The August

American Boy

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The Fire Ranger of the Sky

By Thomson Burtis

Illustrated by Fred C. Yohn

TWO miles above the earth, a mere speck in the cloudless, sun-drenched air, an airplane was roaring its way across the trackless wilderness below. Larry Maguire, temporary forest patrolman, was leaning forward, his thin face showing lines of strain and his eyes, sunk back in his head from weariness, glittering a bit with nervous tension. Unceasingly they swept the scene of wild grandeur below him, but there was no appreciation of the breath-taking scene in his mind.

It was enough to make any pilot catch his breath and spend most of his time worrying. Rock crags lifted their heads like fingers pointing to the sky, and jagged cliffs fell away to the trees at their bases. The forest was thick and seemingly limitless, and in all the thousands of acres which the young pilot could see from his lonesome perch high above an apparently deserted world there was only one cleared field. In five more minutes that field would be out of gliding distance, in case of motor trouble.

Being an air ranger, though, Larry had become accustomed to gambling his life against the sturdy eight-cylinder motor which drummed along in front of him. It was not the possibility of crashing his plane into those towering trees below that had made his lean cheeks sunken, and cut deep lines around his set mouth. He constantly shifted his eyes to his instruments—oil pressure, air pressure, temperature, and the tachometer which told him how much his motor was turning up—but most of the time he flew automatically, without conscious skill, as he surveyed the forest below through high-powered glasses which the propeller blast seemed always about to tear from his hand.

Suddenly a savage exclamation dropped from his lips as he saw what a man was doing down next to the shack which was the only habitation in sight. It was at the edge of that one cleared field. The man was tending a small fire—burning refuse of some kind. And he was disobeying the absolute orders of the forest patrol.

"Time to teach these squatters a lesson!" stormed the overwrought pilot.

AFTER weeks of flying from dawn until dark, like all the little band of forest rangers, he was ready to drop in his tracks. Any one of those sparks might set fire to a hundred thousand acres of the virgin forest he loved so well. The drouth was burning up the whole western slope—the woods were dry as tinder.

Truly the time had come to teach those ignorant, obstinate mountain people a lesson. As he sent his plane spiraling downward like some gigantic monster of the air Larry, with every nerve jumping, was thinking:

"They live off here shut away in a world of their own. Don't know a thing about law or government—they're willing to take a chance on burning up themselves and those trees and the towns on the other side, maybe. Well, we've bothered enough with 'em!"

To Maguire, born with a love for the woods which had increased through the years he had spent around them, such utter disregard for their welfare as was being displayed by the man below was absolutely incomprehensible. To the flyer, the preservation of the few remaining forests was almost a religion. Well he knew that only one-sixth of the woodland of the whole United States was left—millions of acres of blackened wastes were horrible scars from wounds which were the result of just such carelessness as that below. Profiteering lumbermen and careless criminals—that's what they were—had robbed the country of its birthright. The time had come to make these mountain squatters recognize the law of their country and fear to break it.

Hauling himself along with wires and struts, he inched his way toward that widening flame.

The field was large enough to land in. With throttled motor he stalled into the field, and turned his ship for the take-off. The mountaineer was standing by his fire, as though petrified with astonishment. Then, as the tall, slender young pilot leaped out of his still idling ship and ran toward him, the gaunt squatter started to put out his fire. He had been burning odds and ends of refuse.

"You're coming along with me!" snapped Larry quickly.

"Every one of you squatters got your orders—not a speck of fire until rain comes! Come on!"

"Huh?" grunted the bony, gaunt young fellow, his dull eyes gleaming a bit.

"You heard me. You're going to jail for starting this fire against orders!"

The man was unarmed. Larry leaped in and stamped out the fire, and then ordered his stupefied captive to help him throw dirt on it. This they did with planks.

"Come on—get in that plane!"

"I ain't goin'!" shouted the mountaineer, cowering back. "I ain't—"

There was no time to waste. Gas was being used all the time, and Larry realized immediately that it would be an impossible task to get the man into the plane of his own free will. He looked to be of the mentality of a small child.

The ranger did the only thing possible. He walked up to the unkempt woodsman slowly, talking in calm, reassuring tones and then, when he got close to him, set his wiry body for the blow. The next second his fist leaped out with the speed of a striking rattle, and a terrific blow on the jaw sent the mountaineer down, unconscious. Larry picked him up and staggered over to the ship with him. In a few seconds he was strapped in the seat, and his hands were tied with wire. Larry knew that the news would be all over the mountains in a day or two—and that nothing would strike such terror into the hearts of the semi-barbarous squatters as the fact that one of their number had gone as a captive into the unknown, much-dreaded outside world.

Maybe that would teach them to obey the orders they were too ignorant to appreciate the value of—

Then he saw a bearded man run into the clearing. He was very tall, straight as a sapling, and although he seemed to be at least fifty years old his thin face and small head were covered with a growth of fiery red hair. In one glance he seemed to take in the significance of the scene.

"This man started a fire, against our regulations, and he's under arrest!" Larry shouted as the man ran toward him.

There was a light in the oncomer's eyes that had something of madness in it, the pilot realized swiftly. Acquainted with the turbulent passions of such men as these, Larry waited not on the order of his going. In a second he was in the cockpit, and above the whisper of the idling motor he could hear the man screaming as he ran.

Larry looked around as he jazzed the throttle to clear out the motor. The man was only fifteen feet from the plane, now, and his convulsed face was the setting for wildly flashing eyes that were concentrated on the plane. Just a second or two before the man reached the ship Larry sensed what was on his mind. It was to smash the tail-surfaces of the ship. The forest patrol had made the mountaineers cognizant of some of the details of a ship, and the old man, the pilot thought, knew enough to realize that he could cripple the ship.

The motor sprang into full cry. Just in time, as it got under way, Larry jammed on the rudder and the tail swerved away from the old man's foot. He lost his balance as the terrific kick met only thin air, and before he recovered the ship was gathering headway swiftly, and was out of danger. But it had been a very narrow squeak.

As the tense pilot circled the field to gather altitude before crossing the peaks to the little emergency field he could see the old man standing below, his clenched fists raised to heaven, as though vowing revenge while he cursed the aerial messenger from the outside world who had stolen one of his own people—for reasons, Larry realized, that possibly that lonely figure could not understand. There was a gleam of pity in the pilot's eyes as he took a last look downward—but there could be no compromise.

A half hour later the ship hurtled over the last peak, and the temporary canvas hangars rimming a large pasture lot on the edge of the little town of Sorrento came in sight. Only one ship was visible—the rest were out on patrol.

THE utterly weary pilot landed as the sun was setting. High in the sky another plane was coming home. Mathews, the squat, dark-faced, sardonic pilot in charge of the little emergency group, met him and listened to the story calmly.

"You did right. Two fires started over east to-day—got fifty men in an hour and put 'em out. Give one of those blazes two hours, and a hundred thousand acres'll be a living furnace! Hope the red-head doesn't start something to pay you back."

Mathews, who had spent five hours in the air that day—Larry had had six—took the sullen, frightened captive into Sorrento. While he was gone, Larry, having washed out of a basin in his tiny tent, came to the door as he heard a strange voice talking to Hartwig, one of the other pilots. There were six in all—Unger and Thomas had been killed three days before.

"Meet Maguire, one of our flyers," Hartwig introduced them, and Larry shook hands with a short, thin, white-faced little fellow with snapping black eyes and a nervous manner.

"Cary was a flying cadet during the war—armistice came along just before he was due for a commission—and he wants to join up and help out without pay," Hartwig said slowly. His face was still grimed with oil, and he looked ready to drop. "You realize, Cary, that a few weeks ago the state legislature jammed an emergency measure through, appropriating a few thousand dollars for an airplane patrol of these woods while the fire danger is so great. The Lavido fire—you know what that was.

"And so a few of us volunteered, and collected in rush time the only planes we could get—you see 'em. Junky training planes, bought from civilians, and most of 'em are ready to fall apart. We've only got two mechanics—and we have to fly these mountains all day long in ships that wouldn't be pretty to handle in flying right over a field. We haven't got half enough pilots, we don't get money enough to feed ourselves, and you'd better think twice before you throw in. There isn't money enough in the world to pay a man for flying these superannuated crates over this country."

"It happens that every man realizes the aching need of saving these woods," Larry cut in. "Maybe some day people will come to their senses—but if we don't put up a scrap right now, there will be precious few trees left standing in the country."

"I know all that," Cary said rapidly, stuttering a bit in his nervous eagerness. "I—I'd give anything to throw in with you—"

"That's the boy," Larry said quietly, and his tired eyes lightened a minute. "If your papers are all right, I guess Mathews 'll be glad to have you. We have to fly alone now—you can be an observer, anyway. Can you work radio?"

"I've forgotten most of it," confessed Cary, "but I could fly in case of a fire, while one of you directed it."

That was the way it worked out. His papers were all right, and a check flight with Larry, the most experienced, although the youngest, pilot in the service, showed that Cary, although a poor flyer, constantly over-controlling, could be used to fly a plane while one of the experienced men worked the radio in directing the thousands of fire fighters who, in an emergency, would be under the control of the plane.

How could anyone there know that Cary would not have received his commission had the armistice never come? Larry was soon to find out why.

The next two days were nightmares of unremitting toil. The young ranger's cars rang day and night, as a result of the hours of belaboring which a wide-open motor gave them. Day in and day out, from five to seven hours a day he and the others flew their rickety planes over that deadly country. If only the good planes would come, it would ease the strain. However, they did not come and would not for many days; so the half dozen servants of a hundred million people, actuated by an inarticulate love for their country and a savage revulsion against the heedlessness which was gutting it of its natural resources, fought their lonely fight.

Quiet, steady-nerved Mathews lost. He did not come back that second afternoon, and an hour later the searching planes found him, unconscious in the wreck of his plane. It was almost hidden by the woods. The pilot would be crippled, certainly. Perhaps he was dead. No one would know, Larry reflected wearily, until the relief party ordered from Hoover City found him, as a result of radio directions. That left Larry, second in command, in full charge of the flight.

And a man's size job it was. Not a man was himself. Their condition made molehills seem mountains, and minor disagreements seem cause for battle. Cary, especially, was in bad shape. While all the pilots were on edge, the new man could not stay quiet for a moment. His thin, eager face twitched constantly.

AT nine o'clock Larry left the group in front of Mason's tent, and tried to sleep. A few minutes later he heard Cary's high-pitched voice. Mason's deep tones came next, a queer rasp in them. He had been Mathews' dearest friend. He wasn't himself to-night—

Then Larry heard Cary again, yelling something in hysterical fury, and there came the noise of a scuffle. Larry leaped to his feet, and ran out through the darkness. He could see two struggling forms. The rest of the pilots were trying to separate them.

"Cut it out!" yelled the young flight commander, and Mason, coming to himself, dropped his hands obediently.

Cary, however, broke loose from Young, who was holding him, and tore into Mason. Larry reached him just in time to make a football tackle and drop him to the ground.

"Be yourself!" snapped Larry, his face old and bleak for a twenty-three-year-old pilot.

"Who are you? I'll do as I blamed please—take that!"

Cary's last vestige of self-control had left him. He leaped at Larry like an unleashed tiger. The other flyers closed in, and shortly he was held, writhing wildly, in the grip of Larry, Mason and Young. For a second he struggled, and Larry, striving to be calm when every nerve fibre in him seemed to be on fire, said sharply:

"Don't be a fool! What do you think you're doing? Cut that stuff, or I'll—"

Suddenly the captive stopped struggling, and great sobs shook his slender frame. There was a sudden silence—only the sound of those gasping sobs was audible through the night, undertoned by the whisper of the leaves in the near-by woods.

"Let him go, fellows," said Larry quietly, and led Cary toward his tent.

"That's all right, old man," he said quietly. "We're all pretty bad—worrying about Matty lying out there in the woods and all. You'll be all right. Just—"

"Oh, shut up!" flared Cary, and he tore loose from Larry's arm. He darted toward his tent, and disappeared.

Suddenly it seemed to Larry as though a great, icy calm descended on him. He had heard of outfits in the trenches going mad, all of a sudden, and of prospectors, caught out in the wilds for months, turning into beasts. It was up to him to see that the boys, overworked and overstrained as they were, did not go berserk.

"What brought it on?" he asked Mason.

"We were talking about the time a cadet froze the controls on Matty, when he was an instructor at Donovan Field, and how Matt was too soft-hearted to can this boy for it. Same fellow got scared again and did the same thing, and nearly killed Matt."

"George said any cadet who froze the controls a second time was pretty close to a murderer," the tall, gangling Young put in. "Said he ought to get out the first time, and not wait to be kicked out."

"I'm sorry I fought the kid," Mason said in his deliberate way. Apparently he had come to himself. "Maybe he froze on some flyer himself—he's nervous enough."

"Fellows, we've got to watch our steps," Larry told them quietly. "I know how we all feel. I could lick a man for looking at me, right now. We've got to quit being kids on that stuff, though, and run ourselves right."

He went on talking for a little while, and the other flyers, suddenly brought to a realization of how bitter and acrimonious the evening had been, listened silently. They were a more mature, closer-knit group as they went to their tents. It seemed that the tanned young pilots of a few weeks ago had been suddenly changed into men.

Larry fell on his bed like a dead man. He thought of a thousand things: the world outside, Mathews lying out there in the woods, Cary, and whatever ailed him.

He fell into a troubled sleep, broken by nightmares. It seemed that great fires were sweeping through his beloved woods—

SUDDENLY he was wide awake, his body tense on the cot. The tent was black as pitch. Every sense alert, he listened. There was a slight rustle outside the tent—then silence.

Then the flap of the tent opened a bit wider, and in the V of light a tall, gaunt figure was framed against the lighter background of the starlit darkness without. It was the red-haired mountaineer, stooping to get in, and treading catlike across the tent.

For a second Larry lay there in fascinated horror. It seemed that those eyes were gleaming like a cat's in the dark—

Then a cry, which was not loud because it could hardly tear itself from his throat, burst from him, and as the man leaped forward the flyer threw his body off the bed. The next instant they were locked in a deadly struggle, the mountaineer's long fingers ever reaching for the slender, steel-muscled flyer's neck.

Larry fought with the strength of utter desperation. For less than a quarter of a minute the combat lasted, and then the old man tore himself lose, and bounded through the door. It was a few seconds before Larry, half strangled, could stagger to his feet and run out, yelling as he ran. Over in front of the canvas hangars he could make out the form of a horse. As George Mason tumbled out of his tent, and others called out to know what was the matter, the panting Maguire saw the old man fling himself on the horse and gallop towards the woods. In a few seconds he had disappeared in the black depths of the forest.

"Great Heavens, look!" shouted the huge Mason, his voice echoing wildly through the night. A red glow was rising from the

(*Cont. on page 26*)

He must get the ship—that all-valuable ship which couldn't be spared.

Spanish Gold

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

I—Red Man's Country

IF THIS incredible chronicle seems at first meaningless, that is the way life seems until half over. If the mystery now daunts you and again appears to doze while alien adventures shoot redly across its dreams, be assured that fate never really sleeps, and that all of a man's experiences are joint pieces in a single puzzle. Until my first prisoner vanishes in the swamp, you may think me going through a mere hodgepodge of perils: on the contrary, you will find that Deadeye and Mahogany Face, the murderous attack on the Charles River Flats, and my imprisonment in the *Vigilant's* burning forehold are all bound together by two frail pieces of birch bark.

It was in the early autumn of 1744 that those strange events began which were to enlist me with Sir William Pepperrell's desperate enterprise; and it was in the forests of the Connecticut Valley (of all places in the world!) that my first unguessing step was taken upon a long and devious trail, begun—little as I surmised it—off the Chilean coast and the wastes of Tierra del Fuego, and destined to end in face of the grim fortress of Nova Scotia's Louisburg. My rash adventure started on the afternoon when Hiram Cobb and I discovered that camp fire of the mysterious Indian, Alexander.

A warm September found us in a district where we should never have been: Hi, whose farmer father's home lay among the Green Mountains, and me, Nicholas Rowntree, then, as now, resident in Pennsylvania; but both of us students at Harvard College, Township of Cambridge, Providence of Massachusetts Bay. Hiram was earning his course by such work as he could find; profiting nothing from his example, I, with no great love for letters, spent the time paid for by my father's last pennies in an idleness that I take shame to remember.

For at home much had of late gone ill. The new land and the new ways were scarce suited to my father's habits and upbringing, and, strive as he might, our crops failed, our lands shrank, and mortgages weighed sorely upon what remained to us. My academical career was like to be short-lived indeed.

That, however, was all that troubled me, and nothing, save a conscience warning of neglected studies, just then troubled Hiram Cobb. Across the ocean, red war raged; but we lads laughed at the thought that it would ever affect our comfort. While England's George and the French Louis fought each other overseas, little did we Americans care whether Britain's candidate or the candidate of Versailles was finally seated on a contested European throne. The nearest French to us were in Canada; so the Colonies went about their business—and Hi and I went hunting.

FROM the outset, misfortune went with us. Though we had a full week of leisure before being due to resume our studies at Indian House, where we lodged while in college, an unlooked-for scarcity of game drew us too far into the solitudes. We soon passed the ultimate tokens of civilization; we passed those days in going forward which we ought to have used for going back. Then at last (it was one afternoon upon a viewless hilltop) I admitted that we were lost.

Hi sat himself on a rotting log and gazed gloomily at the canopy of interlaced branches above us.

"We shall never get back!" he groaned.

He was an excellent fellow and generally followed my leadership; and acknowledged my superior woodcraft. Nevertheless, he yet possessed that prodigious conscience of the New Englander, adding always thereto the darkest forebodings; if there existed any means of making a bad situation worse, trust Hiram to find them!

"We shall die right here!" he concluded gloomily.

"Belay that!" came a roar which brought us up short.

Now, the truth is that I myself had just begun to fear that perhaps we should; but it would never do to admit it.

"Why," said I, "we have only to use our eyes."

Whereat, I stepped across the log. I had no idea of discovering aught of real comfort; I thought solely to silence his words by the spectacle of action. But there on the other side of that log, were exposed the remains of an extinguished camp fire! The mere certainty of a recent human presence in these wilds blinded me for all examination of detail.

"Look at these ashes," I said. "They are yet warm. Already help is close by."

Hiram gave one look. His pink cheeks paled.

"You call this help? More like, it's death." His voice sank. "Can't you see? That was the fire of an Indian!"

He whispered me why he thought so, and then I indeed observed that the twigs had been raised on pebbles in the red men's way. I own that my heart sank. Still, what if these *were* the traces of an Indian? Rumors of wide-spread discontent among the aboriginies were running wild in Boston, but not since the Deerfield massacre had there been overt trouble. In our plight, the neighborhood of a man of any color must be welcome. Why not investigate?

"Don't!" pleaded Hiram, but I scarce heard him.

For then I saw a fresh leaf that had fallen from a bush that we had not passed: someone else must have gone thither. Determined to vindicate my superior forest knowledge, I, heedless of Hi's repeated warning, announced the intention of scouting along this trail alone. I waved Cobb back; a moment later, the thicket shut him from sight.

Warily I pressed forward. Perhaps a hundred yards I went, and then was standing between two white birches on the edge of a small declivity, looking down into a treeless dell at such a sight as I hope never to see again.

The dell was green with tender grass and sweet with sunlight, the background was as peaceful as Paradise; but in the center of the picture, lay, face upward, what appeared to be an aged Indian, and over him bent a young brave. The former must have turned too late to defend himself; the latter had struck one felling knife blow, and now his red blade was raised to bring the bloody business to an end.

As I stood spellbound, he looked up. There was no war paint on his savage countenance, nor was there any on his lithe body, bare to its waist; but the bronze skin was drum-tight over facial muscles contracted in a paroxysm of cruelty, and, across the brief space that separated us, his black eyes launched arrows of thwarted rage.

All this I saw so rapidly as scarce to know aught save that my own life was in peril—all this and one thing more: if the young brave's eyes were a danger, those of the old Indian were an appeal which his resolute lips scorned to utter. Hot upon the heels of these twin realizations, the assassin, knife still aloft, dashed at me.

I had my rifle. Without taking thought, I fired.

The brave's arms were flung upward like Judy's when Punch belabors her. Struck square between his eyes, my enemy fell backward headlong, and the sick sense rose in me that I had killed my first man.

II—The Sachem's Legacy

TIME there was none for reflection: the elder savage deserved my whole care. To him I rushed.

He lay in a pool of blood that frightened me as I knelt in it; but I noted that he wore the eagle feather of a Sachem, twined in his scalp lock. I noted, too, that the upturned face had a sort of dignity unfamiliar to me on the faces of the red men about my own home; and I noted lastly that his appearance of great age was not so much the effect of years as the result of past hardships and the present fires of some strange fanaticism.

He looked up with the eyes of a court-bred aristocrat who carries his courtesy to the gates of the grave:

"Alexander is grateful," he murmured.

He spoke an uncouth English, but I understood that what he had silently appealed for when lying beneath his attacker's knife was not rescue—it was revenge. I raised his head: the blood poured yet more freely from a hideous chest wound, and I had immediately to lower him. Then I attempted to staunch the flow. As I was so engaged, Hi arrived: for all his caution, he was no coward when action pressed and, having heard my shot, came running along the trail.

"What's this?" he panted, and when I had told him what I knew: "Yes, a Sachem—and a Wampanog! That's the tribe made infamous hereabouts in King Philip's War. Well, he mustn't talk—a few words more will be the death of him."

To my thinking, the wounded Indian showed certain tokens (his fringed jerkin and a string of red beads)

associated with the distant Ottawas and Ojibwas, of whom a wandering few had oddly appeared from time to time at our settlement on the Susquehanna, and whose visits were ever followed by unrest among the Pennsylvania tribes. Red men often made long and unaccountable journeys. Yet why either Ojibwa or Ottawa in the Valley of the Connecticut?

Cogitation on this topic was terminated by its subject. With a quiet smile, he protested:

"Speech matters nothing. Dying anyhow."

It was then I bethought me that his English had a Gallic accent. Now, as Providence willed, I had learned something of the Frenchman's language. Straightway I addressed my sorely stricken patient in that tongue.

"Why did yonder savage do this thing?" I cried.

It is to be understood that, all this while, we scared lads were trying to ease the Sachem's plight—cutting away his jerkin and endeavoring to staunch that crimson outpouring which could be stopped by no earthly skill. Moment by moment, he grew visibly weaker. Yet, at my attempt to use a speech that must be less difficult for him than our native one, his wrinkled face became well nigh beautiful.

"A red man's quarrel," he answered. "My enemy—not have told—I must not."

French he spoke as a Frenchman; but the words came from his stiffening lips almost as separate things.

"Get me—birch bark," he commanded. "I shall write—something for you."

INSTINCTIVELY I obeyed him, running up the dell side and tearing a piece of dry bark from one of the birches there. When I came back, he dipped (it was terrible to see) a finger in his wound and, with a weak yet steady hand, traced certain rude red pictures on the little wooden strip. There came a rattle into his sinewy throat:

"Take this—show—Abenakis—Mic-Macs—and in—my scalp lock—another—like it—"

He coughed. I saw to my despair the gleam of flowing blood upon his lips.

"He *mustn't* talk!" protested Hi.

"Who are the Mic-Macs?" I asked. "And the Abenakis?"

"They are—"

Hi interrupted distractedly:

"If he talks, he will die! I have heard of the Mic-Macs; they are some far northern tribe. Those others I know nothing of."

Feebly the Sachem shook his head—its eagle's feather scarce vibrated. He essayed to whisper somewhat, and failed. He tried to raise his hand to his mouth, but proved too weak; I wiped it for him.

"Let him rest!" wailed Hi.

Rest? He was to begin his long rest soon enough! That he knew. Voicelessly, he formed another order:

"Toward—the sun!"

I had heard how red men preferred to die. The sun of this day was now declined to the level of the surrounding tree tops. I durst not move all his body, but I shifted his head and shoulders ever so little.

The Sachem's mind did not wander now. He looked at the sun with eyes which might have been that eagle's of whose feathers one adorned his head; but when he achieved speech for the last time, he relapsed into his native tongue save for a phrase of French:

"You understand—the other boy does not . . ." The rest was an Indian dialect unintelligible to me——and I had no opportunity to tell him so.

Quite suddenly, he raised himself to a sitting posture. I made to support him; he brushed me off. Straight—straight into the light he gazed. His voice rang loud in the solitude. Then a great burst of blood gushed from his mouth, and he collapsed on the lush grass—near the dead body of his murderer.

"Hi," I called. "Come closer!"

For I was afraid. Mysteries of life that I could not reckon upon lay in those pieces of bark whereof I had been made inheritor—living mysteries; and long, far journeys by icy sea and unknown land; and treachery and battle among fiercer races and alien scenes—but all the mystery that I could then feel was the mystery of this Indian's end.

Here were now a pair of dead men beside us, and we two lads, Hi and I, were more than ever alone in the wilderness.

III—Mahogany Face

ALREADY, twilight was approaching.

"Let's begone," said Hi.

I wanted nothing better; but there were things that had first to be done, and there could be no gain from a blindman's-buff plunge into this darkening wilderness.

"Gone?" I asked. "Whither?"

"I don't know," said Hi; "but here I *won't* remain."

"Very well," I temporized. "After we have"—and I pointed to the two forms upon the grass—"buried these."

He flung up his hands. "Are you mad, Nick? The friends of that murderer may not be five miles behind him. I am not afraid of a fight with even numbers; but why risk ourselves against Heaven knows how many Indians who are familiar to these woods—in a cause that we do not understand and that is not ours? Besides"—he gave a frank shudder—"if I've no fear for the living, I've no stomach for the—for the company of folk that *aren't* alive."

A dread of the dead I myself just then felt too keenly to admit. I compromised:

"Well, I shall say a bit of prayer for these poor heathen souls, anyhow."

And I did it. First I compelled my reluctant hands to composing the inanimate bodies—a task wherein my companion stubbornly refused any assistance, asserting that one of us must needs be on the lookout. Then I knelt, nor was I in this alone: burning to get away from there, Hi yet foregoing his sentry-ship, knelt beside me, though his blue eyes roved the circle of bush around us, and though no boy was ever gladder to say "Amen" at a petition's end or more quickly jumped up when he had said it.

"Amen-and-now-let's-go!" gasped Hiram in a single breath.

"There's one thing more," I postponed. "I must take from this chief's scalp lock the somewhat that he said I might."

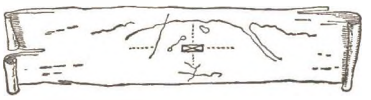
Hi groaned, but I would not heed. With fingers that trembled, I unwound the twisted hair above the Sachem's skull.

A small piece of tightly rolled bark slid into my open palm. I laid it beside me and did my best toward reshaping the lock to that traditional form in which I had found it.

"Hurry!" whispered Hi.

But I knew he would be as loath to leave without me as he was to remain with me. I had indeed thrust the fresh bark into my jacket when the Sachem gave it to me; now I drew it forth and examined it and the other piece together, as well as the slowly failing light allowed.

The newer, still fresh with that Indian's life-blood, was a more or less ordered procession of figures meaningless to me; the other was equally meaningless and its drawing quite confounded. It gave evidence of a few years' age; its wood was dry and in one place split. I can reproduce the thing from memory, and have good cause for being able to:



"You stopped for *that?*" cried Hi.

What I had expected I do not know; but certainly not such crazy stuff. Chagrin assailed me:

"What is the thing?"

"An Indian charm—a mere piece of red superstition!"

"Are you sure?"

His indignation rose. "Sure? Perhaps I have never seen the exact likeness, but things of the sort are common enough hereabouts. You could buy one in Boston for two farthings!"

Well, my curiosity was satisfied; it seemed that I had indeed sought nothing of account. I shoved the silly bits of bark into my jacket and thought no more about them.

"Yes," said I. "We'll go."

Not yet. At this instant, from the little crest which we had descended to come hither, a loud voice rang out:

"Ahoy there!"

I think we must both have jumped a yard in the air. I know we turned to run.

"Belay that!" came a roar which brought us up short.

After all, this was no avenging Indian; the man was talking a kind of English. We faced about.

Already our intruder was down the declivity and advancing toward us with a queer run that had a wide roll to it. He was full six-foot-five in height and wide of shoulder out of all proportion, clad in outer clothes that must once have consisted of a short jacket and trousers flaring wide at their bottoms, but now by briar and bramble torn into ribbons; and upon the back of his big head perched a low-crowned hat with wide flat brim—a sailorman if ever I'd set eyes on one.

He swung up to us and, seeing our age, returned to his belt a lengthy pistol. "Come about," says he.

Now I could observe him well. He had long arms and hands like hams; he was a perfect picture of strength, but his remarkable face was somehow winning for its expression of boyish courage and its radiation of adventure. It was broad, but not heavy, and, from blistering suns and biting storms, the color of mahogany. Not the copious red hair that hung about it over his ears, nor yet the rufous beard that was more than sprouted on his cheeks, could lessen his effect of young enthusiasm combined with mature daring. When you looked at those bright brown eyes, at that stubborn nose and sensitive mouth, you had visions of dread deeds done on the high seas, but done always bravely and in a cause that at least the doer considered just.

"Now, my lads—" he began.

And thereat he caught sight of the dead. The younger he spared no second look, but the Sachem's body brought a sharp sound from those tightened lips.

"Who did this job?"

He had darted to us from the corpse. His large fingers were again at his pistol.

"Why—why—" stammered Hiram.

The stranger's brown eyes went as red as his hair. "Tell the truth! I'll keelhaul any sea cook who—" Then, evidently remembering that two young lads could be no desperate characters, he spoke with less violence and to me. "Where's the man that did this?"

Still a bit startled, "Why," says I, "the young buck killed the Sachem, and I shot the young buck."

"You?" he demanded incredulously.

He sprang back to the chief's body, and his wide hands ran over and over it. Then he shook his head, abandoned his task, and asked:

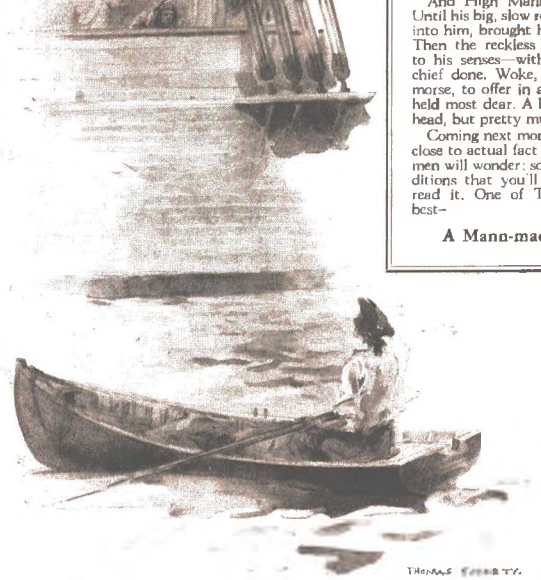
"What were you about here?"

I told our story.

"You saw none else? The murderer had no mate?"

"There was only the young brave and the old Sachem."

Mahogany-Face thought for a moment. "Hum," says he at last, "only they two—by the time you sighted this spot. Well, my lads, you may lay to one thing: there'd been somebody else not a minute before. Belike he hid at your coming and was glad enough you should rid him of his accomplice—for he'd got what he wanted. He'll be laying his course for the nearest port—and that's Boston—now." The stranger rolled across the dell



"Are you the master of this brigantine?" I asked.

A West Point Rebellion

ONE of the greatest West Point stories ever told—Thomson Burtis' coming story of fiery "High" Mann and his mad mutiny!

A born leader, that likable young Texan. And a blind, impetuous hothead. He swept his fellow cadets into savage rebellion that meant ruin to the officer in charge.

Ruin! . . . Coventry!

Under High Mann, six hundred future soldiers blindly set out to break a grim, staunch veteran.

And High Mann led them on! Until his big, slow roommate burned into him, brought him up standing. Then the reckless youngster came to his senses—with the cruel mischief done. Woke, seared with remorse, to offer in atonement all he held most dear. A blind young hothead, but pretty much a man.

Coming next month, this story so close to actual fact that West Point men will wonder: so true to fine traditions that you'll read it and reread it. One of Thomson Burtis' best—

A Mann-made Mutiny

The fire lent a fitful illumination to the unlocked room—and there stood Hendrick Van Veen!

as if an hour's walk would bring him to civilization. "It's a stern chase, but that I'm used to."

It seemed, as he spoke, that he indeed might immediately bring us to Cambridge by some miracle of his human energy — that he would bring us there eventually I never questioned. How could it be expected that I should connect his presence with the Sachem's legacy to me? My recent terror of the forest and its savage denizens was forgotten; Hi and I were already side-by-side with him, and it was only Hi who entertained any doubt.

"You know the way, sir?" he inquired.

The answer began with a snort. "I know how to find any way while there are stars in heaven."

"So someone was with the buck?" I pressed.

"Aye, aye." Our guide began to climb the dell side.

"Was it another brave?"

"If a shark's brave! Aye, and I can make this shark's picture for you." The stranger had reached the birches. "Make his picture. He was a squirmy cove with a deadeye—and if that isn't gospel, you may scuttle *me!*"

How could he know this? "A white man?" I ventured.

"As black as Beelzebub," said he.

His brown eyes flamed in his mahogany face; his lips worked fiercely. Inwardly, I vowed an end of questioning!

"As black as Beelzebub," he slowly repeated—and after that would say no more.

Then the evening breeze brushed us and raised those long locks which hung to his ragged collar. I saw that where his right ear should have been there was nothing but a dark hole and a horrid scar.

IV—Spies

IT may seem a curious fact that I could put these matters out of memory during the weeks which followed, and should not have them much in mind until they intruded themselves, as they were to do in a manner so startling. Yet thus it was. Lads lead full lives, and Hi's and mine had much to occupy them aside from what we took for Indian charms, and a violent sailor who tracked an enemy through the wilderness.

Besides which, we were bound to silence. During those days while he hurried us at breath-robbing speed among the wilds toward the settlements, our guide's restraint remained as I have last recorded it, but Hi and I had been quite lost; we undoubtedly owed our lives to Mahogany Face, and so, when he demanded a promise, we needs must give it him.

That happened exactly as soon as we came to the edge of safe territory:

"Now, mates," said our rescuer, "it's here we part. From this spot you can't go wrong, and you are tired, and I am not—and I must forge ahead and get quickly about my own business."

It was a hint not to be disregarded. Hi looked at me, and I nodded. Then I made some mention of reward, but at that Mahogany Face flashed hot indignation.

"Just pass me your word as young gentlemen to keep a close mouth about what you've seen and heard back there in the woods," he concluded, "and I'll be more than satisfied."

We were paused on a little hill that overlooked a cleared valley with farmhouses in it, and a more comfortable sight than the smoke rising from their kitchen chimnies I had seldom witnessed. Here this red tatterdemalion creature was even more out of place than under yonder trees.

"Your word," he went on insistently. "For what has happened has to do with a purely private affair which can't hurt or help you or yours. Come now—belay there!"

Well, we promised and, of course, later, we kept our word, I until such time as relieved of my part in the bargain. So Mahogany Face took both our hands in his hamlike ones and smiled at us with his vivid lips and glared at us out of his red-brown eyes.

"Remember," he said, "it won't help or hurt either you or yours—and if that isn't gospel, you may scuttle *me!*"

Whereupon he rolled down the hill into the valley and was shortly lost to our sight.

Hi talked about it—to me alone, be it understood. He thought the man some sort of free-trader, as smugglers are still called along the Massachusetts coast, and was certain we should be involved in a catastrophe through our traffic with him; but I felt that, in any case, the less said, even between ourselves, the better. Then, with our return to college, old duties and old interests asserted their claims on us both.

I do not mean that I had not periods of reflection. The thought of how I had killed a man, albeit a savage and in self-defense, was no pleasant one and would recur despite my efforts to banish it. At other moments, I wondered what a negro—for our guide had spoken of the mysterious unseen as being black—could have been doing in the depths of the Connecticut Valley. I speculated, too, upon the nature of a "deadeye," for the only deadeye that I knew I had encountered once or twice aboard boats in Boston harbor, and it was not a blind man, but a scored block to hold lanyards in the setting-up of rigging.

STILL, as I say, my life was a full one, and all these things waned with time—as soon as we had soothed the Harvard faculty's wrath at the tardiness of our return—up to that moment when they involved themselves in the odd sequel. Though Cambridge and Boston became, that autumn, twin beehives buzzing with rumors, I in no manner joined these—much as they thrilled and excited me—with aught whereof I had knowledge or part in the past. In the first place, there was more gossip of disquiet among the Indians, and in the next there was the once unlooked-for approach of the European war toward the Americas.

"Boston at present swarms with spies," Master Wigglesworth warned me. "Nicholas, have a care whom you pick up with and what you say to them."

Nathaniel Wigglesworth, I must tell you, was a Boston merchant, business correspondent of John Wright, my Pennsylvania patron. He had commended me to the attention of this man of substance, and I was compelled to pass my Saturday nights and Sundays at his house.

"Bear in mind my position in the Colony," he added.

He was a member of the Provincial Assembly, a dignity which sat somewhat heavily upon him, so that, being also a great talker, he must prove far more likely game for informers than ever I should be. Nevertheless, his words fired my imagination; so:

"Spies?" I echoed delightedly.

"Swarms with them!" he again asseverated.

This was Saturday afternoon, and I had come into the town for my weekly ordeal with the lank and sallow Puritan—really an excellent person, though then I dreaded his love for making long prayers at family gatherings.

"Who are they?" I asked and thought maliciously what a spy of the domestic sort he had here at home in his good wife, Mistress Charity, who pried into all my doings and cross-questioned me like a lawyer.

Assemblyman Wigglesworth drew down his lips:

"Some are doubtless patriotic Frenchmen, some overzealous Colonials angered by England's oppression of us, and some hired blackguards ready to serve any cause for pay—all anxious to discover whether we shall at last take active part in the war between Britain and France."

"And shall we?" I pressed. "Shall we, Mr. Wigglesworth?"

"That is a matter too grave for light decision."

Perhaps—but I resolved lightly to go spy-seeking! I resolved it then and there.

You may well suppose that I was no friend to England. Indeed, I wanted to belong to the young radical party, who already clamored for a removal of the British yoke. Still, lads love war, being ignorant of its horrors: if we were not ready to fight against England, why then we had better fight beside her—and one step in that direction was such a step as this which I now proposed.

How best to set about it, I didn't know; yet I was certain it would be a fine thing to lay a spy by the heels, and I meant to keep my eyes open as I started now upon one of my excursions to the port. It was the execution of this resolve which led to my first sight of the man called Hendrick Van Veen. (*Cont. on page 41*)

Red Eagle Island

By Kenneth Payson Kempton

Illustrated by George Avison

FRENZIEDLY, there in the night, on the dark, unfriendly schooner, Matt Farnham worked to unfasten the dory that would take him and his dog to safety, to Scarbay and the counsel of Judge Heggin.

Matt knew that Ruts' barking had betrayed him. Came the sound of running feet. The boy's heart hammered as his fingers worked at the obstinate painter that held the dory. A heavy hand on his shoulder!

Frantically, Matt turned and grappled with treacherous Mel Smithwick. A furious struggle, a slip of the man's heel, then a clutching, twisting mass of man and boy tottering on the schooner's taffrail—falling, falling.

For Matt, the world suddenly flared with a million spitting torches. Then all sense was blotted into soft, black void.

Blotted out were all his troubles: all recollection of how Caleb Sassoon, his stepfather, had ordered him off in his rage at the boy's innocent mention of Red Eagle Island, his innocent interest in that blue print of a ship; all recollection of how the *Peep o' Dawn*, the fishing schooner on which he had won friends, had foundered in a storm as fine old Cap'n Burr tried to reach the Portland market before surly Nate Centrebar, skipper of Caleb Sassoon's *Shannon*, the American entry in the coming International fishing-boat race. Blotted out, too, were the boy's resentment because Centrebar had begrudged shelter to the crew from the *Peep o' Dawn*, and his worrying because he had overheard Centrebar declare he would win the International but the *Shannon* wouldn't race—something crooked there, and Matt's stepfather was involved!

All this, every trouble, was wiped out for a time in that dull, black void which followed the boy's twisting fall from the taffrail of the *Shannon*, in Mel Smithwick's clutching arms.

XI—Unknown Seas

THEN, slowly, with infinite discomfort, Matt Farnham's brain dragged back from encircling oblivion to consciousness. To the present. To what had happened. To what might—

His first wild stab of thought was that he lay in his cot at home—that the sheet had worked up over his head showing only the bleak gray of early morning. Gray . . . soft still gray that flooded and drifted, filling the world . . .

But salt breeze, very damp off the sea's flooring, stirred in his hair. And he felt the shouldering kick of a little craft in open water. And from somewhere quite near, unseen but just ahead, came a steady gurgling ripple as if from a ship's—

"Hi! All hands there!" Those words split the gray stillness. "Who the mischief is on this wheel?" For answer, muffled voices crying far away. Then a shout: "Smithwick! Where's Mel——?" And then full-throated clamor.

Beside Matt a shapeless figure stirred, muttering drunkenly.

The boy got to his feet. He staggered as that footing rolled. Realization plunged like a bullet into his brain.

The *Nancy!* Struggling on the schooner's taffrail, he and Mel Smithwick had tripped, fallen into the boy's towed dory. The fall had stunned him; how long he had lain unconscious he could not know. But the *Nancy* was still in tow: he could see the painter stretched taut off her bows. And the thing was discovered. In a moment or two—

A gleam as from opened doors appeared ahead, and the voice of Nate Centrebar joined that unholy uproar. Matt's hand flashed to his pocket; he felt along the dory's gunwale, made cautious way into her rearing bow. One—two—three desperate slashes with the big-bladed jackknife and the painter dropped apart. The loose end slid swiftly into the darkness. The *Nancy* slowed, rolled. Ahead, the voices weakened as if a curtain had dropped upon them; they faded to a murmur; they melted into the night. . . .

Matt Farnham shivered in that vast and empty stillness. He was alone, somewhere on the Atlantic. Alone? Not quite. On the *Nancy's* deckboards over there lay Smithwick, the turncoat, Smithwick who had jeered at Wesley Burr, boasted that he was Centrebar's man—Smithwick, who knew about . . . the race . . . the *Shannon*, which was going to win without sailing . . . and Red Eagle Island . . . Alone? Not quite! Ruts' warm tongue rasped across Matt's hand.

A long sea lifted the dory high, and looking up Matt saw what had made him think he was in his bed at home. Nate's weather prophecy had come true. The wind must have backed a little into the southeast. From that quarter, fog that was like a thick, wet pad of eiderdown had crept in, blotting out the stars, compressing man's vision to a matter of a few yards of heaving seaway. Fog . . .

And yet— couldn't this dread deep-water hazard be turned to account? The *Nancy* had no compass. Fair winds blew from many quarters. Out here, all points looked drearily the same. But a fog breeze is southeasterly, ten times to one; every man knows that. If the dory shaped a course right down the wind—well sooner or later she'd be absolutely bound to hit land.

Again the dark bundle on the dory's bottom stirred, moaning a little. Matt bent down over Mel Smithwick. "Mel! Are you hurt?" A mumbled curse was the only answer.

The boy's hand felt over that prostrate body, flexed the stiff joints searching for injury. Blood trickled from a swollen bruise on the side of Mel's head. It looked as if that bump was Smithwick's only hurt. It was but a few feet from the schooner's rail to sea level. Mel had fallen backwards, cracking his head on the gunwale.

Stripping off his oilskin jacket, Matt tore a strip of cloth from his blue cotton shirt. He bound this around the injured head. Then he bathed the blood away from Mel's face with sea water. Mel sat up, pushing him off, and looked dazedly around him. "Where—what the mischief—?"

"We're in my dory," said Matt. "We fell aboard. I've cut the painter. The *Shannon's* gone. We're bound ashore."

The man started up. "You—you—" and he broke into foul cursing. Matt paid no heed. He was overhauling the dory's sailing gear. Presently the mast was stepped, the canvas drawing gently in that southeasterly air; and shoving his tiller home in the rudder post Matt took his accustomed place in her stern. Ruts came sniffing, and curled up between his knees.

He paid out his sheet and eased the helm until her course, as nearly as he could figure, was straight down the wind. Then he settled himself. Take the best chance that offered . . . that was the only way. This voyage might last only a couple of hours. It might last—well, what would happen to a man who, thinking he was headed for shore, sailed like a lunatic plumb out into the endless ocean?

The best chance. Nothing else to do. Good to have this old tiller in hand again anyway. Good to feel the familiar buck and yaw of the tiny craft, meeting, spurning, urging the sea.

FROM somewhere above the fog, day had come. A misty whiteness had replaced the lampblack of night, revealing a limited horizon shrouded and vague; and the outlines of the dory. Jing! but it was cold out here—cold as a raw day in November. Summer meant nothing to an offshore fog: its tentacles saturated clothing, seeped through to a fellow's bones. *Was* it summer? Matt tried futilely to reckon the time that had elapsed since the poor old *Peep o' Dawn* had winged so gallantly out of Scarbay in June. How long had they been on the Banks? So much had happened that it seemed years . . . But the International was scheduled for the first week in September. How long? Surely this chill felt like autumn.

"Where we goin'?" Beating in upon his thoughts, that listless question made Matt jump.

"Ashore. Scarbay."

"Some day I'll git you fur this, you whelp! You've lost me my chance at prize money, like enough. If we ever do git ashore—I'll fix you once an' fur all!"

Matt said nothing. Mel's eyes had closed again. His anger spent, he seemed content to rest there on the bottom. Prize money . . . This man knew the heart of the mystery! If only one could worm it out of him . . .

The boy squatting in the stern selected his words with care. "Mel, I heard aboard the *Shannon* that old Nate's been purty smart along about this here race."

"Smart!" Smithwick grunted sullenly. "You ain't a notion of the kind of smart he is. And the man back of him, too. Why, him and Caleb Sassoon hev fixed it so's they—they *can't* lose." The man expanded, warming to his favorite theme. "The money might's well be in their pockets this minute. When the *Shannon* crosses the starting line down to Halifax, the race is hers. That's all."

Could he keep his voice from shaking and giving him clean away? Matt cleared his throat. Now for it! "Funny," he said softly—"I heard the *Shannon* ain't going to race."

Mel chuckled—not a pleasant sound. "She ain't! That's the blarsted beauty of it. She ain't—an' then again . . . Say! D'you ever hear of Red—"

But right there the man checked himself. His narrow black eyes had shot wide open. And a mutter emerged from his lips: ". . . never mind that. My nut hurts. Leave me be."

Desperate, Matt now discarded all subterfuge. He leaned forward eagerly. "If I—give you the *Nancy*, will you tell me?"

The answer came with brutal promptness. "She ain't yours

Mel sat up and looked dazedly around him. "Where——"

to give. She's salvage—Centrebar's. Soon's he gits to Scarbay he'll take her from you. We're goin' to draw lots fur her. . . . No, I won't tell you, ye whelp—not if you was to give me all the *Nancys* in the world. Leave me be."

And there you were!

The boy's eyes went doggedly back to the gray-white nothingness ahead. Was there any way that he could entice Smithwick up to Judge Heggins', when they reached Scarbay? *When* . . . ! "If," seemed a better word. For instance. That thought that had already come: what would happen if they were really heading out to sea? Scarbay and Edgeton men had disappeared, maybe that way—dropped right out of existence. And no one ever knew just what happened—no one but the poor wretches concerned.

The boy strained his eyes into the resistless depths ahead. What's that! No. It couldn't be a shape looming through the fog. Just nerves. At his feet Ruts stirred, sniffed the air, s e t t l e d down again.

The *Nancy* crept on into the still white void. The purling water at her bows seemed whispering. And suddenly some nameless gigantic horror gripped that lad at her tiller and shook him to the soul.

Something . . . was coming . . . drawing him into inconceivable gruesomeness! The slim white rifts of fog were like fingers beckoning, reaching out for the *Nancy's* mast, pulling it on into grim hidden places.

Wh—What's that!

A muffled, surging murmur, like tons and tons of water running through some huge distant mill race. . . .

Ruts had bolted out of his corner and run headlong into the bow. He stood braced there, trembling. He barked twice.

The boy had a vague impression of a mountainous black hulk forging out of the mists dead ahead—rushing, towering, toppling down upon him. He gasped out one throttled cry.

And the *Nancy's* keelson grated gently on hard sand.

XII—Landfall!

FOR some minutes Matt sat like a stone, unable to move. His dull eyes stared stupidly around him, ahead—barely conscious of what they saw. On either hand there was shoal water, rocks shaggy with kelp. The dory's nose rubbed lightly against a little beach. Ahead and above, there was that lofty black mass of land that had swung looming into his vision. Could they have touched near Scarbay?

And Smithwick? The man was up on his elbow; his little black eyes were darting furtively here and there into the mist. Now he had slumped down again, one hand nursing his bruised head—sullen again. Matt tried a question. "What do you make of it?"

Incoherent mumbling: ". . . land."

"Any idea whereabouts?" Matt had got to his feet now and was furling the little sprit and unstepping the mast. He was not looking at Smithwick as he asked that question; so he could not see the sudden fleeting glint in the man's beady black eyes.

"How should I k n o w? Leave me be, will ye? My nut hurts. Goin' to have . . . nap . . ."

The boy stood l o o k i n g down at that huddled form, settled again into the *Nancy's* bottom. Its eyes were closed.

Well . . . Smithwick in his present condition was certainly harmless. Let him be, here, and rest for a while. A little trip around would soon show where they were. There'd be a road back there, somewhere, and houses. He'd come back for Smithwick.

Matt unrove his mainsheet from the clew, tied its end fast to the stump of the dory's painter, and with the coil on his arm leaped ashore. Above the narrow strip of shale he now saw an overhanging thicket of hemlock and juniper springing from the base of the rocky promontory that had loomed above the *Nancy's* masthead. To a great elbow of root in the bank he made fast his line; then turned to the right along the beach.

The beach, however, ended almost at once; the ground changed to slippery round stones, then to jagged bowlders—hard going. But the boy pressed on, now dripping with sweat in his heavy clothing. There was nothing else to do. Sooner or later, he kept telling himself, he must come to houses—or lobster traps by a pathhead—or moored boats—or a road—

"Peavey," said Mel with a sly wheedling note in his voice—"why not tell me the hull thing?"

Just then his feet splashed into water; and he saw that he was crossing one of the little half-tide inlets that he knew so well along the coast. He stood on hard mud in a swift salt brook a foot deep that tugged at his sea boots. On his left he made out a break in that rocky wall overhead; the inlet went through there; likely enough it opened into a deep hole farther up, a little bay, landlocked, replenished twice daily by the tide. This channel, t o o, would be deep at high water.

Fishermen used t h e s e things. A deep hole made the sort of anchorage for motor boats that a storm-l a s h e d fisherman's h e a r t craved. The chances were ten to one there were boats up there—boats riding to moorings, and houses on the shore.

So Matt walked into the middle of the inlet, whose current was already slackening in the last weakness of the ebb. He pushed upstream.

Soon the water deepened. He saw he would have to change tactics, and turned aside: it would be shoaler near shore.

But it wasn't. This must be the mouth of the deep hole. The bottom was flat as a sluiceway. And it ended in a perpendicular wall on each side.

Discouragement thickened in his throat. There was nothing to do then, but go back. For if there were any boats and men up there inland, they were well hidden and inaccessible. The beach was the only way.

He plodded downstream again until he came to the shore, and took up the march at the point he had detoured.

Not a sound but the low moaning of the tide among the ledges. Matt trudged on along the rocky way. Eventually he came upon a strip of low bank tufted with beach grass, soft under his feet.

A blue heron squawked suddenly in near-by marshes, startling him; and he heard the ponderous flapping of its wings as it lumbered away. Then, in the dripping silence that followed, somewhere far off a dog barked once. Ruts . . .?

MATT stood very still, listening. He whistled shrilly. No answering bark returned to him, no patter of eager feet. Funny the dog hadn't followed him. . . . Perhaps it wasn't Ruts at all. Just fancy. Anything could be imagined in this creepy place. If the fog would only lift!

Well—no use standing here whimpering. . . . How far had he come? No telling. It seemed hours, miles, that he had trudged along that shadowy shore.

Marsh and mud flats were left behind now. To shoreward he discerned a solid phalanx of spruce, black against the white fog. Underfoot lay great slabs of granite washed smooth by winter storms. On his right hand the sea took on a deeper, more sustained note in its chanting. There was wide open water out there—and wicked ledges . . . . Lucky the *Nancy* had not chosen this spot!

Somehow, in some way—he kept telling himself—he must get to Scarbay, to the little lawyer with the corn-popper voice who perched behind the counter in the Admiral. Why?

Well, this secret, dirty business, whatever it *was*, involved the *Shannon*—and that, even by the slim thread of a step-relationship, involved *him*. If it came to pass, the stain of it would touch him and cling. He had life before him. He could hear people say: "Ah! He's the boy whose step pa—"

Did what? And there you were. Somehow, in some way, he must get to Scarbay, see Judge Heggin. That little man would smooth things—

Ha! The boy stopped in his tracks, quick triumph swelling mightily in his chest.

On his left the land had grown bold again. His boots trod hard sand. Just ahead, dim in the fog, there lay some sort of small boat drawn up on the beach.

Where there are boats there must be men—houses—food—guidance on the road to Scarbay. . . . With a cry Matt Farnham broke into a pitiful stumbling run.

A dog barked, one sharp glad note. And then the boy saw—

It was the *Nancy*. Ruts came limping from the post he had guarded, whimpering with delight. Matt tottered like a man struck a vile blow. He leaned hard on the low gunwale for support. The *Nancy* . . . here . . .

Why—it was an island! There were lots of them outside Scarbay. He had walked clean around it and come again to the spot he had started at . . . But—

Matt's eyes sought an inert bundle on the dory's bottom. Funny. . . . Smithwick was—gone!

