

The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
Founded 1827

April
1930

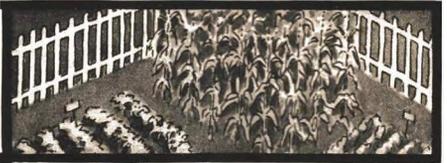
A FRANK DOLECK
Rte 3 Box 59
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Beginning "Pirate's Doom," by Rear-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans
Price 20 Cents \$2.00 a Year

WILL YOUR FATHER LET YOU SELL YOUR BACK-YARD ?



A GARDEN THE SIZE OF A
DINING-ROOM RUG CAN SWELL
YOUR BANK ACCOUNT « « «

EVERY DINNER in everybody's house calls for at least two vegetables, or one vegetable and a salad. Count the number of houses near you; multiply by two for every day's possible sales . . . and start growing vegetables to make money for the golf sticks you crave . . . or for a tennis racquet, a radio set, a baseball outfit.

Neighbors will jump at a chance to buy vegetables fresh from a garden. Consider the appeal of crackly radishes, new tender peas, vine-ripe tomatoes, crisp beans and lettuce, Golden Bantam corn.

You don't need much ground; and seeds don't cost much. Ferry's purebred Seeds will repay you better for your money, time and labor than any seeds that aren't purebred. If you were going to specialize in cattle, wouldn't you want purebred cattle? So it is with seeds. There's nothing inferior about Ferry's. These seeds grow vegetables of superior size and flavor, flowers of superb size and color . . . just as their parents and grandparents did. Select them from the bright display box at the "store around the corner."

If you want 73 years' experience in gardens, right now . . . send for Ferry's Seed Annual. This also tells of mulch paper, that makes larger produce with less work. Write to D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Michigan. But soon. There's only one spring and it's coming.

P. S.—A GARDENER HAS NO SECOND CHANCE. PLANT THE BEST.

FERRY'S purebred SEEDS



This Annual will excite you into having a garden produce from the first early crisp red radishes to the last tender stalks of self-blanching celery. Why not? Every minute spent in a purebred garden can mount up the profits.

“How many angels can stand on the point of a pin”

—A hypothetical question of mediaeval philosophers . . .



WHEN the razor is dull, the stubble on the chin may behave as though each individual hair were as thick as a ship's hawser.

But, after all, a hair is pretty small and that is why we like to refer to it for purposes of comparison when we are speaking of a close fit or a tight squeeze.

You have heard of hairbreadth escapes and, doubtless, you have seen many of them in the movies—or, pardon us, we should, of course, now call them talkies.

The reason why “hairbreadth” immediately suggests closeness and is a favorite phrase for such purposes is, obviously, because any hair plucked from your head is pretty small in breadth and thickness. A hair is, approximately, only eight one-thousandths (.008) of an inch thick and therefore it makes a handy and quickly understood measuring stick, so to speak.

In machinery, generally speaking, any clearance between two moving parts that is no greater than the thickness of a hair must be a fairly snug fit.

But when it comes to motor cars, although outwardly they may not suggest it, there are many refinements and clearances, if the car is made with care and precision, that are too fine even for a hair to measure.

It used to be a favorite mental diversion of certain old gentlemen, who called themselves philosophers, to debate the question:

“How many angels can stand on the point of a pin?”

A pretty problem, even for philosophers and angels. But as things go in fine motor cars, we think that if the learned old fellows had lived in the days of automobiles they would have framed their question thus:

“How many angels can squeeze between a cylinder wall and a piston on a Cadillac car?”

We say the choice would probably be Cadillac because for 27 years the plants of the Cadillac Motor Car Company

have been famous for precision processes and refinements of measurements. Cadillac was the first in the motor car industry to use many special instruments, such as Johansson gauges, to check minute differences and to test almost microscopic clearness.

This reputation for extreme fineness in the manufacture of Cadillac and La Salle parts and the exercise of the utmost care to “make them fit” has spread throughout the world. It is one of the principal reasons why an average of 7,500 men and women visit the Cadillac factory in Detroit every year to inspect methods of manufacture employed in the production of the Cadillac V-type Eight, the La Salle V-type Eight and the Cadillac V-16, the new sixteen-cylinder car.

It would take an engineer, or a good mechanic, to describe properly these refinements of measurements, these minute clearances, and, unless we were trained to the business, few of us could grasp the full meaning of them. But nevertheless it is interesting to compare a human hair with some of these typical Cadillac measurements to get some idea of how small they are.

In designing any car, the engineers must decide

in advance the exact size of each one of the parts. But no part of any machine can ever be made by anybody, or by any process, so accurately that it is 100 per cent perfect as to size.

The point to remember is: How much variation from the exact size should the manufacturer allow before he rejects the part as too inaccurate?

Here are two Cadillac-La Salle examples: The outside diameter of a piston and the thickness of a piston ring are held to five ten-thousandths (.0005) of an inch. That is to say, if these parts vary from the exact size so much as five ten-thousandths of an inch they cannot be used in a Cadillac or La Salle car.

Now we said a moment ago that a hair is about eight one-thousandths (.008) of an inch in thickness, so you see that most hairs must be sixteen times as large, or as thick, as the measurements applied to the piston—which indicates how closely the engineers and mechanics are obliged to work in a Cadillac plant.

All very interesting, of course, but what does it mean to you when you own or drive a Cadillac-built car?

Well it means, for one thing, greater smoothness of performance and operation. It means, also, much smaller cost for repairs and maintenance, longer life and higher re-sale value.

These are points any Cadillac salesman would be glad to discuss with you. Why not ask one?



Measurements Typical of Cadillac Precision

(In Fractions of an Inch)

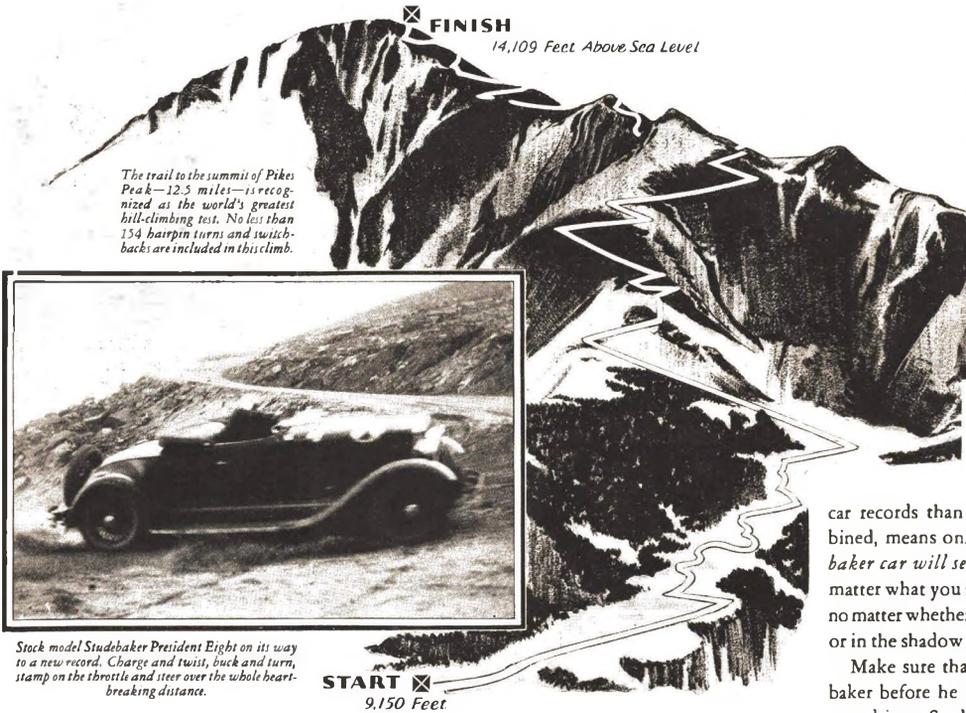
- Diameter of wrist pin holes held to .0003
- Piston ring grooves held to .0003
- Outside diameter of piston held to .0005
- Piston ring thickness held to .0005
- Diameter of wrist pin held to .0008
- Main bearing for crankshaft held to .002
- Clearance between valve stem and valve stem bushing .001
- Camshaft bearings held to .001
- Thickness of human hair .008 to .010



CADILLAC - LA SALLE

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
 Division of General Motors
 DETROIT, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, CANADA

Scaling the Clouds to Set the World's Greatest Hill Climbing Record



The trail to the summit of Pikes Peak—12.5 miles—is recognized as the world's greatest hill-climbing test. No less than 154 hairpin turns and switchbacks are included in this climb.



Emblematic of the hill climbing championship of the world, the Penrose Trophy which Studebaker won by climbing Pikes Peak in the fastest time ever achieved by a stock car—21 minutes, 43.4 seconds.

Stock model Studebaker President Eight on its way to a new record. Charge and twist, buck and turn, stamp on the throttle and steer over the whole heart-breaking distance.

START 9,150 Feet

Studebaker climbs bleak face of Pikes Peak in fastest time ever made by a stock car

PIKES PEAK boasts the highest motor highway in the world . . . 12.5 miles of road that laces its way up the face of America's most famous mountain through 154 hairpin turns and switchbacks, sharp as a flapper's elbow.

On last Labor Day, a stock model fully-equipped Studebaker President Eight driven by Glen Shultz climbed Pikes Peak in 21 minutes, 43-2/5 seconds, smashing all existing stock car records for the climb and winning the Penrose Trophy, emblematic of the hill climbing championship of the world.

The car that wins Pikes Peak records must hold to the narrow trail with a steel-like grip, it must answer the wheel with the sure-footed agility of

a polo pony at breath-taking speeds—for on most of those hairpin turns, a bad skid would mean a crack-up against the rocky wall or a hurtling leap to eternity over the edge.

Put yourself behind the wheel of the Studebaker that won the race to the clouds. Of course, you will never have occasion to put it to such an acid test as breaking the record up Pikes Peak, but every day you will thrill to the capabilities of the great car which holds that record. And its flashing performance will remain ever young—for a stout heart knows no age.

After all, the fact that Studebaker holds the Pikes Peak record, the greatest of world and international records and more American stock

car records than all other manufacturers combined, means only one thing to you: A Studebaker car will serve you better and longer—no matter what you seek in motor car performance; no matter whether you live on the Illinois prairies or in the shadow of the Rockies.

Make sure that Dad sees and drives a Studebaker before he buys a new car—and you too may drive a Studebaker Champion Eight.

Be Up-to-date—Drive an Eight

All of America's finest cars are eights. At the 1930 New York Automobile Show, more eights were displayed than sixes and fours combined. An eight has won the Indianapolis 500-mile classic for the last nine years. An eight—a Studebaker—holds the greatest speed and endurance record in history: 30,000 miles in 26,326 consecutive minutes.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

- President Eight . . . \$1795 to \$2595
- Commander Eight . . . \$1495 to \$1695
- Dictator Eight . . . \$1195 to \$1415

Studebaker also builds three lines of champion sixes which are offered at slightly lower prices: The Dynamic New Erskine, \$895 to \$1125; The Dictator Six, \$1095 to \$1295; and The Commander Six, \$1345 to \$1575. All prices at the factory.

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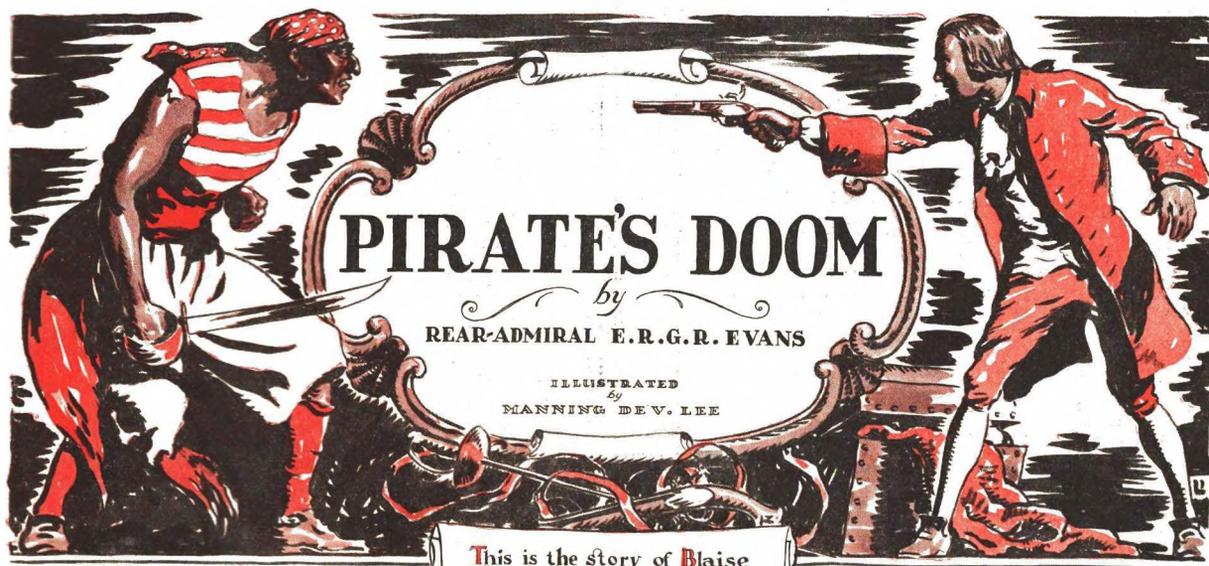
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Volume 104

April, 1930

Number 4

Price: 20 cents a copy; \$2.00 a year; \$3.00 for three years in the United States and its possessions; 25c a year extra in Canada; 50c a year extra in foreign countries.



This is the story of Blaise Merion & his adventuring with his chum Jerry Treg-erent & The Rapier; that mysterious stranger they met in Devon, & de Sas-egnac of the Buccaneers ... Here you will find the merry music of swords & the dash of the great seas over old sailing ships & you will meet "The Rat" "Rat o' the Main" & "Red Castaban," myster-ious figures in the life of Blaise



HEY will all come back from the sea, just like dead ships at the Judgment Day. Red Castaban, 'Rat o' the Main,' Stukeley, Panama Too, and Bleech, and beware of all of 'em."

How those words echoed in my head to the accompaniment of the coach's creaking as we bowled westward from London. Jerry Treggerent and I, Blaise Merion, were upon as strange a mission as might well be imagined—and those words in our hearts.

My grandfather, Captain Luke Merion, had written them in his will. My grandfather, who had not been home from the seas for years!

Never shall I forget the picture of old Silas Merrigrew, the white-haired lawyer, reading us that strange will. Words that set Jerry and me free, forever, from our dreary London apprenticeship. Words that sent us hurrying down to my grandfather's home, Marycombe, in Devon, by the sea. Words that made the year 1749 forever memorable in our hearts. Words that hinted of mystery—of adventure, and danger.

This is what Silas Merrigrew read to me:

"Marycombe Hall, and all it contains, I leave to you, Blaise, my grandchild. In its ownership, may you always remember that you come from a line that has ever been free from the taint of dishonor. It may not seem that riches lie amid those barren acres but, together with the estate, I leave you something that has ever made my palm itch to greater effort and sent the blood running faster in my veins. Amyas Merion's sword. You will find it in Singly's care, down at Marycombe. And when you hold it, remember that Amyas Merion's hand held it fighting for Grenville against the Don, and for Drake at St. John de Ulloa. Take this sword, Blaise Merion, and have it ready against the day when they come—for come they will. They will all come back from the sea, just like dead ships at the Judgment Day. Red Castaban, "Rat o' the Main," Stukeley, Panama Too, and Bleech, and beware of all of 'em."

Old Silas had paused there, and then slowly read these significant words:

"The secret lies beneath your hand."

How my eyes had shone at that moment! How they were shining now as Jerry and I—Jerry, too, was weary of 'prentice fights and would not be left behind—rode down through Devon to Marycombe. To my

grandfather's place, to my great grandfather's sword, and to the secret that would lie beneath my hand!

"But where—how did your grandfather die?" Jerry asked, as we chattered excitedly of the turn events had taken for us.

"That I know not," I replied. "Old Silas but told me that he disappeared in some strange land far across the seas. The report came back that he had died valiantly fighting pirates. With it came that queer will."

Jerry's eyes were dancing. I could see them in the shadows of his corner as the coach rattled on and as the dusk deepened into darkness.

Rarnstaple lay well behind us—what lay before? "They'll all come back from the sea—" Jerry murmured, and then he leaned forward.

"Blaise," he said, "did you ever know of anything that Captain Merion feared?"

I almost laughed. Captain Merion afraid?

I COULD see him now with my mind's eye, a tall, massive man with the laugh of a giant and the sword arm of a Roland. I remember tales of how he had chased the pirates off the seas; how he had boarded their ships and waded through their scurvy ranks with his swishing sword. For out of all Eng-

land's sea captains, Captain Luke Merion had been picked by the great shipping companies to deal with the increasing hordes of devils that preyed upon honest cargoes.

"Nay," I answered Jerry. "There was nothing of which he was afraid!"

Jerry's eyes suggested that those words didn't convince him.

"I read fear between those strange lines, Blaise, 'pon honor, I do," he said a bit breathlessly. "Red Castaban, 'Rat o' the Main,' Stukeley, Bleech, and Panama Too—what kind of ruffians bear those names?"

I fell silent, for I knew no more than he did of the queer folks mentioned in my grandfather's will. It was dark night by the time we were walking down the bridge path toward the lights of Marycombe Hall, twinkling on an upland that overlooked the sea and the small fishing village of Marycombe.

Bleak and unpromising the dark meadows looked—more bleak than they had seemed when I had roamed there as a little lad—and my heart was clutched with a nameless dread. Jerry, too, was silent and strained.

Of the servants we would find there, I knew only the name of Singly, mentioned in the will. Walking lightly in spite of our traps, feeling almost like imposters, we came down the path, through the hedge, into the Hall's private garden.

"Looks gloomy enough, Blaise," commented Jerry as he looked at the rambling old house whose eaves loomed strangely in the mist drifting up from the sea.

At that very moment, through the chill air, there came the note of a song sung so gaily and with such lilting words that immediately we forgot the darkness and the desolation. Stirring words, coming from the Hall itself—

"Sing us a song of the sword, clashing of blade against blade, Emblem of manhood and strength, token of those unafraid!

Sing us a song of the steel; here 'mid the glory to be,

Raise ye a flagon of wine, toast those who dare to be free.

Strike 'til the sparks come,
Hark to our war drum,
Swords to me, sons of the sea!"

There was an almighty fine rhythm about that

song. Little did I know, then, that I was to hear it many times, in many strange places.

"We'll look into this, Jerry," said I. "Someone makes gay in Marycombe Hall."

With that, we hurried to the great oaken door facing the sea, and the next moment I was battering a fandango upon the rusted knocker, what time Jerry accompanied me by tugging violently at the ancient bell pull.

The song ceased and there sounded a quick pattering of footsteps. To our ears came the sound of bolts being withdrawn, and a great chain clanking down. The next instant the door was opened cautiously, and I saw an old and wrinkled man, his face thrown into relief by the sconced candle that he held.

"What want ye? I be the late Captain Merion's servant, Singly. Whom do you seek?"

He spoke in cracked and aged tones and there seemed to be a wealth of suspicion in his old eyes, for old they were and as blue as the sea.

"I am Blaise Merion, his grandson," I answered at once, proudly, and to ease his mind. "Have no fear, Master Singly."

"Master Blaise?"

Bewilderment and suspicion were now warring on his features. Giving me a cautious glance, he looked backward, and as he did so the great song came belting towards us.

"Strange, almighty strange," he ventured. "Then who be the one in that room?"

At first I fancied that Master Singly's years had impaired his intelligence, and not zesting in the chill wind, I walked into the hall.

Jerry followed me.

As we entered, there came striding from the big library at the end of the hall one of the most gorgeous figures I have ever seen in my life.

A man well over six feet in height, clad in black satin, with a vivid red baldric hanging across his body and a great sword suspended from it. A white and spotless wig, black shoes with bright red rosettes, white lace at wrists and neck—these quickly caught details completed the picture of one of the finest specimens of manhood it had ever been my lot to see.

Singly was looking blankly at him, and Singly's eyes were filled with fear and puzzlement.

"This lad comes to claim what you have already claimed," he said to the stranger, his old hand shaking so that the light from the candle flickered.

As Singly spoke, I marked the dancing light in the eyes of this gorgeous character and I saw his two hands fall to his sword hilt, as he placed his legs apart and laughed.

"Be ye Blaise Merion?" old Singly asked him with a challenging note.

"Nay," came the instant answer. "But it has been almighty good fun playing the part, and having rest and shelter."

"You mean that you've been—"

Now I stepped before Singly, for the old man's face had gone red with anger, and I did not know either the nature or the mettle of the gentleman whose laughing eyes were upon me.

"Have no fear," he chuckled, "and forgive the deception. I' faith, times are hard for gentlemen of fortune these days, and when I came here, the old

fellow took so much for granted that I could not well avoid his hospitality."

"For nigh on a week I've served 'e, and fed 'e," cried Singly, "and ye never denied that Blaise Merion was thy name."

My original surprise was giving place to amusement. There was something compellingly inspiring about this gallant figure and, withal, he had confessed at once to the deception.

"As you are not myself, sir," I ventured, "might I ask who you are?"

He pondered a moment, a whimsical light in his eyes.

"A man forsooth," he replied at last. "A swordsman too. An adventurer. A wanderer, a good companion, and a loyal friend. Someone who toys with fortune and flings fame aside for a fight. Someone who serves the weak and laughs at the strong. A poor man not greatly liking the rich, fond of a good fellow, a good glass of sack, and a good song, and with this sword at your service, young sir, should you require it."

He had said those words in gallant fashion and instantly I liked him for them—but he had not answered my question.

"Your name, sir?" I persisted.

"Alas, in that I am unfortunate. I have none—" His face clouded—"none that the world may know. But, so that you may better mark me, or rally me in a fight, call me 'The Rapier.' By that name many battlefields have known me."

How his eyes laughed, how gaily he spoke! How his presence filled this old hall with light and mystery! But why was he nameless?

"You accept that name, and will forgive me for the deception?" he said softly, bending forward, his sword tilted up, his whole manner that of an exquisite courtier.

"Yes, forsooth I shall have to, and you are welcome to stay here if you will," I answered. "What say you, Jerry?" I turned to my chum.

"It would be mighty dull without him," laughed Jerry, who, I could see, was impressed by the manner of the mysterious stranger.

"The Rapier" shook his head.

"No, but I must go on," he exclaimed. "I tire of idleness and it is too quiet here for my liking. But first I would talk to the young master."

Singly, who during this conversation had been standing by, a wondering and speculative figure, suddenly lifted his white head. At that precise moment, just as I was looking at Singly, from somewhere in the night there came the hoot of an owl. I saw Singly tremble, saw him turn, dart to the door, fling it open, and, with wonderful agility for his age, run out into the darkness.

"The Rapier's" hand had fallen to his sword hilt, and even as his sword flashed out, from the garden

there came the sound of a shrill scream of terror. Followed a moan, and then silence.

Even as I glanced at my chum, I turned and was out of the house and speeding along the path by which I had heard Singly go. Suddenly my feet caught against a bundled object on the shingled way, and it was as much as I could do to keep from falling headlong. I stopped and looked down.

There, at my feet, was Singly. He was lying on his face—and there was a knife between his shoulders, sent truly home!

Faintly I heard a mocking laugh, and as the terrible truth dawned upon me, I saw Jerry come racing towards me.

"Singly!" I whispered, awed by that silent figure on the ground. "He's dead! Knifed in the back!"

Again that laugh came, mocking and insistent, and the night seemed to be filled with shadow forms.

Chapter Two

THEY will all come back from the sea, just like dead ships at the Judgment Day."

Slowly I said the words and looked at Jerry as he finished the priming of a pistol.

Scant wonder that both of us were pale, for, since we had borne Singly back to the house, the minutes had been crammed with event.

Even as we had lifted the aged servant in our arms, a vivid streak of lightning had revealed to us a close-hauled ship lying off Marycombe. Then, in the swirling mist of the garden, a slouching figure had loomed up and yelled to us to leave the house and seek safety.

"Begone!" he had shouted, "or you will be served like the old man in your arms!"

But instead of escaping we had retreated into the house, bolted and barred the front door, and closed and barricaded the doors of the side rooms.

Now we were waiting in the hall, with the still form of Singly lying silently in the library. The Rapier was in other parts of the house, searching for weapons other than his sword and Jerry's pistol, our sole armament at the moment.

He came now, his eyes laughing, his mouth set firm, his sword unsheathed—and, in his other hand, a blade that I recognized at once.

It was my grandfather's sword.

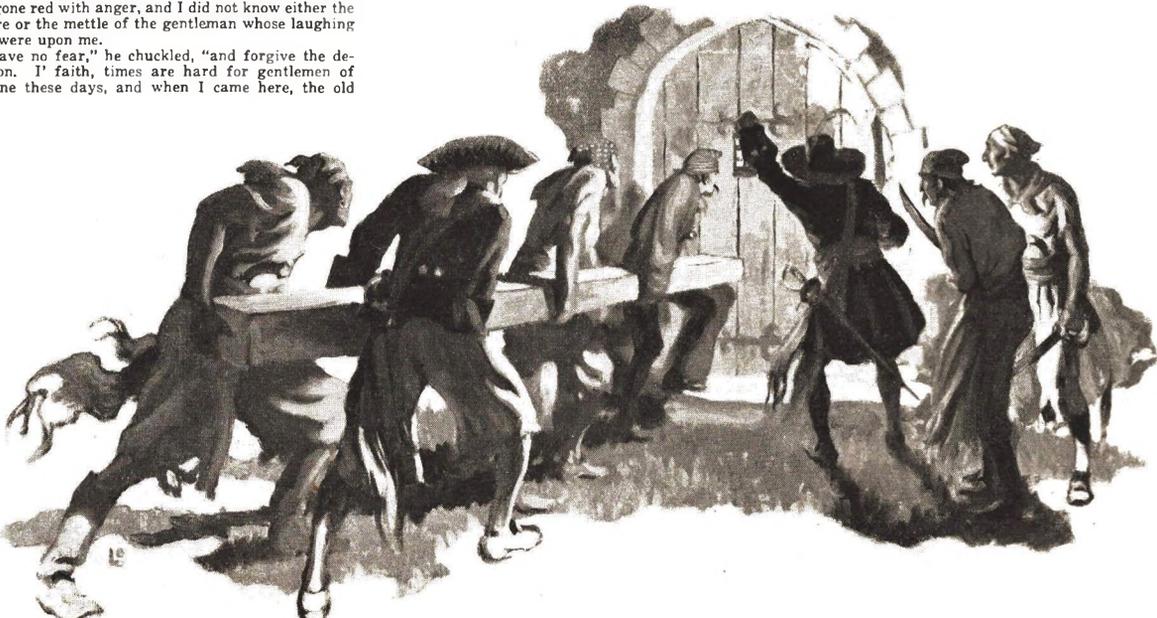
"No fortune in the way of firearms, comrades," he cried. "But I found this pretty thing in Singly's room, and I've a mind to keep it for myself. 'Tis excellent steel."

I flushed, and held out my hand.

He handed it to me. As my fingers settled round the hilt, and I withdrew the steel, my hand tingled strangely, and those words that Mr. Silas Merrigrew had spoken returned to my mind—

"The secret lies beneath your hand."

What secret lay in this fine blade? I glanced along



The door shook under the blows of some balk of timber. It could not last long.

its shining length and then looked up at the Rapier.

"This was my grandfather's sword, Rapier," I told him. "It is of greater value than anything else my grandfather left me. He told me that."

"Then may it lead you to fortune, lad," he cried. "That is, providing we ever leave here. I have a strange feeling that I'm going to have all the adventure I need, ere long."

We waited in silence, growing tense and fretful. The terms of my grandfather's will were being fulfilled sooner than I had suspected. They were coming back from the sea—from that strange ship in the harbor—so my pounding veins said to me insistently.

Restlessly the Rapier went from window to window, peering vainly into the darkness. Then he returned, striding swiftly to us.

"There are men round the house, lads," he said, his hand closing on his sword hilt. "Saw 'em in the shadows. We shan't have to wait long now."

AT that moment, just as I was going to speak, there came a thunderous knocking on the door.

"Who's there?" the Rapier's voice rang out. No answer came—naught save the sighing of the wind, and the lash of the waves on the rocks below. Then there did come another sound—the sound of rushing footsteps as though a number of men were taking up their position in front of the house.

An ominous silence hung over the room, a silence broken only by the eerie sighing of the wind, and the moan of the waves in the distance. It didn't last long. I was about to speak when there came a battering at the front door. We turned toward it, waiting for the attack. The door shook under the blows of some balk of timber. It could not last long.

"Jerry, take the light, and back to the stairs. We'll wait for the rogues there! Are you primed?" cried the Rapier. "Are you ready, Blaise?"

Turning, I darted back, and now, standing at the first landing of the stairs, the three of us waited for what next would happen.

There was a song on the Rapier's lips and that great hungry sword of his gleamed beneath the rays of the candle that Jerry held above his head.

As for myself, I felt a strange pricking in my palm as I held Captain Merion's sword. In the faint pools of light thrown by the candle, I seemed to see that great sea captain standing watching us.

In those prentice days that now seemed so far away, Jerry and I had often hungered for a real fight, and now that it was approaching, somehow I felt humbled at the feeling of apprehension that swayed me.

The door was coming down now, and to the accompaniment of crashing timbers came a flurry of sea oats the like of which I had never before heard. The next moment I saw a grim-looking and coarse face, with a scar slashing the right cheek.

Calmly, Jerry raised his pistol.

"Take that for breaking in on peaceful people," he cried, and as he spoke, he fired. With a hoarse cry the man clutched at his breast and fell forward.

Over his body poured a motley crew—negroes, mulattoes, and white men with the coarsest faces I had ever seen. Some had red handkerchiefs wound about their heads, others wore blue shirts, and some had faded satin suits. Cutlasses and pistols gleamed in their hands.

There was something wonderfully comforting about the gay laugh that came from the lips of the Rapier as he surveyed that rabble.

"Stap me," he exclaimed, "but what hounds for the whipping! Who are ye rogues that come so uncivily to call upon gentle?"

Not a voice answered, unless a low growl could be termed an answer.

I was surprised that no one fired, and it occurred to me that they were waiting for the coming of someone. Nor was I wrong, for a moment later, striding through the damaged doorway, appeared a figure clad in canary satin. At his side, in a baldric of the same hue, hung a dainty rapier. Elegant lace was at his wrists and neck, and a beaver in the height of fashion was set jauntily upon his powdered wig.

He looked upward—and I saw that he was masked. There was a smile upon his lips as he surveyed us. Slowly he stepped over the body of the fallen ruffian and came to the foot of the stairs. Insolently, he drew out a snuffbox, opened it, took a pinch, and with irri-

tating slowness and unconcern applied it daintily to his nostrils.

"Ah," he murmured, and the moment he spoke a strange silence came over those ruffians surrounding him—they seemed cowed by his very presence. "Here are three gallant defenders. Would it not be a pity to kill such valiant gentlemen?"

The Rapier gazed down at that figure, dressed like a popinjay, and then he laughed merrily.

"Rat me," he cried, "but I mistook you for a bird. Why, you are nearly a man!"

With that he advanced down the stairs, and as he did so I saw a smile come across the lips of that masked leader. The little rapier flashed like a thing of light from its sheath.

"Monseigneur," came the answer, spoken smoothly, and with a slightly foreign accent. "For that insult I must make you a bird of passage—to a better world. *En garde.*"

"Then at you," smiled the Rapier. "S' death, I had never dreamed of such fortune when I saw your rogues, but I would sooner fight after your hounds are withdrawn from the hall. Methinks they are handy with the stab in the back."

The elegant figure bowed and then, turning, indicated the door.

"Out of the hall," he cried to his ruffianly crew. They did not hesitate, and I wondered what spell he held over them that they could show such fear of him.

"Now, Monsieur!"

Bowing, he waited for the Rapier to come down the last remaining stairs. With fascinated eyes I watched those two prepare for a duel that I felt sure would be to the death.

Alas, those blades never met. Ere the first lunge had been made, from the doorway there came the report of a pistol and a flurry of smoke. The Rapier reeled and his sword fell, a harmless thing, to the floor.

He of the mask looked with exasperation behind him.

"Plague take you," he cried. "It might have been the prettiest piece of swordplay."

Then the amazing man looked down at our friend as the Rapier clasped at his shoulder and evidently in pain, tried to raise himself. Anger surged through me, for I felt certain that the shot had been calculated.

"Pardon, Monsieur," the masked stranger said. "That was a most untimely shot. We must meet another time."

Then, calmly, he turned and walked closer to the stairs, and us.

"I would speak with Blaise Merion," he said, quietly. "Which of you is he?"

Distantly there came the booming of a gun from seaward, and I thought of those meaning words that my grandfather had written. Was this Red Castaban, "Rat o' the Main," Stukeley, Panama Too, or Bleech? "What would you have with me?" I asked, gazing full into those eyes that gleamed like diamonds behind his mask.

"Speech, on a matter that interests me," he answered calmly. "A question of pirates' trove. For you see I am a pirate, Master Blaise—and at your service."

There was mockery in those eyes as he bowed before me, whilst from behind him came the wolfish howl of his rogues.

"A pirate?"

Perhaps I recoiled as I said that. But the gorgeously dressed figure bowed with all the elegance of the court, one hand upon his heart, one hand upon his sword hilt.

"A strange calling, perchance," he murmured. "But an interesting one. The music of guns and the hazard of the fight. Rich craft for the rapping, gay silks, golden chalices, the glittering jewel and the golden doubloon. Not for those things alone, young monsieur, am I a pirate, but for the interest to sustain an otherwise somewhat doleful and uneventful life."

AS he spoke so smoothly, the Rapier rose unsteadily to his feet, greatly in pain from the ball in his shoulder.

Again my anger surged. In my right hand was Amyas Merion's sword, and from it the thrill of power coursed through my arm.

Who was this dandy to force an entrance into my peaceful home, backed up by such cellar rats as those

who eyed us unsteadily through the open door? Hot words came to my lips, but I checked them as the pirate spoke again.

"I am sure you will not dispute my wishes," he said, coming nearer to me, "like some people I have encountered."

His words had an ominous meaning, but I was thinking of Amyas Merion and my grandfather, and I knew that it were better to depart from this world in honor rather than remain within it stained of character and conscious of one's cowardice.

"So, Monsieur," he continued, "you will speak to me of Captain Luke Merion, and of his activities in the service of your country's Navy. You will tell me of his habits, of his interests here, and will help me in the mission that brought me to this charming spot in Devon."

There was a mocking smile in those fine eyes I could see shining behind the mask, and a sneering touch about the lips that stung me to greater fury.

"I will tell you nothing," I retorted. "I will bid you begone, and your rogues with you, or else risk just payment for the stabbing of an old man."

He drew back and laughed.

"A show of spirit, and i' faith I like it, but it would go hard with you—one against so many. Your older ally is wounded, and the other a boy like yourself."

If he of the mask had fancied that such a situation would daunt me, he had little reckoned with the rising anger in my heart. My master in London had not neglected his duties as guardian of the apprentices who worked for him, and we had learned the art of fence from the best masters that the city could provide.

I gripped my rapier and raised my head, and my eyes met his.

"Here is the speech you shall have, sir!" I cried, and with that I sprang down the stairs and, with my steel ready, faced him.

The Rapier laughed helplessly and called to me a warning.

"Mark ye well the door, young Sir Galahad," he cried, "or the treacherous ball will come. 'Twere wiser to get your man between you and the rogues."

The masked stranger looked piercingly at the Rapier, and then he turned with slow precision, and ran his rapier through the lace handkerchief he had slipped from his sleeve.

"The first dog who dares to fire will find that a keel-hauling will check his treachery," he cried. He indicated a tall, garishly clad pirate, who leaned against the door lintel. "Look to it, Chacon," he said. "I hold you responsible. If but one pistol shot breaks the pleasure of this duel, your back shall break on the wheel as forfeit."

"And if this is to be a fair fight," I said to Jerry, who stood by me, acting to use his pistol, "hold your fire!"

Lightly holding his rapier, the pirate slipped out of his satin coat, laid it carefully upon the balustrade, and bowed to me.

"Monsieur, I am at your service," he said, and raised his sword in salute.

Chapter Three

THE amenities of the French court were foreign to me, nor had I a mind to jest. Instead I waited grimly, on guard and with fast-beating heart, ready for the first onset.

It was not long in coming.

Watching my adversary intently, I saw a strange change come upon that handsome face. The lips seemed thinner, the eyes keener, and the hand that had appeared delicate now looked like steel merging with the metal of his rapier hilt.

"*En garde!*"

The cold voice chilled my ears, but my sword was there to meet his as he drove me backward. I gave him the ground he desired.

My gratitude went out to our fence masters now, for as I fought back and parried his thrusts, as I slowly felt the power and prowess of the man who confronted me, I acknowledged him no more than my equal. I meant to play a waiting game, to keep that glittering steel from finding its mark. As the minutes sped, in this I succeeded.

He fought me to the wall, but I beat him back and came to the center of the hall. And now he commenced to taunt me.

"A faulty riposte, young Monsieur," he laughed. "It were better to have countered it so."

With a light laugh, he parried the thrust I made.

"Thus," he murmured, smoothly, "and then the riposte, so."

He drove at me as a ripple of laughter came from the lips of the Rapier.

"The fencing lesson," my friend cried. "Mark him well, young Galahad. He is no mean swordsman, but a trifle faulty with his wrist work. That hold is not so sure as you might think."

The Rapier's words stayed with me, and as I drew



back, playing for time, the fancy came that my scoundrelly opponent toyed too much with his rapier.

He had a habit, after a thrust that I had parried, of drawing back, smiling, and letting his sword sag. I had thought that it was to tempt me to a false move, but now, as I watched him, I realized that it was an affectation. Perchance, a better swordsman than any of his men, he wished to make a proud play before them.

That brought me to a decision, and instantly I acted. Making a pretense at nervousness and apparent breathlessness, I too hesitated, breaking off the fight.

I saw his eyes glint, he came tigerishly at me, and I was ready. This time I did not give ground, but met his sword and forced him into defense, with a point to his shoulder. This he adroitly withdrew from, but I followed it up with a parry to his next thrust, and then a rapid return that forced him backward. Now it was my turn to fight him round the hall.

To the music of the clashing steel the Rapier mockingly gave my antagonist just such advice as previously the pirate had given me.

"A poor riposte," he announced. "Weak wrist work and an unsteady step, and the return inelegant. Alas, how sadly so great an art has deteriorated."

I drew back pretending nervousness, letting my sword fall aside. My foe laughed, and also paused. I knew it was because he was spent.

My moment had come.

FERCELY, I sprang at him. Ere he could recover, my rapier met his, ran along it, and then, with all the strength at my command, I twisted my blade.

My elegant enemy's sword flew from his hand and tinkled to the ground.

Lurching, he spitted himself on my steel taking it in his shoulder with amazing grace.

As I withdrew it, I saw the yellow satin tinted to red. He paled—and then he smiled, ruffed out his lace handkerchief, and touched the wound just as one might place snuff to the nostril.

"So," he breathed, "a pretty trick, and one I am unaccustomed to. Plague take my wrist—'tis an old wound that weakens it."

He had drawn back and my blooded sword, still directed towards him, made me fancy that perchance, in victory, we might manage to free ourselves of this rabble.

"Now to strike the bargain," I cried. "Either your word of honor to depart, and your rogues with you, else—"

He laughed, and it seemed to me that he was considering the ultimatum.

"Blaise!" Jerry shouted in a strangled voice.

Ere I could turn, I was borne to the ground by a falling body that had literally hurled itself from the stairs upon me. My head hit the floor and lights flashed in my brain.

More dead than alive, I became slowly conscious that something in great sea boots and a blue shirt was sitting on my chest. I could see, out of the side of my eyes, that Jerry was held tight by two ruffians, and the Rapier guarded by others. Evidently some of the crew had got around in back and come down at us from the stairs.

"It was well done, Panama Too," my recent adversary said. "The young cockchafer

needed squashing. Zounds but he's pinked me and humbled me mightily."

Panama Too! Dizzily I looked up at the man who had well-nigh crushed me. Panama Too! So here was one of those who would come back from the sea like a dead ship at the Judgment Day.

He was tall, and sinister-looking, and strong in the arm, for he held my wrists with a grip like steel. He bared his yellow teeth and looked at me dolefully.

"A gamecock that needs spur blunting," he said, chuckling. "Well, Panama can see to that. The rope's end, the plank, the keel—it will be fine sport to watch you fighting the sharks with two knives, little messmate."

With that he lifted me to my feet. If he had thought to terrify me with his words he had made a grievous error, for I faced him and his eyes were less steady than mine own.

"Ropes, Chacon," he cried, ere I could speak. "Truss them up, and then through the house, you rats—and find what it was we came to seek."

LIKE hounds unleashed, the rabble roared forward and up the stairs. Then followed a din that made the welkin ring. I heard the crashing of broken furniture, the splintering of glass, the sound of oaths and heavy boots.

Whilst this ravaging was in process, Panama Too, with ropes that the lowering brute Chacon brought, tied my wrists and ankles. To make sure that I would not escape, he slipped my ancestor's sword through the ropes so that I must stand stiff and straight.

Others were seeing to Jerry and the Rapier, and

now, whilst that devils' din continued above, we were herded together by the door.

For what did they search?

My enemy of the mask, a prey to some particular anxiety that I could not fathom, was pacing the hall as though it were a ship's quarter-deck, and ever and anon, he would glance upwards.

"Spit me, but can they find nothing?"

The Mask gazed at the stairs to see Chacon standing above, shaking his head.

"Gutted it to the caves," he roared, "and not a sign by paper or by token, master."

The elegant gentleman, pale, and in no mood now for courtesies, strode to me.

"Know you aught of Captain Merion's secrets?" he bit out. "Speak, or you'll feel steel."

"How should I know of secrets? What secrets?" I countered.

"The treasure, the treasure of the Main, the haul of years, the ransom of all the kings in Christendom," he answered, sharply. "Captain Merion knew that secret, and find it we will, now he is dead."

"It was but to-day that I came here to take up my inheritance," I answered him. "There is nothing of any secret that I know of."

"No clue in the will—his will?" he roared, beside himself with anger.

As he spoke, I remembered. Clues there were, albeit slim ones. Some secret that lay beneath my hand; a hint of riches in the sword. But I had no intention of mentioning those things.

"He left me the house, the estate, and his sword," I answered.

"It shall turn out to be a fine heritage," he fired

back. "Maybe the secret is with you 'e'en though you don't know it. It must be!" His eyes gleamed with sudden decision. "You and these others shall come with us."

As I gazed at him, appalled, distantly there came the sound of a booming gun and evidently that sound was a warning to this man confronting me.

"Panama, whip them back to the boats," he cried.

With that he sped to the door, and in the faint light of torches that some of his rogues held, I saw him speeding down to Marycombe.

Panama Too slit the ropes that bound my ankles, prodded me with the butt end of his whip, and indicated the door.

"Out of it, and down to the shore—hear me!"

With that I was hustled from the hall along with Jerry and the Rapier, whilst about us surged those garishly dressed sailors. The light from their torches shone strangely upon dark faces, golden earrings, green and red scarves, and gleaming swords.

As we stumbled along through the wind-buffed night, a great light shone in the upper windows of my home. The next instant, with a shattering of glass, flames spurted out to meet the wind. The scoundrels had fired Marycombe Hall!

I heard Panama Too laugh grimly.

"Take a last look at your home, Master Merion," he scoffed, "and a last look at England, Home, and Beauty, for you're bound for the Main—and we'll wring that secret from you there!"

(Cont. on page 58)



"Who are ye rogues that come so uncivilly to call upon gentry?" demanded the Rapier.



The ship roared over their heads. Its landing wheels whizzed perilously close to the upper wing of Don's ship.

The Dead Stick

By Richard Howells Watkins

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

CLIFF BURKE, air mail pilot, came out of the radio office at Converse Field in a hurry. His eyes sought his ship on the line.

Then he stopped in front of the hangar where Don Saunders and Bill Mann were working on their motor. With a quick, impulsive hand he gestured toward the dull grey sky.

"Take my advice and head for the ceiling," he said, grinning. "It may be dirty weather up there, but it's nothing compared to the cyclone that's going to hit this field."

"What's wrong?" Don Saunders, the youngest pilot on the field, asked apprehensively. Bill Mann, on the wing step, was much too busy with a plug wrench even to look down at them.

"Jake Converse is feeling peeved," Cliff explained. "The mail's had a forced landing and is heading here by truck. And Brown is somewhere to eastward in that new tri-motor ship the boss bought last week. He's two hours late and flying through snow and sleet squalls according to the last weather report Sparks got."

"Well, that's enough to put anybody a bit on the prance," Don suggested.

"Not Jake Converse," the mail pilot answered. "What's really got him going is the letter he had from the Department of Commerce this morning. He's mad enough to bite an elephant. You know how he feels about this field, don't you?"

Don nodded. "He thinks it's the best in the country. And it is the best I've struck."

Bill Mann, engrossed in his motor, spared them a glance. "It doesn't seem to be the plugs," he reported dreamily but neither pilot heard him.

"Well, the dear Department of Commerce has rated this field A-2-A," Cliff explained. "And we looked up

the regulations and found out that that was right, too. Converse Field isn't even a first-class 'drome."

"What!" Don was genuinely staggered. He swung a hand protestingly toward the huge fireproof hangars, the administration building, the supply house, the machine shops, the revolving beacon and the radio shack. "If this isn't a first-class field, what is?" he demanded. "We've got everything there is—and then some."

"That part of it's all right," Cliff conceded. "The first letter in the D. of C. rating refers to general facilities and equipment and they gave us 'A' on that. The second 'A' is for proper lighting equipment for night flying. Our half-billion-candle-power floodlights and all the other stuff, including a beacon I've picked up eighty miles away on a clear night, put us on top there."

"Then—" said Don. "It's that little 2 between the A's that has stirred Jake up," Cliff went on. He nodded toward the eastern boundary of the broad field. "There's the trouble!"

Don Saunders looked that way. Right up to the high board boundary fence the field stretched out as smooth as a lawn. Don could see no pitfalls of any sort.

"You don't mean that fence?" he suggested. "No. The Commerce inspector didn't like the fence—too high—but the real trouble is that the field is short."

"Short!" Don burst out. "Why it's 2300 feet—"

"And it ought to be 2500 to get an A-1-A rating. Jake Converse is shy just 200 feet of having a first-class field. It's sort of hard on Jake, because he's sunk a lot of cash in this 'drome. But there it is. With aviation growing like a trick beanstalk they figure a field's got to be at least 2500 feet to hit the official bull's eye."

"I'll bet that the boss goes out and buys another two hundred feet to-day," Don Saunders said confidently. "It's all undeveloped land around here anyhow."

Cliff Burke shook his head. His eyes had strayed again to the line where a mechanic was warming up a twin-motored monoplane.

"Pay me!" he answered. "You haven't got a chance on any such bet. The land to the east there is owned by Steve Fuller. And who is Steve Fuller? He's a big real estate man now but in the old days when Converse was flying, Steve Fuller was in the air, too."

"And Converse and Fuller were partners when they bought all this property. The dust-up came when Converse wanted to make an airport of it and Fuller wanted to make factory sites of it. They both won the argument—by splitting their holdings and maybe their fists, too. Jake wouldn't buy as much land as he could swallow from Steve Fuller and Steve wouldn't sell Jake even that much. So you see Converse Field will remain A-2-A for—"

A MOTOR TRUCK, mud-splashed, roaring, whirled into the field just then and skidded to a stop beside the twin-motored ship on the line. From the hangars pelted half a dozen men who flung themselves at the truck. They dragged mail sacks out of it and rapidly passed them into the mail compartment of the big monoplane.

(Continued on page 63)



"Get in!" cried Postgate, his voice rising harshly above the rumble of the motor.

Red Blazes

By Laurie York Erskine

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

THE scarlet triplane, with its spreading blaze of radiating yellow stripes, appeared on the Flanders front at a time when the Seventy-Seventh Squadron, A. E. F., had been drawn by the fortunes of war into intimate rivalry with Squadron Forty-Nine of the Royal Flying Corps.

Some pilots of the American squadron were discussing it about the open fireplace of the farmhouse that was the headquarters of Seventy-Seven. In a decrepit armchair sat Major Douglas Renfrew, commanding Squadron Forty-Nine. He was their guest.

"That sun-blazing banshee took two of our men and a Bristol Fighter yesterday," mourned Postgate, gloomily. "He's got to be stopped."

"Not an original idea, that," Ken Durland, commander of Seventy-Seven, said very gravely. "We've been sending our best men after him for three weeks, now, and I guess Renfrew's been after him, too. The day Squires and I went after him, he just stunted us out of ammunition and then laughed at us. He was a good sport, anyway."

"We've been after him more times than you have," smiled Renfrew regretfully. "Had him to ourselves for a week or so. But he's a pretty way feller. Flies high and lets his minions obscure the issue. Then he just dips down to deliver the final thrust. Last week four of our best met up with his circus. He never let them see him through the fog of followers he had."

"Sure!" Pennock got up and talked with excitement. "It's his technique! That boy's just one of the best flyers and fighters the war's turned out. He's cool as ice and a magnificent shot! We've got that, too. Flint, or Postgate, or Ken—any of them can put up the fight, the flying, and the shooting—and I guess you fellows can, too, Major Renfrew—" Renfrew bowed, smiling—"but this boy uses his mob! He gets you involved with a whole mess of triplanes, and you think you're fighting them. But instead of trying to get you, they're just herding you round and cutting you out like a cowpuncher at a rodeo. And first thing you know he pops down out of nowhere and you're lucky to get away with your life!"

"He herded off three of our men," said Renfrew thoughtfully, "and took all their fuel and ammunition away in a running fight toward Berlin. They'll be in Germany for duration."

"Arthur would have understood that bird," said Postgate slowly. "And I guess he'd have got him, too."

"Arthur?" inquired Masterson, who was a new arrival in Seventy-Seven.

"Yes. We called him King Arthur," said Postgate. He faced the questioner deliberately and in his voice was mingled pride and sorrow. "He was a member of my flight. He believed that the war could be fought in the air according to the rules of the Round Table. Like a blind fool, I blamed him once for doing just such a sporting thing as old Red Blazes did when he let Squires and Ken escape after their pills were gone. Arthur'd have got this sunburst son-of-a-gun without fail, too, for he'd have killed himself to do it. You all know that!"

THERE was a silence, for every man who had known that dauntless and magnanimous knight of whom Postgate spoke knew that what Postgate said was true. They knew, too, that the blunt, practical Postgate had been unable to understand Arthur, and that the differences between the two had indirectly led to Arthur's flaming death. And Postgate, who saw in his dreams the mid-air crash that had killed Arthur and saved Postgate, had changed greatly.

"You know," continued Postgate, "the more I see of this war, the more I can see that Arthur was right. I've been reading up on this stuff in Malory, and I'm darned if we're not up against the same old story. Only it isn't a boyhood dream, like the stories were. It's the grimmiest sort of reality, as it must have been to Gareth, Lamorake, Launcelot, and the rest of them. Probably you fellows remember how Gareth had to meet the perilous knights at the ford, and how, after he'd slain them, there was the Black Knight, the Green Knight, and the Red Knight. In every combat he was the victor, but all he got for his trouble was another, harder combat. Finally he came to the 'most perilous knight of them all' as the old book says—the Red Knight of the Red Launds who had hung on the trees the bodies and armor of forty knights who had come to take him on. And Gareth fought him from dawn to dusk, and licked him."

"That's the stuff!" cried Masterson. "And the boy with the crooked coat who showed them all up."

"And Sir Lamorake," grinned Renfrew, "who made Dinadan and Palomides stand by while he met all the murderous knights of Morgan le Fay and overthrew them one after the other, with a tilt with Dinadan thrown in for good measure."

"Well, aren't we up against the same thing?" demanded Postgate. "Here they've been sending 'em up against us, one after the other, and we've taken them on. And now comes Red Blazes, 'the most perilous knight of them all.' He's hung up a good many crests, I guess, but there's going to be some strong-armed lad from one squadron or another that's going to 'void him of his saddle,' as the old boys said. I guess it's between Seventy-Seven and Forty-Nine to provide the knight—but always remember that King Arthur belonged to us."

"To both of us," Renfrew reminded him gently. And Postgate, as blunt and simple, as brave and dauntless as any knight who rode from Camelot in search of perilous adventure, was plunged into sorrowful thought as he remembered how Arthur had died under Renfrew's command.

"But aren't you overlooking the technique of this Red Blazes proposition?" asked Pennock, breaking a brief silence. "I can remember the Round Table stories myself, and it seems to me that those lads had a pretty rigid understanding that combat was to be exclusively individual. I can't remember any story about knights that hung around while a whole darned circus engaged the enemy and then pounced down on him after the mob had him in its clutches. That's how this bird works."

"That's up to us," said Renfrew. "If we can't have an understanding with them, we'll have to plan things so that we dictate the terms of the combat."

"That's good," grinned Bill Higgins. "Send 'em a letter."

"No," grinned Renfrew in return. "Send 'em a couple of squadrons."

KEN DURLAND leaped to his feet.

"Great!" he cried. "Major, that's great!" Pacing the flagstoned floor, he turned and addressed the group of them.

"We take off on a prearranged time schedule," he cried. "The whole strength of Forty-Nine and Seventy-Seven combined! Then—how are we going to find 'em?"

"That's easy," cried Pennock. "Comb the lines. They'll be out, all right. It's just a matter of patrolling until we meet up with 'em."

"Only we won't!" grinned Higgins. "Something tells me that when Red Blazes sees thirty or forty of us approaching his precious thirty or thirty-five little triplanes, he's going to blow his bugle and have 'em all light out for home. They're not looking for tourneys, they're looking for scalps."

