

The January

1927

# American Boy

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# The American Boy

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His blades were close and his arms were spread like the wings of a soaring eagle.

THE first big fall of snow came two weeks to a day after Arnold Chase's return to school from Christmas recess. By Thursday morning the little valley below the village was almost a foot deep under the glistening white mantle, while along the face of the hills beyond, the drifts were piled in the hollows and sheltered spaces. The half-gale petered out that day and in the afternoon the sun came forth resplendently and did its part. A score of fellows worked until supper time getting the two ski jumps in order. The last of the work was performed with only the dim radiance of the snow to light the toilers, and at a few minutes before six Arnold trudged tiredly back to his dormitory with Chick Baxter and Bert Walters and several others, mostly Fifth and Sixth Form chaps, taking little share in the animated conversation. The cheerful anticipations of his companions somehow failed to awaken a proper response.

A week since, following a meager snowfall, Arnold had donned the brand new skis that Brother Bob had given him at Christmas and, under the tutelage of his particular chum, Meigs Peekham, had tramped hither and yon across the valley and along the slopes and had, so he firmly believed, mastered the art of skiing. Meigs, who was a year older than Arnold and in the form above—Arnold had entered last fall in the Fourth—had recounted glowing tales of ski jumping and his hearer had become readily enthused. More than that, as he now regretfully reflected, he had expressed the desire and the

## The Cabin Jump

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

determination to become one of the valorous company who hurled themselves over the Cabin Jump. To-day, having viewed that particular hazard from start to platform and from platform to precipitous path below, his enthusiasm had practically disappeared. All his imagination failed him when he tried to vision himself emulating a bird in the manner of Meigs and Clayt McKenzie and the other adventurous ones! In brief, Arnold sincerely wished that he had never listened to his chum's thrilling recitals, or, having listened, had never proposed himself as a candidate for jumping honors. Unfortunately the die was cast, however, and regrets were worse than idle. He had to go on with the business. He hated a quitter himself and knew that Meigs did, too. Even if he eventually broke his silly neck it was impossible to let Meigs think him a coward. Evidently he was one—a novel and unwelcome realization—but at least he could hide the fact from Meigs.

So that evening when, after study hour, Meigs lounged in from next door, as was his nightly custom, and sprawled his long body in Arnold's armchair and expatiated on the de-Jump, his host managed to disguise his aversion to the subject and even to echo, albeit faintly, the other's enthusiasm. They would, Meigs announced, reverting to the matter of Arnold's instruction, begin with the practice jump over beyond the playing field on the morrow. The drop there was only a matter of ten feet, but it was sufficient to serve as an introduction to the more ambitious jump, Meigs cheerfully explained.

Arnold smiled wanly and said: "Well, I was wondering if I hadn't better just watch you fellows to-morrow. Seems to me I could learn a good deal that way."

"Ye-es," Meigs agreed doubtfully. "Only thing is, Arn, this snow may not last very long, and you don't want to miss it altogether. Still, it wouldn't hurt to look on to-morrow and get some points. Clayt McKenzie's the best fellow to study. He's got it all over the rest of the fellows, both for form and for distance. Maybe you can get a couple of jumps afterwards."

THE last thing Arnold did that night before putting out the light was to peer anxiously from the window. There were, however, no indications of a thaw to be detected.

The next afternoon he donned skiing regalia and

trudged over to the foot of the Cabin Jump. Meigs, released from his final recitation earlier than his friend, was already there, one of a numerous throng gathered to watch the jumpers. Four fellows were on their way up the wood road that led to the Cabin and the start of the slide, and the audience waited impatiently until they came out of the trees up there. Several more minutes passed, and then a jumper came into sight again above the Cabin. Two others joined him, and finally, just as the first began to move down the slide, the last appeared.

"Here comes Clayt," said Meigs. "Watch him, Arn." The skier was lost to sight for an instant and then suddenly appeared at the platform, a straight, dark form against the snowy hillside. He shot upward and out over the long drop. His blades were close and his arms were spread like the wings of a soaring eagle. He was flying straight down at them, his size increasing startlingly, incredibly. Arnold thrilled and feared at once. Ten yards away the jumper struck the snow, his body stooping over the parted runners, rushed past them on the level, swirled to the left and stopped. It was a pretty jump, and there was plenty of applause as Clayt tramped back to the watching group.

"It's fast to-day," he observed casually. "You are going up, Meigs?"

"Yes, as soon as these fellows come down. At least—" Meigs paused doubtfully and looked an inquiry at Arnold.

"Of course you are," said Arnold. "I want to watch awhile, anyway. Maybe afterwards I'll go over and try the other jump. If I don't lose my nerve," he added, with a rueful glance at Clayt.

"You won't, Chase. And after the first jump you'll forget you ever thought anything of it. Here's Chick!"

Chick Baxter failed of Clayt's distance by many yards and caused enjoyment amongst the watchers by turning over and coming to a halt at the bottom. Bill Weare and Bert Walters followed him, the latter almost equalling Clayt for distance but certainly not for form. The group broke up, many of the throng, steadily augmented by newcomers, starting the climb up the slope by the old wagon track, some wandering off on snowshoes, a few remaining to await the next jumpers.

Arnold slid away on an experimental tramp when Meigs had gone, half wishing he had elected to accompany the jumpers to the Cabin. The point was, though, that he would feel like a fool up there with everyone else, or almost everyone else, taking the jump. It would make him look like a coward, he thought. He supposed he must be a coward, for he certainly dreaded even the practice jump, but he could at least avoid the appearance. He circled around, digging his poles into the snow, sliding his long blades creditably enough, and returned to the "spillway," as the fellows facetiously called it, just as Ted Bragg came over the edge and, all askew, landed, shot to the right, turned over completely in a flurry of snow and lay motionless. A dozen fellows hurried toward him, but Ted was sitting up and grinning before anyone reached his side.

"Gosh, that was an awful one, wasn't it?" he asked self-reproachfully.

"Look out, down there!" came the warning, and they scuttled aside. It was Meigs this time, and Meigs, like a tall, thin letter T, floated through the air, landed, shot past and curved widely with decreasing momentum. Arnold dug his poles and went over to meet him.

"That was great," he applauded. "I don't think you made Clayt's mark, but—"

"I know very well I didn't," answered Meigs. "And I won't to-day, either, because my first jump's always my best. After that I try to remember too many things to do or not to do, try too hard, and always make a mess of it. I'm going to have one more, though, and then we'll go over and—"

"Oh, let's not bother to-day," said Arnold carelessly. "You go and have some more jumps and I'll watch you and get some pointers. Maybe to-morrow—"

"No, I've had enough." It was decent of Arn to be willing to give up his lesson, but Meigs wasn't going to accept the sacrifice. "Besides, this snow may go any time, as I said last night. It's pretty thin in places right now. I'll be back in twenty minutes, Arn. You wait for me."

MEIGS joined two or three other ambitious ones and angled up the first slope toward the road. When he had gone Arnold wished that he had been more firm. Of course he didn't intend to let the practice jump scare him, but if he got so that he could make that to Meigs' satisfaction the latter would expect him to try the Cabin Jump, and Arnold, looking up at the take-off, was quite convinced that he would never be able to screw up his courage to it. No, sir, not in a hundred years!

Later arrivals reached the scene, amongst them

Meade Lumis, and Meade elected to swing over to where Arnold stood. He was on snowshoes and he used them with an expertness that Arnold envied. Meade was a Sixth Form fellow, popular and of importance in the school world, and Arnold was duly flattered when he joined him.

"Hello, Chase," greeted the arrival. "Are you jumping?"

"Not yet." Arnold hated to acknowledge his shame to Meade. "I haven't done much jumping, and—and that's quite a stunt."

"It certainly looks so to me. I've never plucked up enough courage to try ski jumping. I have a sort of hankering to live a while longer. I fancy there's quite a difference between pushing those things around on the snow and using 'em for wings! Someone's coming down now, I think."

They watched the jumper as he launched himself from the platform and, arms wildly waving, shot down. He was evidently a novice, and Arnold held his breath for

## Just Three Men

**A**gainst a dangerous mob of striking miners—but two of those men were Russ Farrell and Slim Evans, of the Border Patrol. A frantic call for help had brought them to Silverton in a big Douglas, and even before that roaring, two-ton plane had nosed down into the little mining camp they had found trouble.

One plane and two flyers meant nothing to that murderous mob of Mexicans, negroes, and renegade whites, stirred up to a livid hatred by some yellow agitator—but quick-witted, red-headed Russ used his head. You'll see how next month in

### "The Mine, the Mob, and Mayfield"

the moment that he seemed to hang between platform and path. When he landed he had only one runner straight, and in consequence he instantly became a human pinwheel. Arms, legs, and skis revolved bewilderingly. That he hadn't broken something was a marvel to Arnold and Meade, but he hadn't, for he was up again before they could reach him; up and laughing as he tried to shake the snow from his eyes and ears. Arnold did not know the boy, but evidently Meade did, for the jumper addressed the latter when he found his breath.

"Awful, eh? That was my third jump, and it was the worst of the lot. I get more rotten every time. Hang the business!"

"Aren't you afraid of busting some little thing like an arm or a leg or a neck?" asked Meade.

"Oh, no, you don't get hurt very often. When you know you're in for a bump, you just let yourself go. Shucks, my kid brother bust a leg last winter coasting on a sled! Just fell off somehow and was laid up nearly a month. It just shows, eh?"

Meade chuckled when the other had gone off again. "That's Pentland. He was out for football last fall and stuck only about a week. Every time he tried to tackle the dummy he slowed up. Said he was scared he'd break his shoulder blade! As he says, it just shows!"

"Yes," replied Arnold eagerly. "I suppose a fellow can be brave about one thing and—and sort of yellow about another."

"Sure. Or, more likely, he sees the risk in one thing and not in the other. I know a chap who swims like a fish and will go a mile straight out from the beach, but he's a regular coward when it comes to diving. You can't get him to even try it!"

They talked there until Meigs came sky-hooting down to them, again falling by many yards to equal Clayt McKenzie's best effort. Arnold was glad that Meade Lumis didn't offer to accompany them over to the practice jump. He feared that the other would have some difficulty in reconciling his previous nonchalant attitude toward ski jumping with his subsequent performance!

**T**HREE days later Arnold went to dinner with an appetite far below normal. He tried very hard to disguise that fact from the others at his table, especially Meigs, and managed to put away almost his usual amount of food. But it was hard work, for whenever he recalled the program for that afternoon his throat became strangely constricted. He wondered what the symptoms of ptomaine poisoning were and whether, in case he developed them, it would be best to lay the canned peas under suspicion or blame the lamb stew. Perhaps, though, to be the only one of a hundred and fifty to be affected by the food would be unconvincing. He abandoned the idea.

For two afternoons he had been instructed by Meigs in the gentle art of ski jumping. It had been intimated that the first time was the worst, and he knew that it was, but although he had made at least twenty jumps over the ten-foot drop he still lacked what might be termed a genuine passion for the sport. Oh, he had got so that he didn't mind the practice slide; at least not much; he had even elicited hearty praise from Meigs and some others who had witnessed his maiden efforts; but when he considered transferring his scene of action to the Cabin Jump he felt decidedly squirmy. Of course he didn't have to try it to-day, or ever if he chose not to; no one could force him to it. Only hang it, he *did* have to! What was the use of trying to deceive himself? He had gone and let himself in for it, deliberately and irrevocably, and there was no use pretending otherwise. The chocolate pudding tasted like ashes.

**H**E dreaded the arrival of three-thirty, but it came quickly. He couldn't remember when afternoon recitations had passed off so rapidly. He went laggingly back to the room, detesting himself for being so cowardly and pitying himself at the same time. Meigs' door was open and Meigs was squirming into a light-weight sweater. Arnold had an eleventh-hour inspiration. He would feign illness. Oh, not ptomaine poisoning, of course, but something mildly debilitating like a headache. But Meigs didn't give him time to lay the groundwork of deception.

"That you, Arn? Get a move on, old man, and let's go. There'll be a crowd on the slide to-day, I guess." Meigs pulled the sweater into place, shouldered his skis and shoved Arnold into his own room. Arnold groaned, hoped Meigs hadn't heard it, and pulled off his coat. While he was changing to attire more suitable for suicide in the open, Meigs chatted on blithely. "You're going to try it to-day?" he asked finally, propounding a question the other had been dreading.

Arnold looked up from pulling on a golf stocking. "Why, I don't know, Peck. What do you think?" he asked calmly.

Meigs shrugged lightly and smiled. "It's up to you, son. You can do it, and the sooner you do it the better. Still, I'm not sure that it wouldn't be just as well to watch the rest of us this afternoon. As I've been telling you, Arn, it's taking off that's bothered you most, just as it does every fellow at first. You've got to learn to put spring into it if you want distance. Just letting yourself slip over, sort of dead weight, won't do. You've got to rise to it. You have got to have the idea of distance in your mind, Arn. It's a heap like broad jumping. If a fellow doesn't take off with the determination to make distance, why, he just won't, no matter how much speed he gets up or how he handles his body. See what I mean? Co-ordination between mind and body, son; that's it. Something of the sort, anyway. You watch the fellows to-day. You'll see some of 'em take the jump as if they were bags of coal and others will go over like birds, just as though they were going to fly all the way back to school!"

"I suppose I might learn something by watching," mused Arnold. He searched Meigs' countenance for signs of suspicion, but he saw none. Inside him a vast relief was making him want to laugh or burst into song. He was in high spirits as they and a score of other skiers made their way across the fields. He had his alibi for to-day and the morrow could take care of itself. Perhaps a thaw would set in! It didn't feel a bit like it just now, but you never could tell what the much maligned New England climate would do.

It was hard musing up the old wagon road and the

wiser ones removed their skis. Arnold, though, kept his on. He might fail as a jumper, but the world should see that he was no mollycoddle! He had very little breath left in his body as he and Meigs came out of the woods and joined the small throng at the Cabin. The Cabin was a twelve foot by nine erection of logs set about a third of the way up the hill where a small plateau lay. It had no front wall, and so perhaps didn't really deserve the name of cabin, but it afforded shelter from the colder winds, and there was a huge fireplace at the back where in extreme weather the logs blazed merrily. On sunny afternoons, though, the fire wasn't needed. The rough planks of the floor were warm and the well-chinked logs defeated the wind.

A path led some rods higher up the slope, and there the slide began. Some thirty feet below the Cabin was the jump. A platform of heavy planks had been laid over a jutting ledge and well covered with closely-packed snow. The jump from the platform to the valley floor below carried the jumper from twenty to twenty-five feet down. If one stood at the platform and looked downward it wasn't at all hard to believe the distance down double what it actually was. To-day, looking over from the side of the platform, Arnold experienced a renewal of gratitude toward the fate that had postponed his trial!

And yet when, presently, he watched two of the fellows come sliding down the path from above and launch themselves over the edge of the jump he lost some of his terror, for there was reassurance to be found in their unconcerned countenances, in the seemingly effortless certainty of their swooping descent through the air. If only, he thought longingly, he had the courage to make that first jump!

He had taken off his skis and laid them, with his poles, on the cabin porch, where half a dozen other pairs reposed. Perhaps a dozen fellows sat along the edge of the porch or stood about the platform, the majority of them being there to watch. As fast as one jumper cleared the take-off another trudged up the path, so that the group remained about the same as to numbers. Mr. White, the master in charge of athletics at the school, was on hand to-day. Out of his hearing he was referred to as "Porgy." He was a well-meaning but not over popular member of the school faculty whose knowledge of athletics was theoretical rather than practical. This afternoon he wore a skiing costume correct to the last detail—which, perhaps, was the gray and blue toque that lent him a rather rakish air—and he had ascended the hill on his trusty blades. Nevertheless, no one expected "Porgy" to imperil his bones or his dignity by taking the jump, and so no one was disappointed when he confined himself to advice instead of example. Arnold, intending to rejoin Meigs in front of the Cabin, saw that it was his chum who was the present recipient of Mr. White's confidences. Arnold found a seat at a distance and watched with amusement Meigs' patient boredom. Once a scrap of the conversation came to him on the northerly breeze that scuttled around the corner.

"Exactly what I contend," declared "Porgy." "The center of gravity controls that factor, Peckham. The change of plane tends to incline the body backward. Now suppose the center of gravity at the instant—"

Arnold saw Meigs nod gravely enough after a moment, but he knew that his chum was not convinced. He appeared to be voicing opposite views, illustrating by bending his knees and leaning his body forward. Mr. White's toque shook almost violently and the discourse went on. Arnold lost interest and turned to watch Lou Riley, up at the start, tip his blades over the edge, and come gliding past and then disappear from sight. Probably Meigs allowed himself to be convinced, or to seem so, for he started toward the summit, at last, his skis across a shoulder, and Arnold went down to the platform to see him take the jump. Others joined him from the Cabin. After a minute Meigs came, crouching low, lower than usual, Arnold thought, rushed across the snow-packed platform, took the rise and shot off, arms spread steadily, body slowly straightening. A gallant leap, but doomed to disaster.

Whether Meigs, unconsciously impressed by "Porgy's" theories, had sought to erect a posture, or what had happened, was not evident, but long before he landed on the path below the watchers realized that he was in for a fall. His left ski dropped at the heel and his body swayed backward, or so it looked from above. Arnold saw him make a sudden, desperate effort to regain his balance, saw the long arms swirl and felt his heart stop beating as Meigs struck. The jumper seemed all limbs and skis for an instant. Then a cloud of snow hid him. After that he was a sprawling, inert form at the edge of the path.

SILENCE fell on the group about the platform. Arnold was dimly conscious of being pushed aside and afterwards recalled "Porgy's" anxious countenance thrust between him and the still form down there. When Arnold was able to see again, several fellows were bending over Meigs. Around Arnold, voices began to be heard, at first in whispered interjections, then in muttered regrets and, at length, in anxious shouts to those below. But the questions were unheard, or, at least, went unanswered. One boy down there arose suddenly and started off at a run toward school. Someone pulled off a sweater, raised Meigs' head and slipped the bundled garment beneath. Others straightened the long legs. This latter act, with its sinister inference, made Arnold feel oddly faint and

sick, so that he groped back from the edge, instinctively seeking safety for himself while numb with fear for another. Perhaps it was Arnold's movement that set the others in motion. A jumble of cries arose and there was a frantic rush toward the Cabin. Snowshoes and skis were hurriedly sought and then quickly the scene was deserted. Not quite either, for there was George Sandys bending over his lacings and here was Arnold, white of face, groping for his skis and poles, desperately longing to reach Meigs yet too unnerved to hurry.

"I'm going to jump," said Sandy. "That's the quickest way. Coming?"

Someone said "Yes" in a strange, dogged voice. Arnold was slightly surprised, since he had supposed Sandy and he were alone. Then he suddenly knew that it was his own voice he had heard, suddenly discovered that his trembling fingers were tugging at the laces of



Suddenly the wind was in his face, the cold, frosty wind of late afternoon, and he was rushing toward the brink.

one ski. Events up there followed each other with a strange confusion. Sandy was shouting from the platform.

"Path! Coming down!"

Then he was on his way to the top, and Arnold, or someone who seemed to be Arnold but couldn't very well be Arnold, was angling at his heels. Whoever it was saying to himself: "Ought to have waited. No sense putting skis on down there." Sandy, settling himself calmly on his runners, left a warning behind. "Better jump short, Chase. They're all over the path down there. Let's go!" He tipped his skis over the edge, moved slowly along the first few yards and then went faster and faster down the slope to the platform. He rose, dropped, and was gone.

Alone up there, Arnold stared with white, set face at the suddenly empty slide. This must be he, but if so what was he doing here? For an instant he seemed to be standing at one side observing this poised form with something like awe. But all the time he was repeating voicelessly: "I'm going to jump! I've got to get down there! I'm going to jump!" Back of the acceptance of that fact lurked a dread, a horror, but it wasn't strong enough to weigh against the determination imposed on his will by someone who might or might not be Arnold Chase.

Whether he tipped his skis over the edge himself or whether some unseen force thrust him forward he could not have told, but suddenly the wind was in his face, the cold, frosty wind of late afternoon, and he was rushing toward the brink. Down he went, ever faster, crouching instinctively as he had learned to crouch above that other and lesser jump, guiding his runners to that nice proximity that assures balance and control at once. Al-

most instantly the snow-covered ground ended, he felt the level platform beneath him, was conscious of an upward throw that for a short instant made his heart stand still. He was afloat in air, below him a blue-shadowed expanse, dotted with forms. He still crouched; the glory of standing almost erect was not for him. Then he was falling, falling. Up shot the white, shadowed earth to meet him. It was as though he were motionless and a giant hand were thrusting the world up to him. It was at once appalling and fascinating, although neither emotion impressed him greatly. Habit steadied his body and brought both runners to earth at once, there was a jar, a forward fling that nearly upset him, a breath-taking glide and then he was rolling over in the trodden snow.

IT left him oddly dizzy, but he was already finding himself when Sandy's voice spoke. "Good jump, Chase! Guess, though, you forgot what I told you about going short. You came darn near busting into the crowd. Course it would have been their fault, but—"

"Where's Meigs?" interrupted Arnold a bit wildly. He steadied himself with a hand on Sandy's shoulder and looked about. Then his eyes answered him. They had moved Meigs farther from the "spillway" and a curious crowd still ringed him loosely. Mr. Olyphant, one of the instructors, was crouched beside him. Arnold wondered where "Elephant" had come from as he started toward the group. Sandy was still beside him, and Arnold found himself listening with sinking heart.

"He's unconscious, but his heart's beating. Mr. Olyphant says it's probably just a slight concussion, but maybe he doesn't know. They've sent for a stretcher."

"Could have made it with ski poles," muttered Arnold. "No coats, maybe. Sweaters? Well, but if it happens to be his spine, you know—"

Arnold was surprised and relieved when he peered over a shoulder and looked down at Meigs. The latter was not particularly pale; appeared, rather, to be comfortably asleep. Arnold endured a moment's anguished doubt until he saw the slow rise and fall of his friend's chest. The rug broke and several breathless fellows pushed through with a folding (Continued on page 36)

# Pass, Catch and Shoot!

By Dan Meenan

Coach of Columbia University's 1926 Eastern Intercollegiate Basketball Champions



Keep the ball close to you.

ONE afternoon last winter while I was riding north on a Fifth Avenue bus, I overheard a young man—probably a student at one of New York's universities—make a remark that interested me very much.

"I don't see how Columbia wins basketball games," he was saying. "They don't play up-to-date basketball. They only know one kind of shot for the basket—and they never vary it. They use only one kind of pass. They can't dribble—at least you never see them doing it. And you never see them try any trick stuff. It's just pass, pass, pass, until they make a basket. Beats me how they keep on winning!"

I had to smile. Without seeming to realize it, the young man had answered his own question. We won games because we played exactly the kind of basketball he described. We only used one shot for the basket—the best shot. We only made one kind of pass—the surest, most easily handled kind. We rarely dribbled because we believe that dribbling is too individualistic—likely, on the whole, to slow up an offense. We used no "trick" plays, because we don't like complicated basketball.

To the student of the present-day game all this sounds revolutionary. I'll admit, but in one year it brought to Columbia University the first Eastern intercollegiate title she has won in twelve years.

Before I go on to describe Columbia's method of training and practice, I'd like to make it clear that while our system proved to be a winner for us, it might not be suitable in its entirety for all types of teams. Read about it—think it over—and then use only such parts of it as seem to fit your needs.

Our play is based on two qualities: condition and skill. Our men had condition—the ability to go at top speed for an entire game. Skill, in floor work and basket shooting, they learned.

If you had happened in at the Columbia gymnasium last November, you wouldn't have seen the squad trying fancy shots for the basket, making underhand passes, or studying diagramed and charted plays. You'd have found them on the running track, getting their legs and wind in shape. Early in December, you would have seen them on the floor, running up and down the court and passing.

Everyone has seen games in which the score was tied in the last five minutes of play. You know what happens. The speed is terrific. Trick plays are seraped. Every man is after the ball. The passing is so fast that your eyes can hardly follow the ball as it crisscrosses from man to man. . . . That's exactly the kind of game the Columbia team plays from the opening whistle until the gun.

In a tense, fast game of that sort you can be sure in advance which team will win. It's not the team that has put a lot of dependence on charts or "trick" plays. It's the team that has the most stamina and is best drilled in the fundamentals—the team that can make the most accurate passes and receive them without fumbling.

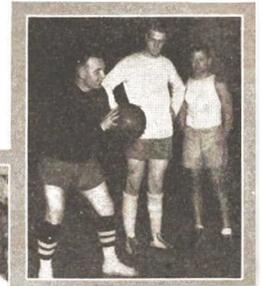
Time after time, last year, our opponents challenged our fast game and grittily stuck with us for ten or twelve minutes. Then they wilted. They hadn't trained themselves to stand the pace.



Time your jump and you'll get the ball.

COACH MEENAN'S style of play is an unusual one. He doesn't use the popular five-man defense because he prefers the man-for-man method. He forbids dribbling. He teaches no "plays." He throws on trick shots or "snap" passes. He uses no charts or diagrams. But in one year, under his coaching, Columbia University has jumped to the top of Eastern intercollegiate basketball.

Dan Meenan was himself a great player. In 1912 he was a forward on the Columbia team and was selected by sports writers for the first All-Eastern five. In that year Columbia won the Eastern championship. In 1913 he was injured and did very little playing, but in 1914, as captain of his team, he led Columbia to a tie for first place with Cornell. That year he was again picked for the All-Eastern team.



"Hands around the ball!" says Meenan.

And since your team mate is on the run too, aim at a spot ahead of him, so that he and the ball will arrive there at the same time.

Never pass to a standing player. You've got to learn to adapt your shots to the speed of the man you are working with. And leave the fancy stuff—the wrist snap and the english—to the other team. Drill eternally on the one-handed pass that travels at the height of the chin until you have the satisfaction of knowing that you can put the ball anywhere you want it.

Never catch the ball with your palms to the front. You might as well try to grab it with a platter. Hold your hands palms inward and facing each other, so that when the ball reaches you, they'll be around it. Watch the player who tries to handle the ball the other way. In the tenseness of the struggle his arm muscles naturally stiffen, and the ball bounces off his palms.

One more thing on passing. When you have the ball, learn to keep your elbows close to your sides and the ball close to the right shoulder. If you are in the habit of holding the ball out from your body, or having your elbows spread, an opponent can easily jolt your arm and knock the ball from your hands.

The third fundamental on which we drill hard—indeed we give it two weeks of almost exclusive attention—is shooting. Here, too, there is no fancy work—no back spin, no english, no one-handed shots from the side of the body. In shooting, there are only three points to consider: the eye, the ball and the basket. These three should be in line, and that's why I prefer the chest shot to any other kind. Hold the ball close to the chest with both hands; shove outward and upward, following through so that when you are finished, your arms are outstretched and your hands close together, above you. Leave your feet on all shots. Don't be jerky; don't "snap" the ball; don't hurry. Shooting is rhythmic and graceful. It's like Bobby Jones swinging a driver. Any man who has seen the Atlanta golfer drive 250 yards with an effortless, easy swing wonders why he ever thought golf was hard. Rogers Hornsby shows the same grace and ease at bat. So does Babe Ruth.

Championship form at bat or on the tee is not tricky or hard; it's simple, and characterized by rhythm and follow-through. Basket-shooting is no exception to this rule. Keep your eye on the basket, crouch a little if necessary, shoot the ball easily from you in a high arc toward the hoop, straightening out and leaving your feet as you do so. Try for grace and rhythm. Forget trick stuff. Forget the spin because you can never tell what a spinning ball will do on the rebound.

When you're close to the basket, you'll want to use a variation of the chest shot. Hold the ball in your right hand, shoulder high, and (Continued on page 28)



Columbia converts a foul, but Penn finally wins, 23-21. It was Columbia's only Eastern League upset last year.



May the highest jumper win! Tip-off in last year's Penn-Cornell game. Cornell won.

We, on the other hand, had prepared for our speed early in the fall. Before regular practice had started, our men were on the cinder track, developing wind. When it became too cold for outside running, we put in two solid weeks on the court, doing nothing but pass, catch and shoot. In those three words you have the fundamental qualities of a winning team—pass, catch and shoot! Basketball is simpler than some people will admit, and winning games is largely a matter of keeping possession of the ball while you are moving over the floor. Keeping possession of the ball, in turn, is a matter of knowing how to pass and catch.

Practice floor work. Don't be in a hurry to become involved in plays. Give me a team that knows how to pass, catch and shoot, and I think I can beat the team that knows every "trick" play and every bit of court strategy in the books, but is faulty in floor work.

The Columbia squad depends, except for basket shots, on the one-hand pass. Grasp the ball, shoulder high, in the right hand, with the left hand in front of the ball to steady it. Carry it backward a short way and then throw it, without spin, following through with your arm. Aim at your team mate's chin. If the throw is higher it will shut off his vision and if it is lower it will throw him off his stride. The last point is important, because no man should ever receive a pass flat-footed. He should be going somewhere when he gets the ball. Do not slow him up by making him stoop for a low one.

Learn this pass thoroughly—your execution of it must be perfect. Except for an occasional two-handed pass when you are closely guarded and must pivot before you throw, use this one pass to the exclusion of all others. It stands to reason that you'll become infinitely more accurate than you were when you tried to spin the ball, or snap it, or do something else that is fancy.

After you pass, take two steps. That's to get you in the habit of keeping on the run.

## Coach Meenan Says:

"Give me a team that knows how to pass, catch and shoot, and I think I can beat the team that knows every 'trick' play and every bit of court strategy in the books, but is faulty in fundamentals."



# The Lion Tamer

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

**H** EAT and haze, copper-lake grass, thickets bristling with six-inch thorns, white as bleached bone, rust-red rocks, stunted trees, blistering saffron sand with death lurking everywhere—that is the veldt of South Africa. By tame-folk standards it is no place for a home; yet unnumbered wild folk live happily—and die suddenly—in the veldt.

One of the wisest and wildest of them all slipped like a shadow through the thickets one scorching afternoon and traveled across the hot sand like a puff of tawny dust before the wind. Blackback, the Cape jackal, cared nothing for the heat and less for the various deaths that lurked beneath that blazing sun. In fact, any death that can overtake a black-backed jackal has to be sudden and well concealed indeed. This jackal had a special reason for hurrying home—nine special reasons, in fact, snuggled up close to Mrs. Blackback. Heavy responsibility kept Mr. Blackback hurrying. He had to bring in supplies for his family. But he did not have to do it alone long.

Mrs. Blackback soon decided to wean her cubs; and in spite of hungry little whines and protesting wails from the nine fuzzy, cuddling puppies, weaned they were. From then on neither of the old jackals ever entered the den; yet there was never a moment, night or day, when one was not on guard, while the other scoured the veldt to bring back food for the family.

Once a cream-colored genet, that long, sinuous hunter, half cat and half weasel, with legs so short that he moves over the ground like a snake, started to flow down the burrow of the jackal family. His pointed head was just disappearing in the entrance when the mother jackal descended upon him from a near-by thicket in such a fury of rage that the slightest attempt at a fighter of sorts, was glad to retreat by the tree-top route. The same thing happened to a long-legged serval cat, while an eight-foot python, who had decided to try young jackal as a change in diet, was caught amidships in the gripping jaws of the father of the family and shortly thereafter disappeared in sections down eleven hungry gullets.

**T** H E R E came a day, however, when an imperturbable stranger waddled deliberately up to the burrow and right under the watchful eyes of its guardians proceeded to enter without their making any attempt to stop him.

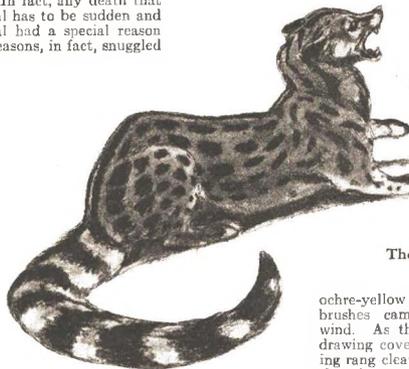
The newcomer had a cylindrical body and short legs and was about half the size of an ordinary pig. Not only did it march along in the open without the slightest attempt at concealment, but it even gave notice of its coming by rattling a bunch of hollow gulls at the end of its stumpy tail as it walked. Its air of confidence was fully justified. No wise animal attacks Ingu, as native hunters have named the African porcupine. Many have tried—and died, and the number includes the lion and the leopard. As this confident newcomer moved toward the burrow, he kept up a petulant grumbling and every once in a while raised a thicket of black and white quills on his back, some of which were fully a foot in length. As he disappeared down the tunnel, the mother jackal gave the slow, muffled bark that signaled her family that all was well.

They needed some such assurance when the round squirrel-like head of the porcupine, surmounted by bristling, needle-sharp spines, showed at the entrance to their snug living room. Foot by foot the puppies backed away from the stranger as he waddled forward, grunting and clashing his quills as he came. Ingu, however, paid no attention to them, but after sniffing here and there, dug out a room for himself in the side of the tunnel between where the cubs lived and the entrance.

From that time on, the ten lived together in peace and amity. When the porcupine was at home he kept himself curled up in his own room and never interfered with the rightful owners of the den in any way. Yet somewhere in the depths of his grumbling, spiny nature he seemed to have a liking for his nine little landlords, if one may judge by what he did on the day that a pack of Cape dogs, the *wilde honde* of the Dutch, found their way into that part of the veldt.

Big as a mastiff and wise as a wolf, with a cruel lust for slaughter, the Cape dog is death incarnate for all the smaller dwellers of the veldt. Accordingly, when one morning the unerring nose of the mother jackal caught

the unmistakable reek of a pack of hunting *wilde honde*, she gave the sharp staccato yelp that carries far and signals danger to her mate. He heard it from where he slept with both ears open in the exact center of a thorn-guarded thicket. Slipping like a snake through masses of mimosa scrub and tangles of unadilla creeper, he joined her just as a pack of twenty



The mother jackal descended upon him from a near-by thicket in a fury of rage.

ochre-yellow hunting dogs with white brushes came galloping down the plain. As they quartered the plain, drawing cover after cover, their baying rang clear as a bell. Then it was that the two black-backed jackals did that to make up the life of even the most timid of the wild folk.

The pair crept out from the protection of the bristling thorns behind which they had lain hidden and showed themselves in the open not a hundred yards away from the pack. The wild dog is as crafty as he is fierce, and this pack of veteran hunters at once realized that two Cape jackals would not have given up the protection of their thicket except for one reason—puppies. Accordingly, paying no attention to the frantic father and mother, who edged in nearer in a hopeless effort to draw the pack away from their home, the dogs spread out in an ever-widening circle. Before long, one of them discovered the entrance to the jackals' burrow and in a tumult of excited barks and yelps the pack began to dig its way down to the little family. Aroused by the noise, the puppies rushed out of the cozy room where they lived and hurried along a narrow tunnel that led to the back door of the burrow. Unfortunately, they had not reckoned on the wile and wisdom of the Cape dog and when the first of the hurrying line of puppies squeezed his way up through a narrow passage to the emergency exit, he found a pair of tawny sentinels waiting to receive him. Whimpering with terror, the little family scurried back to their living room. Death was coming toward them from in front and death waited for them at the rear. As the sound of digging came nearer and nearer, the frightened puppies saw for the first time a gleam of light as the wild dogs opened up their tunnel.

**A** T this moment when even their own father and mother dared do no more, an unexpected champion came to their rescue. Ingu, the Prickly One, had slept through the barks and yelps outside and the hurrying and scurrying and whimpering within. Not until daylight streamed in to disturb his slumbers did he awake. Then, bristling and grumbling, he backed out of the burrow and for a second the wild dogs drew back at his sudden appearance.

That instant of hesitation gave the porcupine all the time he needed to prepare his peculiar system of attack. Dropping his round, unarmed head between his forepaws, he seemed to double in size as hundreds of needle-pointed spines stood up all over his body. A hunting pack of *wilde honde* have been known to kill a leopard. That spotted demon of the jungle, and even a lion will avoid if possible an encounter with a full pack of Cape dogs. Ingu, however, although less than half the size of the least of his opponents, never even hesitated. His grumbling ran up a full octave to a shrill squeak as he charged his enemies in the most approved porcupine fashion—backwards. It seemed impossible that any animal of his clumsy build and waddling ways could move so swiftly as he did when, with all the speed and invulner-

ableness of a baby tank, he bore down upon the pack.

In spite of their courage and fierceness and hunger, the wild dogs scattered before him like dry leaves before a gale. Only a few of the younger and less experienced ones were rash enough to try to grip the porcupine's unarmed nose or unprotected underparts. To each and every one of these, Ingu's answer was the same. Backing against them he drove his long, keen, black-and-white quills deep into their flesh, while the hollow spines at the end of his tail clattered like the rattles with which the Zulu warriors hearten themselves when they charge in battle. Every quill was loosely attached to the porcupine's skin by a thread-like ligament that pulled loose at a touch, leaving the spines to work their festering way deeper and deeper into the flesh of the wretched victim.

One by one the dogs turned tail and fled away to safer hunting grounds. Not until the last one disappeared did Ingu retire from the field of battle with all the honors of war, and rattling his stumpy tail to the last, waddled back into the burrow to resume his interrupted nap.

From that day the pack never returned to their dismantled burrow, but lived out on the veldt under the care and protection of the old jackals who taught them all the wile and wisdom of the wilderness.

Soon after they began to live in the open, the old jackal regarded one of her cubs in a puzzled way. All of his brothers and sisters had the tawny sides and silver-black backs that have given their clan its name, but by some strange chance this leader of her litter was a throw-back to some wolf ancestor. Nearly a third larger than any of the other puppies he was red as a red fox, without a black hair on his body and along with his size and color seemed also to have inherited a courage and dash that further distinguished him from the rest of his relatives. However, in spite of his color his mother accepted him as a true roo, as the Dutch have named the black-backs, and from that day began to teach him and the others those lessons of life and death in which every animal who would live out his days on the veldt must be perfect.

First they were taught pack hunting by the two old jackals. They began with that little antelope, the duiker, which stands only about two feet high at the shoulders and weighs less than thirty pounds. Directed by the two leaders, the young blackbacks spread out and beat through the veldt until, from the place where he had been hiding like a hare in the grass, a duiker buck with tiny needle-sharp horns broke cover. Bursting out like a bomb, he sprang into the air and made for the nearest thicket, bounding like a rubber ball above the tops of the bushes as he ran so as to keep track of his pursuers. On reaching the scrub he dived through the thick foliage and, turning sharply at right angles, zigzagged his way through the veldt until seemingly hidden beyond all finding.

With his family hunting close as a pack of fox hounds, the old dog-jackal led part of his cubs through the thicket straight to the little buck's hiding place, his keen nose never at fault, while the rest of the pack guarded the edges of the thicket, and Mother Blackback remained stationed far out like a fallback in case the buck broke

through the secondary defense. Again and again the hunted duiker sprang up just ahead of the pack and burst out into the open only to be driven back by one or more of the jackals on guard. At last he sprang out from an unexpected quarter and in a second was through the ring of his enemies and speeding across the plain with only Mother Jackal between himself and a clear field. As he neared her he paused in his flight, preparing to dodge past with one of those lightning like doubles for which the duiker is famous. Even as he slackened his speed, a tawny flash shot out from behind a near-by bush and Red Rooi pounced on the little buck right under the waiting jaws of his surprised mother.

LATER the pack learned to hunt the large roedebuck with ringed horns curving forward, who, when close pressed, hides in water holes with only his nostrils showing. Then at last there came a day when the two leaders cut out the herd from a flock of the swift sable antelope. The great buck topped five feet at the shoulder and carried a magnificent pair of those curving, closest horns, sharp as bayonets, that even lions fear. The sable bull's speed and endurance were so great that it was not until late in the afternoon that he was overtaken through a series of relays engineered by the crafty jackal parents. Once he stood at bay, it took all the courage and skill that the black-backed veterans could muster to bring him down. And again it was the Red One who was at his throat at the finish.

From that day Red Rooi began to hunt by himself and one by one the others followed his example until the whole pack was dissolved and scattered throughout a hundred square miles of veldt.

Soon after the scattering of the clan, came one of those famines among the wild folk that from time to time sweep over the veldt. The feeding grounds went bare; many of the grass-eaters moved away and game of all kind became scarce and shy. The scattered members of the Blackback family were forced to live on toads, grubs, lizards and other starvation rations. Of them all, only Red Rooi, larger now than an aard-wolf, scorned such food. Failing to find game for himself he dared at last to become a "follower."

For a thousand years white men, who jump at conclusions, have be-

lieved that all jackals follow the lion on his hunts. Long ago the bushman, those wise black pigmy hunters who know more about the wild folk than other men, because they live with them, learned that only the bravest of the jackal folk dare to trail the king of beasts. Those who would share the kill of the king with him must companion with death since the lion is continually plotting against the unbidden guest who feeds at his table, and, although a follower is well fed while he lives, his life is apt to be short indeed.

Hence it was that when the Red One selected a magnificent black lion as his patron, he risked his life with every hunt.

The strictly limited partnership between the lion and the jackal began with a Burchell's zebra. Of a blazing afternoon one of those wise, striped, untamable beasts made his way down the wind toward a patch of acacia trees that dropped shade in dark patterns across the scorched grass. As the lone animal approached the cool of the trees, a black blotch of shadow suddenly broke off from the mass of shade, changed into a black lion, and shot toward the zebra like a flash of darkness.

Like the sprinter he was, the zebra turned and fled across the veldt. Unfortunately for him, no animal save the long-legged hunting leopard can cover two hundred yards faster than a charging lion. In a series of long, effortless bounds the Black Death of the Veldt did three feet to the zebra's two and overtook him in less than the length of the long dash that is about the limit of a lion's pursuit. Landing on the escaping animal's

back, the great cat reached forward with one mighty forepaw and wrenched the zebra's head around, breaking his neck instantly; then gripping the heavy body in his tremendous jaws, he dragged it back to the shade where he might feast upon it in comfort.

In the very middle of his meal the black king of the veldt looked up just in time to see a tawny shadow disappear into the scrub behind him and realized that thenceforth he would have to hunt for two unless he could kill or frighten away his follower. With a rumbling growl he lowered his head until his great mane hung in a circle around him. Then showing all his fierce teeth in a scowling mask of horror, he roared the challenge that heretofore had always put to flight any animal he had met. Strangely enough, it seemed to have no such effect upon this one, which absolutely refused to be starved.

Snarling savagely, the lion returned to his meal. While he gorged down zebra, he watched the jackal from the corner of his smouldering eyes. Then, as the imperturbable tawny beast crept closer to him, with another tremendous roar the black monarch sprang and, whirling in mid-air, rushed like an avalanche toward the Red One. The lion's speed for a short distance was faster than that of the jackal and if the latter had lost his head for even a second he would have lost his life. Losing his head, however, was a luxury in which Red Rooi never indulged; although he ran at top speed he watched his pursuer over his shoulder and just as the lion was almost within striking distance the jackal suddenly swerved and, doubling on his tracks, started across the plain in another direction. The lion's legs were too long to admit of any such sharp turns and by the time he had checked his rush and swung back into pursuit the jackal was many yards

ahead. Again and again the same thing happened. Each time the lion would be on the point of overtaking the lithe, swift annoyner just ahead of him, when by a right-angle turn or a swift double the jackal would open up a wide gap between them.

BACK and forth over the plain, the cat pursued the dog. At any time, the red jackal might have found safety in the thickets where the lion could not have followed him, but he preferred to stake his life on his speed as a runner and his artfulness as a dodger and he won. For the lion finally gave up the chase and went sulkily back to his dinner. That once finished, he moved away with that swinging stride with which a lion covers the ground when not in a hurry. As he passed behind a tree he suddenly slipped into the long grass and was instantly hidden from sight. From his hiding place he watched the jackal approach the carcass as confidently as if he had killed the zebra himself and proceed to make a hearty meal.

With all the exquisite care and patience that had made him the great hunter he was, the lion proceeded again and again to stalk the jackal and always with the same result. Invariably as he crept near enough to spring upon his unbidden guest, the latter would saunter unconcernedly into the open veldt where the lion had learned that he could not overtake him.

This was the beginning of a companionship, profitable to the jackal and exasperating to the lion. Silent, swift, and imperturbable, the Red One trotted close to his patron in all his hunts and invariably shared the lion's kill when the latter, full gorged, had left it. Not without a struggle did the dark Master of the Veldt accept this arrangement.

Often he would lurk and double on his trail and lie in ambush in a vain attempt to dissolve the partnership. Always, however, the keen nose of the jackal warned him of the lion's intentions in time and just when he was almost within the clutches of the great cat, he would drift to the safety of the open veldt, where he would stand grinning cheerfully as the disappointed lion came out from his lurking place and moved away majestically as if there were no such things as jackals in the world.

Then with the suddenness of the tropics spring came to the veldt. Like green fire, the new grass ran across the dry plain and in a week it was aflame with flowers and full perfume and color.

