchman used to call Mirza Fateh Khan, causing the latter to blush a little, to feel slightly, though not unpleasantly, embarrassed, and to tug tentatively at the dark down on his upper lip.

The others, on the contrary, Tom Lennox, Ritter, and, of course, big Ole Pedersen himself, had disliked him from the first—they, as well as the Frenchman, had been working on the job for over three years previous to Mirza's arrival among them. The dislike was not racial, since Mirza, a pure-bred Persian, was as white as the rest of them; and, moreover, having spent some of his most impressionable years in a New York school, had become Americanized, at least in language and certain exterior. But it was rather one of those strange, unreasonable, vindictive antipathies which comes over white men when they meet in small numbers on the fringes of the earth and are thrown into each other's daily, almost hourly company, at work and play and mess; one of those dull, deadly, cruel dislikes which the birds of the forest feel for the parlor bird which flies to them through open cage and window.



"Don't Talk Back!" He Said, And, While the Others Laughed, He Added: "Go Back Home to Persia and Your Mother!"

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

And there is reason for the simile. For Mirza Fateh Khan was, indeed, a nice, straight, clean youngster. But—"confoundingly incongruous little shrimp—rather clashes with the Sahara's eternal scenery, y'know," as Tom Lennox, the Englishman, explained it with his rasping Yorkshire accent. "Too darned—oh—I don't-know-what, with his big, black eyes and his white, womanish hands," was Ritter's, the Chicago engineer's, characterization. And Ole Pedersen's—and it was by far the most honest of the lot—was simply this:

"I don't like that guy!" Pedersen's opinion mattered most of all, at least to Mirza Fateh Khan, since the burly Swede, who had spent many years of his drifting, adventurous life in Seattle and the far Northwest before being sent on the Sahara job, was the head surveyman and as such Mirza's

direct supervisor. From the first the blue-eyed, blond-haired giant vented his spleen on the young Persian in every possible way. The latter was clever and ambitious, attending to his work with a sharp, conscientious, clean-cut energy. Pedersen, who as a boss was perfectly fair-minded, realized it. He admitted it—and did not like to admit it. He had no fault to find with the other's ability and willingness to work and learn, and this very failure sharpened the edge of his personal animosity.

Thus it was in the long hours after work, when the handful of white men, marooned in the great yellow desert, were continually thrown together, that Pedersen gave free rein to his brutal antagonism by ridiculing systematically everything and everybody Mirza Fateh Khan liked, honored, or respected.

At first the latter tried not to notice it. He spent a great many hours, his work over, in investigating the sweeping, poignant desert and the near-by city of Bab-el-Sraq. It was a novel experience to him. Not that the Orient was new to him, since he was a Persian. But Persia is different from the grim Arab Sahara. He knew the Orient of crooked streets, of gliding steps and soft laughter, of packed, shrieking, good-natured throngs, of shouting donkey boys, of bazaars scented with sandalwood and aloe, of grated windows and peaceful mosques and white-bearded patriarchs. He knew the Orient of the Middle East which is smooth white and electric blue, dusted with green like a dragon-fly's wing, flecked with purple and tawny spots, and the whole wiped over by the hand of time into a faded, pastel pattern. Here, on the other hand, the color lay in crude, stark blotches. There was no softness here; no yelling, jesting multitudes, no wheedling, unwashed Levantine dragomans, no ragged urchins begging for baksheesh. This was a different land, of a dry heat that hid a cold heart, cruel, and—yes, he said to himself—slightly contemptuous, slightly sneering.

But, somehow, he liked it; and the chief reason for his liking was contained in one word: "Children"—the



There Were All the Makings of a First-class Racial Riot. When, With Utter Suddenness, Mirza Fateh Khan Controlled the Situation.

quaint, serious, big-eyed children of Moslem North Africa, Arabs and blacks, Bedawin and Touaregs and what-not—and he was very fond of children, with an almost feminine tenderness.

So he worked. So he amused himself. And soon he had a baker's dozen of little burmoosed Arabs and Touaregs following him whenever he strolled through the streets and bazaars of Bab-el-Sroq.

So, too, he was the nightly butt for Ole Pedersen's brutal witticisms and practical jokes. If he was hurt, he was a good enough Moslem and therefore a good enough adept at the ancient Asiatic sport of saving his face, not to show it.

After an unsuccessful attempt or two at repartee, he did not even try to fight back. For his mind, in spite of his American training, was still typically Oriental, that is: patient, pertinacious, but slow-grinding; and so, by the time he had formulated a reply, Pedersen was already off on another tangent, turning the laugh on him as before.

Lennox and Ritter looked on and smiled; partly because of their initial dislike for Mirza, partly because they were glad that the young Persian's arrival had shifted the Swede's congenial aggressiveness away from themselves; and partly because they had a sneaking suspicion that Mirza Fateh Khan was afraid.

Not that they could really have blamed the latter for sidestepping physical contact with Pedersen; for one was small, the other large, and there was the difference of twenty-odd years in age, five inches in reach, and about ninety pounds of muscle and brawn. But they argued that, at the very least, the young Persian might have made a bluff at fighting back; and they did not know that amongst the other virtues or—according to the viewpoint—failings of the Persian race is a four-square, uncompromising matter-of-factness which makes bluff an impossible art to acquire.

IT WAS a sorry day for Mirza Fateh Khan when Ole Pedersen discovered his great affection for the children of Bab-el-Sroq. For it seemed to the Swede a ready-made pivot on which to hang his sarcasm and his scarily veiled insults.

"Well, young fellow," he would greet him at night, when the soft-footed Arab steward was serving them dinner in the mess tent, "been out again pap-feeding little native brats, eh? Looka here—what d'ye think you are—a budding surveyman or a nurse?"

Mirza Fateh Khan looked down at his plate without answering. He pretended not to hear; tried not to hear. But this did not mollify the other's outburst of angry sarcasm—so much the less as at that very moment the tent flap opened and a little, bullet-shaped, shaven poll was stuck through.

"Ho, Mirza Fateh Khan!" Head and voice belonged to Mohammed Faizl, the six-year-old son of Said ben Yussuf, the steward, and one of the Persian's favorites.

"Hello, kiddie!" he smiled. "What do you—?" "Get outa here, you darned little runt!" came Pedersen's hoarse roar, and at the same moment he threw a ketchup bottle in the direction of the tent flap, luckily missing the quickly withdrawn head.

There was a patter of naked feet on the hard-backed yard outside, and Mirza turned an angry red.

"Look here, Mr. Pedersen—" he commenced. But the Swede cut him short.

"Don't talk back!" he said. And, while the others laughed, he added: "Go back home to Persia and your mother! Go back! You don't fit in among men, you orange-livered, little, goggle-eyed mutt!"

And Mirza Fateh Khan did not reply. He only blushed a deeper red and gave an embarrassed cough while again Lennox and Ritter laughed, the latter turning to Pedersen with a mock-shiver of fear.

"Look out, Ole!" he said. "One of these days Mirza is going to get as mad as the bloodthirsty natives here-

abouts! First thing you know he'll smite you on the dome with the fringe of his shawl!"

And again they laughed, and watched Mirza Fateh Khan's face grow red, then white in streaky splotches, watched him finger his fork and crumble his bread with slim, nervous fingers.

TOUSSAINT LAMOTTE took no part in either the laughter or the crude exchange of witticisms. Even he thought that "the sympathetic little Persian" was afraid, and he was both sorry and disappointed.

Later in the evening, as Mirza Fateh Khan strolled across the strip of bistre-brown desert to the city of Bab-el-Sroq, he joined him.

"I want to talk to you, Mirza."

"Yes?"

"Just a bit of advice. Mind?"

"No, sir. What is it?"

"Well—" said the Frenchman, "if I were you I'd go away from here, my boy."

"But—my work—"

"I have a good deal—ah—what you call pull with the head-office people. There are other irrigation jobs going on—one in Egypt, another in South America. I'll see that you get transferred. What do you say?"

Mirza Fateh Khan shook his head.

"Thank you," he said, "but I prefer staying here."

"But—" Lamotte, without intending to, blurted out what he considered the truth, "you—you are afraid, aren't you—?"

"Certainly," admitted the other, gravely. "I am afraid. That's just the reason why I am going to stay here—why I can't afford to run away; don't you see?"

The Frenchman smiled delightedly. Good—good, he thought, the boy had spirit after all. But, even so, he was fond of him, knew that Mirza would not have a chance in actual, physical conflict with the giant Swede; and he put it into words.

"Better go away!" he said. "You are afraid—you admit—and yet you are willing to stay! The finest courage in the world, that! But—what could you do against Pedersen? *Nom d'un nom!* He is a mountain of flesh and muscles, while you—I do not mean to hurt your feelings—but you are not big enough!"

"I know," said the Persian, quietly.

"Well—then—take my tip!"

"No!" Mirza reiterated stubbornly. "I will not run away."

Toussaint Lamotte grew a little impatient. "But suppose you really lose your temper one day—suppose you hit him—why, boy—" and he looked anxiously at the youngster, trying to discover if he had any such intentions, perhaps hoping that he had.

Mirza Fateh Khan put his fingers together, delicately, in a gesture of protest. "You're perfectly right," he agreed. "What's the use of hitting a man bigger and stronger than you are. I wonder—" he was silent, meditated, then looked up, a queer smile curling the corners of his thin, sensitive lips. "There is always a way," he added, "through which the weaker man has a chance."

"Oh?"

"I think so. You ought to know that, being a Frenchman."

"What are you driving at, Mirza?"

"Oh—nothing in particular," said the Persian, and he gave a nervous little cough.

The incongruous, suddenly interrupted remark slipped the Frenchman's mind until a few days later, on a Saturday afternoon, when he and Mirza Fateh Khan had gone for a stroll into the city of Bab-el-Sroq.

Conversing animatedly, they passed through streets

and bazaars, out into the main square of the town—and it was filled with noise and motion. For it was a high Moslem feast day, and so the streets and the square were crowded with natives in holiday attire. The scenes were vivid, motley. There were tents and ambling coffee houses, cook shops and lemonade stands, toy booths and merry-go-rounds. There were bear leaders, ape leaders, fakirs holy and otherwise, buffoons, jugglers, fortune tellers, snake charmers, and dancing boys in women's attire. There were the vendors of food of all sorts and of sugared drinks, clanging their metal cups and plates together, and yelling out the nature and quality and price of their respective wares.

And—since children are the real meaning of life to the Moslems—the sound of laughing, shouting, playing boys came from everywhere—from the sombre mosques, the gardens up the street crimson with apricot and pomegranate and carob, and from the houses that frowned on the streets with blank, white-washed walls.

Many of the children greeted Mirza Fateh Khan. They hailed him by name. For they knew him as the free-handed distributor of a limitless quantity of sticky candy.

"Ho, Mirza Fateh Khan!"

"Allah's peace on you!"

The cries came from all sides.

There was chiefly one nut-brown little girl of three or thereabouts who clung to his knees. She addressed him by an exceedingly affectionate name, and Mirza Fateh Khan gave her three cents in tiny copper coins and bent down to pat her head.

At this moment Ole Pedersen, accompanied by Lennox, Ritter, and an officer of the French Foreign Legion, by the name of Urban Perault, came from one of the native inns. It was evident that the Swede had been drinking. For in spite of the warning of Perault, who knew the short temper and the easily aroused fanaticism of Arab crowds on feast days, he brushed impatiently through the throng of children, kicking the little girl out of his way so that she fell and began to cry.

"Get out from under my feet, you darned little brat!" he shouted.

THERE was a moment of utter silence. Then a roar of rage rose from the burmoosed crowd, and a six-foot Bedaw, the child's father, jumped toward Ole Pedersen with a flash and crackle of naked steel.

Already the captain of the Foreign Legion had drawn his sword and Pedersen his revolver. There were all the makings of a first-rate racial riot, when, with utter suddenness, Mirza Fateh Khan controlled the situation.

He stepped quickly between Pedersen and the Bedaw, asking the latter to keep his temper.

The Bedaw trembled with rage.

"No, no," he shouted. "The *Roumi*, the foreigner, kicked my little daughter. By Allah and the Prophet—there must be punishment!"

"There will be punishment!" replied Mirza Fateh Khan, his slim hand on the arm which held the wicked knife. "But let it be a punishment he can understand!"

And, before anybody realized what was happening or could interfere, he slapped Ole Pedersen's face. The hand which dealt the blow was not very large. The blow did not hurt. But the punishment and the insult were there, and the white men knew—the natives knew it—and there was an uneasy murmuring, an undercurrent of tense, dramatic excitement.

The Swede stood quite still for a moment. Presently a shiver ran through his great body. He trembled like a tree cut away from its supporting roots. He grew red and white in turns. Then, his huge fists going like flails, he moved forward, ponderously, inexorably, like an engine of destruction.

A flavor of death was in the air. (Continued on page 35)

JACK-WITHOUT-A-ROOF

By MAJOR CHARLES GILSON

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

THROUGHOUT the spring of '93, the cause of La Vendée prospered. There followed a summer of incessant strife, when the Royal and Catholic Armies, crossing the Loire, carried the White Cockade into Brittany, when even Kellerman, the hero of the Tenth of August, at the head of his "German Legion" could not quell the revolt.

Then came the winter of desolation and defeat. The invincible garrison of Mayence swept the forests from Saumur to the sea; and the Royalist cause was lost.

Robespierre was by then sole master of France. Marat, smitten by the knife of Charlotte Corday, had breathed his last. The Reign of Terror was reaching its height. The Girondists were no more. The day of the moderate man was past. Even whole-hearted republicans, like Camille Desmoulins and Danton, who had done more than anyone else to bring about the Revolution, were doomed, since they dared to think that of bloodshed there had been enough.

Robespierre had, at last, got himself elected to the Committee. The Jacobin Club followed him to a man; and through the Jacobins, he controlled the Commune and to some extent the Convention. Louis the Sixteenth himself had never had a tenth of the power that now rested in the hands of this sickly fox, who had been formerly an obscure attorney in a northern provincial town.

To Maximilien Robespierre, seated with powdered hair before his papers, in a room over the cabinet-maker's shop in the Rue St. Honoré, the Representative Timardier wended his way.

It was the same Timardier who nine months before had been ousted from Cholet by the "brigands." A gaunt ghost, his eyes black-rimmed; his complexion, the dirt-green of one who ate little and digested less—and yet one of the men that counted, with a voice that could still thunder in the Commune or the Club of the Cordeliers; a voice, raised seldom but to declare that there was no security for the Republic or France save that which was guaranteed by the Guillotine.

This Robespierre was inhuman. He had neither the virtues nor the vices of humanity. He was without sentiment or pity. He had no passion, but pride. Inasmuch as he was without avarice, he was honest. But he was responsible for atrocities at which he pretended to shudder, and he would, in his own interests, readily betray his friends; in which he was worse than dishonest. In times of danger he would hide. When the danger was over, he would come forth into the daylight, claiming the credit for what had happened.

He sat in his chair in his room in the Rue St. Honoré. He was extraordinarily industrious. But, he had not the energy of Danton. We imagine that Robespierre went to bed early and slept well; that Danton seldom went to bed, and that his conscience did not permit him to sleep, when he did. This, however, is but mere conjecture.

"You wish to see me, Robespierre?" said Timardier, as he entered.

"Pray be seated, citizen."

It was growing dark; it was about four in the afternoon. There were two or three candles in the room. Robespierre was scrupulously clean; Timardier was exceedingly dirty.

IN personal appearance these two men were quite different. Timardier was tall, with pronounced, angular features. Robespierre was short in stature; his complexion was very pale; he had a pointed nose, and a receding forehead. In his large, somewhat bulbous, eyes there was something indescribably horrible; and he was afflicted with a peculiar nervous disease which caused his face to twitch repeatedly, making it quite impossible for him to smile. He wore a light blue coat with brass buttons, a high cravat, nankeen breeches, and shoes with silver buckles.

"I wish to speak to you, Timardier," he said, "about La Vendée."

Timardier said nothing. He sighed.

He was a man who had drunk of the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. Formerly, he had been miserable, because it was not within him to be happy. He had now learned what it meant to love a fellow human being. He had always been capable of great affection; and for that reason, and because he was introspective, and knew little of life, he could be intensely jealous.

He knew what had happened to Jacques Sansarri—he could never think of the boy by any other name. He knew that father and son were now united; that wherever the old man was to be found, there also was the boy.

Timardier had learned also that Henri de Savenay no longer took any part in the fighting. For that he was thankful, though his jealousy was not diminished. He could not understand how it was that anyone should prefer his own father, whom he did not know, to one from whom he had received innumerable benefits, who had been his sole companion during the most impressionable years of boyhood.

It is true that Timardier had himself sentenced Henri de Savenay to death. In so doing, he had proved himself capable of supreme renunciation, of sacrificing even his own soul upon the altar of Duty. It was as if thereby the love he bore the boy had become something even more sacred. He realized now the tragedy of his loss, and was consumed by jealousy, because he believed in his blindness that the love of no one—not even a father—could exceed his own.

He seated himself in a chair, folded his arms, and looked at Robespierre.

"La Vendée is the one great tragedy of all my life," he said.

"It is the tragedy of France," said Robespierre.

"In the Bocage, I have left my heart."

"Citizen, you should have no heart to lose. I am about to send you back to La Vendée. There you will not search for this heart of yours. I am fully sensible of the services you have rendered to the Republic in the past. You will continue to fulfill your duty."

ROBESPIERRE'S cheek twitched. He spoke without animation. He got to his feet, and spread out a large map upon the table, smoothing it with his pale, effeminate hands. He was very stiff in all his movements. His figure suggested a ramrod.

"The conflagration is all but extinguished," he observed; "but the fire smoulders, and might again be fanned into flames. It must be stamped out. The Committee has instituted a war of extermination."

"Where am I to go?" Timardier asked.

"To the scene of your former activities. You return to the Bocage. Open resistance is at an end. Large armies will never dare to take the field again. The majority of the brigand generals are dead. Cathelineau fell before Nantes. Bonchamps, d'Elbée and de Lescurie were all mortally wounded in the affair at Cholet. Laroche-Jacquelein is also slain. The enemy have no longer any cannon. They cannot lay siege to towns. But the War of the Woods continues. Charette has sought safety in the Island of Noirmoutier. South of the Loire, in the Bocage, the brigand, de Savenay, still holds his own. He and Charette are the last of the rebel chiefs."

"They must die," said Timardier.

"Of that citizen, there is no doubt. They can be destroyed as one burns out a wasp's nest. You will return to your old headquarters in Cholet, which is once again in our hands. You will see that the directions of the Committee of Public Safety are carried out to the letter. The country is to be laid waste, utterly. The villages are to be demolished—the torch to the thatch, the crowbar to the wall. The herds of cattle and the flocks of sheep are to be driven into the towns, so that the peasants have no food. When possible, even the forests are to be set on fire. Everything is to be destroyed. Their methods will soon bring them to their senses."

Timardier shook his head.

"De Savenay will never surrender," he said.

"He will be slain," said Robespierre. "We are in possession of extremely valuable information. It is to give you this information that I have sent for you. In the Forest of Jallais, there is an underground labyrinth of vaults and tunnels, which the peasants call the 'Black Snake.' Here it is that de Savenay has established his headquarters; thence he issues his orders. Immediately you get to Cholet, you will take steps to see that this place is surrounded and attacked, that the arch-brigand and everyone of those with him who survives the combat, may be conducted to the guillotine. I have sent for you because the mission is of extreme importance. There is no time to waste, because we have learned that de Savenay himself is in communication with the English, whose frigates are cruising off the coast, between Belle Isle and the Sables d'Olonne."

"The English intend to land?" Timardier asked.

"It is possible," said Robespierre, "though they have lost their chance. They should have done so when the peasant army threatened Nantes."

The conversation continued for some twenty minutes. Robespierre gave Timardier his written instructions. He pointed out upon the map the approximate position of the "Black Snake," and the points upon the seaboard where the English would find facilities for landing. Finally, Timardier rose to go. He and Robespierre shook hands.

"I know that we can trust you, citizen," said Robespierre. "I had a report from the Representative at Saumur, who was there with the brigade of Santerre, of what happened at Cholet in the spring."

Timardier frowned.

"I serve the Republic," he answered. "I do not serve myself."

The cheek of Robespierre was twitching.

"With me it is the same," he remarked. "I have denounced my colleagues. Why? Some, because they were lukewarm and merciful; others, because they shamed the Republic by the magnitude of their excesses. How long shall I myself be permitted to survive!"

They parted. Nine months afterwards, Robespierre himself was guillotined.

The marquis de Savenay had taken no part in the fatal campaign, conducted by the Royalist generals, against the fortified towns in the valley of the Loire. At every council of war he had urged that it would be struck swiftly and without warning, whilst the Royal and Catholic Armies were destroyed piecemeal, whilst the Republican columns traversed the Bocage, the track of each a record of devastation. With fire and sword was La Vendée purged of feudalism.

Good soldier as he was, the marquis consented to cooperate, but he chose wisely the method of his co-operation. He would remain in the Bocage, prosecuting the War of the Woods, where, he maintained, his small force would be of more service to his colleagues than if manœuvring upon the plains of the Marais. In the forest he would be able to threaten the enemy's lines of communication both to the east and to the south.

Here he had held out for these nine months, invincible, inaccessible—a tiger in his lair. In the darkness of the woods he struck swiftly and without warning, whilst the Royal and Catholic Armies were destroyed piecemeal, whilst the Republican columns traversed the Bocage, the track of each a record of devastation. With fire and sword was La Vendée purged of feudalism.

In the woods only the war still raged with a fierceness never equalled. It was a conflict in which Nature battled on the side of the peasants. It was not only a combat between the old order of things and the new; the Republicans strove to vanquish those elemental forces that make the rain to fall, the forest trees to grow. It may be compared to a Titanic struggle between wolves and foxes—wolves that hunted in hungry, savage packs; foxes that ran to earth in daylight, to sally forth to ravage by the light of the winter moon.

Under the roots of the oaks, under the moss and the wilted leaves, extended dark, secret passages, leading to shallow chambers, which had once been the habitations of Neolithic men, of the earliest dwellers on the earth.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

How a Stranger Came to the Gallows Elm.

WE have visited the "Black Snake" already; for it was here that monseigneur had received both Chant-en-feu and Jean Court-toujours that evening when, for the first time, we found the marquis in the woods. That room, however, beneath the hollow tree, was no more than the ante-chamber of a long tunnel, leading through a series of similar vaults.

This place was centuries old. The main passage had been excavated in the times when the Celts tattooed their skins. It extended underground for a distance of more than a mile, to come to the surface near the road to Tréménites, at a tree which was called the Gallows Elm. The marquis stood in need of some such place of refuge. For months the Blues had scoured the country in all directions, searching for him whom they now termed the arch-brigand. The price upon the head of monseigneur had been raised to an almost fabulous sum; and yet no one could be found who was willing to betray him.

But such a secret cannot be kept forever. A peasant who was faint of heart fell at last into the hands of the Representative at Angers, and betrayed the hiding-place of monseigneur to save himself from the guillotine. Strange, however, are the activities of conscience; for this same man, so soon as he was set at liberty, stabbed himself to the heart. Of which the marquis himself, and those faithful companions who had stood by the side of their master throughout these days of peril, learned never a word. They remained in hiding, still thinking they were safe.

With monseigneur were Henri de Savenay, Father Bernard, Mathieu, the valet, Jean Court-toujours and the mighty Chant-en-feu. In all there was a party of twelve men concealed within the "Black Snake," whilst Timardier travelled from Paris in a post-chaise by way of Alençon and Tours.

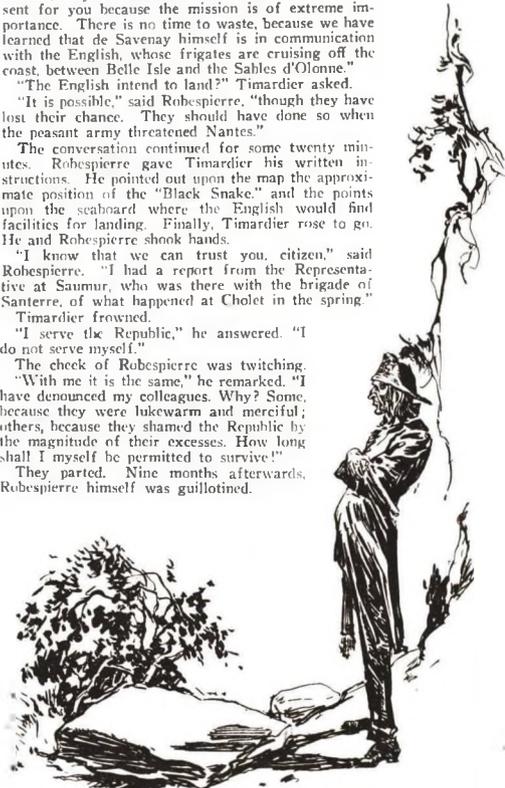
One night, a man swam the Sèvre, to avoid the sentries of the Blues who were stationed on the bridge at Clisson. He did not take to the road, but struck straight into the forest. He was alone.

At daybreak, he lay down amidst the undergrowth and immediately fell fast asleep. He was a thick-set fellow with a black beard, and though he was dressed in the goatskin jacket of a Breton peasant, there was a roll in his walk, and something in the jaunty manner in which he carried his head that suggested he was no stranger to life upon the sea.

On the next night, he traveled many miles towards the east, until he came to the light that burned within the hut of Faligan, the charcoal-burner, who, even in the depth of winter, was up betimes, since in these days he found it hard to earn a living.

The worthy Faligan regarded the stranger with mistrust; for, though the man was dressed as a peasant, he spoke the French of Paris and used the words of a cultured man. He had a strange request to make: he asked Faligan to tell him the way to the Gallows Elm by Tréménites.

Faligan knew well the Gallows Elm. It



And Timardier, the Cat at the Mouse-hole, Still Waited in Patience at the Gallows Elm.

was a strange tree with an upright trunk and an almost horizontal branch like the arm of a gibbet. He put the man upon the right road, and shaking his head, returned to warm himself by his fire.

At the hour of daybreak, the stranger roached the Gallows Elm, and there whistled not loudly, but three times in quick succession. And presently there appeared Jean Court-toujours, who came forth from the ground like a badger.

Jean Court-toujours held in one hand a pistol, in the other a sword.

"Have you any token to give me?" he demanded.

The man unbuttoned his coat, ripped open the lining, and drew forth a signet ring, which he showed to Jean Court-toujours.

"You are he whom we have been expecting," said the peasant. "You are in the service of Monsieur le Comte de la Villeniére?"

"And Mr. Pitt," added the other.

Jean Court-toujours bowed. "Follow me, monsieur," he said. "I will conduct you to monseigneur."

There was a sharp frost, and there were clouds to the northwest that threatened snow. Jean Court-toujours led the stranger into the midst of a dense clump of thorn trees and elders, where was a stone slab like the roof of a well, overgrown with moss. This he lifted, and there before them were steps of stone, worn by the feet of many centuries, descending into the "Black Snake" itself. And upon the crutch of the Gallows Elm, some thirty feet from the ground, sat cross-legged a grinning image of devility and fun, a winter ape, who chuckled and smacked his lips when the stone slab was thrown back into its place, and silence reigned again in the leafless, frosty woods.

He had been squashed like a lizard to the great trunk of the tree, the bark of which was not more brown and gnarled than his skin. He had been sitting motionless, silent, breathless and grinning. But, now, he climbed down—a human, swinging monkey—dropped lightly upon his feet, and made off running upon the road to Cholet. It was Lataupe.

In the meantime, Jean Court-toujours had taken a lantern from a niche in the passage wall. This he lighted, and continued on his way, bidding the stranger follow.

"Be careful, monsieur, how you step," he said. "The floor is uneven; and unless you walk stooping, there are places where you may strike your head against the beams above."

They entered first one vault and then another. Of these vaults, some were as much as thirty yards across, the roofs being supported by upright props, such as one sees in a coal-mine. Others were quite small. The whole place was like the run of a mole.

At last, they came to a large chamber where a light was burning. Here were eleven men, amongst whom was monseigneur. The marquis was writing. Father Bernard was reading, holding his eyes very close to his book. Chant-en-feu was oiling the haft of his hammer. If it were not oiled constantly, he would say, of a certainty, it would one day be broken upon the skull of a Blue.

Jean Court-toujours announced the arrival of the stranger: "My marquis, he is come."

Monseigneur at once rose to his feet. The stranger bowed.

"You bring despatches?" asked my lord.

"No, monseigneur. It was thought safer that my message should be conveyed to you by word of mouth."

"One cannot be too cautious," said the marquis. "But no doubt you are hungry?"

"I have had nothing to eat for two days."

"Such hospitality as we can offer you is yours. Food we have in plenty. But we have no wine. We live here the lives of cave-men."

Whilst the man ate, the marquis questioned him.

"You have the signet ring?" he asked.

Still eating, the stranger produced the ring, and laid it on the table before the marquis. Monseigneur, picking it up slipped it upon his little finger.

"Strange, the history of this ring!" he observed. "Some time ago, I was informed of the fact that my kinsman, the Comte de la Villeniére, had fled to England. I thought it probable that he was still wearing this ring, which I myself had given him in more prosperous days. I could think of no better credential for one who was traveling on such a mission as yourself. May I congratulate you on having succeeded in an enterprise so perilous?"

"My lord," said the stranger, "I have a threefold cause to value my life of no more worth than a cabbage: I love my country; and I have a great regard for your distinguished house; and I am well paid for what I do."

"And that is more than I am," said the marquis; "though, my faith, I would never grumble. It contents me well enough to send these rogues to purgatory. Your name, sir?" he asked.

"La Chau, my lord. My home is in Brittany. I was an officer in the Navy before the Revolution. Marrying an Englishwoman, I settled in that fog-begotten country, when she came into the inheritance of certain estates near the city of Canterbury. On the outbreak of the present troubles, knowing as I did every league of the coast-line between the Gironde and Cap de la Hague, I offered my services for what they might be worth to Mr. Pitt."

"You have done well, monsieur," said the marquis.

"What news do you bring?"

"None to cheer you, monseigneur."

"Pitt can take no action?"

"It is too late, he says. The iron should have been struck when it was hot. Now that the Royalist Army is routed, any force that the English could land in Brittany would be destroyed to a man within a few weeks."

The marquis paced the room, his hands behind his back.

"Why was nothing done during the summer?" he demanded. "D'Elbée and Bonchamps were then carrying all before them. I verily believe that, with the assistance of trained troops, the peasants could have marched upon Paris, and this rogue, Robespierre, conveyed forth-



The Blow Fell Upon the Foremost One. The Man Went Down With a Groan.

with to the guillotine which he himself has made so popular!"

"Alas, my lord," exclaimed La Chau, "it were little use to deplore the blunders of the past! So far as an English invasion is concerned, I bring you no ray of hope."

"Then why are you here?" exclaimed the marquis.

"To save yourself, monseigneur—if you are willing to be saved."

"To save me!"

"My lord," said La Chau, "I have for your ears a special message from the Comte de la Villeniére. He implores you, for your own sake as well as his, to resist no longer. You carry on a hopeless struggle that can have but one conclusion. In La Vendée, the Royalist cause is lost. You can serve your country better with the armies of the Allies. The Republic will be overthrown, not by the loyal peasants of Brittany and Anjou, but by the united thrones of Europe."

The marquis stood erect in the middle of the room. He was the same dignified and proud old man whom Jacques Sansabri had first seen at the taking of the Tuileries. He shot a glance at his son, who was seated on the floor, leaning against the wall. Then he sighed, and threw out his hands.

"My place is here," he answered, "among my own people."

La Chau shrugged his shoulders.

"You have now an opportunity to escape, my lord, which will not occur again. The British frigate, the *Admetus*, stood off the Isle d'Yeu five days ago, and three others and myself were landed in the neighborhood of St. Jean de Monts. The boat lies hidden in a marshy place. My comrades have betaken themselves to Pornic, where they have friends. The frigate will return and drop her anchors to the south of Noirmoutiers at midnight on this day week. You have but to travel to the coast by night, and we can get you away in safety."

The marquis stood for a moment as if deep in thought. At last he turned to Henri.

"Dear son," said he, "for myself I have no doubt. I am here to serve my king. I believe in my heart that these times soon will end; the old regime will come again. I would have you carry on my title and the honor and traditions of your family. I therefore ask you to bid your father adieu, to leave me here to fall sword in hand, when the last spark of life and loyalty is extinguished in La Vendée. Accompany this gentleman when he leaves us, seek safety in England, till the storm is passed. You will, of course, give expression of my gratitude and deep affection to your kinsman, the Comte de la Villeniére."

Henri de Savenay rose to his feet. Slowly he shook his head.

"What you ask is not possible, my father," he replied. "Since after all these years of loneliness and sorrow you have found me, my place is by your side—until the end."

The marquis whistled, and turned again to La Chau. "You see," he observed, "the heir of the house of Savenay is well worthy of the name. Tell the good de la Villeniére, when you see him, that you found us in the best of health."

And thereupon he helped himself to a pinch of snuff, which he now carried in a leathern purse.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.

How the "Black Snake" Swallowed the Blues.

AND once again Timardier spoke in Cholet with the voice of the Sea-green Monster, who was the man with the twitching cheek, Robespierre, the By-Product of the Terror.

These were days other than those when the raw recruits of the National Guard marched singing into the Bocage, to subdue insurgent peasants. Since then, the Convention had been taught a lesson. It was the veteran soldiers who had opposed the Prussians on the Rhine, under such tried generals as Westermann and Kléber, who had overthrown La Vendée.

Timardier found himself associated with men already distinguished in war. His powers, however, were absolute. In the field as Delegate of the Committee of Public

Safety, he could countermand the orders of the commander in chief himself. In the council-chamber, he occupied the head of the table. And thus was he seated, with officers of high rank on either side of him, when Lataupe was conducted into the room.

Neither nine months nor nine years could serve to change the aspect of Lataupe. It was as if the personality of the dwarf was in no way connected with Time. There are evil spirits, as well as archangels, that are believed to be immortal. It did not appear possible that, one day, Lataupe must die. An imp of Tartarus, who had somehow wandered into the midst of the abodes of human beings, in his own good time and of his own free will, he would again descend into the gloom of the nether regions. Such a one did seem Lataupe.

The Representative Timardier greeted the hunchback of St. Antoine. Lataupe grinned by way of salutation.

"You have found this tree?" Timardier asked.

"Yes, citizen—the Gallows Elm. I saw there as much as I wanted to."

"Our information is correct? The tunnel comes forth in that place?"

"Truly, citizen. A man came to the tree who whistled; wherat another issued, like a worm, from out of the ground. They exchanged words that I could not hear; and then they descended together into the bowels of the earth. From my position in the tree I was able to observe a kind of trap-door among the thickets by way of which they vanished."