"Bill's right," said Renfrew. "Your Red Blazes is out to engage fights, not squadrons. We won't see anything but their tails if we hunt in force. What we've got to do is to split our forces up. Form one flight of four—the two best men of each squadron. Form four more flights of five apiece—two flights from Forty-Nine and two from Seventy-Seven—That'll give us even chances."

"And hunt separately?" asked Pennock. "But that'll put us back in the same old hole."

"Separately," speculated Renfrew, "but not far divided. We'll go out on a clear day, but we'll look for some fluffy clouds about the sky. The picked flight of four will hit the ceiling. The rest of 'em will fly at various levels, from five to twelve thousand feet. All of 'em will keep within two or three thousand yards of each other, and use every trick of the game to keep out of one another's sight. That way I doubt if Red Blazes' circus will spot more than two flights at once, and maybe he'll spot only one. The one that finds him will fire a signal—five bursts in quick succession."

"That's the stuff!" cried Durland. "And then we all close in."

"Close in and engage the mob!" cried Postgate. "Then the Big Four hop on to Red Blazes!"

"One at a time!" laughed Renfrew. "We flip for which squadron sends in the first man. If he's downed the next man tries. If all four lose out, we'll have every man in the show numbered to follow in succession. If we herd the circus right, and stick to our guns, Red Blazes is ours!"

"Seems to me, though, as if we're giving him all the glory," said Postgate thoughtfully. "Under our plan Red Blazes is the hero of the occasion. He's the lad who takes on all comers, and we're the perilous knights he's got to vanquish."

"We can fix that by having the flights numbered, and only come in as the numbers of the circus warrant," suggested Renfrew. "We'll work like the Germans to cut the individual fighters out, and then the sharpshooters who aren't engaged with Red Blazes can deal with them. That'll make it man to man."

"Fine!" said Durland. "That gives the glory to the best crowd."

"And when does the game take place?" Bill Higgins was alive with enthusiasm.

"Visitors have the choice," said Renfrew. "We'll go hunting the first day that gives us right weather conditions. But we must have our plans carefully worked out so that we'll always be prepared."

"We can make 'em now," suggested Ken Durland.

SITTING around the open fireplace they worked with pencil and paper over the "line-up" for a game in which casualties were to be counted in dead and wounded. As they worked, it became apparent that the appeal of the encounter lay in its test of their skill and courage, in the conquest of an enemy who had slain their comrades and whose existence was a peril to their cause.

The inevitable risk of life gave them no hesitation. They entered into the game with as little concern as, a few months before, any of them would have entered into a game of football. Or as, but a few centuries before, the fabled knights of Camelot would have entered the lists of tournament.

Long hours they worked, and when the day of the "game" occurred, they were prepared.

It was Captain Paddy M'Canlon, leading a flight of Squadron Forty-Nine, who first spotted the circus. The auspices were perfect. In the blue sky, flecked with vagrant bunches of woolly clouds, none of the other five flights of Allied scouts were visible to the enemy. And Paddy, with his cunning and audacity, was the best man in the world first to engage them.

The enemy force was made up of some fifteen D-Seven biplanes and ten triplanes, brilliantly painted in various strange devices. Among them flew the scarlet leader with the yellow sunburst on his wings. M'Canlon found them some ten miles behind the German line.

Immediately he started to act a part. Approaching in the face of the circus, and somewhat below it, he pretended for just the right space of time that he had not sighted the enemy. With a scant few minutes, then, to show his heels or his colors, he led his flight in an aimless, undecided climbing circle.

Swiftly the flock of enemy aircraft bore down upon his wretched handful, and in the last instant left for his decision, Paddy seemed to decide on hopeless flight. With his pilots gleefully ranged behind him, he turned tail to the enemy and made for the lines.

They were after him as a pack of hounds might follow the fox, and quite obviously Paddy had no chance in the world. Five S.E. Fives may offer effective combat against twenty-five enemy scouts if the pilots be tried and expert fighters, but five S.E. Fives cannot escape in flight if the leader has given the enemy a good enough start.

To the elated Fokkers it was only a matter of minutes before the triplanes would have those S.E. Fives in range, and the advantage would then be all with the attacking triplanes.

But the chase was one that tried the Germans' speed. The triplanes and the slower D-Sevens were drawing apart, and each minute brought them nearer the lines. To the Germans it became a race against the escape of the fugitives for safety; to Paddy it was a matter of catching the right and unmistakable instant.

The moment came when the triplanes were so close behind him that they were certain to start firing. Then Paddy gave warning to his pilots, swept upward as though to loop, half rolled, and diving, led them sweeping beneath the oncoming triplanes. As he and his followers zoomed upward, between the triplanes and lagging D-Seven Fokkers, he fired a burst from his Vickers. Instantly four

bursts followed in quick succession, and the five S. Es plunged into frantic battle.

For an instant it appeared as though they were surely doomed. The fifteen swift German planes enfolded them in a weaving chaos of winged vengeance, and from the west the ten triplanes, led by the sunburst leader, bore down on the combat.

But as they approached they skimmed with their highest wings the under hazes of a bank of thick white clouds, and the haze was not free from their wing tips before Openshaw, leading five more S.E. Fives, swept down through the clouds upon them.

Instantly the ten German pilots showed the perfection of their training. In magnificent concert they divided, evading the enemy's fire, and with an intricate evolution enfolded the five S.E.s in a counter attack of deadly effectiveness. Rand, with one arm riddled, and a shattered prop, raced for the earth against faintness; and Openshaw, finding himself suddenly, inexplicably cut off from his flight by a wall of darting triplanes, saw the German leader behind him as he heard the rattle of the machine gun that Red Blazes fired. It was the last thing he heard or saw.

Two Germans went down in collision. Blanding and Paddy M'Canlon accounted for two more. But Graham was gone and Hammersley, so that as the triplanes crowded into the fight there were six S.E.s, outnumbered more than three to one.

Then Bill Higgins, with a flight from Seventy-Seven, swept into action between the Germans and their homeland, and a quartet of two Spads and two S.E.s circled down from the high places of the sky.

Those were the four appointed champions, the backfield—the first-string men. Renfrew and Gunning from Forty-Nine, Durland and Postgate from Seventy-Seven.

Circling in their high position, they saw the battle spread out beneath them. They saw Bill Higgins speed

in from the east, and then Pennock's five Spads roar down the sky out of the brilliant sun. Sixteen of the Allies and twenty brightly-colored Germans were battling below them, covering a vast space in the sky. At various altitudes they engaged in their duels and encounters, and the whole force sank gradually as they fought.

Always above them, shepherding his men, watching like a hawk for the quarry that would be driven out of the mass for his taking, circled the brilliant body of Red Blazes.

Red Blazes was worried. True to Bill Higgins' prophecy, it was not that leader's plan to have his circus engage an equal number. His business was to rid the air of Allied planes, and it was accomplished best by using his numbers as his interference. With this large force of Allied planes to engage them, the German herding was not effective—they were too deeply engrossed in individual combat.

Indeed, it almost seemed as though the Allied planes were doing some herding of their own. They fought with the fury and intensity of expert flyers, and it was not the Fokkers that dictated the positions of the fight. The S.E.s and Spads seemed always to keep within the wide circle of the combat, and they became exposed only when an occasional German plane veered eastward.

THEN, suddenly, Red Blazes saw one of his triplanes swing out, so that it was isolated from the battle as it circled wide to avoid a pursuing Spad. And a gray, winged form pounced down from above him, to engage the isolated triplane while its pursuer returned to the fray.

The triplane went down in flames, but its victor was far removed from his comrades. It was the opportunity for single combat that Red Blazes sought. Instantly he dived—and Renfrew, who had won the toss and was first man up, turned to engage him.

The duel was an intricate one. They circled and twisted, each trying for the advantage, for the position behind and above from which to deal the fatal burst. Red Blazes had it, for a moment, but his bullets were wasted in Renfrew's fuselage. Still, the triplane could climb faster than the S.E., and as the two planes wove their way out of the battlefield, it was Red Blazes who forced the issue.

While the two champions twisted and rolled, looped and turned, in that absorbing duel, the network of tracer bullets, the rattle of machine guns, and the resonant roar of the motors created a fantastic world of unreality in the sky above them. Several machines of both sides had fallen to earth. Gunning, with the fabric stripped from one wing, was nursing a crippled plane back to the air-drome.

Durland, lost in the midst of the vortex, sought in vain to fight his way through to the outskirts. Only Postgate circled, high in the air above all the battle, alert for single combat.

And then Renfrew went down. His propeller a shuddering stump before him, and his shattered engine spouting dark streaks of flame from beneath the cowl, he heard the guns of his enemy clattering in his ear and the bullets whining by, as he shut off his petrol and spun down.

Red Blazes followed him. Certain of his quarry, the German ace dived and circled, dived and circled, as Renfrew spun downward toward the German territory beneath. If the S.E. straightened in time, Red Blazes would give its pilot the *coup de grace* in the air. If it spun down below the thousand foot level Red Blazes would know it was a German victory and return to seek further game above.

But Postgate interfered.

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A lurch to one side, and Renfrew saw the pilot stand in his cockpit and magnificently wave farewell.

The Weak Link

By John A. Moroso

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

THE peak of the morning rush hour for New York office workers, bankers, lawyers, brokers, architects, builders, people in the silk trade, the cotton trade, coffee, spices, produce, chemicals and almost every possible line of human endeavor is reached about fifteen minutes to nine.

Up and down the long narrow highways of Manhattan Island, the crimson traffic lights flash and every vehicle stops. The orange lights come on and the human tide afoot crosses. The green lights flash and traffic begins up and down the canyons once more.

North and south the mighty rush of street traffic is automatically held still for exactly three minutes on the red flash, and is kept moving for exactly three minutes on the green.

Should a man be driving on the outer edge of the flow of travel, and the stop signal flash as his car is in front of a cigar store, he would have ample time to slip from behind his wheel, get his smoke, light up, and be back to swing ahead with the green signal.

Inevitably, the towering, overpopulated little island has become mechanized. The mobs that pour from the flats of Harlem and the Bronx get the same seats or straps in the same cars of the subway every morning. Habit and system regulate them every minute of the day.

At ten minutes to nine o'clock, the staff of the International Savings and Protective Association on Fifth Avenue, a few paces north of the most crowded intersection of highways in the world, was ready for work. The steel bars of its vault, operated by clock-work mechanism, slipped back and the armored door swung open.

The cashier and his tellers, from inner recesses, gathered trays piled high with money in all denominations, from pennies to thousand-dollar certificates. These were placed in the cages of paying and receiving tellers. At exactly nine o'clock an armed and uniformed attendant swung open the doors of the institution. The day's work was under way.

A well dressed man, comparatively young, dark of complexion and handsome, stepped within and asked for the manager.

"I wish to start an account," he said.

An official came to him, suave, eager for the first new customer.

"I would like to begin with a deposit of fifteen thousand dollars," explained the visitor, drawing from an inside pocket an envelope packed with certificates of high denomination.

Five young men and two women had entered the bank during this brief conversation.

"I'll introduce you to the cashier," said the official. "Please step this way."

He drew a key to the steel-barred door of the cashier's office, turned the lock, and threw open the door.

"Hands up and not a move from anybody!" came sharply, clearly, from one of the young men. His extended right arm swept the interior of the bank. Strapped on the inside of the arm was a sawed-off shotgun. A finger of his left hand lingered on the trigger. The other four men had drawn automatic pistols. Three of them had crowded within the open door of the cashier's office. One placed his gun against the back of the armed attendant, who hadn't had time even to draw his pistol.

The dapper new customer's hands were up, the right still holding his money. One of the bandits took it and stuffed it in a coat pocket. Another

pushed through to the paying teller's cage and gathered the money into a black silk bag. Another did the same with the receiving teller's cash, and a third went to the vault with a larger bag and returned with the bag as round and tight as a big plum pudding.

Flourishing their weapons, the bandits backed to the street entrance, but waited there the word from their leader with the shotgun. This man's eyes were on the hands of the large marble clock set in the wall of the spacious room opposite the Fifth Avenue entrance. The attendant and a teller had been disarmed.

The short hand of the clock was on nine. When the long hand showed exactly three minutes after the hour, the bandit lowered his shotgun and darted after his companions from the building.

To the dot of a second, the job had been done between nine and three minutes after nine.

When the alarm was given out on the avenue, downtown traffic was in full flow and there was no sign of the bandits. When detectives arrived, the count-up showed that the International had been robbed of one hundred and fifty-six thousand odd dollars.

"And," added the official, "there was a new customer who lost fifteen thousand dollars. He was mad as blazes. When I told him our insurance couldn't cover money not yet on deposit, he went up in the air. Told me he'd see a lawyer."

"What was his name?" one of the detectives asked. "Didn't leave any," the official said, scratching his head distractedly. "Too excited, I guess."

James Tierney, engaged by private capital to bring to arrest the Big Gun who was behind the

bank raids in New York, worked independently of the score of headquarters detectives put on the case by Inspector Sweeney. He was on the retired list, had settled on a small farm across the Hudson, in New Jersey, and had been yanked out of retirement much against the will of his housekeeper, Maggie. But the bankers who had hired him had promised him twenty thousand dollars if he would break up the ring that was terrorizing the financial district.

THREE hours after the holdup of the International, the dropped in on the inspector, placed his hard-boiled derby on the floor at his feet, mopped his round red face, stared into Sweeney's broad and grim countenance with round babylike eyes, and said:

"Not a finger print, not a clue; nothing."
"Anybody get the license of their car, Jim?"

"No."

"How about the doorman of the bank?"

"Couldn't tell us nothin'. All he saw was the traffic starting up with the green light. All cars moved at once, and they were so close together none could have jockeyed ahead of another. The sidewalk crowd was so heavy that he couldn't run down the street as fast as the traffic moved."

"Quick and quiet job, eh?"

"I'll say so, Chief." Tierney's eyes took on a dreamy glaze. "It was a masterpiece of a job. And maybe that'll help us. When a job is perfection, there's hope. It may have been too well figured out. But the guy that doped it is the most dangerous criminal in this town and we got to get him. He's the brains for all these stick-ups and racketeers in this town."

"What makes you think this job was so well done?" Sweeney asked.

"The way the Big Gun doped out the traffic movement to the second. His car stopped before the bank just as the red light went on. He had just three minutes. In that time, he and his men did the trick, and when they stepped back in the car, traffic was moving and them with it. The bank people say the man with the shotgun kept his gang at the door for a few moments. I dope it that those few moments would have to pass before traffic swept onward."

"Pretty close figuring, Jim."

"Close? Say, he must have measured the steps from the curb to the inside of the bank, to the tellers' cages and the vault and back, and timed it all with a stop watch."

"My men say the bandits followed a new depositor into the cashier's office. Did they time this depositor and know that he was to be there?"

"That depositor was robbed of fifteen grand," Tierney said chuckling. "Tough on him."

"Did he make a holler for his money after the robbery?"

"The cashier was so rattled that he can't remember what this bird said, except that he considered the money as good as deposited and that it would have to be repaid out of the bank's insurance money against theft."

"Did the bank have his name and address, Jim?"

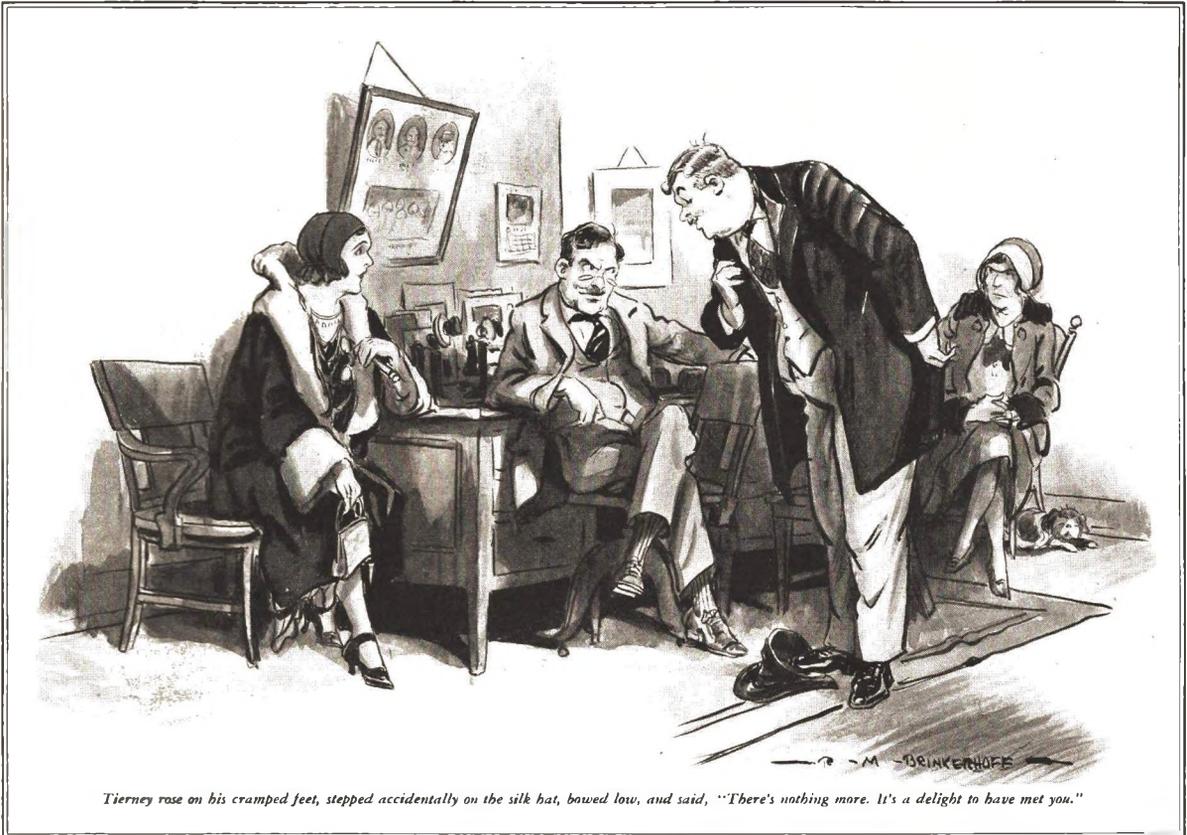
"The raid started before they had time to ask him."

"He'll put in a claim through his lawyer."

"Maybe. But I ain't going to wait for him to start proceedings. I'm going on a hunt for that gent. It's funny the bandits knew him and his habits so well that they knew he had that much cash and would salt it in a bank."



"You dropped this at the table in the dining room," said Tierney.



Tierney rose on his cramped feet, stepped accidentally on the silk hat, bowed low, and said, "There's nothing more. It's a delight to have met you."

"But if he was a man of means, why didn't he go to a bank where he already had an account?"

"He might have picked up this cash gambling, or as a bribe, and not wanted his own banker to get curious. Get me?"

"Sure. But how'll you uncover him if he doesn't make a claim against the bank?"

"He's a very handsome man, rather young, and dressed to the limit—beautiful kid gloves that looked like they were made to order. Like the swells have 'em made over in London and Paris. So the cashier said, and he has plenty of swells to deal with."

"Well," laughed Sweeney, "and then what?"

"There were two dames in the bank at the time, pulling out some jake for shopping, both high society. They're laid up with hysterics. As soon as they stop the fits and get smoothed out I'll talk with 'em. They might have seen something about this bird that men wouldn't have noticed."

"The two ladies will be here to-morrow morning," Sweeney informed the old detective. "I want them to look carefully through the Rogues' Gallery pictures. Ditto the cashier, the tellers, the floor manager, and the rest."

"O. K., Chief. If we could spot one of the gun crew, it might help. You attend to the bank people and I'll be here bright and early in the morning when the swell dames show up. One is Mrs. Van Piper of Park Avenue, Newport, Paris, and way stations. The other kid is Mrs. Peter Rolls-Rolls de Piester of Park Avenue, Newport, Aiken, London, Paris, and way stations. Zat right?"

"Correct," chuckled Sweeney. "Mrs. Van Piper was robbed of a peck of pearls about a year ago."

"Well, Chief," said Tierney as he placed the old lid at its usual angle on his cannon-ball head, "I'll run over to Jersey and have Maggie press my society clothes so I can show these dames what style is to-morrow morning. And I'll spend the evening looking up a lot of swell words in the dictionary so I can talk to 'em right, huh?"

"By all means, Jim." The inspector, who had risen, turned to stare out the window so that he wouldn't burst out laughing, for the old Bonehead seemed deadly serious. When he had controlled himself he asked: "What kind of duds will you wear, Jim?"

"I gotta Prince Isaac coat and gray pants with sus-

pender buttons, and will stop and get the suspenders on the way to the ferry. The pants is rather loose. And a white vest and a swell necktie—green. I bought it for the banquet of the Sons of St. Patrick. Patent leather shoes only they hurt like blazes. But I can bring 'em in a package and put 'em on here, just long enough to talk with these dames, huh?"

"Sure," the inspector agreed soberly. "You won't have to walk around any. You can sit right there and I'll bring 'em in. But for the love of Mike, don't forget the suspenders."

"I won't, Chief. I'll go get 'em right this minute over at Blumstein's."

ACCOMPANIED by her social secretary and a nurse carrying a small dog, Mrs. Van Piper of Park Avenue and other points, left her limousine at the Centre Street entrance of police headquarters and was heartily greeted by a heavily built man in a Prince Albert coat, gray trousers, and green necktie.

On the head of this apparition was a silk hat that seemed to be fitted with ball bearings; whenever the gentleman stirred in the slightest, it would begin to slip and slide.

"Mrs. Van Piper," he greeted the rich woman, "I am James Tierney, the detective. Excuse me." He caught the top hat just in time. "This way, please."

Jim and Inspector Sweeney had already interviewed Mrs. de Piester. She hadn't been able to identify the well-dressed depositor in the Rogues' Gallery. It was now after ten o'clock, and no word had come to the police of any claim by that gentleman for the loss of his fifteen thousand dollars. Both Sweeney and Jim were well convinced that the elegantly clad and handsome depositor had some connection with the robbery. The mere fact that he himself had been robbed meant little.

His patent leather shoes shooting pains through his large feet, Tierney led the Van Piper parade into the inspector's office on the second floor of the great gilded building.

"Mrs. Van Piper," announced Jim, clutching at the toppling hat desperately, "this is Inspector Sweeney. Meet Mrs. Van Pepper, Chief."

"Piper," corrected the lady's secretary, a thin woman with a sharp nose. "I'm Miss Geevus, Mrs. Van Piper's secretary."

The nurse sat over in a corner and placed the fashionable pooch on the floor, just as Tierney collapsed in a chair beside Sweeney and dropped the cylindrical top piece to the rug beside his aching dogs.

The inspector explained his anxiety to establish the identity of the depositor. Mrs. Van Piper, a large, ample female with Money written all over her, placed the tip of an elegantly gloved hand lightly to her cheek and pondered.

"I was near the person you mention. Quite near. He was stunning. Continental type, y' know. See them often in embassies."

Tierney beamed encouragingly on her, as he hesitated for deeper thought.

"It's very sweet of you to help us, I assure you, Madame," he breathed—he had rehearsed that sentence with Maggie Murphy, his cook lady, the night before. "Charming, I'm sure."

He glanced slyly at Sweeney as if to say, "How's that?"

"Was there in his appearance anything that might have struck you as different from that of the average well-dressed American?" asked the inspector.

"Ha," explained the lady. "He was not an American. He was too fastidious. He was dark and slender and graceful like—like an Italian of noble family. At first glance I thought he was the Count della Torre whom I had last seen in Paris. We had our gloves made at the same place in the *rue de la Paix*."

"Did you notice this man's gloves?" asked Tierney. "Surely. That's why I thought he was the count. He wore the specially made gloves of *Calvet Frères*. You can tell these by the single button of red gold, a rather large button for a glove."

THEN, thought Tierney, this depositor was hardly the man to be hunting. No foreigner of means, fresh enough from the other side to be wearing such gloves, would be directing a bank robbery on Fifth Avenue. But, following his custom of years, he kept on questioning.

"Are these special gloves to be bought in New York?" he asked.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Van Piper. "But plenty of fastidious people here wear them. You see, when in Paris, we have our measurements taken, and we can always cable

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Big Medicine

By Allen Field

Illustrated by Courtney Allen



Flick's eyes lighted as he saw the shoes.

ON a June day in 1905 Robert Grimm wrote his name into Mercer Academy track history as holder of the half mile record. Since that day only two-fifths of a second have been shaved from Bob Grimm's mark. Newton Moore chopped off one of them in 1920, and the present record holder, Barton "Flick" Davis, clipped the other.

Not only in the trophy room, but in one other place on the Mercer campus the name of Robert Grimm may be found. It is written on the big bronze plate fastened to the "Campus Bowlder," on which Mercer has recorded the names of her sons who lost their lives in the Great War. The line reads: "Capt. Robert Grimm, Inf., September, 1918."

Flick Davis was starting his junior year at Mercer when Robert Grimm II arrived as a green freshman. It was Flick who first came into young Bob's room while Grimm was busy unpacking. Bob had taken a worn pair of track spikes from his bag and hung them on a nail he had found in the wall. Flick's eyes lighted as he saw the shoes.

"Track man, eh?"

"No," Bob answered slowly; "those belonged to my dad."

"They DID! Gosh! Wonder if he wore them when he set that record here."

"I don't know—maybe he did."

"Gosh!" Flick breathed the word. "Those are big medicine, freshman!"

Bob smiled happily. The two became friends on the spot. The note in Flick's voice did that.

"You're going out for track though, aren't you?"

"I guess not," Bob said. "I've never done any running and I had a bad case of typhoid fever last year."

Bob didn't tell the junior that because of this illness his mother had asked him not to go out for track.

"That's tough," said Flick. "I thought I might get out of that half mile stuff. I like the hurdles better."

Bob Grimm II had only one memory of his father that was his very own. It was the flashing picture of his father's heels flinging back toward him from the hard-packed snow of the walk as the elder Grimm ran along, drawing the five-year-old Bob on a sled behind him.

On Bob's last day before leaving for school, his mother had suggested that they look through his father's old trunk to see if there was anything he might like for his room at Mercer. When Bob found the old shoes, wrapped around with a moth-eaten bath robe, he knew he had found what he wanted. Somehow the shoes connected up with that picture memory.

Flick spread the news of them, and Bob had many visitors who came to see the shoes and stayed to get acquainted with the son of the man who had worn them. It was in this way that Bob came to know Pat Kerrigan, the little Irish trainer of teams that had built Mercer traditions on the field of sports. Kerrigan's first words brought a sudden eager question to Bob's lips.

"Did you know my dad?"

"An' did I not? Monie's th' toime Oi've fired th' gun that sint 'im away. An' 'twas grrrand racin' ye'd see then, bye!"

"You think I look like him?"

"Sure, ye're th' livin' image, lad. Not so tall maybe, nor rangy-like. But ye've the look of 'im."

Kerrigan stood before the old shoes in silence, his hands clasped behind him. When he moved, it was to put a garbled forefinger under one of the spikes and lift the shoe a little way from the wall. He let it drop back and turned to the boy. There was a glint in his blue eyes as he spoke.

"Ye'll be knowin' thim shoes niver lost a race, lad? There have come min who bate his ricords but nobody who could bate his foightin' heart! Pray t' th' saints, bye, ye may see th' day whin ye can fill thim shoes!"

Pat shook his head and drew a noisy breath into his nose. His voice took on a note of gruffness.

"But phwhat have ye been doin'? Ye've not th' look of shtrength about ye."

Bob told him, and they talked for half an hour.

When Pat was ready to leave he said:

"Ye'd best be callin' me 'Pat' loike th' rest of 'em, for Oi'm thinkin' me hands will know th' feel of yer hide befur we're done."

It was not long before Bob Grimm was known as a "peach of a fellow" in his quiet, unassuming way. The months passed swiftly and spring practice for the track season found him often at the field watching Flick Davis in his work-outs. To Bob, the smooth-striding Mercer star occupied an unscalable height, and he asked only the privilege to "chore" for him, doing the many little things that gave freshman Bob the feeling that he had a hand in it all.

In fact, Bob became so absorbed in track that he could not bring himself to spare time enough from the field to enter into the many other campus activities that might have been open to him. His daily program became classroom, field, dormitory. He was dreaming of his own dad making history along that same route. In Flick Davis he seemed to see his own father, spurning back the cinders.

When Flick lost the half mile, in June, to "Spider" Brown of Hamilton, Bob Grimm II was holding the blanket for him. Sick with disappointment, he half carried the white-faced Flick from the track and started to knead the hard-bunched muscles of Flick's legs back into pliability.

"Gosh," Flick gasped, between breaths, "he was fast to-day, Bob! I thought sure we'd nail down five points there!"

"Aw, Flick," Bob burst out, close to tears. "That Spider Brown'd never've come near you if it hadn't been for those hurdles!"

But somehow, it seemed to Bob that his own dad had suffered defeat. It did not help his state of mind when Hamilton nosed Mercer out for the meet.

THE long summer vacation passed and Bob returned to Mercer eager to rejoin his friends. It was different coming East this fall.

Class elections were on during the first days of school. Names of candidates could be heard in almost every group. Bob Grimm was waiting at the post office late one evening for a friend, when he noticed a group of four coming across the street toward the building. Bob was about to hail them when he heard his own name mentioned. Instead of speaking, he drew back into the shadows in the cave-like entrance.

"Not for president," came a voice, as the four stopped a moment at the doorway. "I like Bob Grimm. Everybody does. He's a darn good scout. But—well, what has he done—outside of being the son of Bob Grimm? He didn't get into things last spring."

There was an instant of silence. Then one of them grunted and pushed open the door.

For a full minute Bob Grimm II stood very still in the darkness, while the words sank deeper and deeper. "What has he DONE?" He realized, now, that he had let his love of the track absorb him to the exclusion of everything else. Nobody would understand that he'd been recreating his dad in Flick Davis, and living in that dream.

"Bob Grimm," he thought bitterly, "the Second!"

What was it Kerrigan had said to him? "Pray to th' saints, bye, ye may see the day whin ye can fill thim shoes!"

Suddenly Bob Grimm began to run. He rushed past little groups, without returning their shouted greeting. He took the stairs to his room two at a time, burst in the door, closed it behind him and stood with his back against it, panting in the darkness. He was trembling, and his eyes were fixed on the spot where the old shoes hung. At last he groped to the desk and turned on the shaded lamp. Still in his cap and overcoat, he stood for a long moment staring at the shoes.

"I guess I'll have to, Dad," he said. He was silent for a space. "I wonder if I can really fill 'em?"

He leaned forward and lifted the shoes from the nail. A few seconds later he was pushing his stock-

inged foot into one of them. He pulled it back, thrust his hand down into the toe of the shoe and pulled out a folded bit of paper. The shoe was loose on his foot.

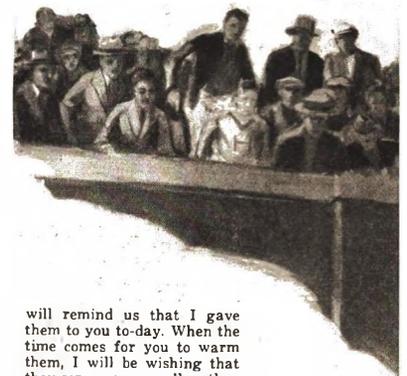
"I'll have to grow some," he muttered, with a wry grin.

He tossed the paper toward the wastebasket, missed it, and bent to don his own shoe again. There came to him that memory of the swiftly gliding sled behind the flying heels of his father. He strove to bring back some word his father had spoken to him. He had tried many times to find some memory of something his dad had said to him. But there was nothing. Only that one flashing picture.

His eyes fell on the crumpled bit of white beside the wastebasket. Why had that been in the shoe? His hands began to shake as he picked it, opened it, and saw the writing. Carefully he smoothed the note out in the light. Unconsciously he held his breath as he began to read:

"Bob, Junior—

You have helped me rummage through the old trunk to-day to find a math book for Jack Hale, and we've had a wonderful time. I told you all about these old shoes, but I'm not sure a three-year-old will remember it, or that I will either. That's why I'm putting this note in them so that when you go off to Mercer—years from now—it



will remind us that I gave them to you to-day. When the time comes for you to warm them, I will be wishing that they serve you as well as they did me.

Your Dad."

The lines blurred before Bob's eyes and a choking gulp came

into his throat. Then he jumped up from the desk, jammed the old shoes in his pocket, carefully stowed the note in another pocket, and rushed from the room, hatless.

IT seemed to him that he had been running for hours when he found Pat Kerrigan in his room. He stood panting a moment, his eyes fixed on the trainer.

"Pat," he said finally, trying to keep his voice calm. "Pat—I've got word from my dad."

Pat Kerrigan's body jerked with the words. He took a slow step backwards.

"Sure, lad," he said. "But don't—"

Bob had hold of himself now, and he spread the note before Pat's wondering gaze, watching Kerrigan's squinty blue eyes flick from word to word. Pat looked up slowly.

"Faith, ut's true, lad," he said softly. "Ye've had word from Bob Grimm this day!"

There was just a shade of question in the words, and Pat's eyes were fixed on the boy.

"Will you help me, Pat?" Bob Grimm II said simply. "I—I started out here by muffing my chances. Didn't do anything last spring but hang around the track. And now, campus opportunities are out, for a while, and I've got to do something. I can't just be Bob, the Second. It'll have to be track. I can't fill Dad's shoes, but—"

"Saints be praised! Mebbe ye can, lad. Ye've th' blood an' bone of Bob Grimm in ye, and Oi'm not misdoubtin' th' heart."

Pat had a quiet little talk with Holden, who coached the Mercer basketball and track teams. The result was that Bob Grimm II went to work at once under Kerrigan's direction. It was slow, tedious work. Endless joggng—day after day.

Gradually the distances increased, and gradually Pat allowed Bob to stretch his legs in a running stride for a few yards. Sometimes the trainer jogged along with him. It was then that the little Irishman tore into Bob's faults with all the energy of a terrier shaking a rat. But away from the boy, Pat grinned with glee. Never had he had a more willing or determined pupil. Bob Grimm II was coming along.

When the snow sent them to inside work, Pat was grudgingly admitting to Bob that there was a chance of his becoming a half miler.

"Ye've a good pair of legs," Pat said, "and a sweet shprint action. But ye've not th' long leg drive ye'll be needin' t' go with it."

Kerrigan appeared to be thinking for a moment. When he spoke it was of a different subject.

"Oi mind ye shpoke of a sickness," he said.

Bob's heart sank as he heard the words. It had been on his conscience that he had kept the fact of his training from his mother.

"But gee, Pat, that was two years ago now!"

"Aye. But we'll be takin' no chances, lad. Ye'll go t' Doctor Durkee t'morry an' let him thump ye over a bit. Thin come an' tell me what he says."

The big, gruff old doctor thumped and listened over Bob Grimm's bare torso. Then he sat back in his office chair and looked at Bob.

"You're sound as a nut, my boy," he said, with a little smile. Bob's face lighted up. The doctor continued:

"Kerrigan tells me that he is making a track man of you. That's no business of mine, except to say that I know you'll be safe in Pat's hands. I hope you will not allow yourself to be 'pushed' in any race."

Again the doctor smiled.

"And that advice is wasted," he said. "Good-by and good luck, my boy."

Bob was in high spirits as he wrote his mother. He told her of the doctor's report and of Kerrigan. Then he enclosed his father's note and asked that she send it back to him. Her reply made him wonder why he had ever thought she hadn't understood.

GRIMM ran his first race in the interclass meet. Varsity men were not allowed to compete in this meet, and Bob won easily. The cheer that went up sent a tingle down his spine—he was making his own way, now.

The old shoes still hung in Bob's room, and when he came in that day he looked at them happily.

"That wasn't much of a race, Dad," he said aloud, "but Pat says if I keep on I may be able to fill 'em some day."

Kerrigan was now ready to turn him over to Holden. But the track coach had plenty to do to bring men along for the big meets, especially Hamilton, and the result was that Bob became Kerrigan's "boy." It seemed to him, as the spring went on, that Pat had only two words for him. They were "slow down." Rarely was he allowed to go the full half mile distance at any speed.

Pat was drumming on pace now. It was a little over Bob's head until he lost his first race in an early dual meet. He had allowed himself to be lured into a killing pace for the first quarter, and saw Flick Davis lead the field past him in the final back stretch. Kerrigan seemed satisfied, but Flick lectured him after the race.

"Don't ever let anybody pull your leg like that, Bob," Flick said.

Kerrigan's comments were more clear.

"Niver stretch yer shpartin' shprint beyant a hunder' yards, bye. If a man does that ye know he'll be run out at th' first quarter. Watch th' mon who takes a fast easy stride an' turns th' quarter between fifty-five an' sixty. If it's near sixty ye can bank he's a shprint finisher; if it's nearer fifty-five he'll finish flat-footed. If it's under fifty-five, an' he's shtridin', not shprintin', then pray t' th' saints an' dig in yer shpikes if ye want t' win!"

Bob began to know now what Kerrigan meant by pace. Running the half mile wasn't only legs and wind. Being able to judge the time of a first quarter allowed a runner to guess, with some accuracy, the probabilities of his opponents. Bob progressed steadily until he could tell from his own feelings how fast a quarter he was running.

Flick Davis was of the long steady-striding type. His pace varied little. It was Flick who suggested that they hold a secret tryout.

They met one moonlight night in May, down on the field. Flick called the start. Bob sprinted into the pole position and eased to his running stride. He held the lead for the first lap and knew that the time was fast.

They swept into the turn again with the white curb of the track gleaming in the moonlight. Bob heard the steady crunch of cinders under Flick's spikes behind him. In the straightaway those footsteps came closer. Flick pulled up beside him.

Bob spurred ahead to hold the pole and came out of the last turn sprinting! Then his legs suddenly seemed to fill with lead and he couldn't shake off that white figure at his shoulder. Powerless, he saw Flick pull away from him.

THEN they were over the line. For a time the only sound was the gasping breaths they drew. Flick sat on the curb of the track with his head bowed in his arms. Bob was walking aimlessly. At last Flick looked up.

"Gosh," he said. "You'll do, fella!"

"Gee, Flick, I'll never be able to beat you."

"That was fast, Bob," Flick continued. "We don't know how fast, but I'm saying it was fast!"

"Look, Flick," Bob's voice was low. "I—I want to get that record of Dad's back sometime. Do you care?"

"Heck no, guy! It's there for you to shoot at, and I'd rather see you get it than any fellow I know."

"I'm glad, Flick."

"You'll get it, Bob. Maybe not this year. But you'd have beaten me just now if you'd run your race right."

"How?"

"Never take the lead unless you have to. Kind of got your goat to hear me pounding along behind you, didn't it? That counts. Another thing, you started



Bob knew only that the old shoes must not fail. Blindly, madly he drove for the tape.



your sprint too soon. Should have let me pass you on that last turn. Then you'd've had enough left for a surprise sprint. As it was, you were shot, forty yards from the tape."

Bob Grimm II had learned another lesson.

The entries were in for the big final meet, and it was to be held this year at Mercer. Three high schools from the near-by city, of which Larkin Tech had the strongest aggregation, and three academies—Mercer, Hamilton, and Bowles—were pitted against each other for the big

silver cup that had stood in the Hamilton trophy room since the Scarlet's victory of a year ago. Hamilton was sending much the same squad this year, and Spider Brown was one of them.

Kerrigan had allowed Bob to enter only one race—the half mile—and the little Irishman had taken pains to assure Bob that it would be only for the experience. But Bob, thinking of the race with Flick in the moonlight, grinned to himself and vowed he would make the experience pay for Mercer if he could.

The meet jumped into a three-cornered race between Larkin, Hamilton, and Mercer, from the start. Mercer took the lead at the finish of the mile only to have it swept away by Larkin when the dash events came in. Hamilton crept up to tie with Mercer by winning a first and third in the low hurdles although Flick again took second place for the Purple and Gold. Hamilton scored heavily again in the quarter mile and pushed Mercer out of the lead.

Then the field events began to be reported. Larkin dropped back and Mercer came up to lead Hamilton by one point. The crowd was wild with tension, and the finish of each event brought roaring cheers.

The rivalry between Mercer and Hamilton reached a peak in the high hurdles, where Flick Davis was pitted against Tom Burwell of Hamilton. One of those two would win, and thereby put his school in the lead. Bob had joined the small crowd around the finish line, when he felt someone grip his arm. It was Kerrigan.

"Over to the tent wid yez," said the trainer. "O'i'll be along primsintly."

"Aw, gee, Pat—lemme see how this comes out," Bob begged.

"Away wid yez," Kerrigan insisted sternly.

And Bob went. He was lying on a bench when Kerrigan came in. Flick Davis was with him and Flick had an arm around Pat's shoulder. The trainer knelt and took off Flick's shoe. Bob caught his teammate's eye.

"Pebble bruise," Flick said shortly. "Last hurdle—cost us the race—damn it."

THE trainer's expert fingers probed the spot. Then he grasped Flick's foot and turned it slowly back and forth. Flick winced.

"Twisted my ankle a little, I guess," the runner acknowledged.

Pat nodded. Flick was looking at Bob miserably.

"Look's like maybe it's going to be up to you in the half mile, sophomore."

Bob stared at him.

"And you'll need big medicine against Spider Brown."

Kerrigan was still busy when Bob left the tent for a breath of air. Spider Brown! Up to him!

"Hey—hey, Dick!" Bob hailed a friend standing near the track. "Look, Dick," as the friend came up, "do something, will you? Listen, beat it up to my room and bring down my dad's shoes, will you?"

Dick didn't even reply. He turned and ran. Bob watched him duck through the gate, and caught sight of his figure flitting along the tree-lined sidewalk that led up to the dorms. He stood watching, waiting, until Dick came back into sight.

Then the old shoes were in his hands. The feel of them seemed to lighten the weight that had settled on him with Flick's last words.

Bob Grimm II turned his face up to the blue vault of the June sky as he walked back to the tent.

"Gee, Dad," he whispered. "Wish now, will you? I'm goin' t' warm 'em!"

Kerrigan's eyes met him as he came into the tent. Flick Davis had his shoe back on and was stretched out on a bench.

"Where've ye been?" The words were close-clipped.

"Pat—I had to go out." Wordlessly Bob held out his dad's shoes.

The blue eyes softened. Suddenly Pat Kerrigan jumped forward and folded Bob Grimm II in a bear hug. Then, as quickly, he released the boy. Bob sat, fumbling with the laces of his canvas sneakers. Kerrigan had the shoes, and was thrusting an exploring finger into each of them.

"Long, a wee bit," he muttered as he tried one on Bob's naked foot.

A soft cotton pad helped that, and then Kerrigan passed a band of white tape under the instep and up around Bob's leg just above his ankle. A head popped into the tent.

"Callin' th' half mile!"

"Thry 'em," said Kerrigan calmly.

Bob got up and walked about under the trainer's eye.

"Feel all right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Good. Let's go!"

Flick joined them—his ankle was not sore enough to keep him out of the race—and the three made their way toward the starting line. Bob's spine tingled at the cheer from the Mercer section as the little group came into view. Kerrigan stopped once with his hand on Bob's arm.

"Mind what Oi'm sayin' t' ye now! Oi'll have a watch on th' first quarter. If ye've a chance to win,

his running stride as he took the pole behind the Larkin man. Brown was trailing.

In the back stretch Brown leaped away from inside position and spurred past Bob. Mad at losing place was he? Let him go. Let him chop his race up all he wanted to. Bob smiled to himself as he saw Brown even with Milton. Then, as they came to the turn and Brown still held his place beside the Larkin man Bob's own position came to him with a sickening rush.

Boxed! Or nearly so, anyhow. He heard the steps of the lagging field behind him. If the nearest was a Hamilton man, he had only to move up even with Bob to make the tie-up complete! Two ahead, one on each side. And Brown, running on the outside, was keeping abreast of Milton on the turn.

Bob swung away from the dangerous position as they came into the straightaway again. He was running outside of Spider Brown now, though still behind him. Flick had a lead of about a yard.

The roaring shouts of the crowd came to him dimly. Shooting past the starting line he caught a glimpse of a hairy red fist with the thumb stiffly upright! That meant Bob had a chance!

Brown was moving up! Brown's fast pace was quickening a shade. Even with Flick! For the second time that afternoon Bob Grimm II sent up his prayer.

"Wish now, Dad—you could do it! Make 'em do it for me!"

BROWN took a two-yard lead from Flick and cut in to the pole. Bob had followed, so that he was forced to take the outside on the turn. He caught the white, strained look on his teammate's face as he came even with him. Flick was done. Bob Grimm II was carrying Mercer's hopes in the half mile!

He fixed his eyes on Spider Brown's red jersey three yards ahead of him. On the last turn now! He had gained half the distance.

The crowd was on its feet sending a shouted wall of sound out across those last straight yards of cinder track. They saw the son of Bob Grimm start the fighting finish that had made his father famous. The cinders spurted from under the old shoes.

The roaring crowd was lost to Bob—Brown was gone—and in the singing stillness that seemed to hold him, he knew only that the old shoes must not fail.

Blindly, madly he drove for the tape. Spider Brown came with him! A crash, a sudden spurt of light, and then hazy darkness settled over him. From far away he heard a voice.

"Wish—wish—Dad—make 'em do it!"

The voice was his own. Pat was bending over him as he lay on the ground.

"What happened—Pat?"

"Saints be praised! Ye like t' knocked me breath tin feet from me body."

Kerrigan was panting and his eyes were glistening.

"I—gosh, Pat—I couldn't pass him—he—"

"Scut! Hear now. Does it sound loike ye didn't?"

Bob heard a voice shouting through a megaphone. Then the solid chant of the banked stands came to him.

"Yeaaaaa—Bob!"

"Yeaaaaa—Mercer!"

BOB GRIMM!"

Bob Grimm II rolled over onto his stomach and pilloved his head on his arms. Kerrigan's voice came to him in the darkness.

"Them shoes niver lost a race, lad, an' ye filled 'em this day!"

Bob's win, with Flick out-stepping Milton for third place, had given Mercer seven points and a two-point margin over Hamilton, and this lead the Purple and Gold held to the finish.

The sun was low when Bob and Flick left the field. They walked slowly, for Flick was limping. As they reached the gate Spider Brown came up.

"Great race, Grimm," he said, with a sportsmanlike grin. "You caught me flat-footed with that sprint. I thought Davis, here, was the man I had to beat."

Flick laughed.

"Well, you beat me, didn't you?"

"Sure but—"

"Bob's medicine was too strong for you today, old man. He had big medicine."

"That so?"

"Yes. Show 'em to him, Bob."

Bob smiled as he held out the old shoes with the tapes still hanging from the in-steps.

"Huh, just a pair of too-big shoes, eh?"

"No," Flick answered. "Not too big. He filled 'em. His dad's shoes!"



PIGIRON HAMMOND—

Husky; inspired; scrapping.

TOM BRAID—

Cool; thoughtful; unemotional.

These two—

And a memorable mile relay,

in

"PIGIRON"

By Frederic Nelson Litten

Next Month

me thumb will be up. If it's too fast for ye, Oi'll shtick it down. Oi'm not wantin' ye run out too far."

Bob nodded. Kerrigan gave his arm a little shake.

"Mind now!"

Then they went on. Spider Brown, in the scarlet, white-barred jersey of Hamilton, was on the mark. Bob spotted Milton, the Larkin Tech man, by the diagonal band of orange and blue ribbon across his white jersey. Milton had taken third the year before. It gave Bob a sinking feeling to step onto the track with such men. But once he felt the cinders under the old shoes and felt the spikes bite in as he tried a short dash, he was ready for the starter's gun.

HE drew third from the pole, with Spider Brown outside him. Flick had drawn the inside place. As they stood waiting for the word, Bob made a quick calculation. Spider would try to sprint Flick out of the pole. But he couldn't do it if Bob could keep even with him. Bob made up his mind that Flick would get that break.

"Go to your marks!"

In his dad's shoes! Warm them—warm them now!

"Get set!"

Bob never heard the starter's gun as he leaped forward with the line of lithe figures. When he straightened from the start, he was conscious of the scarlet of Spider's jersey close beside him. He put all of his speed into that race for the turn. Couldn't let Brown take the pole from Flick!

Brown was ahead of him when they reached the turn, but the lead was narrow. So narrow that the Hamilton man dared not cut in. Flick's long-striding, lanky form glided into Bob's view as the sweeping curve began. Milton was close behind Flick. Satisfied that his strategy had succeeded, Bob dropped to



Season's Leavings

By William Heyliger
Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

FEBRUARY! Early February when manufacturers, jobbers, and retailers should have had their thoughts turned toward Easter and spring. But it was still the "winter without a winter," and manufacturers, jobbers, and retailers were frantic as day after day an unsold winter's stock added to the figures that meant loss, loss, loss.

Men came and went through the men's wear of Jonathan Marshall's New York department store—men who carried heavy sample grips and seemed gray with anxiety. They sought out Mr. Doy, buyer for the men's wear, and there were long and earnest conferences. These men came not to buy, but to sell. They were manufacturers whose lofts groaned with stagnant merchandise. Some of them, with hundreds of thousands of dollars tied up in this dead winter stock, had not been able to reach out for spring trade. Some of them faced ruin.

Bill Darrow, hard-working ambitious young stock clerk in the men's wear, watched them come and go. He felt sorry for them, for he looked upon business tragedy. And yet, he reflected, what could Mr. Doy do, with his own department choked with unsold goods?

One of these gray, anxious men was with Mr. Doy now. From where Bill stood in one of the department aisles, he could hear every word of the conversation. "Sorry," said Mr. Doy. "I can't handle it. There isn't a store in New York that can handle it."

"But the other stores are not Marshall's," the manufacturer pointed out with subtle flattery. "Think of what you're getting. The regular Jupiter brand—your regular \$37.50 line. It cost me \$16 to make, and I offer it to you for \$12. Not seconds, Mr. Doy; first quality Jupiter. Sixteen thousand suits and 7,000 overcoats. At \$12 look at the profit."

"If I'm lucky enough to sell them," Mr. Doy said grimly.

"But you can retail for \$17—a \$37.50 line for \$17. At the price they should walk out of the department."

"With this weather I couldn't give them away." "But if it should get cold weather—" "That's a gamble," Mr. Doy broke in. "If cold weather came to-night you wouldn't have to peddle this stuff. It's season's leavings, but with a bitter cold snap it would bring you \$15 wholesale. Why don't you gamble on the weather yourself?"

"Mr. Doy, I can't. You know it. I'm tied up, and I must get out my spring line."

"I'm tied up, too," Mr. Doy made a gesture that took in the whole department. "I've got to get rid of this. I've marked down twice, but I can't move it. And you ask me to take 23,000 more garments. What am I going to do with them? Eat them?"

"Maybe I can cut the price, Mr. Doy. Better I should get some salvage than have a complete wreck." "Why transfer the wreck to me? A wreck is a wreck regardless of the price tag. Suppose I took those 23,000 garments for \$10."

The manufacturer raised his hands in horror. "Ten dollars!"

"I said 'suppose.' I buy them at \$10—a \$230,000 investment. Tell me how I'm going to sell them, even at \$12."

The manufacturer was silent.

"It can't be done," Mr. Doy said with finality.

The manufacturer made a last plea. "Come and see the line, Mr. Doy. At least make me an offer. It's got to be winter sometime."

"Sometime," the buyer agreed. There was an interval of silence. "I may look them over later."

The man strapped his sample case and went away. He had said that the other



Bill bought a newspaper in the ferry house. It read: "Fair to-day, with steadily falling temperature."

stores were not Marshall's, but now he would probably go to Blake's or to some other department store. Mr. Doy, snapping his fingers absent-mindedly, walked to a window and stood there in thought. An hour later he was still there, and Bill Darrow knew that he was thinking and planning, and that out of that turmoil of thought something momentous might come.

It came late that afternoon. "Bill," Mr. Doy said, "do you think you could handle 23,000 garments and a big sale?"

Bill gasped. His thoughts were of the store, not of himself, and he failed to note the question, the doubt. "With all this merchandise stuck on our hands?" he asked.

"I'm thinking about it. Do you think you could—well, let that pass. Did you ever hear of a winter that had no winter? No? Neither did I. Winter's got to come and when it does come, there's going to be a scramble. If it comes too late—say early in March—it might just as well not come at all. People will shiver along on what they have, figuring it's only for a short time. But if we get a freezingly cold snap in February—"

"It's a business gamble, isn't it?" Bill asked anxiously.

"A business risk," Mr. Doy corrected. "When you take the risk off a manufacturer's hands and assume it yourself, you're entitled to a cream price. You've got to get it. How can I move 23,000 garments—season's leavings—unless I can advertise a price that will make them irresistible? You can sell anything, at any time, if the price is right. There's always somebody to snap up a bargain. If a manufacturer wants me to lift his burned steak off the fire, he's got to give me a fork with a long enough handle."

"What would you call a long enough handle?" Bill asked.

Mr. Doy answered without hesitation. "The Jupiter line is a standard retail merchandise at \$37.50 for a suit or an overcoat. Give me enough margin to sell at

\$14.75, two for \$25, and I'd be tempted to take a chance on that burned steak."

Bill's mind went back to the manufacturer's quoted price of \$12. Marshall's couldn't buy two for \$24 and sell two for \$25—not when you had to figure in department overhead, salesmen's commissions, handling charges, and advertising.

"If I buy," Mr. Doy said, "I won't pay a cent more than \$9—maybe less."

Bill's face expressed his incredulity.

"You don't understand," Mr. Doy explained. "Last summer the Jupiter people made up their winter samples and sent out their salesmen. Orders began to come in. They filled those orders, and then their machines began to pile up a surplus stock with which to fill re-orders. You can't wait until a reorder comes in; you have got to have the goods ready to ship the day the reorder arrives. A surplus stock ties up capital and few manufacturers have \$300,000 or \$400,000 to tie up in this way. The Jupiter people borrowed from their banks. Then the season went sour; no winter weather and no demand for winter goods. This stock is still tied up, and the banks are howling for their money. Meanwhile, the Jupiter people must borrow more money to finance their spring line. Where are they going to get it? Not from the banks, because the banks are waiting to have those notes on winter stock paid off. But if the Jupiter people can sell those 23,000 garments, they can then pay off most of the winter notes and borrow enough to carry on with the spring line." The buyer was silent a moment. "I think \$9 would fetch them. When you've got your back against a wall, \$207,000 isn't to be sneered at."