It was then in the love-month of October that Red Rooi saw Her. To human eyes she would have seemed only a slim, swift, black-backed jackal. To him she stood for all that was beautiful, exquisite, and—for the present, at least—unattainable. In vain he sang for her at night, songs full of the most delightful howls, quavering wails, and sudden yelps, music that made even the spotted hyenas retire from competition. Day by day he pursued her, but almost always she evaded him and snarled and snapped at him when he did chance to overtake her. Yet the Red One took it all very meekly. Sometimes, leaving the lion, he hunted on his own account and left for her untouched plump Cape hares and succulent gorbils. Sometimes he even allowed her at the peril of both of their lives to share with him the kill of the lion, although always before he had driven away any other jackal who tried to do this.

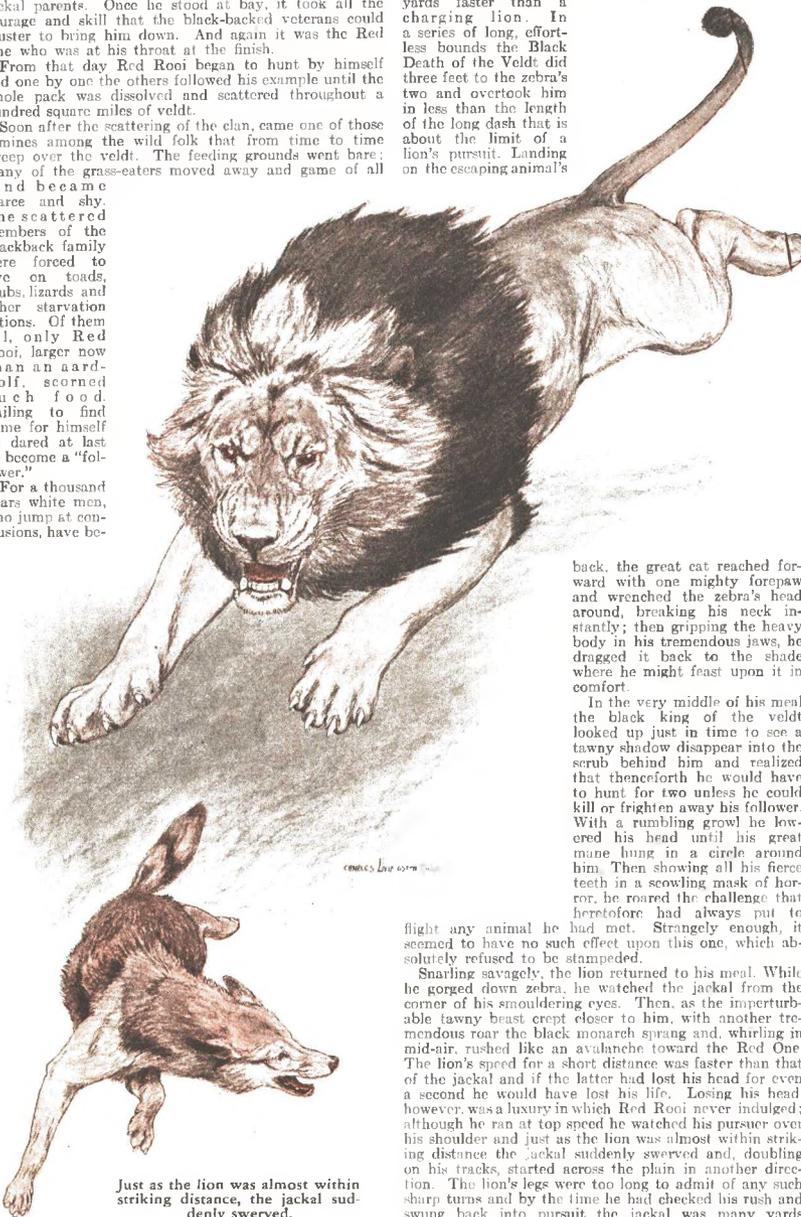
None of these attentions seemed to touch the hard heart of the fair. She accepted them, but that was all. Then came a few days of the sudden and intense heat that sometimes comes in a late African spring. The hunting all through the veldt had never been worse, and game of all kinds kept close to burrow and lair. Like a tawny shadow, the Red One followed the black lion and behind him in the far background showed the pointed muzzle and slim head of the jackal of his choice. Silent, alert, starved, the three hunted the veldt and scoured thicket and jungle in vain. Nothing edible seemed to be abroad.

Once the lion came across a pangolin, that armored anteater which looks like a pineapple or a pine cone with its bony overlapping scales. The imperturbable beast promptly rolled itself up into an impenetrable ball that not even the teeth of the lion could penetrate. After he had passed on, the two jackals gnawed hungrily and vainly at the reptile-like animal and then followed the lion.

At last, as the three were passing into the shade of a grove of stunted thorn trees, a sudden scent drifting through the hot air brought lion and jackals alike to a dead stop. To human nostrils it would have come as a heavy, hot rock, strange and indescribable. To the halting trio, it meant death and the presence of malignant power that not even the king of beasts himself dared to face.

For their very lives' sake, the lion with the golden eyes and the jackal with his glittering black ones searched every foot of ground in front of them until simultaneously they suddenly saw not fifteen feet away the enormous coils of a twenty-foot rock-python hidden in the brown and green grass. As it lay there, a ring of death, it was a study in browns. The huge saddle-brown body was spotted here and there with blotches of lead-brown edged with black, and the whole motionless mass blended and melted into the colors of the scorched herbage, blurred by the shade in which it lay.

The circle made by the serpent's coils was a good seven feet in diameter and (Continued on page 43)



Just as the lion was almost within striking distance, the jackal suddenly swerved.



They took law and order into the wilderness, and justice into remote, untrodden places.

# The Man in Plain Clothes

By Laurie Y. Erskine  
Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

SINCE the first small company of Mounted Police rode out into the Northwest some fifty years ago, taking law and order into the wilderness and justice into remote, untrodden places, the criminal of Northwestern Canada has never had occasion to lose a profound respect for the scarlet coat. A man of the Mounted Police never draws his gun until he is fired upon, because it is expected that no man will be rash enough to fire upon that bright red uniform. Your Canadian criminal seldom fails to live up to this expectation. The red coat is greater than the man who wears it. It stands for all society. It stands for the law.

But without his red coat upon his shoulders, your Mounted Policeman is not more than any other man. In plain clothes he becomes merely an individual. And if in the days when the jurisdiction of the Mounted Police was strictly limited to certain sparsely settled sections he wore those plain clothes in a province outside such jurisdiction, he became automatically an individual without authority.

Upon this fact and upon one other hangs the point of Renfrew's dealings with "Putty" Brendel. The other fact is that Putty Brendel was no respecter of individuals, and had only contempt for authority. At the time of this story he was a resident in the town of Ledbitter, British Columbia, then outside Mounted Police jurisdiction, because the only thing in the world that he really respected was the scarlet coat of the Mounted Police which Renfrew, on this occasion, was not wearing. In this manner Putty had the opportunity to experience the results of a proposition he had often made when outside the jurisdiction of the Mounted.

"Just let 'em take off that uniform!" Putty had often boasted. "Let me meet one of 'em man to man, and they won't interfere with me more than once. Just once, that's all. Underneath them scarlet coats they're just as yellow as the stripe down their pants!"

And Putty's friends and allies, and victims, too, would sagely wag their heads and agree with him. But Putty never let a red coat come near enough to him to see what the real color of his skin might be. Renfrew would probably never have had the pleasure of his acquaintance had he not been obliged in the course of duty to go outside police territory clad only in plain clothes and visit Putty in his haunts. His adventure with this gambler, swindler, and camp bully, more than any other adventure of his life, proved the quality of the man that lay beneath his uniform: and yet that adventure was merely an incident in the business that brought him to Ledbitter.

RENFREW came to Ledbitter to get a man who was wanted. He had come in plain clothes so that he could find his man and study the local situation before claiming the co-operation of the sheriff's office in arresting him. Although he arrived in the town in the middle of the night, he discovered to his surprise that there was every opportunity for beginning his investigation then and there, since the main section of the town

was still awake. He went to the hotel, and, entering the smoke filled, crowded lobby, set about getting a room. The somber young man at the desk assigned him a bed and then examined Renfrew sharply.

"We want cash in advance," he said. "Every day."

Renfrew grinned. "I'm good," he said. "Why the anxiety?"

The clerk scowled at him bitterly.

"This is a live town," he said, and Renfrew detected a sneer in his voice. "People ain't always as rich in the morning as they were the night before."

"That sounds like a conundrum," observed Renfrew pleasantly. "What's the answer?"

"The answer is," said the clerk, "that your room will cost you seventy-five cents, payable in advance."

Renfrew grinned and paid it. Thereupon his suitcase was taken by an elderly man who was the bellboy for the Garland House at Ledbitter, and Renfrew followed the stooped figure upstairs after vainly trying to take the bag away from him. After he had entered the dingy room to which he had been assigned, he tipped the ancient bellboy. But the ancient bellboy did not leave the room. He stood in the doorway and emitted a chuckling sound which Renfrew quickly identified as a laugh.

"Charlie don't feel so good," said the bellboy, and Renfrew divined that he was speaking of the embittered clerk downstairs. "Charlie got trimmed last night." And the old man chuckled irresistibly. "That's why he was so short with you."

"Not so rich in the morning as he was the night before, eh?" said Renfrew.

"You're right, mister. An' what is more there ain't hardly anybody in this town nowadays who is."

"Why? What's the trouble?" "Brendel!" The old man chuckled again. He seemed to find something irresistibly humorous

in the plight of his fellow townsmen. "Putty Brendel, they call him because of the color an' disposition of his face. Putty's set up as nice a gambler joint as you'll find in all this here country. I've been in Alaska; so I know. But I know something more than that, too." He threw back his head, opened his mouth, and chuckled uproariously.

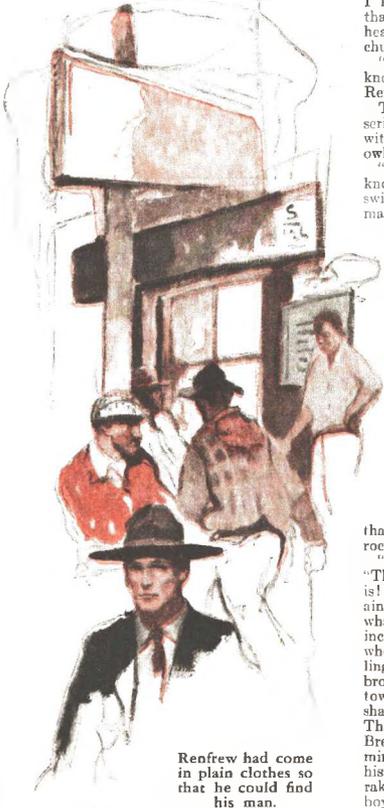
"You seem to be a pretty knowing old man," encouraged Renfrew.

The old man became at once serious. He regarded Renfrew with the eyes of a disillusioned owl.

"That's me," he said. "I know that Putty Brendel is swindling every fool mining man in this town. He's the kind who packs more aces up his sleeve than you'll find in the hands he deals you in a month of Sundays, and Charlie downstairs ain't the only one who can't send the rent money home to his old mother this week end."

Renfrew looked thoughtful. "What's the sheriff doing?" he asked. This looked as though he might get some of the facts he wanted before he went to bed that night. His remark had the effect of throwing the old man into such a fit of chuckling that he had to collapse in the rocking chair.

"The sheriff!" he spluttered. "The sheriff! That's good, that is! That's rich! Say, mister, I ain't tellin' you anything but what everybody in the province, I guess, knows already when I tell you that Mint Oblinger, which is the sheriff, just brought Putty Brendel to this town so he could pay up his share in the Burden Mine. That's what Mint's business is. Brendel, he's made every dirt miner in this town crazy over his gambler, and Mint gets a take-off on every dollar the boys lose to Putty's game."



Renfrew had come in plain clothes so that he could find his man.

Then suddenly the chuckle was replaced by a cloud of apprehension. "Say!" he cried, "you ain't goin' to tell any of the boys or anybody what thoughts I been tellin' you of?"

"No," promised Renfrew quickly. "The graveyard's a town errier compared to me."

"That's good," murmured the ancient. "The fellows wouldn't do nuthin' but get mad an' violent at an abuse of Putty Brendel. The crazy fools think he's bringin' them prosperity by takin' all their savin's away from them." And he carried his thin chuckle away with him down the dim and stuffy hallway.

WHEN Renfrew came downstairs again he found that Ledbitter had not yet gone to bed. In the dim yellow recesses of the hotel lobby, a group of men were gathered about a table, talking earnestly while they made thicker the cloud of smoke that fouled the air. Renfrew nodded to the clerk who, drooping over the desk, regarded the distant group with great bitterness, and then quietly strolled to the huddled conclave.

The group was made up of working men, miners, guessed Renfrew, and it was centered about a tall, handsome fellow whose dark mustache and high cheek bones gave him a strength and distinction which marked him as a leader among these men. This gentleman had on the table before him a large sheet of paper upon which was neatly drawn a graphic chart of the kind generally used to illustrate statistical information. It was all dips and rises, so that it looked like the outline drawing of a mountain range. On the margins of the chart were many figures, and the tall man seemed to be explaining these figures.

"You see," he was saying, "all you fellows that get scared by losing money over at Brendel's are suffering from just ignorance. This chart shows just what I've won and lost over the last two months of play, and you will see that when you take an average I've come out on the whole a winner. You don't want to quit while the line's going down. If you just keep on playing, it's sure to go up again. In the last two months I've made more than four hundred dollars, but that's because I keep right on playing the game. I don't stop for a minute more than I can help."

At that there was a great wagging of heads. In the group about the tall man were several who had lost all their savings and some who had borrowed upon future earnings to feed Putty Brendel's games of chance, but this method of scientific playing reassured them. They had been worrying lest they had been gambling too much; and now it was proved to them that all their troubles were due to the fact that they had not gambled enough. The group broke up with many sage remarks upon the science of gambling, and most of the workers left the lobby to follow the tall man to Brendel's Palace of Pleasure.

Renfrew, with a thoughtful quirk about the corners of his mouth, strolled up to the desk. Charlie, the somber clerk, still drooped over his counter.

"Who's the tall scientist?" Renfrew asked casually.

Charlie's grin was morose.

"That's a guy who has more luck than a snake has scales," he said. "Jake Laurens is his name. He's foreman over at the Burden Mine."

"Hm!" It was a species of laugh. "Good friend of Brendel's, isn't he?"

Charlie eyed closely at his questioner; he was obviously trying to appraise him.

"Well, now," he said, "I only jus' thought to-day that Jake Laurens and Brendel are pretty thick. That's funny, ain't it?"

"Yes," owned Renfrew. "I wonder you didn't think of it at least two months ago."

"Well, now, you don't mean that they might be in cahoots?"

"Is that something else that's occurred to you?"

Charlie did not reply until he had looked furtively about the lobby. Then he leaned far over his counter and whispered fearfully his suspicions.

"Don't tell nobody," he pleaded. "Don't let it go no further than just between you an' me. But I believe—" his voice quavered pitifully—"I believe they're all in cahoots. Brendel, Jake an' Mint Oblinger, the sheriff. They're all in cahoots to swindle us out of all we got an' all we can earn!" In a singular note of despair his voice wailed

up from a whisper to a cry. "An' there ain't no way of stoppin' it. They got us all fooled so that we don't know any way to get our money back than to play an' play an' play! No tellin' what will happen to us all!" And he sank down upon a stool behind the desk, a pitiable object of despair.

"Buck up!" snapped Renfrew. "There must be some way out."

Charlie looked up at him, his face distorted with anguish.

"What way?" he cried. "Show me a way! I got to send money home. Got to! I got to, see! Or they starve—my mother. She starves. An' there's others like it. With wives an' children, an' homes. All we got now is debts, and the only way to get it back is to play an' play!"

Renfrew stood for a moment quiet. When he spoke his voice had a hard, clear ring in it that had a magical effect upon the youth behind the counter.

"Young feller," said Renfrew, "you've all been hooked by this crowd of gamblers because they pretended to show you a way to get something for nothing. If there had been a single strong man among you, he would have shown you that the bait they used was nothing more than that—bait. There's only one way to get out of this mess, and that way is a man's way. You've got to realize that the game is fixed against you, call your losses by the right name, which is just money wasted by fools, and then work like men to make them up."

Charlie laughed bitterly.

"That's good," he sneered. "That sounds like a stranger all right. Do you suppose that if there was one man with sand enough to tell the world that Brendel was crooked, he'd have kept gain' so long as he has? All you're sayin' is that we need a man with sand, with grit, with backbone, and that's just what we haven't got."

Renfrew gazed down upon the distracted youth for a moment with a little smile gathering about the corners of his mouth.

"Well," he said finally, "you've got one now." And turning away from the counter, he walked out of the hotel.

PUTTY BRENDEL saw Renfrew for the first time in his life when Renfrew entered the doors of Brendel's Palace of Pleasure some five minutes after leaving the disconsolate Charlie. It was Brendel's carefully acquired habit to see immediately the entrance of every comer to his lair, and he looked up from his cards when Renfrew entered to see a man who instantly gave him a sense of uneasiness. For Renfrew looked honest, intelligent, fearless, and strong, which was a combination of traits with which Brendel and his kind could never contend.

Renfrew, for his part, stood coolly within the doorway of the place and studied the men and the situation. Brendel's place was a large, square room without ornament or decoration. It was dimly lit with shaded electric lights which fought a losing battle with a blue cloud of smoke. At a large table at one end of the room Mr. Peter Connors, Brendel's lieutenant, dealt faro, and at two round tables that flanked the room on either side of

the doorway Brendel himself and "Scout" Wertheimer, another lieutenant, played poker with all comers who would buy their chips. Each of the three tables was surrounded by a group of players and their friends, while at sundry small tables along the walls smaller groups drank amber fluids and talked in strained voices.

Renfrew stood just inside the doorway and regarded all this for some minutes. Then, after exchanging straight glances with all three gamblers, he coolly strolled forward, stood behind a player who was betting at a faro table, and stared intently at the dealer. In a little while Connors, uneasily conscious of Renfrew's straight gaze, scowled slightly in his direction. Renfrew gave him a reassuring smile and passed on to Wertheimer's little game. Mr. Wertheimer, who was fat and jolly in his employment, grinned up at the newcomer, and waved a fat hand toward a temporarily vacant chair at his side. Renfrew shook his head and merely stood watching. A man at his side then tried to persuade him to sit in at the game.

"Come on, young feller, show your money," urged the tempter; and Renfrew, turning toward him with a smile, recognized the handsome face of Jake Laurens.

"Not to-night," he said. "I'm just watching."

"May as well make your money work," laughed Laurens. "Me, I've made a big killing these last two months. It's a great chance to turn over some easy money." And he rattled the change in his breast pocket.

Renfrew tossed his head with a grin.

"Wait'll I've seen something of the game," he said. "Then I'll show you some fireworks."

He wandered over to the table where Brendel sat, and stood behind a chair directly opposite the gambler. Brendel, he noticed, had not been badly named. His long face was the color of putty, and his nose, which was crooked, gave all the appearance of having been badly molded from that material. His teeth were bad, and his eyes were almost colorless, so that his face had the total effect of a queer, expressionless mask. Renfrew watched him for some time, and his gaze had a penetrating keenness. Brendel felt it, and soon became distracted from his game. Fingering his cards, he kept glancing furtively toward Renfrew until all the men about the table became conscious of the young man's presence, and a current of suspense filled the room, causing the voices of the gamblers to become hushed.

Suddenly Brendel slapped his cards face down upon the table.

"Young feller!" he cried, "do you want to talk to me?" And he immediately became furious because he knew that he had been taken off guard, betrayed into the position of a man who is challenged.

Renfrew smiled reassuringly across at him.

"No," he said.

The putty colored face of Brendel stared at him. Thin, pale, fishlike eyes glared balefully. Renfrew stood at ease and smiled. Brendel tried to meet that smile, but felt himself losing ground. He was conscious that he had invited from this cool young man a challenge that he could not meet with anything more potent than bluster and bluff; and Renfrew looked like a man who would be impervious to bluff. A gust of rage swept through Brendel's head as he found himself incapable of holding Renfrew's smiling but unwavering eyes. He slammed his fist down upon the table, and swore vilely. Then, mastering himself, he smothered his voice so that it became deeply monotonous.

"I don't like the way you act," he said in that deadly monotone. "You get out of this place, young feller, or take the consequences."

To his amazement and great relief, Renfrew obeyed him. He didn't lose his quiet smile, and his eyes did not quail, but he turned to the door as he answered the gambler's challenge.

"I was just going," he said, and he strolled from the room into the black streets of the town.

WHEN he again entered the dingy portals of the Garland House, he found Charlie in a rocking chair gazing darkly into an empty fireplace. "How long will Brendel's place be open?" Renfrew asked abruptly.

The youth leaped to his feet and stared up at him in astonishment.

"Where you been?" he cried. "I been worrying

(Continued on page 30)



"Brendel!" cried Charlie in a clear and ringing voice, "I want to speak to you!"

# Admiral 'Stanguey

By Warren Hastings Miller

Illustrated by George Avison

"GOOD LORD, give me a ship, if it's only a little one!"

That was Ensign 'Stanguey Brooke's wordless prayer every night. His father an august captain commanding the dreadnought *Montana* and himself a horn leader, the slim young officer fairly burned for independent command. Some day—

But just now 'Stanguey hadn't time to think of any ship, big or small. His mind was mightily occupied with his division on the *U. S. S. Lansing*, for she was at General Muster. They were a sprack lot, those sailormen of 'Stanguey's, and they stood like a ruled line, with 'Stanguey, magnificent in pressed blues and gleaming gold insignia, strutting in front of them and eyeing each man narrowly with an expression that said, "They're darn well all-right-all-right! Every man Jack of them, or half of them would be in the brig!"

Presently Captain Standish and his party—the Exec, the First, and the Surgeon—came along on inspection.

"Hand—*Schute!*" barked 'Stanguey.

The Captain went slowly down the line, stopped before a man whose knife-lanyard was not just so-so and adjusted it, then smiled a brief commendation at 'Stanguey and passed on.

"He liked us!" 'Stanguey crowed to himself. "Liked us fine! Wish young Wally'd been here to see his grin!" Wally Radnor, a fellow ensign and bosom friend, was on the *Montana*, 'Stanguey's father's ship. And Wally, with Ensign "Dummy" Bickfield, had been associated with 'Stanguey in more than one exciting escapade.

STANDISH'S face was preoccupied as he finished inspection, for he was a young captain with all his fame yet to make, and a knotty problem confronted him. He needed, badly, just the right junior officer to solve it. 'Stanguey Brooke, for instance. 'Stanguey was the youngest ensign on board, but—

"Confound it—he's a born tactician!" Captain Standish said to himself, half an hour later, in the privacy of his cabin and after a deal of hard thinking. "He's it! There will be heartburnings among the other youngsters, but I can't help that. This job needs a tactician! Someone with initiative enough to grab an opportunity when it comes, and use it."

And then his thoughts traveled back to a spirited scene in the wardroom some time before. They were dis-

ussing Lord Nelson, and had securely put him on his pedestal in things naval, when 'Stanguey astounded everyone with: "Just the same, sir, it's a good thing that he never had an American admiral like Decatur or Truxton against him!"

An explosion of gasps had followed that remark. Either it was the height of conceit, or else it needed instant support with convincing evidence. But 'Stanguey was ready to defend his statement.

"Look at his two great battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, sir!" he began eagerly. "At the Nile, Villeneuve lets himself get caught at anchor with sails furled, and of course Nelson comes down and crushes his van and then all the rest, piecemeal. Decatur would have gotten under way at once. And, having thirteen ships against eleven, he would have given Nelson a run for his money, you bet! And then Trafalgar; Nelson gets up a magnificent battle plan, and then, at the last moment, abandons it and goes for Villeneuve's center in two columns! Why, he was badly 'teed' with raking fire for a whole hour before he got to grips with them!"

The wardroom had laughed at 'Stanguey's youthful enthusiasm, but Captain Standish had asked with a faint smile: "And what would you have done if you had been Villeneuve at Trafalgar, youngster?"

"Why, wear ship with my whole center, sir, and bear up with both van and rear. He would attack the rear with his whole fleet, of course, but I could then tack and come down on his flank with the very maneuver Nelson himself had originally planned, cutting through astern with the weather-gauge, and raking heavily before coming up on the other side. I bet Decatur would have done it, if anyone had been so foolish as to come at him in column! But all Villeneuve seems to have thought of was getting back to Cadiz."

'Stanguey had made explanatory signs on the tablecloth and the discussion had waxed warm. Captain Standish was impressed and put in: "Nelson's main idea, really, was to get at them as quickly as possible and begin slopping. We exploded that method in 1812, when we won battle after battle by gunnery plus seamanship; maneuvering to rake and not coming to broadside grips until we had the advantage. And you're right,



"You're right!" gasped Wally, peering through the porthole.

youngster: that the French never seemed to have had a glimmering of that. It would have been another story with Decatur in command!"

The Captain was thinking of that discussion now. Here was a young officer who read up on his profession, not with blind hero-worship but with a critical eye to the beaten man's mistakes, and with brains enough to see the counter-opportunity—there always is one—and make a plan of his own.

"He'll do!" he exclaimed, and sent an orderly for 'Stanguey.

"Ensign Brooke," he began when 'Stanguey had appeared—silent, tall, looking down at him with keen and capable gray eyes—"I'm sending you on advance scout duty. You know our situation here: the *Lansing* and her sister ship, the *Little Rock*, are scout cruisers for our Red Fleet, which is off Montauk. The Blue Fleet is at Rockport, one division of dreadnoughts and six destroyers, defending Boston.

"You also know the world situation, that our navy is weak on cruisers; but we have three hundred and fifty first-class destroyers, which are really small scout cruisers themselves, as fleets of them are doing cruiser duty all over the world at this moment. Well, our little war game really boils right down to this: Are these destroyers of ours really small cruisers and as good for scout duty as the light cruisers of other navies? And if so, how many of them would be equal to one ship like the *Lansing*, for instance? The Department thinks three to one. That's my job, with the *Lansing* and the *Little Rock* to act as the eyes of the Red Fleet against those six destroyers of the Blue. And I have nothing else but that little Eagle-bout."

He waved a hand out the cabin door at one of those odd, single-masted, slender-funnelled ships, anchored on the gray wastes of George's Banks near the flagship. 'Stanguey's heart began to beat rapidly. Command! Even if a lowly and despised Eagle-bout!

"I want you to take her, Brooke," went on Captain Standish. "Get up off Gloucester, somewhere, and keep an eye on those fellows. Or, first thing I know, they'll rush *Little Rock* and myself in the dark—and out go the eyes of our feet! Three to one, with torpedoes besides, is mighty heavy odds! And they carry four five-inch rifles apiece. I've got to have some warning, so as to use my maneuvering power! But don't let them see you, by any chance!" he warned 'Stanguey emphatically. "You haven't speed enough to get away. Lie low somewhere, and keep your eyes open; wire me via the commandant at Newport the minute they leave their Rockport base. Think you can do it?"

"Yes, sir," said 'Stanguey and the way he said it told the Captain that he could, if it were possible. "Who's on board now?"

"Ensign Bickfield of the Reserve. You know him. I see." Standish added, for 'Stanguey was grinning all over.

"You bet, sir! 'Dummy' we call him; not because he's dumb at all but because he's no talker. Couldn't be better, sir!" exclaimed 'Stanguey. "Good old Poached Egg! When the pinch comes, Captain, the Reserve is there. And Dummy's from Gloucester himself and knows every inch of that coast."

"Good! You'll make a team, I see!" laughed the Captain. "Well, get on with it! Your orders for detached duty will be ready by the time you are."



They were dead in position for a direct hit on the nearest dreadnought!

They shook hands cordially and Stanguey hastened below to pack up. Then, snatching his orders from the yeoman, he tumbled into the gig and started for his ship. Command! The goal of his young ambition! Stanguey looked up enthusiastically at this, the first ship of his own, with her high forecable and flat lines, and carrying two long three-inch anti-aircraft guns. They could be trained up or down or sidewise, those long barkers! The Eagle-boats were laughed at in the Navy—principally because, so far as looks were concerned, a rank landsman had designed and built them. They were not pretty, a sort of cross between a real ship and an automobile, and mostly had been turned over to the Reserve for summer training ships. But Stanguey felt that, tactically, they had never had a chance. He'd do more than scout duty, if the opportunity offered!

Dummy met him at the gangway, bullet-headed, round-apple faced, short and ruddy; and with piercing blue eyes smiling up at Stanguey's gray ones as they shook hands. "I'm relieving you, old man—scout duty," announced Stanguey, producing his orders.

Dummy's face did not change, or show any trace of inward grouch or disappointment.

"That's fine, Brookie! . . . Only, let me stay! Make me landsman or something. I didn't give up my vacation except to get into this here war!" He chuckled merrily. "Nothing like that!" Stanguey grinned. "Number One thou art, and Number One thou shalt be, henceforth and forever more!" he went on, thus appointing Dummy Executive Officer. "We'll make a gunnery officer out of you or exec—if he knows one end of a Sims torp from the other."

"He doesn't," said Dummy, "but, like the Irishman with the fiddle, he can try."

"Give him 'Ship and Gun Drills' and let him get to work on torpedo dope!" laughed Stanguey. "Have you steam up? I want full turbine, no cruising stuff, this!"

"Just been coaled," said Dummy and hurried off to give the Chief his orders.

STANGUEY proposed to use the Eagle-boat as she was designed. Her two-thousand-horse turbine gave her thirty-five knots, and at that speed they overtook and parted the gray Atlantic swells on their way north. It was after dark when they raised the flashing light on Cape Ann and slowed down. They were in enemy country, now, and the Eagle-boat steamed with every light out lest one of the Blue destroyers pick her up.

"Now then, Dummy, what do you know?" Stanguey asked as they sat over a chart in the darkened chart-house. "Where can we hide and watch this coast, day and night?"

"Well," said Dummy, "here's a little island off Bass Rocks. It's right in the cove, and close to shore, but I can con her in there in the dark. Island's high and rocky, so we can put a lookout up in the scrub atop of her. Those destroyers wouldn't dare come in within a mile of it. It's all rocks and lobster buoys. But there's good water, if a fellow knows it."

Stanguey rang for slow speed ahead. The Eagle-boat nosed her way along-shore, past the lighted windows of millionaires' houses on Eastern Point, past the hotel lights of Bass Rocks.

"Get ready a stern anchor with a new hawse," Stanguey cautioned Dummy. "Goin' to be ticklish, workin' in there with a single-screw boat!"

Just how ticklish Stanguey realized as the Eagle-boat drifted nearer land. The heavy Atlantic surf pounded on the rocky cliffs, and foamed as it tore at hidden rocks. Dummy was steering by house and hotel lights on shore—seemed to know their bearings. No large ships ever went in behind that island! It meant court-martial for Stanguey with his first ship, if he touched anywhere here! But he who feared court-martial would never get anywhere in war. Stanguey remembered Nelson putting his telescope to his blind eye, so as not to see the recall signal at Copenhagen, and took heart. That the Navy was no business for timid souls was the great lesson of Nelson's life, as Stanguey saw it!

"Let go y're stern anchor!" came Dummy's low hail. The stern anchor dropped and held. The Eagle-boat, with right rudder, swung slowly into the narrow gap between the island and the cliffs ashore. In no other way could she have made that abrupt turn.

"Pay out! Pay! Pay!" yelled Dummy. The hawser ran out, fathom after fathom. She crawled in behind the island until it hid her stern.

"That's well. Let go both bow anchors!" They rattled out. She was moored, bow and stern, with rocks close aboard on either hand. It was a devilish place for a ship as big as an Eagle-boat to get into! But there was fairway ahead and she could run out through the gap with ease. Stanguey called away a boat and took a lookout detail ashore on the island. These established themselves in a bushy nest on the crest and went on watch; but all night long no destroyer fleet passed toward the south. Nothing but a lone patrol boat—and she had no inkling that they were there!

And then, about four in the morning, another danger presented itself. A milk truck came rumbling along on the mainland, and Stanguey distinctly heard—"Hey jellers, pipe the Eagle-boat!" from one of the drivers. "Whaddya know?"

That would never do! By morning the road would be crowded with cars, and all Rockport would be talking about them. The admiral of the Blue could not fail to get wind of him!

"We warp!" said Stanguey to himself energetically and ran down to the boat. By sights ashore he noted that, if they could move the Eagle-boat forward into the gap, she would be out of sight of that pesky road. He and Dummy set at it, a feverish and strenuous business, a race against sunrise, hauling in on the stern anchor, kedging forward with the bowers. Both ship's boats toiled demonically at it, carrying forward the heavy anchors and dropping them, then coming up with the capstan and hauling her, yard by yard, ahead. They were nearly all dead for sleep by the time it was done; but the ship lay right in the gap now and could not be seen from shore.

Stanguey kept the watch on all day; nevertheless he was almost certain that the admiral of the Blue, if attacking those two cruisers of the Red in force, would send south his destroyers about nine at night, so as to arrive on George's Banks at two in the morning. And that night, just about nine o'clock, he was rewarded! Blinker lights passed at sea. There were no other lights than those, and then only once; but he knew that the column was passing, each with its screened stern-light showing. They could not hope to see those, and so count the number of destroyers out there, but those blinker signals were enough for Stanguey. A flagship was talking out there!

"Think they're safe as can be, up here, eh, Dummy!" he crowed joyously. "Here, Barton!" he said to the yeo-



## Our Office Pup Has a Rival

PLUTO'S NOSE hurts him. Derry did it.

Who's Derry?

Just about the friendliest Airedale pup ever. And the fightingest. Woof, and also gr-r-r!

Derry belongs to young Ed Sibley, of a mountain-country garage. So Hubert Evans, the Western writer, explains in his coming series of fine dog stories. But we're guessing that Derry looks a lot like Mr. Evans' own Airedale. He's a great pup anyway.

"Pluto," we told our office dog, "your nose is out of joint."

"Bunk!" snapped Pluto. Then he growled gamely; "But Derry's a dandy. Tell the fellows first about his scrap with his master."

"Good start," we agreed. So look next month for

"Derry—and No Surrender"

man of the watch. "Hustle ashore with this telegram to the commandant at Newport. And take the train down there yourself, while you're about it. You won't have time to get back and rejoin this ship!"

"Eh?" Dummy exclaimed delightedly. Stanguey went on scribbling the telegram, but his heart was beating fast within him, for he had decided to try the Great Venture, next. He waited until the yeoman had gone, then drew Dummy to one side.

"What I want to know is what these here Eagle-boats are for—eh?" began Dummy breathlessly, for he had caught the inkling of a wild hope in Stanguey's words and was eager for it himself.

Stanguey grinned teasingly. "Scout duty, man!" he said. "It's all I have orders for."

"Yes, but," pursued Dummy, "what were those boats designed for in the first place? That's what I want to know! Not what the Navy's doing with them. We've got a torpedo!"

"And we're going to play with it some, I'll say!"

grinned Stanguey. "Only question is, how are we going to get into Rockport? . . . That admiral's sent south his destroyer screen; there's nothing there now, but the four dreadnoughts. . . ." He stopped, out of breath. It was Dummy's turn.

"Can't make it by the breakwater, that's sure!" Dummy said. "They'd have a searchlight on us in no time! But . . . through the Gully . . . it's a rift between the rocks offshore and the Point. What's our torpedo range?"

"Two thousand yards." "And it's not more'n a quarter-mile from the Point to where those battleships are layin'!" yelled Dummy, wild with excitement. "We pokes our nose around that Point, an' gets one of 'em cold, searchlight or no searchlight!"

"Mean water, though!" he added dubiously.

ONCE more court-martial loomed up before Stanguey; this time for "exceeding orders" to boot! But a detached commander was expected to show initiative if the opportunity offered, he reflected, and here was a gorgeous one! "I may be broke for it," said Nelson at Copenhagen, "and shall probably be hanged; never mind, let them go!"

"Let 'em go!" said Stanguey suddenly. "If I can't trust in you, Dummy, what's the use of anything!"

Which was a profound, if ambiguous, remark for any commander to make.

They ran the Eagle-boat out of the gap and nosed along the shore. Deep bays opened out, which made Stanguey breathe freer, then rocks and cliffs again. The chart showed these hidden dangers but there was little time to look at it. You had to know! Dummy coned her through them as he had steered a lobster launch in his boyhood. Stanguey got ready his torpedo. He did not need to fire it; just anchor when in position and wait for daylight. The umpires would call it, then, a direct hit. Of course the Eagle-boat would be, theoretically, blown out of water after that first torpedo shot.

Slowly the huge granite headland of Rockport loomed up nearer and nearer. The surf on the reef was appalling, white and heavy; the sea fairly quiet but in its restlessness power gnashing sullenly and forever upon those ragged granite outposts of the land. There did not seem a hole anywhere—a hole for the Eagle-boat to creep through. But Dummy was calm as ice, with his brief—"Left rudder! . . . That's well! . . . Right a bit! . . . Steady! . . . Now Hard a-port!" Stanguey held his breath as they wallowed through the boiling sea and into a tiny tortuous channel. They missed rocks in it seemingly by inches!

AND then they were through, and the Eagle-boat, black as death, drifted along under the headland not fifty feet from the surf that lashed hollowly against it. The big side anchor of Rockport opened up around the Point. Dim under the stars were the mighty hulls of the four Blue dreadnoughts, protected by the noisy breakwater a mile out to sea. Stanguey winked twice with his flasher from the bridge for the First to let go anchor; then turned to wring Dummy's hand deliciously. They were dead in position for a direct hit on the nearest dreadnought!

For a moment they capered and pounced each other hilariously; then Stanguey found his voice. "Guardship! And she's only one searchlight going, and that looking out to sea!" he cried. "Gad, but they think they're safe!"

The searchlight went out, after a time, without finding them. It was evidently a perfunctory thing—routine, general orders. Might go on again in half an hour. And, sooner or later, they would turn it on this point.

"Might as well put a plaster on her!" observed Stanguey when deep darkness had settled over everything again. "We've got some."

"How?" asked Dummy.

"Shinplaster. Clinches any doubt the umpire might have to-morrow. We paste it on her side. Come on!"

Noislessly, and with muffled oars, they lowered a boat and put off. Stanguey circled widely to approach the nearest dreadnought bows on, so that its wide flare would conceal them utterly from the marine sentries. High over them like a house the steel monster towered. They passed the small boat slowly by hand along her sides, stopped to glue on a big round white "plaster," then glided under her stern. It was light enough to make out her name, and Stanguey looked eagerly for the great gold letters. There they were, all gleaming—M-O-N-T-A-N-A!

MONTANA! Stanguey's heart stopped. He had "plastered" his father's ship! For one torturing moment he thought of going back and taking off that patch. The glue was still wet. He could plaster one of the other dreadnoughts. But no, that would not do. The Montana was the nearest to the Eagle-boat, and the farthest out. The umpire would designate her as the victim, anyhow. And Captain Brooke would be the first to condemn himself, any sentimental leniency to an enemy in war. . . . No, it had to be; though Stanguey's heart ached for the terrible awakening that must come to Captain Brooke, commander of the dreadnought Montana—and his father.

Then a mischievous thought—why not go aboard, wake up Wally Radnor, and dumfounded him with the news? That would be putting one over on the rising young gunnery officer, with his pride in and reliance upon great-gun fire. A triumph sweet to the soul! And easy to do.

They moved the boat forward (Continued on page 34)

# Want to Be a Teacher?

Talk It Over With Dr. Stratton D. Brooks

FROM the Missouri hotel telephone receiver at your ear, comes a briskly hospitable rumble:

"You got in early? Fine. Come on out, and we'll have our talk about teaching right away . . . No, no, it's not inconvenient to see you now. Come right along. You don't want to hang around waiting for a chance to see a man. I know. I've been there myself."

Cordial, understanding, quick to adapt himself to changes—that's Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, president of the University of Missouri. That one-minute telephone talk with him tells you all those things.

You hang up the receiver, grab your hat, and dash foot-out along the homelike streets that lead to the campus. A pleasant place, Columbia, Missouri. College towns are likely to be. This one calls to you, but you streak along, bent on reaching Dr. Brooks' office in record time. You don't want to keep him waiting.

He says you haven't as he motions you to a comfortable chair and sits down again behind his big desk. "Just ready for you," he declares.

He would be, you think appreciatively. Sturdily built and alertly energetic, short, gray-haired Dr. Brooks seems the elastic sort sure to be "just ready" for whatever turns up.

Must have been that sort all of his life, for his record shows a steady stepping along. Country teacher, high school principal, vice-president of a Michigan state normal school, high school inspector on the staff of the University of Illinois, assistant superintendent of schools in Boston, superintendent of schools in Cleveland, back to Boston as superintendent of schools, president of the University of Oklahoma, president of the University of Missouri—that's a rough tracing of his steps.

Notch by notch, Dr. Brooks has gone up. Climbed from his first foothold, as the successful eighteen-year-old teacher of a "hard-boiled" country school that had thrown out the previous teacher, up to his present high place among the outstanding educators of the day.

Teaching can be a surprisingly adventurous job. To succeed in it, you must have something of the dauntless spirit of the crusaders of old. You're thinking of that as you ask:

"Would you advise a boy to make teaching his life job?"

A humorous twitch at the corner of Dr. Brooks' mouth deepens into something like a grin as he says: "No, I seldom take long chances. I'd rather answer the boy's questions about teaching, and then let him decide for himself."

That suits you to a T

## Why a Boy Teacher Succeeded

YOU promptly put a question that's been puzzling you. A personal question, but the answer is likely to let in some light on teaching.

"Why didn't those country school fellows throw you out, too?"

"They liked me," Dr. Brooks explains serenely. Then, with a twinkle at your baffled look, he explains further: "You see I got out and got acquainted with them right away. I didn't shut myself up with the textbooks. I had seventy-seven pupils, and thirteen or fourteen of them were much larger than I was. I had to get acquainted with that crowd and I had to be quick about it. So I got out on the school grounds and threw myself into their sports."

"It was no hardship. I got a good time out of it. And I got some good friends out of it, particularly among those thirteen or fourteen huskies. They seemed surprised to find that a fellow a head shorter than some of them could outrun and outjump any of them. Lucky for me that I could, and lucky, too, that I had sense enough to get out and do it."

"That crowd accepted me as one of them, and went so far as to let me be leader, inside as well as outside."

"That's what a teacher must be—a leader. If you can't lead, you can't teach."

"And you can't do all your teaching sitting in state behind your desk. You can hold on to your dignity without hugging it. I couldn't see that in my pupils' eyes I lost any of mine by entering into their fun, not even when I went whizzing down our coasting hill on a long board, with a line-up of little chaps hanging on behind. The whole crowd of us coasted at recess, on barrel staves and boards. I was never first down because it took time to pack the little chaps on securely, but my boardful always managed to get in two good coasts to a recess period."

"Then we all piled back into the schoolhouse and worked as hard as we'd coasted—there was a fifty-fifty spirit about it. A leader, a teacher, has to kindle that spirit."

"That country school gave me confidence in myself and

## Through Esca G. Rodger

a liking for the teacher's job."

"But there aren't so many country schools left," you say, half regretfully.

"No," Dr. Brooks agrees. "The country boy now, in a great many cases, gets into a big community bus or his father's 'flivver' and hums off to a carefully graded consolidated school. The country boy is getting a better education. And the young teacher in a consolidated school, teaching algebra or agriculture, say, can get as good or better experience than I got in the old-fashioned country school."

"Or the young teacher may get his initial experience in the so-called grammar grades of a town or city, or in a high school classroom."

"Or if he leans toward college work, he may start as an instructor on the staff of some college or university."

## What Makes a Job Worth While?

IT TAKES more than money to make a job worth while. Of course, to plan to make money enough to live comfortably is no disgrace; it's common sense. But picking a life job just because it promises money is poor business. Look for work that promises you all-round satisfaction.

In this article, the fourth of this "life job series," an outstanding college president tells you why, from his early teaching days on, he has found his work worth while.

Next month, Dr. Julius Klein, internationally known commercial expert, will tell you why he likes work in foreign trade. Then in coming months you'll talk with a great salesman, a great engineer, a great lawyer, and a great business man—about what makes their jobs worth while.

"Can you give me some advice about which line to follow?" you ask.

"I can give you some general information, mixed with a minimum of advice," Dr. Brooks answers with another twinkle.

"Good men are in great demand for grammar grade and high school teaching in our public schools," he goes on. "There are attractive openings in private schools, too, for men of somewhat exceptional education and particularly pleasing personality. Some private schools pay unusually good salaries but there are, naturally, fewer openings in that field."

"High school teaching gives you closer contact with your boys than you'll get, as a general thing, in college teaching. If you want to teach boys, there isn't a happier job in the world than being principal of a small high school. If you want to teach Latin or science, if your primary interest is in the subject rather than in the student, you'll probably be happier in a college."

"In any case, a man must look ahead of doing administrative work or an unusually high type of teaching in order to get enough salary to support a family. He must plan to be eventually a principal of a grade school or a high school, or the head of his department in a city high school, or a superintendent of schools, or a professor or an associate professor in some recognized institution of higher learning."

"Many men start up by way of the small high school principalship. Not infrequently, a man has such a principalship offered him as soon as he has been graduated from college. More frequently, he goes from college to the high school classroom, and if he makes good there has a small principalship offered him within two or three years."