That rascal must have known where he was. He had pretended exhaustion, waited until his captor was out of the way, and started off. Ruts had tried to stop him; the boy recalled that single bark he had heard from the marshes. Ruts had called for help, tried to give the alarm. Mel had kicked him out of the way. . . .

Matt stooped to the little dog. His fingers ran knowingly over a bruised leg. Very tenderly he patted Ruts, talking to him in a low voice. It was good to feel that you had at least one friend here in this strange silent place. . . .

Just then Matt saw the footprints—big footprints—in the sand. His own? He tried his sea boots in one. The impression was much larger. Smithwick's, of course.

They began at the bow of the dory. For a short space they were confused and irregular; that was the scuffle with Ruts. Then they started off cleanly across the little beach, heading straight for that promontory overhead.

It would seem as if Mel knew where he was going! There was some purpose in those firm tracks. Moreover, Mel wasn't hurt very badly. He knew where he was—where to get help. He had made off that way as soon as occasion offered.

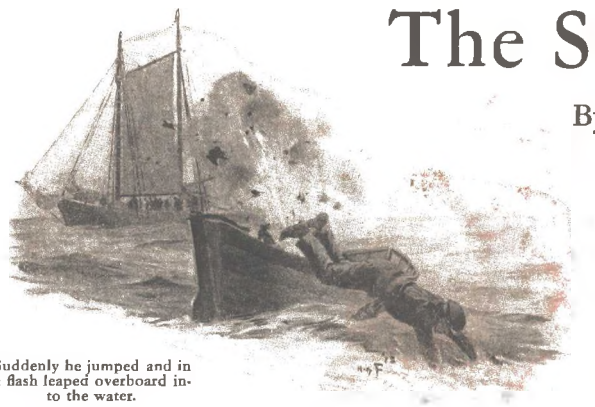
So. Matt was grateful for clean, truth-telling sand. With a quick glance to assure himself that the *Nancy* was well moored, he whistled to Ruts and took up the trail.

IT led directly to the bank. Here in the overhanging thicket of roots and brush and juniper, it climbed and disappeared. The boy scrambled up, Ruts following. The ground was hard, dead needles and firm packed earth. This little tunnel through the underbrush was a path, a disused sheep-path (*Continued on page 32*)

The Submarine Trail

By Roy Campbell Smith, Jr.

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer



Suddenly he jumped and in a flash leaped overboard into the water.

PHANTOM ships upon a leaden ocean. Out of the night voices calling softly to listening ears encased in the receivers of the radio telephone apparatus. Outside, silence and blackness.

Separated by about three miles from each other, three American submarine chasers were slowly tracking down the faint throb of a propeller. They lay, scarcely moving, upon the placid surface of the sea, their "ears," delicate diaphragms and nerves of wire, cast outboard to receive and transmit the least sound coming through the water. In the pilot house the commanding officers, all young ensigns especially trained for the job, wore the head sets of the radio telephone apparatus. Thus they talked through the blackness to each other.

Once every five minutes the flag boat, *S. C. 297*, Ensign Peter Ainslee, U. S. N., commanding, turned on the white truck light, for otherwise all three were completely darkened. Thereupon engines were stopped, and the other two, the wing boats, turned on their truck lights. The stopping of the engines permitted the operators at the listening tubes, the "ears" of the boats, to take their bearings of the propeller throb they were following. At the same time a quartermaster in the pilot house observed the bearing of the masthead lights of the other boats. This information, repeated to the captain, was by him telephoned across to Ainslee in the center craft. There on a big chart he plotted in the position of each of the three boats. From these positions he drew lines to fit the bearing of the chase, telephoned him from the other boats. These lines, since the bearing had been taken of a single point, met in a point on the chart. Small inaccuracies of the bearing often produced a triangle instead of a point, in which case the center of the figure was used. This point on the chart then showed with great accuracy the position of the enemy they were trailing. This was the method whereby many and many an undersea pirate was finally found and sent to Davy Jones.

It was not, however, usual to operate at night. The use of lights was practically prohibited to ships in the war zone. In this case Ainslee had picked up the trail of the submarine just at dusk, and rather than abandon it he had adopted the method described. Of course, should the submarine come to the surface, the three lights would certainly be seen and suspected. There was a chance thus of losing the enemy, but he decided to run it.

About ten o'clock three observations showed the submarine to be still. The throb of his propellers could no longer be heard. The young commander thereupon decided that the enemy must have come to the surface and stopped. This was not surprising, as night was the only safe time for the submarine to come to surface to recharge storage batteries. Accordingly Ainslee stopped his little flotilla and lay to, waiting till the enemy should complete the operation and submerge again, for on the surface the three 110 foot chasers, with their 3-inch guns, were helpless before the powerfully armed German.

AS a matter of fact Mr. Sub had heard the propellers of the tracking chasers and figured that the best scheme was to come to the surface, take a look around, and stop his own engines. Seeing the three lights, he had guessed from them what was up, and continued his course till he could establish the frequency with which observations were made.

Having settled this question, he waited till the lights went off, put his helm hard a-port and went full speed ahead for four minutes on his new course, at right angles to his old one. He then stopped his engines and waited. The three lights flared up and went out, and again the German commander went full speed ahead. This procedure he carried out three times, then perceiving that no more lights went on, he concluded that his trailers were themselves waiting further developments, and would most likely remain where they were, listening.

As he had now put some distance between his present position and his last recorded one, he considered himself safe, disconnected his propellers, hitched up to his depleted batteries, and proceeded to recharge. He then called his second to the conning tower and said to him:

"Lieutenant, some of those pigs of Americans are after us. They must be the three boats that have closed the Straits of Dover so well. But I think we have them now. For so we have our plans laid, and when we destroy them without anyone knowing, we open the Straits to our boats and for the destroyers. How far is it now to the schooners' place? And when we have charged, how soon can we get there?"

"You mean she with the gas, *Herr Kapitan?*"

"*Ja Wohl.* What speed gets us there about daybreak?"

The second descended into the chart room and did some rapid figuring. He returned shortly with the desired information, saluted smartly and awaited orders.

"Very good, Lieutenant. When we finish here, submerge to ten meters, and set the course 45 degrees, speed 8 knots."

"*Zu befehl, Kapitan!* (Aye, aye, sir!)"

IN about two hours, then, the submarine, having finished charging her batteries, closed hatches and submerged. She slowly started her motors, and went ahead on her new course.

On board the chasers, with their listening tubes down, they noted the first throbbing of the propellers. Ainslee acted at once. After the boats had taken bearings of each other and of the sound of the propellers, they went ahead slowly on the course of the quarry. Thus they continued till dawn.

AS the light grew clearer, about five miles ahead they saw the submarine lying alongside a small fishing schooner, apparently receiving drums aboard. At once they increased speed to head for the enemy. The radio began to crackle out its message, and the boats prepared for action.

They all knew that they were no match for the submarine. But their duty was now to engage him on the surface till the summoned help could arrive. Then if the enemy submerged they could conquer him with their depth charges. Under water was no refuge for the Hun. Above water, his heavy guns gave him superiority. So, in the face of heavy odds, the three small boats stood in to attack.

Imagine their surprise, then, when after a few ineffectual shots the enemy hastily submerged! Two of the boats chased him awhile but could not track him, due to interference of other screws; so they dropped a few charges, hopefully, but without result and returned to their commander. Ainslee meanwhile had made straight for the schooner to investigate her. He soon overhauled her, and after a shot across her bow she hove to and surrendered. The *297* lowered a motor dory, the young commander stepped into it and was carried over to the prize.

About her decks was the usual litter of fishing nets and other gear. The crew were dressed in the customary garb of the French fisher folk.

Inspecting below, Ainslee found large quantities of gasoline or fuel oil, stowed in drums. He had it brought on deck and a drum tapped. Gasoline!

"Aha!" he thought. "A good prize! We must have surprised Fritz in the act of taking on supplies, and instead of staying to argue, he beat it. Curious! He could have stood off the three of us! Well, let's talk to the patron of this craft."

He tried the skipper in French. The man shook his head.

Now Ainslee was rather (*Continued on page 45*)

The crews of the waist and after guns, arriving on the run, now entered the fight and soon drove back the attackers.

A Prince of a Pup

By Archibald Douglas Turnbull
Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

The woods, a gorgeous strip of trees, were splendid, full of interesting thickets and holes.

DAVID MacSporran O' Glengowan. It was an almost overwhelming name for so small a dog—longer than he was, stiffer than his harsh coat, and heavier than his fourteen pounds. And yet the little gray Cairn terrier carried it, as he bore everything else, gayly.

Perhaps he should have been sober in temperament. Where had there been, among his Scottish ancestors, any gaiety to pass down to him? Their lives were spent chiefly in laboring with rude crofter-masters to rid barren farms of those sly thieves, the foxes; a labor that meant clinging for hours to rough trails leading up the faces of steep cliffs, over wet bowlders, and at last into narrow black lairs where sharp teeth must be defied and dodged until the chance came to slip behind a worried fox and send him bolting out to meet death under a club. After that labor, there had been no pampering, no lying on soft cushions to lick open wounds. A rough word of thanks, perhaps an oatcake or a handful of tough mutton—and a bed wherever a dog could find some scant shelter from biting Highland winds. Such was the heritage of tradition that had come down to David. Yet he was gay—because of Peter King.

Each of these two recognized the other in the instant of their first meeting. That was on the day when fifteen-year-old Peter had walked a long way to see a new litter, as what dog-lover, from fifteen to eighty, will not do? For when a famous mother is proudly watching five or six clumsy, stumbling little youngsters, who knows which one among them will be next year's champion?

Peter knelt before the box where David rolled and struggled among his brothers and sisters.

"That's the one!" cried the boy. "The silver-grey with the black mask! What's his name?"

"Twad be David MacSporran," the kennel man told him with a throaty twist upon the words that Peter could not possibly have taught his young American voice to imitate.

"Davie!" he burst out and, with the word, he put a finger inside the box.

Lassie, the mother, stared at Peter keenly. Satisfied, she dropped her head upon her nearest baby. But a wee grey head stayed up, four short, very wobbly legs began to move forward, for the first time in its life a tiny tail began to wag—and Davie advanced upon the finger; not as upon an intruder, but confidently, to meet a friend. It was so that the two met, and so that there passed between them a thing no man can fully understand. The unbreakable bond was sealed.

Mentally, spiritually, they belonged to one another from that moment. Actually, Peter had a struggle to find the courage to ask the momentous question "How much?" He knew that Cairn puppies, especially blooded princes of the race like Davie, were not to be had for the asking. Also, he knew that his friend, the kennel man, could recognize quality when he saw it; though his would not be the final say, he could always plead with Lassie's master for the big kennel's own record in the show-ring, always plead that the best of the litter be saved. At last, trembling a little, Peter sought out the owner.

"SIR," said Peter, "that Davie is the pick of the litter but—but—*would* you sell him?"

The owner was a grey-haired man of affairs. It is beyond question that he saw the stuff that was in Davie. Doubtless, too, he had ambitions for his hobby—the dogs—and sought show-ring fame for them. But he knew something else—more important than these things; he knew that, of all breeds, the Cairn develops as a "member of the family" in a way he can never do in a kennel with a dozen others; he knew that one heart like Peter's would be worth more to Davie than all the scientific feedings, exercise runs, and handlers in the world. Finally, when he had walked back to Davie's box and seen the boy and the dog together, he knew he had no choice. He pulled vigorously at his white dragoon moustache.

"Take the pup!" he said.

But Peter would not have it that way. His fair mind demanded the fixing of a price and, when this had at last been done at his insistence, he did not quail. As for that, he realized that the price, high as it stood beside his ordinary resources, was being cut far below the market figure. "I—I'll take him!" he cried.

"Pay for him when you get ready, then, but come and get him as soon as he's weaned," the grey-haired man smiled.

But it was no easy matter to meet even that generously low figure; and Peter, before he claimed Davie, insisted upon meeting it. Still, there were things a fellow can do, errands that want running, lawns that want mowing, all sorts of odds and ends to be found by searching. One by one, Peter ran them all down and did them. And his mother, who could quite understand the appeal of the little grey Cairn terrier, cheered the boy on to the glad morning when, with the required sum in his hand, Peter dashed over the hill to Davie.

It might have been a triumphal march, the return trip that brought Peter and Davie home. For home it was to Davie. He took possession as simply as if he had never known any other place. Then, with Peter, he went to work.

There were endless things to be learned. Though Davie knew infinitely more about the main business of being a terrier than Peter could ever hope to teach him, he nevertheless accepted Peter's word on anything and everything. They talked—there was not a thing on earth those two did not discuss, from the early lesson that splintery bones are unsuitable for dog and man, to the later, and much harder lesson of the red platform.

At first, Davie rather dreaded that platform—the block, as dog showmen call it. To stand upon it, instead of upon good green turf, even when doing so meant nothing more alarming than lapping up a bowl of bread and milk, was highly disconcerting at only twelve weeks of age; to acquire, after that, the art of standing with firmly planted feet, tail and ears straight up, was harder still. But a fellow can get used to it; he can learn to pose on that block with no food in sight, with only a whispered word from another fellow—provided that other fellow's name is Peter—can learn to look like a statue, not of marble, but of living, breathing dog.

At last the big man shrugged again and nodded.

Then there was all that leash business to be gone through. Of course, it was not so hard to understand, with Peter on the other end, that it did not mean punishment. But there were all those other things about it—what it meant when it was drawn taut, or slacked off; how it signaled him to stand up, or to trot along behind. Oh, altogether, training was a dull business.

There were Peter's whistles, too, to be studied. For instance, that one with the firm note in it, which said, quite plainly, "Come here and lie down!"

(*Cont. on page 51*)

Connie Morgan Meets Thieves

By James B. Hendryx

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

CONNIE MORGAN paused at the door of the cook shanty, and smiled at Willie Gibbs, who was stowing the last of a collection of lunch pails into the platform that had replaced the tonneau of the dilapidated flivver that Connie had purchased from the Pine Tree garage man. "This will be your last week on the job for quite a while," he said. "School starts in a few days."

"Yes, sir, I s'pose I gotta go to school. But I'd ruther stay an' be bull cook fer the camp. I like to carry lunches best, 'cause then I git to drive the autymobile."

"I know," answered Connie, "but you've got to go to school. You wouldn't want to be a bull cook all your life."

"You don't stay a bull cook all your life. You git to be a teamster, or a faller, an' maybe even a top-loader!"

Connie laughed. "Yes, but where would you find a job when you got to be a teamster, or a faller, or a top-loader? The timber's about gone, boy. And by the time you're big enough to fill a man's job, it will be all gone."

"This timber won't," answered the boy quickly. "I hear 'em talkin' nights in the bunk house. First off, it was only Pap Whitlock, an' Mr. Mimms, an' Pa, says how this here timber won't never be gone, the way you an' Mr. McLaren is cuttin' it. An' the rest of 'em laughed, an' says how it was a fool way to log. But now they don't only a few say that. Most of 'em says how mebbe it'll work out, takin' only what orter be took, an' leavin' the young stuff come on. Old Sheely Birch, he says last night, how if they'd had sense enough to log this-a-way when loggin' started, they'd be timber now, 'stead of cut-over that hain't no good. An' old Sheely, he was the one that laughed most at first. They *will* always be timber here, won't they, Mr. Morgan? An' if I work good, you'll lemme stay?"

A gruff voice sounded from the cook shanty, and a be-aproned figure appeared in the doorway: "Hey, you flunky! Git to the woods with them lunches! What do you want them beans to do—take root?"

Willie Gibbs turned and eyed the bulky form that filled the doorway. "I an' Mr. Morgan was a-talkin' things over," he protested. As he grasped the crank of the flivver, Connie and the big cook roared with laughter.

"Guess I'll ride out to the cuttings with you, if you have room," said Connie.

"Sure, I got room. Jump in."

AS they bumped along over the log road, Connie explained to the youngster that it was true that if he did his work well, he could always have a job; but that if he went to school for a few years, he could probably get a much better job than even a top-loader's.

"But I like to drive the autymobile, an' I'm 'fraid time school's quit, I'll fergit how to."

"I guess not," Connie grinned. "You see I bought Clayt Mimms' old car the other day, and I'm going to give it to you so you can come home Friday nights until snow comes. After that, you'll have to stay in Melrose."

"You bought Mr. Mimms' autymobile fer *me*!" exclaimed the boy. "Honest, Mr. Morgan? The horn an' everything?"

"Yes—the horn, and everything."

"But—I can't never earn enough money to pay you back for it. An' when I'm goin' to school I can't earn nothin'."

"Never mind about the paying back," Connie reassured him. "You will be giving me all the pay I want if you work hard in school and learn everything you can."

"I'll work hard, Mr. Morgan. I sure will. I—" There the boy interrupted himself: "Here comes that dog-gone tractor with a load of logs! I gotta turn out. I don't like that tractor man. He always *yells* at me to turn out, 'sif I didn't have sense enough to. Made me turn out the other day, an' I got stuck in the sand, an' he laughe' an' wouldn't give me no pull, an' got late with the lunches, an' the men was mad. But I'll git even with him! Pap Whitlock, he don't like him an' his three pals neither. He's goin' to fire 'em, pay day. They hain't no good. They hain't never worked in the woods. Pap says they don't none of 'em know a cant-hook from a crosshaul. This un claimed he could drive a truck; so Pap put him on the tractor." The boy had forced the car out of the deep ruts into the brush between two stumps.

As the tractor lumbered by with its load of logs, the driver leaned from his seat: "Turn out!" he bellowed at the boy, and meeting Connie's eye, scowled sullenly.

"I don't blame you for not liking him," agreed Connie. "He had a bad eye. How do the other men like those four?"

"They don't like 'em. Those four gene'lly go off alone by themselves, an' don't set around an' listen to old Sheely tell 'bout Paul Bunyan an' Bucky Kavanaugh sing 'Young Monroe'."

IT was toward the end of the month, some two weeks after Willie Gibbs had started to school, that Connie Morgan looked up from his desk in the little office, as a form darkened the doorway. "We're quittin'," announced a truculent voice, and Connie saw that the speaker was the tractor man. Behind him stood three others.

"All right," said Connie, indifferently, and returned his eyes to the blue print spread out upon his desk top.

"We want our pay. An' we don't want no checks, neither. We don't know no one in town to cash 'em."

Connie continued to study his blue print, and, after a few moments, the man began again: "Hey! d'you hear?"

"Hear what?"

"What I been tellin' you!"

"Yes, but I wasn't much interested."

"Oh, you wasn't? Well, we be! Come acrost with our pay, an', what's more, you got to see that we git a ride back to town."

"Who was your foreman?"

"Pap Whitlock."

"Did he fire you?"

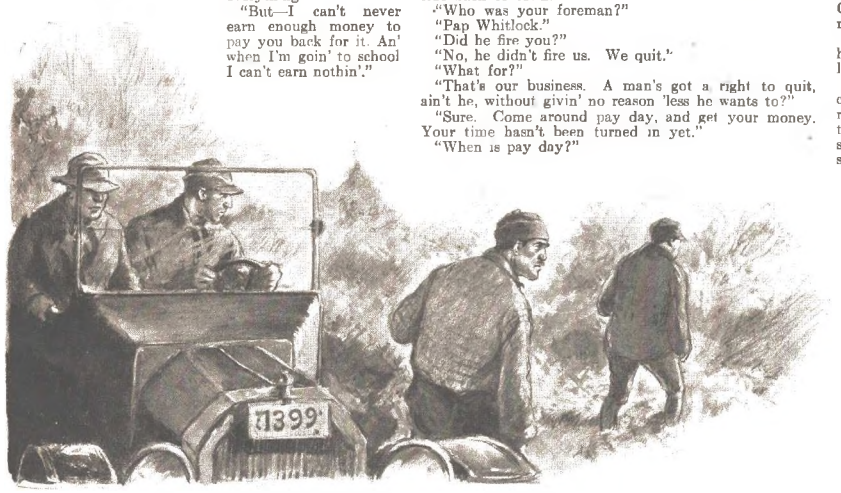
"No, he didn't fire us. We quit."

"What for?"

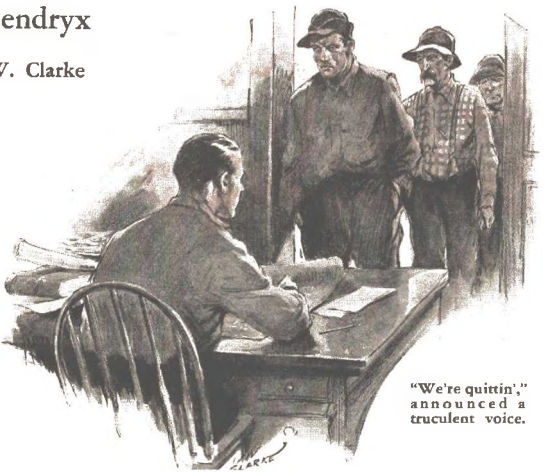
"That's our business. A man's got a right to quit, ain't he, without givin' no reason 'less he wants to?"

"Sure. Come around pay day, and get your money. Your time hasn't been turned in yet."

"When is pay day?"



The car stopped, and two men got out and concealed themselves in the brush.



"We're quittin'," announced a truculent voice.

"We pay off on the morning of the second. Just a week from to-day."

"D'you think we're goin' to lay round here an' pay board fer a week?"

"No. I know you're not. This is a logging camp, not a boarding house."

"How're we goin' to git to town?"

"If the supply truck goes to-day, you can ride that; if not, the walking's good."

With a muttered imprecation, the man withdrew, followed by his three companions, and at his desk, Connie Morgan grinned at the retreating backs; then his face became suddenly serious. "Now, what are those four men doing in the woods?" he thought. As he turned back to his blue print, the safe in the corner seemed almost to jump at his eye. "That's what they are after," he cried, with quick understanding. "They know now when pay day is, that we pay off in cash, and the size and location of the safe." For a moment, his worried look held, and then he broke into a chuckle. "All right, my buckoes—see you pay day."

IN Melrose, Willie Gibbs was going to school. For five hours a day, five days in the week, he sat at his desk and toiled over letters and figures. He was never sorry when Friday afternoon came. Friday afternoon brought release and the big adventure of driving home in the old car Connie had given him. Willie considered Friday his lucky day.

In that he was unusual. Few people associate Friday with good fortune. Even McLaren, the keen-witted forester whose advice had so often helped Connie Morgan, was ready to admit with a grin that he hated to start anything on Friday. He said as much when he and Connie were driving into Melrose on the Friday afternoon after the tractor man and his friends had quit.

"You want to remember," he warned Connie half humorously, half seriously, "that you're likely to be unlucky if you take long chances on Friday."

"I'm not starting anything," Connie protested with a chuckle as he brought his car to a stop before the Melrose bank. McLaren went into the general store next to the bank to do some errands; Connie took a tan leather suitcase out of his car and went into the bank. He stepped to the window of the paying teller, and presented a slip upon which was a row of penciled figures. As he waited for the pay roll to be made up, he noted that, twice, the tractor man passed on the opposite side of the street. At length, the teller raised his grilled window, and handed out numerous packages of bills, which Connie crammed into his suitcase. Then, carrying the suitcase, he entered the general store, where McLaren was critically inspecting socks.

Connie watched him quizzically for a minute; then wandered along down the counter until he came to a stack of pads of rough paper.

"How much are these scratch pads?" he asked the clerk who was waiting on McLaren.

"Three for ten cents, Mr. Morgan. Bargain, aren't they?"

"I'll take a couple dozen of them. I'd like to have enough paper to figure on for one," Connie decided.

"Wait on you in just a minute," the clerk assured him.

"Don't bother." Connie shoved three quarters and a nickel across the counter, and began counting off his pads. "I'll tie 'em up back there out of your way."

A few moments later, he and McLaren, carrying

their packages, again entered the parked car, and drove slowly down the street to Mrs. Johnson's where Willie Gibbs was getting ready for his weekly trip home.

"Hello, Mr. Morgan!" called the boy. "What you doin' in town?"

"McLaren and I came in to get the pay roll. You're going out home to-day, aren't you?"

"Sure I am. I got to git my dirty clothes together fer Ma to wash, an' then I'm goin' to pull out."

"Well, I'm going to start now. I've got a package of paper I wish you'd bring out with you. There doesn't seem to be a good place for it in my car. It isn't heavy. Will you bring it directly to the office before you go home?"

"Sure I will, Mr. Morgan! An' say—did you know that tractor man an' his pals been hangin' 'round Melrose? I asked one of 'em wasn't they workin' for you any more, an' he let loose a lot of mean stuff about you an' your camp. An' just then the tractor man himself came along an' told him to shut up. An' then he turned on me and says, 'Hey! what you doin' round here anyway? Turn out!' An' they all laughed—mean! I hate 'em, an' I'm sort of skeered of 'em. An' they don't like you—you want to look out!"

Connie laughed, and patted the boy on the shoulders: "Don't you worry about me, Willie," he said. "I guess they won't make much trouble for me."

"By jingo! If they do, they'll wisht they never done it, if I git holt of 'em!" cried the boy.

Again Connie laughed, and, after glancing swiftly about, stepped to the car, and handed the boy a package.

AS Connie's car had moved away from the bank, another car upon a parallel street had pulled swiftly out of town, and, turning on to a sandy pine plains road, headed for Connie Morgan's camp. Some seven miles out, the car stopped, and two men got out, and concealed themselves in the brush. The car moved on for nearly a mile, when it was turned from the road, and hidden behind a growth of thick scrub. Followed then the sound of axes, and, a few minutes later, a tree crashed down across the road, effectively blocking it against all traffic. And pulling guns from their pockets a second group of two men slipped behind some bushes, and waited.

A puncture on the outskirts of the town delayed Connie and McLaren for fifteen or twenty minutes, so that it was nearly an hour after the first car had left town before the two were on the sand road.

"I don't feel quite right about not having guns along," said McLaren. "Eighty-seven hundred dollars is a lot of money to be taking chances on."

"Sure it is," agreed Connie. "But sometimes a man has to take chances. And what good would guns do? If anyone is going to hold you up, he'll have the drop on you before you get a chance to draw. You're a lot safer without guns."

The conversation shifted to other topics as the car followed the interminable windings of the pine plains road. Suddenly, Connie applied his brake. Before him lying directly across the road was a tree trunk fully a foot in diameter. "Well, what in thunder—?"

"Stick 'em up!"

At the sound of the gruff voice almost at his elbow, McLaren started, and the next moment his hands were elevated above his head, as he found himself looking squarely into the muzzle of an automatic. Beside him, Connie Morgan had done likewise, and the forester saw that another automatic had the boy covered. Behind the guns, two pairs of eyes glared over the tops of handkerchief masks. McLaren could have sworn to the identity of the owners; features had been masked, but not figures.

The man who had spoken growled an order to his companion. "Come alive, now! I'll look after these two birds. H'ist that suitcase out of there, an' then raise the hood and smash the vacuum feed."

Swiftly the other obeyed. The suitcase was swung to the ground, the hood raised, and after a few sharp blows with the axe, the strong odor of gasoline attested to the successful disabling of the car.

These arrangements completed, the leader once more addressed Connie and McLaren: "Git out," he commanded tersely. And, when they had complied, he deftly passed his hands over their pockets in search of guns. Apparently satisfied, he pointed up the road: "Hop over that tree, an' beat it around the next bend; an' if you show up till we git started, we'll take a crack at you fer luck!"

When the two had disappeared, the tractor man tore the handkerchief from his face, and growled at his partner. "Throw that suitcase in our car, an' take these two guns. We're goin' to hit back, now. An' when we pass the place where we left them two poor boobs to watch the road, I'll be hittin' about forty! 'Fore they know what's happened, we'll be out o' sight, an' they'll be holding the bag. You an' me splits this stuff two ways, 'stead o' four. I'll learn those boobs to pick the soft side of a job!"

WILLIE GIBBS tossed his bag of laundry onto the rear seat of his car, and carefully placed the package Connie Morgan had handed him upon the front seat beside him. Then he backed the car from its shed on the rear of the Johnson premises, and moved down the alley. At the edge of the town, he turned on to the pine plains road that led to the camps, and, with vast pride of ownership, piloted the car carefully over the winding road. "When I git rich, like Mr. Morgan, I'll be good to folks, too, an' give 'em jobs, an' I'll give boys autymobiles, an' clo's, so they kin go to school. An' I'll—"

"Stop where y'are!" A man slipped out of the bushes and stood in the road before the slowly moving car, and the boy stepped on the brake.

"Well, I'll be danged if it ain't the kid that carries the lunches," cried the man, and then, "Turn out! Git that tin can offen the road!"

"What for?" asked the boy, glancing past the man and seeing no other car in sight.

"'Cause I say so—an' do it quick!"

Another man appeared beside the speaker: "Hold on, Bugs, I got a hunch. The pay car passed quite a bit ago. S'pose them other two guys takes a notion to double-cross us? S'pose they lifts the stuff an' comes boilin' down past us here, an' don't stop? Where'd we be? What's the matter of us climbin' in the Lizzie an' meetin' 'em comin' out? The pay car'll be crippled, an' they won't be no great hurry about the get-away. Time enough to git this boat off the road when we meet 'em."

"Danged if y'ain't right, at that. Start her up, kid, an' run her slow. Start her up, I say! Are you deef?"

"No, no. I ain't deef." Willie pulled himself together. Inwardly he was in a ferment of rebellion; but he was wise enough to conceal it. The car moved on slowly. The boy's mind, however, was racing. Pay car . . . crippled . . . lifts the stuff. These were the tractor man's pals. Was the tractor man on ahead in the bushes, waitin' for the pay car? Waitin' for Mr. Morgan! Crippled . . . crippled! Wasn't there anything a feller could do!

A rough voice from one of the two in the rear seat broke in on the boy's confusion of thought: "What y' got in that package beside you, kid?"

"Oh, jes' some paper I'm fetchin' out." Willie's tongue seemed too unmanageable for a longer answer. He was working himself into a fever of anxiety over the tractor man and Mr. Morgan ahead.

The road had turned into an old railroad cut, and they were descending a long easy grade between banks three or four feet high on either side. The car slipped easily along the deep ruts of the sandy bed. Several hundred yards down the road, another car burst suddenly into view, coming toward them at terrific speed. A horn roared twice. For a single instant Willie Gibbs eyed the approaching car, and in that instant he recognised the man behind the wheel. It was the tractor man—and the blaring horn was roaring at him: "Toot toot—Toot toot! TURN OUT! TURN OUT!" it snarled.

In a flash, the boy's mind pictured vividly the scene that roaring car had probably left behind—the pay car . . . Mr. Morgan . . . crippled . . . CRIPPLED . . .

"I won't turn out!" he screamed, and the next instant jerked his gas wide open, jumped on the seat, and, with Connie Morgan's package under his arm, leaped from the car to the top of the embankment which rose almost to the level of the seat. He tripped as he landed, and rolled wildly through the tangled sweet fern and brakes to bring up a moment later against a clump of scrub oak, the package still tightly clutched in his arms. From the roadway came the sound of a terrific crash, as the two cars smashed together head-on. Then silence.

Hastily thrusting the package beneath a tangle of sweet fern, the boy crept cautiously to the edge of the embankment and looked over. Fifty yards down the road the cut was blocked by a mass of wreckage. A still form lay in the roadway, and another protruded from beneath the heap of twisted iron.

For a moment, the thought that these men might be badly hurt because of what he had done frightened the boy, but only for a moment. "They were after Mr. Morgan and his money, an' I don't care if they are hurt," he reassured himself. "Serves 'em right if they are."

He told himself that he must go on and hunt for Mr. Morgan; but still he stood staring at the wreck, fascinated.

As he stared, a man crawled from behind the wreckage, stood up, and reaching into the tonneau of the overturned car, drew out a tan leather suitcase, and limped off into the brush. The sight roused the boy to action. He drew back from (*Continued on page 54*)

The cut was blocked by a mass of wreckage.

That Wall Street Coup

By Rex Lee

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

FRANK QUICK'S three years of football at Clinton High School, over in Brooklyn, had earned him the name of "Scat," and to see him darting around the floor of the stock exchange that morning was to know at once why the Clinton quarterback had been so labeled. Ordinarily the duties of a page boy were not arduous, but now the floor of the exchange was a veritable riot. And Scat, his thin, keen young face mirroring his satisfaction and his bright eyes sparkling, was enjoying it to the hilt as he sped swiftly on his various errands. Upstairs to the offices, up to the boards, from one wild-eyed, shouting group of traders to another—anywhere the wild surge of business sent him.

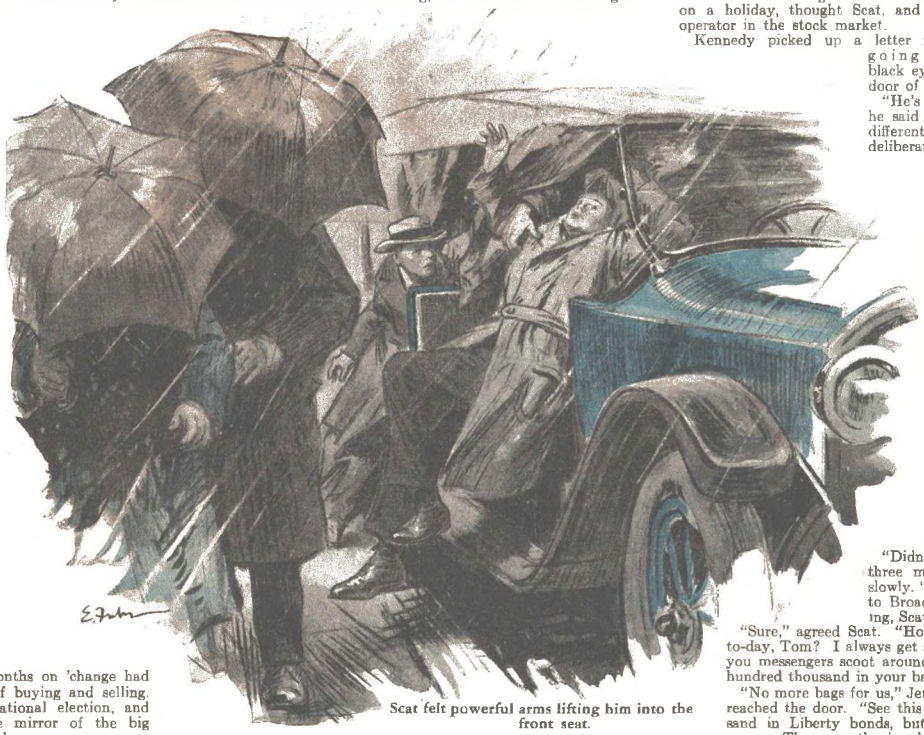
At times like this, when the ticker was a half hour behind in its quotations on ever-rising stocks, and the chaps up on the board were jumping around like kangaroos as they tried to mark down quotations, Scat forgot that his dead father's loss of a fortune in the hungry maw of Wall Street had forced him to go to work. Not that he mourned his fate. The flashing page was always able to extract a deal of fun out of life.

Never in his six months on 'change had he seen such a riot of buying and selling. There had been a national election, and Wall Street, sensitive mirror of the big businesses of the world, was on a rampage. All along the line stocks were going up because of the national feeling of security—going up so fast that millions of dollars a minute were changing hands, and fortunes were being made almost by the second. The brokers on the floor were gathering in shouting, milling knots—coatless, often collarless, their hands sawing the air and their raucous voices shouting high above the din: "A thousand Consolidated Motors, 112½—an eight—" "Sold!" "Three thousand Anaconda—" "Ten thousand United Amusement, 94⅝—"

No sooner was a stock offered than it was snapped up. No money changed hands—not even a slip of paper. It was all done by word of mouth—and the word of a man was always kept scrupulously. Over at the phones, opposite the quotation blackboards which ran in double tiers the full length of the huge room, dozens of men were talking to their offices, then rushing back to carry out orders from thousands of clients all over the country who "cleared" through their offices. The visitors' gallery was packed with a crowd which reflected the excitement of the floor and of the whole world of business thousands of miles away from the stock exchange.

SCAT was too interested to be weary. He felt a part of this great enterprise. And he had a great pride in it, even though he knew that thousands of men, crazy enough to gamble, had lost their all in it. For the exchange was, primarily, a market place where all the world could buy and sell when they desired—a marvelously sensitive recorder of the business pulse of the earth. A famine in Russia, a new governor in South Dakota, a cyclone in Kansas, the death of a great financier, the failure of an automobile corporation—nothing was too great or too small to escape recording in dollars and cents on the stock ticker and those boards. He, Scat Quick, was a part of it—and sometime he'd be paying nearly a hundred thousand dollars for a seat on the exchange, and be one of those keen, skillful men who crowded the littered floor, carrying out commissions on their bare words which meant everything in the world to their clients and to the prosperity of the country.

Not until his lunch hour was Scat aware that he had run miles that morning, that his brain was reeling from the assault of that continuous din, and that his mind was weary from the excitement. As he put on his street coat and cap he wasn't sorry to leave it for an hour. He glanced through a doorway into the visitors' gallery, and on over to Walt Young, jumping around in front of the huge blackboard, with dozens of other fellows, their chalks working like lightning as they marked down the ever-changing quotations which the ticker man called off.



Scat felt powerful arms lifting him into the front seat.

"Look like a bunch of leaping tuna!" chuckled the wiry page, and as his generous mouth widened in a smile it seemed as though his thin, square-jawed face were split from ear to ear.

He ran blithely down the steps and around the corner to the brokerage offices of Grady and Grady, where Tom Jerrick worked. They always "cafeteriate" together, as Scat put it, with the emphasis on the "ate." Scat wondered how Tom's sister was. She'd had an operation the week before, and didn't seem to be getting well as fast as she ought. Pretty tough lines for Tom. It was hard enough to make ends meet in the Jerrick family without expensive hospital bills.

The offices of Grady and Grady were ornate. To one side of the main foyer he could see the clients' room, equipped with two dozen chairs, a ticker, and a blackboard. It was seething with clients, watching the antics of the ticker, wondering when to sell, anticipating when the market would start dropping, talking excitedly as they sent commission after commission in to the firm. Grady and Grady were a new firm—Scat wondered who the second Grady was. The one man he'd seen was barrel-bodied, square-faced, hard-bitten—very genial, but hard-eyed.

"'Lo, Kennedy," he greeted one of the clerks.

The slender, sallow-faced clerk turned from his conversation like a flash.

"Hello—what can we do for you?" he snapped.

"Deliver Tom Jerrick to me for lunch," returned Scat airily. That was funny, though, he was thinking. What was biting Kennedy?

"He's delivering some bonds—right now, so you'd better toddle along, quick."

THE sensitive, quick-witted Scat was aware of something peculiar in the attitude of the thin, black-haired Kennedy. He was a drawling, languid chap, ordinarily—a Virginian who took life easily and was usually giving vent to whimsically humorous remarks whenever the page and his bosom friend, Jerrick, were in the office.

"Well, I'll escort him. Can't be too well protected, with all these robberies lately," grinned Scat, his eyes flashing toward the man who had been talking to Kennedy.

The man had turned away, and was now in the door of the clients' room, his back to Scat. He was short and powerfully built, with smoothly brushed blonde hair and an ill-fitting blue suit. Looked like a mechanic on a holiday, thought Scat, and not like a lounging operator in the stock market.

Kennedy picked up a letter nervously, one hand going to his mouth as his black eyes darted toward the door of an inside office.

"He's gone already, Scat," he said incisively, his speech different from his usual slow, deliberate enunciation. "He'll go to lunch on the way back—you can meet him at Black's, probably. He may be there now—"

"'Lo, Scat!" boomed a hearty voice, and Quick whirled to greet none other than Tom Jerrick himself, a package under his arm and his cap in his hand.

Scat glanced at Kennedy. The usually genial, composed clerk had really jumped when Tom came out.

"Thought you were gone," he said swiftly.

Big, slow Jerrick looked at him curiously.

"Didn't get orders until three minutes ago," he said slowly. "Want to drop around to Broad Street before chowing, Scat?"

"Sure," agreed Scat. "How much you carrying to-day, Tom? I always get a kick out of the way you messengers scoot around here carrying a few hundred thousand in your bags—"

"No more bags for us," Jerrick told him as they reached the door. "See this package? Ten thousand in Liberty bonds, but no bag for a give-away. The way they've been knocking us off lately, it pays to camouflage."

As they left the office, Scat looked back. Kennedy's face seemed drawn, somehow, and his black eyes glittered unhealthily.

"What's biting old Kennedy?" queried Scat as they waited for the elevator.

Jerrick's square, rather fleshy face became more serious than was its wont. Much responsibility had aged the eighteen-year-old clerk, and he was naturally a direct contrast to the eager, laughing Scat. Now, however, his heavy gray eyes stared ahead absently, and he was unusually serious.

"I don't know—I think the whole office is cuckoo," he said slowly. "Scat, I've got to get another job, I guess."

"Huh?" grunted Scat in complete surprise.

The elevator stopped, and as they got in they had to stop talking. Scat was wondering what on earth was worrying Tom. His salary with Grady and Grady was at least five dollars a week more than he could get elsewhere—to start, anyhow. Had he been fired?

"What's the trouble, Tom? Why this new job stuff?" he asked as soon as they got off. "Been offered the presidency of the National City Bank or something?"

Tom refused to smile.

"No," he said deliberately. "I'm not sure, and I don't want to say anything until I am—but I'm pretty sure I've got to vamose."

Scat was too close a friend of Jerrick's to mince his words.

"Is it that old business of suspecting you were in cahoots with that bunch of yeggs who robbed you that time?" he asked directly.

Tom shook his head.

"Nope. That was just hard-boiled old Grady going wild for a minute. I often thought he went a little too wild, at that. Wasn't reasonable. But that isn't it, anyway. I'm leaving on

(*Continued on page 34*)

Dorset's Twister

By William Heyliger
Illustrated by George Avison

"That's the second time you've poked into my affairs," the pitcher blazed at Tony.

"WHAT! Randall holds the T. C. Clarke scholarship? That's peculiar. Most peculiar!" And there on the station platform, Tony Erb, Dorset Academy's odd, self-appointed detective, stared first at Clay Randall's back, then at Dwight Nixon.

That staunch friend of Clay Randall's was troubled by Tony's words. Dwight had been supremely happy when he found that, like himself, the star pitcher was planning to leave Medford High and enter famous Dorset Academy that fall. But Dwight was realizing ruefully that there was something of mystery about Clay's coming, that the pitcher had withheld his confidence from him.

Well, that was like Clay. He was a generous, debonair, magnetic comrade; but he was embittered by his family's poverty, proudly close-mouthed, hotly independent—had persistently refused Dwight's invitations to dine in his Uncle Norval Nixon's luxurious home in Medford.

All these things were in Dwight's mind as the little group of Dorset boys who had come in on the train together broke up. Clarke Huntington, nephew of T. C. Clarke, a prominent business man of Medford, who had introduced the two new students to Tony Erb, started down the street as Clay and Dwight started up, toward the campus. Dwight, glancing back, saw Tony Erb still standing on the platform — staring after Clay so intently that he didn't even notice Dwight had turned.

Queer!

Confound it, there were too many queer things connected with Clay's coming to Dorset. Obviously Clay and Huntington had met before. It must have been Clay who had come up to Uncle Norval's with Huntington that night last July. But the pitcher had never mentioned Huntington, nor that visit, never spoken of the scholarship until he was dead sure of it, never explained how he expected to take care of his running expenses — never explained anything.

Queer! And Tony Erb's intent, curious gaze after Clay seemed somehow to Dwight like a sinister shadow following the pitcher into this new life.

Chapter IV

BUT though Dwight was troubled by the mystery that cloaked the coming of Clay Randall to Dorset he refused to allow his uneasiness to shake his faith in Clay.

From that lonely father in far-off South America, Dwight had inherited a fine measure of loyalty and—despite the fact that Norval Nixon thought that father impractical—a sound streak of common sense. And now this inherent loyalty and common sense arose to prod the boy for the bleakness of his thoughts.

Clay, for all Dwight knew, might have put in his claim for the T. C. Clarke scholarship late in June. Mr. Clarke, thinking favorably of the appeal, might have sent Huntington, his nephew, to size up the prospect. What better place for the meeting between Clay and Huntington than the house of another Dorset man, Norval Nixon? Many men thought well of Uncle Norval's judgment, and in this case he, as well as Huntington, may have sat in as a juror upon the pitcher. Clay, always taciturn where his personal affairs were concerned, had probably pledged Uncle Norval to secrecy, and Norval Nixon would not be the man to break that pledge. As for Tony Erb's insisting that there was something queer about Clay's holding the scholarship—well, Tony was obviously given to fanciful suspicions.

The more Dwight turned this reasoning in his mind the more probable it seemed, and he accepted it with relief. For the hurly-burly of a new life was on him, and he wanted to enjoy it to its full.

There was much of life and of color to enjoy. Dorset was plainly a preparatory school town; every butcher and baker and tailor and shoemaker had found space to display the green and white colors of the school.

"Looks as though Dorset amounts to something," Clay said with a grin. "Know where the campus is?"

"Uncle Norval told me. It's straight ahead."

They saw it a moment later, far up at the end of the shady street, a park-like stretch of grass with stately buildings beyond.

"What a school to pitch for," Clay said softly. "What a school! I'll bet they bring five thousand to the big game."

Instinctively, when the two reached the campus edge, they halted to feast their eyes. Dwight's breath came in a soft whistle. The school buildings were stretched out in a horseshoe panorama. Dwight could name every structure there —the library, the dome-vaulted auditorium, Smythe Hall, Dunlap Hall, Old Main. Both his father and Uncle Norval had once roomed in Old Main. A lingering glance at the tower of the building, the steepled clock, stirred some strange wellspring of Dwight's emotions. It was as though Fate, for a moment, were giving him a glimpse of the part that tower was to play in his career.

At the office they found place in the line that was registering and claiming its rooms. Dwight walked out with the keys of Room 208, Smythe, Clay with the keys of 406, Dunlap. The pitcher gave unpretentious old Dunlap a sidelong scrutiny out of half-closed eyes.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll go over and see if my room is as sour as I'm afraid it is."

The speech was characteristic of Clay. But whatever discontent his words implied, his walk was as jaunty as ever as he set off across the campus. Dwight, swinging around to follow the path of Smythe, ran full tilt into a tall, blond, rangy lad whose green sweater carried the white D of athletic heroism.

"New fellow, aren't you?" asked the boy in green.

Dwight said he was.

"To-night at eight in front of Old Main. Rally 'round and learn the songs." And then the green sweater was off to spread the tidings to other newcomers.

DWIGHT'S spirits ran high as he entered Smythe and walked up the wide stairway to the second floor. On reaching 208, he tried to draw out his key casually, to open the door carelessly, as though he were an old hand at the game. But the lock proved balky and resisted his efforts. He must have made something of a racket, for abruptly the next door opened and Tony Erb peered out in the hall.

"Oh, hello!" he said. "You're the fellow I was talking with at the station. Dixon, wasn't it?"

"Nixon."

"I had a suspicion I was wrong. That door always gives trouble. Just lift up on the knob a bit and you'll find the key turning easily. Now you've got it."

Dwight threw open the door. One swift survey of the interior told him he was going to like this room. As he turned to thank Dorset's amateur detective, a clatter of feet volleyed through the dormitory. A figure swung up to the second landing and started for the other end of the hall.

"O-h-h—o, Von, you!" called Tony. "Rally up here and meet the fellow in 208."

The chap who swung around and came up the hall was the blond youth of the green sweater.

"Von," said Tony, "meet Dwight Nixon. Nixon, this is Paul von Williams, captain of the nine. Nixon's from Medford."

Von Williams' face lighted with an eager interest. "Didn't Huntington say something about a promising pitcher coming from Medford?"

It was another stab for Dwight. Nothing, apparently, had been said about a promising first baseman.

"That's Clay Randall," he answered. "He and I played together on the Medford High nine."

"What position did you play?"

"First."

"We can always use a good man," said Von, but something in his voice made Dwight feel that a good first baseman was left over from last year and that the outlook wasn't encouraging. "You and Randall entering the same class?"

"Yes; junior."

Tony's head was cocked to one side with fixed alertness. "You know that's peculiar. I've been thinking about it ever since we were talking at the station. First

time I ever heard of two fellows' chucking up a high school and coming to the Academy for junior year."

"What's peculiar about it?" the captain demanded impatiently.

"Well—" Tony made a vague gesture. "It's just peculiar."

Von laughed. "Bosh, Tony; you are incorrigible. You're not on the trail of another mystery, are you? It just happened that way. Randall, I think, comes in on a scholarship. Right?"

Dwight nodded reluctantly. He didn't want Tony to get started on that scholarship. But he couldn't help it.

"Yes, I know," Tony said in his low, mild voice. "And that's even more peculiar. I have a suspicion that that's the first time *that* ever happened. I'll have to look it up."

The captain was becoming exasperated.

"What are you trying to do, make Nixon think we're a bunch of busybodies? What are you snooping after now? What are you planning to look up?"

"Why, this scholarship."

Von Williams groaned.

"You don't get the point," Tony said earnestly. "Every other Dorset scholarship has gone to a freshman, and he's held it for four years, right straight through. Here's a fellow bobs up with a scholarship in his junior year." His near-sighted eyes peered at the captain. "Funny, isn't it?"

"Not half so funny as you are," Von told him tartly. "You're becoming a public pest. If you're so gone on mysteries, why don't you investigate why I don't like cream sauce over pudding?"

Tony Erb considered this for a moment. "I have a suspicion that would not interest me," he said, and went back to his own room.

Von Williams followed Dwight into 208. He was plainly worried for fear the new student might put a sorry construction on the things that the deeply suspicious Tony had said. Dwight set his mind at rest.

"Don't let that worry you, Von. Huntington told us about Tony on the train. He's harmless."

"But darned annoying," the captain said in relief. He came over, and stood leaning against the back of the bed while Dwight unpacked the trunk he had found awaiting his arrival. "I wonder, Nixon, if—if you'll take it in the right spirit if I ask you some questions about Randall?"

"Questions?" Dwight dropped a shirt. "About Clay?"

"Oh, it isn't anything wrong. I like to keep things running smoothly on the team. Now you know your friend. Has he any peculiarities? If I know them, I can shy away from them and not step on his toes."

This time it was Dwight who experienced a sense of relief. "Then you ought to know one of Clay's. He gets sore if anybody asks him personal questions—good and sore. He seems to think they're trying to pry into his affairs. Things that another fellow wouldn't notice will set Clay off the handle."

"That's worth knowing," Von Williams said thoughtfully. "I won't forget it. I'm glad I asked you and I'm thankful you told me. Well, I must rally 'round and see that everybody gets out for the sing. See you later."

Dwight finished unpacking, and then went over to Dunlap to see how Clay was faring. The pitcher was sitting at a window, staring down at the campus. His room was small, very small, but clean and wholesome.

"It's cozy in here," Dwight said heartily. He meant it.

Clay gave him a sidelong glance. "I'm glad somebody likes it. As a matter of fact, it's one of the cheapest rooms in the school but it will have to do—for the present."

For the present? Did that mean that Clay contemplated a change? Dwight bit back the question. He was in no way surprised when the pitcher abruptly shifted off the subject.

THAT night they went together to the commons for their first meal together at Dorset—and found themselves in a place of enchantment and romance. The dining hall had no height to speak of, but the low, beamed ceiling made an atmosphere of comfort and intimacy. Old English lamps hung from the overhead beams, and at one end of the room was a rough fireplace of field stone. They had come too early, and this gave them opportunity to roam around. Evidently Dorset used the commons as a place to hang its trophies, for the light was caught up and flung back by dozens of silver cups in their polished cases.

As the place filled, the commons took on babel and confusion. The remnants of last year's corps of waiters—a totally inadequate number of boys—made sorry work of bringing in the food; but nobody seemed to mind delay. Greetings were shrieked the length of the long tables. A boy would appear in the doorway to be greeted with a "O-h-h-o, Har—ry, you! Rally 'round. Here's a seat we've been saving for you." Dwight tried to imagine how it would feel to appear in that doorway and have a table roar for him. Clay's eyes took on a slow glow.

"I wonder what happens in here," he said, "when the nine comes in after winning a game?"

It was a pleasant image to contemplate, and Dwight took it back with him to Smythe.

He did not bother to turn on the light in his room. Sitting at the window he had the shadowed mystery of the campus below him. Dark figures moved about there, and vague voices came up to his ears. Before long, a flutter of activity broke out. A megaphoned summons penetrated to every nook and corner of the school grounds:

"Everybody out for the sing. Rally 'round Old Main. Everybody out. Everybody on the run."

The cry was taken up in dormitories and in halls. "Everybody out for the sing." Doors slammed, footsteps pounded and tramped. Dwight found himself jostling, elbowing and hurrying on the stairs, caught in a contagion of excitement.

Somehow in the crush and jam outside Old Main he found Clay. Somebody blew a whistle three times and the crowd quickly settled into silence. A box was tossed out on the grass, and a green sweater was elevated above the gathering.

"Fellows," said a voice, "Dorset has the finest school songs there are, and every Dorset student should be able to sing them well. To-night we're going to try four of them. 'Dorset's on the Warpath,' 'How Sweet the Night,' 'Watch that Dorset Line' and 'Green and White.' I'll give you the words, then a quartet will sing the song, then we'll all sing it, and then the new students will sing alone. All right. Let's have 'Dorset on the Warpath.' "

A full moon had come up, and the campus was filled with a silver radiance. When the crowd sang as a unit, Dwight found himself oddly stirred. And he was thrilled to the soul as the hundreds of boyish voices rang out in the last song.

"Now you're hitting the sky," cried the green sweater. "Let's try the chorus of 'Green and White' again. Everybody in on it. Are you ready?"

Dwight was conscious of the throb of Clay's voice singing beside him:

Here's to you, green and white,
You're all right;
Staunch and true for the right,
Green and white.
Be our light, be our might,
Be our beacon in the fight,
Staunch and true green and white,
Green and white.