"But suppose there's no winter after we buy?" Bill demanded.

"I think," Mr. Doy said with a thin smile, "you'd be working under a new buyer in the Marshall's men's wear. Anyway, I've telephoned for a weather sharp who teaches up at Columbia. Man named Brill."

"What for?"

"To check up before I jump in with \$207,000 of Jonathan Marshall's money."

THE "weather sharp" arrived in the men's wear the following afternoon. Bill, who had expected a stoop-shouldered, nearsighted, academic gentleman, was surprised to find Mr. Brill a powerful, rugged, wind-blown man. Mr. Doy took him toward the elevators and they disappeared. Almost three hours later the buyer came back alone.

"Bill," he said in suppressed excitement, "this thing looks good. This weather sharp says U. S. Weather Bureau reports show that things are beginning to shape up in northern Canada for a rush of freezing cold. He's got past weather history at his finger tips. He drew me diagrams. He says it's heading up for the real thing."

Bill began to tremble with excitement. "When?" "Can't tell. Sometimes these cold waves move slowly; sometimes they come fast."

"When will these 23,000 Jupiter garments begin to come in?"

"Not until I'm sure this cold wave will move across state and hit this city." The man's eyes, looking full at Bill, grew thoughtful; and Bill, without knowing why, found himself suddenly apprehensive. Abruptly Mr. Doy came back to the subject. "There's always the chance of a weather skid. Sometimes these cold snaps fool us and creep down the Mississippi, and sometimes they swirl across Labrador and steal out over the Atlantic Ocean. We'll have to be sure—very sure—of everything."

A Long
Story
Complete
in
This Issue

Bill carried an overcoat in to the tailors. The collar had been stained in handling; it needed cleaning. Why, he asked himself, that phrase "of everything," and why the queer emphasis with which the words had been spoken? And why the way Mr. Doy had looked at him as though weighing him, judging him, with a new intensity? His apprehension grew. He had an alarming suspicion that he was mixed up in this problem in some hidden way, and that Mr. Doy was not sure of him.

Next day Mr. Brill came again to the men's wear, and this time he and Mr. Doy stayed in the department. There were more maps, more diagrams, more scanning of weather reports. Bill, hovering anxiously on the edge of the discussion, drew the information that the cold wave was moving as expected, but that it might take another twenty-four or forty-eight hours to be sure.

"I'm going to count on winter," Mr. Doy said. "I'm going to get ready."

Jupiter suits and overcoats were sent to the artists in the advertising department; a copy writer came to the men's wear to get the facts that should go into the newspaper displays. And a call went down to Comparative Shopping.

"This is Doy of men's wear," said the buyer. "I'm planning a special that's full of sugar. Jupiter brand suits and overcoats. Regular retail, \$37.50. If I get the break I'm looking for, I'll put them on at \$14.75, two for \$25. Rush this, will you?"

"Send down the merchandise," said Comparative Shopping.

Bill carried down suits and overcoats picked from the regular department line. On its face, this would be a real sale, and yet Comparative Shopping never took anything for granted. Its buyers would scout Blake's and the other department stores. If no competitor showed men's wear of similar quality at a similar price, the sale would be approved. Without that approval, though buyers might rave, no Marshall department could advertise a sale. Thus did the Marshall organization protect the integrity of whatever it advertised as a bargain.

A CLERK in Comparative Shopping took the goods from Bill and wrote him a receipt. "You haven't been with men's wear long, have you?" he asked. "I mean is this your first sale?"

Bill nodded.

"Tough game, these big sales. I was in the shoes before I was transferred down here—I know. Crowds, and trying to fight your way through the aisles, and everybody yelling to get this and that down from reserve, and you trying to do ten things at once and keep your stock book straight and not lose your head. I've seen stock clerks go to pieces, break and crack up. You going to run stock during the sale?"

"Why not?" Bill demanded. A chill ran through his blood.

The clerk shrugged. "I've seen them yanked. I've seen buyers take a salesman who used to be in stock and run him back to stock during a sale. A buyer can't take chances—he's got too much at stake."

Bill came away with lead in his heart. That thoughtful, appraising look of Mr. Doy's—he knew, now, what it meant. They were debating whether or not to trust him at the post of responsibility.

Things began to pop early the next morning. Mr. Brill arrived with heightened color and snapping eyes. He had caught the fever of this merchandising adventure.

"Better and better," he cried. "She's missed breaking down the Mississippi. We've got only one thing to worry us now—Labrador."

Comparative Shopping made its report at ten o'clock:

"Jupiter brand sale of men's clothing fully approved."

Mr. Doy promptly called Decorative Service. He wanted windows to display the goods that he would offer at the sale, and he talked with passionate earnestness. But Decorative Service was used to department buyers who called upon heaven to witness that they were entitled to windows.

"When do you plan this sale, Mr. Doy?"

"Can't say. Some day within a week if I hold it at all. It's a weather proposition."

"How many windows would you want?"

"Four."

The men's wear gasped. Marshall tradition said that only once had a department been given four windows, and that was when the women's wear had jumped the city on a new style that became the rage overnight.

Decorative Service refused to grow excited. It was not unusual for buyers to ask for four windows and thankfully accept one.

"How much stock will you have to sell?"

"Twenty-three thousand garments."

"What profit?"

"After paying all overhead, we ought to clear more

than \$4 on each garment. Figure the sale to show a profit of \$100,000 net."

"Got an O. K. from Comparative Shopping?"

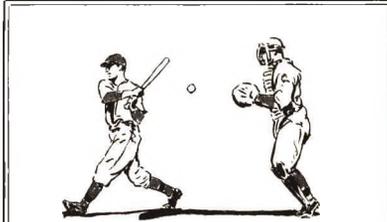
"I've got better than that. I've got an O. K. that's fully approved."

"Send it down."

"I can't. They gave me the O. K. over the wire; the slip hasn't come up yet."

"We'll take it up with Comparative Shopping," came the cool announcement, "and let you know."

Mr. Doy hung up the receiver and mopped his brow. Four windows! Well, he had shot for everything in sight. As he sank back into his chair his glance fell upon Bill, and all in a moment the eyes grew cloudy and thoughtful. Bill felt a slow, hot red run up into his cheeks. He longed to lean across the desk, to tell the man that he didn't want to miss this chance, that he'd work—work—



Malone Against Ehmke!

These two, pitching up to such sluggers as Fox, Simmons, Haas, Hornsby, Wilson! The pitch-by-pitch story of the fifth Cubs-Athletics game for the baseball championship of the world is loaded with diamond wisdom for the high school player and fan. . . . It's coming in May.

"A Championship Rides on a Single Pitch"

By H. G. Salsinger

But no words came. It wouldn't be the thing to do. After all, there was but one thing could speak for you—your record.

AN hour later the phone rang. Bill, who was nearest the desk, answered it.

"Mr. Doy." His voice shook. "Decorative Service on the wire."

Mr. Doy came to his desk, held his breath a moment, and picked up the receiver.

"Doy," he said abruptly. "What's that? You'll let us have six windows? Six? Thank you. I may need those windows suddenly some day after your window schedule is made up. I can have them at any time? You'll break your schedule? Thank you."

He put back the receiver, and again held his breath, and smiled. "Comparative Shopping must have gone the limit for us," he said. Abruptly he was out of his chair and hurrying through the department. His voice carried to the salesmen at their posts. "Boys! We're getting six windows. Pray for weather."

That was on Saturday. Sunday brought no change in weather. On Monday Mr. Brill came early. With maddening slowness the cold wave was still moving toward New York. Buffalo had reported a sharp drop in temperature. Another cold area, according to the Weather Bureau's daily map, was forming behind the first one.

"If this hits us," Mr. Brill explained, "it won't be here to-day and gone to-morrow. It will stay. It will be winter."

"When will we know?" Mr. Doy demanded.

"I think I can tell you to-morrow," was the answer. To-morrow! Bill wondered what he would be told to-morrow.

On Tuesday the morning hours dragged. The salesmen were nervously restless. The sale meant much

to them—high commissions and a chance to make up for the poor earnings of the winter.

Bill caught guarded snatches of conversation: "Darrow's so young—Doy's a little afraid—a lot of responsibility for one who—if there was a fall-down—"

Bill's hands shook as he worked among the hangers, and his throat grew dry every time the elevator doors clanged.

But no Mr. Brill appeared. At half past ten Mr. Doy telephoned to the weather man's apartment, but got no reply. At eleven-fifteen he telephoned again. Central reported, "Sorry, but they do not answer." Mr. Doy swore and began to pace the aisles.

And then Mr. Brill appeared. Bill heard his hail. "Doy, it's due here Thursday." The boy stood frozen. A group gathered at the department desk—Mr. Doy, Mr. Brill, and two of the older salesmen. Bill, though dreading what might come, found himself drawn toward that desk. Mr. Brill was at the telephone.

"Looks good," one of the salesmen whispered. "Brill's talking to the Weather Bureau."

Bill heard scientific phrases that he did not understand. Then, suddenly, the weather expert pushed the telephone away.

"I've got the latest reports," he said. "I stand by what I've told you. Winter's due here some time Thursday—probably Thursday afternoon. No later than Thursday night."

"How positive are you?" Mr. Doy asked.

"As positive as any man can be about so uncertain a thing as weather."

"How about Labrador?"

"She's come too far south for that. Labrador's out. There's a chance that she may swing around and go down through the Pennsylvania region toward the Gulf, but it's a very remote chance."

"How remote?"

"About one chance in ten."

"Yet there's that tenth chance."

"And yet," said Mr. Brill, "if I were a betting man, I'd bet on the nine."

One of Mr. Doy's hands strayed to the top button of his coat and held there. "Brill," he said, "you know my problem. I'm risking \$207,000 of Marshall's money."

"Doy," said the weather man, "if you were my brother, and faced the same problem, I'd advise you to buy."

There was a long minute of silence.

"That's good enough for me," Mr. Doy said quietly.

NOW that the time had come, all his nerves seemed to have steadied and grown strong. He pulled the telephone across the desk, gave a number, waited. Abruptly he spoke into the transmitter:

"Jupiter Clothing? I want to speak to Mr. Block." Another wait. "Block? This is Doy, Marshall's men's wear. Are those 23,000 garments still in the market? I'll take the lot at \$9."

The receiver broke into frenzied, metallic protest.

"Nine dollars," Mr. Doy repeated. "I have a hunch, and I'm willing to plunge on winter clothing. Nine dollars. You have five minutes to take it or leave it. You're not the only manufacturer stuck with season's leavings. If you don't want to play with me, I'll call up some of the others."

Another sputter from the receiver.

"No, you don't have to sew in Marshall labels. We'll do that here. And you'll have delivery off your hands. Our own trucks will bring the stuff over."

Once more a voice clacking through the receiver.

"Nine dollars," Mr. Doy said insistently. "And three of your five minutes are up. Nine dollars, net, in thirty days."

The receiver almost shot sparks.

"Oh!" Mr. Doy's voice was etched with surprise.

"You want spot cash? That's a large order, Block. You want to be paid before I have a chance to turn over any of this merchandise. That changes things a bit. Spot cash is worth a consideration. If I pay cash the price is \$8.75."

This time the clatter from the receiver was long and loud.

"Nonsense!" Mr. Doy cut in impatiently. "If you're so sure winter's coming, hold on to your goods. I think it's coming, too, and I'm willing to risk a couple of hundred thousand that it comes. But suppose something goes wrong? I'm stuck. Suppose you hold on and something goes wrong? You're stuck. I'm willing to take that risk off your hands at \$8.75. You've got one more minute."

The voice that came through the receiver was faint and resigned.

"All right, Block. Our trucks will be over this afternoon, and we'll haul all night. You'll have to keep men there to bring the merchandise to the sidewalk. Eight-seventy-five and our check by messenger the same hour the last garment comes into our shop. Is that clearly understood? All right, Block. Sold."

Slowly, carefully, Mr. Doy jotted down a memorandum of the transaction. The time of indecision was

past, and he rose to give to the situation what it demanded from him of decision and leadership.

"Boys," he said, "this news of winter's coming at last is going around. Block had it. No doubt Blake's has it. No doubt the others have it. They'll all be reaching out for manufacturers' stock. They'll hold out waiting for the cold weather to actually arrive. They'll break their sales along about next Monday. We'll break ours Friday, and run our ads in Thursday night's newspapers. Winter and Marshall's sale will arrive together. We'll have the cream skimmed off the trade before the others get going."

Words that Bill had not intended to speak broke from his lips. "But suppose this cold wave doesn't get here until Friday?"

Mr. Doy glanced at Mr. Brill. "You said Thursday didn't you?"

The weather man nodded. "We won't consider Friday," the buyer said curtly. "We're in the water now, and we're in too deep to climb out. We've already bought the Jupiter line."

HE swung back to the telephone and called Emergency Trucking. While waiting for the call he tore his memorandum from a pad of paper, folded it, and held it in his hand.

"Harry?" he asked. "This is Doy. I've just bought 23,000 garments from the Jupiter people. Going to break a wov of a sale on Friday. Got to get the stuff over on our own wheels; got to keep hauling it all night. How many trucks can you give me? Five? That's great. Stop at the cigar counter on your way out and pick your favorite box of cigars. Charge them to me."

He opened a drawer, dropped in the folded memorandum, and closed the drawer again. This time he called Advertising. His instructions were precise.

"Run that Jupiter ad in the Thursday evening newspapers. Follow it with an ad in the morning papers on Friday, and another in the evening papers Friday. I'll send you down a written order."

The next telephone call went to the employment office.

"Doy, men's wear, speaking. I'm breaking a sale Friday morning. I want twenty tailors for temporary work—I'll probably need them a week. I can start some of them to-night; all of them to-morrow. Get me ten stock clerks—don't send them down unless they've had experience with men's clothing. I don't want any time wasted on this. Get me the men. And get me ten temporary salesmen to start work Friday morning."

Mr. Brill went striding out of the department. His work was done. The salesmen drifted away. But Bill stood close to the desk—waiting.

Mr. Doy seemed to speak to himself. "About five o'clock we'll get the first cases of that Jupiter merchandise. I'll put tailors up in the reserve room—that will save time. Cases have to be opened, goods taken

out, checked, tallied, rushed to the tailors to have Marshall's labels sewed into the coats. After the labels are in they must be sorted and piled by sizes and patterns, ready to be brought down to the department. Twenty-three thousand garments! A man-size job."

Deliberately he turned his head and stared at Bill—and Bill knew that the monologue had been for his benefit. Once, under such a scrutiny, his face had grown red; now it went white. Slowly he raised his head until his eyes looked straight into those of the man. If they didn't think he could do a man-size job, at least he could try to take the sentence like a man.

"Bill," Mr. Doy said, "Marshall's is organizing the battle line. You're going to be a captain."

The boy stiffened. "Am I going to run stock?"

"You are. Got any objections to working late to-night, and many nights? Real late?"

"No, sir."

The man smiled. "I can generally count on you. I'm counting on you now. Roll up your sleeves. We have a job to do."

We! The boy thrilled. That "we" made him a partner. And then suddenly the thrill changed to something else. After all, the one chance in ten might turn up. That cold wave might get off over the Alleghenies, and New York might get but a momentary touch of an arctic breath. A touch wouldn't be enough. To sell 23,000 garments it would have to be winter.

Mr. Doy was taking a chance. It was part of the game. You had to guess at what a season's style would be; you had to guess at whether men would want coats with two buttons, or three, or four; you had to guess at a dozen corners of this puzzle they called merchandising. You had to use your best judgment, your experience, your intuition. Sometimes you went out and bought expert opinions from authorities like Mr. Brill. But by whatever route you arrived at your opinions, you had to back them with bold steps, even if it meant investing a small fortune. If you were right, you sat in the lap of the gods. If you were wrong, it might be your last chance to guess wrong. After all, the buyers for Jonathan Marshall's departments backed their judgment with Jonathan Marshall's money. If they lost that money, there had to be an accounting. It was business. You earned

your rewards, and you paid heavily for your mistakes.

Bill, staring at Mr. Doy, prayed for a siege of winter that would clamp New York in ice, and for strength to do the job that had been given him.

IT seemed to Bill Darrow, up in the reserve room late that night, that he was slowly and inexorably being engulfed by truck load after truck load of winter suits and overcoats. And a corner of his brain kept pounding: "You've got to see the job through; you've got to make good."

The mild February day had turned to an inky February night. The traffic noises from the street, far, far below, were faint and spasmodic. And still, with the dead hour of midnight approaching, Bill Darrow toiled. And his brain kept pounding: "Got to make good; got to make good."

Five temporary stock clerks worked under him; to-morrow there would be ten. Nine extra tailors sewed Marshall labels into the coats as fast as they were unpacked; to-morrow there would be twenty tailors. To-morrow and the next day all hands must work at top speed getting ready for what promised to be one of the biggest sales Marshall's had ever had, when the men's wear would offer 23,000 Jupiter brand suits and overcoats at unheard of prices.

Twenty-three thousand garments! And less than 2,000 of them had been unpacked, checked, sorted, and hurried to the tailors.

The freight elevator came up with another load. "Where do you want this?" the porters demanded.

Bill didn't know. He felt a touch of panic. He ought to know. The reserve stock floor was piled with cases, opened and unopened. All night long Marshall trucks would rumble across town with merchandise from the Jupiter lofts. All night long the elevator would bring up cases, cases, more cases.

One of the porters offered a suggestion. "The ho-riery reserve room's almost empty."

"Put them in there," said Bill. "And get these empties out of here and down to the furniture packing room. They can use the boards."

Taking out the empties helped; but at midnight the reserve room was jammed again. Mr. Doy, buyer for the men's wear, came up from the street where he had been checking the cases as they arrived.

"Tired?" he demanded. Bill's smile was wan. "I can keep on."

"No, you've had enough. We'll have to work late again to-morrow night. Ought to make a hole in this stuff to-morrow.

Where are you putting the finished garments?"

"In the emergency reserve room."

"Good. Leave a center aisle so that you



Three aisles were packed with men, held back by a dozen floorwalkers who would not let them go up stairs until the opening gong rang.

can get in and out." He swung to the porters. "Stack those cases three high; four, if you can make it. I'll want two of you to-morrow to haul them down as they're needed." He turned back to the tailors, to the emergency stock clerks, to Bill. "That's all till to-morrow morning, boys."

The elevators brought up another load. Bill wondered where they'd put it,

and the loads that would follow, and whether they'd be able to put them anywhere. One of the temporary stock men came hesitatingly to Mr. Doy.

"I—I was down to my last nickel when I got this job. I've still got the nickel, but if I ride home to-night I'll have to walk down to-morrow."

"Where do you live?" the buyer asked.

"Bronx."

"That's too much of a walk. Will a dollar salary advance be enough?"

"Plenty. I'll be able to eat."

The buyer stared at him with understanding. "When was the last meal?"

"At noon."

"A real meal?"

"Well—a sandwich." The stock clerk flushed.

"Better make it \$2," said Mr. Doy. "Get some grub before you go home. Get a good breakfast to-morrow. This job is too much for a hungry man. What's your name?"

"Conroy," said the young man, and added a "Thank you," and was gone.

"New York is full of them, Bill," the buyer sighed. "Out of a job and broke. Keep an eye on him and let me know if he packs much steam. And get some sleep. Don't worry about anything."

Bill rode to the street on the returning freight elevator. The early morning was maddeningly mild. They had to have winter within thirty-six hours—with those 23,000 winter suits and overcoats to get rid of in the monster sale beginning on Friday.

Crossing on the Weehawken ferry to his boarding house in Jersey he hoped for a faint breath of chill creeping down the Hudson. The river was turbid, glassy, sluggish. Thirty-six hours from this to ice! He doubted it would happen. Yet it had to happen or the big sale would be a flop.

Bill threw up his bedroom window and debated taking a cover off the bed. Thoughts of his job began to plague him. To-night he had been bewildered. On Friday it would be worse. On Friday he would have to run both reserve and the department stock. If a mere congestion of lifeless cases baffled him, how would he stand the wear and tear of crowds, of noise and of a dozen different things to do at once?

"Oh, forget it," he told himself wearily. "Worrying isn't going to help. Mr. Doy said to get sleep."

He slept.

The morning papers said: "Fair to-day; slightly colder." What good, Bill asked himself, was slightly colder, with the ads running in to-morrow's paper? They had to have winter—nose-pinching, breath-steaming, finger-numbing winter.

He didn't stop at the men's wear on Marshall's fifth floor. Mr. Doy had said that he himself or a salesman would take care of stock in the department. Bill went on up to reserve.

The reserve stock floor was choked clear to the elevators. He hesitated, stricken with doubt, and then caught himself and squared his chin. He had to make good! He could not let himself be one of those stock clerks who cracked up over special-sale pressure.

Stock clerks from other departments were mut-

tering. Bill joked with them, argued them into patience. Fortunately, no one's needs were pressing.

Once rid of the muttering clerks, Bill plunged into the job. He squirmed around cases, wormed through narrow openings, and came to an inadequate clearing that surrounded the tailors' tables. Mr. Doy, his coat off, his shirt sleeves rolled up, pried at the lid of a case. He would be up there in reserve off and on all day, he said. The stock clerks had increased to ten. Things were going to hum.

The buyer waved a hammer. "Had Brill on the 'phone. It's a sure thing."

"Hot dog!" said Bill. If the weather expert were dead sure, why worry? He distributed the clerks, and checked as they unpacked.

"How are you going to go about it?" Mr. Doy asked curiously.

Was the buyer questioning him to test the manner in which he would handle the situation? Bill answered with an assurance he did not feel:

"We'll eat into this jam from where we are. Every case out of the way gives us more elbow room."

The buyer nodded. "Good plan," and Bill felt his first moment of confidence.

Soon the clerks were shouting, "Empties, empties." But the porters could not get the emptied cases out over the mountains of packed merchandise.

"Knock those cases apart," Mr. Doy ordered. "Pile them to one side. That will help."

It helped a lot. By late noon they had worked an

open lane to the freight elevators. Empty cases, filled with the piled-up boards, went through that lane and disappeared. And still it seemed that they had made but a slight dent in the forest of unopened cases that seemed to wall them in and to mock at their efforts.

WAITERS from a near-by restaurant brought in a steaming dinner, and a basket of sandwiches that would fortify them through the night. They ate standing. The thermometer had gone down four degrees.

"About 5,000 garments out of the way," Mr. Doy reported. The figures agreed with Bill's check sheets. Less than one quarter of the job completed. He shook his head.

"We'll finish 5,000 more by midnight," the buyer assured him. "As we get more room we'll move faster."

"We can't finish by to-morrow night," Bill pointed out anxiously. "The sale opens Friday."

"And on Friday we'll have 15,000 garments downstairs. We won't sell those in a day and, as fast as we do sell, you'll have your gang up here unpacking. Don't you worry, Bill. We're hitting the target."

All afternoon they tunneled through the wooden mountains. More than once they had to stop and work frantically through to some departmental reserve room while an urgent stock clerk prodded them on. When night came the thermometer had dropped

another two degrees. They ate sandwiches with one hand, and worked with the other. Mr. Doy switched his attack. They had to try to make aisles to the doors of all the various departmental reserve rooms. But at midnight the mountains had been tunneled through only in spots.

"You'll hear some howls of protest," Mr. Doy predicted ruefully, "when the store opens to-morrow. We can't expect these other fellows to be patient more than one day."

Bill didn't care. He was played out. As he walked toward the ferry he was conscious of the first touch of biting chill. Even that aroused his toil-drugged senses to only momentary elation. He fell asleep in the cabin of the ferryboat, and his last thought before he dozed was that he had marched with the job and had kept step with it.

ON Thursday morning the air had a freezing nip. Bill bought a newspaper in the ferry house. It read: "Fair to-day, with steadily falling temperature. Colder to-morrow." And on the first page was a story under a two-column head:

TARDY OLD MAN WINTER EXPECTED HERE TO-DAY

Mr. Doy met him in the men's wear. "Things are breaking for us, Bill. I'll be getting everything in good shape down here to-day. You run reserve. And if you have trouble up there, hold your head."

Hold his head! Could he? He'd have to. And yet, when the elevator let him out on the reserve floor, his nerves shook. Mr. Doy's prediction had come true. The patience of the other departments had worn out. Reserve was a bedlam of indig-

(Continued on page 54)



"Brill," said Mr. Doy, "you know my problem. I'm risking Marshall's money."

The Whispering Joss

By Major Charles Gilson

Illustrated by Albin Henning

The Preceding Chapters

ONE of us may fall into the hands of the Yellow Death," grimly reflected Eric, "but we'll keep En-fo's secret safe."

They were close friends and world adventurers, young Eric Monkhouse and intrepid little Captain Crouch. After being separated for long months, they had met again in China. Tong-lu, known as the Yellow Death, a mercilessly clever Chinese river pirate, was spreading fear on both land and water. Crouch had sent for Eric to come and help capture him.

But before Eric had arrived, Crouch himself had been captured—by Nam Yuk, once a Taoist priest yet now the Yellow Death's lieutenant. The little captain had kept cool, however, and had ingeniously sent word of his capture to En-fo, a powerful old prefect who lived near Canton.

En-fo's men had rescued Crouch and captured Nam Yuk. Then eager, alert Eric Monkhouse arrived, in the very thick of events, so it seemed to him; yet it was only the beginning of them.

Mystery crowded mystery from that time on.

En-fo made Crouch and Eric welcome guests in his *yamen*. Yet he also made Nam Yuk, the ex-pirate, a welcome guest. Nam Yuk had forsworn allegiance to the Yellow Death, and it became evident that some strong tie bound him and old En-fo together. Crouch and Eric could discover only that this tie had something to do with the Paper Mountain Society, a benevolent organization of China.

Neither of them trusted Nam Yuk. They were shocked when they learned that he was to accompany Sir Gilbert Whitmore to England. Sir Gilbert was a crazed English baronet who worshiped Chinese gods and En-fo had given him, for no understandable reason, a mysteriously valuable idol, a great scarlet squatting Joss. Nam Yuk was to escort the Joss and its mad new owner to Sir Gilbert's castle in a lonely part of England.

En-fo told Crouch and Eric that he trusted Nam Yuk. Yet it was to the two Englishmen that he secretly gave an important letter to his son En-chi-yuan, first secretary of the Chinese Legation in London.

Crouch was to pilot the *wupan* of Sir Gilbert and Nam Yuk to Hongkong, from which port the two would sail. But before the *wupan* could get under way, the Yellow Death and his pirates attacked both the *wupan* and Enfo's *yamen*, mortally wounding the old mandarin. Then they ransacked the *yamen* in a search for something they evidently did not find, and made their escape.

To put the finishing touch on the situation, the *wupan* with Nam Yuk, Sir Gilbert, and the idol on board made off downstream without Crouch.

The little captain and Eric were left to give this bad news to the dying mandarin—and to receive from him a message of such overwhelming importance that the dying En-fo begged them not to trust to the paper on which he had written it in Chinese characters but to have it tattooed on their arms.

"Go with it to En-chi-yuan, my son!" gasped En-fo—"and beware the Yellow Death!"

He dropped back dead, and Crouch and Eric together faced the knowledge that in loyalty to their old friend they must somehow get his message to his son.

They agreed that for safety's sake they would split the lines of Chinese characters, have the tattooing done by different men, and each make his way to London by himself.

THE very next day Captain Crouch went down to Canton, visited a professional tattooer, and reached Hongkong that night. Eric followed him two days later, having found a Japanese tattooer in the city of Tsing-yuen.

At Hongkong, Eric booked passage on an Intermediate P & O, the *Caucasia*. This was a ship of comparatively small tonnage that was due to call at several ports, arriving at London nearly six weeks later. He was due to arrive at his destination—as arranged

—about a fortnight after Crouch.

He got a comfortable first-class cabin to himself, and had made friends with the majority of his fellow passengers before the *Caucasia* arrived in Singapore.

As the ship plowed her way steadily across the Indian Ocean, he succeeded for a time in forgetting the errand that was taking him back to London. With the sunlight pouring on the decks of the *Caucasia*, with good companionship to help him pass the lazy hours, he could hardly believe that somewhere in China or on the seas there was a painted idol for which men killed each other, and a mad baronet chaperoned by a gaunt priest.

He leaned lazily over the rail that separated the first-class promenade from the after well deck. Idly he gazed at a wrinkled Cantonese, with a gray beard and gold-rimmed spectacles, who sat cross-legged on the well deck, where a rug was spread. On the rug were spread pieces of Chinese porcelain and satsuma, delicate paintings upon rice paper and silk, embroideries, and ornaments in ivory, bronze, and jade.

"That's Tai-wen," said a man standing near him. "Have you met Tai-wen? Come on down."

Eric, interested, followed the speaker down the ladder to the well deck. He had watched the Chinese, for several mornings, dispose of his wares to the first-class passengers. The two found a place near the venerable curio dealer and watched amusedly while ladies haggled with him over prices.

"Where are you going to take all that stuff?" Eric asked.

The merchant looked up and smiled eagerly. "Maybe my catch plenty money London-side," he explained. "What time my come back China-side, my wanchee number-one-size coffin for too plenty stomach. My go England catchum large rich man. Hope sell all these China thing, savvy?"

Eric nodded, and watched the dealer hand a jade necklace to a lady. The Chinese's hand, he noticed, was large and bony—out of proportion, somehow, with the rest of the man. But the face was venerable and kindly.

"Funny duck," Eric observed to his companion. The man nodded. "He's making a great hit with the ladies. They like to hear him talk."

The days passed pleasantly and Eric grew expert at deck quits. So expert that his ship acquaintance became humorously exasperated.

"I'm going to beat you," he avowed with determination, "before we get to the Mediterranean." They were steaming up the Red Sea.

Eric accepted the challenge with a lazy laugh. "All right," he said. "Want a handicap?" "Don't need it!"

Eric took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. It was hot. He sauntered past the spot where Tai-wen, the Chinese merchant, had his trinkets spread out on



They saw a tall figure in a heavy overcoat, passing rapidly through the dull rays from a lamp post!

deck. The slight roll of the ship made him step to the corner of the rug, and as he looked down, to beg the merchant's pardon, he caught the wrinkled Chinese gazing with fascination at his forearm. Eric followed his eyes, saw the tattoo marks on his own arm, and flushed.

Before going on with the game, he unobtrusively rolled down his sleeves, angry with himself for having forgotten the half-message he bore upon his arm.

"The old curio dealer looked mightily interested," he mused. "But so would anybody. A string of marks like that on a fellow's arm is unusual enough to attract attention."

And so, being young, he promptly forgot the incident.

THAT night, when a following wind made the heat on board oppressive, many of the first-class passengers preferred to sleep on deck. Eric's steward had spread his mattress on the port side of the smoking room; and there, with no covering but a single sheet, the young man slept like a top.

Toward the end of the middle watch, a certain venerable Chinese, soft of foot and almost doubled in half, crept stealthily up the steps from the after well deck. When one of the ship's quartermasters passed with a lantern, this kindly and courteous old man—who had come through the alleyway from the fore-castle—disappeared like a wraith into the saloon companion, where he stood upright behind the door.

A moment after he reappeared on deck, walking on tiptoe. By the side of one of the sleeping passengers he knelt down, and produced a small bull's-eye lantern from under his Chinese coat, shading its light from the sleeper's eyes with the palm of a great hand. But by the time the quartermaster had returned from the bridge whither he had gone to report to the officer on deck, the old man had suddenly disappeared from the main deck of the *Caucasia*.

Eric Monkhouse suddenly found himself wide awake and sitting bolt upright. He was vaguely conscious

that he was not alone, that someone had touched him, that a strong light had been directed for an instant upon his closed eyelids.

He could see no one on deck—no one but the huddled forms of the other sleeping passengers, one of whom was snoring lustily. Convinced that he must have been dreaming, the boy lay down again.

He didn't notice that the right sleeve of his pajama jacket had worked its way up to the elbow; there was nothing remarkable in that—on a hot, restless tropic night.

Chapter Eight

THE next day the venerable Tai-wen was as pleased with himself and as courteous as ever. In the afternoon he went to the peak of the ship, where he sat motionless for hours, his great hands folded, gazing at the distant red hills of Arabia, where the Gulf of Suez narrowed to the entrance of the canal.

And the day after that, the old man sat alone again. He seemed no longer interested in selling his wares. From the rapt expression of his face he was lost in thought. Little naked Arab boys raced the ship along the banks of the canal; across the desert camel caravans could be seen moving at a snail's pace; and in the great heat of the day a mirage in the white-hot sky stood over the far horizon across the ocean of sand. But Tai-wen seemed not to see these things. He might have been a holy man who meditated in solitude upon the divine mysteries of the universe.

Less than two weeks later, the Tower Bridge and the dome of St. Paul's loomed through the fog, welcomed Eric Monkhouse back to his native country. At the same time the raw, smoky atmosphere reminded him that—as far, at least, as climate was concerned—there were more pleasant places in the world than England. Though it was still early in October, here was a typical London winter's day, with the lights blurred in the fog, the slush upon the pavements, and the traffic jammed in the narrow, crowded streets. Indeed, it seemed impossible to believe that less than three weeks before, he had been complaining of the heat.

Monkhouse had wired to Crouch from Gravesend, and no sooner had he left his luggage at a hotel than he went straight to the captain's rooms in Pimlico, where he found his old comrade awaiting him in a little room warmed by a roaring open fire.

The room looked like a museum. All over the place were odds and ends that Crouch had picked up in almost every quarter of the globe. Spears, bows, wooden shields—everything from a Zulu assegai to the whale's-teeth necklace of a South Sea Islander.

The captain greeted Eric with outstretched hand.

"Well met!" he cried. "I've been expecting you, my lad, for the last hour. I've rung up En-chi-yuan and told him we'll be coming along this evening."

"Manchester Square," said Eric.

"Yes. Not what I reckon I'd call a cheerful part of London," Crouch observed. "What a house agent might describe as quiet and secluded, and handy-like for the shops in Oxford Street."

"Then let's get a taxi, and hurry out," Eric said eagerly. "There's a lot you and I have to learn."

"Taxi be blowed!" said Crouch. "In this fog we'd never get there. We're going underground."

He strode stiffly out into the hall and put on his pea-jacket with its brass sailor's buttons. When he returned, with the high collar turned up and his peaked hat tilted to the back of his head, Eric chuckled. This was the Crouch of old—the jaunty,

brusque adventurer who took danger as most people take sugar in their coffee. Eric gazed at Crouch's tight-fitting check trousers tucked into rubber gumboots; sniffed the foul smoke that issued from the great bowl of the captain's briar pipe.

"If you ever want to surprise anyone," Eric cautioned, "don't smoke that pipe. You'd be recognized two miles away, by scent alone."

Without answering, the little man stumped along toward Victoria station, his cork foot tapping on the flagstones. They changed at Charing Cross, and as they rode out to Bond Street they talked.

"Have you heard any word—anything at all—of Nam Yuk and Whitmere?" Eric asked.

Crouch shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "I don't know whether they're in England, on the seas, or in some incense-burning temple of China."

"Did anything happen to you after we parted at En-fo's yamen?" Eric continued.

Again Crouch shook his head. "A dull trip." The captain turned to his young friend. "And you?"

"Nothing much," Eric said slowly. "I had a dream, one night. I was sleeping out on deck, and it seemed to me that someone cast a strong light in my eyes."

He paused. "There was a Chinaman on board—an old merchant named Tai-wen. A benevolent, smiling old chap—with large hands. But, I don't know—"

The captain considered for a moment. "Probably means nothing," he finally said, "though you can never tell."

"For a while, I had a feeling that I was watched—that I was being followed," Eric went on. "As though powerful forces were at work to prevent us from meeting En-chi-yuan. I'll feel better when we've talked to him."

Both men felt their nerves growing taut as they approached the home of En-fo's son. When they reached Manchester Square, the fog had thickened, and they had difficulty reading the numbers on the doors. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and few people were abroad in the streets.

The lonely square was deserted. Here and there a lamp displayed a blurred glow in the fog. From under the lamp posts the yellow light glistened on the iron railings of the central garden, while from the overhanging branches of the trees the moisture

dripped upon the roadway, and now and again a sodden leaf fluttered to the ground.

They discovered the house they wanted on the most gloomy side of the square—a solid Queen Anne building of red brick, before which a portico that had been erected in Victorian times stood as evidence of the extreme want of taste in the nineteenth century.

Captain Crouch ascended the steps and pressed the button of the electric bell. The door was opened by an English butler—a man with short side-whiskers and the appearance of a bishop.

En-chi-yuan was at home. He was expecting visitors. Would the two gentlemen be so good as to step this way?

ERIC and the captain felt a vast sense of relief as the man led them up a broad staircase. They were at the destination of their long trip. Perhaps, soon, they'd learn what was behind the strange business of the joss.

On the first landing the butler opened a white enameled door, and ushered the two guests into a large drawing room. The curtains before the double windows had been drawn, and the room was brilliantly illumined with electric lamps in cut-glass lustres. Though the expression of his face never changed, the butler eyed Captain Crouch's boots, checked trousers, and peaked hat with some uncertainty. With a slight lift in his eyebrows he left them.

The room in which the two found themselves had obviously been furnished, regardless of expense, by one of the well-known firms of London decorators. Everything—chairs, settees and tables, the pictures and mirrors on the walls—was of the period of Louis the Fifteenth, the time when the vogue in France was for gilded ornamental furniture. The whole room looked as if it had been designed more for effect than comfort.

In a moment En-chi-yuan entered. Standing upon the thick carpet of French gray, adorned with the yellow *fleur-de-lis*, he bowed. Crouch and Eric nodded nervously, wondering how to break the news they bore.

En-fo's son was middle-aged and erect. He wore a plain Chinese robe of finest silk. Over this was a sleeveless velvet jacket of dark blue, and around his throat was a red coral necklace.

"Captain Crouch?" he asked.

"The same, sir," said the captain.

"I understand from your telephone message that you have news from my father, the Prefect, En-fo?"

"And that's the trouble!" said Crouch, with an awkward shuffle of the feet. "I'm afraid we've got bad news for you."

"Something has happened to my father!" the other exclaimed, suddenly alarmed.

"En-fo was murdered," said Crouch bluntly, not knowing how to soften the blow, "foully murdered by a scoundrel who calls himself the Yellow Death, a North River pirate of whom you may have heard. The yamen was attacked."

En-chi-yuan's head dropped slightly. He said nothing for a long time. Then, as if he had conquered any emotion the news had brought on, he motioned toward a chair and bowed again.

"Pray sit down," he said, in a well-controlled voice.

"I've a letter for you here," said Crouch, drawing from his pocket the sealed letter written by En-fo.

En-chi-yuan, who had seated himself upon a tapestry-covered settee, tore the envelope open. They noticed his hands were trembling.

"If you will excuse me, I will read it now," said he.

Eric watched him as he read. His head moved slowly up and down as his eyes scanned the long columns of Chinese characters. Upon a sudden, he sprang to his feet.

"This is—serious!" he said, in a voice that contained a note of anger.

Crouch, alarmed at his manner, also got to his feet.

"Monkhouse and I promised your father that we would serve you as faithfully as we have tried to serve him," said he. "If there's anything we can do to help you, sir, you have only to give orders."

"That is—kind of you," En-chi-yuan acknowledged. He paused a moment. "I think—" he added slowly

"—you are risking your lives to serve me."

Eric caught the touch of unutterable lonesomeness in the Chinese's voice.

"Makes no difference!" he burst out eagerly. "We're with you!"

The shadow of a grateful smile passed over En-chi-yuan's face as he stepped to the fireplace and touched a bell.

"I must go into the city to-morrow morning," he said, as if to himself. "To the head office of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. That will mean I will not be free until nearly eleven."

At that moment the butler entered.

"An A.B.C. Railway guide," said En-chi-yuan. "There is one on the desk in my library."

The moment the man was out of the room, Crouch again turned to the Chinese.



If he lost his footing or the pipe itself parted at a joint—he shut his eyes and crawled steadily upward.

"And there's something else you ought to know," said he. "My friend and I have got a message tattooed upon our arms. A message from your father."

"May I see?" asked En-chi-yuan, politely, now completely in control of himself.

Crouch, taking off his coat, rolled up the sleeve of his shirt, and Eric followed his example. When they stood side by side with elbows slightly bent, Eric's right forearm touching and level with the Captain's left, En-chi-yuan looked and gave vent to an exclamation of surprise.

"That means much to me," he cried. "I was right. There may be no time to lose; and in any case, it is best to take no risks. Put on your coats again. I thank you."

Eric was bursting to ask questions, but he felt, somehow, that now was not the time. He watched while the butler brought the time table and retired. Tensely he waited while En-chi-yuan swiftly turned the pages. Presently the Chinese turned round in his chair and spoke again to Crouch.

"You are ready to help?" he asked. "Both of you?"

"For En-fo's sake," said the captain simply. Eric nodded fervently, his face glowing with the anticipation of danger and action just around the corner.

"I must leave London for a few days," En-chi-yuan continued, "and I would like you both to come with me. There is an express train from Paddington Station at eleven o'clock in the morning. I will meet you there to-morrow. Just a few clothes in a suitcase. And it might be as well to be armed."

Eric's spine tingled pleasantly.

"One other thing," said the Chinese. "I must write a letter at once, a word to my minister, telling him I am leaving London in a hurry. Perhaps you will be so good as to post it as you go out. There is a pillar box at the corner of the square."

Crouch nodded, and the Chinese wrote a few lines in haste. He used an ordinary pen and wrote in English—in which language, of course, he addressed the envelope. When he had affixed the stamp, he gave the letter to Crouch.

"You will not forget it," he smiled. "It is important that my legation should know where I am. We meet to-morrow morning—Paddington Station, at eleven."

He again rang the bell, shook hands with them both, and then ordered his butler to show them out. Eric half opened his mouth—then shut it. No use to ask questions. The crisis was drawing closer. Soon they'd be in action—armed and ready for anything.

The fog was thicker than ever, and there was now a fine drizzle. Crouch paused at the bottom of the steps, and buttoned the upturned collar of his pea-jacket.

"London!" said he, half in pride and half in decision. "I'd give a tidy lot to be back on the China coast. I reckon it's the sailor coming out of me, but I'm never at home in a fog. Sort of feel I've got to keep a weather eye open all the time."

"I liked En-chi-yuan," said Eric. "He reminded me of his father."

"We must remember this pillar box," said Crouch. "The corner of the square was a bit vague. I like sailing directions clearer than that. It will be a rum sort of square if it hasn't got four corners. And how are we to know which one to head for?"

"We'll have to walk round till we find it," said Eric. "It's bound to be on the same side of the road as the houses."

OFF they stepped, side by side, the captain's cork foot in its rubber boot tapping on the pavement with a sound like a muffled drum. At the first corner they came to, though there was a lamp post, they could see no pillar box.

Crossing a side street, they followed the next block of houses in the square toward another lamp post.

Just as they approached it, a figure muffled in a heavy overcoat loomed up on Eric's right. Intent upon the pillar box, Eric walked almost squarely into him. Their shoulders bumped. The man turned to Eric and glared. A scarf thrown across the lower half of his face dropped, and for an instant, in the diffused light of the lamp, Eric glimpsed a yellow skin and a pair of balefully glittering eyes.

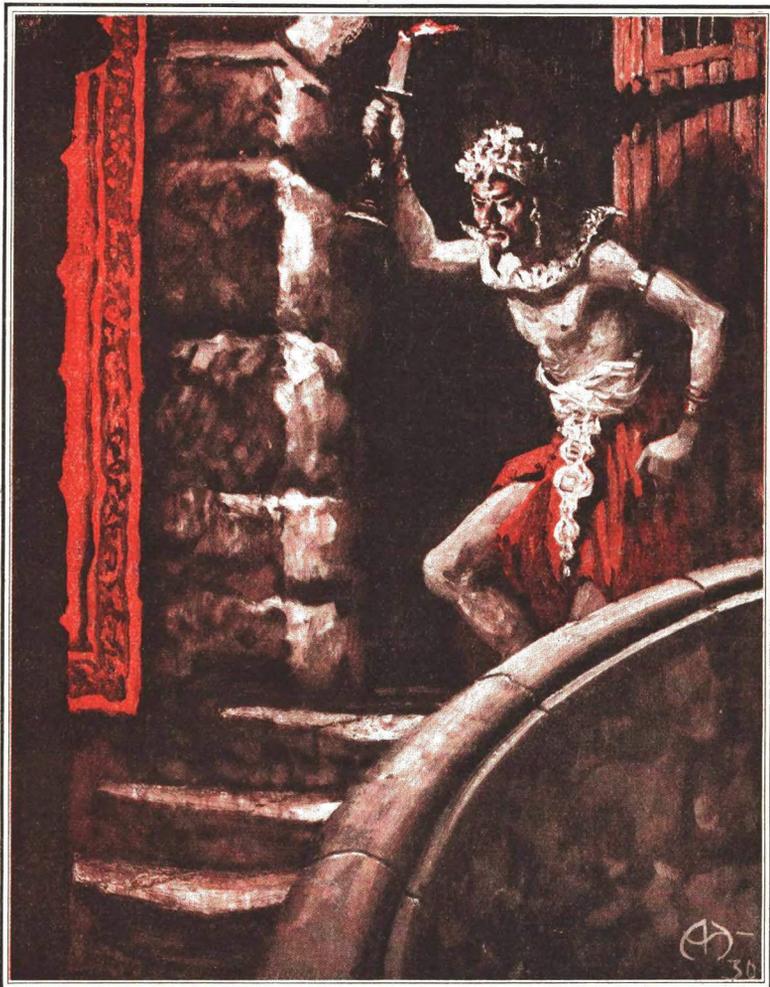
The stranger's face underwent a transformation. The angry look disappeared. Amazement overspread it. And then, swiftly, he threw the scarf across his face, turned, and moved rapidly away.

Eric looked after him fascinated.

"Did you see that man's face?" he asked finally, in a voice so strained that the captain was startled.

"Couldn't see much of him," said Crouch. "I've only one eye, remember, and he was to leeward of that. I saw a shabby-looking customer, wearing a heavy coat, and a felt hat pulled down over his eyes. And with a muffler over his mouth, there wasn't much of his face to be seen."

"I saw it," said Eric, in the same awed voice. "It was a Chinaman."



The light drew nearer. It was the flame of a candle that illumined the thin, cadaverous face of Nam Yuk.

"Not much in that," said Crouch. "Plenty of Chinks in London. I reckon En-chi-yuan has got about twenty servants, and this chap may have been one of them."

Eric shook his head. "I've seen him before." He shuddered. Then—"I know. In En-fo's yamen. The murderer. The Yellow Death!"

"Impossible!" cried Crouch. "We left Tong-lu in China—ten thousand miles away!"

"I dare say," said Eric, tensely. "But he's had time to get here. And—he must be after En-fo's son. Who else—"

"By Jane!" Crouch exclaimed. "You may be right! Back on our tracks, my lad! There'll be trouble astern."

And turning, the two ran recklessly through the murk, spurred by a sense of foreboding that was more chill and penetrating than the fog.

Chapter Nine

AS he ran up the deserted street beside the captain, Eric's heart thumped with a speed that was not due to exertion. The Yellow Death was in London! Of all calamities that could happen, this was the worst. He had seen the Yellow Death in China. He had seen the strangled, limp form of the mandarin, En-fo, lying upon a bed, victim of the Yellow Death. Who next, was to feel the iron of his lean fingers?

Eric's panic mounted as he rushed recklessly through the fog.

Not far from En-chi-yuan's house they saw the man they wanted—a tall figure in a heavy overcoat, passing rapidly through the dull rays from a lamp post at the corner of a narrow side street.

"That's our man!" cried Crouch, breaking into a dead run.

In spite of their speed, when they pulled up short at the side street, they could see no one. Crouch hesitated a moment. The Yellow Death—if the man they had bumped into was the Yellow Death—must have been making straight for En-chi-yuan's house. In that case he should have gone straight on, along the square. Why had he turned down the side street? Perhaps he wasn't the man they thought he was. The only thing to do was to catch up to him, and find out.

"We'll close haul on the port tack, my lad, and give chase," he said, after a pause.

Without waiting for Eric, he set off as fast as he could run, but at once began to slide and slither about on the greasy roadway with his rubber boots.

"Run into a squall!" he shouted, flinging his arms about him, to help keep his balance. "If I don't shorten sail, I'll turn turtle!"

Eric came up to him, seized the captain by an arm to steady him, and continued with him down the side street.

Suddenly they stopped. Farther down the street was a lamp, and in its light they caught a momentary glimpse of a dark figure slinking round another corner to the left. They kept their eyes upon the spot where he had vanished, rushed up there, and saw a narrow alley, paved with cobblestones, just wide enough to admit a single cart.

"We want a light here," said Crouch in a low voice. "It's dark as pitch."

For the first fifteen yards, where the passage lay between the bare walls of the houses on either side, this was indeed the truth. But after that the alley opened out into a stable yard. This wider part was illumined

(Continued on page 32)

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Hedonist

THAT is a pretty tough looking word, isn't it? It has a learned look. So we looked it up in the dictionary, and got the general idea that it means a person who thinks that the chief business of life is to enjoy himself. And maybe he is right. It would be great if we could make pleasure the main activity of our careers, and if we could live our lives through with nothing but enjoyment. And, again, maybe we can. It all depends upon what you write down under the head of pleasure. There are pleasures and pleasures. If you have an idea that hitting the high spots is the finest pleasure, then you'd better not go in for being a hedonist. If, on the other hand, you believe that satisfaction in fine accomplishment is the one real pleasure, be just as hedonistic as you like. Our idea is that there can't be nearly so much fun in hitting the high spots as there is in writing a great book or in painting a great picture, or in building a tremendous bridge, or in running in first-class shape a good haberdashery. If you're going to be a hedonist and live for pleasure, pick yourself out pleasure that will last.

Grouch

WHY are more people cross in the morning than in the evening? Why do fellows wake up with a general desire to sock everybody in the eye? Why do women awake with their tempers ready to flap in the wind? Why do gentlemen crawl out of bed and look around for somebody to bite? We don't know. But we do know a thousand people who are as charming as Lord Chesterfield after six o'clock at night but are fit to be tied before eleven o'clock in the morning. Do you belong to this lodge? We venture to say that a big per cent of the quarrels in the world start before noon. If you are one of these unfortunate morning-grouch people, the time to do something about it is before you get any older. If you can't be nice before noon, be as invisible as possible. If you can't speak pleasantly, avoid unnecessary talk. Train yourself to ride out the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself.

Tough Luck

THERE are two people we wish we could explain things to, and both of them are dogs.

Every time we pack a bag to go away they watch the proceeding with black despair, and when we leave the house they look at us with such accusing eyes that the pleasure goes out of the trip—all because we can't explain to them that we are going just for a few days and surely will be back. They think we are going to be gone forever. And there is no way we can make them understand. It is pretty hard, we think.

Life Ruined

WE hear every once in a while of someone who has done something to ruin his life. Our theory is that no man by one act can ruin his life. He can make things pretty bad for himself and for his friends. He can get into terrible trouble. But if he is the right sort of man, with the right sort of courage and determination, he can rebuild his life again and make it almost as good as it was. The only man or boy who can ruin his life by a single mistake is the one who lets a single mistake ruin it—the one who hasn't the will to say, "I'll lick that thing," and the courage to go ahead and lick it.

Realization

YOU never can quite realize the other person's point of view. If you're well you can't appreciate how the fellow feels who is ill. If you're rich you can't know what the poor fellow thinks. Most of us don't even try. If we're grown up it's hard to think as boys think, and if we're boys it's hard to understand what our fathers are getting at. But we can get a good mark for trying. And we can get an-

other good mark—when we don't quite understand Dad's point of view—by saying to ourselves, "Well, after all he may be right; so let's give him a chance." Dad will appreciate it.

Betting

WE know quite a lot of fellows who are always trying to boost their fun by betting. They must hazard money on every amusement—whether it's golf or bridge or football or eating pie. Personally we think betting is largely a matter of habit—or vanity. We nominate for a place among the top ten people we admire the pleasant well-poised fellow who gets his thrills out of good playing and not out of bad betting.

You and Spring Feeling

ANYONE can have spring fever. There's nothing distinguished about that. But the fellow who has spring drive is outstanding. He's going to get somewhere. No slumping for him; he hasn't time. He has picked his goal, and he's on his way. He isn't unaware that the weather has gone warm, but he can keep digging right along. He isn't blind to blue skies and a gay young green outdoors, but he can still see his job. He isn't deaf to birdcalls, but he knows when to answer them and when to sit tight. He gets in his hiking and fishing and baseball—and he gets in his regular work. He hasn't much spare time, but he has just as much fun as the fellow who's loafing round with spring fever. More, in fact. You can't have a rousing good time when you're feeling limp and lazy. After all, you don't need to feel that way.