You nod. You know of just such a case. A friend of yours, a star quarterback nicknamed "the Mouse" because he was so good at finding a hole in the line, got a position as a high school classroom teacher as soon as he was graduated from college. In two years' time, he was made principal, and, judging from all you

have heard, he's a good one—a live-wire and tremendously well liked by both students and parents.

He's far more enthusiastic about teaching now than when he began. He had planned to be a chemical engineer, and had to give it up temporarily when his father died because his family needed his help. Teaching seemed to him his quickest way of earning fairly good money. But he didn't intend to make it his life job. Now he likes it so well he thinks he may stick to it.

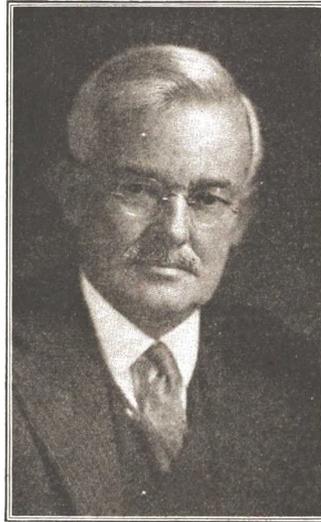
"Don't believe I'll ever enjoy any other work quite so much," he says. "I'm lucky enough to have the friendship of practically every boy in high school; so being principal is a lot like being the oldest in a big, lively family. The rest expect a lot from you, and look up to you enough to make you feel pretty pleasantly cocky, and raise ructions enough to keep you from getting too cocky to live with. You've got to work on any such job, but I'm having a great time."

Sam old Mouse. Keeping the ball moving toward the goal, and "having a great time" doing it.

"We need enthusiastic men on teaching staffs," says Dr. Brooks, "men who like the work and want to stay in it. Too many young people are half-heartedly trying teaching and think of it as only a temporary thing, a sort of wayside shelter that will do until they can get something better. That's bad. Except in cases of unusually pressing financial need, a man shouldn't start teaching unless he intends to stay in it."

"Unusually pressing financial need!" Well, guess that lets the Mouse out. Clears the good old quarterback of the stigma attached to selfishly and half-heartedly teaching "just long enough to make a little money." Anyhow, he shines under the next searchlight Dr. Brooks turns on teaching:

Dr. Brooks



## The Fun of the Job

"BUT whether a man intends to teach only a short time or all of his life, he should put his best into the job. What he puts into it will decide what he gets out of it in the way of personal satisfaction."

"There's always satisfaction in solving a problem," Dr. Brooks reminds you. "That's one reason you'll like teaching if you like boys. They keep you supplied with problems."

"I'm still getting satisfaction out of solving a problem a boy set for me when I was a young high school principal. This youngster in his first year in high school failed in all of his subjects. Nothing wrong with his brains. But he needed stirring up. When he began his second year, instead of sending him straight back over the first year's work, I gave him two old subjects and two new ones to stir him up."

"No stir for three weeks. But at the end of that time he came to me with his textbook in physics, one of the new subjects."

"Here's a diagram of a telephone system in this book," he said. "I want to run a line over to Ray Burke's. Will you explain this to me?"

"I can't," I told him.

"He stared. 'Don't you understand it?'"

"Yes," I said, "but could you explain a problem in compound interest to someone who couldn't add or subtract? Well, that's just where you are in physics. Get the fundamentals into your head, and I can explain the diagram."

"That boy was three weeks behind in his class, but in a month he was explaining the physics lesson for the day at lunch time to others in the class. Yes, he ran his telephone line over to Ray Burke's. And before long he came in to ask me if he couldn't take up the algebra he'd failed in the year before, carry it as a fifth subject. He passed in all five."

You wonder about a college president's problems. "He finds plenty," chuckles (Continued on page 45)

# The Battle of the Big Bend

By Thomson Burtis

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

RUSS FARRILL always got a "kick" as he expressed it, out of listening to Graves talk. Now, as the dozen airmen of the Marfa flight of the border patrol sat on the steps of headquarters and concentrated their attention on the Federal agent who had served his country so greatly—and so unobtrusively—all over the world, Russ was marveling anew at the two sides of the man.

Seen from the front, Graves was a gray-headed man of medium height, in a white shirt open at the neck and khaki riding breeches. His brow was wide and thoughtful, and his remarkable gray eyes curiously clear and luminous. He looked like a studious, cultured gentleman—which he was. It was hard to think of him as the man in charge of the special border patrol of the Army Air Service, the patrol guarding the line from Brownsville to El Paso. Hard to realize that he was directing that patrol in a grim battle against a huge organization which was flouting the immigration laws of the United States. It seemed incomprehensible.

That is, until one heard him talk, and saw his profile. He turned to answer a question of Captain Kennard's, and instantly a new face seemed to spring into being. Jutting, high-bridged nose, a well-cut mouth that drooped with a hint of cruelty, almost, in it, brow and chin slightly sloping—the hawk-like profile of the man hunter. Keeness, aggressiveness, fierce resolution were there, and the gray hair was like a belligerent topknot to crown the countenance of an Indian on the warpath.

And his words were terse, forthright, to the point; soldierly sentences, well marshalled and drilled.

"Therefore," he concluded, "all is in readiness. Lights, ships, men, with the exception of a few who will join later. This Big Bend sector is the most important one along the border. Hence you men have double responsibility. A ship will be on patrol night and day, every hour of the twenty-four. Every man must be on the alert, always. You must eat, sleep, and think with nothing in mind but this: a huge organization of daring outlaws, equipped, doubtless, with the most modern of aircraft, menaces the welfare of the United States, and on you rests the responsibility of thwarting these men and bringing them to time.

"Marfa will be my headquarters, Captain. The flights are all instructed to the same effect. Starting at five o'clock this afternoon, patrols will be made as outlined. The searchlight system for night flying will be turned on at dusk every night, and the light guards are in their places. You have the signal system, both by flashlight and ground strips, to be used. You must have it memorized by the time you are due for patrol.

"That's all, gentlemen."

JUST then a battered flivver gave a wheezing cough as if it had been waiting for the incisive Graves to finish, and came rattling and bumping on into the huge sandy airframe. It was one of the Marfa taxis.

The airmen waited, there on the steps, and Russ wondered whom the taxi could be bringing. There was baggage on the running board—had reinforcements arrived?

"We sure need a new man or two," the red-headed, freckled-faced flyer told Benson, beside him. "We'll get four hours' patrol a day as we're hooked up now—"

"Flying over the worst country in the world, and always expecting to be hopped on," tranquil, full-faced Benson drawled slowly.

Though he couldn't have been much over thirty, his hair was shot with gray, and in his square face and luminous, level eyes there was experience and a certain slight weariness—as though he had seen much of the bitter side

of life. He was Farrell's observer, because his eyes had gone back on him too much for pilot duty. There was a curiously warm friendship between the young pilot and the older observer—and with every passing day Benson was meaning more to the fiery, impulsive Farrell. He knew the world, and books, and lots of things in which Russ was just beginning to be interested—

But the flivver had stopped in front of headquarters. And from it stepped a young giant in the uniform of a first lieutenant of the Air Service.

For a moment there was silence. Russ, somehow, felt a sort of physical shock as his blue eyes took in the gargantuan proportions of the young Hercules before him, and felt in a vague way the impact of a personality as powerful as the body.

"Captain Kennard?" inquired the stranger in a deep, rich voice.

"Right here," stated the stocky little C. O.

With his cap on one side of his head, showing thick, coarse black hair, and with every ornament on his perfectly fitting blouse shining, the dark-eyed stranger grinned widely. His teeth were large and very white, and when he smiled there was a white gash across his dark, olive-skinned face. He seemed to glow with exuberant life.

"I'm a reserve officer," he said, choosing his words with the care of one who wishes to make a good impression. "Lieutenant Anthony Norton is my name. I applied for active duty with troops, and was assigned to your flight."

"I see," nodded Kennard, but Russ caught a look of surprise in his eyes.

Russ himself was astonished. Why should a reserve officer who happened to want active duty be assigned to the border patrol, made up of veterans who had been picked to perform the most arduous and perilous duty the service afforded? It seemed unbelievable—

"Meet the gang," Kennard said to the newcomer in his throaty voice, and went on to introduce him.

Russ had rarely been more impressed than he was by Norton's personality. And yet he was conscious that he was half instinc-

tively drawing back a little from the man. In the young flyer's mind those days there was but one idea: the successful completion of the duty they were on. He dreamed it, lived it, was always conscious of it. And there in the depths of the Big Bend, with the mountains towering

above the airframe, with thousands of miles of desert around them, it was not easy to forget that hundreds of outlaws were lurking in the chaparral—and that already they had tried to beat the flight. Moreover, a recent unpleasant experience with a seemingly friendly visitor had made all of the airmen wary of strangers. So Russ, while attracted to Norton, did not yield himself unreservedly to that attraction, and he couldn't help grinning a bit sympathetically at young Jimmy Jennings' gay, jesting greeting of the newcomer:

"Glad to know you, Norton. But you'd better have your identification papers with you if you're joining this gang. A few days ago we had a fellow come roaming in here just as you have—"

"What do you mean?" The question was like a sudden clap of thunder.

In a flash, every man there was taunt and silent. That challenge had been an explosion. Never had Russ seen such a sudden change in a man. It was as though the skies themselves had turned from flawless blue to churning black mist in a second. Norton's dark eyes were demonic pools of hate, his full lips were twisted in a snarl, and his thick brows were drawn into a heavy frown.

Gay Jimmy Jennings stepped back a pace in sheer astonishment. Then the fighting blood that had made him an outstanding ace in the war boiled up.

"Just what I said!" he flared. "Now that you've made an issue of it! I intended to kid you, but if you want to go into hysterics, I'll say more!"

For a full ten seconds the big stranger stood rigid. His effort to control the murderous resentment within him was plain to everyone. Russ felt as if Jimmy had laughingly lit a match and started something like the Chicago fire raging—and he found himself aching to spring to Jimmy's side to be right there if needed. With difficulty, he restrained himself from doing the thing for which Jimmy would not forgive him.

Finally Norton spoke, and his voice was thick with passion.

"I ought to take you out and beat you until you can't stand!" he choked. "You—"

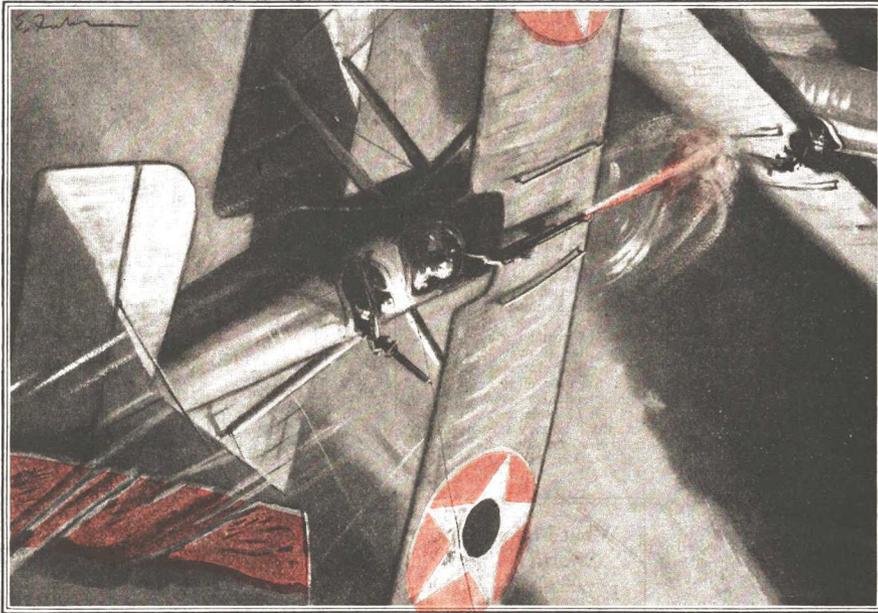
"Come ahead, you blistering fool, if that's what you're after!" exploded Jimmy. "Of all the temperamental idiots—"

The big stranger leaped as though at the release of a spring that shot him forward. But six-foot-six, loose-jointed, casual Slim Evans deftly thrust out a big foot, and sent Norton sprawling before he could reach the slim Jennings.

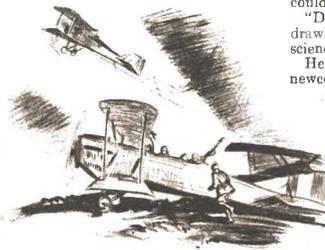
"Don't act young, Norton," Evans drawled. "Haven't got a guilty conscience, have you?"

He stooped, and jerked the raging newcomer to his feet. The entire flight—except Graves, who had left—looked as though they couldn't believe their eyes. This sudden rage was totally understandable—

"There's no need for you to get excited, Norton," snapped Kennard grimly. "You're making a holy show of yourself. Jennings was kidding you—on the square. Just the same, no



The two great ships twisted and turned like outlaws of the sky, their motors bellowing wide open and guns spitting fire.



strangers get into this fight—we want word, chapter, and line. I've had no word that you were coming. I'm not insinuating anything—I'm just telling you!"

For a second Norton stood there in the white-hot sun, like some fire-filled giant of old with lightning in his eyes and thunder on his brow. Russ could feel the terrific vitality of the man—and his rage.

Then, suddenly, the reserve officer relaxed. His dark face was composed, but there was a shadow in his eyes as he said curtly:

"I see I'm very welcome. Well, I'm no more delighted to be here than you are to have me. Kids—" he paused to shoot a withering look at Jimmy, a look that seemed to include the near-by Russ as well. Then deliberately, he resumed: "Kids never were my choice as companions. Here are your papers—all orders, you'll find."

He jerked some documents from his blouse pocket, and thrust them in Kennard's face.

The cocky C. O. bridled. "If that's the way you feel, say 'sir!'" he barked, and his gray eyes were bleak and cold.

That seemed to bring the stormy Norton up short.

"Sir!" he said steadily, but there was nothing cowed or ashamed in him. He was like some superb beast facing the circle of his enemies, unafraid.

Kennard looked the papers over carefully, while the other flyers watched and wondered. Russ's mind was more or less of a chaos. A little joking remark—and suddenly a cyclone had struck the post.

"Oh, so you're Tony Norton, are you?" Kennard commented. "Heard of you in France. Guess you did, too, Tex, and you Jimmy, you should have. Credited with two Boche, according to his service record."

Russ opened his eyes a bit. Well, Norton did look like a man amply able to excel in anything, except holding his temper. There was no reason, however, to wax hysterical over a couple of Boche. Jimmy Jennings was an ace, Tex MacDowell had got three Boche. Kennard himself two, and others one.

"Orderly!" bellowed Kennard, and when the soldier appeared from headquarters, the captain directed: "Show Lieutenant Norton to Tent Number Seven. Get his luggage there. Supper's at six, Norton, and you'll get your check ride to-morrow."

"Check ride?" exploded Norton, and for a moment his eyes were tempestuous.

Kennard nodded.

"Rules of the service, whether you've had a thousand hours or not!" he stated. "Going to have another cat fit about that?"

The captain was a hard-boiled egg, on occasions.

"No!" the young giant shot back. "But I'm saying one thing to you all. I come in here and get insulted by a gabby whippersnapper, and grinned at by his redheaded pal—have to take the slings and sneers of a bunch of flyers who think because they're here and form their own little throne gang that anybody else is an interloper and a thug to be suspected. Everybody's aching to shut me out. Well, that suits me. I don't give a hang about having anything to do with any of you, and I'll be happy if you'll leave me strictly alone!"

His heels came together, his marvelous, six-foot-three body was rigid, and he clicked into a perfect salute to Captain Kennard. Then he turned and strode off.

Kennard chuckled, but his eyes were not twinkling.

"Terrible Tony Norton!" he remarked. "How do you feel, Jimmy? And you, Russ? Tony doesn't seem to care for kids. But don't feel too bad. The stories they told about that bird in France would fill a book. Terrible temper, impatient of all discipline, wanting to be a law unto himself, and all the rest of it. A terrible scrapper, in the air or on the ground. They said he'd tie into ten Germans all by himself, and that he didn't get credit for more than one-tenth of the planes he really got, because he was always roaming over into Germany so far that nobody could confirm the fact that he got 'em."

"He's not going to run this outfit, though, and he can make a mark in the book to that effect right now!"

Russ and Jimmy grinned at each other, and Russ reflected that the episode was undoubtedly over as far as any chance of action was concerned—although before supper he heard tales enough concerning Norton, who was sulking in his tent, to increase even more his already consuming interest in the man. Some humorous, some tragic, all striking—the tales ranged from one about

the time when Norton had licked an unpopular colonel and been court-martialed for it to one about the time when he'd been captured in Germany and then had escaped, stolen a German ship, and flown home, eliximating his flight by joining a German formation and shooting down three of their planes, so rumor reported, before they suspected him. The fact that he was officially credited with only two planes was due partly to his unpopularity with his superiors, and partly, as Kennard had said, to the fact that he was always prowling around several miles further back in German territory than anyone else cared to go.

At supper that night Norton strode in, sat down, and ate his meal without giving anyone a word or a look. He was evidently fiercely proud, and totally unconcerned

four-to-six patrol, and had just had breakfast. The first ride was to be in a DeHaviland—the only one in the air-drome—to make sure Norton was in practice. Then would come a Douglas, and after that all would be over.

Norton came striding from the mess hall, arrayed in O. D. shirt and helmet and goggles. The shirt revealed the barrel-like size of his chest, and the trim waist and tapering hips and legs of the perfectly built athlete. His dark, tempestuous, ruggedly handsome face was more striking than ever, framed in the helmet.

"I'll take off, and give you the stick up in the air. Just fly a minute and land as soon as you like," Russ told him. "Remember we're high above sea level here, and that you land fast—"

"You don't say so!" sneered Norton, and Russ reddened furiously. But he held his tongue, got in, and in a moment was taking off.

At five hundred feet he shook the stick and Norton, bowing mockingly from the back seat, took it. And in less than a minute Russ knew that the giant in the rear was a truly masterly pilot. Without slip or skid or slightest over-control Norton tied the big, frail DeHaviland in knots. He showed the absolute accuracy and perfect feel-of-the-ship, without the slightest jerkiness in handling it, of one pilot in a million.

They were a little higher than a thousand feet, finally, and Russ could see Jimmy Jennings coming, roaring across the peaks on his way back from the patrol. Down below Slim Evans' Douglas was warming up, to take off when Jimmy landed. About time for Norton to start down, Russ reflected—he himself was tired after a tense two hours over the deadly country to the west, watching for enemies.

But Norton was fresh, and he apparently enjoyed flying. Never had Russ seen a DeHaviland flown more skillfully. And as the big reserve officer put it through its paces, Russ was thinking about him. Everybody in the flight was wondering why he had been ordered on this particular outfit of the border patrol. It didn't seem natural for Washington to send a reserve man, no matter what his record, on that duty. But the wires had already flashed a message to Washington, and they'd soon know. Norton was certainly a peculiar character—fiery and individualistic, temperamental, doubtless very conceited, caring not a hoot what anybody else thought.

Russ stiffened, and his eyes flashed to the instrument board. The motor sputtered three times, caught momentarily, and died.

Something was wrong—ignition, probably. Thank heaven they were within gliding distance of the air-drome, nearly two thousand feet high. Automatically his hand was on the stick, and he was shaking it to signal that he would land it. Not that Norton wasn't all right, but Russ knew the field and the motor was dead.

He juddered the throttle once to see if he could start the motor again. And at that instant a cloud of blue smoke mantled the Liberty, and through it, like greedy tongues, played blue flames. A great wave of heat fairly withered the young flyer, whose face went white as he realized that the most deadly emergency of the air confronted him.

His left hand leaped to cut off the gas flow as his right gripped the stick and threw the rudder into a vertical bank, nose up. Then full top rudder, to start the side slip that was their only hope. The gas line had broken, and gas had sprayed over the red hot motor—

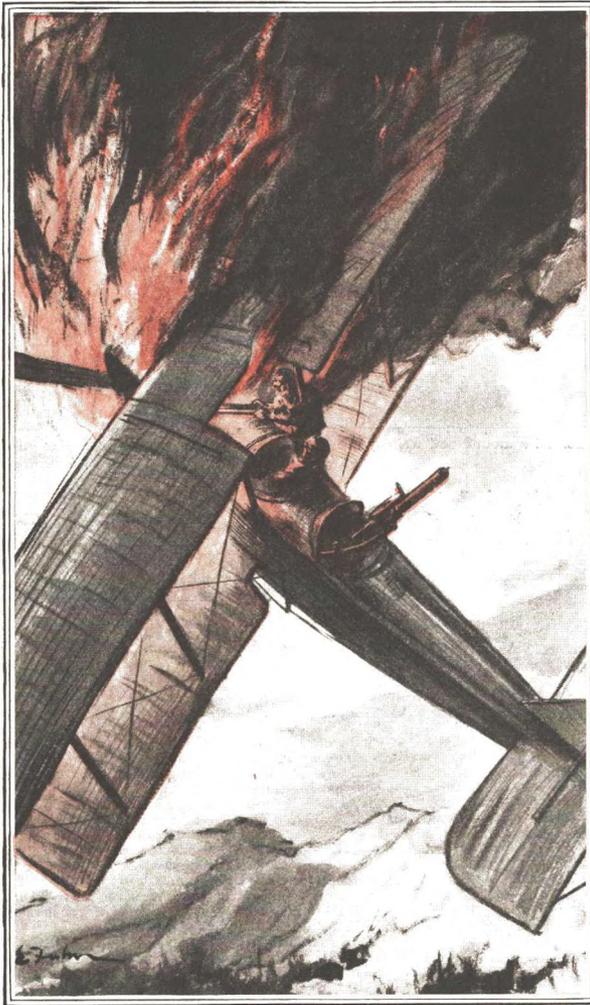
Russ' goggles were almost torn from his face as that terrible side slip started.

But the upward draught would keep the flames from blowing straight back and burning the ship and its passengers to a crisp.

The heat was terrific as Russ fought with all the skill the years had given him to keep those flames from coming back. The right upper wing, pointed skyward, was smouldering, and the nearest struts blackening slowly. The instrument board was blistering, and his feet were feeling the heat as they pressed the rudder bar with almost maniacal force to keep the ship in the side slip. Once lost that, and in one mighty sweep the flames would rush backward in the air stream, and the ship would be a bonfire.

Clouds of smoke obscured the upper wing, most of the time, but Russ, his blue eyes wide with terror and pain, saw an ever-widening area of linen burn away. The heat in his cockpit, near the

(Continued on page 38)



Norton leaned above that furnace of heat and thrust the extinguisher down as far as he could.

about anyone's opinion of him. To casual attempts at conversation he merely granted replies. And all the time alert, impressionable Farrell was aware of the terrific strength and vitality of the man—the personality that radiated from him like a physical force.

Norton left the table as soon as he had finished, and Captain Kennard said abruptly:

"I'll start his course of sprouts by making him take his check ride with one of the 'kids'—you, Russ!"

"That'll please him," chuckled Tex MacDowell, and Russ had to grin, even though he felt a little sorry for Norton.

"Well, a bullheaded bird like him's got to learn sometime," Benson said placidly.

So, after a night during which the searchlights along the border flamed into the sky and the ships of the patrol roared above the Rio Grande all night long, Russ waited on the line for his passenger. He had had the



We scooped down behind a mound and waited, and the professor and the magician they stood off a ways and waited.

# Mark Tidd in Palestine

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

"WELL," says Mark Tidd, "now that we have adopted this m-m-mysterious Arab that folks are tryin' to shoot, what are we g-oin' to do with him?"

"I don't know," says I. "But I do know that we've done plenty of adoptin' for a peaceful party of travelers in Palestine. Good and plenty."

Well, we had. We'd hardly landed in Jerusalem—the five of us, Mark's father and Mark and Tallow and Plunk and I—before we'd adopted Professor Anaxerxes Rod and his sizzling private war with Professor Heinrich Bauer, the scientist who was bent on findin', by fair means or foul, the same rare old glass vase Professor Rod wanted to find and give to the Metropolitan Museum in New York City. Mark, he'd said that was a patriotic thing for Professor Rod to do, and we ought to help because it was plain that Bauer wouldn't stop at anything to get what he wanted.

Then, as if that wasn't enough trouble to take on, we had to go and save this young Arab from being drowned tryin' to swim across the River Jordan and from being shot up by the black-robed Arabs that were chasing him with guns. We'd saved him and named him Aladdin and taken him up to our Jerusalem hotel—just sort of adopted him for the duration of his war, without knowin' at all what his war was about.

And here was Mark, with his itch to be doing something, crowdin' us into plannin' out what to do with Aladdin.

## Chapter Five

NOW that we've g-g-got him," says Mark again, "what're we g-oin' to do with him?"

"No reason," says Professor Anaxerxes Rod, "why we should take any further action in the matter. No obligation rests upon us."

"But," says Mark, "we can't t-t-turn Aladdin loose in this foreign country."

"Let me point out," says the professor, "that this isn't a foreign country to him."

Now there was an idea I'd never thought of. Un till then a foreign country was always a foreign country to me. There was just one country that wasn't foreign, and I always thought of the folks who lived in other places about like you think of actors in a show. It kind of seemed to me they were there because foreign countries had to have dressed-up people living in them, and that the countries were as foreign to them as anybody else. But I guess I was wrong about that. Maybe there are

folks who really think the United States of America is a foreign country.

"That's t-true," says Mark, "but we're in it now."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked the professor.

It was easy to see he didn't know Mark Tidd. Not by a jugful! If he had any idea Mark was going to let go of a thing he'd once got his hands on, or was going to stop in the middle of something, he had another guess to make. Why, Mark could no more have turned Aladdin loose and let it go at that than he could have turned three summersets in the air over the back of an elephant. And he isn't built for turning summersets.

"Where does he want to g-go?" Mark says.

"He doesn't say. He is singularly uncommunicative."

"But everybody wants to go s-s-some place."

"I never thought of that," says the professor.

"Better ask him," says Mark.

"Now you look here," says Mr. Tidd. "I been over to the Dead Sea and the River Jordan, that I read about in the Bible, and I see Moses' tomb in the distance, and the place where the Good Samaritan didn't pass by on the other side—but them things ain't what I'm hankerin' for. I come across oceans and seas and sich-like jest to see Romans. And I hain't seen hide or hair of 'em except ruins. I hain't seen a senator wearin' his toga nor a lieter with his little hatchet. My appetite for Romans hain't no'er's near satisfied, and the' was a lot of 'em fussin' around here. The' was Titus and Vespasian and Pontius Pilate and all that lot, and I want this here professor should take me where sich things can be seen."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Tidd," said the professor, "that Roman vestiges are comparatively few in Jerusalem. Too many wars have transpired since; too many armies have occupied the city. Now if it were crusaders you desired, I could take you to buildings they erected, or if it were Saladin I might satisfy you with the Dome of the Rock that he restored. But Romans. . . ."

"And Corinthians, and Ephesians," says Mr. Tidd kind of sudden.

"Wait," says the professor, "until we come to Baalbek. There are Roman ruins for you."

"Tain't ruins I want," says Mr. Tidd. "It's Romans."

"They," says the professor, "have all been dead this thousand years."

"Huh," says Mr. Tidd. "Then I'll read Gibbon."

So out he went, kind of mad because nobody could take him out and show him a Roman senator, and we went on discussing what we should do with the Arab boy we had helped to rescue over at the Jordan River. He just sat there and watched us and listened, though what good it did him to listen I don't know. He talked Arab and we talked English. He never said a word, and just sat there kind of straight and stiff and pretty dignified.

"We cannot take him with us," says the professor, kind of as if he was speaking to boys in a class room.

"Why not?" says Mark.

"Well," says the professor, "there are insuperable obstacles."

"Oh," says Mark, "is that all? Then we d-d-don't need to worry. Now I-listen here, Professor, and kind of memorize what I'm a-oin' to say, and then you repeat it careful in Arab to Aladdin. I want him to git the idee of it clear."

THE professor tried to look dignified and all and sort of put Mark in his place, but Mark didn't seem to mind much. "You say to him," says Mark, "that we're awful glad we was around when it looked like he needed help, and we like his looks, and t-t-that we ain't in the habit of quittin' a job once we've undertook it. And you say to him that if I-looks to us like he's in t-trouble and needs some f-friends. And that we're in it, and call'tate to stay in it. You jest let on to him that, come hail or high water, we figger on stickin' to him till he's out of this mess and safe where he wants to be."

The professor scowled, kind of—not mad, you understand, but like he calculated to have us understand he was an awful dignified man. And then he opened his mouth to start to translate. But something happened to stop it—a kind of a



surprising something, and Aladdin did it. He stood up, and then he touched his forehead and his lips and his breast.

Then he spoke. *But he spoke in English!* Yes, sir, in bang-up English.

"There is," says he, "no need for an interpreter. I have listened, and I have heard such words as men speak. I have looked into your faces and I have seen there such things as one seeks to find in the faces of his friends. I have eaten of your bread and salt." He waved his hand to the eastward. "There are ten thousand swords—" But on that he stopped and shook his head. "You have befriended me in trouble. This one whom you call Mark has spoken high words. In him is no fear. I have listened and I have heard glad. But—do all agree with these words of the one called Mark?"

"Bot your boots," says I; so did Tallow and Plunk. He shook his head like he didn't understand very well, and then he smiled.

"Those words I do not know, but from your faces I read the meaning of them—and I thank you. . . . It is a time when I have need of friends. I have no tent in which to sleep, nor camels nor horses. But Allah the Compassionate has brought me friends—so that I am rich."

"You got f-friends all right," says Mark.

"And I accept their friendship," says Aladdin.

"What do you want to d-do?" says Mark.

"Remain with you yet a little while."

"Just as long as you want to," says Mark.

"In these different clothes, probably none will recognize me," says Aladdin.

"Um. . . ."

"Therefore, and unless I am recognized, there will be no danger."

"Um. . . . Danger, eh? Well, we're all kind of t-t-timid. We don't go runnin' in to d-d-danger reckless. We kind of figger out our way. But if it should t-turn out the' was danger, why, I guess we'd have to m-make the best of it."

"There," says Aladdin, "speaks the man of bold heart."

"Don't you go f-f-foolin' yourself," says Mark. "But you kin d-d-depend on one thing, and that is that we'll be around. Yes, sir, we'll kind of be around all the time. We callate to travel north."

"That is my road."

"We're goin' to see Jerusalem and Bethlehem and what-not, and then we're a-goin' to ride up through Nablus and Nazareth and Tiberias to Damascus."

"The path of my friend is my path."

"Fine. Then that's settled." He stopped and kind of waited.

"That is my road."

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"The path of my friend is my path."

your affairs. You go right ahead and h-have as m-many secrets as you want to. One thing I kin say, and that is I hain't never b-been troubled with e-c-curiosity."

Well, sir, I almost busted out laughing at that, for of all the boys I ever saw, Marcus Aurelius Fortunatus Tidd is about the most inquisitive. I never see anything he didn't want to know about, and just as soon as he comes alongside of anything secret, he's got to find out all about it or bust. I did kind of snicker.

"S-somethin' all you, Binney?" says Mark.

"I was just thinkin' over about curiosity," says I.

"What about it?"

"Oh," says I, "if you hain't curious, then a duck hates water."

"Binney," says Mark, "the's a d-deal of difference between wantin' to know and bein' nosy to f-find out. I got a right to want to know, but if a f-friend of mine's

people still believe in jinn and afreets and peris. . . . And because of this chance of mischief I will say to you: At all times be on your guard against an Arab with one eye, whose left leg is shorter than his right and whose foot is a club. Beware of him in all dealings—and of one other, a man of the West, a digger in ancient ruins, a man of the race whose soldiers marched side by side with the Turk in the Great War. Have most especial caution should you encounter this German by name Heinrich Bauer."

Chapter Six

MARK and I were out exploring. The other fellows were looking at some things in a shop close by the hotel and were a lot more interested in curiosities for sale than they were in anything else; so we left them there and went poking off into the bazaar. The Street of David goes right down the middle of it, winding along and dropping down and down, so we stuck to this so we wouldn't get lost. It was pretty crowded and most awful dirty, and about as noisy a place as you ever heard, but we liked it.

Folks crowded and hollered and jostled, and every time anybody stopped to buy something you would think there was going to be a fight between the shopkeeper and the customer. It looked like there was more donkey harnesses for sale than anything else, but there were sweetmeats shops with about a million flies to every sweetmeat and cloth shops and jewelry shops and vegetable shops. And there were all kinds of folks, too. Once in a while there would be a regular high class Arab with a colored robe, but more often the people looked pretty poor and seedy and greasy.

And sometimes the street was roofed over and sometimes there was a kind of a canvas awning, and sometimes you could look up past the old stone buildings to the sky. All you could see of what was going on in those buildings was the little, shallow shops in front, and we wondered what was behind the shops and what was on the upper floors. It was mysterious-like, when you come to think of it. Doors that led to the inside were mostly painted with dabs of blue—I guess to keep off the Evil Eye. And as we went along we came to the conclusion that Jerusalem might have been a whale of a fine place a couple of thousand years ago, but anybody could have my share of it now. It kind of looked like what was left after everybody had taken what he wanted.

Well, we were standing and watching an old fellow bargain for a couple of cucumbers, and you would have thought it was the start of a family feud. Any minute I expected them to haul out knives and go at each other, but they didn't.

"It must be excitin', keepin' a store here," says I.

"More excitin' than p-p-profitable," says Mark. "What they don't git in m-money they t-take out in quarrelin'."

"How'd you like to eat some of that candy?" says I, pointing to some pans that you could have swooped the flies off of and found something sweet underneath.

"I callate I lost my appetite," says Mark, which was kind of unusual for him, "and I'm kind of sick of veal and cucumbers. Biled cucumbers and b-baked cucumbers and f-fried cucumbers! Who ever heard of eatin' a cooked e-cucumber anyhow! A f-feller that come in here and served b-baked beans 'ud make him a fortune."

"You hain't thinkin' of startin' up a restaurant, be you?"

"All I'm thinkin' of," says he, "is seein' what's to be seen here as quick as p-p-possible and gittin' to where there's more food and less dirt. If one of them f-filies was to light on my eye I'd have a fit right here."

I felt that way myself. Honest, I never washed my face so many times in a day as I did in this town. You all the time had a feeling you was going to catch something you didn't want.

So, as I say, we were standing and watching the fight over the cucumbers when a door opened and out of it came a man in European clothes, and Mark kicked me so hard on the ankle that I limped all the rest of the day.

"Hey," says I, "you keep your hoofs to yourself."

But with that he let whang with his elbow till he was like to wallop the wind out of me, and I just could not say anything more even if I wanted to.

"Shut up," says he in a whisper, "and look."

I looked and then I saw why he'd done all the kicking and poking, for the man that came out of that door was Professor Heinrich Bauer, and he stopped and waited for



Mark slipped and went ker-blam on his nose and rolled over and hollered and clutched and crashed through some bushes.

got good reasons for h-hidin' suthin', then I hain't got no t-right whatever to go p-p-pryin' in."

Said's eyes was kind of shinin'. "Words," says he, "such as a true man only may speak."

Mark kind of flushed. "What I'm g-gittin at," says he, "is that we hain't askin' no questions. When you git ready to talk, and if you git ready to talk, then we'll listen. . . . But if t-things gets kind of dangerous, it seems like we ought to be told what to g-guard against."

"Wisdom. So might speak Saladin or Solomon the Wise. And upon one point I shall speak. It is not possible that I shall be recognized in these clothes. No. Yet it is not impossible. A wicked jinni may whisper the news to one or to another." He smiled. "Oh, yes, my

somebody else to come out, and somebody else *did* come out, and it was an Arab in a druggily and dirty brown robe with a colored tidy wrapped around his head and another around his stummick. He was kind of small and wizened and hunched, and his face was a dark brown, but whether that was the real color of it, or if he just hadn't washed for a couple of years I couldn't tell. But right off I saw he had only one eye, and when he walked he walked with a limp.

"The p-pair of 'em," says Mark.

"What pair?" says I.

"If you didn't n-never use your ears for l-listenin'," says Mark, "why don't you use 'em for s-s-somethin' else? You might make palm leaf fans of 'em, or turn 'em into platters."

"Is that so?" says I. "And I s'pose you got lovely ears. I s'pose folks stops and paints pictures of your ears and tells you how cunnin' they be. Huh! Maybe my ears is big," says I, "and maybe they stick out from my head some, but they're as good a set of ears as you'n any day in the week."

"As ornaments," says he, "they're all r-right, but as ears to hear things, why, they m-might as well be p-paper weights."

"What didn't I hear now?" says I.

"You didn't hear what Said says about this here p-professor Bauer and the man with one eye and one leg shorter 'n the other."

"I did so," says I, "but I don't have to kick you in the ankle and lame you for life about it. I kin see without bein' kicked," says I, "and it hain't necessary to stave in my ribs to git me to look. You kin git results more gentle by hittin' me with a club."

"I didn't want you to s-s-soller out," says Mark, "cause we m-mustn't excite their s-s-suspicious."

"I don't want to excite their nothin'," says I. "I jest want to leave 'em alone."

"They're the enemy," says he, and I knew right off from his tone that we were starting in on something.

"They're spies," says he, "and mobby worse, and I b-bet they come here to kidnap the prince."

"What prince?" says I.

"The disguised p-prince," says Mark. "that's ffeenin' from his enemies, and that throwed himself on our mercy."

"Dog-gone!" says I. "Be you clean crazy?"

"And we got to hide him and p-perfect him till his f-father comes along with ten thousand horsemen, and slays the enemy root and branch, and takes him home to marry the b-beautiful princess."

"Gosh!" says I.

"And that there l-littlest spy," says he, "is a wicked magician, and he kin rub an old shoe and a jinni will pop out of it and do whatever he tells him to."

"Say," says I, "we better be gittin' back to the hotel where you kin sit down. And mebbey there's a doctor."

**H**E just looked at me kind of lofty and waggled his head. "Trouble with you," he says, "is you dunno how to git the m-most fun out of things. You hain't got no imagination."

"It don't take no imagination to guess you got sun-stroke," says I. "That hain't no magician; it's jest a terrible dry Arab."

"Anybody," says Mark, "kin be anythin' you want to p-p-pretend he is."

"Oh," says I, "we're pertendin' agin, he we? Well why didn't you say so straight off? But don't go pertendin' us into a mess like you've done so many times before."

"I got you out agin, d-d-didn't I?"

"Yes," says I, "but I druther not fall into the river at all than to fall in just so as to give you a chance to haul me out agin."

"Rats," says he, and then he grabbed my arm and started dragging me along.

"Where we goin' now?" says I.

"We're goin' to s-s-shadow 'em," says he.

"What for?"

"It's necessary," says he. "Don't folks always shadow their enemies, eh? It's that way in every book I ever read. Why, we got to s-s-shadow 'em, or we'll be doin' it all wrong."

"I'd rather be wrong than hurt," says I, "and we stand a good chance of gittin' hurt if we monkey with those men."

"It's our duty," says Mark awful lofty, and then I knew it wasn't any good kicking about it. When he gets onto doing his duty, you might as well lay right down there and quit.

"Go on," says I, "but remember the nearest sheriff we know is back in Wicksville, Michigan, and he can't hear if we holler for help."

But he was on his way now, and I stuck to his heels. He went through that crowd like an elephant knocking down a wall, and all I had to do was follow in the swath he cut. Professor Bauer and the one-eyed magician was a ways ahead of us, but we could keep our eyes on them on account of Professor Bauer's head sticking up where it was visible. They weren't in much of a hurry; so we didn't have any trouble to keep up.

I don't know just where they went nor how they got there, but I do know we had the dickens of a time finding our way back again, but they turned off a street and up into a place where there was a lot of mounds of earth and stone, and plenty of dirt everywhere. In

fact, there was so much dirt that if any other part of town happened to run short it could have come here for a fresh supply, and it wouldn't ever have been missed. There was a kind of a wall, but mostly things were made of mud.

Well, we scrooched down behind a mound and waited, and the professor and the magician they stood off a ways and they waited. Then I like to have jumped out of my skin, because I heard a noise inside of the mound we was behind, a kind of a grunting and growling and whatnot.

"There's an animal in here," says I.

"Mebby," says Mark, "it's a dog kennel."

"More likely a hawg kennel," says I. "I hope 'tain't savage."

"Hush!" says Mark.

Well, we looked around and studied the mounds, and

walked over behind a big mound where we couldn't see them.

"There," says Mark. "I t-t-told you. They was waitin' for somebody."

"Who?" says I.

"Maybe the Queen of Sheebay," says Mark. "I hear tell she come from Abyssinia."

"Huh!" says I.

"We got to f-f-find out," says Mark.

"Holler and ask 'em," says I.

"I'm goin' to s-see," says he.

"I don't mind bein' et by cannibals or runned by a magician or mashed to a pulp by that German feller," says I, "but my stummick flops over at the thought of crawlin' through this dirt."

"It's got to be d-d-done," says Mark.

"Dog-gone," says I, "this means another bath."

So we kind of crawled and slithered around from one mound to another and from one heap of rubbish to another, till we got where we could see three men standing and talking. Two of them were Bauer and the wicked magician, but the other was in European clothes and his back was turned so we couldn't see who he was. And we dassen't get any closer; so all we could do was lie still and wait till he turned around.

"They'll be t-t-talkin' Arab anyhow," says Mark, "so there wouldn't be any good l-listenin'."

"That," says I, "is one good thing."

But just then Mark he kicked me another kick, and that made two kicks that day on the same ankle, and I like to have squealed out loud. But I took a sock at him anyhow and he grunted. But he didn't move his eyes off of what he was looking at, and so I looked too, and I come close to keeling over backwards, because I knew the third fellow right off. It gave me a kind of a queer feelin' to see him there talking to Bauer and the magician.

"Goodness gracious," says I to Mark.

"That hain't quite doin' justice to it," says he. "Know him?"

"Know him!" says I. "He's the feller's been drivin' us in the automobile, and that we've hired to drive us north to Nazareth and whatnot. He's our chauffeur."

Mark kind of grinned and cleared his throat. "You mean," says he, "he *used* to be."

### Chapter Seven

**W**ELL, that was that. A man with half an eye could see that if our chauffeur was in cahoots with Bauer and One-Eye, then Bauer and One-Eye knew all about Said. And a body could bet that this talk in the Abyssinian place was about us. There wasn't any use trying to hide from them something they knew just as well as we did. It was a nice kettle of fish.

Mark and I lay around in the filth until the enemy was through and got out; then we got out, too, and had the very dickens of a time finding our way back to the hotel. But we found it, and the rest of the crowd was there waiting for us kind of anxious, especially Mr. Tidd, who had suddenly remembered we were alive.

"You boys hadn't ought to go pokin' off amongst these heathens," he says. "This here hain't Wicksville; it's Jerusalem."

"Yes, Pa," says Mark.

"And besides," says Mr. Tidd, "you can't never tell when somebody's goin' to make a war on Jerusalem and take the Children of Israel captive. Folks have been doin' it for a million years, seems as though. Every time some nation of idolaters hain't got no other business, they up and got together an army and carry off ten or a dozen tribes of Jews and keep 'em captive for forty-five year. And how'd you boys like to be captives with 'em for all that time? Eh? I callate you wouldn't like it. No, sir!"

"Nebuchadnezzar's dead," says Mark.

"So's lots of other folks," says Mr. Tidd, "but that don't break up the habit of capturin' Jerusalem."

"We got s-s-somethin' more p-pressin' to think about than capturin' a city," says Mark, "and that's where Binney and me's been."

"You look," says Mr. Tidd, "like you been drug through a pig pen."

"A pig pen's cleaner 'n Ma's kitchen compared to where we was," says Mark. "Where's Said?"

"Up to the room layin' low," says Tallow.

"Well, he kin save himself the t-trouble," says Mark. "What you mean?"

"I m-mean Professor Bauer and One-Eye knows jest where he is."

"No!"

"Yes, sir, and we got to do so-s-some s-schemin', that's what. I kind of wish we knew more about Said, so we could t-tell what to look out for. But we don't. So we got to look out for everysin'." We got to throw Bauer and One-Eye off the t-track.

"How'd they ketch on?"

"Our chauffeur's a f-f-friend of their'n," says Mark, "and we see him t-tellin' 'em all about it."

"Gosh!" says Plunk. "What'll we do?"

"What'll they do—that's the question," says Mark.

"Wouldn't it be better," says Tallow, "for us and for Said, if he sneaked off alone? Then our chauffeur could not keep track of him."

"Mebby," says Mark. (Continued on page 37)

## Fighting Friends

**Y**OU'LL FIND fighting sportsmen in the unusual serial beginning in February, a story of English school life and a mystery that wrecked friendship between two star athletes and nearly ruined Ranger's "best house in the school."

You'll like Ware, grimly steady Head of Ranger's—and an outcast. You'll like the Lynx, the high-hearted dare-devil who made Ware an outcast. A queer scene that, where the gay Lynx, inwardly sick at heart, publicly condemns Ware as a midnight thief.