And then the gathering cheered, a rah-bow for Stacey Kent, nine rahs for the quartet, and a locomotive for the school. Dwight didn't know who Stacey Kent might be, but he cheered loudly and dutifully. Afterwards, as the crowd broke up, he mentioned this to Clay.

"Kent?" the pitcher asked. "Oh! He's the fellow in the sweater who led the cheering."

"What does he do?"

"The half-mile for the track team. He got his letter last season. Editor of the school paper, too—the *Dorset Duster*."

"How do you know all that?" Dwight asked, a bit enviously.

"Von Williams introduced me to him to-night. Von grabbed me outside the commons; said he had already met you and wanted to meet me. Then Kent came along. Say, what did you do to him?"

"To Kent? I never met Kent."

"No, no. To Von. He's taken quite a shine to you. What did you do to him? He said you impressed him as a mighty good scout."

Dwight, while protesting that he had merely answered a couple of questions, was careful not to say what the questions had been. So the baseball captain had taken a shine to him! Here was news that would warm Uncle Norval. The boy found a luxury in mentally phrasing the letter even after he lay in his bed in his room in Smythe Hall.

IN the morning he did not make the mistake of coming to the commons too early. The dining hall was comfortably filled as he entered and scanned the tables for sight of Clay. The pitcher was not there. A hand touched his arm, and Clarke Huntington spoke his name.

"Getting nicely settled, Nixon?"

As Dwight assented the student member of the Athletic Council nodded toward the left.

"I see your friend has begun to find some Dorset opportunities."

Dwight followed the direction of the nod. Clay was hurrying down the room balancing three dishes along one arm, and something about the way he did it said that his feat of jugglery was both new and fearsome. Dwight stared. What— Abruptly he glanced at Huntington to find Huntington's eyes appraising him intently.

"Clay's waiting on table?" Dwight asked.

"Yes. Quite a few Dorset fellows find it answers a few of the financial questions."

Dwight's glance went back to the pitcher. Clay did not seem to be particularly happy.

"Dorset's a democratic school," Huntington was saying in a lower tone. "We have no false standards. We don't think less of a fellow because he has to work part of his way through."

"Is that a hint to me?" Dwight demanded sharply.

Huntington, though taken back, did not lose his self-possession. "A little lower, please; we may be heard. Of course, you're a friend of Randall's and I don't think—"

"Because if it is a hint to me," Dwight cut in with spirit, "I don't need it. Clay and I have been friends for a good many years. I always knew he had a lot of fine spirit, and now I know he's got a lot of clear grit."

"And now I know," Huntington said, "that you have something of a fine spirit yourself. But how was I to know unless I found out?" His persistent smile lost its usual blandness and became truly human. A glowing fact showed through it—he liked Clay Randall. And Dwight's resentment vanished.

Dwight took a table out of the pitcher's area. He did not want Clay to have to wait on him. Once he caught his friend's eyes, and the pitcher flushed. At that Dwight went out of his way to wave a friendly greeting.

He was not surprised that Clay had not told him of this opportunity to earn his three meals a day. There was so much that Clay never told! Back at Medford the pitcher's silences had been merely peculiarities. Now that they were together at Dorset, strange folk in a strange land, Dwight found himself wishing wistfully that Clay would be more of an open companion and less of a Sphinx.

As he stood up to leave he noticed Clay edge forward from the other end of the commons. Dwight timed his steps so that they met at the doorway.

"You old chump," he said, "why didn't you tell me?"

"What was the use? You'd know it when you saw me here. Anyway it's girl's work." The bitterness in Clay's voice was followed by one of his rare loosening-up revelations: "I can stand it. I can stand a two-by-four hole of a bedroom, too, if it's all going to help to make me Dorset's big twister."

It was a disturbed and uneasy Dwight Nixon that walked out of the Dorset commons. Clay, in his present state of mind, would lose all joy of accomplishment and would see only the economics that were forced upon him. And yet, what could be done about it?

Coming out to the campus Dwight found Tony Erb loitering. Of all the students at Dorset, Tony was the one the first baseman did not want to meet at that moment. Should he turn back? (*Continued on page 37*)

A Thrilling Kentucky Race

"LISTEN KID!" whispered the [illegible] jockey whom young Curly Bennett had befriended. "I got t' go. I'd get killed if they knowed I was here with yuh. But I'm tellin' yuh this: Watch yer horse! From midnight on, watch yer horse—and watch yerself, too!"

Only a blind warning, but it told Curly that something sinister threatened him and Spinaway, his wonderful racer. It gave the plucky Kentucky boy a fighting chance against cruelly crooked outsiders who were plotting against the fine, clean racing of the Ballard County Fair and the peace of mind of Curly's upstanding father.

Look for the story of that fighting chance: a story of outlaws and thoroughbreds, of black schemes and cool courage, of sneaking shadows and staunch horse lovers; a story that sweeps you on to one of the most thrilling races ever run on a Kentucky track—with Curly Bennett and the queer little jockey riding and fighting to a finish. Rex Lee writes it. Don't miss *Spinaway's Race!*

Coming in September

"New fellow, aren't you?" asked the boy in green.

The Joke on Meldew

By Laurie Y. Erskine

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

ROBERT ELDRED entered the long, red-carpeted room with the fireplace at the far end, which was his father's office in the Southampton plant of the North American Motors Company, and stood unobtrusively beside the door, waiting for his father to finish with business. On the other side of the door, and equally unobtrusive, sat James Meldew at a little table—James Meldew, young and tall, good looking and intelligent, who was nothing more than Mr. Eldred's office boy, because he had been crippled and shell shocked in the trenches.

In the dim distance of the far end of this room Mr. Rudd stood over Robert's father as he examined sheets of figures, and spoke urgently.

"Anthony declares that he must have three thousand pounds in bank notes from Afflack to pay his workmen with or he can never fill his contract," said Mr. Rudd.

Robert's father, smiling an affectionate recognition upon his son, tapped with his pencil upon the desk.

"Well, what does Afflack say?" he asked.

Mr. Rudd shrugged his shoulders. "You know the attitude of bankers under present conditions," he said. "Afflack doesn't see how he can do it on Anthony's notes."

The smile changed to a thoughtful frown.

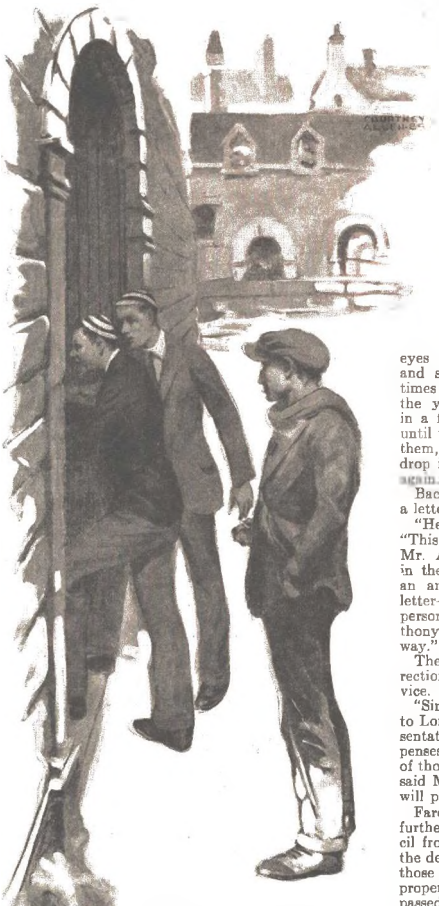
"I suppose we'll have to come to Anthony's rescue," said Mr. Eldred. "Perhaps a word from us will do the trick."

"No doubt of it," said Mr. Rudd.

Mr. Eldred swung about in his chair and rose. "Well, Bob," he cried, advancing upon the boy, "off again?"

"Yes, Dad," said Bob, but he said it a trifle ruefully.

"Rudd, this is my boy, Robert," and Eldred did not relinquish a hold upon the lad's shoulder as he presented him. "Owing to your barbarous methods over here, he's to be torn away from the bosom of his family and packed off to school again for the Easter term."



They crossed a cobbled yard and approached a door.

Mr. Rudd laughed, and proved to be a very likable gentleman indeed.

"Where do you go, Robert?" he asked as he pressed the boy's hand.

"Shawbury."

"One of the best. How do you like our schools?"

"Very well, sir. Last term was pretty hard. I wasn't used to it." He took a sidelong, almost bashful glance at his father. "In America, you know, we go to public school—that is, day school—and live at home. It was pretty hard at first."

MR. RUDD liked the frank and unashamed confession.

"Of course," he said; "but a fellow appreciates his family even more when he leaves it for a while, now, doesn't he?"

Bob nodded.

"You bet," he said, and his father's hand was strong upon his shoulder.

Rudd turned to the father.

"By the way, Eldred," he said, "I've an idea. If Robert goes to Shawbury he must pass through London, mustn't he? Why not let him do our errand? It seems to me he could help us a lot."

Together the two men strolled to the opposite end of the room, talking in low voices, and as Mr. Rudd spoke Mr. Eldred nodded. "I'll do it now," he said.

Mr. Rudd crossed the room and said good-by to Robert. His hand, too, was strong upon the boy's shoulder, his eyes strangely bright, and his voice genuinely affectionate. And if Bob wondered at the man's affection, it was because he did not know that Mr. Rudd's boy, with the sons of a million other fathers, slept forever in fields strange to England.

"Just a minute, Bob," said Mr. Eldred, and together the two men left the room.

Mr. Eldred's minute lengthened, and became one and two and three and four and five. Ten minutes passed and while Bob sat waiting his eyes dwelt upon the curly black hair and aquiline profile of poor, shabby James Meldew, who sat at his little table by the door striving to concentrate upon an array of index cards. Sometimes the man's eyes wandered from his task and sought the boy. At such times they would dwell upon the youngster's upright figure in a furtive, searching manner until the clear eyes of Bob met them, upon which they would drop immediately to their task again.

Back came Mr. Eldred with a letter in his hand.

"Here you are, Bob," he said. "This letter you will take to Mr. Afflack at Barker's bank in the city. He will give you an answer—no doubt another letter—which you will deliver personally to Mr. Francis Anthony at his plant in Holloway."

There followed minute directions and affectionate advice.

"Since you're saving the fare to London and back of a representative as well as his expenses, you can have the cost of those items for your pocket," said Mr. Eldred. "Mr. Anthony will put you up for the night."

Farewells followed, and further advice. Fatherly council from a man who knew well the desolation of Mr. Rudd and those million others and was properly grateful. Then Bob passed down the long, red-carpeted room, passed the long reading table with the leather backed chairs against it, passed Meldew's little table, and passed out of the door; but he didn't pass James Meldew; which was not to be wondered at because James Meldew had suddenly disappeared.

Bob Eldred traced his way through the red brick streets of Southampton to the station where his luggage was, and again he boarded that train which was to carry him off to his second term in an English public school. A strange adventure for an American boy.

The carriage which he entered was a corridor carriage, which means that it was a long, white, wooden railroad car, standing high on its wheel, which had a little narrow corridor running the length of it with little snug compartments opening from it. Bob never lost the impression that English railroads, like English stations and houses and villages, were toy models made from pictures he had seen in America. It all looked like stage scenery and frequently Bob expected to find nothing on the other side of the doors but bare canvas. That is what he thought as he sat back all alone in a corner of a second-class compartment and saw these stations and trains and houses and villages glide by. Then the door of the compartment burst open and Jimmy Carew burst in.

"Hello, old sportsman!" exploded the intruder. "Beastly exclusive, aren't you? I've been sitting back in a third-class hole and saw you get on. Rather thought you'd join our little party—two sailors on leave, dear old lady, and sticky kid sucking an orange—but no. Oh, no! Nothing but the best for our American sportsman. How's the priceless old bean?"

Thus Jimmy Carew, who was fifteen years old, very tall, and had the complexion of a rosy apple in a bowl of cream. His eyes shone blue as sapphires, his mop of hair was walnut brown and his teeth shone whitely when he laughed. He laughed most of the time. Lifetime for Jimmy Carew was lived in laughter.

Bob laughed with him, looking very brown and gold beside the rosy English boy. Jimmy was a Shawbury boy, and therefore was traveling the same way as Bob.

"Move in," said Bob, "and we'll travel up to London together."

Jimmy moved in, bringing cricket bags, tea basket, boot box, hat box, valise and kit bag with him. Bob, who traveled with a suit case and trunk, was immensely impressed.

"A man's got to have his things with him," explained Jimmy. "I don't know how you Americans do it."

THE houses of English public schools are governed for the most part by older boys who mete out discipline and corporal punishment for all but the most serious of schoolboy crimes. There had been a time in that difficult first term when Bob, not understanding rule by older boys, had objected to being caned by a stalwart prefect whom he had "sassed back" in true Yankee style. For a dark twenty-four hours then Bob's school career had tottered on the brink of failure; but Jimmy Carew alone among prefects and all the boys of the house had done the right and sensible thing in that emergency.

Jimmy merely explained the strange system to the strange American boy; explained the American boy to the lordly Sixth Formers, and explained the entire affair to the entire house; so Bob took his licking, the prefects explained to him the justice and discipline of it, and the house understood and approved. The event was highly auspicious even for the chastised one who made a great many friends out of it.

Perhaps Jimmy was the only boy in the school who could have acted successfully as mediator; Jimmy's elder brother, Captain Carew, King's Royal Rifle Corps, was a V. C. man, and that gave Jimmy tremendous prestige. Probably no other boy of the upper Fourth would have dared approach the lordly Sixth with explanations and advice in a matter of discipline. But young Carew, whose brother bore the highest award for valor that Great Britain can confer upon a man, could always get attention. In view of this fact, it was a happy circumstance that Jimmy had such fine stuff in him.

"I'm stopping off in London overnight," explained Bob regretfully, "or we could go up to Shawbury together."

"That's absolutely ripping," exclaimed Jimmy, "because I'm off at London too. I'm to sleep in barracks with my brother." Jimmy tried to say it nonchalantly, but an immensity of pride crept in. "You'll have to come to lunch with us this evening."

Bob surveyed this prospect and it seemed inconceivable.

"He wouldn't want to have a kid like me around," he protested.

"And that's where you're most frightfully mistook," pronounced Jimmy. "Tom's planning to go to America for Dad's firm directly he gets his ticket, and he'll be jolly glad to have a jabber with a real American. You've simply got to come, old sportsman. Tom will be no end let down if you don't."

So Bob accepted the invitation gladly. Then having always wanted to get at the bottom of the matter, he approached the subject of Victoria Crosses in general and Captain Carew's in particular.

"No, we won't see it to-night," said Jimmy with the solemnity of great authority. "It's in safe keeping, you know. We wear only the ribbon of our decoration over here, except for court and full dress occasions."

"I suppose it was something awfully heroic he did," speculated Bob.

And Jimmy launched forth with a peculiar mixture of tremendous enthusiasm and conscious modesty. "One mustn't play the showman, you know," Captain Tom had warned him.

"Three of his men got into trouble. They were in a shell hole under fire, and a fellow's got to look after his men, you know. So Tom went over and dragged one by his bandolier and the other over his back into our lines again. The third was so badly pipped there was no use in going back after him. The point was that the Huns were coming on rather fast and the machine gun fire was frightfully thick. Tom got rather badly shot up. The C. O. was tremendously bucked about it."

"Did the men get well?"

"One did. The other one was too much shot about. Tom had done a lot of that sort of thing before; so this time they gave him the V. C. Mother was awfully keen, but I really think she was more glad because it sent him home for the rest of the war than anything else."

When they arrived at Waterloo station the great young man himself was there to meet them, and al-

though Bob rather regretted that Captain Carew wasn't clad in full regimentals with a clanky sword, he thought him very tall and straight in his tweed suit, and admired tremendously his fine, cool bearing.

Abruptly the three of them left the squalid grey and yellow streets which surround the station and descended into the bowels of the earth where, one hundred and fifty feet below London, electric trains seemed to run eternally in only one direction. And they emerged into the ordered chaos of Picadilly Circus. There are no electric cars upon the streets in all London city, but so many wide and narrow, straight and crooked, mean and handsome grey streets darted headlong into one another at such places as Picadilly Circus that Bob always thought he had never seen so much traffic at cross purposes before in his life.

They lunched at the Criterion in an odor of fragrant hero worship, while Captain Carew made the American boy happy beyond words by his consistent conversation about life in America. After luncheon Captain Carew was off to fulfill a business engagement and it was arranged that Jimmy should accompany Bob upon the delivery of his letter. So down into the bowels of the earth they plunged again and came up this time in the great "City of London," the historic center of London.

Here a veritable mob of streets hustled and jostled one another as though in a panic to all occupy the same spot at the same time. The two boys stood for a few moments outside the Tower, which was possessed with so grey and ancient an assurance that it seemed more like a phenomenon of nature than a thing erected by man, a cliff upreared in the semblance of a castle.

Bob, whose native America changed so quickly that the only hints one had of past history and glory were brass plates set in City Bank buildings, stood now and saw the self-same spot where embattled men had fought, and pictured Raleigh entering that gate, or Lady Jane Gray emerging through it to her death.

Then they plunged into the most frantic of writhing grey streets, but had not gone far before even Jimmy became unequal to the occasion. A swarthy young man who had emerged from the tube at the same time as the boys, was close behind them and the boys turned upon him.

"Barker's bank?" said the swarthy young man needing a shave. "Well, I'll tell yer. Barker's bank, that's on Needlewind Street at the Cheesemongers'." After which lucid remark he stopped to gaze upon them with red-rimmed eyes of a peculiar ferocity. "Goin' that way myself," he popped out suddenly. "Just walk along of me." And he strode down the crooked street, taking the lead.

BARKER'S BANK turned out to be housed in a row of rather decrepit but well preserved brick houses which presented a respectable family of screened windows to the Sign of the Cheesemonger opposite. Jimmy gave the swarthy young man a sixpence and the two boys left the frantic street where everyone walked in the middle of the road and entered this cozy comfortable bank. Bob had found all England possessed of that cozy air; but accustomed to the cold marble beauty of American banks, he was surprised to find this one, the depository of billions, falling under the spell. As the boys entered it seemed as if everyone was prepared to stop work at a given signal and fall to having a tea party.

Behind the long counters which wriggled about the cozy place, were a great number of these genteel people, and Bob asked one of them for Mr. Afflack. Mr. Afflack's office was just as comfortable as any other English office with its fireplace, easy chairs, and book table. Mr. Afflack was extremely friendly. He seemed to have nothing more important to do in the world than to hear Bob tell about America. He read his letter and chuckled and beamed and patted himself on the head. He apologized to the boys for his absence and left them alone for a little while. He came back, still beaming, and sat at his desk for a moment writing. A clerk brought him a large envelope, and into this Mr. Afflack slipped the letter he had written, and gave the letter to Bob. It was addressed to Mr. Anthony.

A messenger led the boys from the bank, and leaving it, they found themselves in an ancient cobbled courtyard instead of the frantic little street. The courtyard was bound on three sides by houses which leaned against one another desperately and on one side by a high stone wall. The boys passed through a wooden door in this high wall, and thence through a narrow crack between two houses into the road. Again they trod among the writhing ways of grey London, and again they plunged into the tube and came up to earth again at Holloway.

They looked about them at the dismal prospect of immediate grey houses and yellow fog and would have asked someone the way.

"W'ere yer goin', young gentlemen?" The voice sounded startlingly like that of the swarthy young man, but it wasn't. It was merely a prototype.

"Laycock Street," said Bob brightly. "Can you tell us where it is?"

"Can I?" responded the swarthy young man, whose beauty was somewhat marred by his having had a generous piece of his mouth shot away. "Can I? Ask me somethin' easy. As it 'appens, I'm a-goin' there meself."

The boys assented eagerly enough to his guidance, and together they set out.

IT soon appeared that the streets here were not permitted the liberties which the city streets had taken. They were rigidly kept in bounds by brick walls and railings on the other side of which were yards, and the smells of yards. Brickyards, wagon yards, railroad yards, goods yards, and yards devoted exclusively to disagreeable odors. They passed courts with squads of iron posts on guard across the entrances to them as though a qualification for living in them was a certain slimness; and all the people and children about the streets seemed admirably trained down to that qualification, even overtrained. They passed through streets with a brick wall on one side and huddled houses on the other, and occasionally they passed through alleys where only houses were. None of the houses seemed to have been built with the faintest idea of anybody ever living in them, but there they were chuck full, with children and bed clothes and swarthy young men fairly spilling from their doors and windows.

All these things were made especially interesting to the boys through the fact that it was all veiled and screened by puffs and writhing vapors of fog. The fog was thick and yellow and seemed to form a wide circle of twenty or thirty yards about them so that they came upon these courts and alleys abruptly like visions. When the street was enclosed by the walls, only the brick walls were to be seen and they seemed alone in a dream with their swarthy young man.

Suddenly the wall parted beside them and there was a courtyard like the other courtyards with the same posts standing guardian before it. Within it, however, were only three huddled houses and apparently no human being whatever. They crossed the cobbled yard and approached a door.

"There yar," said the swarthy young man. "Anthony's it was yer wanted, wasn't it?"

The boys hesitated a moment, but remembering the yard into which they had emerged from Barker's, they advanced and tried the door. It opened and they saw only dust and decay within. They would have turned back then, but the swarthy young man gave them a heavy shove from behind and they blundered forward as the door slammed shut behind them. They found themselves in the midst of dust and decay and the fetid odor of it, but not in darkness, for the Germans had found a way of knocking holes in London roofs and Applegate Yard had suffered thereby. So they were not in darkness, and the misty light permitted them to see before them the swarthy young man who had led them to the bank, and behind them the swarthy young man who had shoved them into the house.

They stood at bay, but both having a tradition to uphold, were determined to fight hard rather than show the fear which was in them.

"Now give us that letter yer got in yer pocket," announced the man with the wounded mouth, "an' you can go just as peaceable as anythink."

Bob shook his head vigorously.

"No," he said.

The man with the red-rimmed eyes swore.

"Let's have it peaceably," he said, "or tyke the conserkences!"

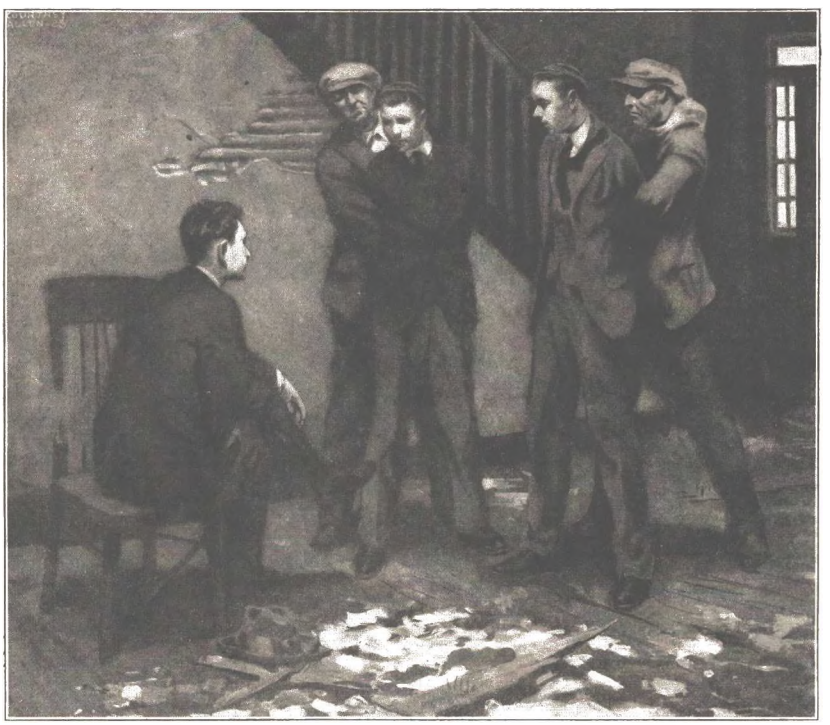
Bob shook his head again.

"No," he said, but he laid a telltale hand upon his breast.

RED RIMS pinned his arms behind and the other, leaping forward at the same moment, whisked the letter from the boy's breast pocket. Quick as a flash, though, Jimmy snatched it from the man's hand and shoved it down the back of his neck between his collar and himself. He picked up a broken billet of wood and stood at bay.

"Come on," he cried. "Get it!"

Red Rims rushed forward, brass knuckles shining on his hand, but stopped short of the wood billet when Bob leaped upon his back, and getting a good grip at the man's throat, tightened his arm about it. Making hideous faces with his maimed mouth writhing over his teeth, the other man seized Bob by the hair and tried to yank him off. So Jimmy brought his billet around to that side of the fray and sailed into the man with the wounded mouth.



Meldew sat down, facing them, and for a moment stared at them somberly.

A third swarthy young man had been sitting in a broken chair in the dim end of the room with his head in his hands; and now he came forward. Bob was by this time pushed to the ground, his face very white under its surface brown, but becoming flushed as Red Rims pressed his hands upon his throat; and Jimmy was furiously resisting the man with the wounded mouth, who strove violently to disrobe him.

"Let up!" cried the newcomer to the fray. "Teague! Let 'em be—you'll tear 'im to ribbons! Let up, Brice, let UP! It's only a boy! Don't murder 'im! Don't let's 'ave a murder to answer for!"

He pulled Jimmy's antagonist from him, and as for Brice, whose hands were tightening dangerously upon Bob's throat, why Brice needed only that word "murder" whispered into his ear to bring him out of his frenzy and onto his feet, scowling. Jimmy pulled Bob up and the two boys stood facing their captors.

Bob stared at the mediator.

"Why, I know you!" he cried. "I've seen you before!"

And indeed he had, for it was James Meldew, the office boy man.

(*Continued on page 30*)

Four Thousand Miles of "What Next"

By Gurney Williams, Jr.

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

Part II

WELL, here we were in Utah, starting across a twenty-eight mile tip of the Great American Desert. There were five of us—the oldest twenty-one and the youngest sixteen. We had bellhopped on a ship from New York to San Francisco, and now we were returning overland in a seven-year-old Jeffrey (they don't make Jeffreys any more) that we'd bought for $125. So far we'd taken the thing apart a dozen times, shoved it up hills, nursed it over rough places, and stuffed it with gasoline at sixty cents a gallon. No wonder we had to stop now and then to find a job!

A man who borrowed our pump had told us the desert was next to impassable. We found his pessimistic reports were not exaggerated. Over that twenty-eight miles of absolute waste, on the rim of the Great American Desert, a prominent tire company had built an alleged road. (A service station at each end would sell a lot of tires!) I don't know how the road is now but it was awful then. At any rate, plumb in the middle of the desert, a bum tire blew, and it took several blowout patches and a new tube to make it hold air. The pump refused to work and we discovered that the grateful motorist who'd borrowed it back in Gold Hill had removed the washer for the benefit of his own pump. We had to wait an hour for somebody from whom we could borrow one.

It began to rain when we finally moved on, and it rained hard. Deep, slippery puddles formed and we had to stop. It rained all afternoon, and that night found us huddled up in the car with the ponchos spread over the top in a futile effort to keep out the water. In fact, every time it rained we were speedily soaked, for the top was so full of holes it would really have been better to put it down and be sprinkled upon generally than to have a flood run down our necks.

After a miserable, sleepless night the sun came out and things began to dry out. The road was still bad so we spent the morning cleaning up. Old Man Personal Appearance sneaked back into the car but he couldn't stand the strain and soon fell out again.

We camped that night only a few miles from the previous stop and ate one of our last two cans of beans. A traveling salesman rattled by in a flivver and threw us a few samples of the cough drops he was advertising. Did you ever eat beans and cough drops for supper? Don't! Pete Sweigart spent the evening fixing up the bad tire. His method was novel, to say the least. Having run short of both inside and outside blowout patches, we picked up a cast-off shoe from the side of the road and Pete cut this into sections. Holes were punched in the sides, the ends beveled off and the patch held in place with a piece of wire. For an inside patch, Pete cut the tread off a section with an axe and a knife. When both patches were in place, the tire, at the torn section, had three thicknesses of shoe, so you may be sure the car bumped horribly. From a distance it had the appearance of a loping camel. Here our two weeks on shipboard stood us in good stead, and the motion did not bother us.

In spite of Pete's ingenuity, however, the bad tire blew completely off the wheel the next day and we were forced to make the last few miles to Salt Lake City on three tires. As Tom Glenn said, "Guess we'll have to tie some leather shoes around the wheel and *walk* into town!" The broken spring didn't annoy us any because we were going too slowly, but we had to stop every few minutes to fill the leaky radiator. It looked like we had a sprinkling can tied on in front.

THE day following, July 23, we bumped, rattled, banged, bounced, clanged, jerked and steamed into Salt Lake City, and a sorrier looking bunch in a worse looking car never graced—or disgraced—that city. Our great sighs at finally accomplishing the first quarter of our journey didn't sound much like sighs of relief. We bought a paper and hastily scanned the help-wanted columns. Nothing but "strike-breakers wanted for the Southern Pacific R. R." This did not appeal to us. We discussed the ethics of the thing pro and con, however, and finally decided that since it was to the interests of the general public that the trains run on time, we'd do it. Besides, beggars can't be choosers. Accordingly, Pete called up the superintendent at the yards in Ogden, and we were told to report the next day.

I guess Ogden is a pretty good town—we didn't see enough of it to say. Although we were there thirty-three days we never went outside the yards, for we all agreed that a brick in a striker's hand was worth two on the dome, and there were plenty of strikers and plenty of bricks. There was nothing to do inside the yards but work, so we did that. The Recreation Room was supplied with a few old magazines and a phonograph. Oh, those records! They almost decided to buy a new record when we had been there a week, but they never quite got around to it.

Blair Wagner, my brother Fred and I were assigned to the supply gang whose duties were to see that every engine outward bound was fully supplied with flags, fuses, caps, lanterns, oil, waste, tools, etc. We had a shack of our own near the roundhouse. Pete was a hostler's helper, a hostler being the man who runs the engine out of the roundhouse and supplies it with water, oil or coal (whichever it burns), sand and so forth. The helper does the work and the hostler runs the engine and supervises. Tom was a mechanic's helper and he discovered that fitting new piston rings on a locomotive is slightly different from putting them in a flivver.

I felt positive that the can of oil contained lead.

After the first few days we became proficient in our work and settled down to a grind. The railroad was chronically shorthanded and didn't care how much time we put in, so we took advantage of this and worked the longest stretches we could possibly stand. Then we'd punch the time clock, make out our cards and—sleep. Pete holds the record for the gang. He worked thirty-eight consecutive hours without closing his eyes. At thirty-seven cents an hour, with time and a half over eight hours and double time over twelve, our time cards were very refreshing to look at.

The foremen became very friendly toward the gang because we had announced our intention of sticking with them for a month or so. Most of the fellows working with us were simply making a week's pay and skipping, and the foremen were glad to have some "steadies" to break in the new men who were constantly arriving.

The hostlers were in sympathy with the strikers and always did their best to run the engines outside the yard limit while one of us was in the cab. Once outside the yard limit and we were at the mercy of the strikers. Sometimes the hostlers succeeded in their attempts, but we never suffered any harm and found safety by crouching down inside the cab, for the strikers never climbed aboard. Once Pete was ordered to run ahead of his engine and throw a switch, but he made the distance to and from the switch in three seconds flat and threw the switch in no time at all. All five of us except Tom escaped any injury whatsoever while we were with the railroad. One day Tom got caught between two engines and suffered severe lacerations of his overalls.

Fred's ambition was to run the turntable and one day he succeeded in substituting for the regular operator. The turntable was electrically operated and had to be skillfully controlled and the track rails brought flush before the engine was run over them. Fred was not an experienced operator and the front trucks of several of the big passenger locomotives left the rails that day. It took a wrathful foreman and a gang of perspiring men to get them back on again. Fred was finally discovered as the cause—and removed.

Mess shacks had been erected in the yards so that it was not necessary to go outside to eat. We wish we could have—the food was terrible. The Chinese cooks would take a perfectly innocent piece of meat and convert it into the most horribly greasy mess one could imagine. We lived chiefly on iced tea and raw tomatoes, especially the tomatoes, for these were unadulterated and we knew what we were getting.

After thirty-three days of this oil-soaked existence we decided to move on. Accordingly, we packed up the car and received pay vouchers amounting to nine hundred dollars which were redeemed at the paymaster's office in cash. That certainly looked good to us. "From now on," we said, "we're going to have a good time." We failed—miserably!

Having satisfactorily severed our railroad connections, we beat it back to Salt Lake City and established ourselves in one of the municipal camp grounds. Pete and Blair rolled up their sleeves and again dived into the works of old Jeffrey.

MANY people have asked me why, when we had some money, we did not leave the old car on a street corner and buy a good used car. That is rather a hard question to answer. In the first place, we had become rather attached to the car and the sporting proposition of taking a worn-out car all the way across the continent appealed to us. We did get it home and are duly proud. In the second place, we figured that by spending a hundred dollars or so we could get the old car in shape. Pete did put it into pretty good shape but when we started again the car lost its shape like a straw hat in a cloudburst.

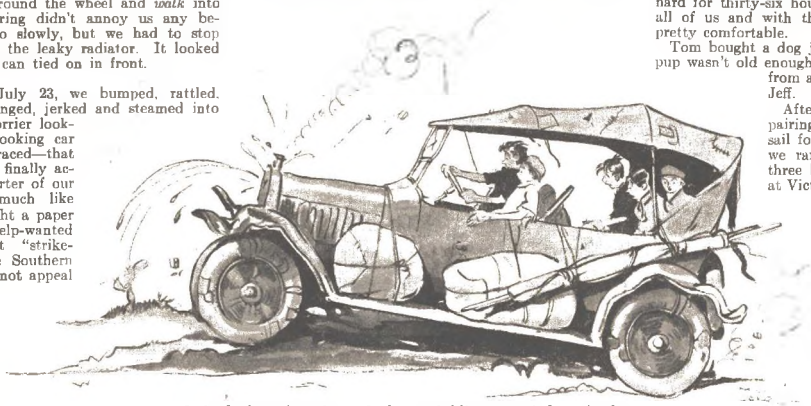
At any rate, while Pete and Blair explored the works the rest of us went on a shopping orgy and bought a tent, some extra blankets, a gasoline cookstove and various incidentals. For the car we bought two new tires and a new radiator. Pete put in two new bearings, had the brakes relined, and ground the valves. An hour after we bought the tent it began to rain and it rained hard for thirty-six hours. The tent was big enough for all of us and with the aid of the gas stove we were pretty comfortable.

Tom bought a dog just before we left Salt Lake. The pup wasn't old enough to walk and we had to feed him from a bottle. We naturally named him Jeff.

After three days of preparation and repairing we hoisted the anchor and set sail for Yellowstone Park. For two days we ran along pretty smoothly, barring three blowouts. We tried to buy a tire at Victor, Wyoming, but they didn't have our size so we struggled on to Jackson where we found a tire. After that we had practically no trouble.

The next day we entered Yellowstone Park through the Southern entrance. We registered, paid our fee, and had our guns sealed. No guns were allowed in the Park in order to preserve, as much as possible, the wild game which still remains in this purposely undeveloped bit of country.

(*Continued on page 49*)



It looked as though we had a sprinkling can tied on in front.

The American Boy
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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Saving Your Face

BAD business, saving your face. As soon as it needs saving, it isn't worth it. Perhaps you start scrapping with a friend and keep on scrapping after you know you're wrong, to save your face. Or you back a poor plan for your crowd to carry out, and keep on backing it, to save your face. Or you stick to a poor job or hotheadedly throw up a good one, just to save your face. You're afraid of what people may say; so you lose a good friend, a chance for real leadership, a start in the work you like best—just to save your face. And after you've saved it, what good is it? None. You can't even hide behind it; folks are sure to find you out. Let your face go, and hold on to your self-respect.

Liking People

IF you want to be liked, get into the habit of liking other people. In nine cases out of ten, you can manage it if you try. Use your understanding head and maybe your sense of humor and be ready to go more than halfway. Once you get started, it's easy. As soon as the other fellow suspects you of liking him, he'll begin to like you. That's human nature. Then you'll like him better, and he'll like you better. Just get the feeling going, and it usually goes fine. But someone has to start it. Might as well be you. Just to show your sporting spirit, pick out right now someone you don't like, and see how long it takes you to get to feeling that he's a pretty good scout after all.

Best

IT is a wonderful thing to be best in any worth while field. It is fine to be the fastest runner in your town, or the best football player, or the straightest shot, or the best student, or the smartest boy. Everybody likes to stand first, and nobody can be blamed a little bit for the desire. We all try it. And we all like to be given credit for it. The boy who isn't glad to have folks tell him he is the best baserunner in town isn't quite human. We, for instance, like to be told we are the best editorial writer in America. Nobody can find fault with any of us for being the best or for trying to be the best, or for liking to be it.

However

LOTS of folks can find fault with us if we spend all our time proving it. Nobody likes to have it rubbed in his ear that somebody is better than he is at anything. And we know a lot of folks who never start out anywhere for any purpose with anybody unless they go pell mell at it to beat their companion at something. If they go for a walk it is their effort to walk the other fellow off his feet. You know the sort. If they get out in the woods to hunt they are not so much interested in getting game as they are in proving they are a better woodsman than the folks they are with. It is very irritating and doesn't make friends.

In Camp

NOW for instance, if you are in camp in the winter —maybe hunting deer. Well, you have to be shut away from the world with two or three other fellows for weeks. Inevitably you get on each other's nerves, but the ordinary crowd of decent fellows give and take. But we know one man who nearly wrecked a hunting trip. Every day he would be paired with one of the others, and then, instead of hunting as he ought to, he would set out to make the other man beg. He was big, and very husky—but not so terribly smart—and he never would accommodate his pace to his companion's. The result was that nobody wanted to hunt with him. Just because he liked to prove every time that he was the best man. It's just vanity.

Another Case

WE know of another case where a crowd of fellows started on a twelve-mile hike. Two of them were of the show-them type, and in the first half hour they got away ahead of everybody. No thought of pleasant companionship for them. All the idea they had was to outwalk and out-endure everybody else. The result was that they got into a race with each other. Nobody else cared. But these two streaked on ahead, running half of the time, and keeping an eye on each other for signs of weakening. The result was that they got to their destination exhausted. They were all done, and the pleasure was gone. After a while the rest of the crowd got there in good shape, because they had been reasonable and had taken their time and rested up. All the two racers got out of it was derision.

Competition

WE don't want to be understood as being against competition. Indeed not. We are for it. Nothing is finer or healthier than good, keen competitive effort. In a race, in a game, in any sort of an arranged contest we are all for the fellow who goes in with all he has and with all the fighting spirit in the world. Then he is there to win if he can do it fairly. The object then is to win, and he is a quitter if he doesn't give the best he has. But that is different It is the *time* for it.

Discrimination

WHAT these other fellows lack is good judgment and discrimination. They don't know when it is time to compete and when it is time to have decent manners. If you are husky and a powerful walker it is only common, garden variety courtesy to moderate your speed to such a pace as the slowest and least able man in the party can maintain in comfort. You know you can beat him and he knows you can beat him. It doesn't matter a cent to anybody whether you can or not, because there is no occasion to beat him. Therefore, if you start out to show how good you are, you are only making an ass of yourself, demonstrating your vanity, and letting loose a flock of rotten manners.

The Battle Fleet

WHAT would happen if our battle fleet started out and every captain wanted to show off. It would mean that vessels would be strung out all over the ocean and that an enemy fleet which kept together could steam up and batter us to pieces bit by bit and at their leisure. But battle fleets don't cruise in that way. The fastest vessel moderates its speed to the gait of the slowest.

Pick Your Time

JUST because you can do a thing is no reason at all why you should do it always. It tires folks of you. You grow monotonous. We would rather hear it said of a boy as we did the other day, "Jim is the best athlete in this neck of the woods. He can trim the shirt off anybody, but you'd never know it to watch him. No, sir, Jim never makes a parade of it. He never tries to put it on anybody's eye. But—you ought to see him when he really is called on. He has the real spirit that wins." Now, wasn't that better than to have folks say, "Sure, Jim's a bird of an athlete, but he's mean. He's always rubbing it in. Never misses a chance to show you he's a better man than you are."

And So It Goes

IT is always the fellow who takes some thought of his friends; who doesn't put on dog; who is considerate of fellows who have not the luck to be blessed with his body and muscles—this is the boy who is popular. He will win a dozen friends by one act of consideration where the other sort will win ten enemies by one show-off. And, after all, what credit is there in running faster than somebody who doesn't pretend to be a runner? We don't care how good you are. Nobody cares how good you are at anything—except at those times when you are called on to be good at it. Don't be afraid folks will miss finding out your fine points, but it is a lot pleasanter to find a pin than to have somebody stick it into you.

Good Old Pluggers

IF you're just one of the good old pluggers of the world, don't get discouraged. Your swift, brilliant brother hasn't such an edge on you as you may think. The new manager of a promising branch automobile agency is a young chap whom his fellow salesmen at the main agency had tolerantly catalogued as "just one of your good old pluggers." But he has landed the best job his employers had to hand out this year. They picked him out of a dozen men, at least four of whom were far more brilliant, dashing salesmen. "But they're uneven performers; won't hold themselves to the steady going that gets the best results in the end. And you can rely on Martin to keep plugging right along," argued the senior partner. . . . It's surprising how many of the topnotch jobs are held by the good old pluggers.

Small Remarks

"HUH! I don't call him such a wonderful swimmer." . . . "Can't see why they picked him for captain." . . . "Sure, he can play tennis—but that's all he can do." . . . "Oh, yes, he won the championship, but it was just luck." Small remarks; a generous-minded fellow would choke on them.

Popular

HE was always an enthusiastic worker. He was always an enthusiastic player. He was always popular. People like enthusiasm.

Growling

SOME friends of ours have a dog that got streaks of growling. Finally, whenever he got one, they took him out to his kennel, tied him up, and left him alone. It cured him. . . . We haven't mentioned this before for fear some families might build boy kennels in their back yards. Yet it wouldn't be a bad idea. Why not build your own?

Riding at Night

On and on through the silent night,
Under the sky with its tranquil light
Of stars that are smiling and blinking bright—
Riding * * * just riding along * * *

Up the hill and over the rise;
Can't see the trail but my horse is wise;
He knows where the hidden hill-trail lies;
Riding * * * just riding along * * *

A flicker of fire from his steel-shod feet,
As the hoof-beats ring and the rocks repeat—
Easy, boy! Easy! Now keep your feet;
Riding * * * just riding along * * *

Out of the stillness, faint and small,
The lean, gray hunters of midnight call,
And the querulous echoes rise and fall;
Riding * * * just riding along * * *

The trail of a meteor streaks the sky,
And drops in the void of the dusk to die.
And I gaze as I wonder, "Where—and Why?"
Riding * * * just riding along * * *

The jingle of rein-chains seems to be
Singing a song of peace to me;
A song of the range where a man is free * * *
Riding * * * just riding along * * *

And the white moon rising above the gap,
Smiles on the world in its quiet nap,
Dreaming away in old Nature's lap;
Riding * * * just riding along * * *

Then the crest of the range is a rose-lit height
As the dawn leaps after the fading night,
And we're back in the camp with the morning light;
Riding * * * just riding along * * *

—Ralph Garnier Coole.

From "Songs of Men," collected by Robert Frothingham—published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

The arm that embraced his big pal was already numb with strain. But he hung on!

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

Steel Proof

By Edmund M. Littell

TWO man-heights above the floor, on a narrow steel shelf which clung to the wall of the long open hearth building, Shorty Gulick tensed himself in preparation for his duty, to be performed as soon as the scintillating cataract of molten steel had finished pouring from the face of a brick wall opposite him across the hundred foot floor.

Shorty's fascinated eyes narrowed in the brilliant light as the white-hot steel raced down a clay-lined spout and plunged twenty feet with a sputtering roar into the room-size ladle waiting below. Flames soared upward in long streamers through the smoke and threw into sharp relief the blackened steel skeleton of the great building, the brick wall of the furnace which vomited the man-made lava, and the figures of men, tiny in comparison to their huge surroundings, who stood on a platform near the stream like little devils watching their river of liquid fire.

The giant ladle was soon filled to overflowing, like a pot of thick soup with scum dripping over its brim. The waiting crane which bridged the floor high above his head was already hooked onto the ladle, lifting the dripping load into the air with a groaning of gears, and floated it across to him, so close that the heat from the huge brick-lined steel container stung his face, while the red sparking splashes of slag dropped past him to the ground beneath.

Shorty lowered his blue glasses over his eyes and picked up his long steel lever, uncomfortably conscious of Pete Haskins' kindly eyes. He pushed his lever through a ring attached to a perpendicular bar on the side of the ladle, placed it in a socket near the bottom, and lifted. The bar was so fashioned that it rose to the top of the ladle where it bent like a huge hairpin and descended in its covering of fire brick to the bottom of the ladle, where it stopped a two-inch hole by means of a plug of fire clay on its end. When he lifted the lever, the hole opened and out popped a stream of white-hot metal, sputtering and spitting viciously as it plunged down with a hundred tons of pressure behind it, into the first of a train of ingot molds. These stood below him, like a long row of hollow dominoes six feet high and two feet square, their tops just below the level of the platform on which he stood.

Watching carefully through his blue glasses, Shorty waited tensely until the mold was filled, then shut off the stream in readiness for the move to the next mold. Pete Haskins stepped up just then and spoke to him. Shorty started when he heard the voice, but kept his eyes on the job.

"Goin' fine," said Pete heartily. "Keep her goin' that way, Shorty, and we'll bust the record this month." He laid his great hand on Shorty's shoulder in a man-to-man pat, and turned away to his other duties.

Shorty nodded briefly without looking up and signaled to the craneman above him to move on. Up there in his little box, the craneman could look directly down into that caldron of fire, but the sight never concerned him. He nursed the ladle along coolly without ever slopping metal over the brim—a three-foot move of his crane, a stop until the pot swung along ponderously beneath, another perfectly timed move which caught and stopped the pendulum motion of the suspended weight, halting it accurately over the next ingot mold. Slowly they moved along, filling the molds one by one until the ladle was empty, and swung away to the rear of the building. There its residue of slag would be dumped out, a round cake, or skull, of rapidly cooling lava, to be broken up and hauled away as soon as it was cool enough.

With a sigh of relief Shorty moved his blue glasses up on his forehead, wiped his sweating hands and face, and ran down the stairs to the outside of the building for a rest. He had pleased Pete, done a satisfactory job under that watchful eye, and he was happy, for Pete was everything in the world to him. Pete Haskins, the huge man whose size was in proper proportion to the job he held, superintendent of the Open Hearth; Pete Haskins, red of face, broad of shoulder, heavy of hand and foot and voice, a driver, a leader, a fighter—master of steel; Pete Haskins, father and mother, playmate and guardian of Shorty Gulick. Not because he had to be, but because the heart of him was as big as the head of an ordinary man.

SHORTY could not remember his parents. Steel had killed his father; his mother he had never known. His first memory of affection and loving care was built around the huge figure of Pete, squatting on his heels before him and talking with a deep voice that buzzed like many bees, while his eyes enfolded him with a warmth like that of a friendly sun. Pete had just driven off a gang of boys who had been attacking him.

"What's the trouble, kid?" the deep voice grumbled soothingly at him. "The gang roughin' you? Ain't you big enough to take care of yourself?"

Shorty remembered walking into the haven of those big arms and sobbing incoherent explanations.

"Why, you little galoot!" the big man growled as he held him close. "No father and mother? That's tough, ain't it? You come along an' stay with me, an' I'll show you how to fight 'em off." He stood up and extended a finger, to which Shorty clung as he trotted along.

"We'll make a big man out of a little kid," Pete went on as they walked. "You an' me'll show 'em."

At that moment the life of Shorty Gulick began in earnest; a life surrounded by the care and guidance of a huge man with a heart to match, a life in which he learned to fight his battles and win, which made him strong and sturdy for all his short stature, and which led inevitably into the life of Pete—the steel mill. Shorty's regret that he could never reach Pete's physical bulk made him strive gigantically to be his kind of man in other respects; so he went into the steel mill eagerly. And every moment of his time in the tremendous plant was spent in a driving effort to be a steel man like his big pal.

As they walked home together that night, Shorty knew that something was troubling his guardian. Pete was looking straight ahead and was not gossiping about steel in his usual way, that way of one man to another that always filled Shorty's heart with pride. The big man's silence worried the boy. At last, Pete spoke, without looking down at him:

"What's the matter, boy? Don't you like your job?"

Shorty looked up quickly, his breath catching in his throat, then replied.

"Sure I like my job. What makes you think I don't?"

"Nothin' much. You handled that last heat sorta nervous."

"Me, nervous?" exclaimed Shorty. "Naw, why should I be nervous? I ain't scared o' no metal."

"I never said nothin' about your bein' scared," answered Pete quietly. "But if you don't like the hot steel business, there's plenty of other jobs around the plant. You don't have to stay on the open hearth if you don't want to." There was a tinge of regret in Pete's voice that did not escape the ears of Shorty.

"Wouldn't change for nothin'," he said with great earnestness. "We're goin' to break the record this month. I gotta be on the casting platform to help, don't I?"

"You said it," agreed Pete, and walked on silently for a few minutes before he continued.

"Steel makin' is the biggest job there is," he said slowly. "It takes men and makes 'em or breaks 'em. Steel's big, an' strong, an'—an' mean. It takes fightin' men to make steel; that's why I trained you up strong, an' gave you all that schoolin'—I never had no high school." He paused again, thoughtfully, then continued hesitatingly. "Take those buildings over at the plant—bigger'n the city hall—all made of steel. They make a man look like a midget, but a man built every one of 'em. A fightin' man can make steel do anything!"

Shorty nodded, thrilling. Underneath the thrill was a shiver at the thought of failing to be worthy of this big man's confidence. But resolutely he thrust the thought away.

"We'll bust that record wide open," he bragged.

"We sure will—if we're all fightin' men," agreed Pete soberly. "Steel hates cowards. But fighters can handle steel fine—an' I got the fightin'est bunch of men there ever was!"

Shorty didn't forget that talk of Pete's. And he resolved to do his work with the utmost care, lest through fault of his Pete should be disappointed, not only in breaking that record, but in the ward he was training.

Several days after that, Shorty ran into one of those

experiences that take place frequently in a steel mill, in spite of the most watchful care of everyone, from Pete down. It was his first intimate experience with a running stopper. The 'first mold was filled, and he lowered his lever to shut off the stream but the flow of steel did not stop. The clay plug on the inside end of the giant hairpin he operated had broken off, and when he bore down on his handle the hole did not close; the steel continued to pour down in a steady stream, a high pressure stream with a hundred tons of weight behind it.

There was only one thing for him to do—move the ladle as quickly as possible from mold to mold and save as much steel as he could. The stream splashed and spattered over everything as it moved across the open spaces between the molds; sparks flew, steel splattered like a stream of water from a fire hose, the other men carefully kept their distance.

Shorty fought down a fearful temptation to flee in panic and stuck close to that fiery stream until it was exhausted. It was his duty. He had to signal the craneman when to move the ladle. Every pound of steel saved meant that much more toward Pete's record. He must see it through. It was over at last, and the ladle went dripping away to the rear of the building to have the skull dumped out. Then Shorty fainted.

HE came to lying on the ground outside the building, with Pete kneeling beside him bathing his face. There was a look of sorrow in Pete's eyes. Shorty knew then that steel had at last broken through his guard, and grew hot with shame. There was no longer any use in trying to disguise his fear—Pete knew!

"Better call it a day an' go home," Pete suggested quietly for the benefit of the men standing about. Then he motioned them away and went on, more personally.

"To-morrow, if you feel all right, you can get another job. Guess you better not work on the open hearth any more." He did not condemn, but his sorrowful voice stabbed Shorty to the heart. The boy nodded, turning away his head. At last, he managed to speak, thickly.

"I'll be all right to-morrow." He scrambled to his feet and stood swaying a little. "I'm all right now," he said firmly, and started back toward his job. But he was too dizzy. He had to give in and go home.

Stumbling, heart-broken, he made his way along. He couldn't help it! He had fought and fought, but steel had won. He didn't know why, but there was something inside him that steel—hot steel—melted, making him a shivering coward! His grief seared his throat like hot sparks, and he saw again that vicious, uncontrollable stream of metal, eager to conquer him, leaping to consume him. He tossed restlessly that night, dreaming hideous nightmares of a flaming demon that was taking him away from Pete.

The next morning Pete came to his room before breakfast. He sat on the side of Shorty's bed and looked at him silently for a moment.

"Lookin' pretty tough this mornin'," he said. There was a great disappointment evident in his face, and Shorty was stabbed again by something in his voice. "Better stay in bed to-day. . . . I guess you're scared of steel, ain't you?"

"I can't help it," Shorty broke out miserably. "I can't stop it! Something inside—"

"Your father had it too—he was scared of steel, that's why he's dead." Pete spoke sorrowfully, as though something he had loved were dead as well. "I thought I could make a steel man out of you. . . . Guess you better not work in the mill."

He got up and left the room with a heavy step, and Shorty turned his face to the wall.

When he heard the front door slam, he got up and went to the window. There was Pete, on his way to work—alone. Shorty's heart ached, felt as though the disappearing figure were pulling it out of him by means of an invisible thread which had always tied them together. There was a drooping look about the broad shoulders, too. Maybe Pete was feeling bad, too! That thought hurt the boy more than anything else. Hot moisture blurred his eyes as he turned away from the window and dressed himself slowly.

By noon Shorty had a job in the roll turning shop, facing up the ends of rolls. He was sticking to steel, even though it was only cold steel; he would rather have died than stay outside the big gate that admitted Pete to his loved work. The end of the month was approaching, too, and he had to help Pete break that record, however remote he was from the hot steel that poured steadily in the great effort.

Working on a big lathe, with the power of great machines to help him and inanimate cold steel as his material, Shorty began to hope that his fear would leave him. The great chips, blue with heat, dropped to the floor from the edge of his cutting tool, but they did not spit at him viciously, nor threaten him with flaming tongue. He felt that he could conquer his fear in this way—by seeing steel submit to his handling, feeling his mastery over it.