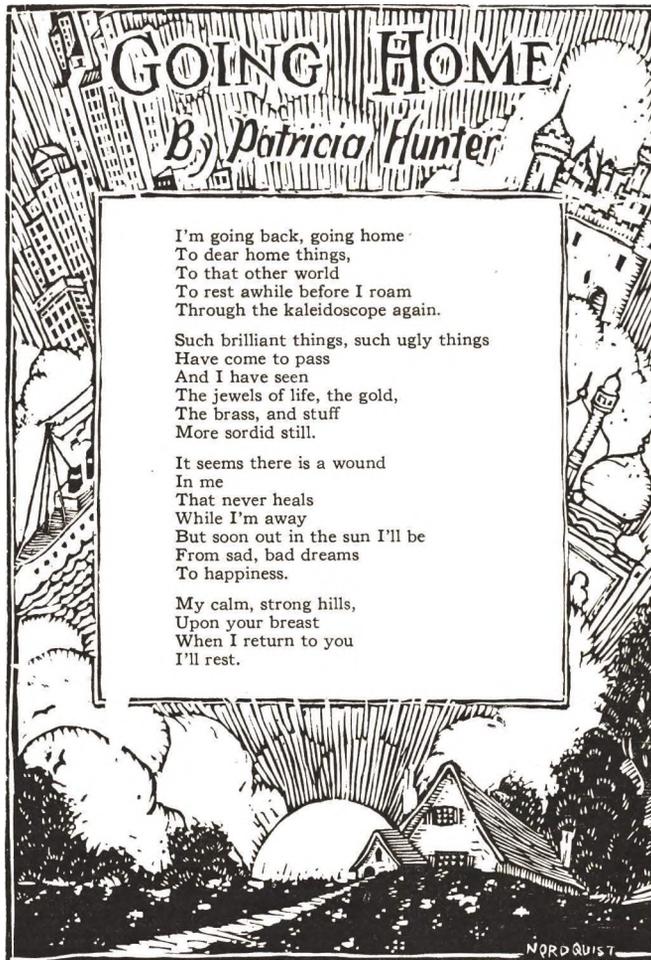
You're your own manager; you can have what you want. Be soft and sympathetic with yourself, and you'll have spring fever. Grin at yourself and keep hustling, and you'll have spring drive. You're the manager—you decide.

Ease

EVERY now and then we hear about somebody who has retired to lead a life of ease. We wonder about them. Are they happy? Personally we do not think we ever shall retire, and we believe ease would bore us to death. We can play just so long and then we want to work. After all, we get more fun out of working than out of playing. Don't let anybody talk you into the belief that work isn't pleasure.

We Astonish Europe

EUROPE likes American boys, but she is astonished at the way they leave their clothes and other personal belongings lying round. We gather this bit of information from a likable, broad-minded, boy-minded man who has charge of American boys now being sent overseas in a visiting-Europe project. Each of these boys has the privilege of spending a month or so in a real European home. That's how Europe found out that American boys leave their things lying round, and she mentioned it to our likable acquaintance not in a crabby way, you understand, but in astonishment. Our acquaintance was somewhat astonished himself and a great deal chagrined. It seems that he yearns to be proud of American boys in everything. Perhaps we'd better brace up. We don't want to get a reputation for sloppiness—let's remember to hang up our hats and slick up our rooms in Europe. . . . The printer says there's room for one sentence more; so here's a bright thought. How about getting in a lot of good practice in hat-hanging and room-slicking right now while you're still at home?



WOODCUT BY CLYDE NORDQUIST

When Champions Meet--Records Fall

And Hundreds Will Meet at the Third National A. M. L. A. Contests, Detroit, June 30--July 1

WHEN airplane model champions get together, you can count on new model records. That was proved at the First National Airplane Model League of America Contests held by THE AMERICAN BOY in Detroit in 1928, when Aram Abgarian flew his indoor tractor to the then unheard-of record of 353.6 seconds. It was proved again in 1929, when both Joseph Culver and Donald Burnham smashed records.



Griffith Ogden Ellis, American Boy editor, is general chairman of the contests.

And League members from every corner of the country are prophesying that the 1929 records—513 seconds indoors, 10 minutes 30 seconds outdoors—will look second-rate when the Third National Contests, to be held in Detroit by THE AMERICAN BOY for the third successive year, are over. The dates set are Monday and Tuesday, June 30 and July 1.

What a contest it will be! What prizes—everything from trips to Europe to handsome bronze medals! What fun for contestants—not only the contests, but also banquets, sight-

seeing, special airplane exhibitions, meetings with famous flyers. There will be a visit to the famous Ford Airport and to the Ford Motor Company's adjacent plant, if contestants wish it; there will be free bus transportation to Selfridge Field, where the outdoor contest will be held, and to Grosse Ile, where the great dirigible hangar will house the indoor event.

"We had more than 400 participants at the 1929 contests," says Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor of THE AMERICAN BOY and League vice-president, who is general chairman for the contests, "and we expect to have more than 500 this year. Plans are already under way for a boy to come from Hawaii, and others will be registered from every state between there and Maine!"

As in the past two years, the Hotel Statler, on Detroit's famous Grand Circus Park, will be contest headquarters. There official registration will take place; there scale models will be displayed; there contestants will find a special workshop; and there the final banquet, with award of prizes, will be held. There, too, contestants will stay during their time in Detroit, at special low convention rates.

Every League member knows of the three standard events in the national contests, which are conducted

under National Aeronautic Association sponsorship and rules—the competition for the Stout indoor trophy and the Mulvihill trophy, and the scale model contest. This year there is to be a fourth event—a competition for another cup offered by William B. Stout, League president and designer of the Ford all-metal tri-motor transport. This contest will be for outdoor fuselage models designed to be eligible in the English Wakefield Cup competition—rules for the contest were given in the March AMERICAN BOY. They will be repeated in next month's magazine.

For two days—three if bad weather should interfere with the outdoor contests—the battle of the models will be waged. Then the national trophies, the 48 glistening silver cups, the bronze medals, the scholarships and other awards, as well as certificates of merit, will be presented, and the two winners of the indoor and outdoor titles will get ready to leave for Europe!

Their prize trips to Europe will be under the guidance of Mark L. Haas of the staff of THE AMERICAN BOY—the magazine is presenting the trips. The boys will sail from Montreal on July 5, aboard the big Canadian Pacific liner *Montcalm*. Reaching London July 12, they will have a week to see the age-old sights of the world's greatest city; they will enter the models which make the best records in the Stout fuselage contest at Detroit in the Wakefield competition, meeting the best British model builders have to offer. They will go to Paris, and spend another week there—a week full of Paris's theaters and parks, cafes and boulevards, museums and monuments, lovely buildings and history-colored cathedrals, palaces, arches. Then—after the fullest two weeks any boys ever spent!—aboard another liner bound from Cherbourg to Montreal, and home again!

Start making your plans now, you model plane experts, to attend the contests. Perhaps there's an A. M. L. A. Chapter in your own city that is planning to hold local elimination contests and send a champion to the contests. You'll know about it if there is. Perhaps you're planning to pay your own expenses—it will cost you about \$20 in addition to railroad fares (at the special convention rate granted to members of the League) and Pullman. Or perhaps you're going to enter the scale model com-

petition "by express"—by sending your model in for the judges' examination without coming yourself.

In any case, watch the May and June AMERICAN BOYS for more details of the contest.

In May you'll get a resumé of the rules for all the contests, as well as complete instructions for entering the scale model event. In June you'll get final instructions on how to get entry blanks, reduced fares and so on, and on the definite program for the two days' events. *Don't write* for such information until you've seen the magazines—you'll only waste your own time and that of League officials if you do!

Spend your time, instead, in perfecting your models. Get that indoor model trimmed down to the lowest weight consistent with strength; develop your fuselage model as suggested in the March AMERICAN BOY; learn all about flying your outdoor twin pusher in any kind of weather. Put the final touches on your scale model—League rules, as most of you know, require a 24-inch wing span for all scale models entered.

If you're entering a scale model, spend some time in figuring out the best kind of carrying case for it. At the 1929 contests some of the scale models arrived in damaged condition, due to faulty packing; and although judges made allowances, it was not always possible to reconstruct models completely. So be sure that the case in which you ship your model is husky enough to stand express handling, and that the model is fastened inside so that it will not rattle, get marred nor be crushed.

Remember the dates. Start making plans now. Plan on having a whale of a good time.

And get ready to make your best record when you get to Detroit. It's going to be an assembly of champions, and your best record will be none too good!

PRIZES!

- Trips to Europe
- \$3,000 in Cash
- Three National Trophies
- 48 Silver Cups
- 150 Bronze Medals
- Certificates of Merit
- Aviation Scholarships
- Special Awards

All at the

**THIRD NATIONAL
A. M. L. A. CONTESTS
Detroit, June 30--July 1.**

Here are six of the eight cups awarded in each division of indoor, outdoor and scale contests.



Detroit at night is a glittering picture of skyscrapers, searchlights, brilliant streets. Contestants will see the great red neon bull shown between searchlight rays at the left, an airplane beacon visible for sixty miles.

The River Feud

By Ben East
Illustrated by Paul Bransom

WHEN Ah-mik led his band of fifty odd beavers into the country of the lower Two-Heart he did not know that he was taking them into the territory of a stealthy, relentless foe that had harassed the colony on the Grayling fifteen years before, when Ah-mik had been a very young beaver.

That foe was Ne-geek, the otter, so old now that there were patches of gray on either side of his slim, weasel-like muzzle and a faint grizzled tinge to all his sleek, water-proof fur.

There should have been no feud between Ne-geek and Ah-mik. It is the way of the beaver to dwell at peace with all the wilderness as far as he may, and seldom does the otter molest his neighbor along the forest-flanked streams.

With Ne-geek, however, it was different. Years ago, even before Ah-mik was born in the lodge on the Grayling, Ne-geek had lost a forefoot in a half-breed's trap. In the time of lean fishing that followed, while the otter was still in a sullen rage with the pain of the unhealed stump, he had chanced to enter the den of a she beaver with four young.

The beaver had been away, and in his fury and hunger Ne-geek had killed the family and fed upon them. From that night his way was set. He would prefer beaver even to the red flesh of the rainbow trout, as long as he lived. He killed young beaver as often as he could surprise them in the open pond, and during the spring weeks while the kits were in the lodges he fished almost not at all.

Ah-mik did not remember his first meeting with Ne-geek, because it had occurred when the beaver had been less than a fortnight old. The otter had entered the lodge one May night when the she beaver had been absent.

She'd returned before he had finished his work, and before her terrible mother rage even his weasel ferocity had given way, and he'd fled like a craven, diving down a tunnel into the open pond. The balance of the spring, however, the she beaver had nursed Ah-mik alone. The other three kits she had been too late to save.

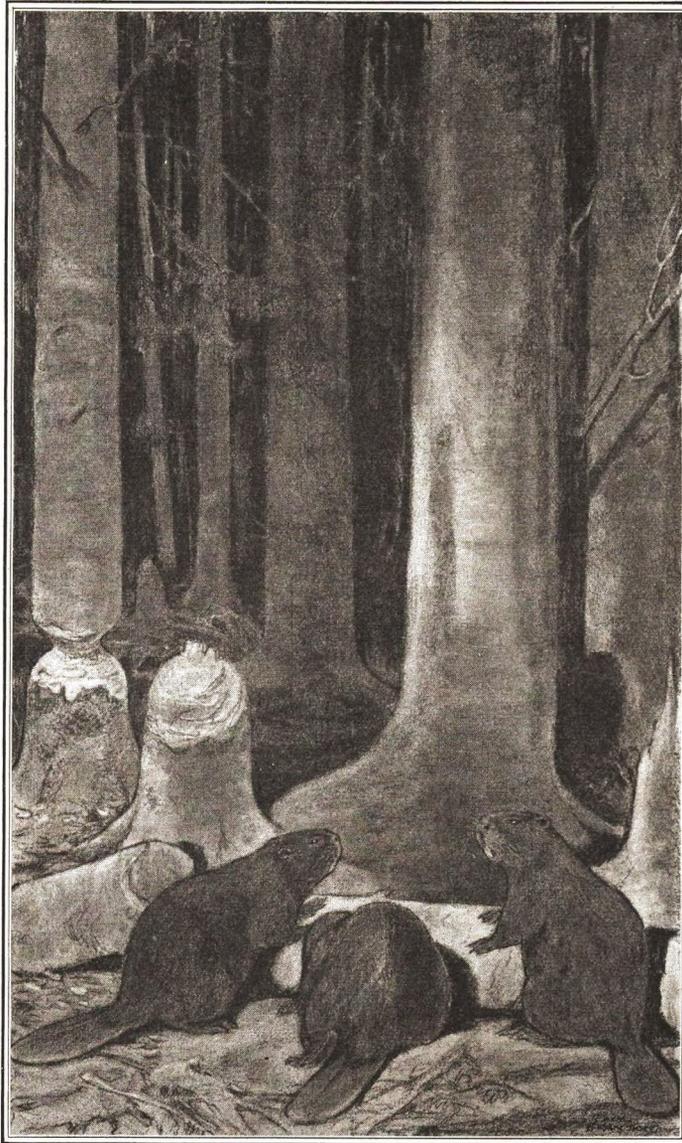
For four years after that Ne-geek continued to harass the beaver colony, preying upon the kits and the yearlings.

Occasionally some old beaver found courage to face him on these raids, but the battles availed little; for the otter has no peer as a water warrior, and the beavers are a clan of bark eaters, with little heart for fighting.

Then Ne-geek went away on one of his long winter migrations, and in the spring he did not return. The beaver pond on the Grayling was suddenly free of his raids. Ne-geek had discovered new hunting grounds.

And now, all unwittingly, Ah-mik led the band again into the range of this arch foe.

Ah-mik was a patriarch of the Grayling colony now. His great weight—more than eighty pounds of steel-hard bulk compressed into a stature surprisingly short and compact—spoke eloquently of his age. Deep white scars, healed and buried beneath his thick fur, bore witness to his wisdom, gained in battles with the other males of the band and in one memorable affray with a lynx on the deep snows of winter.



This lumbering so far from water was dangerous work.

For more than a year, now, food had been growing scarce along the shores of the pond above the ancient beaver dam. The aspen, favorite food of the colony, was all but cut. The beavers had turned to white birch and young bush maples, and here and there a half-cut oak or cherry spoke urgently of the lack of better food trees.

Trails ran back from the shore of the pond a hundred yards or more into the forest, to little pockets of aspen growing among the oaks and maples. This lumbering so far from water was dangerous work, however, and there was none of the colony, not even the oldest males, but feared the long journey back into the wolf-populated timber after dusk had fallen and the slow perilous return to the pond, dragging heavy sections of aspen log.

So in June, when there were kits not yet old enough to dive, and when the females had grown churlish and would brook the presence of no male beaver within the passageways that led to the nests, Ah-mik went

away on a long wandering journey in search of a new home.

Traveling only by night, he ascended the Grayling to its headwaters in the Big Bear swamp, five miles above his home pond. Thence he crossed to Lake Namaycush and, at the foot of the lake, struck and followed Birch Creek down to its juncture with the Two-Heart. A mile below the forks of the two streams, and nearly a score of miles from home, he found the place he sought.

A wide marsh lay, here, on either side of the river, cloaked with an abundant growth of willow and tag alder. The banks on either side of the marsh were steep, and aspen grew plentifully among the birches back farther from the banks.

A half-mile below the marsh, where the hilly shores narrowed down close to the river on either side, the old beaver came upon an ominous thing. A steep clay slide led down the bank, here, coming to the very edge of the water, and the signs and scent of otter were fresh about the place.

Ah-mik feared and hated the spoor of all otters. He clambered out on the bank and sniffed hurriedly about the place, growling and churring low in his throat. When he slid back into the river, after a brief inspection, he headed homeward.

He reached the home pond one night in mid-August, when a huge red moon was paling into silver above the eastern spruces.

The young beavers were out of the lodges now and most of the old males were back from the journeys of early summer. The entire colony was abroad, at work or at play, when Ah-mik entered the pond at the upper end. He announced his return with a single blow of his broad flat tail upon the water.

The noise was a sharp crack, followed by a loud hollow plunge as if a heavy stone had been dropped into the water. It echoed far down the pond and instantly the whole colony was at attention.

Down by the nearest lodge a yearling beaver gave over his meal of small birch branch and answered with two splashes in quick succession. From farther down, near the dam, an old male sent out a crashing answer to the salute.

Casting a silver wake across the moonlit pond, Ah-mik swam down to his own lodge. An hour later, from that point, he sounded a gathering call for the clan, again with a single blow of his broad flat tail upon the water.

This was August. The season was at hand to begin the cutting of the winter's food supplies. The time of migration had come.

A WEEK later a hungry timber wolf found the beaver pond deserted. The last of the colony was gone, following the leadership of Ah-mik on the roundabout journey to the country of the lower Two-Heart.

At a bend of that river, near the foot of the wide marsh Ah-mik had found, the beavers built their new dam. They cut tag alder and willow brush and laid the sticks, butts upstream, on the river bottom, weighting them heavily with mud and pieces of sod.

Working from early dusk until dawn, they added to

this heap of brush and mud until its top rose above the surface from one bank to the other. Behind it, the river began to rise and to spread out into the marsh on either side.

Then the beavers began cutting aspen from the shores on both sides of the new pond. Aspen sticks, peeled clean of bark, were floated down and added to the top of the dam. And as the dam grew higher, they had to extend it at either end to hold in check the spreading water on the marsh.

Some of the colony had, by now, dug bank burrows that would shelter them through the cold weeks of the coming winter. Above the entrance of two of these, heaps of brush and sticks marked the beginning of bank lodges.

When the dam had reached a height that held four feet of water on the upstream side—enough water to assure safety for the beavers when the ice should come—Ah-mik and his mate, with the aid of four other members of the colony, began building the first lodge in the new pond.

They chose for the site a submerged point of the marsh that marked the original bank of the Two-Heart, and here they built up a solid mound of sticks and mud, some twenty feet across.

It was about this time that the wily, savage Ne-geek found the new beaver colony. He had been away on a long journey upstream to the first falls of the Two-Heart when the beavers had arrived on the river. He returned one night late in September, and when he swam into still water at the head of the newly formed pond, a half mile above the dam, he knew the identity of the intruders as well as if he had watched them at their labors all that past month.

Old hates and old blood lusts awoke in the otter. He came swiftly down the pond, clambered out, and examined the dam from end to end. The scent of the beavers was everywhere. Ne-geek's eyes were blazing redly and he growled steadily as he moved along the dam.

None of the colony chanced to come in his way, however, and he was full fed on brook trout from the upper reaches of the river. He dropped over the dam finally and passed downstream to his own den, a half mile below, where Ah-mik had reconnoitered early in the summer.

Two nights later Ne-geek made his first raid on his new neighbors. He surprised and caught a young beaver, born in Ah-mik's lodge on the Grayling the spring before. The quarry cried out shrilly before he killed it, and instantly, from midway down the pond,

an old male sounded with his tail the general alarm for the colony. Almost at once complete silence overhung the beaver pond. In the interval Ne-geek calmly completed his meal and swam away down the river.

None of the colony knew the identity of the killer that visited the pond that night. At dawn, however, Ah-mik found the faint scent of an otter on the slide that led down the back of the dam, and the old beaver paused at the edge of the water, his beady eyes ablaze with rage.

ALL the hate and dread of the ancient days on the Grayling stirred in Ah-mik at the otter scent on his own dam. He worked that night in the timber near the foot of the pond so that, as patriarch of the colony, he might be first to encounter the killer if he returned.

But Ne-geek did not return so soon. When he did come again, nearly a week later, it was to make a kill near the upper end of the pond, where three young beavers worked alone on a fresh cut aspen.

Then Ah-mik knew that the old feud of the Grayling was renewed. In nightly terror of the slim, silent killer, the colony carried on its autumn work.

When Ah-mik's lodge was finished it stood as high as a man's shoulder and four times as far across. The arch walls, built solidly of mud and sticks and brush, were three feet thick. The inside compartment was divided by a narrow partition into two rooms, side by side, each about five feet across and half as high.

From each room a single passageway, larger than a man's body, led down at an angle for a score of feet, to emerge in deep water on the floor of the pond outside the lodge.

A hundred feet away, in the deepest water at the center of the river's former channel, the beavers of Ah-mik's lodge made their cache. They felled aspen trees on shore, cut off the branches, and dragged and towed them out to this spot, piling them into a big loose heap. To this they added the trunks of the trees, cut into short logs that they could drag to the edge of the pond.

The weight of the top layers of the cache sunk the lower sticks and brush to the bottom, where they quickly became water-logged. More than five tons of food material would be heaped in this cache when the autumn cutting was completed.

While food was being stored in five such caches about the pond, work also went forward on the lodges and the dam was raised and made more solid.

Six times during this period Ne-geek raided the

colony, stealing upon his quarry as silent as a shadow and striking terror to the hearts of all but the oldest of the beavers.

Ah-mik's lodge was finished by the middle of October. Through the balance of that month the colony worked steadily, felling food trees and storing the branches and sections in the pond. With the coming of the new quarter moon, early in November, shell ice began forming each night about the shores. Then the beavers did the last work of the season.

They gathered great armfuls of mud and sod and thickly plastered the crannies between the sticks of the lodges. When the ice came this mud would freeze; then through the concrete-hard walls no frost could come, and no prowling enemy could break his way. They would be safe, then, from all foes, save only the otter that they dreaded more than any other.

WINTER descended upon the beaver colony on the wings of a northeast blizzard that brought heavy snow. When the storm blew itself out the temperature fell. In two nights, ice set two inches thick over the pond, and then the isolation and tranquillity of winter settled upon the beavers. Greatest boon of all, they were safe even from Ne-geek, for with the coming of the ice that old otter had gone on a long winter journey to the upper reaches of the Two-Heart where falls and rapids assured him open water with plenty of trout.

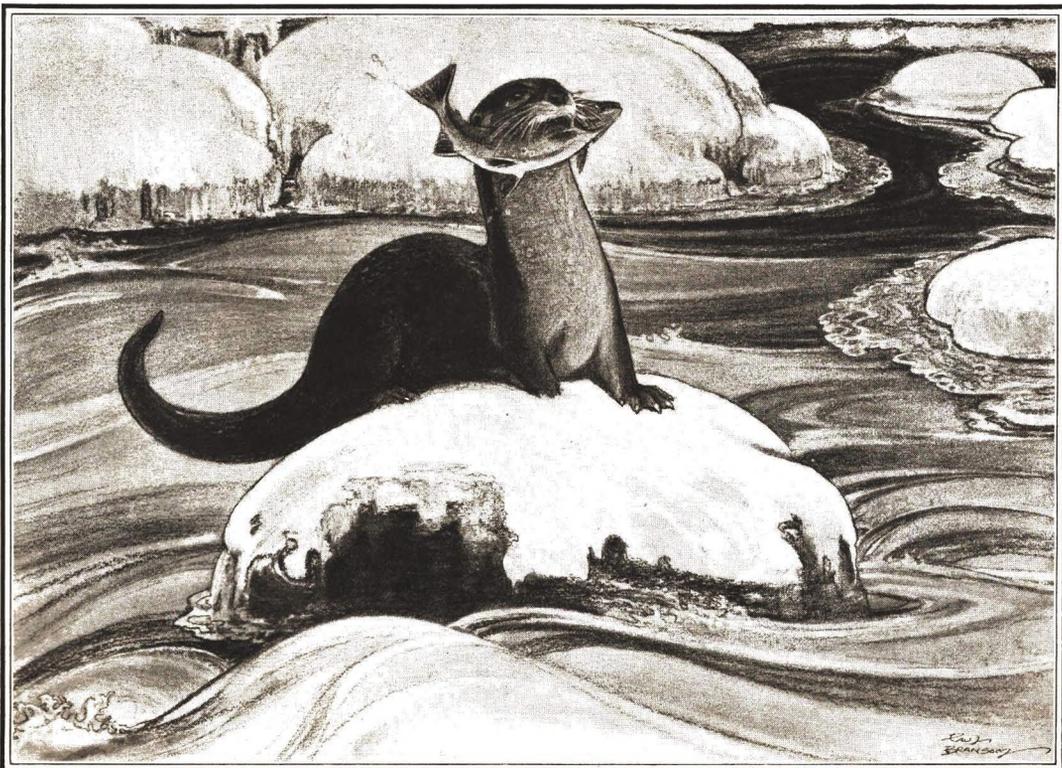
Secure from cold and foes, the beavers swam here and there about the pond or lay curled in the lodges where they had gathered snug nests of grass, leaves, and shredded wood. For them the storms and deep snows of winter did not exist.

Spring came, and with it a fresher that roared down the Two-Heart and gave the beavers a week of desperate labor to raise and thicken their dam against the rush of waters.

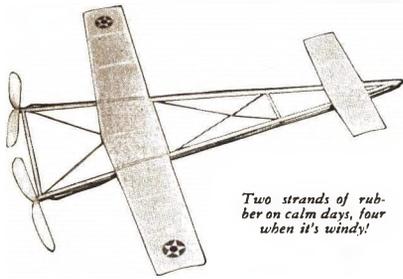
The high water subsided, young leaves opened on the birches; and then, one night, there were born, in the dry nest in the lodge of Ah-mik, four fully furred kits, with eyes wide open and chisel teeth already showing.

Ah-mik's young swam the day they were born, in the water that formed one-half the floor of their lodge. But they could not dive that day nor for many days, because their coats of woolly fur were so light and buoyant that they could not get down with them. Naturally, then, they could not escape from the lodge through the underwater passageways. Thus has

(Continued on page 62)



The old otter had gone on a long winter journey where falls and rapids assured him open water with plenty of trout.



Two strands of rubber on calm days, four when it's windy!

Try This Twin Pusher

Expertly Designed, It Is Simple to Construct and a Dandy Flyer

By Merrill Hamburg

Secretary of the Airplane Model League of America

KNOW the League member who has shown the most consistent work in the two national airplane model contests conducted in Detroit by THE AMERICAN BOY?

It's Albert Mott, Detroit expert who placed second in both Stout contests—the highest two-year record of any A. M. L. A. member in America. Mott is an all-round builder. His pusher placed second to Aram Abgarian in 1928. His tractor was just behind Joseph Culver's in 1929. And he won the special outdoor contest held at Ford Airport when the National Air Tour started last fall with a little outdoor twin pusher—his plane flew out of sight after five minutes.

Here's that same model—a simplification of the big pusher that many boys are going to build for the Third National A. M. L. A. Outdoor Contest to be held in Detroit by THE AMERICAN BOY, June 30-July 2. It's not eligible for the national contest, for its wing area is less than the required 125 square inches. But, with its single-surface wing and elevator, it's a little easier to build. It fills the need that so many of you League members have been feeling for a small twin pusher to start on—a model that will prepare you for the larger contest plane.

The League is not furnishing a kit for this model. You'll need to get materials yourself, from the nearest model supply house—a department or sporting goods store, or some other source you'll find available. Get your materials, build the model, find out how to handle a twin pusher. Then you can get the famous No. 4 kit from the League, to build the big championship model. To get this big kit, send \$3.00 in check or money order to the A. M. L. A., American Boy Building, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, asking for Kit No. 4.

To build the Mott pusher you'll need: Two balsa propeller blocks, 7-8 x 7-8 x 9 inches; two balsa motor sticks, 1-8 x 1-4 x 30; four balsa wing spars, 3-16 x 3-32 x 15; four balsa stabilizer spars, 3-32 x 5-32 x 5; balsa for ribs and fuselage cross members; .016 music wire for cans, .030 wire for front hook or nose piece, propeller shafts and S-hooks; two thrust bearings; rubber motor; thread; four washers; Japanese tissue paper, 8 x 31; model airplane cement.

Start by building the fuselage. Sand the two motor sticks evenly, tapering their forward ends to join them. Cut the crosspieces, the rear one 9 1-8 inches long and the others to the right length to fit. Mark the motor stick where the crosspieces are to join them, then assemble all five pieces by cementing them together. The wire nose piece reinforces the front; cement it, the four cans and the two thrust bearings in place, then use thread windings as shown in the drawings to strengthen them. Add the four thread cross braces, putting drops of cement at their intersections, and it's done!

The wing is made in the same manner as most of your indoor

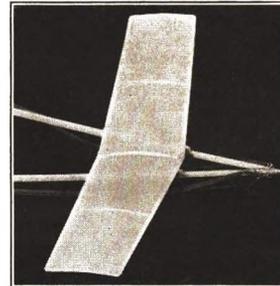
The League Supplies No Kit
for the model described in this article. But it has kits for two outdoor planes whose dimensions make them eligible for the national outdoor contest—the No. 4 Outdoor Twin Pusher, at \$3.00, and the No. 12 Outdoor Twin Tractor, at \$2.25. Send your check or money order for either—or both—of these to the League, and it will be mailed to you, postpaid, at once.

wings. Trim and sand the four spars, tapering them toward the outer ends. Bend the balsa ribs to the camber shown in the upper left corner of the drawing; then—by laying the spars in the proper position on a table—get the exact lengths of the ribs. Assemble the halves separately, cementing the ribs onto the spars. Butt-joint the two halves so that they form the dihedral angle indicated, then add the center rib.

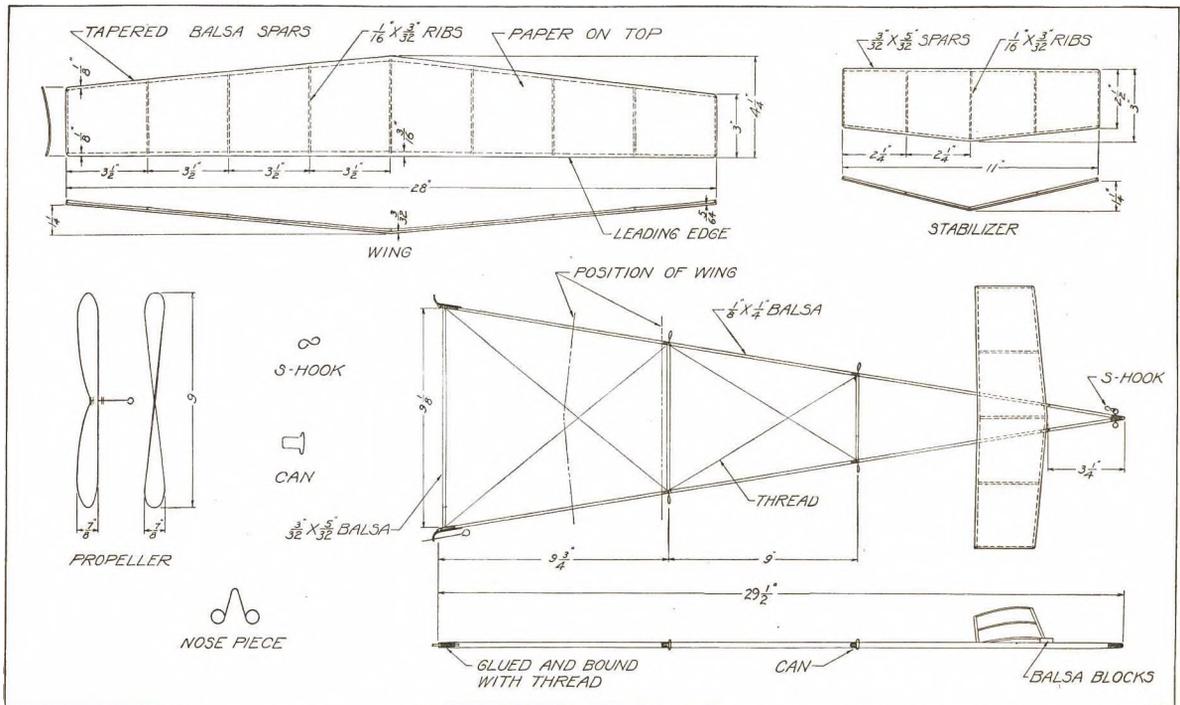
Now cover the wing with Japanese tissue, starting at the center rib and working toward the ends. Model airplane cement diluted with acetone—you can get it at any drug store—is an excellent adhesive for this purpose.

Next, the elevator. This is constructed in exactly the same manner as the wing, except that the ribs are not set into the spars, and the spars are not tapered. The camber is a flat arc, as shown at the lower right of the drawing. Once the elevator is complete, it should be cemented to the fuselage. Mott put 3-16 inch balsa blocks under its leading edge, to give it a slight positive angle of incidence.

The last job is carving the
(Continued on page 71)



Blocks raise the elevator's leading edge.



The model is easy to build. It's wise to study both diagram and instructions before starting work, however.



MAP © Geo. F. Crum Co., Indianapolis.

Billy learns about Buick's expert, nationwide service

Buick Dealer (as Billy enters his office): What's on your mind, Billy? What have you there?

Billy: It's a Buick ad I found in a magazine around the house. I thought maybe you could explain it. It says: "Nationwide, Expert Service is Standard Equipment with Every Buick-Built Car." What I want to know is, how can *service* be standard equipment, like mirrors, or horns?

Buick Dealer: Well, strictly speaking, it can't, Billy. But that makes a striking way of describing Buick's service, and the statement is true, as this Buick service map will show you. See here . . . each of these little dots represents a Buick service station!

Billy: Why, there are hundreds of them!

Buick Dealer: As a matter of fact, Billy, there are more than four thousand of them!

Billy: And look! Many of them are in tiny vil-

lages and towns, where you wouldn't think there would be enough business to keep them open.

Buick Dealer: Well, you have to remember that small towns and rural sections favor Buicks strongly, just as the cities do. There are from two to five times as many Buicks in these small communities as any other car priced above \$1,200. Besides all that, one of Buick's oldest policies is to make every Buick-built car deliver complete satisfaction throughout its entire life. So, regardless of whether the service work is enough to keep the shop busy, Buick has no choice. It must provide service facilities wherever its cars are found. And it does provide those facilities. You'll find factory-trained mechanics, factory-approved tools and machinery, and genuine Buick-Marquette parts from one end of the country to the other!

Billy: Well now, suppose we had a Buick that was years and years old, and suppose in an

accident we broke some part, like a crankshaft or an axle. Could we get that fixed, even in one of these small towns?

Buick Dealer: Absolutely! And in short order! Buick, you see, maintains great parts depots throughout the country—stocked with parts for every Buick car that is still in service—and so distributed that no town or city is more than 24 hours distant from such a depot. And so while the small town dealer might not have your crankshaft or axle on hand, he would wire the nearest parts depot for it, and obtain it without delay!

Billy: Gee! That's some organization, I'll say! And that ad means what it says, "Nationwide service is standard equipment with every Buick-built car." And "standard equipment" is right!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors
 Canadian Factories Corporation Builders of
 McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont. Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The Early Bird Gets the Worm . . . But a good scout reaches for Colgate's!

IT takes only a minute, fellers . . . an' say, Colgate's is the real stuff for making your mouth feel "wide awake" in the morning . . .

Good scouts know that clean teeth mean good teeth . . . an' a good lookin' set in your "front window" makes any feller feel an' look . . . like a winner!

"Cleanliness starts with the teeth," says Scout, so he cleans his teeth as his coach advises—with Colgate's. Delicious and peppery, Colgate's bursts into a racing foam the moment it's brushed on teeth. This active foam rushes through the mouth, sweeping away all impurities—sweetening all surfaces—brightening, whitening the teeth . . . pepping up the gums . . . making the mouth feel healthy—and zowie! How clean!

Take a tip from a Scout . . . use Colgate's. You'll say it's great! Try a tube on our say-so. We'll pay for it. Just mail the coupon.



Try Colgate's one week—FREE

COLGATE, Dept M-662, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Genlemen: Please send me, Free, a generous trial tube of Colgate's—the dentifrice coaches advise.

Name: _____ Address: _____



In the Morning Mail



THE Office Pup sat in his chair and bristled.

"I'm insulted," he growled. "Impossible," replied the editor. "I'm insulted," repeated the Pup. "In February, after telling how I shot the Spokane River falls, I challenged readers to name any daring stunt I hadn't performed. And now Raymond J. Hock, Springfield, Massachusetts, says my challenge is all bunk."

"Raymond and I agree," muttered the editor.

"He says he could name a hundred stunts I've never performed, and mentions specifically that I've never been in the stomach of a whale!"

"Well, have you?"

"Sure! Haven't you ever heard that famous ballad: 'Pluto in the Stomach of the Whale!'"

"Oh—yes—of course," said the ed hastily. "Yes—I've heard it."

"All right, I'll repeat it," said the Pup, standing up in his chair. "Here it is: *Oh, Pluto sailed the ocean blue, as skipper of a yawl. His ship was wrecked, as you'd expect, one evening, by a squall.*

He stood upon his capsized craft and loudly did he wail, until he drew the notice of a sympathetic whale. The whale drew up beside the boat. His mouth he opened wide. 'I'll take you home,' he said to Plute. 'Don't knock. Just step inside.

'My abdomen is large enough to let you stroll about. Whenever you feel hunger pains, I'll swallow you a trout. Don't worry—you'll get out again!' the whale, he urged the Pup. 'I carried Jonah, years ago—I'm good at coughing up!'

'The Office Pup at last went down, his face a little pale. Three days and nights he occupied the stomach of the whale. And then, one morn, the trip was done, and much to Pluto's joy, the whale politely threw him up in Rockford, Illinois.'



The ed looked at Pluto with a very pained expression on his face.

"Rockford, Illinois, isn't on the ocean," he said.

"The whale didn't know that," murmured the Pup, reaching hastily for the prize-winning letter.

The winner of the five bones, this month, is Miron C. Meadowcroft, Boonton, New Jersey. Here's what he says:

"When my copy of the February issue came, I took one breath and dived in. I didn't come up until two stories and three feature articles were under my belt. Then I compared the February issue of 1925—the first year I took the magazine—with the last issue. I found that your contests are now written up in a style that is much more appealing to boys. Your features are much more interesting, as a rule. You haven't as much repetition as you used to have.

"Your change of type and paper was a great thing. The new type (THE AMERICAN BOY changed to a heavier type just a year ago) is much easier to read. The paper in the newer issues is much whiter than the old.

"The covers mean much more than they used to. There is a story in every cover. Your stories are better. Whenever I bury my nose in one of them, I live the story until it is finished. I think that is the only way to read. Get right into the story. Imagine yourself one of the characters.

"I was with Captain Crouch on the

Chau-kiang, that night. I was disgusted with his blunderings when he attempted to ram Tong-lu's junk. I almost shot Tong-lu when he raided the palace of En-fu.

"I accompanied Bill Darrow down that chute to apprehend the criminal who was stealing the fur coats. Bill and I certainly were embarrassed to find the seats of our pants gone.

"I've ridden down to Agadir with Gene Barr of the Foreign Legion. In fact I've lived most all of the interesting moments of your stories."

"Meadowcroft has a good point there," the ed comments. "If you crawl into a character's skin and live with him, you get a bigger wallop out of your reading."

"My fleas for instance," Pluto murmurs, scratching. "They crawl into my skin and live with me, but I'm the one that gets the wallop."

"Forget your fleas," the ed reproves. "Here are a flock of requests for thumbnail sketches. Kirby McDonald, Lakeville, Connecticut, says that these sketches are the most enjoyable part of this department. Joseph C. Wallace, Newburgh, New York, calls them 'the cat's meow,' and Bob Whyte, Washington, D. C., asks for sketches of artists as well as authors."

"We carried a sketch of an artist last month, and more are coming," the Pup responds. "This month, we've got a short autobiography of Allen Field, author of 'Big Medicine' in this issue."

And here, fans, is Mr. Field's sketch: "This snapshot shows me in my favorite garb. It's one in which I've never been able to spend all the time I should like to spend, although I guess I've had my share.

"I was born in Chicago and saw my first big football game there when the Carlisle Indians defeated the University of Chicago. If anyone cares to figure out how far back that is, he is welcome. The only comeback I'll have is to say that it was in my own 'Indian' days and I was rooting for the redskins.

"I went to high school at Hinsdale, Illinois, and to college at Denison University. Joined up with Uncle Sam in 1917 and spent eleven months overseas, some of them with the Army of Occupation in Germany. Since then I have worked at business and written for pleasure.

"I first came to know THE AMERICAN BOY almost twenty years ago as a reader, and it means a lot to me now to know it from the writing end."

Dozens of fans, this month, are welcoming back Major Gilson in "The Whispering Joss."

"When I received the February issue," Everett C. Crowell, Meriden, Connecticut, writes, "I knew we were in for a rare treat. I've taken THE AMERICAN BOY nearly eight years, and recall some of Major Gilson's stories, among them 'The Zulu Trail.' It was some story, and so is 'The Whispering Joss.'"

Readers were just as enthusiastic

about the Joss cover by Albin Henning on the February issue. "The mysterious background, the realistic figures, and the wonderful expression on the man's face give you the shivers," writes Clarence Wible, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. James Fleetwood, Jr., Galva, Iowa, also felt the weird power of the cover. "It makes a queer feeling come over you," he said.

Donald E. Wagner, Baltimore, Maryland, didn't agree. In fact he said, frankly, that the cover was a mess.

"As I've said before," murmurs the Pup, "we can't all agree. And perhaps it's lucky we don't. If everybody liked the same things, it'd be a dull world. Take me—I don't care at all for fleas, but the fellow who manufactures flea powder probably thinks they're a great l'il insect."

The Heyliger department store series is also making a hit.

"My dad is a silk buyer for the largest department store in Akron," writes Budd S. Eichner, Akron, Ohio, "and I occasionally work in the store. Boy! William Heyliger sure must have been brought up in a store, for every word he says is true. I know, for I've been in every department he's written about so far. I didn't know that buyers shopped the stores and all that, but Dad says it's true."



A new department of the magazine that fans are looking forward to is Larry Trimble's "Dogs, Horses, and Other People." Carl W. Schrader, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, liked the story of Jumbo that appeared in February because he had a similar experience with a dog he thought vicious Jack Hester, Waco, Texas, and Carroll Simonson, Ashby, Minnesota, both believe Mr. Trimble's department will be a great addition to the magazine. Mr. Trimble has an island in the St. Lawrence River that he's turning into a paradise for animals. Already, he has on it descendants of the famous Strongheart—he trained Strongheart—and he'll soon have Arabian horses. And he's planning to have moose and wolves and many other animals there!

Thousands of readers are competing for the three free trips West in the Dude Ranch contest announced in our February and March issues. Henry Crabtree, Jr., who lives in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where at least one of the winners will spend a month, says that he's very familiar with the ranches mentioned as the destination for the second prize winner.

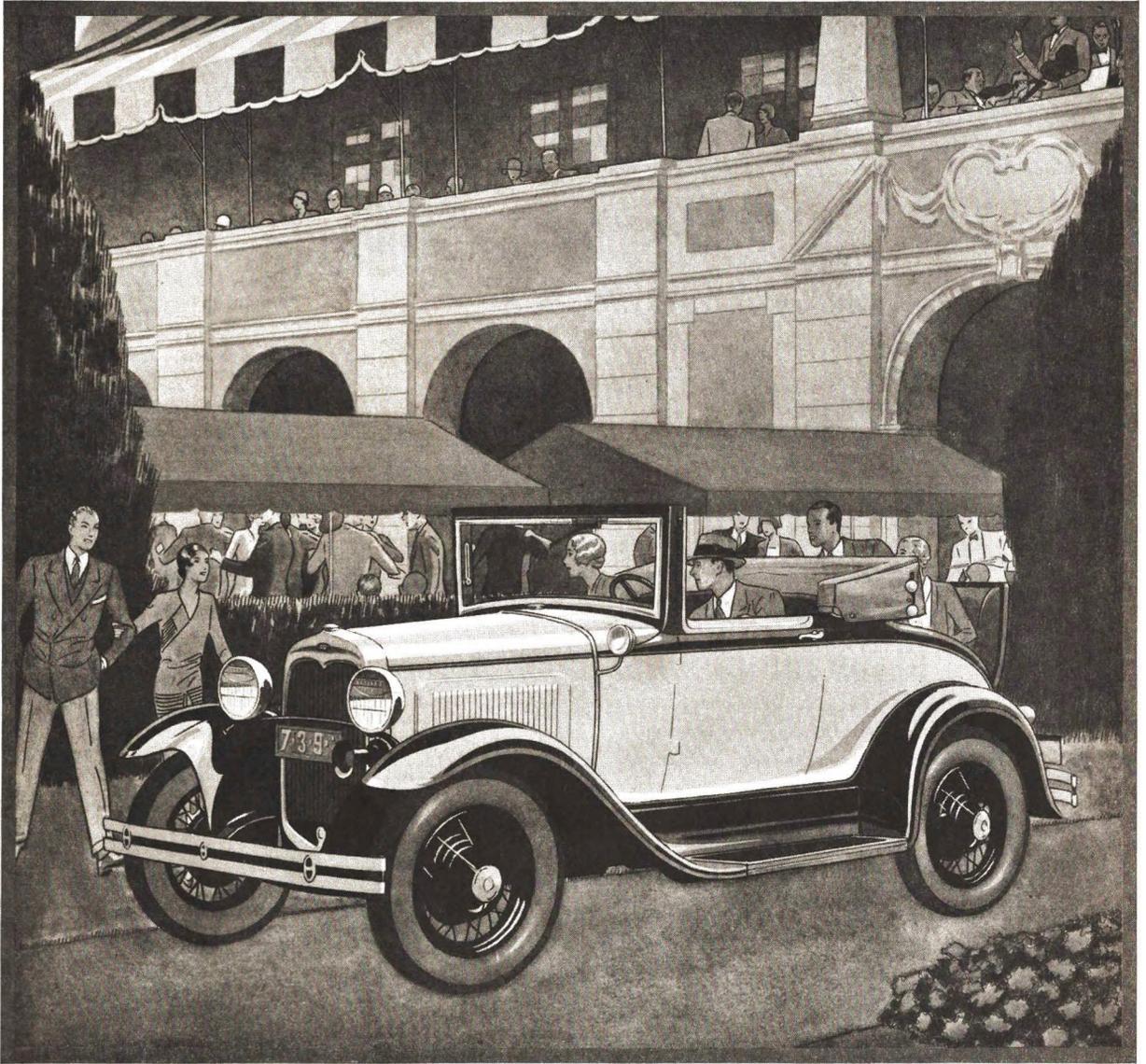


"Jackson Hole," he states, "has the largest elk herd in the world. Elk very frequently come right into the town of Jackson and sometimes drive milk cows out of barns and take possession. I hope to get acquainted with the contest winners when they come out."

Hugh D. Ingersoll, Madison, Wisconsin, noticed that "Serving with Soldier Elephants," which appeared in the January AMERICAN BOY, was reprinted in

(Continued on page 73)

THE NEW FORD CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET



Quality that endures

THE extra value built into the new Ford car is reflected in its alert, capable performance, reliability and long life. « « « « « « « «

Beneath its flashing beauty of line and color, there is a mechanical excellence unusual in a low-priced car. Many measurements are accurate to the thousandth of an inch—some to five ten-thousandths of an inch. Every part has been carefully designed and made to give you many months and years of faithful, uninterrupted service. « « « « « «

In safety, comfort, speed, power, economy—in all that goes to make a good automobile—it is a value far above the price. The quality of the new Ford is a quality that endures. « «

the Boy Scout Eveready

hands night a knock-out



The Official Boy Scout Eveready. No. 2697.
\$2, complete.

SHOW the Official Boy Scout Eveready some darkness, and it sails right in—for 400 feet, if you want! That's the kind of light it is! But suppose you don't want to see off in the distance. Give a turn to the focusing device, and you have a flood-light for close-ups.

Because of this improvement, and a lot of others, the National Council made the Boy Scout Eveready the Official Flashlight. Let's look at some more Eveready improvements. First, there's a clip on the back. No need to keep this light in your hand—just clip it to your belt or shirt-pocket. The safety-lock switch gives a steady or off-and-on light. The handy ring-hanger allows you to hang up the light like a lamp, and snap it on your belt when you hike.

Be sure you get these, and all the finest flashlight features. Ask for the Official Boy Scout Eveready. It's No. 2697. Look for the Scout Insignia on the head, and the khaki-colored case that matches the Scout Uniform. At hardware, drug, sporting-goods, and electrical-supply stores. See one, and get it today.

★ **EVEREADY**
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

General Offices: New York, N. Y.

Branches: Chicago, Kansas City, New York, San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide **UCC** and Carbon Corporation

The Whispering Joss

(Continued from page 23)

by a faint glow, sufficient to reveal that there were lean-to wooden sheds erected against the brick walls of the adjacent houses. Against the roof of one of these sheds, in the yard to the left, there was a long ladder. Immediately above this, about thirty feet from the ground, they could see a bright light in a window.

They crept cautiously up the alley and peered intently about the yard. Evidently the alley didn't run through. The way they had come was the only exit. Eric felt the blood pounding in his veins.

THEN it was that their attention was attracted by the stooping figure of a man who suddenly appeared high above them, silhouetted clearly before the light in the window.

Looking upward, Crouch took in a deep breath.

"A cat burglar or I'm a Dutchman!" he whispered softly. "And that's the man we're after—I'll take my oath on it. But how did he get there? The ladder's not high enough. That window's three stories up!"

"I'll soon find out," said Eric, slipping out of his overcoat and letting it fall to the ground.

He silently climbed up the ladder to the level of the stable roof. Walking lightly, he crossed to the larger building and found a heavy drain pipe that descended vertically from the roof.

Crouch stood at the foot of the ladder with his cork foot upon the bottom rung. He saw the window open. He saw the figure of the man with the overcoat, and a felt hat pulled down over his eyes, crawl warily across the window sill and disappear in the light of the room beyond.

"There's a drain pipe here," said Eric, in a strained whisper loud enough for Crouch below to hear. "It's fastened to the wall with heavy bolts that supply a foothold every few feet or so. But that man can climb like a monkey."

Crouch didn't answer. He was carefully counting the houses from the lighted window to the corner of the square.

"Come down!" he whispered suddenly. "If that house isn't En-chi-yuan's, it's next door to it."

Eric's heart leaped into his throat. For a moment he gulped, then whispered down.

"I'll climb up to the window. You get around into the square—see that he doesn't come out the front way. We'll have him cornered. Quick!"

For a moment Crouch hesitated. Then, gruffly, "All right!"

Immediately Eric Monkhouse made for the drain pipe, drowning his still fear in a flood of action. Fortunately for him, he was wearing a pair of thin-soled shoes, and the iron pipe so stood out from the wall that he could get both hands behind it.

At each joint he took a breath. If he lost his footing, or the pipe itself parted at a joint—he shut his eyes and crawled steadily upward. A few feet from the window sill he paused and regained his breath.

Lucky the window was already open—he'd have to make no noise opening it. He peered over the sill into the room, found it empty, and threw one leg across the sill.

THIS was En-chi-yuan's house, without a doubt. It looked like one of En-fo's rooms. There were cushioned divans around the walls upon which hung gold-lettered scrolls, quotations in Chinese characters from the writing of the sages. There was a lacquer screen before the door. Here and there were occasional tables and deep square chairs of carved redwood. In an alcove stood a great vase of some rare porcelain,

and on either side of that were panels of landscape marble.

Eric took in these details at a glance, then stepped into the room. For a moment he stood irresolute, with his hands in his empty pockets, regretting that he had not brought his revolver. Against the law in London. The police themselves carried no more dangerous weapon than a baton, and bank messengers regularly conveyed large sums of money to houses of business in leather handbags, chained to their wrists.

If the man he had seen in the square was indeed the Yellow Death, Eric knew that he was taking his life in his hands when he opened the door of the Chinese room and stepped out upon the landing. There was no one in the corridor. He could see several doors—all closed. Immediately in front of him was the staircase. He stepped cautiously to the banisters and looked down.

In that instant a report that might have been a pistol shot echoed below. He heard voices—the quick jerky tones of someone in a high state of alarm.

Without waiting another instant, he rushed down the stairs. Past the next landing, the staircase broadened and the steps became shallower, and he took them three at a time. Not until he had gained the head of the last flight of steps, did he come to a sudden standstill. Looking down into the hall, where stood Captain Crouch and En-chi-yuan's butler side by side, he realized that what he had taken for the report of a pistol had been nothing but the violent slamming of the front door.

The butler looked no longer like a bishop. All his dignity had gone; his pompous, self-satisfied expression had changed into a look of terror.

"Have you found the man?" cried Crouch, the moment he set eyes on Eric. "He's somewhere in the house."

Before Monkhouse could answer, a piercing shriek froze them stiff. A horrible shriek, suddenly cut off.

Giving vent to a kind of groan, the butler rushed past Eric.

"It's the library!" he cried. "Someone's up there! Help! Police!"

The other two followed close upon the heels of the servant. Eric cursed himself for ever coming down the stairs. The butler stood in an attitude that was at once limp and upright, staring straight in front of him at an open doorway, beyond which they could see the reflection of a light upon the gilded backs of hundreds of well-bound volumes, arranged shelf above shelf. When the man tried to speak, his teeth were chattering.

"In there!" he gasped. "Oh, mercy me! I daren't go in. Honest truth, I daren't!"

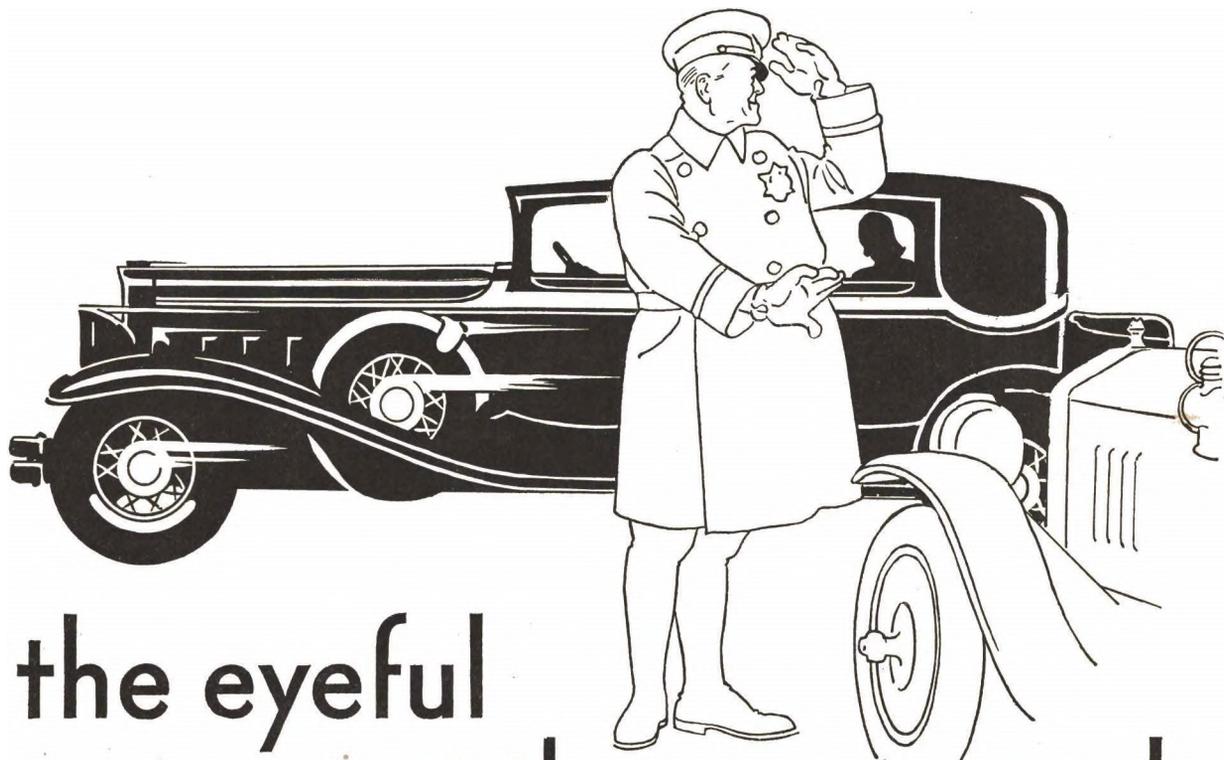
"Mad Monkhouse" had always been able to keep his head in a crisis—or he would never have escaped with his life on more occasions than one. During those brief indecisive seconds, when he stood with Crouch and the butler outside the library door, he followed a train of thought of his own.