"You have done well," said Timardier.

"I will be rewarded, citizen?"

"You will be rewarded."

Lataupe rubbed his hands and smacked his lips.

"Soon," he chuckled, "I shall be rich."

So much for Lataupe. We need no more of him.

Timardier turned to the general who was seated upon his right.

"We have all we want," he observed. "There is no doubt the information gathered by the Representative at Angers is correct. De Savenay himself is assuredly to be found in the 'Black Snake.' Our course should be quite simple."

"Simple," said the general, "but costly."

Timardier snapped his fingers.

"The head of de Savenay," he remarked, "is worth more than the lives of a hundred patriots."

"Including your own?" the general asked. He had no patience with these political meddlers who clogged the military machine.

"Including my own, general," said Timardier, dryly.

"I offer to place myself at the head of either party; for, I take it, you will attack the main entrance, and lay an ambushade at the other end, to catch the rats as they bolt."

"So much is obvious," said the general. "A ferret is useless, unless you carry a net. How many men are with the *ci-devant*?"

"They say a dozen," said Timardier. "Every one of whom shall die."

"For all that, citizen, twelve desperate men, who know their lives to be forfeited, will fight like tigers in a narrow space where there is not room for three to stand abreast."

"The thing must be done," said Timardier. "The War of the Woods must end."

"As you say, citizen. And there is no time to lose, since at any moment de Savenay may get wind of what we are about. I propose to attack the entrance of the tunnel at the head of one of the battalions of Mayence. At the same time, I will despatch another battalion to the neighborhood of Trémentines. We will drive the enemy from one end to the other. Those that survive can be captured, man by man, as they come forth from the exit by the Gallows Elm. These battalions suffered severely in the victory at Mans. Together they will not muster more than six hundred men; but that should be enough to vanquish twelve. Fifty to one," he added as an after-thought.

Timardier rose to his feet.

"There is no more to say," he observed; "except if possible, the *ci-devant* himself should be taken alive. I would that he perished on the guillotine as an example to Charette and all who yet defy the Convention."

That same night, two columns marched in silence from

the little town of Cholet. The first took the road to Chemillé, and wheeled to the west into the Forest of Jallais. The second—which left the town half an hour later—marched to le May upon the road to Beaupreau. With the former were both the Citizen Representative Timardier and Lataupe; one who carried upon his soul a mountain weight of sorrow, and one who grinned and snacked his lips, a figure of mirth, and yet loathsome as a toad.

And so we approach the curtain-fall of this drama of a continent on fire. The France of Bayard and Henry of Navarre, demented, chaotic, homicidal—as a great history will have it, "effervescent"; shrieking of Liberty and Patriotism, scenting traitors to right and left; a land of death and blood and war.

None the less, beneath all this madness and this horror lies somewhere in the heart of a great country a degree of sanity and courage that is amazing. Gigantic, radiant figures loom magnificent like distant mountains, before a blood-red sunset upon a wilderness of misery and desolation: Dumouriez, Carnot, Kellermann, Hoche, and scores of others—soldiers wise and valiant, it was they who saved this stricken country when all Europe was in league against her.

She fought to the death beneath the shadow of the Terror, suffering at the same time from an internal wound that crippled her—the tragedy of La Vendée.

La Vendée died as France herself would have perished had the Allies laid siege to Paris. It was war to the knife. Can we think less of such heroic men, around whom Death had drawn a circle in the sands of life, because they had no option but to die? There was no surrender. To capitulate was to be led to execution; to hold out to the last, was to be overwhelmed by numbers, to fall sword in hand. Better to deliver up one's life face to the foe than face downward, to the basket of the guillotine.

The stern and proud old man, whose history we have traced throughout these memorable months, is one of the glorious company of those who have valued Honor more than Life. If he had the crime of vengeance on his conscience, he had, at least, the virtue of courageous self-denial. In that grim hour, when he found himself confronted by his doom, he thought only of his son.

For the Blues fell upon the "Black Snake" in the dead of night. They had thought to find the marquis unprepared; but my lord was too old a soldier to be caught thus easily. He had a sentry in the woods; and, though this man was slain, it was the volley that killed him that first gave the alarm.

A tall sergeant flung himself into the subterranean vault. Close upon his heels tumbled a score of soldiers, some of whom had been supplied with torches. They found themselves in an empty room, on the far side of which there was a hole in the wall like the mouth of a cave—the entrance to the "Black Snake" itself.

In the darkness of the passage, the marquis and his companions awaited in silence the advance of the enemy. MONSEIGNEUR calculated his chances. He had no more than eleven followers, including Father Bernard and La Chau; for one already had been killed. But, by reason of the narrowness of the tunnel, the patriots could not advance more than two or three abreast; and in such a conflict one with the Herculean strength of Chant-en-feu

was the equal of twenty men.

"The fools bring lights," the marquis said. "Like children they fear the dark. Stand firm my friends! We retreat—when retreat we must—step by step, to the Gallows Elm by Trémentines. We teach them now to rue the day they dared to tackle the badger in his lair."

Accompanied by one who bore a torch, the soldiers charged, those in the rear pressing forward, those in front endeavoring to retire, the general in command trusting to sheer weight of numbers.

Chant-en-feu swung his hammer, then launched it at random into the mass of men that choked the passage. The blow fell upon the foremost one. The man went down without a groan.

Two abreast, the Republicans still stumbled forward, to fall upon the sharp stabbing blades of the peasants, or to be crushed beneath the hammer of the blacksmith of Chemillé. A blow on him who carried the torch left them in utter darkness.

In the gloom and dampness, beneath the roots of the forest trees, the combat rocked and swayed. Mercy was neither asked nor given. It had been as well to plead for pity to the senseless worms that glided through the soft earth around them, as to the savage hearts of those ferocious men. From time to time, a groan, a shriek—an oath—the voice of Father Bernard raised in prayer, or else the quiet tones of monseigneur, who gave his orders without haste or indecision.

The bayonet and the knife; the sword and the hammer—these were the grim implements that worked destruction underground. Seldom was a pistol fired, for no man could see an inch before his eyes. Here, in very truth was a combat more fierce than that of wild beasts in the stillness of the jungle, more strange and terrible than the vagaries of old, when men confronted demons, giants and dragons. The red glow of the torches that, from time to time, were brought into that death-trap, cast upon the inhuman scene an aspect that was weird. The smoke of the torches was in their nostrils. To those in the rear of the Republican attack, the tumult of the combat came as a sudden, distant growl. Heroism led them forward; honor drove them back. Death was invisible. There was no air to breathe.

The human heart cannot endure forever. There is a limit to the strength of Ajax, to the ferocity of Minos. Presently, both sides drew back, the Royalists to a large chamber a hundred yards to their rear.

Here, the marquis took stock of his followers. There could be little doubt that the Blues had suffered terribly; but one glance was enough to inform my lord that his party of twelve had been reduced to seven. Of these, both La Chau and Jean Court-toujours were wounded, the former slightly, but the latter so badly that it seemed his days were numbered. Mathieu, the valet of monseigneur, was no more. He had died faithful to his master.

Henri de Savenay had not been touched. Chant-en-feu, apparently, had also come through unscathed, though it was he who had borne the brunt of the defense. He was black from dirt and smoke. His face was like a negro's. His bare arms were smeared with blood. His black beard had been singed to the roots by the flame of a torch flung into his face. Out of breath, leaning upon his hammer, he turned to his lord and general.

"Your orders, monseigneur?" he asked. "We have sent them about their business; but, presently, they will come on again."

The marquis drew from his pocket his leathern purse, and took a pinch of snuff.

"We can never compel them to retreat," he said. "How they found us out we may not live to learn. It remains for us to discover whether the exit by the Gallows Elm is clear, for there lies our only way of escape. We can hope for nothing better than to keep them at arms' length, whilst we find a road to some place of safety. We had best retire now, whilst there is time, to the other end of the tunnel."

Chant-en-feu wiped a hand across his mouth.

"I am thirsty," he said.

"What, monseigneur, if they have men by the Gallows Elm?" asked Jean Court-toujours. His voice was very weak, for the blood flowed fast from his wound to which the priest attended.

"That we shall soon discover," said the marquis. "My friend, Chant-en-feu, do you volunteer to hold them at bay, to cover the retreat?"

"Aye, willingly, my marquis."

"Good! Then, I stay with you; for two is company in such a pass. My faith, the world is topsy-turvy! You once shooed my horses; you now crush my foes. At best, my friend, we die together. Jean Court-toujours, since you are so badly hurt, you must go back with Father Bernard and my son, to see if the way be clear to daylight by the road to Trémentines."

The marquis was not one who would have his orders questioned. Though he never raised his voice, and was always courteous in his tones, he spoke as one having the right to expect immediate compliance. And yet there was much that he had said that was by no means to the liking of his comrades. There was not one of them who wished that monseigneur himself should remain behind with Chant-en-feu. As for Henri, as they retired along the tunnel, he drew near to his father, who led the way.

"I would stay with thee, my father," he whispered.

The marquis, in the darkness, took the boy's hand and pressed it.

"The end may be near, dear Henri," he replied. "What are years to me? I have carried a load of trouble, I trust, in the manner of a man. My hairs are white. Old age has crept upon me. In any case, the hour of our parting is at hand."

"Till then, at least," said Henri, "let us remain together!"

"If I should need courage to die," the old man answered, "thy words would give it me. But there is the family to think of. That is more to me just now than ought else, save my honor. If you should be fortunate enough to escape from this disaster, I would have you fly the country, and await the time when these senseless troubles are ended. Happy, indeed, would I die, did I know for sure that the house of Savenay survives me. For that reason I would have you safe at almost any cost. For myself, it is surely becoming I should breathe my last here in La Vendée, the land I love, among those good friends who honor and respect me."

By then they were come to a narrow neck in the passage where the marquis had decided to make his last stand. Here, he took post with (Continued on page 50)

BOYS WHO USED THEIR BRAINS

The Boy Who Knew He Could Do It, and Did

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

IF SEEMED a sure thing that Ed Duffy must be a swell-headed guy. One of his business cards had a halftone cut of his face. Another had a pen and ink sketch of him, full length, with a notebook and pencil ready for action, and—his finger print! All of them bore the legend: "Call me up."

At last I did call him up. An interview was arranged. He was as willing to talk about himself as a hen that has laid an egg. I let him talk, interrupting only when I wanted more details than he supplied. Gradually it dawned upon me that like the hen he had something worth cackling about, but he was not really talking about himself at all. He was merely using himself as an illustration, the only instance that he knew so well personally, of the fact that when a boy finds himself, gets wide awake, he can do anything he wants to. Here is the gist of his story. Size it up for yourself and see whether it means anything to you.

He was a fat boy. He loved athletics but weighed too much to be anything on a team but a joke. Also he had a love for writing. He received a prize for a story when he was nine years old. It told about the love of a horse for his master and how it fished him out of the water and saved him from drowning. The Washington Post gave him a dollar for it and he kept right on writing and won other prizes.

When He Had to Go to Work

At thirteen he entered high school. At fifteen he had to leave and go to work. The family needed his help. He got his first job by answering an ad in the



Ed Has Interviewed Many Famous Folk.



"Help Wanted" column. A newspaper correspondent needed a young man, who could write a plain hand and spell correctly. Duffy could spell and—use a typewriter.

His first work was collecting "hand-outs," which are statements issued by various Government offices, duplicated on a mimeograph. "Filled with the ignorance and spirit of my years," he says, "I flattered myself that I was a reporter."

He did his work so well that one day the boss gave him a chance to rewrite a story and he experienced a real thrill as he watched a telegraph operator flash it over the wire.

Then a senator died and the boss, going to Baltimore where the death occurred, put it up to Ed to get statements about the deceased from senators, representatives and other Government officials. One came from the White House and others from leaders in Congress.

"Good work, sonny," was Ed's only reward, so far as the boss was concerned, but those words of encouragement meant more to Duffy than his weekly pay envelope, burdened as it was with one five dollar bill. He had plenty of chances to make more money as a typist but with his eye on the future he reasoned that his present work would put him

ahead faster than mere typing.

The boss was not unmindful of Ed's efforts as he sometimes seemed. He enrolled him in the Press Galleries of the Senate and House of Representatives. Duffy spent hours there listening and when he smelled a story he sent in his card and had the pleasure of seeing the big man he wanted to interview leave his seat and start for the lobby to meet him. Uncle Sam's kindly law-

makers gave him not only stories but good advice.

Putting all kinds of pep into his work, Ed soon achieved one of those victories so dear to every reporter, a "scoop." It was a real one too. He got the ear of Herbert Hoover at a psychological moment and secured a copy of new Food Administration regulations before any of the other newspaper boys. Appreciating his initiative, the paper that got the story sent him \$5 with the suggestion that he buy a good cigar with it. But \$5 was equal to a week's salary and he found better use for the money. As he does not smoke there was no self-denial involved.

As a Regular Reporter

HE applied to a Washington city editor for a job as a regular reporter. "Experience? How much? What pay?" Each question resembled an explosion but Duffy shot back the answers just as emphatically. "Come down Monday," was the verdict.

Duffy told his old boss, "You're no good—ought to have been fired long ago—but I'll use your spare time and pay you the same wages," he said. As the newspaper paid him ten a week that made fifteen in all, an increase of two hundred per cent.

He was whistling when he walked into the newspaper office on Monday morning. Also he was late, though he did not know it until he arrived. He understood that 8:30 was the time to go to work, but he found the whole force had been at work before that. "Stop that whistling—sit down!" said the city editor.

Duffy quit and sat, sat right there all the morning. After the paper went to press the editor complimented him on his silence and told him he could go. The next day he was given some clippings to rewrite. The editor read his efforts and threw most of them into the waste basket but some of them were printed. Later, he got an assignment to cover a birthday party of a man ninety years old. He was sent out to cover an accident and in his hurry ran over the editor-in-chief at the door. For this he got a day's vacation!

He interviewed Geraldine Farrar, famous opera star, behind the scenes. On September 15th, when straw hats are exchanged for felt, he spun a yarn that caught the fancy of the city editor and it went on the front page. A writer of boy's books was at (Continued on page 55)

THE WOLFERS

By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Illustrated by George Varian



CHAPTER NINE.

MY uncle's letters to us told of the big trade he was having with the Pikuni, Kaina, and Kalsipels; he had fifty-five hundred well tanned buffalo robes, several thousand deer, elk and antelope skins, some hundreds of wolf and beaver pelts, and there were still many robes and skins in the camps. He hoped that we were all well, and getting plenty of wolf pelts, and that the engagements were getting out many ricks of wood, for there would likely be a great demand for it. Tsistsaki sent much love.

White Wolf and his companions gave us the news of the tribes; the main item was that one of the Kaina hunters had killed a white buffalo, and would give its hide, well tanned, to Sun at the medicine lodge of the coming summer, the Kaina planning to build it with the Pikuni.

"Well, that Kaina's sacrifice will be no more acceptable to Sun than mine," said Pitamakan. "I shall give him my black wolf pelt."

"Old Black Wolf told me to say to you that if you have the pelt, he wants it. He will give you many horses for it," said one of our guests.

"Not all his horses could buy it. I have already promised Sun to sacrifice it to him at the building of his great lodge," Pitamakan replied.

"I am glad, glad that you have made that vow, my son," said White Wolf. "Sun's favor is more to us than a great band of horses. And anyway, we have horses now more than we can use."

Early the next morning, we all rode out to the bait where the black wolf had died. Pitamakan so eager to see it that, as soon as we cleared the river breaks, he went on ahead faster than we cared to ride. Then, presently we saw him arrive at the bait, spring from his horse, then throw up his hands and slump to the ground as though he had been shot. We quitted our horses, hurried to learn what was the trouble with him, and found him grieving over the skinned carcass of a big wolf: someone had gotten away with the black pelt! Around about lay five common wolves, untouched, just as they had fallen when the poison gripped them.

We were so surprised that we were speechless for a moment, all but White Wolf, who cried out: "Hail! Hail! There it was, intact, when we passed here yesterday. Sun then not very far above his going down place. And now its sacred pelt is gone; stolen! Oh, Sun! Strike dead the man who stole it!"

"Friends, hold your horses as they are until I can have a look around," said Abbott, and sprang to the ground and began examining it about the carcass. And almost at once exclaimed: "Ha! As I thought! Here are boot heel marks! I thought the pelt had not been taken by a passing war party!"

"Then the woodcutters below us took it! The hair face dogs! I shall go right now and kill them!" Pitamakan roared, springing to his feet and making for his horse.

"Hold on, calm yourself," cried Abbott, seizing him by an arm. "Going down there and killing them will not get you your wolf pelt. That hair face thief and his equally bad friends are cunning men. They will not have the pelt at their cabin, they have it well hidden somewhere, fleshed and stretched out and drying. Just be patient. I will learn from the old man who visits us, when they bring it in, and we will then go and take it from them."

"And then kill them! As you say! I take your words!" Pitamakan answered, and turned back and examined the carcass, as did we all, dismounting and crowding around it.

The pelt had been hurriedly taken off, as much fat and strips of meat had gone with it, and the four feet too. But one slip of the knife had been made: in front of the lower left fang, a part of the lip, about as large as half of a five cent piece, still adhered to the jaw. Said Abbott: "A lucky knife slip for us; as we can identify the pelt by that missing portion!"

We, some of us, quickly skinned the wolves lying about, while Pitamakan and his father circled to look for the trail of the thieves. When they returned they reported that they had found tracks of two unshod and small horses that had come out from and gone back into the river breaks, well east of our trail. More evidence that Kountz and his partner or some of his men were the thieves.

From the bait, White Wolf and his friends started back to War Trail Fort, with messages from us to my



Pitamakan Waved the Wolf Skin Above His Head Like a Banner.

uncle and Tsistsaki, and we returned home. For days thereafter, Pitamakan was a very sad youth, seldom speaking to us, but praying often to Sun to aid him in recovering the black wolf pelt and killing those who had taken it.

When Luke Hunt came to spend an evening with us, as he soon did, we told him of our loss of the pelt, and of our suspicions that Kountz or some of his men had taken it. Counting back the days, he said that Kountz and Combs had been out hunting in the afternoon of the day that the pelt had been stolen, but he had seen nothing of it. He promised to keep watch for it, and let us know at once, if they brought it in. From that evening Pitamakan became more cheerful.

MARCH came in sunny and warm and so continued, and in the latter part of the month miners in skiffs and larger numbers of them in bateaux, began to pass down the river on their way to the States, so eager to rejoin their families, or spend their hard earned dust in riotous times in the cities, that they would not wait for the arrival of the steamboats, due in Fort Benton in June.

One evening in the latter part of March, a party of three miners in a snub nose leaky skiff hove to at our landing, and Abbott asked them to pass the night with us. The leader of the three, a big raw-boned Missourian named Stickey, said that they had landed for that purpose, as they had been told in Fort Benton that they would be safe enough with Wesley Fox, in his fort at the mouth of the Musselshell, or at his Cow Island woodyard.

"Yes! Wesley Fox, and his man, Abbott, have fine reputations in Fort Benton," said another of the three, a weasened, furtive eyed Yankee. "You see how 'tis, he went on in a hoarse whisper. "We've made a big cleanup; got sixty-eight thousand in gold dust aboard this here skiff, so we have to be mighty careful who we meet up with!"

"You bet we've got to be careful," echoed the third miner, a short, fleshy, bushy whiskered man of something like fifty years. "Gosh! How we sweat for that there gold in Last Chance Gulch! 'Twas our last chance, too! And we made it, by gum! We struck it lucky! Once I git home with my share of it, ha! no more work for me, Ben Corey!"

Abbott and I helped them put their meager belongings ashore—three small rolls of bedding, a box of provisions, a shotgun, Hawkins rifle, and an ax, and noted as we did so that there was all of four inches of water in the skiff: "However you have gotten this far in that leaky tub, beats me!" Abbott exclaimed.

"She sure does leak; one of us has to keep bailin' out, steady. But you see how 'tis: we're in a awful hurry; hate to take the time to fix her," said the Missourian.

"You listen to me: just you stop over here to-morrow, and cork that skiff in every seam, or you all will never see St. Louis!" Abbott sternly advised them. And then, noticing for the first time their weapons, he belatedly: "Why, of all the tenderfeet I ever met up with, you are the worst! Running this war party fringed river with only one rifle! And a shotgun! Now, I'm sure curious to know how you think a scatter gun would be of use to you in a fight with, say, a party of Assiniboinnes?"

"It's mine, that shotgun!" the little Yankee piped. "I'd show 'em what I could do: I'd put their eyes out with it!"

That was too much for Abbott and me; we laughed until the tears streamed from our eyes. The miners stared at us; at last the Yankee sputtered: "Well, and what is so funny about that?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing at all. We are only wondering what the war party would do to you before you could get

near enough to it to use your scatter gun," Abbott answered.

"Rifles cost a lot of money! We're really countin' on keepin' the middle of the river, daytimes, cookin' our suppers on an island, and goin' on and makin' a fireless camp for the night," the fat man explained.

"Take my advice: when you arrive at our fort, only a day's run below, loosen up a little of your dust and buy two rifles!" Abbott grimly told them.

"That's sure good and straight advice!" the Missourian exclaimed.

"My uncle sells a repeating Henry rifle for only one hundred and fifty dollars," said I. "The Yankee and the fat man looked at one another and groaned."

"Well, we will anyway put in to-morrow corking the skiff!" the Missourian decided. "Come, all together, let's pull her up on the bank and turn her over; give her a chance to dry out."

When that was done, I took up one of the rolls of bedding, intending to carry it out to the cabin, and was surprised to find it so heavy that I could not get it upon my shoulder without help. But before I could call for that, the little Yankee ran to me, crying, "No! No! I'll take that," and gave it a mighty heave. Up it went, up past his shoulder and thudded to the ground, and he fell backwards on top of it. We all laughed, and the Missourian said to him: "Yank, she's sure heavy, that there stake of yours!" The little man gave a sickly grin and piped to me that I might help him carry the roll. All the way out to the cabin he kept a suspicious eye on me, as though he was afraid I might run off with it.

ABBOTT and I cooked a big supper of sour dough biscuits, buffalo cow steaks, and coffee, and Pitamakan came in time to share it with us. The miners ate as though they had fasted for a week. I had to broil more steaks for them, wondering as I turned the meat, if the little Yankee was all hollow inside.

Supper over, the dishes washed, and pipes aglow, the miners became talkative. They told of the great fortunes being made in Alder Gulch, Last Chance, and other placer diggings, and advised Abbott to go up there and try his luck with pick and shovel and gold pan.

"Not on your life!" the old plainsman grimly replied. "I wouldn't dig and sweat in those gravel beds for more than all the gold there is in them!"

"Why not? Why not?" cried the little Yankee. "You all can't be makin' any great stake gettin' out wood for the steamboats!"

"No, there's no fortune in it, but, oh, what lots of fun!"

"What, risking your lives here in this awful valley, all for a few cords of wood to sell when you might dig out a heap of gold and go back to the States and live comfortable, you call that fun?" cried the fat man.

"Friend," exclaimed Abbott, "I don't know if I can make you understand, but I'll try. Some years back an Englishman came out here for a hunt, and I was with him for two months; nursed him; kept him safe and sent him home with his hair on. He had a little book of poetry that he read nearly every evening, read aloud, and one of the verses stuck with me. I give it to you:

"Some sigh for the glories of this here world; and some Sigh for the Preacher's Paradise to come; Say! You take the Cash and let the Credit go, Don't listen to the rumble of a distant Drum."

"Well, sirs, that's me, and young Thomas Fox, here, and Pitamakan, and others that I could mention. We 'take the Cash and let the Credit go.' We get the cash every day of our lives in the way of a little work, and plenty of time to play. We have the excitement of hunting; standing off a war party now and then; and, best of all, we have the solitude, the silence of this great, timbered river valley. Here are no jealousies, no bickerings, no striving of one to get ahead of another! What, go back to the States and live the twog by four life of their cities and towns? Not any of that for us; we sure would suffocate there!"

Never had I heard Abbott make so long a speech, and one so deeply earnest. He was breathing hard, his eyes were all afire before he finished. I never forgot it. Afterwards, I had him teach me the stanza that he had quoted. As to the miners, I doubt that they understood him. They grinned sheepishly; the Missourian exclaimed: "Well, well!" The fat man began to talk about calkin' the leaky skiff.

Pitamakan, meantime, had taken up the miners' shotgun and was intently examining it. He called my attention to the brass trigger guard, which was moulded in the form of a scaly, flat-headed snake, and said that he wished the lever of his many-shot rifle could have been fashioned like it. The Yankee kept an uneasy eye upon him and suddenly reached over and took the gun from his hands, muttering: "It's loaded; dangerous!"

"I marvel that some white men can be so impolite!" Pitamakan exclaimed.

"What did he say—huh, what 'd he say?" the Yankee asked.

"Nothing that would do you any good to know," I told him.

Bedtime came, and the miners opened out their blanket rolls and exposed to our view their stakes, three slender buckskin sacks of gold dust. "Young feller, just heft that three sweet baby of mine," the Missourian said to me. I leaned over, attempted to raise the sack with my left hand, and failed to move it. I stood up then, seized and raised it with both hands, astonished to find it about as heavy as a sack of flour. All laughed at me, and the owner exclaimed: "You bet she's heavy! Just lookin' at her, you couldn't believe that she weighs a little more than a hundred and four pounds. Try, now, could you? And that she's worth a little more than twenty-two thousand dollars!"

It was hard to believe that the little, greasy buckskin sack contained a fortune!

ON the following morning the miners examined their skiff, found that they could do nothing with it, and sat down and nearly wept over their bad luck. Abbott then suggested that one of our engages might repair it, and sent me for Viel. He came, examined the skiff inside and out and said: "Out! Me, h'i feex him so he's no h'leak!"

"Is that so!" cried the fat man. "Well, you do it and we'll pay you for your trouble."

"How much you'll pay?"

The miners looked at one another, remained silent for a noticeable time. Finally the Missourian replied: "Oh, five dollars would be about right, I guess."

"Fif dollar! Viel shrieked, throwing up his hands. "No! No! Tree h'ounces dat dust you got!"

"Three ounces!" "Fifty-four dollars! Robber!" "Never that much!" the miners cried.

"Oh, Viel! You are asking too much!" Abbott told him.

"Not enough! Not near enough!" he replied in Blackfoot. "It is not the money, I care not for it, would throw it into the river. It is that these white men lay waste to our country; kill off our game! They hurt me, here,"—tapping his breast—"so will I hurt them where their hearts only are, in their deer leather sacks!" He said this so spitefully, like a spitting cat, and with such funny facial contortions, that Abbott and Pitamakan and I broke out laughing. Viel left us, heading for the cabin.

"What's that he says?" the Yankee asked.

"I guess you'll have to pay him the three ounces," Abbott evaded.

"Never! Never! We'll sink first! We'll go on to Wesley Fox's fort, he'll help us," they cried, and with a rush turned the skiff right side up, slid it into the water, and began throwing in their belongings. Having partially dried during the night, the skiff leaked worse than ever, so badly that we were not a little concerned for them. Abbott begged them to haul it out again; offered to do what he could toward making the necessary repairs; but all the reply that he got was the Missourian's surly, "No, sir, we don't do any such thing! We are sure done with your robbin' outfit!"

"So be it!" Abbott muttered, shrugging his shoulders.

We stood on the bank for some time, watching them row off down the river; before they got to the bend, the Yankee was hard at work with his bailing pail. We turned to go back to the cabin. I could tell by the expression of Abbott's face that he was worried about the miners: "I should have made them come ashore, made Viel repair the skiff," he growled.

"They will probably stop at Kountz's woodyard and try to get him or his roustabouts to repair the skiff," I ventured.

"Great snakes! So they will! And we never warned them about Kountz! He'll sure murder them! Thomas, my boy, we've got to protect those fool pilgrims! Pitamakan, run the horses in! Quick!"

BY the time Abbott and I arrived at the cabin, Pitamakan had the horses rounded up in front of it. We shouted to the engages to bring out our saddles and bridles and rifles; told them to remain home until we returned and were soon off, the three of us, upon our best mounts. It was three miles by river to Kountz' woodyard, two miles by trail, but the miners had a long start and the current was swift; we feared that they wouldn't stop. It was possible that they would never notice the place as they sped downstream. As we rushed down across the bottom, Pitamakan cried out to me: "I have asked no questions, Pitamakan cried out to me: 'I have asked no questions, but now I want to know what the trouble is—what we are going to do.'"

"We fear that the men in the boat will stop at the hair-faces' place, and be killed for their yellow metal," I answered.

"Good! I hope that there will be trouble! I have long wanted to pull trigger on that hair-face chief!" he exclaimed, meaning Kountz, of course.

"Neither of you may shoot unless I tell you to!" said Abbott.

We made fast time across the bottom, then had to slow our horses down to a walk as we rounded the high point at its lower end; there, in places, a slip from the insecure trail would have resulted in our falling into the river. From the point we rode at once into the heavy timber of the next bottom, following the meandering game trails and keeping our horses at a lope until we were about two hundred paces from the woodyard. We

then tied the animals to some willows and went on afoot, more and more slowly as we neared the woodhawk's landing, and their one room cabin about fifty yards back from the slope of the gravelly shore. We kept well within the shelter of the dense growth of willows, and at last, Abbott in the lead, got down upon hands and knees and crept until we arrived at the edge of the little clearing, a natural, grassy park in the grove of big cottonwoods. We heard the rapid thumping of oars, and cautiously looking out through the brush, saw the miners just pulling in to the landing, where Kountz stood watching them. None of his woodhawks were anywhere in sight. The skiff was low down in the water; the Missourian was rowing, the Yankee and the fat man frantically bailing out the fast incoming water. We saw that they had gone ashore after leaving us, for their bedding was now resting upon some sticks laid crossways of the craft.

Kountz greeted them as they neared the landing: "Well, strangers, looks like you are in a bad fix," he bellowed.

"We sure are; just about to sink!" the Missourian answered, as with a last sweep of the oars he ran the bow

of his rifle and hurried off into the timber. The miners stared after his vanishing figure, then with one accord went over to their bed rolls, took up, the Missourian his rifle, the Yankee his shotgun, and began talking earnestly together, but in tones so low that we couldn't hear what they said. It was evident enough that they feared Kountz. Without doubt they had noted, as we did, that he had made no comment upon the weight of the small bed roll that he carried ashore.

After some thought, I whispered to Abbott: "Let's go out to the pilgrims!"

"No! We stay right here and see what Kountz will do." "What is your talk about?" Pitamakan whispered in my other ear. I explained it. "Right! I think we are soon to make the hair-faces cry!" he told me.

Then how time dragged! Kountz was gone so long that it was evident his woodhawks were working far back in the pine-clad breaks. We became very restless, and so did the miners. From where they were, owing to the rise of the river bank, they could not see the cabin. They were talking louder, now, so that we could plainly hear them arguing about going up to it, the fat man eager for a hot meal of the meat and coffee that was there, the others insisting that not for a moment should they leave their bed rolls.

Finally, the Missourian came to the top of the slope, got a good view of the cabin and the little park, and went back. The Yankee then did likewise, and then up came the fat man; but he didn't stop at the top of the bank; on he waddled as fast as he could go, and into the cabin, and out again with a hunk of boiled meat in one hand and a half-loaf of bread in the other, ravenously biting into the one and then the other as, fearfully looking back over his shoulder, he hurried down to his companions.

"Greedy dog! To look at him makes me sick!" Pitamakan hissed.

SUDDENLY we all three glimpsed two men on the opposite side of the park, and nudged one another. They were upon hands and knees creeping through the scattering willow and rose-bush undergrowth of the big cottonwoods. As they neared the river bank they quartered more and more to the edge of the park, and we soon saw that one of them was Kountz, the other his evil chum Combs. Abbott whispered that we were not to shoot until we should see them prepare to take aim at the miners. We all sat up then, still well concealed by the thick brush in front of us, and brought our rifles to our shoulders. Alternately we looked at the miners, again sitting upon their bed rolls, and at the two men creeping upon them with murder in their hearts. Kountz was some three or four yards in the lead, and a fearsome sight he was as, occasionally pausing, he turned his bushy whiskered, shock-haired head and nodded angrily to the other to come on. At last he came to the edge of the slope to the shore, and a last clump of rose brush from which he could look down upon the miners. There he cautiously sat up, looked back and beckoned to Combs. It was then that Abbott whispered to me: "I'll take care of Kountz; you two the other, but not until I say shoot." I passed the order on to Pitamakan, glaring fiercely, eagerly, at the creeping men. He gave a quick nod of understanding. Already fairly sick at the thought of shooting a man of my own race, however much he deserved killing, I added: "Let us just wound him; break an arm." I got no reply so I hissed: "Promise, promise by Sun that you will not kill him!" He hesitated, gave me a reproachful look and whispered, "Yes!"

Kountz and Combs were now side by side behind the rose brush; Abbott and Pitamakan had their rifles leveled at them. I decided to hold my fire, not to shoot unless actually compelled to do so. Kountz whispered to his man, who nodded that he understood, and they both raised their rifles, and at that, Abbott hissed: "Sku-nuk-it!"

As one man he and Pitamakan fired. I saw Kountz flinch, his rifle go spinning over the rose brush; Combs dropped his weapon and flopped over upon the ground, both of them howling with pain, and fright too. As they sprang up to run, we broke across the little park toward them, Abbott shouting, "Stop! Stop or we'll kill you!" The miners had let out wild yells of fright when they heard the rifles crack, and they now stood in front of their bed rolls, the Missourian and the Yankee aiming their weapons at us. I ran down toward them, shouting that they were not to fire. "What's up? Oh, what's the trouble?" the fat man quavered.

"Kountz and one of his woodhawks were about to murder you all! We were watching them, shot them up a bit just in time to save you!" I cried.

"Gosh!" the Missourian exclaimed. The others just stared at me, wild-eyed. I could see beads of sweat break out upon the foreheads of all three.

We could hear Abbott and Pitamakan, back from the slope, saying some loud and very forcible words in English and Blackfoot, and then down they came, herding their prisoners along in front, and occasionally giving them a jab in the back with their rifles. Blood was dripping from Kountz's right hand, and from the right shoulder of Combs. They looked everywhere but at us as they approached; never had I seen men so utterly dejected. Abbott halted them in front of us, and demanded: "Well, you low-down, sneaking murderers, what you got to say for yourselves?"

"We wasn't goin' to murder 'em; only just scare 'em up a bit," Kountz muttered.