And Ware can't clear himself! A mean muddle. But an extra good story. Told by Kent Carr, of an old Eton family—

### The Big Row at Ranger's

some of them had a kind of a door, and pretty soon we saw an animal crawl out of one on all fours, but it wasn't like any animal I ever see, nor with fur like any animal I knew about. And then it straightened up and it was a man! Yes, sir, a man crawled out of that mud mound, and he was black as the ace of spades and that grimy and ragged you wouldn't believe.

"Gosh!" says I, "what was he doin' in there?"

"Feedin' the dog, maybe," says Mark.

"No, sir," says I, "he wasn't." He lives there. I bet you in. That's his house. He looks like a feller that would live in that house."

"What of it?" says Mark.

"Jest this," says I. "I don't like this here place where savages lives in mud pies. I'm a-goin' away from here. How'd you like one of those black fellers to drag you in with him and make a meal off'n your leg?"

"I know who they be," says Mark.

"Eh? Friends of your'n?"

"Hermits," says Mark.

"Gosh! What do hermits do?"

"They're holy men," says he, "and they live in them mounds without any winders in 'em. I've heard about this place. Professor Rod was talkin' about it, and he says it's full of hermits from Abyssinia, and they come here and live all their lives and are awful holy."

"He meant dirty," says I.

"You kin be holy and d-d-dirty both," says Mark.

"It's easy."

"If they're so holy," says I, "what is Professor Bauer doin' here, and the wicked magician?"

"I can't figger," says Mark.

"Maybe," says I, "there's a few wicked holy men."

"I don't believe the h-hermit's got a thing to do with it," says he. "I bet it's just a s-s-safe place."

"Safe for who?" says I. "I don't feel like it was safe for me."

"It won't be," says he, "unless you quit your g-gabbin'!"

**W**ELL, about then we heard somebody moving over to one side and we scrooged down so we couldn't be seen. Bauer and the magician heard it, too, and they turned quick and watched, and then they made signs and

# "Get Out on the Ice!"

Says C. S. Smythe

Tips on Skating and Hockey, by a Great Coach

**W**ATCH 'em—flying around the curve! Two speeding figures in light-fitting knitted suits and stocking caps, flashing cold steel from their flying feet and fire from their eyes. . . . Left arms behind their backs and right arms swinging. . . . Cut ice spraying from their heels. . . . On the straightaway now, leaning into the zero breeze with both arms swinging, as they go zinging and zipping to the tape!

If you haven't seen the finish of a skating race, you've got a thrill coming. Or a hockey game— Score two and two, with three minutes to play. Players in the center of the rink, fighting madly for the puck.



Above—Tommy Tebo, 19-year-old speed champ, on his mark.

Left—Don't try leaping barrels until you're an expert, like Bobby Hearn.



## Player, Soldier, and Coach

"Connie" Smythe.

**WORLD'S** intercollegiate hockey champion! That's the proud distinction the 1926 University of Toronto hockey team has earned, by virtue of its victories over Harvard, Dartmouth and other American and Canadian universities. C. S. Smythe, author of this article, coached the Toronto world-beaters.

Back in '13 and '14, "Connie" Smythe wasn't quite big enough to make the University of Toronto senior hockey team, so he played on the junior team. In his second year he captained the squad that won the national junior championship of Canada. Then came the War, and, like every young Canadian, Smythe gave up four and one-half years to it, serving first in the artillery, then the Royal Air Force. He was for fourteen months a prisoner of war in Germany. After the Armistice, he came right back to Toronto and played more hockey. And when his playing days were over, he coached teams that have won the last seven Canadian intercollegiate championships.

number of things may happen. Your ankles will wobble strangely. After you have learned

to control the wobble, you may be surprised to find your feet starting forward on a little jaunt of their own, leaving your body hanging in mid-air. Don't worry about what to do then—you'll do it! Pick yourself up and, next time, lean forward a little, so that if your skates start to travel, you'll accompany them. Even then, queer things will happen. Don't be surprised, for instance, to see one skate going east, and one going north. When they get too far apart—well, you'll sit right down and think it over. Tolerate these ups and downs for awhile, as something to be expected, and then have it out with your feet. Just say to 'em: "Feet! United we stand and divided we fall. Let's start working together."

### Come on, Feet, Let's Go!

**A**T the end of a half hour you'll be making short strokes and coasting along nicely, with your skates parallel and your body balanced over them.

Perhaps you'll find that your ankles are naturally weak. If so, you need supports. One good, homemade kind consists of two strips of canvas, one and one-half inches wide and about two yards long. Start wrapping well above the ankle, bringing the strip clockwise around the leg and overlapping about half. Wrap down over the ankle, and when you reach the top of your foot, bring the strip around the instep twice. Then continue it up around the leg and tuck it under the top strip. When you have laced your shoes over the canvas, you will find your ankles nicely supported. Be sure, though, not to wrap the bandage too tightly, or you'll stop circulation and get a bad case of cold feet.

Now that we have your ankles braced, let's go back to the pond and try a few stunts. If you like to play "tag," you'll want to know how to start quickly.

The racer or hockey player starts crouched over, with his left side pointing in the (Continued on page 51)



Canada beats England in the last Olympic games. Tense scrapping at the net.

Out of the milling group one man dashes, stick out-thrust, nursing a little black disk. Down the rink he fairly hurtles. As an opponent rushes upon him, he flips his wrist and the puck goes skipping over the ice toward the net. Out it bounces, from the goal keeper's skate, and four human cyclones swish down upon it!

Great sport—genuinely great sport it is—and the thought of it makes the first frigid blast of winter a promise instead of a threat. Old Man Winter, after all, is not a sour-visaged, hoary-headed gent with bony arms, but an energetic chap with bounding spirits and a terrific appetite. You'll find him on every ice-covered pond in the United States or Canada. If you'd like to meet him, the following article by Coach C. S. Smythe will serve as a letter of introduction.—THE EDITORS.

**T**HE way to become a whirlwind hockey player, a world-beating speed merchant or a breath-taking fancy skater, is to get out and skate. No book can beat a bump for teaching you how to handle yourself on the ice. Skill in skating, like skill in any other sport, comes from practice.

If you want to become a hockey player, get out with the gang and play shinny. If you want to develop speed, get the bunch together for a game of "Tag" or "I Got It." If you want to become a fancy skater, watch other people, and try everything they do.

Perhaps you don't know how to skate, and would consider it a crowning achievement to get upon a pair of steel runners and move in one direction without falling. In that case, let's start out by selecting a pair of

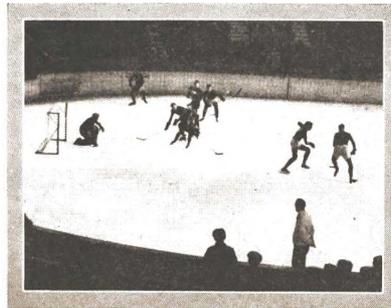
skates. There are three kinds from which to choose: the speed skate, the hockey type and the fancy kind. The speed skate is long, with a curving, unpointed toe. The hockey skate curves slightly at the front and back and is short so as to permit quick turning. The fancy skate is short, like the hockey, but has several saw teeth on the upward curve, in front, to allow you to stand on your toes, or get a quick push-off.

The best general-purpose skate is the hockey kind. The long, speed skate is difficult for the beginner to master, because it's heavy, and not designed for sudden turns and stops. The saw teeth on the fancy skate aren't necessary for the beginner. He'd better start on the hockey skate, and get boots that will feel comfortably tight with medium weight wool socks.

The first time you get to your feet with steel blades beneath you instead of wide-soled shoes, a



Joe Moore wins this battle of champions at Madison Square Garden.



Harvard frosh beat Dartmouth 3 to 2 in a furious overtime tilt.



Just try to pass him; you'll have to be fast and shifty to do it.

# The American Boy

FOUNDED 1899

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## Friendly Talks With the Editor

### Holidays Again

THE world's record shows nineteen hundred and twenty-six Christmas Days! That's a lot of them. And we're pretty near our nineteen hundred and twenty-seventh New Year's Day. It seems as if we had enough of these days so that we should know just how to use them, and so that no one need write any editorials giving advice about how to do it. So we're not going to offer a word of advice. We believe you fellows have a good set of brains apiece, and some idea of how to use them. And here's a time to prove it. Give yourself the advice you need and then act on it. Figure out the sort of holidays you think you should have and have them; make up your mind if you want any New Year's resolutions, and then make them or don't make them as the case may be. But we don't need to give you advice or to string out a column of admonitions to tell you how fond we are of all of you, and to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Up-and-Coming New Year. We'll merely state right here, emphatically, that we do wish you both.

### Good Manners

NOW there is something we want to talk about, and now we ought to talk about—though it may not be in the traditional holiday spirit. We want to talk about scrapping. And we're thinking especially right now about scraps between two high schools or two colleges or two universities, those worse than useless squabbles that students plunge into, all cocky or resentful or careless. We've been studying some of these squabbles that have come under our observation during 1926, and have come to a lot of conclusions. One of them is that such scrapping usually means that the students on one side or the other, or on both sides, have lost sight of the importance of good manners and good taste.

### More Than That

BUT there's more than that behind these situations, the kind of rows that start, for example, because one student body flings out boorish comments upon another student body, thereby stirring up a lot of hot resentment. Almost any little group of boys may, in a desire to be pretty smart, exhibit themselves as brainless smart Alecks. And it isn't such a terrible crime. We don't expect the judgment and good taste in boys that we expect in men—always. Boys haven't acquired the experience and working knowledge of the world that enable them to hit the bull's-eye every time. Once in a while they're bound to be naughty or foolish or boorish—often with the best of intentions. They just happen to try to eat soup with a knife—which isn't the best of form, but may be done by anyone in the sudden heat of excitement. The occasional slip in manners may be overlooked, but there's more than that to be considered. Back of all student scrapping, there are things that are still more important. And they're es-

pecially important when students are away from home and thrown more completely on their own resources, in all matters than most of them have ever been before. Few things should concern you fellows more than the conduct of the colleges and universities of this country of ours. Probably most of you will go to some one of them for four years, and come out at the other end with the mark of that institution indelibly branded upon you. What that mark, that brand, will be depends in large measure upon the student state of mind.

### That State of Mind

IT is a regrettable thing when the student body of any of our schools or colleges or universities permits the development of an ungracious state of mind that is based on a feeling of superiority closely resembling swell-head. It is not exactly swell-head, but is something worse than swell-head. There used to be a saying that the king could do no wrong, and kings lived up to it. The result of that is that we haven't many kings left. It ruined the king job. Every now and then, a college or a university seems to have allowed to grow up in its midst a sort of theory that it can do no wrong. That's bad education—the sort that leads to scrapping.

### The Object of Colleges

THE object of colleges is to educate. The primary object has generally been said to be to educate in history and Latin and Greek and law and whatnot. But we do not agree with that. We think that is the secondary purpose of a university education. We do not believe that the education of the mind is quite so important as the education of the man, if you get what we mean. We believe it is vastly more important to any of you to know that you should treat your washerwoman with kindness and courtesy than it is to know the binomial theorem—whatever that is. After all, the most important thing you can know in life is how to get along with your fellow human beings—and that takes in a lot of territory. You may not know a Greek root from a horse-radish root, but if you deal kindly and considerately with all with whom you come in contact, your life will be a success. College should teach you this.

### Not in Class Rooms

IT is a thing that cannot be learned in class rooms. But if you are one of a student body of five or six thousand, your mind will be moulded by the state of mind of the rest of the five or six thousand students. For four years, college will be your world. The thing that seems right to that world will be all too likely to seem right to you. A man who graduates from a col-

lege will probably reflect all his life something of the combined attitude of mind of all the students who have been there while he was an undergraduate.

### Ideals and Traditions

YOU hear it said that this school or college, or that school or college, turns out a fine type of young man. By that is meant, not a finely educated young man, but a young man who has gathered fine ideals during a four-year association with fine ideals. Perhaps these ideals spread from the faculty to the student body; perhaps, on the other hand, they proceed from traditions of the place, traditions which demand that a man shall behave and think in such and such a manner. Ideals become traditions. Fine—if the ideals are fine. But not so good otherwise. It would be deplorable, for instance, to walk out of college marked with a brand that resembled a swelled head just because a student tradition had for four years encouraged you to believe yourself a little better than anyone who hadn't attended your particular educational institution.

### Loyalty

WE do not blame any undergraduate body for believing its college or university one of the finest in the world. The university man who is not proud of his college, and who would not rather have graduated from it than from any other, is likely to be a poor sort. But loyalty need not be blind loyalty, the sort that sees no flaws at home, no merit elsewhere. It's blind loyalty in schools or colleges that makes scraps. It's blind loyalty that makes a man feel cockily superior, and anxious to make others recognize his superiority.

### They Say—

SOMEONE once said that the only individual who never worries about whom he is seen to associate with is the man whose social position is unassailable. When a man commences to say that he has arrived at a position in the world where he cannot associate on equal terms with the Joneses and the Smiths and the butcher's family across the way—then you want to watch him, because he is getting shaky. If he has to assert his position, then, more than likely, he hasn't much position to assert. When anyone, individual, state, or student body, becomes painstakingly high hat, that one is open to suspicion.

### If—

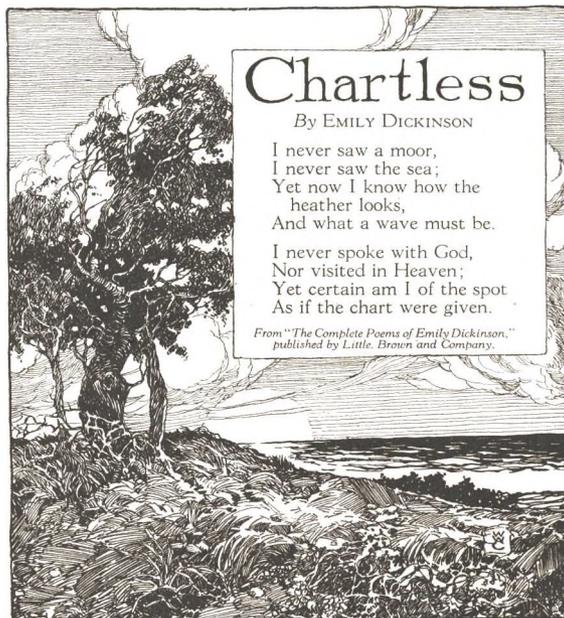
IF, then, your school or college or university is vacillating its students with notions of superiority, notions that lead to boorishness and on to scrapping, it is time someone rang the alarm. It is time to consider not only the squabbles into which your student body plunges, but also the state of mind that leads to the squabbles. One school or college is better than another only as it impresses more gracious ideals upon its students. Truly great traditions are made of fine ideals, not of absurd notions. No student body should be under the influence of unworthy traditions. Is yours? If so, it's time for someone to ring the alarm.

### Ripe Time

YES. Ripe time for some independent-minded student or group of students to stand firm and say to the rest of the student body: Look here! Let's stop our sour scrapping with this other school. Let's meet the men from that school half way—more than half way, if necessary—and establish a new tradition of fine, friendly feeling between us and the honorable enemy. Let's wipe the bitterness out of our battles on gridiron and debate platform. . . . Why doesn't some unafraid leader rise up and say just that?

### You?

WHY not you? You and all of your associates who can be roused into sizing up traditions and fighting for the finest. You can stop the silly scrapping. You can make a new school or college world.



## Chartless

By EMILY DICKINSON

I never saw a moor,  
 I never saw the sea;  
 Yet now I know how the  
 heather looks,  
 And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,  
 Nor visited in Heaven;  
 Yet certain am I of the spot  
 As if the chart were given.

From "The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson,"  
 published by Little, Brown and Company.

Matt shot as Bromwell's body hurtled downward, shot upwards toward the monster's gaping mouth.



# The Saving of the Show

By Rex Lee  
Illustrated by Fred C. Yohn

"SOTO'S on the loose!" The hoarse shout of the veteran animal man rang out over the circus lot. Even as the warning sounded, the crazed bull elephant charged into the ticket wagon. Crash! Over went the wagon. Trumpeting murderously, Soto rushed on, shattering platforms and tearing through tents, to head down the midway straight toward the little town already raging with unreasoning resentment against the show.

And after Soto, tore young Matt Connor, boss elephant man. Unarmed but unafraid. Without definite plan but with keen realization of duty. He must stop the mad elephant.

No time then to think of Bromwell. The former boss elephant man, in hot revenge for his discharge, had doubtless made no end of trouble for the show; had doubtless led the townspeople into believing the show greatly to blame for the destruction done in fire and unavoidable storm. But Soto was the problem now, not Bromwell. The great bull elephant must be killed—to save both town and show.

White-faced but fearless, Matt pelted in pursuit of the crazed monster.

## Part II

BEHIND the lanky Matt, ran Paulson, Bulmer, and others. The street that led to the center of town, directly in front of the midway, was now deserted as the terror-stricken mob scattered.

Then Soto caught sight of two refreshment booths, close to the entrance to the lot, that he had overlooked. He swerved, and crashed into one. In a trice it was nothing but a heap of wreckage. Matt heard Paulson yell to someone to get the guns—two high-powered rifles. Soto smashed into the second booth and soon attended to that. He was then directly facing the horse tents a hundred yards away, and he lumbered toward them. More than a hundred sleek dapple-gray draught horses were quartered there, and as Soto, trumpeting loudly with insane rage, charged for them the animals were a rearing, kicking mass of frantic horseflesh. Before Soto reached them they were galloping wildly over the lot.

Matt stopped in his tracks, and yelled to the manager. "It'll get to town and get some more guns!"

"I'll be the only thing to do. Soto was safely out of the notion of going to town, now. And they had to have

more guns to get him. An elephant can absorb dozens of bullets without being affected, unless one reaches heart or brain. And through an elephant's hide, hitting the one target is almost impossible, and hitting the other one a feat of marksmanship.

As Matt rushed down the street, the spectators were rushing back toward the lot, and new ones were coming every second. Matt was recognized, and he ran through a jeering mob that hurled a hundred insults at him. They thought he was frightened and running away. Not only that, they blamed him for not being able to handle Soto—that smacked of Bromwell!

"He'd better not let this show get its hands on him!" raged the furious young showman, and he ran without a look at his tormentors.

Any one of a dozen old-timers could handle guns—and would not be afraid to get close enough to try one. It wasn't shirking to go after more—

Here was the hardware store. Gasping for breath, he burst through the door. Two men were talking—one behind the counter. The other one was Bromwell.

Matt had no time for him. The gun rack was behind the counter, and ammunition stacked on a showcase.

"One of our elephants has gone wild, and we've got to have more guns!" he gulped breathlessly. "I want all your high-powered—"

"Soto?" barked Bromwell.

"Yes!" blazed Matt. "Tickled pink, aren't you? Give me those guns, please, mister, before Soto ruins this town—"

"Got the money?" snapped the storekeeper, and flashed a meaning look at Bromwell.

"What's he doing now—smashing up the lot?" queried Bromwell eagerly. He was red-faced and red-eyed, as though he had been drinking heavily.

"Yes! Give me those guns—all your high-powered rifles—I haven't got cash with me, but—"

"You don't git no guns, then!" announced the fat-faced, small-eyed merchant, and in his every word and look the raving Matt could see hatred of the circus, delight that it had met with further misfortune, and deep satisfaction that Bromwell could watch him further embarrass the show. Had Matt known that the hardware man's son had broken a leg in the fire, and that he himself had been knocked down by a canvasser for trampling other people, he might have understood the man's attitude better.

"We've got to shoot this elephant! He's gone mad—" "Well, he can break up your whole show, for all of me! Cash—"

Matt did not hesitate. He vaulted the counter lightly, and before the astonished merchant knew what he was about a full swing to the jaw had knocked him unconscious.

BROMWELL was rushing around the counter, now, his red eyes gleaming with wrath. He, too, wanted old Soto left to roam and destroy and kill.

Matt, however, was five feet eleven of bone and sinew, hardened by a lifetime of hard work in the open air. Bromwell went down like a clubbed ox. Ten seconds later, fannel shirt weighted down with ammunition and four high-powered big game rifles in his arms, Matt was on the street.

He succeeded in catching a ride from a man who was speeding toward the excitement, and in three minutes was on the lot. The midway, the parquet, even the light wagons and two pole wagons, were simply heaps of debris. From within the menagerie tent came wild roars from the cats, and the crack of rifle shots. Hundreds of people, half awed and half delighted, listened and trembled and enjoyed it.

Bulmer and the head animal man were shooting. Paulson, the boss canvasser, old man Call, the side show manager, and Matt took the guns he had brought.

"He's tipping over the cages now!" grated Paulson.

Matt, double-barreled rifle loaded, crawled under the side of the swaying menagerie top. Old Soto was in the center, trumpeting. The four polar bear cages were tipped over, and the bears were fighting each other in their panic. The lions were roaring, and leaping at the bars. Soto charged, and one of their cages went over as the big beasts fought in utter terror of the enemy who could destroy them even were they free.

Huddling prone under the menagerie wall, Matt steadily pumped shots into the big bull elephant, as did the others, but the shots had no effect whatever.

Abruptly Soto changed his plans. He had all the male lions' cages lying on their sides, now, and the crazed beasts were a tangled mass of fighting, clawing, roaring lunatics. Soto charged them, trying to break the cages open. His great feet hit and twisted the bars—he would soon have those beasts free, so that he could kill some of them—

And Matt, white-faced and blazing-eyed, knew that they must not be freed. In their condition, they would kill dozens—

So, deliberately, hot gun reloaded, he stood up. "Soto!" he yelled, but could not be heard above the roars that shook the tent. The leopards were screaming wildly, and the polar bears lent their panic-stricken roars to the din. Matt ran forward a few paces—and Soto caught a glint of him.

His red eyes seemed to get redder as he saw the man who meant authority and punishment—the bull-hook, everything he hated now. And with a wild blast of pure rage, he charged the lanky youngster who had put himself up as a sacrifice.

In that instant Matt, too far beyond himself to be actually afraid, knew that his chances for life were only one in ten. He dashed for the side wall, and dived underneath it as a dozen bullets tried to stop Soto's mad charge. Matt leaped to one side as the mammoth ripped through the side wall. Matt's gun was ready. There was a chance for a good shot, too, as Soto rushed blindly forward. Hiding behind the side wall had fooled him—

Matt shot. And a wild cry of exultation burst from him as Soto stumbled to his knees. But in a second the elephant was up again, dashing maddly on. Again the mob ran for their lives as Soto rushed straight for them, Matt in full pursuit.

From nowhere, apparently, young Charley Underwood, one of the elephant men, appeared. In a mad effort to turn Soto, he turned and waved his hands. He leaped to one side, finally, speeding for the shelter of a wagon, but Soto caught him with his trunk.

There were tears in Matt's eyes as he saw the screaming boy caught. Soto's trunk shot upward. With the fascination of utter horror, Matt watched—could not turn his eyes away.

**B**UT a miracle happened. Instead of smashing his captive to the ground in front of him, Soto threw the boy back over his head as he might have a stick. High in the air he went, while Soto rushed on.

Matt dashed forward, reaching the boy just after he had landed in a limp heap—with the instinct of an athlete, Charley must have relaxed in the air, thus almost unbelievably saving himself from serious injury, for even as Matt reached him he was struggling up.

"All right!" Matt gasped, and Charley nodded weakly as he swayed on his feet. Matt picked up his rifle, and sped on after Soto, who was now lumbering through the gate.

The street was deserted as the elephant lumbered along, Matt leading the pursuit. There was not even a car to ride in—all the formerly jeering townspeople had scattered behind, and were back at the lot, although streaming toward town.

Matt saw the bull swerve to the left, directly opposite the hardware store, and go crashing through a plate glass window. The young elephant man swerved to the sidewalk. Soto had gone right through a barber shop, and was crashing through the back wall now. And from the window of the hardware store Matt subconsciously noted Bromwell, watching. The ex-boss shrank back, though, as he glimpsed Matt in the lead of the pursuers. He didn't want to be seen.

"Better not be!" thought the racing Matt, as he dashed into the ruined shop.

A white-coated figure gathered itself out of the ruins of a chair.

"Anybody hurt?" gulped Matt, and the man shook his head limply.

That was all that was needed, and Matt was off again. Soon Paulson and Bulmer and the rest caught up with him. The trail led out to a road leading toward the mountains. Soto, the killer, was roaming in the open country, and not a showman dared think of what could happen.

"I'll get cars!" Paulson said suddenly. "No use of walking. He may go forever. Bulmer, you and Frank go back and hire—"

That was all Matt heard, for he did not stop. The cars, if they got them, could overtake him. He was going to follow those huge round footprints in the dirt road. When someone shouted after him, he turned and yelled:

"Pick me up!" Gun in hand, head down, he plodded along

at a jog trot. It would be dark within two hours, for the sky was overcast with low-scudding clouds. It was no more cold and bleak, however, than the spirit of the lanky youngster whose every faculty was bound up in one objective—to get Soto. He did not allow himself to think of the desperate position of the show, but there was a numb, hopeless feeling within him that made life a tasteless, weary thing. Perhaps Soto's being at large would so work on the minds of the already taut, inimical townsmen that it would lash them into a frenzied attack on the show—the attack that had seemed just around the corner for the last twenty-four hours.

From the occasional houses came frightened, interested people who shouted questions at that lone figure hurrying along, but Matt did not answer them. He was after Soto—and soon left the last house behind. No one followed him.

The end of the trail—maybe. For as he rounded a turn and looked down a straight stretch of road which led up over a grade he saw that Soto's tracks led off the road, to the right.

And there Matt stopped. For to the right of the road, stretching for a mile or more back toward the hills, and extending at least a mile parallel to the road, lay what was now a swamp. It was ten feet below the road level, and he could see the water glinting in the thick undergrowth. Perhaps it hadn't been a swamp before that awful rain, but it was now. It was thinly wooded, but bushes and a sort of swale grass covered it beneath the scrubby trees.

**H**ERE old Soto had gone. And if he had deliberately entered a swamp, he didn't intend to do anything but hide there, Matt thought. And his heart leaped with hope as he remembered that wild elephants always sought solitude to die. In Africa men told of some hidden canyon in the mountains, which white man had never penetrated, where aged elephants came from hundreds of miles away to die. The natives said that it was covered with the ivory of their tusks for a depth of hundreds of feet—

Had the shot that had brought Soto to his knees wounded him fatally, and had he gone into the swamp to die?

Matt sat down on the side of the road. He was almost spent; in his weakened condition the strain had been too much. He prayed that the outlaw might be dead—there were hundreds of bullets in him—

He leaped to his feet as though shot. Borne on the wings of the chilling wind, a trumpet blast came from the depths of the swamp. Soto was alive.

It seemed like the last straw. How were men going to penetrate that swamp without deadly peril? The man who met Soto would be dead, unless his shot was deadly. He could not escape the charge in that clogging mud and water.

Matt wondered dully where the others were, in their

cars. It had been an hour or more since he had left them. He kept a wary eye on the borders of Soto's retreat, and waited. What a prospect there was ahead!

Fifteen minutes later the noise of an automobile motor reached his ears, and he got to his feet. Around the bend came a flivver, puffing up the hill. Matt stared at it. It held only one man—

And that man was Bromwell!

Matt stood motionless as the car chugged up to him. But in his gray blue eyes there gathered a sort of film that made them old and bleak and cold. There was the disloyal showman who had spured all Fallville on—

Right then Matt subconsciously heaped on the truculent old elephant man's head all the misfortune of the show, from the fire to the madness of Soto. And as Bromwell, carrying a rifle, clambered stiffly out of the car Matt walked toward him. His head was bent forward, and his knees bent, and he was like a lithe tiger stalking his kill.

"What are you doing here?" he asked slowly and softly, and somehow his voice was like the wicked purr of a great cat.

"Come to get old Soto," Bromwell replied briefly, and his reddened eyes met Matt's firmly, and his seamed face was impassive.

For a moment the cold rage within him choked Matt's voice. Then the floodgates of speech were released, and the words poured like hot lava from his lips.

"You are, are you?" he stormed. "You that tried to keep me from a gun in that store! You that've been steaming up Fallville to ruin this show! You, you double crossing, murdering old buzzard, who—"

"Just a minute, Matt," Bromwell said wearily, and raised his hand as though to ward off Matt's furious attack.

Something in the ex-boss's attitude told Matt the story of a suddenly broken spirit, and the young Irish man checked his words.

"Your hands are workin'," Bromwell said slowly. "Yuh want t' lick me, I can see that. Go ahead."

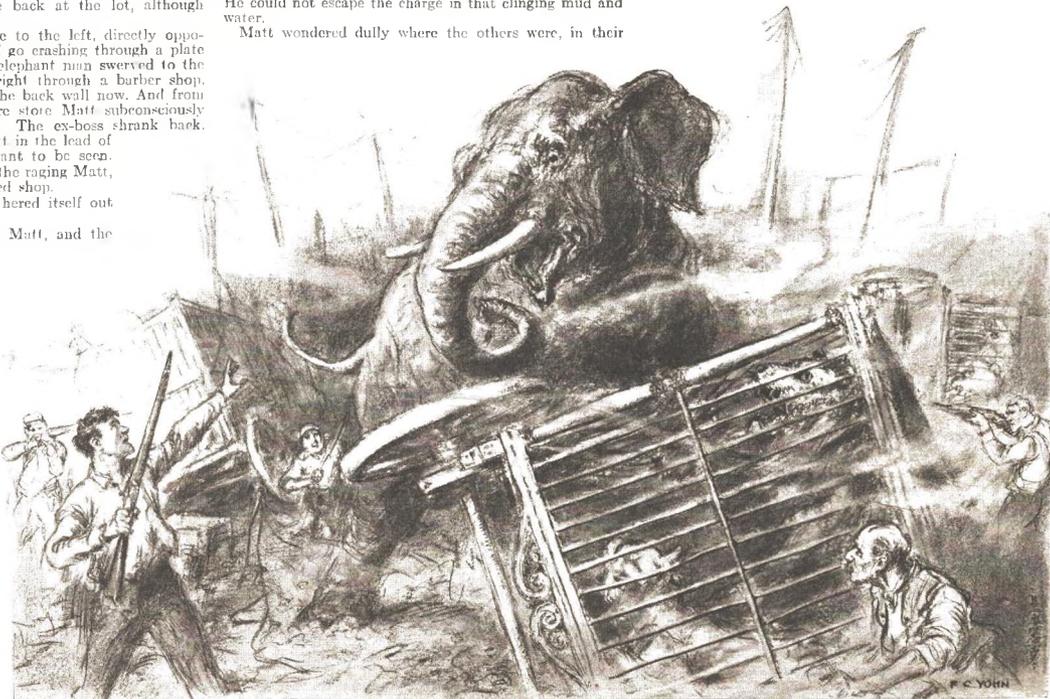
He dropped his gun, and stood with his hands at his side. His stalwart body was stooped, as though very weary.

**F**OR a moment they stood there, motionless, while Matt's eyes burned into the bloodshot but utterly calm ones of his former chief. Then Bromwell smiled a crooked little smile.

"Yuh won't do it, but yuh ought to, even if I am fifty," he said quietly. "I'm everything yuh said, all yuh was goin' t' say, and more. In other words, I plead guilty."

"Soto's in the swamp, huh? Well, before I git in after him, I just wanta tell yuh somethin', Matt, in case I don't git out again. And maybe I can manage him, at that."

"Listen. It ain't no excuse, (Continued on page 40)



Matt ran forward a few paces and Soto caught sight of him. With a wild blast of rage, he charged.

# The Overland Trail

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

**B**ARRICADED within the circle of prairie schooners, we blazed away desperately at the hordes of half naked, whooping Indians surrounding us. Noise—smoke—dust. Spitting arrows. Screaming bullets. Men gasping and writhing.

Forgotten now my other troubles on the trail. Forgotten, the theft of my money, and my narrow escape from villainous, gold-mad Jake Wickwire. Forgotten, the unreasoning enmity of the Lucky Lot, the enmity that had been held in check only through the rough friendliness of Sure-shot Miller, staunch captain of the wagon train. Forgotten, too, the urgent need of reaching California in time to save the Pomo Claim, the claim so rich in gold in those dazzling days of '49, the claim Hanby Henderson had willed my mother at the time when, dying, he had willed me young Red Thunder, his Indian peon, son of the Pomo chief. Completely wiped out in the stress of the Arapahoe attack, all those things.

At my side Buck Mason, for whom I'd been loading, went down, snarling, gasping, clawing at an arrow in his breast. I tried to pull it out—and couldn't. I looked at him; he was dead. I grabbed his gun and took his place.

Just as I did so, a big body of the Indians massed together at the left, pulling their ponies face toward us. I saw that they were going to charge into the corral across the smoking ruins of two prairie schooners they'd succeeded in burning down.

I howled a warning to Cap Miller—and pointed. They began their short gallop.

Down at that gap in our defenses, rode the deep, wide column of yelling, shooting savages.

## XIX—At the Last Gasp

**R**ED THUNDER—grabbing a gun—ahead of me, and George Powell limping behind, I tore for the spot where the Arapahoes were coming through. Somebody—I guess it was the Pomo—must have seen what they planned and given an alarm before I did; anyhow, while a few of our men stuck to their posts, to keep up fire against such Indians as still did the circle, all the rest of us were making toward that space in the corral.

And there came the enemy. Bronze-bright bodies, war-paint gleaming, lances and rifles—no bows now, not even buffalo bows—knives and tomahawks ready for close quarters—shots and shouts and some sort of chant that made a kind of undercurrent of it all. And our fellows on foot against that savage cavalry!

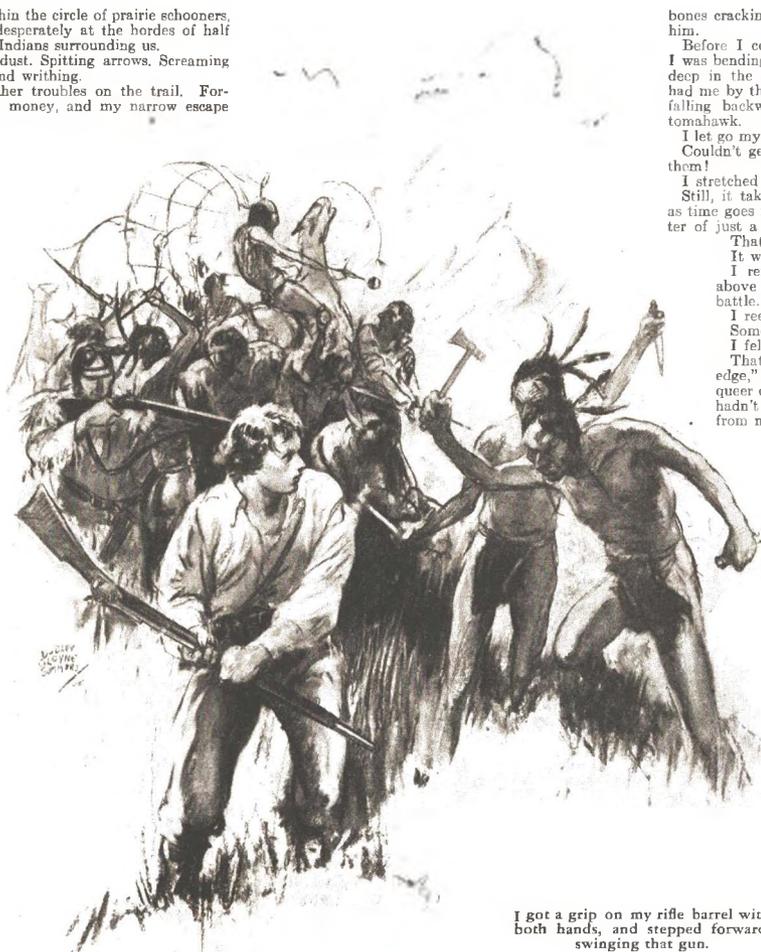
Cap had just time to order us into three lines on each of three sides of a square around the ash piles, and we had just time to take this formation, a front line lying flat, the second kneeling, and the one behind that standing up. It made a cup that the Arapahoes would have to ride into, and they oughtn't have much trouble breaking—and I was in the rear line on the right flank.

"Shoot when their front rank's halfway in!" Miller commanded—there was blood on his face from a scalp wound. "And then club your rifles!"

Then they were there.

"Bang!" went our guns—all pretty much together.

The next thing was just a whirlpool of rearing ponies, battering hoofs, and hand-to-hand fighting. No order, no tactics—every man for himself, and God help the weak ones.



I got a grip on my rifle barrel with both hands, and stepped forward, swinging that gun.

I saw Wickwire swing his rifle in a ring of dismounted Indians—a villain, but no coward. I had a glimpse of little Ike Wilkins going down under a war mace. George Powell tottered. Standish fell in front of me with a lance blade in his shoulder—I near stumbled over his upturned face when something pushed me from behind. That charge had busted our cross line of defense. There weren't any lines any more. Half the savages were unhorsed, but most of these seemed like they were making better war on foot—nothing except a tangle of striking men—of killing men—white and red.

So far, my own part hadn't been much to brag about. I'd shot when everybody else did—I don't know if I hit anybody—and now I was trying to get my rifle butt up—permost in the jam. I was fair picked up and squeezed and tossed out to an open space—or partly open—and then I saw two braves heading for me.

Each had a raised tomahawk. They were grinning, and it was a death grin.

A verse from the Psalms ran through my head—something I'd learned years before, in Sunday School, away off in peaceful Heliopolis.

"They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about: in the name of the Lord will I destroy them."

What chance had I to destroy these two heathen? I got a grip on my rifle barrel, with both hands, about a foot from its end. Somebody or other'd once told me that to hit first was to half win any fight: I stepped forward, swinging that gun. I swung it above my head—I crashed it down and across.

The one fellow ducked back—safe.

The other fellow tried to, but his feet caught in the grass, and it held him—just too long. The rifle butt missed his skull—caught his forearm—must have broken it: even in the din going on around me, I heard the

bones cracking, and he staggered, his legs bending under him.

Before I could straighten up from that stroke, while I was bending to one side over my gun barrel, the butt deep in the trampled grass, his friend was on me. He had me by the neck with the fingers of one hand. I was falling backward, and his other hand brandished the tomahawk.

I let go my gun and tried my knife—my pistol.

Couldn't get them!—Where were they?—Couldn't get them!

I stretched out my arms. I got his throat. I squeezed. Still, it takes a power of time to strangle anybody—as time goes in a fight. The blow of a hatchet is a matter of just a flash.

That tomahawk poised.

It was bluck against the sun.

I remember how blue the sky was. The sky, above shots and shouting—the dust clouds and the battle.

I reeled.

Something cracked.

I fell.

That's all I know about it "of my own knowledge," as they say at law. When I woke up in a queer quiet (with a splitting head that the hatchet hadn't so much as grazed and that ached only from my tumble) a regular miracle had happened.

I don't mean just the way my life was saved—a couple of quick shots from Red Thunder had tended to that—but what was left of the Lucky Lot had been lucky again at last: we'd licked the Arapahoes.

To a finish. Not five of those Indians who'd charged into the corral got out alive. Man-to-man—man to two or three men, part of the time—we were too much for them. Those who weren't killed ran—and then the crowd outside ran, too. They were over the nearest rise already, and the fellows in our outfit who knew about such things said the signs showed those Arapahoes had straggled down here on a feud with some other redskins, got off the truck, stumbled on us, and only took a whack at our train by the way—staked all they dared on that charge. Now they were gone for good.

If they'd known what a price we'd paid, they might have tried once more—and won. Half of our men were dead—Ike Wilkins for one, and what was worse, Caley Jones and the other guide: I saw their bodies lying in a mist of flies on the outskirts of where the fight centered—scalped, as ugly a thing to look at as you can think of. Most of the rest of us were wounded, one way or another, though not many badly; the front rank of the attackers that broke through our lines had slaughtered near all our cattle, and here we were with the worse of the Sierras to cross, winter not any too far off, and nobody to show us the way.

I was near Cap Miller when he tied up his head and took account of stock. Wickwire, not one bit the worse for the battle, strolled along.

"An' whar's that red hound o' this yere boy's?" he wanted to know.

Red Thunder had disappeared.

We searched. He wasn't among the men who could stand, nor among the worse wounded, or the dead. He wasn't in any of the wagons—wasn't anywhere about.

"Sneaked off jes' like that *Kamtuk* done," said another fellow. "Well, we're shet o' him!"

"Run along with his Injun friends, you mean!" says Jake. "What'd I tell you, Miller? In cahoots, he were. He's—"

"No, he wasn't," George Powell insisted—and I was plum grateful to him. "I seen him shoot down a pair of Arapahoes as was gittin' on to Frost."

We didn't know what to think, and not many of the outfit cared. Everybody'd been too busy with his own dangers to notice much, and was too busy now to worry over mine. Wickwire stuck to the treason theory: some said maybe the Pomo'd been made prisoner and carried off for torture, though nobody'd seen the capture. All I could do was remember how Jake had shown he'd do his worst for my friend if they both came out of the Indian fight alive—and hope Red Thunder'd got away because of that. It looked like he'd left me in the lurch. Still, I'd rather the Pomo had left me than been captured by the Arapahoes or hanged as a traitor by the Lucky Lot.

We buried our dead the way such hundreds were buried along the Big Trail, heaping stones over the graves to keep off the coyotes. We turned out the baggage,

leaving everything except ammunition and what we just had to keep to live by—the men grumbling at that, and Wickwire led 'em, but Cap' showed it had to be done—and then we stowed the salvaged stuff into two wagons drawn by the only oxen we had left.

It was well on in the afternoon when that job was done, but the trail wasn't badly marked yet, and Cap' had a compass; besides, nobody—unless it was me, being low in my mind over Red Thunder—wanted to stay a minute longer in this valley than he had to. Miller was kind, in a sort of shamefaced way, but I felt as if I'd lost my last friend when we headed for the blue foothills and the mountains that rose beyond 'em.

### XX—The White Menace

**A** MIGHTY sick-looking outfit we were. Those oxen must have been pretty well done up before the fight, and soon they were just ghosts of themselves, staggering along with eyes like Wickwire's, their necks all raw from the yokes. The wagon wheels had loosened so no tinkering would help them; they jolted the wounded that were inside, and the wounded turned delirious. The men who could walk, had to, and those on the surviving ponies often fell out of their saddles. Any little thing was likely to start a rout, and I heard plenty of talk about depositing Miller; somehow everybody blamed him for all that had happened.

"He brung us inter it," they'd say. "Figger how ye will, he done it. Arter them dead guides, he's 'sponsible."

Jake was busy among the grumblers, and soon they were looking crooked at me again. I'd given up all hope of ever getting to California even in time to save Mother's fortune; I wondered now if any of us would ever get there at all, but still, there was no use trying to get back, either. One day I told Cap' freely my whole story.

"Boy," he said, "I more'n half believed yo' from the start-off—but what could I do then, an' what kin I do now? Seems like them Arapahoes'd set out to kill the very men I was surest of—an' done it. Ef I kin haul this crazy crew through alive, I've done all the duty that's possible."

The trail got worse and worse, and I thought something'd gone wrong with his compass. The mountains did not get any nearer, and the second day after the fight the only thing to satisfy me we were headed right was our coming across Kaintuck's body—or what had been it before the coyotes finished what, like as not, the wolves from the highlands had begun.

It wasn't a pretty sight. There was an Arapahoe arrow between his ribs.

"So he didn't go East for my money that they thought he'd hidden," I said to Cap'.

The only way we identified the body was by the boots. One of them had the nick in it that we'd had such trouble over. Wickwire it was who pointed it out to us.

Of course, this didn't hold us long. Everybody, from Cap' down, was set on making time, and we even began that night, to do a few miles more—by dark and without any stars. We must have borne too much southwards, and then the outfit was too sore to turn back; they all said no, we'd push straight across—go due west.

That's an awful place, the Great American Desert—nothing growing but sagebrush, chico, and greasewood, with here and there a little scrub cedar. The rest is all stones and sand. What guided us was just the bones of men and animals and the jettisoned equipment of people who'd gone that way before us. Our wagons stalled; three of our wounded died. When we'd camp, it was in the middle of nowhere; we'd dig holes, one foot by two feet, burn pine-chopped sagebrush till its coals glowed, and then do our smokeless cooking. When we'd move on, it was always in a fog of alkali dust that powdered our clothes, choked our throats and gravelled our lungs.

And when we came out of the desert, the luck only got worse. We bogged one of our two pairs of oxen and lost them—could just save the sick out of that wagon and some of the gear, and we had to pack the goods on our backs and carry those wounded on stretchers that we made. Ague'd broken out in the lowlands; it changed to

some cases of pneumonia as we went up. The weather got cold, game scarce, and rations short.

"Cap's crazy—plum loco," the men'd swear.

"We got to depose Miller," they'd say, and look at Wickwire.

Queer enough, it was Jake held them back, just then. Looking over the thing after all this time, I figure he knew he couldn't do any better than Cap' was doing and didn't want to be elected in Cap's place till he saw a chance of success along that line; meanwhile, he had me safe enough.

Next, our last oxen gave out. For ever so long, they'd been wobbling along with their legs wide apart, their eyes hollow and their ribs all showing. They could scarcely move their wagon, and we didn't calculate they could haul it among the mountains anyhow. So we shot 'em for food—which didn't last us long.