IN the first place, he was dead sure that that particular door had been closed, a few seconds before, when he had come down the steps. And if that were so, someone had just left that room, and must therefore have gone up, not down, the staircase.

Having come to that conclusion, unarmed though he was, he dashed up the stairs, three at a time, leaving Crouch behind. The door of the Chinese room was open, and within there was still a light. Hastening to the window, Eric looked down into the fog.

Dark as it was, he could just make out the head of the ladder standing out above the stable roof; and upon this lad-

(Continued on page 34)



the eyeful ... at the cross-roads

Sometimes a little old last year's car can put-put along the road unobserved. Its real shabbiness doesn't come home until the bus gets into competition with other cars at the cross-roads of traffic.

Even a hard-boiled traffic cop eyes a Marmon 8 with respect. What might have been a snooty jerk of the thumb becomes a lordly wave of the arm.

Some boost this, when you stop to figure that the Marmon range of four great straight eights brings

a Marmon within reach of practically any family purse. Whether the New Big Eight—the New Eight-79—the New Eight-69—or the New Marmon Roosevelt—all are *Straight Eights*, and all are cars you would be proud to borrow.

Take a look at these Marmon Eights the next time you pass the Marmon place. Or write us for complete information. Then at the next family conference, pipe up for Marmon, the car you are proud to borrow.

M A R M O N

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Back of each of Marmon's new straight eights are four years on the road. For Marmon has built Straight Eights since 1926. If you feel a Marmon Straight Eight is the car you would be proud to borrow, tell the family about Marmon's four years of Straight Eight experience. Families, favoring time-tested things, prefer performance to promise.



Announcing a twin to the famous TOP-FLITE THE EAGLE...for only \$10!

You've probably wanted to play the famous Top-Flite—the bat that makes every shot a split-second harder to return—the bat that won 34 major championships in a single year!

But perhaps you've felt you did not care to spend \$15 for the Top-Flite.

Then you should meet the new Wright & Ditson EAGLE—a great bat that has the speed-giving open-throat construction of the Top-Flite... but one that costs only \$10!

The new Eagle has the same lighter, smaller head of the Top-Flite, the sweet balance—the tighter strung frame—the perfect feel. Strong stronger construction, providing for many restringings, is identical in these twins. And both bats have the open throat that imparts such remarkable "whip" to all your shots.

The \$10 Eagle has most of the fine playing qualities of the \$15 Top-Flite, but stringing the Eagle with Duratite enables us to price it one-third less. Of course Duratite hasn't the resilience of the Top-Flite's split lambs' gut, but it is moisture-proof—and so wonderfully durable that your Eagle can play right through the most strenuous season without a single restringing.

Play the Eagle—and feel the extra whip of an open throat bat! At your sporting goods dealer's, or department store, you'll find an Eagle made for you—in weight, balance and feel. And it costs but \$10!

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Please send to me, free, a copy of your booklet, "Over the Net"

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 32)
der he saw the figure of a man, who vanished almost at once in the yard below. If that man was Tong-lu, the Yellow Death, the pirate who for so long had been the scourge of the Pe-kiang, then he had turned another trick under Eric's very nose. Tears of rage and bafflement smarted the young man's eyes. No use to follow now. Tong-lu could easily escape in the fog. If only he hadn't rushed down those stairs!

Realizing that he could do no good by staying there, Monkhouse returned down the staircase, to find that both Captain Crouch and the butler were no longer on the landing. With unwilling footsteps, prewarned that he was face to face with tragedy, he entered En-chi-yuan's library.

It was a room of about the same size as the drawing room, with bookcases ranged about the walls. There was a writing desk, and one or two tables that were strewn with official documents; and lying upon his back upon the floor, with Captain Crouch and the butler bending over him, was the son of En-fu.

As Eric entered, the mandarin with an effort struggled to an elbow. "Tong-lu!" he groaned. "The Yellow Death!"

He fell back so violently that his head struck the carpet with a thud.

The very words his father had used! To Eric there seemed to be something peculiarly awful in this hounding, by a lank yellow devil, of an honorable Chinese family—a pursuit that went half-way around the world. Where next would it lead? Who next would feel the vengeful embrace of this demon who came and went with the silence of a ghost?

Crouch was on a knee by the side of the prostrate Chinese.

"It's all right," said he, in a quick voice. "He's still alive. Find a telephone and ring up first a doctor and then the police!"

There was a telephone receiver upon a low bookcase beyond the door. In the hall, now, was a crowd of terrified servants, most of them Chinese, though among them were a French chef and an English chauffeur.

It took Eric but a few seconds to get into communication with a doctor and the nearest police station, and then he returned to the library.

"His heart's beating," said Crouch calmly. "Maybe the doctor can save his life. But there's one thing I can see with my one eye, and it looks like a bad business. Do you see what he's got in his hand?"

The captain pointed to one of En-chi-yuan's fists that was tightly clenched. From between the fingers protruded the edges of a torn strip of paper.

"Do you know what that is?" the little captain asked. "A fragment of En-fu's letter—the sealed letter I brought all the way from China. That villain has got the rest of it, and sooner or later will read it!"

Eric nodded slowly. "Tong-lu's after something."

The two men looked inquiringly at each other, and in both their minds were the words—the Joss? The scarlet idol that had whispered to them one night in the yamen of En-fu?

Chapter Ten

IT was half past eleven that night before Monkhouse and Captain Crouch got back to the latter's rooms in Picnic. In the house in Manchester Square they had had to undergo the usual cross-examination by the police; and before they left, the inspector who was in charge of the case had taken down their names and addresses.

Eric had no desire to go back to the hotel where he had booked a room. He and Crouch had so many things to talk about that he decided to stay the night with the captain.

Crouch hung his dripping wet pea-

jacket on the hat rack in the hall, took off his boots, and got into a pair of shabby carpet slippers. Burying himself in an armchair, and slinging his feet upon the mantelpiece, he filled the bowl of his blackened pipe with his foul Bull's-eye Shag.

"The doctor says that En-chi-yuan will pull through," said he. "Lucky we got into the house when we did, or Tong-lu would never have left the job unfinished. Anyway, En-chi-yuan won't be able to move from his bed for weeks. If there's anything to be done, it's you and I, my lad, who've got to do it."

"He said there was no time to lose," Eric reminded.

"Seems fair," said Crouch, thoughtfully. "Do you remember, according to plan, we were to meet En-chi-yuan at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning at Paddington Station?"

"Yes?"
"Well, he was bound for Whitmere Castle. And that's where you and I are going, though En-chi-yuan himself can't come with us."

"Do you think Sir Gilbert and Nam Yuk have arrived there with the Joss?" Eric asked.

Crouch nodded. "And you believe that all roads lead to that idol?"

Crouch nodded again. "What is there about that heathen image—" Eric was exasperated—"that sends men about the globe and makes them—attempt murder?"

"We'll find out—soon," said the other, rising to his feet.

He went out into the hall and returned almost at once with the letter En-chi-yuan had given him and which he had forgotten to post.

"There're occasions," said he, "when one is justified in reading private letters. And this is one of them."

Opening the envelope and scanning the contents of the letter, he discovered the address to which En-chi-yuan had intended to go: "c/o Sir Gilbert Whitmore, Bart. Whitmere Castle, Herefordshire."

"As I thought," said he. "It's that eleven o'clock train for us."

AND that was how Crouch and Eric found themselves the following morning, speeding through the wooded country in the Thames Valley, on their way to the Welsh border.

It was natural enough that they should then remember that other journey, a few years before, when they had met for the first time on their way to Cornwall and embarked upon the series of adventures that led to the Zulu trail—to the death of Trezenza and the discovery of *Neuroline*.

"In a manner of speaking," Captain Crouch remarked, "this job's stranger still. Even now we don't rightly know what the game is. One thing's clear at any rate: we know for a fact the Yellow Death has followed us to England, and we know he's after the Joss."

"The idol ought to be safe," said Eric, "if Nam Yuk is on our side. I wish we knew—"

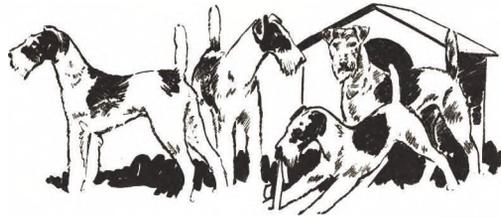
"The Whispering Joss," said Crouch. "Do you remember the night Nam Yuk did us in?"

Eric shuddered. "Do you really think it was the idol that whispered?" he asked.

"I'm sure of it," said Crouch, sucking his empty pipe.

"Seems impossible," Eric said slowly. "If it wasn't the idol," said Crouch, "then Nam Yuk's a ventriloquist. I'm determined to do one thing when I get to Whitmere Castle, and that's find out all I can about old Jaundice-jaws. As for Whitmere, I reckon he doesn't count. A white man who burns joss sticks and bumps his head on the ground before a heathen image isn't the kind of cove I want abeam of my glass eye. If he was a shipmate of mine, I wouldn't trust him on a better job than cook's mate,

(Continued on page 36)



Win

a pedigreed wire-haired fox terrier!

Free! 50 prize dogs—each one eligible for registration by the American Kennel Club

Here is an entirely new kind of prize contest. It is open to every boy and girl living in the United States who is not over fifteen years of age.

Fifty pedigreed wire-haired fox terriers—are the prizes. These handsome puppies are from two to four months old, just the right age to make pals with you. Every one of these puppies is a male, specially selected and vouched for by Mr. Frank F. Dole, the famous dog expert, who has bred, judged and shown dogs in all parts of the country.

The contest is divided into two parts—National and State. And here is the plan:

Two Grand National Prizes

There are two national prizes; one puppy for each of the two best essays sent in by boys and girls throughout the country on the subject, "Why I Like Keds."

These prizes will be two of the pedigreed puppies. The two national prizes will have special collars on which will be engraved the name of the dog and the name of the boy or girl who wins it.

528 State Prizes

After the national prize winners are determined, the boy or girl in each state who has written the best essay will receive as a special prize a pedigreed wire-haired fox terrier. Then, in each state, the ten boys or girls whose entries rank next below the First-Prize winners will each receive a pair of Keds—the Shoe of Champions.

This makes in all:

- 2 pedigreed wire-haired fox terriers and special collars (national prizes).

48 pedigreed wire-haired fox terriers—1 to each state—as state prizes

480 pairs of Keds—the Shoe of Champions—10 to each state—as state prizes.

50 dogs and 460 pairs of Keds.

More facts about this Competition

This contest is not open to employees of the United States Rubber Company, nor to their sons or daughters.

Otherwise, any boy or girl not over 15 years of age, and living in the United States, is eligible.

In awarding the prizes, the age of every contestant will be taken into consideration. In other words, a 10-year old boy will not be expected to write as well as a boy of 15. In making the awards, the judges will be guided by the following considerations:

1. The best knowledge of the value of Keds as sport and play shoes.
2. Originality of thought.
3. Skill in writing.
4. Neatness of manuscript.

No boy or girl can win two prizes. The winners of the national dogs are not eligible for the state contests. In this way, 50 boys and girls will win one of these valuable puppies, and 480 boys and girls will each receive a pair of Keds—the Shoe of Champions.

How you can enter the Contest

The contest is now open. It closes August 31st, and all entries must be mailed by that date.

1. Go to your nearest Keds dealer and ask him for a

Keds Prize Contest Entry Blank. If you do not know what dealer carries Keds, write the Keds Contest Editor, United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York City, who will see that you are told where to go.

2. When you have secured your entry blank, read it over carefully.
3. After you have done this, write a composition of 50 to 100 words on the subject, "Why I Like Keds". In this composition, tell us exactly what you think of these shoes.
4. Mail your entry blank, together with your composition, to the Keds Contest Editor, United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

A few hints on "Why I Like Keds"

In order to give you a start in writing your composition, we are going to suggest a few of the things about Keds that make them the Shoe of Champions.

You'll find that Keds are specially designed for rough usage. They are built strongly and sturdily. They don't rip or tear when you subject them to sudden strain.

Keds are fast. With Keds you can use all the speed you've got.

Keds are comfortable. They don't cramp or pinch your feet. Keds' special insoles add comfort and coolness.

You can get many more pointers on Keds by reading Keds advertising, and by talking with other boys and girls who wear Keds. And any Keds dealer will be only too pleased to tell you about these sport shoes.

Be sure to ask the nearest Keds dealer today, for your entry blank. This does not obligate you to buy anything. The dealer will be glad to supply this blank and discuss the contest with you.

FOOTWORK BUILDS STARS

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS

United States  Rubber Company



Keds "Big Leaguer"

Keds moulded-sole models, of which "Big Leaguer" is one, range in price from \$2.00 to \$4.00.

Keds "Attaboy"

A light, fast Keds model for gymnasium or play. You will find a wide range of different Keds styles. \$1.00 to \$3.50.

Keds "Holdfast"

This light Keds model gives excellent service for the price. Athletic trim types of Keds can be bought as low as \$1.00 and up to \$3.00.



NEW!

Westclox
Pocket Ben
\$1.50

The new Pocket Ben is the very latest advancement in watch making. Thinner. Smaller. Strictly modern in design. Has a non-magnetic hairspring. Metal dial. Artistic numerals and graceful hands. Convenient pull-out set.

A precision built pocket watch that will serve you long and faithfully. Fully guaranteed and sold everywhere. Priced at \$1.50 . . . or with luminous dial that tells time in the dark, \$2.25.

Built by the makers of
BIG BEN

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois

(Continued from page 34)

peeling potatoes in the galley. But I don't think he knows the game he's in."

They had no difficulty in finding out how to get to their destination. The railway guide informed them that the little station of Whitmere was on a branch line. As they had to leave the main line at Hereford, and then change again at a place called Standsfield Junction, they were not likely to get to the castle till long after dark.

Eric passed some of the time in the train by reading up the history of the place in a guidebook. Even to-day, he knew, the people of Wales were the lineal descendants of the original Ancient British, who were first conquered and then civilized by the Romans.

With the River Severn as an effective barrier between them and the rest of the island, secure amid the fastnesses of the Welsh hills, the Britons maintained their independence for centuries. By the time they had come to call themselves the Welsh, the rest of England had become civilized and Christianized.

But the Welsh remained intractable, rebellious, refusing to submit even after the Norman Conquest. Cut off from the more civilized parts of the country, they reverted to a state of semi-savagery. They became a race of hardy mountaineers, clothed in skins, living in inaccessible caves, raiding the Norman domain.

The Normans retaliated by building a chain of castles along the border line from Pembroke to Chester; and right up to the reign of Edward the First—when Wales was finally conquered and made a principality of Britain—there were constant forays and swift punitive expeditions upon the Welsh Marshes, as the border was called.

Among the adventurers who harassed the Welsh in the reign of Henry the First, was a certain Robert de Whitmere who, according to the chronicler "did hold the White Mere, where the strong castles of Montgomery, Brecknock and Cardigan were razed to the ground, and the savage Welsh did cross the border, even to the gates of Worcester."

It was from this Robert de Whitmere that Sir Gilbert was descended. The family—of Saxon origin, as the name suggests—remained in obscurity until the middle of the seventeenth century when, at the time of the Civil War, the old Norman fortress once again played a prominent part in the history of the nation.

The story of Whitmere Castle fascinated Eric; but when he read extracts to Captain Crouch, these historical details left the little sea captain stone cold. Crouch declared that, for all it mattered to him, Whitmere might be the great uncle of Joan of Arc; and at that he cocked up his legs, tilted his peaked nautical cap over his eyes, and fell fast asleep.

But he was wide awake by the time they got to Hereford; and while they waited on the draughty platform of the little station of Standsfield, the sun went down beyond the hills of Radnor.

They had had no more than a glimpse of the country into which they had come. Low-lying marshy valleys, drained by a narrow winding river, the banks of which were overgrown with reeds and willow herb; meadows of rich green grass, where there were great herds of red and white cattle, the famous Hereford breed. Away to the west, standing out like a rampart, they could see the rugged crest line of the Welsh mountains; and Eric could not look upon that peaceful valley without thinking of the stormy, violent days of which he had been reading.

WHITMERE station itself proved to be nothing more than a shed, in which was a wooden bench for the convenience of waiting travelers. A gray-bearded individual, with the quaint West Country way of speaking, appeared to combine the duties of station master and

ticket collector. When Crouch asked him how they could get to the castle, he lifted the lantern he carried and closely scrutinized the faces of the only two people who had got out of the train.

"Agoin' t' castle!" he exclaimed. "Zooks, masters, no one don't go there nowadays—leastwise night-times."

"Why not?" asked Crouch. "Cos they dursn't, an' that's zober fact, though it aren't no concern o' mine."

"My good friend," said Crouch, "I never said it was. Supposing you answer my question—how far's Whitmere Castle from here?"

"That be about four mile by one road, and five by t'other. An' there's zome as zay as t'other be shorter, 'cos o' Whitbury Hill."

"I see," said the captain. "That's a



Those Persistent Partners

Don Saunders and Bill Mann go up in a gale to find a lost pilot—and come diving down to his empty scorched plane.

Another Fast Flying-Field Story

"WESTBOUND MAIL"
IN MAY

long walk. But there must be a conveyance of some sort in this hole-in-the-corner?"

"That be zo, masters. There be a dogcart at Whitbury Arms; but Zam Duggan ain't agoin' to drive out that way, this hour o' the clock. And if you be zensible-like, you don't go neither—leastways not till come mornin'."

"You seem to know a bit about it," said Crouch. "What's the matter with Whitmere Castle?"

"I doan't zay nothin' about my betters," said the man, guardedly. "All I zay is this—them that's been inside the castle of recent years, zince Zir Gilbert he come into the place, zays as how it's full of spooks and heathens. They zay as how it's haunted."

Crouch, resolved to waste no further time, turned to Eric.

"We'll try the owner of the local cart," said he. "I dare zay we can persuade him to give us a lift, if we pay him enough."

There was no need for them to ask the whereabouts of the Whitbury Arms. Just across the road were the lighted windows of a public house, above which an old signboard creaked and swayed in the wind.

The landlord, a fat red-faced man in his shirt sleeves, began by being emphatic. He had his bar to attend to; he had driven out from Hereford that afternoon, and his horse wanted a rest. But when Crouch produced a five-pound note, he at once changed his tune. He agreed to take them as far as the other side of Whitbury Hill, but he wouldn't go a yard farther for a hundred pounds.

"This time of night," he exclaimed. "Not me, zir! I'm not what you might call a nervous man, but I don't ask for trouble."

There was nothing for it therefore but for them to leave their baggage at the station. Crouch got up by the side of the driver, while Eric sat on the back seat, from which he watched the hospitable lights of the Whitbury Arms fade slowly away in the darkness.

THOUGH the atmosphere was damp and raw, there was a clear sky, and presently the moon rose to spread its pale light through a white ground mist that floated like gossamer over the marshes. Occasionally they passed farm homesteads. After what seemed to be an interminable time, the road ascended a steep gradient and plunged into a wood that was dark as pitch.

This, Duggan told them, was Whitbury Hill. On the far side the country opened out again, and the driver drew rein at the foot of the hill.

"I go no farther, gents," said he. "That's my contract."

"And where's the castle?" asked Crouch.

"Straight ahead, and ye're not like to miss it. Ye'll zee the White Mere to the left o' the road, afore ye come to the castle drawbridge. That be no more than seven hundred yard or thereabout—a zight nearer than I likes at this hour o' night."

Crouch paid the man what he knew to be an exorbitant sum for so short a journey, and he and Eric set off together, swinging their arms and walking in step up the narrow roadway.

They hadn't gone far before they saw the White Mere, the broad lake from which the castle took its name, that encroached to the very edge of the road. The mere was rimmed by withered reeds and rushes. As the gaunt walls of the castle loomed before them, an owl flew screeching round one of the tall twin turrets that flanked the gateway beyond the lowered drawbridge.

Upon the heavy wooden planks of this bridge their footsteps echoed as they crossed the moat, half filled with black slimy water from the mere. The double gates under the raised portcullis stood wide open, with the moonlight on the great-headed iron nails that had been hammered into the oak to spell the motto of the house of Whitmere: DUM SPIRO MILITO—*whilst I breathe I carry arms.*

Beyond the darkened archway of the keep, the moonlight fell upon a courtyard whose flagstones were overgrown with moss and weeds. They strode boldly through to the far side of the court where they could see the entrance to the main castle building, which extended right and left to join the battlements. Loopholes on either side of the doorway had been filled with panes of plate glass, but there was no light in any of these, and had it not been for the moon, Crouch would have had trouble finding the heavy iron bell at the side of the door.

Seizing the handle of the bell, the captain pulled it downward with a violent jerk, and they could hear the clanging sound echoing beyond, as if within a vault.

They stood waiting, listening. In the silence, the great walls on either side made Eric Monkhouse feel as if he were imprisoned in a vast empty tomb. The gloominess of the scene must have had some effect even upon Captain Crouch, for, when he spoke, it was in an awed strained whisper, not the least like his natural voice.

"There must be someone here," said he. "I'll try again."

As he extended his hand to ring a second time, with a creaking sound the door swung slowly open. And there was no one there—nothing but a small light high above them and at the far end of what seemed to be a great room.

Side by side, they stood upon the threshold, hesitating to enter. The light drew nearer, as it descended slowly to the level of the floor. It was the flame

(Continued on page 33)



You, too, should have Road-Tested Roller Skates



AUTOMOBILES, these days, are developed through the stiffest kind of road tests. They are watched by engineers for thousands and thousands of miles and, every time a part wears out or breaks, they build a *better* part.

These modern cars, however, have nothing on Winchester Roller Skates. They are skates built by engineers who have watched them during more than 7,000 miles of actual road performance, and who have checked them roll for roll and mile for mile against all other types.

In all of this great distance, not a single ball has broken in a Winchester bearing—not a single bearing case has cracked—and the rolls themselves have set up a new standard of roller skate mileage. Study these special features of construction and you'll see for yourself why Winchester Roller Skates are supreme in mileage—supremely easy running—supreme in strength.

- 1— Each roll has double-row, self-contained ball bearings running in hardened steel races.
- 2— Center piece of high quality steel rigidly built in the form of a channel beam which gives the strength of girder frame construction.
- 3— Shock absorbers that assure exceptionally easy riding.
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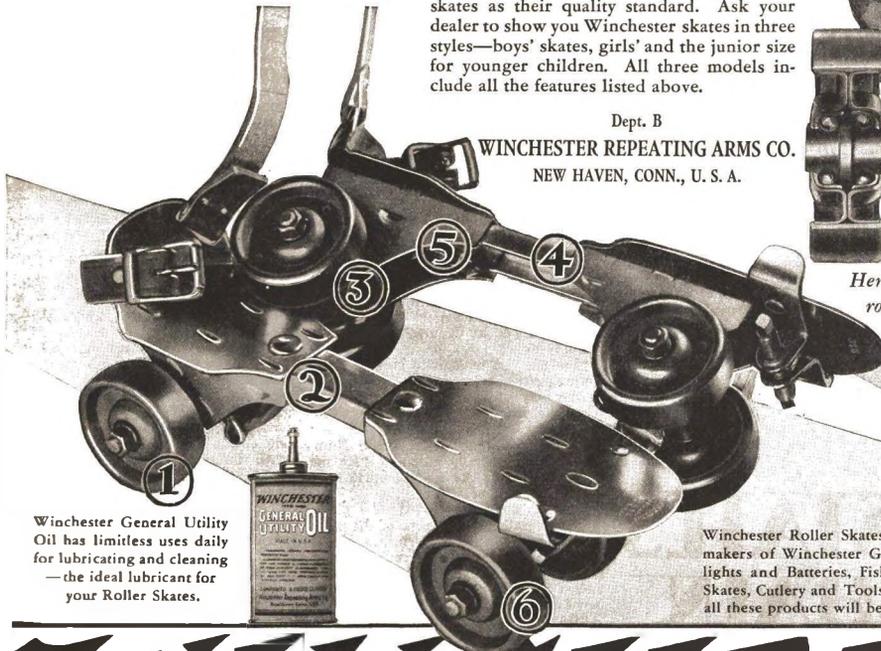
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(Continued from page 36)

of a candle that flickered in the draught, that illumined the thin, cadaverous face of Nam Yuk, the Taoist priest who had been Tong-lu's lieutenant.

Chapter Eleven

WITH the flame of the candle held high, it seemed to Eric and Crouch that a yellow trunkless head was moving toward them. As it approached, they realized that the man had slowly descended a broad flight of steps, at the other end of the room. Of the intervening space nothing was visible—until the priest paused at the bottom of the steps, and with the candle in his hand lighted two enormous tapers in great bronze candlesticks, fashioned in the shape of Chinese dragons.

The interior flicked into ghostly light, and Eric gasped at the incongruity of the scene before his eyes. He saw Nam Yuk advancing with measured step across a mediæval banquet hall, as lofty as the nave of a cathedral.

Massive stone pillars arose on either side. Along the right side of the hall ran a stone gallery, half hidden in the gloom beneath the rafters; and under this, a raised platform, or dais, where no doubt in former times had stood the high table where the lord of the manor and his guests had been wont to dine.

Had such a place been furnished with refectory tables and old oaken benches, with shining suits of mail around the walls, and rushes on the floor, the scene would have been typical of Plantagenet times when knights and ladies listened to the lays of minstrels. But, instead of that, the great room resembled an Oriental temple. There were brass devil trumpets, wooden drums, gilded inscriptions in Chinese characters and Chinese tapestry. Upon the dais sat a wooden Buddha before which were a praying mat and a brass bowl for offerings. At the foot of the staircase were two mishapen stone lions from some ducal mansion in Peking.

The little captain stepped briskly into the hall and took his cap from his head.

"Nam Yuk," he said, "sometime I'm going to ask you why you shoved off and left me at the jetty, just after the bandit scrap. But right now I want to see your master."

The priest's face was inscrutable. "I speak my master you have come," he said, in his deep guttural voice.

"Who opened that door?" asked Eric, pointing behind him.

"No miracle work," said Nam Yuk, with the ghost of a smile. "You look see. I show you plenty more."

He clapped his hands. Whereupon they heard the grating sound of heavy chains beneath their feet; and then the door, creaking on rusty hinges, swung to again and fastened with a snap.

Eric glanced at Crouch, who winked his only eye.

"I'm not fool enough to be scared of conjuring tricks," he said. "Something in the way of a steam steering gear, with the man at the wheel between decks, I reckon."

"You speak true words," said Nam Yuk, his lips hardly moving. "By no other means can the door be opened. A device of old time."

The captain's eyes roved to a place under the gallery, where one of the flagstones had been lifted by means of an iron ring. In the hole he could see the head of a stone spiral staircase that looked as if it went down into the very bowels of the earth.

"Dungeons under there, or I'm a sea cook," he said interestedly.

Nam Yuk nodded. "Many dungeon." "Well," said Crouch, "we've come here to see you, as well as your master, my friend. So far as we can pick up our bearings, in a manner of speaking, you're the man to help us."

"You come from his Excellency, En-fo?" asked the priest.

"En-fo's dead," said the other, without any beating about the bush. "Mur-

dered by the Yellow Death."

Nam Yuk bowed. He still stood in the center of the great hall, holding the candle from which the hot grease was dripping to the stone floor.

"So let it be, if the honorable gods have thus decided," he answered. "For what reason you have come?"

"If all had gone well," said Crouch, "we should have got here yesterday, and we would have come with En-chi-yuan, the Prefect's son."

The priest bowed again. "I would make welcome En-chi-yuan," he observed.

"I'll take your word for it," said Crouch. "When we parted last, you showed the white feather and left me in the lurch. Suppose you tell Sir Gilbert we're here?"

The priest folded his hands. "I go now," said he. "Wait a moment, if you will be so kind. I come back maybe, in not so many minutes."

He turned, leaving them standing in the middle of the hall. They watched him ascend the stone steps, his tall yellow figure cut in half by the padded sash he still wore around his waist. Eric remembered the padded sash with a grimace—remembered feeling it against his mouth, giving out fumes that had dulled him into unconsciousness.

At the top of the stairs, the priest passed along the stone gallery, and disappeared in some passage, or corridor, beyond.

"Cool as a cucumber," Crouch remarked. "All the same, I'm no more inclined to trust him than I was."

"Nor me," Eric said. "I thought he seemed nervous when we talked to him. Did you see how he kept glancing left and right?"

"Afraid of being overheard," said Crouch. "There's someone under the floor. We know that for certain."

A tingling sensation made Eric shiver. There was something about this ancient castle converted into a Chinese temple that made him keenly alert. Danger was in the air.

They were here alone, with only their pistols and their senses to help them. Lined up against them was the mystery of China, brought to England. Here in the castle, undoubtedly master of it, was Nam Yuk, former henchman of the Yellow Death. Nam Yuk, twice traitor—first to his priesthood and then to the Yellow Death. Nam Yuk, who had fought valiantly—or seemed to—against the bandits, and then made off with Sir Gilbert and the scarlet Joss.

"We're crazy," Eric said in a whisper. "Two white men, walking straight into some net. Butting into an intrigue that we know little about."

"Want to quit?" the captain asked brusquely.

Eric laughed joyously and his eyes danced. "Not me. You told me there was danger and adventure in this. Looks to me now as though both were just around the corner—maybe the first corner we come to."

Suddenly Eric caught a glimpse of a moving figure through a door on the side of the hall opposite the dais, beneath the gallery.

"There's somebody in that room!" he exclaimed. "I'm going to see who it is."

This door was in the shadow of one of the great pillars, and stood open about two or three inches, so that a narrow beam of light transfixd the gloom of the hall.

CAUTIOUSLY Eric moved toward the door. Then he straightened up and walked boldly forward. After all, as he assured himself, there was no reason why he shouldn't look into that room. No use creeping toward it like an eavesdropper. He threw the door wide—and cried out in astonishment.

In the middle of the small room sat Tai-wen, the curio merchant with the benevolent face, whom Eric had seen on the *Caucasia*.

(Continued on page 40)

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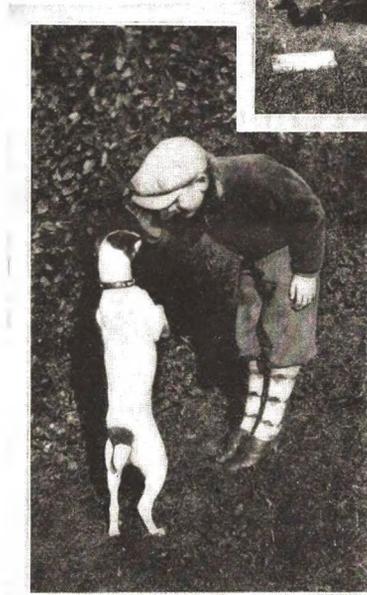
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(Continued from page 38)

In his surprise Eric barely took in the strange atmosphere of the room—the temple lanterns, Chinese embroideries, the ornaments of jade and ivory on the floor. But he recognized the snuff bottles of old Ming porcelain and rare egg-shell china vases inscribed with quotations from the poets. Tai-wen had had them aboard ship.

When he saw Eric, the old man clapped his huge knotted hands—those hands that went so strangely with the gray beard and the aged wrinkled face. "Tai-wen!" cried Eric. "What on earth are you doing here?"

The old man, still smiling, folded his great hands in the sleeves of his Chinese robe.

"One large man belong this place have plenty money," he observed. "Him no can catch China-side. What for I come this place. Savvy?"

"Then you must have come straight down here, the moment the ship got to London?"

"Catch 'em quick," said Tai-wen. "My hear plenty talk about this large man in Hongkong. That belong what for I come chop-chop this no-good, too-much-fog country."

Vague suspicions—unnamed fears—raced through Eric's mind. Tai-wen, he remembered, had looked with strange intentness at his tattooed arm that day he had played deck quots. But that was natural. And the old merchant's presence here was natural. Eric scoffed at himself for being alarmed.

The loud voice of Sir Gilbert Whitmore sounded in the hall. The baronet had already greeted Captain Crouch effusively, slapping the little man on the back and declaring at the top of his voice that he was delighted to see him again.

He was no less genuinely pleased to welcome Eric, who now came towards him. Nam Yuk stood in the background all the time, eyeing his master intently.

"I find you have an old friend of mine here," said Monkhouse, as soon as he could get a word in edgewise. "Tai-wen and I came to England in the same ship."

"Ha!" cried Sir Gilbert. "That old fellow has some wonderful things he's ready to dispose of for a song. I'd have bought them on the spot, if I had come across him when I was out in China. Can't think where he got some of them from! Do you know," he added, as if about to disclose a secret, "he's got a pair of silver joss-stick holders from the Son of Heaven's temple at Nangan! They could only have been looted or stolen by one of the priests."

Crouch tapped Sir Gilbert on the chest.

"If you'll pardon me," said he, "we're not here to talk about curios. We've got news for you that's none too healthy."

It was Nam Yuk who interrupted. Stepping between Crouch and Sir Gilbert, he extended a clawlike hand.

"We speak this business in another place," said he. "More better we run no risks. There is the old man in that room, and Lofee is at the bottom of the stairs where he have gone to open the door."

THE priest took Sir Gilbert by an arm and led him to a part of the hall that was underneath the gallery. Crouch and Eric Monkhouse followed; and as they passed the stone trapdoor, there emerged the head and shoulders of the gigantic Chinese who had accompanied Nam Yuk and the mad baronet to England.

Lofee, too, was pleased to see again the two friends he had made in the *yamen*. He could speak almost no English, but he gave them his own welcome, bowing low, with his hands tucked into his stomach and his head almost between his knees.

He had the round cheery face of a schoolboy, a face that was always grinning. Almost childishly vain of his great

stature and Herculean strength, he was a simple soul in more ways than one—a rare thing for a Chinese, especially a native of Yunnan.

By then Nam Yuk had opened a door under the gallery, and passing through with Sir Gilbert, lighted a hanging lamp, similar to that in the room opposite. Here was a kind of smoking room—either for opium or tobacco—furnished, also, in the Chinese fashion, with couches, hangings on the wall and black-wood tables and chairs. When all four had entered the Taoist priest closed the door behind them.

"Now we speak in better private," he observed. "I have tell my master the excellent En-fo have dead."

"And that's not the worst of it," said Crouch. "The Yellow Death's in England."

THE effect of that upon Sir Gilbert was startling. He gave a kind of gasp, and stood staring at Crouch with his loose lips parted.

As for Nam Yuk, they had thought it impossible that anything could frighten, or even surprise, the grim and imperturbable priest. But at these words he straightened as if he had been struck. He stood with rigid arms, quivering from head to foot.

"Tong-lu! In this country!" he exclaimed. "That cannot be!"

"We've got proof of it," said Eric. "Last night En-chi-yuan was attacked in his house in London. But, apart from that, I'm prepared to swear I saw and recognized the man before he broke into the house."

Nam Yuk stood thinking. "This makes so great bad news," said he. "Now that En-fo has joined the spirits of his ancestors, I must speak to En-chi-yuan."

"That you can't do," said Crouch. "He is more dead than alive."

The little captain was determined to say nothing about the tattooed message they carried on their arms. That was En-fo's business, some secret he had wised to confide in his son. The very fact that the old Prefect himself had seemed inclined to mistrust Nam Yuk was all the better reason why they should tell the priest nothing at all about it.

It was Eric who took the bull by the horns.

"All this time," he declared, "Captain Crouch and I have been acting in the dark. It's time we knew what it's all about."

"There is nothing to know," replied Nam Yuk, who looked both puzzled and scared.

"Why is Tong-lu bent on killing off En-fo's family?" asked Eric, bluntly. "Why is he after the Joss?"

Then Sir Gilbert answered. "The Joss!" cried Sir Gilbert. "That is in a safe place where no man can ever find it. The room was made at the time of the Civil War. There have been many prisoners in this castle since it was built, but never such a prisoner as Tai-yang-shen, the Sun-god of all China from the Mekong to the Great Wall."

The man was as mad as ever. Crouch and his companion realized that Nam Yuk was the real master in that house.

Eric decided to try one more question. "What makes the Joss whisper?"

The effect on Nam Yuk was startling. His head came back, and after his first surprise, his narrow eyes bored into Eric's face as if to read his thoughts. Then, becoming veiled, the priest shook his head.

"Joss does not whisper," he said.

"Look here," the captain said to the priest, "En-chi-yuan must have wanted to bring us down here for some definite reason. And as he's not here to give orders, we're ready to take them from you."

Eric looked doubtfully at Crouch, but the captain's lips were set, as if he had decided that this was the only course of action to pursue.

(Continued on page 42)

Indian Chief designs new shoe with razor blade . . .

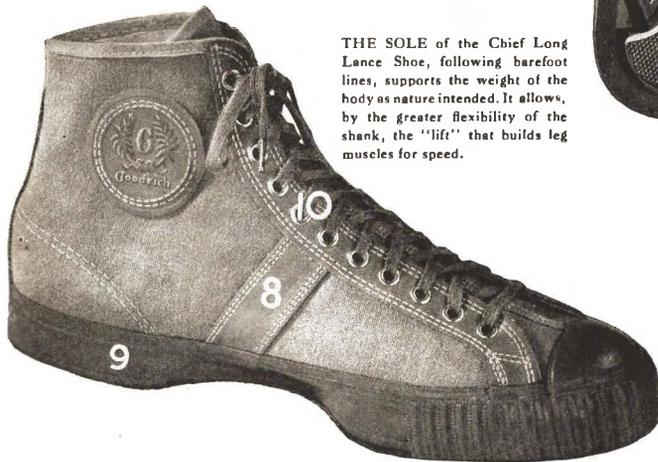
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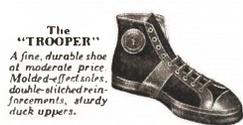


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ATHLETES' SHOES

(Continued from page 40)

"I thank you plenty," said the priest, with the suggestion of a smirk. "But I want time to do thinking. Some arrangements must be made. It is so much difficult!"

He seemed puzzled, worried. Sir Gilbert, seized him by an arm, spoke eagerly, with anxiety in his voice.

"You'll not take the Joss away!" he whispered, loud enough for both Crouch and Eric to hear.

"The Joss belong you," the priest replied. "Maybe I must sometime go. Till then there is too plenty danger."

SIR GILBERT, now hugely pleased, rubbed his hands together. With his unbalanced mind, capable of jumping in an instant from one emotion to another, he was like a child who lives for the moment only.

"Don't let Doctor Nam Yuk frighten you," he cried, turning to his guests. "Everything's all right. I'm delighted to have you both here. Dinner will be ready in half an hour—just time for me to show you round the castle. You'll have to share a room, but you won't mind that, I'm sure."

And thereupon he conducted them back into the hall, whence they ascended the stone staircase to the gallery.

They walked through the habitable side of the castle. Eric noted that there was no such thing as running water or electric lights. The rooms were lighted by Chinese lanterns. Chinese servants gilded by them in the big halls.

Crouch and Eric were allotted the only furnished guest room in the castle—a huge room off the corridor that connected with the gallery. It contained two comfortable Chinese beds and a luxurious carpet. The baronet left them here, and Lofce brought them a can of hot water in which to wash. They had been told by Sir Gilbert that there was neither necessity nor time for them to change their clothes.

Fifteen minutes later, a great Chinese gong sounded faintly from the banquet hall, and the two friends descended the wide staircase, to find Sir Gilbert awaiting them between the stone lions that had once adorned the gateway of a ducal fu. The baronet conducted them up the steps to the dais, and through a door beyond. They found themselves in a high-vaulted room. Running down the center was a magnificent dining-table of carved blackwood. Suits of ancient Chinese armor were ranged about the walls.

The effect of these in the dim light of the candles on the table was gruesome. Each effigy had a hideous painted mask, and held halberd, sword or stink pot. They looked like a cordon of diabolical and hideous sentinels who stood alert and thirsting for blood.

Standing at the head of the table were two silent Cantonese servants, dressed in white. The moment Sir Gilbert was seated with his guests on either side of him, they began moving like ghosts about the room.

Yet the food was all that any epicure could ask for—French dishes cooked by a Chinese who had learned his trade in the house of a Hongkong millionaire. And there were nothing but the choicest wines to drink. So far as his palate was concerned, it appeared Sir Gilbert's tastes were distinctly European. In fact, from the way he gobbled his food and smacked his lips, it was plain to see how he had become so fat.

Though Eric Monkhouse had a healthy appetite, it was as much as he could do to get through the seven courses of that strange meal in the flickering candlelight. He was conscious all the time of the grinning masks of the warriors of old Cathay, whose painted eyes seemed to watch him savagely. With the stone walls at their back, and the embrasures where the old iron bars could be seen beyond the glass, under the heavy oaken rafters almost black with age, these warlike images looked

not so out of place as the two sleek, smooth-faced Cantonese who moved silently around the table.

Once, at the beginning of the meal, Nam Yuk opened the door very quietly and looked in upon them from the dais in the hall. He seemed satisfied with what he saw, for he gave a kind of nod, and disappeared, closing the door behind him.

When the dessert had been placed upon the table—all kinds of fruit in bowls of lustrous china—and the two servants had vanished like the ghosts they seemed, Sir Gilbert lay back in his chair, surveying the array of cut-glass decanters set before him.

He was breathing heavily, like a man who has fed too well.

"I pray you, charge your glasses," he announced, in a somewhat pompous manner that was somehow not in keeping with his character. "I have the honor to give you a toast."

Not to give offense, Eric half filled his wine glass with port. Crouch—who knew a good thing when he saw it—favored the pale Montilla sherry.

Sir Gilbert rose to his feet. "Gentlemen," he said, "the Whispering Joss."

Eric—who felt self-conscious—had risen from his chair, and was in the act of raising his glass to his lips, when he stopped stock still. The wine spilled upon the highly polished table.

A shriek, terrible, long-drawn and piercing, shattered the silence. It seemed to come from the very ground beneath their feet.

By constitution Sir Gilbert Whitmore had a pallid complexion, a skin like putty or paste; but now he turned white as snow.

He stood there, at the head of the table, as if frozen stiff with horror, the wine glass falling from his hand, to smash into fragments on the floor.

Chapter Twelve

FOR the moment both Eric and Crouch forgot the shriek in their concern over Sir Gilbert. The mad baronet was utterly without self-control, and his condition was almost terrible to see.

He remained upon his feet with difficulty, clutching the table for support. The veins in his temples had swelled perceptibly. Staring at nothing, he appeared to be making some attempt to speak; his lips and face were twitching horribly, but no single word could he utter.

Crouch was quick to act. Seizing a decanter of liqueur brandy he held it to his host's lips.

"Swallow some of that!" he ordered.

As if unaware of what he was doing, Sir Gilbert gulped down a mouthful, and then with a kind of sigh sank back into his chair.

Almost at once a touch of color came into his face, and some intelligence into those watery, vacant eyes.

"We must find out what that was!" he cried, vastly excited, suddenly springing to his feet. "Not sit here doing nothing! Do you hear me?"

"Lead the way," said Eric, cold as ice. "We'll follow right enough. Show us which way to go!"

The other hesitated. "We ought to be armed," said he. "This—this may be dangerous."

Crouch took his loaded revolver from his pocket, and Monkhouse followed his example.

"We've got these," said the captain. "After what happened in London, we thought it best to be prepared."

Sir Gilbert nodded appreciation, but he was still trembling visibly. He looked as if he were trying hard to think and the effort was too much for him.

"Let me see," said he, speaking to himself, and bringing a shaky hand to his double chin. "We may want a light. A candle won't do. It's draughty down there."

(Continued on page 44)

Here's the Straightest-Shootin' Hardest-Hitting .22 You Ever Shot!

THAT's what the fellows who have used them are saying... and they ought to know.

When you find a cartridge that has *everything*, like WESTERN Lubaloy .22's, that's the cartridge you want to use. They shoot with remarkable accuracy and they hit with a wallop that bowls over small game in just the same way that Lubaloy high-power cartridges stop dangerous big game.

Won't Rust Your Gun — Clean to Handle!

WESTERN's special non-corrosive priming and smokeless powder keep your gun as bright as new and make cleaning unnecessary... But more than that, Lubaloy

.22's are clean to handle. Lubaloy is a lubricating alloy which does away with the coating of gummy grease that you find on ordinary lead-bullet .22's. No grease to smear up your hands or clothes and if you happen to drop some of the cartridges onto the ground, the dirt and grit do not stick to them and get into your gun. The shining Lubaloy coating makes them gleam like "Bullets of Gold!"

If you want to have more real sport with your rifle than you've ever had before, get a box or two of WESTERN Lubaloy .22's and give them a trial! Dealers everywhere sell WESTERN, the World's Champion Ammunition... Drop us a line. Just say, "Send me your free leaflet describing WESTERN Lubaloy .22's."

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
453 Hunter Ave., East Alton, Ill.
Branch Offices: Hoboken, N. J.; San Francisco, Cal.



Western Lubaloy
(LUBRICATING ALLOY)

Coated **.22's**

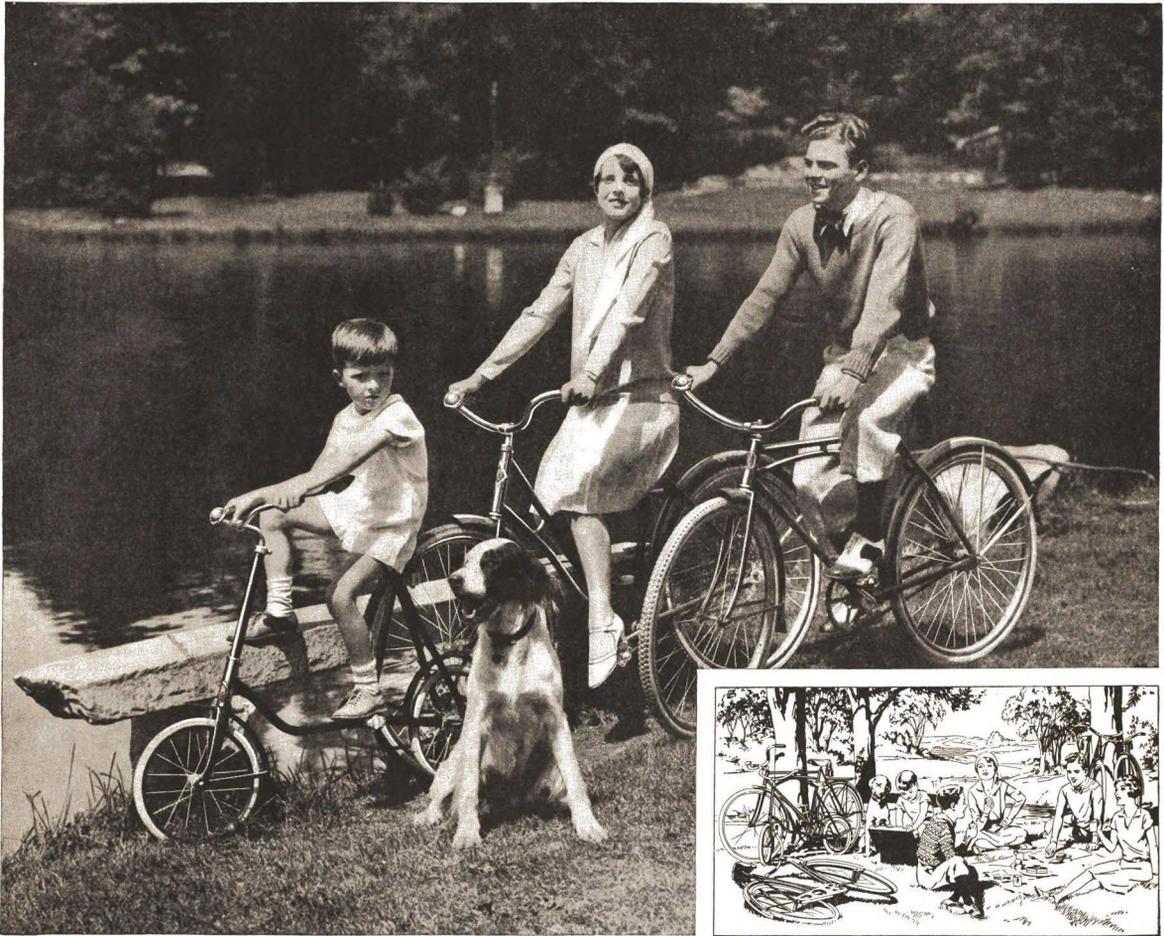


Free—On Request

This thrilling booklet on American Big Game Hunting, by Lieut. Col. Townsend Whelen, tells about his wonderful experiences in hunting Bear, Mountain Goats, Deer and Caribou. Sent free on request.



RIDE A BIKE



and All Around You it's Spring

A CRISP spring morning . . . the urge to get out of doors . . . to lakeside park, to woods and countryside . . . the fascinating joy of coasting down the hills, speeding over level stretches or leisurely exploring wooded by-ways . . . thrills that only the bicycle, easiest traveler of either road or twisting path, makes possible. It's great to be alive—if you have a bicycle.

Today the youth of America in ever increasing numbers is again turning to this smart outdoor sport . . . and parents are realizing that cycling has advantages that excel those of other forms of health-assuring exercise. Also, an up-to-date modern bicycle for boy or girl costs about half what parents paid when they were young. Dealers will be glad to extend convenient terms, if desired.

Write for FREE Book

Read what doctors, coaches and great athletic champions say about cycling for health. See their pictures. Just write your name and address on a postal and say: Send me "Cycle-logical Ways to Happier Days." Mail to

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Your local DEALER will show latest models

A BIG-LEAGUER'S GLOVE FOR ONLY \$6⁰⁰



Designed by Babe Ruth
Made by Reach

"I soze am glad to have the Reach outfit put my personal signature on every glove in the Babe Ruth line. I'm mighty proud of these gloves, for the Reach people did a swell job of carrying out my ideas, and I recommend every glove in the highest degree."

Babe Ruth

DESIGNED by the great Babe himself—made by Reach, America's foremost maker of baseball equipment—here is a glove worthy of baseball's Hall of Fame. A real Big-League glove—for only \$6.00!

- A. MADE OF SPECIALLY TANNED and SPECIALLY TREATED HORSEHIDE LEATHER. Rich brown in color. Lined with soft yellow glove leather. It bends just as easily as your hand!
- B. EDGES STURDILY BOUND—they can't come loose.
- C. WELTED LEATHER SEAMS—diverted between fingers to give extra strength, extra wear.

- D. RAWHIDE CORD LACING at the wrist. One minute's time and you can lay open the glove to shift the padding any way your heart desires.
- E. HAND MADE PADDING skillfully formed to give protection to the palm, and so placed and fitted that it won't shift, unless you take it out and shift it yourself.
- F. HAND MOULDED POCKET designed to grab every ball that zips into it—for keeps!
- G. SPECIAL LONG THUMB with lacing adjustment to form wider or deeper pocket, as you like it.

The Reach dealer near you will gladly show you this beauty, and other Babe Ruth Mitts and Gloves, for fielders, catchers, basemen. Prices range from \$3.00 to \$8.50.

Reach will gladly send you, free, a booklet giving many fine points of correct diamond play, and also a leaflet giving a full description of every glove in the Babe Ruth Line. Clip the coupon below.

A. J. REACH, WRIGHT & DITSON, INC. A. B. 4—30
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Please send me, free, your booklet "Playing Points," and your leaflet describing fully every glove in the Babe Ruth line.

Name: _____

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Ever since the American League began



The Reach Official American League Ball has been used in every game played in the American League, and in every World's Series. \$7.00 each.

Another splendid ball value is the Babe Ruth Home Run Special—the liveliest, longest-lasting dollar ball made.

(Continued from page 44)

"Are you hurt?"

"Hurt!" repeated the other. "My lad, you fight like a he-peolecat full of red pepper!"

"I might say the same about you," said Eric. "You didn't waste much time."

"And we won't now," said Crouch. "But what are you doing here?"

BY then they were both sitting on the floor. Though they were only a few inches from one another, they could see nothing.

"I know less about that than you," Eric replied. "I thought I was following you and Sir Gilbert. At any rate, I was groping my way along that passage when I was attacked, taken by surprise and knocked clean out before I had time to give the alarm. And what's more, I know the culprit."

"Nam Yuk!" cried Crouch, sniffing like a dog. "I can smell that stuff of his! You don't mean—"

"I'm dead sure of it," Eric took him up. "The same smell—the same padded cloth—I've got the thing now, hanging round my neck."

The little captain made a soft whistling sound. "Yet," he said slowly, "Nam Yuk can't be working against us. At least he can't be in league with the Yellow Death. Did you notice how shocked he was when we told him the Yellow Death was in England?"

"He was acting," Eric said disgustfully. "He drugged us in China when we interfered with his operations in the yamen. He drugged me here when we interfered with his final act. He'll get you next."