Until one day a crane cable snapped as it was swinging a two-ton roll overhead, and dropped it on the man working at the next lathe. He had been friendly and helpful to Shorty, assisting him in many ways. Now he was gone. He never knew what hit him—only a long sigh escaped him, a sigh which could be heard above the padded thump of the roll as it carried him to the floor.

Why did that roll have to drop in that particular spot? There were a thousand places in the shop where it could have fallen without hurting anyone; yet it had killed his good friend. Even cold steel was vicious, murderous! Shorty was blindly sick. Without a word to anyone, he fled from the shop.

Yet he went back. Forced himself back. Somehow he had to prove to himself that he was a fighting man—had to prove it to Pete.

But at times he grew dull with despair. Not only had he lost faith in himself, but as the days went by he found he had lost all sustaining intimacy with his big friend. Their talk was always about trivial things, and he felt that Pete had withdrawn somehow from their man-to-man comradeship; that he had gone back to thinking of his ward as a youngster. Worse—Shorty realized that Pete thought of him now as a weakling youngster. It was hard, bitter, galling. But Pete was compassionately kind, and for that Shorty was grateful.

As the last of the month approached, the interest in Pete's attempt for a new record spread throughout the plant. Announcements began to appear on the bulletin boards, and men gathered before them arguing heatedly and betting. Shorty stood about the edges of the groups and listened to their arguments with a swelling heart. For never a word was spoken, never a bet was placed, that showed any doubt of Pete's ability. It was all on the question as to just how much the record would be beaten. Strong men these, with the assurance of strong men.

ON the day before the last of the month a large bulletin appeared on the boards throughout the plant:

NOTICE

To-morrow about 5:00 P. M. the last heat of the month's production will be tapped from Number 6 furnace. The month's record for all time will be passed sometime to-day. At the conclusion of the tapping to-morrow the definite figures of the new record will be announced. All men who can leave their work are invited to witness the tapping of this final heat. See your foreman at once and make arrangements.

WARNING!

You are cautioned not to remain on the ground level, but to take places on the platforms above. Guides will be stationed to direct you.

SAFETY FIRST!

Even the memory of his bitter experience in that building was not strong enough to keep Shorty from going to witness Pete's triumph. That he was not to be of assistance made him feel unhappy, but he forgot even that as he took his place on the casting platform with the gathering men, and felt the excitement that filled the air.

The broad casting floor resembled a city boulevard prepared for a parade—a parade under a roof. On one side extended the high wall with its casting platform clinging to it, broken into three sections by two great doors through which freight cars could be pushed. At each of these doors flights of steps led up to the narrow shelf. On the opposite side of the floor were the ten great furnaces, like wide two-story houses, each with its tapping platform at the level of the second floor and its flight of stairs to the ground. Number 6 furnace was about the center of the row, and before it stood the huge ladle in preparation for the tapping. Across from it, and a little farther down, stood the train of ingot molds, like soldiers at attention, ready for the performance to begin.

The broad floor was clean and bare, except for one skull which lay in its pile of rubble near the end of the building—in front of Number 9 furnace. Evidently the skull from a recent ladle, not cool enough to be taken away.

All the platforms, on both sides of the floor, were filled with men— all but the one on Number 6 furnace, and the portion of the opposite one which lay above the ingot molds. That was reserved for the casting workers. Between the chinks in the brick wall of the furnace to be tapped could be seen the flickering glint of the great fire which was melting down the steel.

AS the time for tapping approached, the men grew more impatient. Their voices rose in excitement; whistles and cheers echoed through the high-roofed building.

"What's the matter?" asked a man who sat near Shorty. his feet hanging over the edge of the platform. "It's after five now. Why don't they start?"

"Heat's not ready yet," explained Shorty. "It's gotta be just right before they tap it."

"Naw," spoke up another man, "a bunch of guys from the main office is comin' down. The Old Man is bringin' 'em."

"Steel don't wait for nobody," said Shorty positively. "They'd better get here quick, 'cause when that heat's ready to tap, Pete is goin' to tap it."

Shorty was right. The vacant place reserved for the visitors had not been filled when Pete's big form appeared on the tapping platform in front of Number 6 furnace. He raised his hand, a whistle sounded, and out leaped the river of molten steel, a belch of sparks and smoke as the sputtering torrent plunged twenty feet into the bottom of the ladle. The watching men cheered wildly.

As the flow diminished and the ladle filled, the great crane rolled along overhead and dropped down two huge hooks on a massive steel frame, engaging them on trunnions attached to the ladle, and making it look like an enormous bucket with a handle fixed. The boil-over began, slag rising in the ladle and dripping down over its rim like bread dough under the action of yeast, splashing down into the cinder-pit in which the ladle sat.

Just too late to witness the tapping, the white-collar men from the office came in through the side door opposite Number 7 furnace. The Old Man was leading the way—he was a familiar figure about the plant and everyone gave him a cheer. Behind him came a small group of elderly, well-dressed men who looked like bankers. As they straggled along the ground, looking about with interest while following the Old Man to the stairs, the signal was given to the craneman to hoist away. Steel making waits for no visitors.

With a grinding of crane gears the huge ladle rose slowly from its pit. Inch by inch the enormous weight ascended, dripping slag a little like a bucket slopping water as it is lifted from a well. Then the something that Pete was watching against constantly took control.

Without warning or apparent (*Continued on page 52*)

A Cure With a Comeback

A BUTTER-FINGERED bunch on that football team! Always fumbling. So Coach Johnny Cade thought up a cure:

"See here," he fumed. "After this the fellow who fumbles gets a football hung around his neck. You'll stay with that ball, take it to bed, classes, meals, off the campus, everywhere. Are you game?"

And the football fellows chuckled and nodded. They weren't goin' to fumble no mo'.

Just the same, Bus Lovell did. Three times in one game! Wow! A bad record for a good quarterback. You couldn't blame the coach for hanging his cure on Bus.

And you couldn't blame the school for laughing. You'll laugh, too. As a steady companion, a football is a bouncing, embarrassing joke. Bus was being cured with a vengeance. But suddenly Coach Johnny Cade discovered that his cure had a comical comeback, and that his players were holding their sides and watching to see if Johnny would fumble a big joke on himself.

Did he? You'll find out next month when you're roaring over Ralph Henry Barbour's rippingly funny story about—

"FUMBLES"

Where There's a Bill There's a Way

By George M. Johnson

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

"They're bills—bills that I can't collect."

IT was after the bottom had seemed to drop out of everything—perhaps because of it—that Joe Forsythe evolved his big idea concerning bills.

When Joe looked back at graduation week, it seemed as if he had never known so much to happen in such a short time. Sometimes it seemed to him a jumbled-up dream with a few details here and there standing out vividly in his mind. He recalled his own care-free laugh the night he had been the ringleader of the crowd of skylarking boys who decorated the auditorium for Class Day; he remembered the scent of the roses the girls wore when he had danced at the Prom on a mild June evening; he saw himself straightening his tie nervously just before he walked across the platform in his new suit to receive a ribbon-tied diploma at the graduation exercises. Then, in that one short week, had come the cataclysm that made him feel so appallingly conscious of his man-sized responsibilities. High school was over and everything that went with it.

Yet he was thankful that things were not worse. Yes, they could have been worse. Joe shuddered at the recollection of how still his father lay on the stretcher when he was carried in after the wildly swerving runaway team crashed into him. It was a nerve-racking, heart-rending half hour before the doctor told Joe and his mother that Mr. Forsythe would live—his spine wasn't broken after all.

"What he needs now is careful nursing and complete rest for a year. With good luck, he should be able to go back to work then without any danger," the doctor explained.

When they learned that Mr. Forsythe would recover, the first sensation in Joe and his mother was one of profound thankfulness. But now the problem of ways and means for the future loomed ahead.

"It's up to me," said Joe grimly to himself. Then he noted his mother's downcast face.

"It's all right, Mother. I'll get a job at Hadley's. Don't you worry now." He whistled valiantly as he ran down the porch steps and until he was out of hearing.

HADLEY'S was the leading general store and Joe had worked there as delivery boy in vacations.

"What's the chances for a job, Mr. Hadley?" he asked the proprietor. "I don't care what it is," he hastened to add; "wrestling boxes around the storeroom, sweeping up, washing windows, anything."

"I just wish I had something for you, Joe," Mr. Hadley answered regretfully, "but I haven't, and that's all there is to it. I've got to let at least two of my help go the end of this week; be lucky if I can keep the rest of 'em busy."

"I thought business was picking up," said Joe.

"It is, thank goodness!" returned the merchant; "but this town was pretty hard hit, and recovery will be pretty slow. Too many people here have little money to spend."

"Summitville looks fairly prosperous, on the surface, anyway," Joe persisted. "Look at the automobiles."

"Yes, look at the automobiles, drat 'em!" growled Mr. Hadley. "That's part of the trouble, Joe, about the only people here who have any real money to spend are the ones whose income is mainly from outside of town—like the university students, or the commuters, for example, whose business is in the big city. Those last have been hit of course, but not nearly so hard as local folks. Dunno what would have happened to this town if it hadn't been for that colony of city commuters and the college. The students spend a lot of coin here, Heaven bless 'em!"

Hadley turned to his desk, picking up a stack of papers.

"See those? Well, they're bills—bills that I can't collect. May get some of it sometime, but just now I've written it off the books as a loss. Lots of money there. If I had the stuff I'd be glad to spend it on improvements about my house and store. That would make work for several men for a month or more. But I haven't got it, so what's the use?"

Joe went on to other places, everywhere hearing the same sort of story. Prospects for landing a job grew remote.

"Gosh!" the boy mused. "Seems that pretty near everybody in town must be in debt. There's a lot of people worse off than my folks. But I've sure got to do something, or we'll be in the same hole. Deep, too.

"I bet most of these people would be mighty glad to pay up, if they could. But people can't pay if they haven't the money, and I guess they haven't enough to start clearing up old debts now. Still, there ought to be a way out. Ought to be something in it for me, too, if I can find the way. Here's where I put the old bean on the job."

JOE'S mind wandered back to his experiences with the high school *Weekly Spirit*—for two years he had held the position of advertising manager. How he had enjoyed hustling ads among the local merchants!

"I could sell advertising space all right," Joe mused. "Why couldn't I sell something else? Why couldn't I sell folks the idea of paying up the money they owe?"

Joe stopped looking for that elusive job, and went over to a comfortable bench in Summitville's tiny park, where he sat down for a thinking spell. He was always that way—getting off by himself when he wanted to think a thing out.

"Owing money involves credit," he told himself. "Business hinges on credit. And credit's a sort of business all by itself. Look at all the big concerns built up around that and nothing else. Famous over the entire country, some of them are. Wish I knew more about it."

Joe did not rest with mere wishing. He leaped up and headed for the Summitville Public Library. Instead of puttering blindly about the card catalog he approached the desk.

"Can you recommend me two or three good books on the general subject of credit and collections in business?" he asked the assistant librarian.

"Certainly," was the cordial response. "The one I recall best is 'Mercantile Credit,' by J. E. Haggerty. It has been highly recommended. I'll get it for you. Wait just a moment." When she returned she handed him two books, and Joe saw that the other was "New Collection Methods" by E. H. Gardner.

"I think I've got something started," he told his mother at noon.

After dinner Joe went up to his room, where he resolutely shut his brain to all outside matters—a trick he had learned when studying Latin, the only trick that "did the business"—and proceeded to study harder than he had ever studied in school. All the while he was tying up the new facts he was learning, and a lot that he had learned before (he was surprised to see how they trooped back into his mind now) with his own present problem.

The thing kept getting bigger all the time. At last Joe began to feel that he was on the right track, but still he realized the limitations of his own inexperience. He was lacking in a full measure of confidence, feeling the need of friendly advice. He hesitated to talk it over with his father and mother as yet, for instinctively he feared that they might be inclined to discourage the undertaking; he needed counsel, but even more he needed some definite encouragement. Nor did he want to put his scheme up to a business man until it was definitely worked out.

Finally he made up his mind, and the next night after supper took his troubles to the sympathetic ear of Rodney Mannering, principal of Summitville High. Mr. Mannering asked an occasional question as Joe outlined his plan, and then the two worked it over together, threshing it out from every angle.

Joe found Thomas working in a plumbing shop.

(*Continued from page 23*)

The principal himself contributed several valuable suggestions.

And thus was born the Forsythe Collecting and Financial Adjustment Agency.

JOE'S next step was to get busy with his little printing press at home. After some effort—both mental and physical—he succeeded in turning out a number of cards, like this:

JOSEPH M. FORSYTHE

BILL COLLECTIONS
FINANCIAL ADJUSTMENTS

Terms for Collections

Bills overdue six months or less	10%
Bills overdue six months to one year	15%
Bills overdue one to two years	20%
Bills overdue two to three years	25%
Bills overdue three years or more	30%

Adjustment Service — *Rates on application*

WHERE THERE'S A BILL THERE'S A WAY

The following evening Joe went around to Mr. Hadley's home.

"I've quit looking for a job, Mr. Hadley," the boy said. "Gone into business for myself. My card," and Joe importantly handed over one of his pasteboards, which Hadley perused with a twinkle in his eye.

"Just where do I come in, Joe?" he asked. "And what's the idea of 'Where there's a bill there's a way'?"

"It's like this, Mr. Hadley," Joe explained. "I got thinking over what you said about all those bills you couldn't collect. I figured that most of the people owing you money would be tickled pink if they could only pay up and be square again. Most folks are that kind, I think. My business is to help provide the *way*. See? When I strike the other kind—a regular deadbeat, that is—I'll have a different *way* of dealing with him, but that can't come till later, after I've got my system working. I wanted to start in with you, and then gradually enlarge until all other business places were included, and maybe the professional men as well.

"If you'll give me the chance, Mr. Hadley, we'll both be gainers and a lot of other folks, too. Between us we'll let 'em get square with the world again."

"Getting to be a regular little philanthropist, ain't you, Joe?" said the merchant. "Suppose you give me one or two definite illustrations of how you plan to put it over."

"All right. Let's see, now. Does Pete Miller owe you money?"

"Offhand I should say something over a hundred dollars."

"For how long?"

"Since he was sick, a year and a half ago."

"Now that he's working regularly he pays cash, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he does. I'll give Pete credit for that."

"Here's the point. Pete intends to pay you—*when he gets the hundred-odd dollars*. Barring a miracle Pete never will live to see that much in the old sock at any one time. But he probably could pay a dollar or two each week if somebody went after it every Saturday night. Now it would be my business to collect that money, give him a receipt, and turn over to you eighty cents of every dollar. In a little over a year he would be paid up."

"Nothing radically new about that, Joe," Hadley remarked.

"I know it. But nobody's doing it in town, and meantime you're not getting your money—all at once or a little at a clip either. Now, here's another thing—adjustments," he went on.

"That's really going back to the age when there wasn't any money at all. You want some work done about your store or house. Well, my job is to arrange with someone who is, perhaps, working part time and who owes you money to work off what he owes you."

"I could do that without hiring you to serve as the agent."

"Of course you could," Joe agreed readily, "but you never did and I don't believe you ever will. Be too much bother."

"Guess you're right, Joe. But I don't see how you could clear up much of the indebtedness on my books that way. Nor do I see how, under present conditions, you could get enough in commissions to make it worth your while."

"I know I couldn't collect all your old bills," Joe conceded, "and I probably wouldn't get rich in the business, but I'd make something, and right now I want to say that *anything* is worth more to me than a jab in the eye. I'd prefer to begin with your store because I've worked for you before and I know more about your customers. A fellow picks up information about people when he leaves groceries at their kitchen door every day."

"Apparently," Hadley said dryly, "and I'm going to give you the chance to use it. In the morning, if you like, I'll hand you a choice collection of ancient bills."

JOE spent most of the next day sorting over and tabulating the bills. Most of the families represented he knew personally; the others he looked up to discover all he could about them. Then he started on his calls, picking Pete Miller to begin with, because he thought that would be an easy case to handle.

Right away he struck a snag—Pete was angry and hurt at being dunned for the money. Joe felt like flaring up himself and "talking back"—there was plenty he could say to a man who got mad when he was asked to pay for goods he had already eaten up. But he said, instead:

"You don't understand, Mr. Miller. This thing started with me, not with Mr. Hadley. He understands why you haven't paid. So do I. You know the trouble we've had at home—Dad getting hurt in that accident, and everything. A fellow can't help being hard up sometimes."

Miller nodded, more sympathetically. "I've been through that myself," he said.

"Mr. Hadley spoke of how many folks in town were owing money, and so I started my collecting agency, with the idea of earning a little money myself and at the same time helping people to pay up some of their bills. I know you want to pay—"

"That bill of Hadley's is the greatest worry of my life," Mrs. Miller interrupted. "I don't see how we can ever pay it."

"Could you spare two dollars every week?" Joe asked.

Miller and his wife looked at each other. Then——

"I guess we could," Miller hesitated, "only I don't like the idea of going to the store once a week to pay such a small sum on account. It looks like small potatoes to me."

"You don't have to go," Joe answered with enthusiasm. "I'll come for the money and give you a receipt. If you can pay more than two dollars all the better. Keep it up and you'll be square before you realize it."

"All right," the man rejoined. "Here's the first payment. Come around every week and I'll give you the same; more if I can spare it."

"Forty cents profit," Joe mused as he left. "Get a lot more like that, and I'll have a fair income every week."

He thumbed over his pile of bills and drew out one which had "Frank Thomas" at the top. Thomas worked half time in a plumbing shop, and Joe found him there. As before he had to explain in detail how it happened that he was in the collecting business. Then he suggested the possibility of squaring the debt—$31.75—by small weekly payments.

"I couldn't pay a cent," declared the plumber. "I'm working just half-time now, and I'm only getting $17.50 a week. It takes every penny to meet living expenses. I've cut out smoking to save money, and the wife hasn't been to a movie for months."

"All right," Joe said; "if you can't pay cash, you can't. But how about paying Mr. Hadley in labor? Will you work five days for him at his store or home to square up that bill?"

"Sure, a half a day at a time. I can't risk letting anything interfere with my regular job."

"Naturally not; we wouldn't want you to. I'll take the matter up with Mr. Hadley and let you know when he wants you," and Joe left, jubilant over his success.

"I knew people would come across if they were given a chance," he told himself. "Be about $6 commission in it for me when Thomas has done the work."

AS the days went on it was not all easy, and there were many discouragements. But Hadley's house was being repainted, some alterations were made in the store, his yard and garden were receiving better care than ever before, and his touring car and the two delivery Fords were thoroughly overhauled. The only actual cash outlay for all this had been Joe's commissions and the cost of material, the labor expense being met by old bills, some of which Hadley had long before considered a total loss. Furthermore some thirty families were paying weekly sums ranging from fifty cents to several dollars in a sincere effort to square up.

Yet Joe felt that this was little more than a beginning. Before branching out he had determined to give the plan a thorough trial with the bills Mr. Hadley had turned over to him. He had proved that the scheme would work, and now judged that the time was ripe to enlarge his field. Confirmation of this came when he was stopped one day on the street by Judson Farnsworth, owner of Summitville's second largest store.

"Say, Joe," the man demanded, "has Hadley any monopoly on your services? How about taking a whirl at me? Guess I can use you in *my* business."

"Funny thing," Joe retorted, "but I was just coming to see you about that same proposition."

"Come along," cried Farnsworth, hooking his arm into Joe's elbow.

In the privacy of the other's office Joe eagerly explained his scheme for developing the collecting and adjusting service to include the entire town. Farnsworth proved a good listener.

"And in connection with that," the young fellow went on, "I'm hoping to establish myself as a sort of local credit expert. Right now I know more about Mr. Hadley's customers—at least the ones who need credit—than anybody else in town knows, and after a few months operation of the enlarged plan that knowledge will include customers of the other stores."

"No doubt about it," Farnsworth agreed heartily. "Go on and work up your plan. The business men will back you up. We were talking about you at the Chamber of Commerce lunch yesterday noon. And by the way, Joe, I want you to join the Chamber."

Joe went ahead—and in four days found himself utterly, hopelessly swamped; the flood of details proved far too much for any one person, whatever his ability, to handle. Without loss of time he hired an assistant,—an experienced business woman. This necessitated renting an office, but Joe felt well justified in assuming this added expense, on the basis of the profits shown up to that time.

The assistant, Mrs. Blakeman, proved invaluable. On her capable shoulders fell most of the office work, for nearly all Joe's time was taken up with his calls and investigations.

THE Forsythe Agency had its own way of dealing with the professional deadbeat. Arthur Randal, for instance. Randal had run up bills in several stores during the year or two he had lived in Summitville. He was a carpenter with a job that paid well. But his tastes were more extensive than his income. One of Randal's creditors needed some work done in his store after business hours, and Joe called at the carpenter's home. He had already been there, unsuccessfully, in an attempt to get a weekly payment on one or more of the bills.

"You here again!" Randal growled as Joe came up the front steps to where he was sitting. "I've got no money to spare. You might as well toddle along."

"I didn't come for money this time, Mr. Randal," said Joe, pleasantly enough. "However, I am sure you were sincere when you said before that you wanted to pay your bills."

"Sure, I'd like to pay 'em. What kind of a bird do you take me for? But as the Chink said to the cop, 'No havee, how can?'"

"Well, I have a chance for you to pay off Mr. Farnsworth's bill. He has some odds and ends of work to be done after the store's closed."

"I charge time and a half for night work," the carpenter said without superabundant enthusiasm.

"I doubt if Mr. Farnsworth will agree to that," Joe said evenly. "But I'll see what he says about it."

"Course I'm not guaranteeing to use *all* the money I'd earn towards paying up that bill," Randal added, as Joe started to leave. "I might be a bit short, you know, and need the cash for something else."

"You don't seem to understand this proposition at all," Joe said sharply, wheeling about to face the other. "The pay coming to you for your services will be Mr. Farnsworth's receipted bill. There's no cash involved."

"There ain't, hey?" Randal snarled.

(*Continued on page 43*)

Old Mr. Bird—"Oh! He's a fine boy, Mr. Duck, and what do you expect to make of him?"
Proud Father—"Why! I've planned an army career for him and some day he'll be a big major-general."
Old Mr. Bird—"Shucks! Mr. Duck, he'll never make it. Can't you see he's already flat-footed?"

Among the Caipiros

By Frank A. Taylor

As Told to Merlin Moore Taylor

Pedro sat for a minute.

IT was late—almost midnight—when the little narrow gauge railway train on which I had been riding for thirty hours came to the end of the line and I got off, tingling with excitement. Virtually all of my fifteen years had been lived in Brazil and not all of them in the city, either, but this was the beginning of a real adventure—a whole vacation on a ranch right at the edge of the jungle.

So I tumbled out on the platform of the little shack which did duty as a station and looked around for whomever had come to meet me. There were few about—a passenger or two who had been on the train, three or four other men who promptly disappeared somewhere in the darkness, the train crew putting out the lights and locking the coaches, and a dark-skinned man in uniform who evidently was the station agent. Of Mr. Johnson, the family friend who was manager of the ranch, or anyone who appeared to have any interest in one boy with a handful of baggage, there was no sign.

I followed the agent into the little station, lighted only by a smoky kerosene lamp.

"Where is the hotel?" I asked.

"There is no hotel."

"Some place, then, where I can get lodging for the night."

"I don't know of any." He turned back to his work.

"Look here," I protested. "I was expecting to be met here. There has been a slip-up. I've got to have some place to stay until daylight. It's too chilly to hang around outdoors. Can I sleep here?"

"It is forbidden by the company. I am about to lock up for the night, anyhow."

"What am I going to do?"

He shrugged. "*Quien sabe?*" (Who knows?)

It nettled me that he should be so indifferent.

"I know," I retorted. "If you will permit me to leave my things here and will point out the road to the government hog ranch—"

That fetched him. He started and peered at me from under his cap.

"The government hog ranch!" he echoed. "You are not going there, small boy?"

"Why not?" I demanded.

"The place is accursed." There was awe in his tones.

I pricked up my ears. Mr. Johnson had told me a lot about the great *fazenda* where he was experimenting for the government with various breeds of hogs but he hadn't said anything about any curse hanging over the place.

"Accursed! What do you mean?" I asked the agent.

HE glanced around cautiously. "It is not well to speak of such things. If you go there, ask the *caipiros*."

Caipiros! That one word explained all the mysterious sinister things at which he hinted. *Caipiros* are natives, part Indian, part negro—descendants of the slaves who were freed in the eighties and were absorbed by the jungle tribes. Mr. Johnson had a hundred or so working for him, ignorant, superstitious, only half-civilized. I knew something of their queer legends and beliefs about the supernatural. No wonder this station agent believed the ranch accursed if he had been listening to the *caipiros*. Looking at him more closely, I guessed that he was part *caipiro* himself.

"How far is this ranch?" I asked.

"Ten kilometers, perhaps twelve."

Seven or eight miles, that was. "Is that all?" I said. "No walk at all. My legs can stand it easily after being cramped so long on the train—"

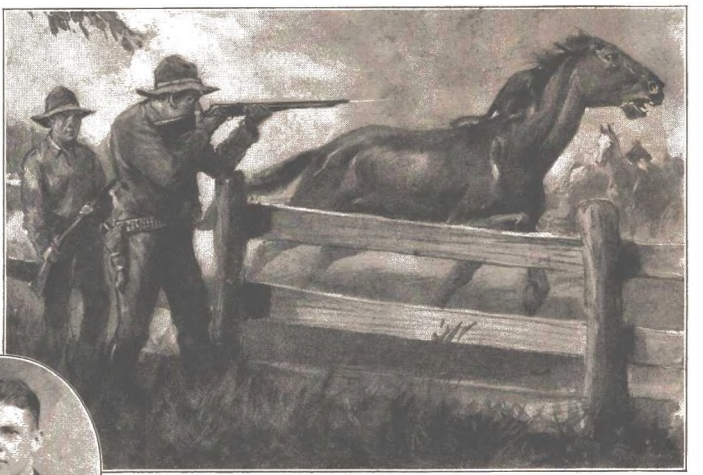
He looked at me in horror. "You mean walk it—tonight? Suppose you should meet a *lobishomem*?"

I choked back a laugh. The *lobishomem* is another *caipiro* superstition. The word means wolf-man and the creature to which it is applied is said to be a fiendish wolf that takes the shape of a man in order to lure human beings within its reach when it blows a powder into their faces, rendering them unconscious, and removes the grease from their livers. That makes the wolf-man strong, the *caipiros* believe, but the victim dies. Silly, of course. Having heard it before, it didn't frighten me now.

"If any wolf-man bothers me," I said lightly, "I'll use this on him," and I held up the rifle I had brought for hunting.

"Small boy, you are a fool," the agent retorted. "Bullets have no effect on a *lobishomem*. He would keep on coming and—"

What are you going to do with a fellow like that? The more he talked, the more I was determined to strike out from the ranch right away, especially as he admitted the road offered no real danger such as wild animals, snakes, and so on. So I dug a flash lamp out of my things, gave him a coin for taking care of the baggage until I could send for it, and asked him to direct me to the right road.



Mr. Johnson carefully sighted at the creature now astride the horse's withers and pulled the trigger.

Frank Taylor.

He shook his head gloomily but said he would go to the edge of the town with me and start me off right.

"At least, you will chew a bit of garlic and some cummin seed as a charm," he begged as he took a little paper package from his pocket. "When the wolf-man comes up to blow the powder in your face, the scent of the garlic will drive him off."

"No," I said firmly. "I don't want it."

"*Deus te ajuda.* (God help you)," he retorted piously, shook hands solemnly, whirled around, and started back at a run.

Right away, as I stood there alone in the darkness and began to notice the sounds of the night, I felt as if I had made a mistake in not hanging around town until daylight. Not that I was afraid particularly, but it was lonesome and the agent's dark forebodings had stirred my imagination. If I hadn't acted so bravely in front of him, I think I would have turned back then.

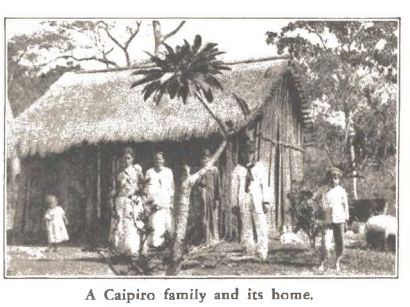
After a bit, though, I began to get used to my surroundings and set off down the road, forcing myself to try to forget the man and his dismal talk and think instead of how surprised Mr. Johnson would be to have me come walking in for breakfast and what a reputation for bravery I should have with the *caipiros*.

Suddenly the road twisted off among the trees, great, tall ones whose tops were all bunched together so that the sky was all but shut from view and it became so dark that I couldn't see more than a few feet ahead of me. Everything became weird and ghostly and I got out my flash lamp and turned it on and felt better. Then—

"Whoosh!"

The sound came from directly in front of me. I froze in my tracks, my heart pounding. The flash lamp dropped from my hand and went out and I clutched the rifle and swung the muzzle around in the direction where I had heard that awful sound.

"Whoosh! Whoosh!"



A Caipiro family and its home.

Twice more it came and I felt all the strength quit me. But not from fear this time. There are times when you get that way from sheer relief after you discover you've been all worked up over nothing. In a flash I had recognized the sound for what it was—the snort of a horse when he's startled.

"Who's there?" I called, but there was no answer. My voice seemed to reassure the horse, for presently I heard him grazing. I picked up the flash lamp, turned it on again and, after he had had time to get accustomed to it, swung the beam upon him. He was saddled and bridled and the reins were dragging.

The beast was quite gentle and I walked up to him, petted him on the nose and began to look around for his missing rider. In a moment the beam picked him out, sprawled in the grass a few yards away and breathing heavily. Wondering if he had been thrown and injured, I started toward him. Just at that moment his eyes opened—the light must have wakened him when it shown on his face—and I spoke:

"*Ola*, my friend, don't be alarmed."

He scrambled to his feet with a wild yell of "*Valqame, Deus* (Heaven help me), it's the wolf-man," and the next instant a muzzle-loading pistol—all *caipiros* carry them—went off in the air and he was legging it away from there as fast as he could go. I yelled after him that I was only a boy and not a *lobishomem*, but he didn't stop. I could hear him blundering through the trees, tripping over vines and logs and yelling at the top of his voice.

An empty bottle where he had lain told me how he came to be there asleep on the ground. He had been drinking *caxaca*, a vile and powerful liquor distilled from sugar cane, and had become too intoxicated to ride.

I didn't like to leave his horse there and I knew that as long as the reins were dragging the animal wouldn't go away; standing because thus casually hitched was doubtless part of his training. So I fastened the ends together over his neck, figuring that he'd feel at liberty then to go on home. When I started off, however, he followed at my heels—some more of his training, I suppose—and I couldn't drive him away. That being the case and his home evidently being in the direction I was going, I wasn't long in getting on his back.

Dawn was just breaking when we came in sight of a big ranch house, set in the middle of a great cleared space. By the description the station agent had given me and the grunting and squealing of a great number of hogs I knew this was the place for which I was bound. I was surprised, however, (*Continued on page 53*)

The Fire Ranger of the Sky (*Continued from page 4*)

hangar, and then a tongue of flame seemed to run like lightning up the side.

"Get the others!" gasped Larry, and in his bare feet he ran toward the hangar. There was gasoline or something on the canvas to make it burn so—

The side of the tent was almost a mass of flame. He must get the ship—that all-valuable ship which couldn't be spared. And the others must be taken from their hangars before the flames spread—

He plunged in the door as the voices of the others were audible behind him. A terrific blast of heat almost withered him, and the thick smoke was filling his lungs and strangling him as he plunged blindly toward the plane. The roof was all aflame now, and great clouds of black smoke hid the ship. He felt as though his clothes were already smouldering in those lurid, curling sheets of flame as he found the tail of the ship. Fighting for consciousness, he lifted the tail to his shoulder. He heaved forward with all his strength. The others were coming closer now.

"Where's Larry?" he heard vaguely, and someone answered: "Chasing the gink that set this—"

The ship had not moved. He gathered his waning forces, and threw every ounce into a tug forward to get the plane under way. He slipped, and fell, blindly, and the heavy tailskid hit him at the base of the neck. Barely conscious, he tried to rise, but could not. He beat feebly at his burning pajama sleeve, scarcely aware of the torture—then oblivion.

A half hour later he came to. His bandaged arm was afire, it seemed, but he asked Young, who was with him:

"How about the ships?"

"All O. K.—two hangars burned. And you owe your being here to Cary!" Young told him. "He went into that hangar alone—we didn't think you were there—and beat out some of the flames with his hands and got you out before he fainted. Talk about nerve! That thing was a torch!"

"Look what we found on the door of your tent—pinned to it!" Mason broke in, and Larry read, printed crudely in pencil:

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, with fire and flood and sword!"

"That crazy old coot of a mountaineer figures the chap you got away with is dead or something," Mason remarked. "Some of these people, living the way they do, are crazy anyhow. And a lot of 'em have queer religious ideas and get carried away by them. This old fellow probably thinks he's had 'a call' to get revenge for what you did."

And from that moment a red terror lurked in the fastnesses of the forest. Larry, his arm bandaged and treated by the doctor in Sorrento, insisted on doing his regular patrols. Cary, badly burned, did likewise. At dawn Mason went up, and broadcast the radio message to all the surrounding towns that a maniac was liable to set fires at any time. Thousands of men—every able-bodied citizen—held themselves in readiness for emergencies. Posses scoured the woods for the "Red Rider" as the newspapers called the crazed old squatter. Portable radio sets were in readiness, trucks were inspected and made ready. Every man in dozens of surrounding towns had his tools ready for instant mobilization. And the fire rangers flew from the first streak of dawn to the last vestige of twilight, their sunken cheeks and tired eyes mute evidences of the strain.

Cary acted very peculiarly. He would not listen to a word about his rescue of Larry, and he repelled all advances made by any member of the flight. He insisted fiercely that he make every possible flight—as though driving himself to the limit. There was something wrong with the man, Larry knew—something on his mind. He was a silent, sunken-eyed, unhealthy flushed demon who seemed tireless and kept by himself whenever possible.

FORTY-EIGHT hours after the alarm had gone out three small fires had been spotted and controlled before they had become dangerous—and then the worst fears of all Oregon were justified. The Red Rider seemed to have vanished from the earth, despite those fires. Not a pilot had seen him—and then one morning, on the dawn patrol west, a solid line of fire two miles long and a mile wide met Larry's startled eyes. The crazy old woodsman had been at work, and it had burned through the night. A two-mile square of flame—the Red Rider was nowhere to be seen, but he must have ridden that night.

The grim-faced young pilot unwound his wireless antenna, and flashed the message. Description, location, all details buzzed into a dozen stations. Fire whistles startled the unseen towns behind the far-stretching peaks, and thousands of men, with that call of horrible significance ringing in their ears, left homes and stores and offices, and in an hour were rushing toward the forests to fight the immemorial, insatiable enemy of the woodland and all who dwell therein.

By the time Larry landed back at the field his plans were made. Thank God, he thought, that Mathews, with two broken legs, had been carried out of danger.

"Each take turns watching for two hour shifts, reporting progress by radio. The fire fighting parties 'll have their portable radios working, of course. Starting tonight, when they should be on hand, I'll take continuous shifts, with different pilots," he told the others, and they accepted the decision of their young chief without a word. All knew that he was the most experienced man among them—and the best radio operator by far. And it takes a wonderful key artist, with the motor roaring so that his ear cannot aid in sending, to direct an army of thousands in fighting a fire. The others, rusty at operating because they had been out of the army for months, could send only simple messages, very slowly.

Larry tried to get some sleep, but could not. Returning pilots reported the fire spreading with terrific speed. Ten miles square by the afternoon. At six o'clock Larry went up, with Mason. Cary begged to be first, but he had just come off duty, and when Larry vetoed the suggestion Cary's gleaming eyes seemed to be wells of hate. Larry wondered briefly why the fellow should be acting the way he was—seemed to have it in particularly for Maguire himself, too. But he couldn't be bothered about that now.

For an hour he radioed constantly, accurately charting the fire and directing the rushing men to different spots along the sides. He figured the places where bare cliffs would help, making natural barriers, and as he surveyed the thousands of acres a mile beneath him his mind was always mapping his campaign, changing it frequently as new arms of fire reached out from the main mass below. The huge black area where the fire had passed was a constant reminder of what the whole virgin forest would be if he could not stop it.

Darkness fell as the first lines of fire fighters got on the job. The ship landed at the field in the half-light, and Young took him up. Rapidly the fire fighters deployed in a huge three-sided formation, and with pick and shovel and axe worked like mad to form blank stretches to stop the fire, changing their positions at the will of the youth crouched over his key, far above that red mass of flame which glowed through the darkness like the infernal regions themselves.

At five in the morning it was Cary's turn. And Larry's last tour of duty. He knew he could not stand another—but perhaps this two hours would see that last section cleared. Two sides were tended to now—his last message had ordered two thousand men to move ten miles.

Cary being such a poor pilot, Larry took off and flew himself until they reached the scene of the fire. It was dawn now—and it did not look so terrible. He shook the stick, gave control of the ship to Cary and bent to his work.

A half hour later he had a chance to rest his mind after the fierce concentration of his sending. But only for a moment. As Cary kept the plane circling over the red-hot smoke pall below, Maguire's bloodshot, heavy-lidded eyes saw something that made his relaxed body stiffen. Two miles back of the main-fire-line, on one of the sides from which he had sent the men because he thought the fire conquered, a spark had jumped the gap. A new fire was starting—and the nearest men were two miles away. That brand-new fire starting could be mastered in half an hour—two hours later it might never be conquered, for it had a clear sweep for forty miles.

ONCE again he started that eternal tapping, fighting to keep his worn-out mind concentrated on his sending. Then there came a silence which was like a physical shock. That never-ending roar, which had made his head sing and his ears totally incapable of hearing anything, abruptly ceased. Cary's frightened face, with something maniacal in his eyes, peered back at him.

Larry surveyed the terrain swiftly. One possible chance—the very field he had landed in before. The fire was still a few hundred yards of it—the fire line a mile beyond it. Soon that deserted cabin from which he had snatched his prisoner would be ashes—could they land and beat the fire to the fire line?

He signaled, pointing to it, and then yelled to Cary:

"Make for that—our only chance. Save your altitude, while I send!"

He must finish his message before they landed—it would save minutes worth hundreds of trees—maybe thousands of dollars. A minute saved now was a day gained later.

He had almost finished his instructions when he was aware that the speed of the ship was tremendous. The propeller blast was like a solid substance battering him. He looked over the side of the quivering, straining ship. They were within a few hundred feet of the ground, diving like mad—and the field was still a long way ahead! Cary had wasted his altitude in that terrific dive earthward—

He grabbed the stick, to jerk it backward. It did not move. As the ship, its wires screaming like a devil's song, flashed toward the raging fire below, Larry knew what had happened. Cary, hypnotized with horror, had frozen the controls. He was gripping them tightly, temporarily paralyzed with fear.

There was but one thing to do. In a second Larry had the Pyrene fire extinguisher off the cowling between the cockpits. He whirled it around his head, and hit Cary a terrific blow. The body of the ex-cadet slumped and Larry took the stick.

It was touch and go whether they made the field—or whether the ship would drop in the fire a few hundred feet behind it. With all the skill at his command he kept the ship in a shallow glide, and sent his message with the other hand. That must be completed—if he lost a few feet doing it, controlling that fire was more important than a crash in the trees for Cary and him. If they should be crippled, with that fire raging toward them—

He drove that thought from his mind. As the last dash was completed he turned his full attention to the ship. Stalling downward, occasionally diving a bit steeper to maintain flying speed, he finally brought the ship over the last row of trees. They were so low that the under carriage literally swished through the branches of the doomed monarchs of the woods. He landed the ship with a terrific bump. It had lost speed fifteen feet in the air, but nothing was smashed save one tire.

"Might be the carburetor jets are plugged," Larry thought swiftly. "Maybe I can save her before the fire comes."

The fact that the motor had cut out completely made his diagnosis of the trouble probable. In the midst of eddying smoke and flying cinders, with the rapacious roar of the speeding flames becoming ever louder, the flyer threw open the tool kit and got out a jet wrench. He tore the door at the side of the motor cowling open, and in a sort of wild fury tried to unscrew the jets of the carburetor.

It was then that he came to himself. That hysterical haste would get him nothing. Gasping for air because the smoke was so thick, conscious of the heat of the oncoming fire, Larry took hold of himself, and forced himself into deliberately skillful action. As carefully and slowly as though he were working back at the field he unscrewed the jets, wiping the smoke-tears from his eyes and trying to forget the flames and that unconscious figure in the seat.

In a moment he had them out. And one jet was plugged!

He blew as hard as he could, and dislodged the piece of rubber tubing from the gas-line which had clogged the tiny brass tube. It was all he could do to control himself as the smoke became shot with crimson, and the breath of the fire was hot upon him. Steadily, slowly, forcing himself to make every move count, he got the jet back in.

Boy Delivers Paper by Boat

DELIVERING papers with a boat is the unusual occupation of Galen Ghylane, 18 years old, of Newman Lake, Washington. He uses an outboard motor to cover his "route," which is a sixteen-mile sweep of shore line.

Galen leaves each paper on the customer's dock, or hands it to him, if he's reachable. He also acts as messenger boy for people on the lake, carries passengers, rounds up lost boats for summer resorters, and otherwise swells his already substantial bank account.

Galen makes enough money during the summer to buy all of his clothes and school supplies.

Then the pent-up fear in him was freed. He beat out a cinder which had landed on one wing, and spun the propeller furiously. It seemed as though a second, now, meant life or death. The hot motor caught on the first try, and with an inarticulate sob of relief he leaped into the cockpit. He saw that Cary had regained consciousness.

The smoke was so thick that he could not see twenty feet ahead of him. The universe was filled with the crackling roar of the fire as he gave the ship the gun, and sent it hurtling into the opaque smoke ahead. It took the air, and the next second the doomed trees which rimmed the field loomed ahead of him. He lifted the ship in a mighty zoom, and cleared them. For tense seconds he fought the stalling ship, to keep it in the air and out of the forest. And he won. He was a flyer.

IN a little while they were up over the dense pall of red-hot smoke, and with streaming eyes and laboring lungs he gulped in the blessed air.

Only for a moment, however, was his mind free. Circling ever higher above the horrible scene below, watching a detachment of men speeding toward the new fire, his gaze fell on the right lower wing. A cinder had lodged in the space between a brace wire and a strut, been fanned by the air-stream—and the linen of the wing was already smouldering.

Cary spotted it at the same time. Larry's racing brain comprehended the two alternatives immediately. They were only eight hundred feet high. If they did not burn alive, he must sideslip, with the burning wing high in the air. And if they did that, the draft generated by the downward slip would keep the fire from them—but there was nothing but fire below.

Then he saw Cary look around him, and then throw off his belt. Larry started the sideslip, and in utter astonishment watched the man who had been so yellow a few minutes before make his perilous way over the cowling and on the wing. The wing was pointed upward at a steep angle, but Cary crawled up toward its tip—and the fire. Hauling himself along with wires and struts, he inched his way toward that widening flame.

They were so low that the smoke was swirling about the battered ship when Cary reached the fire. Lying flat on the frail linen, holding on with one hand, he beat out the flame with the other hand.

Then Larry came level, a few feet above the flames leaping up at them from below, and prayed while Cary crawled back. The youngster's face was a mask of torture, but bit by bit he made it.

He tumbled into the front cockpit—and there he stayed in an unconscious heap. When Larry reached the field they picked him out, and his right hand was a mass of raw flesh.

That final strain had been too much for Maguire. He toppled as he tried to lift Cary out of the cockpit.

It was twelve hours later when he awakened, and soon thereafter very pleasant news was given him. Four army ships were on hand and the fire was well under control.

He learned, too, that four mountaineers had been caught by the fire fighters and had declared that the Red Rider had perished; the onrushing flames had prevented the four from rescuing him.

Cary came alone to see Larry, just before that young gentleman went to sleep for another ten hours.

"I froze controls once in the army—and the armistice saved me from being kicked out," he said, his snapping black eyes meeting Larry's firmly. "The mere thought that maybe the ship wouldn't get over that fire ruined me again. I joined up here to try to prove myself that I *wouldn't* freeze 'em again—and I did. I was so worried about it—

"Honestly, though, Larry, when I crawled out on the wing I seemed to get all right again—"

"You've earned another chance," Larry told him as he shook hands. "You've got nerve, Cary—and—thanks. You'll be all right now. I—er—what was I say—"

He dropped off to sleep again and Cary, happy as though his arm were not torturing him, slipped out while Larry enjoyed the only reward he would ever get—or wanted—sleep!

What One Boy Writes About The Chrysler Six

Chrysler's dashing appearance and brilliant performance has always had a particular appeal to the heart of the American boy, but never has this feeling been so definitely reflected as in this impulsive letter from David Craig, Jr., a student at Woodberry Forest School to his mother.

Woodberry Forest School,
Woodberry Forest, Virginia.

Dear Mother:

We are having fine weather here now. I shot a few holes of golf today and it started me thinking about Blowing Rock. Believe me, I surely will be glad to get back up there once more.

Mother, since you want to learn to drive, I have conceived a wonderful idea. It is mighty hard work for a lady to drive a large car—especially an old one. Anyway, it does not look fitting, someway or other, to see a pretty lady sitting behind the big steering wheel of an old ark-like bus, striving with all her might to change gears neatly and still turn the corner and not hit the car parked across the street.

Absolutely no need for such hard labor for that beautiful lady, when those sporty Chryslers only cost about a thousand smackers and a set of tires for the old ark.

That dainty steering wheel takes you round the corner like a "Flexible Flyer," while the gears slip into place almost of their own accord. Pushing in the clutch is just like stepping into an angel food cake.

You know how well you like good brakes that do not sound like a young foundry, when you stop suddenly. You just cannot imagine what a convenience those hydraulic, four-wheel brakes are. As they are self-adjusting, all you need to do when they become loose is to give that little pump under the hood about three pushes. No grease or oil about it. Don't even take off those white kid gloves.

Aside from being the easiest car to drive there is, it is the sportiest, classiest car out, and easy to clean. I never saw one look dirty, and goodness knows that Dalton's was never *cleaned*.

Looks!! My conscience!! When you drive up to the party with that joy chariot full of colorful dresses, people will think Caesar is having another triumph.

When you run up behind Sis, on the way to Charlotte, and then step on that perfectly adjusted throttle, the little blue baby-doll will glide by like the Danube, just as *smooth*.

What a *whale* of a difference a few *bones* can make!! This is the kind of a car you like to make an impression in.

What we all need—Should have! Real class! Action! A Thousand Bucks! A Set of "Ark" Tires! Economy! No Trouble! Safety! Looks! Comfort Supreme! (Low Wheel Base Explains) CHRYSLER!

For everyone—the anxious ones at home and the joyous riders. Think it over folks! Think it over! Love to all.

David

Touring Car, Phaeton, Coach, Roadster, Sedan, Royal Coupe, Brougham, Imperial and Crown-Imperial—attractively priced from $1395 to $2195, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax.
There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

INSURANCE
Chrysler motor cars are now delivered insured for one year at full factory list price against fire and theft.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER SIX

Advertising a Fact

THE service of this Burgess Radio 'A' Battery is and has been its greatest advertisement; its present recognition and world-wide use is one of the most outstanding tributes paid to a quality product in the radio field.

To date we are widely sustained in our opinion that no other dry cell Radio 'A' battery approaches the combined electrical efficiency and economical service of the especially designed Burgess Radio 'A'.

Use this Burgess Radio 'A'. Test it. Compare its service in any manner you wish.

"ASK ANY RADIO ENGINEER"

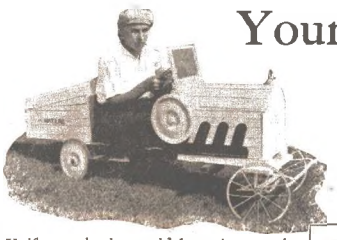
BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
Engineers - DRY BATTERIES - *Manufacturers*
FLASHLIGHT - RADIO - IGNITION - TELEPHONE
General Sales Office: Harris Trust Bldg., Chicago
Laboratories and Works: Madison, Wisconsin
In Canada: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg

Your 1926 Model Pushmobile

By A. Neely Hall

Author of "Boy Craftsman," "Homemade Games," etc.



Uniform wheels would have improved the looks of this model.

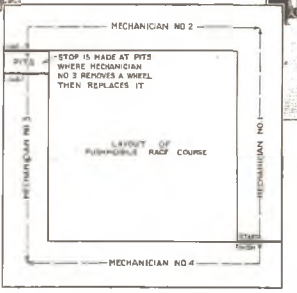
THE automobile had not been in existence many months before the pushmobile, that ingeniously devised boy-built vehicle, made its appearance. And simultaneously with the running off of the first Vanderbilt Automobile Race, a pushmobile race with official starter, timer, judges, cups for prizes and everything else in regulation style was held at Flushing, Long Island. Details of these early pushmobile activities were written up at the time by the writer and published in one of his handicraft books.

The pioneer models of pushmobiles were crude looking affairs, yet compared favorably with automobiles of the time. Indeed, development of the one has kept pace with that of the other.

A year ago it was the writer's good fortune to witness the final races of pushmobiles designed, built and driven by boys of Chicago's public school playgrounds, and with a camera at hand took the photographs of cars shown upon this page, that you might acquaint yourself with recent developments, not a bad idea before determining specifications for your 1926 pushmobile model. This, boys, is where you have it over Dad. He must select a ready-built car, and possibly must be guided in his selection by price. You may have a pushmobile of whatever design you wish and cost need not be considered as pushmobiles are for the most part built of materials to be found at home, or obtained through trades with other fellows in the neighborhood. Then, too, you have the fun of designing and building the homemade car.

The first problem which confronts the pushmobile builder is that of getting the right kind of wheels. Boys did not use to be as particular as they are now. The preference is for the small rubber-tired disc wheels with which the better makes of scooters and express wagons are equipped, though you will still find large wheels, wire-spoke and wooden-spoke wheels, with and without rubber tires, and the front pair of wheels do not always match the rear pair. You will see a variety of combinations in the photographs. Of course for a racing car, speed depends upon the wheels as well as the skill of pusher and driver, and rubber-tired ball-bearing wheels are superior to others. If you wish to make disc wheels out of wheels having spokes, cut discs out of sheet metal and clip them on to the spokes, as was described upon the "For the Boys to Make" page for September, last year. A spare wheel may be cut out of wood and painted to match the others.

Pushmobile bodies vary in design and construction, but most of the chassis are built as shown in the typical longitudinal section diagram. In this diagram, the wheel axles are marked A, the front axle block B, the front bolster C, the rear bolster D, the side rails E. Stock 1¾ inches square



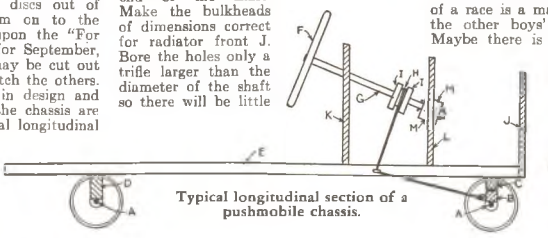
A Pushmobile race course. The mechanicians of each team push in relays.

Pushmobiles lined up awaiting their heat.

is right for the axle block, front bolster and side rails. The rear bolster requires a piece of 2-by-4. The most secure way of fastening the frame members is with bolts. You can buy carriage bolts of the length you need at any hardware store. The front axle block must be pivoted to the front bolster with a king bolt. Buy a ¾-inch carriage bolt 3¼ inches long for this. Use washers on it below the bolt head, between blocks A and B and below the nut.

Pushmobile steering-gears do not vary greatly. Get an automobile steering-wheel if you can. Every public garage has several discarded wheels kicking around, one of which can usually be obtained for half a dollar. If you cannot get an auto steering wheel, an old sewing-machine wheel or a toy wagon wheel may be used. The steering shaft is best made of a piece of iron pipe, but a broom handle may be used for a small wheel such as a wagon wheel. In the diagram, the wheel is marked F, the shaft G. Upon the end of the shaft mount a spool built up of three wooden discs, the center one (H) 1 inch smaller in diameter than the outer ones (I), to form a groove for the steering cable.

Use a piece of sash cord for the steering cable. Loop this around the pulley, and carry the ends down through screw eyes in the inner face of rails E, thence to screw eyes near the ends of axle block B. The steering shaft is supported by the cowl bulkhead K and a second bulkhead L set up at the right point to catch the end of the shaft. Make the bulkheads of dimensions correct for radiator front J. Bore the holes only a trifle larger than the diameter of the shaft so there will be little play. Fit blocks M to opposite sides of bulkhead L, bore the shaft holes through them and drive pins into the shaft to hold it in position.



Typical longitudinal section of a pushmobile chassis.

The best looking bodies are covered with metal, but a satisfactory covering of canvas can be put on same as boat bottoms are covered, if the body is carefully built of wood and all surfaces are made smooth, though the paint job will not compare with that on a metal body. Many bodies, however, are covered with neither metal nor canvas, as you will see by accompanying photographs. Radiator fronts may be enclosed with screen cloth, but wire mesh having ¼-inch or ⅜-inch openings is better for the purpose.

A front bumper can be made of iron pipe and pipe fittings, or of wood. A radiator cap can be made of a tin can cover. Excellent headlights can be made of tin cans; also cowl lamps. A flashlight may be used for a spot light. One of the photographs shows a car with a wind shield. All this requires is a wooden frame and a piece of glass, or, to simplify the work, the frame alone may be installed.

Those of you who are strong for accuracy of detail may go into the matter of devising motometer, brakes, auto horn, fenders, and other parts. There is almost no end to the work one may put upon a pushmobile model.

Auto enamels can be purchased in small size cans in all colors. As enamel paints are more expensive than oil paints, first give the pushmobile body and chassis two coats of oil paint. One coat of enamel then will be sufficient. After the body and chassis have been enameled, trim them with enamel of contrasting color. The photographs offer suggestions which you might follow.