"Tain't so!" the other cried. "You got me into this! I didn't want for to do it." And then turning to Abbott he whined: "Say, Mister, I'll squeal—I'll tell you all about it if you'll let me go! Oh, how my shoulder hurts! Won't some of you stop the bleedin'?"

"We'll promise you nothing, but you may as well squeal. Do that, and I'll wash and bandage your shoulder," Abbott told him.

"Just you keep your mouth shut, you fool!" Kountz hissed to him. "They've got nothin' on us! We wasn't doin' a thing, and they up and fired and wounded us,



Up the Alps With Two American Boys!

AMERICAN BOYS in the towering Alps—picking their way across broad glaciers, swinging like spiders to new footholds across chasms—where a slip meant death on the rocks a thousand feet below, worming up sheer cliffs to the dizzying tops of needle-like crags that pierce the clouds!

The true story of such adventures will start in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY. It has been written for this magazine by Dana B. Durand who, at the age of 15, with his brother Ben, 13, followed Swiss guides through some of the most perilous climbing in the world.

How they clawed their way up icy slopes with funny little picks called *piolets*; glided down smooth precipices with jerking leaps, cheating eternity with a thin strand of rope; conquered, at last, the famous Matterhorn after the treacherous edge of a crevasse had crumbled and hurled the young American fifty feet into (luckily) a pool of ice water—all this is told in a boy's story that is gripping in its graphic simplicity. And in it there are given, also, the fascinating facts about the life of the mountain guides, their odd equipment, their peculiar code and traditions.

An extraordinary feature which you will read with intense interest, for the thrill of these remarkable exploits of the two American boys is in it—and in the splendid photographs (some of which Durand and others defied death to take).

of the skiff into the gravel. Out he jumped, the others, too, waist deep into the water, and, Kountz holding the skiff, they each one of them seized his precious roll of bedding and waded out with it. The fat man stumbled and fell a yard or two from shore, and Kountz, letting go of the skiff, sprang out and snatched up his bed roll. "No! No! I'll carry it," the fat one cried, rising up dripping from head to foot, but Kountz paid no attention to him, lugged the roll out and dropped it with a thud beside the other two, making no comment upon its great weight. We could see that the miners were staring at him suspiciously. Without doubt he noticed it, too. Abbott whispered: "He *sawez* what is in that bedding!"

CHAPTER TEN.

WITH a voice of hearty good will, Kountz said to the miners, "Well, friends, they's no need to ask what you want. Come on, all hands, we'll pull the skiff out and see what can be done to it."

The rifle and shotgun and grub box were still upon the cross sticks. These were carried to the bed rolls, the coffee pot and frying pan and Dutch oven fished out of the water, and then the skiff was turned over right where it was, and lifted and brought ashore. Kountz then gave the bottom a hasty inspection, prodding two or three of the seams with his knife, and straightened up and exclaimed: "No wonder she leaks; the caulkin' has plumb dropped out of the seams! But I've got a plenty of oakum and one of my woodhawks is an old ship carpenter. I'll go bring him in; he'll soon make your skiff water-tight! Meantime, there's my cabin, and a potful of good meat only needin' warmin' up. Bread in the Dutch oven; coffee in the pot. Just make yourselves to home, friends, while I go for my man."

The Missourian had been looking at Kountz's boat, a well built Mackinac, tied to some willows just below the landing: "Maybe, as your man can fix the skiff, you might be willin' to trade us your boat for it, we givin' a little somethin' to boot," he proposed.

"No, I couldn't noway trade; your skiff is too small to be of any use to me," Kountz replied.

The Yankee and fat man whispered together, and then the former said: "Mister, we sure would like to trade boats with you; we're in an awful hurry. Now won't you swap if we give you ten dollars to boot?"

Kountz laughed. "I told you that your skiff is too small for my use," he answered.

"Well, fifteen dollars, then," the Missourian offered.

"No, nor a hundred to boot! Nor five hundred! So, that settles that! And now, as I said, just you all make yourselves to home, I'll soon be back with my man to fix you out," said Kountz, and all but ran to the cabin, got

just by a scratch didn't kill us."

"No, sir, I said I'd squeal, an' I squeals!" he howled. "We all was workin' back there in the pine breaks, an' he comes along an' he says he wants me to row him across the river, to see what the timber was like. An' then, on the trail in, he says here's three miners, with no end of dust, one bed roll sure heavy with it, and that we'll kill 'em, an' shove 'em in the river, an' turn their leaky skiff loose, an' nobody will know what become of the miners, an' we'll divide their dust," he says.

"And up there, behind the rose brush, what did he whisper to you?" Abbott asked.

"You plug the little feller, an' I will the tall one, an' we'll finish off Fatty be-tvixt us." That's what he says!"

"Oh, my! my!" the fat man groaned. The Yankee began to sway upon his feet, and suddenly collapsed and sank upon his bed roll. The Missourian wiped his forehead and exclaimed: "By gum! We sure have had a close call! Say, Mister, why didn't you warn us about this murderin' outfit?"

"We never thought of it until we saw how badly your skiff was leaking, and that you would likely put in here. Even then we only suspicioned that this Kountz, here, might do you harm, but we had to come down on the chance that you might get into trouble. We sneaked to the edge of the brush, up there, and heard all your talk with him."

"Ha! An' wasn't he the sweet talker, though? Goin' to have his ship carpenter caulk our skiff; send us off rejoicin'! I don't know how we can ever pay you for what you all have done for us."

"We're paid right now; found out what kind of neighbors we have," said Abbott.

"What you goin' to do to 'em?" the fat man asked.

"We'll talk about that later," he answered, and ordered the wounded men to lead the way up to the cabin. Pitamakan ran on ahead and took up the rifles of the would-be murderers. The lock plate of Kountz's weapon was smashed in, and Abbott explained that he had aimed to hit it right there. The bullet had first gone through the holder's hand.

AS soon as we were all in the cabin, I made a blaze in the fireplace and heated some water, and then Abbott washed Combs' shoulder, the tip of it was just bullet-nicked, and with strips of a flour sack, bound some fine-cut tobacco upon the torn flesh. He made Kountz wash his own wound, and was not very gentle when he dressed it with tobacco. That done, we all went outside, locked the two desperados in the cabin, and sat down in the warm sunshine to wait for the woodhawks to come in from the pine breaks.

Time passed. We could hear, inside, the faint rumble of Kountz's voice, evidently urging his companion to some course of action. None of us spoke. Pitamakan went to the corner of the cabin and watched the trail, and at last, after what seemed to be a week or more, announced that the workers were coming, and returned to us. They presently roused the corner, rifles in hand, and stopped short and stared at us; and we at them. One of them as old as Hunt, we knew was named Dutton. The other, deserted from the steamboat, was a young man of perhaps twenty-five years, and frank-eyed, pleasant faced. I felt that—deserter though he was, there was no real meanness in him.

Hunt was the first to speak: "Well, well! Mr. Abbott, what's up?"

As briefly as was possible, Abbott explained; and had barely finished when Hunt cried out: "There, Jimmy Dutton, there you are! Haven't I always told you that Kountz is as bad as they make 'em? And you always standin' up for him!"

"Yes, Hunt. But no more, never no more! I'm sure done with him!"

"Yes! And with Jack Combs, too! Little did I think he would try murder for gold!" exclaimed the young man.

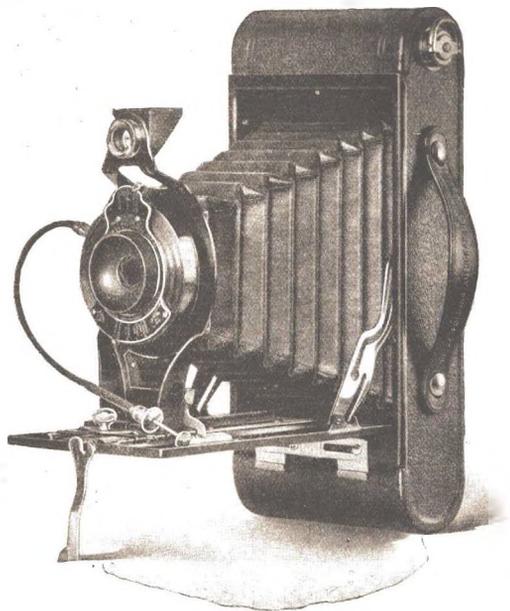
"Well, an' now, what you goin' to do with 'em! Say it, anything that you all decide on goes with us," said the one named Dutton.

The three miners looked at one another, and then, expectantly, all of them at Abbott, who answered, after some thought: "The place for Kountz and Combs is in the jug; it's up to you three to take them to Sioux City and turn them over to the authorities."

"T won't work, I know somethin' about law," the fat man put in. "We didn't see 'em gettin' ready to shoot us, couldn't prove that they were goin' to; the town marshal might lock 'em up for us, but the Jedge would sure turn 'em loose; he'd have to!"

"That is so. Well, we've done what we could, and now we're going home. It is up to you all what becomes of the rascals," said Abbott.

The old man named Dutton turned to the miners: "You all have had a narrow escape from rottin' at the bottom of the river," he told them. (Cont. on page 54)



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The Whispering Mummy

(Continued from page 15)

But I 'spect you'll git such foolish idears out of your heads when I tell you the truth about the mummy and about the important job I got to finish a-fore I kin go back to New York, like I said at the depot. Yes, sir-e-e! You're goin' to be jest awful surprised when you learn the job I've got to do; and bein' loyal Jupiter Detectives I jest know you're goin' to help me out."

I CAN'T begin to describe how excited I were, though we tried not to show it on the outside. With the old man about to tell us what he knew of the missing mummy, I could just see that two-hundred-dollar reward getting closer and closer. I could almost feel it in my pocket—maybe not all of it, but my share, which would be fifty dollars.

I thought of Bill Hadley and I wanted to laugh. There he was running all over town trying to locate Doc Leland's missing patient; and there we were, sitting on a bale of Charley Wilson's marsh hay watching the patient eat his breakfast of bacon and eggs and coffee. When it came to a matter of doing real detecting, Bill wasn't in our class at all. He didn't stand the ghost of a show of getting the reward, that was a cinch. We were too clever and smart for him. My chest swelled out at this thought. A superior, important feeling came to me, as I dangled my legs over the edge of the hay bale; and it was nice, I found, to feel that way.

If Mr. Arnoldsmitth noticed our impatience to hear his story, he didn't see fit to be concerned over it. Slowly he ate his breakfast, holding the bacon in his fingers. The eggs were fried hard, and he ate them speared on a fork. The coffee he drank from the pail in which it had been boiled. Not very good table manners, I thought. But, then, he wasn't eating at a table, and that, of course, makes a difference!

When he was through, he set the frying pan and pail in the cupboard. The fork was cleaned with an old newspaper. By this time the fire was about out, but he finished it by scattering the coals with his feet. I could see he was thinking hard. And always he seemed to be listening. Presently he turned to where we sat on the bale of hay and said:

"Of course, if you're going to help me, it's got to be kept a secret."

"We know how to keep a secret, if it's right to keep it," said Scoop.

"I figured as how that were a fact, else I never would have invited you to join my celebrated company," said the old man slowly. "All Jupiter Detectives stick up for one another," he added.

"Yes," said Scoop.

"And I reckon when you hear my strange story, you're a-goin' to stick up for me and help me and not let anybody in town know 'bout me bein' here in this old house."

"No one knows about you being here but us," said Scoop.

"Something warm seemed to dart across the old man's face.

"I never bin fooled on judgin' a boy yet," said he impulsively.

"And when I first sot eyes on you boys, I sez to myself, sez I, 'Anson Arnoldsmitth, them are four right smart boys; and jest the kind of smart boys to have in your famous detective company. They be the kind of boys you can depend on.'"

It made me happy to be talked about that way. A fellow likes to be appreciated. It isn't much use being clever and smart and wide-awake if no one notices it or remarks about it. A fellow can't very well go around telling things like that on himself.

"I guess I'll sot, as it's quite a story," said he. There was an old wooden water pail standing near, and he up-pended it and sat down on it, directly in front of us. From this seat he could look out through the door, across Charley Wilson's pasture, to where a cloud of gray dust marked the course of the Treebury pike.

I held my breath. It was coming! In a very few minutes we'd know all about the missing mummy, and the mystery wouldn't be a mystery any longer. Then would come the reward. Scoop reached down and took my hand and gripped it tight. I knew just how he felt. I was feeling the same way; and when he squeezed my hand I squeezed back. I didn't turn and look at him, though. I kept my eyes fastened on the old gentle-

man, who picked a piece of bacon from a hollow tooth and began his story.

CHAPTER NINE.

The Mummy Itch.

I CALCULATE as how you boys never heard tell of the mummy itch," Mr. Arnoldsmitth began, regarding us intently with his warm blue eyes. "There ain't very many people know about it," he added.

"Sime Morrison had the barbers' itch last winter and wore a plaster on his chin," said Scoop. "Is it like that?"

"Well, now, Sonny, it be and it be'n't. As Mister Walknocker says—

"Is he a detective, too?" put in Scoop.



"He's the president and general manager of the American-Egyptian Mummy Importin' Association. I'll tell you more about him presently. First, I figure I ought to tell you 'bout this awful disease that is called in Egypt the mummy itch. Accordin' to what Mister Walknocker says, it was kind of common for the Egyptians thousands of years ago to git an itch in the top part of their heads where the hair is; and havin' no fine-combs in them days, the itchers wasn't got rid of much. Consequence is, a lot of dead Egyptians made up into nice-lookin' mummies was a-carryin' around a prosperous colony of hard-workin' itchers; and all the embalmin' and mummifyin' in the world won't kill them pesky itchers. No, sir-e-e! They got more lives than any tomcat that ever pestered a rat. They jest keep on livin' year after year, and a thousand years to them ain't no more than a day is to you boys. The awful part is that any time they and it dull down under all them layers of mummy cloth and embalmin' gums they kin come a-borin' out, jest like them little worms what bore holes in an old wooden bedstead. Science ain't got it all worked out yet, but I suspect from what Mister Walknocker confided to me confidentially, that these mummy itchers are second cousins to our seventeen-year locusts what live in the ground four years and years and then come out and git busy killin' the leaves on the trees, only to go back into the ground ag'in fur another seventeen years.

"That's jest the way these mummy itchers act. No tellin' when they'll come a-borin' out through the casin' what holds 'em in; and once they're out they spread like sixty. First thing you know everybody livin' near that spot where the mummy is has the mummy itch; and then it's scratch, scratch, scratch from breakfast to dinner and from dinner to supper and from supper to bedtime and from bedtime to breakfast ag'in. It's plumb awful; Mister Walknocker sez that back in Egypt where they have the mummy itch pretty bad, havin' so many mummies layin' around, the rich people hire professional scratchers to scratch 'em so they kin grab a bit of sleep; and where a poor family has it, they take turns keepin' awake, and the one what's awake does the scratchin' till it's his turn to go to sleep and he scratches. I reckon, boys, there never was a worse disease."

The old man pruned in his story and his voice trailed away. A concerned look came into his wrinkled face, as though he was feeling sorry for the poor Egyptians who had the mummy itch. When I grow up I want to be that kind of a man—full of sympathy for other people and always thinking of someone else. Dad is that way. When they raise money for the poor people, or pass a subscription paper for some good cause, like repairing the baseball park or something, you always find

Dad's name at the head of the list.

Yet, with all my belief in Mr. Arnoldsmitth, I looked at him sharply. Was he stringing us? It was hard to believe the things he pictured—the Egyptians scratching each other and the itchers living for thousands of years. That sounded like bunk. It was interesting, and I wanted Mr. Arnoldsmitth to keep on with his story, but I wasn't wholly willing to believe that all he was telling us was true.

"Now that you know what a awful disease it is," continued the old man slowly, "and how it ought to be stamped out and not allowed to spread in this country, I'm a-goin' to tell you how Mister Walknocker come to app'oint me Chief Mummy Inspector fur the hull United States and how I git pay from him for goin' 'round

the country inspectin' the mummies his company sells. But first I got to make you swear you won't reveal any of these vital secrets, jest as Mister Walknocker made me swear not to. Now jest stand up and hold up your right hand and put your left hand on your heart and bring your heels together like this."

WE were pretty sober as we stood up and raised our right hands and did as he said. When a fellow swears to a thing, that's a serious matter. You don't feel like laughing and cracking jokes about it. You feel all solemn-like inside, and a bit worried for fear you won't be able to always get those things straight that you were going to swear to.

Very solemnly the old man looked us over to see if we had our heels together and our hands on our hearts like he directed. When it was clear to him that we were in the correct position to take the oath, he said:

"You will repeat after me slowly and distinctly: I promise and swear—that I will never reveal—to any person in the world—the facts about the mummy itch—as given to me this morning. That I will keep the information to myself—and will do all in my power—as loyal, trustworthy Juvenile Jupiter Detectives—to recover the mummy—what was stolen last night—so that it kin be—duly and properly inspected—and investigated—to see if it has—the dreaded—mummy itch. And by so doing—render a service to the community—and humanity—by guardin' it ag'inst—a possible invasion of—mummy itchers. To all of which—I do most solemnly swear. Amen."

When we said "Amen" Mr. Arnoldsmitth stated we had conducted ourselves with honor, like loyal, trustworthy Jupiter Detectives, and could now sit down on the bale of hay. He walked to the door and looked out. Scoop nudged me and whispered:

"Jerry, is he stringing us?"

"You mean about the mummy itch?" I whispered back.

"Yes."

"I hain't think so."

"Me, too," put in Peg.

"What's his game?" said Scoop.

Peg and I didn't have an answer for that. We just shook our heads. Then the old man came back and continued with his story:

"One day I was in my office seat in New York when in come a tall man, his face twitchin' with excitement, and he sez, sez he: 'Are you Mister Anson Arnoldsmitth, the great and famous detective?' And I nodded gravely, jest like this, not wantin' to admit right out as how I were great and famous, which weren't modest. And he says, says he: 'Kin I hire you to do some important detectin' for me?' And I says, says I: 'You kin if it's clean and honest work and upright, manly employment.' He said it was; and he made me swear like you jest done, and then he told me about the mummy itch, jest like I told you, only mebbe he got in some fancy words I don't recall precisely. He said he was awful worried about the mummy itch, because his business was importin' mummies, which he sells to museums and collectors. He said he was placed in a peculiar situation. Bein' an honest man he didn't like to keep on importin' mummies into the United States and likely some day start a bad epidemic of the awful mummy itch, from some mummy he brought into this country lettin' loose a colony of ambitious itchers unexpected and sudden-like. And he didn't like to tell the people what bought the mummies to look

out for the pesky itchers, 'cause then no one would want to buy the mummies and take a chance. He said he had a scheme which he wanted me to help him out with, and his scheme was to make me Chief Mummy Inspector for the hull United States and it was to be my job to travel 'round the country once each year and inspect the mummies he sold to see if any of them was a-gettin' ready to let loose some itchers, and I was to git my travelin' expenses and five dollars per mummy, which weren't terrible big pay for a purfessional man like I be, with an office soot in New York, but I ain't always thinkin' of the money when I kin perform a service to humanity. Of course, Mister Walkknocker explained, I'd have to do my inspectin' on the sly, 'cause it never would do at all to let the people who owned the mummies know why they had to be inspected. If they knew, right away they'd ship the mummies back and sue the American-Egyptian Mummy Importin' Association, which Mister Walkknocker is president and general manager of, to git their money back.

"So that's how I come to be appointed Chief Mummy Inspector. It's kind of delicate work tellin' if the mummy itchers are gettin' restless and likely to come a-breakin' out, but I ain't had a bit of trouble so far. One time I reckon I saved the whole city of Chicago from gittin' the awful mummy itch. Yes, sir-ee! I found a mummy in a down-town museum what was jest on the pint of lettin' loose a colony of itchers, and I took that mummy and put it in an iron chest and sunk it in the middle of Lake Michigan. And jest to show you how deadly and persistent them itchers is, even shot up in that iron chest they put their drillers to work and some of them got out and learned how to swim and went lookin' for trouble. Mebbe you read in the *Chicago Tribune* how a man in Michigan City caught a turtle what was so limber it looked like it was made of rubber. Well, now, do you know what made that turtle so limber? He had been bit by one of them mummy itchers and he was twisted all out of shape from tryin' to scratch the top of his shell with his hind foot."

"Again I looked at the old man sharply. I was pretty certain now he was kidding us. What he was telling sounded a good bit like a crazy joke to me. But he was all sober and serious. He had me guessin', I began to feel uneasy.

"I guess you know now, boys, how I happened to be in the museum and you kin understand why I couldn't tell what I was there for. Why, if I'd come right out and told the president of your college how I was Chief Mummy Inspector for the hull United States, which is a awful responsible position, you kin see what he'd a-done. Right away Mister Walkknocker'd had a law suit on his hands, and the newspapers would have got hold of it, and the business of the American-Egyptian Mummy Importin' Association would bin busted up like a drum with both heads kicked out. So I jest shipped into the museum on the sly. I reckon that's jest about the hull story, boys."

"But you haven't told us who stole the mummy and who hit you on the head," reminded Scoop quickly.

"I ain't knowin' that," said the old man slowly. "Where that mummy went to is jest as much a mystery to me as it is to you. But we got to find it and inspect it, and with you boys helpin' me, like you promised, I reckon we'll get track of it quick."

"Then you *don't* know who hit you on the head?" said Scoop.

"That's jest about the size of it. You see I were a-hidin' under the mummy case when—"

"Was it you who made the mummy whisper?" cut in Scoop tensely. Again his hand slipped down and closed tightly over mine. A dark look touched his face. I could see his doubt of the old man was now mingled with distrust.

"I reckon, boys, I ought to be 'shamed of that trick—"

"Then it *was* you?" cried Scoop excitedly.

"Yes, I were the cause of the whisperin'," admitted the old man. "You see, it was this way: I were anxious to git rid of you boys, not recognizin' you, of course, so I could go ahead and do my private inspectin' of the mummy, and I thought it was quickest and easiest to scare you away. I'm plumb sorry if I scared you very much."

"Oh, we soon got over our scare," said Scoop with a slight bob of his head. "We knew a mummy couldn't whisper. We blaused it on the students."

I TOOK a long breath. Well, part of the mystery was cleared up, anyway! We knew who did the whispering. While I was glad to know that, in a way I was disappointed. Of course, in talking about the matter, we *said* it wasn't possible for the mummy to whisper; but nevertheless

it was exciting to *think* that maybe we were wrong, after all, and the mummy *did* whisper. Now the spookishness was all gone and that part of the mystery became commonplace.

"When you boys had run away," went on the old man, "I began my inspectin', but I didn't git more than an inch of surface carefully inspected before I heard somebody tiptoeing into the museum and I dodged under the mummy case arg'in. I could peek out without bein' seen much, and there was three men, with black masks on their faces. They didn't say nothin'—they jest came right up to the mummy case and started movin' it around—and there I was *under* it!"

"I stepped out, then, to inquire what business they had movin' the mummy case around, and I guess they weren't expectin' to have me come a-hobbin' up that way out of the dark, kind of, 'cause one of them br give a yell and grabbin' something from a table hit me on the head and I didn't come to till you-all was a-puttin' me in the automobile."

Scoop gave a gasp. "Why, Doc said you were still unconscious at one o'clock this morning," he put in.

"I jest had to fool the doctor and that policeman what you call Bill. It was my only chance to git away. You kin see how I were fixed; if I told *any* I were there I'd be a-breakin' my solemn and bindin' oath, what I give to Mister Walkknocker." He panted and his face grew very grim, all around his mouth and around his nose and around his eyes. "No Jupiter Detective ever breaks his pledge," he added, regarding us closely.

"Of course not," said Scoop. "But—"

"I guess you kin see now I did the only right thing. I made believe I were unconscious, and when I had a chance to git away I got. And I come here, and here I be."

The old man got up and moved about restlessly. His hand wandered to the blue lump on his forehead.

"Does it hurt your head where you were hit?" I inquired anxiously.

"Not much, Sonny. It'll be all right in a day or two. It's only sore jest at the one spot what is swelled up. Mebbe, now, you boys better tell me all you know about what happened last night. I learned a lot from listenin', but there may be some things I ought to know about and don't. I reckon if we put together what I know and what you know we'll make faster progress in gettin' our hands on the mummy."

SCOOP went ahead and told the old man about the telephone call from the depot and about the missing cart and the reward. When he mentioned the watch and other things I found under the mummy case, the old man gave a start. A queer look flashed across his face.

"Maybe you know how the things got there," said Scoop.

"I reckon they must a' bin put there after I were hit in the head," the old man returned.

"I thought maybe you put 'em there," said Scoop pointedly. "Jerry here, says he's sure the handkerchief the stuff was wrapped in belongs to you."

"He's it is," said I quickly, taking the handkerchief from my pocket and handing it to the old man. He took it and looked it over slowly and thoughtfully.

"Now, ain't that queer," said he. "It is my handkerchief, jest as sure as anything, Mebbe it was taken from my pocket while I were unconscious," he suggested.

"And you haven't any idea at all who the three men were, or why they took the mummy away with them?" questioned Scoop.

"Yes, I got an idear. But that's all it is; jest an idear. I suspect that the mummy is right in this town; and I suspect it ain't no great distance from the college. Mebbe it is right in one of the college buildings this very minute."

"We've been thinking right along the students have something to do with it," said Scoop. "At first we thought it was a joke; but it's plain to us now that there is a serious side to the matter."

"Yes, if it were jest a joke I wouldn't a' got hit," said the old man. "There's a reason fur that mummy bein' took."

"And whatever the reason is, the students are more or less at the bottom of it," declared Scoop.

"I 'spect you're right, Sonny. What we got to do is to find the cart what you say is missin'. Wherever we find the cart, the mummy ain't likely to be far off. Mebbe you kin follow the trail made by the cart wheels."

We talked quite a bit more about the missing mummy and what we should do to get track of it, agreeing to let Mr. Arnoldsmith know about it as soon as it was recovered. After he had inspected it we could shape some plan to get the reward. He said he'd help us do that.

"I'll keep out of sight in this old house," he said as we were leaving for town.



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"Now don't you go and furgit your promise what you swore to as loyal and trust-worthy Juvenile Jupiter Detectives, and tell about me bein' here and about me bein' Chief Mummy Inspector fur the hull United States. Jest you keep all that to yourself. And you better come out and report to me as often as you kin. When you come, jest yawl three times like a cat and I'll come out if I'm hidin'. I'll know it's you by the yawls."

"We'll yawl once like three cats," said Scoop, as he started away.

WHEN we came to the Trechury pike, Scoop stopped dead still and said:

"Fellows, that old geezer has me guessing."

"What do you mean?" said Red.

"Oh, that bunk about the mummy iteh."

"How do you know it's bunk?" followed up Red. "You've never been to Egypt—"

"It sounds like bunk. Good-night! How can a fellow believe that mummy itchers have drillers that'll bore right through iron? The old fellow isn't daffy. And he isn't playing us for suckers just for fun. He's got a reason."

"Maybe he's testing us to see what kind of detectives we are," suggested Peg.

"Scoop gave a whistle."

"Scoop, my! I never thought of that. I hope you're right. Still—"

There was a thoughtful look on his face as he started down the road in the direction of town. After a bit he says: "Fellows, I think the thing for us to do is to let on that we believe all these queer yarns he tells us about mummy itchers and rubber turtles. As I say, he has a reason for telling us these things; and that reason may be to test us as detectives. I don't know. He's the head of our detective company, and I suppose we ought to believe in him. Detectives do queer things, I imagine."

It's a cinch he's dead anxious to get possession of the mummy. We'll help him. Maybe he hasn't told us all he knows about the missing mummy. We'll keep our eyes and ears open when we are around where he is and learn all we can."

When we came into town the Methodist church bell was ringing and people were coming from their homes into the street all dressed up for church. I knew what Mother would say if I skipped Sunday school, so I hurried home to clean up and put on my good clothes. The house was closed, but I found the front door key in the mail box. Mother and Dad were at church. When I reached the church the morning service was over and Sunday school was about to start. I saw Dad come down the stone steps. He got his eyes on me and a happy grin came into his face.

"Found the mummy yet, Jerry?" he called down to me.

"Not yet, but we've got an important clue," I returned.

"Fine! I hope you hurry and get the reward. The preacher just volunteered the happy information that the parsonage needs a new roof and each church member is supposed to buy a bundle of shingles. I put your name down for a bundle, thinking all the time I was doing it that I'd have to foot the bill. But if you get the reward, you can pay for your own shingles."

"I suppose so," I said slowly, wondering if he were joking.

Mother came down the steps talking with Mrs. Myers about what a nice sermon it was, only the prayer was a bit too long, and how she had just learned to bake a cake with only one egg. While Mrs. Myers was writing down the recipe on the back of her pledge card, Mother got her eyes on me. Right away she started scolding because I had a red necktie on.

I didn't want to be picked at, so I ran up the steps into the Sunday school room.

The other kids were just getting into their places. Peg and Red were there. Scoop is a Presbyterian, but that's about as good as a Methodist. I guess, only I'd rather be a Methodist than a Presbyterian because our organ runs with an electric motor and you don't have to pump it with a handle like you do the Presbyterian organ.

The superintendent told us our lesson was to be about Moses. He said Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in some kind of a basket in the pond lilies along the shore of a river. Right then Peg jabbed me in the slats with his elbow and hissed:

"Know what Pharaoh he's talking about, Jerry?"

"I never was acquainted with any of the Pharaohs," I whispered back.

"Why, he's talking about Ramses. Don't you remember about Scoop telling us that Ramses was the Pharaoh who was mean to the Hebrews? He got that story from the museum tender."

I was awfully interested after that. It seemed just as though the superintendent were talking about a neighbor or someone I knew pretty well. But when he said Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea I sat up sharp and stiff. If that were in the Bible, I knew the fellow who wrote the Bible got things twisted. How could they make a mummy out of Ramses and sell him to the Tutter college for two thousand dollars if he were drowned in the Red Sea?

(To be continued in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Synopsis

PEG SHAW, RED MEYERS, SCOOP ELLERY, and JERRY who tells the story: Four boys who live in Tutter, a small college town. THIRSTY AND HIS PALS. A rollicking bunch, students of Tutter College, also members of the Golden Sphinx Fraternity. For a lark they have purchased from the four boys an ice-cream peddling outfit, including Scoop's cart which the boys hope to retrieve when the college men tire of it. When the boys call at the Fraternity house to return a gold mummy-shaped fraternity pin which they found the students after two of them a job helping in the kitchen of the Fraternity House at an initiation party to be given next Monday night. MR. ARNOLDSMITH: A mysterious, shabby, old man whose eloquence impresses the boys profoundly; they eagerly pay him \$1.25 each for the delights of becoming members of the Jupiter Detective Agency, so they have a chance to win fame by being Tutter's only Juvenile Detectives. RAMSES: A two-thousand dollar Egyptian mummy donated to Tutter College Museum by Dixon White. Apparently it's only a mummy, dead for thousands of years—yet, when the four boys impelled by curiosity drop in at the museum on their way home from the Fraternity house, they are startled to horrified flight by a spectral voice from the mummy: "I am not dead; I am sleeping!" BILL HADLEY: Tutter's policeman. After the boys' visit to the museum he receives a phone call from an unknown calling himself "Ramses," about an accident there. Mr. Arnolds Smith is found unconscious in the museum, also a handkerchief containing a watch, comb and brush engraved with the Golden Sphinx emblem. The mummy has vanished! Scoop's cart, which the boys had left outside, has also vanished.

Now continue THE WHISPERING MUMMY in this number.

Proved He Had Originality

SHORTLY after our entrance into the Great War, William Deardon, now of Ware, Mass., heard of a desirable job overseas. When he went to apply for it he found that, with only about two dozen places to be filled, there were nearly three hundred men in line, eager to file their applications. Feeling sure that the jobs would all be filled before the end of the line reached the examiner, Deardon wrote on a slip of paper: "I wish to apply for one of these jobs. I'm the fellow with spectacles, leaning against the post right across from you." Then he got a boy to take this slip over to the army officer who was sitting at a little table writing down the men's names.

The officer indignantly beckoned to Deardon.

"What reason have you to offer why I should receive your application in this way?" he inquired, in a gruff, fee-for-no-voice.

"Why shouldn't you take your place in line the same as the others?"

"There is an excellent reason," replied Deardon, pleasantly. "If you'll kindly step over into the corner, I'll whisper it to you."

The army man's curiosity was aroused and he followed Deardon.

"Here is the idea," explained Deardon. "You ought to take my application in a somewhat unusual way, because I'm really an unusual person. I have more initiative and more originality than any of the others in that line. Therefore I am a more desirable man for you to employ."

"You have a good opinion of yourself," conceded the army officer; "but how am I to know that you are any better than some of the others?"

"That ought to be obvious," declared Deardon. "I'm the only one who thought to apply in this manner, instead of standing in line. I take short cuts. Here I've succeeded already in getting you to leave your desk and come clear over here to talk with me. And in a minute I'll bet you give me a job. Can't you see that I'm more resourceful than any of the others?"

Naturally there was no resisting Deardon. He was then and there accepted and sent to France, and it wasn't long until he was commissioned a captain.

The Wreck of the Mail Steamer

(Continued from page 9)

doors being frozen up above we had no way to get rid of our ashes, and they were washing all around in the engine room, and it was impossible to keep the runways clear.

"The worst of it was that now the water was in the bunkers, and mixed up with the coal making it into a kind of porridge. It was just like black mud to handle, and you couldn't get it off the shovel until you banged the blade against the iron fire-bars.

"So steam began to drop again, and went so low that our electric nearly went out and we got repeated orders from the bridge for more steam and more steam. It appears we were making no headway at all with only 80 pounds pressure, and, in fact, were slowly being driven sideways into the cliffs. We worked all we could, but things went from bad to worse, the water rose and splashed up against the fire box making clouds of steam, so though the dust was laid, what with the steam and the darkness, and the long watch, we couldn't keep her going. Moreover it seemed as if we would be drowned like rats below there, and I tell you we wouldn't have minded being on deck, cold as it was.

"We heard afterwards that one of the stewards had been fishing on this part of the coast. He knew every nick and corner, and said there was a little sandy cove around St. Martin's Cape, where a small head of rock might break the seas enough to let us land, for they knew on deck now that the ship was doomed. For my part I knew nothing, but that work as we would the steam gauge would not rise one pound. Beyond that, what happened didn't even interest us. We hadn't time to worry about danger.

"ONE sea did, however, make us madder than others. Something had been happening on deck. The heavy thumps like biting ice had reached us down below. It turned out to be the lifeboat that had been washed out of davits and went bumping all down the deck, clearing up things as it went. Anyhow something came open and as we were getting coal from the lee bunkers a lot of icy water came through the gratings and washed us well down, sweaty and grimy as we were. Somehow that seemed to set my teeth again, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the steam crawl once more to 100 pounds.