For a moment the two were silent. With an effort, Eric brought himself back to their immediate problem. "Where's Sir Gilbert?" he asked.

"I know no more than you," said the captain. "I'm lost myself. I thought I was close behind him. Well, I got right up to the very end of the passage, and he wasn't there. Farther down it's not so dark, because there's an iron grating that looks out upon the moat. I got a glimpse of the lake, too, and pretty ghastly it looks, with the fog hanging over the water, and all white in the moon."

"Then how did you find me here?" the other interrupted, as he pulled Nam Yuk's padded sash from his throat.

"I'm coming to that," Crouch growled. "When I got to the grating and could see no signs of Whitmere, I turned back. Then, I heard a door shut—it may have been this door. I hurried down here, and the moment I opened the door—the key was in the lock—I got a crack on the chin that nearly knocked me out. As for the rest, my lad, you know all about that. You had the best of the argument."

"That doesn't matter now," said Eric. "We've got to find out what's up."

"Seems fair," said Crouch. "First that shriek. Then both Whitmere and Nam Yuk vanish. You get drugged. And now there's not a sound. The whole place is still as a grave. I reckon it's just about the most uncanny situation I was ever in in my life."

As he was speaking, he got to his feet and groped his way to the door.

A moment after he was back at Eric's side.

"It's no good," said he. "I can see nothing. Dark as Hades, I reckon—and what's more, I've lost my torch."

"Lost it!" Eric exclaimed. "You had it when we left the dining room."

"That's not to say I haven't lost it now," said Crouch. "Must have rolled out of my pocket when you had the impertinence to knock me down."

In spite of the situation, Eric could not repress a smile.

"I thought it was the other way round," he grinned. "But we've got to find the thing. It ought to be here somewhere. We can do nothing without a light."

Both went down upon their hands and knees, and began to crawl about the floor, feeling in all directions with their hands.

The room appeared to be a large one, and their task was one that involved a certain amount of discomfort, for there were puddles of slime everywhere, and once or twice Eric touched the cold skin of a frog.

Presently the younger man hit by chance upon something soft, a material that might have been silk.

For some reason or other he shuddered, and quickly drew his hand away. Silk seemed the strangest thing in the world to find in a slimy castle dungeon inhabited by frogs.

Again he extended both hands, moving them laterally, pressing downward—first in one place, then in another—upon a shapeless silken thing that lay like a long bundle on the floor.

Finally, still kneeling, he threw the weight of his body back upon his heels, and took in a deep long breath. His arms had fallen limply to his sides. A moment elapsed before he dared trust himself to speak.

"Crouch," at last he whispered, in a strained voice, "come here! Here's the body of a man! And he may be dead. I sort of think he is!"

(To be concluded in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Next Month: These two who serve En-fo leave that limp form behind and press on—into a torture chamber, back to damp dark corridors, on into a great underground room of strange revelation and menace.

Red Blazes

(Continued from page 11)

Red Blazes came out of a dive to hear the chatter of a machine gun in his ear. He whipped about, to see the swift wings of a Spad skim under him.

He turned, climbing, and the Spad spat fire up at him from below. With cold disdain for the collision he invited, the German heroically dipped and fired into the face of his enemy. The Spad veered away into a spin, and Red Blazes, circling, looked for other enemies. He was not to be trapped again.

Renfrew held to his spin within five hundred feet of the earth. With no room left to choose his landing, he swept swiftly around a small field and sidled into it. There was a tense moment as he kicked his rudder and flipped his ailerons for the landing, a jolting bump, and the feel of earth beneath his wheels. Then his plane was still, and he vaulted out, with the knowledge that,

marooned behind German lines, the war for him was over.

BUT the battle was not over, and hardly noticing the loneliness of the field and the opportunity for escape it offered him, he scanned the skies for a sign of how the scrap was going.

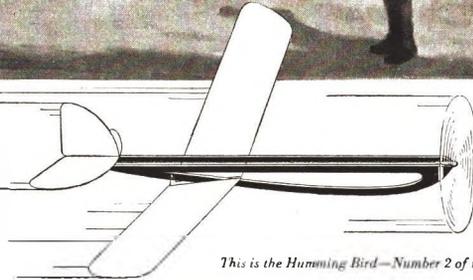
The distant clatter in the high ether told that the flights were still engaged with the German circus, but he could only indistinctly see the various planes that were engaged. It surprised him to find that the battle had drifted some miles to the southward. Red Blazes—where had he got to?

The sound of a motor betrayed the German leader's presence almost directly above him. Red Blazes was flying low—hardly two thousand feet above the earth. As Renfrew saw him, he was

(Continued on page 48)



ZOWIE!



This is the Humming Bird—Number 2 of the Cracker Jack Air Fleet

Here's another Cracker Jack Airplane for YOU!



Your Cracker Jack Air Fleet will take on real form with this dandy Humming Bird Monoplane

in that package. Then, when you have 10 Sailor Boy faces, mail them to the Cracker Jack Air Corps. We'll send your Humming Bird monoplane immediately.

Your whole gang can join too

It isn't too late for friends of yours to join the Cracker Jack Air Corps. Anyone that doesn't belong now, can join and get his Wings by simply writing his name on the back of a Sailor Boy face and sending it to us. As soon as a fellow has his Wings he can qualify for any of the Cracker Jack Airplanes.

Look at the coat lapels of everybody in your gang. When you see one that does not have the Wings of the Cracker Jack Air Corps, remind him that he's missing out on some great fun—and some mighty fine airplanes too.

"The more you eat—the more you want!"

Cracker Jack's that way. Chances are you'll eat lots more than 15 packages without half trying. And the dandy surprise in every package is just another reason why Cracker Jack is so popular.

Go after it, fellows. Make your collection and send in the Sailor Boy faces as soon as you can. They must all be on their way before midnight, April 30th, 1930.

Address letters to The Cracker Jack Air Corps, care of The Cracker Jack Co., Dept. A, Chicago, Illinois.

**You may substitute the sides from Checkers packages if you wish.*

TO the tune of whirring propellers your second Cracker Jack Airplane slips into port. Thousands of fellows in all parts of the country last month received the first plane of their Cracker Jack Air Fleet. This month, in view of your wonderful enthusiasm, and the huge organization we have now, we are going to give members of the Cracker Jack Air Corps an entirely different type of plane.

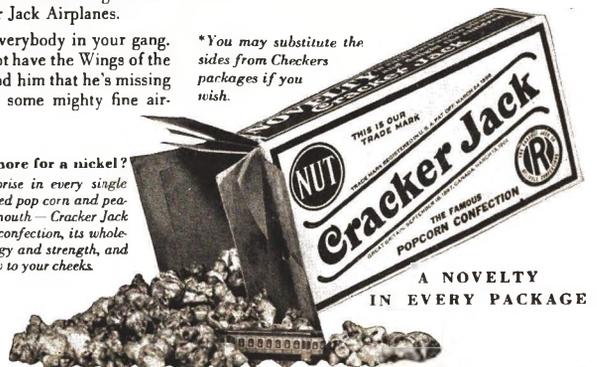
This Humming Bird is a ship that will outfly most anything you've ever seen. Just wind up the propeller and let 'er go! It loops—banks—zooms—in fact, is a regular stunt flyer.

And it's just as easy to get

In order to get this dandy little stunter, all you need to do is collect 10 prizes from your packages of Cracker Jack. Cut the Sailor Boy face from each package and write on the back the name of the prize you received

Where can you get more for a nickel?

So a pack—and a surprise in every single package. Molasses covered pop corn and peanuts that melt in your mouth—Cracker Jack is not only a wonderful confection, its wholesomeness builds up energy and strength, and brings a ruddy glow to your cheeks.



A NOVELTY IN EVERY PACKAGE

"THE MORE YOU EAT—THE MORE YOU WANT"

Dogs, Horses, and Other People

By Larry Trimble

Madonna, Mother of Wolves



From left to right: Rags Trimble, Sey Yes Trimble, Larry Trimble.

"**M**ADONNA, mother of wolves," we called her. But she was not a wolf—she was an undersized shepherd of the small breed that is used on Nevada sheep ranges. However, she did take on the job of mothering six timber-wolf cubs. In fact, she gallantly raised and made "good dogs" of them—good, that is, for wolves.

I was producing a Strongheart picture in the California High Sierra mountains, and had a pack of twelve wolves along to take part in the film. One night, with the thermometer at thirty below zero, two litters of cubs were born; five in one litter, four in the other.

We had been on location only a little while and, not expecting the wolf babies to arrive for some time, had arranged no private quarters for the mothers. All the wolves were in one big pen. Two large traveling crates, with heavy wire enclosing the sides, had been left in the pen for any wolves who might not care to sleep in the snow.

Just before the cubs began to arrive, the two mothers each took possession of a crate. They were frantic with fear that the other wolves would eat their babies. And not without reason. All evening the wolf pack had wailed and yowled constantly, and our twenty-five sled dogs, huskies from Northern Canada, had "sung" with them. The sleeping quarters of the crew—not the actors—were near the wolf pen. Sleep in that frightful din was so far out of the question that nobody had gone to his bed roll.

About midnight the wolves got into a terrible fight. Rushing out with lanterns, we saw the big old males doing battle, fighting each other away from the two crates that the mothers had appropriated. They were mad for one of those tender morsels to eat.

We arrived on the scene in time to see the first cub born. The fear-crazed mother at once killed it to save it from her savage relatives.

Johnny Burch and Phil Chandler, my two best helpers, and I went into the pen with that pack of bloodthirsty wolves and restored something like order. While we were doing that the other mother gave birth to a cub—and almost instantly killed it.

Now I very much wanted to save and raise those cubs to enlarge my pack. Big, healthy wolves were not easy to procure. But what to do about it? That was the problem to be met *right now!*

"If we only had a mother dog, with a new litter of pups, to look after these wolf babies!" I said, mournfully.

"Whoopee! You get the cubs away from those cockeyed hyenas, and I'll have your mother dog here in two hours!"

Phil Chandler said that. And I thought he had gone dippy. Here we were up in the mountains, miles from the nearest settlement, and the only road choked by six feet of snow. There was no way in or out except by train, and no local train would stop at our flag station, a half mile from camp, before the next forenoon. But when Phil shouted for one of the other fellows to hustle down to the station and phone Doc Glace, I cheered up. Doctor Glace was a veterinarian, living in Reno, Nevada—some twenty miles to the east.

"Tell the Doc to get that bitch and her new litter," Phil ordered one of the men. "Tell him to make the Overland Limited—and to bring 'em!"

Although the train wouldn't stop at our flag station to take on passengers, it would let one off. It was then about twelve-thirty A. M. The Overland would leave Reno at one-forty.

DOCTOR GLACE, Madonna, and her three babies arrived at three o'clock—Phil was only a half hour off in his reckoning. We carried the new-born pups from the station to camp in blankets, so they wouldn't freeze stiff in that severe cold, and made them comfortable beside a roaring fire.

Meanwhile, before the doctor came, we were busy at the pen. Phil herded the pack away from the crates while Johnny assisted me in stealing cubs as fast as they were born. It was a ticklish job, dealing with naturally savage mothers made more savage by their condition!

If we could have fastened those crates and moved the two mothers out of that big pen, the job would have been somewhat easier. But the pen had been built around the crates, and the narrow gate wasn't large enough to get the crates through. Furthermore, we couldn't waste a second—if we were to take any of the cubs alive.

The crates had a door at each end. The doors were made with small iron bars, running vertically and set about an inch and a half apart; too close to draw a cub through. So while Johnny, using a stick, pretended he was trying

(Continued on page 70)



*Its zest is
the vigor of the great
outdoors*

THE HEALTH and stimulation which results from living in the great outdoors is the quality of "Canada Dry." Vigorous as the sun-tanned men and women who are the sportsmen of this country, this fine old ginger ale is the sportsmen's beverage.

"Canada Dry" has basic excellence. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root.

It is demanded in great hotels and clubs. In London, Paris and New York it has won the approving nod of connoisseurs. In countless homes throughout this country and Canada this fine old ginger ale appears on dinner tables, is offered to friends, is served on many occasions. Do you know the thrill, the exhilaration, the keen, cool refreshment of drinking "Canada Dry"?

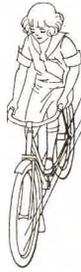


"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

FULL enjoyment and service from any bicycle requires a coaster brake. Full enjoyment and service from a coaster brake has meant MORROW for more than a quarter century!



The Morrow Instant Free Release gives you longest, fastest coasting.

The Morrow Internal-Expanding principle gives you powerful and smoothest braking.

The Morrow Positive Forward Drive eliminates slipping and lost motion.

The Morrow Slotted Sprocket makes it quick and easy to replace rear wheel spokes.

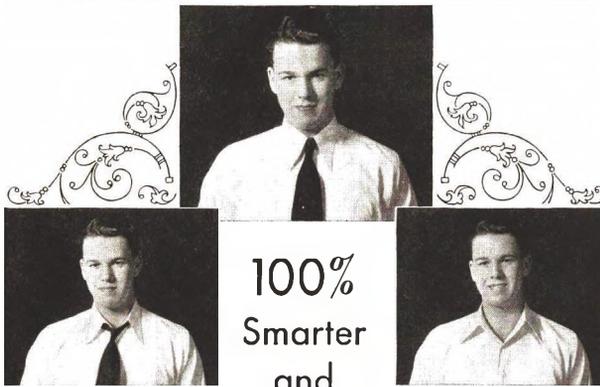


Morrow

STURDY, SURE

COASTER BRAKE

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, ELMIRA, NEW YORK
(Division of Bendix Aviation Corporation)



100%
Smarter
and

More Comfortable!

Imagine a shirt which is always comfortably snug and smart, yet without any button or buttonhole on the neckband

That's the Kaynee *Shirts!*

Your tie fastens your collar! The shirt can be worn with the tie pulled up for dress, or the tie may be slipped down, allowing the collar to open comfortably and smartly at the neck.

Kayne *Shirts* are made for all boys from the college chap of 20 years to the important first-grader of 6.

THE KAYNEE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
"Oliver Twist Boys' Wear—Styled and Made Exclusively by Kaynee"

Approved by the Boys
Kayne

SHIRTS ...PAJAMAS

Accurate Forecasters!

The "Haunted Airways" Contest Uncovers New Doyles

"YEP," said the Office Pup, gazing in amazement at a mountain-high pile of letters in front of him. "The world is full of up-and-coming mystery and detective authors!"

The Pup had just finished reading the hundreds of solutions to Thomson Burtis's futuristic mystery serial, "Haunted Airways"—solutions written by contest fans. Remember, we asked you in January, with the third installment of the serial, to write your idea of the ending. The replies were bang-up jobs. Well-written. Accurate. Ingenious.

More than one hundred contestants figured that Samuel Grayley Munson was the backer of the mysterious power ray that was destroying commerce. More than fifty were correct on Munson's motive—to buy up Independent Airways. One entrant even had the guilty fugitives land on Munson's big plane, *The Air Ranger*, for the showdown—almost exactly as it happened in the story!

We wish there were room to print more entries. Pluto and the rest of us found that comparing solutions was a lot of fun, and we wanted to give you a chance to do it too. But there isn't room for more than the winning letter, which is printed below. Winner of second prize, \$3, is William Morrison (12), Manistique, Michigan. Third prize winner, \$2, is Jack Korshak, Chicago, Illinois.

Following are the forty-six honorable mentions, listed alphabetically, who—with the first three winners—will receive copies of "Russell Farrell, Circus Flyer," autographed by the author, Thomson Burtis:

LeRoy Allen (14), Tulsa, Oklahoma; Beverly A. Benjamin (14), Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts; Hazel Bishop (13), Hamill, South Dakota; John Booth (17), Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; William B. Bot (16), Marshall, Minnesota; Jack Campbell (13), Des Moines, Iowa; Stephen B. Carney III (15), Portsmouth, Virginia; Gordon Corey (15), Osceola, Wisconsin; Joe Costello (15), Lincoln, Nebraska; Paul Coy (12), Amarillo, Texas; Jack C. Denning (15), Escondido, California; Harold Friedman (14), New York, N. Y.; G. Robert Gilbert (14), Colorado Springs, Colorado; Don Gill (17), Detroit, Michigan; Myron D. Green (16), Kenney, Illinois; Meredith Harris (12), Ardenvore, Washington; John Jackle (15), Stratford, Connecticut; Harold Kelling (13), Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Carl Kondo (19), Los Angeles, California; Paul La Rocque (15), Los Angeles, California; Norman Linville (16), Youngstown, Ohio; Charlton Meredith (14), Charlotte, Michigan; Roland L. Meyer, Jr. (16), Indianapolis, Indiana; Royle Morris (13), Paterson, New Jersey; Frank McLeod (17), Omaha, Nebraska; Phillip Nead (12), Rutherford, New Jersey; Jean C. Nisley (14), Middletown, Pennsylvania; Max Olney (15), Gibsonburg, Ohio; Alfred P. Parsell, Jr. (13), New York, N. Y.; Mary Alice Sarvis (15), Hiram, Ohio; James Schenkel (16), Brooklyn, New York; Robert Shea (12), St. Louis, Missouri; Howard S. Simpson (15), Westmount, Quebec, Canada; Harold Small (15), Bayonne, New Jersey; Mike Snider (16), Bloomfield, Kentucky; Robert Snode (16), Canton, Ohio; S. Lowell Stine, Canton, Ohio; Stuart Storey (15), Royal Oak, Michigan; David Tefft (13), Dimondale, Michigan; Ralph E. Theobald (18), Buffalo, N. Y.; James Albert Thomas (15), Bridgeport, Connecticut; Blair Vine (14), Trenton, New Jersey; Carl Weiner, II (14), Chanute, Kansas; Marvin Wilkerson (16), Mayfield, Kentucky; William Yates, Jr. (15), Sterling, Illinois.

The third installment of the serial ended with Jeff Donaldson and Potty Bates starting in a

rocket ship after the fleeing Sergoff and his unknown backer. Remember? Now read on:

"Haunted Airways"

By Elliott Goldstein, Atlanta, Georgia

First Prize—\$5

HARDLY had Holmesdale's words died in Jeff's ears before Jeff was in the air, piloting the rocket ship. With him was Potty Bates. As they ascended, Jeff looked around his cockpit. The plane had dual controls, and each had a separate instrument board. By watching Potty Bates, he soon caught on to the method of operation. As he satisfied himself that he was able to run the plane, he looked up. Far above them was the other plane. He motioned; Potty understood. Potty put the ship into a steep climb.

It seemed that the first plane had decided to fight, for it waited until Potty had brought his rocket within a quarter mile. Then, pointing their nose at Jeff and Potty, the enemy fired a ray.

Bates was prepared, however, and countered by diving, then coming up at the enemy. A hiss in the air, and a piece of the enemy's wing crumpled away. But the plane could still fly. It dived straight toward the ray.

Were they crazy? Potty directed his ray straight at them again and they avoided it in the nick of time with a climbing turn. But they faltered, and their wing crumpled entirely.

A figure jumped out. His body fell a few hundred feet and then his parachute opened. His plane, however, headed straight for the ground, out of control. It crashed; broke into flames.

Had the backer killed himself to avoid detection? Jeff would soon find out. As Potty spiraled around the parachute, the two strained for a glimpse of the man. He hid his face, but Potty soon solved the mystery. He cut the motor and shouted, holding up his ray gun. The stranger peeped out from his arms, then held up his hands.

He was Munson, head of United! The whole plot was suddenly clear to Jeff. Munson had started out to buy up Independent, but had not succeeded. When the Rolvakian scientist came to him with a proposal to disable Independent ships in return for financial backing, Munson received him gladly.

At first the plan worked well. Stock in Independent decreased in price. However, when suspicion fell on Munson, he had several of his own planes brought down.

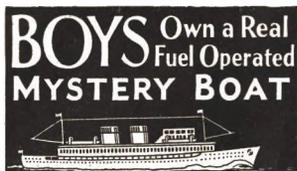
On the ground, Jeff captured him. He admitted everything. There was little more to be done. The crazed inventor had crashed to his death, but his secret did not die with him, for a group of scientists, when put to work on the machinery, learned all the Rolvakian's secrets.

War became a thing of the past. Soldiers worked in factories.

The Rolvakian's plan for a world Utopia was nipped just in time, for he had already set up stations in various parts of the United States where the rays could be operated by remote control.

And thus ended the transportation panic of '25 and the ill-starred attempt of a Rolvakian dreamer to hew out a Utopia on earth.





BOYS Own a Real Fuel Operated MYSTERY BOAT

Look Over These Specifications

- Power** Powerful "geyser" motor, made of brass. No springs, gears or moving parts to break.
- Construction** Heavy, durable, rust-proof metal. Painted just like big ocean liner.
- Runs** anywhere there is water. Small enough for bath tub—big and sturdy enough for lakes, ponds, rivers, etc. Plenty of speed—and how!
- Sound** Realistic "put-put" sound, just like a big motor boat. Instructive, educational.
- Warranties** Power unit fully guaranteed.
- Patented** Registered under three patents—1209960, 1556316; 194934—other patents pending.
- Get one now** Be the first in your gang to own one of these big **Mystery Ocean Liner** models. At your dealer or postpaid..... **\$5.00**
- Spider model** Built like a racing boat. Same "geyser" power unit as big liner. A bit of fun..... **\$1.00**

We want boy demonstrators in every town. Given with every boat valuable prize offer. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from factory.

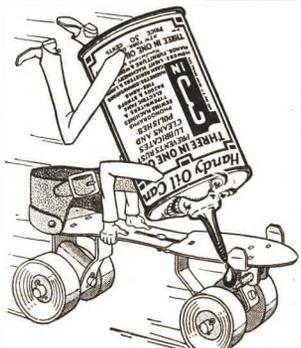
Gobar Products—Box 91—Anderson, Ind.

FREE CATALOG CLASS PINS

SOMETHING DIFFERENT! PIN COMPLETE WITH SEPARATE DATE GUANO BROWN 3 COLORS

1000 STEELING SILVER	1.25	1200 1420
1000 SILVER PLATE	.75	1000 55

METAL ARTS CO. INC. 645 Portland Ave. Rochester, N.Y.



Mr. 3-in-One goes SKATING

and the skates roll easier, smoother, more quietly; and gee, how long they last! Why, they seem never to wear out.

Mr. 3-in-One performs just as well on bicycles, guns, air rifles, tools, small motors and all kinds of mechanical toys.

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is three high quality oils in one. Animal, mineral and vegetable oils of the very highest quality combine to produce in 3-in-One unique properties not possessed by any ordinary single oil. Ask for 3-in-One and look for the Big Red "One" on the label. Sold everywhere by good hardware, drug, sporting goods, grocery and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

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Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses.

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The American Boy Contest

How Do You Earn Spending Money?

SUMMER time is earning time—and spending time. Long days will soon be here. Days when your time's your own, to do what you want with it. And with the start of vacation, you're going to need money for that canoe, new fishing rod, bicycle, camping trip—or to save for school next fall.

For the next contest, tell us the best way you know to earn five dollars. It may either be some method you've used yourself or one you've heard about. Perhaps it's roadside stands, printing cards, sharpening knives, mowing lawns, delivering for neighborhood stores, or getting business for the tailor.

Whatever it is, tell us about it. Be explicit. Quote facts and figures. Tell us how you get the business, how you do the job, and just what the expenses and profits are. If your letter happens to duplicate some method that's already been printed in THE AMERICAN BOY, it'll still be eligible for the prizes, providing it gives some new approach or variation on the old method.

Prizes—For the winner, \$5. Second and third, \$3, and \$2. For every other one we print, or can use in future issues, \$1.

Get your entries in by April 15. Try to keep the letters within 300 words. Typewrite, or write clearly, on one side of the sheet only. Put your name, address, age, and year in school at the top of each sheet. Send the entries to the Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan. Don't ask us to return them. (And with your entry, enclose the Best Reading Ballot, on page 67.)

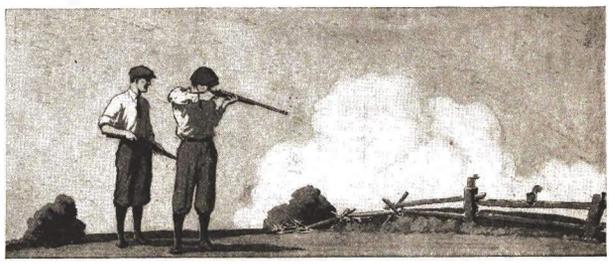


New Prizes for Dude Ranch Contestants

MORE good news for Dude Ranchers! Twenty-five autographed copies of "Last of the Great Scouts," the true story of Buffalo Bill written by Buffalo Bill's sister, Helen Cody Wetmore, will go to winners from fifty-ninth place through eighty-fourth!

Good news, too, for two of the three winners of a month's vacation! One will be guest of the Cody, Wyoming, Stampede, July 3-5. The other will see cowboys in action at the Livingstone, Montana, Round-up, on the same date. Bronc riding, bulldogging, calf roping, steer roping—they'll see the old West in action!

Watch for the results of the Dude Ranch Contest, conducted by THE AMERICAN BOY in co-operation with the Dude Ranchers' Association. They'll be in next month's issue.



Couldn't You Have Fun With a Trusty Remington!

THERE are so many things a boy wants to buy these days, that it's hard to decide which one. Still, we believe that if you made a list of the things you want, and put at the top the thing you could have the most fun with, a Remington .22 caliber rifle would head the list. Suppose you start your list with a Remington—you'll find it's not hard to get one.

Because Remington makes so many big game rifles that are more expensive, a boy sometimes gets the idea that he can't afford a Remington. Don't you believe it. And Remington rifles for boys are just as accurate, and are made of just as fine materials as the famous big game Remingtons.

Just look at the picture of that Model 4, that costs \$9.95. It's chambered for .22 short, .22 long and .22 long rifle cartridges. You can also get it in .25 or .32 caliber and in smooth bore for .22 or .32 shot cartridges—Kleanbore are the best. The Model 4 has an automatic ejector—a rear sight with a screw adjustment for elevation, and a white metal bead front sight. The stock and fore-end are of dark, American walnut. It weighs 4 1/4 pounds.

If you want something a little lighter and a little smaller, you can get a Model 6 Remington for \$5.50. It weighs only 3 1/2 pounds and will shoot as straight as any of them. It also has a beautiful American walnut stock and fore-end, and white metal front sight. It's a dandy for a boy who's not quite big enough to handle the Model 4 easily.

Then for the boy who's a little smaller still—not ready yet for a .22 caliber—the Remington Model 26 Repeating Air Rifle is just right. It is built like the famous Remington .22 repeater, slide action, and holds fifty shots.

See these rifles at your dealer's. Or, if he hasn't them in stock, send for a circular describing the one you want. Take this to your dealer, show him the rifle you've picked out, and he can get it for you quickly.



REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington



OFF TO THE BALL GROUNDS

— on the good old trusty bike with its New Departure Coaster Brake! That's what thousands of boys all over the country are doing or planning to do soon. Eighty per cent of those who thus ride to "practice" will have New Departures on their bicycle, no matter what "make" it is. Be sure that you have the N. D. on yours.

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., BRISTOL, CONN.

NEW DEPARTURE MULTIPLE DISCTYPE COASTER BRAKE

3 FOR ONLY 65¢

Boys—read 65¢. Big kit includes 3 famous S.W.A.E. Extreme Model Airplane Plans—club plans and complete instructions for building Triplane, Tractor and Pusher, plus all materials for making all 3—balsa blocks and sticks for blades, spars, ribs, fus; Japanese paper; rubber motor; wire; glue; bamboo oil—everything. Great fun to build; guaranteed to fly. Send money order TODAY (65¢); no stamps.

COLLINS PLOW COMPANY, Dept. 100, Quincy, Ill.

Boys—Do You Fish?

Then get Hildebrandt's Hints—tells you all about Hildebrandt Spinners, Flies and other fish-catching baits and tells you how to use 'em. Send for your copy. It's FREE.

John J. Hildebrandt Co., 1150 High St., Loganport, Ind.

CLASS PINS 15¢

FREE CATALOG SHOWING 200 DESIGNS

PIN SHOWN, SILVER PLATE 37¢ EA., 12 OR MORE \$3.50
 DGS.: STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE 75¢ EA.
 12 OR MORE \$6.50 DGS. 1 OR 2 COLORS EXAMPL.
 45¢ 25 1 OR 4 LETTERS, DATES 1920-31 32-33.

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 515 BASTIAN BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

You never lose Ivory in your bath — it floats!

99 44/100% PURE

A. M. L. A. CHAT

About the Activities of the 375,000 Members of the Airplane Model League of America.

FLYING a model airplane in the wind is a science all by itself, as America's 1929 model champions found when they competed in the Wakefield Cup contests in England last summer. League members building the Burnham fuselage model described in last month's AMERICAN BOY are going to want to know a lot about wind-flying, and these tips from David Richardson, Oshkosh, Wis., will be valuable: "After experimenting with R. O. G.'s for a while," writes Richardson, "I discovered that my planes fly better if I head them about 45 degrees off the wind opposite to the direction the planes naturally turn. In a very light wind they go well heading into the wind, but when it's medium this heading, nine times out of ten, will make them stall or dive, depending on how the wind catches the wing. When they are heading off, however, they will come around into the wind, and the wind will help them to gain altitude."



Bradley's model looks real.

"Planes will tack across the wind a little before coming into it, and my experience is that they balance themselves after I let go of them. Of course in a heavy wind a light plane won't fly at all unless it gets a lucky break."

"I don't guarantee all this—but it is my own experience."

A three-bladed propeller is a feature of the flying Stinson-Detroit built from AMERICAN BOY plans by John H. Black, Geneseo, N. Y. "The blades radiate from the spinner cap at 120-degree intervals, and though their total area does not exceed 3 3/4 square inches the ship is capable of 70-second flights, r. o. g.," Black reports. "Four strands of rubber make the air hot for a few seconds. Hand-launched flights average better than 150 seconds; I might get longer records, I figure, with lighter models, so I'm now using more care and less wood."

In his miniature fuselage model Wesley Hawk, East Akron, O., has used the same motor-stickless construction that features the Chaffee C-4 (described in the January AMERICAN BOY) and the Burnham model. His plane is nine inches long and has a 12-inch wing span, uses a five-inch propeller and is capable of 50 seconds' flight. Hawk uses a winder with it.

Robert Waterstradt reports a blue-and-orange flying model of the Gessna monoplane. "It is of all-balsa frame," he writes, "with detachable motor and motor stick. I have had flights of 100 feet, with 75-foot altitude. The plane has an adjustable wing."

"I build true flying scale models," says Charles Knie-rin, Hollis, Long Island, "by making the tail assembly light and adding a dummy balsa motor at the front; thus I get pretty close to the big plane's balance, and can place the wing at the right position. One of my successful models has 1-20 inch sheet balsa for the sides of the fuselage with 1-4 inch balsa bulkheads, bamboo paper for top and bottom, white pine propeller, aluminum cowling and a wing similar to that on the outdoor twin pusher."

One of the smallest scale models yet reported is pictured on this page—it was built by Ballard Bradley, Andover, Mass. Bradley says the ship's construction was the result of a challenge. "A friend of mine said I couldn't make a decent model of the Curtiss Hawk when I was showing him the plans in the February, 1928, AMERICAN BOY. So I had to take him up, and I built the model just the size of the plans printed in the magazine."

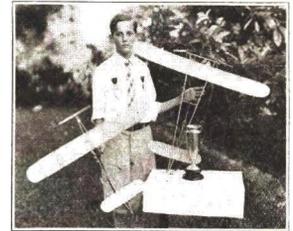
Ray Hites, St. Augustine, Fla., is an expert on both hand-launched and r. o. g. flying stick models. Hites won the junior championship of Florida in 1928 with his two models, a large r. o. g. tractor and an outdoor twin pusher.

The twin pusher remains the holder of most outdoor records, and League members are still writing to the League for the official kit, Number 4, which is offered by the

A. M. L. A., American Boy Bldg., Second and Lafayette Bldgs., Detroit, Mich., for \$3.00. The League also has the outdoor twin tractor, at \$2.25; both are good contest models.

One of the most interesting experimental models is the combination pusher-tractor developed by Burton Simcox, Knoxville, Tenn. Simcox's plane is pictured on this page. Plans for it, however, are not available.

A lot of fellows have been writing to the League for information about gliders. The best place to get this is from the National



Ray Hites won a Florida championship with these models.

Glider Association, Union Trust Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Individual membership in the Association costs \$5.00; there is a \$5.00 charter fee for a local club, but individual membership where there is such a club costs only \$1.35 if the membership is 25 or more. Plenty of reports of the splendid performance of new League planes are coming in. "When I ordered the four Senior R. O. G. kits two of them went to fellows whose fingers were all thumbs," says Edward Hill, Champaign, Ill. "They had never built model planes. Yet all four of the planes flew as well as anybody could ask."

Harold Denison, Marion, Ind., made a mark of 178 seconds with an R. O. G. in a contest between Marion and Anderson, Ind. clubs. Dick Webb, Pasadena, Cal., made his Senior R. O. G. into a stunt-plane by using spruce for spars, motor stick and tail group frame and bamboo for wing ribs. He uses heavier rubber, also, than that suggested for the plane. "All the adjusting you have to do," he says, "is to put the wing into the slight-climb position. The air currents outdoors do the rest. Several times my ship has climbed twice as high as our house, looped and come down in a power dive to zoom just before it hit the ground."

Boys in Paw Paw, Mich., are fans for the Improved Baby R. O. G. "All my friends," writes Edward Brennan, "think it's hard to make the Senior R. O. G. fly any better than that Baby. Which do you think is the better?"

Well, the Senior has a high record—witness Denison's flight. But they're both corking indoor models, the Baby for stunting and small rooms, the Senior for contests. Why not build 'em both?

And don't forget to join the League. A coupon is printed below, and if you send it to League headquarters with a stamp you'll get your membership card and button back in a hurry. Don't delay.

AIRPLANE MODEL LEAGUE OF AMERICA
 American Boy Building
 Second and Lafayette Bldgs.
 Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen:
 I am interested in learning about aeronautics through the building and flying of airplane models. I also wish to become eligible for official national airplane model contests and to enjoy other League privileges. Will you, therefore, please enroll me as a member? I enclose a two-cent stamp for postage on my membership card and button.

Name Age.....
 Street and Number.....
 City State.....

A Back Yard Golf Course

By Henry R. Zclley



"A NICE ten hole course you have," remarked Fred, known throughout the east side as a par croquet golfer.

"We do have some good hazards," agreed Mark, owner of the course, with pardonable pride, as he surveyed the lawn with its driveway and terrace and its croquet wickets set at odd intervals over the place. "Want to play around?"

"Sure do!" assented Fred with alacrity.

Without further words, the two chums walked over to Stake A, and drove easily through the first wicket, six feet away. A moment later, Mark's ball came to rest a foot short of his.

Fred stood beside his ball and squinted down to the right, where Hole No. 1—a regular wicket—showed, fifty feet away.

"A long hole, but no hazards," he remarked. "What's par?"

"Three."

Fred whistled in amazement, and then got down to business. He made a clean stroke and with a full follow-through, and the ball rolled swiftly toward the wicket, coming to rest less than a foot away.

"You'll make par, all right!" Mark commented admiringly as he prepared to shoot. His ball went fully four feet beyond the wicket, and his third shot glanced against the wire, coming to rest six inches away. Fred then put his under the wire for a three, while Mark took four. (To be "in the hole" the ball must come to rest under the wicket so that when you sight from the top, the wire passes over any part of the sphere.)

The visitor lost the second hole when he missed the stovepipe hazard completely on his first stroke and had to take two extra strokes to negotiate it. Mark drove cleanly through it on his first stroke and made a birdie two. (A stovepipe hazard makes a sporty hole. Get a piece about two feet long and stake it to the ground so the ball will enter easily.)

AFTER successfully driving over the sheet-iron bunker, (an old piece of sheet iron, raised slightly in the middle, like a tent) each made the third hole in three. The fourth lay just across the gravel driveway, but both boys knew just how much extra pep to add to their swing, and they halved (or tied) the hole in two.

The fifth required driving diagonally back across the driveway, over a long stretch of grass, through a wicket and to Stake B. Each one, by careful shooting, made it in four.

"Even on the turn," Mark commented. "Watch out for these terrace holes!"

To reach the sixth wicket, up on the terrace, near the house, required skill! Mark, aided by previous experience, made it nicely on the second stroke—his first was through the wicket just in front of the stake—but Fred, failing to hit hard enough, ruefully watched his ball roll halfway up the terrace and then come down.

"Tricky!" he whispered.

THEY halved the seventh, which ran along the terrace between the slope and the flower bed, and also broke even on the eighth, which took them down off the terrace to the center wicket.

On the ninth, Fred got into trouble again. The fairway led again toward the terrace, but just below the rise lay a double length of garden hose. Mark knew how hard you had to drive to jump the hose and roll up the terrace. Fred didn't. The result was that Mark won the match two up and one to play.

"Anyway," Fred remarked, as they played the last hole through the wicket to Stake A, "backyard golf is a great game."

"You bet!" Mark agreed. "You play it just like golf—but you need only one club, and you can invent your own hazards."

"If you don't like the course, you can change it."

"And there's practically no danger of losing a ball."

"Build Model Planes"

—America's Leading Ace.



WHEN the man who designs a whizzing scout plane says that it will fly 400 miles an hour, he knows that he will be right. He has tested his figures on tiny models, checked them with experiments on miniature wings and props and stabilizers.

Any fellow who hopes to pilot a ship some day, or design or understand one, can start to-day by building and flying scientific models.

That is why 375,000 boys have joined the Airplane Model League of America, and why leaders in aviation are giving the League their enthusiastic support. Every American boy should be a member.

W. E. P. ...
Vice-president
Airplane Model League
of America



The red blooded boy's dream comes true at Camp Samoset on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, in the wooded hills of New Hampshire. Here a fellow finds all the real fun of the old time woodsman, together with the modern sports of the American boy. For fifteen years Camp Samoset has attracted boys from many parts of the land.

AT CAMP SAMOSET a fellow's FEET help win the prizes

THOMAS E. FREEMAN, owner and Director of Camp Samoset



Director Freeman urges his boys to wear GRIPS

THERE'S plenty of competition at Camp Samoset for the tennis cups and the field and track prizes. Naturally the boys who know their foot-work carry off the honors. Director Freeman recommends GRIPS to his boys.

At camp, or anywhere else... at tennis, at mountain climbing, in canoes or boats of any kind... in fact, wherever feet must play a nimble part... that's where Grips come in.

Designed by fellows who know exactly what you're up against, who know how slippery rocks can be, who know what it is to cover those last three feet to first base, who know what a track feels like when you're reeling off the hundred.

Grips are shoes that take hold, and render every ounce of muscle into speed. Look at that brand new Cleeto, boy! No skidding with that sole. And if you want the famous suction cup sole, try out the Grip Sure. You know what those suction cups mean when the footing is uneven or slippery. Soles and uppers on these two great shoes hug the foot like a well-fitting

glove. And they have the new Arch-Supporting stay. They take a load off your feet. They come in the Snappy new Sun-tan shade, with Crimson rubber toe Protectors.

Next time you are in a shoe store don't miss the chance to fill up a pair of Grips with your feet. Notice the new snug feeling of confidence they give you. Make sure the name Grips is on the ankle patch and the Top Notch trade mark is on the sole.



A post card from you brings you the name of the nearest store that has them in the stylish new Sun-tan shade. Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Company, Beacon Falls, Conn.

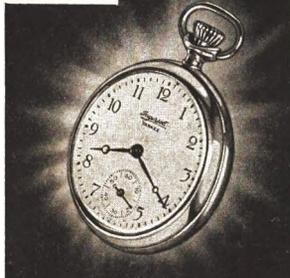
TOP NOTCH GRIPS



Left...GRIPSURE

Right...CLEETO

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YOU can't spend a dollar and a half any better than to spend it on an Ingersoll Yankee. The Yankees America's—yes, the world's most famous watch! Yankees have been used by such famous men as Thomas A. Edison when he was working on his great inventions and by Theodore Roosevelt when he was hunting big game in darkest Africa.

A watch that is dependable enough for an inventor—and sturdy enough for a big game hunter—is just the sort of a watch you need. Buy yourself a Yankee today—or ask Dad to get you one. He knows the Yankee.

We Service Ingersolls: Should your Ingersoll ever need attention, send it to the Ingersoll Service Department, Waterbury, Conn., for prompt repairing or replacement at small cost.

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Remarkable value in a small, thin-model watch
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Ingersoll's lowest priced wrist watch
Radiant \$4.00



MITE \$5.00
A stylishly small wrist watch destined to be as famous as the Yankee
Radiant \$5.50



Season's Leavings

(Continued from page 20)

nant clerks who had come expecting to find that the floor had been pretty well cleared overnight. They glared wrathfully at the wheel trucks jammed in the narrow aisles that ran between the piled cases of Jupiter clothing.

The hosiery buyer himself was on the scene—frothing. "Where's Doy? Downstairs? Who's in charge up here for men's wear? You? What's your name?"

"Darrow," said Bill. "What's the big idea, Darrow, in filling my reserve room with your unopened cases? My stock clerk says it was filled all day yesterday, too. I've got goods coming in to-day; where am I going to put them? By heaven, your department may be running the sweetest sale of the year, but you've got to give my department room in which to do its business."

"I'll have your room emptied in a half hour," Bill promised. The shoe buyer charged across the floor. The door to his room had been left blocked again. How could he get in and out of his reserve? How long was this thing to last?

"Give me an hour," Bill pleaded, "and I'll have you clear."

"An hour? Do you realize my department's open and doing business? Suppose I need some of my reserve within that hour?"

"Forty-five minutes, then," Bill said desperately.

How he was going to take care of hosiery and shoes both within an hour he did not know. He drove his crew, worked and panted with them, and within the hour had hosiery's reserve clear and had given shoes an outlet to the elevator.

Somebody sent up the first of the evening newspapers. The men's wear had a whole page ad of the morrow's sale. No time to read—he stuck the newspaper under the tailors' table. Three cases were ready to be emptied. He reached for a checking pad.

"Who's in charge of this unpacking?" came a crisp, clipped voice.

"I am," said Bill, and swung around in exasperation. Was he going to be interrupted all morning? And then, as he saw the speaker, the fight was knocked out of him.

"Good morning, Mr. Darrow." Jonathan Marshall seemed to take in every reserve floor activity at a glance. "Some of the departments complain this morning of being blocked."

"Every department is open now, sir." Bill had not expected his work to be attacked, and he thrust one hand behind his back so that the man would not notice that it trembled. "Shoes and hosiery were blocked. Twenty-three thousand garments came in Tuesday. We had to put them some place."

"How much merchandise will you have ready for the sale?"

"About 15,000 garments."

Jonathan Marshall's nod might mean anything. "I'll look in again," was all he said.

Bill telephoned the men's wear, got Mr. Doy, and reported the interview.

"I expected complaints," the buyer told him. "Did J. M. blow you up?"

"No, sir."

"Then he's satisfied. Keep going!"

BILL kept going, but the work went maddeningly slow. His crew kept getting caught in the traffic of hand trucks and wheelers that ran through the narrow aisles. Wasted minutes grew to wasted hours. There were times when the tailors yawned and waited for coats. In the middle of the afternoon Mr. Doy came upstairs. Bill looked at the tiers of unpacked cases in dismay. He had worked, he had sweated, he had stewed—and how little had been accomplished.

"Got to expect these delays," the buyer said shortly. The boy took heart. "To-

night we'll have the place to ourselves again. All the salesmen will be on until ten o'clock. Here's the schedule of the clothing we'll use in the windows. Get it out and send it downstairs to be pressed."

Bill got out the clothing the buyer wanted. The schedule showed that there would be three windows of overcoats and three windows of suits. Some displays.

"Need any help?" the hosiery reserve clerk asked him. "There's five of us up here would like to earn some overtime to-night."

Bill put them on. At closing time the telephone rang.

"Bill?" Mr. Doy didn't wait for an answer. "Get your gang into the restaurant for supper. Back to work at six o'clock."

Bill told of the extra clerks he had hired. "All right?"

"Anything's all right that cleans up that merchandise. See that they get to the restaurant, too."

After supper Bill stopped in at the department. Since closing time the entire center had been cleared and emergency tables had been set up.

"Get stock down," Mr. Doy ordered. "The salesmen will stay here and set it up."

"Where do you want me?" Bill asked.

"Upstairs."

"I think I should be down here—for a while, anyway."

"The man gave him a quick glance. "Why?"

"I'll have to handle this stock to-morrow. I want to know how it's laid out. I can leave Conroy in charge of reserve."

"All right, do it your own way. I'm not interested in methods. Show me results."

Now they attacked the mounds of clothing piled in the emergency reserve room. The piles melted. These suits and overcoats were already checked, already labeled, and there was nothing to do but to cross them off the reserve sheet, pile them on wheelers, and rush them to the elevators.

"Push things along," Bill told the clerks. "Conroy's in charge." He hurried downstairs.

By eight o'clock the foundation of the stock had been established in the men's wear. To-morrow he would know where to find what he wanted, where to replace any garments that had been shown to a customer and rejected. He went back to reserve. Conroy had half of the force unpacking.

The telephone rang—Mr. Doy again. "We seem to be shy down here on sizes 42 and 44. You'll find them in cases 19, 27 and 42."

Case 19 was at the bottom of a pile—porters got it out. The other cases were within easy reach. Stock clerks swarmed over them. Within an hour the stock was on the tables in the men's wear.

AT ten o'clock Mr. Doy called a halt. There were still more than 6,000 garments to be unpacked, but the men's wear was well supplied and there was an ample reserve. Whole mountains of cases had disappeared and the lanes were wider. To-morrow no department would be able to complain that its reserve was hampered.

It seemed to Bill that this toiling and sweating had been going on for weeks. To-night, strangely, he was not tired. He had a feeling that he had begun to find himself.

"Getting colder by the minute," Mr. Doy said triumphantly. "We had the only men's clothing ad in the evening papers. We've caught the city."

Bill stopped and studied the thermometer outside the employees' entrance. Two above zero! A rising wind blew through the streets, and hanging signs outside small stores creaked on

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You have always wanted a Ranger. You will never be satisfied until you get a Ranger. Service, Long Life, Easy Running, Quality and Real Pleasure in Riding makes the Ranger the cheapest Bicycle you can buy. You will not have to wait, we will ship it the same day we get your order. Hurry and send for catalog so you can be riding your bicycle.

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If it does not suit—return at our expense and your trial will not cost you a penny.
In addition to the World Famous Rangers, we also manufacture the popular Pathfinder and Crusader models. Splendid values at very moderate cost.

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TIRES
Lamps, Wheels, Equipment and Sundries at half usual prices. Send for free catalog Now and be riding your Ranger in a few days.

Mead Cycle Company
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With the Boys
of
America

The Two Finest
Products Of
Their Kind and
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By

IVER JOHNSON

GIVE any boy his choice and he will select an Iver Johnson Bicycle every time because it rides easier, is stronger and safer, better looking and gives years of top-notch service. Many Models, Colors and Sizes. Prices from \$32.50 up.

The New
IVER JOHNSON
22 CALIBER BOLT ACTION
SAFETY RIFLE

The newest and safest thing out and already a tremendous "hit". The patented automatic safety device prevents aiming or firing until the safety knob is snapped down. Handsome, accurate and performs like "a million dollars", but costs only \$7. See these famous products at your dealer's or send for illustrated folders B in colors describing the new Safety Rifle, Bicycles, Velocipedes and Junior-cycles (Side-walk Cycles).



IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
18 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 151 Chambers Street
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MAKE BIG MONEY
While Able to Enjoy It

"My pals think I am lucky," says Charley Harper. "I am earning a large salary while they are trying to get a start in the world. I can go places and do things. But I was a drudge until I discovered how the world takes a man at his face value. If he looks successful he gets ahead fast. And there's nothing more important to a successful appearance than a well-groomed head... neat, healthy-looking hair that is always in place. It helps a fellow in pleasure and business. So after I shave I put a little Hair Groom on my hair every morning."

Let H-i-s Groom make you look better. Even unruly hair, cow-licks or coarse, kinky hair quickly surrenders to its magic touch. A little Hair Groom in the morning and you can brush your hair the way you want it. It will stay that way all day. Nobody will be the wiser. Hair Groom is neither greasy nor sticky. It has no offensive odor. Hair—the way it looks—counts. Use Hair Groom every morning. Comes in liquid or paste. Nice to use. Sold by all druggists.

their frozen hinges. Hot dog! Winter and the Marshall sale were walking hand in hand. The sale would not be a flop.

Daylight broke on an arctic day. There was ice on Bill's bedroom window. Blake's had an ad in the morning newspaper, advising New Yorkers to wait for Blake's sale of men's clothing, which would start on Monday. The boy, who had absorbed some of the rules of retail merchandising, refused to grow alarmed. Men who needed heavy clothing at once weren't going to shiver until Monday and wait for Blake's.

Once inside the Marshall building he paused to survey the main floor. Three aisles were packed with men, held back by a dozen floorwalkers who would not let them go upstairs until the opening gongs rang. Bill, with a crowd of exultation, hastened to the men's wear. The salesmen were at their posts, waiting.

"See that mob downstairs?" Mr. Doy's eyes snapped. "We're going to make clothing history to-day. How many clerks are you going to leave upstairs?"

"Conroy and three others," said Bill. "The rest will be here on the floor. Where do you want the tailors?"

"Keep them on labels until I see how things break."

The opening gongs rang. Bill gave last-minute instructions to his force!

"One man to an aisle in the overcoats—two in the suits. Follow the salesmen. As soon as a customer discards a garment, get it back to its proper place in stock. We can't have the tables littered with coats that have been tried on and thrown there. Everybody on his toes."

An elevator stopped at the fourth floor and let out a careful of men. A second elevator followed. The escalators brought up a straggling army. The men's wear was swamped.

"Got to hold my head," Bill muttered. Scouting the department, edging through the mob, he jumped in wherever he found a clerk losing ground. A size 38 was in with the 42's. He righted that. Mr. Doy caught his arm.

"Tailors, Bill. Five."

Bill called Conroy. "Five tailors down here for pressings and alterations. Send me a load of 36's, style M"

The tailors came down to the department, but the 36's did not. Bill shot upstairs on a passenger elevator. The clothing the men's wear needed was caught in a congestion at a freight elevator. He got the merchandise through and took it downstairs himself. Mr. Doy caught his eye.

"Style L, size 36. Hustle it."

Again he joked, pleaded, argued, and got the goods down. This could not go on. He had no time to joke, plead, and argue. Soon they might be selling faster than reserve goods could come to the floor. He found Mr. Doy and got him out of a packed and breathless aisle.

"Passenger elevators can't give preference. How about freight?"

"Having trouble?"

"Yes, sir."

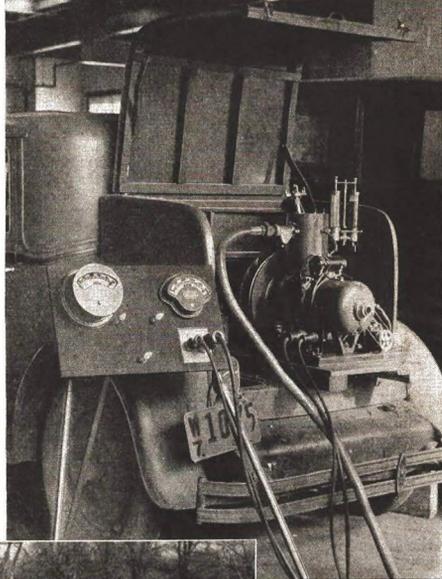
"Passenger elevators serve the public; freight serves only the store. I'll take it up." Ten minutes later Mr. Doy caught him as he unloaded a wheeler that had just come down from reserve.

"Mr. Marshall says men's wear goes as preferred freight during this sale. Get me overcoats, size 40, brown."

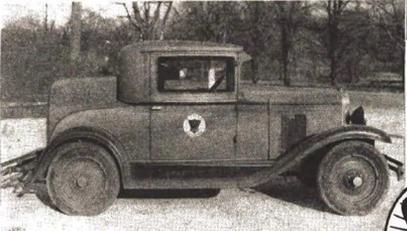
BILL made sure that the reserve stock floor understood the new order. Stock clerks from other reserve departments grumbled, but the overcoats came down at once. Bill surveyed the reserve situation and telephoned to Mr. Doy. It seemed to him that for days now he had been rushing, always rushing, to telephones.

"Conroy's quit unpacking," he reported. "Busy getting out stock for the department. Now that he can get to the elevators without delay he can get along with one helper. I'm bringing the other two clerks to the floor. Need the tailors? They're not doing a thing up here. Shoot them along? O. K. How

Has your favorite service station man seen this demonstration?



"Seeing is believing." The "knock" demonstration machine in action.



Fitted into the rear of this car is the "knock" demonstration machine.



ABOVE is the demonstration machine which engineers from the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation take from place to place to prove how Ethyl "knocks out that 'knock'" and develops an engine's maximum power.

In those two vials at the right of the cylinder is the fuel. One contains ordinary gasoline, the other Ethyl Gasoline.

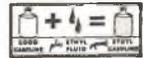
By turning the valve between them, ordinary gasoline flows into the combustion chamber. The engine "knocks"; its speed decreases; the power begins to drop.

Then the valve is turned in the opposite direction to feed Ethyl

Gasoline into the chamber. The engine quiets swiftly. "Knock" goes out. R.P.M.'s (engine revolutions per minute) increase. And the engine delivers the power of which it is capable.

That's why thousands of service station men advise you to use Ethyl in your car. They have seen this demonstration. They have tried Ethyl in their own cars. They know that any car performs better with Ethyl Gasoline in its tank. You and your family try it.

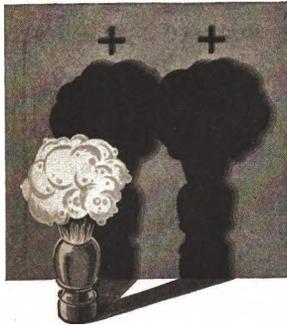
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—any pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of high anti-knock rating.