PUSHMOBILE races interest old and young alike, and are spectacular, even though there are no cases on record of fatalities, or of broken bones, or of spectators succumbing to heart attacks as the result of over excitement. The promotion of a race is a matter for your father and the other boys' fathers to get behind. Maybe there is an organization in your community interested in boys' activities that would be willing to sponsor the races, or your school principal or manual training teacher may help put them across.

Or perhaps the town paper will lend assistance in the matter of publicity, and with the right

A nicely finished, fully equipped model.

All set, goggles 'n everything.

A metal covered body makes the best job.

backing there should be no difficulty in securing contributions from merchants for prizes or achievement medals.

Under the supervision of Mr. C. H. English, Supervisor of the Bureau of Recreation, Chicago Board of Education, and his staff of playground directors, Chicago's city-wide pushmobile races last summer went over big. Fifteen district races were held with entries of two hundred cars, and thirty cars qualified for the finals held later on the lake front. The final races were preceded by a parade of cars and their pushing teams, headed by a school fife and drum corps, and it is estimated that ten thousand people turned out to the parade, three thousand of whom followed the cars to the course and witnessed the races.

As the conditions which governed Chicago's playground pushmobile races should assist other organizations (maybe one in your town) in formulating racing rules, the following regulations are presented. Each pushmobile shall have a team of five boys, a driver and four pushers, or, as the boys prefer to dub themselves "mechanicians." The mechanicians shall push in relays, each covering one-quarter of the length of the racing course. The length of the Chicago course was four hundred yards, therefore, each mechanician pushed a distance of one hundred yards. In the accompanying diagram you will see the layout of the course. At the second turn the "pits" shall be located. These shall be indicated by chalk lines drawn across the pavement. At the pits each pushmobile shall come to a halt, mechanician No. 3 shall relieve No. 2 and before leaving the pits shall remove one of the wheels, then replace same. Judges shall see that the replacement is done completely. To make it possible to replace a wheel speedily, the builder shall attach one wheel with a pin or bolt which can be removed easily. One of the cars in Chicago finals had three wheels nailed, the fourth bolted. At the pits the mechanician forgot which wheel was which, and his fumbling lost his team the race. A mechanician must be on to his job.

An experienced starter, timer and judges shall be appointed if available. There shall be prizes for the speediest cars, the best looking cars, the cars having the most novel accessories, and the funniest cars. There shall be first, second and third prizes. The novelty cars are provided for to add circus atmosphere to the parade.

Each car shall be of the lightest construction possible, and shall be patterned after a make of automobile. It shall have a substantial hood, steering wheel, seat and tail piece. It shall be painted with name upon one side.

Radio Strays

By Armstrong Perry

BROADCASTING stations raised more than a hundred thousand dollars for relief work before the storm that recently wrecked a score of villages and killed a thousand persons in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys had blown itself out.

* * *

A LIST of the broadcasting stations of the United States, arranged according to wave lengths, was published in Radio Service Bulletin of March 2. A copy can be obtained by sending five cents to Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. The lowest wave length listed is 205.4 and the highest 545.1 meters.

* * *

THE United States Navy is experimenting with high frequencies, or wave lengths below 100 meters. Amateurs who are trying out transmitters or receivers for these low wave lengths should listen in for the call signal NRRL, which has been assigned to the ship stations in the Pacific engaged in the experiments.

* * *

2 L O, LONDON, ENGLAND, has installed new apparatus and raised its antenna 75 feet higher. The change in the antenna alone would have doubled the range of the station, but added to this is large increase of power which makes it certain that its programs will be heard in the United States more often from now on. The mains supply 18,000 watts of power to the apparatus. The radiation from the antenna is 3,000 watts. The station was designed and erected by engineers of the Marconi Company. It is operated by the British Broadcasting Company, which has a monopoly of radio broadcasting in England and Scotland.

* * *

SENATORE MARCONI has so far perfected his beam system of radio transmission and reception that stations are being erected for the use of the system between various countries. The Marconi beam system permits the transmission of radio waves in the form of a beam, somewhat as a beam of light is projected from a searchlight. All the energy of the station being concentrated in this beam, it can transmit much further, using a given amount of power, than a station whose antenna radiates its energy in all directions. An additional advantage is that only stations touched by the beam can receive the message and outside the range of the beam there is no interference from it.

* * *

RADIO BUGS who have not noticed the prices quoted in radio advertisements and catalogues lately will be surprised to find how much more apparatus they can buy per dollar now than they could a few months ago.

* * *

THERE HAVE BEEN some changes in the regulations governing the operation of amateur stations. The wave lengths allotted to amateurs are: 150 to 200, 75 to 85.7, 37.5 to 42.8, 18.7 to 21.4 and 4.69 to 5.35, all in meters. Amateurs are advised to abandon spark transmitters, but are permitted to use them on wave lengths between 170 and 180 meters if the decrement does not exceed 0.1. Phone and ICW transmitters are permitted on 170 to 180 meters. CW transmitters can operate on any wave assigned to amateurs. Conductive coupling to the antenna is not permitted and noise from key impacts, harmonics and plate supply modulations must be minimized. Any sort of power supply may be used if the wave is sharp. Stations using waves between 150 and 200 meters must be silent from 8 to 10:30 p. m. daily, and on Sunday during church services. Other stations may operate during quiet hours unless they cause interference. A license issued for an amateur station covers all the amateur wave lengths. The character of the emitted wave can be changed only with the permission of the supervisor of radio. No more special amateur station licenses, or "Z" calls, are being issued. The privilege of using the wave lengths from 105 to 110 meters is withdrawn. Amateurs may communicate with small pleasure craft that are having difficulty to communicate with commercial or government stations.

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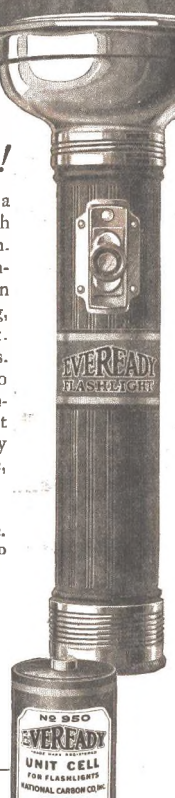

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The Joke on Meldew

(*Continued from page 18*)

"Yes," said Meldew suddenly, "so you have; and the least said of that, the soonest mended. Come over here."

He limped back to the broken chair and the boys, impelled by their captors, followed him. Meldew sat himself down facing them, and for a moment stared at them somberly.

"When a man's people are starving—that's what they are, starving—and—" (His voice became strained horribly as though it were about to snap.) "and 'is last hope is gone, there's nothing left for 'em to do."

AGAIN the somber stare, and his dark, aquiline face was surprisingly handsome. For some reason it made Bob think of monks and the Spanish inquisition.

"There ain't nothing else for a man to do!" Meldew exploded desperately.

"Now you kids 'ave got a letter to go to Mr. Francis Anthony, and I 'appen to know that that letter's got three thousand pounds in it. I've got parents just like you 'ave, and brothers and sisters, too. They're down an' out! They'll be on the street in a day or two. See? Now we want that letter. We want it, an' we're goin' to get it. Teague an' Brice, 'ere, they're likewise desperate 'ard up, an' since we been killin' Huns for the last five years we ain't goin' to bother about the way we get it. So you'd better 'and it over."

Bob shook his head.

"No," he said.

Jimmy, his hands pinned tight behind him, shook his head too.

Meldew, obviously perturbed, looked irresolutely at his more brutal companions. Teague leaped into the breach with a coarse and profane demand.

"Come on! Hand it over!" he cried with an oath. Jimmy was pale but unmoved.

"No," he cried, "you won't get it. You'll never get it. You'll have to kill us first, and if you kill us you'll hang for it. You won't get that letter any other way."

Very romantic, but Bob was more practical.

"Look here," he said. "You fellows are making all this fuss about nothing. I don't believe there's any money in that letter at all."

Meldew smiled a wry smile.

"Oh," he sneered, "an' what *is* in it? Brown paper?"

"No," said Bob, "just a letter. That's what it feels like. Anyway, Dad would have told me if it was to be money."

"All right," said Meldew, "if it ain't money, let's see the letter."

Of course it might well have been money and Bob knew it. Bank of England notes are quite as thin as writing paper, but Bob couldn't let Jimmy suffer for his sake.

"Show him the letter, Jimmy," he said.

But Bob reckoned without his England. Jimmy's father was an English gentleman and Jimmy took no orders from highwaymen. Also Jimmy was a gentleman himself and gentlemen are pledged to uphold the sacredness of private correspondence.

"Not by a jugful," said Jimmy. "If he wants it, let him take it."

And Bob knew that if he had the letter down *his* back, he would have made precisely the same reply. There had been a time when Bob's ancestors had refused to take orders even from English gentlemen.

Teague smiled a sour smile.

"Truss up the Yankee kid first," he said, and took a coiled rope from his pocket, handing it to Meldew. On this, Bob's eyes flashed about the squalid room seeking some loophole, some escape. Indeed he was about to turn on his heel, but there was Jimmy struggling in the painful grasp of Brice. He saw Jimmy's billet of wood upon the floor and deciding quickly that this was the only thing to do, sprang for it. But even as he bent over, Teague was upon him, and Meldew, with the rope. They trussed him up securely so that he could move neither hand nor foot and then turned to Jimmy.

"Now let's have his shirt off!" snarled Teague, and in a trice Jimmy was down with Brice at his arms and Teague at his legs.

Then, for the first time, it occurred to Bob to shout for help. He opened his mouth and well nigh brought the old house down with the noise he made. But only once. Meldew was upon him in a flash, gagging him while Teague for a very good reason did the same thing for Jimmy.

Then Meldew, at Teague's command, bent over the struggling Jimmy again, and off came the Eton collar, and off came the neat tweed coat, although there was a great deal of arduous struggle about that coat. Jimmy got his arms free in that struggle and struck out about him manfully to preserve the inviolability of his shirt, but it was unavailing. The shirt was torn open and only a thin undergarment sheltered the precious letter. Jimmy struggled heroically now, while the mute Bob gazed upon it all and twisted in his bonds. Brice, having received Jimmy's elbow upon his nose, withdrew from the fray and with an ugly look took the brass knuckles from his pocket again. He fitted them upon his hand and came back to wind a wicked arm about Jimmy's throat.

"Yer would have it!" he snarled and would have struck the boy a finishing blow, but a young gentleman in tweeds interrupted him.

Bob had not been in France during the war; so he had never seen a man leap the distance from the door to the struggling man as quickly as that young man did. He hurled Teague from Jimmy's feet and by the same token sent Brice reeling with a blow to his mouth. Meldew, seeing the whirlwind approaching, seemed to crumple like a deflated balloon. He sank upon the wretched chair and looked upon what followed with impassive gaze.

Teague on his feet again, squared off scientifically, and the young man, whirling about, was through his guard and into him like a cyclone. It was the first exhibition boxing Bob had ever seen, and it was fast work. The young man in tweeds took several body blows which sounded clearly and sickeningly in the close, dirty room. Neither man said a word or made a sound, and as they fought, Brice, with his brass knuckles, came back. The thuds of the blows were coming faster now but fewer were falling on the young man in tweeds. He danced and whirled and ducked and parried and countered faster and faster, which greatly discommoded Brice who could not get the treacherous brass knuckles home from behind.

THE young man in tweeds was in good condition; Teague was in no condition at all. If the young man in tweeds didn't have to dodge Brice's blows the fight could have had only one ending. So Jimmy ran upon Brice and jumped high upon his back, winding legs and arms about him. Brice fell like an ox. Four quick thuds and a crack and Teague was down like a sack of potatoes. Then the young man tore the brass knuckles from the hand of Brice who was still embraced by the ardent Jimmy, and coolly tapped Brice behind the ear with them. Brice was out of the fight, and the fight was over.

The young man in tweeds was Captain Carew, appearing like the heroes in the books. He gave his young brother a quick embrace.

"Good work, Jim!" he said. "Take the rope from your friend and tie these johnnies up." He turned upon the crumpled Meldew. "Meldew, you swine," he cried, "lend a hand!"

Meldew lent a hand. Bob was set free; Brice and Teague trussed like fowls for the slaughter. Then Captain Carew turned upon Meldew. His voice was cold, and his face austere, and Meldew stood before him gazing rigidly to the front.

"So this is the help you needed, Meldew? You bring me out here into the slums and back alleys to see my young brother set upon by hooligans. Can you give me any reason why I shouldn't thrash you to a pulp?"

Meldew fell back from him.

"Your brother, sir?" he cried, "your young brother?"—and with a peculiar muffled cry he fell back into the chair and buried his face in his hands.

Captain Carew turned and grinned without mirth at his brother.

"Do you remember that I was once all shot to pieces, Jim?" he said. "Those were the wounds which brought me home to spend seven months convalescing. I received them dragging two men out of a shell hole. One of them died. That"—he indicated Meldew with a grim gesture—"is the one who lived."

"We wouldn't 'ave hurt the lads, sir!" cried Meldew. "My people are down in the gutter, sir, and starving! The only work I could get was office boy—not enough to keep myself. I 'eard that young Eldred was to get three thousand pounds at the bank; so I sent a wire to Teague and Brice about it and came up on the same train as the boy did. They've been wantin' me to go in on something like this for a long time."

BEFORE his captain the man spilled out his confession as an erring child does.

"Oh," sounded Carew's cold voice, "so Teague and Brice had been urging you to go into something like this for a long time, eh?" He turned to the boys. "Loosen those fellows up," he said. "We'll hear what they have to say."

"It's a lie!" was what Teague had to say, and he shouted it in his coarse voice.

"Shut up!" snapped Carew, "and stand up here to attention!"

The two ruffians shambled forward.

"What else?" Carew demanded of the crumpled Meldew.

"Teague and Brice, they joined me w'en I got to London," continued the man, "an' it was planned for them to bring the boy here. The other boy—your brother, Captain,—'ow was I to know?—joined 'im on the train.

"Well, while I was 'ere waitin', I thought of you. I'd never done a crooked thing before, an' I didn't want to now, but it seemed like the chance was thrown into my 'ands. And I sent you that note, asking you to come 'ere an' meet me before two o'clock. Then I says, if you didn't come before the boy did, that was my last 'ope gone, and I'd go in with Brice and Teague and take the money. Well, two o'clock come, and you didn't; and then the kids came in. But I swear we wouldn't 'ave 'urt them—we 'ad to 'ave the money, sir, that's why we did it. We 'ad to 'ave it. My people, they need it, and nobody wouldn't 'elp us, and then you didn't come, an' that was my last 'ope!"

He crumpled up completely.

Captain Carew walked up and down the room and gazed upon the wretched men. Younger than any of them, he was, and fortunate in all things more than they. He knew this, and he wanted to do the right thing.

He turned to Brice and Teague. Here, however, were no broken, shell shocked men. Brice and Teague were brutes very close to the primitive. They had found their proper environment in the trenches, and released from discipline, had found the rule of force more to their liking than honest work. Carew's probing was met with coarse denials and volleyed oaths. He measured them immediately, and it brought him swiftly to a decision.

"Jimmy," he snapped, "go out and bring in the first constable you can find. I think you'll get one down by the wagon yard, first turning to the right."

Jimmy sprang off upon his mission, and the captain faced the trio again.

"You fellows can continue your story before a magistrate," he told the two ruffians shortly.

"You, Meldew," he said, speaking directly to the bowed head, "have got into bad company, made a bad mistake, and committed an ugly crime. You've got to pay for every blunder you make in this world, and it will be no favor to you if I spare you the medicine for this one. You'll have to take it with the rest of them."

The bowed head came up from Meldew's hands, and Carew winced at the expression upon it.

"Take your medicine, man!" he cried. "It will be the making of you. It will give you time to think. I'll look after those people of yours, and when you come out I'll see that you get a decent job. You must prepare to fight the world in the meantime. And fight those devils of self-pity and hopelessness which the war has left in your head. If you can wipe those out, you can hold down any job I can give you."

He put his hand on the man's shoulder as the door opened and Jimmy returned with the blue-clad constable.

"Take it like a man, Meldew," he said, "and rely on me. Know that you've a friend to count on always. The war isn't over for you, but we'll win it together."

After the three men were marched off, the boys made for the door behind the tall form of the captain, feeling very glad to plunge into the foggy murk of London twilight.

"Wait a minute," cried Jimmy, who struggled with his clothing. "Here's that letter. Here, feel it! You can't tell me there's any money in there!"

Solemnly they all felt the damp and crumpled envelope, and obviously there were no bank notes in it.

Later in the evening Mr. Anthony read it aloud to Bob and the Carew brothers:

It said simply: "My dear Mr. Anthony: To the suggestion of Mr. Eldred, I can only respond that I shall be happy to meet with him and yourself for a satisfactory arrangement of the loan which your firm has requested."

That was a good joke for Bob to take back to school with him, and in the morning he and Jimmy took it.

Two Boys—and a $9,000 Crop

TEXAS suffered an unusually dry summer in 1924, and many farmers failed to "make crops" because of the drouth. But Claude and Jim Williams, fifteen and thirteen-year-old farmers of Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, ran their own farm and produced a $9,000 crop in spite of the lack of rain.

These two boys, in the spring, were given complete charge of 140 acres. Of these 80 acres were planted in cotton, the rest in maize, kaffir and other feed-stuffs. In addition to the cultivation and all the work connected with their growing crops, the boys had to care for the farm stock, milk the cows, gather eggs and do all the other farm chores.

When the dry spell came, and many older farmers simply waited in vain for rain, Claude and Jim got busy. They knew that evaporation is what takes moisture from the ground; so they plowed every few days, just skimming the surface so as to turn over a loose dirt "mulch" a few inches deep. This formed a cover for the field, and prevented evaporation. "Keeping up the moisture," the process is called.

When the end of the year came, Claude and Jim had 54 bales of cotton which

brought them more than $6,000, and $3,000 in other crops. Both boys attend school during the winter, and intend to make scientific farming their regular occupation. They are farming again this summer.

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Photo by Levick

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Clean your teeth with Pepsodent every night and every morning for ten days. Each day they'll feel better and look nicer.

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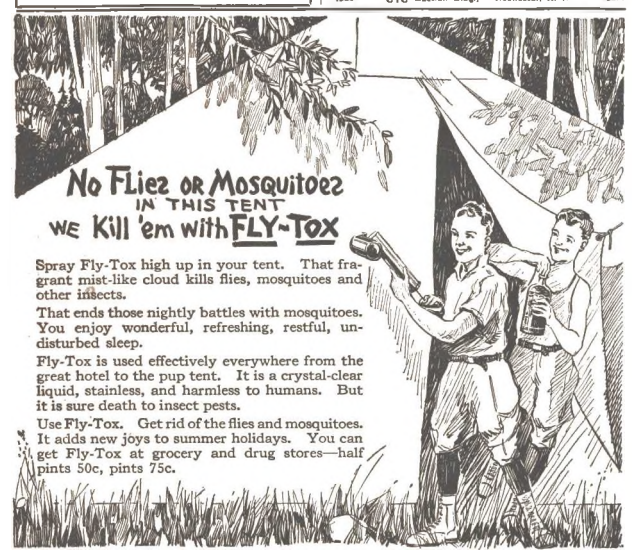

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Use Fly-Tox. Get rid of the flies and mosquitoes. It adds new joys to summer holidays. You can get Fly-Tox at grocery and drug stores—half pints 50c, pints 75c.

Red Eagle Island

(*Continued from page 9*)

probably. It led right up the headland. And though his footprints were no longer visible, there was not a doubt that Mel had gone this way.

Up, then—through the shadowy little burrow whose roof of foliage dripped fog. Cobwebs sometimes tickled Matt's face. He toiled on, with Ruts sniffing eagerly ahead.

Might not this path be an approach by land to that deep hole—the approach he had sought in the inlet itself and failed to find? Apparently it led over the headland. What was beyond?

The path was becoming steeper, harder going. The arching foliage thinned away. He must be nearing the top.

The way opened ahead into clearings, into larger and larger pockets of foggy emptiness. Then the grade at last slackened, merged into a bare knoll of solid rock. He had reached the top.

Wet east wind stirred the boy's flax-like hair. His eyes searched about him in these lofty yet deeply hidden surroundings. He imagined the great vista that lay outstretched under that furry blanket of fog,—on his right the slope, the beach far below, and the open sea; on his left—

What? The interior of the island. Woods? Marsh land? Meadows? That deep hole?

The only way was to go and see. Now? It would be foolish to go farther at present. The day must be more than half gone; it would be impossible to find Mel's path down the other side of the rocky hill, especially with night coming on. Besides, he was tired out, sleepy—and starving hungry.

Wiser to go back to the beach, break out the water jug and hardtack he kept for emergency in the *Nancy*, and have a bite to eat and a good sleep. He knew the way now. In the morning the fog might have lifted. With clear air, from this headland he could very likely see Scarbay. That was the better way.

Matt called to Ruts. Together they went quickly down the way they had come, to the beach again. In the *Nancy's* little cuddy under the stern seat there were matches rolled up in waxed paper inside an old tobacco tin, and the hardtack and water.

Under the cliff Matt built his fireplace, upending two slabs of granite against the solid rock wall. Bark from an overhanging dead birch served for kindling; and its oily, snapping flame soon died and ignited the twigs and driftwood which the boy nestled expertly on top. The smoke rose from his flue in a thick column of yellowish gray, and the little hearth began to glow and roar very cheerily. Ruts came close to settle in the warmth. Together the two ate and drank. When there is nothing else, hard crackers taste good. The fire crackled, dispelling fog and loneliness. Night was falling. But it meant little to those homeless wanderers.

Contented drowsiness stole upon the boy. "Ruts," said he, "let's us camp right here—huh? It's a good place—warm and dry. Maybe the wind'll change in the night. Come morning, maybe the fog'll lift. Then we'll go—find Smithwick—or somebody . . ."

For answer Ruts curled up in the sand, nose on tail, his back to the glow. Matt replenished the fire with huge knotty roots that would burn slowly for hours. Then he scooped a long furrow beside the fire in the sand. He stretched out in it, settling his head. Ruts crept close, snuggled into the sand at his back. By the jing! but this was all right. . . .

The fire snapped a sleepy, muffled tune. Night had shut in black around the circling fog. Far out to sea a siren moaned faintly, and was still. In the morning . . .

MATT FARNHAM awoke stiff with cold. The fire was out. But the darkness overhead was powdered with gleaming crystals—of stars! A dry, crisp west wind whistled through the spruces. And afar off over the sea the sky was faintly gray with coming dawn.

The boy jumped to his feet, every nerve tingling for action. To see the sunrise from the hill! To see the path—and what lay beyond! Now the east was threaded with gold; the stars paled, were gone. Boy and dog went up the path together, laughing, hailing each other—glowing with spirits that rose with the fine weather and a new day.

As before, the going steepened. The climbers panted with the push of it; their pace slowed. Here began the clearings; the trees thinned to thicket, here, and bushes of juniper and bayberry. And here came the bowed backs of ledges, rubbed smooth by winter ice—blueberry bushes, more juniper in flat spreads and furrows. . . . Now the top.

Matt stood on that highest whaleback of smooth rounded bowlder with Ruts beside him. The boy and his dog—they stood there braced against the keen wind, two statues hewn from bronze.

The sun was up. It had crept magically, a great glowing bubble, out of a pearly sea . . . crept, pouring its bright aura upon the headland while the climbers toiled in the pathway. The warmth of it was now like a blessing—and a challenge.

Yet neither boy nor dog paid the miracle the slightest heed. In fact, they had their backs to it. For what was the sun, compared to the scene they stared at?

XIII—The Whole Truth

UNBELIEVABLE . . . But there it was, the whole of it, defying doubt.

On the sky line, west, north, northeast—absurdly familiar landmarks: Mouse Island Light, the blob of the Tumbler in the Scarbay channel, the standpipe, the Bay. Nearer, rising out of the now bright blue of the ocean, here were Shagrock, Eagle Island, and that little dab of green, the Eaglet. He had never seen the islands from this angle. Yet now here they were, each in its logical stand beyond all question. Each—save only one . . .

The granite rolled away majestically from their feet. Bushes, then thick spruce and hemlock sprang from its shoulders and spread to solid green just like the side they had known. But off to the right, near the foot of the rise far, far below there—around a jut of protecting rock wound the dawn-tinted ribbon of the inlet, and widened wondrously into a deep hole bigger than anything the boy had dreamed. It was a lake! It lay like a crystal-brimming chalice in the cupped dark palm of surrounding hills.

A strip of beach white in the sunrise, black as night in the shadows, encircled the deep hole. And in its center lay at anchor a vessel— a schooner—the most beautiful schooner the boy had ever seen.

Surely she was the *Shannon*. No! That was impossible. *She* couldn't have returned from Portland so soon. But here were the same low sweet lines, the same long punishing bow, the same easy run. And she was black, too. . . . It just couldn't be. Lots of schooners were black.

What next? This. And seeing it, Matt's eyes for a minute looked wild. On the beach beyond that schooner stood a long low shed, smoke curling lazily from the pipe chimney. Beside the shed two long straight beams ran like a track down the beach and into the water to where a ship's cradle, half submerged, reached its gaunt skeleton arms upward to the sky. The beach roundabout was all littered with scraps and shavings. And a huge derrick, its two arms akimbo, reared high between the shed and the launching run.

What next? Wasn't this enough? It was not quite all.

Directly behind shed, derrick, and the head of the run sprang from the beach to dizzy heights a mammoth broken wall of piled blocks and steps and big ribbed caissons of tawny granite. Above, twisted stumps clung to its shoulders, mantled in green. Half a hill of red rock. . . . It soared there like the great crested flat belly of some monster reared erect. And the peak of it, on a level with Matt's staring eyes, shone dull red in the mounting sun. Shone red . . . *red*—bringing the truth like a hurled javelin.

A whisper crept from the boy's lips. And his eyes narrowed to a little shocked smile. "Ruts, Ruts, boy! I know *now* why they call this island—*Red Eagle* . . ."

Whereupon, as if those words had been a signal, things began to happen with the neat clicking swiftness of a train over switches.

Two men broke cover on the deep hole side of the headland. They were climbing hurriedly. One held crooked within his arm a long thing of metal that glinted as he came.

There was no chance for escape. They were just below before Matt, his eyes in the distance, really saw them. In a few seconds they would be here. But they had not yet looked up. . . .

Clutching Ruts by the scruff the boy ducked flat into a long crevice filled with low spreading juniper. The two crowded down. Matt settled the branches overhead; then his hand closed firmly over Ruts' mouth.

It was warm here. The sun came through the bushes in little speckled patterns. Oddly, with his nose muzzled, Ruts pricked up his ears—

Hobnailed shoes rang on the rocks. A strange hoarse voice said: "Sure. Tonight."

"Will he put in here first?" There was no doubting that arrogant drawl! Mel Smithwick.

The strange voice answered: "No. But he'll be standin' by from the west'ard some time to-day. Mebbe we kin get a peek at him as he goes by. He's got to be in Scarbay to-night. One of my men come off from town yesterday with stores, an' he says the race inspector's been there two days already an' says if Nate don't show up by to-night he's a-goin' back east to Halifax an' let him go to the devil . . . Take a look yourself with the glass. Get Seguin? He'll come nosin' around that."

Silence fell. So that metal thing under the stranger's arm was a spyglass! If a man could only get a sight of them! If only they'd go on talking!

ALMOST at once they obliged. Smithwick said: "He ain't thar yet, that's sartin. Won't leave him race ef he don't get inspected, will they?"

"Course not. That's one of the first provisions in the deed of trust governin' the race. Each vessel to be inspected by a neutral observer appointed by the Race Committee, at her home port just after she comes in from fishin' an' jest before she gets underway fur Halifax. But don't you fret. Nate'll be here. Cale sent him a telegram to Portland."

"Peavey," said Mel—and the boy listening caught a sly, wheedling note in the man's voice—"Peavey, they's been a heck of talk about this here business. They ain't a man aboard the *Shannon* but Nate Centrebar who knows jest what's what. They talk a mile a minute, but they ain't in the know. Now you be. Why not tell me the hull thing straight?"

Pause. Afar off a gull creaked . . .

"How do I know this yarn you give me is true? You're Burr's man. You was on the *Peep o' Dawn*. If I should go an' tell you, an' you should git ashore an' blab—"

"Ye fool! Ain't I told you I took that berth in Wesley Burr's old peach-basket only because I lost out on the *Shannon*? Ain't I said I'm Centrebar's man now? What'd be the sense in me blabbin'? Soon's Nate gits here I'll go aboard. He's promised me that. Ef I should be daft enough to blab on him an' Cale—why, I'd lose my share of the money, that's what I would."

A longer pause. Then the hoarse voice began: "Well. It's like this . . . I ain't sartin jest how much you know. Last spring Nate Centrebar come to me in Hodgdon's yard where I was workin' an' says, 'Ed Peavey, look a-here. We're a-goin' to fix things so's to win that International this year. We got the dope,' says Nate. 'All *you* hev to do is to take orders an' keep yer mouth battened.'

"'We?' I says. 'Who d'you mean, we?'

"'Cale an' me,' he says. 'Lissen. You'd like a bit of good prize money as well as foreman's wages right through the summer, wouldn't ye? Well. Every fool knows the *Shannon* kin wallop that there *Primrose* in light airs. It's a blow of wind will trim us. What kind of wind does a man get off Sambro Lightship in early fall? Southerly blows, whisker-rippers. Wind. Socks of it. . . .

"'All right,' says Nate. 'What's the answer? Fix the *Shannon* so she'll knot faster in a breeze of wind? Can't be done. She's built too heavy fur the lines of her. It's the three-inch plankin' an' the deep belly of her that holds her back bangin' an' crashin' in a blow. Lines like a yacht but timbers like a fisherman. In a blow she socks into it, an' the *Primrose*, which is no lighter to speak of but broad o' beam an' shoal—the *Primrose* she sails right atop the smother like a blarsted skimmin' dish, an' gives us coots the merry fare-thee-well.'

"So. Nate he gives me all the dope. Cale's got the *Shannon's* blue print plans, him havin' built her. Cale says, build a schooner out on Red Eagle where no busybodies can't be pryin' round. Git the timber in Portland, an' the hardware an' cordage an' canvas all secondhand towin' it down here on a lighter. Build this vessel the very spittin' image of the *Shannon* above the water line inch by inch to her specifications *except*—inch plankin' instead of three-inch—steel knees—an' so on. An' below the water she's another boat. Flat as your hand. Shoal as a Crosby cat. With one skyhootin' big walloper of an old fin-keel with more'n half a ton of lead welded to her. In other words, to the eye of the observer she's the old *Shannon* right off the Banks. Her masts is weathered, her canvas ain't nowise new, nor her cordage. Fact, she's got a fresh coat of paint. But every man lays that on before the race. . . . To the unseein' eye she's the *Shannon*—trucks, transom, even to the stenciled name. To them in the know she's a *yacht*, sliding through light airs like a knife through pork, an' eatin' up a blow, hard as nails, stiff as steel—*lickin' the blarsted Lunenburger*.

"Well. We done it. Ten of us, in the two months or so, workin' night an' day. Somethin' of a job gettin' that timber into the inlet. The rest was a matter of humpin' against time. The old derrick that belonged to the quarry helped considerable. We la'nched her the day before yesterday. An' thar she lays, the sweetie.

"Does she look like the *Shannon*? She sure does. Wouldn't ye say so if ye hadn't of seen Nate's boat more'n a couple of times? Ye would. She *is the Shannon*. Her name plate proves it. They ain't a man in a million 'ud dream otherwise.

"So. Here's the way of it. Nate stands in from Portland. Inspector waitin' fur him. Inspection goes through all fit an' proper. 'Well, Cap'n, jest time fur a slick of paint an' off fur Sambro—eh?' 'That's it, Mister Inspector,' says Nate, laffin' up his sleeve. Mister Inspector he beats it fur home. Nate comes out here. All hands off the *Shannon* an' aboard the *Shannon's* shadder. Get me? The one they leaves in the deep hole, me an' my boys on watch with orders to sink her where she lays if anyone comes nosin' around. In the other away they goes . . .

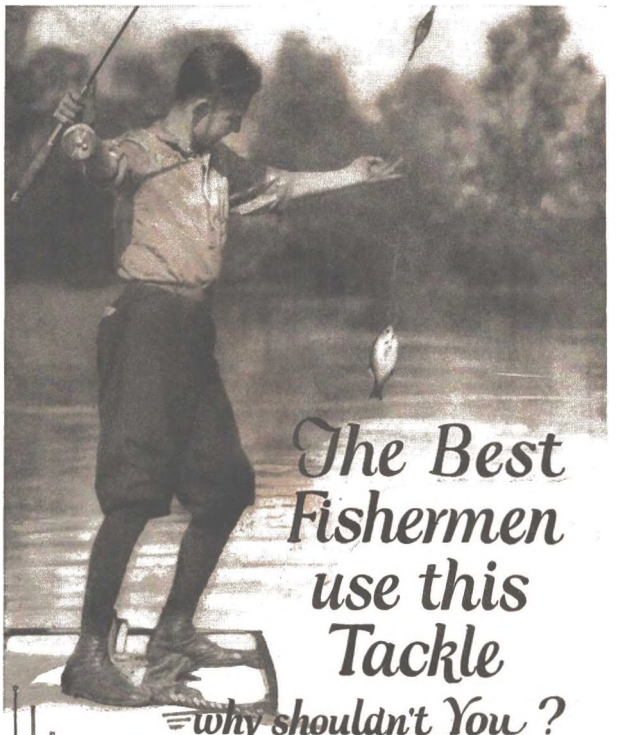
"After the race, back here quick's they kin make it. No shore leave, festivities, congratulation banquets an' such. The prize money in a certified check—an' hey fur home! They gets here. An' by cripes, it's pay day! Nate an' his lads they changes boats again an' goes fishin' all proper. Me an' my boys goes ashore an' about our business with money laid in fur a hard winter. 'Where we been? Why, down to Boston gittin' big pay in the gov'ment yards o' course!'

"The new boat'll lay right here till Cale gets rid of her. Plenty of chances. She's safe as a church till the right party comes along. All hands satisfied. Cale gits his half of the prize money. Nate an' me gits a thousand apiece. An' the balance goes round the boys—say a hundred each an' wages. Not bad—huh?

"That's the hull of it. I'm hungry."

THERE was silence for a little time, and then the boy crouching with beating heart in the junipers heard Mel Smithwick's long low whistle of appreciation.

"Takes a man like Caleb Sassoon to figger out a scheme like that! But say! Won't the crowd want to come aboard after the race? Dressed ship? Women—all that?"



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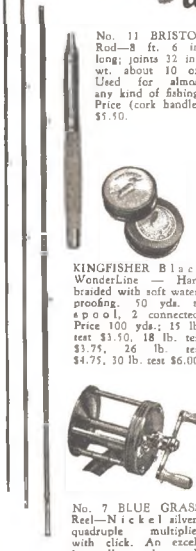

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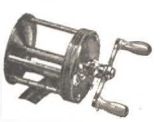

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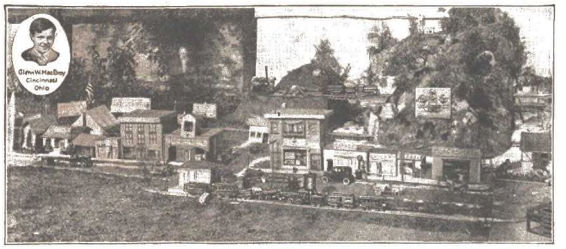

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(*Continued from page 33*)

"You trust Nate Centrebar. He'll anchor in the stream an' go ashore in a dory fur the jake. He'll put up a fancy line. Child's play, this. Waste of time. Got to take bait an' be on the Banks to-morrow night. Papers'll talk about the bluff old Yankee shellbacks. You trust Nate."

Matt heard Smithwick's low chuckle. "It's neat, Peavey. It sure is purty as a pin. Seems like—"

"Hold on though," broke in the hoarse voice. "How about this kid you come ashore with? Cale's stepson, ain't he? Where does he stand?"

"With Burr," Mel growled—"the young whelp! But fur him I'd be aboard the *Shannon* now, like I told ye. Some reason, he don't fit with his step pa, an' I can't blame Cale. Got kicked out of the house I hear."

"The blabbin' kind?"

"Cripes, *yes.*"

"How much does he know?"

"Not much. But he's ashore here on Red Eagle right now. He was prospectin' round yesterday. Won't be long before he finds the deep hole. . . . An' with that there dory he could git over to town any time he was a mind to. He's thick with Burr—an' old man Heggin too."

"M-m-m. . . . Seems like Nate would want us to fix him so's he can't git to town an' blab. We'll go right down. Tide'll be purty well up in an hour, so's we kin git the boat out of harm's way. As fur the kid—"

"Thought you was hungry, Peavey. Me, I'm nigh starved. The kid'll wait. He won't go off till he finds the deep hole. Like as not he's asleep down on the beach this minute. Let's go git breakfast first—huh?"

The last of those irritating pauses—irritating because one couldn't imagine just what was going on. If they went down to the *Nancy* now—

"Look!" cried the hoarse voice suddenly. "Not there! More to the nor'rd. Get it? Come on! We got to hustle. We'll snatch a bite an' then slip out the inlet in my skiff an' git that whelp an' his dory an' put 'em both out of the way. We got an hour yet. *Come on!*"

Hobnails scraped again on the rough granite. For half a minute Matt listened to the crashing descent of those two through the underbrush. Then rising cautiously out of his juniper nest he peered over the knoll and caught a glimpse of their backs just disappearing into the mantle of green. He waited until, several minutes later, he saw two beetle-like creatures cross the beach and enter that long shed. Then he stood straight.

What had Peavey seen? The boy's eyes swept the broad horizon. The wind had dropped. The ocean floor was flat, placid; and out to sea could be seen the crinkling patches of a breeze coming in from the south. Could that have been it? There was nothing else. Coast line, landmarks, here and there a white scrap of sail—all was as he had first seen it not half an hour ago. Then what on earth—

Jing! "Snatch a bite an' then slip out—an' put the whelp an' his dory out of the way . . ." They might be nearly through that hurried meal already! In no time they'd be—*coming!*

(*To be continued in the September number of* THE AMERICAN BOY.)

That Wall Street Coup

(*Continued from page 14*)

my own hook—if I do."

"Right now? How about those hospital bills—?"

Tom rubbed his hand across his forehead, as though to brush away the thoughts that were swarming in his mind.

"Billy'll have to get out of school and go to work, maybe, but I'll be darned if I'll work—"

He stopped himself, and turned to Scat with a slow smile which did not lighten the shadow in his eyes.

"I'll wait until I'm sure before I blow off steam," he stated. "Now let's fight the mob."

And mob it was. The noonday crowd was swarming on Broad Street like so many ants, from the towering buildings which made the financial district a series of deep cut canyons. Everyone was trying to hurry, in the feverish New York manner, and so made less headway than less haste would have effected.

Ordinarily Scat thrilled as he felt himself a part of that teeming life. His quick mind was always impressed with the significance of those great, thousand-windowed buildings thrusting boldly upward the lowering wind-swept clouds. Buried in those myriad offices were the men who, in a manner of speaking, ruled the world. Within three square blocks of him were the centers from which came the life blood—the capital—which sent great liners sailing the seven seas; built far-flung railroads and mighty bridges all over the world; kept the wheels of the steel mills of Pennsylvania, the textile mills of New England, the flour mills of the Middle West turning. The great money market of the world was here, and great nations had been saved from ruin by granite-faced men in these buildings. Millions upon millions—almost the entire population of the greatest country in the world—were indirectly fed and clothed and housed by the decisions of the men of Wall Street. For they handled the capital which enabled men to work and sell and buy and save.

Now, however, Scat forgot to dream his dreams of the day when he, too, would have a little part in the destiny of great enterprises, as he silently sympathized with his friend. Whenever he felt his row was hard to hoe, all he had to think of was the plodding Jerrick, and what Tom must go through, to make him realize how small, comparatively, his own problems were. There was the support of a family resting largely on Tom's broad shoulders, and hard luck seemed to dog him. Take that robbery, for instance. There had been over a million dollars stolen from messenger boys in the Wall Street district within the last few months—and when Tom was a victim, after a hard fight, Grady had been responsible for a terrific grilling Tom had had to go through from the police. Accused Tom of being in cahoots with the crooks—and then apologized after Tom had gone almost crazy proving his innocence.

STRAY drops of rain came sweeping down, now, from the lowering clouds. They were bound for the Merchantile Bank of New York—only two blocks away, now. Umbrellas began to open, and it grew more difficult to make progress.

They had been forced over close to the curb, and made their precarious way along it, trying to keep clear of the sluggish line of vehicles in the street and the packed crowds on the sidewalks. A group of four men, walking in twos, were inside them, and seemed to be forcing them almost into the street. It wasn't their fault, though—the sidewalk didn't have an inch of space left. It was awfully narrow, anyway, and Scat was accustomed to battling his way along.

He tried to crowd inward a bit as a big car, curtains drawn against the weather, crawled close to the curb. One of the four men—a tall, powerful fellow with a big, good-natured face—was pushing against Tom, and forced him back of Scat.

"Circle 'er, Tom—you're headin' fer the silo!" chirped Scat in what he fondly believed was a rural dialect. "I think—"

At that instant both doors of the car opened, as though by magic. A hand reached out from each seat of the car, and Scat, too astounded to be capable of movement, felt powerful arms lifting him into the front seat as the driver's hand caught one of his wrists and jerked. He half fell into the seat, and before he could cry out a hand covered his mouth from the rear, and another held his neck in a viselike grip as the curtained door clanged shut.

The slim young page's numbed mind could scarcely take in what had happened. It was like some horrible nightmare: that terrible grip around his neck and that huge hand over his mouth. Why, there was crowded Broad Street right outside the curtains of the car, people within two feet of him—

Tom was in the back seat, he knew. It was an abduction and robbery, that's what it was! Those men who had stayed close to them on the sidewalk had been in the gang, forced them to the curb, and thrown them into the car like sacks of meal, before the hurrying throng, their heads bent against the storm, knew what was happening. Probably they had no idea that there was anything wrong even then.

Scat was too furious to be afraid, for the moment. Then he felt what was unmistakably a gun boring into his back.

"Make one move or a sound, and yuh'll get plugged, youngster! Set there and say nothin'—don't even move your head. Hear me?"

"Same fur you, big boy. And give me that there package yuh got!" said another voice.

Scat raged inwardly, helplessly. He was too familiar with the grisly reputation of gunmen of the city—the most ruthless criminals in all the world, perhaps. They'd shoot before they'd take a chance of capture. In that shrieking street, filled with the rumbling of trucks, the squealing of brakes, the honk of horns, the roar of distant elevated trains and street cars undertoning the clatter, a shot would not even be noticed. Taken for a backfiring motor, if heard at all. Right in the middle of New York City, he and Tom were helpless!

He stole a look at the driver as they turned into a comparatively deserted street. There was no hand around him, now, but that gun was cold against his neck.

The man drove skillfully, a cap on one side of his head to shield his face from Scat. But the boy could see a rugged jaw, unshaven, and a large pug nose. There were two men in the back seat, and the silent Tom. He well realized what consuming wrath was seething in Jerrick's bosom. But what was there to do but grin and bear it?

Scat was white-faced, his body taut and every muscle strained. If the band of thugs were afraid of identification—if their pictures were in the rogues' gallery, for instance, and they were known to the police—they wouldn't hesitate a moment in killing both of them—

"All right?" barked a husky voice in the back seat.

"O. K.," chuckled another. "Got away pretty, huh? Right as a tick. Ten grand, pal!"

Silence again. Then:

"Eyes front, you!"

It was snapped at Jerrick, evidently. Scat hunched down in his seat again. There was deadly menace in the voice of that unseen thief. Riding along like that, with death a probability ahead, was almost too terrible a strain for that sixteen-year-old Scat to bear. Where, where were they going, down these dingy streets—why, they were close to Chinatown and the Bowery, where anything could happen!

A thousand thoughts surged through his crimson-tinted brain—his folks, his friends, all he held dear—

ABRUPTLY the car turned into an alley alongside a dingy garage. Scat's eyes were two blazing torches in a face so drawn that it looked ten years older than the laughing countenance of the page boy who had gone so blithely to lunch.

The car ran beneath a tumbledown shed which housed another car, and Scat thought that the crisis was at hand. Suddenly his resolution hardened. Probably nothing could be worse than whatever was ahead, and he'd be darned if he sat and took everything calmly. Let 'em shoot—when he got a chance he'd make a break!

"Get out, you—and get in the same seats in this car!" barked that voice from the back seat.

As Scat climbed out, under the muzzle of that ever-ready gun, he stole a look at the other two men. And for a moment he could scarcely move.

One of them was unquestionably the stocky, blond young fellow who had been talking to Kennedy up in Grady and Grady's office—and Kennedy had been panic-stricken at the thought of Scat's accompanying Tom when he delivered the bonds! Kennedy was in on the robbery—he had tipped off the thieves that Tom was carrying ten thousand dollars worth of Liberty bonds, and where and when he was carrying them. No wonder he hadn't wanted to have Scat with the messenger!

"We'll tie the big boy in the back," rasped a giant of a man, with a scarred face and a broken nose.

His face was repulsive, except for the eyes—puckered gray ones glinting with excitement. The blond chap who had been in the broker's office was a square-jawed fellow whose face was now pale as death, the setting for wide-set blue eyes which would not meet the blazing ones of his young captives.

In a trice the grim-faced Jerrick was tied at wrists and ankles and the blond man and the one with the broken nose laid him on the floor of the second car and covered him with a blanket. Scat's eyes met the lowering gaze of the raging Jerrick, and he nodded at the blond man significantly. Tom's heavy mouth was twisted in a snarl, it seemed—he'd be a bad dose to handle if he once got loose, Scat reflected.

The driver of the first car drove it away, and the blond man took the wheel of the second one. Scat was placed between him and the giant with the broken nose and the shining eyes, in the front. Evidently they did not want to trust the two boys together, or else they feared the heap in the rear would be too obvious with both in it.

"Keep your head down—and don't dare look or I'll twist this arm of yours right off!" threatened the big man, one great paw holding the thin wrist of the flaming page.

For hours, it seemed, Scat was forced to keep his head down, unable to get the slightest idea of where they were going. He thought they were crossing a bridge, at one time. His neck grew stiff and sore, and he was utterly miserable. What *could* lie ahead but some terrible ordeal—otherwise, why would the thugs be kidnapping them? They rode in utter silence, making great speed at times, at others just crawling along. Many cars passed them for a while, then fewer and fewer. The rain increased, but the dreariness of the day was nothing to Scat's horror-stricken thoughts. They were being taken far out into the country somewhere—

His mind, going round and round in a never-ending circle, like a caged beast seeking some way of escape, suddenly hit on an idea. Desperate, perhaps, but anything was better than this maddening strain which seemed to be driving him utterly crazy.

"I've got to raise my head—my neck's killing me!" he told them, and tried to throw a quaver into his voice.

"Let 'im pull it up a while—it's all right!" barked the driver, and Scat threw back his head thankfully.

The gleaming macadam highway stretched as straight as a string before them, one car ahead looming vaguely through the blurred windshield. White fences lined the road, and to the left Scat saw, a few feet below the level of the road, some water. It was half-pond and half swamp, it seemed—weeds were growing out of the water many feet from the shore, and it was impossible to see what was beyond them through the driving rain.

The driver bent over his wheel, his face strained and grim and his eyes looking straight ahead as he sent the car hurtling along the wet highway.

Scat's body tensed, as he endeavored to steel himself for what he meant to do. That gun was lying on the floor at the feet of the huge thug who had hold of his wrist—probably there'd be no time to use that—

Despite himself, a wild yell burst from his lips as his free left hand flashed upward. It was like a safety valve, relieving the strain which had grown unbearable. Up under the driver's arms his own arm moved like a streak of light, and his fingers clutched the wheel with the strength of desperation. He threw his

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(Continued from page 35)

body to the right and twisted with every ounce of power in his wiry body.

It seemed that his right arm would be twisted from its socket as the universe became a howling nightmare of smashing glass, raucous yells and crackling wood. The big car crashed through the frail fence and plunged like a rocket into the scum-covered water. Scat's slender body was thrown headlong through the windshield the instant the car hit, and as he struck the water he was only half conscious.

In a trice, revived by the cold bath, he was on his feet, one thought in his numbed brain. He must get the helpless Tom.

The car was on its side in the water and he was vaguely aware of two cars on the road, people pouring from them. He waded through the clinging slime toward the car, ten feet away, without realizing that his face was a mass of blood. He saw the man with the broken nose get to his feet, staggering, and then plunge down again as he pulled and hauled at the body of the driver.

Scat's body was like a living flame, now—every second of action was a relief. Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, but with his object thoroughly in mind, he fought his way desperately toward the car. The water seemed dragging at him and the oozy bottom clutched hungrily at his feet. But he made it, fighting off the dizziness which almost overpowered him, and was just in time to help the heaving, helpless, half-drowned Jerrick to his feet and hold him above the water.

A BROAD-SHOULDERED young fellow was splashing through the water toward them as the broken-nosed man got the body of the driver out, and held it in his arms.

"All right?" yelled the stranger, and then Scat remembered.

"Get these men—they're thieves! We were kidnapped!" he yelled.

"Huh?"

The stranger stopped, his mouth hanging open. In three sentences Scat, his eyes and face giving authority to every breathless word, gasped out his story. The next moment the stranger was yelling to the others, and they were flopping into the water.

The blond driver had come to, now—evidently he was not badly hurt—and as the excited group of men rushed up and grasped the pair he smiled a wintry, twisted smile.

"Don't git excited—we're caught and know it, and won't make no trouble," he said wearily. "But I want you folks to listen—all of yuh."

For a moment no one realized, least of all the nervously quivering Scat, how unusual the scene was—a dozen men, watched by half-hysterical women, standing knee-deep in water and battered by the wind-swept rain as they listened and watched.

The driver turned to Scat.

"I know your face—and you've got nerve, son," he said slowly. "When you turned that wheel I recognized yuh. Yuh played quarterback on the Clinton team last fall, over in Brooklyn, didn't yuh? My brother, Tom Jackson, was on the scrubs. I live on Pacific Street—"

"Then you're Kin Jackson—own that garage!" marveled Scat.

"Uh huh. Listen, Jerrick. That outfit yuh work for is crooked. Kennedy's gonna marry my sister, and he told me—this mornin'. Them bonds—I can tell the number of every one of 'em!—was mine, that Grady stole from me. He runs a bucket shop! Listen, yuh fellahs, before yuh take me off t' jail. On Kennedy's advice, boys, I give Grady an investment o' ten thousand, puttin' up the bonds as collateral, t' buy me a block o' ten shares o' United Pacific, actin' on Kennedy's advice that the market 'd go up after the election. I goes down to the office this mornin' t' tell 'em t' sell—and at a nice profit—and Grady shows me my order and he's forged in a word, makin' it look like I said to *sell*, instead o' buy, with the money. Yuh all know what sellin' short means? Sell stock yuh ain't got, figurin' it'll go down, and then buy it at a lower price'n yuh sold fur after it does go down, and deliverin' it! The U. P. stock's gone up a hundred points, see? Meant I was cleaned out by crookedness!

"Then Wally—that's Kennedy—tells me he's just found out that Grady buckets once in a while when he needs money, like he done on me. Meanin' that he'll never invest a client's money at all when he thinks the stock'll go down, and when she does go down he gets all the money. See? He just kept my money himself, and pretended I'd told him to sell short for me. Wally knows that ten grand's all I got—so we frame this, tuh git back the money that was stole from me! We wouldn't o' hurt a hair o' your heads, boys. I ain't defendin' what we did, but it's tough to have your money stole, and I ain't got enough left t' go t' court, and couldn't prove forgery, maybe, if I did. Ain't much evidence except my word an' Grady could say I made a mistake.

"That's all. Here comes a motorcycle cop. Take us off t' jail, but see Wally Kennedy an' make sure I'm right! I jest didn't want you folks t' think we was gunmen, even if we acted like it!"

Somehow Scat was heavy-hearted as the two downcast men were carried off to jail, and in the back seat of the car which gave the boys a lift the ten miles back to New York he and Jerrick came to a conclusion. Scat's fast-working brain had grasped a mode of procedure if everything was all right and Jerrick made that contingency seem probable when he said:

"And, Scat, that's what I was worrying about this morning—about a new job. I've got reasons of my own, from what I've overheard, to believe that Grady does 'bucket'—advises clients wrongly, then takes their money and never invests it at all. If the stock acts wrong—for him—he does something crooked—if it goes right, he's got it all! There are a thousand of 'em, and a million people a year get fleeced of their last cent by those crooks. When'll folks learn that you can't often make easy money, or get something for nothing? Jackson wasn't doing that—no margin trading. He planked down his money to invest in a conservative stock!"

Scat hoped with all his heart that things would turn out right—he liked that quiet mechanic, and he liked the drawling, whimsical Southerner, Kennedy. Why, Jackson lived within ten blocks of Scat's own home.

Kennedy's face was almost livid when they came in, wearing coats they had borrowed over their soaked clothing. A few minutes in a corner was sufficient to narrate their tale, and then Kennedy's eyes, a leaping flame in their lazy depths, held theirs.

"It's gospel truth—what he told. Grady, at times on certain deals, is as crooked as any bucketeer the district attorney has sent to jail for years. I just found it out. I'm not saying we did right, fellows, except on this score. Grady, in there, keeps all his money in his wife's name, see? I saw that order of Kin Jackson's, made on my advice. We could have complained, and sent Grady to jail—but that wouldn't have got back all the money Kin had in the world.

"Right now we're going to see to three things. One is that Grady pays back the people he's swindled—he's worth a fortune—and another is that he gets out of business. The third is that Kin and his friends don't go to jail. The first driver has the bonds. When you see how Grady acts, you'll see what you thought, Tom, is correct, and that what I say's the truth!"