Then we began to climb.

There wasn't any trail now, only what we thought were false ones, and the gulches got so bad we hardly ever could go betwixt the mountains—had to cross the shoulders of most. Colder and colder, too: we wrapped every-



Under me the snow gave 'way and threw me ahead.

thing around us we could lay hands on, but near froze—stuffed grass in our boots, and only blistered our feet. The tobacco gave out. The rest of our wounded had either got well enough to reel along on foot or else was dead and buried. We numbered about twenty—twenty-two, I think it was. Sometimes we didn't do

more than a couple of miles' climb or slip a day. One night when everybody else was asleep except the sentries, Cap' motioned me to him by the camp fire he was lying beside. Over the snow caps, away up above us, the stars were awful bright. He pointed to a bunch hanging to what I guessed was the northward of us.

"See the Pole Star?" he whispered.

After a little I did pick out the one he meant, wicher than most of the ones around it.

"It's part o' what they call the Li'l' Bar," says Cap', "an' it shows whar the north lays. Well, my compass had ought ter agree with that star, allowin' for variation—an' it don't. Somethin's gone wrong with the pesky pivot. We've been travelin' by my compass, days—an' now God knows whar we're at."

I asked what we were going to do now.

"Keep our mouths shet, yo an' me," he says, "an' all of us push on as near west as the sun'll let us cal'clate." But there wasn't any sun the next day, or the next—only gray weather we couldn't clamber out of. And the third day, we went up in a cold rain.

That night we pitched camp on the shoulder of a mountain, with a steep drop below us and a steep rise, bare rock, above. A chilly kind of rain was coming down; so we got together under a ledge of rock and piled a lot of bushes in front of it. For all my troubles, I slept sound—but I woke to more of 'em.

The old Trail reville boomed out even earlier than usual, and I remember I thought it sounded queer:

"Ro-o-ll out!"

I had to brush something wet and cold off my eyes before I could open them. When I got them cleared and tottered to the piled bushes and looked over, I knew that I'd been covered with drifted snow.

Outside I looked over nothing except miles and miles of it—and nobody could tell how deep it was. Everything, from horizon to horizon, was covered with a mass of white. Waves and waves there were, high and low, hiding precipices and leveling valleys with the spurs of their mountains. A whole world of winter—like the arctic regions must be—like the pole.

Our couple of remaining ponies were knee deep in it, their bowed heads together just in front of me. The wind had dropped, just here, but more flakes were still coming down—and more, and more—and I knew that back of me was an outfit of men half-dead already and half crazy with all that had happened to them. Food low. No chance for fresh. What was worse—if anything could be—nothing to go by now, and we couldn't have worked our way through the monstrous, frozen breakers of that ocean below us if there was anything: it seemed we were surely snowed-in tight among the peaks of the Sierra Nevadas.

### XXI—Starvation Camp

**W** E'D been headed over the side of the mountain, and stopped, like I said, in one of its short shoulders, maybe a hundred yards long by fifty wide. All across the back of it, the rocks rose sheer for seventy feet: there didn't appear any use trying to scale them for a trail out, because we figured that would only bring us nearer the glacier and the ice peak sort of bending above us—and so into a worse fix than we were in now. At front, we saw the shoulder dropped away in a chasm you couldn't climb down at the best season. There were only the two sides left.

"Volunteers for the valley!" says Cap'.

He was a sick man, but he headed that party himself. Naturally, though, it failed. Westward, we found the chasm, turned the corner and ran on past the overhead cliff. We tried back the way we'd come, but the weight of the snow had sent about a quarter of the mountain down and choked us off as tight as if it had been a jail wall. We lost one man in a crevasse, and another fellow tumbled part way after him and was hauled up by a lariat, all smashed and dying. Might as well have looked for a particular autumn leaf as a trail under that wilderness of snow! We didn't try any more.

"Got to go into winter quarters an' wait fo' a thaw," Cap' says.

But we all knew what that meant. I reckon we felt like we were Northwest Passage explorers caught in what they name the grip of eternal winter, and, being off the Trail the way everybody guessed now we were, there wasn't any expectation of a relief party coming along. Once winter started up there in this untraveled section of the Sierras, it'd just keep on, worse and worse, till spring—and by that time, where'd we be?

I said, a way back, I still had my diary of this trip. After that first morning, it says, day in and day out:

"Same as yesterday."

There was more snow every night, more wind every dawn—all the slow eating-in horror, the thing they call monotony, the every minute that's the same as the last and yet worse because it is the same, and because there is no change in sight up to where you see the whole thing's going to end by snuffing you out.

We built up the front wall of the place under the ledge discipline getting more unruly every hour. There wasn't any game; when Cap' sent a party to search a stream, break its ice, and get some fish, only two of the three volunteers came back alive, and they hadn't found but a tiny creek frozen from surface to bottom.

More snow—more drifts. Pretty soon, we couldn't move hardly a quarter mile, right or left—hardly an eighth, I guess.

"The Lucky Lot," says Wickwire, grinning across his goitre, "they been safely conducted—to Starvation Camp!" He was near right, too. Bad enough, the cold was so terrible in the white emptiness: we were all frost-bitten, and we melted snow for drinking water. But after a while the last of our ox flesh was gone. There was only that couple of half-dead ponies left: under Cap's orders, their owners drew lots to see which one's animal'd be shot, and we smoked the meat and tried to eat it slow—men were detailed each night to stand guard over it, one at a time. We were every one turning to skeletons, except Wickwire: he looked as if he still had some flesh on his bones, but then he said he was used to a hard life.

So the mutiny mutterings came to be something near

to shouts—ordinary daily talk, anyway. It was only Cap's courage and cast-iron severity—backed up, of course, by his sure-shot reputation—it was only these things that prevented an outbreak, and even they didn't scotch the snake: just, you might say, postponed it. The Lucky Lot! Wasn't ever an outfit worse named.

Besides, I got worried about Cap'. That wound in his head hadn't been much to start off with; but it wouldn't heal, and now it was heaps worse. He didn't take any decent care of himself, thinking only about his job, and the cut festered more and swole up and looked mighty bad—times, his blond face was all flushed with fever, and he seemed as if he wandered in his mind. Finally, what made things more dismal, the meat seemed to go faster'n we could account for. Those sentries were too weak to keep awake. Gossip went around that somebody was stealing the stuff, and people began to look crooked at Cap' and me.

"We got to think up something to git all hands busy," he says. "They'll go crazy else. An' then they'll begin ter kill."

So he set everybody to building snow houses for themselves, two fellows to a house, where we'd live like Eskimos, saving the spot under the ledge as a hospital for the increasing number of sick. Cap' worked with me, and we put up our igloo some way off from the rest and right by the cliff edge, over the valley, hundred and hundreds of feet below. Then he divided the Lucky Lot into watches to keep a wet wood, smoky fire going, night and day, and never to stop their lookout—though we were certain nobody could any more come here than we could get away.

After this, he went into a higher fever than ever, lying all the time in our snow house in a heap of rags, his eyes wild, his cheeks sunken, and his wound something awful. He did order the last pony killed and warned the men not to eat any too fresh, and George Powell to deal it out in the shortest kind of rations; but the fellows wouldn't pay any attention to Cap', now, when he was out of sight; the meat made most of them sick, and they managed to argue somehow, quite open, that he was to blame.

This was the state of things when the final trouble broke loose.

I'd stopped my diary for something more than a week, but I remember, just before dark, trying to figure out what day it was and making it November 1st; so the Pomo option would expire by midnight. I laughed in a way that was as bitter as crying—and I nearly did cry when I thought of Mother, back in Heliopolis, depending on me.

"Dan," says Cap', in a sane voice, but weak, "come yhere!"

I'd been at the igloo's opening. I went in to him; he was tossing on his bed.

"Dan," he said, "I don't know of anybody's a-comin' out of this alive—but I ain't. I want yo' to harken to one last order. Our crowd's none so bad when they ain't misled. It's Wickwire's misleading 'em. Ef I kin't help yo', an' that's further trouble over these yere food ths, you do what I'd ought 'a' done long ago: don't yo' bother about nobody else—shoot Wickwire, an' shoot to kill. Then mebbe yo' 'll hev some chance."

He said that—and went out of his head. I spent the whole night making him as easy as I could, but he never got what you'd call clear again. Several times, during the dark, I thought I heard a buzzing as if the Lucky Lot was in meeting; I was too busy to worry—it was just gray dawn, and bitter cold, when an enormous hullabaloo broke out.

I ran to the igloo's opening, but I was near thrown back. Here came about all that was left of the Lucky Lot—all that could navigate, anyhow. Some carried burning wood from the fire in their hands, and the light jumped up and down over them and made them look like hungry men going crazy—which is about what they were.

George Powell limped along in the lead. He'd never got over that leg cut an Amphoe gave him—he wasn't



We found the chasm turned the corner and ran on past the overhead cliff.

a bad kind, generally, but up here in Starvation Camp, Jake had won him over again, and now his face, half covered by a new-grown beard, was fair blazing. He slung me down across Cap's legs and put a foot on my chest; his other hand held a cocked revolver.

Cap' sat bolt upright—a dead person come to life.

"What's—what's—" he began.

"The last of the pony meat's been stole—that thar's what!" says George. "We b'lieve this yere boy's been stealin' food right along for himself an' you—an' yo' 've both got ter swing 'er in!"

"A fair trial," says Cap'. "It's jes' moonshine; but we'll have a fair trial."

Then they all yelled together again. They all yelled: "No more trials!—They'll talk themselves out'n it!—Lynch 'em!"

"I'm still cap'n!" says Cap'.

"We've leeted Wickwire!" they bellowed, and then again: "Lynch 'em!"

"Ef yo' don't come 'long quiet an' git hung—" says George, and raised his revolver.

"Not us!" says Cap'. And his right fist darted up, from under the bed rags. He fired just as I gave a frantic writhe under George's foot.

At the same instant, George fired. But only as he lurched forward and fell on top of me. In the fleeting second before George landed on me, I saw Cap' fall back flat.

Had each of those two shots done deadly work—or had my struggles led to the defeat of both?

#### XXII—Wickwire's Secret

THOSE fellows hadn't expected Cap' to have a gun in bed with him. When he drew, some of them flopped themselves flat on the ground—some jumped to corners. They left me wedged, face up,

between two inert bodies—but that was for less than a second: soon as they saw the fight was over, they made a dash, all together, for where I was held.

They began dragging at Powell, to see if he had any life left in him—and to get him clear, so's they could collar me. Standish shouted:

"George's alive! His heart's beat'n!"

And another fellow: "Hold Cap'! Watch out he ain't playin' 'possum!"

Was he? I wondered. Now they were lifting Powell. Now I could just move. And I had to move for two, myself and Cap'—if he was alive.

You needn't ask me how I did it. I don't know. But somehow I wriggled from under and cut to the side there were only a couple of men on. I bumped one over as I rose up. I tripped the other. I circled the crowd in a jiffy. I got to the igloo's entrance.

There I turned around and looked back. Why? Because Cap's stern orders were still ringing in my ears. I'd had a revolver, of course, ever since the trial and the Indian fight. I'd drawn now.

The crowd had all wheeled in my direction. Torches high, arms stretched out. Clawing fingers. Dangling nooses. Half-lifted pistols.

"Lynch him!" But they'd stopped in their tracks. The way I'd seen Cap' do in the time of my first trouble with them, I did now—let my gun move slowly back and forth. Funny thing; it did not tremble.

"Go on an' git him!" That was what the men in the rear said. The fellows in front said:

"Quit yore shovin'!" "I didn't want to kill more than one—and I didn't want to kill *him*, only I knew he was the person to blame and our two lives—perhaps a bit the lives of the others—depended on it. That order of Cap's: "Shoot Wickwire—then mebbe yo' 'll hev some chance."

Face by face, I studied them, under the starlight. Well, Wickwire wasn't there!

It shook me more than if he had sprung out and fired. My hand did tremble then. They

all saw it and made for me. My revolver sputtered—and dropped. A lariat hissed by me—missed only because there was no space to swing it from, inside the hut. I ran for all I was worth.

Out through the tricky gray of beginning dawn. Out into the trampled snow. Hurrying feet followed me—yells—shots. I didn't know where I was going—didn't look. I doubted this way and that till I found myself deep in snow that nobody'd set foot on for many a day.

A voice boomed up from somewhere behind: "He's goin' over!"

One instant, it didn't mean a thing—the next—I knew what it meant. And too late.

Under me, the snow gave 'way and threw me ahead. I tried to throw myself back—couldn't. Grabbed at the air. Went down and grabbed at the drift under me.

That drift went, too. It went with me—over the cliff edge.

Death, of course, was what I expected—death in that valley, ever and ever so far below; I turned a complete somersault—then shot straight down. But you can think faster'n even you can fall. I wondered if it would take long—if I'd be dead before I struck—

And I struck snow! Struck another drift. Couldn't have dropped twenty feet. And was waist deep—with nothing worse than a scare past to show for it. I've said it gets dark all of a sudden in those mountains; morning comes along almost as quick, though not quite so, and as I was floundering out of my drift—mighty careful not to take another fall—the day showed me where I was and how I'd got there. Just as we had a ledge back of Starvation Camp that we hadn't explored, here, below the camp, there was one—only a lot smaller: ten feet wide, perhaps—which the bulging-out snow above it had hidden from us that morning when we first woke up to find ourselves (Continued on page 47)

# Some 1926 Boy Champions As Assembled by Armstrong Perry



Carl Laemmle, Jr., sold ten scenarios before he was eighteen.



Peter Ottensen (center), Davenport, Ia., shot 3,000 consecutive bull's-eyes.



Franklyn C. Wight, Brooklyn, sailed his model yacht to a national championship.



Richard Callender, Culver Military Academy, jumped 6 feet 3 inches in a meet.



John C. Miles, Nova Scotia, won the historic 20-mile Boston Marathon.



Three times winner of the Bill Hart roofing trophy, Don Cummings, Los Angeles, challenges you.



William Boland, Southern boy, rated ten championship ears. Not on his head—in cornstalks. He got a \$2,000 cup.



Dave Ward won the Michigan State Amateur Golf Championship last July. Pretty good for an 18-year-old.



Last August Junior Colton Kates, Kansas City, won the National Tennis Championship for boys.



Walter Laufer, Cincinnati, went to Germany and broke two world's swimming records.



Bengt Stroomgren's new device gets correct time from the stars. Bengt is a Danish boy.



David Binney Putnam, New York, has twice explored the Arctic and has written two books.



Willie Harper, Kentucky, is the marbles champion of America. He won his title at Atlantic City.



Jack Loughner, Detroit, won a \$200 prize and trophy, with his model airplane.



The United States won the Junior International Oratorical Contest. Herbert Wenzel, Los Angeles, did it.



Jackie Cooper, Canadian boy, won a bucking contest at Jasper National Park.



Billy Hausler, Brooklyn, challenges the world to a harmonica contest.



This six-mile Junior A. A. U. champion is Phil Osh, Arizona Indian schoolboy.



Jesu Munoz Cota is Mexico's champion boy reator. He's just nineteen.



Elnor E. Maurer, Cleveland, ran away with the commencement honors for the best horsemanship at Culver.



David Wilson's League of Nations essay won him a trip to Europe. He lives in Portland, Oregon.



President Coolidge called Francis Kaw, Honolulu, "the farthest west marbles champion."



## more distance on the same set

Want more stations on that storage battery set of yours? Want the far-away ones you get now to come in more easily and regularly? The Radiotron laboratories have developed a *super-detector* that slips right into the socket where you have a Radiotron UX-201-A now. Just change that one to a Radiotron UX-200-A.

It makes your set sensitive to fainter signals—reaches out to farther stations—picks up weaker ones you couldn't get before. It makes a big change for a very small cost!

Bring your storage battery set up-to-date with a power RADIOTRON UX-171 or UX-112 a detector RADIOTRON UX-200-A and RADIOTRONS UX-201-A for all-round quality.

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## HEATING METAL INSIDE OF GLASS

EVERYONE knows that glass melts easily, and metal requires a high temperature. Yet, at the Radiotron laboratories, the experimenters can put a Radiotron in the coil of a "high frequency furnace" and melt the metal *inside it* without melting the glass. This is done by an electric current that is induced inside the glass bulb, right through the glass.

This extraordinary furnace is not only used for experiment. In manufacture, every single Radiotron goes for a moment through such a furnace, just after the air has been exhausted out of it. The inside metal is heated red hot in the vacuum, and the tiny air bubbles boil right out of the metal and the glass, and are pumped away. Never before could such an exhaust be obtained.

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RADIO CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA  
New York Chicago  
San Francisco

# RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA



Regular fellows have  
**CLEAN**  
white teeth

THERE'S nothing weak about Steve Baker. He can drive the puck like a pro, and on those hockeys of his he skates around the lake like the national champion himself.

Steve is right "there" with the boys; and speaking of girls—well, he's no slouch with the ladies either. When he smiles, his good-looking teeth make hearts go pitter-patter.

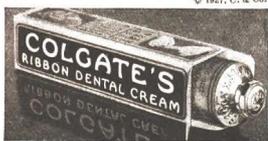
What makes Steve's teeth shine so white? He keeps them clean—not in a druggy way, but just by good, natural cleanliness. He uses Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream twice a day—in the morning and at bedtime.

Colgate's cleans teeth the natural way. It foams up on your brush, gets in between the teeth, and washes them clean. Your teeth get smooth and white; and your mouth, too, feels refreshed.

Colgate's even tastes clean. It has a really pleasant taste.

You can try Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Mail the coupon below, and you will get a generous sample tube, without cost.

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tube of the dentifrice most American men and women use.

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City..... State.....

# Pass, Catch and Shoot!

(Continued from page 6)

steadily it with the left hand in front of and on the under curve of it. Thrust your arm directly up toward the basket, leaving your feet as you do it. Aim at a point on the backboard directly above the basket, so that your ball will lightly touch this spot and angle cleanly through the hoop.

Except on rare occasions, stick to these two shots. Once in a while you may be crowded and have no choice as to the kind of shot you shall make. Then, if you can find no player to pass to, by all means shoot in whatever manner is quickest.

All this time, while you are practicing fundamentals, you are running your legs into shape. You're developing the two most important qualities that make for success—heart and skill. The team that jumps immediately into plays and strategy without developing legs and foot work remind me of the ancient parable about the house built upon the sand. A beautiful house, all right, but completely wrecked by the first storm that comes along.

## Force Him to the Side Lines

NOW, if you and the rest of your team are fast and have developed good wind you're ready to try out the Columbia defense and offense. First of all, get the following three principles into your heads to stay.

On defense, always keep between your man and the basket, forcing him toward the side lines.

On offense, never catch a ball standing still; keep your opponent from intercepting it by going to meet it.

After you have completed a pass, get ready to receive the ball again.

Because our last year's team was drilled in these three fundamentals, we were able to keep the ball not only by preventing interceptions, but by taking it from our opponents. We'd catch them making passes flat-footed to a standing player, and the ball was ours.

Now for the Columbia defense. You'll be surprised to learn that we've abandoned the popular five-man wall in favor of the old-fashioned man-for-man style. The minute we lose the ball, every player rushes to cover an opponent. There is no falling back to the center of the court to form a line. There is no cautious pecking at the wall by the offensive team—no slow dribbling up the floor while the attack gets organized and the defense gets set. No matter where an opponent takes the ball, he finds a Columbia player "on top" of him, forcing him to pass or lose it.

It's willing to admit that this style of play may not work with your team. It requires five fast men, trained to go at top speed, without rest, for the entire half. The five-man defense is valuable because it gives you a breathing spell. The Columbia team, last year, learned to do without breathing spells.

If you have a team that can get away with it, try the man-for-man defense. It's the ideal one, in my opinion, because it lets you cover every opponent all the time. You'll be able to keep the play under your own basket and prevent stalling.

## The Man-for-man Beat the Army

COLUMBIA'S defense worked effectively against West Point last year. When the cadets had the ball, they in-

variably started down the floor with it, alternating forward dribbles with backward passes. Against the five-man defense this attack might be effective, but we found it easy to break up because our men were on top of the cadets the minute they had the ball. We intercepted those backward passes.

Remember this: if you have one slow player, you must modify the man-for-man defense by placing a safety man in the middle of the floor. We didn't need to do that last year, because all our men were fast. When we lost the ball under our basket, we immediately covered our opponents. If a fast opposing forward broke away and ran for the other end of

men took the ball up the floor with as few passes as possible, never passing backward, and passed to one of our two men who were running the corners. Then two more of our men went through, and from that moment the five-man defense didn't exist. One man, Bill Madden, stayed back toward the middle of the floor, but whenever he saw a chance, he would go in to take a pass. Thereupon Johnny Lorch would come out.

Here's a good way to practice our style of offense. Put two men in the corners on each side of your own basket, and one man back of the foul area. Start passing rapidly one to the other and zigzagging all the time. Until you are ready to cut in and make a shot, keep the area under the basket clear. Stay away from it until somebody is ready to cut in for a short shot.

We earned the reputation last year of being a fast cutting team making close shots under the basket. We did it in the way I've just described—keeping the zone under the basket clear until we were ready to dart in for a close one.

Princeton, then the Eastern intercollegiate champion, solved our style of attack and to break it up placed guards right under the basket. Their idea was to prevent our men cutting in for close shots. We met this maneuver by loosing a barrage of medium-length shots from a point squarely in front of the basket. When a few of these dropped through the hoop the Princeton guards came out and our area was clear.

## Don't Use "Set" Plays

ASIDE from this general system of attack we use no set plays to get the ball down to the basket. Set plays are too easily solved. Our attack varies according to the situation, but through it all runs our hard-and-fast rules: never pass flat-footed; never pass backward; get the ball shooting distance in as few passes as possible, never dribble unless you are coming up to the basket for a shot and there's no one in front of you.

Dribbling has definite disadvantages. A dribbler usually keeps his head down. He can't watch his team mates. He's slow enough to give the other team time to get set. I consider the dribble a destroyer of good floor work and bar it absolutely except under the circumstances I have mentioned.

It's hard to break a man of dribbling, once he has learned it, because he likes to do it. In my opinion, dribbling is a stunt that almost always sets a team back. The applause it evokes is undeserved applause. Don't spend much time on it. Just remember that it's a one-man game, that it takes five men to play basketball, and that every time one man dribbles four men are idle. In a fast passing game the opponent has a hard time keeping track of the ball. In a dribbling game, on the other hand, every opponent knows exactly where the ball is.

The Columbia offense, last year, was so fast that it exhausted nearly every team we played against. When we started the season, no one gave us an outside chance to finish high in the running. But when we opened up with the old-fashioned defense that gave nobody a breathing spell, and an attack that drove the ball under our own basket in double-quick time, we gave ourselves the advantage of a com-

(Continued on page 36)



## O'Harra McSnort, on Ice

By LEROY W. SNELL

Now O'Harra McSnort was a skater who'd won Every contest and race that he'd ever begun. And his ice pictures too, were the talk of the state. For he'd draw you a house with the toe of his skate. And so real would he draw it (with curve, glide and slice) That the smoke from the chimney would soften the ice.

And so light was his stroke and so airy his glide That on clear open water he skated a mile. Till he tripped on a wavelet, fell flat in the lake. But he blinked not an eye and he quaked not a quake. For though Mac couldn't swim, he just hung his head down. Pressed his skates to the top and scullied right back to town.

Came the day of the big race at Pinkpuddleport And the day's chief attraction O'Harra McSnort. Oh, the crowd lined the banks for a stretch of a mile And they cheered and they shouted at Mac's gorgeous smile. He accepted a handicap—half a mile back. Sure, a small thing like that couldn't ruffle our Mac.

Then at bark of the gun he was off with a dash And sped down the course in an eye-blinding flash; Burst the tape—but the judges refused him first place. Contending he hadn't made time in the race. For so great was his speed that the white tape he parted Exactly eight seconds before he got started!

the floor, so that he could receive a long pass and make an easy shot right under his basket, either Johnny Lorch or Bill Madden, our guards, could keep pace with him. But had Johnny or Bill been slow, we should have posted him in the middle of the floor so that he'd have a head start on any forward who tried to make a dash for the basket.

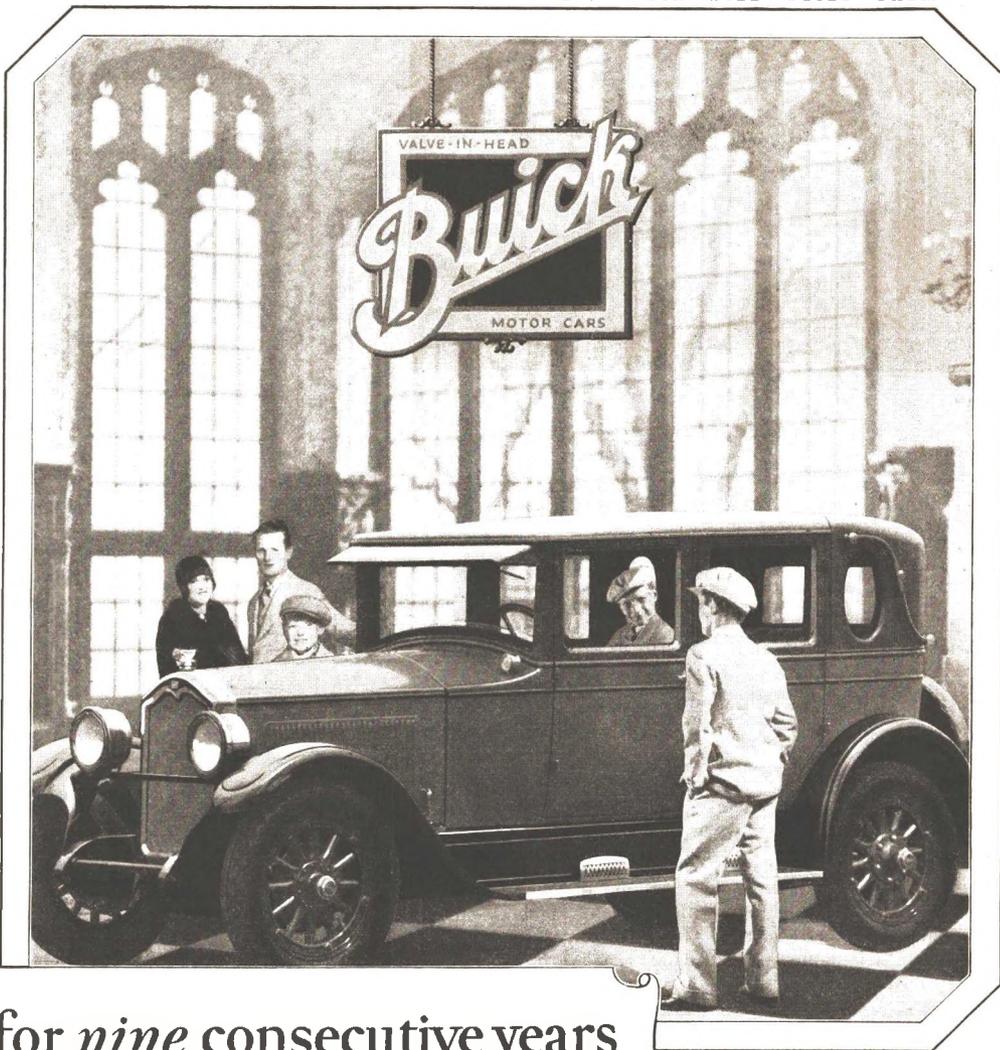
Here's another point on defense: Never try to stop a dribble by running up behind the dribbler. You'll almost always foul him because of the "guarding from behind" rule. The way to stop a dribble is run around the dribbler and place yourself squarely in front of him. He can't charge you, and if he attempts to swerve, you can shift to meet him. You'll break up the dribble, every time.

Our offense, of course, is designed to break up the five-man defense. Last year, nearly every team in the East used the five-man defense, or a variation of it, and seldom did we find it hard to pierce.

## How We Cracked the Five-man Defense

AS soon as we got the ball, we sent two men up the floor through the five-man defense and into the corners of the court. This took away two of our opponents and left only a three-man defense across the court. Our remaining three

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Only a very remarkable motor car could have held first place in public favor for nine successive years.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN  
Division of General Motors Corporation

# THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT



lemen are wearing. Keep those hands in the air!"

Charlie did as he was told despite the fury of the men with whom he took that liberty, and obtained from his search a number of neatly hidden face cards and aces. The crowd that saw him lay the cards on the table greeted that revelation with a deathly and ominous silence.

"Is that enough?" asked Renfrew, and then, as he saw a tall figure moving toward the door: "Just a minute, Mr. Laurens!" he cried. "I want to know if that is enough?"

Laurens stood in the doorway and scowled at him in perplexity. Then it seemed to dawn on him that Renfrew was warning him against any future indiscretions.

"Yes," he growled. "That's enough."  
"All right," grinned Renfrew. "Now I'm not going to hold these guns in my hands until morning. If you'll examine the cards you've been playing with for the last two months you'll find them all carefully marked, and I could tell you a few other methods they've used to cheat you. As it is, I think you have enough evidence to know that Charlie was right. Now if you take my advice, you'll elect two committees. One will take care of these gentlemen and make sure that they receive justice, and the other will collect all their ill-gotten funds and see that they're divided as fairly as possible among the victims of the occasion. Then all of you, if you're wise, will join in persuading your present sheriff that he'd better resign so that you can get a better officer on the job as quickly as possible. And now, gentlemen, if you'll take care of the prisoners, I'll wish you all a very good night."

He lowered his guns and, as though he had given a signal, the room moved forward as one man, closing in on the miserable gamblers.

"Just a minute!" snapped Renfrew, and silence fell. "I give these men into your keeping on the clear understanding that no violence is done upon them. Where's your committee?"

A clamor followed, and out of it was produced a committee, four stalwart miners whose grim faces and honest bearing made them acceptable to Renfrew.

"All right," he said. "I'll give them into your hands. Remember that you are Canadians and that you stand for justice."

He slipped the two guns into his pockets and smiling brightly upon the crestfallen face of Brendel, who had known just how to handle a Mounted Policeman out of uniform, he again left the Palace of Pleasure, and again sought his room at the Garland House. Here he undressed and was about to turn out his light when discretion reminded him of valor's better part, and he saw to the lock of his door. Not content with that, he had begun to draw the bureau across the doorway when a step in the hallway outside caused him to unlock the door and withdraw to the chair that held his clothing and a pistol.

"Come in!" he called, as the footsteps reached his door. The door opened, and Charlie appeared.

"I was going to bed," said Renfrew, simply.

"Yes, I know, and I'm sorry to disturb you, but I want to tell you—" the youngster stopped short, at a loss for words.

"You did splendidly," said Renfrew. "No seasoned man could have done better. It was hard."

"Yes," gulped Charlie. "It was hard. But I want to thank you, and—and, I know I don't deserve it. It was all your doing, and I don't see how I'm rightly going to live up to it."

Then his face cleared. There came again to his eyes that glint of courage and of resolution.

"I'll just remember you," he said. "And what you told me. There ain't no man can live forever. That'll help me see it through."

"See what through?" asked Renfrew.

"What's right," said Charlie, his face aflame with high spirits. "They're makin' me the sheriff of Ledbitter."

*One night in a lonely mountain cabin, Black Barto, the murderer, said to Renfrew: "You are a man of honor. I could fight and die for you." Then the mob came, and Renfrew doubted Barto. You'll get the whole startling story soon in "The Man Who's Wish Came True."*

# Everything the Buyer Wants Plus Hupmobile Quality

What do people want when they buy this Six? They want beauty, of course; style, comfort, modern features. But most of all, they want the manufacturing *quality* which has made Hupmobile famous — with the rare perform-

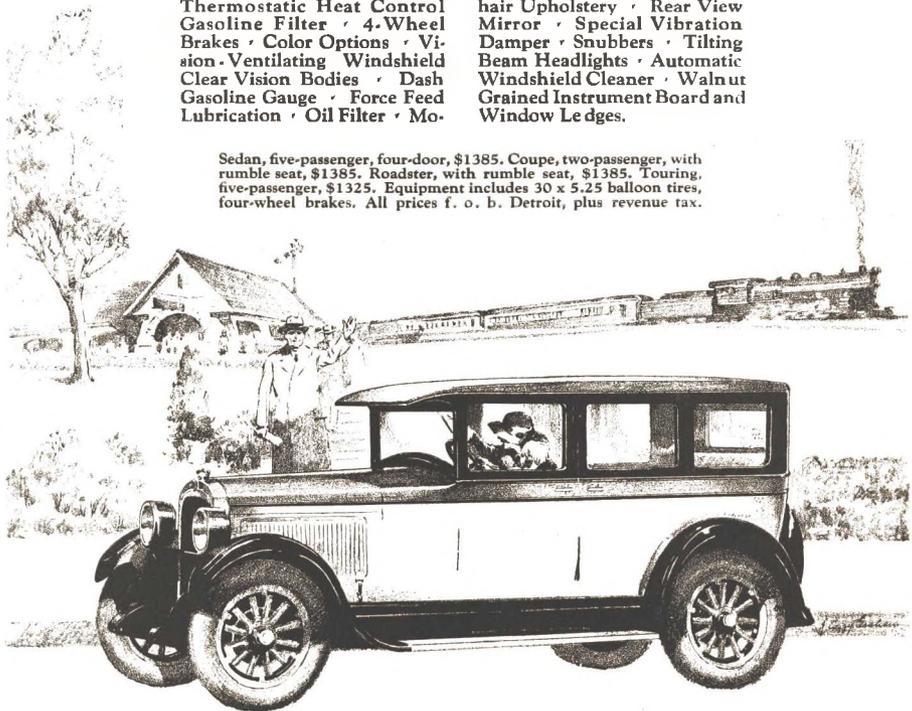
ance, the low costs, the almost unbelievable reliability which are the fruits of such quality. So they come confidently to the Hupmobile Six, assured beforehand that all their expectations will be realized.

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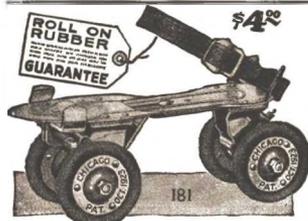


# HUPMOBILE Six

# A Happy New Year to every Bicycle Rider

To those who haven't a bicycle, we can only say your year will be happier when you get one. Tell Dad you want it for your birthday—equipped, of course, with the New Departure Coaster Brake.

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RUBBER TIRES

**Noiseless and Shock Absorbing!**

Mother will be glad to get you a pair of "CHICAGOS." They are so silent and last several years longer.

"CHICAGOS" have ball-bearing disc wheels for more speed and they are cushioned in noiseless shock absorbing rubber tires for comfort and perfect skating job.

The only successful rubber tire roller skate made. Ask for "CHICAGOS"—they are wanted. At your Hardware or Sporting Goods Dealer or shipped direct on receipt of \$4.00.

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No batteries needed. Weighs only 12 ounces. Throws a clear beam 40 to 50 yards at speed of five to ten miles per hour. Send \$5.00, money order or check. Write for full line of B. S. A. Bicycle Parts. Brooks Building, Boston, Mass.  
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# Five Boys in One That's You

By Myron M. Stearns and Arthur H. Sutherland, Ph. D.

## No. 2—The Mind and Muscle Boy

**H**AS it ever occurred to you that your health and your ability to play ball are two quite different things?

Your health comes from the right food and exercise and rest, and the proper balance between all three. But your ability to play baseball or tennis, or even your ability to walk and balance and put out your hand to touch an object accurately instead of groping for it as a baby does, is all a matter of training.

You have to learn to use your eyes and ears and feet and fingers accurately just as definitely as you have to learn arithmetic or spelling.

How well are you coming along at it?

Can you knock a home run?

In the first intercollegiate boat race between Stanford and the University of California, about twenty years ago, the stroke oar of the Stanford crew was a man who had made a splendid record as a track athlete. His work on the track team kept him from coming out for the crew until, because of the scarcity of high grade material, he was asked to come over to the crew training quarters on the lake, after the last track meet was over, and see what he could do. That was only ten days before the race. He was in perfect physical condition on account of his track season—but he had never rowed on a sliding seat. He could use his muscles in almost exact accordance with the instructions of the coach, and showed up, almost immediately, as a splendid oarsman. The Stanford coach was criticized severely, before the race, for putting an absolutely green man in at stroke; but after the race several competent observers, including the coach of the California crew, himself an old Harvard crew man, picked the Stanford stroke as the best oarsman in either boat.

That is one of the most marvelous instances of well trained muscles I have ever heard of.

"Physical" development used to mean almost everything that was not "mental," from baseball to blood pressure. But now psychologists have learned to split it in two. Of the five boys that, all rolled together, go to make up every boy, two, instead of only one, are "physical."

Boy No. 1, the health boy, has a clear skin and strong bones, and a good appetite and good muscles and good blood.

Boy No. 2 is the boy who can use his body effectively. He can aim a rifle and catch a football, and carry a glass of water steadily, or perhaps throw a basket from the middle of the floor.

The development of Boy No. 1, which concerns his health, is called "anatomical" development.

The development of Boy No. 2, which concerns the ability of his nerves and muscles and mind to work effectively, is given a name that is a regular law breaker: it's called "neuro-physiological" development. It concerns muscular coordination.

## Is Baseball Hard Work for You?

**I**F you haven't given enough attention to training your mind and muscles to work together, it not only means that baseball and diving and all the rest don't "come easy" for you—it means that in other ways, mentally, you're tremendously handicapped. Without realizing it, your attention has to go to directing muscles that should be directed unconsciously and, as a result, your mind can't do so well the other things that are continually being required of it.

Suppose a fellow is playing center field in a scrub baseball game. A long fly is knocked straight into his hands. If he's a poor physical player, his mind has to center on catching that ball; he moves this way, that way, and finally has it land in his hands all right. But when he's caught it, he's at a loss what to do next. He's been so taken up with catching the ball, he's not had time to notice anything else. One man is running to second base and another is running beyond third. Rattled, he throws to second, or perhaps throws wild, and all the other fellows think he is a dumb bell.

With a good center fielder, catching the ball would have been almost automatic, there would have been almost perfect unconscious co-ordination of mind and muscle, and while the fly was coming down, the player would have had the whole diamond in his mind; as soon as the catch was made, he'd have thrown to the plate, to catch the man who was trying to come home.

In one case, the throw would have seemed stupid; in the other, it would have seemed like the heave of a quick-witted fielder. But the real difference would have been mostly in the ability of the brain and muscles to work together smoothly, leaving the mind free to do the rest of the job.

A chap who is behind other boys of his age in his ability to use his muscles well, is handicapped in his games, in his school work, and in his thinking. He doesn't get so much fun out of his games because he can't do so well as the other boys. At mumblety-peg, he's the lad that has to grub out the peg with his teeth. At tennis, perhaps, he's the chap the older fellows don't care to play with, because they can lick him six-love. He's apt to get to playing with boys younger than himself, instead of those of his own age, because it is only with younger fellows that he can hold his own. And that's bad all around.

## Are You Training Boy No. 2?

**L**OTS of different games help develop the skilled use of muscles: tennis, rowing, basketball, baseball, football. Jackstones and jackstraws and marbles and spinning tops and sling shots and whittling and climbing trees and chopping wood, all help. If you can do these things, your brain gets to be better than would otherwise be the case. Riding a bicycle, walking on stilts, jumping on a pogo stick, all are useful; they help develop the ability to pose and balance and work effectively while we're walking on one end, as all human beings have to. Putting the shot, throwing the hammer or discus or javelin, or throwing and catching a medicine ball, help develop the ability to use the body as a whole. A farm hand or roustabout can throw a sack of grain on his shoulder and walk off with it easily; if you think it's an easy trick, try it yourself. Yet it doesn't take strength so much as skill. Wrestling, the same way; a good wrestler has learned how to use his weight, his whole body, effectively. So has a baggage man, handling trunks. Using the whole weight of the body helps along the development of the neuro-physiological boy, No. 2.

Ask yourself these questions, to see whether or not you're developing your ability to use your muscles as effectively as you should:

Are you awkward?

Do you like to play outdoor games?

Are you a good batter?

Are you a good catcher?

Are you a fairly good pitcher?

Are you good at mechanical work, or carpentering?  
 Do you cut your meat at table without having your elbows all over the place?  
 Do you like new games?  
 Are you good at caroms or crokinole, or other games of that sort?  
 Can you juggle two stones in one hand throwing one up and catching the other?  
 Are you a good shot?  
 Do you usually come downstairs quietly, or do you make a great clatter?  
*Next month, look for Boy No. 3, the Information Boy—he'll tell you what you have to know.*



## The New TURNING POINT IN MOTOR CAR DESIGN

### The New Kind of Tubes

By Millard F. Bysorg

THE great variety of tubes on the market to-day makes a confusing problem for the uninitiated. There are amplifier, detector, ballast and rectifying tubes, and in each of these classes there are many subdivisions.

As a general rule, any tube except an amplifier, rectifier, or ballast tube may be used most anywhere in the set. A tube such as the 201-A or the 301-A will operate as a radio amplifier about as well as when it's used as a detector or audio amplifier. The peculiarities of individual tubes may cause one to operate a little better in one position than in another, but by switching them around you will soon discover where they are most efficient.

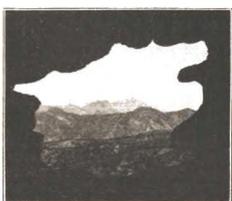
Smaller tubes—generally called dry cell tubes—are more temperamental. Some are good, and others—well, make sure they're tested in an operating set before you buy them. If the tube is rated at .25 ampere, don't use it, for the dry cells won't stand the gaff. Using two or three of these tubes with dry batteries is poor economy. Little tubes drawing only .06 amperes are just the thing for dry battery operation, and five or six of them can be used without undue strain on the cells.

Some of the new tubes have trick bases with long lugs which fit down into holes in the socket. Two lugs are larger than the others so you won't go wrong in getting them set. Old tubes with the regular Navy base will fit into these sockets, but watch the pin on the side. If you get this tube in wrong it will blow instantly.

Many of the newer tubes are rated as power amplifiers: that is, they are meant to be used in the last stage of amplification in the set with a high B battery voltage. This is usually from 135 on up, with a special high C battery which may reach as high as 45 volts, depending on the B battery voltage.

Special "high mu" and "low mu" tubes are made for special places in the set, such as for a resistance coupled amplifier or as a power amplifier. One enterprising manufacturer is bringing out a tube with two of everything which in effect gives us two tubes in one, but usable only as one. Another firm is introducing a tube containing three complete elements: a detector and two stage amplifier! Still another tube has two filaments with a switch located in the base so that when you burn out one you can use the other.

Tubes? There were never so many different kinds as there are to-day, and at such low prices. It wasn't so long ago that a tube cost seven or eight dollars; now they almost give them away.



Take a peek at Pike's Peak through the Key Hole which is located in a peculiar sandstone formation near Colorado Springs. Wouldn't a locksmith have a time fitting a key to this? Looks to us as though it'll stay locked.



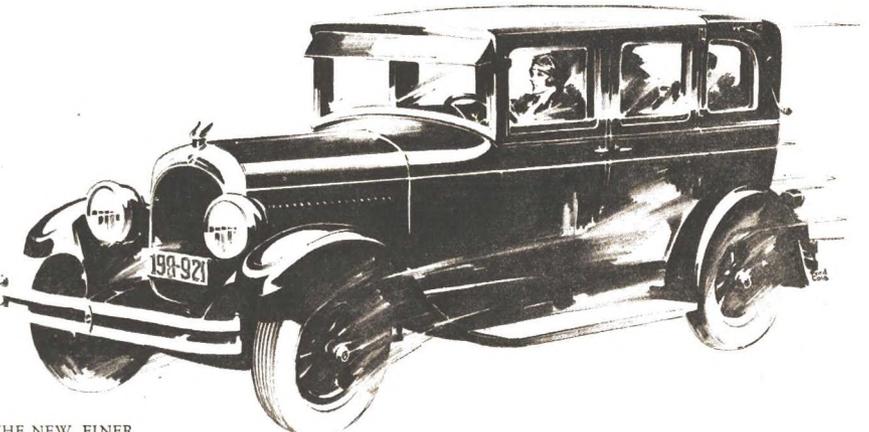
RUGGEDNESS

### Prices of the New "70" Are Radically Lower

Notwithstanding the greater beauty and comfort of the new, finer Chrysler "70", and the advancements and refinements—resulting from Chrysler's unique plan of Quality Standardization—which greatly enhance the "70's" quality and value, prices have been radically lowered as follows:

|                       | New Prices            | Old Prices | Savings |
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# Admiral 'Stanguely

(Continued from page 12)

again to the gangway and heard immediately the sentry's ringing "Boat ahoy!" "Aye, aye!" called up 'Stanguely, the hail that a commissioned officer was coming alongside, but of low rank.

He went up the steps and was met by a young junior deck officer whom he did not know.

"Private and unofficial," said 'Stanguely. "Is Ensign Radnor aboard?" "Yes, but he's off watch and asleep," replied the Deck Officer. "Anything I can do?"

"It's rather important," said 'Stanguely. "May I go forward? Had to get out here, somehow, at midnight, to see the old cuss!"