"The bridge must have got on to it at once, and noticed we were making headway again. The fact was we were now rounded the Cape called Martin's Head. We knew they knew, for they again called us for still more steam—thinking we had got the top land. It so happened that a long shoal known as the whale's back was now the only barrier we had to weather. But till this spurt hope of doing it had almost gone. Well, all I know is that suddenly there was a scrape—a bumpety, bumpety, bump, and then a jump that made us think we were playing at being an aeroplane—and then on we went as before. She was making water more rapidly, but beyond that we knew nothing. It was rising now to our knees, nearly, and any moment might flood the fires. We had actually been washed right over the tail end of the whale-back reef, the tremendous ground sea having tipped us right over, almost without touching.

"They say it was only ten minutes or so more to the end—it seemed hours. The motion had changed and we knew we were before the sea. Then suddenly there was a heavy bump, that made us shiver from deck to keel on, then she seemed to stop, take another big jump, and then do the whole thing once more. We were on the beach and the water was flooding into the hold.

"Cyril had gone some time before, played out. I could see nothing for steam but waded towards the 'alloway' into the engine room. There also everything was pitch dark but I knew by feeling which way to go. It seemed a long while, but at last I found the ladder, and made a jump to hustle out of the rising water. My head butted into something soft as I did so. It was our second engineer—he had been at his post till the end.

"There was only one chance now for escape. It was the ventilator. I was proud I had learnt that in the night. It did not take me long to shin up through it and drop on the companion clinging onto the edge.

"The icy wind chilled me to the bone and sheets of spray were frozen over everything. A sea striking her at that moment washed right over me, but before the next came I was behind the funnel, hanging on for life to one of the stays. Another dive between seas landed me in the saloon and from there I dropped down, and climbed to the fo'c'sle to get some dry clothes."

"That's all you know, I suppose?"

"About all," he answered, "except that I had to go some miles when I landed to get

shelter, and got no food till next night."

"Did anyone thank you for your work?"

"Not yet," he answered with a smile.

"What steam had she when you struck the last time?" I asked.

"A full hundred pounds," and a gleam of joy that endures lit his eyes—that joy that assures us of the real significance of life.

I WAS admiring the church at Wild Bight this fall—having blown in—in one of our periodical medical rounds. Nothing was further from my mind than the wreck of the previous winter when suddenly I noticed the familiar features of old Uncle Joe peering at me from behind a pillar. In a moment I saw him again, leaving the harbor with his precious baby, and I wondered how it had all ended.

"Well you see, Doctor, about daylight the ladies' cabin got flooded out and they were all driven out of that; all the passengers that could crowded into the little saloon on deck. The baby did not seem to mind it at all and as there was no use going on deck, even if we had been able, that's where I took it. After we struck, however, and the seas were washing partly over the ship I went out to see if there were any chance for us. The captain, who had never left the bridge, was there. His cheeks were all frosted. He had already launched a boat and was trying to get some men landed.

"It was broad daylight, a little after midday, and we were right under a big cliff, so close that you could almost touch it. The projecting head of the cliff sheltered the forepart of the vessel fairly well, but a thundering surf was beating on the beach. The boat was soon glad to be hauled in again. She was smashed and filled, and the men had nearly been lost. So we all fell to it, and tried to get a line ashore.

"There were men there now from the shore who had seen us. They were watching us from above the breakers, and evidently understood what we were doing. For when at last we flung the line into the water, they rushed down and tried to get it. But the backwash carried it always beyond their reach. One of them ran up to a cottage near-by and came back with a jigger, and as the seas washed the rope along, tried to fling it over, and hook the line. But they somehow couldn't do it.

"Then I suddenly saw there was a big dog with them, rushing up and down, and barking as they tried for the line. All of a sudden, after they seemed to have done their best and failed, the dog rushed down into the sea, held the rope in his teeth till the tide ran out, and then backed with it till the men grabbed it. They took the line up the cliff, and I helped rig a chair on it in which we tied the passengers, and so sent them every one ashore safely. No, I didn't even get my feet wet myself. You see I had my rubbers on. The baby? Oh, I tied the baby up in a mail bag and sent him ashore by himself. They told me when they opened the bag to see what was in it, the baby just smiled at them, as if it had only been having a bit of a rock in the cradle of the deep.

"We were home for Christmas after all. And somehow, Doctor, I had my mind made up to how it would be about that when I said good-bye to them that morning at Wild Bight.

"The folks all got together and gave that dog a hundred dollar collar but the poor owner had to sell the dog, collar and all, a little later to get food."

How He Fooled the Enemy

AN airplane landed an American spy within the German lines one night during the war. The American, under cover of darkness, climbed to the roof of a supposedly deserted house in the country to make observations.

Day broke. The American, peering over the edge of the roof, saw a sentry out in front. A few minutes later an officer talked to the sentry. Evidently the house wasn't deserted after all; it was a temporary headquarters for a German military unit. As capture meant death, the American cast about for a means of escape.

Would the large, rickety-looking brick chimney at one side of the house help him? He lay flat on his back, put his feet against the chimney top, and pushed with all his might. The chimney swayed, toppled over with a crash. As he had hoped, every solitary German hustled out to view the fallen bricks and wonder what caused the spill—and the American slid down a rain spout at the other side of the house and got away.



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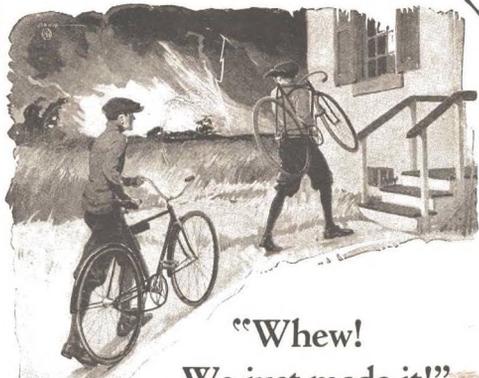
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Bristol, Conn.



To fool the dentist

"DID it hurt? I'll say it did!
And the tooth had to come out, too—a second one that will never grow again. You bet I won't lose another.

"The dentist said it all came from not cleaning my teeth twice a day. He told mother to get me one of those Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brushes. They have tufted bristles and curved handles, so you can't skip over a tooth.

I'm going to use it morning and night."

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Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brush

Sold by all dealers in the United States and Canada

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"



FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Florence, Mass.

Northfield Helps Itself

(Continued from page 7)

that Praska was astounded that neither he nor Bristow had thought of it. He stood up to go.

"Keep in touch with me," Carlos Dix said. "I'm interested in this campaign for more reasons than you think."

Praska winced. What the lawyer had said might mean nothing, yet Bristow had planted the seed of a disquieting thought. There would be nothing wrong in Carlos Dix working for the school and at the same time doing service for a client. Nevertheless, the boy had built up a fine-spirited, wholly unselfish ideal of the man, and the mere thought of commission money in some way soiled the beauty of the picture.

WITHIN the next two days, the argument-selling campaign went through as Carlos Dix had planned it. Perry, Lee Merritt, Hammond, Littlefield, Betty Lawton, Praska, and others went forth as a speakers' committee from the Congress to inspire the school and to rouse it to concerted action.

"The athletic field is yours," they cried, "if you'll get out and work. Take the Breeze home! See that that article is read! Try to find out if your parents will vote for the field on Election Day. Northfield is depending on you. If you fail her, she's lost. You are her soldiers and we're here today, on behalf of the Congress, sounding the battle cry and the charge."

The home rooms caught the enthusiasm—there could be no doubt of that. Yet two days later only seventy-two students had reported votes in favor of the field. The results were almost as disappointing as they had been before. By that time another issue of the Breeze was out with a third article, but Bristow made no boasts.

"My father," little Johnny Dunn told him, "says we have too many things now to take our minds off our studies."

"Has he read my articles?" the editor demanded.

Johnny Dunn nodded. Bristow looked crestfallen.

At noon a girl came to the cafeteria, where Praska was eating, and told him that Carlos Dix had telephoned the principal's office and had asked that he be summoned. The boy went upstairs at once.

"How are things shaping up?" the lawyer asked.

"We can find only seventy-two sure votes."

"And the election only eight days away. Son, we've got to hustle. Can you meet me at my office tonight at eight o'clock? Perhaps it will be better if you bring a couple of other fellows with you. Right sharp."

AT EIGHT o'clock Praska was there with Bristow and with Perry King. "Sorry," said Carlos Dix. "I thought we'd be able to talk things over here, but we've got to go elsewhere."

They followed him, and Praska was conscious of how much they had come to rely upon this man's judgment and leadership. Presently they turned in at a walk outlined with trim hedge. Bristow dug his elbow into Praska's ribs, and the president of the Northfield Congress looked at the editor inquiringly. Bristow merely smiled. And then, as Praska recognized his surroundings, an electric tingle shot him through and through. They had come to B. B. Ballinger's home.

Mr. Ballinger himself opened the door. Carlos Dix was the last one to enter the house.

"How does it look?" the real estate man asked in an undertone.

"I think we'll put it over," the lawyer answered in the same low voice.

Ordinarily Praska would not have heard either the question or the answer; but to-night every sense was sharp and alert. In the living-room, where the conference was held, he was conscious of Bristow, his head tilted a little to one side, smiling inscrutably over the heads of the gathering.

"Mr. Ballinger," Carlos Dix said, "is a graduate of Northfield High. I don't think any of you knew that. He graduated years ago before the present high school was built. But his heart is still with Northfield."

"So much so," said Mr. Ballinger, "that I want to organize a committee, get after every graduate who is in town, and send him out to influence his friends to vote for the athletic field. I thought it best, though, to talk to some of the students and see how they felt about it."

"I think that's great," Perry King said at once. Bristow said not a word. Praska nodded—slowly—and saw Carlos Dix give him a sharp glance.

The discussion lasted more than an hour. In all that time Bristow did not speak. Perry was keen and animated. Praska, confused by the clashing faith and despair with which he viewed Carlos Dix, found it hard to fix his attention on the conversation. It is agony to see an ideal die!

But in the end he responded to the bright hope of the plan. Northfield's graduates would push a quiet, insistent campaign. And in the school itself the work would go on. Speeches would continue to be made in the home rooms.

"If we could only get the auditorium for a night meeting for parents of students," Perry cried suddenly. "The night before the election; just parents, no outsiders. The students making all the speeches. A meeting of those interested in the school to talk about a school need. Wouldn't that be one grand, final hurrah?"

"If you can do that," said Carlos Dix, "it would be almost a winning move."

"We can see Mr. Rue in the morning. If the Northfield Congress will back this —" He looked at Praska, and Praska nodded.

The boys departed, but the lawyer remained behind. There were some personal matters, he said, that he wished to talk over with Mr. Ballinger. Praska swallowed a queer lump in his throat.

At the first corner Perry turned off and went his way whistling. Bristow and Praska walked on together in silence.

"Mr. Ballinger's lawyer," Bristow observed at last.

Praska said nothing.

"Did you hear Carlos Dix tell him he thought they'd put it over?"

Praska nodded.

"They held their voices down; they didn't think anybody'd catch what they said. It would be a nice thing for Mr. Ballinger if he could get rid of all those lots in a lump, wouldn't it? What kind of Northfield man is Carlos Dix anyway?"

Praska wet his lips. "You aren't sure

"Oh, rats! I'm not stupid. I can smell something cheery when it's right under my nose. What's Carlos Dix doing, talking big about his love for the school and then using us to pull Mr. Ballinger's chestnuts from the fire?"

"I don't know," Praska answered with an effort. Then, in a voice of misery he added, "I wish I did know."

"You always did make too much of a hero of him," said Bristow.

"I BELIEVE," was the report that came from Mr. Rue, "that it is entirely proper for the students to use the auditorium for a meeting to tell the needs of the school to the public."

And then came a time of activity such as Northfield had not known before. A sign, built and painted in the manual training shops, went up in the corridor facing the entrance:

BRING AN ATHLETIC
FIELD TO NORTHFIELD

Speeches! Day after day they were heard in the home rooms. The great Northfield question became "How are those at home going to vote?" "Ask dad and mother; they know," cried the Northfield Congress. It became the rallying cry of the school. During the last auditorium period of the week a student sprang from his seat as the dismissal signal was given and as the leader of the school orchestra stood ready to start the exit march.

"Everybody in on this," he yelled. "Make it snappy. Are we going to get that field?" "Ask dad and mother!" roared eight hundred throats; "they know!"

Praska felt that that dozen spontaneous outbursts was worth a dozen speeches in the home rooms. The steady record of progress was beginning to show itself in the reports that came in. The seventy-two sure votes had become one hundred and eighty-nine, and more than two hundred parents had promised to come to the auditorium meeting. Added to that, Northfield's graduates, urged on by Mr. Ballinger and by Carlos Dix, were waging their own particular campaign. When the lawyer telephoned again that afternoon, Praska reported that the situation showed a distinct and decided improvement.

And yet, it was Betty Lawton who called to his attention an angle that had been overlooked. "We're forgetting," she said thoughtfully, "the men and women who will be undecided about coming to the meeting until the last minute."

"You mean we ought to have some way of reaching them right at the end?" Praska demanded. "How?"

"What do the political parties do on

election day when they're trying hard to get out the vote? Don't they rush around in automobiles and bring voters to the polls?"

Praska's hands came together with a crack. "Betty, that's a corking good idea. We ought to be able to find a few fellows who could use their father's cars that night. Now we are on the road."

A hurried call went to home rooms to prepare new lists. What students' folks would surely come to the meeting? Who were doubtful? Saturday Praska, Perry, Hammond and Betty Lawton came to the school and checked up in a silence that was broken only by the clatter of brooms and pans as the janitor and his assistants scoured the building. When the job was done they had one final collection of names—those on whom last-minute pressure would have to be brought.

Monday afternoon, after classes, members of the Congress began to telephone to doubtful parents. "We need you to-night," each message ran; "you must come." At six o'clock this special pleading was at an end. Some of the parents had promised. Some were hopeless. Sixty-five homes were still doubtful—one hundred and thirty fathers and mothers controlling one hundred and thirty votes.

Praska wrote out sixty-five names and addresses for those students who had promised to report at the school at seven o'clock with cars. This done he was conscious of a dragging weariness and a gnawing doubt. He began to tremble with an acute fear that they were doomed to failure. At home he ate a hurried supper, and when he left the house his father and mother were making ready to follow him. A church tower clock was striking half-past seven when he got back to the school.

"Did the automobiles go out for their people?" he demanded of Perry King.

Perry nodded.

"How many?"

"Five. None of them has come back yet."

"Anybody—anybody here?"

Perry shook his head. Praska told himself that it was too early—told it over and over again as though forcing himself to believe in the impossible.

At twenty minutes to eight one car rolled up to the curb with three people, and promptly went off for more. Praska saw them comfortably seated in the auditorium. The place was half-filled with students. The three adults seemed pitifully out of place—only three.

Five minutes later a trickle of parents began to come through the entrance doors. Boys and girls, wearing the arm bands of the Safety Committee, took charge of them as soon as they entered the building. Praska remained out on the sidewalk, watching with fearful eyes the approaches to the school.

"If they'll only come," he said in a whisper; "if they'll only come."

AND then the tide set in. From the four corners of the town they came, men and women whose interest had been aroused, whose attention had been caught, by an unexpected, insistent, compelling campaign. Some were there out of curiosity, some because the sense of appreciation and admiration had been touched. They passed Praska in ones, and twos, and half-dozen. Exultation rioted in his blood. His weariness was gone.

Perry King, panting, rushed out of the school and touched him on the arm. "George! Some of our crowd is beginning to go away. The students have more than half the seats and the crowd can't find places."

Praska made a dash for the building. "Send the Safety Committee through the aisles. Get the students into the rear of the hall. Tell them they're freezing out our guests. Hurry it." At the door of the school he met the first of those coming away. "Please stay," he cried. "There'll be seats for everybody in a moment. This is our first public meeting and I guess we're a little green at it."

"Shure, lad," said a voice, "tis all right. We've all o' us got t' learn. Back we go."

And back they went. The ousted students, crowding toward the rear of the auditorium, made progress confusing for a moment. Just then the school orchestra struck up a patriotic air. Once more the situation was saved. Praska came to the wings at the side of the stage, conscious all at once that his collar was wilted and hopelessly out of shape.

It had been agreed that Mr. Banning, teacher of civics, should call the meeting to order. At a quarter past eight o'clock he stepped out from the wings. A cheer came from the students packed like canned fish behind the last row of seats. He raised his hand for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you have come here to-night at the invitation of the eight hundred students of Northfield to hear Northfield plead her case. My duty will be to introduce the speakers. The students will tell their own story. It gives

me great pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Perry King, a member of the Northfield Congress and chairman of the Safety Committee."

Hammond said later that, from his part of the auditorium floor, Perry looked like a pinched and hungry undertaker who had come out to hang crepe. But there was nothing melancholy about Perry's address. He had decided to approach the subject from the angle of civic pride. He had a list of all the high schools of the state that possessed athletic fields, and before long he began to read them. Now and then he would pause to say, quietly: "That town is smaller than Northfield."

"Do you think," he cried at last, "that all these communities have bought athletic fields as a fad? If Northfield wanted a place for the exclusive use of the Northfield football team or the Northfield baseball team, I wouldn't be out here to-night asking for your help. There would be no reason for the town to spend more than \$20,000 just to provide a playing field for a few teams. But this field will be the home of general class athletics. Every student will exercise here and build up a reserve force of vitality. To-morrow this town decides whether Northfield High School joins the march of progress or else be known as a community that does not understand."

Praska's heart swelled. Perry, he thought, could always be counted on to come to scratch in an emergency. And then Mr. Banning was introducing Betty Lawton.

"I appeal to you to-night," she said, "on behalf of every girl who is a Northfield student. We do not ask you merely for ground on which to play; we ask you for a laboratory where sunshine and fresh air will develop alertness and vigor. The things that spell health and strength spell them the same way for the girl as they do for the boy. Have you heard about the fapper slouch?"

A laugh ran through the audience. "The doctors," Betty said wisely, "are of the opinion that a slouching way of standing and walking is bad for the health. The girl who enjoys vigorous, outdoor exercise does not slouch. So to-morrow we ask you to vote for our field. Here in Northfield we want you to be proud of the girl who gets the sort of red in her cheeks that is supplied by nature and not the kind that is bought in the drug stores."

There was no doubt that Betty had struck a human and a humorous note. The audience had warmed up noticeably. Perry, in the wings was poking one of his long fingers into Mr. Banning's ribs, all unconscious of what he was doing.

"We have them now, sir," he was saying. "Oh, but that hooked them beautifully. Now it's up to old sober-face George to go out and finish it."

THE teacher of civics looked at Praska. "Nervous?" he asked. The boy shook his head. "Why should I be? I'm only going to tell them facts." He said it soberly, with no attempt at boasting. After all, that was how it seemed to him—merely telling Northfield's needs to the parents of those who came to Northfield High. It was like saying what he had to say to Northfield's family.

And yet, when he walked out on the stage, his breath caught momentarily in his throat. He had not dreamed that so many people were there. Row upon row, aisle upon aisle, they filled the floor and the balcony. Voters, American citizens—and yet they had come out to-night to harken to an appeal of youth. Some were there who had been in high school when he came to Northfield with his freshman class. It made him feel anew how short was the distance from the classroom to the voting booth.

"Men and women of Northfield," he said, "the students of Northfield appeal to you for your help. This is your school as much as ours; that is why you are here to-night to ask for this athletic field for the same reason that you wouldn't go into a shoe-store and buy one shoe. One shoe wouldn't be enough; there'd be something lacking. And a school without a field that the students can feel is theirs is lacking, too. Such a school trains the mind, but it does not train the body that contains the mind."

"The World War brought a lesson to America. Thousands of men were rejected for army service because they were physically unfit. It is a duty of citizenship for one to be ready to serve his country. A country that gives as much as the United States gives, has the right to ask something in return. It asks, in times of peace, a citizenship that is 100 per cent active. There can be no 100 per cent activity in a person whose body is not 100 per cent fit. That is what we at Northfield ask—a place where we can build the stamina and strength necessary for all the emergencies of American life."

"We want you to see, before you go, some of the spirit of Northfield. And so I



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ask the students to sing our school hymn, "Northfield Forever."

The orchestra struck up the opening bars, and the strains of the song went through the auditorium in a mighty chorus. It was good to hear—stirring, heart-warming, Praska, when it was done, stepped forward again.

"Without the fathers and mothers of Northfield behind us," he cried, "Northfield could not be what it is. I want a big cheer for mother and for dad."

A cheer leader came running down the aisle. "Are you ready? Everybody in on this. Make it good. Yip yip!"

The cheer crashed out probably as no Northfield cheer had ever crashed before. A storm of applause burst from the audience. Seized with the inspiration of the moment, Praska raised his hands.

"Won't you," he asked the people, "sing 'Northfield Forever' with us? We want it to be your song as well as ours."

Many there scarcely knew the words—but they had caught the spirit. The deep voices of the men, the clear, rising notes of the women, sent a thrill of emotion through Praska's veins. Then it was over, and the audience was out of the seats and flowing down the aisle toward the door. Northfield had told its story. The campaign was over. It rested for the morrow to write a verdict of victory—or defeat.

ELECTION DAY brought to Praska a restless spirit and a profound depression. Now that there was nothing to do but to wait and hope, a dozen doubts and fears assailed his mind. After all, the arguments that had been so bravely given in the auditorium were but the opinions of boys and girls. Last night they had seemed logical and all-sufficient; to-day they seemed hollowly futile and lifeless. Boys and girls attempting to influence the opinions of mature men and women! From the bleak outlook of to-day the whole campaign took on the mask of brazen madness, a youthful, impetuous, but impotent masquerade.

And yet, even in his darkest moments, the thrill that had come to him on the stage ran through him anew. Then and there, some sixth sense told him, Northfield had won the sympathy of its hearers. But would it last? Had it not been merely the triumph of the moment? To-day, away from the cheers, and the songs, and the enthusiasm, would not men and women lose the glamour and view the whole scene lightly? He did not know—but he feared. Boys and girls trying to sway the judgment of their elders! It wore the torturing garments of impossibility.

He walked with his father and mother to the polling place, and waited outside while they voted. In spite of his discouragement his pulse quickened at the sight of the party workers patrolling the sidewalk, the watchers inside, the election clerks, and the ballot box on the plain pine table.

"Well," said his father as they walked home, "there are two votes for the at-

letic field."

Two, and Northfield with 10,000 voters registered. Two votes seemed so meagre.

The afternoon ran to its close. Daylight faded. The clock struck six, and then seven. A tremor shook his body. The polls had closed. The result was written. He was in a fever to go to the City Hall in the hope of learning the verdict, but shrank from arriving too early and having to wait in an agony of apprehension. At nine o'clock running feet pattered through the street; a knock sounded on the door. Perry King and Bristow clamored for admittance.

"The first ballot box has just been turned in to the City Clerk," Perry panted. "Fourth election district of the Second ward. The vote was sixty-eight for the field and fifty against."

"We've got something," Bristow cried excitedly.

Hope—wild hope—came to Praska. Only about half of the voters were bothering to mark their ballot on the referendum; but of those who had voted, a majority had thrown their support to the school. If the same ratio held throughout the town—

"I'll go back with you," he said.

When they reached the City Hall, the City Clerk's office was crowded, and it was impossible for them to worm their way past the doorway. They stood in the rotunda, among excited men who spoke only of the vote on Commissioner Sloan. He was, on the early returns, running behind. Out in the street horns began to blow, and a procession wormed its way into the building. The marchers were the supporters of the man who was running against the Commissioner. From time to time election boards, having finished their count, came in with their tally-sheets and their ballot boxes and surrendered both to the City Clerk.

By half-past ten Commissioner Sloan's defeat was a certainty. The horn blowing had become a raucous din. Above the heads of the press of people Praska saw the tall form of Carlos Dix.

"Mr. Dix!" he shouted. "Mr. Dix!" The lawyer looked about him, doubtfully. "Mr. Dix!" Praska waved a frantic hand.

The lawyer saw them then, and forced his way through the crowd. One look at his face, and Praska read the story of the victory.

"The field will win by six or seven hundred votes," Carlos Dix said. "Your meeting last night just about put it through. Praska, I'm proud of you. I look upon this as a big thing."

"It's certainly a big thing for Northfield," said Perry.

"It's a big thing in many ways," Carlos Dix said gravely.

Bristow flashed Praska a wise, knowing look. And that moment Praska's taste of triumph slowly turned to a taste of ashes.

(In the next story, Praska learns more about Carlos Dix's interest in the campaign for the athletic field.)

Grouse and a Double Hit

(Continued from page 4)

didn't have to tell him anything, that was sure. He went right ahead and did things. It took a camping trip, where you rolled up in the same blankets with a fellow, to get to really know him by the back!

With their hunting boots dangling over the edge of the bed they spread out the supper plates between them, while Tommy derricked up the pots of grub from the stove and they ate long and heavily. Ross was bright and vivacious, and kept the slow-witted Tommy in gales of laughter as they finished up camp chores and filled The Pig up with wood billets so he would glow far into the night. However, Tommy reflected, this was all froth; all well enough, but the real test would come on the hunting trail.

"Little man" would have to make good there before he was ready to give him his heart. He rolled up and turned in, rather hoping that it would turn out just so. Ross' sample with that grouse had been certainly up to standard!

The next day broke cold and breezy and glorious, with a strong northwest wind chasing the flying clouds over the summits of the ridges. Hunting grouse without a dog is a strenuous business. When a dog is along Sir Grouse is so much more afraid of him than of any mere human that he will ignore the man and concentrate his attention on the pointing dog staring at him so wild-eyed and menacingly. The man can then circle to a good shooting position; is warned that the bird is there and just about where he is located; can get up close before the grouse decides to take to flight. Without a dog the man has a hard time of it. The grouse always sees him first, and always makes his getaway when the man is off guard, or climbing a fence, or all

tangled up in briars. About the only play that will work is for two hunters to shoot in team play. Tommy was well versed in that art from boyhood days in Vermont. You hunted in pairs, he told Ross as they set out from camp, one fellow working the top of the ridge while the other kept below the rim just out of sight. This man usually got a good cross shot, for the grouse flew by him on their way to the protection of the valleys below.

"They're almighty foxy, Ross; but they always make for the valleys when flushed; so you below the ridge will have a chance. We'll work it this way: When one gets up, I'll shoot the best I can, and then holler, 'Mark!' He'll come buzzing over the ridge to you, see? You'll get a nice quattering shot—and you bust him, String Bean, or I'll poison your grub!" growled Tommy, ending his lecture in a whimsical burst of fierceness.

The plan worked fine—for Ross! Rock Pear Mountain, behind camp, was a tremendous ridge that rose up steeply, seemingly into the high clouds hurrying overhead. They climbed and climbed, coming out on higher and higher lookouts. Twice big brown birds buzzed out from dusting lairs on the hillside and were gone before a gun could be raised. But at length the two hunters reached the summit and Tommy set off through the oak growth of the ridge, his gun poised for instant use. Below him, out of sight, he left Ross, working along under the cliff parallel to him. Tommy went slowly, for he knew "little man" was having hard going of it. Then a tangle of huckleberry and wild raspberry briars showed up in a little patch ahead. Tommy stopped and ad-

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vanced warily. Grouse loved dried berry haws, and they would be feeding here at this time of day.

Another step—Brrrr!—Brrrr! Two of them! Tommy swung to shoulder, got a fleeting glimpse of vanishing silver-steel wings and a blur of brown bodies hurtling through the tree trunks, and then he caught the second grouse over his sights and pulled trigger. A cloud of smoke obliterated everything. "Mark!" he shouted hoarsely, realizing with a sickening sense of chagrin that he had missed. He belabored himself savagely over it. How he had hoped that this was not going to be an "off day" with him! Still, you never could tell anything about grouse. A mere fraction of a foot in the placing of your charge meant all the difference between hitting and history and missing and mystery! But he had brought Ross here to show him; now it looked as if he himself were going to be the failure!

A second or two of waiting; then, from under the hill—Bang!—Bang! How incredibly fast that midget Southern boy let off both of these barrels! But he couldn't have made a double, you know! It just wasn't done! Not on grouse!

"Got him!" crowed Ross' voice below the ridge.

"Good work!" echoed Tommy loyally. Yes, come to think of it, Kit Carson was a little man, too. "Big Little Man" the Indians called him. Tommy slipped in a fresh shell to replace the one barrel he had been able to fire. Gee, this kid could shoot like a streak! The tendrils of his heart began to reach out to him. He was slow and strong; Ross was light and quick. Opposite attracts opposite; Ross was everything that he was not. Between them they would make a great pair! And a real friend was a jewel, a precious thing; you did not get many of them in life!

Presently Ross came up over the cliff, one of his game pockets bulging! "My turn to be driver, Tawmy," he announced.

"Oh, you take 'em!" urged Tommy.

"We gotta eat, String Bean, and I don't seem to be connecting to-day, somehow." "Shucks, man! You just can't miss 'em down yonder. Right quartering shots, too; go on down—it's your turn, Tawmy!" insisted Ross.

TOMMY set off and was soon picking his way through the jumble of boulders and briars and stunted trees growing out of crevices that marked the first beginnings of the hill below the cliffs. For nearly a mile there was no news from above. He had intended to *Whoopet* thinking that Ross might have wandered away from the crest, when again came that unmistakable *Spank! Spank!* of the Southern boy's gun.

Tommy listened avidly, waiting to fire, watching the cliff rim, his gun half to shoulder. Came a shout of "Mark!—*Yon he comes! Get that one!—hit him!*" and a grouse flew by overhead. He seemed as large as a barrel as he flew out into thin air over the depths of the ravine. His flight was slow, uncertain, wabbly—hard hit, evidently. Tommy bore the tubes on him, took over-confident sight and fire. Nothing happened—missed—again! The grouse flew on, seen a diminishing speck through the haze of smoke. Tommy could have dashed his gun on the rocks in vexation! Dub! Oh, dub! Not to big fellows were always given all things! As a wing shot Ross was proving the giant, this day!

"Did you nail him?" asked the little fellow appearing suddenly on the cliff edge above. "I made a double, but the one that flew out by you was only hard hit."

Tommy looked up admiringly. A double! And on grouse, too! Say, the kid was a whale! Ross was carrying a fresh grouse by one leg and looking expectantly to him for the other.

"Fraid I missed him, old-timer," confessed Tommy sheepishly, "I'm shootin' rotten to-day."

This was awful! In the primitive battle of life for food to be found wanting! Tommy longed ardently for some back-acting mechanism that would let him kick himself satisfactorily.

Ross was looking down at him incredulously. "Missed him! Why man you couldn't have! You could have knocked him over with a basball! Well, we've got to follow him now; never let a wounded bird get away. Did you mark him down?"

"Yes, I marked him down," said Tommy miserably. "bout all I'm good for, I guess! He lit over there on the hill."

Ross rejoined him shortly after: "Cheer up, Tawmy! We all have our misses! Missing things with a shotgun is a darned sight easier than it looks, let me tell you." He comforted the crestfallen Tommy. "Gun doesn't fit you, p'rhaps. Anyone can be a good rifle shot, but pointing a shotgun's a plucky difficult art to learn." He drawled in his soft Southern accent. "These grouse are smart as lightning, too."

But Tommy was not to be cheered up. Ross was doing his best, but there is no



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one thing that a fellow is so sensitive about as failure to hit game or catch fish. It is a humiliation that goes clear back to the roots of our nature, when we were all hunters and fishermen and to be a poor one was a disgrace. With Tommy the thought brought a stubborn rage at himself. He was not envious of Ross; rather he admired him more than ever, in secret. But he put it up to himself to catch up. Doggedly he strode on ahead of his smaller chum, ignoring his short and paunting footsteps, determined to retrieve himself and finish that job of saving his friend's double for him. And this time there would be no miss—or he would throw the gun away and take to stones and clubs!

He crossed the ravine, fighting wrathfully with vines and briars, and then began to climb the hillside. It was covered with thick undergrowth, but he thought he knew where the grouse had marked down, and he halted cautiously before a dense clump, buried in a tangle of creepers and scrub oaks. Tommy crept into the thicket, gun poised at a ready. Came a sudden drumming and a fluttering of wings. Tommy thrilled through and through, for the wounded grouse was getting up, flapping clumsily, slowly, straight away from him. The gun barked out, both barrels, and Tommy saw his bird collapse and drop, to fall out of sight into the underbrush.

With a triumphant growl he rushed after him—his bird, his contribution to the day's hunt, an off day, surely, for him! He fought and tore through the briars, burst through a dense patch of chestnut coppice—and then felt the ground crackling and giving way under him and himself pitching and sprawling headlong into space! Brambles and branches blinded his eyes for an instant; then the dark blue waters of a pool below seemed to be rising swiftly to meet him! A flash of thought shot through his mind as he fell—this was one of Washington's old iron mines, and he had fallen into it himself!

Tommy dropped the gun and instinctively set his palms in the shallow dive position, for a horror of hidden rocks had surged through him during the swift end of that fall. He struck the pool with a huge splash and chill icy waters enveloped him; he could feel them creeping in to his skin through his clothing, through back and neck and legs, while a foam of bubbles surrounded him as he shot to the surface.

His first impulse was to yell lustily for Ross and succor. It seemed hopeless to try to get out. All around him rose the perpendicular walls of the old mine shaft. This one was filled with water; how deep he had no idea, probably a hundred feet. Then he saw the body of his grouse floating on the pool and he swam for it with fierce growls.

"I've got you, anyhow! Now how about getting out?" he grunted savagely, the ire of the big man. He swam to the edge of the wall and yelled for Ross. Came a faint "Coo-ee!"—the hunting cry of the South—in answer. "Little man" was up there, somewhere, hunting for him, puzzled no doubt to locate where the yell had come from.

At sound of Ross' voice a sudden grin revulsion came over Tommy—to be rescued by String Bean, of all fellows! To add this crowning humiliation—how the boys would guff him if they heard of it! It was bad enough to be out-shot; but here skill did not count, what you wanted was strength and lots of it! He shut his mouth grimly, determined to get out of the mine unaided, while a sort of unreasoning dislike for Ross possessed him. Tommy hated to have a fuss made over him; hated to have anyone help him—what if Ross should come and go into a regular kid scene over him!

Out in the forest he could now hear Ross' calls becoming more frequent and more alarmed. It seemed cruel to worry him so, but this was a matter of pride, bodily pride. Tommy looked on his own eleven-inch paw and found it good, very good! It gripped a ledge of the mine shaft at water level—and its mate was just as strong!