ETHYL GASOLINE

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**1 Guarantee
2 More Shaves
per blade**

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

... and I mean *good* shaves, too. Your money back if I'm wrong.

I hope you take me up. Mennen Shaving Cream—the biggest tubeful, by the way—hasn't let me down yet. A Better Shave? Sure — because Mennen softens the hairs and forms a fine film over which the blade glides smoothly. Mennen means better skin, too. The lather penetrates and flushes out the pore-dirt.

Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream . . . Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give that clean, comfortable, Mennen shave. Both build up a fine quick lather in any water. Mennen without Menthol is smooth and bland. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are delightfully Mennen . . . that's the main point . . . and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

Test my guarantee! Shoot in the coupon for a free trial tube.

And remember—

The invigorating after-shave 6-Second Massage with Mennen Skin Balm . . . Mennen Talcum for Men removes face shine and doesn't show.

**MENNEN
SHAVING CREAMS**



MENTHOL-ICED WITHOUT MENTHOL

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. D-2 NEW ARK, N. J.
Jim Henry: Send me a free trial tube of Mennen. Jim, I'll try it with my razor.

Name..... City.....
Address..... City.....
 Send me Mennen without Menthol
 Send me Mennen Menthol-iced

(Continued from page 55)
are things? Jammed? I'll be right down."

The moment he reached the men's wear he gave thanks for the two extra clerks who accompanied him. The department was in turmoil. With the coming of noon, office workers, released from countless downtown buildings, poured into the men's wear. Bill placed the two extra clerks and squirmed through the aisles to where the crush was thickest. Discarded coats were everywhere. He gathered up an armful, sorted them as he moved, and restored them to their piles. One elbow struck a human body. He murmured "Sorry," and went on without knowing that he had jarred Jonathan Marshall himself.

Stocks melted. Bill found that he had to have his eyes everywhere—on the clerks, on the shrinking piles of garments, on the ebb and flow of humanity through the aisles. He called on Conroy for replacements, and met the wheelers when they came off the elevators on the fourth floor. And though winter held New York in a grip of ice, perspiration gathered on his forehead and rolled down his cheeks.

Two o'clock brought a let-down. The office workers had gone back to their desks. The department still bubbled and boiled, but the bedlam of the lunch-hour rush was past. Bill sent his clerks to the restaurant in relays, and hastily swallowed a sandwich and a glass of milk. Coming back to the men's wear he found Mr. Doy frantic for merchandise.

"I'll get these out myself," he told the buyer. "Conroy's got to eat."

Conroy was back to reserve in twenty minutes. Bill brought down the first wheeler; Conroy rode with the second. While the clerks ate, discarded coats had again disorganized the tables, and again Bill brought the department stock back to order.

"Size 44," Mr. Doy called. "All patterns."
ANOTHER telephone call to Conroy. One pile of overcoats had almost reached the vanishing point. Another call to reserve. Mr. Doy signaled to him across an aisle.

"Overcoats, Bill. Size 42. Brown."
"On their way down."
"Good boy!" The buyer found time to throw him a grin, and that grin swept away all the fatigue that had gathered in his body.

Suddenly, at four o'clock, they passed the day's peak. The army of men that stormed from the elevators dwindled to a thin trickle. Twenty minutes before the closing gongs rang, the tide had stopped entirely. Those already in the department had still to be served, but at six o'clock the last purchaser was gone. One of the salesmen, his collar wilted, asked how the day had gone.

"I'm too tired to look over the slips," Mr. Doy sighed. "I'll telephone the chief cashier for a check-up; we'll know tomorrow. We'll work until nine to-night. Got to get cases unpacked; got to get down merchandise to start to-morrow."

The men's wear ate upstairs, a tired, weary, but triumphant group. Bill, finding Mr. Doy's eyes on him, wondered if he were making good, if he had risen to what was expected of a stock clerk in the turmoil of a smashing sale. But there was small time to wonder or to speculate. At half past six they were

back at their posts—cases to be unpacked, labels to be sewed in, goods to be brought downstairs, the whole department to be stage-set for the morrow.

The second day of the sale found Bill better prepared. He was surer of himself, and knew what to expect. That day even the mad rush of the lunch hours found his force keeping pace with the shoppers. And that night the unopened cases melted to a point where they were no longer a source of worry.

Sunday was a welcome day of respite. And then, on Monday, Blake's sale opened.

"I don't expect it to hurt us a bit," said Mr. Doy.

It didn't. On Monday, Marshall's men's wear throbbed through a busy morning, grew frantic at noon, and ran toward the ebb at four o'clock. Men who had bought Jupiter clothing had shown their purchases to friends, relatives, and neighbors.

The men's wear was reaping the benefit of mouth-to-mouth advertising.

It would take another week to sell the entire stock, but the worst was over. The last case had been unpacked. And Bill, though Mr. Doy had said nothing, knew in his heart that he was master of his job.

Friday afternoon, Jonathan Marshall came down to the men's wear. One of the aisles was clear of customers and Bill was running through the merchandise to see that none of the piles held wrong sizes. The owner of the store stopped.

"How much stock is left in reserve?"

Bill took a stock sheet from his pocket. "Suits or overcoats?"

"Both."

"Four thousand, three hundred and thirteen garments."

Mr. Marshall nodded and walked on to where Mr. Doy, tired, sat at his desk. "How did Darrow stand it?" he asked.

"Great." The buyer's head snapped up. "I always said that boy had it. He kept the tables cleared. It helped us tremendously."

"I watched him." The merchant was silent a moment. "I'd like to take him upstairs."

Mr. Doy made a wry face. "That's the way it goes. You train a youngster and as soon as he's good, somebody grabs him."

"You can hold him if you insist on keeping him."

"No. I wouldn't be fair to him if I stood in his way. One of the extras, chap named Conroy, showed up well. I'll be sorry to lose Bill, but I could hold Conroy and put him in stock."

The merchant nodded. "Thank you, Doy. Send Darrow up to me at closing time."

So Bill, wondering what it was all about, rode up to the executive offices.

"How would you like," Jonathan Marshall asked, "to work up here with me?"

Bill flushed. The question, coming unexpectedly, left him a little breathless. And yet his mind and his reason were clear. "I—" he hesitated and stole a doubtful glance at the man.

"Speak frankly, please."

"I don't think I'd care for it at all."

If the merchant was taken aback, he didn't show it. "You have a reason for that conclusion?"

"Yes, sir. I think I fit in with the selling end. Up here—" he made a vague gesture with his hands—"it's too far from the store and from the people."



Whoa!

How boys and girls do enjoy ranch life!

Dad and Mother—don't send your children to Montana or Wyoming and ever expect to get them back the same—they'll be different—healthier, clearer-eyed, stronger, broader-minded, cleaner and happier.

A Dude Ranch

vacation is just the outing for the whole family.

If you're interested, we'll send you a Ranch booklet and more information. Use the coupon.

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SIDEWALK TESTS

The fellow on KoKoMo "Champion" whizzes along ahead of the gang because "Champion" wheels have double rows of ball bearings which make them roll easier and faster. It has been proved in real tests right on the sidewalks. "Champion" wheels have two treads (that double sidewalk miles!) Get a pair of "Champions." Lead the gang on the finest, fastest, longest-wearing skates to be had.

KoKoMo STAMPED METAL CO.
Dept. 408, Kokomo, Indiana



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Champion
Double Sidewalk Miles



America's Lowest Priced and Lightest Weight Complete Motor Cycle

Evans Power-Cycle

Makes 100 miles and better per gallon of gas; speeds up to 30 miles an hour; weighs only 84 pounds.

Will give you lots of fun in the open air. Write for Details

Mule's Machinery Corp.
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You Can Play a
PAN-AMERICAN
Easily!



WITH one of these sweet-toned Pan-American instruments you play tunes right from the start! Think of it—take your place in the school or scout band immediately—earn your way through college with your music!

Pan-Americans are the only complete line of nationally advertised, factory guaranteed, moderately priced instruments. Easy-playing features speed your progress.

FREE TRIAL, Easy Payments. Send coupon now for details and literature on any instrument.

Pan-American Band Instrument and Case Co.
Pan-American Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Please send details of trial offer and literature on _____ instrument

Name _____
St. or R. F. D. _____
City _____
State _____

Mr. Marshall understood what he meant. "What I have in mind," the clipped voice said, "is the selling end—and the buying. I've long prided myself on this being a one-man store—on the fact that I had my hand on the pulse of every department. But the business has grown beyond the control of one man. When Mr. Doy came up here with Brill to talk about a sale of season's leavings, I had four or five other things on the fire. I couldn't drop them. Mr. Doy's plan had possibilities. Also, it was one of those occasions when you couldn't say, 'I'll think it over.' I couldn't order him to drop the plan—it had too much in its favor. Neither could I work along with him. I had to give him a free hand. Where a \$200,000 investment is concerned, I much prefer two heads. There's less chance for a wrong guess.

"I see the day when I shall have to have merchandising superintendents—one superintendent over so many allied departments working with and through the department buyers. One man to handle everything a man wears—clothing, shoes, furnishings, hats. A good many of these jobs will go to unusually capable men of long experience, like Mr. Doy. But I've decided to bring in also young men who show application and ambition and vision, and try to train them for some of these posts of responsibility. That's what I'm offering you—a chance at one of these jobs, if you're big enough to climb to it."

"Thank you," he said gravely. "I'd like it."

He walked out of Jonathan Marshall's office as men do who have the world before them. An elevator stopped, the door slid back, he passed within. Some day, perhaps, when he stepped into that elevator, he would be merchandising head of a group of allied departments! It was a tingling thought. He did not realize that the elevator had run down to the main floor and had stopped until the operator spoke to him.

"Did you want to get off at the fifth?" He came to himself with a start and smiled ruefully. Day-dreaming! And then the smile faded. Dreaming, yes. But there was a way to make dreams come true.

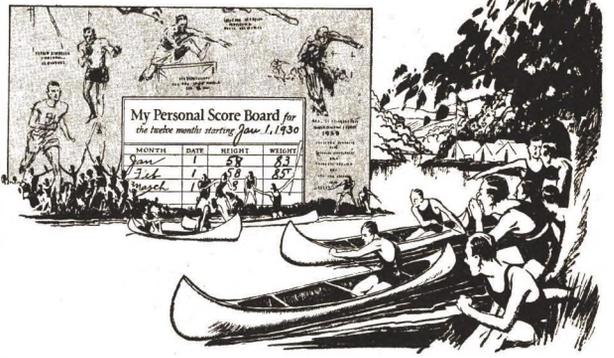
All About the
**Third National
A. M. L. A.
Contests**

In the May American Boy Rules
Entering a Scale Model

In the June American Boy
Entry Blanks
Reduced Railroad Fares
Contest Details

Watch for
THESE TWO ARTICLES

HOW
will you stand in camp this summer?



Let this PERSONAL SCORE BOARD prepare you for camp activities

THE snow's just off the ground but there's a woody odor in the air that reminds you camping time isn't far away. Time to dream of canoe races, swimming matches, cross country runs, and camp and woodcraft contests. Time to prepare yourself for standing high in camp activities. You'll need a lot of pep and plenty of good hard muscle. Most of all you'll need to bring your weight and height up to par.

Better start right away. Send for the *personal score board* used by more than twenty-five thousand boys all over the country to build up their bodies. Follow the training squad routine used by all the big coaches. The *personal score board* will be your own personal coach and trainer.

First, the *personal score board* provides a place where you can chalk up your weight and height each month. Constantly before you is a record of your progress, your month-by-month, inch-by-inch, pound-by-pound gain. Here's a living proof of what you're getting out of your special training.

Then, your *personal score board* is also a world digest of major sports. Surrounding your own record are the records of every big sport—the present and previous champion, the old and the latest figures with dates, and everything—all the facts you want right at your fingertips.

And finally, on the back of your *personal score board* are the complete training rules as practised by all the big coaches and trainers. Simple things that

any boy can easily follow—just plenty of sound sleep, regular exercise in the fresh air and sunshine and sensible eating habits. And, of course, you must keep away from caffeine stimulants because they hold you back.

Instead, drink a training table drink that many big athletes like as much for its wonderful flavor as for the good it does them—Instant Postum made-with-hot-milk. This smooth-tasting, full-bodied drink combines the natural wholesomeness of roasted whole wheat and bran with the bone and muscle-making elements of milk—a perfect combination. And your *personal score board* will prove what it's doing for you, prove it with pounds of extra weight and inches of extra height.

Remember, this fine training drink is awfully easy to make. Just put a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in a warm cup, add hot (not boiling) milk, stir and your training table drink is ready.

You haven't any too much time to train for camp leadership. If you're really in earnest, just mail this coupon **RIGHT NOW** and we'll not only send you your own *personal score board* but we'll also include a week's supply of Instant Postum absolutely free. Give this training table drink a month's trial and watch your progress on your *personal score board*. Here's the coupon!

FREE . . . Score Board and Sample!

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich. P. O. BOX 430

I want to try Postum for thirty days and see how it helps my score. Please send me, without cost or obligation, My Personal Score Board and One week's supply of Instant Postum

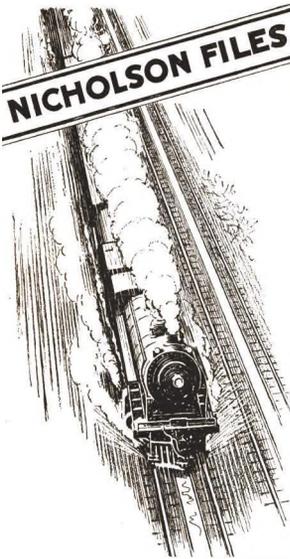
Name _____
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Fill in completely—print name and address!

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD., The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your Grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

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SUSTAINED SPEED WITH

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the train doesn't even stop for water

Sustained speed on rails—sixty miles an hour for ten hours—to make its run on the timetable's time.

The engineer must have sustained running speed—the mechanic in the shops, sustained filing speed—therefore chooses Nicholson Files.

Sustained speed plus the other qualities which make Nicholson Files the choice of railroad men will recommend these files to you.

If you can use sharp cutting teeth and long file life in your home workshop, look for the Nicholson Brand.

At your local hardware store.

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY
Providence, R. I., U.S.A.



A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE



Pirate's Doom

(Continued from page 8)

He leaned towards me, wafting a vapor of stale tobacco and vile rum. "Captain Merion told old Silas Merrigrew that the secret was in your keeping," he grinned evilly. "And Luke Merion never lied."

Fear gripped me. How did this demon know what my grandfather had told old Silas?

"We wrung that fact from old Merrigrew before we finished him," he added, with grim emphasis. "And we'll do the same with you."

Then I understood, and I turned away, sick at heart, to see in a great flash of lightning, that white ship standing off Marycombe point, and the flag that flaunted itself upon the breeze. It was the Jolly Roger!

Chapter Four

"WELL, seemingly I'm to have adventure, and to the full."

The cheering lilt in the Rapier's words, and his very presence, helped to raise my drooping spirits. Even the noisome, dank hold into which Panama Too had flung the three of us couldn't daunt our nameless friend.

"I've tried most things in my gay life," laughed the Rapier, "but never piracy. 'Tis to my fancy a cruel business if you take the profession seriously. My sword has always been happier in a fight that hadn't riches at the end of it."

I listened to the sound of the sea washing against the ship's sides, and knew that we were under weigh.

"We've got to make the best of it," I said at last. "Some day we'll know who that masked elegant is. And perhaps some day we'll know more of the Rapier here."

I saw his eyes turn toward me in the gloom of the ship's hold.

"Reproach me not for that, young Blaise," he smiled. "One day, perhaps, I may be able to tell you why I have to be deprived of the usages of a name."

"He's chosen a mighty fine one in place of the real appellation," said Jerry.

The Rapier rose unsteadily to his feet, and as I watched him, I judged that the ball had caused a more painful wound than he had yet admitted.

"That popinjay you wounded so sickly might give us better hospitality than this, young Blaise," he said.

Just as he finished speaking, there came the sound of the hatch being removed, and a ray of light fell upon the Rapier as he looked upward.

I had a vision of a moon-faced, very fat man, looking down at us, smiling.

Now something about that smile struck me as being peculiar. It was a fat smile that took in the whole of the generously-proportioned face, but although the flesh of that face smiled, the eyes did not appear to do so. Withal it was a flabby individual who gazed down upon us.

"Avast there," he cried, in softer tones than we had heard until now. "It's the master's orders that I bring you up from the hold providing you give Nathaniel Smooch an affidavit that you won't indulge in pretty swordplay when you come on deck."

Nathaniel Smooch's little eyes glittered, the smile grew more pronounced. "What say you, lads?" the Rapier asked, looking at us.

What could we say? To fight openly that hoard of ruffians wasn't bravery so much as foolhardiness.

He saw our answer, and nodded. "You have our paroles, Smooch," answered the Rapier, "and hurry with the rope ladder. We're well-nigh stifled in this rat hole."

I saw Smooch rub a pair of greasy hands.

"Too bad, too bad," he murmured, expansively, "to put gentlemen of quality

down there. I'm a considerate man myself. Faith, Hope, and Charity—their's my watchwords. The ladder's here now, sirs. Poor treatment, but . . ."

Somehow, the newcomer's place seemed the Downs in charge of flocks, or in an old inn, as jovial host. I did not know Nathaniel Smooch then.

AS we climbed above, I looked about A the deck of that great ship, at her spreading white canvas above me. Pirate though she was, I knew her for a proud craft.

She was speeding through the moderate seas, raising her prow to the waves. Prisoner though I knew myself to be, somehow the zest of the ocean got into my being, and, for a moment, I forgot what had happened. But the sight of an immaculate figure, nigh to the quarter-deck, made me remember.

So far he had his back to me, but I knew it was the man I had fought. Now, as he turned, I saw that he no longer wore a mask. A ship's lantern, gleaming ruddily in the stays above him, shone upon his face, and for the first time I saw it clearly revealed. He looked anything but a pirate.

Our eyes met, he smiled. "Rat me, young Blaise Merion," he said cheerfully, walking slowly towards our little party. "But I've rated Panama Too soundly for having put you in one of the holds. Welcome to La Gloire de France."

"A plaguey unhealthy spot, that hold," the Rapier said easily. "As unhealthy as this ship, and that flag." He indicated the gruesome skull and bones.

"A very suitable emblem for the work I have on hand," was the retort. "What flag would you have me sail under?"

Leaning arrogantly against the rail, the pirate smiled disarmingly at us.

"Here, gentlemen," he murmured, "you see Remi Etienne, Chevalier de Sasegnac, who, unable to live in his own country of fair France owing to those who would speedily put an end to his life, and not loving the British, must, perforce, have a flag."

He pointed to the Jolly Roger. "Hence the one you see," he added. "And now I am happy to know you are with us. May you remain our guests for a long period."

The Rapier shook his head. "We are afraid that we inconvenience you by staying," he returned, smiling. "I know how much it must have hurt you to be forced, owing to lack of room, to place us in that pit from which, a moment ago, this mammoth of lard who calls himself Smooch rescued us. I crave your assistance to the land. I should feel safer on terra firma, M. le Chevalier."

De Sasegnac shrugged his shoulders. "Alas, you desolate me," he answered. "La Gloire de France is outward bound, and, truth to tell you, my friend, I hunger for other society than these rogues of mine who are so lacking in refinement and taste."

The Rapier bowed. It was a mocking gesture, and I saw a flicker of anger in de Sasegnac's eyes, although he tried hard to hide it.

"I understand," said our friend. "We are in effect prisoners—nor did the pretty words deceive us. It will give me the greatest pleasure to be present at your obsequies, when you come to the end you deserve at Execution Dock."

De Sasegnac's composure was giving way to anger.

"You try me too far," he whispered, in sibilant tones. "Seeing that you wish for enmity rather than alliance, I will make myself plain at once."

He turned to me. "Monsieur Blaise," he said. "Grieve me as it did, I had to make inquiry from one Silas Merrigrew—alas with fatal results."

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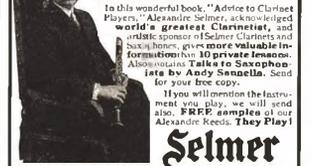
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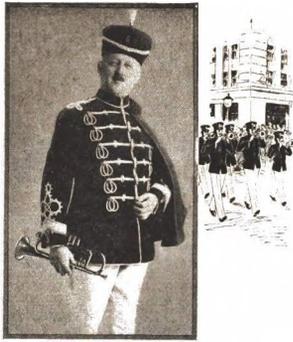
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My hands clenched and I looked redly at him. Calmly he took a pinch of snuff, and dusted his satin coat with that eternal handkerchief of his.

"Pre he passed away," he added, "he did, in fact, become communicative. He gave me to understand that, rather contradicting you, there was some mention of a secret in Captain Merion's will. Now, Master Blaise, as I could not recover the will from Monsieur Merrigrew, would you be so kind as to repeat to me those remarks of your grandfather that contained the word 'secret' in them?"

As he spoke, groups of his buccaneers swaggered nearer, their eyes glittering and their hands suggesting the avaricious thoughts in their minds. I thought of that sentence, "The secret lies beneath your hand."

"The will was not for your ears, sir," I answered. "And it is there I intend to leave the matter."

"So!" He toyed with his handkerchief, and smiled provokingly at me.

"So," he murmured again, "you are in no mind to tell me what I, and these other gentlemen on my ship, are so anxious to learn."

"I am not," I returned. "And you can sink in blazes before I do tell you." Jerry, who was comfortingly near, pressed my arm encouragingly, but his nearness could not prevent what next happened.

De Sasegnac merely indicated me, and ere I knew what was happening, two hulking ruffians had me and were tying my arms behind me.

I saw Jerry and the Rapier shoved aside, and then, over the rail of *Le Gloire de France*, I saw something that froze me stiff.

"A plank!"
"I see that you understand," said de Sasegnac, in quiet and slow tones. "You still have a chance to speak, Master Blaise. Rest assured that it would pain me to have to carry out that threat lying symbolized in that plank. Surely you'll tell me the substance of Captain Merion's will, and save me from having the life of such a promising swordsman on my conscience."

"Blaise—" Jerry pleaded.
I turned to look into my chum's agonized eyes. I turned away quickly, and to down my terror I set my jaw.

"You will speak?"
I heard a raging curse, and saw the Rapier struggling to be free of the rogues who held him back. One of the crew dragged Jerry away. Panama Too came to my side, whipped out a handkerchief, and bound it about my eyes.

I raised my head.
"I will not speak," I answered. "Do what you will, and whatever secret there is goes with me."

If I had thought to deter him from his motive by those words, I was wrong. I felt strong hands raise me and I nearly fell as the ship rolled, but those hands steadied me, and behind my ear I heard a voice say, in suave tones:

"Walk, Master Blaise, walk."
I knew that there could be no stepping back now. Slowly I moved forward. Chokingly I prayed. Then, as I next put my foot down, it felt nothing but space. I went down—down—down into the sea.

I struck, my breath went, the waters closed over my head, and there was a terrible drumming in my ears as weakly I struggled to be free of my bonds.

Chapter Five

I WAS conscious of a great darkness and of a puny effort to remove a terrific weight from my chest.

There was a voice—what could that mean? Those hands were these?

"Steady, comrade, steady!" Rat me, but would you fight a friend?"

Then, distantly, I heard a laughing voice in my ears. My eyelids flickered, and slowly I began to see, as if through a mist. Bending over me were the Rapier and Jerry, glad relief written on



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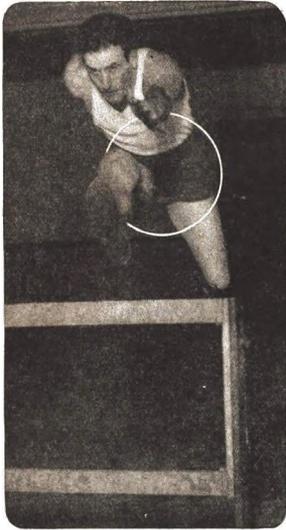
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(Continued from page 59)
their faces. And then I remembered the plank, and the words, "Walk, Master Blaise, walk." I shuddered.

"How came I—here, Jerry?" I asked, bewildered.

I looked about me, and saw a sumptuous cabin, a place of soft divans, golden chalices, hanging clusters of silver sconces in which flickered many lights.

"A jest of de Sasegnac's," said the Rapier, his eyes narrowing as he spoke, "and a cruel one. There was one of his rogues by a gunport below you, Blaise, and 'mazing fine sport they had in letting you struggle in the water ere they roped you back."

"A jest?"

I closed my eyes as I spoke. I had looked at death and had found it unlovely.

"You were brave, Blaise," said Jerry, rising to his feet. "I think that it was your courage that made de Sasegnac hold his hand and spare your life."

The Rapier shook his head.

"Nay, not that," he answered. "There's little pity in that heart. It was because of the secret that Blaise holds."

Our friend of the sword hand leaned nearer to me.

"There is something of tremendous import in that secret of yours, Blaise," he added. "And one day I may be privileged to share it. But not yet. Even these cabin balks may have ears, and it were wise to keep what you know locked in your heart."

Jerry nodded, and now, more recovered, I sat up and swung my legs off the divan. I was itching to be revenged on that callous aristocrat with the smooth tongue and the barbed soul.

"This is amazingly different from the rat hole we were first ushered into," I said, indicating the cabin.

The Rapier smiled.

"Aye, that it is," he agreed. "M. Le Chevalier bade us consider ourselves his guests. Spit me, but he was thinking of some new villainy as he said the words, you may be sure of that."

Then, for the first time, I saw that both the Rapier and Jerry were possessed of swords.

"There's something brewing, Blaise," said Jerry. "De Sasegnac gave these weapons and put us on our parole. And here is your sword."

With that he handed me Amyas Merion's blade. I gripped it and looked at it. "The secret lies beneath your hand," Silas Merrigrew had said. More closely I examined it. It was even longer than the Rapier's sword, but it was perfectly balanced despite that fact. The hilt was jewelled, whilst just where the steel thickened out towards the blade there were strange grooves unlike anything on any other sword I had ever seen. Now, as I examined these grooves, four in number, I saw to my astonishment that each groove was numbered. I marked the "one," "two," "three," and "four."

"Rapier!" I looked up as I spoke, and, handing the sword to him, I pointed to the figures. "What do you make of that?"

For a moment he did not speak.

Excitedly, Jerry had come to his side, and now the two of them examined that treasured gift from the past. At last they looked at me.

"That has a meaning, Blaise," said the Rapier in low tones. "Does it link with something else you know?"

I shook my head, puzzled. Was this the clue to the secret that lay beneath my hand?

"Make no mention of that sword to any save Jerry and myself," the Rapier warned carefully. "Guard the secret of

those numbers as you would your very life. As long as de Sasegnac does not know your secret we shall live, but if once he did light upon it—"

THE Rapier stopped, for there had come the sound of an opening door. We looked up and saw that immaculate scoundrel de Sasegnac regarding us with amused eyes.

"Ah, so young Blaise is recovered," he murmured, walking elegantly forward, his hand on his rapier hilt, "and installed in comfortable quarters. This is one of the prides of *La Gloire de France*; an amazing handsome cabin, don't you think?"

Not one mention had he made of his jest of the plank, and from his manner one would have fancied that here was someone whose every thought was for the guests on his ship.

"Perhaps the bed of the sea had been more comfortable than your hospitality," I said, gripping my sword and dearly wishing to pierce him.

"Come, Master Blaise," he laughed. "A slightly churlish retort. After all, I did give you the chance to speak, but you preferred the plank."

He took a pinch of snuff and added:

"I want you to make yourselves free of the ship; be happy—and prepared. Mayhap you shall encounter a stranger on the ship."

M. Le Chevalier de Sasegnac paused and his eyes glittered as he indicated our swords. "A stranger," he said through closed

teeth. "And if you run him through you will serve yourself—as well as me."

With these ominous words, he bowed slightly and abruptly left us. When he had disappeared, we speculated upon his words. A stranger? How could there be a visitor aboard *La Gloire de France*—a visitor so fearful as to make even the abominable de Sasegnac set his lips and look grim?

But our conjectures were fruitless, and after half an hour, my two companions went above and left me to recover from my near-drowning.

MY eyes had been closed not more than ten minutes when a feeling crept over me that I was not alone in the room. I heard no sound—and yet, the feeling grew.

Chiding myself for my weakness, I opened my eyes and sat up. With a grin I looked about the cabin. It was empty, of course. Feeling vastly relieved, I started to lie down again when my eyes fixed upon some curtains across the cabin. Had they moved?

"Blaise," I said aloud to myself, "you chicken-livered—"

They had moved! They were moving now! Before my eyes a figure emerged from behind them—a small, stealthy figure of a man. While I watched, utterly surprised, it moved to the cabin door, and with a rapid movement locked it.

I gazed at him, my hands gripping at the divan. He was diminutive of stature and thin with it, and looked for all the world like some very ill-fed school-boy. And yet, somehow, he struck cold fear into my heart.

He was pranked out in a faded suit of plum-colored satin, wore stuff stockings, and black shoes with silver buckles. In a leather baldric, depended a sword that seemed almost as large as its wearer. On his head was a round hat with a conical crown, and from it sagged a most unholy looking red feather.

He wore a leather belt about his waist, from which there glinted a veritable arsenal of pistols, and as he looked at me his hand was resting on an extremely serviceable knife.



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He chuckled, and a fiendish sound it was. Fascinated, I gazed at his swarthy and pock-marked face, covered with short black bristles.

Doffing his conical hat, he swept it to the floor so that the feather touched the Eastern rugs at my feet.

I looked into his little green eyes that glittered so evilly. Was this the stranger de Sasegnac had spoken of so grimly?

"Ssh!" His heavily-ringed finger touched a pair of thin and parched lips.

"Who are you and what do you want of me?" I asked, my hand gripping my sword—the sword of Amyas.

"I want you, Master Blaise Merion," he answered, in a voice more like the croak of a frog than anything else.

THERE was something so loathsome about this person's presence that I shuddered, and as I did so wondered why he made me feel afraid. Here there was nothing fresh of the sea. Even Smooch, fat hypocrite though he was, seemed human. There was nothing human about this evil-eyed imp.

He marked my sword and, drawing back, with a quick movement unleashed his own.

"Just a pass or two, maybe," he chuckled. "See how quick my wrist is. Am I not more elegant than M. Le Chevalier? Try me and see, Blaise Merion."

This was certainly more tasteful than talking with him, and I instantly accepted the challenge. My rapier met his, and at once I became aware of a most amazing thing.

Here, indeed, was someone who knew how to use a sword! That rapier of his was not like steel so much as some human thing that could feel its way beneath any man's guard. I knew at once that he could touch me where he liked and spit me at any second. I tried every trick I knew, realizing more every minute that I was utterly at his mercy.

He drew back and dropped his blade. "I would be friendly, Master Blaise Merion," he croaked, coming nearer to me and sheathing his sword as he did so, to give meaning to his words. "For we have a mutual enemy, and I would have you for my ally rather than foe."

"Who is your enemy?" I asked of him, amazed.

"De Sasegnac," he answered, his teeth bared, his eyes horrid in their venom. "Fop of the seas."

"So," I murmured. "Then what are you doing on his ship?"

The stranger chuckled. "Many have asked that," he replied. "They do not know I am on their ships until one day something happens, and then they know only too well."

I drew away. This pock-marked demon with his uncanny sword seemed to freeze my veins. He would have me for a friend, would he? I shuddered.

"Who are you, by the living sea who are you?" I cried.

"Rat o' the Main! Blaise Merion," he answered. "That is my name."

My head snapped up. Across my mind like a flash of light raced that line in my grandfather's will: "They will all come back—Red Castaban, 'Rat o' the Main,' Panama Too—"

Panama Too I had met, but that giant had not seemed so fearful as this miniature devil. Strange that I should remember, just then, Jerry's asking me if there had been anything of which old Luke Merion had been afraid. Here, before me, was the one he had feared. I knew it. And de Sasegnac feared him. And, the gods help me, so did I.

"You knew that name, Blaise Merion," he whispered. "Tell me how you knew it. Who has told you of 'Rat o' the Main?' Come, little lad, tell your friend. Remember my sword, Blaise Merion!"

He touched it, partly drew it, and laughed. I wondered whether or not to draw on him and be killed. His presence seemed to fill this beautiful cabin with an unholy atmosphere. He looked like some clinging thing that had come from the fumes of a foul sea.



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(Continued from page 61)
"The secret, little lad," he insisted, his green eyes glittering. "Think you that I came from the islands of the Caribbean for nothing? Think ye that I would soil my fighting spirit by coming aboard de Sasegnac's idle craft unless it were to learn—what I want to know?"

He leered, and came nearer to me. Involuntarily I backed away. I had a feeling that he was not flesh and blood, but some supernatural being.

"Tell me what it is, Blaise Merion," he murmured. "And then sail with me and meet those who follow the Rat."

My back struck the wall. I did not speak. I was playing for time. His voice, coaxing and wheedling, changed dramatically to the hiss of a serpent.

"The secret—there's no time to waste," he said.

His sword was out now, and a red rage shone in his eyes. Yet I did not speak—I could not.

"I am not like these others," hissed the Rat. "When I promise to kill, I kill. Speak."

I choked.
With a furious snarl the Rat sprang at me, knocking aside my sword. I was in a corner. I couldn't move. His rapier flashed up and I shut my eyes.

(To be continued in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Next Month: Help that is no help. A piercing unearthly laugh from high up in the crostrees—and the Rat every-where and nowhere! . . . A pirate ship slipping on through a dun-colored sea with her crew gripped by fear.

The River Feud

(Continued from page 27)

Nature provided that young beavers shall not stray into the dangers outside their homes for the first month of their lives.

It was at this season that Ne-geek came back from the upper Two-Heart. And now, because there were kits in the lodges, the otter's raids took their old and dreadful form.

Three times in the course of as many nights he invaded the lodge or bank burrow of a mother beaver when she was not at home and slaughtered the helpless young in the nest. They could not dive, they had no avenue of escape at all, and Ne-geek went about his killing in true weasel fashion, tearing open the throats of the kits one at a time, until there was no life left in any of them.

And on the third night it was the unguarded lodge of Ah-mik that the old otter invaded.

At daybreak Ah-mik again found the scent of otter along the top of the beaver dam. Some memory awoke in the brain of the old beaver at that hated scent, and he dropped over the dam and swam steadily away, downstream.

Near the foot of the smooth clay slide that he had found the previous summer, he discovered the submerged entrance of a bank den, hidden beneath the roots of an ancient cedar. Without hesitation, he swam through it, spurred by the hated and now powerful otter scent. At the far end of the bank den he found Ne-geek, sleek and well-fed from his killings.

BEHIND this downriver journey of Ah-mik's lay the old raids on the colony along the Grayling, the killings on the Two-Heart, and finally the loss of his own kits. The old beaver was not here by chance. He had come on a mission of revenge, and instinctively Ne-geek understood. Since that day, years before, when Ah-mik's mother had driven him from her lodge, the otter had never retreated from a beaver; yet now he would gladly have escaped, had there been a way.

But Ah-mik blocked with his great bulk the throat of the den that was the only exit. Four times as much as the slender grizzled otter he weighed, and his small eyes glowed like embers in the darkness of the den. Unskilled in battle, and having no lust for blood, he was nevertheless filled with a relentless fury few otters could withstand. Ne-geek, skilled warrior that he was, knew it.

The otter backed slowly away to the farthest corner of the den, screaming shrilly in defiant fear. A minute Ah-mik paused, only his head and shoulders thrust up from the water. He grunted low in his throat and waited for Ne-geek to begin the battle.

But Ne-geek knew better. Then Ah-mik lunged forward and struck the otter with his full weight, slashing at him

with long yellow teeth as he had slashed male beavers in the battles of early spring in his home pond.

After that Ne-geek thought no more of escape. The otter is no coward, and, cornered and attacked in his own den, he is ready to fight to the death with any foe, whatever the odds. Valiantly Ne-geek slashed back at Ah-mik's throat. They became a whirlpool of threshing brown bodies. Each must have known that the dark and narrow quarters of the bank den would be the tomb of one of them, and that thus would end the feud that had begun years before in the lodges on the Grayling.

It was such a battle as the gray wolves fight. Like fencing foils their clipping, slashing teeth played against each other. Locked together, they splashed into the water of the passageway and sank like plummetts as each strove to find a vital spot on the underbody of the other.

Long minutes they were down, twisting and rolling, fighting against strangulation as desperately as they fought against each other. The nostrils of Ah-mik closed to keep the water from strangling him on the long dive, and his lips met behind his great yellow teeth, shutting the water out from his throat. Perhaps to this natural advantage Ah-mik owed his life in that fierce underwater fray.

The need for air drove them to the surface again. Here was a chance for either to break free and escape by a long dive through the passageway, but the battle had gone too far for that. There could be but one ending to it now. Snarling and gasping, they squirmed and slashed with hate-driven fury.

Inevitably the battle slowed, until, with savagely locked teeth, they clung to each other. Upon each other's throats they renewed and tightened their holds, fighting in weary desperation. With his greater weight, Ah-mik contrived to keep himself above the otter, to hold the other submerged.

Ne-geek's lungs grew empty of air and sharp pains began to run through him like wolf fangs. Then he loosed his throat hold and would have fought his way to the surface. But he could not.

The eighty-pound foe was too great a weight for him to thrust aside. In sudden panic he struggled to reach air. Then his writhing subsided, changed to a tired trembling, and all at once he was limp in Ah-mik's teeth.

The old beaver swam slowly out through the throat of the den and turned upstream toward his lodge. The score he had come to settle was paid. The raids on his colony, in the distant days on the Grayling and in the autumn and spring on the Two-Heart, were avenged. The beavers were safe, now, in their new pond. Never again would Ne-geek come raiding at dusk, leaving his hated scent along the top of their dam.

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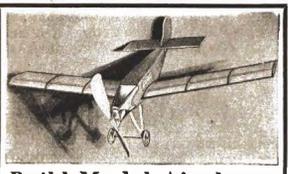
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The Dead Stick

(Continued from page 9)

"There's my batch of picture post-cards," Cliff remarked casually. He glanced up at the sky again and cinched on his leather helmet.

"I'll stop a snowflake or two before I make the end of my run," he prophesied. "You know the fat boy with grey hair and four chins that's always driving himself past the field in a battleship grey Spauldon roadster. He went by this morning."

Don nodded. "Well, that's Steve Fuller that punched clouds like us ten years ago before he got heavy and sensible. See you in the emergency ward."

He waved a hand and walked toward the mech who waited with his parachute pack.

"G'bye!" muttered Bill Mann absently. He had not heard a word of all this and just now he was scowling at a magneto. "It's not those plugs; they're as clean as tin whistles."

The door of the radio shack banged open. Jake Converse, granite-faced and glum, strode out. He had a weather report in his hands. Don could tell easily enough that it was not a good one.

Jake walked along the front of the hangars and paused, black-browed, beside Don and Bill. At sight of him Bill came out of his mechanical trance. He dropped his plug wrench.

"It's a good day to play dominoes," Jake rasped. "Take a tip from me and Uncle Sam"—he waved the weather slip—"and keep your heads down."

He went on and handed the report over to Cliff.

A moment later the monoplane, hitting squarely on every cylinder, dived into the grey sky. It was speedily swallowed up by the low, leaden clouds.

"The boss is feeling cautious again," Bill Mann remarked. "What's the idea of telling us to stay down? We're boarders, not employees on this field."

"Guess he's thinking of Brown," Don said. "Brown's in the middle of something to eastward in that new tri-motor Centaur that's going to be the star ship on this field."

Bill Mann grunted. The only ship he was interested in was the one he was standing on. "If it isn't the plugs or the mag or the wiring, or the timing, or—I may be mistaken. She may be all right. We'd better try her out on the ground and maybe test-her—"

DON stopped Bill's soliloquy by shaking his arm. "The boss has had a jolt," he said and told Bill what Cliff had told him about the Department of Commerce rating.

"I was wishing we could do something about it," Don concluded. "Jake Converse is as gruff as a starved lion but he has always played square with us."

"That's more than this motor's doing, unless I'm hearing things," Bill Mann said thoughtfully. "We ought to test it out—advice or no advice. Look here!"

"Well, what?"

"How about just hopping over the fence there?" Bill Mann suggested coaxingly. "Then, if Steve Fuller's car is outside that dinky little office, we'll land. Maybe we, as young flyers, could get him, an old one, to sell that measly strip of land to Jake. Peacemakers—that's what we'll be." Bill paused, searching his partner's face. "Anyhow," he concluded, "we could test out this motor and see if she's really running roughly or if I'm just hearing roughly."

Don Saunders meditated. He owed Jake Converse much for his aerial education. Attempting to make Converse Field an A-1-A 'drome would be a small return. Succeed or fail, the effort would do no harm. Steve Fuller had been a flying man, and it is hard to get air out of the blood. He might listen to reason.

"That's a good idea," Don said at last, "but I think you're worrying more about



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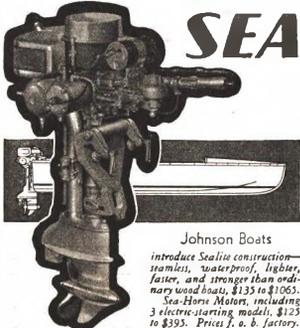
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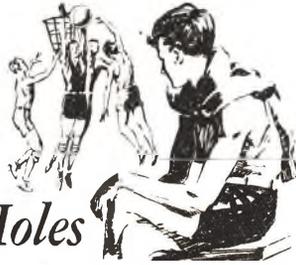


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(Continued from page 63)
that motor than you are about Jake, you old fraud."

"It's better to worry about a motor on the ground than in the air," Bill Mann retorted. "Do we hop or don't we?"

"We do, but we keep within gliding distance of the field," Don answered. "Here we go!"

Jake Converse had disappeared into the radio office again. He was watching the weather with far more than his usual vigilance that day, and with twice his usual uneasiness, Don thought.

A couple of mechanics gave them a hand with the dolly in wheeling the ship out to the line. Bill Mann primed the motor through petcocks on the cylinder heads and snapped the prop over compression point with all his dexterity and strength.

The motor caught and blared its blatant chant of power. Bill grunted approvingly.

Don warmed up the ship with one eye on the rev-meter and both ears alert to detect skipping. As far as he could tell the motor was firing properly, but Bill Mann, on the wing step in the full blast of the windstream flung back by the whirring propeller, was scowling again. Bill hung over the motor like a mother over a baby and when he finally swung himself into the forward cockpit he did so reluctantly.

Don kept a guilty watch on the door of the radio shack but Jake Converse did not come out to repeat his warning. He had given them his advice; if they wanted to fly it was their funeral—or hospital bill.

Don opened his throttle and taxied at an easy pace toward the east side of the field. The wind, a fitful, moderate breeze, was in the west. With the motor under Bill's suspicion, he intended to use the full length of the field for taking off and making altitude.

When the taxiing ship drew close to the side of the field adjoining Steve Fuller's property, Don glanced curiously at the fence. He noticed that it was a very tall fence—a board fence between fifteen and twenty feet high. The fence on the other side of the field was considerably lower than this.

"Funny!" Don commented. "Jake isn't the sort of man to put up a spite wall—particularly when it cuts down the landing area of his own field."

He juzzed the ship around into what wind there was and opened the throttle. The biplane responded briskly. With the elevator control Don held the speeding ship on the ground until Bill Mann, in the forward cockpit, nodded that he was satisfied with the motor. Then he brought back his stick. The plane lifted off easily into the air.

Don climbed steadily. Then he banked and circled the field. Cautiously he kept the ship in a position where he could glide down for a landing without the aid of the motor. The air was somewhat rough two or three hundred feet up and the clouds seemed lower than ever. Considering that it was winter, it was not particularly cold, but there was a damp chill about the air eddying in the cockpit that made Don shiver under his leather flying suit.

On the second swing around the eastern side of the field Don stared downward at the broad sweep of flat land that was Fuller's territory. It was as level and well drained as Converse Field. The ground to the south of it and the drome was much rougher.

Next to the road there was a tiny, brown-painted building of one story. That was Fuller's office. Don noted that the car Cliff Burke had described—a battleship grey roadster—was parked beside the office.

Don contracted his eyes suddenly. There seemed to be somebody or something on the roof of the office.

He cut the motor. Instantly Bill Mann swung around in the forward cockpit, his face questioning.

"We're landing!" Don shouted, indi-

cating Fuller's ground. "He's probably at his office."

Bill nodded. He was still very much immersed in his own—and the motor's—troubles. He had suspected that the motor had cut out suddenly.

Don opened the throttle again, swung to eastward and set the ship down softly on Fuller's land. As he taxied up to the brown office he saw that the man on the roof was a photographer. An extremely stout, short man in golf knickers stood by the side of the building gesticulating petulantly at the camera man.

As the biplane drew near, the stout man, who was obviously Steve Fuller, swung around, stared for an instant, and then broke into a run toward it. He moved with unexpected speed.

When Don cut the motor Fuller was already beside the wing.

"You don't seem able to tell a high grade factory development from a many flying field," he panted. "Any other day I'd have you arrested for trespass but—"

"I hopped over from the field to—"

Don began, but Fuller cut in at once.

"That grouchy old goat Converse didn't send you to me, did he?" he flared. "Are you working for Converse? If so, take this ship off my land now."

"We're our own bosses," Don answered.

Bill Mann, struck just then with an idea about his beloved motor, climbed out into the wing step and started tinkering with a magneto. He paid no attention to the fat ex-pilot.

"All right, I've got a job for you," Fuller snapped at Don.

"A job!" said Don. "I really came—"

"Doesn't matter what you came for," the real estate man declared. "You're hired, see. Dollar a minute. I'm in a hurry. I've got to get some good pictures of this property to-day. The sale depends on it—and it's so dark and the ground's so flat that it's hopeless from the roof. We'll take 'em from the ship."

He spun around and waved to the man on the roof. "Come down off there!" he shouted.

"I'll be glad to help you," Don said, "but I really came over—"

Rapidly, while they waited for the camera man to collect his apparatus and declared, Don told of the A-2-A rating that Converse had received.

"I'd like to get just a hint from you that you wouldn't mind selling or leasing a two-hundred-foot strip to Jake Converse so that the city's only airport will be rated A-1-A," he concluded. "It just means that Jake moves his fence a little this way."

"That fence isn't going to be moved!" Steve Fuller declared. "That's my fence—not Jake Converse's! The only thing that I might do to that fence if I don't sell out here is to put another eight or ten feet onto it and make it a double-deck billboard."

"Your fence!" muttered Don. "That's why it's so high, then? Mr. Fuller, if you make that fence higher you'll have cut the drome's landing area by about 150 feet. Planes glide in at about six or seven feet for every one of altitude. You know that. You're an old flying man."

STEVE FULLER laughed harshly. "If I ever did fool with kites, I'm trying to live it down," he declared. "Maybe if I build that fence high enough they'll put Jake down as third-rate instead of second-rate. I'd love to see his face!"

"You don't mean—" Don began. Steve Fuller had turned to beckon impatiently to his photographer, but he swung back to face Don Saunders. His face flamed red with wrath and he clenched his pudgy hands.

"Don't I mean it!" he rasped. "I'm just as strong against that old curmudgeon now as I was for him when I was his partner!"

With an empty feeling in his chest Don realized that he had hurt Jake Converse's cause, not helped it, by coming to Fuller. This ex-pilot meant what he said.

"Going to take me up—or not?" Steve Fuller demanded. "There are other ships I can hire!"

Don suppressed a desire to tell Fuller to go after another ship. He realized he must at least calm the man down, since he had stirred him up.

"Get aboard," Don said a trifle curtly. "You and the camera man will ride forward. Bill, you'll have to stay down here."

"All right," Bill agreed absently, rubbing the tip of his ear with an oily finger. "Maybe I can hear her better from the ground."

Don made rather a long take-off of it, for Fuller weighed as much as two men. But he had given himself plenty of room and he pulled the ship off the ground and cleared Fuller's fence with plenty of margin. As he held the ship's nose up and stared ahead, a flake of snow pattered on his goggles.

Hastily he banked around till the ship was between the obscured sun and Fuller's big field. He cut the motor then and banged on the fuselage in front of him. Both men turned to him.

"Get busy," Don commanded. "We're due for a snow squall! Take your pictures before we lose the field altogether."

The photographer stood up at once and started work. With a series of tight figure eights Don held the ship in the best location for the photographer.

Suddenly he felt the ship rise under him as a gust of wind attacked it. The next instant, as if that buffet of the air had been a signal, the earth faded out beneath them in a flurry of white flakes. The photographer and his camera were plastered with clinging feathery flecks before he could crutch down in the cockpit.

Don squinted hastily at his compass and then toward the sky. The leaden color had vanished; the whiteness of innumerable particles of snow had hidden clouds as well as ground. Gust after gust hit the ship, but the plane rode them as equably as a dory rides a rough sea.

This was the sort of weather Jake Converse had expected; through such blank whiteness Brown in the tri-motor ship had been struggling most of that day.

"We'll fly it out; it's only a flurry," Don decided. "I'd rather be up in snow than in sleet anyhow."

WITH his compass and watch he worked out courses that would keep him over or near the field. The westerly wind had increased greatly in intensity, he knew, and he allowed for this.

Steve Fuller turned in the forward cockpit to Don. His mouth moved in speech that the windstream of the propeller caught and flung astern, while the exhaust at the same time aided in its obliteration.

Don throttled down to idling speed and leaned forward to hear.

"Stick it out," Fuller called back to him. "It'll be over in a minute."

Don nodded and reached for his throttle lever again. He notched it up briskly. And then he felt as if an iron hand had caught him by the throat.

Nothing had happened when he opened the throttle. There had been no

reviving roar from the motor; no forward thrust of the ship in response to that command for power. The motor had died.

Mechanically he thrust the stick forward and looked ahead. Through the whirl of myriad flakes assailing the ship he caught the outline of the propeller. It was no longer a flickering, half visible blur. Even as he looked it ceased to spin altogether. The forward speed of the ship was not great enough to keep the propeller turning and he had not altitude enough to dive to start it spinning again. Bill Mann had been right in suspecting something was wrong with the motor.

Steve Fuller's face, incongruously grim above that array of double chins, was turned to him. His lips framed a question:

"Dead stick?"

Don moved his head curtly in assent. Fuller was a pilot. There was no need to try to conceal the situation from him.

With a delicate hand on the stick Don headed the ship due west and put it in as flat a glide as he dared. He stared over the side, his eyes sweeping forward; then down. His play, he knew, was to keep the ship in the air till the flurry ceased or slackened enough to give him a glimpse of the ground. If he did not get that glimpse—

"There's Fuller's place and the 'drome right under me," Don thought. "And there's a strongish wind to cut down my ground speed as long as I keep heading west. What more do I need?"

Forward, in the other cockpit, Steve Fuller was speaking reassuringly to the nervous photographer. Don grinned as he caught a glimpse of Fuller's right hand, gripped into a tight fat fist, lying on the edge of the cockpit. If the camera man became panic-stricken, Fuller would see to it that he slept peacefully through their landing. The earth must be close now.

DON'S eyes jumped back to their vigil over the side. Whirling flakes, weaving a mad pattern in the empty air, made his strained eyes ache dully. Then, quite unexpectedly, he discovered that the dancing snow particles had a background—a dark background. Were his eyes going wrong, as his motor had done? No! It was a real obstacle—a fence—a high fence—dead ahead!

Don's hand shook, then tightened on the stick. For an instant, somehow, he became aware that Fuller's big round face, tight-lipped and tense, was turned to him. With one powerful hand the pilot was holding the excited camera man down in the cockpit. They had seen it, too.

There was time to try a bank, but Don did not try it. There was time, too, to dive the ship toward the ground, but Don did not move the stick. Clenching his jaws, he held the ship in the flat glide and aimed the propeller hub straight at one of the supports of the barrier ahead.

The ship struck. Like a pile driver the nose of the ship, with all the weight of motor, tanks, men and fuselage, drove into the fence. There was a terrific, ear-rasping crash and then the fence collapsed.

As the high board fence went down, the ship went down, too. It pancaked



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(Continued from page 65)

heavily on the splintered, fallen mass of planking. A fire blew up with a report like a pistol shot.

The weight of the ship had smashed the fence flat on the ground under it. But suddenly as comparative quiet came there was another nerve-shattering series of crashes. The uprights of the fence to the right of the ship, overborne by the blow, gave one after another with a noise like a pack of firecrackers exploding. A section of fence a hundred feet long fell to the ground.

DON was the first to recover from the uproar. "All right?" he shouted, clambering to his feet in the cockpit and leaning forward.

Neither of his passengers had been thrown out. The jolt to the gliding ship, disastrous as it might have been had the fence held, had not been a bad one.

Steve Fuller turned a red face toward him. "Wedged in!" he panted. "This confounded camera! Keep still, man—you're jabbing it into my ribs!"

Together, with Don pulling and Steve pushing, they got the frightened photographer out of the narrow cockpit. Fuller followed in more dignified fashion.

"Plates all right?" he demanded coolly. It was some little time before the camera man could nerve himself to investigate. Don stood apart, looking silently at his cracked-up ship.

The sound of a fast-racing motor came to their ears. The next instant the Converse Field ambulance, following the line of the fence through the blinding snow squall, lurched into sight. Jake Converse was riding beside the driver. He was off the machine before it had stopped.

"Anybody hurt—dead?" he cried, and then his eyes fell upon Don Saunders. "You, Saunders? Didn't I warn you not to fly to-day? Have you killed Bill Mann?"

Don shook his head, but did not speak at once. The answer to Converse's question came from another source.

"Killed anybody!" Steve Fuller roared. He ran around the ship and shook a clenched fist close to Jake Converse's surprised face. "I'll say he hasn't killed anybody—he's saved three men's lives to-day! Don't you know anything about flying yet, you old humbug?"

Jake Converse blinked and withdrew a step involuntarily. Steve Fuller, calm enough during the danger, was letting off steam now and the violence of it rather stunned Jake.