"Sure!" laughed the D. O., agreeably. "Hope he doesn't beat you up!"

'STANGUELY laughed and went forward to the wardroom country. Down a ladder and into the steerage, then for Wally's cabin. He unhooked its door, closed it, and turned on the electric. Wally lay sleeping like some big and shock-headed cherub. 'Stanguely grinned and began shaking him, steadily and untiringly.

The sleeper sighed, tried to strike away this thing that was bothering him; presently his brown eyes opened and he blinked at 'Stanguely sleepily. And then came the sudden rush of recognition and all that it meant, and he was out of the berth with a yell:

"Good Lord, 'Stanguely! What you doin' here?" he shouted.

"Hush, angel!" 'Stanguely admonished severely. "You're in Heaven, y'know—and so am I. Your old tin pot went to the bottom an hour ago! Gotta be nice, y'know, now that you've sprouted wings."

Wally collapsed. "Torpeded?" he asked. "Yep. By an Eagle-boat. Mine—that's what they're supposed to be for, old thing!" said 'Stanguely cheerfully. "Didn't know we Reds had one, did you? Or just laughed it off if you did, eh?" he rubbed it in. "Well, get that gunnery eye of yours out of the porthole and you'll see her, boat!"

"Ye gods!" gasped Wally, peering. "You are right! Sold!"

The depths of degradation claimed him for a moment, but presently like a game sport he was on a rising key. "You old son-of-a-gun!" he cried admiringly. "Say, ape! Some feather, what?" And then the chums fell upon each other for an old-time rough-house.

After some minutes of that, Wally exclaimed: "Does your father know?" "Not yet but soon—poor dear!" grinned 'Stanguely shamelessly. "This pays us for the four gold bars and the half stripe, doesn't it? Gloats!"

But Wally's mind was on the other side of the situation. "Then the only merciful thing to do is to tell him, right off!" he said promptly and seriously. "Give him time to get over it, y'know: before the whole ship knows. It'll half kill him, 'Stanguely!"

"Guess that's so!" said 'Stanguely, after a moment's reflection. "Get on something and we'll go."

It was with a very different tread than ever before that 'Stanguely mounted to the saluting deck of the dreadnought *Montana* and presented himself before the marine sentry at the quarters of Captain Norman Brooke, U. S. N.

"Ensign Brooke, of the Red Fleet, to see Captain Brooke!" he announced peremptorily. The sentry tumbled inside, in haste, for that "Red Fleet" was no prayer for an interview, but a command! Presently he came out and went in with 'Stanguely under guard, as an enemy. Captain Brooke sat on the edge of his berth in pajamas, and no uniform but his gold-leaf cap. His eyes were wide awake and troubled.

"I have the honor to report, sir, that you are sunk—half an hour ago, sir!" said 'Stanguely saluting stiffly.

He had scarcely time to hear Captain Brooke's gasp—"Good Heavens, Norman!" when shouts and orders were ringing out from the bridge above, the alarm for General Quarters sounding all over the dread-

nought, its gong tapping ceaselessly overhead in the captain's cabin, and the whoop of the battle-siren drowning everything. Evidently the searchlight had picked up that hostile Eagle-boat at last!

"It's all too late, sir!" said 'Stanguely through the din. "There's a plaster on you as big as a barrel head." Then, with contrition and filial anxiety breaking through officialdom—"Oh, Father! *Wally* but you! But you were anchored furthest out. I didn't know—but I feel almost as if I had struck you, I—"

"Nonsense, Norman!" broke in Captain Brooke bluffly. Then, to the marine, to stop the din—"Sound 'Secure!'"

He clapped his palms together distractedly. "It's pretty awful for me, this! But my—my pride is that it was you, Norm, and not some other man's son. And what with may I ask?" he demanded truculently and with a revival of hope. "You had not a destroyer in your fleet."

"With an Eagle-boat, Father," said 'Stanguely. "We had one, you know, but the Navy doesn't think enough of them to even try to fight them. So I took a shot at it. Hid behind an island last night, to avoid your destroyers, and then attacked your dreadnoughts-to-night. Couldn't have done a thing without Dummy—Ensign Bickfield. He knows these waters like a sheep knows its pasture. . . . The Eagle-boat's off Rockport Point now."

It wasn't hard to see her! She lay in the searchlight beams, a fine mark for any five-inch; just a high, thin bow, a single signal mast, a slender funnel—but it was all too late to do anything about her.

"An Eagle-boat!" breathed Captain Brooke hoarsely, as if the miracle were almost too great to be believed. He kept looking at her out of the porthole as if he expected her, somehow, to vanish as mysteriously as she had come.

"But it's all perfectly good, Norm," he said at length. "You cry your eighteen-foot Sims torpedo, don't you? And a dead hit, at two thousand yards, with any kind of gunnery."

"Yes; and we're within fifteen hundred yards from that point, sir," 'Stanguely pointed out.

"Neat!" exclaimed Captain Brooke with enthusiasm. "Even with every searchlight going, you'd have got us! *Shake, my boy!*"

It was the proudest moment of 'Stanguely's life, that hearty congratulation from the old tiger who commanded a dreadnought!

But he was to have a prouder one. Two weeks later, in an office in Washington, the Chief of Operations was discussing the recent attack and defense of Boston by the Red and Blue Fleets with the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. "I'd like to lay hands on about six of those Eagle-boats, if you can spare 'em, Admiral," he was saying.

"And why Eagle-boats, John? They're no good for anything that I can discover!" retorted the Bunav.

"Well; maybe. But I've found a kid, at last, who seems to have some glimmers of what they were originally designed for! I'm referring to young Brooke. Put his dad's dreadnought out of action with one, by as pretty a piece of hide-and-go-seek among rocks as you ever saw! And the Blues lost Boston. Four dreadnoughts against three, off Rockport, as soon as the Reds could get there! So, if you can fix me up a flotilla of the pestilent Eagles, I'm going to put young Brooke in charge of the lot and send him down to the Guantanamo fleet maneuvers this winter—and we'll see what we'll see."

And that is why his classmates nicknamed Ensign Norman Brooke, Jr. "Admiral" 'Stanguely, henceforth and forever more!

In the next big Navy story, coming soon, Wally Radnor gets a new nickname, "Goofer." And gets too, real glory for acting without orders! Honest, "Insubordinate," the Admiral calls Wally, with a chuckle—and offers him a job any young gunnery shark would eat alive. Watch for the smoke of "The Coming Tower Tean."

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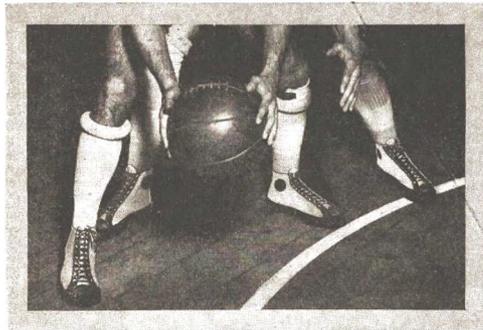
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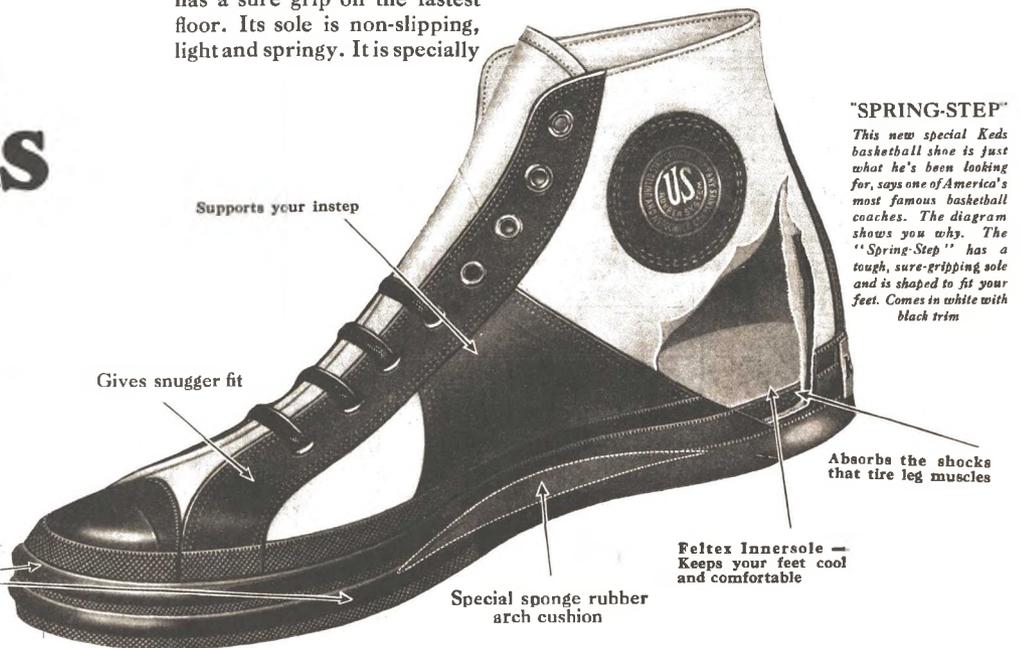
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at liberty to pass to anyone. On the tip-off, Mannheim knocks the ball sideways or backwards to one of our forwards who is already on the run. If the other team gets "wise" to this opening, Mannheim tips the ball over the opposing center's outstretched hands. From that point on we pass, catch and shoot until we make a basket or lose the ball. And the minute we lose the ball, instead of retiring to the middle of the court, we are "on top" of our opponents to get the ball back.

Columbia players, by the way, are instructed not to "crab" decisions. Only the captain is permitted to speak to the referee. He's taught to hang onto his temper, too. Crabbing hurts a fellow's game.

So much for the story of Columbia's success last year. The style of play I have described was taught to me fifteen years ago by Harry Fisher. During the ten years he coached at Columbia, his team won four Eastern intercollegiate championships, tied for one, and took two seconds. Then Fisher went to the Army (whose chief ambition then, as now, was to beat the Navy) and he turned out teams that

defeated the middies three years in succession.

Whether or not your team uses the five-man defense, remember the fundamentals. Learn to pass, catch and shoot. Keep on the jump. Try no fancy shots for the basket—close-ups are surer. Play smoothly, easily, effortlessly. Don't dribble unless you have a clear path to the basket. You'll win games.

**Want This Basketball Reprint?**

THE AMERICAN BOY still has left a few reprints of "What's Your Basketball Average?" the basketball article that appeared in the January, 1926, issue of this magazine. Mighty helpful, and interesting to any basketball player or fan. Craig Ruby, University of Illinois basketball coach, supplied the information for it. If you haven't seen it, send us your name, your complete address, and a two-cent stamp and we'll mail you a copy. Address: Basketball Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY Magazine, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

## Mark Tidd in Palestine

(Continued from page 18)

"but that hain't what we're g-goin' to do. We're goin' to s-s-stick to Said, that's what. I dunno but what I've seen about all I need to s-s-see of this p-place. Anyhow we can come back later if we want to." My idea is that we g-git out of here quick.

"What good 'll that do if our driver is tellin' the enemy whatever we do?" "I call'te to show you," says Mark. "And here's what we'll do. We'll git up early to-morrow m-mornin' and d-drive to Bethlehem."

"I don't see no sense in that," says Tal-lov.

"L-likely not," says Mark, "but you all git ready to d-drive to Bethlehem at s-seven o'clock to-morrow, m-mornin' jest the same."

"But," says Professor Rod, "what efficient purpose will that serve? Why Bethlehem? I fail to follow you."

"There's l-things about it 'll git clearer as we go along," says Mark, and with that he motioned to me to walk off leaving them to argue about it if they wanted to. We kept to ourselves for a while just to stop others from bothering us, and then we saw our chauffeur coming along and Mark went up to him real friendly and told him we wanted to go to Bethlehem.

"You be to the hotel," says Mark, "at h-half p-past eight."

I nudged Mark and says, "You mean seven."

"Mind, half p-past eight," Mark says again without paying any attention to me.

So I kept my mouth shut, knowing Mark had some sort of a notion, but I didn't know what. And when he gets a notion he keeps it to himself till he gets ready to tell you what it is. Just you try to pry something out of him sometime that he doesn't want to tell you, and see how far you get! Mark talked to the man a while and then we went back to the hotel, and there wasn't no much of anything doing that day and evening, except that Mark told Said what had happened and Said said he better go off by himself. But Mark wouldn't have that, and there the matter rested.

**NEXT** morning Mark had us all up and dressed early, and our baggage down, and we went out and got in the car—but it wasn't the car we'd had before nor the driver. Then I began to see what Mark was up to with his seven o'clock and his half past eight. But I didn't say anything. And then Mark says loud to the driver, "You d-drive us to Bethlehem," and off we started. We went up the hill and turned a few corners, and then Mark taps the driver and says, "We was m-mistaken about goin' to Bethlehem. It was Nablus we called to go to."

The professor kind of reared back and wanted to know what we was going to Nablus for and Mark says he was going

there because it wasn't Bethlehem, and anyhow Nablus was an interesting place.

We kept on going and left the city by the Damascus Gate and drove through a pretty barren and rocky country for a while until we came to the village of El-Bireh and then the Wadi Jifna, which is a kind of an oasis, and Mr. Tidd was all excited on account of its having been captured once by Vespasian; and they say that Joshua's grave is near there, and we kept on going through some other villages and places until we got to Mt. Gerizim and saw Jacob's Well, and we passed Joseph's Tomb, too. It seems like somebody important is buried almost everywhere you look. Along about there we turned west and got into a pretty nice kind of a valley with mountains rearing up on their hind legs all around, and then we came to Nablus, which is a big city.

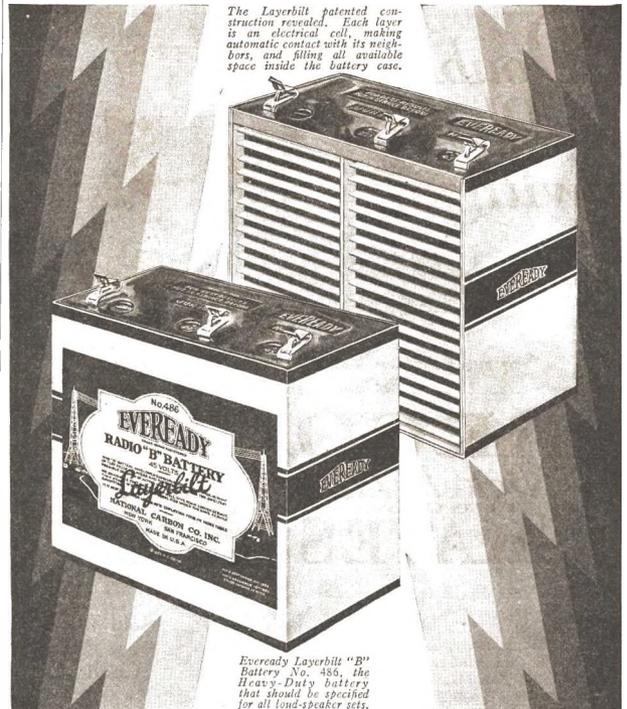
We went to a hotel where there were a lot of rugs hung around in the dining room, and had some oranges and cooked cucumbers and veal and flies. And then we went out to walk around a little in the bazaars. It was kind of hard getting through the narrow streets on account of so many camels kneeling around everywhere and trying to bite the seat out of your pants as you went past.

Our driver took us into a sweetmeat shop that was as nice and clean as you could ask, and we saw a fellow making a kind of a pastry. He took dough and rolled it as thin as he could with a rolling pin that looked like a broom handle, and when it was as thin as he could get it that way he picked it up by the corners and waved it in the air. It kept getting thinner and thinner until it was just like tissue paper. Then he got a pan and kept folding the dough in on itself till it looked like some kind of a big bubble, and he poured some icing on it and put it in to bake.

It fairly made your mouth water. We waited till there were some fresh ones done and each of us had one, and I want to say I never had any pastry till just then. It melted in your mouth, and Mark Tidd was all for staying right there and never going away again. He said that food just suited him and he could live on it for months. But we didn't stay. We bought us some soap made out of olive oil, but I don't know why we did. All this took about an hour, and then we were ready to go on again, and Mark said we were going to Nazareth.

It was all right with me where we went, just so long as we were getting further away from Bauer and One-Eye. It was a slick ride over mountains and such like, and then across the plains of Esdrnelon. Nazareth was way up on a mountain, and it is about the nicest place I was ever in. Down below are the plains of Galilee, and the mountains are all around the other way, and you could see right to the Mediterranean if there weren't so many mountains between. (Continued on page 44)

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- WOC—Javenport
- WCCO—Minneapolis
- WGB—St. Paul
- KSD—St. Louis
- WRC—Washington

# The Battle of the Big Bend

(Continued from page 15)

floor, was almost unbearable—and they were still twelve hundred feet high. Not an indication of any lessening in the flames, either—soon the linen on the upper wing would be tearing, as well as burning away—

Eyes bleary, breath torn from his nostrils by the side slip, Russ fought grimly, blindly, on. The leuther of his boots, it seemed, was charring, too, and the smoke was beginning to nauseate him. He felt as though his feet were being toasted—and the upper wing, right in the path of the upward blown flames, was continuing to burn away. Soon it would become impossible to keep it up there—and then their fate would be sealed.

As though in a nightmare, he felt a grip on his shoulder. He turned blindly, in time to see Norton, hands on the cowl of his cockpit, calmly climb out. In a second Russ, scarcely believing his eyes, saw the set-faced flyer hanging over nothingness by his hands. Then, bit by bit, Norton eased himself along as he dangled beside the fuselage. Soon he was hanging by the cowl of Farrell's cockpit—then he had swung to the lower wing on the upper side of the ship.

Now he was holding himself by a center section strut. And in his hand was the fire extinguisher which was placed on the cowl. Russ himself could not have used it because he could not reach the motor.

Russ fought for consciousness as he kept the ship in its slip and watched Norton. With one arm crooked around the forward center section strut, the sleek one slumping before Farrell's astonished eyes, Norton leaned above that furnace of heat and thrust the extinguisher down as far as he could. Methodically he pumped away, while the flesh of one arm cooked and his eyelashes and eyebrows singed away.

Still up seven hundred feet, with a crippled right wing, charring struts, melting motor—and Norton pumped on, hanging limply with his arm around the strut and his feet on the lower wing runway. The smoke was lessening gradually.

It was gone. Russ, tortured almost beyond endurance, saw through bleary eyes that Norton was almost unconscious slumped against the fuselage but holding to his strut like grim death. Russ must keep his wits until they got down—figures were rushing crazily below them—the world was spinning in a very peculiar manner—gosh, that pain—the ground!

Every bit of strength in his superb body, and all the will power he possessed, were used as he forced himself into momentary clear-headedness. The fire was out—he dived for a moment, fighting to keep that right wing from drooping. He tried to make a good landing, but the wheels hit first.

As the ship bounced, Russ himself lost consciousness, thankful for the blackness that gave him relief from pain.

It was only a minute later when he came to, in the ambulance. And on the opposite cot was Norton, with Major Evers standing on the step behind as they rushed for Marfa.

"You're a blamed good flyer, Farrell," stated Norton, and no one would have suspected that one arm was a mass of raw, reddened flesh.

"Norton," Russ said weakly, "you did the nerviest thing—"

"Appreciate!" hayed Norton contemptuously. "I had to save my own skin didn't I? I crave no compliments, and flowers can be omitted."

And those were exactly his sentiments when he returned to the flight four days later, two days following Russ' return to duty. The giant's arm was still bandaged, and he could not fly for several days. But at the first meal, when the airman tried to congratulate him and make him a member of the gang, Norton's eyes grew grim and his leonine black head went back.

"Listen," he said levelly, his eyes playing around the table, "just because it was necessary for me to climb around to save my neck doesn't change things in the least. It doesn't make me anybody dif-

ferent than I was, nor does it call for any sloppy love feast as far as I'm concerned."

And he went his way as before, keeping to himself, and showing every hour of the day exactly how little the friendship or even the companionship of the others meant to him.

AND for the week which followed, that atmosphere of hostility generated by him became more and more oppressive as the flyers' nerves were drawn tighter and tighter under the strain. By day the planes roared on their ceaseless patrols, and by night the searchlights pierced the sky as the ships flew above the mountains and above the canyons that held pools of shadow. It was a cruel ordeal—flying themselves ragged, while they waited tensely for the coming of the climax—which didn't come. Always on the alert, marooned there in the shadow of the silent mountains. It was no wonder that nerves grew frayed under the physical and mental strain of it all. In Marfa, Graves, like a spider at the center of a net of wires reaching all over the country, waited and watched and read the reports of a hundred agents, from Mexico to Chicago. And ever in his incisive, impersonal way, he lashed the flyers into ceaseless watchfulness. Not a man left the post—night and day they must be ready, and always one ship was in the air.

And somehow Norton's presence at the table, like that of a sardonic spectre at the feast, was a thorn in the flesh of the driven airman. His silent, but dominant presence was like a heavy load on their spirits, and some grew to hate him.

Russ, eager and sensitive as a high-strung thoroughbred, felt it all more keenly than most; for Norton had saved his life—and the man interested Farrell mightily. Word had come from Washington that Norton had been ordered to the fight, correctly enough—but there had been no explanation. Was he there on special duty, reporting to some mysterious personage high in the councils of the government? There was some extraordinary reason for his presence—that was sure.

Still the flying went on, and nothing happened. And every man knew that something was bound to happen sooner or later—and they grew thin-faced and hollow eyed waiting for it. Often, at night, Russ sat out under the stars with Benson, and soaked in the peace of the towering mountains and the starlit border night as Benson talked of books and far places and life as it was lived the world around.

It opened up a new world to Russ, which was to mean much to him later—and it was a life saver to the taut young pilot whose nerves were drawn to the breaking point. One night, without any explanation whatever, Norton sat down beside them. For an hour he sat and smoked, and talked a little about Egypt with Benson. Then, without a word of explanation, he left. But somehow Russ felt better about him after that—as though Norton had admitted he was human.

Then, one evening when a light rain was falling, Graves came rushing into the airframe in a big car. Russ was taking off on the six-to-eight patrol, and could not wait. Two hours in the fine rain thus tortured his face, and he was back. As he came up to the line he saw a figure in the hangar, and knew it was Norton. The lights were on, and he was tinkering with his ship.

At headquarters Captain Kennard told him the news.

"Graves had word from an agent in Mexico that something seems to be afoot," he said tersely. "A gang of foreigners gathered at Cari Mana. Good landing field there, but no ships. Where they come from, nobody knows. But it looks as though things would break to-night—praise be!"

"Fine!" Russ exploded, eyes burning in his drawn face.

He ran out to look over his ship. Must see that the machine guns were O. K., and everything shipshape. The rain had stopped, but it was the only ship on the line. And Norton was standing next to it. "Your front drift wire's pretty loose," he

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stated in his deep voice, and somehow his eyes seemed to be like two coals in his head. He was literally afire, and that queer magnetism that radiated from him seemed more pronounced than ever.

As Russ inspected his ship, the others were trundled out, until finally all seven hounds of the air were waiting in line, as though crouched for the spring after their prey. The flyers waited impatiently as the hours dragged on.

At eleven o'clock the telephone rang. It was Graves, and Captain Kennard listened.

"Right!" he barked, and whirled to his men. "Three ships started from Mexico loaded with aliens—landed at Cari Mana and got 'em," he snapped. "We have less than an hour to cover this half of the Big Bend. You all know your places—let's go!"

Norton was out before the captain had finished, and Russ was close behind him. As he got to his ship, Norton's motor was running, and he took off with less than a minute's warm-up. He had no observer, being an extra pilot. Russ got his motor going, and Benson was ready in the back seat as he warmed up the big twelve-cylinder Liberty. The air-drome was flooded with light from the landing searchlight, and the other one's beam shot straight upward into the sky.

NOT another ship started, although mechanics and pilots were working desperately. Russ wondered why—

He cut his throttle as Jimmy Jennings rushed excitedly over to him.

"Every motor's had the whole dog-gone ignition system jimmied up, and we can't get started for half an hour!" the slim young ace raved. "What do you know?"

"I do know!" shouted Russ, and in a split-second it came to him. Norton! He had prowled around the hangar, so they'd said, for nearly two hours, pretending to work on his ship—only reason he hadn't jimmied up Russ', too, was because Russ had been on patrol. Russ jerked a thumb skyward toward Norton's plane, his eyes blazing fiercely.

Jimmy understood.

"And I'll bet he'll stay up there and use his guns to keep anybody from taking off!" raved Farrell. "It's sure as death and taxes—I's in on it and wants 'em to have a clear path to come over—"

He stopped there. Norton was circling above the air-drome, and right then his ship went into a dive, and a stream of bullets flashed into the ground several hundred yards away. A warning not to take off—why, he could pick off those ships like flies as they started from the ground.

But Russ, at a time like that, was not just a flyer. He was gripped with a fierce resolution that had no tinge of fear or self-interest in it. Norton might figure he didn't understand, or something, and let him get into the air.

He gave his big Douglas the gun, and took the air.

Norton was circling above him, and now diving down. Russ flew on, climbing slowly, as though totally unconscious of anything extraordinary. In a moment Norton was parallel with him, but two hundred feet higher. In the light of the exhaust flame his face was clearly visible. He motioned Russ downward, and patted his guns significantly.

Russ stared, as though in total lack of comprehension, and waved, meanwhile climbing for dear life. Again Norton motioned downward, and patted his guns. His sardonic grin, Russ could see. The other ships helpless for half an hour—then, if they tried to take off, Norton to hold the fort long enough to let the smugglers through, and give them the chance to fly to Mexico—it was a perfect scheme.

Russ made ready. There was the man who had saved his life, and never had duty been so hard. But he must do what should be done.

Grim-faced and bleak-eyed, he measured the distance with his eyes. Then, with the Liberty going wide open, he dived slightly. The speedometer crept up to one hundred sixty miles—and the stick came back and his foot jammed right rudder on.

In a perfect right wing turn, the ship swooped upward and to the right. For just a minute he had his head, and his guns spat forth their drumming song. He had stolen a march on Norton, and for a moment he thought he had won. The ship above him faltered, and then went into a dive. Had he hit the gigantic pilot, he wondered.

If he had, Norton came to himself quickly, and the upper ship zoomed for altitude. Russ, his heart pounding as he realized the duel ahead with an experienced air fighter, saw that he was only eight hundred feet high. Norton was about a thousand—but Norton had no observer, and he had Benson and his guns in the back seat. That made it a little more even.

And on Russ' broad shoulders rested full responsibility for holding the border that night.

Norton came hurtling down at him, now streaks of fire flaming from his guns. Russ twisted his ship desperately to the right, to give Benson a shot. He was still all right, as he banked around to catch a shot as Norton hurtled by.

But Norton was too wise for that. Before coming too close he zoomed again, holding his altitude. Russ chandelied around quickly, and let go. No effect, apparently, and he used the instant's respite to climb still further.

There started the real battle. The two great ships twisted and turned like outlaws of the sky, their motors blowing wide open and their guns spitting fire. The exhaust flames described circles in the night, and it seemed to the white-faced Farrell that the universe itself must be shaking with the din. From the rear seat, Benson was coolly pumping shots whenever he had the opportunity. Diving, zooming, chandelied, the two monsters of the air fought their duel to the death.

There were several flyers who could have flown as well as Russ Farrell that night, but none who could have flown better. Under his magic hand his Douglas was like a tiny scout as he stood it on its tail or sent it shrieking downward, or turned it so abruptly that it was half on its back. Bullet holes in the wings and his windshield shattered—still he himself was untouched.

Four minutes—five, the ferocious struggle continued. Norton never got too close, because he was afraid of the guns in the rear cockpit. But it seemed as if Russ could not hit him—and Norton had nearly four hundred feet advantage in altitude now—

Then Farrell, like an emotionless statue in the front cockpit, saw his desperate opportunity, and knew he must take it. He'd be forced to the ground soon—Norton couldn't miss all the time as he dived downward. He'd be bound to get position eventually, despite all Russ could do.

He was zooming upward from a dive, and Russ, too, was in a dive—and only six hundred feet high. Farrell, his eyes blazing as he forgot everything but his objective, eased back on the stick. Norton was behind and above him, zooming upward.

The Douglas swept upward in a great arc, and Russ was scarcely conscious that he was hanging upside down as he squinted along his guns. For a second the other ship loomed before them—and he held his ship there on its back, perilously close to the ground. His fingers never left the machine gun control. A hundred shots or more he sent on their way, while his boyish face looked older than time itself as he thought of Norton huddled over that blazing motor a week before. Yet it must be done—

And it was done. As Norton's ship



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**TO MEND CELLULOID**

(Continued from page 39) floated downward, out of control, Farrell's ship swooped downward and out of the loop. The ground seemed within inches, almost, as he fought to pull the ship out. It was the airframe—they'd been right over it. Would the ship never come out? They were going to crash head on—there wasn't a chance.

For a wild instant he gave up hope. Then he shouted wildly as he felt the ship come level, and the wheels bounce it terrifically. Inches had meant the difference between life and death—and they had won.

Norton had too, if saving his life was a partial victory. Farrell relaxed weakly as he saw that fluttering ship level off for a second as Norton moved in the cockpit, and crash on one wing as the flyers below rushed toward it.

Russ, weak from the reaction, found Norton in the ambulance, shot through the shoulder. The flyers surrounded him while the mechanics worked like mad on the ships. The big reserve man had an unrecognizable look in his dark eyes as he saw Farrell.

"I should have got you at the first," he said calmly. "Somehow I couldn't. You got me first crack. I was bleeding from then on."

Russ could think of nothing to say. Kennard broke the silence by saying: "It will go easier with you if you tell us..."

"What do I care about myself?" blazed Norton. "I'm proud of what I tried to do—and ashamed because I didn't do it!"

There was the glow of fanaticism in his eyes as he said it, and Kennard shrugged his shoulders.

"I will tell you one thing, though," Norton said in a half whisper, as though weak-

ening fast. "They won't come over to-night—now."

That was all he was to say, then, or in the months spent flat on his back in a military hospital, recovering from severe wounds. The flyers, naturally, did not take his word that night, and within a half hour all but Russ had gone to guard the river. Russ's ship was riddled with bullets, and unfit to fly.

Shortly after midnight the word came by radio that the three ships had turned back into Mexico, and as patrol ship after patrol ship returned for gas they remained at the airframe. At three in the morning, the last one was back, and as the weary airmen gathered in a group, Graves, apparently as fresh and keen as ever, was there to thank them.

"Norton, evidently, was hired by this gang," Graves said. "And he's half Italian. To many people—to foreigners especially—our restriction of immigration is an entirely unwarranted measure, a crime that keeps poor Europeans from the advantages of this prosperous country. Norton's peculiar—a fanatic—and I don't doubt his sincerity. He's a bona fide reserve officer, of course, and had influence enough to get himself ordered here.

"The smuggling ships turned back, evidently, when they caught sight of our planes. Thank you all, gentlemen. I think the end is near. Russ, it had better be, for your sake. Because if there's any dirty work ahead, I don't doubt you're destined to be in it up to the neck, whether anyone else is or not! I'm glad I'm not re-debated!"

Next month Russ plunges full tilt into "The Mine, the Mob and Mayfield." It's another stirring tale of the Border Patrol.

**The Saving of the Show**

(Continued from page 22)

but I been feelin' awful mean by spells lately—guess I need an operation of some sort. That's why I been so dog-gone ornery. I'm naturally scrappy, an' feelin' mean made me scrappier. Tain't no excuse, but that's what kep' me pitchin' in-tuh everyone, includin' Paulson. Then when he fired me, and give the job tuh you, jes' a kid, I went wild. And I took tuh drinkin'—and thinkin' up ways of gettin' even."

"I did smoke up the town about Soto—and lied about you. I wanted to see the whole dog-gone Sanders Show ruined, if I could. No excuse for it. I'm jest tellin' yuh. Drink, and everything, made me forget I was a man—and a showman." Slowly, regretfully, he repeated: "Matt, I clean forgot I was a showman."

"When I go in after Soto, which I'm doin' right, now, I hope he charges, that I git him, and that when he drops he drops on top o' me. I see Gib Lee a little while ago, and he tells me about you runnin' in the menagerie tent and lettin' Soto charge yuh tuh keep him from lettin' the cats out. That sort o'—made me remember what I'd been sayin', and sobered me up. And now, when I think o' what's goin' on down there—"

"What?" barked Matt, his body suddenly rigid.

"It hadn't started yet when I left," Bromwell said in low tones, his eyes sweeping the swamp as though to avoid Matt's. "But there came a couple o' fights when some town guys started razzin' circus men; then they worked intuh bigger ones; and what with Soto bein' loose and everybody scared tuh death, everybody was armin' themselves with anything from a forty-five to a crowbar, and there's gonna be, or is now, a clem between a lot o' starved show maniacs and a lot o' berserk rubes that's put a smear on the circus business fur years!"

Matt's face whitened. It looked like—the end. That was the reason Paulson and the rest hadn't come—they were trying to save the show! And old Soto, the killer, was the immediate cause. What he had done had snapped the nerves of the overwrought trouper—and the fear of him, roving the countryside, seemingly

unkillable, had fanned into flame the embers smouldering within the breasts of the Fallville folk.

"I'm goin' in," Bromwell said briefly, as though entering that swamp was a mere constitutional.

"I'm going with you!" stated Matt. He was white-faced, but his voice was steady. Two men might stand a chance to stop the outlaw monster—and stopped old Soto to must be! If he and Bromwell could rush down to the lot, and tell everybody Soto was dead, it might stop the clem entirely.

Bromwell did not say a word when Matt announced his decision. Guns in hand, the two plunged into the swamp.

The water was almost knee deep, and the mud sucked at their feet as though trying to drag them down. They walked cautiously, testing the ground before putting their full weight on it. Not only the danger of quicksand was to be thought of, but a sudden drop into a deep hole might wet the ammunition Matt was carrying in his flannel shirt.

They were fifteen feet apart, and as soon as they had penetrated twenty feet into the undergrowth Bromwell let out a stentorian roar.

"Soto!"

Matt followed his lead, and alternately they shouted. Soto would know their voices. Probably he'd be more inclined to charge Matt than Bromwell, the young showman was thinking. Soto had been pretty loyal to Bromwell.

Suddenly Bromwell yelled: "Listen!"

Matt froze in his tracks. And from afar came the noise of a body crashing through the undergrowth. Then there rolled across the swamp the battle call of Old Soto. He was on his way.

It was almost as murky in the swamp as it would have been in deep twilight outside. Matt was shaking like a leaf as his nerves thrilled to the eerie effect of that trumpeting, growing ever louder, coming through the menacing darkness. "Get set!" yelled Bromwell and Matt found a low limb on which to steady his gun. Bromwell was behind a tree, too, as Old Soto, still invisible, came on, charg-

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ing the enemies he could not see. Bromwell shouted steadily. Between the two trees was a comparatively open space, extending twenty feet ahead. Only low undergrowth there—

A hundred yards away Soto's back, eight feet above the ground, came in sight. Then the great head crashed through the bushes, trunk curled upward, mouth open, tusks gleaming whitely.

And he was coming straight for Matt. For a second the youngster shrank as though to hide from the beast behind the slim trunk of the tree. Then, as Bromwell's gun spoke, an icy calm descended on Matt. Methodically he got his head, the gun trained on the crimson stained shoulder, and he shot.

STILL Soto came on, pointed straight for Matt. And at that second Bromwell's shout resounded through the swamp. He was wading out from his tree! Right in to the path of the lumbering outlaw he was headed, gun firing steadily—

And Soto swerved slightly. This other enemy was in plain sight—he'd get him first—

Bromwell was leaning in the water, his automatic as steady as though upheld by a rock. And Soto came on—was there no bullet that could stop him?

Bromwell was as good as dead! He couldn't hope to escape from Soto now—

Without conscious thought, Matt was out from behind his tree. Bromwell was but eight feet or so away from him; and Soto, lumbering in the sucking swamp, was only ten feet from the victim on whom his vicious little red eyes were fixed. Matt shot once more—and then stumbled toward Bromwell. Just one chance for his own life—perhaps, through some miracle, for Bromwell's, too. His mind a chaos, numb with the horror that was overtaking them in the dank darkness, he was but two feet from Bromwell as Soto's trunk whirled around the older man and lifted him high.

There was one shot left in Matt's gun. With one hand on the red-hot barrel, the other on the trigger, he rammed the gun up into the monster's gaping mouth. As Soto hesitated, holding Bromwell writhing high in the air, his little eyes rolled down to look at the pygmy below.

And Matt shot as Bromwell's body hurtled downward—shot upwards with the muzzle jammed against the roof of Soto's mouth. He scarcely knew what had happened or was happening. It was all an unbelievable, frightful nightmare—

But as Bromwell's body was dashed to the ground, and Matt took a step backward while the water splashed up in a muddy cascade, Soto crumpled too, and never moved again.

Matt scarcely looked at him. He was lifting the limp body of the man who had striven to expiate his past by sacrificing his life. Bromwell was unconscious, but alive. His body was horribly limp, as though many bones were broken.

Matt laid him on the gory side of Soto, as he took a knife from his pocket. There must be no doubt, back at the lot. In a moment he had severed one of the great, flapping ears—a grisly proof of the fact that Soto was dead. Then he took one last look at the tons of flesh—later he was to know that the hide of Old Soto alone weighed 3500 pounds—and staggered through the swamp with his unconscious burden.

He drove the Ford like mad over the smooth, soft dirt road. Bromwell was bleeding from mouth and nose, as though from many internal injuries. Matt was bound for the lot, and the show doctor—but anxious as he was to get there, he dreaded what he might see.

Twilight was beginning to fall, now—and as he came within sight of the lot there was not a light burning. Then he saw why.

With the road over which the herd had

stampeded as a dividing line, at least five hundred Fallville men, armed with every weapon conceivable, were facing what looked like the entire population of the Sanders Circus. And facing the road from the circus side were seventeen elephants, lined up in a row.

Paulson had undoubtedly threatened to send them through if an attack were made! Policemen were trying to calm the muttering, oftentimes shouting crowd, and in the middle of the road a group of a dozen or more men were talking heatedly. Threats were flying back and forth across that line of battle, and the haggard, starved showmen had finally broken under the strain. They were begging for a fight, shouting insults—

It was down this road that Matt steered his Ford, and with one hand he waved that bloody car as he shouted:

"We got him! We got him! He's dead!"

Silence fell as he drew the car up beside the group in the road, which included the mayor, and circus staff men, as well as the chief of police and others.

In a few words Matt barked his story, and as gentle hands lifted Bromwell from the car the doctor arrived. Bromwell was conscious and he smiled at the doctor.

"No use, Doc," he said in horrible, wheezing words. "I'm all blood—inside. No pain. Soto—smashed me."

The doctor nodded wordlessly. "Lift me on top of old Mame," whispered Bromwell. "Matt—git up too. Tell 'em. It'll—stop 'em—"

His last request could not be refused. They lifted him to old Mame's head, where the doctor propped him up. And from the head of Troubadour, next to Mame now that Soto was gone, Matt told the hushed mob what Bromwell had told him back by the swamp, while every eye rested on the dying man, and watched him nod agreement.

Then Matt told of the killing of Soto. For a moment there was utter silence as the doctor directed the men below while they gently lifted the fast sinking Bromwell down. It was in this silence in the presence of death that stalwart Mr. Jolson, circus man for fifty years and still as straight as an elm tree, seized his chance. He faced the Fallville men and his voice carried clearly as he said:

"We won't bother about excusing ourselves, or telling you what sort of a show the Sanders show is. We'll admit, for the sake of argument, that we're an awful crowd. But if we are—haven't we paid? Look around you, and see. All damage to your town or townspeople we'll pay for—that's arranged. Shall we all, in deference to poor, mistaken Bromwell, call this ridiculous business off?"

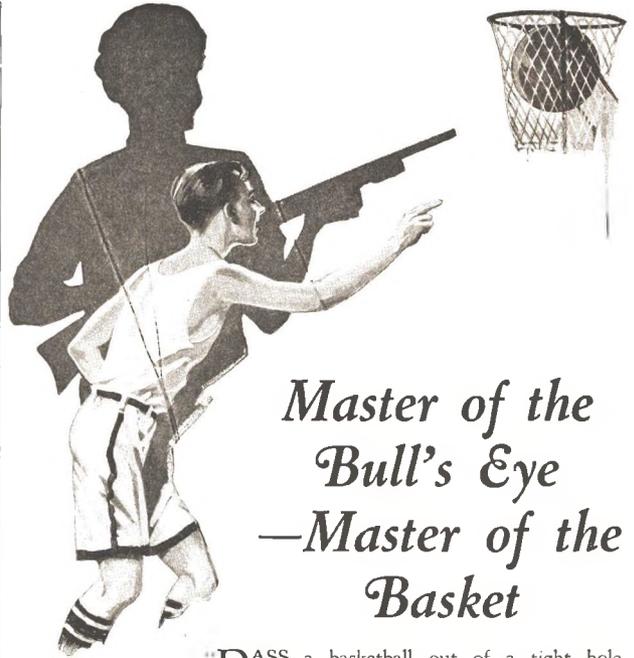
He went on, persuasively—and when he got through the crowd shifted uneasily. The doctor whispered in Mr. Jolson's ear, while Matt stood beside them. The adjutant straightened.

"Bromwell is dead," he said simply—and five minutes thereafter the Fallville mob was no more.

Two days later the show was able to get out of town, and after six shows given behind a side wall the new big top arrived from Chicago. At the end of a week, good crowds and plenty of food and no trouble had brought back to normal the Sanders Show—including its young boss elephant man.

That is, Matt was close to normal. To be already famous in his profession was fine; to be a boss elephant man at twenty, with a permanent job, was great, too. But it was to be years before the lanky young Irishman's sleep was not broken, occasionally, by nightmares in which he seemed to be in a dank, dark swamp, under the very feet of Soto—trying to save Bromwell with a gun which, in his dreams, would not go off.

"Well, anyhow," he is in the habit of saying, "that's better to sleep through than to live through!"



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# DAISY AIR RIFLES



# Tenting With Old Man Winter

By Elon Jessup

If you've never tried camping in the dead of winter, you have a great experience ahead of you.

Cold? Yes, but you don't mind that if you are properly dressed. The brisk, snapping air of winter exhilarates you.

Snow? Sure, but snow isn't half as depressing as rain.

Danger of catching cold? Again, that's a question of dress. Air and sunlight you have outdoors in winter, and they build health.

We tried it—my friend and I— and decided that



The top picture shows the toboggan, a good carry-along for camp equipment.

At lower left, in the White Mountains on the icy slopes above timber line, we have to take off snowshoes and wear ice creepers. And below, the winter camp.



thing for our snowshoes.

If, by this time, you have decided to spend next Saturday and Sunday in the woods, perhaps a few tips will be helpful to you.

First, what to wear. Right off the bat, let me say that what you wear and what equipment you take will make all the difference between misery and comfort.

Be sure to have on woolen underwear. Linen stuff is a total loss, and cotton, when it gets wet, becomes cold and clammy. Wool, on the other hand, continues to hold warmth no matter how wet it gets. If it's very cold, wear two medium weight wool undersuits and two pairs of socks. Have extra socks and suits of underwear with you. Wear, also, a flannel shirt, heavy pants, and a sweater under your canvas parka or thin leather coat. Then let the mercury drop. You should worry! For your feet, have either high boots or cruiser necessians.

Bedding is important. It's easy enough to keep warm outdoors when you are moving about, but if you want to keep warm in a snow bank for seven or eight hours, pick the right bedding!

A sleeping bag is best. If you can afford one lined with eider down or llama wool, fine and dandy, but if you can't, you'd better line your bag with wool blankets of a loose and fluffy weave. Army blankets won't do. Get the soft, all-wool kind. And when you crawl in at night, change to dry socks.

As for equipment you can suit yourself, but be sure to have a water-proof knife, a compass, a small axe, a good match, and a minimum of cooking utensils. Be careful about using your knife too strenuously when the steel is chilled. I broke one that way once.

If you're going to stay out several days, you'll want a tent. One that is especially well suited to winter camping is the shed-like piece of canvas of the lean-to type known as the "baker" tent. The front stays wide open so as to receive as much warmth as possible from the fire. The heat rays strike the slanting roof and are reflected down upon you.

How about hauling all this stuff? Well, the best thing is a toboggan. You can carry enough equipment for several men on a single toboggan, and not get half as tired as you will if you back pack it. Pack your toboggan with the heaviest articles on the bottom, and try not to build the load too high. Draw a canvas cover over all and lash the load to the side rails.

If you find the toboggan pulling heavily in the snow, tell your companion to walk

winter camping was the best sport of all. Three feet of snow, tingling air, no mosquitoes, and—gosh, what appetites!

Of course, we made our mistakes. When it came time to pitch our first camp, we decided—since the snow was so deep—not to bother about digging down to solid earth. We gathered wood and built our fire. Then we dug out grub and started to cook supper. Suddenly my partner exclaimed:

"For the love of Mike, see where the fire is going!"

The fire had sunk several inches below the spot where we had laid it. Slowly, but surely, like the imperceptible movement of the hour hand of a clock, the fire was performing a disappearing act, as the snow beneath it melted.