Looking up, he shot the fist up out of water and grabbed another ledge three feet above. The strong lean muscles of his arm flexed and drew him up, while his feet sought a toe-hold. The top of the shaft was twenty feet above him, vertically, but the rock surface was stratified and there were projections that could be grasped and used—by the strong! His eyes sought out another ledge; then the right paw rose again and clutched it in an iron grip. Clinging to the straight wall by main strength he climbed, six feet, then ten feet up. Ross' calls were by now wild with anxiety. He shouted, pleaded, begged Tommy in tones that were vibrant with affection, with admiration, the generous admiration of the little man for the big, to answer him, to speak to him.

Tommy grinned sardoniously. There was no doubt of what "little man" felt for him! But he set his teeth grimly. Not till he

was up out of this would he answer. He dreaded to spoil his own admiration for Ross by having him come now, and perhaps do something in attempted heroics that could only excite Tommy's derision. Let him yell,—now! Tommy swung up and gripped fast on another ledge. It was a tiny inadequate thing, would just about fill your hand, but it was enough for those strong fingers! He grinned as his feet found a crack where he could trust part of his weight on them. He was up fifteen feet now; one or two more good holds and he would be out!

"Tommy! Tommy! For God's sake where are you!" he heard Ross calling in anguished tones somewhere in the underbrush above. "Tommy, old pal!"—a crash and a fall sounded; the swish of branches; a wrathful curse; eager runnings to and fro.

Tommy made a sudden lunge with a free hand and gripped a ledge three feet above. He would answer the boy—in a minute. His left hand swung up to consolidate the grip. Only four feet yet to go! There was a root hanging down invitingly, but he dared not trust his weight to it. There was another ledge, solid rock, over to the left, and his arm shifted over to it in a big swing. Then his feet searched for a support—but there was none! Tommy felt a sickening of heart; then a renewed determination. There must be a ledge! There were plenty of them, down there, if he could only see them, find them! How long could his hands hold out? He slipped and scratched savagely with the slippery toes of his cruiser moccasins; tried an ineffectual knee grip, and then hung, breathing hoarsely. To give up and fall now—never!

Then he groaned inwardly, for the bushes parted and Ross stood on the brink opposite, behind him, staring at him with eyes wide with astonishment. Tommy looked around and bared teeth at him wolfishly. Any time, but now! Why, oh why, had the useless little runt arrived—just in time to see him fall! There would be kid heroics, now, he was sure of it—runnings around like a distracted hen, futile offers to help—a mess!

But Ross did not speak. A look of comprehension, of understanding, shot into his eyes. In a flash he seemed to sense the wounded pride of the big fellow; his disdain for any risky attempts to help him by puny muscles that would prove a danger and a delusion to them both if Ross were to do the foolish thing, the childish thing, and try to reach down to him.

Instead Ross cheered and clapped his hands: "Great work, Tommy, old scout!" he whooped. "Left!—Left with that right foot! Now up, two feet with your left—there, you've got it!" he directed.

The hostile snarl disappeared from Tommy's face as his feet sought for and found the safe ledges below. He rested a moment, thankfully, gratefully, his face to the wall. Ross had done the right thing, the sportsmanlike thing, at the right moment and without a second's loss of time, a wasted moment of futile effort. And he had spared him the humiliation of helping him by so much as the lift of a finger. It was a regular fellow that would have the sense to do that!

He drew a long breath, reached up for the thick part of the root above, hauled himself up where he could throw a hand over the brink and grasp a stout sapling—then drew himself out and fell on the bank.

"Thanks, String Bean!" he gasped. Then—and not until then—Ross rushed around the shaft mouth and knelt beside him. "Everything all right, old socks?" he cooed. "Some climb! Just what I'd have wanted to do myself!"

Tommy looked up at him happily: "Ross, you pisen little horned toad!" he growled fondly. "I'd have hated you, if you'd gone and blown up and made a fuss over me! As it is—*shake!*"

Ross grinned delightedly: "Got him, didn't you!" he laughed, pointing to the bulging game pocket in Tommy's wet coat. Then he drew his hunting knife and went off into the bush. A sound of hacking came to Tommy's ears, while he himself set about breaking sticks for a fire, for he was shivering cold. Presently Ross came back with a long slender pole over his shoulder. He sat down and fished a nail out of his pocket after some search.

"Got a dry match?—What you doin', now, String Bean?" asked Tommy affectionately, assembling the firewood while he watched.

"Light her up and dry out," said Ross. "I'm gonn' fishin' for that gun of yours, Mooschide," he explained. "I noticed it lying on bottom as I came around. The lugged pool's not over fifteen feet deep. We'll drop a tree down into the shaft; then I'll be fishing out the gun with this nail driven into the end of the pole, while you build a conflagration and dry out the laundry, hey?"

Tommy let go his heart, then and there!



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BOBBY LEE

HATS for BOYS

The greatest treasure in the world is a friend. Tommy made few of them, for he was wary about it and had been often disappointed. But "little man" was all there! Together they would make a great team! Again he put out his paw, and it closed over the small but efficient one of his pal.

The school wondered why six-foot Tommy and five-foot Ross went to the Head when they got back and demanded rooms together for the rest of the school year. But they had only to look in their histories to find the exact counterpart of it. In Big John Littlejohn and little Will Attwood, the star archer of Sherwood Forest, way back in the times of Robin Hood. And it has been so, always!

Mirza Fateh Khan

(Continued from page 29)

Ritter, Lennox, and Captain Urbain Perault seemed tongue-tied, limb-tied. Then, suddenly, Toussaint Lamotte stepped in. Even as he did so, Mirza Fateh Khan, who had kept his presence of mind, whispered a few rapid words in his ear, and the Frenchman whispered back, quickly, with a fletting laugh.

"Oh—that's what you meant the other day when you said there is always a way through which a weaker man has a chance?"

And, facing the enraged Pedersen, he said aloud, with coldly punctilious French politeness:

"Monsieur—it appears that an insult has been passed—"

"You bet!" Pedersen's eyes blazed like points of ice-blue flame. "And I'll—"

"Wait!" interrupted Lamotte. "No brawls here—no fisticuffs—this is French territory!" He appealed to Captain Perault, an old friend of his. "Am I not right? The customs of France rule here! Between gentlemen, in France, fisticuffs are not permitted. There is always—"

"What?" thundered the Swede.

"The duel!"

"Right!" agreed Captain Perault. "And with a great hellow of laughter—the duel according to the Foreign Legion. I would suggest, since it is the Foreign Legion which is in garrison here!

"Unless—" chimed in Lamotte enthusiastically, wagging his great, black beard insolently at Pedersen—"unless you are afraid of it, *mon ami!*"

THE SWEDE paled a little. He knew what was meant by a duel according to the Foreign Legion. But, in spite of his bullying and blustering, he was not a coward.

"Sure," he agreed, "I am willing—if that little Persian runt is!"

"Well? What do you say?" Lamotte addressed Mirza Fateh Khan.

"Quite willing!" said the latter.

And, later on, when Pedersen had chosen Ritter and Lennox as seconds, while he had taken the two Frenchmen, he asked:

"What exactly is this duel?"

Perault explained. It was a duel quite in keeping with the fantastic, romantic nature of that corps of broken gentlemen from all the world, called the Foreign Legion of France. For it appeared that the two combatants were turned loose at night in about five acres of ground, with a service revolver apiece and a generous supply of ammunition. They were allowed to roam and shoot at will, and there were only two rules, the first being that each of the two contestants should smoke a cigarette, should smoke it continuously, without putting it down, and should light another from the stump of the first, a third, a fourth, and so on, the second that the duel should cease as soon as the first rays of morning boomed above the horizon or the seconds decided that, evidently, one of the two men had been wounded or killed.

"Hard on a youngster like you to smoke so many cigarettes!" smiled Lamotte.

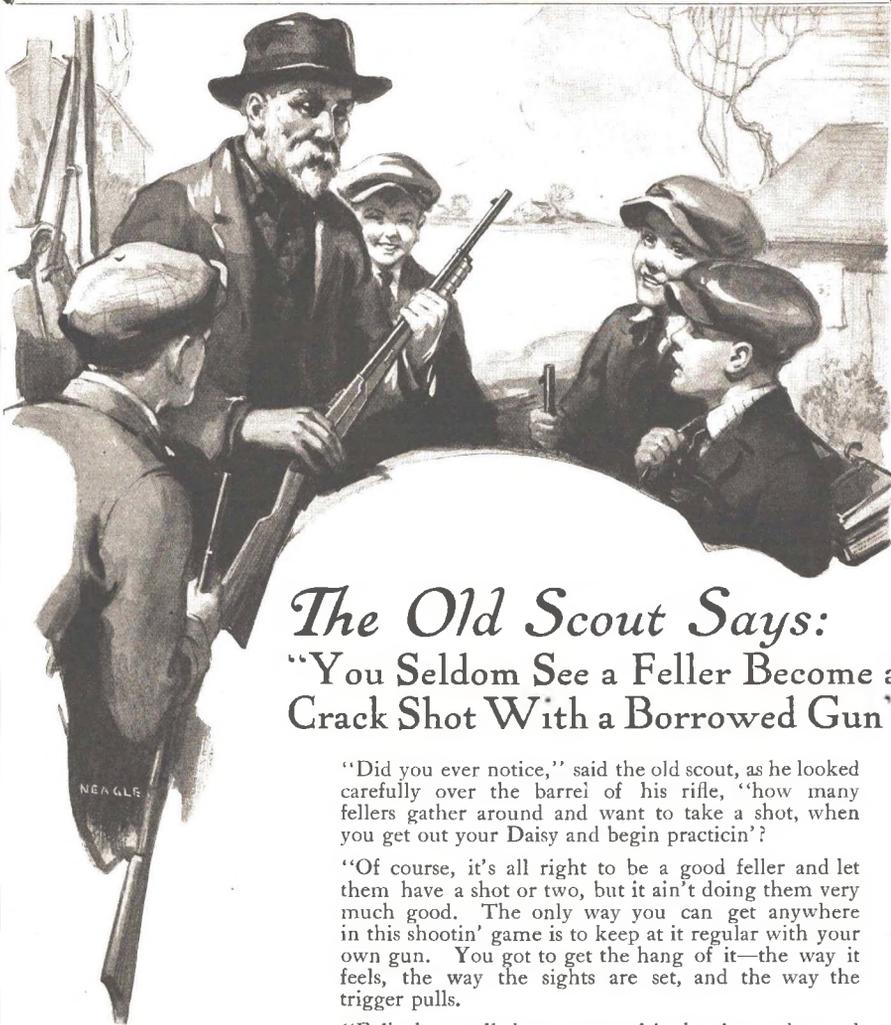
The Persian smiled back. "Don't forget I am a Persian. We Persians smoke almost from the cradle."

"As to the duel itself," chimed in the captain of the Legion, "there is a fairly safe way of escaping with one's hide—and yet sticking to the rules."

Mirza Fateh Khan shook his head. "Don't tell me," he said. "It might spoil my nerve."

"But," exclaimed Toussaint Lamotte—"Ole Pedersen has lived here quite a few years. He is sure to know this trick—sure to use it—"

"That's what convinces me that I don't want to!" laughed Mirza Fateh Khan. "What advantage would there be to me



The Old Scout Says: "You Seldom See a Feller Become a Crack Shot With a Borrowed Gun"

"Did you ever notice," said the old scout, as he looked carefully over the barrel of his rifle, "how many fellers gather around and want to take a shot, when you get out your Daisy and begin practicin'?"

"Of course, it's all right to be a good feller and let them have a shot or two, but it ain't doing them very much good. The only way you can get anywhere in this shootin' game is to keep at it regular with your own gun. You got to get the hang of it—the way it feels, the way the sights are set, and the way the trigger pulls.

"Folks have called me a purty fair shot in my day, and I can still plug a quarter as fur away as I can see it, but I've got to have my own gun and do a little shootin' with it now and then, just to keep my hand in, and see that the old eagle eye is still workin' right.

"Ain't much excuse these days for the boy who keeps on borrowin' the other feller's Daisy. We didn't have no such gun when I was your age to learn to shoot with, and it's certainly surprisin' how you can get such a fine, straight-shootin' rifle as the Daisy for such little money.

"Never mind about those big, high-priced huntin' rifles. You'll be in line for one of them later. Just now, the best gun for any boy to start with is the good old businesslike Daisy.

"Just look at that Daisy Pump Gun. Ever see a purtier lookin' rifle? The boy that owns one of them don't have to take his hat off to nobody. And you don't find any gun that shoots straighter at any price. Millions of men got their first lessons in target shootin' with a Daisy—and some of them turned out to be the finest shots in America. Yes, that's a fact—the records are there."

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Besides making shaving easier, Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream is kind to the skin. It leaves your face feeling smooth and comfortable when your shave is finished.

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Please send me free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. If I like it I will let father try it.

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You can have steel disc wheels on your coaster wagon, just as Dad has on his car. And with over-sized rubber tires, too—sturdy, fat, solid rubber tires which ride easily and as swiftly as a racer.

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The Auto-Cart

Auto-Wheel Coaster Co., Inc.
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if he uses the same method? No, no, no!" he insisted, "don't tell me! I don't want to know!"

LATE the next evening the two duellists, accompanied by their seconds and by Guillaume Henri, an army surgeon, rode far out into the Saharan desert. They pulled up at a hollow, a sancer-like depression, the bottom of a former lake, now dry, and lined all around with stunted scrub oak, aloe, and dwarf acacia.

"Will this place do?" asked Captain Perault, flashing his electric pocket lamp in all directions.

"Perfectly!" agreed the others.

"Good!" and the captain gave to each duelist a revolver, a supply of ammunition, a handful of cigarettes, and a box of matches.

"Are the rules understood, gentlemen?"

"Yes, monsieur le capitaine!"

And the seconds, using their own pocket lamps, led Pedersen and Mirza down to either end of the dry lake bottom.

"Light up, gentlemen!" came Perault's loud-shouted order.

The two combatants obeyed; the seconds withdrew, and Perault boomed out the final order:

"Gentlemen, shoot at will!"

There was a minute's utter silence. Lamotte stared nervously into the purple night. Nothing was visible except the red glow of the two cigarettes, one—the farther one—moving forward slowly, in a zigzag motion, while the other was perfectly still. Perault whispered to Lamotte, and the latter inclined his head. Yes, he said, it was the glow from Mirza's cigarette which was motionless.

"The silly young fool!" exclaimed Captain Perault. "Why didn't he listen to us? I bet he is holding the cigarette in his mouth! He'll be shot through the head!"

Lamotte groaned. "Yes, yes," he agreed, "he will be . . ."

Ping-pong—came two shots, so close together that they seemed like one. And, the next moment, came the cries of a wounded man.

"Stop firing! Stop firing!" shouted Lamotte, and, waving his pocket lamp to right and left, he rushed down the decline, followed by the others.

"Mirza," he called, "my dear, dear boy! Where are you?"

And then he gave a whoop of joy. For Mirza, unhurt, the cigarette still between his lips, the smoking revolver in his right hand, came up to him out of the gloom, while, a short distance away, Ritter and Lennox found Ole Pedersen, cursing and moaning, his right hand smashed by a bullet.

"He'll be in the hospital for at least six weeks," said the army surgeon. "Nothing dangerous, though!"

"WHERE did you hold your cigarette?" asked Toussaint Lamotte as they rode back into camp.

"In my mouth! Of course!" replied Mirza Fateh Khan.

"Your mouth?" echoed the Frenchman.

"Why—your silly young jackass—that's the very thing you should not have done!"

"You refused to listen to me!" joined in the captain of the Legion.

"Well—" Mirza rejoined mildly. "The proof! I am unhurt while Pedersen—"

"A mere matter of chance!" interrupted the captain. "There is only one way of fighting such a duel—and being safe—and that is to hold your cigarette at arm's length away from your body!"

"Yes," smiled Mirza, "that's just what Ole Pedersen figured I would do! He figured, furthermore, that, since I shoot with my right arm, I would hold the cigarette away with my left, and all he would have to do would be to aim about two feet to the right of the glow, and get me through the shoulder or the arm. Well, I did not hold the cigarette away from my body. I held it in my mouth! And so he shot two feet to the right of the glow—and struck the air—"

"But—how did you shoot?"

"I—oh—I shot at the flash of his gun—"

— and he added, almost apologetically—

"I have always been a fair hand at shooting. You see, back home in Persia, when I was quite a little kiddie, we used to have lots of trouble—tribal warfare—and so I've handled revolvers and rifles ever since I was nine years of age—long before I went to school in America!"

And a sort of a twinkle came into his black eyes.

Catty Atkins, Financier

(Continued from page 16)

Catty, and then the man went out. I could hardly wait for him to go before I burst out at Catty.

"Do you mean to say you're going to tell Mr. Toop where Mr. Pawky is?" I asked.

"Haven't made up my mind," says he, "but I think I shall. Anyhow, I shall if he doesn't find him before I get a chance."

"Then," says I, "I just want to tell you that I think you're too low-down to live. You're low-downer than I thought you were. I can't understand it, Catty."

Honest, I felt like belling, but I wouldn't let him see how I felt for a carload of ice cream soda. So I just walked out.

RIGHT THEN and there I made up my mind to one thing, and that was that it wouldn't do Catty any good to tell Mr. Toop where Pawky was, because I was going to rescue him and hide him myself where nobody but I would know where he was. I wouldn't trust anybody, not a living soul. So I started out to plan what I would do and how I would do it. It was pretty hard, because, up to now, Catty had been the one who did the scheming, and I just came in when there was something to do.

Someday I wasn't so much worried about getting Pawky away from Toop and his men, as I was about sneaking him out of Catty's sight without Catty's catching on. I wondered if Catty had any idea what I had in mind, and then I decided it would be best to make believe he knew. If I went about it as if Catty knew what I was trying to do, then it would be all right. If he didn't know I'd get away with it, and if he did know I'd be ready for him.

So I ate my dinner fast and got out our wagon. Out in our yard was a big hog-head that something had been shipped in to Dad. I rolled the hog-head up on some boards and fixed it right at the stern of the wagon as handy as a bug in a rug. I fastened it there with ropes and made a kind of a curtain out of burlap. It was about as neat a job as I ever did. I could sneak Pawky into it as slick as a mouse eating cheese. Then I started down town, driving by back ways and through alleys and hoping all the while I'd get there before Catty was back from his dinner. But I didn't have any luck. I backed up to the office as quiet as I could and then sneaked around to see what I could see. There was

Catty inside sitting by the table as usual at a desk, and he was figuring away at something as though his life depended on it.

I went in and went to the showcase and fiddled around, but I didn't speak to him. He didn't speak to me for a while either, and then he says, "I've got to go up to the hotel. Wee-Wee," says he. "Will you stay here and mind the shop till I come back?"

"Yes," I says kind of short like, and off he went.

"Be sure," he says, "that you don't leave till I come."

"I won't," says I. "Because," he says, "I'm expecting somebody, and if anybody comes, tell them to wait."

I knew he meant Mr. Toop, and I was sore as a boil, and I made up my mind that if that man did come snooping around while I was there I'd put a burr in his ear.

AS soon as Catty got out I went into the back room where Pawky was eating a sandwich with one hand while he tried to fasten a wire onto a jigger with the other. He didn't hear me come in because he was so interested in his job. Every once in a while he'd make a jab at his mouth with the sandwich, and sometimes he'd hit and sometimes he'd miss. Once he got his ear and a couple of times he stabbed his glasses, but it didn't seem to make a bit of difference. He was just as contented one place as another, it seemed.

"Mr. Pawky," says I, "I've come to help you escape."

"Don't bother me," says he. "I'm working out a problem."

"You'll be working out something worse than a problem," says I, "if you don't get your wits about you and gather up your stuff and come along with me. Toop'll have you in half an hour if you don't."

"Where do you want me to go?" says he.

"Where you'll be safe for a while, anyhow," says I.

He kind of sighed and commenced to pack up his trinkets, and finally he was ready. "Now what?" says he.

"I've got a slick way of getting you out of town," says I.

"What is it?" says he.

"Come cautious," says I, "and I'll show you." So I took him to the back door and opened it as stealthy as I could and showed him the hog-head. "There," says I "what d'ye think of that?" (Cont. on page 38)



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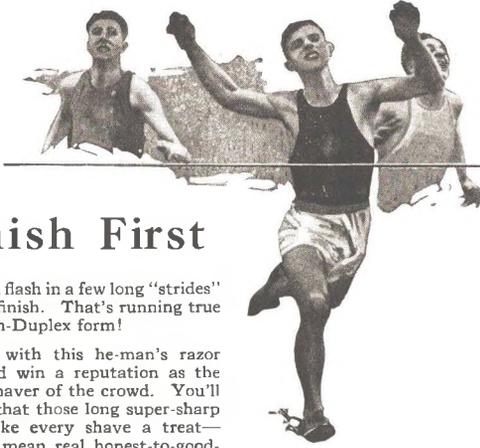
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QUEER how much a good-looking pair of stockings or socks has to do with a fellow's appearance. If they fit right and keep that "new" look, you feel neatly dressed.

About nine out of ten well-dressed fellows wear HOLEPROOF Hosiery. They like the looks and feel of it. And their mothers like the way it wears. It doesn't cost a lot, to start with, and it certainly saves a lot of darning.

Remind the folks that they can get it for you at almost any store, full length or socks (and styles for your sisters, too). It comes in cotton, mercerized lisle, fibre silk and silk.

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"I think," says he, "that it doesn't look very comfortable."

"What did you expect," says I, "a Pullman car?"

"I didn't expect anything," he says, "only to be let alone. Why must I go riding around in dirty barrels? I don't like barrels. I never liked barrels. I never expect to like barrels."

"I'm sorry," says I, kind of sarcastic. "If I'd known you had a prejudice against barrels I'd have fetched a box or a potato sack. But into the barrel you go, just the same. It's not a barrel anyhow—it's a hog'shead, an' there's a lot of room and you can be as comfortable as a worm in an apple. In you go."

I gave him a little punch and he crawled in spluttering all the time and kicking up a row and making more noise than was safe.

"Say," I says, "if you don't keep quiet you'll rouse the whole town, and if you make so much as a squeak after you're in and I start to drive you away, I'll come back and just about step on your sore toe."

"I have no sore toe," he says.

"Then," says I, "I'll give you one. Now be still and wait a minute. Sit and think about something and enjoy yourself."

"I will," says he. "There is an interesting matter which will engage me for an hour."

"Fine. Make it last as long as it can," I told him, "but don't sneeze or cough, or give three cheers or kick the walls." Then I dropped the curtain and went back into the office and sat down.

Nobody came but Catty. He came back in twenty minutes, and as I looked up the street, there, just a ways behind him, came the smaller of the two men Toop had kept spying on us. That kind of interested me, and I looked all around to see what else I could see. Sure enough, about a hundred feet off, trying to hide behind some lilac bushes, was the big man.

"Huh," says I to myself, "business is picking up," and then I went back inside to wait for Catty and to see what would turn up. I was anxious to get away with Pawky, and yet I kind of wanted to hang around in the vicinity to see what was going to happen.

IN CAME CATTY looking like the cat that ate the canary and saying nothing; and hardly had he got inside than in came the big man.

"Mr. Toop'll be here in a minute," says he, "and you better stay right here to see him."

"I'm going to stay here all right," says Catty, "and not because Mr. Toop wants to see me. If it will give you any pleasure you can tell Mr. Toop that this is my place of business and that I stay in it or leave it because I decide I want to."

That sounded more like the old Catty I used to know and I perked up for a second, but then I remembered how he'd turned traitor and I sagged back again to feeling the way I did before.

"Here comes Mr. Toop," says the man. I knew I ought to be getting along about my business about then, but I couldn't bear to leave until I found out what Catty was up to, and what was going to happen. Somehow, even then, I hung onto a kind of a faint hope that Catty had been fooling me, and that the whole rotten business was some sharp scheme of his to get the best of Toop. And so I stayed, but I kept my ear cocked on the back door for any rumpus from Pawky.

Then Mr. Toop came in as pompous as a three-layer cake with pink frosting on top of it, and says right off, as if he owned the place,

"Well, young man, I understand you have something to tell me?"

"Did somebody tell you that?" says Catty, "because if he did, it wasn't the message I sent you."

"What was the message, then?" says Mr. Toop, short and stern.

"It was that if you wanted to talk business to me, why, I'd be here to talk it—and here I am."

"About this man Pawky?"

"What I remember saying was that I didn't admit I ever saw any Pawky. So let's start from there. I'm ready to talk business if you want to, but it's got to be the business I want to talk, and it's got to start from the place I want it to start from. If that's all right with you, why, we'll go ahead. If it isn't all right, then we'll call it a day and no harm done to anybody."

Mr. Toop sort of grinned at that, and it seemed to me he looked kind of admiring at Catty. "Go ahead," says he.

And then the big man spoke up, "Mr. Toop," says he, "I've been keeping an eye on these boys, and I've a first-class idea the man we want isn't many feet from here. Now, if you say so I'll make a search, and then you won't have to take any of this kid's back talk."

Mr. Toop hesitated, and Catty got up and says, "Wee-Wee, will you just step over for your dad and mine? Tell them a

man is forcing his way around our office. Have them come right over."

"There, there," says Mr. Toop, "nobody's going to force anything."

"You can bet nobody is—around here," says Catty.

"Well, what do you want to talk about?" says Mr. Toop.

"I want to talk about stove wood," says Catty.

"Stove wood!"

"That's very thing. You know Wee-Wee and I are in the stove wood business. We sat down and discovered how this town wasn't going to be able to get coal, and we turned to and arranged to supply it with wood. A good, fair, honest business proposition. We had orders all taken for about two thousand cords. Then somebody came in and told this town we were cheats and were overcharging folks and offered to sell wood a lot cheaper than we could. It busted our market and folks cancelled our orders. We think it was a kind of a rotten thing to do. Now, this person has about five hundred cords all cut and ready to deliver. It won't supply the town, but it does mess up our business—and that's what I want to talk about."

"Oh," says Mr. Toop, "that's it, eh?"

"That's it. Now, you claim to be a fair business man, and you've come here to make some kind of a deal with me, and with Wee-Wee. Here's a deal you can make—you can sell me that stove wood, because, after all, it's yours and you furnished all the brains that went into it. I'm not asking you to lose any money, and I'm making you a fair offer. I'll pay you, or your son, whoever owns that wood, four dollars a cord for it. There's the proposition. You may take it or leave it."

"Stove wood is something I'm not interested in," says Mr. Toop. "It was something else you agreed to discuss with me."

"I'll talk about anything you want," says Catty, "after we're through talking stove wood."

"Oh," says Mr. Toop. "So that's it, eh?" He grinned like he was kind of pleased with himself, and I could see in his eyes that he thought he was taking advantage of a boy who didn't know enough to make a real dicker. "If that's all that's standing between us and an understanding, I guess I can arrange about the wood."

"Guessing won't do," says Catty. "Nothing will do but this: You sit down and write out a bill of sale of that wood, and agree to take in payment for it a promissory note from me and Wee-Wee payable in thirty days. Then you deliver that bill of sale and take the note, and then the wood belongs to us. See? When that's done we'll go on and talk about anything in the world that you want to."

"That's easy," says Mr. Toop, and he sat down and wrote out the bill of sale, and Catty made out a note which both of us signed. And that was that.

"Now," says Mr. Toop, "what about Pawky?"

"What about Pawky?" says Catty. "Where is he? Do you know him? Where have you hidden him?"

I WAITED, hoping Catty would turn out to be decent at the last minute, but he didn't. "Sure we know him," he says. "We've had him hidden for a long time, first one place and then another, and it's been a circus fooling these regular detective men you hired to chase us around."

"Where is he now?"

"Catty!" I says, but he paid no attention to me. He just got up and walked to the door and looked down the street and then he came back and looked at Toop and says, "We hid him in the old light-house a spell, and when it got too hot there we decided we'd better have him where we could look after him without dragging food all over the country, so—well, we decided to bring him here."

"Here?" says Mr. Toop.

"Here. Uh-huh. Right under everybody's nose."

I edged toward the door, and made all ready to slip out and jump on the wagon and drive Pawky off as fast as I could go, but Catty went and ruined that. I hated him for it.

"Better stay here," says he to me. "You can't get away with him." Then he turned to Toop and kind of grinned and says, "My partner and I sort of disagreed about telling you where Pawky is, and he figured on stealing him away and hiding him where I wouldn't know. But I guessed he was going to, and when he came ambling through town with a hog'shead on his wagon, all fixed up with a lovely curtain, I knew what was up." He got up and walked to the door again and threw it open. Then he came back. "Well, Mr. Toop," says he, "Mr. Pawky's in our back room there, or else in the hog'shead on Wee-Wee's wagon."

Well, I couldn't believe it until it was actually done. It didn't seem possible Catty could do it. But he'd done it. He'd

done the lowest-down thing I ever heard of anybody doing. I didn't know which way to turn, nor what to say or do.

"You sha'n't have him. You sha'n't take him," says I, and I ran to the door and stood against it. "You dassen't pass me. Don't you dare try it."

The big man grinned and came toward me, and just then a new voice speaks up and says, "What's all the excitement?"

I looked and there was a gentleman in the door—a real, regular gentleman, and you could tell it by the looks of him.

"Help me keep these men out of here," says I.

"What for?" says he, and then he turned to Mr. Toop and says, "Why, how are you, Toop? Glad to see you. Heard you had a summer place up here."

"Winthrop!" says Mr. Toop. "What are you doing here?"

"Ran down on business," says Mr. Winthrop, "some business in connection with a patent. . . . By the way, Catty, where's the inventor?"

Catty grinned, "I calculate," he says, "the inventor's scrooped up in a hogs-head inventing something. He's always inventing. I'll call him in. . . . But wait a second, I want you to meet my partner, Mr. Winthrop. Wee-Wee Moore, this is Mr. Winthrop, the General Attorney for the Universal Electrical Company, the biggest manufacturers of all kinds of electrical things in the world. You'll like Wee-Wee, Mr. Winthrop. You can always depend on him. You sure can. He always does just what you expect of him."

"But—" says Toop. "But—how did you get here?"

"Why," says Mr. Winthrop, "I represent the interests of an inventor named Pawky who has been staying hereabouts. He has an invention my company is much interested in, but I've been induced to represent Mr. Pawky personally. My young friend Atkins here induced me to do it. He seemed to think Mr. Pawky was in danger of not getting a square deal. Hardly seems likely, but that's what Catty thought."

"Catty!" says I, "how does Catty figure in it?"

"Why," says Mr. Winthrop, "he's been writing me letters and telling me all about what happened here. The president of the local bank knew me, or knew about me, and advised Catty to trust me if he had to trust anybody in the electrical business. So Catty and I have got pretty well acquainted. . . . Now, Mr. Toop, was it possible you wanted to see my client?"

Toop didn't say anything.

"Because I'm willing you should," says Mr. Winthrop. "If you can make him a fairer or more satisfactory offer for his invention than the Universal can, I shall advise him to accept it. But I doubt if you can. . . . No, I very much question if you can. . . . Eh? You don't care to see him then? No trouble at all, I assure you. We'll have him right in."

Mr. Toop snorted and made a noise in his chest like he was going to blow up and bust, but he didn't. He just turned and rushed out of the room, and Mr. Winthrop looked after him sort of grave and with his lip curled a little.

"If you always do business on the level, fellows," he said, "you'll never have to make any exits like that. . . . And now, where's my client?"

"Fetch in Pawky," says Catty to me, "and while you're out just look in the big drawer under our popcorn wagon. You'll find a box in there, and I guess you've seen the box before."

I was flabbergasted. Honest, I didn't know what to think, but I went out and told Pawky to go in, and then I went to the popcorn wagon, and there was Pawky's box, the one we had hid in the cave and that Catty had told the man the hiding place of. And then, all of a sudden, I understood. Catty hadn't told anything; all he had done was tell the place where the box used to be. He'd told because he knew the box wasn't there any more. And the reason he knew it wasn't there is because he must have sneaked out, unbeknownst to me, and hid it some place else.

Well, I felt like a ninny, and I didn't dare to even look at Catty when I went back in. But then, I says to myself, how was I to know, and if he wanted to make himself look like a traitor, how could he expect folks not to think he was one?

"Catty," says I, "you've played a low-down trick on me—but, knowing you like I do, I shouldn't ever have believed you could do it. I ought to have known better."

"Don't you worry," says he. "You acted just right, and I'm proud of you. You sure came through with flying colors, and even at the very end you'd have fought those men before you'd have let them through that door. . . . Wee-Wee, you're as good a pal as they make and the kind of a fellow I want to tie to."

Well, that was about the end of that mix-up. Mr. Winthrop and Pawky and Catty and I got together, and they fixed up an agreement, and it was fair and above-

board, so that Mr. Pawky would get what he ought to for his invention. And besides he got a laboratory, all fixed up with everything he needed in the big factory of the Universal Electric Company, where he could go on inventing to his heart's content. . . . It was fine.

As for Catty and me, well, it took a little while for us to get all settled up and our business stowed away, but at last we struck a balance—that's what Catty said it was, and found out how much we'd turned our first fifty dollars into. It sounded pretty good, though it wasn't a million.

The schedule looked about like this:

Summer boarder grocery route, \$ 167.53	
Pop corn, peanuts, etc.	96.09
Mowing lawns (profit)	56.76
Sundries, including rowboat, hardware, show case, dickers etc., etc.	188.48
Stove wood, including 2000 cords sold to the Wood and Coal Company, and a dollar a cord profit on Toop's 500 cords	4,137.67
Total	\$4,646.53

We looked that over and shook hands, and Catty says, "Not so bad, not so bad. If we can make fifty dollars grow into more than four thousand, why, we ought to be able to take our four thousand next year and make it grow into pretty close to half a million."

"Maybe," says I, "but I've had all the finance I want for a spell. I like variety." "I like variety too," says he, "but I like the kind that pays."

And that was like him all over. He liked a lot of things all right, but the thing he liked best was the one where he could scheme out some way of making money, or improving himself or somebody, and of getting ahead in the world. And the joke of it was, he usually managed to do it.

THE END.

How They Got Good Jobs

THE S. S. Gloucester was plowing down from Boston to Norfolk. She was spick and span in new paint and no one would guess that she had been making the run for twenty odd years.

A stateroom door on the promenade deck was fastened open. Swinging like a pendulum, a long brass hook on the inside of the door, used when the passenger wanted to fasten it open just far enough for ventilation, was cutting an arc in the spotless white paint. A deck hand passed but did not notice it. A steward went by but did not see it.

Then down the deck came Captain Hatch, tall, straight, vigorous and alert though gray-haired. Almost without stopping, he caught the hook and placed the point in an eye at the top of the door, which had been put there for that purpose. That stopped the damage. It took about a second and it saved a job of painting. Yes, it saved more than that, for the first blemish on an otherwise perfect vessel is responsible for all sorts of carelessness, neglect, damage and loss that is sure to follow.