They burst into the office of Mr. Grady unceremoniously. The squat, ruddy, hard-faced impeccably dressed broker sat in his chair like a piece of granite as the young Southerner leaned over his desk and told the story. Kennedy's drawl was now so slow that there seemed a space between every word, but there was something cold and deadly in every intonation as he laid down the law.

"Say one word about those bonds—and you'll go to jail on the evidence I've got!" he concluded. "How about Terry? Or that Savage order on Petroleum Preferred? Not only bucketing, but forgery and some other things. You'll fleece no more lambs in this business, Grady. You're going out of business right now, or you'll go to jail!"

Grady looked at them from fishy, expressionless eyes. Then he said:

"I won't appear against them. And I'll sell out. I'll be glad, in a way. We all—have our problems. The boys fixed?"

"Yes," Kennedy told him, and added grimly: "But there's one thing more you've got to do. I know, or think I know, the four times you've bucketed on poor suckers—and kept their money. Two I've mentioned. Then there's that old bookkeeper and his two thousand—Ransom. And Harvey for five thousand. You're going to return just seventeen thousand five hundred dollars to Terry, Savage, Ransom and Harvey."

Grady studied the faces before him.

"I said I knew when I was beat," he said finally. "You win. Tell Miss Fleeson to make out the checks—I'll sign 'em."

That was that, and so the charges against Jackson and his huge friend were withdrawn. The next night they were home, and Scat and Tom were guests of honor at an impromptu party. Five minutes after their arrival, Kin Jackson was declaring to all and sundry, his arm around the shoulder of the embarrassed Scat:

"This little squirt here beat John and me cold—wrecked us, captured us, put us in jail, got us out o' jail, and saved me ten thousand, all in one afternoon, with Tom helpin'. Anybody think I'm talkin' reckless when I say that any time they want t' start business o' their own, or need backin' any way what the so ever, I'll back 'em to my last cent?"

Apparently nobody disagreed with him—unless cheers indicate disapproval.

Big Guns!

PROUD, fiery Midshipman 'Stanguey Brooke had been severely disciplined, bitterly humiliated. And big Wally Radnor, another midshipman assigned to the dreadnaught *Montana* for summer cruise duty, had witnessed 'Stanguey's humiliation. Unwillingly. But 'Stanguey couldn't forget, couldn't be friends. There was bad feeling.

Then came the first battle-practice. Of all teams in the world, the navy gun-team must be the fastest and scrappiest. No time for personal differences. Wally knew that. 'Stanguey, too. Yet—

Well, their personal differences were settled that day amid crashing guns and scorching shells and grimly barked commands.

Look next month for this gripping story of navy men and navy spirit, by Warren Hastings Miller.

Dorset's Twister

(*Continued from page 16*)

But Tony had already seen him and was moving forward, his head thrust out a little as though his nostrils had caught the scent of mystery.

"Good morning, Nixon," he said. "I see your friend Randall has caught on in the commons. Did you know he was going to wait on table?"

"No, I didn't," Dwight answered, hoping by his casual tone to check Tony's curiosity.

But the school detective nodded with satisfaction at the answer. "I had a suspicion you didn't. It struck me this morning that you seemed surprised."

Dwight gave an inward groan. Was no one immune from Tony's scrutiny?

"This whole thing," Tony said with an air of profound meditation, "is a most peculiar run of circumstances. Randall rolls in yesterday on a scholarship and bobs up this morning with a commons job."

"What's peculiar about that?" Dwight demanded abruptly.

"Why, the peculiar part is that there are always more applications for jobs than there are jobs to give out. How do you account for it?"

"There's such a thing as luck," Dwight said, nettled.

"Is there? Hmmm! I have a suspicion that he is enjoying an extraordinary run of luck for a new fellow." He went off, shaking his head, only to turn back after he had gone a few feet.

"Do you know," he said, "I'm always suspicious of an overflow of luck. I don't believe in it."

HUNTINGTON had spoken the truth with respect to Dorset's staunch democracy. Clay Randall's waiting on table made no difference in his social status. Before a week had passed a dozen of the freshmen were trying to copy his debonair swing. With his frank and open assurance and the reputation he had brought with him, he was soon more sought after by the athletic crowd than Dwight.

And Dwight, with a sigh, resigned himself to the situation. It had been thus at Medford High; he had been foolish not to realize it would be so at Dorset. In his own opinion, Clay, at his best, was irresistible. Something, he did not know what, had stayed him from writing to Uncle Norval that he stood well with Von Williams. He was glad now that he had left that touch of caution. He had begun to have his doubts.

Yet the captain's liking was before him, more or less, as an ever-present hope, even though he knew the brittleness of the foundation. A ball player must needs have more in the way of endowment than the personal friendship of his leader.

But that friendship helped Dwight in other ways. Through Von Williams, his circle of acquaintances kept growing. First there was Marty Wells, with whom Von roomed. Marty edited the athletic department of the *Duster*.

"You two fellows ought to hit it off pretty well," Von had said. "Nixon wrote sports last year for the high school paper at Medford."

Dwight did not have to bother to surmise how Von knew of his school paper work—Clay must have told it. Afterwards the captain saw to it that he met Jack Castro, the catcher, and a few mornings later ran him across a rain-swept campus to present him to Stacey Kent. Dwight knew what lay behind that introduction, and was grateful. Von was paving the way for him should he decide to try for a place on the *Duster*.

He saw less of Clay than he had anticipated. The pitcher's duties held him to the commons for about three hours of each day; and as the continued holding of the scholarship demanded a certain standing in studies, there were not many evenings when he dared stray far from his books. Then again, just as Dwight had found new associates in his own dormitory building, so had Clay found new companions in Dunlap. Nevertheless the old bonds of friendship held strong. The two met in classes, worked together in the laboratory, and took their required gym work on the same days. Now and then Dwight went over to Dunlap after supper; occasionally Clay came to 208 Smythe. These visits always seemed to leave the pitcher dissatisfied. Dwight made a shrewd guess that the difference in their lodgings set Clay at his old trick of making moody comparisons.

ON an afternoon about two weeks after school opened, Von Williams appeared in the doorway of 208. Dwight had just settled himself for a period of Latin.

"Aren't you coming over to the gym?" the captain asked in surprise.

"What's on?" Dwight asked. "Anything special?"

"Jack Castro's going to catch Randall. I want to size him up and then drop a line to Ted Pond, the baseball coach. What's the matter? You look stumped. Didn't Randall tell you?"

Dwight shook his head, flushing. "Forgot it, I guess. I'll be with you in a couple of seconds."

So Clay had done it again! And Dwight was sure he had betrayed his hurt to Von Williams.

When he swung around with his cap, defiantly shamefaced, the captain gave his shoulder an understanding pat.

"Nixon, we both like Randall, but I guess he's a mighty peculiar eel. He's got about as much liking for volunteering information as he has for answering questions, hasn't he?"

Dwight nodded.

"That's also worth remembering," said Von.

The captain's attitude had fashioned this as a moment made for confidences. On their way across the campus Dwight debated within himself the wisdom of telling of Tony's suspicions of the ease with which Clay had found work in the commons. But a slow thread of caution stayed him. Tony spoke only in innuendos. Because they charged nothing definite they were that much harder to deny. To pass them on would serve simply to give them wider audience. So Dwight held his peace.

They found Clay and Castro already at the gym. The pitcher was throwing to the catcher with a slow, lazy motion. There was not so much as a trace of concern in his bearing.

"Great guns!" ejaculated Von Williams in an undertone. "I like his nerve. How is he under fire?"

"Just a little keener on the trigger," said Dwight. "I've never seen him rattled."

Von made a sound that was akin to a chortle of joy.

Clay had seen them. His lips spread in a cool grin; his gloved hand waved a welcome to Dwight. That boy leaned against a vaulting horse and gave himself up to vexation and resignation. Any other fellow in the world, he thought, would have shown an edge of embarrassment, some guilty knowledge of not having served a friend quite right. Clay—well, Clay was Clay, and you had to take him or leave him as you found him.

Five minutes later the pitcher's muscles had warmed and loosened, and the ball was cupping into Castro's big mitt with a sharp and ringing smack. Von Williams, walking on tiptoes, moved to a point where he could watch the breaking of the curves. Castro, though he tried to copy his battery mate's casual manner, was chewing gum too violently for an effect of genuine nonchalance.

Suddenly Clay began to stretch out as he took his wind-up. Dwight knew that sign. Here was where something "went on" the ball.

The curve was the shoulder-high inshoot that had beaten Cumberland. Castro almost swallowed his gum.

"Hey!" he cried. "Can you stick an outshoot on that shoulder-high ball? Let's see it. Send it up here."

Clay sent it up. This was no sweeping outcurve that telegraphed its intentions to an intelligent batter, but a swerve that ripped off to the left with a hop. Castro, running to one side, cast his gum into a

get that run!


WHIPPET


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(*Continued from page 37*)

cuspidor. An inarticulate horsehide was beginning to perform drama; the gum was in the way.

TEN, fifteen, twenty times Clay pitched with all his speed, usually offering the out and the in, occasionally trying a drop. The drop was nothing momentous. Clay had never been able to make it break with crackling suddenness. Yet, if it were not used too often, it added diversity to the pitching assortment. And Castro, who had a shrewd brain, then and there labeled it as a good ball to bring over on unexpected occasions.

Von Williams' eyes had feasted on every curve. "Enough, Jack?" he asked.

"Plenty," said the catcher. He had reached the point where he wanted to drag the captain into a corner and tell him that the gods had sent Dorset a wondrous gift.

"Just a minute," Clay called. "Just a couple more."

This time he tried the ball on which he had been working all summer. The catcher instinctively shifted his glove as he sighted the course of the sphere. His nerves braced for the instant of contact that did not come. His breath caught—and then the ball, lighter, gentler, softer than before, was in his hands.

"Am I dreaming?" he murmured. "Hey!" His voice became a roar. "Try that again."

Clay tried it again, and Castro pealed off his mitt and scaled it in ecstacy at the pitcher's head.

"A slow ball right above the knees," he cried. "Did you see it, Von? It drifts in right where they can't get it lined up for a solid crack."

"I saw it," the captain said, and kept staring as though he did not dare believe his eyes. There would be sweet tidings to send to Ted Pond to-night.

Clay, who had retrieved the mitt, came sauntering down with breezy unconcern. He took his honors easily, warding off Castro's attempt to hug him, making light of Von Williams' prediction that Lemoyne was in for a tough time next June, and winking triumphantly at Dwight.

"Your turn comes later," he said in an undertone.

That sentence started a fire in Dwight's blood. All the longings generated during a summer with the hard-playing Medford Giants burst into flame. To know the sting of his bat against the ball, to feel the hot breath of a runner fan his cheek as he took the throw, to tingle with the fever of the struggle—these things he wanted with all his heart. It dawned on him that he had taken no stock of his chances. What if last year's first baseman had graduated? That would mean an open field. He saw Marty Wells coming down the steps of Smythe, and hurried ahead to meet the sport editor of the *Duster*.

"Who played first last year, Marty?"

"Von Williams. And don't let anybody tell you he wasn't good. Hit for .347 and had only two errors for the season. Where do you play?"

"Infield," Dwight said vaguely.

So there was his big hope shattered six months before the candidates would be called upon to practice. From a forgotten corner of his memory a vision came back of his first meeting with the captain. He had said that he played first base—and Von had gently backed away from the subject. It had been decent of Von not to dash him then and there. Nevertheless, Dwight's heart was heavy as he inserted the key into the lock of 208 and let himself into the room.

A letter had been pushed under the door:

> Dear Nixon: Can I call upon you to act as class reporter? Of course, I realize that you do not know any too many of the fellows, but I am counting on your experience to more than make up for that. I hope you will be able to give me your help in getting out the *Duster*. Copy must always be in by noon on Wednesday.
>
> Stacey Kent.

Dwight gave a wry, uncertain smile. Fate having taken away the big plum, this other seemed mighty small, even though he welcomed it. Had he been able, at that moment, to look into the future, he would have realized that sometimes an apparently obscure event can shape the destinies of a nation—or of a school.

Chapter VI

WHENEVER a Dorset team met with unexpected difficulties, all Dorset responded to the cry to rally 'round. During the third week of the season the first-string football squad found itself with nothing to fight but thin air. An unusually weak collection of candidates had turned out and the scrub had collapsed under the first team's onslaughts.

An appeal to rally 'round was published in the *Duster* on a Saturday. Monday, after classes, seventy-odd boys of all weights, of all sizes, filed out to the athletic field behind the gym. Within the hour forty of them were on their way back to the campus, having been found wanting.

Dwight and Clay had survived the first weeding out and were now in the line that passed before Coach Hilton for final inspection.

Lord of the Forest

WHEN Opoots went walking in the moonlight, the world got out of his way. He was lord of the forest.

Opoots was peaceful, but he couldn't be pushed. Even the big black bear sidestepped for Opoots. He knew what would happen if he didn't. Whoosh! A bear isn't built to hold his nose.

Bear, porcupine, horned owl, lynx—the proudly pacing father of nine marvelous young skunks ruled them all.

Yet in the end, he lost his lordly title. You'll chuckle when you read how Opoots met his match—

Next Month

In due time, as the line wormed forward, Dwight found himself in front of the coach. Hilton felt his arms, exploring for suppleness and toughness of fibre.

"Did you ever play football?"

"Some; not much."

"Do you know the rules?"

"Yes. I wrote sports for a high school paper."

"You'll do. Give in your name."

Then it was Clay's turn. He had answered only one question when a voice called, "O-h-h-o, Coach, you," and Von Williams came running across the turf. He drew Hilton aside and spoke to him, and after a minute the coach came back.

"Sorry we can't use you, Randall. Thank you for reporting. It seems you're more valuable elsewhere."

Thus Clay passed out of football. Dwight spent the afternoon at one end of the field, one of a fumbling, awkward squad that passed the ball and fell upon it. At the end of the practice he set off for Smythe with Marty Wells, who had come over to write the story of Dorset's response for the sport pages.

"Why did they turn back Clay?" Dwight asked.

"That's a fine question for a former sport editor to ask," Marty scoffed. "Suppose Randall got his arm smashed in a tackle? Where would his pitching be next spring?"

"I didn't notice their dropping me out to save me for the nine," Dwight said ruefully. Nevertheless he was genuinely pleased at this additional proof of his friend's prospects.

"It's this way," Marty explained. "Two of the pitchers are left over from last year, Lefty Armour and Joey Rudd. Rudd's arm isn't strong. He's good for three or four innings, and then they begin to clout him. Lefty has lots of stuff, but his control is fierce. He generally gives seven bases on balls in a game. Now you see what a fellow like Randall means."

Dwight nodded. They came to the dormitory, and Marty suddenly stopped in the hall, braced one hand against the banisters, and shook his head violently as though to clear away a mental fog.

"It's these eyes of mine," he grumbled. "Every once in a while things get hazy. I suppose I'll have to get them examined and wear glasses."

Dwight gingerly moved half a dozen sore muscles. "Well," he said, "you won't need any glasses to see all the football I'll play this fall."

There was a certain prophecy in what he said. Five days a week he reported faithfully at the field. It seemed that the scrub was never the same for more than a few minutes at a time. "Speed it up, speed it up!" Hilton cried, and fresh boys kept going in, and coming out, and going in again. Yet, in all this hurricane of chance, the coach snapped his fingers for Dwight only six times. That was the total extent of his scrimmage service.

After the last practice before the Lemoyne game, Hilton sent the first team to the showers and gathered the substitutes around him.

"Fellows," he said, "we've had a good season. At one time things looked bad; but you rallied 'round, and though there hasn't been a bit of glory in it for you I want you to know that the team to-day is what you've made it. You've been the swift grindstone on which it has sharpened its edge. If we defeat Lemoyne Saturday it will be because you have made that possible."

SATURDAY Dorset humbled Lemoyne by a score of 20 to 7. And when the game ended, the victorious team paid a glorious tribute. First it cheered Lemoyne, and then, running over to the Dorset stand, it formed a ring again and cheered the scrub. In that moment Dwight was compensated, if he needed compensation, for every hour that he had given.

Footballs had hardly been put away before basketballs were brought out. Here there was no dearth of talent, and volunteers were not needed. Dwight was well pleased. The long periods of football practice had cramped his classroom work, and he had fallen behind in French and in physics. He set himself two goals—one the recovery of ground lost in his studies, the other the composition of a weekly class report that would be a model of pithy excellence. By the end of the semester he was caught up with French and physics, and his work for the *Duster* brought him, just before the Christmas vacation, a note of congratulation from Stacey Kent.

The holidays were spent with Uncle Norval; and though he missed his father, there was happiness in the fact that next year John Nixon would be home. From that lonely man in South America came a wrist watch of curious and unique design. Norval Nixon's gifts took the form of books and clothing. His nephew had won some small distinction, and he was content.

Dwight was disappointed that he was asked no news of Clay. Finally, having decided that his uncle would probably be at least mildly interested, on the day before he started back for school, the boy told of the pitcher's triumph in the gym and of the strange suspicions of Tony Erb.

"Have you said anything to Clay?" his uncle asked with some concern.

"No, sir."

"I think you should. You should, Dwight," the man insisted.

"But it would only stir up Clay and might make trouble. You don't know him when he thinks somebody's trying to snoop. Anyway, Tony hasn't said anything in months. He's probably forgotten all about it."

"Probably engaged on a new mystery," Norval Nixon said humorously. He said no more and Dwight let the subject drop. At any rate, his uncle had seemed interested and the boy felt a measure of relief in having talked over with someone his worry about Clay.

Dwight found it good to get back to Dorset—to the room in Smythe, to the life of the campus, to his work for the *Duster*, and to the first stirrings of baseball gossip. Basketball still held the center of the stage, but had suffered from an overdose of success. The team had won its games with such ease that interest had largely died out. Though track and field men had started work in the gym, for the spring meet, the school found no lure in watching runners plod around the balcony oval. And so baseball crept in five weeks before its time.

Marty Wells came back to school wearing spectacles. The lids of his eyes seemed somewhat inflamed.

"The doctor was for dragging me out," he explained; "preached about rest and all that rot. I had to promise Dad I'd give up part of my reporting. Now if I can find somebody who'll handle that little department of baseball gossip—"

"You haven't found anybody yet, have you?" Dwight asked eagerly.

Marty grinned. "I thought you'd rise to that. Want to try it on? I'll write the game; you do the chat. I came down on the train with Kent and told him how things stood and mentioned your name. He'd be glad to have you try it. I think he's tickled with the way you've handled the class stuff. Personally, I had an idea it was pretty sloppy dope."

Dwight threw a book and Marty danced away.

"Just for that," he called back, "I'll ask Stacey to sign your name to it and disgrace you."

Dwight had thrown the book from his desk, and it had sailed through the open doorway on to the hall. He went out to retrieve it just as Tony Erb came up the stairs. The Dorset detective quickened his steps.

"O-h-h-o, Nix—on, you!" He came down the hall with a nervous stride, his head thrust forward, his near-sighted eyes peering. "I see Randall's back."

"Why shouldn't he come back?" Dwight demanded.

Tony made a vague, fumbling gesture. "I had a suspicion he might not. A lot of strange things happen sometimes." The detective gave a knowing smile. It sent Dwight back to his room in a queer mixture of annoyance and vague alarm.

So, after all those months of silence, Tony still had his mind on Clay.

"Confound him," Dwight grumbled, and fell into deep thought. Should he follow Uncle Norval's advice and tell Clay? But to tell Clay might simply bring about a clash that might set the whole school talking. On the other hand Tony's hints and thrusts might never get to Clay's attention. In the end Dwight decided to wait for events to take their own course.

FEBRUARY, toward its end, began to usher in a day here and there of almost springlike warmth. Von Williams, who had made arrangements to have the gym one hour each afternoon, issued a call for baseball candidates to report for preliminary practice the following Monday.

On Monday afternoon eighty-one candidates reported at the gym. Dwight looked in vain for Ted Pond, the coach.

"Pond?" Jack Castro laughed. "You won't see Pond for a week or ten days. Von gets the gang in here for a limbering up. Then, when all the muscle soreness is gone, Pond strolls in and takes charge. You've never met Pond?"

Dwight shook his head.

"Some boy," Castro said in admiration. "Says very little, sees everything and begins to cut the squad before he's here twenty-four hours."

Dwight felt his mouth go a bit dry. He knew he would not play the bag as a regular. His hope was that he would be able to hold on as a substitute. But this Ted Pond of instantaneous action, filled him with apprehension.

For the better part of a week the squad did nothing but range off in groups and throw a ball around. Then came an abrupt change. Base bags were thrown on the floor, and infield squads were formed to handle ground hit balls. The battery men, for the first time, ranged off by themselves. Von brought out two six-foot standards. They were painted black within limits that would correspond with the distance from knee to shoulder. Dwight eyed them with surprise.

"That's to get the pitchers used to having a batter up," somebody explained. "If the catcher stands to the left of it, it's a left-handed batter; if he stands to the right, it's a right-handed batter. And the pitcher knows how high or how low he's got to get the ball."

Dwight drew a deep breath. Here was a school that made baseball a science. In his exuberance he forgot Von's orders to take things easy, leaped high for a wild throw, and stung the ball across the makeshift diamond to the third baseman.

"I've got my eye on you, Nixon," came a cry from Von Williams.

Dwight's lofty spirits were chastened. Apparently Pond was not the only one who could see everything.

Two days later, during his turn at infield practice, a subdued murmur told him that something out of the ordinary had happened. A voice said, "Pond's here," and he lifted a startled head. A door at the far end of the room had opened and Von and a man had come through. The newcomer was small of stature, broad of shoulder, with a square, full, clean-shaven, hard-bitten face and a head as bald as an egg.

Dwight, staring in fascination, missed by the fraction of a second, the start of a throw to first. His hands, coming up late, botched their timing, and the ball trickled through his palms and rolled across the gym. He chased after it, caught it up, and came racing back to the bag. Ted Pond, with Von, had strolled that far and was standing there. Dwight's face went a hot and throbbing red.

"What are you here for?" the coach asked. His voice was entirely emotionless—and yet he kept it low. It was never Ted Pond's way to humiliate a man for the benefit of listeners.

"To play ball," Dwight answered.

"Then why not watch the ball? The throw caught you napping. Once you miss a play it's gone. You can never try it over again. When you retrieved the ball, why didn't you throw it back to the diamond?"

"I was afraid I might hit somebody."

"Is your control as bad as that?"

"My control is pretty fair; but on a long throw, in a crowd like this, somebody may walk into the ball and get hurt."

Ted Pond gave him a boring glance, nodded at Von Williams, and strolled on. Dwight caught their voices.

"Who is that fellow?"

"Nixon—Dwight Nixon. He played first last year for Med—"

Then they were gone.

Dwight was sure that, for him, the curtain had fallen. However, though he later discovered half a dozen fellows in the locker room silently collecting their belongings, nobody told him not to report again. He came back the next afternoon to find Ted Pond down with the battery men.

Clay, the imperturbable, paid scant attention to the coach. His job was to pitch. If he did that much well there was nothing to worry about. He was using nothing but a straight ball and shooting for the corners, high, low and middle. Presently Pond's voice sounded behind him.

"Is that all you're showing?"

"That's all just now." The answer was as impersonal as the question. Pond's eyelids flickered.

"What's the idea?"

"I never try to control a curve until I'm sure I'm able to control a straight ball."

"Can you show me any control to-day?"

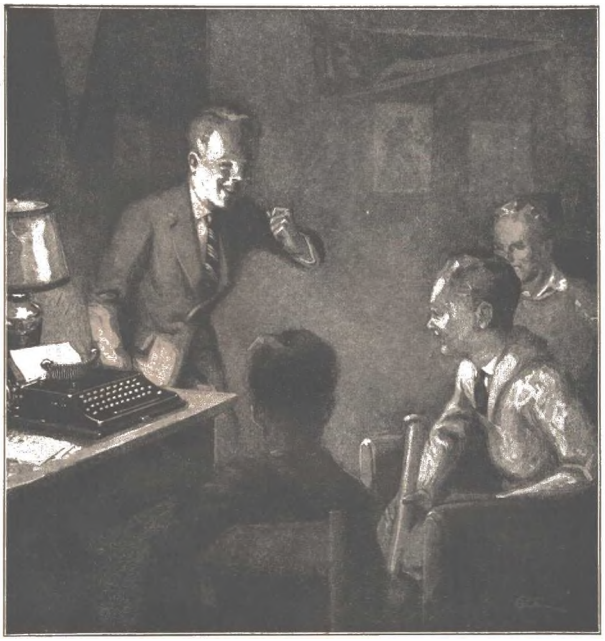
"Where do you want me to put the next pitch?" Clay asked coolly.

"I'll tell you when we get outdoors," said Ted Pond, and walked away. When he passed Dwight, awaiting his turn on the makeshift diamond, he was chuckling dryly.

"Christopher Columbus!" the first baseman told himself in awe. "He's human."

A week later the squad had shrunk to thirty-five candidates. Dwight still held on. Marty Wells, coming to his room to tell him that his first department of baseball gossip had been rather good, remained to tease.

"My gay young scribe," he said, "you left out one important item. You should



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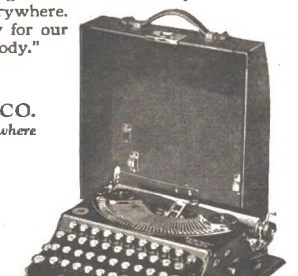

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THE RECOGNIZED LEADER—IN SALES AND POPULARITY

(*Continued from page 39*)

have stuck in that a certain infield candidate got the scare of his life because Ted Pond walked up and down his neck."

Dwight nodded soberly. "I was scared."

"Do you know what saved your bacon?" The sport editor leaned forward confidentially. "Your reason for not throwing back the ball. Old Indian-face Pond decided you could think and held you. He's strong for head work."

Dwight had been studying Marty's face. "How are the eyes?"

"Not so bad." The words, spoken bravely enough, lacked conviction.

FORTY-EIGHT hours later the squad went outdoors, to the balmy softness of a spring day and to the elasticity of green turf. And now, for the first time, the batters went to the plate, and the outfielders had a chance to chase flies that spun up into the heavens and fell in long flights. Clay did not go into the box until late in the afternoon. For half an hour he used his curves, and in that half hour the outfielders had practically nothing to do. The practice continued after he had finished, but for Clay the day was done. He hurried to the locker room, dressed, and went off to the commons to report for duty.

Two days later rain began to fall before the practice had been on an hour. Ted Pond called a halt, and Tony Erb, who had been loitering around the field, went on to the gym with the players. This seemed to be his day for hanging around; and when Dwight and Clay started back for the campus he trailed along. Clay was in one of his moods of sulky silence.

An intangible warning stirred in Dwight. He had learned that whenever Tony was on a trail he carried a certain air of sharpness. He wore it now.

"You know, Randall"—his mild voice was speculative—"I've always had a suspicion that success always left a fellow feeling sort of top hole."

"Eh?" Clay had heard only part of it.

"I say, here you are with the world of Dorset in your lap, and you moon along like the end of a wet day."

The bitterness that was in the pitcher flared out spontaneously. "It's this confounded waiter's job of mine. It's a rotten time-waster. I've got to run away from practice so that I can get back to commons, and after lunch I just can squeeze in to classes at the last minute. I'm sick of it." Abruptly he seemed to feel that he had said too much and fell into a tight-lipped silence that Dwight knew of old.

"I guess it is a mess of a job for a fellow who is trying for things," Tony said sympathetically. "What do you get out of it? Just your grub, or is there something else on the side?"

Clay gave him an icy stare. "Don't you think," he said, "that you could find plenty to do minding your own business?"

Tony flushed. "You brought up the subject yourself," he said with a touch of spirit, and promptly cut away and went on across the campus on a different tack.

Dwight found himself annoyed at Tony, but ashamed of Clay. The question was innocent in itself and did not call for such an unmerciful snub. However, Clay was Clay. Dorset would come in time, through distressing moments such as this, to learn his peculiarities.

The next day Pond picked two haphazard nines and sent them out to play a five inning game. Dwight found that he was on the same team with Clay. In the fourth inning the pitcher fanned the first two men. Von Williams, who came up next, fouled off half a dozen balls and finally got his base on balls.

Dwight had played with Clay long enough to be familiar with his mannerisms, and he knew that Clay's elbow had a trick of moving just before he spun about to throw to first.

Von Williams, confident of his speed and agility, began to take a lead. Suddenly Clay's elbow gave that peculiar jerk. Dwight was on the sack when the speeding ball reached it, and the big captain in vain made a frantic slide for safety.

Clay, with the commons job on his mind, hurried off as soon as the game ended. Dwight, with the others, took his turn at the batting nets and hit against the pitching of Lefty Armour and Joey Rudd. Tony waited for him and, because he could not avoid the meeting, they walked back to Smythe together.

And Tony sang Clay Randall's praises all the way. "I know a bit about baseball," he said, "and I have a suspicion that Randall is about the best pitcher Dorset ever had. That was mighty smart, the way he picked Von off first. You've got to be good to get the best of Von Williams."

DWIGHT warmed at the thought that while the amateur detective might be a pest, he was not small enough to hold a grudge. It occurred to him that it might be well to tell Clay of what Tony had said. It might have the effect of preventing future clashes. That night he went over to the pitcher's room.

Clay heard him through without comment. Plainly there was something else on his mind. Dwight was disappointed. He said a tart "Good-night" and started for the door, only to have Clay spring up and intercept him.

"Don't pay any attention to me," the pitcher blurted. "I've got troubles bigger than this Tony. Will—will you lend me a couple of dollars?"

So Clay was finding himself pressed for funds! Dwight would have loaned him every nickel he possessed in his joy that Clay should come to him rather than go for a favor to another. The pitcher folded the two single dollar bills and thrust them into his pocket.

"I've got to find something here that will pay me more money," he said.

"Have you looked around?" Dwight wanted to know.

"I'll try to pay this back in a week or two," was Clay's only answer. Occasionally he opened the door to confidences, only to close it at once.

Ted Pond was a baseball coach who believed that even baseball could be overdone. Because the squad had been going fast, because it was a bit beyond where he expected it to be, he called off the Saturday practice and gave the candidates a day of liberty.

Monday the squad came back again itching for action. Ordinarily the other students kept clear of the locker room while the players were dressing, but Tony Erb was a law unto himself. With his long, ambling gait he kept pacing back and forth down toward the showers. Von Williams had reported with a tender ankle. The captain decided to take no chances, and Dwight helped him bandage it. Presently the others were gone, and they were alone in the room with Tony.

The detective's aimless ramblings stopped. "Money matters are getting easier with Randall, aren't they?" he asked.

Dwight was taken by surprise. He knew that Clay was pinched or he would not have borrowed. He did not want to answer at all; and yet neither did he want to snub Tony.

"Why, no," he stammered. "Not—not that I know of."

"They must be," Tony persisted earnestly. "I went to Lemoyne Saturday for a visit, and went out to see Lemoyne play its opening game. There in the stand sat Randall. The railroad charges $4.73 for a round-trip ticket from here to Lemoyne and back. It struck me that Randall must be pretty flush for a fellow who has to wait on table."

The same thought had come to Dwight, only to be followed by another. Was it Clay whom Tony had seen? He was puzzled and disturbed, and the chilling veil of mystery that had shrouded Clay's first few days at Dorset began to come down again.

"Tony, you blamed idiot," Von Williams exploded in exasperation, "lay off. You've gone daft on this detecting stuff. I'll bet you never saw Randall at Lemoyne. You got a glimpse of somebody else. Randall wasn't over there."

"No?" Tony smiled, and the smile was very sure and very wise.

At that moment the door leading to the field was thrown open and Clay strode in. "Anybody see my glove?" he asked. "I left it— Oh, there it is." He walked over toward one of the benches.

"Ask him," said Tony.

Clay, the glove in his hand, swung around. "Ask whom?"

Dwight, knowing the pitcher, and keenly aware that the moment was laded with gunpowder, tried to head off the captain.

"Run along," he answered. "This doesn't affect you, Clay."

"But it does," cried Von. He was disgusted with Tony, and thought of nothing else. "This snooper here says he saw you at Lemoyne last Saturday. Of course you weren't there." The captain's quizzical grin anticipated the pitcher's denial and Tony's discomfiture. And then the grin died, for Clay's face was going white and red by turns.

"That's the second time you've poked into my affairs," the pitcher blazed at Tony. "If you want to keep out of trouble, you'll stop it. The rest of Dorset may put up with your busybodying, but I won't stand it."

Too late Von remembered the warning that Dwight had given him. His one thought now was to stop the row. "Easy, man!" he cried. "Where's your sense of humor? You're not taking the great Dorset detective seriously, are you?"

The captain's question had the cooling effect of a bucket of water. Clay fought for self-control and achieved it. "I did take him seriously—for a moment," he said. A trembling quality still ran through the edges of his voice.

The door to the field was thrown open with a crash. "What's going on in here?" Ted Pond cried impatiently. "Are you fellows in a trance or just slowly dying? All out! You're holding up the practice."

With the coach waiting, there was no further chance to carry on the discussion. Von, Clay and Dwight made a dash for the exit—Von gingerly trying his bandaged ankle, Clay swinging his glove viciously, and Dwight numb with the feeling that Clay had denied nothing

And Tony Erb, ambling in their wake, peered after them with eyes grown sharper, more suspicious, in the last three minutes.

(*To be continued in the September number of* THE AMERICAN BOY.)

The American Boy Contest

Pictures That Tell Stories

Here they are—those prize winners in the photo contest. Cameras clicked hard and fast, and there were some interesting snaps that didn't quite place among the first five. Pluto, the Office Pup, favored particularly a picture of a dog chasing a cat—but Pluto wasn't a judge!

Breaking a Wild Bronc—First prize picture, by Robert Kahl (14), Meeker, Colo.

A Tornado in Action—Second prize picture, by J. Harold Kershaw (17), Garrison, Kans.

Jest Thinkin'—Third prize picture, by Stanley A. Prier (16), Tahlequah, Okla.

Picking a Hole—Special prize picture, by George Bonner (18), Donora, Pa.

Back From a 'Possum Hunt (left)—Special prize picture, by Ramona L. Shear (16), Summer Haven, Florida.

Spanish Gold

(*Continued from page 7*)

V—A Queer Craft

I AM unable to tell you exactly what it was that excited my suspicions against the brigantine. Boston Harbor was always full of all sorts of shipping and, being not much of a sailor, but only learned in sea wisdom at second-hand, I was surely unqualified to discriminate when, apparently, nobody else so much as looked at her askance.

"What can be wrong about her?" I asked myself, and found no convincing answer. Certainly there never entered my head any such wild thought as that she could bear some relation to those forgotten bits of bark which were the Sachem's legacy.

I had borrowed a little boat and was rowing about alone, as I often did of a Saturday afternoon. The day was fine, the water calm, and my thoughts were free to run upon Assemblyman Wigglesworth's admonition.

The brigantine was weatherworn, rakish of cut and plainly designed for speed. In those days many skippers did a bit of smuggling beside their ordinary business, and so wisely preferred a craft that could show prying revenue officers of lumbering men-o'-war a clean pair of heels. Moreover, though she lay well out and far south, she flew the British flag; her papers, true or forged, must have satisfied the port authorities. And yet, no sooner had I clapped eyes on her than I mistrusted her mission here.

Perhaps it was the desire to find something doubtful that moved me, but I invented another excuse and a poorer: the brigantine had a lifeless air. She seemed deserted. I let that look of her serve me.

"Here," says I, "is something that wants searching into."

I meant to go aboard, but my trumped-up reason failed me. There stood a sort of roundhouse forward on the low deck, and out of this two men appeared.

"Just the same," I insisted, "there's *something* queer"—and pulled ahead.

I being on their starboard quarter, and the men looking to port, they were probably ignorant of my approach, nor could I then see their faces; but soon scarce fifty yards separated us, and I made out their vessel's name painted in bold white letters above her hawse hole: *Spuyten Duyvil, New York.* That lent my suspicion a new pretext, for I thought the paint too fresh and out of keeping with the pealing hull.

Rapidly, I formed a new plan: since I could not board her unobserved, I would have speech with some of her crew. I unshipped both my oars, chucked one far overboard and then sculled, from the stern, completely around the brigantine.

"Ahoy!"

I was close on. Those men looked up at my clamor, but they did not reply.

I sculled hard for a few strokes more, faced about and made a trumpet of my hands.

"*Spuyten Duyvil*, ahoy!"

They looked now at each other. One shook his head, but the second nodded a commanding affirmative and at once shambled quickly into the roundhouse. I could see only that he seemed short and swarthy and dressed like a landsman. His companion waited for the door to shut and then gruffly asked me my business.

"And be quick in telling!" he added, with a sharp oath.

Concerning *his* occupation there could be no doubt. As he bent over the rail, florid and black-eyed, in his blue coat, he bore the stamp of the sea and had exactly the blustering manner of your small-craft captain. From the first, his tone nettled me.

"Are you the master of this brigantine?" I asked, letting my sense of my own importance get uppermost.

Pique, effrontery and a certain suspicion flamed out from him. "I am—and what's that to you?" he challenged.

My gorge rose. "I asked you," I hotly explained, "because you wouldn't heed my hail until that other man"—and here I nodded at the closed door of the roundhouse—"bade you do it."

The captain banged the rail with his fist.

"You impudent puppy!" he roared. "What do you want? If you've come with any message, deliver it and begone!"

My own outburst of temper had effectually spoiled every chance of my plan's success. I had schemed to engage him in conversation, hoping that he might be inveigled into dropping information as to his ship and its purpose. But there now remained nothing save to retreat with dignity.

"I'm nobody's messenger," I said. "I've lost an oar—"

"The more fool you," he interrupted. "In water like this!"

"And," I went on, "as it's a long scull back to Boston, I had intended asking you the kindness of another oar, which I would have returned to-morrow."

"What do you think my ship is?" he demanded. "A blessed rowing school for babies?"

That is what I got for my lie! Burning with humiliation, I shoved off and declared:

"I wouldn't take an oar from you as a gift now—no, not if it were made of gold! I don't know what your ship it; but this I guess: there's somewhat mighty strange about her—and I shall report to Assemblyman Nathaniel Wigglesworth!"

A vain boy's boastful threat—but it had two unexpected sequels. First, that sea bully fell back from the rail and the blood left his face; his heavy jaw sank.

"Strange?" he echoed me in a thick mumble. He recovered himself and glared again. "Why, you young—"

But he got no further with that, for, next, the door of the roundhouse opened, and the other man sidled out. He came so pat upon my words that I stayed my flight.

"Who talks of Provincial Assemblyman Wigglesworth?"

At this near sight of the skipper's skinny companion, I found him as unprepossessing as it is possible to imagine. He walked, or rather shambled, with a stoop, so that it was hard to judge his natural height. He wore the decent black of a merchant and had a wide hat pulled low on his narrow forehead, but it could not hide his face. That was narrow also, and long and very swarthy. Narrow and long was his nose and his thin mouth, too, which last—after ejecting a long stream of tobacco juice energetically on the ship's side—tightened in a cold mistrust. Yet the ugliest feature of his whole ugly face was one of his eyes; for, while its mate squinted narrowly at me, this one—a glittering and prominent thing—stared fixedly far above my head, as if it repeated to some attendant spirit all that the other orb observed, and chuckled evilly thereat.

VI—My Inquisitive Passenger

I WAS out of reach, and so I said boldly:

"It was I spoke of Mr. Wigglesworth. I lodge with him over each Sunday."

"Lodge with him?" The one eye grew yet more cautious.

I nodded. The captain growled something beneath his breath, but a hand of the other man brushed this aside, and the hand's owner regarded me narrowly. Then his entire expression shifted, and his thin lips made themselves into a sickish smile:

"Why now, young gentleman, can it be you're a *protege* of my friend, the respected assemblyman? This is indeed good fortune!" He held out a thin palm toward me. "Come aboard, sir, and soon we shall go ashore together. I was this moment preparing to wait upon Mr. Wigglesworth and ask if he wouldn't house me for a time."

Here was a setback for Nicholas Rowntree! I might not like this person's face, but how could he falsely claim an acquaintanceship so readily tested? Still, I had no desire whatever of coming within grasp of the skipper's arm.

(*Continued on page 48*)

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For the Boys to Make

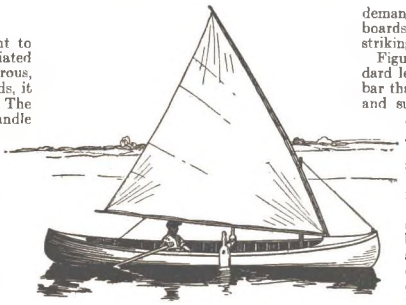
By A. Neely Hall

Author of "Boy Craftsman," "Homemade Games," etc.

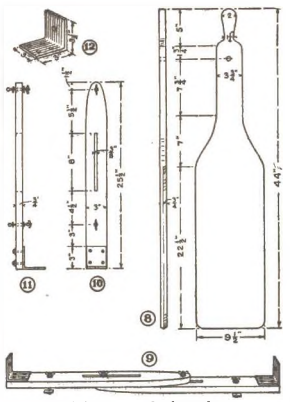
A Canoe Sail

IF you own a canoe, you will want to equip it with a sail. To the uninitiated canoe sailing may seem dangerous, but in a canoe equipped with leeboards, it is as safe as any other water sport. The canoeist however knows how to handle himself in case of an upset, for no one is so foolish as to venture upon water before learning to swim.

The lateen sail and leg-o'-mutton sail are canoe rigs commonly used, and are easy for a boy to make. Indeed, after a trip to a hardware store, or a ship chandler's for fittings, and a visit to a dry goods store for cotton duck, everything will be in hand for the work, and if Mother or Sister will volunteer to machine-stitch the sailcloth, hem the edges and attach the grommets



A lateen sail and leeboards for your canoe.



The canoe leeboards.

or rings, there will be little for you to do besides rigging the canoe.

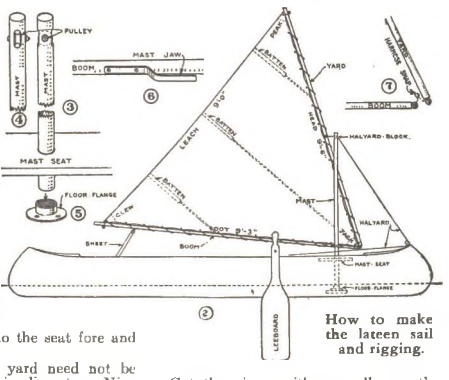
Figure 1 shows a canoe with a lateen sail, and Fig. 2 dimensions for making it. This sail is right for a canoe with a length of 15 feet. For a shorter canoe, reduce the dimensions proportionately. The sailcloth should be of 8 oz. cotton duck, or balloon silk, 40 inches wide.

When the several widths of sailcloth have been sewed together, you can assist in laying out the lengths of the three edges, preparatory to cutting and hemming them. The seams should be double and overlapped. Mother knows how to do this. The three corners—peak, clew and tack, must be reinforced with patches as indicated. On the diagram of Fig. 2 you will see three battens extending along the seams from the leach. Cloth pockets 1 inch wide by 16 inches long should be sewed to the sail to slip these stick battens into. Brass grommets at the corners and along the head and foot of the sail are the standard provision for lashing the sail to the spars, but rings sewed to the sail edges will serve the purpose.

Spruce is the preferred wood for mast, boom and yard, but you may not be able to get this in your locality; in fact, you may have to use something at hand. I have seen iron pipe masts used for homemade rigs, also rug poles; and for spars, bamboo fishing poles, clothesline props and all sorts of handles. Use the best material available; you can replace it with better another season.

The mast should be of 2-inch stock, measuring not less than 1¾ inches in diameter. Five feet 6 inches is the correct length for it. The upper end must be fitted with a halyard pulley wheel (Figs. 3 and 4). The wheel from a small clothesline pulley will do. Slot the mast near the head to receive the wheel, boring two ¾-inch holes through the mast, then cutting out the wood between the holes with a chisel, and trimming up so there will be plenty of clearance for the wheel. Bore a hole for a bolt pivot for the wheel.

There are several ways to support the mast. The simplest is to bore a hole through the canoe seat for a step (Fig. 4), and screw an iron pipe floor flange (Fig. 5) to the canoe floor to receive the mast end. Instead of disfiguring the seat, you may bore a hole in a board and fasten the board to the seat fore and aft of it.



How to make the lateen sail and rigging.

The boom and the yard need not be more than 1½ inches in diameter. Nine feet 8 inches is the correct length. These spars must be joined where they come together at the tack of the sail, and the simplest way to connect them is to screw a screw eye into the end of each, and slip a harness snap through the eyes (Fig. 7). The boom must be provided with a jaw to fit over the mast. This may be made of strap iron bent as shown in Fig. 6, with one end of the strip drilled for screwing to the boom. Drive a small screw eye into the end of the boom and yard to which to lash the clew and peak of the sail.

Heavy fishing line may be used for lashing the sail to the spars, and sash cord is right for halyard and sheet. Figure 2 shows how the halyard is fastened to the yard, then run through a block at the masthead, forward to and through a pulley at the bow, and from that point to a cleat near the hand of the canoeist; also, how the sheet is run over pulleys attached to boom and canoe seat.

Leeboards

USUALLY only one leeboard is used at a time, that on the leeward side of the craft, or the side opposite to that from which the wind blows. But the boards come in pairs, and are adjustable so they may be raised or lowered as the occasion demands. Pivoted as they are, the leeboards push up out of the way upon striking bottom or any obstruction.

Figure 8 shows a pattern of a standard leeboard, Fig. 9 shows the adjustable bar that clamps across the canoe gunwales and supports the leeboards, and Fig. 10 shows a pattern of one of the adjustable bar strips.

Cypress is good stuff to use, but almost any kind of wood serves the purpose. The stock should be ¾-inch thick.

For the sake of appearance, the side edges of the leeboards should be alike. It is easiest to get them so in laying them out by using a center line. Lay out one edge to one side of the line, make a tracing of this line, reverse the paper, and trace it off upon the opposite side of the center line.

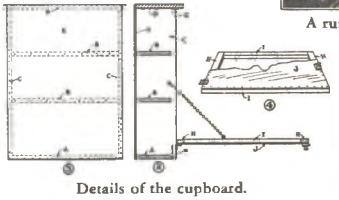
Cut the pieces with a small saw, then bevel the edges off the blades with a plane or file, as indicated in Fig. 8, and smooth the other edges with a file and sandpaper. A hole for the bolt for attaching the leeboard to the cross bar is indicated on the pattern diagram (Fig. 8).

Lay out the two bar strips by the pattern of Fig. 10. Round one end as shown, bore two bolt holes where indicated, and cut a slot along the center. The best way to slot the pieces is to bore a hole at each end of the space, and cut from one hole to the other with a saw, or to bore a series of holes and split out the wood between the holes with a chisel.

The gunwale end of the bar strips requires an iron bracket of the shape and size shown in Fig. 12. A blacksmith will charge little to make a pair of these and drill them for bolts and screws. To save this cost item, you may see what you can do with a pair of strap hinges. With a little ingenuity it is possible to fashion a good pair of brackets from them. Screw or bolt the brackets to the bar strips as shown.

Four wing nuts and thumb bolts are required for joining the bar strips, and attaching the (*Continued on page 57*)

A running-board cupboard for the car.



Details of the cupboard.

Where There's a Bill, There's a Way

(*Continued from page 24*)

"Then run along, young feller. Take your job and pound sand. Hunt another sucker."

"Better think it over, Mr. Randal," suggested Joe, refusing to get angry. "This is the only way you can prove you really want to pay your debts."

"Don't waste any more time talking to that fresh kid, Art," called a sharp voice from within the house. "He makes me sick—trying to run this whole town. Tell him to beat it."

Joe glanced expectantly at Randal.

"You hear what the Missis says!" Randal grunted. "That goes. See?"

But the next morning Mrs. Blakeman spent at the telephone, calling up every store in Summitville. Her message to each was a brief statement to the effect that Randal refused to co-operate with the Agency in squaring up his debts.

"Mr. Forsythe suggests that no further credit be extended to Arthur Randal or his wife," she concluded.

Later that morning Mrs. Randal phoned an order for supplies to the store she happened to be trading with at the time.

"That will have to be C. O. D., Mrs. Randal," said the grocer.

"Mr. Randal forgot to leave any money with me when he went to work this morning," said the lady sweetly. "However, tomorrow—"

"Sorry, but in that case I can't fill your order."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the only terms under which I can sell you goods are cash on delivery."

"Well, of all the nerve!" and Mrs. Randal angrily slammed up the receiver, to try another store—with the same results.

Two weeks later Randal went to Farnsworth in surrender.

"I'll do that work evenings to square my bill," he told the owner.

"The work has already been done," Farnsworth informed him coldly.

"How about a little credit—till Saturday night only?"

"Not a chance."

"Humph! I guess I can see through a knothole. Fine state of affairs, I must say! Mean to tell me all you men are taking orders from that fool kid?"

"That fool kid, as you call him, isn't such a fool as you think," and Mr. Farnsworth smiled. "But we're not taking orders from him. However, it's no secret that he makes mighty valuable suggestions from time to time. We're generally glad to follow them."

"Nothing but spite work far's I'm concerned," growled Randal. "He got a grudge against me because I didn't fall for his proposition."

"Not at all!" Farnsworth declared warmly. "Joe Forsythe doesn't need to hold grudges. If you had shown the right attitude when he approached you, your credit would never have been cut off."

"How long will it last?"

"That's between you and Joe Forsythe," Farnsworth replied. "Probably till the stores get a suggestion from him that he considers your credit good."

Randal's pride held out for another three days, then he went to Joe's office.

"You win!" he told Joe grimly. "I guess I played the fool that night you came to see me. What can I do about it?"

"Well," Joe answered, "Jones & Company phoned this morning that they want a partition moved in the storeroom. You could probably finish it this evening after supper. That ought to cut down your debt there about 25 per cent."

"I'll do it," Randal declared eagerly. Then he hesitated.

"Say, Mr. Forsythe," he pleaded, "can't you telephone some store to give me a few dollars credit till I get my pay Saturday? I swear I'll settle then."

"I'm sorry, but I can't," Joe returned. "This agency is run on a strictly business basis, and making exceptions of that sort would tend to wreck the system I'm trying to build up. Frankly, you've got to *prove* that this change in attitude is not merely temporary."

"But I've got to have it," the man stated desperately. "I can't draw any pay in advance, and nobody will lend me a copper. The wife and I are hard up for food."

"I can't open up your credit—yet," Joe said slowly, "but I tell you what I will do. I'll lend you five dollars myself. That ought to carry you till Saturday."

Randal could hardly believe his ears.

"You'll do that for me, after the rotten way I acted?"

"Here's the money," was Joe's answer. "Pay it back when you can."

"Say, Mr. Forsythe," Randal muttered brokenly, "you're white. If you'll help me, I'll clean up every last bill, and there'll be no more of 'em. From now on I pay as I go."

"That's fine, Mr. Randal!" cried Joe, and the two shook hands hard.

So the Forsythe Agency prospered and helped others to prosper. Joe's father had been back at his work for some weeks, so the boy's help was no longer needed at home.

But Joe felt vaguely dissatisfied. He had built up a prosperous little business that would always provide a comfortable living—and yet—

"It's gone the limit now," Joe mused; "no more chance to grow, save as the town grows. And the good old town isn't exactly booming."

He went to the window of his office, and stood looking down on the familiar sights of Summitville's business center. The college chimes sounded faintly from over beyond the tree tops that marked the campus. Joe's shoulders stiffened with sudden resolution.

"Mrs. Blakeman," he said abruptly, turning back to the room, "I'm going to take a vacation."

He came over to sit on the desk beside her, one leg swinging clear.

"Do you know," he continued, facing her, "that I've never had a real vacation in my life? Summers I always worked—there never was much money kicking around the house—and the rest of the time I went to school. Often I was working Saturdays and after school hours. Now I'm after something different."

"I think that's fine," Mrs. Blakeman said. "Certainly you're entitled to it."

"I'm going to take a vacation," Joe repeated slowly. "A good long one—four years of it."

Mrs. Blakeman looked sincerely worried, thinking that perhaps the heat of summer had gone to Joe's head; but he laughed, reassuringly.

"My vacation will be to go to college," he went on. "And I'm going to have a good time doing it, because I can afford to. I'm going to all the football games, and try for the basketball team and for the glee club—and take pretty girls to the dances."

His voice sobered.

"I don't mean that I'm going to make a fool of myself," he went on. "That part of it will be only incidental. But I've come to realize more and more how much I lack—how much greater success any man can achieve if he has the advantage of a college education."

"I'm so glad!" Mrs. Blakeman exclaimed, her eyes glowing. "You see, Joe, that's just what I was hoping you'd do."

Joe smiled happily.

"I'm tickled pink to hear you say that," he cried. "Now for the practical end of it. I owe a lot of what's been accomplished in this office to you. We know that, both of us. Beginning to-morrow this Agency becomes a firm, with you owning half of it."

"Of course I won't desert, leaving you to run the whole works alone. I'll find time enough to put in some good hard licks right here at the old desk."

"But, really—" Mrs. Blakeman protested, quite overcome.

"No!" said Joe. "It's all settled."

Through the open window again drifted the faint sound of the college bells, chiming the half hour. To Joe Forsythe they brought a message of invitation and promise for the future.

IVORY SOAP

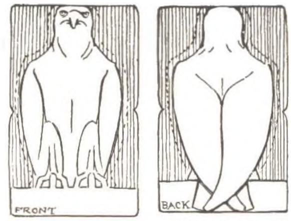
SCULPTURE

LESSON NO. 6 *By* MARGARET J. POSTGATE

This Month We Carve Our National Emblem

HERE we have the Bald Eagle—the national emblem of our country. He seems proud, serious and dignified enough even for that great honor. He is noted for his strength, endurance, and keen-sightedness. Observe his great, heavy wings, large talons and long, hooked beak.