"He did something you'd never have done in your nerviest days—or me either!" Steve ranted on. "He did nothing—just shut his teeth and let his ship fly straight into a fence—when any other fool pilot would have tried to bank or dive! And if he'd done either, ten to one he'd have flipped over kerblam. He'd have got into a side wind and, with very little ground speed, he'd have flipped over, sure as you're born. But am I scratched? Is anybody scratched? How would we look now if he'd lost his nerve and not kept his nose dead into the wind? How would we look?"

Jake Converse had recovered his poise. "That's the hardest thing of all to do in a crack-up—nothing," he conceded coolly. "But how would that ship look if that high fence hadn't been there, Steve? And whose fence is it, Steve?"

Fuller was silent, mouth agape, as if his ex-partner had jabbed him hard in his big stomach. That was a question that would take time to answer. His spite fence had caused that crash.

BUT Jake Converse did not continue to confront his confounded enemy. Suddenly he cocked his air-wise head on one side, as if listening intently. He looked up into the sky this way and that, with such a wild expression on his face that the others all watched him uneasily.

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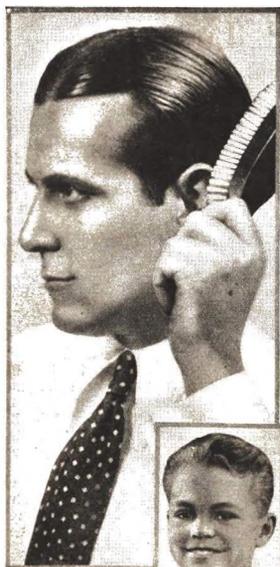
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"Kill that motor!" Converse snarled at the ambulance driver. The sound of the idling engine ceased. Instantly, to their ears came the sound of other motors—the uneven beat that characterizes radial motors.

"Brown in the tri-motor!" Don muttered.

Through the thinning flurries of snow they all stared toward the southeast, but they could see nothing in the sky. Yet the roar grew rapidly louder.

Don Saunders leaped impulsively back through the gap in the fence and stared across the pasture land that lay to the south of Fuller's field. The squall was about over. He saw it come out of obscurity—a big ship just skimming the ground, with two propellers twirling and the third barely moving. As he gasped at the idiocy of the pilot in flying so low, he saw that the wings were thick-sheeted with ice.

The ship, with one motor dead and with the curve of its wings altered by the mass of congealed sleet and snow, was barely able to fly. Its ceiling at that instant was probably ten or fifteen feet.

The distressed ship, like a ghostly thing, hummed on and crossed the corner of Fuller's tract. Now it was over a smooth field. But Brown could not turn westward into the wind because the high fence hedged him in. Nor was it possible, with a ship in that state, to make a crosswind landing.

Don shouted and beckoned like a maniac. Converse and Fuller, who had followed him over the wreckage of the fence, shouted and waved, too. It was ridiculous to hope that Brown would notice them, but it was a relief to their torturing apprehension to do something.

But though Brown's weary eyes had failed to see them, he had not failed to see that wide gap in the fence. They saw his ship change course as he headed for it. The next instant it roared over their heads. Its landing wheels whizzed perilously close to the upper wing of Don's ship.

Once through the gap, with 2300 feet of flat grass in front of it, the ship sagged to the ground like a tired bird. It bounced gently on its wheels and was still.

Brown had made the grade. Jake Converse whipped about and

grabbed Steve Fuller by the shoulder. His eyes were like lances of steel probing the other man's face.

"How would that lad look now if there hadn't been a gap in this fence, Steve?" he growled. "Whose fence is it, Steve?"

The ex-pilot jerked himself free of Jake Converse's grip. He raised a hand to a forehead that was dripping with perspiration.

"I'm through building fences for other men's flying fields," he growled, with no appearance of surrender. "I'll tear the rest of this down to-morrow, since it's ruined anyhow. You've got to build your own fence on your second-rate field, Jake Converse—I'm through."

He turned his back on Jake and spoke loudly to Don Saunders. "As for that 200-foot proposition—I wouldn't lease or sell Jake Converse enough ground to bury an insect. But I'll lease you 200 feet and you can bleed him for a million for it. It will serve him right!"

DON SAUNDERS grinned appreciatively. He understood.

"A million or the cost of repairing this ship," he amended.

"You can do that, all right," Jake conceded grimly.

Just then Bill Mann arrived. He reached the wreckage barely able to breathe, looked at his partner with relief and at the cracked-up ship with sorrow.

"I shouldn't have let you go up at all!" he burst out.

"I shouldn't have gone up anyhow," Don answered.

"I figured it out," Bill panted. "I'll bet a dollar it was the distributor contacts!"

He paused, realizing that he was a bit late with this information, and then stared after Jake Converse and Steve Fuller.

"What're they doing together?" he muttered.

Quarreling vigorously, the two old ex-partners were strolling side by side toward the new tri-motor ship.

"Guess they're working out something else to disagree about," Don Saunders said. "But we've got plenty to do here, Bill. This crash has taught me that we've got a long way to go before we're A-1-A airmen."

The Singing Shave



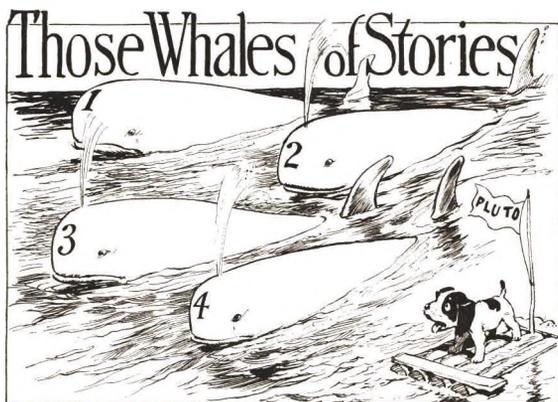
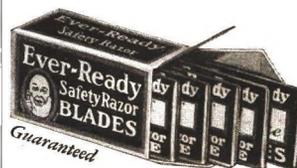
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The Weak Link

(Continued from page 13)

for extra pairs should we need them." Tierney's eyes brightened.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said. He rose on his cramped feet, stepped accidentally on the silk hat, bowed low, and said, "There's nothing more. It's a delight to have met you."

Mrs. Van Piper gave him a doubtful look, the maid picked up the dog, and Miss Geevus headed the procession of high society from the office.

Frantically Tierney yanked off the patent leather shoes. Then he said: "Get Paris on the telephone, Chief."

"Good dope, Jim," laughed Sweeney as he picked up his desk instrument and ordered a quick connection with the *Sureté* in Paris. "Get Monsieur Delphin if possible," he finished.

Within ten minutes the police of New York and Paris were exchanging compliments. New York wanted a list of the customers of *Calvet Frères* in America, with their addresses. Could it be done immediately?

"Certainement! Ah, oui! Hold the wire, please, monsieur."

From Paris headquarters, on the banks of the Seine, the establishment of *Calvet Frères* in the *rue de la Paiz* was called. The desired list was read off carefully by the manager and then repeated by radio phone to New York.

There were not many—a dozen all told. The Social Register accounted for eleven, all well-known men in the millionaire class. The twelfth was Alessandro Conte, resident in one of the most popular and luxurious hotels in the heart of the Times Square section, a hotel where the bank account is the only introduction necessary.

"I'll take him," said Tierney. "Didn't the old girl say he looked like a count? Well, he's got a name like a count and he wears them gloves, huh?"

"But these society clothes you've got on, Jim, and the shoes?" inquired the inspector.

"I'll run over to Blumstein's and get some regular clothes, Chief. Tootle-oo."

ALESSANDRO CONTE, known to a few men in the underworld as Aleck, the Count, was nervous. He had not failed to notice the two fashionably dressed women in the bank when his gunmen had entered, and his fear was that one or both of them may have seen him before.

The Count's career, from his boyhood days in the lower East Side of New York to his final achievement as the silent head of the pay roll and bank racketeers, had been based on his ability to plan carefully. He was a thinker. He met only his chief lieutenants. His gunmen knew him not. His chief value outside of his brains lay in the fact that he had never been arrested and, therefore, the police didn't know him.

His first big effort was the successful robbery of a United States mail truck in downtown New York, the loot being estimated at between three and five million dollars in cash and negotiable bonds. It was one of the most sensational robberies in the history of the country. It made him a rich young man and he went into the real estate business as a blind into his criminal work.

From somewhere back in his Italian ancestry, Conte inherited the surface manners and appearance of a fine gentleman. He cultivated these qualities, keeping aloof from the lower classes in his chosen calling.

As was his custom, he reviewed every incident of the robbery of the Transcontinental when he was safe in his suite in the Hotel Charlton. He could think of nothing suggesting a weak link in the chain he had welded, except the presence of those two women. But this was enough to arouse his well developed sense of caution. The money was yet to

be divided. This would be the last detail of his carefully laid plans. Larry Garrigan, one of his lieutenants, was to pay off the gunner and register at his hotel with the larger share of the loot. Larry was to come between two and four in the afternoon following the day of the stick-up.

The morning after the robbery Conte spent with his real estate representatives in their offices on Forty-second Street, and he attended to business with his usual acumen. But a little thin line of worry deepened in his mind. What mistake had he made? He had worked for weeks on his plans, having every step timed to a second by trustworthy men who, apparently, entered the bank on business.

There was no danger of a squealer betraying him, for in modern banditry that would mean certain death. He returned to the hotel at one o'clock to lunch alone, and as he was drawing off his gloves he found the secret of his worries—one of the women in the bank had stared at those gloves, he remembered. He hurriedly put them in a pocket.

The soup in front of him turned cold as his incisive mind went into this detail—this possible weak spot in one link of his chain.

Two years before, while in Paris, he had ordered a pair of gloves made by *Calvet Frères* in the *rue de la Paiz* and the excellent salesman had suavely shown him a list of the socially elect of New York who used none but *Calvet* gloves. In the matter of apparel Conte was as vain as a peacock. He had fallen for the idea and left his hotel address with the salesman. Now, that fashionable lady in the bank had recognized the gloves.

A sharp regret assailed him that he had permitted himself to attend the robbery at all. It wouldn't have been necessary. A lieutenant could have played his part. Vanity had impelled him to do it. Of all the stick-ups he had planned, he'd never witnessed a one—except the first. It had tickled his fancy to be in the bank at the time of the stick-up, watch his plans go through step by step, be robbed, and then get his money back. He had laughed over the idea. But now he resolved firmly that never again would he be on the spot. As the brains for a large section of the underworld, he had no right to risk discovery.

The bandit made a mild pretense of eating, then pushed back his chair. He signed his check and rummaged through his pockets for a tip for the waiter. In doing this he pushed against a man seated at a table directly behind him—a heavy man, dressed plainly but comfortably. He apologized.

"Don't mention it," the portly man replied in a pleasant voice.

Conte bowed and left the dining room.

BLUMSTEIN had done well by Tierney. His dark suit of clothes was of good material and comfortable fit. His tie was an inconspicuous light brown. He sent his waiter off for a fresh pot of coffee and carefully examined, under the tablecloth, the glove he had flipped from the pocket of the fastidious gentleman who had lunched so close to him. Finely embroidered on the inside edge was the name "*Calvet Frères*." The button was large and of red gold.

Once more Jim Tierney, by careful plugging and plain reasoning, had his man.

A more eager and less thoughtful detective would have made the arrest then, but there was no evidence that Conte had taken part in the great robbery. In fact he had himself been robbed. Tierney still needed incriminating evidence. He had to catch Conte at the right moment. Underneath his indifferent ex-

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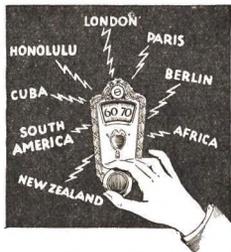
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terior, his heart began beating faster. At first he thought of identifying himself to the hotel detective. With the detective's aid he could get a room adjoining the suite of Conte, and a pass key. But he mistrusted the looks of the man. He decided to watch—and wait.

He paid his check and walked out into the lobby. He went to the cigar counter, bought a panetela and a newspaper, and settled down to read. After a few minutes he saw, over the top of the newspaper, Alessandro Conte coming out of a telephone booth. The aristocratic looking gentleman walked gracefully to the middle of the lobby, looked about casually, and then glanced at his watch. "He's going to meet somebody," decided the detective.

The man's back was to him and Tierney was able to examine him closely. He noticed the fingers of Conte's right hand drumming inconspicuously on the side of his leg. He saw the hand clench an instant, then unclench, and begin drumming again.

"He's nervous—expectant," the detective meditated.

The whole manner of Conte was casual—except that right hand. It might mean nothing. Then, suddenly, Conte went to the desk, got his key, and walked briskly to the elevator.

Tierney looked at his watch. It was two-fifteen. Conte was meeting somebody in his rooms within the next half hour. Tierney was certain of it. Should he go up there? If he broke in, and the visitor proved to be just a business man, the jig was up. Conte would be tipped off and Tierney would be left utterly without proof.

But Conte would meet a business man in his office—not here. Obeying an overmastering hunch that the climax was near, Tierney went to the elevator and stepped in. It was about five minutes after Conte had gone up.

On the third floor he found the suite of the super-elegant guest and tapped on a door. There was no answer. Again he tapped, gently, even timidly, as one of the maids might tap.

THE knob turned lightly and the door opened. Tierney's large right foot moved forward.

"Beg pardon," he said, "but I'm sent from the bank."

Conte's black eyes scanned Jim's homely features and his comfortable inconspicuous garments.

"The bank?" he asked. "What bank?"

"It's important," said Tierney, pushing into the room, his little blue eyes alert for the slightest move on the part of the man he faced. He pushed the door shut with his heavy shoulders.

"I have no engagement to meet anyone from a bank," snapped Conte. "You are intruding."

"Sorry," replied Tierney, "but my employers want to see if they can reach an agreement with you about the loss of your money."

"Loss of my money? You're talking to the wrong man."

"During the robbery yesterday—the International Savings and Protective Association—the fifteen thousand you were going to deposit."

"Me? I say you're mistaken. I've lost no money."

Tierney was sure of himself now. Conte had denied being at the robbery. Mrs. Van Piper could identify

him. So could the bank official. Then they could ask him *why* he denied being there.

"Then you were not the man who was held up by the robber in the cashier's office?" Tierney asked.

"I am not."
"I'm sorry I disturbed you," said Tierney, half turning as if to leave the room. Pausing, he put his left hand in his coat pocket and drew out the French glove.

"Oh, you dropped this at the table in the dining room," he said, extending it. As he did this his right hand dropped into his pocket and his gun was ready.

Conte's eyes bulged. In a flash he realized that the woman in the bank had recognized the unusual make of his gloves, and that he had been trailed because of this one little fact.

"Put 'em up, Mr. Conte," came evenly from Tierney's lips. "I don't know if you kill like the rest of your bunch, and I'm not taking any chances. That's right. A little higher." Tierney whisked an automatic from Conte's hip pocket. "Now sit over there and be quiet."

Tierney's job was not yet finished. He wanted to see who Conte's visitor was. The evidence was still insufficient.

A half hour passed, during which time Tierney studied his man. From Conte's growing uneasiness, the detective realized that something would happen soon. Conte's classic countenance was wet with perspiration.

"Fifty thousand if you let up," he finally offered.

Tierney grinned and shook his head.

The telephone rang. Tierney, facing Conte, gun in hand, answered it with the one word, "Yes." It was a caller.

"Send him up," said Tierney.

"Step in that closet," he ordered.

"Step in, or I'll flatten you and pack you in."

Conte obeyed.

A tap at the door. Tierney opened it and Larry Garrigan, carrying a well-stuffed brief case, accepted the invitation to enter as a gun pressed against his stomach.

"Drop the bag. Up with 'em quick."

Larry was relieved of his hat.

"Sit over there."

Jim opened the brief case, and stacks of crisp twenty, fifty and hundred-dollar bills spilled on the floor.

"Just in time for the split up," he grunted. "Lemme see. That's good—five grands."

The bank would have the serial numbers of the stolen thousand-dollar bills. He had more than enough evidence—a part of the stolen money and two of the big men.

Conte locked in the closet, Larry sitting and facing death if he moved an inch, Tierney got headquarters on the wire.

"Sweeney," he snapped to the department's Central. "Tierney talking. Yeah, Bonehead Tierney . . . 'At you, Chief? Yeah, Tierney. Send me a good husky bull to suite 416. I got a lot of the dough. Yeah . . . I got the Big Gun and one of his lootnents. . . . Uhuh. . . . Go'by."

The fat detective, with his finger on the trigger of his automatic, leaned back and dreamed of the new polka-dot dress he'd buy for Maggie and the new collar for Rover, when he received the twenty thousand the bankers would pay him for getting the main guy.

"FUN . . . I'll say!"

This boy has an E flat Alto Buescher Sax.

"Played song hits in 10 days . . . Make extra money now"

"Dad helped me buy my Buescher Sax. Said he wanted my time occupied with worthwhile things. And talk about fun! I play in band and orchestra . . . at parties, church, and get free tickets to games, shows and banquets. Make real money, too, and expect to play my way through college. I'll choose a Buescher Sax every time! It's the easiest to play . . . and a real beauty."

BUESCHER

TRUE-TONE BAND INSTRUMENTS

Bueschers have helped make famous the greatest names in modern music—Rudy Vallee, Paul Specht, George Olson, Paul Ash and dozens of other bands, orchestra, stage and radio celebrities. These artists select Bueschers because of tonal qualities developed to the loftiest degree, perfect tune, accurate intonation, unusual volume and carrying power when desired, instant response and astounding ease of playing. Bueschers are as fine instruments as skilled musical craftsmanship can produce.

88 BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENTS

Plays You Pay

You and dad will find a Buescher easy to own. Just a little down. Then pay as you play. There are 88 different Buescher instruments for band and orchestra. Tell us which instrument you want; whether for band, orchestra or home playing; what instrument you now play, if any, and your age. Then we'll send you the correct Buescher Catalog, Folder and full details. Use the coupon.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

3000 Buescher Block ELKHART, IND.

Gentlemen—Please send me your Catalog. Folder. I am interested in a Buescher . . .

I want to play it in . . . I now play a . . .

My age is . . .

Name . . .

Street Address . . .

Town . . . State . . .

Our advertising

AS YOU turn the pages of this magazine, you see the advertising of things you need. Food, clothing, home equipment . . . all the necessities and luxuries that go to make up the fullness of modern living.

Has it ever occurred to you to wonder just how far you could trust these advertisements as reliable guides to the selection of worthy products?

We can answer your question in one broad statement. *Any product or service that you see consistently advertised in the pages of this publication is worthy in quality, honestly priced and truthfully presented.*

Why? For the very simple reason that to the maker and the seller of an unworthy product, advertising presents the quickest and surest road to failure. To the misrepresented product, advertising brings a sudden and fatal storm of public disapproval. To the dishonest maker, advertising brings a constant public reminder of his dishonesty.

Truth in advertising has come to stay . . . its use is no longer dependent on the integrity of the advertiser, but on his business ability. *Nothing else pays.*

And, in addition, the publishers of your magazine make every effort to disbar from these pages any advertising that might prove objectionable or unprofitable in any way to its readers.

Read the advertisements here. They offer you a dependable short cut to the kind of merchandise you would select if you spent your day in shopping for it.

Dogs, Horses, and Other People

(Continued from page 49)

to do just that through one door, I opened the other and did the kidnaping.

It wasn't a pleasant task, for I had to crawl part way into the crate. And crawling into the crate of a mad she-wolf was about as safe as embracing a very active buzz saw.

With my left hand and forearm

wrapped tightly round-and-round in army blankets, making a pad so thick even a wolf's teeth couldn't penetrate, I waited for a cub to be born. Then Johnny got busy, and while the mother wolf was chewing to splinters the stick he poked into the crate, I crawled in behind her. When she whirled and at-

PENNINGTON
More than 150 Boys
Training for College and for Life
Acceptable—Near Trenton and Princeton
Certificate Recreational Modernized Equipment
New Athletic Field Gymnasium 80 foot Pool All
Student Organizations, Enthusiastic School Spirit
Moderate Rates Grades 5-8 to Separate Junior
School For catalog address: FRANCIS HARTY GREEN,
Litt D. Headmaster, Box 30, Pennington, New Jersey.

DEAN ACADEMY, Franklin, Mass.
44th Year. Young men and some women find here a
homelike atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in
every department of a broad culture, a loyal and helpful
school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms
\$500 to \$800 per year. Special courses in domestic science.
For catalogue and information address:
ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt.D., Box 2

MANLIUS
FOUNDED 1869
College preparation. Sound academic,
military and physical training.
Prospectus: General William Ver-
beck, Pres., Box 154, Manlius, N. Y.

Keystone Academy
College preparation. Certificate privileges. Junior school. En-
rollment limited to 100 boys. Its healthful location 12 miles
from Scranton. Modern conveniences. All Athletics Catalog:
Earle R. Closson, Head Master, Box B, Factoryville, Pa.

PEDDIE Preparation for College. Entrance
Examinations. Boys from 10 to 18. Modern build-
ings. 120 acres. Athletic for every boy. Whole school
course. 6th year Summer Session July 15-August 30.
Box 42, Nighttown, N. Y.

M'CALLIE SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Preparation for College. Entrance
Examinations. Boys from 10 to 18. Modern build-
ings. 120 acres. Athletic for every boy. Whole school
course. 6th year Summer Session July 15-August 30.
Box 42, Nighttown, N. Y.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL
ACADEMY
A Widely Recognized, Moderately Priced, Preparatory School
Wholesale School 120 Acres. 1200 Boys Prepared for College in the last 50 years.
E. M. Harlan, P. E., Principal, Box 442, Lancaster, Pa.

TODD For Boys 6 to 15
83rd Year
All athletics "Every Boy on a Team"
Hour from Chicago. (Eldest children for boys
in West.)
NOBLE HILL, Prin., Box 68, Woodstock, Illinois

PILLSBURY ACADEMY FOR BOYS
53rd year. 20 acres. 4 buildings. Maximal college prepa-
ration. Military and Manual Training. Gymnasium
Swimming Pool. Advantages in vocal and instrumental
music. Endowed. Rate \$100. Catalog, Miss B. Price,
P. M. 20, Principal, Box 397-E, Owatonna, Minn.

CALIFORNIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
CAL-PREP Among the oldest preparatory
schools in the West. Located in Los Angeles.
Scholarship and physical development.
Lower School. First seven grades. Upper School. Forms
Athletic, Music, Riding, Swimming and Golf.
Address: The Headmaster, Box 3, Covina, Cal.

BEVERLY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Non-Sectarian and Non-Military
Preparation for College. Entrance
Examinations. Boys from 10 to 18. Modern build-
ings. 120 acres. Athletic for every boy. Whole school
course. 6th year Summer Session July 15-August 30.
Box 42, Nighttown, N. Y.

GETTSBURY ACADEMY
Prepares 120 boys for colleges. Accredited. Modern build-
ings. Headmaster located on beautiful grounds.
Near mountains. All athletics. New gym, swimming
pool. \$50-\$800. Not for profit. 10th year.
Dr. Charles B. Huber, Headmaster, Box 1, Gettysburg, Pa.

Shattuck School Episcopal. College
preparation. Boys from 10 to 18. Modern build-
ings. 120 acres. Athletic for every boy. Whole school
course. 6th year Summer Session July 15-August 30.
Box 42, Nighttown, N. Y.

Swavely Lay the cornerstone of a
happy future at Swavely.
SCHOOL FOR BOYS preparatory course.
Athletic, golf, riding. One hour from Wash-
ington. For catalog, address Box B, Manassas, Va.

Baylor School
Prepares for all colleges. Accredited. Military. Small
classes. 20 minutes average. School new golf
course. H. B. BARKS, Head Master,
Box 1807, Sta. A.

SILVER ACE
1930 Catalog
SEND 5 cents for the new
32 page booklet describing
this sensational new
indoor "Humming Bird."
(which you can build for 50 cents), two new,
flying, scale models, and the complete new low
price list of SILVER ACE Models and Supplies.
AERO MODEL COMPANY
Dept. A-24, 111 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO GIVE
YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY

stand, all hunched up, his legs braced,
his mouth wide open, getting his stream.
He always had his eyes screwed tight
shut—for the best milk shooter's aim is
bound to be a bit wobbly. And how
that baby would gargle!

Now, contrary to the way most do-
mestic dogs act, Madonna didn't lose
interest in her family at weaning time.
For her adopted children she felt a tre-
mendous responsibility. Desperately
puzzled over their uncouth behavior, she
strove to impress proper dog manners
upon them, and to make 'em stick.

When three months old, those timber
wolves were faster and more powerful
than their foster mother. But what she
lacked in size and weight she more than
made up for by staunch purpose and
natural authority. Not once, but sev-
eral times daily, she gave each cub a
sound walloping, as much as to say:
"Will you never, never, never learn
what's what?"

Then, for nearly a year, Madonna
didn't see her adopted children. By that
time they were a hard-bitten lot, even
for wolves. Finally came the day of
reunion, and when Madonna strolled up
to their pen, they showed their teeth
and "made snoots" at her through the
wire. Well, she just pleaded to be al-
lowed inside that pen. And hot diggity-
dog! Did she make the fur fly? And did
she make them, one and all, literally
crawl, most humbly begging her pardon?
After that, she washed their faces and
let them see that she still loved them.

Since then Madonna has raised sev-
eral most beautifully behaved litters of
her own. But she never loved them as
she'd those scalawags, who were, so
to speak, thrust upon her mercy.

Try This Pusher

(Continued from page 28)

propellers. Remember that the props
must turn in opposite directions, so that
the torque or twisting motion produced
by one will balance that produced by
the other. Therefore one must be a left-
hand prop, the other a right-handed.
This means that, when placed side by
side, their blades will be pitched in op-
posite directions.

Most League members know how to
carve propellers. If you aren't famil-
iar with all the steps, send 5 cents in
stamps to the A. M. L. A. for the Model
Builders' Manual—it tells how to do the
whole job.

Now the rubber motor. Mott gives
this advice:

"If you're flying the ship on a windy
day, use four strands of 1-8 inch flat
rubber on each motor stick, wind her
to 400 turns or so and let her go.
You'll need a strong sharp climb on
such a day. If there's not much breeze,
though, two strands of 3-16 inch rub-
ber on each stick will take the model up
in a flatter climb.

"I've found it a good idea to put tiny
balsa blocks under the trailing edge of
the wing, to increase its incidence. The
wing is held on by rubber bands, so this
is easy to do. Blocks 1-8 inch high are
enough.

"Some fellows like to add a rudder to
the plane. The rudder should have half
the area of the elevator, and it should
be placed above the center rib of the
wing. Make its base the width of the
wing at that point, and slope its leading
edge backward. A simple balsa frame,
covered on one side, will do the job if
the rudder seems desirable."

It's an easy ship to build, and a par-
ticularly good one for the beginner with
outdoor models. It leads directly to the
big twin pusher, and makes construc-
tion and flying of the larger plane sim-
ple. Get your materials now—remember
that the League has no kit for the
smaller ship, and that there is no honor
certificate for it—and you'll be launch-
ing this splendid model in a few days!

★ ★ **Moons of Achievement**

Two moons on the shores of Lake Max-
inkuckee and down the sylvan reaches of the
Tippecanoe in the Land of the Potawatomi.
Two moons of fun and adventure and real
achievement. Come join us here. Be a
Woodrafter or Cub at Culver. Learn
Woodcraft first hand and
through the personal teach-
ings of such leaders as
Whirling Thunder, a real
Indian Chief. Write to us
and we will tell you all
about it.



Cubs 10-11. Woodcraft-
ers 12-14. Separate Naval
and Cavalry Camps for
older boys. Specify catalog.
204 Pershing Place
Culver, Ind.

★ ★ **WOODCRAFT CAMP**
ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE



It's Wisconsin's land of lakes where fellows love to go.
Once an Indian camping ground. Boys hunt for arrow-
heads and relics. Canoe tilts, aquaplaning, outdoor
motoring, 4 and 8 oared shell rafts, horseback riding
over woodland and lakeside trails, overnight hikes,
boxing, golf. Special instruction in fencing and rifle.
Competent, companionable instructors. Cottage tents—
running water, electric lights. Central clubhouse. Tutelage
if desired. Separate camp for small boys. Catalog.
St. John's Military Academy, Box 403,
Delafield, Wisconsin.

ST. JOHN'S SUMMER CAMPS

CAMP ROOSEVELT
Senior—Boys 14 to 17. Junior—Boys 7 to 13.
7 weeks—unexcelled camp site in northern Wis-
consin, near Mercer. Excellent equipment.
Half of expense. Unusual opportunities for
school, music, horsemanship, sports, lay-out.
Information on request. Enrollment, Camp Roose-
velt, 400 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

PASSACONAWAY
Lake Wisconsin, N. H. 22nd year. For Christmas Boys 6-18.
Four sections. A progressive camp with an enviable reputation.
Strict activities. Extensive equipment. Fee includes AT-
TENTION GROUND WORK, golf and sailing. \$10,000 wooded boat.
MR. AND MRS. A. C. CARLSON, 801 SO. ST., SCARSDALE, N. Y.

DAN BEARD ★ WOODCRAFT CAMP
From Coxeport, Pa. Live with Dan Beard,
world's wilderness man, author. Boys
11-18. Swimming, riding, canoeing, tom-
shoot, throwing, fencing. Make and
shoot, buckskin shirts, bows and arrows.
Lindbergh club boys make model air-
planes. Activities: build/craft, Rooster.
Dan Beard, Bear, Suffern, New York

BOOTHBY Camp for Boys. The boys of Ken-
tucky have now. Bath, Me. 13 miles
from coast. Riding, land and water sports. Water temperature
average 100. Birchwood Lodge for adults. 19th season.
MR. A. L. WEBSTER, 1323 Cypress St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
MERRY MEETING CAMP FOR GIRLS—(3 miles distant). Under
same management.

MARANACOOK
Camp for boys 7-17. Readfield,
Me. 21st year. Mature counselors.
Cabins. Elective daily program.
Riding. Mountain, canoe, ocean
trips. All sports.
WILLIAM H. MORGAN, Director
556 White St., Springfield, Mass.

CAMP MIAMI for
Boys
In great oak woods on Big Miami River. Direction
Miami Hill Inst. All sports that boys love. Com-
pletion medals. Radio. Tutoring if desired. July 1-
August 21. \$30. Booklet. J. C. O'Brien, Director, Box 1460,
Cal. O'Brien Farm, Pres., Box 1460, Germantown, Ohio.

CAMP WIGWASATI
On beautiful Lake Timagami center of vast network of lakes in
Timagami Forest Reserve Upper Ontario. Flood of canoeing,
sailing and fishing, varied bear camp program, mature leaders,
natural wilderness as guide, new equipment. Five dollar average
travel expense from Penn., Ohio, Ind. and Kentucky regions. Limit
to four-night boys, age twelve to sixteen. Catalog
M. M. Graham, 1112 Michigan Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

DAN BLEWILD
Lake Wisconsin, N. H. 22nd year. A wonderful
camp with a long and enviable record. Christian boys
6-18. Three divisions. Indoor and Outdoor. You include
Golf instruction and all games, Special Hunt, Sailing. See
Catalog. Booklet. L. E. Roy, 354 Elm St., Fort Revere, Mass.

CAMP CHEEMAUNA
For Boys 7-16 at Sharon, Vt. 80 ft. "The Camp
of Personal Care." All sports, trips and laundry in-
cluded in \$20 fee July and August. Shorter term
rates.
THE DIRECTOR, SHARON, VERMONT.

One of these Boys Will Fail - IF
Both possess equal health and intelligence, both
have qualities for success—but one stammered. Where
the one will succeed the stammerer will fail.
He will succeed to meet people, he will face the refu-
sion of necessary help, he will face the humili-
ation of his disability will impair his nervous system
—a condition often the beginning of ill health.
This handicap can be removed. As hundreds of
other stammerers have been cured permanently at
Bogue Institute, so he can be cured. The Institute
was founded in 1901 by Benjamin N. Bogue, who
cured himself after stammering twenty years.
Instruction is based on the principle of co-ordi-
nation between the mind and speech organs. No
drugs or medicines. Endorsed by physicians. The
history of the Bogue Institute and description of its
methods embodied in Mr. Bogue's book, "Stammer-
ing—Its Cause and Its Cure," furnished on request.
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Electrical Training for men of ambition
and limited time. Complete
comprehensive course in Theoretical and Practical
Electricity.
Engineering including Mathematics, Me-
chanics, Electrical and Mechanical Design-
ing. Students construct motors, install wiring, fix
electrical machinery. A thorough course designed to
be completed in one college year. Send for catalog.
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Indianapolis, Ind.

STAMMERING
easily, permanently corrected. With-
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and special phonograph record. Send dime for postage.
1284 Woodard Ave., The Lewis Institute, Detroit

Haiti has added a 75c maroon in the valley airport design illustrated on the February page.

Honduras has overprinted *Servicio Aereo Internacional* (International Air Service) on several values of the 1924 regular stamps.

Semana de Aviacion, inscribed on a 20c violet and 40c green of Mexico, signifies "Aviation Week" and these two are commemoratives as well as air stamps.

Nicaragua has issued definitives—25 centavos olive-black, 50c black-brown, and 1 cordoba orange-red—showing two planes above the active volcano, Momotombo.

Papua has established an air route between Port Moresby and Samarai, and the island's initial stamp for this service is a provisional created by overprinting "Air Mail" on the current pictorial 3-pence. A definitive 3p will appear in time.

Commemoratives

SELDOM does one stamp carry three dates, yet a new Bahamas series bears 1629, 1729, and 1929. The last recalls the 300th anniversary of the first landing of English colonists: in 1629 the islands were "granted" to Sir Robert Heath, England's Attorney-General. Nine years later the Spaniards drove them out, but the British made further attempts at colonization, and in 1729, the second date commemorated, the Bahamas were ceded to Great Britain by a treaty with Spain and France. The design is the seal of the islands, and there is a Latin inscription signifying "restitution of commerce after the expulsion of the pirates."

Centenaire Algerie, inscribed on a French 50-centimes red and blue adhesive, is significant of the passing of a century of French rule over Algeria. Be-

fore the year closes, Algeria will issue commemoratives, probably fourteen denominations. The French stamp shows a mosque, palms, a harbor, and temple columns.

A thousand years ago Iceland's Parliament was established, and it has since functioned without interruption. And so Iceland has issued millenary commemoratives, striking in designs and colors. The sixteen values, including an air stamp, have been overprinted *Pjónusmerki*, signifying, "Official stamp," and so there are really thirty-two varieties. They were prepared by Ludvig Hessheimer, a Viennese painter who is president of the Federation of Austrian Philatelic Societies, and they show the Althing (Parliament House), a map of Iceland, the Danish flag, native costumes, Viking ships, and scenes of ancient and modern Iceland.

As newspaper readers know, Prince Humbert of Italy and Princess Marie José of Belgium were married at Rome on *Gennaio* (January) 7. Their heads appear on three Italian commemoratives—20 centesimi orange, 50c plus 10c brown, and 1 lira 25c plus 25c blue. The higher values are inscribed *Pro Croce Rossa* (For the Red Cross), and the extra amounts derived through their sale were devoted to charity.

Ferrocarril Oriental has been overprinted on two stamps of Guatemala, while the inscription *Inauguracion Ferrocarril* has been inscribed on four stamps that, issued by Salvador, bear portraits of the Presidents of Salvador and Guatemala. Since *ferrocarril* means "railroad," we might guess that an international railway line—called the Oriental Railroad—has been built between the two republics, and the stamps commemorate its *inauguracion* (opening).

In the Morning Mail

(Continued from page 30)

condensed form in *Reader's Digest*. Richard Lipman, East Cleveland, Ohio, is strong for true animal stories of that type. Trimble will write lots of them, Lipman!

Even Pluto's own department received bouquets this month! Miss Dorothy Bombower, Oneonta, New York, calls "In the Morning Mail" a comradely department, and Don Gilbertson, Antigo, Wisconsin, likes the Pup's wise cracks with the editor!

"Your wise cracks are fair at times," says the ed judiciously.

"Thanks," returns the Pup. "You don't do so bad yourself—for a dumb animal."

While Pluto dodges a filing cabinet we'll hasten to the many requests the month's mail has brought us.

Donald Kern, East Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, wants—among other things—another story like "Winged War," and more Renfrews. As for "Winged War," there'll be a Thomson Burtis serial telling of Russ Farrell's adventures in connection with a modern airport, starting in the fall. And Renfrew comes back to the Mounted every month, starting in August.

A lot of fans want to see a Sheriton story in which Rusty Nayle and Flip Jones get lasting revenge on Nuisance Curtis. Some of those in favor of Nuisance's ruination are Myron Olson, Middle River, Minnesota, and Max Van Orden, Lewiston, Utah. We can't promise you Nuisance's eternal discomfiture, but—read "Glory Be to Nuisance," in May!

Fans who like western stories—Carroll A. Dowling, Indiana, Pennsylvania, W. Sheldon, Electra, Texas, and others—will be impatient to start the Fred Litten serial in June—a story of the cattle country in the southwest.

George Shankle, Jr., Hot Springs, Arkansas, says that he clipped the plays

from the January basketball article—an interview with Eddie McNichol, coach of the University of Pennsylvania squad—and showed them to his coach. His team used the plays against an opponent and they worked beautifully.

There'll be three good football plays this fall—plays that helped Purdue win the Big Ten championship, diagrammed for you by Coach James M. Phelan himself!

As usual, when the Pup gets this far along, he regretfully has to pass up a lot of good letters in order to stay within his allotted space. But before he closes he wants to call your attention to the woodcut on the editorial page, drawn by Clyde Nordquist. Woodcuts are interesting. How many readers know that for many years this was the only way of printing pictures, or that type was originally cut from wood?

Woodcut pictures were used by the Chinese as early as 750 A. D. and were used in Europe in the Fourteenth Century. Now it's a special and highly regarded form of art. The artist takes a block of end grain birch sanded down exactly to the height of type—about fifteen-sixteenths of an inch. On this block, in India ink, he draws his picture. Then, with fine tools, he cuts away the block, leaving the picture raised. The prints are made directly from this block. Clyde Nordquist, who did the picture on the editorial page, is one of the well-known present-day woodcut artists.

"Here's a chap," says Pluto in closing, "who wants my photograph. Franklin Lauden, Cleveland, Ohio. I'm sorry to say, Lauden, that no photograph has ever done me justice. Consequently, I haven't any."

Address your letters to Pluto, in the Morning Mail Department, The American Boy, 350 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.



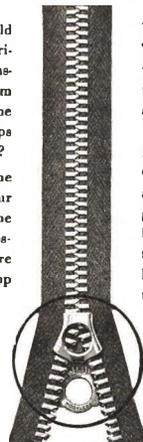
We give away a secret

... and offer you a Talon Fastener

SHERLOCK HOLMES himself would have been puzzled at the mysterious working of a Talon Slide Fastener. (Yes, Watson, they call them "zippers," too.) It looks easy. One gentle pull zips it open. Another zips it closed. But what does the zipping?

It's almost impossible to push the tiny couplers together with your hands, yet one quick swish on the slider does it easily. You can't possibly pull them apart, once they're interlocked, yet one downwardswoop does the trick. How come?

We're giving the secret away to our American Boy friends, and to them alone, because we think they'll be naturally interested in such an unusual invention. We've made up a limited number of



Talon Slide Fasteners with a special "window" slider. As long as they last we will send them for 10c apiece (less than cost) to American Boy subscribers.

You've probably noticed Talon Fasteners on lots of sport togs already. Outdoor shirts, golf bags, hunting and fishing suits, duffle bags and luggage. Now you can have the secret of how they work. Don't delay. MAIL the coupon now. While we'd like to have every American Boy reader get this special fastener, the supply is limited. So ACT—NOW. Hookless Fastener Co., Meadville, Pa.

TALON
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
THE ORIGINAL
SLIDE FASTENER

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

HOOKESS FASTENER COMPANY, Meadville, Pa.

Gentlemen: I want to solve the great Talon mystery for myself. Please mail special American Boy "window" slide fastener, for which I enclose 10c.

Name

Address

FREE RADIO BARGAIN CATALOG
WHOLESALE PRICES!
Send today for this big money saver.
A special savings to you from Radio's Oldest Mail CO.
99A PARK PLACE
NEW YORK CITY

The HASKELL Canoe
SAFEST!
FASTEST!
LIGHTEST!
\$25 DOWN BALANCE CASH PAYMENTS
It's easy to own!
Fellows—now you can own the canoe that is first choice of hunters, trappers and wilderness guides—the famous HASKELL Canoe that has proved its superiority in stamina, speed and safety where the "going" is roughest.
Send for our new, free booklet. Learn about our dir. from the factory plan that brings you a genuine HASKELL for twenty-five dollars.

THE HASKELL BOAT CO.
211 E. LUDINGTON ST.
LUDINGTON—MICHIGAN

LEARN TO DRAW COMICS
For only \$1.00 I will send you 24 plates on drawing funny faces, figures and caricatures. 24 illustrations and many helpful hints. Test your ability at small cost. Send your dollar at once to:
H. E. SAVAGE, 6 Butler St., Boston, 24, Mass.

EXCUSE My Spray!

You can tell your friends that if you own a **CAILLE RED HEAD RACER!**

The boats that are out in front are Caille Red Head powered. They are faster on the straightaway, and quicker on the turns—safer, too, because their center of gravity is lower. The propeller is placed ahead of the housing—not behind. Thus it always bites into solid water—no slipping.

Exclusive RED HEAD features
Caille Red Heads offer you full ball-bearing construction throughout. That saves oil, and gives smooth performance. Centrifugal cooling insures correct motor temperature at all times. Ground and lapped cylinders and pistons eliminate vibration, and give balanced power. Water-cooled exhaust gives quiet operation without fumes. Special magnet and carburetor give instant starting.
In Utility Models electric starters and Multi-flexible Control—3 speeds forward, neutral, and reverse, give automobile ease of control. New free catalog tells you exactly how to select the kind of a motor you need for your boat. Just mail the coupon.

CAILLE MOTOR COMPANY
6494 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Mail Coupon for FREE CATALOG
Gentlemen: Please send me free of charge your new 1930 catalog describing Caille Red Head Motors.
Name

Address

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO WRITE YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY



**"Ridin' high . . .
rain or shine"**

OUT OF THE CHUTE he comes, pitching, twisting . . . straight up, then down with a snap like a blacksnake whip . . . high and wide . . . square and crooked . . . ride him, Cowboy!

When that cool, lithe youngster, topping his horse with a grin, rides range on his old cayuse he isn't afraid of weather. The pommel slicker he wears in the rain is a genuine Tower's Fish Brand — the kind that ranchers have always used.

You, too, can have the perfect protection of a Fish Brand Slicker. In a long-wearing Varsity or Varsity, Jr. model, with a Middy Hat, you're dry, no matter how it pours. And they'll wear for years. Fish Brand Slickers are sold everywhere, in a wide range of colors and styles. Look for the label.

Write for free booklet. A. J. Tower Company, 8 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.; Tower Canadian, Limited, Toronto, Canada.



FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Not So Simple



It's easy enough to look pleasant When spring comes along with a rush, But the fellow worth while Is the one who can smile When he slips and falls down in the slush.

Parking Jam

Father: "I hear you are always at the bottom of the class. Can't you get another place?"
Son: "No, all the others are taken."

Big Brother

Jim: "What is college bred, pop?"
Pop (with son in college): "They make college bred, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

Useful

Editor: "This line is devoted to Philip."
Reader: "To Philip who?"
Editor: "To Philip Space."

A Handful

Soph: "There are several things I can always count on."
Frosh: "What are they?"
Soph: "My fingers."

Big Game



First Dumb Hunter: "And how can you detect an elephant?"
Second Hunter: "You smell a faint odor of peanuts on its breath."

Soapily Said

"May I hold your PALMOLIVE?"
"Not on your LIFEBOUY, IVORY formed."

Pure Swiss

Short-sighted lady (in grocery): "Is that the head cheese over there?"
Salesman: "No, ma'am, that's one of his assistants."

Not Golden

Fresh: "What's the odor in the library?"
Soph: "That's the dead silence they keep there."

His Own Language

Teacher: "Repeat in your own words, 'I see the cow. The cow can run. The cow is pretty.'"
Tough Mike: "Lamp de cow. Ain't she a beaut? An' say, baby, she sure can step."

Read That One

"Yes," said the bumptious young man, "I'm a thought-reader. I can tell exactly what a person is thinking."
"In that case," said the elderly man, "I beg your pardon."

Hey! Hey!

Senior: "What is it that lives in a stall, eats oats and can see equally well at both ends?"
End Man: "By me."
Senior: "A blind horse."

The Hitch

A dear old lady had attended a health lecture, and stayed behind to ask the lecturer a question.
"Did I understand you to say," she asked, "that deep breathing kills microbes?"
"I certainly did say that many microbes are killed by deep breathing," replied the lecturer.
"Then can you tell me, please," she asked, "how one can teach the microbes to breathe deeply?"

Painful Ancestry

"Yes, I'm a cosmopolitan. My father was Irish, my mother Italian, I was born in a Swedish ship off Barcelona, and a man named McTavish is my dentist!"
"What's McTavish to do with it?"
"Why, that makes me of Scottish extraction!"

Might Burn It at Both Ends

Mother: "Tommy, wouldn't you like to have a pretty cake with five candles on it for your party?"
Tommy: "I think I'd rather have five cakes and one candle, Mama."

The Return

On a rainy day a much-bejeweled woman in a sable coat got on a street car.
"I don't suppose I've ridden on a street car for two years," she said to the conductor, a gloomy fellow, as she gave him her fare. "I ride in my own car," she explained.
The conductor punched the ticket.
"You don't know how we missed you," he said quietly.

Fatal

First Stude (in English): "What part of the body is the fray?"
Second Stude: "Fray? What are you talking about?"
First Stude: "This book says that Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray."

Has Right of Way

"We have the safest railway in the world where I came from. A collision on our line is impossible."
"Impossible! How do you make that out?"
"Why, we've only got one train."

Where They Often Bloom



Teacher: "Jimmy, give a sentence using the word deceit."
Jimmy: "I wear pants with patches on de seat."

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Cover Painting by Manning deV. Lee

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Cheers from the Bleachers

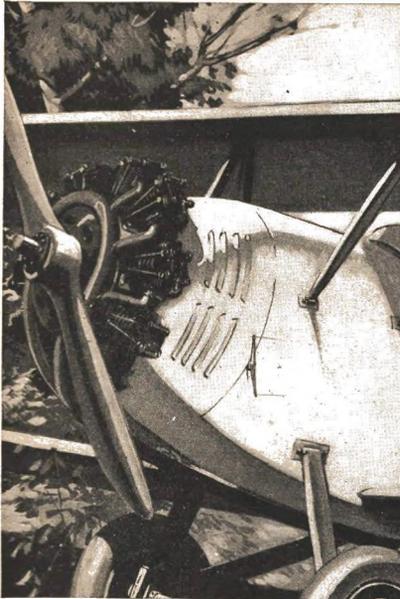
Chem. Prof.: "First I'll take some sulphuric acid, and then I'll take some chloroform."
Senior: "That's a good idea."

To Raise a Mustache

Before retiring at night, rub the upper lip well with salt. You must then get a pail of water and place it at the head of your bed. The hairs being thirsty will come forth for a drink. The aspirant should then quickly tie a knot in the hair and it will stay out.

Teacher: "Please follow the work on the board."
Bright Scholar: "Where is it going?"

“So the PILOT said ‘Climb in!...’



... and be careful you don't scratch that wing!"

"Last Saturday I heard an engine popping over our house. Then a swishing noise like a thousand electric fans and a big biplane landed in our old pasture lot. I ran out and the pilot was looking at an oil pipe that had broken. I asked him how I could help.

"Have you got any shellac?" he asked. I told him I'd get some, and made the trip to the barn and back in ten flat. The pilot dipped a piece of rubber tubing in the shellac, slipped the broken ends of the oil pipe into the tubing, and then bound it up with tape.

"I'm much obliged," he said. "How much do I owe you?"

"Of course you couldn't take money for helping him out. I told him I wouldn't mind a ride, though.

"All right," he said. "Climb in. Be careful you don't scratch that wing!"

"Don't worry," I told him, "these Hoods won't hurt it." So I climbed into the forward cockpit. And boy, what a hop we did have!"

Whether you're camping, sailing, fishing, hiking or . . . FLYING— You'll have more fun in HOODS

Everywhere boys who are having interesting, exciting times like Hoods, because Hoods are rugged, tough, long-wearing athletic shoes—and mighty good looking, too. You'll understand the difference when you wear them in your own games and sports. Many successful, well-known athletes have actually helped to design them.

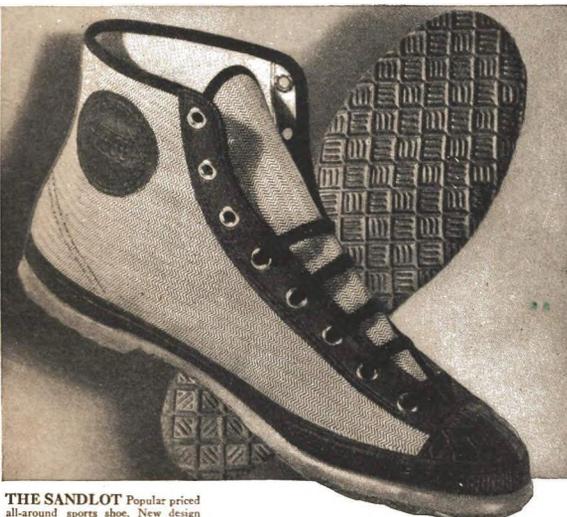
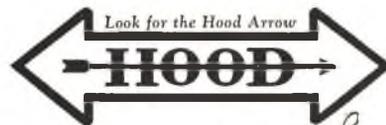
Hoods are built along regular athletic lines, shaped to give your feet free action without pinching or chafing. Sturdy canvas uppers and a special narrow shank lend support to ankles and arches. Outseams prevent the possibility of chafing or blistering. "Hygeen" insoles do away with unpleasant perspiration odor and several of the better grade Hoods have a thick sponge cushion heel that goes way down under the instep and prevents stone bruises. Hoods are made with Smokrepe, Tire Tread and Cut-Out pattern soles that give you a firm grip on the ground and stand the hardest sort of day in and day out wear.

Don't buy ordinary "sneaks" or cheap canvas shoes which are certain to give you very little wear. Buy the better grade Hoods which will wear longer, look better and give you greater satisfaction. Buy Hoods for

COMFORT, HEALTH, WEAR AND STYLE

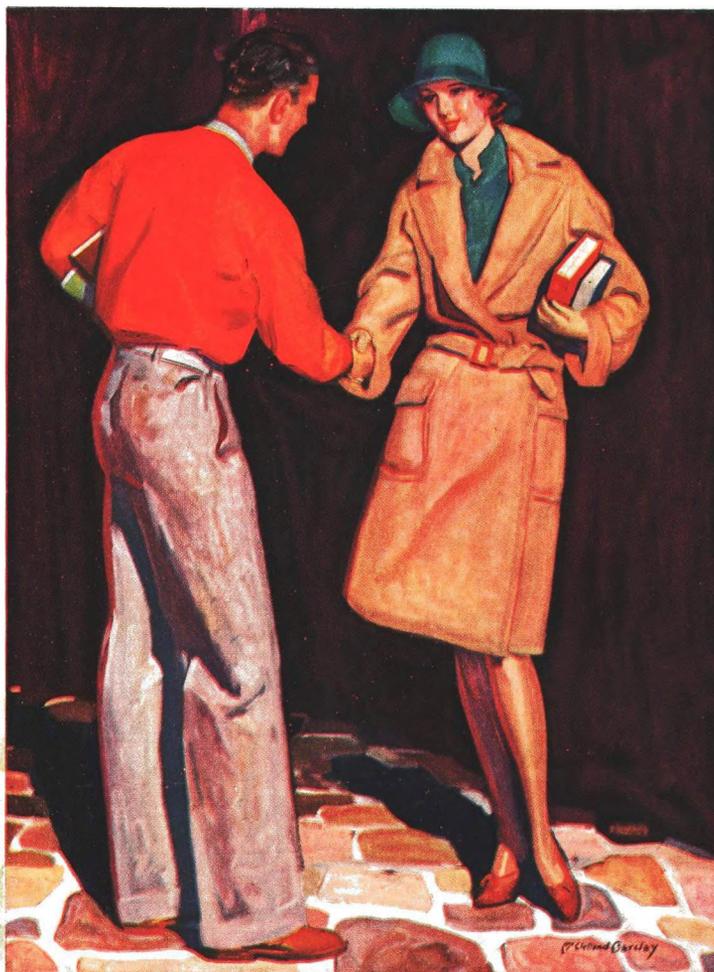
Write Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Massachusetts for the Hood Book on Indoor and Outdoor Sports.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
Watertown, Massachusetts

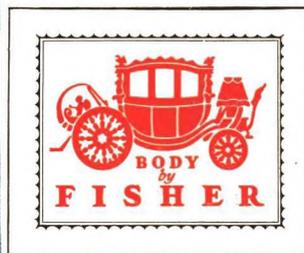


THE SANDLOT Popular priced all-around sports shoe. New design laces and rubber pitted upper. Bob-capped comfort toe. Hygeen insole and tire tread sole.

Have  More  Fun  in  Hoods



GENERAL MOTORS



HE comfort, the convenience, the quality of the body—its upholstery, its appointments—are more closely examined than ever before. All these body attributes are developed to an unmistakably superior degree in every Body by Fisher. Fisher Body designers and engineers, acknowledged the great leaders in their fields, strive ceaselessly to create better bodies. Placed at the command of the Fisher designers and engineers, are the immense resources of General Motors and Fisher Body. As a result, the superb style, unusual comfort, greater durability and unapproached value of every Fisher Body attracts thousands to ownership of General Motors cars—which are the *only* cars with Body by Fisher.