A PASSENGER train on the Pennsylvania stopped at a switch. Beside the right of way a farm gate stood open. Most of the crew, after doing whatever they are supposed to do when their train makes an unscheduled stop, sat down on the grass to talk. The conductor swung down from a car. He went straight to the gate and closed it. It took about ten seconds and probably saved somebody's cow, horse, sheep, pigs or mules. It may have saved a claim for damages and a series of law suits that would have cost thousands of dollars. It may even have saved a wreck, a score of human lives and untold suffering.

A TRAIN crew on a freight train discovered that an oil tank car was leaking. They cut the leaky car out, switched it beside an empty but sound tank car and transferred the oil. But the empty tank car had been used for petroleum and the oil they pumped into it was cotton oil, intended for use in food. The mistake cost the company \$11,000.

The same thing, a leak in a tank car, happened on another train. The conductor had the engineer stop at the first water tank and filled the oil tank with water. From there to the place where it was taken care of the car leaked just the same, but it leaked water instead of oil because oil rises on water.

The first two instances I saw myself. The last two seemed so important to a railroad official that he broadcast them and I got them out of the air. They all remind me of the corporation officials who have asked me where they could find men who could see beyond their own noses and do the right little thing at the same time.

What happened to Bill Stevens?

Prize Answer No. 2

Stuart Simpson of Detroit says Bill and Fred had a "mill" that landed them in the Infirmary.



To remind you: Bill Stevens, football star, good student and all-around good fellow, found himself an "outsider" in Daimler College, because he failed to keep clean. Finally something happened that changed Bill's course. What was it?

Here is the answer submitted by Stuart Simpson, aged 14, of Detroit, Mich.:

"Say, Bish, there's Joe. Ain't he supposed to be at History?"

"Search me!"

"Hey, Jo-ee—where ya goin'?"

"Down to the 'Firmary to see Fred and Bill."

"In a fight?"

"Ya. Yesterday was Bill's birthday. Fred gave him

some Ivory Soap and a wash-rag; and Bill beat up on him. Now they're in the 'Firmary. Come along and see 'em."

At the Infirmary the boys found Fred and Bill clapping hands and grinning.

"Boys," Bill announced, "I've been thinking, and I've found that Fred's my best friend, for he told me a thing that was spoiling everything! Gosh! but I feel swell!"

Good for Bill, say we. And good for Fred, too! Any fellow who's willing to risk a licking for doing a friend a good turn is a friend any fellow ought to be mighty glad to have. That sort of friendship takes courage. We congratulate Stuart Simpson on his answer.

Watch next month for Vernon Battman's answer. It's a good one, too.

Meantime, if there's no Ivory Soap in your bathroom, it's time to do something about it.

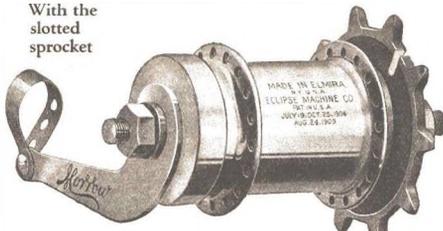
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(Author of "The Boy Craftsman," "The Handy Boy," etc.)

A Radio Cabinet

UNLESS you are a lukewarm radio fan, and few such exist, you will not be satisfied with your set until it is housed in a neatly made, carefully finished cabinet. A cabinet makes a set no more efficient, but keeps it clean, and prevents tampering by curious brothers and sisters. Whether it be a crystal set or a tube set, a



A Crystal Set Cabinet.

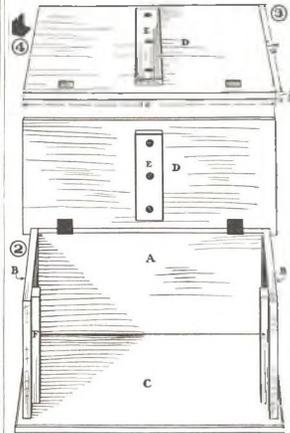
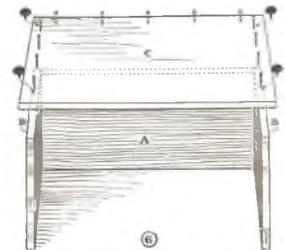


Figure 2 Shows Method of Assembling.

homemade set or one of purchased parts that you hook up yourself, you can house the apparatus in a cabinet, provided the parts are adjustable by dials and switches that can be placed on a panel. The entire set, except batteries of a tube set, can be accommodated in one cabinet. But in enlarging one's set, it is usual to make a separate cabinet for additional amplifying

take stain nicely. However, if you must purchase your material, the quantity required is so small that selected stock will cost little more than a cheaper grade. The panel may be of wood, but insulator material, such as bakelite and formica, is preferable. The highly polished ebony finish matches that of dials and knobs, and the material is easy to work, though it is well to avoid cutting by making the cabinet conform to one of the several stock sizes to be had.

You will see by Fig. 2 that the cabinet is built up of a back board (A) fastened between two end boards (B), that the bottom board (C) projects beyond the sides and ends, and that the cover board (D) is hinged to the back board. Patterns for boards A and B are given in Fig. 5. Boards C and D are of equal size. Cut them of the dimensions given in Fig. 3.



Drive Four Rubber-tipped Tacks Into the Base to Keep It From Scratching Surfaces.

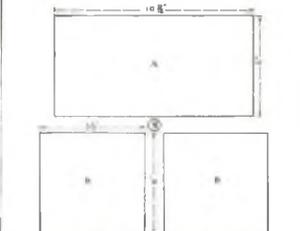


Figure 5 Shows Patterns for Back and Ends.

Notice by the photograph that the upper edges of these boards have levels planed on them. In assembling the cabinet, first nail the end boards to the ends of the back board, then nail the bottom board in place (Fig. 6).

Batten E (Fig. 3) is screwed across the center of the under side of the cover to keep it from warping. Bore holes through the batten strip large enough so the screws will slip through without binding and screw only into the cover board.

Buy a pair of 3/4-inch brass hinges with which to hinge the cover to the cabinet (Fig. 4). These must be set into the edge of the cabinet, and into the under side of the cover (Figs. 2 and 3), and the surfaces must be cut away just enough to admit them. First, fasten the hinges to the cabinet, then, having indicated on the cover where the back of the cabinet will strike, locate the width and length of the hinge

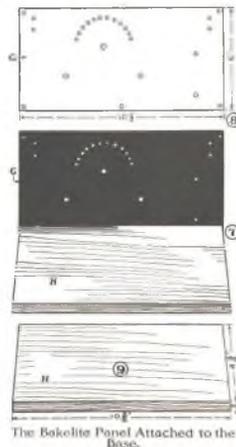
units instead of making an enlarged cabinet to hold all parts.

The photograph shows a crystal set cabinet. The diagrams give dimensions for a cabinet of this form and size. Possibly the parts of your set will require a cabinet of different proportions, possibly your hook-up will call for a different arrangement of dials, knobs, switch points, etc. These matters of detail are easy to alter to suit the parts in hand.

The cabinet can be built of any easily worked wood that you can get. Mahogany, walnut and oak are used for the better sets, birch is used largely in imitation of mahogany, and gumwood in imitation of walnut. One's furniture generally decides the purchaser in the matter of selection of wood and finish. The photograph shows a redwood cabinet stained with a fumed-oak stain. Cypress, pine and whitewood can be worked up easily, also, and will

flaps, and cut away the wood at those points. By laying out and cutting the notches with care, you will have no difficulty in hinging the cover, but the work must be done exactly. Unless you have acquired the knack of putting on hinges, it would be well to practice hinging two pieces of boards together, before hinging the cabinet cover.

The panel (G, Fig. 7) is screwed to the edge of a base board (H). Dimensions for the panel are given in Fig. 8, and for the base in Fig. 9. Notice that the panel is 1-16 inch shorter than the cabinet, and that the base is 1/8 inch shorter than the panel. These are shortened so the set will slide into the cabinet easily. Do not allow



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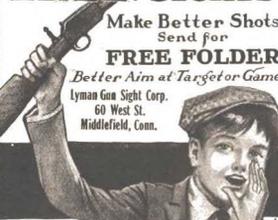
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more than the 1-16 inch for the fitting of the panel, or it will fit too loosely.

Before screwing the panel to its base, locate the holes required for the screws, binding-posts, dials, switch knobs, switch points, etc. Instead of marking the positions for holes upon the panel, cut a piece of cardboard of the same size, and mark the positions upon it. Then, after checking up the positions, and lining up those approximately in the same horizontal and vertical lines, to make a symmetrical appearing panel, use the cardboard for a templet, placing it upon the panel and drilling through the two pieces with a metal drill or wood drill.

It is difficult to start a hole in bakelite or formica with a drill, because of the hard slippery surface, without first denting the surface with a nail and hammer. Try this scheme. Drill through from the side to be turned out, because the under surface will chip around the hole. A good plan adopted by builders of sets is to make a temporary panel of a piece of wallboard shellacked on both sides. Changes in the positions of holes and openings can be made on this, then the corrected positions transferred to the bakelite or formica panel.

The five holes for attaching the panel to the cabinet are made for round head nicked screws. Screws in the lower three holes drive into the panel base, those in the upper corners drive into cleats F on the ends of the cabinet (Fig. 2). Cleats F must be short enough so the panel base will slide under their lower ends, and they must be placed a full 3/4-inch from the front edges so the face of the panel will set in a trifle.

If the cabinet is for a tube set, bore holes through the back for battery connections.

It will depend upon how well you finish the woodwork whether you will have a good looking job or not. The first thing to do is to sand all surfaces thoroughly with No. 00 sandpaper. If you want to finish the wood "in the clear," either give it a coat of boiled linseed-oil, wax it, or shellac it. Use white shellac if you do not want to alter the color. Orange shellac will produce a yellow tone. When the shellac has dried, sand it gently with a piece of fine emery paper, to remove roughness. Probably you will prefer to stain the woodwork. You can buy wood stain in small-size cans at the paint store. You can make stain of oil paint thinned with turpentine. After staining, shellac the surfaces, sandpaper lightly, and apply varnish or wax.

Drive four rubber-tipped tacks into the base of the cabinet (Fig. 6), or glue a piece of felt to the base, to keep it from scratching surfaces that it is placed upon.

The Haymakers' Row

(Continued from page 6)

In the mind of each had risen a wild thought of seizing the team and wagon and driving it on to town, but one glance into the faces of the guards showed their evident willingness to use the chair legs they still held in their hands, and the thought died a-borning.

To the northward, the black mass of the Bear Paws cut a jagged line across the star-studded sky. A light puff of air from the south rustled the leaves of the cottonwoods and fanned the faces of the men, and to their ears was borne the muffled creak and rattle of the wagon returning slowly down the creek to the ranch. The big trouble leader scowled as his eyes sought the trail that vanished into the endless dark. Then, suddenly they fixed upon a rounded black shape that reared high close beside the trail. It was an unfinished stack of hay, the one they had been working on that day.

With a venomous imprecation the man pointed to the hay stack: "We'll make him wish he'd hauled us to town!" he growled. "They's forty ton of hay in that stack if they's a pound. We'll learn the young pup to set men afoot sixty mile from nowhere!"

The others divined his intention. The narrow shouldered man whom Connie had choked into submission offered a protest. "What's forty ton of hay?" he sneered. "Why not make a job of it while we're about it? Might's well git hung fer a sheep as a lamb, as the sayin' goes. What's the matter with slippin' around to their south fields where the hayin's all finished? They's settin' of hay down there, four stacks to the settin', an' a hundred ton to the stack. We kin pair off two an' two, an' burn three of them settin's to one—that'll be twelve hundred ton gone fute!" "That's the idee!" assented the third. "Might's well do a good job."



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I have had one set of Vitalic Tires on the first and only bicycle I ever owned. It was bought in 1917. The tires were on the bike then, and they have never been taken off except when the bicycle was being repaired. I have been over every kind of road—mud, sand, rock, cobble, concrete, and macadam. The best part of this story is that I have never had a puncture. The tires are just beginning to show signs of wear after almost six years of faithful service.

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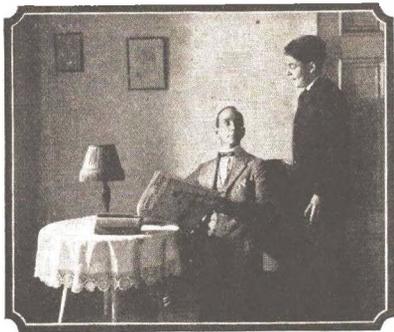
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**VITALIC
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"TOUGHER THAN ELEPHANT HIDE"

ATWATER KENT RADIO EQUIPMENT

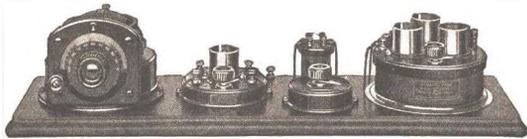


"Look here, Ted. I've been looking at this advertisement of ATWATER KENT radio outfits. You said you were going to get a set. Why don't you get one of these? We've just put in one at the Country Club. It's like this set here, with the Type 11 Tuner, one stage of radio frequency and a Detector 2-stage amplifier.

"Last night, while your mother and I were there, they had the set going with a loud speaker. It's the best-looking set I ever saw; all open so you can see just what you're doing. We heard Atlanta and Pittsburgh and Chicago and then we heard Havana. You know that's about 1500 miles away, but it was as clear as a bell.

"I asked Mr. Marsh about it, and he said he bought the ATWATER KENT set because it was the best he could find at any price and cost a lot less than some.

"Let's send and ask for the folder they talk about here, and then we can get the set we want. Get me some paper and we'll send the letter right away."



This is the set they had at the Country Club, Type 11 Tuner, one stage of radio frequency amplification and a Detector 2-stage audio frequency amplifier. There are several other sets, and lots of parts from which you can build your own set. They are all shown in the illustrated folder. Send for it.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4932 STENTON AVENUE Radio Dept. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Yes," sneered the big man, "and where'd you go when you done it? They ain't none of us knows the country well enough to ever git out of them fences in the dark."

"The bad lands is south an' east," countered the narrow shouldered man. "We could hit fer the bad lands."

"Yes, an' then what?" taunted the big man. "Afoot in the bad lands with nothin' to eat, an' nothin' to drink! If we didn't curl up an' die in two days' time, we'd be crawlin' out of there on our bellies a-beggin' 'em to come an' hang us to put us out of our misery. An' believe me, if we git caught it's a tight necktie an' a cottonwood limb for us! No sir! I ain't agoin' to git fer off this trail! They can't see this stack from the ranch, nobow, an' we'll have all night to git away in. They won't know it's burnt till mornin', an' by that time we'll be a long ways off. It ain't like as if the cowboys was home. They can't foller us, cause they ain't none of them hay hands kin ride a horse no more'n what we kin. An' besides they got so much hay down that they can't afford to stop havin' to chase us. Even if they did, we could see 'em fore they seen us, an' hide till they got past. Course, I wish this here was a big settin', like them below, but losin' forty ton, with hay figgered around twenty dollars a ton, will make it cost him dear fer not 'haulin' us to town. Come on!"

THE big man started for the fence and the two I. W. Ws. followed at his heels, but the other three men held back. With a hand on the barbed wire, the big man glanced over his shoulder, then he turned and strode wrathfully back to the trail. "What's ailin' youse?" he asked, truculently. "Youse is in on this here party, same as us! Come on. We're all in the same boat."

"We don't aim to burn no hay," replied one of the men, looking the leader squarely in the eye.

"Oh, you don't, ch?" sneered the big man. "An' what do you aim to do? Didn't you say you was goin' to join up with us the first chance you got? What do you expect to do—lay around an' let someone else do the work, an' you git the benefits of it? That don't go with us."

"An' burnin' up a man's property don't go with us, neither," retorted the man. "I ain't no criminal!"

"Oh, you ain't!" sneered the other. "An' you want to belong! Well, we ain't got no Sunday School section in the organization. We go after a thing to git it. If we can't git it one way, we git it another. The only way fer labor to force its demands on capital is to terrorize capital into grantin' the demands." The man rattled the sentence off glibly; it was one he had memorized.

"An' the way to terrorize capital is to destroy property," he continued.

"I'm glad I found out before I joined up," replied the other. "I thought it was just a sort of union that took in unskilled labor."

"That's just exactly what we be! A union—only we don't fool around arbitratin'. Strike at capital's dollars, an' you bring it wallerin' to its knees."

"Blame sight too radical fer me!" exclaimed the man. "You go your way, an' we'll go ourn."

"But, youse already throw'd in with us! Didn't you fight on our side in the bunk-house?"

"Fair fightin', with the odds about even's one thing, an' hay-burnin' in the night is somethin' else. An' besides, I didn't know what kind of an outfit you was. You got us kicked out of a good job with your talkin', but you can't talk us into burnin' no haystack!"

The big man turned to the two who stood at the man's side. "How about youse?" he asked glaring into their faces.

"I think the same as him," answered one. "I'm skeert," added the man who had told Connie he didn't want to quit. "I'm skeert to help burn the hay, an' I'm skeert not to."

The big man laughed, nastily. "You better be more skeert not to," he said. "We'll all git the blame of it, anyhow. But, if you throw in with us, they'll be four agin' two, an' if we git caught we kin lay it on them two pardners of yourn. If we split three an' three, we all git it."

"I don't want to burn no hay," whimpered the man, "but, I'm skeert."

"Suit yourself," replied the big man, indifferently, and turned to join his two companions who waited beside the fence.

"I'll go! Wait! I'll go long! If us four all sticks together, we kin lay it on them two." He joined the three who were already crawling through the wire fence.

"Light her at both ends, an' in the middle," ordered the big man, as he made for the farther end of the stack. The two in the road waited, undecided which way to turn. "What'll we do?" asked one.

"I ain't agoin' to run," said the other. "I ain't got nuthin' to run fer. Let them that does the burnin' do the burnin'."

"But, s'pose they see the fire, an' come

up an' ketch us?"

"It won't look so bad if we don't run, as if we do— A bright tongue of flame shot upwards at a corner of the stack, and another from an opposite corner. By the light of the flames, the two men saw two of the I. W. Ws. straighten up, and step back from the fire. The next instant at the outer rim of the fire light, they caught a blur of swiftly moving forms.

ACRY of terror reached their ears. The flames were bright, now, and by their light, they saw a rope shoot out, and one of the I. W. Ws. was jerked clear off his feet, and fell violently to the ground. A form ran toward them shrieking in fright, and they recognized the "skeert" man. He, too, was jerked to the ground before he had run twenty feet. A shower of sparks shot upward, as one of the flame spots dimmed. A form rushed toward them stopping at the fence. "Come on, boys! Help fight fire!"

The speaker was Connie Morgan and instantly the two men were at his side. It was but the work of a moment to crawl toward the fence. As they ran toward the stack they pulled off their coats, and a moment later were working furiously beside men in high-heeled boots and chaps, beating down the flames with their coats while others tore at the stack with pitch forks. In a few moments the fire was subdued, and the last spark beaten out. Two lanterns were lighted and by their light the men grouped themselves about the four forms that lay on the ground tightly bound with lariat ropes.

"Come on," said one of the two men who had refused to help fire the stack. "There ain't nothin' more fer us to do here. We'll be goin'."

"Don't let them two git away!" roared the big I. W. W. "They was into it, same as us. They was the lookouts!"

Connie Morgan laughed. "Hold on, boys!" he called, "how about going back on the job?"

The men turned and faced him. "We was in the fight in the bunk-house, all right," answered the one. "An' you told him," he indicated the "skeert" man, who was whimpering and moaning upon the ground, "that was too late to go back to work. That he'd ort to made up his mind before the fight!"

"Well," answered Connie, "I've had time to change my mind since. You see, we figured about what would happen up here when we turned these scoundrels loose, and we sort of got ready for it. The boys got in off the range to-night, and they rode out here and surrounded the stack while I was paying you off. Then I followed along behind the wagon to see the fun, and instead of going back with the wagon I slipped in behind that hay covek over there, and so I couldn't help hearing what you fellows were talking about. I guess you know this 'union' they're harping about as well as I do now. Back there in the bunk-house you thought they were right. I like to see a man willing to fight fer what he really believes to be right. I need men like that. As long as I'm running the Round Seven, you two have got a job—that is if you want to come back."

"I'll say I do!" exclaimed the man, quickly. "It's the best blamed outfit I ever worked fer."

"How about you?" asked Connie, turning to the other.

"I think the same as him," answered the man.

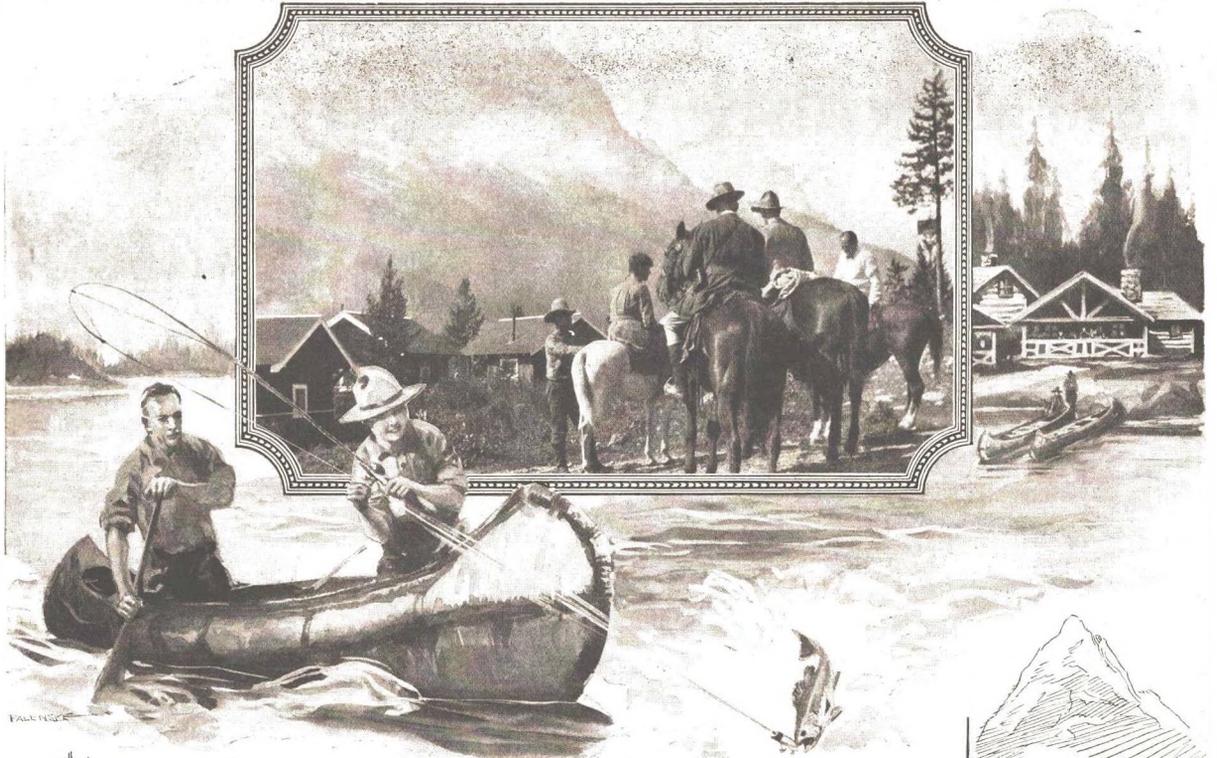
CONNIE gave a loud whistle, and presently the sound of creaking and the rattle of wheels announced the approach of the wagon. Tightly bound, the three I. W. Ws. were loaded in, and as the boys were about to load the man who had joined them at the last moment, Connie stepped forward and threw the rope off him. The man rose trembling to his feet and stood looking fearfully from one to another. No one paid him the slightest attention, and the boy turned to the others: "Come on, boys! Let's be getting back. I expect the cook has got that grub ready by this time."

The cowboys mounted their horses, and the others climbed into the wagon.

"How about me?" piped the man who had been released from his bonds. "Ain't you goin' to take me along?"

"Not you," answered the boy, "I've got no use fer you, kind, whatever. Why, you're not even worth arrestin'!"

The cowboys started their horses, and the wagon followed the cowboys, and as it threaded its way through the cottonwoods that bordered the trail down the creek, a wailing cry was borne to the ears of the riders: "I'm skeert all alone in the dark! I'm skeert!" and then the sound was drowned in the rush of water about the wheels as the wagon crossed at the ford. And as they emerged on the other side another sound came to them. It was the long cry of the cook: "Come on an' cat it or I'll throw it a-w-a-y!"



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to scratch and hunt for the chick feed. From the fourth to the eighth week, we keep a dry mash before them all the time in self feeding hoppers, for they will not eat this as greedily as they do the soft mash. Give them all the fresh green stuff they will eat at noon. Young alfalfa and clover leaves are good. If you have neither, use the green sprouts of oats.

The dry mash is the same as that used at the New Jersey Experiment Station, and is composed of the following grains: Wheat bran, 50 pounds; gluten feed, 10 pounds; cornmeal, 10 pounds; ground oats, 10 pounds; meat scraps, 10 pounds; dry ground bone, 10 pounds.

I wish to call special attention to the great value of sour skim milk in baby chick feeding. Sour milk is very palatable, it also contains much food value in its casein, which is a form of protein nitrogen. The greatest benefit, however, lies in its disinfecting qualities. The lactic acid present kills and prevents the multiplication of intestinal bacteria. White diarrhea is one of the most dangerous of these forms. In order to get the greatest benefit from sour skim milk it should be given the youngsters to drink from the very first day, being given in a closed vacuum fountain, so that the chicks cannot get their feathers soiled with it. It should be changed daily and the vessel kept perfectly clean.

The Secret of the Bunt

(Continued from page 14)

breaking up the hit and run play. Eddie Collins, for years the premier second baseman of the American League, is a case in point. Collins does not leave his position until after the ball and bat meet. By staying in his place, instead of starting for second with the runner, Collins is ready to field the ball if it comes his way and if the batter misses it he still manages to get to second in time to take the throw.

Everett Scott, one of the great shortstops of the game and the player who holds the record for playing in consecutive games, also guards against the hit and run by starting late in the bag. He does not wait as long as Collins does, but he is exceptionally fast at reversing his course. If, after he has started, the ball is hit toward short, Scott can still go back and get the ball. Hans Wagner, probably the greatest shortstop of all time, made the play the same way while Napoleon Lajoie, a "king" among second basemen, did it like Collins.

Amateur players like to swing at the ball. There is a thrill to clouting a ball that nobody outgrows. But, a bunted ball, rolling 20 feet, is often much more effective than a hard hit ball, traveling more than 200 feet. The bunt, in brief, is the most effective single weapon of baseball attack.

Why Fielders Dread Bunts

WHEN Walter Johnson, greatest of American League pitchers, came to the major leagues from the farm lands of Idaho, he showed the fastest fast ball that has ever been pitched across an American League plate. It was a fast ball that carried a natural break and the batsmen could not hit it. So they launched a bunting attack upon Johnson. That is the usual procedure in the major leagues when batsmen face a new pitcher, particularly if he is unhitatable. As soon as they started bunting the ball Johnson became lost. The bunt was a new experience for him. He did not know how to field it and the bunt beat Johnson. But it did not beat him for long. He practiced fielding bunts for a few hours each day and soon he became an expert in handling them.

Some pitchers never really get the knack of fielding bunts. The hardest fielding chance that comes to the infield is a slow rolling or slow bounding ball. Most of the errors come on what to the average spectator seems to be the easiest of all chances. A pitcher rushes at a bunted ball; frequently he hurries too much. He has to reach to the ground for the ball and quite likely he reaches too far or not far enough, losing a fraction of a second in recovering it. He has to throw quickly and when off balance; pitchers like to take their time.

As a result, the pitcher probably throws wildly. He becomes unnerved, he loses his poise and his control. To get back his control he throws "straight" balls, and with but one object in mind—to put over a strike. The batter suddenly finds that the pitcher who has fooled him all afternoon is easy to hit. In this way, by a simple bunt, many pitchers' duels have been decided. There you have cause and effect of one of the most deadly weapons in baseball—the bunt.

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It is a regular feature of batting practice. A team to have a versatile attack must know how to use it.

The most common use of the bunt is in the sacrifice play. With a runner on first, or a runner on first and second and usually with none out, the batter will bunt the ball or, as players say, "dump it" or "lay it down." With a runner on second the batsman tries to bunt the ball toward third. The object is, of course, to bring the third baseman in and give the runner a chance to advance. With a runner at first only, the batsman tries to bunt the ball either to first or third.

If, by means of the bunt, a runner can be advanced to second, he has a chance of scoring on a single, a chance that he would not have if he were on first. If he can be advanced to third he can score on a fly ball, an error, a slow infield play or a safe hit.

All good batsmen, particularly the "chop" or scientific hitters, use the bunt to cross up the infield. Take the case of Babe Ruth, king of all sluggers. Ruth once was known as the man who insisted on taking his full swing. He went along piling up home run records.

Season before last Ruth suddenly choked his bat, as the pitcher released the ball, and dumped the ball toward third. The third baseman, playing far back, on the left field grass, was startled at the sudden procedure and, naturally, did not reach the ball in time to put Ruth out.

The giant slugger had discovered that it was simpler for him to bunt. Since he hit a ball harder than anybody in baseball, the infielders played ten feet farther back for him—thus it was next to impossible for them to field a bunted ball.

Ruth had them "going and coming." If they played in for a bunt, he would drive the ball hard; a hard-hit grounder from Ruth's bat is too hot for an infielder playing his natural position to handle. Ruth's bunting gave him added hits.

Cobb, Speaker, Sisler, Collins and others owe much of their batting ability to bunting. They mix up their attack. They make it impossible for infielders to guess and prepare for what they are going to do. The infielder never knows whether these men will bunt the ball or drive it—consequently the batsman has a big advantage. Do what these men do, learn to bunt the ball, and you will fatten your batting average.

Often, with one out, a batter will bunt. With men on bases and one out and a weak batter up, it is generally good policy to have him bunt. This prevents him hitting into a double play. Also, there is always the chance of the play being such a surprise to the infield that the batter will reach first safely and be credited with a single.

If you are in a batting slump the bunt often gets you out of it. Good batsmen, in the same fix, resort to it. They keep on bunting, frequently, until they feel that they have changed their luck. It is necessary to choke the bat to bunt. Batters do not grip the bat in the same way when they try to drive the ball. Changing your hold on the bat often lifts you out of a slump. Nearly all good batters, to break a slump, try a different hold.

Defense against the bunt varies with individual players. I will tell you how some of them have guarded against it in the past.

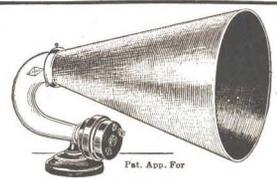
Hal Chase, greatest fielding first sacker the game has produced, had no equal when it came to handling bunted balls. If he thought the batsman planned to bunt the ball Chase would dash to the plate with the pitch. I have seen him within fifteen feet from the plate when the batter tapped the ball. Chase could always get it. And, getting it, he would throw to second or third for a forceout. With Chase playing first base the third baseman did not have to come in for a bunt. He stuck to the bag while Chase got the ball.

It is usual for both the first baseman and third baseman to start toward the plate when a bunt is expected. The second baseman moves over and covers first while the shortstop covers second. Third base is left unoccupied.

This is the usual defense against the bunt. With third baseman and first baseman sprinting toward the plate, both off balance and neither in position to stop a hard grounder, I have never been able to figure out why more batters do not smash the ball. Hitting the ball hard, under these circumstances, would mean a certain single.

Some ball players say that they don't have time to switch. Carl Mays, pitcher for the New York Yankees, has his own defense against the bunt. Mays is a good fielder and when he concludes that the batter intends to bunt he "lays the ball in" or "grooves it." He makes it easy for the batter to bunt. But, as soon as he releases the ball he starts toward the plate and he fields the bunted ball. More frequently than not he has time to force the runner at second or third.

The sacrifice bunt, for such it is, has its



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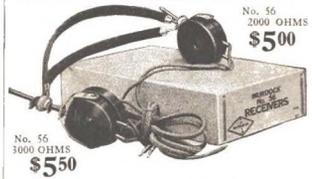
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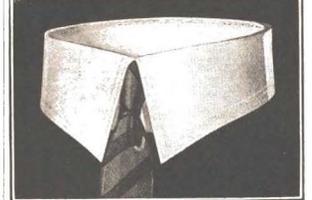
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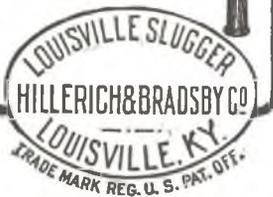
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greatest value with runners on first and second and none out. Moving these two runners up a base with a bunt, gives the attacking team an immense advantage in a close game.

Strangely enough, the best defense against this play was found in the minor leagues and as yet has not been copied in the major leagues. Two infielders on the San Francisco club, Caveny, a shortstop, and Kamm, third baseman, work it like this: With first and second occupied, the batter naturally would direct his bunt toward third. In this situation the San Francisco pitcher "lays the ball in," thus making sure that the batsman will bunt. As the pitcher winds up, the shortstop starts for third and the third baseman sprints toward the plate, while the first baseman also comes in. So does the pitcher. Three fielders are closing around the batsman and by the time he bunts the ball Caveny, the shortstop, is on third. Whoever gets the ball throws to Caveny for a forceout. Frequently Caveny has time to double the other runner at second.

The general rule in professional baseball, however, is to permit the batter to bunt, then make the play at first. Only when the ball rolls fast, as bunted balls sometimes do, and rolls directly at the fielder, does the bunt result in a forceout. Players do not like to try for force plays since to do so they must throw hurriedly, and usually from a difficult angle and off balance with the result that they frequently throw badly and two runners are safe instead of one being retired.

Interwoven with the hit and run and the bunt is the squeeze play, also worked by means of the bunt. It is, however, strictly a scoring play, and probably the most hazardous play in baseball. It has remarkable effect if it succeeds and is all too frequently disastrous if it fails.

The play ordinarily is used in close games with a runner on third and none or one man out. The batsman flashes a hit and run signal and, as in the hit and run, the runner or runners start with the pitch. The batsman bunts the ball in any direction and the runner from third, with his flying start, crosses the plate before an infielder can throw him out. The squeeze is a certain scoring play when the batsman bunts but quite often the batter misses the ball. In that case the runner is caught "flat-footed" between third and home. He is too near the plate to reverse himself and get back to third. The play is not tried often because, with a runner on third, there is the quadruple possibility of an infield error, a slow hit grounder, a fly ball or a safe hit—four chances on which the runner can score. When the play does go through it weakens the morale of the opposing team.