FINISHED MODEL



To make him, start by holding your soap in a vertical position and mark the outline of the bird on the back and front with the point of your wooden tool. Cut away to the dotted line. Do the same with the sides.

Then, with your wire tool, shave down to the actual shape of the bird, noting carefully where the different parts come. The base of the neck comes at the upper quarter of your model. In the back, the wings start to overlap at about the center. The thighs and shanks are covered with feathers which make them appear thicker than they really are.

Mark carefully to get the general shape of the bird. Then, as the last step, put in the markings for the eyes, beak and wings with the pointed end of your wooden tool.

YOUR TOOLS: Pen knife or paring knife; 1 orange stick with blade and pointed ends (wooden tool A); 1 orange stick with hairpin bent square, as shown (B) tied to the end of the stick (C & D wire tool) and filed sharp.

Your Material: A cake of Ivory Soap—the laundry size, preferably.

DON'T FORGET: Save all your chips and shavings for your mother. She can use them in the kitchen, laundry or bathroom.

AND REMEMBER—These hot sticky days, nothing feels as fine as a good Ivory scrub. It leaves you clean and cool. Don't miss the fun of an Ivory bath every day.

Ivory's a good friend at camp, too. It is easy to get clean even with that cold spring water when you have the wonderful, foamy Ivory lather to help you. And if you ever go in for that old camp trick of taking a cake of soap along in swimming, take Ivory—*it floats!* Be sure your kit carries a good supply of Ivory Soap.

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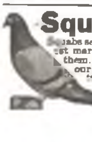

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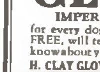

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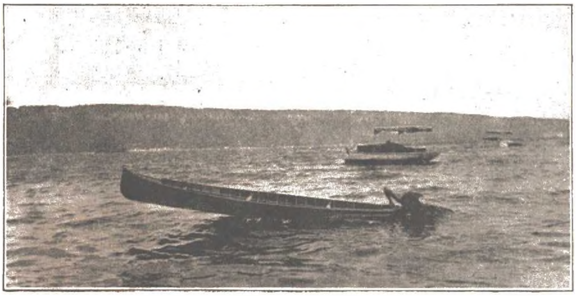


A quick lurch across both gunwales of a canoe, near one end, is the safe method of climbing in.

When Your Canoe Tips Over

By Elon Jessup

A SPLASH and a gurgling shout—then, as I looked out on the Hudson, the canvas-covered canoe with the lateen sail was on its side and the man in it just before had disappeared.

In a moment he came up, and the instant his head broke the surface I ceased worrying, because I saw *he* wasn't. Leisurely he swam to the canoe, and, holding on with one hand, removed the light mast and sail and tied them so they wouldn't float away. Then he righted the overturned craft with a dexterous twist, clambered into it and, in water up to his chin, calmly paddled to shore.

That canoeist knew that as long as he kept his head he was all right, and that, right or wrong side up, his canoe was the best life preserver he could ask. If he had struck out for shore instead of swimming to the canoe, he'd have been exchanging certainty for a gamble.

"Splashing" like this empties a canoe.

Most fellows who have had any experience with canoes know that you can't sink them, even if they're full of water and passengers. Unless the wood is waterlogged or there is heavy ballast you can't unload, you can't keep a canoe down. It may roll and cavort, but it's always going to stay up.

If you must have ballast in your canoe for stability, be mighty careful in selecting it. Wood is best, for it will increase the buoyancy of the canoe as it increases the weight. If you decide on rock, *never* have it fastened in—be mighty sure that you can get rid of it the moment you begin to ship water or roll dangerously.

Don't be afraid of throwing ballast overboard, whether it's rock or your camp duffel. The duffel will go out when the canoe tips over, anyway; so if the danger of tipping is great, heave things out.

Suppose you're on a lake in a canoe and you are suddenly overtaken by a squall—rough water, wind and perhaps rain. You rock and threaten to swamp. First, get rid of unnecessary ballast. Then lower and center your weight. If you are sitting on a seat, drop to the floor. Bend as low as possible, or sprawl flat. That's a valuable rule. The lower, and the nearer the center, the weight, the more chance of staying upright.

If you do upset, the first thing to do is salvage your paddle before it drifts away. Then get to the canoe, and, if the water isn't too rough, right it and go about emptying it and getting in. Of course, when the waves are high or choppy, the best thing you can do is simply use the overturned canoe as a life preserver, hang on, and swim with it slowly toward shore.

The best way to right an overturned craft is to place your knees against one of the gunwales, grasp the keel in one hand and roll it violently. With the free hand seize the upper gunwale as it comes toward you, and the canoe will do the rest.

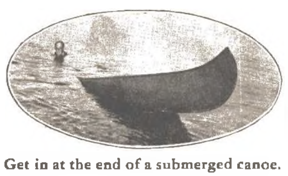
Next you want to empty the boat of water. One method is to grasp a gunwale amidships with both hands and give it a quick downward shove away from you. The opposite gunwale rises, and part of the water flows out. Follow the downward shove with a quick upward recovery, to prevent shipping more water. A few of these "shakes" will rid the craft of most of the water, and then you can go about climbing in.

Provided you've "shaken" most of the water from the canoe already, you're all set. Maybe, though, you find you can't get the water out by shaking. There are other ways. One is to give the swamped canoe, right side up, a series of energetic shoves from the stern. This forces the bow into the air and each shove takes a little water out.

THE only safe place to try to get into a canoe, when you're in the water, is at the end. Get one hand on each gunwale, perhaps a foot from their meeting. Then, with a quick upward lurch, throw your body diagonally across both gunwales, so that the weight is evenly distributed. If you've done it fast enough, the canoe won't tip much. Then you can work your body toward the center and finally drop to the floor.

Remember that the more of your body is under water, the more readily the canoe will support it. If you lie in the boat with only your head out, it will float barely under the surface; but if you sit up, it will sink so that only the tips of bow and stern show. A swamped canoe will hold three or four persons if they will keep their bodies submerged. This is really the safest way to use a canoe as a life preserver.

It goes without saying that nobody who can't swim, and swim well, should ever get into a canoe. But once you can swim and keep your head, you're always all right. If you don't forget that your canoe is your best life preserver, and that you must keep your body low while you're in it, you're safe.



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The American Boy

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The Submarine Trail

(*Continued from page 10*)

proud of his French, and this was the first time he had had trouble in making himself understood. He tried again, but no result.

"Beg pardon, sir," interrupted one of the boat's crew. "This man ain't no Frenchman. Look here—"

He made a sudden grab for the skipper's hat, pulled it off, and with it a thick black wig. Underneath his hair stood up—close cropped yellow bristles. Ainslee stepped closer and looked into the man's eyes.

"As German as Von Hindenburg," he said grimly. "Jones, hail *297* and the other boats and tell them to send over a dozen men. We'll tie these birds up and put them in the paint locker."

The seaman addressed grinned. The paint locker is in the very eyes of the ship and is just about the most uncomfortable place in the world.

"Aye, aye, sir," he answered, and bellowed the message through a megaphone to the three American craft.

Shortly the men arrived, and with them the other commanding officers. The German crew had their hands bound behind them and were bundled off to the chasers. The Americans then inspected the schooner again and made division of the captured gasoline.

AINSLEE took another look at the gasoline drum he had opened. He poured out some of the oil, rubbed it on his hands, smelled of it. As he sniffed he became suspicious.

"By golly, fellows," he said to the two others. "This doesn't smell right. You know, my father runs several big oil wells at Tampico, and I was brought up on oil, oil in all its stages from crude petroleum to the best gasoline and benzine. I know the smell all of them should have, and for gasoline this isn't right. There's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere."

The others listened respectfully. They knew Ainslee's reputation, and how he had won his commission by tracking a wounded submarine all through one night by the smell of the leaking oil, and how in the morning the destroyer in which he then served had caught and sunk the enemy. So they gave his words the attention they deserved.

"Yes, sir," he continued. "There's something wrong here. I'm not going to put this gas in my tanks till I can get some sort of a test on it. Anyone got a testing outfit on board?"

No one had. Ainslee thought a while.

"Yes," he said finally. "I guess that's about the only thing to do. Jones, empty the tank of our dory into *306's* boat and bring her alongside. I'll put some of this stuff in our tank and try it out in the engine."

Jones and *306's* engineer soon affected the transfer, and the dory was towed alongside. Ainslee found a hose and filled his tank about a third full of the captured gasoline. Then he ordered his man out of the boat, got in it himself and shoved clear. A chorus of protests greeted his actions.

"Nothing doing," he answered. "I'm making this test myself. If anyone gets blown up it's going to be me. I wouldn't trust anyone else to do it—nor order him to. This is my pidgin. Look out now! Here goes!"

With that he started his engine and the boat gathered headway. Ainslee leaned over the side and anxiously sniffed at the exhaust. Evidently he didn't like its odor, for he hastily ducked inside again and put his ear to the engine. Here he appeared satisfied. He straightened up and laid his hand on the cylinder head. He held it there for about a minute, evidently till the engine got too hot; then he bent his head again to listen to the operation of the piston.

Suddenly he jumped and in a flash leaped overboard into the water. Almost in the same instant a sheet of flame licked out of the engine, and a tremendous roar followed. Pieces of metal flew about in all directions. The gasoline tank, punctured, caught afire and blazed fiercely; the boat, disrupted by the explosion, collapsed and sank. Gasoline from the broken tank flowed onto the surface of the water, blazed there awhile, and went out.

On board the schooner sudden activities arose. The two other dories put off to hunt for Ainslee and two men jumped overboard to look for him in the water.

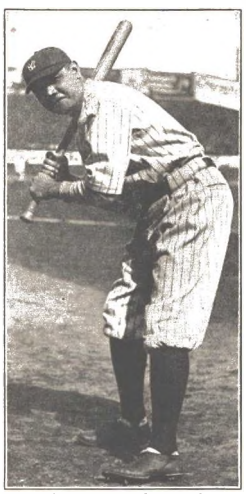
Before they had got very far out from the ship Ainslee's head popped up some distance from the blazing oil and he called out to the dories.

"I'm all right, but I'd just as soon be picked up. The water's blamed cold, boys."

In a jiffy one dory picked him up and the other got the two men who had jumped overboard to help him. They all returned to the schooner and the young officer was surrounded by eager questioners.

"Well," he said, "I know it now. But the only way to make sure was to try it out. I did not like the smell of the exhaust but as long as the engine was fairly cool, the stuff worked all right. As soon as she heated up, however, I noticed a sort of an unusual sizzle in the engine. Then I suspected something was going to pop; so I jumped overboard. I was just about in time, too. Lucky I learned to swim under water when I was a kid! I could stay below till I'd put some distance behind me. Then I came up clear and here I am. No, I'm not hurt at all, just wet and chilly.

"We'll just abandon this schooner, put a



Ruth sometimes bats right-handed.

How Babe Ruth Keeps His Batting Eye

IN THE last five years Babe Ruth has averaged more than 40 home runs each season, the largest average in baseball history.

There have been times when it was feared that Ruth's home run career was nearing its finish. The great slugger has gone for weeks without getting a home run, striking out frequently and hearing jeers instead of cheers.

Each time Ruth knew something was wrong, but he could not discover just what. He was standing at the plate as usual, swinging just as he always had apparently, but he realized he must be at fault.

He appealed to other players, asked them to watch him closely and tell him just what was wrong. Invariably their observation showed the fault. Then Ruth corrected the mistake and resumed his slugging.

Every time he goes into a slump Ruth asks his team-mates and players on other teams to act as coaches. He always finds that he is making some mistake plain to the other man but hidden to himself.

What is true of Ruth is true of every other star in sports. When he is in a slump he must see himself as others see him before he can correct the fault.—*H. G. Salsinger.*

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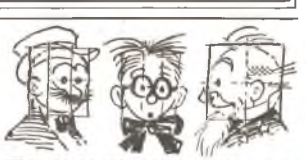

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(*Continued from page 45*)

couple of shots into her and let her stew in her own juice. Wish we could leave brother Boche in there too, but guess we'd better take him along. Maybe we can learn something from him."

All hands then abandoned the captured craft and returned to their own boats. The *297* stood off a little way and put three shots into the prize. On the third a tremendous explosion took place inside the doomed schooner and, ripped wide open by the force of it, she went down like a rock. The three chasers continued their interrupted patrol in toward the Belgian coast.

AINSLEE, in his conning tower, was troubled. What had that schooner been out there for? Had there been treachery to his own on the part of the German skipper? Or was the thing part of some deep-laid scheme? Ainslee decided to interview the prisoners.

Questioned by a man of the crew who spoke German, the captain maintained a stolid silence, broken only by an occasional surly, "Don't know." Questions put to other prisoners brought no better results.

Ainslee gave it up as a bad job.

Finally he marshalled the facts in array before him, and considered them separately and in conjunction with each other.

First. Why was the submarine fueling so close to her home port? She was not more than a few hours run from Zeebrugge and Ostend, as yet unblocked—

Second. She must have known she was being followed; her microphones would have told her that, and on the surface she could have seen the lights go on. Why then did she run the risk of tying up and fueling at all?

Third. Why did she submerge and run so fast when the three chasers came upon the scene? She was clearly more heavily armed than they, and in every way their match as long as she stayed on the surface. Under water she was at the mercy of the depth bomb.

And fourth, last, and most interesting of all, what was the big idea of the doctored gasoline? Was it meant for friend, or foe? Was it domestic treachery, or a *"ruse de guerre?"*

Ainslee thought these questions over till his head swam. At last he signaled for the commanding officers of the other boats to repair on board the *297*. They arrived at once, and the flotilla commander laid before them his problem.

None had the answer. But the young skipper of the *144* finally remarked:

"Well, Peter, I don't know what those Heinies had up their sleeves. But from what happened to that dory of yours, we'd have been in one heck of a mess if we'd taken that gasoline into our tanks and tried to use it. And most anybody would have done it, too, and got blowed up for his pains."

"Allen, by godfrey, you've hit it! We are guarding important troop movements you know. And if they could get through us undetected—

"Go on home, both of you now, and keep your eyes and ears peeled from now on. Stand constant microphone and radio telephone watch."

When the other two skippers had gone, Ainslee dived for his code books, and thereafter for some time the air was full of high tension radio emanations.

EARLY that same afternoon the enemy put into Zeebrugge. The captain, in high spirits, went ashore to report to the base commander.

"Admiral," he reported, "they have taken their drink. I stayed near-by and heard two separate explosions. By now the fishes eat out the eyes of those Americans."

"Do you think they could have reported?"

"Not possible, Herr Admiral. You have seen what our little mixture can do. They would have no time to report."

"That is so! Now by Donner und Blitzen we shall show old Ludendorff that we can stop troops! Not so, *Kapitan!* And since you have begun the dance, will you finish it? I will put you in command. I give you six destroyers—*S-87, 94, 99, 102, 114,* and *120*, also let me see, yes *XU-52, 55, and 57*; three *untersee botes*. Hey, is that enough for you, my young friend, Hermann?"

Captain Hermann, a brave and able officer, clicked his heels together and saluted his superior with all the smartness he had in him.

"Zu befehl, Herr Admiral."

And when night had fallen, the little flotilla carefully sneaked out around the mole and stood down channel.

Taking deep draughts of the fresh southeasterly breezes in his face, Captain Hermann danced a jig for joy, an undignified, un-German trick he had learned in the old days from American officers on the China station. As he clung in one corner of the swaying bridge of the *S-120*, his mind ran back four years. He had been good friends then with the young Americans, even with some of the Britishers out there.

"Well," he reflected, "a naval officer's life is like that. He makes good friends with officers of other navies. He runs ashore with them, and together they spread themselves all over the beach. Ah! Nagasaki, Hankow, Chung King way up the Yang Tse, Shanghai, and now, here we are at war with them. And I'm going out to do my best to sink several thousand of their troops. I wonder if I'll run across any of the old gang. I've heard of some of them over here in their *verfluchte* destroyers."

With a start he shook himself free of such unworthy thoughts. This was war, and they were his enemies. And when they met, either they or he would visit Davy Jones.

And ahead was the convoy he was after.

WHILE in Zeebrugge one admiral was deliberating and acting, another at Dover was also busy. When Ainslee's fevered message had been decoded and brought to him the admiral commanding the Dover patrol summoned his chief of staff and together they considered the matter.

That something was afoot was very plain. But why the elaborate attempt to destroy the three subchasers? The loss of those three meant little. There were plenty of others, plenty of "drifters" and trawlers for the same purpose, all boats that were no match, even in superior numbers, for one submarine or destroyer.

Finally the admiral, thinking out loud, spoke.

"Let's see. What troop movements have we in hand?"

"One American division going over tonight, sir," answered his aide.

"Hum, yes. Now I wonder, I wonder" —and suddenly—"what escort are they to have?"

"I have ordered a division of destroyers and six submarine chasers, sir."

"Should be enough. Should be enough. But suppose the outer line, the subchasers, were removed. Good chances of getting in some dirty work, eh? Wonder if they know of this movement? Fancy they do; the blighters manage to find out quite everything going on."

And the admiral, bluff old British sea dog, strode up and down the long cabin "quarterdecking," a habit of long cruising at sea, thinking, thinking. Finally he stopped suddenly, turned to his aide and said, calmly:

"Commodore, I think we'll call in the sub-chasers. Apparently Fritz seems to want them out of the way. But to make up we'll send out two divisions of destroyers with those transports. And I rather fancy that should be enough, eh, what?"

"Aye, aye, sir. And eh—how about having an extra division from Dunkirk meet them halfway? We have several French divisions available there now."

"Good idea, Commodore; make the necessary orders and send them out at once."

So it happened that almost at the same time that Kapitan Hermann was getting ready to leave Zeebrugge, the radio operator on watch on board the *S. C.—306* suddenly picked up a call, meant for him. ". . . . . ." "S. P. D.,"—"S. P. D."

No need to decode that message. It meant that the chasers of that group should return at once to the base at Dover.

According Ainslee put about, and was soon in port. He proceeded at once to headquarters, and found the admiral all attention. Finally he found courage to ask if any American boats were to accompany the convoy. It seemed that the extra division ordered out consisted of five American craft.

"Admiral, I—I'd like awfully to go along to-night."

"Well, my lad, you seem to have started whatever is up to-night. I fancy I can let you go. Report to Lieutenant-Commander Lang, the division commander in the *Evans*. I dare say he can find a job for you."

"Aye, aye, sir. And thank you very much, Admiral."

At eleven o'clock that night, when the convoy and its escort stood clear of the harbor, Ainslee found himself on the deck of the destroyer *Evans*. He didn't know what was going to happen, but he was excitedly, happily ready for anything.

When they were well clear, the British division took station on the starboard flank of the convoy, and the American on the port flank. They were further out than usual, and all hands were alert, for they had orders to be especially watchful that night. Shortly the captain called Ainslee to the bridge.

"Ainslee," he said, "I want you to take charge of the forecastle to-night, and to assume direct command of the forward gun. Keep your eyes, your ears, and your nose well peeled, and above all keep your gun loaded and your men at their posts. Now go to it, youngster."

So Peter went forward and soon made himself thoroughly acquainted with his job. Wrapped in a life belt, hand on the holster of his automatic, he clung to the stanchion, waiting, watching, listening and sniffing.

About one they were met by the French division from Dunkirk. These being smaller craft, though well equipped and armed, and recently provided with efficient listening devices, were ordered to patrol well out on the port flank. They took posts and the convoy continued its course.

Mr. Bug to Real Estate Agent—"Yes, it's a mighty nice little home all right but somehow I can't help feeling that it's a little too close to that subway to suit me."

CAPTAIN HERMANN began to get nervous. Where was the enemy? He should have met them sooner. Could it be that they had taken another route, or that the troops had not sailed as planned? But his surprise was short lived. About one-thirty a quartermaster touched his arm and saluted, and pointed slightly to port. There could be made out dimly two vague shapes. The German commander put his glasses to his eyes.

"Destroyers. Ah! Frenchmen, too. *Donnervetter*, what means this?"

He was not long in doubt. A gun spoke from the forecastle of the nearest shape and the shell whizzed narrowly abaft *S-120's* bridge. Sudden star shells illuminated the night. A series of red and green Verey stars shot into the air. The game was on.

At the first alarm, the troop ships swung together sharply to starboard and stood off at full speed directly away from the enemy. The destroyers on that side, much to their disgust, had to scout ahead to prevent surprise attack from that quarter. It was one of the first rules in the submarine warfare game that an escort ship should not leave her area to go to another under attack. She had her own quarter to guard, and regardless of what happened elsewhere, she was not to let her attention be distracted from guarding it properly. Thus it was that the British boats could not leave the convoy, and perforce had to leave the battle to the French and Americans.

In the darkness, fitfully illuminated by star shells, Lieutenant Commander Lang, senior officer present, could dimly make out the shapes of the six German craft. He at first thought there were nine, but as almost at once this number changed to six, he decided that there were also submarines present and that they had submerged. He accordingly flashed the warning signal and the signal to drop a barrage of depth bombs.

The French boats were now heavily engaged with the enemy. Though much outclassed as far as armament and torpedoes went, they were holding their own and seemed to be inflicting considerable damage on the Germans. Upon the receipt of Lang's message they turned together inwards and zig-zagged back to join the Americans. As they came they each let go six "ash cans," set at various depths, and as these one by one reached their depth and began to explode, huge geysers of water were thrown up into the air. It could not, of course, be ascertained whether any of the submarines were trapped by these mines, but from the course of the rest of the fight it seemed evident that but one had come through.

The enemy surface craft, following after the retiring French, fared scarcely better. One boat, charging rapidly ahead, was seen literally thrown on its side by a bomb, to roll over and on under the water, and a cloud of steam covered the spot as a pall. The others came through, and despite their surprise at their warm reception, their badly shaken condition, and the presence of evidently superior forces ahead of them, most gallantly continued their attack.

But the Allied forces also were suffering. A torpedo from an unseen source hit the second boat in the American col-

umn, the *Ap. Catesby Jones*, and she blew up and sank. Most of her crew had time to jump overboard and managed to reach their life rafts, which had floated off from her decks as she went down.

Almost at the same time one of the Frenchmen was observed to be in difficulties. Her steering gear had jammed and she swung out in a wide circle, toward the onrushing Germans. Coming under point-blank fire of two of the enemy boats, she was soon sunk by their combined gun fire. Several of the other Allied craft with difficulty dodged torpedoes from the submarine, till a judiciously dropped "ash can" from the French flagship quieted her, and thereafter she was heard from no more.

By this time there was scarcely a boat on either side that had not been hit several times. One of the Germans dropped behind the action and two Frenchmen went after her. After a very spirited exchange of fire she also was sunk. Before she went down, however, she had so damaged her two attackers that they were forced to heave to to make repairs. While so doing they launched their boats and picked up such survivors, French, German, and American, as they could find.

During this time Ainslee had been serving his gun with great vigor and accuracy. He had, however, suffered several casualties, having had two men killed and two more wounded. Enough remained to keep up the fire, though not quite with the original rapidity. At this juncture a shell exploded in the after engine room of the *Evans*, for a time almost stopping her. While she lay there the German leader came rushing down upon her as if to cut her in two with her knife-like bow.

The American commander jammed his helm hard left, and fortunately going speed, the boat swung clear and the German passed by close aboard. A blast of fire from both ships did great execution aboard each, a fortunate shot from the *Evans'* waist gun disabled the steering gear of the German. Continuing her swing the American headed around and in her turn ran down to ram. Her bow hit the enemy at a sharp angle abreast the bridge, plowing in for a few feet and the two ships hung there for an instant. Men swarmed from the German over onto the forecastle of the *Evans*.

Abandoning the service of his piece, Ainslee rushed at the head of his men to meet the boarders, and a sharp hand-to-hand encounter followed. The youngster emptied his automatic into the German swarm, nearly every shot taking effect.

His gun empty, he stooped an instant to insert a fresh clip. Behind him a gigantic German raised his heavy cutlass on high over the officer's defenseless head. A sudden upthrown arm was but poor guard against the blow, and Ainslee gave up for lost.

But a gunner's mate, lying wounded on the deck, saw his young officer's peril, and with the last cartridge in his gun, shot down the German, so that the cutlass blow, deflected, merely cut a deep gash in Ainslee's shoulder, felling the lad to the deck.

The crews of the waist and after guns, arriving on the run, now entered the fight and soon drove the attackers back aboard their own ship. The Americans, cheering wildly, followed and after a short, but sharp fight, succeeded in clearing the decks of the enemy. Such Germans as were left alive surrendered. On the bridge, lying wounded, was found the German commander. He was carried aboard the *Evans* and carefully put into a bunk.

Meanwhile, two of the other American craft had simultaneously succeeded in torpedoing another German. The remaining two boats, losing heart for the unequal fight, turned tail and fled. They were followed by a hurricane of shells, but none of the allied craft were in condition to pursue, so they finally succeeded in making good their escape. The French and Americans lay to for awhile picking up survivors, caring for their many casualties and executing such temporary repairs as they could. They then, on signal, formed up and limped slowly off for Dunkirk.

Aboard the *Evans* they had patched up the holes in their captured German destroyer which turned out to be the *S-120*. A prize crew had been put on board and she was taken in too. When he had seen everything shipshape, and given signal to resume course, Captain Lang, his arm in a sling and a bloody bandage around his head, went below to interview the captured German commander.

He looked with surprise at his prisoner.

"Why, hello, Hermann. Haven't seen you in some time. How are you feeling? Can I do anything for you?"

"Ach, iss it you, Lang? Vell, I am not surprised. Heard you were over here. 'Tis a long way from Yokohama, isn't it?" He closed his eyes in pain, then continued slowly:

"We thought we had you this time. How did you find out anything was up?"

"Your gasoline dodge didn't work. We had a youngster out there in command of the three chasers on that station who is by the way of being an expert on oils. This young Ainslee didn't like the smell of your gas, made sort of a test of it, became highly suspicious on the result and didn't use the stuff. Then, of course, being pretty sure you knew of the troop movements, we figured you wanted those crafts out of the way so you could surprise the convoy. Well, we withdrew them, but doubled our escort, so as to be ready for you!"

He stopped, as sudden cheering sounded from outside.

"Hear that? That's the troop ships you didn't get passing in."

The German groaned.

"Just the same, Hermann, you made a very gallant attack, and you would likely have succeeded if it had not been for young Ainslee. Had him with me to-night, by the way. I guess you can thank him for your present plight, old chap."

And Ainslee, lying wounded in the next room, heard, and grinned happily.

Moses Rides a Mule

MOSES was a big red tomcat, and about the best friend Jake Willis, my old Southern Arizona cowpuncher acquaintance, had. Through the long winter evenings they used to sit together in front of Jake's cabin fire in companionable silence, and whenever Jake took a pack trip to distant parts of the

Jack put Moses on top of the pack,

range, to build a corral or repair a fence, Moses went along, muleback.

One day I happened along just as Jake was starting for the north end of the range to do some branding. Jake's old stand-by mule had a sore back, so he was using a younger animal, recently "broke" and a little flighty. When the mule was all packed and ready, Jake put the auburn Moses on top of the pack and off we started.

Moses squatted there with sleepy confidence, just as he had done often before on another mule. This animal was ambling along with his ears flapping back and forth in perfect time with his strides, quite unconscious of his live burden. Then the path led under a mesquite tree, and Moses saw a bird near the top. He perked up and his tail swept in a curve.

Right here the mule changed tactics. His ears stood rigid; then one after the other turned back as his head swung to and fro. His walk became a trot, and before Jake or I could reach him he was galloping. Poor Moses was taken by surprise, and as he slipped back from the pack one of his hind paws got a good grip in the mule's hide. The mule jumped a mile and began to buck in earnest. He went straight up and came down stiff as a ramrod; he dashed to left and right; he dug in and tore, then stopped as if he'd hit a wall.

Moses was doing fancy riding, too. He always managed to keep one set of claws firmly hooked in pack or mule. At times there was a foot of daylight between his body and the pack; then he would be flattened down tight; once at a side jump he was sprawled out on the mule's ribs: and again he seemed to be standing on his nose. But he rode the mule, fairly and squarely, and they might be going yet if the mule hadn't dashed into the woods and brushed Moses off by going under some low-hanging limbs.

I found Moses unhurt and full of fight, while Jake tore on to catch the mule—he had to lasso it. From then Moses rode on my leather jacket in front of my saddle. And he kept his eyes strictly where they belonged, too—never looked at another bird!—*F. L. Kirby.*

S-S-ST! Use this ballot or a homemade one to tell us what kind of reading you like best. We want to know!

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2..... 4.....

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Remarks .....

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Spanish Gold (*Continued from page 41*)

"If you're going to Boston, Mr.—"

"Van Veen," supplied Queer Eye. "I am Hendrick Van Veen, young sir,—a merchant's clerk of New York, whose employer has regular business dealings with Mr. Wigglesworth, and whose own visits here have put him on friendly terms with the assemblyman. Dutch by descent"—he spoke excellent English—"but, I trust, as good a citizen of these colonies as any born of British blood."

"If you are going into Boston," I continued, "and will lend me an oar, I'll be glad to pull you there; but I won't come aboard, thank you,"—and I told him why.

He had heard me mention the assemblyman; yet it appeared he had failed to hear the preceding wrangle.

"How's this, Captain Roberts?" he inquired.

Roberts shrugged. "The lad was impudent," said he.

"Not until you had been!" I protested.

"He hinted there was something not in order with my ship."

"Why, now," laughed Van Veen, "if that be so, then I'm responsible, since"—said he to me—"I represent the owner and am come by land to see her cargo of Virginia tobacco safe into the town." Whereat he nodded at me knowingly, while his sick eye laughed into vacancy.

I knew such nods. They meant that a little smuggling might be included with legitimate trading where they were concerned, and many an otherwise honest man thus evaded the harsh exactions of the German King of England. Again was I taken aback, while Van Veen pursued to Roberts:

"Tut-tut! It all shows that the gentleman possesses observation and you devotion to your employer's interest. Tell him so, Captain—tell him."

Perhaps the skipper did; he muttered something or other out of unwilling lips. And as I framed a response scarce less gracious, our treaty-maker broke in on me:

"Come, come, now. Let's have no more hard words. Perhaps there's not time for you to visit us, sir"—he addressed me now as he might a full-grown man, and that I appreciated—"for the afternoon latens; but here's better than one oar: here's a pair of our own, if you'll take a gift from a suspected quarter." He spat more tobacco juice and laughed the louder. "And here's my scant luggage all ready. So scull up and shake hands with brave Captain Roberts, and then be as good as your word, and row me ashore. We'll go to Mr. Wigglesworth's together."

Well, and we did! I touched the skipper's hard hand, and he touched mine and lowered the oars and the pack into my boat, and, Van Veen having agilely followed these, I pulled away. But a couple of matters befell en route that I had better here mention: the day was soon to come when I should all too clearly remember them.

Depressed by the collapse of my expedition, I would have rowed in silence, but Van Veen's better eye peeped around his long nose, and says he:

"How goes Governor Shirley's hobby to drive the French out of the New World, and what does his Provincial Assembly say to it?"

At most times I might have answered him with as much as I could recollect of what Mr. Wigglesworth had lately let fall. Howbeit, I was momentarily in no mind for politics; so:

"As to Governor Shirley," says I, "I know nothing, and as to his Assembly, why of that your friend the assemblyman can best inform you."

Now, I was wearing the same jacket that I had worn on my adventure into the Connecticut Valley, and those pieces of bark which the dying Sachem gave me still lay in its breast pocket. So it happened, when we were come ashore (perhaps because my rowing had worked them loose) they fell to the ground while I stooped to secure the boat.

Van Veen pounced upon the Sachem's legacy. I saw his greedy fingers fasten, and, running my eyes up to his face, I saw enter a look wholly inexplicable.

"Where did you come by these?" he asked, and hurriedly added: "And what are they?"

It might have seemed an inquiry inoffensive enough. But I was wearied and disappointed; forgetting all my manners, I snatched the trifles away from him.

"They are going to be decorations for my rooms in Indian House at Harvard College," said I, with instant decision.

Instead of showing a natural resentment at my action, Van Veen repeated his sickish smile.

"Tut-tut," said he. "I'd no intent to intrude, but we New York folk are of an inquisitive cast. I crave your pardon—and now let's to friend Wigglesworth."

For the rest of our journey, he made no further reference to the Sachem's legacy; yet I fancied I could feel his stony eye fixed on my pocket all the way home.

VII—"Hurry!"

MY absurd misadventure with the strange *Spuyten Duyvil* occurred of a Saturday. On the Monday morning following, as I lay groaning under the necessity of a return to Cambridge, my bedroom door shot open, and Charity Wigglesworth, the assemblyman's gaunt wife, all but fell after it.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked.

Clearly, I could have heard nothing, for I had gone to bed betimes after a long sermon at the Old South Meeting House; yet all this Mistress Wigglesworth's excitement drove out of her memory.

"What news?" said I, flinging aside the covers, but offering my toes gingerly to the bare boards of the floor.

"They have done it at last, those mad Frenchmen!" she gulped. "Abiathar Rowbottom's smack, the *Holderness*, limped into port at midnight—the sole survivor of the half-dozen that put out with her to fish off the banks. All the rest were either sunk or captured by a privateer from Louisburg. Half the town is saying that now we *must* join the war, and Nathaniel has been summoned to an extraordinary session of His Excellency's Assembly!"

I didn't heed the cold boards after that. I jumped into my clothes and made for the street to confirm her tidings. Van Veen was entering the house as I ran out.

"Is it true?" I flung at him.

"Belike," he leered, and shuffled past me.

He seemed to be that which he had described himself. When he came from the harbor on Saturday, he was greeted by the assemblyman as an acquaintance of sorts and (the Wigglesworths were thrifty folk) was taken as a lodger for the term of his Boston business. I was quite ready not to detain him, for I wanted to speed to the water-front.

Sure enough, there lay the *Holderness* with a ragged hole in her bow, which the chattering crowd on the wharf said was from a cannon shot. Even while I listened, her flushed master left her, one arm in a sling, and set off into town with her owner, looking mighty solemn.

All about me I heard again and again a name that I am not likely ever to forget: Louisburg.

Little had I known of it, save that it was the capital of the wild and lonely French island of Cape Breton, that "long wharf of Canada," where Cabot was reported to have made his first land in 1498. Now around about me ominous phrases were bandied:

"Duquesnel commands it!"

"For a quarter century, the French have been fortifying it . . .

"The key to France's power in America. . . ."

"Their American Dunkirk . . ."

One tarry fellow got an admiring audience by saying he had often sailed to Louisburg. He proved a tremendous wiseacre upon strategy, and pointed out that the fortress commanded the navigation of the St. Lawrence. It would have to be taken if France was to be whipped on this side of the Atlantic—and it was impregnable.

But ought we to join the war? On that the crowd was of two minds, violently opposed, this faction urging that the Colonies owed England no support and were less like to be further oppressed by her the busier she was kept by her Gallic enemy, while the other party, yielding nothing to their rivals in the way of colonial patriotism, cited the shot hole in the *Holderness*, and the capture and sinking of her sister smacks, as an insult to the Colonies themselves that must be met with reprisals.

Rumor born right there in Boston harbor set them by the ears: a New Jersey expedition had been these three weeks outfitting—a French force was invading New Hampshire—Indian runners were passing swiftly and mysteriously from tribe to tribe. I know not how long I might have lingered; but some loiterer with a grain of sense left in him announced that this was no longer the scene of action, since the issue of peace or war lay with the Assembly, which sat behind closed doors and was not likely to reach soon a decision upon so vital a matter.

Somehow, this stung me to a realization that I was truant from my studies. I regretfully turned my back on the water and trudged the whole way to Cambridge, where I arrived too late for the day's appointed lesson—which I had not learned—in Homer's "Odyssey."

"So you must make it up to-morrow morning," cautioned nearsighted Master Prescott, our instructor in the classics.

I agreed for that I had to, but the turmoil of Boston was hot in my veins, and it was hours before I could dispose myself to study. I fiddled about my room and hung up the Sachem's bark before my desk and took pains with many rearrangements before it became possible to settle to scholastic tasks; then, curled up on my bed, progress was of the slowest.

THE early afternoon was sultry; minute by minute the weather thickened until, about three o'clock, there rose a gale out of the northeast, which raged for hours. The season was getting on for late, and I indulged myself in a fire of pine knots in the shallow chimney place, looking more at those flickering flames than at the famous text upon my pillow. Before long, I was sound asleep.

When I woke, it was a strange sight. My bed stood over against the window, with the fireplace to the right and my desk close by, so that from where I lay I commanded a full view of them. Darkness had fallen early. The rain beat with loud rattlings against my small, square window panes, and inky night rode on every drop of it. Still, the fire burned bravely and lent a fitful illumination to the unlocked room—and there, peering up at those pieces of bark which I had so lately nailed to the wall, stood swart Hendrick Van Veen!

He was dripping wet, so that a puddle formed on the floor around him. His scrawny neck was stretched to its uttermost; his nimble hands were extended, each finger twitching covetously. There was about him the atmosphere of one just that instant arrived.

I own to a start. Still, if my voice did sound small in its throat, at least I accosted him.

"How now?" said I.

He jumped as if I had struck him. I thought his face went green, but he looked down his long nose and smiled as one might that has eaten a bad egg and is too polite to tell his host.

"Tut-tut!" he said. "I knocked, and there was no answer. I bear a message of hurry. The Provincial Assembly has risen for the night, and Mr. Wigglesworth wants immediately to see you."

"Me?" I echoed.

Van Veen's sick eye consulted the ceiling. "Aye. Common report runs on an Indian rising in favor of the French, and it is understood you lately came upon some sort of red man's message in the Valley of the Connecticut—" And here, frankly enough, he waved a skinny hand toward the Sachem's bark.

Now, I had scrupulously kept silence about those strips, and so could not guess how—unless Hiram Cobb had talked—the assemblyman got wind of them. Messages, I had Hi's word for it they were not—yet who was he to judge? I felt a swelling importance.

"Why," said I, "Mr. Wigglesworth must indeed mean those pieces of birch bark."

He eyed them again. "Belike. Let me—"

He stretched out greedy fingers, but if I did possess something worth while in the affairs of the Colony, I proposed to keep the credit of it. I pulled the strips down and stowed them once more in my coat.

"Then I shall bear them to him at once."

I can't honestly say that Van Veen evinced disappointment, but I believe now that he felt it. He only folded his hands and spat tobacco juice into the fire, where it sputtered.

"It's a bad night, and *I've* already braved it." He shook more water from him. "Why not let me—"

"No, thanks," I interrupted.

I had regard solely to my own credit; our glances met sharply. For an instant he considered.

"Ah, well," he then acquiesced. "Perhaps you are right, for I have affairs of my own here in Cambridge about a part of the *Spuyten Duyvil's* cargo. Your way would be the quicker, and Mr. Wigglesworth did urge hurry. You had, then, best start."

Upon which very word, this astounding personage bowed and shambled from the room!

I had never seen anybody quite like him, but I must admit that I entertained no doubt of the authenticity of his present mission. The mere desire to play some part in the big events that had filled my mind was of itself enough to convince me. Within five minutes, all preparations were completed for the lonely walk destined to take me yet another stage—and now a violent one—into these mysteries. Had I guessed what the first two miles of darkness would bring me, I should have been less ready to run into it!

(*To be continued in the September number of* THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Fun with Figures

IF you've ever seen a "mathematical wiz" on the stage, doing amazing stunts with figures, you've likely wondered how he did it. Here's a simple two-minute trick that will mystify your friends and make them wonder how *you* do it.

Ask somebody to write down a four-digit figure, and tell you what it is—say 9,147. At once you write on a separate slip of paper 29,145—you obtain this number by putting a 2 *in front* of the original figure, and *subtracting* 2 from the final. Fold the paper on which you've written, hand it to a third person, and ask the first to write directly under 9,147 another four-digit figure. Say he chooses 2,365. You then tell him to write 7,634 in the same column—you've obtained this by subtracting in your mind or on paper, 2,365 from 9,999. Go through the same process again—suppose your friend chooses 1,297 and you tell him to write down 8,702. Then have him add up the whole column, and ask the third person to compare the figure on the slip with the sum.

They'll be surprised to find that both say 29,145—and they'll both want to know how you did it. Make them figure it out—and then try to find out yourself just why the trick always works that way!

Four Thousand Miles of "What Next"

(*Continued from page 19*)

A piece of wire was thrust through the barrels of the rifles, the ends being fastened by a lead seal which, if found broken when we left the Park, would have caused us quite some trouble. There is a special tax for dogs but the man refused to classify Jeff as a dog. Jeff was standing the trip well, and was beginning to walk.

The first night in Yellowstone it rained and, in spite of the tent, sunrise found us soaked to the skin. We had not pitched the tent on high enough ground and all night, exhausted by the day's travel, we had slept in puddles of water. We spent the morning drying out and taking pictures.

I shall not attempt to describe all the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park, partly because most of them are indescribable and partly because those that *can* be described, have been.

Moving on, we viewed with interest the "Paint Pots" and several small geysers and whatnots. We snapped some pictures and loafed along, stopping that night at one of the camp grounds provided for "tin-canners." That night the temperature went down and we were mighty thankful we had bought additional blankets. We found a crust of ice in the bucket of water in the morning.

Proceeding, we arrived at the foot of Mt. Washburne, the elevation of which is 10,400 feet. The road to the summit is safe enough but not very comfortable. We decided to chance it, despite the hill-climbing disability of the car. After a couple of hours of steaming, almost to the summit, Jeffrey heaved a sigh and quit, so we had to get out and push her the rest of the way. We had to do that because, we argued, it would never do to say we had been unable to reach the top. At last on the summit we climbed the observation tower, looked out over a hazy world, registered in the tourists' book with some timely remarks about the climb, and started down. If you ever get up there look in that book under date of September 6, 1922. Halfway down, the brakes stuck and stayed stuck and by the time we reached the bottom the linings were pretty well burned out.

THAT night we made Mammoth Springs and camped on a sandy stretch of flat ground. Pete set about to relieve the brake situation and, as some welding had to be done, we were delayed all the next day. A strong wind struck the camp and blew the sand with biting force into our faces, the tent and food, and made life miserable for awhile. Tom and I explored the surrounding country and ran across several bears whose acquaintance, however friendly they seemed, we did not cultivate. At Mammoth Springs we saw one of the old coaches in which the tourists of other days were driven around the Park, replaced now by speedy auto busses driven mostly by college boys.

Leaving Mammoth Springs, we drove all day and viewed natural wonders which really require much more time to be appreciated than we alloted them. Due to the chilly weather, the steam clouds from the small geysers and boiling mud pools more or less obstructed our view. In the afternoon we reached Old Faithful Geyser. When we arrived the eruption was not due for half an hour and as we walked up the crater Tom said, "Well, boys, if our old kind of luck is still with us, Old Faithful has probably stopped geysing!"

We gazed down into the small crater of the geyser and, as per the usual custom, had our pictures taken sitting on the edge—very gingerly—for every threatening rumble made us jump involuntarily. After many minutes, Old Faithful, with a few preliminary spurts, was off with a mighty roar.

That night we camped at the same place we had started from when entering the Park, having made a complete circle. The next day we covered some of the ground we had previously passed over and started out the Cody, or eastern entrance.

We bowled along smoothly until we were a little over eight miles from anywhere, when the rear started to creak and grind. A few yards more and the clashing gears forced us to stop. I shall never forget the feeling of utter despair and disgust that came over us as we climbed out and deliberated. Tom threw himself on the ground and remained there, totally discouraged, while Fred, Pete and Blair rolled up their sleeves and with admirable speed, considering the circumstances, began the tedious and dirty job of tearing out the whole rear end. The very part of the car we felt had been permanently fixed had failed us eight miles from any supplies. We had to have food and the car needed some heavy oil so I started out to hike for the store. There wasn't a car in sight the whole way. I reached the store, bought the supplies and started back. There weren't any cars this way, either, and by the time I had covered half the distance back I felt positive that the can of oil contained lead and that someone had playfully stuck a brick in the loaf of bread. At last I met Fred who had come out to help me and when we reached camp the job had been finished.

That night we camped at Wapiti, Buffalo Bill's favorite hunting ground. In the small camp ground off in the woods we found an unusual treat—a shack with a shower bath and hot water which was heated by an attached wood stove. We were glad enough to sit around a camp fire half the night, as even our two blankets apiece failed to keep us warm. We were traveling south all the time, however, so we decided not to buy any more junk.

The next day we found that our peculiar luck was still with us. We heard a familiar sizzzzz! and, investigating, found that a bolt in the tail light had chafed a hole through our spare tire. We covered 271 miles the next day, breaking all our records and making Wheatland, Wyoming, by nightfall. There Pete had to make some repairs to one of the front springs. The rear end gave us another warning signal so quite naturally it had to be fixed *twice* the next day. Pete, however, had bought a few dozen of the necessary ball bearings at Wheatland and he was prepared for this.

We made Cheyenne that night and Pete and Blair visited every junk shop and auto graveyard until they found an old Jeffrey, from which they removed the whole rear end.

"This," said Pete, "will end our troubles."

Pete was a good mechanic but a poor prophet.

BEFORE I go any farther I would like to say a word about the camp grounds along the Lincoln Highway. Some were excellent and some were bad, but they all had their good points. Some had shade trees, others wood stoves, some even provided gas stoves for the convenience of the tourists. The following card of rules, handed us at Cheyenne, is typical of all the municipal camp grounds out West:

CHEYENNE, WYOMING
MUNICIPAL CAMP GROUND
RULES

The City of Cheyenne welcomes you to its free municipal camp grounds. Kindly register at the caretaker's house that we may know whom we have the pleasure of entertaining.

The merchants of Cheyenne have loyally contributed to give you every possible service—we try to make this camp as homelike as possible. Please use it and regard it as your own home.

Assist us to make these grounds attractive to all tourists.

Leave your camp as you would like to find it—clean.

Do not injure the trees or build fires near them.

Keep dogs on leash or tied to cars.

Remove your rubbish and garbage and place in receptacles provided.

For your protection our caretaker has been appointed deputy sheriff and will co-operate with you to maintain order.

The camp store is operated by the merchants of Cheyenne and the prices

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You do not want to be one of that innumerable class of men who drift without aim or ambition.

Apply to one or more military schools for their catalogs and investigate. It will be a good move to help you get started right.

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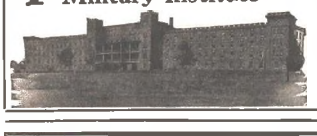

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(*Continued from page 49*)

are the same as in the city. The net profits are used to make permanent improvements in the camp grounds.

Bona fide tourists are cordially granted the free use of this park, but campers employed in the city will be charged a monthly rental of $15.00 per car after two weeks' free privilege.

All possible assistance, road maps, and information will be cheerfully given at the caretaker's office.

THANK YOU—COME AGAIN—GOOD LUCK
GOOD-BY
Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce

After pushing on two hundred miles one of the front springs broke again and, putting a block under it, we limped into Kearney, Nebraska, where Pete and Blair spent three happy hours buying and installing a new spring. That afternoon, while bowling along on a road on each side of which was a deep gully, a woman in a car suddenly turned out and forced us into the ditch. We came to a bounding, grinding stop with each wheel at a different angle, and just sat there looking at each other in silence. The woman driver turned around and favored us with a glance. Then she laughed heartily and drove on! After several futile attempts to regain the road under our own power we stopped a farmer driving a pair of husky horses and were pulled out in two minutes.

We had absolutely no more trouble and sped along smoothly—until the next day, when our newly inserted rear end broke down. Every time Pete fixed the car he and Blair used to clip half an hour from their former record. At the end of the trip they were able to make the necessary adjustments in an hour.

Dashing through Omaha that afternoon, we camped at Missouri Valley, in Iowa. We covered 160 miles the next day before the rear end broke down again, and then two miles farther on the same thing happened. We were forced, on account of darkness, to camp on the spot and it rained all night. The next day we made Ames, Iowa, and Pete bought some parts and made permanent repair to the rear.

More rain. And the next day we got our taste of Iowa mud and were forced to stop at Marshalltown to wait for clear weather. The next day, the rain having ceased, we pushed on but had not gone far before we struck a rut, skidded, and landed into another ditch, this time smashing the left hind wheel into portions suitable for kindling wood. The old reliable Pete hailed a passing car and was back in an hour with a new wheel which he lost no time in putting on.

The day following was eventful enough. One of the tires we had bought in Salt Lake City, and which had been cracking under the strain, gave up and blew completely off the rim. We bought a new tire and between two towns, a distance of five miles, the new tire blew off the rim three times, completely ruining a tube each time. We changed rims and put the new tire on a different wheel each time but this did not seem to make any difference. The fourth tube we installed stayed put until we had crossed the Mississippi River. Just before the tire blew off again we broke another spring.

After buying and installing a new spring, we moved on until, at Sterling, Ill., the tire again left us. Pete and Blair took it into town for an adjustment and left us sitting in the car in a very fashionable residential section. While Tom, Fred and I were seated calmly in the car awaiting their return, two policemen drove up in a taxicab, dismounted, looked us over, and took down our license number. I looked at Tom and Fred and then looked to see if we had parked near a fire plug or a "No Parking" sign. Nothing doing. Finally one of the cops leaned over the edge of the car, gazed at each one of us intently for a moment and then spoke.

"Well, you don't look very desperate," he said.

All three of us looked at him, puzzled. Jeff crawled out of his blanket and wagged his tail at the police force, which became more and more embarrassed.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he said, "but a woman in the neighborhood called up headquarters and said there were three desperate looking characters parked outside her house and she asked me to investigate. Sorry. Good-by." Sheepishly they crawled back into the cab and drove away.

Pete and Blair finally returned with a new tire and, to make a sad story brief, this one blew off the rim twice before we finally switched to another make that caused us no further trouble.

AFTER spending the night at Dekalb, Ill., we ran along the next day with virtually no trouble. Once the car stopped pulling, the engine racing as if the gears were in neutral. Glancing over the side, I noticed that the axle was sticking out about six inches, thus evading the power. Blair ran back a hundred yards or so and retrieved the hub cap which we tied on with string, and proceeded. At Mansfield, Ohio, just outside the baseball park, the pinion shaft snapped off. Lady Luck was certainly with us this time, for when Pete had substituted a new shaft in Cheyenne he had thrown the old but still serviceable shaft under the seat. Tom and I enjoyed the baseball game for a couple of hours while the shaft was being installed, after which we moved on to Wooster. Leaving Wooster at 7 a. m. we traveled all day, making Pittsburgh by dark without a ghost of trouble, the only full day's run we had made absolutely free from grief.

By this time our brakes were bad, and how we escaped injury only our guardian angels know. Coming down a hill in Greensburg, we crossed a street intersection at which was stationed a traffic cop. As we slowly glided past him, Fred yelled, "Where's the camp ground?"

Just then we struck the downward slope of another hill and as the policeman turned around to answer us we gathered speed. Fred stretched his neck in an effort to maintain contact with the policeman but his neck gave out and we departed completely ignorant of the whereabouts of our objective. I guess the cop is still wondering whether he should not have arrested us—just on general principles.

We built our last camp fire at Auscarora Summit, the next day rolling into Philadelphia with three cheers and a horrible combination of grinds, rattles and bumps from the car. There Fred and I left the fellows. As they turned the old bus toward Chester we felt just a least bit sorry that the trip, in spite of all our troubles, was over. We wouldn't take a million dollars for our experiences and we would not do the same thing over again for ten millions.

In order that I may give this touring narrative the conventional ending I shall conclude it with a short list of things prospective tourists should and should not take.

What you should take—plenty of money.

What you should not take—a seven-year-old used car.

Detective Tierney's Trap

ANOTHER side-splitting story of funny, fat Detective Tierney and his big bass horn. Good old Bonehead Tierney, as wise as ever, and ever gaining weight, wheezes like a grampus between blasts on his horn. And his music, if any, raises wild ructions with a passing show—terrifies the lion and starts the elephant doing stunts.

But Bonehead plays a concert solo with the full New York Cop Band. And he's there when it comes to catching crooks. Ask the daylight bandits: Johnny Sap, Willie Dancer, and Dutch Mike. Shrewd as these three were, they plunged headfirst into Tierney's trap.

Get ready for a good laugh in September over this corking new Moroso story called—

The Big Bass Horn

A Prince of a Pup

(*Continued from page 11*)

There was no evading that one. Then there was the one that said "Come along," but meant, alas, only a dignified trip to the post office, along stone sidewalks where a fellow had to keep looking straight to the front every minute, so as not to notice a hundred cats, of all colors, that encumbered the earth. And there were those stern whistles that shrilled "Come back!" at the very moment when a fellow had the most urgent business down the street.

BUT there were compensations, even among the whistles themselves. There was one splendid one, that stood for "the woods." What a gorgeous strip of trees that was, up the hill behind the house. Why, it held squirrels, those amazingly swift little flashes that passed so tantalizingly near, yet always reached a tree two jumps ahead of a fellow's nose. Some day they might—just might—be late! Rabbits, too, occasionally—a fellow could not get within yards of them, as a rule, but he could always keep on trying, couldn't he? All in all, the woods were splendid, full of interesting thickets and holes in the ground. Just the place, to Davie's mind, for a dog who had to teach a boy so many things.

For Peter, too, had much to learn. About barks, for instance. There was that very sharp, almost yelping bark that meant, "There's a cat up in this tree. If I bark loud enough and long enough, she'll be frightened and fall out!" And there was that harsh, scolding bark that told any stranger dog, "Here! This is *my* place—you get out!" To say nothing of the short, excited one that went with a mad dash under a bush; the one that, in the next few seconds, became muffled. Follow that one, and Peter was sure to find Davie two-thirds buried in the ground, earth flying between his hind feet in a perfect hailstorm and his tail saying as clearly as any wigwag signal could, "Here it is! Quick! Quick!"

So they taught each other, and it was not long before they were letter perfect, even in the show-ring lesson.

Even so, that first show was an ordeal. David was just over the legal age of six months when Peter entered him to give him a taste of those wearisome benches where a fellow has to be chained, where he has to sit for endless hours until it comes his turn for the ring. Yes, that was tough; but, since he was doing it with Peter, Davie stood it.