That was Lesson Number One for us, in snow camping. We were too dog-tired and sleepy to do other than crawl into our bags that night. But we profited by experience, and next morning got busy with our webs (snowshoes). These served excellently as shovels, and we dug right down to hardpan for our camp site.

Since we had no tent, aside from a small tarpaulin, we decided to cut a few saplings and build a lean-to. This was easy. We had a framework of poles up in no time at all and then roofed this with browse (small twigs and branches). That night it snowed, and in the morning there was a thick layer of white on our browse roof.

"Great!" we exclaimed. "Just so much extra protection! An airtight roof!"

No doubt it would have been all right had the cold continued. But a thaw set in and before we could prevent it, the snow roof, as it melted away, converted the inside of our shelter into a shower bath. Lesson Number Two in our winter camping school. After this, no more browse lean-tos or snow roofs!

We immediately went to work putting up our tarp over a sipping ridge-pole set in forked uprights. Then we built a fire and dried out our belongings. We learned other things as we went along; for instance, not to wear rough sweaters outside of our other garments where they will catch in the underbrush; to have a pair of smoked glasses so that we could rest our eyes from the glare of the snow, and to take along an extra



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in front and break the trail. As you follow him, be sure to plant your webs in new snow—not in his tracks—and in that way you'll pack a trail over which the toboggan will slide easily.

WHEN you select your camp site, try to find a rock wall that will act as a reflector for your fire. Next best, build a reflecting back by placing two uprights into the ground about seven feet from the opening of your tent and stacking long poles against them to a height of four or five feet. You build your fire between this reflecting back and the tent. Be sure, though, to keep the fire at least five feet from the tent. Any closer, and something will scorch.

Remember the essentials of fire building. Start, if you can find it, with birch bark, cover it with dry shavings, and build

up a cribbing of twigs and branches. Leave air space as you build your pile, and once the fire is started, don't fuss with it and poke it. Give it a chance.

Remember, too, that a cooking fire is entirely different from a warming fire. For the former, you want a bed of coals. If dead hemlock bark is available, you'll find that it makes hot, lasting coals that do not smoke. Another thing: after a fire is started, green wood furnishes much better fuel than half-rotted wood.

And now that you've got your camp pitched, the fire built, and the bacon sizzling in the frying pan, how about it?

Are you cold? Not a bit of it!

Downhearted? No chance, with the flames dancing patting with the branches popping with pistol-like reports in the keen zero air! Hungry? Gawsh!!



## The Lion Tamer

(Continued from page 8)

in the center across the thickest part of the vast body rested a long, fierce head filled with re-curved teeth, flattened and edged like a lance, while from the middle of the mass gleamed red, unwinking eyes with vertical pupils. Not even those wise hunters could tell from that stony, lidless glare whether the python waked or slept. Yet on that knowledge depended life or death, for when a rock snake lunges, no man nor beast within range of its terrible teeth may escape their grip. Once caught, the victim is lost. Not even the lion's swift strength would avail against the steel-like coils that the great serpent would lap around him. With the victim fairly emmeshed, the deadly loops would tighten with a grip that would shatter every bone in the animal's body, for there are few living creatures which for sheer strength can equal the twenty-odd feet of solid muscle that make up the length of one of the great constrictors. The regal python, and that grim water snake, the anaconda, and the Indian python grow larger, but a twenty-foot rock-snake with a weight of some two hundred twenty-five pounds is large enough to be avoided by any lion.

FOR an instant the black king stared hungrily at the coiled death, keeping however, well back of the dead line that marked the ten-foot limit of the serpent's lunge; and then he strode somberly away across the veldt.

Then it was that his follower, the red jackal, who had so often fed for his life from the lion and had been well content to feast upon his leavings, took up the challenge that the king of beasts had dared not accept. Perhaps it was hunger or the strain of wolf-blood in his veins, or it might have been the presence of that other slim, trim jackal that gave the Red One a sudden desperate courage, beyond any ever shown before by any of his breed. Instead of passing the hidden death at safe distance Red Rooi crouched at the edge of the dead line with every muscle tense and taut, watched in wonder by the jackal behind him and the lion in front, who had stopped in his stride at the sight of his follower's strange behavior.

Right on past the unmarked point, however, and which he faced a sudden and terrible death, the red jackal crept. As he still lived, he knew that the great python was asleep.

Crouching almost flat, he stole on forward while the deadly eyes of doom glared at him unseeing. At any instant the great snake might awaken and crush him into a shapeless mass of bruised flesh and broken bones, for the huge body of a python is attuned to feel the slightest vibration of the ground on which it lies. Probably the jackal realized this, for as soon as he had crept close enough to be certain of his spring, he shot through the air light as a thistle-down and landed in the very center of that circle of death.

Even as the shimmering coils tensed at

his touch, he sank a double pair of the white gleaming stilettos that guard a jackal's jaws deep into the base of the python's flat head just where the spinal cord joins the brain. For a fraction of a second he braced his four slim paws against the quivering, scaly skin of the monster, made his keen teeth meet in the serpent's brain and then leaped through the air for his life. By the fraction of a second, by the scantiness of an inch, he escaped the twisting clutch of coil that writhed upward as if some sudden spring had been released.

Then the whole vast body of the stricken snake whirled and writhed horribly, tearing up the bushes and turf and flattening the grass with such raging menace in the whirling coils that the black lion moved hurriedly backward a few paces from where he stood. Safe in the lee of a thorn bush, Red Rooi never stirred until the furious contortions of the dying snake had become only a helpless writhing. Then, with his usual air of confidence, he picked his way daintily through the torn arena, paying no attention either to the lion or the other jackal, both of whom were watching him from a distance. Slitting the tough, mottled skin of the dead snake with his keen teeth, he exposed the solid white meat underneath and raising his head looked steadily at the she-jackal. There must have been some hidden meaning in that look, for at once she left the shelter of the scrub and hurried to the center of the circle of flattened grass and shrubs. There both animals proceeded to feed full upon the firm flesh of the red jackal's kill.

Well outside the torn-up circle, the black lion roared as the sudden dark of the tropics strode across the veldt. For some unknown reason he took no steps to interrupt the meal of the jackals nor did he approach the partially eaten snake until both of them, full fed, had moved away. Then, and not until then, he crept up and satisfied his hunger on what was left of the great carcass.

Perhaps the lion suspected some ambush by the serpent and dared not approach the dead monster until he had seen some other animal feed upon it. Perhaps he feared some uncanny strength or stratagem on the part of the jackal who had before his eyes been transformed from a humble follower into a dragon slayer. Be that as it may, it stood as a glorious chapter in the annals of Red Rooi that for once the Black Lion of the Veldt fed after him on what was left of his kill.

It might have been appreciation of the red jackal's courage or gratitude for a gloriously satisfying meal; whatever the reason, as the two jackals trotted away across the veldt in the early star-shine, the slim, pointed head of the smaller one nestled contentedly against the arch of the other's shoulder and she followed him meekly as he entered the fastnesses of a thorn thicket.

Red Rooi had won his mate at last!

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# Mark Tidd in Palestine

(Continued from page 37)

The houses were all made of stone, and there were olive trees and cypresses, and then the flocks and herds commenced to come in for the night, and a lot of girls with tattoo marks on their noses and a kind of trousers on gathered around Mary's well with water jugs on their heads—just like they used to do a couple of thousand years ago. Well, sir, you can say what you like, but I thought a heap of that place, and I wished we could stay. We did stay all night and in the morning we drove on through Cana of Galilee to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee.

THERE hadn't been any sign of One-Eye or Bauer yet, and Mark figured we had a day's start on them anyhow. Maybe they could have traced us, but we all figured they would have wasted a lot of time going out to Bethlehem to see if we were there, and then, after that, probably they would have a pretty hard time to find out just where we did go. So we talked it over and thought it was best to just stop for dinner in Tiberias and then start on the way to Damascus.

But we didn't go to Damascus just then. Mark Tidd had other ideas about it. While we were eating, he went out quiet and paid off our driver and gave him a little extra to drive back by another road and not to answer questions. So when we came out to take the car there wasn't any and we were sore. But Mark had been nosing around and he says there was a German monastery around the lake a ways, and we could go there because they took in boarders, and nobody would suspect us of being there. And so we went.

It was an awful nice place with roses growing and German monks with whiskers, and they said they would take us.

"Now what?" says I.

"We'll l-lay low here," says Mark, "for a few days. Where's Said?"

"Here I am," says he.

"Got any ideas?"

"It will be well to hide," he says.

"To be sure."

"Then, when we are ready, we can take the train for Damascus."

"It is necessary," says Said. And then he says, "The train passes Jebel Druse."

"Eh?"

"The mountain of the Druses," said Said.

"What of it?"

"Maybe nothing," says Said, "for the mountain is in the distance. But things are happening. What will come of it I do not know. There will be events, great events." His eyes were shining. "Much depends upon the French. It is not easy to say, but I think—I think—there will be a war."

"A what?" says Mark with his mouth popping open.

"Unless," says Said solemnly, "there is a miracle, there will be a war."

"Gosh!" says Mark, "I was never at a w-war."

"You're going to be now," says Said.

## Chapter Eight

WE lay low for a couple of days and just went around to see things in the neighborhood. We didn't go into Tiberias once, but we did go to the ruins of Capernaum, and we saw a lot of Bedouins. All along the valley and up on the plateau were sets of black tents, and Arabs and dogs lived there. I guess there were about eight dogs to every man. These Bedouin Arabs were kind of shepherds and they had flocks and herds, and some of them were pretty rich, I guess. The professor took us in to call on one of them, and he was an old gentleman with lots of whiskers and nine sons. They gave us a lot of black coffee in little cups, and every time we drank a cup, one of the sons would wash it out with his thumb and give us another. It kind of added to the flavor, like you might say.

But we didn't see Bauer nor One-Eye, and we were glad of that. Professor Rod had them on his mind a lot, though, and talked about Bauer quite a good deal. He

told us Bauer wasn't a real German, but was from a place called Alsace, and that it was said he was a kind of double-barreled spy in the war. He spied on the Germans for the French and on the French for the Germans, and he was a kind of a mysterious fellow altogether, and one you wanted to look out for. It was the professor's idea that Bauer was up to more than archeology in this part of the country, and his guess was he was keeping on being some kind of a spy. Probably, he said, spying on the Arabs for the French up in Syria.

You see the French got Syria in the war like the English got Palestine, and the Arabs didn't like it. And the professor said the French didn't know how to handle Arabs as well as the English did, so that things weren't going so well in Syria as they were in Palestine. So there was trouble; and there was trouble among different tribes of Arabs, too. It kind of looked like there was trouble every place around. And that, he thought, was Bauer's main business there.

Said listened around and he put in his ear and he says that all this country ought to belong to the Arabs, and that the Allies had promised it to them for helping against the Turks and then broke their word. And he said there ought to be a great Arab state that took in all of Arabia and Palestine and some of Mesopotamia. Because, he said, the country was full of Arabs, and the Arabs were a noble people and there was no reason why anybody should be bossing them but themselves. And that sounded reasonable to me.

"If," says Mark, "there's g-g-goin' to be any war, I'd like to see a p-piece of it."

Said shook his head. "The time is not ripe," says he.

"Then," says Mark, "somebody ought to s-s-sleep with it to make it ripe l-like an Italian does with a g-g-green bunch of b-bananas."

"Some day there will be war," says Said.

"Mind," says Mark, "I don't want to s-s-see a lot of war. Not too much. But just a kind of a s-sufficient plenty. To get an idea what it's like."

"It is good," says Said.

"It is, hey? How d'ye know?"

"I have seen battles," says Said.

"Dog-gone!" says Mark. "Did ye r-ride on an Arab horse with curved s-s-sword, and chop off folks' heads?"

"I was too young, but I saw."

"Then you d--don't think there'll be a war now."

"Not," said Said, "until I—" and there he stopped and kind of reared back on his heels and then finished up sort of lame by saying, "not until I am older than I am now."

Mark looked at him pretty sharp, but didn't say anything until he and I were alone, and then he says, "I wonder who this here Said is. He almost g-g-give himself away. He was going to s-s-say there wouldn't be any war until he d-d-done s-s-somethin'. Now who is he, and what's he got to do with war s-startin'?"

"I dunno," says I.

"I didn't expect ye to," says Mark. "Let's mog off up the mountain and get a view of the Sea of Galilee."

SO we went out, and it was pretty hot and there were prickles and burrs and whatnot. The mountain was pretty steep in places, but for the most part it wasn't hard to climb, and after a while we could get a pretty good view of the lake and the little boats on it, and the city off to the right and the railroad that was over on the other side running up toward Damascus.

Well, about two-thirds up the mountain Mark slipped and went ker-blam on his nose and rolled over and hollered and

clutched and crashed through some bushes and dropped out of sight. I was that scared I like to have collapsed for fear he'd gone over a precipice or something. So I scrambled and looked, and he was sitting on a flat place below me rubbing about four bruised spots at once and looking pretty sorrowful. I got down to where he was, and it was like a shelf, and shrubs and things grew up all around it so you couldn't see out of it nor in it.

"Hurt?" says I.

"No," says he, "I do them things 'cause I enjoy it. I go git me b-b-black and b-blue spots because they make me look handsome."

"Well," says I. "I callate you'll be a regular beauty after this."

He was going to say something back, but jest then we heard a gun go off and another. Now when you are in a strange country with Arabs and camels and such-like folks, and a gun goes off, you begin to kind of prick up your ears, because, most likely, it doesn't mean somebody's shooting squirrels. But, on the other hand, everything was so peaceful, and had been everywhere we went, that there was not any special reason to think it wasn't squirrels. But all the same we listened. We didn't hear anything else. Not then.

Mark got up kind of creaking and groaning. When a boy weighs as much as he does and falls down a dozen feet and hits on himself, something's going to get cracked. I further he hit on a nice flat rock than on me. If he ever fell ten feet and hit on me, I'd get drove so far in the ground you couldn't pull me out with a stump puller.

"Hello," says he, "here's a cave."

"Great," says I. "Caves is our speciality."

"Maybe," says he, "it's one of t-them Ali Baba and the F-f-forty Thieves caves."

"With diamonds and pearls in it," says I.

"I'm Ali Baba," says he, "out g-gatherin' sticks for kindlin'."

"Sure," says I, "and who be I?"

"You," he says with a grin, "are my donkey."

"But you kin bray louder," says I. "So I should be Ali Baba—only you ain't built to be a donkey. Now if Ali Baba was out with a pet hippopotamus—"

"Huh," says he, but just then he didn't say anything back because nothing good occurred to him. That was the way with him. If he thought of something good to come back with, and thought of it right away, he'd slam you with it. But if he didn't have any sudden ideas, he'd keep quiet. He wouldn't up and say the first thing that came into his head, just for a come-back, whether it was smart or not.

No, sir. A thing had to be pretty good before he would say it. But all the same I knew he wouldn't forget, and I could expect to hear from him sooner or later.

"L-L-let's explore it," says he.

"Maybe," says I, "it's an animal den."

"Huh. What kind of a-a-animal is the here? Tigers?"

"Maybe," says I.

"F-f-first," says he, "we got to open the cave door. With a magic word."

"There ain't any door," says I.

"There is, too," says he, "b-because I just p-pertended there was."

"Well," says I, "you kin open a pertended door with a magic word as well as any other way. Go ahead and sting her open."

"Sesame!" says he, and he kind of waited. I watched him to see what to do next, and his face looked kind of pleased, so I knew the word had worked and the door was open. "Step right in," says he.

We went in and it was a kind of a sandy floor.

"L-look!" says Mark, and I looked and there was footprints.

"Maybe we better leg it out of here," says I.

"No, sir," says he, "m-mebby it's just s-shepherds. But mebby it's somebody else, and if it is I want to k-know who and why."

"Sometime," says I, "you're goin' to find out somethin' that won't set on your stummick."

"We got to g-git them diamonds and pearls before the r-robbers come back," says he. "And there may be a m-magic lamp amongst 'em. I'd kind of l-like to own a magic lamp and have a genius that I could send around to do chores."

"Got any matches?" says I.

"Callate to have," says he, and he lit one and we went in farther and the match went out, and I skinned my shin something horrid against a box.

"Gosh," says I. "I found the treasure with my shin bone."

H lighted another match and we saw quite a pile of boxes and some bundles and things, and on the boxes it said cartridges. That got us kind of excited; so we pried into a long bundle, and it was full of guns.

"Mark," says I. "I got treasure enough. Let's you and me go away from here."

"This," says he, "is k-kind of excitin'."

"Too much so for my blood," says I.

"Now," says he, "who do you e-s-s-pose put all them guns here, and why?"

"I kind of mislaid my curiosity," says I. Then he slapped his leg. "I got it," says he. "Gun-runnin'."

"Eh?"

"Somebody's s-s-smugglin' firearms," says he, "and from what I been hearin' I bet they're b-bein' smuggled over the border into Syria. Um . . . That m-mountain of the Druses is right up yonder a ways, and them Druses is patriots amongst other t-things. I shouldn't be s-sprised if this here lot was on its way to the Druses."

"Who are the Druses?" says I.

"They're a sect," says he, "kind of different from other Arabs, like Seven Day Adventists or such-like is different from Congregationalists. They're awful religious, and they got headquarters on a p-p-primitive mountain of theirs."

"Oh," says I.

"Yes," says he, "and if there's t-trouble, you kin bet them Druses will be to the b-bottom of it."

"I bet," says I, "they'd be tickled to death to know you and me was here."

"Binney," says he, "I bet there is goin' to be a war."

"They don't need to have one on my account," says I. "I don't need no wars."

So we started out toward the mouth of the cave, because I guess even Mark Tidd got the idea it wasn't the healthiest place in the world to be. And just as we almost stepped out, we heard a gun go off and then two other guns. You better believe we ducked back.

"S-sounds," says Mark with a kind of a sickly grin, "like mebby the war's s-started right here."

"Well," says I, "we got a reserved seat."

There wasn't any more shooting, and after five or ten minutes we almost made up our minds to go away from there as quick and as quiet as we could. But just as we almost set foot outside, we heard a racket like somebody was scrambling down hill, and we ducked back again into the dark and stood there. There have been times when I was in a place I liked better.

"Hush," says Mark.

"Listen," says I. "If I was hushin' any harder 'n I be, I'd bust."

"Then bust!" says he.

I did. I knew I busted. I bust up into about a million pieces because I had my eyes fastened on the mouth of the cave, and a man kind of slithered around in front and peered in, and the sun hit his face so I could see him plain. It was One-Eye.

(To be continued in the February issue of THE AMERICAN BOY.)



# Want to Be a Teacher?

(Continued from page 13)

Dr. Brooks. "Here's just one. Not long ago, one of our boys got into a scrape that made him appear wild and lawless. As a matter of fact, he was merely fun-loving and careless. But I could not overlook what he had done; the effect on him and on others would have been bad. So I transferred him to another division of the University, to the School of Mines at Rolla. The transfer involved no loss in training as the boy was preparing to become a mining engineer, but it did involve what to him was a big loss in social privileges—took him away from friends and affairs he had been enjoying greatly. Enjoying too much for the good of his work here. The transfer hit him hard, but it woke him up.

"Not long ago, I drove down to Rolla, and one of the first persons to hail me was that boy. Hold a grudge? Not he. Came out to the car and talked for an hour. Proud as Punch of the fine record he was making at Rolla. No difference in schools, he told me sheepishly—there might be a little difference in him. He has a good grin, that boy. Good grit, too."

"You want more stories, but you can't take all of Dr. Brooks' day, and you need more information.

"What training should a teacher have?" you ask.

"Four years of college training, at least—two years of straight college work and two years of professional training. Better to have three years of professional training, if possible. If you want to teach in a college or university, you'll need still more training—you'll do well to put in at least two more years and earn your doctor's degree."

"Anything special I should be studying in high school?"

"Not really special. Be sure you're enrolled in a course that will prepare you for college entrance. And be sure that you can master mathematics and Latin. If you can't, the chances are good that you won't make a success as an educator. Those two subjects test your ability to master details and use them later—and that's what you have to do in the teaching world."

"I don't suppose a high school boy can get any practical experience that will help him decide whether he wants to teach?"

"Not in a classroom, probably. But helping to direct the activities of a group of scouts or any other group of boys will tell you something about your abilities."

"What about salaries in teaching?" is your next question.

"High school teachers' salaries vary greatly, but you're likely to draw around \$1,600 a year as a beginner. A college instructor usually starts at \$1,500 or \$1,600, and may make \$200 or \$250 more for six or eight weeks of summer school work.

"The maximum salary for the average college instructor is \$2,000 a year. To get more he must climb up, toward a professorship. If he does, he may estimate his probable annual salary from year to year by allowing \$100 to each year of his life—that is, at thirty-two, he'll probably be getting \$3,200 a year; at forty-five, \$4,500; and so on. Those figures are a little above the average, but are a fair approximation.

"Now for the salaries of principals and superintendents. Many elementary school principals in big cities get \$4,000 a year. High school principals may get more. Salaries are lower in smaller places, but so are living expenses. Many superintendents are getting \$5,000. The average superintendent of schools can't hope to get much more than \$6,000. Top-notch men, the upper ten per cent of superintendents, probably average in salary \$9,000 a year. In a few cities, superintendents are drawing from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year.

"The superintendent of schools is paid comparatively well because his responsibilities are heavy, but his tenure of office is somewhat uncertain—more so, as a rule, than the college professors.

"The successful superintendent of

schools must be an exceptional leader—often an unseen leader, but never failing, when occasion demands, to make his leadership felt. He must be capable of working in harmony with many different people. He needs endless tact.

"Tact can make all the difference between success and failure. Not long ago, a certain city superintendent lost his position because he insisted that a number of new school buildings must be erected. The man who took his place got just what the first had asked for. The first man insisted belligerently; the second man insisted tactfully."

## Going Up

YOU ask about the chances of rapid advancement in the teaching field.

"That depends a great deal upon you," Dr. Brooks answers. "You can let chances slip away, or you can seize them or even create them."

"A high school principal in a small town heard that a primary supervisor was needed in a large city near. He went in and applied for the position largely to get experience in appearing before a city school board. A little later, that experience helped him in landing a better position.

"Another small town high school principal heard that a big, new consolidated high school in a town some distance away was going to need a principal. Decided to apply. Got in at four o'clock in the morning. Roamed the streets until business hours. Then went to call on different members of the board. Was told there was no chance for him—two applicants recommended by the state university as men who could put the new school on the approved list were coming on Saturday, and one of them would doubtless get the position. But the small town man didn't give up. He stuck right there and studied consolidation problems, concentrating on how to combine the different groups coming to the new high school from smaller schools.

"On Saturday, he presented himself with the other candidates before the board. When it came his turn to be considered, he took up the proposed course of study. Here's the problem, he said—in effect. This is a standard course all right, but how will you bring all these sections of algebra together? Now here's what I'd do. And he explained his practical plans. . . He got the job.

"Don't wait for positions to offer themselves to you. Go after them. I got my start in Boston by acting on information I found in a newspaper. I saw that a Chicago man had just refused an attractive position in Boston, and I wrote at once to apply for the position. That prompt action opened the way to years of interesting work and stimulating contacts in the city of Boston."

"Stimulating contacts!" Of course. An expert in teaching is sure to mix with experts in other fields. That's one of the attractive things about teaching—it gives you a chance to keep your mind keen through that rubbing against other keen minds. You like the thought of it.

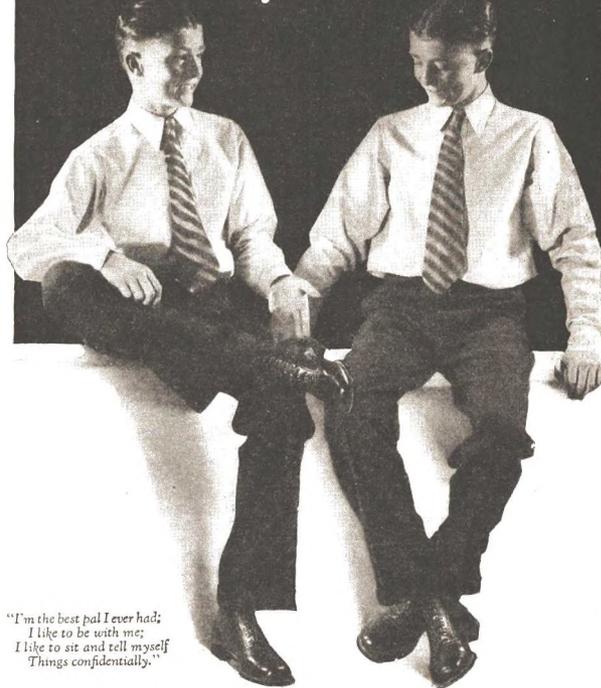
You like, too, the thought of being a leader in the community—a leader of men as well as a leader of boys. All over the country, you realize, teachers play big parts in public affairs. They're prominent in chambers of commerce, in Rotary Clubs, in country clubs where affairs of prime importance are settled on the golf course. Their judgment is sought, their opinions respected.

You know of a high school teacher who became president of his town's Rotary Club. You know of an elementary school principal who became mayor of his city. You know of two different teachers who have each become president of the United States—William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson! . . .

Your mind jumps again—to other fields of influence. No end, seemingly, to the fields where teachers are winning recogni-

(Continued on page 65)

# You and your shoes and yourself



"I'm the best pal I ever had; I like to be with me; I like to sit and tell myself Things confidentially."

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STANLEY TOOLS

# For the Boys to Make

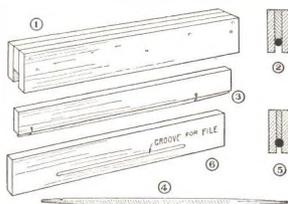
By A. Neely Hall

Author of "Boy Craftsman," "Homemade Games," etc.

## Hollow Grinding Your Skates

IT is not necessary to take your skates to a tool grinder to have them hollow ground. If you own an emery grindstone narrow enough, it is an easy matter to rig up a gauging device to guide the skate so that the stone will grind the hollow along the center of the runner. That is the method used by the professional grinder. But it is not necessary to invest in a stone if you haven't one. You can use a file instead, setting it in a block of wood which will serve as both handle and gauge. The photograph shows the homemade grinder in use.

The best file for the purpose is the round "rat tail" file (Fig. 4). One 6 or 8 inches long is right, and it will cost about 20 cents. The holder (Fig. 1) is



made of three strips of wood, a center strip a trifle thicker than the width of the skate runner, by the length of the file and 1 1/4 inches wide, and two outer strips 1/4 or 3/8 inch thick by 1 1/4 inches wide. A lattice strip or a lath will cut up to advantage.

The file must be fastened to the center strip, to come between the outer strips, as shown in Fig. 2. It can be fastened by wiring it as shown in Fig. 3, or by driving brads through the outer strips close to the under side of the file. The wire or brads must be below the cutting surface, so cut a notch in the file near each end with a hack saw (Fig. 4).

When you have mounted the file, fasten the three strips together with brads. If your skates have runners narrower than the file, make a groove in the outer strips, (Fig. 6) so the file will fit into them as shown in Fig. 5. Since a rat tail file tapers at the ends, make the groove only as long as is necessary.

If you haven't a bench vise, screw the skates to a plank for hollow-grinding them, and hold the plank by kneeling on it, or by clamping it to a table top.

When the other fellows see you with your hollow-ground skates, and hear that you have a "machine" for grinding, you should have all the hollow-grinding jobs to do that you can attend to.

## A Homemade Soldering Iron

THIS is a practical soldering iron for radio work. Indeed, a radio engineer who uses one like it prefers it to any other form. Its great advantage, of course, is in its smallness, which simplifies soldering in close quarters. But the small alcohol lamp for heating it also has its good points. It can be kept in front of or to one side of you while you are assembling, where the heated soldering iron can be carried quickly from the flame to the work with little loss of heat. In fact, when the soldering iron has been heated to a temperature that will cause solder to flow you can maintain the temperature by quick manipulation, keeping the "copper" out of the flame but an instant at a time, sufficient for soldering a joint if surfaces have been prepared carefully, made clean and doped with reliable soldering paste. The



The photograph shows you how to use the skate sharpener; and the diagram at the left shows the method of construction.

heat from the lamp is not enough to make the copper red hot, therefore it will not destroy the tinning once the copper has been tinned.

Figure 1 shows a detail of the completed soldering iron. Although called an "iron," the point is of copper. The point of this one is a piece of 1/4-inch copper rod 1 1/4 inches long (Fig. 2). File one end of the piece to a pyramidal point (Fig. 3), and near the other end drill a hole large enough to admit a piece of heavy wire. If you haven't a drill, you can slot the end with a hack saw, then, after slipping the wire into the slot, hammer the end until the slot has been closed. Twist the wire ends as shown in Fig. 4, making a tight twist for a distance of 2 inches, as shown in Fig. 4. If you will notch the end of the copper bar, in line with the holes, as indicated in Fig. 3, the wire will fit in the notches and hold the bar rigid. Cut off the wire ends so the length from the copper point to the ends will be 8 inches.



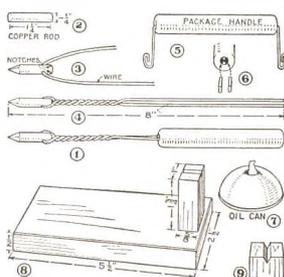
The soldering iron and stand.

The handle is a package handle (Fig. 5). Cut and remove the wire, and slip the handle over the ends of the twisted wires of the soldering iron. The handle hole will be too large and must be plugged. Cut four small wooden wedges, and drive them into the handle ends, placing one wedge in each side of the wires, as suggested in Fig. 6.

## The Lamp and Support

THE lamp is an oil can (Fig. 7). Unscrew its spout, fill with alcohol, and insert a small wad of cotton for a wick.

Figure 8 shows the lamp rest and support for the soldering iron while heating, with dimensions for the base block and upright. Make a notch in the upright as shown in Fig. 9, for the wire handle of the soldering iron to rest in, and nail the base to the upright.



Detail drawings of the soldering outfit.



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# The Overland Trail

(Continued from page 26)

shut in. We'd gone as near to the edge as we dared to, then; but the overhang of drifts had hidden it. Now I'd fallen right onto it—and I saw, and heard, two things that were pretty important to me.

First, I heard the voices of the Lucky Lot, up above. My fall had made them afraid to come anyway near the jumping-off place; but what they said dropped down to me clear enough.

"That finishes him!"  
 "Good riddance o' bad rubbish!"  
 "Let's git back to that possum of a Miller and Cap' Wickwire!"

NEXT I looked about me. I'd struck tar-nation close to the rim, so I worked fast, but all-fired gingerly, through the snow to the solid mountain side. Well, just in front of me was a naturally hollowed-out place in it, and around from this ran a lot of tracks in the snow that it didn't take any woodsman to see must wrap back, doubling the nearest corner, and climb to Starvation Camp. All right; in the hollowed space, clear from the snow, was heaped that food which had been stolen from the camp; and going, cautious, along the tracks, his back turned and never guessing but what I'd pitched clear over into the valley—there went Jake Wickwire!

This was why he looked so sleek while all the rest of us became skeletons. He was the thief that stole the meat—and here was where he hid it.

I took time to think. You'll remember I'd dropped my revolver, up in the igloo—and you can bet I didn't forget I had anything except my bowie knife. If I now ran after the man with a goitre, he, being surely armed with a gun, would put an end to me in no time. But what if I waited till he'd got back to the Lucky Lot from this trip to cache his stolen meat? With them around him, he'd hardly dare to shoot before I'd said something—and what I'd say would be that he was the robber. He'd made no end of tracks; going and coming; my tracks'd be all one way; this was the proof—or would be.

I'd wait—ten minutes.  
 And I waited.  
 It was awful hard. I put a thumb on pulse in my left wrist and waited five minutes. Jake had long since rounded the corner—I never knew before what a century five minutes could seem. Then I waited five more.

It was over at last. I followed his foot-prints, being careful, though, to step beside them and not in them. I took the inside because the ledge got narrower and narrower, and it made me dizzy to look down: I'd learned how treacherous snow could be on the lip of a precipice.

At last I was on the east slope of the mountain's shoulder. I was climbing that easy enough. I was there!

## XXIII—The Hidden Way

I THREW myself down in a snowdrift and peeped around it—Starvation Camp spread out before me. The survivors of the Lucky Lot—Bill Standish and all the rest of them except the sick—were in the center, where the meat used to be stacked, and they were too deep in their confabulation to look out for any trespassers. Up above, the higher cliffs hung empty; in the middle of the crowd Wickwire stood, the rising sun and the camp fire both showing his drawn face, his bulging eyes, and his swollen goitre. He was plump of body, but the morning light from overhead and the shifting shadows of the fire made his plumpness look to me as if it were more than human—or less: made him look like Beelzebub, and made all those poor, crazy, misguided men, gaping at him, seem like the Devil's own black angels.

There was no sign of Cap' Miller—no guard in front of our snow house door. My heart went further down. Things looked bad. If Powell's bullet hadn't got Cap', probably the excitement had. He'd seemed almost like a dead man even before Powell and his crowd had come bursting in.

Anyhow all I could do right then was listen.

Wickwire was talking in that throaty way the goitre almost always made him talk:

"... starvation? We did speak about that, some, las' night. Looked then like we mote hev to eat Miller or the boy, or both—arter we'd lynched 'em. An' why not?—I could see his crooked grin. "They et our meat: to git what was our own, we'd plain hev to eat them."

It was frightful cold, there in that drift—but it wasn't so much the cold that chilled me. I felt sure Cap' was gone, and I was all alone. I thought about running away. Only, where was I to run to? I turned my head and noticed, for the first time, how two sets of Jake's tracks kept on up the mountain side, north, till they disappeared right into the cliff. I wondered why—turned back—and got my answer.

Wickwire was going on:  
 "... only now I've got a better plan. That fool Miller, he never thought fer to look on up. But I hev! I wouldn't say nothin' 'till Miller an' his favorite was out'n the way—"

Then Cap' was gone!  
 "... only made my discovery a half hour ago, anyhow," Jake went on. "It's made though." He pointed right at my drift. I ducked, just as I heard him say: "Boys, since I'm cap'n now, follow me. All this year time, we been starvin' an' freezin' in open sight an' easy reach o' warmth an' plenty!"

They cheered—they'd believe anything he told them—and the cheer, though a bit feeble, came toward me. Jake running ahead, they were all tearing straight to the place where I lay hid.

I STOOD up—they'd surely see me, anyhow. I did remember about facing them and denouncing Wickwire as the meat thief; but I knew by the way those fellows followed him that I wouldn't have a ghost of a show. So I just ran.

"Look—looky!"  
 That's what they called out. Perhaps some of them calculated I was a spirit risen from the dead. Most of them didn't, anyway—for they began to shoot. I felt a sharp stab in one shoulder. And I ran forward, blind and thoughtless, not along the tracks I'd come by, but—I guess just because his speech had more or less suggested 'em to me—along those continued tracks of Wickwire's that seemed to run madly into the overhanging cliffs.

Then everything happened at once—and pell-mell, like it was all in a dream.

There was a big, outcropping bowlder. The tracks turned, and I turned—the Lucky Lot stamping less'n a hundred yards behind me. And then an easy path climbed the cliff, roundabout, between rocks—and I climbed it. And in three minutes—shots still peppering stones and blowing up snow dust around me, but none hitting me after that first little flesh wound—then I came out on one of the lower crests of the mountain—the place Cap' had never thought to investigate, reckoning it would be sure worse than Starvation Camp.

Well, it wasn't. It was a natural divide, like what I know now is common enough in those Sierras. There was a rock ridge that acted as a wind-jam; on our side, below, the storms had let down their pondering white and blown it hill-high; from this side—between here and the peak's line of eternal snow—the winds were clean shut off and the sun had free play. That plateau, so close to where we'd froze, was as green as Maytime, and a clear trail wound northward, cutting the lower precipice about a mile off, and then ran gently down that direction into a valley all gold-en with the tints of autumn.

I saw this. Then I saw and heard still more.

"Zip!" A bullet from behind buzzed over my head.

"How!" A voice from in front called out the old Indian greeting to me.

Racing up back were the Lucky Lot, on foot, of course. Racing up in front was something you've heard a heap about since,



# Boys

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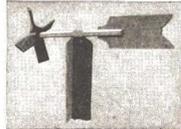
Nestor Johnson North Star

Nestor Johnson Flyers

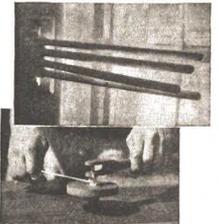
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THIS remarkable new 28-page book, published last fall, fully illustrated with photographs and drawings, gives complete directions that any boy can follow for making the Rack, Coat Hangers, Towel Rack, Back Rest, Spinning Top, Boy Scout Weather Vane, Tool Cabinet, Taboret, Book Trough, Hanging Book Shelves, Foot Stool and End Table.

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# BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

(Continued from page 47)  
but that then I didn't even know the name of: a party of rough horsemen, spurring along that open trail. They were one of the first sets of Vigilantes in California—frontier citizens who banded themselves together to enforce the law till the new government could establish the law in its own right—and Red Thunder, in his old buckskins, with his face as calm as a statue's—Red Thunder was riding at the head of them.

They topped the crest and came over the plateau, shouting as they galloped. The Lucky Lot came on behind and, seeing themselves rescued, stopped their shooting. I stood stock still in my tracks for fear of being ridden down, and the two parties met around me—and swirled the way cross currents meet in a whirlpool around a rock.

Our men were near knocked out by the change in their fortunes. Some that had kept going on their nerves fell over and had to be tended to—big, uncouth fellows—like helpless babies. Others hugged the Vigilantes and laughed and sang. And the better part of those valley folk dismounted and were shown down the way we'd come—so's to carry up the sick from Starvation Camp. Red Thunder jumped off his pony, let go his bridle and stepped toward me: I all but fell in his arms.

Then a spatter of kicked clay and pebbles hit me on the head. Hoofs beat on the earth. The Pomo and I pulled apart: Wickwire had vaulted into the saddle of Red Thunder's horse and was tearing down the trail, into the autumn valley.

The Indian's rifle had been strapped to his mount. He did have a revolver, and he fired; but not the best red man could ever use that weapon, and they were all new to it then: Jake just wheeled and waved a hand to mock us. A couple of the Vigilantes thought it was a horse theft, and they shot as soon as they'd got their rifles—pogun work. By that time Wickwire was out of range.

Well, here we were dropped in California—had been there, without knowing it, all that stay in Starvation Camp—and there went Jake to join Acker. I thought to myself:

"That option expired last midnight. Aaron's bought it up—been its owner now for hours and hours. His pard's done the job he was sent to do—kept me away till too late. It's all legal; at least, I can't ever prove it's not. Finished!"

### XXIV—Pomo Claim

THE thing that Red Thunder had worked back there at the Indian fight was this:

From the interrupted row between him and Jake, just before the attack, the Pomo knew mighty well Wickwire wouldn't rest till he'd killed him—or had him killed—as being too strong a help for me, whereas, Cap's being friendly then, my life might be spared, if only Jake could some way else delay me till the night of November 1st. So when once Red Thunder saw the battle was sure to go our way, he dragged me to a safe place—I was unconscious; could not be toted along—and then he plain deserted.

Next, he did what it was impossible for him to do while we'd been as good as prisoners, and what nobody except an Indian could have done now: where he was once afraid to travel the trail without a master, he set out back—went nights, hid days, lived by the rifle he'd secured—till he got to where I'd been robbed. Perhaps Wickwire hadn't had the chance to dig up the money he'd hidden; perhaps he hadn't the courage; perhaps he was playing for so much bigger a stake that he didn't care—anyway, Red Thunder's red man's craft found it not far from where we camped that time, and he brought it along. Then,

if you please, he doubled on his tracks, trailed the Lucky Lot, found out where we were lost and snowbound, guessed how it was for us—and went for this help among the miners in the valley below.

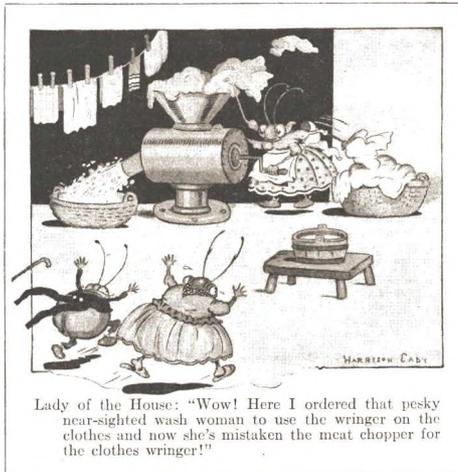
But he didn't so much as tell me this, up on the plateau when we saw Wickwire disappear down the mountain side. No—that Pomo just said a few quick words in his own language to a couple of the Vigilantes busy with the remainder of the Lucky Lot. The Californians noticed. He jumped on one of their horses—motioned me to mount another.

"Come," he said. "We follow. Perhaps we catch."

I was dog-tired and discouraged. "What is the use?" I asked. "Beside—"

And I told him, short, about Cap's Miller.

He listened, motionless. Then jerked his head toward the Californians. "They



Lady of the House: "Wow! Here I ordered that pesky near-sighted wash woman to use the wringer on the clothes and now she's mistaken the meat chopper for the clothes wringer!"

take care Cap!" he told me, and said a few more quick words to them. Turned again to me, with:

"Cap! tell you go!"

Well, Cap' would have. He'd have made me go. Thought less of me if I hadn't. I knew that. And when Red Thunder followed up his urging by shoving a revolver into my hand, my fingers gripped down on it.

Those horses hadn't come far—were still fresh: I rode after Red Thunder.

So we began our wild chase.

On we went—and on. The sun was high, and hot. It was only the flame in my veins—only this and the natural, what-they-call "resiliency of youth"—that kept me upright in my saddle. Too late to revoke the Pomo sale, I understood; but not too late to raise some trouble for Wickwire and Aaron Acker—if we lasted. On!

The little stones darted backwards under our horses' hoofs. Red Thunder's savage knowledge could pick out Wickwire's traces over the most traveled stretches. As we struck the western valley, the sun passed the meridian. Now we galloped—now we walked—at chance streams, we watered our mounts, but only enough to rinse their mouths—at one grassy spot, we fed them. But we never stopped for long.

—On!

Twenty miles along a fair track between trees ever so high, ever so massive—an old Spanish road.

Twenty-five—and afternoon . . . We crossed a long plain of green sward. There was shade from oaks whose leaves were turned to bronze—and there were patches of wild oats all of five feet high.—On!

What wonders those ponies were! They could stand any amount of going—they did! Me—the sweat raced down into my eyes—and I tore a strip from my shirt and tied it around my forehead. Every bone in my body ached—I was weak from long undernourishment—every muscle revolted—and I didn't care.

We didn't stop to say one word to the people we passed—for soon we did begin to pass some: men, I guess, from south of the San Joaquin, following more or less wild gold-fund rumors.

We came to a settlement where claims were being worked—had a bite to eat (how good that Irish stew was!) and learned how somebody, who must be Wickwire, had gone through only a half hour ahead of us. There we changed horses, on the strength of Red Thunder's Pomo word—some message he'd brought from the Vigilantes—and, good as our other ponies had been, those miners here gave us better.

That was afternoon—late. A little later, the sun plumped down behind the trees on our right. But my Indian knew the route: we kept on going.

I was fair done up—had to hang on to the high, Mexican saddle horn. But I didn't want to quit: the liquor of the chase was fever in every vein. By the stars, I could near tell the time: eight o'clock—nine—nine-thirty—ten. The moon came up, yellow and big as a barrel. My nostrils were filled with forest scents as we galloped along a road through a wooded hill, the shadows jerking from side to side.—On!

Sort of sudden, Red Thunder let out a whoop. I all but reined in.

"What's—the matter?" I panted.

"Nothing matter," the Pomo said. "We're near my father country."

He fair bolted ahead, under those trees. I dug my boot heels into my pony's with my bony knees—and followed, half a neck behind.

Here lay a straight stretch of forest road ahead of us. We couldn't hear much, because of the racket we were making ourselves; but I thought I saw a shadow—a shadow on horseback—away ahead. I thought—

Wickwire? No—yes! A bit of moonlight came through branches and showed him plain: Wickwire, knowing he was followed, and riding for his life! Not fearing me much, maybe, but fearing Red Thunder—and an Indian's revenge!

He had reason. Up went the rifle that had belonged to that member of the Vigilantes when Red Thunder borrowed his horse on the Sierra plateau. It went to the Pomo's shoulder—there was an instant of uninterupted light: an easy mark.

Somehow, this made me sick. Firing that way at a fellow who wasn't threatening you—was just doing his damndest to escape. I'd been feeling hard enough, but the revenge spirit suddenly spilled all out of me. I was close abreast of the Indian now: I knocked up his arm. The shot went wild.

That—and then I wished I hadn't. There under the moonlight, Wickwire turned in his saddle, without slacking pace. He drew out the gun that belonged there—and let us have it. My pony reeled—stumbled. Red Thunder's hand got my shirt collar just in time: he yanked me out of my saddle and threw me across his own.—On!