The Philadelphia Athletics, during the days when they were winning world's championships, worked this squeeze play frequently. Also, they used the double squeeze. The double squeeze brought an additional runner to the plate and was used when Philadelphia had second and third occupied with none or one out. Both runners started with the pitch. If the batter bunted the first runner would cross the plate and the second man also, since the fielder, not expecting more than one to attempt to score, would throw leisurely to first base.

There is great value to the squeeze play, not only because it scores a run if worked successfully but because it lends variety to a team's attack. The secret of successful offense in baseball lies in variety. Just as the bunt is valuable to a batter because it leaves the infielders undecided as to what his intentions are so the bunt, used in the squeeze play, makes the opposing team uncertain about its defense. It upsets the opposition. Its greatest value is in its general effect not in the actual scoring result.

If you will learn these three plays you will greatly strengthen your attack. Now, at the beginning of the season, is the time to practice them. Work on the hit and run play, the bunt and the squeeze play. If you practice long and hard enough, it is certain you will master them. Once perfected, they will make your team a feared one.

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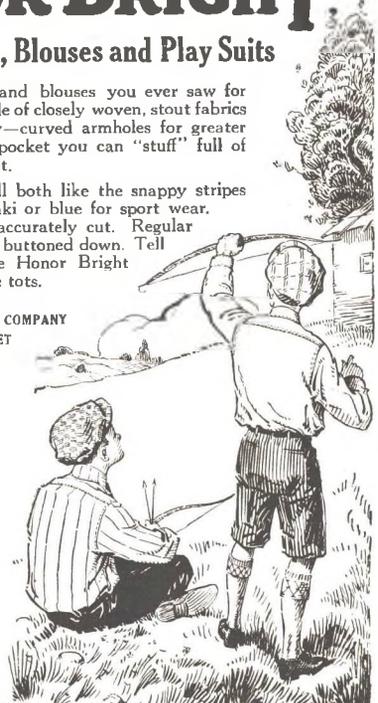
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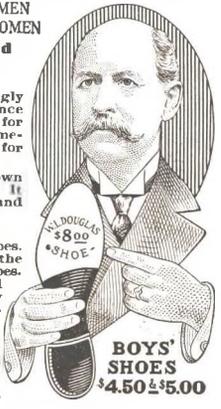
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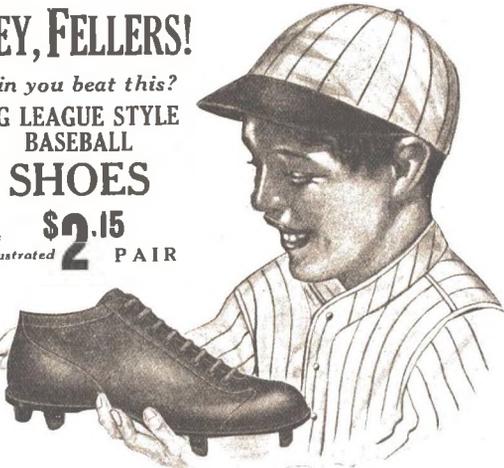


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Jibby and the Liver Coffee

(Continued from page 18)

you can't get one hundred boys and girls to dig dandelions. You can't get one boy or girl in this whole town to dig dandelions!"

"Of course, I don't know the Riverbank folks very well," Jibby said seriously, "but I think I can do it. Yes, I do think so."

"How?" we asked him. "How will you make them dig dandelions?"
"With my coffee grinder," Jibby said.
Well, that was almost too much! I have as much faith in Jibby Jones as anyone has, and I had seen him do things we thought no one could ever do, but it did sound as if he was talking nonsense when he pretended he could make Riverbank kids dig dandelions with a coffee grinder.

"Are you going to turn it into a plow?" Skippy Root asked.
"Jibby looked at him as if he was surprised."

"Why, no," he said. "The folks wouldn't want us to plow up their lawns, would they? And I wouldn't know how to turn a coffee mill into a plow. I'm going to set up the coffee mill and run it."

"For the land's sake!" Tad exclaimed. "Run a coffee mill to make a hundred kids dig dandelions? What ever gave you that crazy idea?"

"The dictionary," Jibby said.
"The dictionary?"

"Yes. My father always says that when a man don't know enough about a thing to think about it properly he ought to look it up in a dictionary or an encyclopaedia, so I looked up 'dandelions' in the dictionary," Jibby said, "and the dictionary says the dandelion is a well known plant, *Taraxacum officinale*, of the natural order *Compositae*, having a naked fistulous scape with one large bright yellow flower, and a tapering, milky, perennial root. It is found under several forms over the whole of Europe, central and northern Asia, and—"

"And our front yard," said Wampus.
"Mostly in our front yard."

"The root," said Jibby, paying no attention to Wampus, "has been used as a substitute for coffee."

"Oh, you coffee mill!" laughed Wampus.
"The dandelion," said Jibby, quoting from his dictionary, "acts as an aperient and tonic and is esteemed as a remedy in affections of the liver."

"So all we need," teased Tad, "is an affectionate liver."
"Affection of the liver" means sickness of the liver," Jibby explained without even a sign of a smile. "It means that dandelion is good for sick livers."

"Well," laughed Tad, "that ought to make the kids in this town dig dandelions. I'll say. We'll just go up to a boy and say 'Say, kid! The dandelion has a naked fistulous scape and is good for the liver—go and dig a couple of tons!' and they'll be crazy to. I can see them rushing off to dig."

Old Jibby looked at Tad through his shell rimmed spectacles.

"I'm afraid you don't seem to take me seriously, Theodore," he said.
"I'm not afraid I don't," Wampus interrupted, "I know I don't."

Well, it was eating time then and we had to scatter home and we did not think much about Jibby and his old coffee grinder and the dandelions the next day, except to talk fun about them, but the next day after that, at noon, my father said:

"George, I wish you had some of the business spirit of this lanky Jones boy. He came to my office this morning before school and made a contract with me to clear the lawn of dandelions."

"Ten for a cent?" I asked, looking up from my fried potatoes.
"Exactly that," said my father. "And I understand he has contracted to clean all the lawns in this end of town at the same price."

"Is that so?" I said. "When does he begin?"

"Soon," said my father. "He would not set a date, but he said his men would be on the job soon."

"Maybe!" I laughed. "Maybe so!"
"You don't think he can get boys to dig dandelions, son?" my father asked. "Well, I'm not so sure, myself, that he can."

on drove up with about forty-seven empty boxes—canned tomato boxes and soap boxes and all kinds. The grocery man tossed the boxes over the fence and went away, and the two small boys asked what we were doing. They asked what the coffee grinder was and what the boxes were.

"Never you mind!" Jibby said, and went right on doing what he was doing, which was making four or six signs on cardboard. Some of them said, "3 Cents a Pound Paid for Dandelions, root and leaves," and the others said "For Sale Here—Jibby Jones's Home-Made Liver Coffee; made from choice selected Riverbank dandelions."

"What you doing? What you going to do?" the two small boys coaxed, and Jibby looked at them sternly.

"I'm going to manufacture Liver-coffee out of dandelion roots," Jibby said. "This is the factory and this is the machine to grind the roots in."

"Do you pay real money for dandelions?" the boy asked.

"Yes, I do!" Jibby said. "That's what the sign says, don't it?"

"He buys dandelions," one boy said to the other, and that boy was certainly a surprised boy. He had never heard of anyone buying anything that was so plentiful as dandelions and so easy to find. Why, there were whole fortunes in dandelions scattered everywhere!

"Can we sell dandelions to you, if we dig some?" the boy asked.

"Yes, you can," Jibby said. "I want to keep this liver-coffee mill grinding steady and regular; I want to fill all these boxes and a lot more with liver-coffee. Here—" he said to me, "—you go and get a few pails of water to wash the roots in. Tad, you help Wampus pile those boxes. Skippy, you take this crayon and make a sign—say 'Dandelion makes an excellent substitute for coffee. Dandelion is an aperient and tonic and good in affections of the liver.' Here's two dollars in change; we pay three cents a pound for all dandelions, but they must come from our own contracted lawns. I've got to hunt up our scale. Don't buy over five hundred pounds to-day."

Jibby hustled off to find the scale and I twirled the handle of the coffee grinder a couple of times, and in a few minutes there were twenty small boys and girls and some our own size peering into the yard, and by the time Jibby returned with the scales they were asking where they could dig dandelions.

JIBBY told them, and they scooted away to get to work, and more and more boys and girls came hurrying to find out if it was true that somebody was really willing to buy dandelions for cash. Before night he had more than one hundred dandelion diggers on the job.

"I thought maybe it would work that way," Jibby drawled, "because folk like to sell things and they don't often like to work at a digging job. When you work at a digging job you look to see how many more you have to dig, and it makes you tired, but when you are selling things you look to see how many more there are, and it makes you glad." Well, it was a fact! I had hated to think of digging dandelions at ten for a cent but I found myself thinking I would put in a little time digging a few to sell to Jibby Jones! But Jibby would not have me dig dandelions.

"I need you to weigh and grind and wash," he said. "People ought to begin to come here for dandelion greens soon, and somebody will have to handle that part of the affair. And if we get these boxes filled with ground dandelion root some of us will have to empty the boxes in the barn or somewhere until the dandelion season is over and we can dump the worthless stuff somewhere out of the road."

Well, we kept that old coffee grinder pretty busy, you can bet! It did look like a real factory, with some of us weighing dandelions and paying the diggers, and some of us washing the dandelions, and some of us cutting off the roots and assorting the tops, and some of us grinding and shifting the boxes. In almost no time the three hundred diggers had all the contracted lawns cleaned out and Jibby had to make new contracts. Of course, the kids could work only after school, but we averaged about five hundred pounds of dandelion a day—a profit of about twenty dollars for every day.

About a week and a half after the liver-coffee started, an old man came up to the fence and looked over.

"Hello!" he said; "you have a liver-coffee factory here, haven't you? Joe Hentz, he told me so, but I couldn't hardly believe him. How much a pound do you charge for it?"

OF course, as soon as school was out that afternoon, we got at Jibby but he was not excited or hurried or worried, as a fellow with a lot of dandelion contracts should be. He did not rush around asking kids to come and dig dandelions. He walked up the hill with us, and up to his home, and when we got there he asked us to help him put the old coffee grinder in the side yard. We carried it to where he thought he wanted it and helped him set it up on a solid block of wood, and just as we got it up a couple of small boys poked their faces between the pickets of the fence and Mr. Beasley's grocery wag-

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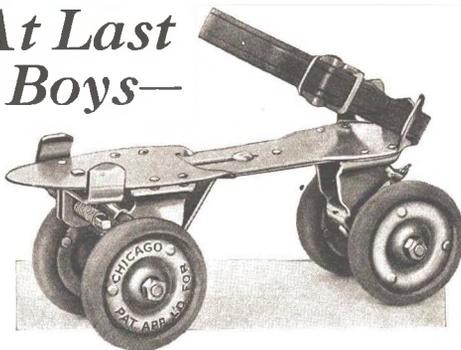
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Jack-Without-a-Roof

(Continued from page 22)

Chant-en-feu. Father Bernard and Henri were to hasten at once to the exit by the Gallows Elm, returning to report whether or no the way was open. It was quite dark. They had no lantern. The old man held out his arms, and bade his son accept his last embrace. They could hear the murmuring of voices in the distance, as the Blues cautiously advanced.

In a little while, my lord, and the village blacksmith stood alone, the one with a sword, the other with a hammer. Henri and the priest hurried on their way. The boy's cheeks were wet with tears. At their heels Jean Court-toujours dragged himself, limping in the greatest pain, and yet refusing assistance. The other two—one of whom was the spy, La Chau—waited in a central chamber, ready to support the marquis and Chant-en-feu, or to make good their escape.

Henri de Savenay was the first to reach the slab of stone that lay in the thickets by the Gallows Elm upon the road of Tremontines. Ascending the steps, the boy came forth into the light of the moon. So bright was this, that accustomed as his eyes were to the pitch-blackness of the tunnel, he was not at first able to see. He stood blinking like an owl.

And then he beheld around him a circle of glittering bayonets. And he saw a tall figure arise before him that he recognized at once as that of Timardier. Very slowly, and without a word, Timardier raised a pistol and fired at point-blank range.

The bullet pierced the boy's chest. He fell backward with a kind of sob into the arms of Father Bernard.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

How the House of Savenay was Saved by the Hammer of Chant-en-feu.

THE good priest, using all his strength, lifted the boy in his arms and staggered down the steps into the darkness of the tunnel. There, out of breath, his heart beating violently, he stood listening, dumbfounded by what had happened. He could hear the distant growling of the conflict.

The blacksmith of Chemille wielded, with the strength of Vulcan, his destructive hammer. Havoc reigned about him. The Marquis de Savenay, in the days of his youth, had been famed as a past-master in the art of sword-play. Like the quick tongue of a snake, his sharp blade stabbed unseen beneath the swinging arms of Chant-en-feu.

Side by side, these two now held at bay a whole battalion. They had neither respite nor hope of deliverance; and yet they gave ground not an inch. From time to time, the deep voice of Chant-en-feu was uplifted in a song—some such song as he had been wont to sing in bygone days, when happy at heart he worked at his forge and music rang from his anvil.

Father Bernard laid the body of Henri upon the ground. He wrung his hands. He was trembling in his limbs. He knew not what to do.

He looked up at the opening above him, through which streamed the moonshine. There was no movement there; there was no sound. The Republicans did not advance. Timardier waited patiently above, sure of his prize—like a cat at a mouse-hole. A footstep near at hand caused the priest to turn in a startled manner.

"Who is there?" he whispered.

"It was the spy, La Chau, who spoke.

"Is the way clear?"

"We are caught," said the priest. "The Blues in force await us by the Gallows Elm. We are doomed. May the good God have mercy on our souls!"

La Chau did not speak. By reason of the opening above them, there was enough light to enable him to see the body of Henri de Savenay lying at full length upon the ground. Bending down, he placed a hand upon the boy's head.

"He is still alive," said La Chau, "but wounded. I fear, to the death." He got to his feet.

"Good father," he said, "there is always something to do, even when the ship is sinking. Do you go in all haste to the marquis; tell him of this calamity, that the enemy have cut off our only line of retreat. As for me, I carry the boy back to the central chamber, where we may be what can be done for him."

The priest pointed to the trap-door above them.

"And leave that open," he asked.

La Chau shrugged his shoulders.

"What else to do?" he cried. "If they choose to enter, there is nothing to prevent them. And in any case it were better to meet them in the tunnel, where we can fight back to back."

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Father Bernard, hurrying, came presently to the chamber where they had awaited the second Republican attack. Here in the darkness, he stumbled over the body of Jean Court-toujours, who was stretched upon the ground. The man groaned, but very faintly.

"I ask your pardon, friend," said the priest. "I could not see you."
"And of thee, father, I ask nothing but thy blessing. Give me absolution, for I am about to die." The priest knelt by the side of the dying man.
A torch was brought into the room; and there stood the marquis.

Monseigneur was quite unruffled. Not a white hair was out of place. He wore his blue coat with the brass buttons, though he had lost his Cross of St. Louis. In one hand he held a sword, and in the other, a torch, which he had taken from the lifeless fingers of him who had carried it, who had been felled by the hammer of Chant-en-feu.

"Monseigneur," cried Father Bernard, "all is lost!"

"All is never lost," said the marquis, quietly. "Chant-en-feu has driven them back again. For the second time, like whipped curs, they slink away."

La Chau appeared, carrying in his arms Henri de Savenay. The marquis said not a word, but his lips tightened, and his face grew pale in the light of the torch.

"He is dead?" he asked.

"He lives, monseigneur."

"Then there is hope."

"Monseigneur," cried the old priest, "Timardier himself is at the Gallows Elm, where the thickets are bristling with the bayonets of the enemy!"

"My faith!" said monseigneur.

"We are trapped, my lord!"

The old man looked at the blade of the sword he held in his hand. For a moment he appeared irresolute. Never before had he been seen to falter. That he feared death for himself was never to be thought of. As his next words proved, he now considered only the safety of his son.

"If we are trapped and Henri dies," he murmured, "there is an end to the house of Savenay."

He went to the boy who was unconscious. Henri's heart still beat, though he was bleeding from the mouth. Chant-en-feu swung into the room, and to him was told the truth.

Father Bernard counted those that remained.

"We are but six," he said.

There was silence. The marquis knelt at the side of Henri, who had again been lain upon the ground. The enemy, it appeared, had drawn off. It was La Chau who now held the torch.

"Drowned, in the earth!" he cried—for he had been a sailor.

Chant-en-feu was looking upward at the roof.

"Monsieur," said he to La Chau, "hold up the torch."

The roof of the vault was supported by great beams, the trunks of trees. Chant-en-feu saw that many of these were rotten. He spat upon his hand.

He gripped his hammer, and swept it upward with all his mighty strength. The blow resulted in a dull, hollow thud. Splintered wood and earth came tumbling to the floor.

"Ha!" cried the blacksmith. "They that drown are carried to the surface! It may be yet we are not meant to die!"

Standing with both feet firmly planted on the ground, time and again he hurled the head of his great hammer into the structure of the roof above them. A strong man desperate, knowing there was not a second to lose, he swung and battered until the great veins stood forth like strands of whipcord upon his hairy forearms, and he was half-blinded by the falling earth, some of which adhered to the sweat upon his face.

As he lunged to and fro, every muscle in his body, every ounce of his colossal weight was utilized to the best advantage, for he had the trick of the thing as well as the strength of a giant. He would have smashed his way through solid brick and stone. Two minutes of such constant and thunderous hammering, and a portion of the roof gave way. And there was the white moon above the branches of the forest trees.

And so presently they stood together beneath the trees in the Forest of Jallais, Father Bernard, La Chau, Chant-en-feu, one other peasant, as well as monseigneur himself and Henri, who was wounded—These were all that remained of those who had held the "Black Snake" against the battalion of Mayence.

"Whither, monseigneur?" asked Chant-en-feu.

"To the hut of Faligan, the charcoal-burner," said the marquis. "He will find the means to hide us until such time as we can make provisions for the future. Come, there is no time to lose! In five minutes at the most, they will have discovered that the birds are flown."

It was Chant-en-feu who carried in his arms Henri de Savenay. In single file, the marquis leading, they passed through the woods at midnight. And Timardier—the cat at the mouse-hole—still waited in patience by the Gallows Elm.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Adieux.

IT is midnight again—midnight, with a white mist upon the sea, through which the winter moon can barely penetrate. A wild stretch of rocky coast, running due north and southward from La Barre.

A still and lonesome night. No sound to be heard, save the wash of the ocean—the deep breathing of the Bay of Biscay in a tranquil mood. A gentle wind blows from the east across the salt marshes of the Marais, a wind that stirs the reeds and rushes upon the banks of the canals, to fan the rugged hills upon the seaboard where the fog hangs like smoke.

It is a land that is like a maze. The silence is disturbed only by the creaking wheels of a country cart that comes from a grove of poplars to the north of Aizeuay, and follows a lane leading to the north.

This cart is drawn by an ass. It appears to be loaded with wood. One man walks in front, the ass following of its own accord. Another man walks in the rear of the cart. Both are dressed as peasants. The first is Faligan, the charcoal-burner of the Forest of Jallais; the second is the Marquis de Savenay.

Upon a crestline of the hills the sound of waves comes, softly at first, to their ears. It is like the steady breathing of a sleeping giant, rhythmical, monstrosous. They can see nothing, because of the darkness and the mist.

"Do you remain here, monseigneur," says Faligan. "I will go forward and find them; for this is the place."

The marquis turns his back to the sea. He stands upon the hilltop with folded arms, looking across a country of which nothing definite could be seen. It is a land that is dead, as if buried in eternal sleep. Nothingness. No moon, no stars, no sign of life. The ass crops the long grass that grows upon the wayside. My lord of Savenay looks his last upon La Vendée. . . . After a while Faligan returns.

"My marquis, I have found them."

Monseigneur sighs and speaks as if to himself.

"The will of God be done!" says he.

The cart proceeds downhill. A shrill whistle sounds from somewhere quite near at hand, and presently a light becomes visible at sea, not far away—a light shown for an instant. They come to a place where there are great rocks, all wet with the mist. Here are two men, of whom one is Father Bernard and the other Chant-en-feu. They are now quite near to the sea. The waves are almost at their feet.

"Where is La Chau?" the marquis asks.

"Yonder, monseigneur," says Father Bernard. "It was he who whistled."

They wait in patience. Minute succeeds minute. The whistle is repeated. The light shows again, just a flash in the darkness, but nearer than before.

At last the sound of oars, drawing nearer, every stroke louder than the last, and then a voice from out of the fog.

"All clear ashore?"

"All clear!"

They can hear now the wash of the water at the bows of a boat. Voices are audible, if unintelligible. Then a figure, magnified by the fog, appears before them.

"Monseigneur, the boat is here."

It is the voice of La Chau.

Father Bernard and Faligan, the charcoal-burner, seize the brushwood with which the cart is loaded, and cast this to right and left. Then they lift Henri de Savenay from the cart and carry him over the rocks towards the boat, which is now in shallow water. La Chau wading in to guide them.

The marquis speaks to his son as they carry him.

"You are in pain, Henri?"

"No pain, my father. I have slept."

The marquis turns to Chant-en-feu.

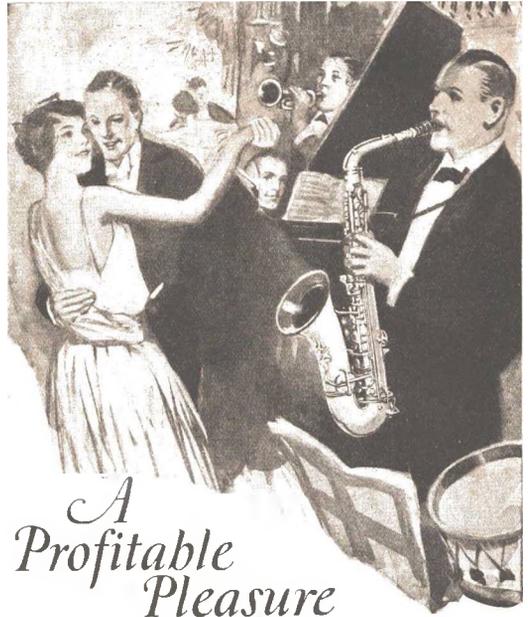
"And so, my friend, it has come to this," he says.

"Monseigneur, when the house burns, we look to those we love."

"I leave you, because Fate wills it," says the marquis. "France and my own family may yet be saved. They tell me I may now do more beyond the frontiers than in La Vendée, where I leave my heart."

Chant-en-feu, the blacksmith of Chemillé, drops down upon a knee.

"But that is, indeed, the very truth, my marquis!" he cries. "Give those of us who yet survive your heart to keep, that our children's children may speak of you in times to come. If these things should be written, in those pages will live forever the name of monseigneur; and those who come after us will learn something of the



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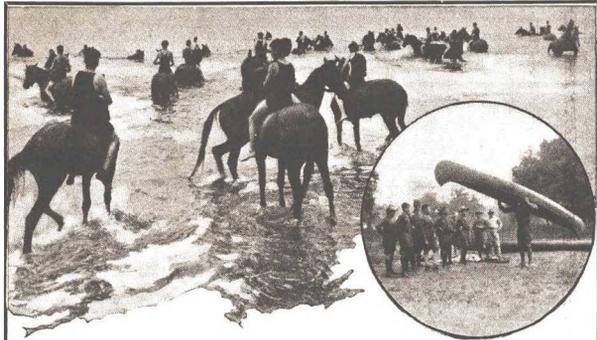


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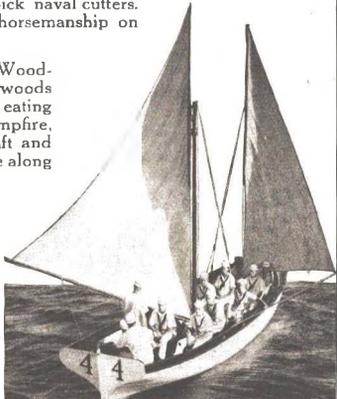
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love we bore you." The great blacksmith takes the hand of the marquis, raises it to his lips, and kisses it.

"Adieu, monseigneur," he says. "Farewell, old friend. Be assured, we meet again—if not in this world in the next."

"La Chau returns in haste. "Monseigneur, we are ready!" he declares.

"I come," says the marquis. And presently the boat sheers off. Falgan and Chant-en-feu, standing side by side, listen to the sweeping of the oars.

"He is safe," said the charcoal-burner. "But La Vendée is no more." "So long as he lives," answers Chant-en-feu, "La Vendée also lives."

They are untutored, simple men. They stand for a while with the fog about them, listening to the wash of the sea that lives forever and the sound of the oars growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

And then Chant-en-feu walks slowly and with lowered head to the hilltop, where he seats himself upon a rock.

Presently Chant-en-feu rises. He stretches his great, hairy arms. It is daylight. Falgan has long since passed with his donkey and his cart. Wild birds of the sea are screaming overhead. Beyond the Island of Noirmoutiers is a ship under full canvas—a frigate. She is bound for the shores of Britain.

And so it may seem that heroism, patriotism, loyalty and sacrifice may come to naught. Yet this were never so. There is that more precious in the world than dust of gold. That land is great who is the mother of her heroes.

It is sorrow and injustice that summon to the aid of men whatsoever they may have of nobility and courage. It was the overwhelming tragedy of La Vendée that brought forth the greatest out of France.

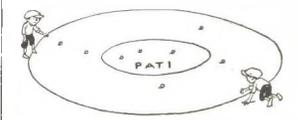
So ends our fragment of the history of those days. We leave Timardier again in Paris, to weather the storm of Thermidor that sent the sea-green monster to the scaffold, to rise under the Directory as one worthy of trust, if bloodstained in the Terror.

And when peace comes again to the fair woods of the Bocage, Chant-en-feu may sing no longer at his forge, for Victory and Empire summon all men of France to arms.

And in England lives and dies a grand old refugee, happy in the thought that his name survives him in the person of his son.

THE END.

Some Good Marble Games



PLEASE print the rules for some good marble games. When boys in all parts of the country began writing in this request, THE AMERICAN BOY started hunting rules—and found, of course, that marble games aren't standardized, that everybody plays them somewhat differently. The best this article can do, therefore, is tell you a good way to play several good games.

For "Cincinnati," or "Cincin," you mark out an oval about eighteen inches long and pointed at either end. Each player puts a marble in the oval. Next the players "lag" with their shooters from a line fifteen feet away. The boy who comes nearest the oval gets first shot, from the point his marble stops rolling.

If a player knocks a marble from the oval he earns another shot, and he may keep the marble until the end of the game. If he hits another player's shooter he may shoot again. If he hits a marble, but not hard enough to knock it from the oval, he does not get a second shot. The object of the game, of course, is to collect as many marbles as possible.

"Ringers," another popular marble game, requires a thirteen-foot circle with a two-foot circle in its center. Each player "dakes" in five marbles in the center circle; then the players shoot in turn from any point along the outer circle. Object of the game—to knock as many "commies" as possible from the big ring. A player does not attack his opponent's shooter except for the purpose of driving it farther from the inner ring. Hitting another's shooter, of course, entitles a player to an extra shot. If a boy's shooter goes outside the big ring he is out of the game.

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Prepares boys under fifteen for secondary schools. Ideal location and equipment. Airtight 4200 feet. Thorough instruction. Sympathetic care. Winter sports. Tennis and polo. JAMES W. WOODRUFF, Principal, Box 65, Mohagan Lake, Westchester Co., N. Y.

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Saint John's School, College Preparatory, Military. Annual tuition \$100. 100 boys. 100 beds. 1000 sq. ft. Gen. Wm. Verbeck, Pres. In 24 Manlius, N. Y.

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College Preparatory school for boys. Individual attention. Small classes. Athletics. Gymnasium. Well-known school crew. Enrollment 125. Summer session. Write for Catalog. Box 116, THE CASCADILLA SCHOOLS, ITHACA, N. Y.

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18th year. In the mountains, 1 1/2 hours from New York and 6 hours from Pittsburgh. The best high school in the South. Prepares for college or business. Separate Junior School. Military training. Individual instruction. Captain Robert Supreme. Terms, \$600. Camp and Summer Session, \$250. BOX 20, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

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St. John's School

Enrollment - 100. Prepares boys for college and business. Small classes. Military training. All athletics. Separate school for boys under 15. Address the Principal.

Wayland Academy

College preparatory, also eighth grade. Membership limit 125. Students from 18 States. Faculty 14. A home spirit. Christian atmosphere. Athletics and outdoor recreations. High standards. Address \$500. EDWARD J. BENCHOFF, A. B., P. O., Wayland, Mass.

Miami Military Institute

Thirty-eight year. Junior College and Preparatory Courses. Lower School. Orvon Graff Brown, President.

land, New York's supervisor of recreation, comes this description of another marbles game, "Followings".

Player No. 1 shoots his marble in the direction he chooses, and No. 2 follows, trying to hit him. Each time a boy hits his opponent's shooter he gets either a marble or a point in the game. He continues to shoot until he misses.

If the boy who is shooting yells, "Fen Everything" before his opponent, he may "hoist," or shoot from any height; he may remove obstacles between his shooter and the other marble; or he may take "rousters," shifting his shooter to one side or the other of any obstacle without coming closer to the marble he is trying to hit. If, however, the opponent is first with the "Fen Everything," the shooter must knuckle down.

Probably the best known marbles game of all is "Fat," otherwise known as "Yankee," "Pati," "Pattie," and "Poison." Here's a standard way of playing it.

Mark out a ring eighteen inches in diameter within a thirteen-foot ring. Put ten marbles in the smaller ring, the "fat" or "pati," then knuckle down and shoot in turn from the "taw line," which is two feet outside the larger circle. If a player knocks a marble from the big ring he shoots again from the point at which his marble comes to rest, and continues until he makes a miss. He then leaves his shooter wherever it happens to stop and the next player shoots. As soon as a player knocks a marble from the ring he becomes eligible to hit the shooter of any opponent who has qualified in the same way. If he succeeds, that player is out of the game.

Your Own Tournament

PERHAPS you'd like to discover the champion of your school, your playground or your neighborhood. If so, you'll find "Fat" or "Pati" an excellent tournament game.

Reduce your rules to writing ahead of time, then supply each player with a copy of them. It's not hard to find somebody with a duplicating machine—perhaps your school has one—and with this you can turn out a large number of copies of the rules at small expense.

Here are the rules that governed the New Jersey state marbles tournament last summer. They will be helpfully suggestive to any who arrange a tournament.

1. The contestants will play a game of "Pati," commonly known as "Fat." Commencing line shall be 20 feet from "pati," which is small circle with a large circle.
2. Nearest throw to pati will be awarded first shot, irrespective of any marbles knocked off pati on first shot.
3. Each shooter will follow according to his position nearest pati.
4. Each contestant will provide himself with two marbles, one a shooting marble.
5. Each contestant must knock at least one marble from pati before he will be privileged to knock another contestant or shooter out of play.
6. If the contestant who has knocked one or more marbles from the pati, hits the shooter of another player who has already knocked a marble or more from the pati, the latter gives up his marble or marbles, and is declared out of the game.
7. If the contestant shoots his marble, and such stops on the boundary line, or within the boundary line of pati, at any time during the whole game, his marble shall be declared dead and out of the game entirely.
8. In the course of the game, every marble may be shot off pati, except the last remaining marble. This marble, if shot off pati by contestants, must be replaced and game proceeds until there is only one player left.
9. A contestant may have "hystings" and "evers" at any part of the game. Knuckle down allowed.
10. Contestants must abide by decisions of referee.

High School Politics

(Continued from page 12)

her desk by to-morrow morning, every student will have to answer a stiff set of questions over the work of the month and take the grade he makes as his monthly mark?"

"Say all that again," entreated the principal.

Jim did, and the principal—live wire, referee, and pal—grinned as he began to understand. "Go to it" was his verdict.

So Jim went to Miss Smith, feeling sure of her help because co-operation is a sort of habit at Holland High. And Miss Smith made the announcement in every class that day.

The Trap Sprung—and the Student Sentenced

THAT brings us to what must be about the third act:

Time—Late in the afternoon of that same day, with the evening shadows

The Candler Floating School

N. S. "Logan" 1,500 Tons Displacement 500 feet long 40 feet wide

School Terms: Sept. 15, 1922 - June 10, 1923

Combining Unexcelled Educational Advantages With 270 Days' Unsurpassed World Cruise

Only boy's school of its kind in the world. Last two years of High School and first two years of Liberal Arts College. Accredited by leading educational institutions. Strong faculty. Ideal conditions and facilities for study. Calls made at most interesting ports of both hemispheres. Interior excursions to Paris, war zones, "The Eternal City," Holy Land, Pyramids, etc. Noted institutions, libraries, museums, art galleries, palaces, cathedrals, capitals visited under the direction of faculty members and competent guides.

Ship noted for good behavior in all weather. Remodeled as floating school by naval and school architect. Every convenience, including recitation rooms, library, laboratories, lounge rooms, gymnasium, hospital and recreational space and facilities. 2,000 troops capacity on U. S. transport, but only 400 students will be accepted. Free services of school surgeons, dentists and nurses. Sports and games supervised by Athletic Director; musical activities by Orchestra Leader and Band Master; cuisine by trained chef. Everything for students' welfare and happiness and for physical, educational, cultural and moral development. Christian atmosphere. High character requirements. Limited enrollment makes it advisable to write immediately for complete information, tuition rates, etc.

CANDLER FLOATING SCHOOL COMPANY, 1131-J Candler Bldg., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Camp Idlewild

133d Year

Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

WHERE a boy lives on a regular Robinson Crusoe island. Exploring, trail making, Avian-keeping with Speed Boat, Swimming, Water Skiing, Tennis, Rifle, Life Saving and Boy Scout activities. Long canoe and mountain trips. Included in tuition. Good food in abundance. "Ice cream twice a day." Experienced counselors. Separate camps for Juniors and Seniors. Complete equipment for health and comfort. Illustrated booklet. 1-10 Days 100 Woodville St., Cambridge, Mass. Tuition-Walkout. "The Horseback Camp" for Girls, Roxbury, Vt.

Camp Pok-O-Moonshine

One of the Oldest and Best

For boys, in the Adirondacks. 18th Season. 30 counselors. Five distinct sections, ages 8-10, 11-12 (two), 13-15, 16-18. Rate includes R. R. fare, laundry, bikes and two hours tutoring daily. For catalog address Dr. C. A. Robinson, Box 84, Paekskill, N. Y.