And Davie won, at that first show. If he could have spread that blue ribbon in front of his mother, she would have fairly burst with pride. When the judge remarked, "Promising youngster, that," Peter and Davie stepped up upon air and walked on it all day.

After that, there were other shows—mostly one-day affairs. Davie won at some of them and lost at others, but he always put all he had into his showing, just as Peter did.

It was in the early fall that Peter began to notice a curious thing. Davie stopped winning. He got plenty of second prizes, and, occasionally, nothing better than third; but the blues—the real ribbons—no. The point was not so much his being beaten—they were both prepared to face that—but the fact that, when he was beaten, it almost invariably followed that someone would ask Peter to sell.

The queer thing was that those who came along and wanted to buy Davie were not men or women looking for pets. No, they would be youngish men in perhaps rough whipcord breeches and a soiled neckcloth; men who spoke from the corners of mouths that were little more than crooked slits, pitching their voices only for Peter's ear.

Though all such offers were much higher than the price he had paid, Peter scorned them. Sell Davie? He had no thought of it. Win or lose, they were pals. If it was hard, sometimes cruelly hard, to say, "Well, Davie—we ought to have had it—next time we will!" Peter always managed it, always contrived to say nothing to lower Davie's spirit for the next effort.

With perfect faith they waited for the time—not then come, though, happily, it has since begun to prevail—when the appearance in the ring of a dog whose handler identified him as belonging to a famous kennel had no influence upon the judge. Meantime they spurned the offers that would have parted them.

The show "circuit" is a stiff one. To meet it, meant special biscuits for Davie, good raw beef, and high-grade brushes for his coat. All these were expensive luxuries, but Peter, in those first eighteen months of their companionship, had never counted the cost. Nothing could be too good for Davie. Peter's mother smiled on Davie and grudged him nothing; smiled on Peter—and loved them both. So, when the day came to call on Peter, she did it while Davie lay at their feet.

"It's not your Uncle Tom's fault," she told them. "Not a bit. You know—ever since your father died—Uncle Tom has been taking care of all our money. It's not his fault that the stocks—that's where he had the money invested, you know—don't pay dividends any more. He did only what he thought was best for us. Only—it means that you must help, Peter, you must find something to do, after school hours, just as I must work, too. We can do it together—and Davie can keep us both cheered up!"

When she spoke his name, Davie lifted his head and smiled at her. Cheer them up? Of course they could count on him for that.

PETER went straight to work. All that spring, after school, and all through the summer holiday, he worked at anything and everything that came his way. What he earned, he handed over to his mother with a cheerful pride.

Davie himself did not go upon shorter commons; while there was anything, he was sure of his full share. But there were fewer of those things which, in Davie's life, stood for delicacies, and fewer moments of vigorous brushings, and less time for long, exciting hunts. And though he went with Peter to every job where a dog would not be dreadfully in the way, still their moments together became more rare, the times when Davie must stay behind more frequent. Davie suffered, but he knew his own job and kept his heart high.

A boy of sixteen—well, however steadily he works, however well he may be liked by his neighbors, cannot command a grown man's pay. If his mother falls ill, even for a week, there is an alarming dwindle in what she can make from "homemade" confections or from an undeniably clever hand at lamp shades and table decorations. When the pinching hour came to Peter, he shared it with Davie.

"It—it looks as if it was up to us," he said.

Davie stood upon his hind legs and thrust his head between Peter's hands. The boy's blue eyes looked far down into the dog's brown ones and held them. Peter had the feeling that Davie was reading his unspoken, unevadable thought.

"That—that's the only way out of it," began Peter at last. "You know about the rent—it has to be paid—and—and look at Mother—she's tired. She's not sick any more—at least she says she isn't—but she's tired—and we—"

Silence. From the limb of a tree behind him, a squirrel challenged Davie. For once, there was no answering yelp. Davie, heeding nothing on earth but Peter, stood where he was.

"We—I s'pose we could stand it, somehow. You'd know why—wouldn't you, Davie? That—that last man said three hundred, and I—"

A longer silence, while twilight fell around them, a silence broken only when Peter's mother summoned them to supper. Then, what they held in their hearts they kept hidden; both, in the lamplight, managed smiles. Together they faced the morrow.

There was another show coming; rather a big one, at which there would be many classes and many entries. Everybody interested in Cairns was sure to be on hand;

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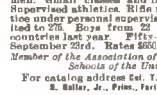

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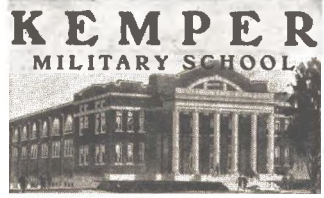

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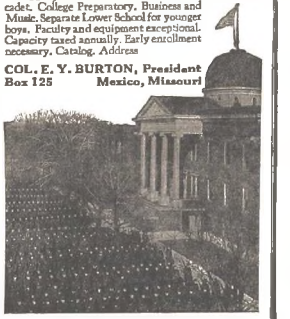

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COL. J. C. TROUTMAN, *Supt.*, Box N, Roswell, New Mexico

(*Continued from page 51*)

among them, without doubt, those furtive whisperers who had so often murmured into Peter's ear. They would go, then, to that show.

Davie looked well. He had never had a more careful grooming. Watching them go, Peter's mother, who had been told nothing, could not know how the morning seemed to them both, cruelly sunny. It would, she thought, be a splendid change for them, after so many faithful months.

Then it was the old story. Davie, if he must go, would at least go with his plume up and showing well. And Peter was too good a handler not to leave it all to Davie. It is quite possible that both were glad when the red ribbon fell, as usual, to Davie; a blue ribbon just then might have broken their courage.

After the judging, they lingered not far from the ringside.

"What about sellin', young feller? Told yer more'n oncet I c'd make somethin' outer that un. Right handlin'—that's all he needs—"

Although it was the very question he had courted, Peter winced; then pulled himself together and spoke.

(*Continued on page 56*)

Steel Proof

(*Continued from page 22*)

cause, the huge ladle tipped a little, then dropped with a thump to the ground. The fall was only a foot or two; yet the weight of more than a hundred tons shook the building when it struck. Slowly, ponderously, the ladle tipped forward, and with a sizzling rush the hundred tons of molten steel sloshed across the casting floor like an overturned scrub bucket in the kitchen!

The late arrivals, most of them, had climbed the stairway to the casting platform and were safely out of danger, but two men remained on the ground.

"Up the stairs!" bellowed Pete from the opposite side of the floor, and his great voice cut through the groan from the assembled men like a foghorn. "Up the stairs!"

THE first rush of the steel had carried it clear across the floor, and to within a few feet of the stairs, where it was turned directly toward them by the railroad track on which the train of ingot molds stood. One of the men leaped to safety, but the other, a white-haired man with stooped shoulders and slender frame, stood fascinated by the crawling lake of liquid fire; then, frightened by the sudden rush of a stream, turned and ran across the floor away from his refuge!

"Look out!" bellowed Pete again. "Get back!"

But the elderly man was too late. The dashing little stream that had frightened him had now cut him off from the stairs near which he stood. He stopped a moment in the center of the floor; he was right in the path of a slowly moving lake that crawled up on him. The flow had been directed toward the rear of the building when the ladle fell, and its searing heat, its red-tongued edge, was advancing inexorably. There were a dozen ways of escape—why didn't he run? Hundreds of straining throats shouted advice to him. Half paralzed by fear, he looked about. There was a flight of stairs leading up to a furnace. He started toward that, but too late—he was cut off again by the flow. Then the poor old man collapsed in a faint. Shorty knew what a panic had seized him!

Pete had run around the furnaces and come out on the platform of Number 7 furnace while the old man hesitated; when he saw that he had fainted, he hesitated not a minute. With a great leap, he hurled himself across the stream of fire and struck the ground heavily near where the victim lay. Shorty almost forgot the old man in his anxiety for Pete's safety. If Pete should be killed—!

Pete struggled to his feet at once. But something was wrong with him, for he hopped, with one foot dragging, to where the old man lay. Stooping down, he swung the light figure to his shoulder and began his retreat from the approaching wave of fire. He took only one step, then fell to the ground! The approaching demon of fire now threatened two victims! A moan of horror escaped from the watching men.

"Get on that skull!" cried one man, and the others took up the cry. But Pete was already working his way toward the pile of slag, clawing along the ground and dragging the limp body of the old man. It was a race, for the steel was crawling faster than Pete, its broad stream, as wide as the floor, fed by the mass of liquid behind it. Pete won by a narrow margin, dragging himself up on the skull, pulled the old man up beside him, then collapsed limply.

In the meantime, men had raced about frantically, procuring shovels, and were trying to dam the tide. If there had only been someone to direct them it would have been simple, but the confusion was too great. Before they could think of approaching the skull from the rear and carrying Pete and his victim away to safety, the stream had enclosed them, leaving them on a tiny island surrounded by a searing lake of red!

Shorty, from the safe distance at the far end of the building, had watched the whole thing in a panic of fear—for Pete! It had happened so quickly that he had hardly taken a breath from the time it began. Now he dropped from his platform and ran toward the lake of steel, cursing it in inarticulate snarls. He had forgotten his fear of steel, only hated it. He ran toward it, but could do nothing; he was blocked completely. The lake extended clear across the floor and covered a hundred feet between him and the place where Pete lay. Little flickers of flame rose in the air above it. They were jeering at him! He looked about him desperately. That steel would scorch the men to death if they were not saved quickly! What could he do? Suddenly his eye caught the idly hanging hooks of the crane, the hooks which had somehow dropped the ladle. One of them was broken, but the other was intact, with upper shanks white with the fumes from the steel as though they too had paled at the catastrophe.

Shorty screamed, loud and shrill, and caught the eye of the craneman who had answered his signals many times before. At Shorty's gesture he jumped into action and rolled his crane back toward him, lowering the hooks to the ground with quick understanding of what was wanted. Without a moment's hesitation Shorty slid astraddle of the unbroken hook. It was uncomfortably warm but had not been in contact with the ladle long enough to burn him. Its bend was large enough to hold a keg, its width as wide as a chair seat, and he had a good perch. He flung out his hand in signal and was lifted from the ground and swung high in the air across the lake of steel.

The men saw his plan at once and cheered wildly, but he heard them not. He was still cursing that red lake, snarling back at its flickering snake-like tongues of flame which taunted him.

Down he dipped, directly above the two men who lay unmoving on the skull. The heat was terrific, their clothes were smouldering in places, but Shorty took no time to beat out sparks. With a strength superhuman in the great emergency, Shorty lifted Pete. He jerked and tugged the heavy form until it lay across the hook in front of him. Holding it securely with one arm, he reached for the lighter body of the old man. A series of little jerky lifts, and he got his other arm partly around the body. He twined his fingers into clothing so there would be no slip. Signaling with a nod of his head to the craneman, he tensed himself for the lift. Up went the hook in a tiny lift to test the load, as was customary. All secure, Shorty nodded once more, then up they went.

It was only a matter of seconds until they were safe, but it seemed like years to Shorty. One arm felt as though it were being pulled to pieces by the weight of

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the limp old man. His chest was being crushed by the weight of Pete's great form lying against him. The arm that embraced his big pal was already numb with strain. His body was being split in two by the flat jaw of the hook. Red sparks danced before his eyes. But he hung on!

At the end of several weeks, it seemed, the ground came up to meet them—a ground covered by men who looked up with eager eyes and raised helping hands. The awful load was relieved at last, voices rang in his ears—and he knew no more.

When he woke, every muscle in his body was s k r i e k i n g with pain. His face was cracked and burned, his eyes stung. He raised his hands to rub them, but dropped them quickly, with a gasp; for the pain in his shoulders and back was awful. Slowly, painfully, he turned his head to see where he was. In a hospital. There were other cots. On the one next to him was—Pete! And Pete was smiling at him!

"All right, Pete?" he asked weakly.

"Bet your life, boy! Broke my leg when I jumped, but here I be!"

Shorty's smarting eyes filled with tears.

"You're a lucky guy, Shorty!" Pete's voice was not any too clear.

"I'll say I am! I got steel whipped!" Shorty bragged.

"Naw, I don't mean that! That other guy you saved is a millionaire! He wants to put you through college!"

"Nothin' doin'," said Shorty quickly. "I'm goin' to stay with you— if I can!"

Pete was silent for a long time, so long that Shorty turned stiffly to see what was wrong. Pete was surreptitiously wiping his eyes. His voice came at last, thick and choky.

"Why, you dad-blamed idiot! You can learn all about steel in college! If you don't go, I'll kick you out o' the house!"

"I won't go—not for a while anyway!" answered Shorty. "I licked steel to-day, an' I'm goin' to keep on lickin' it. I want to go over on the open hearth floor and melt steel! Can I?"

Pete's big voice, full strength and loud, rang through the room and into his heart, filling it to running over.

"Why, you little shrimp!" he shouted joyfully. "You ain't big enough to swing a shovel! But if you want to make steel dance a jig, you ravagin' little steel-cheater, I'll be everlastin'ly burned in my own open hearth furnaces if I don't build you a little furnace all your own!"

Among the Caipiros

(*Continued from page 25*)

when the horse turned in at the gateway of his own accord as if this were his destination too.

It proved just that, as Mr. Johnson told me when he had recovered from his amazement at seeing me there. He had not got my letter. It was the custom to send to town for the mail only once a week. The fellow I had found asleep—Pedro was his name—had started the afternoon before but had fallen by the wayside under the influence of *cazaca*. In any event, Mr. Johnson would not have known the time of my arrival until too late to meet me at the train as I had expected.

"I wouldn't say anything in the hearing of the *caipiros* about its being you who frightened Pedro," he cautioned me. "They'd jibe him about it and he's a nasty customer at best. It was his own mistake, of course, and a natural one for a *caipiro* to make under the circumstances but he'd hold it against you and—anyhow, let him go on thinking it was a *lobishomem* if he wants to."

Things weren't destined to turn out that way, however.

THAT afternoon—I had eaten and slept and rested—Mr. Johnson decided to send to town for my baggage. Pedro had not shown up as he had expected; so whoever went after it was expected to get the mail, too. An old *caipiro* named Jose hooked up a team to a sort of buckboard and Mr. Johnson suggested that I go with him if I wished, as he was going to be busy about the place and could not show me around any. We tied Pedro's horse on behind, Mr. Johnson telling us to turn it over to him if we met him on the road or in town.

Halfway to town we caught sight of a figure plodding toward us. I guessed it was Pedro even before Jose told me. The man was in a towering rage. He had been drinking again and as we came together and he caught sight of me he burst into a torrent of words. I gathered that he had been talking to the station agent in town and, putting two and two together, had guessed the truth about what had happened when he had mistaken me for a wolf-man.

"And now I'm going to kill you," he wound up.

Old Jose had been puzzled by the tirade but he understood that threat. Before my enemy could draw a pistol out of his belt, Jose had him covered with his own muzzle-loader.

"You'll kill no one that the *padrao* (boss) has placed in my care," he said and Pedro backed off, fear written all over his face.

"I but wanted to frighten the boy, who tried last night to make a monkey out of me," he whined.

"Get your horse from behind the wagon and ride quickly to the ranch," Jose ordered. "The *padrao* may then forgive you for not coming back with the mail last night as you were told."

"I will," agreed Pedro, "but first give me a light for my cigarette. I have no matches."

He came toward the wagon, holding the cigarette—made by wrapping shredded tobacco in a piece of corn shuck—in his left hand. His right hovered over that pistol in his belt and his eyes had an evil glitter in them.

Not for a moment did he fool old Jose. He kept his pistol pointed at Pedro and his thumb was on the hammer. Quick as a wink, he took the lighted cigarette from his own mouth and stuck it in the muzzle of his weapon.

"Get your light from that, Pedro," he said sternly, "and if you so much as touch your pistol—"

Pedro didn't. He got his light as he had been told and started for the back end to untie his horse. Jose twisted around in the seat to follow him with the muzzle of his pistol and it was not until the other had mounted, sat looking evilly at me for a moment, and then gone thundering down the road at a gallop that he turned back and we resumed our journey to town.

"Don't let that *bravo* frighten you," said Jose. "When we get back the *cazaca* will have left him and he will forget all about wanting to kill you."

Mr. Johnson, when he heard what had happened, had a talk with Pedro and the man didn't threaten me after that but I could tell he didn't like me.

"I really believe," said Mr. Johnson that night, "that Pedro would have preferred having met a real *lobishomem*, if there was such a thing, to learning that there was a quite simple explanation of his experience. These *caipiros* believe a lot of other things that are just as wild—"

That reminded me of what the station agent had said about the ranch being accursed.

"That, of course, is stuff and nonsense," said Mr. Johnson. "I rather think that it's due to another superstition—that of the *sassiperere*."

That was a new one on me and the word was not made up of other words like *lobis*, wolf, and *homem*, man.

"The *sassiperere*," went on Mr. Johnson, "is believed to be a little black fellow, three feet or so high, with only one leg, who delights at night in catching a horse, making a stirrup for his one foot by knotting together hairs in either mane or tail and riding the beast until he drops from exhaustion. There is no doubt that sometimes a horse will gallop wildly about a field for hours and be unable to get about the next day. My own guess is the animal has eaten some poisonous weed and

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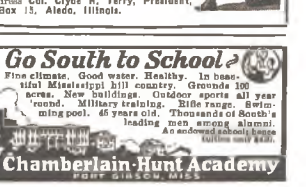

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(Continued from page 63)

that he gets relief, probably sweats out the poison, by working himself into a lather. The 'stirrup' is of course made by the horse's rubbing his neck against a post and getting the mane all tangled up or by his switching his tail against something that tangles it."

IT was some weeks later that the subject of the *sassiperere* came up again. One of the *caipiros* swore that coming from his work about dusk he had heard the thud of a horse's hoofs in a near-by meadow and, crawling upon the fence to get a better look, had seen the animal galloping wildly with a *sassiperere* clinging to his mane.

"It was the roan pony with a white spot in his forehead and four white feet," he said. "I could see him plainly."

Sure enough, the next day the roan pony was streaked with dried sweat and appeared weary. Moreover, where ordinarily he was quite gentle, he was wild and unapproachable.

Two nights after that another horse underwent a similar experience. Mr. Johnson was perturbed. We decided to keep a night watch on that particular field and, as the *caipiros* refused to help us, we were compelled to mount guard alone.

Throughout the dark hours we kept our eyes glued upon the herd of horses—dark shadows against the grass—as they moved around grazing. Nothing happened. Dawn came early, the birds were beginning to flutter out from their roosting places in the trees—

Near the fence where heavy woods came up to the meadow a horse suddenly broke into a gallop, snorting with terror, rearing and bucking as he came past us. I rubbed my eyes, unwilling to believe what they showed me—a black, seemingly human figure clinging to the animal's mane on the off side.

Round the field the horse tore and circled back toward us once more, running just as hard as ever but not pitching or tossing.

Mr. Johnson rose to his feet, laid his rifle barrel across a fence post, carefully sighted at the creature now astride the horse's withers, and finally as the pair came abreast of us pulled the trigger.

With a scream very much like that of a child, the strange rider loosed his hold upon the horse's mane, tumbled to the ground, and began staggering toward the woods beyond the fence.

Mr. Johnson and I crawled between the wire strands and dashed across the field in pursuit. Then his rifle came up once more, flashed again, and the thing lay still.

The *"sassiperere,"* when we came up to it, was a *buju*, a huge bull monkey.

Connie Morgan Meets Thieves

(Continued from page 13)

the edge and ran toward the wreck. That was Mr. Morgan's suitcase. He had seen it in the car when they were at Mrs. Johnson's. But, what could he do? The man had disappeared with it.

Arriving at the wreck, Willie stood upon the edge of the bank and stared downward—directly into the upturned face of the tractor man. It was he who was pinned by the legs beneath the overturned car. At sight of the boy, he burst out into a tirade of abuse, intermingled with foul oaths. "Why didn't you turn out, you dirty little pup? Wait till I get out of here and I'll fix you! I'll learn you to—"

The man who had been lying in the roadway moved and slowly raised himself to a sitting posture. He was one of those who had climbed into the back seat of Willie's car. He looked about him in a daze, and at the sight of the boy tried to regain his feet. Failing in this, he groped for an automatic that had been hurled from the hand of the man who had made off with the suitcase.

Leaping from the bank, the boy picked up the gun before the man could reach it, and, hesitating only an instant, dashed off after the outlaw who had disappeared in the brush.

WHEN Connie Morgan and McLaren stepped across the tree, and rounded the bend in the road, they waited until the holdup man's automobile got well under way. Then they returned to their own car, where a hurried inspection showed the futility of trying to make a temporary repair.

"Well—that's that," announced McLaren, gloomily.

Connie grinned: "We wouldn't have been any better off if we had carried guns, now, would we?" he answered. "The first thing either of us knew, we were covered."

"Right," admitted McLaren more cheerfully. "Anyhow, it isn't likely they'll get clear away."

"Not if they stick to the car," Connie answered. "The sheriff promised to set a watch on every automobile road. We'll have them and we'll have them dead to rights, with us as two witnesses to an armed holdup."

"Uh-huh," grunted McLaren. "We'll have them if they don't take to the woods on foot. That's one big chance you had to take on a good old Friday."

Connie's eyes twinkled, but he refrained from answering.

The two were walking rapidly up the road in the direction of the town. As they rounded a bend, they saw a figure gliding furtively through the scrub well to the side of the trail. Both gave chase, and, a few moments later, overtook Willie Gibbs, an automatic pistol gripped tightly in one hand, and tears coursing down his cheeks.

"What in thunder are you doing here?" cried McLaren.

But the boy ignored the question as his blurred eyes and confused mind took in Connie. He broke into gasps of relief and explanation:

"Oh, Mr. Morgan—it's you—it's you! An' you're all right! I was afraid he'd hurt you, an' took all your money—an' I opened her up, an' jumped out, an' let 'em hit. An' a man run off with your satchel, an' I'm a-huntin' him. The rest of 'em's down where the automobile's all smashed up. They're all hurt, an' the tractor man's mad an' he cussed me, an' his legs is in under the car, an' he can't git out, an' I'm glad of it, 'cause I got even with him, an' showed him I wouldn't turn out no more. But, now I hain't got no autymobile no more, an' I hed it all shined up—an'—" the boyish voice ended in a smothered sob.

Connie slipped an arm around the boy's shaking shoulders. "How about that package I gave you? Is that in the wrecked car?"

"No, Mr. Morgan, I tuk it with me when I jumped, 'cause I wasn't goin' to lose nothin' you giv' me to bring fer you, an' I hid it in under the shintangle."

"Well, come on, let's go and look over the wreckage. Maybe some of those fellows need help."

"But—yer satchel!" reminded the boy. "The man that run off with it, he limped, an' mebbe we kin ketch him."

"Never mind about that now. There will be plenty of time to find him later. He can't get very far away if he's lame."

HANDING Connie the pistol, the boy led the way to the wreck, where the pinioned man, and the man who had been in the boy's car were engaged in hurling accusations back and forth.

"Y' tried to gyp us! Y' never figured on stoppin'—"

"Y're a liar! We'd of stopped where we left yer. Why didn't y' get that flivver off the road?"

"We wasn't takin' no chances on youse guys. How'd we know that little fool would open her up an' bust into yer?"

"Having a good time?" asked Connie, appearing suddenly around the corner of the overturned car. "It seems you kind of bungled the job, somehow or other."

"It was the fool kid done it," growled the tractor man. "Give a hand and git the car offen me. My legs is busted."

"Go and get that package, Willie," said

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Full Program of Sports.
Splendid Gymnasium and Swimming Pool.

For illustrated catalog address
C. M. WOOD.
R. D. 2, Box 81-B PASADENA, CAL.

Connie, as he and McLaren succeeded with the aid of a lever, in raising the car sufficiently to drag the man free.

"Where are the other two?" asked McLaren of the other injured man, who lay propped up against the embankment.

"Under the cars, I guess. What do I care where they be? I'm hurt."

"Under the cars—nawthin'," sneered the tractor man. "One of 'em is mebbe. But that dirty dog of a Nipper, he works loose."

"Done you like you was goin' to do us," growled the other man. "Serves yer proper right."

The fourth bandit was located, and extricated, unconscious but breathing; and while Connie and McLaren were examining him, Willie Gibbs appeared, carrying the paper package under his arm. "Here it is," he announced, handing it over.

Deliberately, Connie seated himself a few feet distant from the injured men, and tore the paper wrapping from the bundle, disclosing to the astonished eyes of the onlookers numerous packages of bills.

"Well—what the—what's in that suitcase?" cried the tractor man.

"Scratch pads—paper," answered Connie, indifferently.

"Paper—paper—" muttered the other outlaw, glancing reproachfully at Willie Gibbs. "The hull pay roll layin' there in the seat of that flivver, an' he says it's paper!" He looked longingly at the packages of bills. "An' I guess he was right at that."

"But my autymobile's all busted," lamented the boy.

Connie smiled at him reassuringly: "Never mind the car, son. You made the capture of these fellows a sure thing, and I guess we can find you another car. That one was kind of old, anyway."

PUZZLES

No. 613. Rebus. (7)

C
D
E

'Tis not a very hard one;
Forgive, excuse, or pardon.

Kalamazoo, Mich. I MIT.

No. 614. Jumbles.

Tears; but; tun; heel; cab; cry; care. Take one letter from each of the foregoing words and arrange them to form the name of an old English poet. The remaining letters when properly arranged will give the name of one of his works.

Peterboro, Ont. H. G. H.

No. 615. An "Offish" Story.

"Well, I'm off," said Jack as he bade them farewell. "Don't drink too much *off**, remember," said his father, who was an off**** in the Army. As he *off** his hat to his sister she **off**** him a box of *off*. He promptly off**** her a piece. "Well, son, I must be off to my off***," his Dad said. "Don't get drowned!" the smaller off****** of the family shouted. Jack **off** at the idea. "The sea will never hurry me to my *off**," he assured them. Their parting admonitions were not to off*** any of the off****** of the Company with his too-ready temper. With this ****-off he left, as the *off (which is a Dutch two-masted vessel) had already appeared in the off***.

Tehchow, China. COUNT MEOWT.

No. 616. Curtailment. (7)

1. The church of St. John Lateran. 2. Plural of Latus. 3. (L.) A brick or tile. 4. Recent. 5. In some Buddhist buildings in India, a separate column. 6. An exclamation of surprise. 7. An elevated road.

New York, N. Y. AL.

No. 617. Rhymed Words. (4)

The frosted FIRST will doubtless go
Into a kid's interior;
The LAST may be of goodly size,
Like Huron or Superior.

Pittsburgh, Pa. LOCUST.

No. 618. In the Grocery Store.

N I E A N E L J
O Y B C H L E C
I R E L O V I S
H C A T A G E N
A D T S R D O P
M B M U P E T S
B E B G N A O N
A G A R Y D C R

Moving from one letter to any adjoining letter, (diagonals included), spell out the names of at least 20 articles found in any good grocery store. List them alphabetically.

A prize that will be prized will be sent the solver of this puzzle who sends a similar puzzle containing the most names of plants.—Winooski, Vt. BIGGY.

Prize Offers.

Best list of answers to all puzzles, $1. Special prize to solvers of the Grocery Puzzle; see above. A special prize will be given to the author of the puzzle printed herewith who receives the most votes for having the best puzzle. Everybody please vote. If we can get enough votes, this will be a regular feature. Honorable mention is given everyone who solves at least five puzzles, and five honorable mentions brings you a book. If anyone has had twelve consecutive honorable mentions, notify Kappa, and you will get an additional one. Address Kappa Kappa, care THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Answers to June Puzzles.

601. Dairymaid, myriad.
602. Dog-gone.
603. A celebrated musician.
604. Item, I met, mite, time, emit.
605. Cocoa, ozone, noose, gelid, raise, elder, sugar, scene; the initials spell "Congress" and the centrals spell "Coolidge."
606.

C A R A T E E R I E
A L O N E E M I R S
R O S I N E I M E S
A N I S E I R E N E
T E N E T R A D E S S E X
R A R E R
A R E N A
D E N T S
C R A T E R A S E V E N T
R U L E S V A L O R
A L E R T E L A T E
T E R S E N O T E S
E S T E R T R E S S

May Prize Winners.

Best complete: King Cotton, East Point, Ga.
Best list of five: Jim Hudson, San Francisco.
Neatest list of four: A. Hogan, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Best six-square: Sol Vemalle, Sherman, Calif.

Books for five honorable mentions: Cal. I. Formia, Count Meowt, F-n F-n, Ima Lone, I. Mit, Jab, O. G. Re, and Osaple.

Honorable Mention.

Completes: Alexander McIver, Amos Quito, Biggy, Harrod, Ima Hoob, Ima Lone, King Cotton, O. G. Re, Osaple, Robert Ritterband, The Gink.

Five Solutions: Al, B. A. Loney, Bob Zante, Cal. I. Formia, Carl Frye, Clarence Braden, Clarence Tromanhauser, Count Meowt*, Dan Banta, Elm Burk, F. E. Bruary, F-n F-n*, Fred McEschern, Geo. S. Kyllo, Ike N. Hunt, I. Mit, Jab, Jim Hudson, Kee Lee, Laurence Gibson, Mary Gold, Nala G. Nol, Night Hawk, Puz L. Nutt, Raymond McCreary, Sol Vemalle, Thorpe, Walter Halstead.

* Two honorable mentions.

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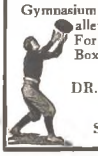

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Port Deposit, Maryland

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of her claim to excellence in

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INSTRUCTION SCHOOL SPIRIT
ATHLETICS
Separate Lower School

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A Prince of a Pup *(Continued from page 52)*

"I—how—how much?" he asked with dry throat.

"Well—said three hundred last time—but, seein' yer look like yer might talk, this time—say two-fifty."

Peter knew quite well that there would be no such sum in the worn pockets of that dingy shirt. But he understood what a go-between was; he had seen this man often enough to know that more than one rich man used him for an agent. Indeed, Peter had counted upon some such thing; a sale to someone who could afford a stiff price but thought he could escape being "held up" by employing such a middleman. And Davie's good blood would be welcome in any kennel. But—but—

"Well, how 'bout it?" demanded the man.

"All right—I—I'll s-sell for three hundred," stammered Peter.

"Done."

The man disappeared. In an incredibly short time, he was back.

"Here y'are—three centuries is right. Got th' papers?"

Mechanically Peter handed over the neatly copied and signed pedigree; almost unseeingly he pushed the crumpled bills into his pocket. Just for an instant, he knelt beside Davie and whispered into a sharp little ear. Then Peter rose to his feet, thrust the end of the leash into a grimy hand stuck out for it, turned his back, and darted quickly behind a voluminous lady carrying an annoyed Pomeranian.

> "Yet still our hearts are true,
> Our hearts are Hieland—"

Davie had never heard the verse, but well he knew its intent. He stood firmly upon his feet, keeping his plume lifted and his eyes fixed upon the spot where Peter had disappeared. For Peter might look around to see that he, Davie, was playing his part. A hard tug came upon his collar; obeying it, his plume sagged, he turned to follow.

What could Davie know of that long ride home for Peter? Yet he doubtless understood, in his own way, something of the struggle Peter was having as the boy told himself sternly that Davie would surely go into good hands—the Black Watch Kennels, very probably—where he would live upon the best in the land and come, inevitably, to his proper laurels. This Peter told himself over and over, as he clutched the crumpled bills, ready to put them into his mother's hand.

The thought helped to carry the boy gallantly through that hour at home which was both so hard and so comforting; that hour which, at its beginning, struck Peter's mother dumb with loving astonishment and, at its end, left her with an abiding pride. And for Peter, as for Davie, remembrance brought courage to face the lonely days ahead.

BEFORE very long, there was to be another show, perhaps the biggest and most important of the year. No prominent kennels would think of missing it, as Davie may have realized from the talk about him, from the air of bustle in the big concrete buildings, in the elaborately wired runs, in the welter of soaps and brushes. And since Davie had known no show without Peter, he must have begun wondering: Would Peter be there—would he come, perhaps, just to see that all was physically well with Davie? *Would* he?

On the long Black Watch benches were many collies, great, proud, white-shirted fellows whose fame has often been told in song and story. Some sat upon their haunches, red tongues lolling in boredom; others frankly turned their backs upon the gaping multitude and, while they might, slept. But beyond them, in the last compartment of their bench, a small silver-grey dog stood upon his tiptoes, his head up, his eyes gazing eagerly at each passer-by, searching each face that drew near, dropping his ears in disappointment, then raising them hopefully again. All day he did that, paying no heed to such attentions as food and drink, caring nothing for the ministrations of men in smart blue kennel-coats who moved up and down before the Black Watch entry, clearing a twisted chain here, giving a quick brush stroke there. Physically, Davie was in perfect form; mentally, he was in torment.

At last his classes were called and they lifted him down. Long training and the habit of discipline made him approach the ring at his handler's heels without hanging back; made him walk sedately enough in that first parade. But his shaggy kilt had no swing to it; his brown eyes held no fire. He was just a fine specimen of a Cairn who did not want to show himself—until suddenly he looked up.

At the end of the ring, his eyes met Peter's. If, at first glance, there was just a hint of reproachful protest in the dog's eyes, this passed like a flash before what lay in the boy's. Though Peter's lips spoke no word aloud, Davie saw them move; across the ring leaped a message perfectly clear to the dog.

A thrill ran through Davie's body; his head came up just a fraction of an inch; muscles drew together, tightened; his toes stiffened in the sawdust. Perhaps he did not fully know how, or why, but Davie had become a show-dog again.

There was still a handler at the other end of the leach. But, for all he did on that day, Davie's handler might as well have been back at the bench. Davie did the showing himself.

He marched down the ring as though he followed twenty pipers; he swung the corners as if he led a battalion of kilts; he walked, trotted, or stood at attention almost before the judge could call for these tests, and, whenever he possibly could, he kept an eye fixed on Peter's.

There was no stopping him. He fairly romped through his classes, over the heads of good dogs, fine dogs, and well-known dogs. Blue after blue passed into the keeping of the youth who had become not Davie's handler, but merely his attendant. Then the rosette—badge of winner in his sex—with its trailing ribbons and its golden letters, came the same way. This had never before been Davie's; the light in his eyes found no reflection in Peter's. Yet they made no move toward one another; Peter knelt at one side of the ring, watching, and, at the other, near the gate, Davie waited while the ladies of his breed were judged.

Then it was Davie's to march across the ring with only one rival—the beautiful red creature who had been crowned best of her sex; to match step for step with her; to turn, trot down past the judge with every thought intent upon clean rear-action, and turn again; to stand, at last, side by side with her upon the block and freeze into that carved figure that yet had keen, blooded life in every fibre.

She was a beauty, this Meg of Roy Mohr. When for an instant he touched noses with her, Davie knew that as well as did the judge, a stern-faced Scot who knelt before them both to pass strong hands swiftly over each sturdy little body, and then come back more slowly in search of flaws.

For it was the judge's business to find flaws. Perhaps Meg's coat lay the least bit more flatly and closely, as it should do; yet were not Davie's ears the merest trifle more correctly pointed, the merest fraction smaller? Perhaps her slightly longer barrel made her seem the least bit less strongly put together than Davie—but were not her quarters as splendidly hard as his, her feet as blackly padded, her teeth as white and clean? Who could choose between them?

The judge was in no hurry. Again and again he made them pass before him, almost hoping for the suggestion of a mincing gait, a favored foot, in one or the other; again and again he knelt before the block. At last, perhaps because he caught something in Davie's eye—an eye that no longer dared to rove for Peter's but remained fixed and gleaming—perhaps at the back of it lay some special plea which the judge, being human, could not resist. He rose to his feet, dusted his hands, moved quickly to his table for a precious, priceless green ribbon—and offered it to Davie.

"Best Cairn in the Show"—with fifty-eight competing. Who could blame Davie when he stood upon his hind legs, his tail quivering, and seized that ribbon in his mouth? Certainly not the crowd that raised a little ripple of applause, nor the judge, who smiled, patted both heads, and began making his official entries.

LIKE a flash Davie bolted from the block. His leash straightened in the handler's grip, burst from it, and trailed across the ring. Straight for the ropes Davie leaped, into the arms that Peter at last held out to him. The crowd, as crowds do, had pushed away quickly for other rings. Thus, in all that great building, none really saw Peter and Davie except the puzzled handler—and one other.

The handler approached the two.

"Hey," he began.

"It's all right," cried Peter. "Just a minute—just—a minute! I trained this dog—I knew he'd win for me—just a minute—"

The other eyes that watched were puzzled, too. They belonged to a grey-haired man of affairs with a dragoon-moustache; a man who, long ago, had seen eye to eye with Peter in picking quality; who, when he saw a real dog-man, knew him, no matter what his age. Still puzzled, still pulling at his moustache, the man turned away and began flipping the pages of his catalogue.

"Hey"—began the handler again.

"All right," said Peter. "Just wanted to speak to him and—and see how he was."

Once more he bent over the silver head between his hands and whispered into those keen, black-tipped ears. Then the handler picked up Davie, and Peter melted quickly into the crowd.

His great moment over, Dave crept mournfully back to the Black Watch benches. What was there in winning, after all, since Peter had left him again?

Well, this stranger, this grey-haired man seemed at least to appreciate something about the situation. There was a different tone in his voice; he was paying no attention to the warning signs about not touching the dogs, and his was a nice, sympathetic hand.

"Tough luck, old man. I think I understand—"

Perhaps, if anybody could, he did. Davie accepted the hand, raised his eyes, and offered a friendly paw.

"Yes, I think I understand. We'll see—"

Then the owner of the Black Watch Kennels arrived. Davie had not often seen him, but he knew him for a big, florid person. He always came at the end of a show to "look them over," to be disagreeable or pleasant to his many kennel men according as his benches were bare of decoration or bright with gay ribbons. Davie drew back a little.

But the grey-haired man stepped forward, thrust an arm under the owner's, and swung him aside, talking earnestly in a low voice. The big man glanced back at Davie, shrugged, laughed, and shook his head. Then, under the other's firm hand and compelling look, he listened again. Davie got upon his feet and watched.

At last the big man shrugged again, and nodded. Instantly, the grey-haired one whipped from his pocket a long, narrow black book, opened it—drew out a fountain pen, and wrote rapidly. Then he tore a slip from the book, at which the other glanced before he took it, thrust it carelessly into his waistcoat, and nodded.

Davie grew uneasy. But it was the grey-haired man who bent above him with another—a kennel man, Davie's nose told him, though not one of the Black Watch bench. They loosed his chain and picked him up.

"Malcolm," said the grey-haired man, putting Davie into the other's arms, "take this fellow. Powers is outside somewhere; find him and have him drive you out to this address. Say that I—no—wait, I'll give you a note—"

He ripped the back page from his catalogue and began to write hurriedly. Davie could not read. But his quick ear could catch what the lips were murmuring as the fingers began that note.

"My dear Peter—" it ran.

Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

ANOTHER United States stamp, a surcharged provisional this time, results from the law enacted by Congress increasing certain postal rates. In a number of large cities where there are surplus stocks of 1c stamp envelopes the postmasters have been authorized to convert these envelopes into 1½ cent pieces of postal paper by overprinting "1½" on the center of the embossed stamp. The surcharge includes four vertical lines which are placed over the original numerals "1" in the lower corners.

It is not likely that there will be many varieties of this 1½c provisional as the postmasters are forbidden to do the overprinting "by pen, rubber stamp, in private printing presses, or in any other manner than with the special canceling machine dies" which the Government supplies.

Above—A Czecho-Slovakian commemorative. The portrait is that of President Masaryk.

At the right—A new Japanese commemorative to mark the silver wedding of Japan's Mikado.

An Important Error

IT is curious that, sixteen years after the issuing of a series of stamps by the Canal Zone, a mistake in printing has only now come to collectors' attention. Portraits feature the designs of the Zone's 1909-'10 set and the stamps are two-colored—deep blue and black for the 5 cent value and vermilion and black for the 2c. The error now discovered is that a copy of the 5c is known to exist containing the portrait intended for the 2c.

To print bi-colored stamps two plates are necessary. Some employee, either wilfully or through mistake, placed a plate containing the 2c portraits in such a way that it fitted a plate containing the frameworks of the 5c stamp, and of course at least one complete sheet was run off.

Only the one copy recently uncovered is known to exist. If no other copies are found, the existing one will be worth several thousand dollars! Literally many thousands of the 5c stamps have been examined but the search has not disclosed further specimens of the error.

A Borrowed Design

YOU are familiar with the U. S. current special delivery stamp with its design showing a parked motorcycle and a messenger delivering a letter to a woman at the door of a house. The Dominican Republic has issued a special delivery adhesive, also 10c blue, with precisely the same design except for a few minor details! This is the first time in philately's history that one country has borrowed so intimately from the design of another government's stamp.

Commemoratives

THE deluge of these special issues, commemorating various international and local events of the past and the present, seems to be growing stronger. Scores of new ones have been issued in recent months, and here is information regarding the more interesting.

In Japan the mikado has been married twenty-five years and a silver wedding series has appeared, in values of 1½ sen mauve, 3s brown (illustrated herewith), 8s rose, and 20s green. The 3s and 20s are on silver paper and the design is the phoenix, a bird, flying among "lucky clouds." Japan's familiar chrysanthemum is centered, on the 1½s and 8s, within a circle of twenty-five stars, and there are cranes along the borders.

In Czechoslovakia the International Postal Congress was held recently. The postal authorities surcharged an inscription—*Congres Olymp. Internat.*—on the 50 haleru, 100h (illustrated herewith), and 200h of the 1923 series, bearing President Masaryk's portrait, and sold the stamps at double the original face value. Part of the revenue thus obtained will be used to finance the sending of Czechoslovakia's young athletes to the Olympic games to be held in Holland in 1928.

In Uruguay a happening of a hundred years ago—the arrival of the first Uruguayan settlers at Montevideo—has been remembered by the issuing of three stamps with the design showing a group of the newcomers and, significant of political freedom, an uplifted arm holding a broken chain. Values and colors are 2 centavos red and black, 5c purple and black, and 12c blue and black.

The foregoing accounts for only a few of the recent commemoratives. Thus far this year approximately 200 such stamps have appeared.

Airposts

"FLYING MACHINE" stamps have appeared in Lebanon, Syria, Norway and Union of South Africa. The 2 piastres, 3pi, 5pi and 10pi of Lebanon's recent pictorials and the same denominations of Syria's pictorials have each been overprinted *Avion*, significant of "air." The Norwegian airpost stamps were given brief mention on the June page; there are seven values ranging from 2 to 25 ore. Norway sold 250,000 sets to the Norwegian Aerial Society, which is endeavoring to sell them to collectors at more than their face value, which makes the set a speculative one. It will be interesting to watch philately's ultimate attitude toward the stamps, as they were usable for postage only on mail carried by Amundsen on his recent North Pole journey.

For the Boys to Make

(*Continued from page 42*)

bar to the canoe gunwales. You will see by Fig. 9 how two of the bolts slip through the end holes of the strips, and slide in the slots, and how the other two bolts are used to clamp the bar to the gunwales. Pieces of strap iron drilled to receive the bolts, or pieces of a hinge, form the lower jaw of the clamps which grip the under side of the gunwales.

A Running Board Cupboard

THE photograph shows a good cupboard for summer auto camping, and weekend trips such as many families indulge in the year round. A simple rig is this and you fellows can make one to fit Father's car. A pair of bolts fasten the cabinet bottom to the car's running board, and wire connects the back with a door handle.

Figure 2 shows a cross section of the cabinet, Fig. 3 a view of the back, and Fig. 4 a detail of the door or drop leaf. The height and width dimensions are not given as they must be determined by the type of car the cabinet is made for. However, bottom A and shelves B may be of boards 8 inches wide, sides C of pieces 9 inches wide, top D of a 10-inch board. Back E is a piece of wallboard, and the drop leaf has a panel (J) of the same material.

The diagrams show how the bottom and shelves fasten between the end boards, and how the wallboard back is tacked to their edges and to the edge of the top shelf. Note the projecting ends of the top shelf. Strip F is a hinge strip, strip G supports the cupboard catch latch pocket.

Make a frame of strips H and I for the drop leaf, and tack the wallboard panel to it. Hinge the drop leaf and apply the cupboard catch and check chain, as shown.

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Specimen for Analysis

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depth of the mysterious, to 'delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to—"

"May I help you to some of this hash, professor?" interrupted the landlady.

Wasting No Shots

While a shooting party was out for a day's sport a raw young sportsman was observed taking aim at a pheasant running along the ground.

As it is unsportsmanlike to shoot a bird while it is on the ground, a companion shouted: "Hi, there, never shoot a running bird!"

"What do you take me for, you idiot?" came the reply. "Can't you see I'm waiting till it stops?"

Literally

Old Lady (visiting State Prison)—"I suppose, my poor man, it was poverty brought you to this."

Counterfeiter—"On the contrary, mum, I was just coining money."

A Bad Spell

Mother—"You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you?"

Boy—"Yes'm."

Mother—"How did that happen?"

Boy — "Got too many z's in scissors."

Self-sacrifice

"Mama," said little Willie, "I do wish I had some money to give you for the poor children."

His mother, wishing to teach him the lesson of self-sacrifice, said, "Very well, dear; if you would like to go without sugar for a week, I'll give you the money instead, and then you will have some."

The little one considered solemnly for a moment, and then said, "Must it be sugar, Mama?"

"Why, no, darling; not necessarily. What would you like to do without?"

"Soap, Mama," was Willie's answer.

Correct Definition

A parking space is where you leave the car to have the tail-light knocked off.

True Eloquence

"He made an unusually good after-dinner speech."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Waiter, give me the check.'"

Couldn't Fool Him

Percy—"Just think, those ruins are 2,000 years old."

Bill—"Aw gwan, it's only 1925 now."

Irate Mr. Bug—"Well, now this is a nice fix. Here I've become agent of these portable houses and now I find that there is nobody around but a pesky lot of snails and turtles."

Marine Intelligence

Boatman (to merrymakers)—"I must ask you to pay in advance, as the boat leaks."

Where Faith Is Weak

Tell a man there are 267,543,201 stars and he will believe you, but if a sign says "Fresh Paint" he will make a personal investigation.

This Can't Be Tennessee

Lady—"Why have they let all the monkeys out of their cages?"

Zoo Attendant—"Holiday, mum. This is Darwin's birthday."

Proved

"Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

"Unquestionably."

"What is it?"

"I just told you."

Took Him at His Word

The two commercial travelers were discussing the careless way in which trunks and suitcases are handled by some railway companies.

"I had a very cute idea for preventing that once," said one of them, smiling reminiscently. "I labeled each of my bags 'With Care—China.'"

"And did that have any effect?" asked the other.

"Well, I don't know; you see they shipped the whole dinged lot off to Hongkong."

Isn't Science Wonderful!

Washington, March 25—Department of Agriculture scientists after a long study of the question have determined that the way to eliminate the odor of garlic from the breath is to refrain from eating garlic.

Hoping for Similar Luck

News item—A fly's leg made $40 look like $140 on the bank book of a St. Paul man. Note—to swat flies this summer with our bank books.

Crumbs of Comfort

"Mr. Chairman," complained the speaker, stopping in his address, "I have been on my feet nearly ten minutes, but there is so much ribaldry and interruption, I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, guv'nor," came a voice from the rear, "you ain't missin' much."

A Poor Risk, Anyhow

Agent—"You had better let me write that insurance for you, Rastus."

Rastus—"No, sah, boss; I is not too safe at home, as it is, sah."

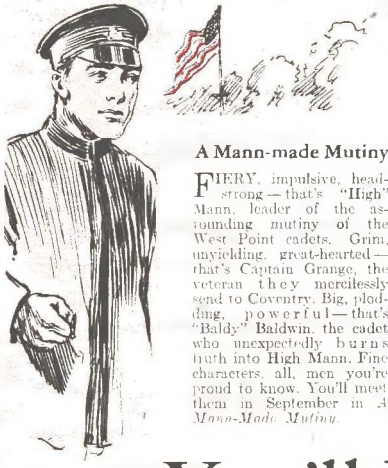
Off the Square

Clubman—"Have a game of chess, Brown?"

Cross-Word Victim—"No, my doctor has forbidden me to look at anything with squares on."

Contents for August

Cover Drawing by *Anton Otto Fischer*



A Mann-made Mutiny

FIERY, impulsive, headstrong—that's "High" Mann, leader of the astounding mutiny of the West Point cadets. Grim, unyielding, great-hearted—that's Captain Grange, the veteran they mercilessly send to Coventry. Big, plodding, powerful—that's "Baldy" Baldwin, the cadet who unexpectedly burns (with into High Mann. Fine characters, all, men you're proud to know. You'll meet them in September in *A Mann-Made Mutiny.*

Spinaway's Race

FIGHTING thoroughbreds—Spinaway, magnificent Kentucky racehorse; Curly Bennett, his lean young master; and Johnny Bettis, game little jockey. But two of the three had been outlaws. In a big test, will they again prove outlaws? You'll see thrilling riding next month in *Spinaway's Race*—and a fierce battle between black treachery and clean courage.

The Big Bass Horn

WHEN fat Detective Tierney blew his big bass horn, his home town roared. As a music-maker, Tierney was a joke. But as a bandit-trapper, he was good. Baited his trap with a booming bass horn solo, backed by New York's famous Cop Band. Pretty bad for the bandits. Look out for Tierney—he packs a big laugh!

You'll Meet These Fellows Next Month

Fumbles

YOU'LL meet live-wire football fellows in *Fumbles.* And a live-wire coach. His cure for fumbling is a blinger. Just hang a football around a fumbler's neck, and make him stick to it day and night. Does it work? Ask butter-fingered Bus Lovell. Or his snickering teammates. Or grinning Coach Cade. You'll find that cure developed a comical kick that caught Johnny Cade himself.

SOME of the finest fellows you've ever met—coming next month! Outstanding writers—Heyliger, Burtis, Barbour, Kauffman, and many others—will introduce them. You'll like Clay Randall, hot-headed star pitcher known as *Dorset's Twister.* You'll chuckle and snort over Freshman Flip's troubles in the big frosh-soph class rush called *The Sheriton Smash.* Plucky Matt Farnham, fighting for a square deal in a great boat race, will show you startlingly queer things going on around *Red Eagle Island.* These and other fine fiction fellows featured on this page make corking friends.

Fine fact fellows coming, too! Knute Rockne, coach of the Notre Dame team—considered America's best football team in 1924—will tell you about *Football Changes.* LeRoy W. Snell, practical radio man, will show you *How to Build a One-Tube Set.* Walter Kellogg Towers, automobile expert, will describe safe speeding. The Stamp specialist, the How-to-Make wizard, the Funnybone Tickler teller, and other favorites will all be on hand.

A lot of fellows you'll enjoy a lot! Watch for the September number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Spanish Gold

YOU'LL find daredevil Nicholas Rowntree fighting through the black, stormy night across a no-man's land haunted by thieves and murderers. In coming months, the impetuous young colonial will sweep you into hair-breadth adventures among dauntless soldiers, reckless sailors, grim savages, and cruelly treacherous spies. For big thrills, follow Nick along the blood-stained trail to *Spanish Gold.*

Possum Dodger

WHEN one chuckling yellow boy, two exasperated white boys, and two rival bloodhounds get mixed up in an Ozark swamp adventure, you'll see lots of fun and plenty of good, game grit. Watch, next month for Possum Dodger. Sid Allen, Skeets Lewis, old Pelt, and Bob Jones' razzberry hound.

Show This Page to All Your Friends—
They'll Want to Know These Fellows, Too

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Ranger Velocipedes

Sturdy three-wheel joy-makers and health builders that will deliver untold miles of happy childhood travel for any little boy or girl two to eight years of age. Made in four sizes and frequently called "Three wheeled Rangers," because of their superior workmanship, high grade ball bearings and the liberal use of actual bicycle material in their construction to insure lightness and attractiveness with durability and ease of riding.

Frames and forks are of seamless bicycle tubing, hubs and pedals are full ball bearing, with big *one inch* cushion rubber tires that do not need pumping and cannot puncture. Steel rim wheels with regular nickel plated bicycle spokes and nipples. Regular miniature bicycle adjustable handle bar with rubber grips, juvenile bicycle rubber pedals and small bicycle saddle with big springs and adjustable seat post.

Beautifully enamelled in Carmine Red, trimmed in gold, black and French grey. They are built to take hard usage and because of their durability, bring us many orders later for a two-wheeled Ranger when the children are older.

If interested, mark an "X" in coupon below for special circular and factory-to-rider prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M19, Chicago, U. S. A.

Send me the new Ranger Catalog, with Factory-to-Rider prices, and the $5-a-month easy payment plan on your bicycles, also Tires, Parts and Sundries.

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If interested in *Ranger Velocipedes* at our Factory-to-Rider prices mark an "X" here ( )

Tires-Sundries-Parts

At money-saving Factory Prices, are also illustrated and described in our big Ranger catalog. These hundreds of accessories that add to the comfort and convenience of any bicycle—lamps, luggage-carriers, horns, tires, bells, sirens, pedals, chains, handle bars, locks, rims, built-up wheels, hubs and spokes, are carefully selected by our buyers in Chicago and Birmingham, England. Looking through this catalog is just like taking a trip through the largest and greatest bicycle store, seeing bargains, new ideas and conveniences that you never saw or heard of before. There is no equal for Mead quality, style and price.

Send No Money

Fill out the coupon or on a postal card ask for full particulars of our Factory Prices, wonderful offers and Easy Payment Terms. Protect yourself on the greatest Bicycle Values in the world today and be the proud owner of a new 1925 "Ranger"—the supreme bicycle—Young America's peerless choice.

Free Ranger Catalog

If you want to race through the year on a "Ranger," send for catalog today. Our bargains and terms will open your eyes, but the snappy pictures of the new "Rangers" will make them bulge with wonder.

Mead Cycle Company

Dept. M-19, Chicago