After that, it was a running fight—and no bits, for a while, on either side. I lay where I'd been put, every beat of the double-loaded pony's hoofs shaking the breath out of me, and the Pomo, racing right on, fired across my body. Wickwire fired back, but I felt he lost a mite of ground every time he turned to do it.

Then—like as if a shadow'd come across the moon—he disappeared. Just so. Looking around our pony's head, I saw him—and then didn't.

It was Red Thunder's grunt, above me, that explained:

"Path join road—path to father village." While he was saying this, we galloped into it. And a burst of flame came at us. Ambushed by Wickwire! All together, down went our horse, and the Pomo and I with it.

Sparks—dust.—A yell.  
I was on my feet, right enough. The

pony was dead. Red Thunder was stretched out beside it. And here, out of the bushes, came Wickwire at me.

Filtered through the trees, moonlight showed it all. Jake evidently hadn't a shot left for his rifle, but he held a knife in one hand and a revolver in the other. I saw his hideous goitre—his drawn face—his protruding eyes.

Where was my revolver? Dropped in the fall!

I just threw myself at him—used my body as a bullet. He tottered. A shot went off over my head. Man and boy, we clinched. We fell. I got his right wrist and twisted it. Another shot—

Jake Wickwire lay suddenly still. Quieted by his own gun—in his own hand.

Quieted but not killed. As I crouched over him, he half opened his pop eyes, raised up, and ground. Then he sagged back and lay still.

We carried him into the Pomo village, about an eighth of a mile ahead—for Red Thunder hadn't been any more than stunned by his fall, and Wickwire's bullet, aimed low, had done only for the horse. We passed a stake-and-rider fence and came to a kind of group of thatched adobe huts. There'd been a bear hunt; skins hung from tree branches, and at a fireplace between two of the houses pots were boiling. Spite of all I'd been through, I never smelled anything half so good.

A big, fine-looking red man with a beak nose and an iron gray scalp lock trimmed around an eagle's feather—sixty years old, perhaps—Red Thunder's father, and he touched his own forehead first, and then his son's, in Pomo greeting, as if they'd separated only yesterday. He did that—and, while he was doing it, I heard a noise at the back of the village and saw—yes, yellow-faced Aaron Acker bolt away among the trees!

The answer? Have you ever tried to keep a diary? Ever tried to write up that diary, or figure the date from it—after several days of letting it alone? There at Starvation Camp, I'd let things slide till I got my dates mixed—and here I was at the Pomo Claim, one good hour before midnight of November 1st—and Acker had seen he'd lost—and ran away.

In the year of '49, things happened like that—as strangely and as quick. Once Red Thunder had told his story to his father,

and handed over to me the marked money he'd recovered—it must have been about half-past eleven—I'd completed the purchase of the Pomo Claim (which made Mother rich, in the end) and assigned a half-interest to the Pomos. Naturally, I wasn't any hand at legal papers; but mighty few people were, out there in those days, and what folks call the legal technicalities were satisfactorily fixed up afterwards.

So there are only a few more words to say. As I'd feared, the Vigilantes had found Cap Miller dead—not of a fresh bullet wound but of the old scalp wound and excitement and exhaustion. George Powell had Cap's bullet in him but they cut it out and he got better. I held no grudge against him. Better men than he have been led wrong by men like Jake Wickwire. Jake?

Oh, he got well in one of the Pomo huts—got well and kept it quiet—then watched his chance and escaped. I never set eyes again on him or Aaron Acker, though years later—long in '53—I heard they'd both been shot over a crooked card game in Sacramento. And Mother? If you please, Mother

Yes, sir: she was a true chip of the pioneer block. Said she'd not been able to sleep quiet of nights, with the thought of her boy "out there"—so, the way she'd warned me she might do—she'd followed me, "traveling light," according to the instructions good old Hanby Henderson gave me. She left town the day after Judge Minchen was arrested on charges of defrauding another of his clients, and she'd made the frightened judge—whose property'd been all sequestered—assign his claims against us in return for Mother's putting up his bail! That was the price she asked—and got. Didn't I tell you Mother had learned a bit about business?

That's all. We settled down here, and we haven't budged since. "The fust woman mine owner in Californy," that's what folks call Mother. And they called me "a right sensible lieutenant—for a boy."

Well, being a boy's not exactly a crime; it's a thing a body can grow out of—if he takes time to it. So here's hoping!

THE END.

**TWO MILES DEEP**

Get ready for an ocean-bottom hike, "Two Miles Deep." Our past sharks and sardines. Out where fish fall up and hollow things implode. Yessir! Wade in and see—

**NEXT MONTH**

turned up at the Claim, with a professional guide, less'n a month after I hired a reliable expert to get it working!

Yes, sir: she was a true chip of the pioneer block. Said she'd not been able to sleep quiet of nights, with the thought of her boy "out there"—so, the way she'd warned me she might do—she'd followed me, "traveling light," according to the instructions good old Hanby Henderson gave me. She left town the day after Judge Minchen was arrested on charges of defrauding another of his clients, and she'd made the frightened judge—whose property'd been all sequestered—assign his claims against us in return for Mother's putting up his bail! That was the price she asked—and got. Didn't I tell you Mother had learned a bit about business?

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**16-YEAR-OLD BOY WINS \$250 PRIZE**

21st October 1926

Remington Arms Co.,  
New York City.

Gentlemen:

With your letter of the 14th at hand, I wish to thank you for your most generous award. I feel highly honored and am very glad that I could be of service in selecting a name for so marvelous a powder.

Perhaps it would be of interest to you to know that at the time of the contest I was recovering from Typhoid Fever. I was sitting up in bed and dictated the letter to my father who sent it to you. I am sixteen years of age and have one more year in High School. Your check has done wonders to swell my college fund.

Thanking you again for your most welcome check, I remain,

Very truly yours,

*Nelson E. Starr*



**Boys Want Remington Kleanbore Cartridges**

Every boy in the country will join us in congratulating Nelson E. Starr whose letter is reproduced above. It is especially fitting that a boy should win one of the first prizes in Remington's contest to select a name for this wonderful new ammunition, because once they learn about it, boys will not use anything else.

Boys have always been among Remington's most valued customers. Every boy wants a Remington Rifle, a Remington Scout Knife, and a Remington Sheath Knife. Now every boy wants Remington Kleanbore Cartridges.

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Remington Kleanbore Cartridges make cleaning unnecessary. This marvelous new ammunition absolutely prevents rust, corrosion, and pitting. Remington Kleanbore Cartridges are different from ordinary ammunition, because the priming mixture does not contain salts that attract moisture and cause rust. It contains ingredients that seal the pores in the steel and make the bore of rifle barrels rustless and stainless. Kleanbore Cartridges, by keeping the bore in perfect condition, will improve the velocity, increase the accuracy and prolong the life of your rifle.

If you have been shooting ordinary ammunition, clean the bore of your rifle thoroughly with boiling water to remove all traces of the injurious salts. Then shoot Remington Kleanbore Cartridges exclusively and you will not have to clean the inside of the barrel.

Caution: For your own protection, be careful to avoid substitutes. You can identify this new ammunition by the name, Remington Kleanbore, on the green box. They are the only cartridges that will do what we claim for them.

And think, Remington Kleanbore ammunition costs the same as ordinary cartridges. Get them from your dealer in .22 shorts, longs, and long-rifles.

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Use this ballot (or make one to avoid cutting your magazine) to tell us what kind of reading you like best. It will help to bring you more of the same

**My "Best Reading" Ballot**

"Best Reading" Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY,  
550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Michigan. Date.....

I liked best the following short stories, serials and articles in the January AMERICAN BOY:

- 1..... 3.....
- 2..... 4.....

I liked best the work of the following artists:

- 1..... 3.....
- 2..... 4.....

I read regularly the following departments (Place an X after names of departments you habitually read):

- 1. Stamps. 4. For the Boys to Make.
- 2. Puzzles. 5. Radio.
- 3. Friendly Talks With the Editor. 6. Funnybone Ticklers.

(If there were any features or drawings or stories in the January issue that you did not like, please mention them in the space provided for Remarks).

Remarks .....

Name ..... Age.....

Address .....

MAIL YOUR BALLOT TO-DAY

# They'll Bite in Winter

By W. J. Schaldach

NO fellow who knows how to go about below-freezing fishing needs to pack his tackle away in moth balls just because lake and pond and stream are two feet under the ice.

Fishing through the ice is just as different from casting, or trolling, or dangling a line from a sun-cooked rowboat, as skating is from water polo. There's no rod and reel, no weighty decision as to lure. All you need to do is prepare half a dozen simple "tip-ups," find a spot where the water is fairly shallow and the bottom weedy, chop holes in the ice and sit back by your roaring fire with nothing to do except watch for the red flag. If the day is one with sun and slightly rising temperature your luck will be better, for fish are more active then than when the thermometer is dropping.

How is the tip-up made? I've used two kinds. One consists of a straight stick 18 inches long, pointed at one end so that it will stick readily in the pile of chopped wet ice at the side of the hole. At the other end of the stick is a simple trigger which holds down a stiff coiled wire; when the trigger is released the wire springs up to wave a tiny red flag or sound a tinkling bell. And of course the line is attached to the trigger. The fish gives you notice when he takes your bait!

### The Fish Rings the Bell

A SIMPLER tip-up consists of two sticks lashed at right angles. One is long enough to cross the hole in the ice and leave about six inches on either side; the other is shorter. To one end of the shorter stick is fastened the line, and to the other end the flag or bell. When the line is pulled, one end of the stick swings down—up goes the signal!

Now, with your tip-ups and half a dozen lines (linen or cotton, 20 to 30 feet long), you're about ready. Each line should have one or two hooks, sizes 2, 4 or 6. And you need a few light sinkers. Bait? Well, if you're an old-timer at ice fishing, you supplied yourself with minnows last fall by seining the brook, and you have them right at hand. If you're a novice, though, see if you can't buy some live bait from an ice-fisher near-by. Failing that, take with you cut bait—small pieces of liver, small pieces of fish itself.

### Get Your Ice Chisel?

WITH this equipment and a hatchet or ice chisel—it's broader than a wood chisel, and fastened on a long handle—you set out. You cut your first hole in the ice, and let the line sink until it reaches bottom; then draw it up six inches and attach it to the tip-up. Do the same thing with three or four or five more; likely by the time you've finished the first red flag will be calling for help.

And when you pull up the line, there will be a pike, or a two-pound pickerel, or a perch or calico bass on the hook. Good sized fellows are plentiful in winter; and the sport is just as good as summer fishing. No thrills in it? Listen to this.

It was a sunny late February day, and we'd had good luck fishing through the ice. Then they stopped biting—stopped completely and utterly. I decided to find the trouble; so I rigged up an overcoat over my head, like a photographer's green felt cover, and set myself to watch down an ice hole. With that coat shutting out the bright light I could see every detail of weed and bottom. And it wasn't long before the cause of our trouble came piking along. He was a great Northern pike, cruising majestically as a king. Weighed every bit of ten pounds, and it wasn't any wonder that the perch and calico bass fled.

When a big fellow comes on the scene, you might as well draw in your lines until he departs. No danger but that he'll go soon, for he follows the food. Before long you can drop the lines again. And before many trials you'll be as enthusiastic an ice fisherman as any summer Isaak Walton.

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# "Get Out on the Ice!"

(Continued from page 19)

direction he is going. At the gun he jumps sideways, throwing his left foot out, and at the same time bringing his right foot up. He pushed off the edge of his skate instead of the toe. After his initial leap, he brings the right foot over the left and follows this with several side steps, still using the edge of his skates for traction, until he has gained speed enough to take a forward stride. When you make this kind of a start, remember not to have your feet too far apart. Keep them under you so that you can get a good push-off for your first leap.

Now for the quick stop. Full tilt down the ice you're coming, headed straight for the shore, going hockey-split. At fifteen yards from the shore you're still traveling at top speed. Now what? A wild sprawl and a skinned nose? Not much. Turn sideways, dig the edges of your skates into the ice and lean backwards. That's all. After you've got the hang of it, you'll be able to stop in an instant.

Here's another way to stop. It's a sensational method used only by experienced skaters. After you've gained speed, set your feet parallel and start coasting. Then lift up your toes so that you're riding on the back end of your skates. Cut ice will spray out from your feet, your skates will cut a groove in the surface, and you'll come to a halt in a jiffy.

## Hey, Burch! Let's Get Up a Game!

AFTER you have learned these tricks, you won't be content to skate around by yourself. You'll be organizing the gang for a game of "Tag," "I Got It," or shindy. In "Tag," you're chasing the pack, in "I Got It" the pack's chasing you. Both games teach you speed, and the ability to start, stop and turn quickly.

If you want to become a hockey player, divide the gang into two sides and play shindy. Use a small piece of wood for a puck and the best stick you can find. Almost every star hockey player I know started out by playing shindy. Shindy teaches you to skate with a stick in your hand, and develops your wind and legs. It gives you the fundamentals of hockey, so that when you go out for your high school or college team you'll be far ahead of the man who merely knows how to skate.

The minute you decide to concentrate on hockey, stop skating with empty hands—always have a stick and a puck. It must become second nature with you to skate with your hands on the handle of your stick. It requires a slightly different set of muscles and a different sense of balance from that demanded by ordinary skating.

Every boy can become a good hockey player if he starts early, finds the position for which he is best fitted and learns that position thoroughly. If he wants to become a wing man, he must learn to use the boards, to dash the puck against it and take it on the rebound, and to make shots at all angles for the net. The center learns above all else, stick handling—nursing the puck along the ice on the end of the stick—and goal getting. The

defense must know how to check—to get the puck away from an opponent. The goal keeper must develop a steady nerve and a quick eye. Select your position and perfect yourself in it.

As you progress, you'll find more excitement in ice hockey than in any other winter sport. You'll find in it the thrill of speed and the tenseness of competition. One of the most exciting moments I have ever witnessed was in the finals of the 1926 Canadian national championship tournament.

The University of Toronto had captured the Canadian Intercollegiate championship. Then it had won through to the finals of the national tournament and was now engaged in a three-game series with Port Arthur for the title. The cherished Allen cup was at stake.

Port Arthur had won the first game 1 to 0. Toronto had taken the second game 3 to 1 in a contest that required ten minutes overtime. The third game—the one that should have decided the series—went thirty minutes overtime to a 3 to 3 tie. Early in the grueling fourth game, "Red" Porter, one of our defense men, obtained the puck and started racing for the opponents' goal. With a terrific burst of speed he took the puck the length of the rink, eluding the opposing center and two defense men. Squaring in front of the goal he tripped, pitched forward and skidded ahead, on his chest, with his stick out in front of him. The Port Arthur goal keeper took a single step out to get the puck from the fallen man, but Red, although he was prone on the ice, had managed to keep control of the rubber. As the goal keeper reached out for it, Porter pulled it closer to him, and when the goal keeper took another step out, Red shoved the puck between his opponent's magnificent example of coolness in a crisis, that the eight thousand spectators went frantic.

Exciting moments like these aren't the only reward that comes to the hockey player. Whereas football and basketball practice have developed into more or less of a tedious drill, hockey practice is fun. The best way to practice is to organize teams and play the game. Experienced players will tell you that you are going to enjoy every hour of it. If you are going to start seriously to learn the game, perhaps you would like to have a few tips on equipment and playing.

The very first thing to do is to select a stick that suits you. Get one that is straight from handle to blade. Put on your skates, crouch slightly forward, and hold the stick with your left hand near the body and your right hand well down the shaft. Have your hands far enough apart so that the stick will be perfectly under control. Place the blade upon the ice, in front of you. In that position, the bottom edge of the blade should be flat upon the ice—not resting upon its heel. If, when you are in this position, your blade does lie flat upon the ice, you have the right stick.



Allen Deserted His Bike and Became a Champion Skater

ANY boy in good health can become a speed skater. Take Francis Allen. Now Allen's hobby was bicycling until Mr. Julian T. Fitzgerald, international authority on skating, told him to try speed skating. Allen tried it and lost his first race—a novice event. The defeat challenged his fighting spirit, and he started to practice in earnest.

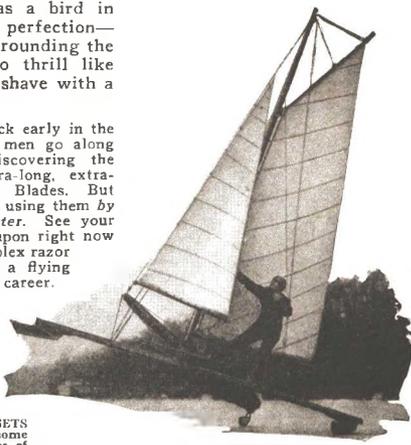
In 1923 Allen was ready for competition. He entered the Chicago city championship and won it. Then he entered the Illinois state tournament and won that. Following that, he captured the Tri-State title and the Canadian championship.

There were two titles left, the national and international championships. Allen entered the Diamond Medal Trophy race at Lake Placid, the event that carries the speed skating championship of the United States. He won it. Then he topped off the season by winning the international title at Saranac Lake. He is the only skater in the history of American ice skating who has won every championship event he entered. Allen competed in six events and lost none.

—H. C. SALSINGER.

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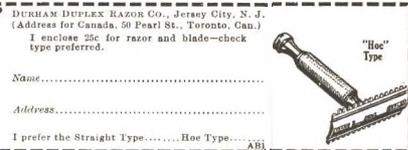
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**J**UST look at these new skates of mine—are'n't they beauties? And they're as fast as they're pretty! Man, with these skates I can keep my stick on the puck like a hound keeps his nose on the trail. Do skates make a difference? I'll say they do!"

Alumos are designed and built for speed, lightness and strength—the three things that give you the greatest fun in skating. They have the speed that makes the wind whistle in your ears; the lightness that keeps you skating fresh and strong; and the strength that never fails in racing, hockey, jumping or any kind of stunt skating.

### Wonderful new patented process

Alumos are the only skates in the world made of aluminum, and they are made by a wonderful new patented process, which no one else can use. The result is practically a one-piece skate—

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### Beauty you can be proud of

This construction also makes Alumos more beautiful. There are no rivets, solder, seams or joints to spoil their graceful stream-line beauty.

Go see a pair of Alumos today. Racing and Hockey Models mounted on Alumo Special Skating Shoes of selected leather, are sold at all the leading hardware, department and sporting goods stores. Prices: \$6., \$8., \$10., and \$12.

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Here's a book you'll like. It tells you how to increase your speed; how to pull some of the fancy stunts you've seen on the stage. And it has tips in it that will start you off right if you're learning. Also some fine pictures of all models of Alumo Skates. Send coupon below for your copy—free to "American Boy" readers.



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If you want to make the "gang" wonder where you're getting all your speed, send coupon below for free booklet, entitled, "How to Improve your Skating!"

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Dept. E-5, Malden, Mass.  
Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your free book on, "How to Improve your Skating."  
Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....

(Continued from page 51)  
In order to avoid bruises, wear shin pads, and protection of some kind on the shoulders—preferably a felt and leather pad. Get your mother to sew shoulder pads on your old sweater. And now that you're dressed, let's get out to the rink.

There are two kinds of shots for the goal: the ordinary kind, where you bring the puck in close to you and sweep it toward the net with a strong follow-through, and the wrist shot, which is accomplished by a single flip of the wrist. The last one is best, because you can do it with the least preparation or warning.

### A Mere Flip of the Wrist!

**I**N one of last year's games for the national title, Plaxton, our center, made a goal from face-off with the wrist shot. He simply hooked the puck from the Port Arthur center and with a sudden flip, sent it soaring 85 feet over the ice into the net. Plaxton had a powerful forearm.

Remember, when shooting or passing, that you do not bring back your stick and swing on the puck. Your blade is in contact with the puck at all times until after you have passed or shot. Learn to make shots without getting set. In a fast game of this kind, a fraction of a second is precious.

While you are carrying the puck, there's just one thing to bear constantly in mind: Hold the stick squarely in front of you, so that you'll cut as narrow a swath as possible when you're scooting down the rink.

To get the puck from an opponent, you must learn the checks. There are four principal kinds—the poke check, body check, hook check and back check. In the first case, you merely shove your stick out and knock the rubber from the opposing player. In the second case, you meet him with your shoulder, move him out of the way and take the puck. By the third

method, you wait until he's passing you, when you reach out, hook the puck and pull it toward you. The fourth consists of skating up from behind, catching up to your opponent, lifting his stick and taking the puck.

Hockey gives you a chance for great team play. Lou Hudson, one of our wings, developed a nice play with a substitute and used it to score the first goal in last year's 3 to 3 tie with Port Arthur.

Shortly after the game started, Hudson received the puck near our own goal and started toward the center of the rink. As the opposing defense man came in to meet him, he cut to the right, passing them near the edge



"Look at the old hen setting on the axe!"  
"Maybe she's trying to hatch it."

of the rink with a burst of sheer speed. In the meantime, the substitute, unnoticed, skated down to a position squarely in front of the opposing goal. Lou, with the puck, was drawing the pack to the side of the rink as he sped along the boards and started circling around behind the net. Just before he scooted behind the goal, he passed the puck to the substitute, who was in a perfect position to score.

It was a surprise play—an example of the dash and co-operation that make hockey a great game. An example of unselfishness, too, when a star player passes the rubber to a substitute for the score.

In this article, I have only given you a few hints of the fun you are going to find on the old pond this winter. I've only been able to tell you a few of the fundamentals of skating and ice hockey. Starting, stopping, stick-handling, goal-shooting, and teamwork—you'll learn it all when you get out with the bunch and play shabby, "Tag" and "I Got It."

And while you're learning to become a speed artist or a hockey player, you'll be developing lungs as powerful as bellows, arms and legs as strong as steel, and an appetite that's as violent as a three-alarm fire.

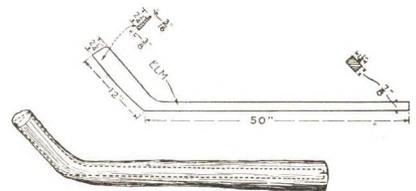
## Make Your Own Ice Hockey Stick

By A. Neely Hall

**D**ID you know that an ice hockey stick is bent, and not cut out of a board as its shape would indicate? The reason is that the grain must be continuous from the end of the handle to the toe of the blade; otherwise the blade would split off where it joins the handle, perhaps at the first stroke. If you need an ice hockey stick there are two ways to make it. The first is to bend the wood into shape, the other is to select a piece of wood that is already correctly bent.

Making the sharp bend is not easy with the equipment of the average home workshop, but you can have this done at a local mill, where they have facilities for bending wood, and making it stay bent. The rest of the shaping and finishing will be no trick at all.

The other method is used by boys in Canada, and was described to me by a former captain of a Canadian hockey team. A tree branch is selected, elm preferred, that has the correct bend to it; one like that shown in the diagram. This is first roughly hewed to shape with an axe, then finished to the form indicated by the dotted lines with spoke-shave or draw-knife, plane, file and sandpaper. After sanding smooth, a coat of shellac should then be applied.



The dimensioned diagram shows an approved model of an American hockey stick. The length of the stick and the angle of the blade, however, varies with the preference of the individual player. C. S. Smythe, coach of the famous Toronto University team, suggests that the way to determine your individual requirements is to "stand on your skates in playing position, leaning forward, with the right hand grasping the stick well down the shaft and the left hand at the end. Then place the blade the same distance in front of you that it ordinarily is when you are taking the puck down the rink. In that position the blade should be flat."

In the diagrams, a cross section is shown of the toe of the blade, another of the handle end. From the toe to the handle end the stick has a gradual taper.

Take your time on this job, for a well-made hockey stick you'll find is worth the effort.



No. 715. Word Hunt.

Find at least twelve words containing two sets of double letters, such as (fool)ba(II). Special prize for longest, neatest list. Use no proper names, obsolete or foreign words.

No. 716. Rebus.

ALI ALI  
ESS & CUB

These animals three  
At the zoo you may see.

No. 717. Alphabet.

"Alphabet" means "change the first letter." The blank spaces are filled with three-letter words, alike excepting for the first letter.

"Well," said the wild-looking — " — not run through the woods as he once did, — he? There's a — on such gods now, and on such goings-on. I'll bet he acquired a fine — skipping around like that. Oh, here's my keeper, —! I — away from him. Come along with us to the asylum, and we'll have a game of —"

No. 718. Enigma. (4 letters)

"I'm always cleaning up."  
Said the stable man to Sue,  
"These — are never —"  
So what can a feller do?"

(Fill blanks with same word, used as a noun first, then as an adjective.)

No. 719. Physiological Puzzle. (4 letters)

Change one letter each time to form the next word, but do not transpose the letters.

1. Part of the body.
2. Take notice of.
3. Part of the foot.
4. Believe.
5. Parts of the body.
6. Gratuities.
7. Enemies.
8. Parts of No. 5.
9. Garden implements.
10. Used in malt liquors.
11. Parts of the body.
12. Parts of No. 1.
13. Trims.
14. Waste.
15. To suffer loss.
16. Part of No. 1.
17. Not any.
18. Alone.
19. Extended.
20. An organ of the body.
21. The moon.
22. The Swedish maid.
23. Part of the eye.
24. Part of the body.
25. Unshaped timber.
26. In cricket, bowler underhand.
27. Steals.
28. Bones of the body.
29. Edges.
30. Directs.
31. Parts of the body.

No. 720. Linkade. (7 letters)

I'll tell you FIRST was all the rage  
To ride in years ago  
I'll tell you, NEXT, LAST the funny page  
The best COMPLETES do go.

(First, Next and Last are linked together to make Complete, like List. ten. Need. for Listened.)

The foregoing puzzles are all by 'Arry Zona, Phoenix, Ariz.

Prize Offers.

Best complete list, \$1. Best lists of 5, 4 and less than 4 solutions, respectively 75c, 50c and 25c. Special prize for best answer to No. 715 Word Hunt. Another special prize for correct answer to No. 719 and best similar puzzle using coins, such as cent, dime, peso, mark, cash, etc. A record is kept of all lists containing at least 4 solutions, and a book is given for 25 solutions. Send answers to these puzzles before Jan. 25 if possible. BE SURE TO WRITE YOUR NAME AT TOP

OF LIST. Address KARRA KARRA, care THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Answers to November Puzzles.

703. Controversy.  
704. Will, abet, scorn, harr, ideal, nest, gown, though, open, node. Behaded letters spell Washington.  
705. Thomas, Harvey, Eustis, Austin, Marion, Emmett, Rupert, Ingram, Curtis, Adrian, Newton, Benton, Olney, Youakum. Initials spell The American Boy.  
706. Imprescriptible, osteogenesis, sudoriferous, ululating, aoudg.  
707. Mid, dim.  
708. Rummaged.

October Prize Winners.

Best list: The Tyrannosaurus, Westfield, N. Y.  
Best five solutions: Ann O. Domini, Pasadena, Calif.  
Best four solutions: Lewis Verburg, Holland, Mich.  
Best less than four: Talking Machine, New York City.  
Best list dogs: Nala G. Nol, Stratton, Colo.  
Best set six puzzles: 'Arry Zona, Phoenix, Ariz.

Special for beautiful list: Red, Peru, Ind. Books for 25 solutions: Akie Jew, Mica, Amos Quito, Calif.; A. P. Bill, Ida.; Artie, N. Y.; Boyer W. Voisard, Calif.; B. Swaks, Ore.; Bull O'Knee, Ill.; Clutch, Ky.; Cy T. Tude, Ia.; Dan Banta, Wis. (8th); Davowen, O. (11th); Ed U. Cation, O.; Erle C. Edington, O. (18th); F. W. Brinary, Ia. (8th); Frederick E. Wirth, Kans.; Je. Iye Van, Kans.; Icky, N. Y.; Ike N. Hunt, N. J. (8th); Ima Boob, Wash.; Iver E. Soap, N. J.; Jack Canuck, N. Y. (13th); James Hill, Calif. (8th); Kelly League, Ind.; Lightning, N. Y.; Minn E. Apolis, Minn.; Nellie Norwood, Alaska; O. G. Re, O.; Owl, S. C. (7th); Puzzler King, N. Y.; Seedy Ell, Ontario; The Sphinx, Conn.; Thos. J. Perkins, Ill.; Turney, Va.; Wes from Wis, Wis.

New York leads in prize winners this month. 21 states, besides Ontario and Alaska are represented.

C. L. Spears, Thomas J. Perkins, and Wm. Neely get extra first class mention for 12 consecutive honorable mentions.

Honorable Mention.

Completes: Akie Jew, Albert Bond\*, Ambitions, Amos Quito, 'Arry Zona, Arsie Milr, Art Knopinski, Arthur Menkin, Arthur Ramey, Ben Anna, Earl, Biggy, B. Swaks, Chester, Cy T. Tude, Dan Banta, D. M. S., Don Key, Dub-el-Chyo, Earl McLorn, Ed U. Cation, Elbert Smith, H. Eugene B. Frisco, Frederick E. Wirth, Fystris, George Reges, Geo. Rublen IV, G. Kingsley Hughes, Henry Overholt, Homer K. M., Howard P. Edwards, Icky, N. Y., Ima Boob, Ima Lone, Jack Canuck, James Hill, Jay Walker, Kell by, Legie, Kenneth Ayre, Kent Preston, Lawrence Perrine, Lee F. Dante, Leo Kahn, I. Ima Bean, L. M. Enopee, Lolla Bunk, Minn E. Apolis, M. T. Branes, Mun Kee, Norbert W. Zink, Orzental\*, Owl, Phil Ah Suffer, Phillip McCann, Puzzler King, Red, Rho Mu Rho, Richard Guick, Robert Erleskotter, Robert D. Porter, Robert Schaster, Sail Dum Nox, Sak-el-bahr, Seedy Ell, Sherlock Holmes\*, Sir X, Snoozers, Tecumseh, The Gink, The Sphinx, The Tyrannosaurus, Thos. J. Perkins, Tryem Alf, T. Asbird, U. Neek, Well I. Swann, Wm. McClellan, Wm. Neely, Wilmer Colwell, Wise Bug, and a solver from W. Kennecum, Me. (No name).

Five Solutions: A. A. E., Abacus Zythum, A. G. B. II, Albert Lewis, Alexander McIver, Al Falla, A. I. Gater, Ann O. Domini, A. P. Rill\*, C. E. O'Brien, Little, Arrie, Alf, T. X. Balloante, Barbara Sanger, Baron Waiste, B. Hayve, Bill Sahntz, Billy Davis, Blackstone, Blockhead, Bob Black, Boyer W. Voisard, Bradford Hiter Jr., B. B., Ayndes, Bull O'Knee, C. A. Longaker, Carl Frye, C. C. Whitaker Jr., Charles E. Carr, Charles King, Clara, Clarence Tench, C. L. Spears, C. L. Little, Gar, C. B., Geo. Colonel, Comct, Conner, Cummin Sidi Kater, Davowen, Dent, Dieercks Bros., Dinah Earl, Donald Ross, Donald Stanford, Dray, Earl of Don, Ed Bowen, Edmund Biske, E. Hartford, Ekahs K. Lim, Eldo, Elm Burk, Erle C. Edington, Ernest Haiges, Essel Doubhleyou, Ex Whyzney, Fatty, F. E. Brinary, Flea Kea, Floyd Ellis, G. E. O'Brien, K. L. Peewee, King Cotton, K. N. Pepper, L. A. Gaiter, Laurence E. Gibson, Lee Nation Jr., Lek Trik Lite, Lever, Lightnin', Lynn E. Hales, Lord Helcup, Louis K. Hogan, Lynn C. Doyle, Maindine, Mat Treus

(Continued on page 67)

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## PAGE Military Academy

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*Hist! The dazed voice of the Youngest Editor is heard chanting:*

*"From Texas and Utah and Me,  
They flooded the office like re.  
They came by the millions  
And billions and trillions  
Now the Ed. has a limp in his bre!"*

**P**HEWWWWW! Limericks to the right of us, Limericks to the left of us, and Limericks in front of us! It looked like a blizzard! They blew in even from Holland and Rumania. Seeds of them! But we rolled up our sleeves, dove in, read every one, and emerged triumphant, but a little the worse for wear. Pluto enjoyed the ones about him, but when we asked him to help us pick the prize winners he gave one look at the stack of letters and disappeared. We found him three days later, hiding in the pressroom, and he looked a little ashamed of himself. Some of you fellows sent in some fine verse, but we couldn't use it because it didn't have the Limerick swing. And some of the Limericks started out all right but ended lamely because the Limerickers forgot that the last line should rhyme with the first two. But anyway, here are the winning Limericks, and the fellows who wrote them are winning not only a cash prize each but also a copy apiece of the brand new book, AMERICAN BOY STORIES. They are winners!

*First Prize Winner.*

The doctor announced, "It's a boy."  
I jumped up and shouted with joy,  
For my dad's the M. D.  
And "a boy" 's The A. B.  
Which I'll sneak off alone to enjoy.

By H. Banks Edwards (14)  
Memphis, Tenn.

*Second Prize Winner.*

Once "Funnybone Ticklers" were read  
By a boy who thought most jokes were dead,  
But he snickered and snorted  
He rolled and cavorted—  
"Apoplexy," the coroner said.

By Rollin Bennett, Pasadena, Calif.

*Third Prize Winner.*

Young Jimmy Malone is quite peeved—  
His "American Boy," he believed  
Belonged mostly to him,  
But his father, big Jim,  
Grabs it first, every time it's received.

By James Constable, Jr. (12),  
Pasadena, Calif.

*Special Prize Winners.*

There was a young fellow named Mark  
Who of genius had more than a spark  
His part was well played,  
And a "Mark" was soon made—  
All praise be to Kelland and Clarke

By Frederick Meyers,  
Porter, Minn.

Russ Farrell, a lad known to fame,  
Was at home in the blue with a plume;  
So while looping the loop  
He in slumber did drop  
For he found such amusem't too tame.

By Thomas Kilgour (15),  
Detroit, Mich.

Our editor, G. Ogden Ellis  
Won't miss an occasion to tell us  
Of his great pride and joy  
The American Boy,  
Oh, man! Aren't you grown-ups all  
jealous?

By Frank C. Ross (11),  
Kansas City, Mo.

A puzzle man called Kappa Kappa  
Has me hunting all over the map;  
To find towns with boys' names  
Such as Robert and James;  
Now I wish he would go take a napp.

By Kenneth Ayre (14)  
Aurora, Mo.

A man of the Mounted Police,  
Examined a man in demise,  
"By the hole in his head,  
I can see he's quite dead."  
This headwork won Doug an increase.

By Robert J. McGee (17),  
Philadelphia, Pa.

The American Boy is my treasure;  
It affords me the keenest of pleasure.  
I read with delight  
Every story in sight  
And even the "ads" for good measure.

By Billy Everett (10),  
Mount Vernon, Wash.

Reg. Kaufman's the fellow for me;  
Excitement we boys crave, you see;  
In "The Overland Trail,"  
The thrills turn us pale—  
You can't tell what the next move will be.

By Sylvan Crooker (16),  
Mankato, Minn.

Lang Campbell, the funnybone tickler,  
Confronts us with many a stickler.  
His ducks and his rabbits  
Shove many strange habits.  
Why do artists grow ficker and ficker?

By Sinclair Thompson (11),  
Onida, S. Dak.

Neil Moran and a stoker named Tony  
And a young lad called "Joe Macaroni"  
Saved the old "Araby"  
From a grave in the sea;  
Now this last line's a lotta bawson.

By Roy Mason (14),  
Port Orchard, Wash.

The American Boy is well made  
But my copy gets frayed in the raid  
By father and mother  
And sister and brother  
As into the postman they wade.

By Cochrane Penick (17),  
Austin, Texas.

Mr. Butler, whose first name is Ellis  
Has always good stories to tell  
He wrote "Bebbin's Cow,"  
Which sure was a wow,  
And you bet it pleased all of us fellas.

By Robert Newsom,  
Boulder, Colo.

Pluto was dreaming one night—  
A monster was picking a fight!  
But when he woke up  
The brave little pup  
Said, "I sure licked him badly, all right."

By Ray Munsterman (18),  
Chicago, Ill.

Mark Tidd is a much traveled chap.  
He calls on Italian and Jap,  
Pole, Frenchman, Swiss, Swede,  
Greek, Egyptian and Medo—  
He rambles all over the map.

By Stephen E. Thompson (17),  
Burbank, Calif.

Russ Farrell, an ace, took his bride  
Through the clouds for a honeymoon ride.  
"Gee, we're high, C!" she did yell,  
"Like the H. C. of I."  
"Yes, and like the new skirts," he replied.

By Jimmy Fetter (12),  
Tulsa, Okla.

Oh, Christmas draws nigher and nigher.  
Let your voices rise higher and higher.  
"What will give you most joy?"  
"THE AMERICAN BOY!"  
Don't let our subscription expire!"

By Martin Mayrath,  
Dodge City, Kans.

### Want to Be an Explorer?

#### North Pole Contest

**N**EXT to swimming the English Channel, discovering the North Pole is about the most popular sport to-day. Here's your chance to tell what you'd expect to find up there in the frigid Arctic. Take the trip with anybody you want along—your brother, your pal, or even Pluto. He says he's always wanted to chase a bear and bark at a walrus!

Prizes? Yes, sir! \$10 for the best letter, \$5 for the next best, and \$3 for the third. \$1 each for all other letters printed. Go to it, explorers! Winners in March.

You've started in a dirigible, and everything goes smoothly until you get directly over the Pole. Then—zing! Something snaps, and the dirigible collapses! Frantically, you and your companion grab parachutes and leap out of the fast falling ship into the freezing Arctic air. Wow! Nothing below you, apparently, but icebergs, and bears—the land of the Midnight Sun. Whoosh!

Now it's your turn! What did you find up there at the North Pole? What adventures did you encounter? And how did you manage to survive? Try to keep your story down to 300 words. Write plainly in ink, or typewrite, on only one side of your paper. Put your name, age, and address on each sheet. Anyone under twenty-one may enter the contest. Address your entry to the North Pole Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit Mich. Be sure to get it here before January 15th. (Might send your Best Reading Ballad in the same envelope.)

I have known office pups about town  
Who usually wore a deep frown.  
But Pluto, oh boy!  
Is full of sheer joy  
As he splatters the page up and down.

By Howard B. Edwards (13),  
Gettysburg, Penna.

"Read the 'Friendly Talks' page," pleaded Bill,  
And kept talking and talking until  
I saw my mistake—  
I was missing the cake.  
I read the page now with a thrill.

By Vergil Scruggs (17),  
Mooresboro, N. Car.

Russ Farrell, the Wizard of Air,  
Flies higher than most folks would dare.  
He's a mighty fine fellow,  
With no streak of yellow,  
And loved by all boys everywhere.

By David C. Carter (15),  
West Hawley, Mass.

Mark Tidd went to Egypt and rode  
On a camel—ye gods, what a load!  
Well, the camel gave out  
For there sure was no doubt  
That it's legs were considerably bowed.

By George A. Seannell,  
Elgin, Nebr.

I rush home from school full of pep—  
Believe me, I don't watch my step!  
To-day is joy-day,  
American Boy Day—  
It sure has a wonderful rep.

By Fred Atix (12),  
Portland, Ore.



# Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

# COIN COLLECTING

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**FUNNYBONE TICKLERS**

**Defined From Experience**



Teacher: "What is a creditor?"  
 Young Pupil: "A man who must be told that Father is not at home."

**Tragedy**

A son at college wrote to his father:  
 "No mon, no fun, your son."  
 The father answered:  
 "How sad, too bad, your dad."

**Oversupply**

"I suppose you have a letter of recommendation."  
 "Yes, sir. I have six of them."  
 "I don't want a man who has lost that many jobs."

**A Guess**

"Wonder why folks call money 'The long green?'" queries Drew.  
 Perhaps because without it We all feel short and blue.

**Prima Facie Evidence**

"I'm a power in dis community. I kin ride anywhere on my face."  
 "Kinda looks like you been doin' it."

**Good Riddance**

When you meet a trouble borrower lend him all you have.

**One on Dad**



To Tom, who had been cutting up, his mother exclaimed wearily: "Why can't you be a good boy?"  
 "Well, Mother, I'll be good for a nickel."  
 Mother: "For shame, you ought to be like your father, good for nothing."

**Only Smart Alecks Damaged**

A college education never hurt anybody who was willing to learn something afterwards.

**One of the "Begats," Perhaps**

"Who was Shylock, Aunt Ethel?"  
 "My dear! And you go to Sunday-school and don't know that!"

**No Mercy for Him**

The President of the U. S. serves a four-swear term, but gets nothing off for good behavior.

**Passing Kind**

The Bore: "I passed by your place yesterday."  
 The Bored: "Thanks, awfully!"

**Our Sham World**

"All that glitters is not gold." But here's the truth, though bitter; Lots of people that we know Are satisfied with glitter.

**Yes, and More of It**

"Are you for this five-day week, Sam?"  
 "Boss, Ah's foh a one-day week with six days' pay."

A cow may live on grass, but it takes a butcher to make both ends meet.

**Or Anywhere**

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the teacher.  
 "F-e-r-m-e-n-t—to work," nobly responded Keith.  
 "Now use it in a sentence, so I may be sure you understand it."  
 "In nice weather, I would rather play tennis out-of-doors than ferment in the schoolhouse."

**Still Tagging**

The little boy who loved to play tag is now a traffic cop.

**Irish Insight**

"Hope is a great blessin' ruminated Cassidy, 'an' yet, if it wasn't for hope none av us would ever be disappointed."

Many a man thinks he has the world at his feet—and then his foot slips.

The man with a narrow mind generally possesses a wide mouth.

**Dare**

If you'd succeed, In life advance, This motto heed: Can all your Cant's.

**Feather in His Cap**



Motor-cycle Cop: "Here, you, pull over!"

Autoist—"Whasatter?"  
 M. C.—"You were doing fifty."  
 Autoist: "Will you write that down and sign it so I can show it to my friends?"

**Sad Story**

Diner: "Waiter, there's a button in my soup."  
 Waiter (ex-printer): "Typographical error, sir; it should be mutton"

**Worst in the Curriculum**

"What course is your boy taking at college?"  
 "The downward course, I'm afraid."

**Considerate**

"So you are using balloon tires now."  
 "Yes; they are easier on the pedestrians."

**Quite Solid**

A .45-caliber revolver had been fired at him, the bullet penetrating his skull and entering the wood-work.—*Tampa paper.*

**Earnest Worker**

Field-worker in Sociology 103—"But have you no religious convictions, my good man?"

Convict—"Ye s mum; I wuz caught breaking into a church collection box."



Teacher: "See here, Willie Fly, where you don't know the correct answer to my question why do you always say 'may' instead of 'no'?"  
 Willie Fly: "Sorry, Teacher. I always say 'neigh' 'cause my granddad was a horsefly"

**The Vanishing Gamp**

A scientist has invented a process for restoring old mackintoshes. We wish someone would devise a means of restoring new umbrellas.

**A Short Cut**

Pedestrian: "Which is the quickest way to get to the general hospital?"  
 Officer: "Jump out of that window and break your leg."

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Cover drawing by Frank E. Schoonover.

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## only ONE Dial

range responds instantly to the touch of your fingers on the ONE Dial.

Or pick your station—turn the ONE Dial with a flick of the wrist—and there it is! You don't have to keep the family waiting while you tune in.

Speed? Why, when two stations happen to be broadcasting the same program, you can actually turn from one to the other without missing a note of the music or a word of the talk. Last fall you could follow two football games at once—just by shifting from one to

the other in a split second, with the ONE Dial! Do you know of any other set that will do this?

Atwater Kent ONE Dial operation is not only easier and quicker—it will bring in more stations than you ever heard before.

The same engineering skill that produced the ONE Dial has improved every quality you look for in Radio.

Tell your parents about Atwater Kent ONE Dial Receivers and Radio Speakers. They will then know you know what's the real thing in Radio.



Model L Speaker, dark brown crystalline finish, \$16.00



Model 32, seven-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, \$140.00

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio  
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
A. Atwater Kent, President  
4706 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada



Model 30, six-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, \$85.00



Model H Speaker, dark brown crystalline finish, \$21.00

# Knights of the Wooden Court...



The Coach says "Yes"  
to this  
delicious dessert



**A**PRACTICE tilt for the big games. Ten lads rushing here and there, passing, dribbling, cutting for the basket. And over all the watchful care of the coach—correcting, praising, improving every move. Telling each player what to do and what not to do.

And off the court, at the training table. The coach or physical trainer—just as careful, just as watchful. Telling the reason for eating this and avoiding that. And when it comes to desserts, so often the coach says 'no' to many good things. But it's always 'yes' for Jell-O! . . . Why?

Well, aside from the fact that everybody likes Jell-O so much . . . it is an energizing, body-building food. And, perhaps even more important, *it requires very little digestive effort.* And that's a big help, when you consider that so many desserts are heavy, and rich, and hard to digest.

Fellows, with Jell-O such a prime favorite at the training table, you can't go wrong with Jell-O on your own table at home. And is it really so mighty good? Well . . . just you try it!

*This will please you, and your Mother, too*

Write your mother's name in the coupon below. We will send her the Jell-O recipe booklet which gives many new and novel ways of enjoying this famous dessert. Just tear out the coupon.

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FAMOUS DESSERT