Military Academy

Develops red-blooded American manhood through carefully co-ordinated military and academic training. Equipment and faculty exceptional. Unit R. O. T. C. College Preparatory Business and Music. Graduates admitted without examination to Universities. "Big Brother" plan of government brings boys into close personal touch with instructors. Lower school for smaller boys. All Athletics. Debating and Literary Societies. Glee Club, Band and Orchestra. Special terms to good musicians. Capacity taxed annually. Early enrollment necessary. Catalog. Address COL. E. Y. BURTON, President, Box 12, Mexico, Mo.

PAGE Military Academy

A big school for little boys

A school whose military system is applied to the needs of young boys. Thoroughness in primary and grammar grade work goes hand in hand with military training to inculcate orderliness, promptness and obedience. Page will give your boy the right start toward earnest, successful manhood. The high, beautiful, airy campus, with its own golf course, affords a beautiful home in a beautiful climate. You should have the latest Page catalog. Address: ROBERT A. CIBBS, Headmaster, Route 7, Box 937, Los Angeles, California

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Modern school, 7 miles from White Sulphur Springs, 200 ft. elevation, on Main Line C. & O. R. R. Station. Includes R. O. T. C. Unit, new buildings and improvements, including Gymnasium. Terms \$500. Catalog. Address Col. R. E. Moore, A. M., Pres., Box 15, Lewisburg, W. Va.

Mercersburg Academy

Offers a thorough physical, mental and moral training for outgoing or incoming. Under Christian guidance from the great universities. Located in the Cumberland Valley, one of the most picturesque spots of America. Gymnasium. Equipment modern. Write for catalog. Address Box 100, William Penn Drive, R. D., Mercersburg, Mercersburg, Pa.

Tennessee Military Institute

You owe it to yourself, yourself and your boy to choose with almost care the school which will help mold him. This school becomes a positive force in the life of every boy who enters it. Our catalog will help you to choose wisely. Write for it.

VIRGINIA, Waynesboro

Fishburne Military School

Prepares for universities and business life. R. O. T. C. under U. S. War Department. Now \$200,000. Repeat equipment. Diploma admits to all colleges. Spring camp on most famous caverns at Grottoes. Catalog. Maj. Morgan H. Hitchcock, Prin., Box D.

Pasadena Military Academy

Offers thorough grounding in fundamentals of English education. 20th to eighth grammar grades with full high school and college preparatory courses. Accredited by University of California. Completely modern equipment. Honor system. Catalog. J. A. SOZ, Box 12, Pasadena, Calif.

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SEPARATE buildings, campus and equipment give Gulf Coast Academy boys of 8 to 15 the special attention they need.

R. 2, CULFPORT, MISS.

Wilbraham Academy

Prepares for the demands of college and the duties of life. Brick buildings. New athletic field. Academy farm 250 acres. Limited enrollment. Gaylord W. Douglas, M. A., Headmaster, Wilbraham, Mass.

Worcester Academy

FOR BOYS OF ABILITY WITH COLLEGE VISION

Worcester, Massachusetts

St. Paul's

156 Stewart Ave. Garden City, Long Island

EPISCOPAL boarding school for boys of good character and high purpose. College preparatory courses of four years, open to boys who have failed Grammar school. Candidates for admission to college are prepared to take examinations with College Entrance Examination Board. Junior department covering grades 5 to 8, open to boys of ten years who have finished grade 4.

Fire proof building, gymnasium, swimming pool and facilities for all athletics. System of intramural leagues. In addition to varsity teams, giving athletic instruction on teams every day. Large chapel, resident chaplain, well appointed infirmary, resident nurse.

Rate \$1200 (plain washing included). Every boy has private room. Forty minutes from New York on Long Island Railroad.

Lake Forest ACADEMY FOR BOYS

NON-MILITARY

Exclusively College Preparatory—diploma admits to ALL certificate universities. Direct preparation for Yale, Princeton, Harvard, etc. 60th year. On Lake Michigan, one hour north of Chicago. Modern buildings, gym, swimming pool, A.U. athletics. Endowed—not for profit. Annual fee, \$950. For Catalog, address: John Wayne Richards, Box 29, Lake Forest, Ill.

NORTHWESTERN Military and Naval Academy

Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The distinctive advantage and method offered by this College Preparatory School will prove of interest to the commanding parents. Col. H. P. Davidson, President.

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High beautiful location. Military drill subordinate to academic work. Lower school for younger boys. Certificate admits to college. Athletics. R. M. Stinson, Superintendent. Box 28, COLLEGE HILL, OHIO, (near Cincinnati)

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Infantry Cavalry Artillery. Military Department, 1717 Pennsylvania Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. Prep. Military Dept. and separate Military School for Boys. Address in Office. Col. Charles E. Vix, Box 200, Chester, Pa.

PORTER MILITARY ACADEMY

Established in 1887. A national school. Boys from 16 states and foreign countries. Buildings detailed from U. S. Army, U. S. C. and Naval Units. Prepares for college or business. \$750.00 in improvements recently completed. W. W. Walter Mitchell, R. R. 2, Charleston, South Carolina

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY (Military)

A branch of the Randolph-Macon System. In the Valley of Virginia. \$200.00. Equipment. Prepares for College or Scientific Institute. MILITARY TRAINING. Grammar and Athletic. \$100.00. Not re-opened September 1918. Address: U.S.A. 1, BRANTON, N. C., Principal, Box 418, Front Royal, Va.

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FOUNDED 1871. Trains for leadership by a comprehensive system of athletic, military and academic activities that reach every boy. An Honor System that builds character. Highest grade and high school. For catalog, address: 734 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

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Prepares for college or life's work. Includes "man-making" qualities. Fine academic and athletic spirit. Spacious grounds, modern buildings, Junior Department for boys 10 to 14. Write for catalog. W. P. TOMLINSON, Head, Box 30, Swarthmore, Pa.

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13 miles from New York, in beautiful Hudson Valley country. 4th year. 23 years under present Head Master. Extensive grounds. Modern and complete equipment. Prepares for colleges and technical schools. Athletic Hall, Swimming Pool, Gymnasium. HENRY J. FURMAN, L. R. D., HEADMASTER, Box 923

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For the all-around education of the young man. Athletic sports, business life. Moderate rates. Lower school for boys 11 to 14. RITA W. SWETLAND, HEADMASTER, Box 47, NIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

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Are You Going to Camp this Summer?

Get the Camp Redwood booklet. Take the wonderful canoe trips among the Thousand Islands and visit Canada. Dr. James S. Gallagher, Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

CONWAY MILITARY BAND SCHOOL

Develops not merely "performance" of true artists. Instruction on two instruments, i.e., use of national tunes. Conduct and band work. Complete organization. Orchestra practice in large Conservatory of Music. Daily band rehearsal under Patrick Conway, Director. Admission with letters Conservatory of Music. Address: THE CONWAY MILITARY BAND SCHOOL, 817 De Witt Park, Ithaca, New York

PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN BOY

threatening to become thick darkness.

Scene—stretches from the heavy stage curtain of Holland High's combination study hall and auditorium across long shadowy vistas of empty seats down to the auditorium doors, on across the corridor into a classroom, and stops at a big, dark blur that happens to be Miss Smith's desk.

Characters—First, A Determined Chief of Police, engaged in the business of watching that dark blur from his far-off place of concealment behind the stage curtains; has the weary air of one who has been engaged in this business for several centuries.

Second and Third, Two Skulking Figures, dimly silhouetted against the glass in the door opening into Miss Smith's room, engaged in the business of—

Well, Jim didn't even ask them. He had caught the culprits red-handed, in the act of returning the class-book. He arrested them somewhat informally then, and served formal warrants on them the next morning.

The prisoners pleaded guilty before the Student Council. "The chief's got us," they admitted frankly. In one way, the case was less serious than it might have been. The two were merely happy-go-lucky dare-devils who had "just swiped the book to see if we could get away with it."

Nevertheless, the Council looked grim. Neither these two boys nor any others should feel that stealing official property

was a trifling offense. The sentence of the student judges was severe.

First, the boys must acknowledge their theft in front of the entire school community. Second, all gymnasium, study hall, and auditorium privileges were to be taken from the two until the end of the term, some seven weeks distant. Third, each boy must report each vacant period to a faculty sponsor, who would assign him as temporary study hall any corner available. Fourth, every week each boy must give the Student Council a detailed written report of himself.

"I'll say it was a stiff dose," commented one of this year's Council members. "Did it work?" It sure did.

That gives you a typical cross section of politics at Holland High. Other high schools could furnish similar cross sections. And doubtless other schools have alumni who would say with a certain alumnus of Holland, who was varsity quarterback during his high school days and is now a lean wiry World War veteran:

"It was the training I got in affairs here in the old school that has kept me going hard and straight through some pretty tough years since I've been out. A fellow doesn't forget what other fellows teach him."

(Next month will bring more facts about high school politicians—true stories of athletes in politics.)

The Wolfers

(Continued from page 53)

"We sure have!" the Missourian exclaimed.

"And you ought to be mighty thankful for it!"

"We are," "Yes!" "Sure we are!" they cried.

"Well, then, prove it by takin' Kountz an' 'other wretch down to Sioux City an' turnin' 'em loose there with the tale of what they tried to do to you."

"We'll do that, you bet!" the Missourian answered.

"What a pleasant time they'll have there!" I put in, and everyone laughed.

"Well, now that it is all settled, let's get a move on us. I suppose I can have that rifle that Kountz was aimin' at us," said the fat man.

"You sure can! Plug him with it if he gets retankulous," Dutton answered.

The miners hurried down to the shore to put their belongings into the Mackinaw. Dutton unlocked the door of the cabin and we all went in, and Kountz turned to us, shouting: "We heard what you all were sayin', out there. You can't do this, you know! We ain't done anything! I was comin' to help them miners with their skill, and this here Abbott an' his gang shot us up! Ain't that so, Combs?"

"That's how it was," the other answered.

"An' what's more," Kountz foamed on, "this here is my property; them hosses an' wagons out there, the wood on the bank, all's mine, an' you all can't take it from me! My property! Worth all of fifteen hundred dollars!"

"By gum! That is true; we can't take his property!" said Luke Hunt.

"Hunt, that can easily be settled," Abbott exclaimed. "I'll give you an order on Wesley Fox for the money, and you can turn it over to Kountz. You can do well here, and pay the amount back at your convenience."

"Fine! You are a friend! Write out the order, while I get the scoundrel's belongings together for him," Hunt replied, and went to Kountz's bunk and began to roll his bedding.

"Ha! What's this?" he suddenly exclaimed, and with a quick jerk pulled from under the blankets the black wolf skin.

"Mine! Mine! My sacred wolf pelt!" Pitamakan shouted, and snatched it away from Hunt.

"You low-down thief!" Abbott hissed at Kountz. "We know that you had it caught somewhere about here!"

"Thief nothin'! I injun sayin' that there wolf is his skin?"

Abbott took the pelt from Pitamakan and showed Kountz the half-moon notch in the under lip. "When you skinned the wolf, up there at our bait, you left attached to the jaw the piece of lip that is missing here," he said.

And then Pitamakan turned upon the man, and called him all the bad names that there are in the Blackfeet language, and Kountz quailed before him.

Hunt and Dutton rolled the bedding of the two outlaws, while the young man sacked up their clothes and various be-

longings. Abbott wrote the order on my lunge for fifteen hundred dollars, and Hunt indorsed it and offered it to Kountz, who, after some hesitation, surlily took it and put it in his pocket. Then, carrying their outfit for them, we all escorted the men down to the Mackinaw and made them take the middle seat. The Missourian and the fat man, each with an ar, took the bow seat. The Yankee got into the stern seat, laid his shotgun across his lap and took up the steering oar. "Good by! Good by!" they said to us.

"Tain't good by with me!" Kountz roared. "I'm comin' back an' make you all cry for this!"

"Shut up, or I'll give you a swipe on the head with this oar!" the Yankee told him, and he subsided.

We watched the boat go out of sight around the bend, and turned from the shore to have a bite with them, and Abbott replied that we must be getting home to our work. All the way there, Pitamakan held the wolf pelt, well fleshed, stretched and dried it was—to the wind like a banner, and sang the victory song. That evening he said to us: "The whites are queer people; they murder one another for gain. Never was there a man of our three tribes who did that! We are all of us kind and helpful to one another."

Our wolfing was now ended, the pelts all well stretched and dried, so we made a press and baled them, twenty-five in a bale, thirteen hundred pelts in all. In due time, my uncle sent them to St. Louis with his large consignment of buffalo robes and furs, and they netted us \$5,080, not a bad profit for our winter wolfing. Pitamakan and I were at War Trail Fort when my uncle got the returns for them, and at once my almost-brother gave Tsistsaki his share.

"Metal pieces, what use have I for them? I have something better: the sure favor of Sun! Proof of that is the sacred pelt that I gave him, tied in the sacred lodge out there in the flat," he said.

"Well, brother, the day will come when you will need the money, so I will keep it for you until that time," the wise Tsistsaki answered.

We had, indeed, had the grandest medicine lodge ceremony that I ever witnessed, and Pitamakan's black wolf pelt had been the greatest of the sacrifices made to Sun in many a year.

THE END.

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MEASURED by what you can see. What you can learn and what you buy, you will surely live longer than Methuselah, be wiser than Solomon and richer than Midas. With all his years, Methuselah never traveled as far as from New York to Chicago; with all his wisdom, Solomon never dreamed of a telephone, a motion picture, an electric light, or radio; with all his wealth Midas could not buy a ride in an automobile or an airplane or get himself a photograph.

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PUZZLES

No. 446. Mixed States.

"O, Iona never had a dog!"
(Using all the letters in the foregoing sentence form the names of three States.)
Murphy, Ida. CRIDOCLEF.

No. 447. Lost Letters.

Hofathecarasun!
Uthosettornotauhenifistbeun?
(Fill in six letters in the first line and ten in the second and get a rhyme from Ames' Almanack that relates to the end of the year.)
Jersey City, N. J. HIPPOCAMPUS.

No. 448. Translation.

By a repetition of two of its letters change the botanical name of a valuable forest tree to a slang name for an odd person.
Concordia, Kans. THREE M. SPACE.

No. 449. Name Hunt.

Name as many as you can of boys' names which may be changed to girls' names by the addition of one letter. An interesting prize for the nearest list containing the most names.
Trenton, N. J. R. J. BOYD.

No. 450. Making Sentences.

Make five sentences (one for each vowel) of at least five words each, each sentence containing but one vowel throughout. Example: A fat man walks past papa's plaza, sad and flabby. ("Y" is not considered a vowel in this context.) Remember, one sentence contains no vowel but "a", the next none but "e" and so on. Only five sentences but the one who gets up the longest and most sensible sentences will get a prize.
El Paso, Tex. OSAPLE.

No. 451. Diamond.

1. A letter from Robert. 2. Wolframite. 3. Fertile or green spots in a waste or desert. 4. The breadfruit tree. 5. A blow with a stick or cudgel. 6. French form of LEANDER. 7. Entanglement. 8. A short poem suited to be set to music. 9. A letter from Robert.
Homewood, Ill. PER P. LEXOR.

Prize Offers.

Best complete list, \$1. Nearest list of three or more answers, 25 cents. Special selected prizes for best answers to Nos. 449 and 450. Everyone correctly answering five or six puzzles will be given honorable mention; and a book is given for five honorable mentions. Send answers and new puzzles to Kappa Kappa, care THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Answers to February Puzzles.

434. So, as, was, this, focus, riches, vicious, gracious, righteous, tremendous, treacherous, thaumaturgus, trichopterous, rhizocephalous, rhizophoraceous, trigonocephalous, poliocephalitis, Permeocarbo-

ferous, peripachymeningitis, pneumothorax, polioccephalomyelitis, polioccephalomyelitis. (R. L. McKirdy's answer.)

435. Red, redder.
436.
F A N N E R
A R E O L A
N E A T E R
N O T I C E
E L E C T S
R A R E S T

437. Seasoner.
438. Waterloo.
439. Barber, cowboy, waitress, tanner, farmer, blacksmith, sawyer.

January Prize Winners.

Best list: F. B. Shure, Mo.
Best incomplete: Z. Roe, Neb.
Best answer to 429: Sab, Neb.
Book winners: Billy Bones, Mass.; Bobb E. Zant, Pa.; George Blinnig, Ohio; Gopher, Minn.; J. de Al. Ohio; J. Burd, Iowa; Ostra Lee Warr, S. C.; Sherlock Holmes, S. D.; The Saint, Minn.; Tib, N. Y.

Honorable Mention.

Stk Solutions: Alexander McIver, Al. T. Tude*, C. L. Spears, Emile Robert, Gopher, I. B. Shure, I. Mt. Ina, Jack Canuck, Leo, Mark Warren, Mars, Monroe Decker, Lester, Reinhold Krause, Robert Porter, Sab, Spud, Thottul Thinker, Tib.

Five Solutions: Billy Bones, Bobb E. Zante, Charley, Chuck Roast, Davis, Fatty, Francis Bolot, Frank Nickerson, George Blinnig, Hill Fish, I. de Al, Ina Hoob, Ina Goodwin*, Inokk Anansi, I. Vorse, Doan, J. Burd, J. Marvin Watson, KDCGYMCA, Laureus Wolcott, L. Bo Greece, L. M. Etopoc, Mishinos Retlaw Mr. E. Frank, Oble, Ostra Lee Warr, Ponca, Righto, R. J. Boyd, Sherlock Holmes, Socrates, Stephen Hofmayer, The Saint, Todd, Win. Z. Roe.
* means two honorable mentions.
350 solvers for January.

Puzzle Talk.

We welcome American boys from China, England and Japan this month. Every single solution from a boy in a foreign land is credited, and twenty-five solutions wins a book. This does not apply to the United States or Canada for obvious reasons. Some who worked hard on No. 423 failed because they didn't read directions carefully. Not more than ten words, we said, and several sent close to a hundred. Some had only the first and last letters alike, others had the beginning letters and the ending letters the same but reversed. Others made other mistakes. Be sure you understand the conditions of a puzzle, then try hard to win. Phil Ossifer says, "If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again." He racked his brains for an hour, and thinks he worked hard. But Todd reports working two days to get two words! Do you see how why Todd is always in the list of honorable mentions? Wallace is interested in palindromic names (reading forward and backward the same). He has found an E. L. Ele, and a man named Rannar. Who do you know? The correct answer to the problems about the trains is, they were the same distance from New York when they passed each other, for they were in the same place. Richard McKirdy sent a wonderful list of answers to the January, 1922 puzzles just a year late. How did you get that way, Rich? Answers should reach Detroit by the end of the month of publication. They do not have to be sent successive months to be credited toward a book. One who buys his magazine toward a book, is eligible for prizes. Don't ask how many credits you have unless you enclose a stamped self-addressed postal card for reply. The sentence making stunt of Osaple's (No. 450) would be fun for a bunch of kids to try. See who can make the longest sentence with but one vowel in it. We expect a lot of solvers to that puzzle.

Harvesting Bird Houses

IF YOU want to make some money and have some good fun doing it, plant some bird houses in your garden. I made \$25 out of mine this year and expect to clear at least \$45 next year.



A Gourd Bird House.

My bird houses I made out of gourds. I planted the gourds in a small manure-filled trench on the sunny side of our back fence. When the plants grew I trained them on the fence. As the gourds took shape I trimmed out the poorest and small-

est so as to insure a better growth for the others. By fall I had plenty of full-sized gourds, about two feet long, with the round body part about eighteen inches in circumference.

In preparing each gourd I cut a small hole in the round part, just right for wrens but too small for sparrows. I carefully drained and cleaned the interior through the small hole. By filling the gourd with water, letting it stand a few days, then changing the water, I soon had each gourd clean and sweet smelling. Lastly I drilled a small hole through the neck of the gourd. Through this I thrust a heavy wire, by which the gourd could be hung to a tree branch or galbe.

In the spring I sold my gourds to people who own gardens or back yards, for a dollar apiece. B. C., Ohio.

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Address

and armorers in designing. The Babylonian ox, significant of the sun, is on another value.

For the Hungry

A CHARITY series without any values has been issued in Russia. A Russian word at the foot of each stamp means "For the Hungry," an inscription which explains why these adhesives appeared.

We learn also that since the evacuation of Siberia by the Japanese forces, last October, stamps of definite type have been issued for Chita, which heretofore has used especially surcharged adhesives of the Far Eastern Republic.

Notes of Interest

LATVIA'S stamps heretofore have been in monetary values of the kopecks and rubles of Russia. This small Republic has

now created a new coin, called a lat, which is equal to 100 centimes. This necessitates a new issue, the first values of which have appeared, with the currency terms expressed in centimes and lats.

With the beginning of the new year the various countries, the United States included, closed their offices in China and the mails there are now being handled exclusively by the Chinese postal authorities. This means the end of the various special issues which the foreign countries had in circulation.

The British administration in Palestine has issued a special series for the territory known as Transjordan, sometimes called Kerak, "the land beyond the Jordan," which is being provisionally ruled by Emir Abdullah, brother of Emir Faisal who is King of Iraq. The stamps are the current ones of Palestine overprinted, in violet, in Arabic Hekomet Shark El Arabi, which means "Arab Government of the East." Thus either Transjordan or Kerak may have a special place in future albums.

Boys Who Used Their Brains

(Continued from page 2)

one of the desks and the sight of him started Duffy dreaming of authorship.

For weeks his job was scanning the casualty list from France and gathering human interest stories from bereaved relatives in Washington. He tired of this and complained, drew a stinging rebuke, and went ahead with renewed interest and success. He ran across a story of a father too old to enlist and three sons, one too fat, one too thin and the other too young. They all got into the army and went to France. Hurrying back with this he encountered President Wilson walking with his guard of secret service operatives. Both stories appeared on the front page.

He interviewed Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Eddie Rickenbacker. He attended functions in honor of King Albert of Belgium, the Prince of Wales, and President Fa'mou' de Valera of the Irish "Republic." For several months he covered police headquarters. In running down a crime story he was stabbed by a gypsy and made that a part of it. Then he won his assailant's friendship.

When the paper raised his wages to \$15 he quit his spare-time job. Other increases came, \$2.50 at a time, until he was getting \$22.50.

Quits His Job to Return to School

THEN, with a successful record behind him, bright prospects ahead, other men in the office leaving for China, Samoa, the Philippines, showing that he had a chance for travel by and by, he quit his job. Quot to do a thing that boys often do only because they are compelled to. He went back to school.

He says he made up his mind that even the education acquired in the newspaper game would not take the place of schooling. Also, while he had achieved to some extent his ambition to be a writer, he still had an unfulfilled ambition to be an athlete, a high school and college athlete. The fat of his younger days he had converted to solid muscle. Six feet one, weighing 190 pounds at 18, he found that making the team was only a matter of training and hard work. Football, basketball, track—he made one team after the other and carried his letter in each.

The fourth and last year of high school was impossible unless he could earn his own expenses, so he went back to the newspaper office when vacation came. They paid him thirty dollars a week now. He was sent to New York to cover the Dempsey-Carpenter fight. He innovated a series of feature stories, written as interviews with animals. Each of them was in reality an appeal for children's playgrounds or something else for the betterment of the city. And he reached the reporter's pinnacle, the "by-line." "By Ed Duffy!" It filled him with pride and still greater ambitions.

He interviewed President Harding; later the President wrote him a letter, saying among other things: "I have noticed the appealing character of your Press card. I can well understand why you get on so successfully and rejoice that you do. Some day I will be glad to talk to you as one reporter to another, though I must confess I have grown rather too mature to be a success in the reporter class."

He met Mabel Normand; Jack Pickford; Bill Roper, the Princeton coach; Stan Keck, all-American tackle; Tilden, the tennis champion; Jack Hutchinson and Jim Barnes, golf champions; Walter Johnson and Jack Dempsey. On Wednes-

days at the White House he watched the arrival and departure of Secretaries Hoover, Denby, Weeks and the rest who came for the Cabinet meetings.

In the fall he went back to school but kept his job and his salary. He proposed to the editor that they start a high school page. The editor said they would try it for a week. It ran as long as Duffy remained in town.

In School Politics

THE class election came. Duffy had been a loyal follower of the leaders of his class. Suddenly he found himself a leader, nominated for the presidency and then elected. What if he had decided against high school? Could any job, any salary, compensate him or any man for these experiences which cannot by any possibility come more than once in a lifetime? He says no.

And then in the midst of a busy, thrilling year, came illness. Duffy did not know his physical limitations until then. Seven weeks in bed gave him an opportunity to think it all out, realize that even the strongest mind and body must have rest. There were but three weeks of school left when he was permitted to go out again. Good habits had built up a physique that could recover quickly and thoroughly from fatigue. He bucked the exams, passed, and, though so weak on class night that he could hardly walk across the stage, delivered his President's address. In it he expressed a thought that had flashed through his mind when at the eleventh hour he was still wondering what he would say. It was: "For four years we have been beating futilely against the doors of the world. At last those massive barriers are about to open and let us into the struggle for existence. We are but as 453 grains of sand cast into the maelstrom of life. Yet, with the unquenchable optimism of youth, we have the audacity to feel we are destined to assume great responsibilities in these United States."

It made an impression because it expressed something that every boy has felt. I think you will agree with me that in Duffy's case, at least, optimism is unquenchable. Its flame should glow brightly at Dartmouth where, at the age of twenty but with memories as varied and inspiring as many a man has at seventy and with a thousand dollars earned and saved during his last year of high school, Ed Duffy entered the freshman class in the fall of 1922.

Photo Service for Tourists

MUCH TRAVELED highway runs through our town and our house is near the auto camp. Last summer I hit on the idea of developing and printing films for tourists. I have my own outfit and enjoy the work.

I arranged with the caretaker of the camp site to receive films for me and put up a sign telling about it. Films given to me in late afternoon I returned developed and printed, about 9 o'clock the next morning. I charged a bit more than the current rate because of the quick service I was giving. I finished the summer with a good-sized bank account.

R. C. M., Colorado.

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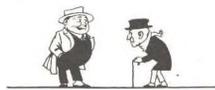
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Healthful Diet



He was tottering feebly down the street one day when he fell in with a burly friend. "George," he said, "I'd give anything to be as strong and healthy as you are. What do you live on?" "I live on fruit," said George. "Fruit, eh?" said Sweeney eagerly. "That sounds good. I'll have to try it. What kind of fruit, George?" "The fruit of labor," answered George.

Finish of Mary's Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead,
And now it goes to school with her,
Between two hunks of bread.

Strenuous Time Coming

"Did you kill the rooster for to-morrow's dinner?" "No, Ma, I went out there, but I thought it would be better if the poor fellow got a good night's rest first 'cause he's got such a hard day before him to-morrow."

Beneath Notice

Sunday School Teacher—"Ernest, who defeated the Philippines?" "Ernest," answered from day-dream—"Dunno. I don't follow none of them bush league teams."

Sharp



"You're a pretty sharp boy, Tommy." "Well, I ought to be. Pa takes me in his room and drops me three or four times a week."

Saved His Life

A Chinaman was asked if there were good doctors in China. "Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world. Hang Chang one good doctor; he great; save life to me." "You don't say so! How was that?" "Me velly bad," he said. "Me callee Dr. Han Kon. Give some medicine. Get velly, velly ill. Me callee Dr. San Sing. Give more medicine. Me glow worse—go die. Blimey callee Dr. Hang Chang. He got no time; no come. Save life."

Frozen

A gentleman farmer tells of a city lad who once worked for him. "The lad was called one winter morning before dawn and told to harness the mule. The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. The farmer impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house: 'Billy! Billy! What are you doing?' 'I can't get the collar over the mule's head,' yelled the boy; 'his ears are frozen.'"

A Misunderstanding

Billy came home from school bearing evidence of having had the worst of a fight. "Why, Billy!" exclaimed his mother. "How often have I told you to play only with good little boys? Good little boys don't fight!" "Well," said Billy through his tears, "I thought he was a good little boy till I hit him."

Speed in a Tin Can

The professor was trying to demonstrate a simple experiment in the generation of steam. "What have I in my hand?" he asked. "A tin can," came the answer. "Very true. Is the can an animate or inanimate object?" "Inanimate." "Exactly. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me how, with this tin can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power almost beyond control?" One little boy raised his right hand. "You may answer, Carter." "The it to a dog's tail!"

Glum Prospect

"Don't cry, little boy. You'll get your reward in the end." "I suppose so. That's where I allus do git it."

There Are Others



"I think I should have named my boy 'Plannel,'" said Mrs. Binks. "Why?" asked Miss Jinks. "Because," answered Mrs. Binks, "he shrinks from washing."

Sheepish

A man who went to his grocer's to order something for dinner was asked if he would like to have a saddle of mutton. "Why," said he, "wouldn't it be better to have a hridge? Then I'd stand a better chance of getting a bit in my mouth."

Breaking the Pair

During a very hot spell a man was riding in his Ford with one foot hanging out over the door. A small boy, noticing this, shouted after him: "Hey, mister! Did you lose your other roller skate?"

Allah Is Great

One night Nasr Eddin Hodja thought he saw a burglar in his room and shot at him. In the morning he found he had sent an arrow through his own shirt which hung in the window. Falling on his knees he prayed fervently. "I thank thee, Allah, that I was not in that shirt."

The Comeback



"One of them city fellers tried to sell me the Woolworth building." "What did you say?" "I sez, 'All right, young feller, wrap it up.'"

Explanation and Demonstration

"I'll explain deduction," said the young student, giving his knowledge in the home circle. "In our back yard, for example, is a pile of ashes. By deduction that is evidence that we've had fires going this winter." "By the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift the evidence."

His Difficulty

"I want to apply for a position as an expert amanuensis." "Well, what's stopping you?" "How do you spell the pesky word?"



Op Mr. Toad: "Ah! here's where I'm in luck for dinner. The first course will be a fine long cheese stick and the second a nice fat roley-poley."



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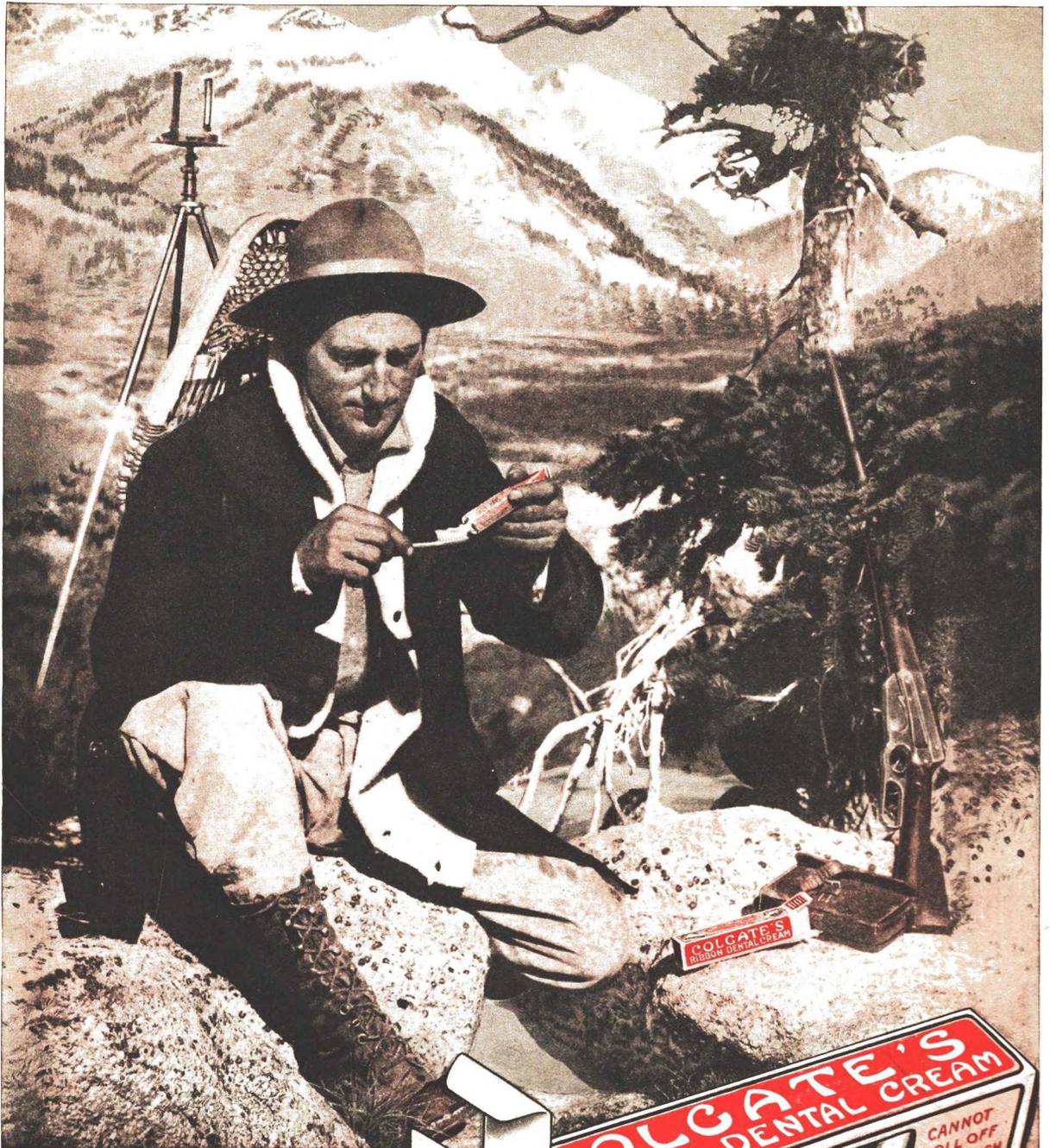
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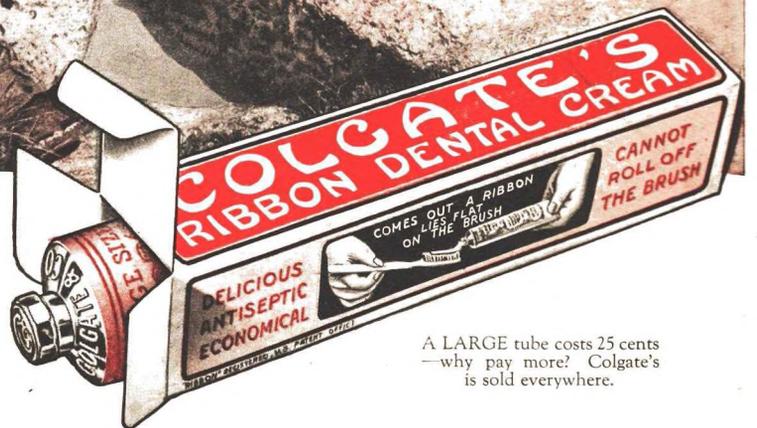
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