

The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy July 1934

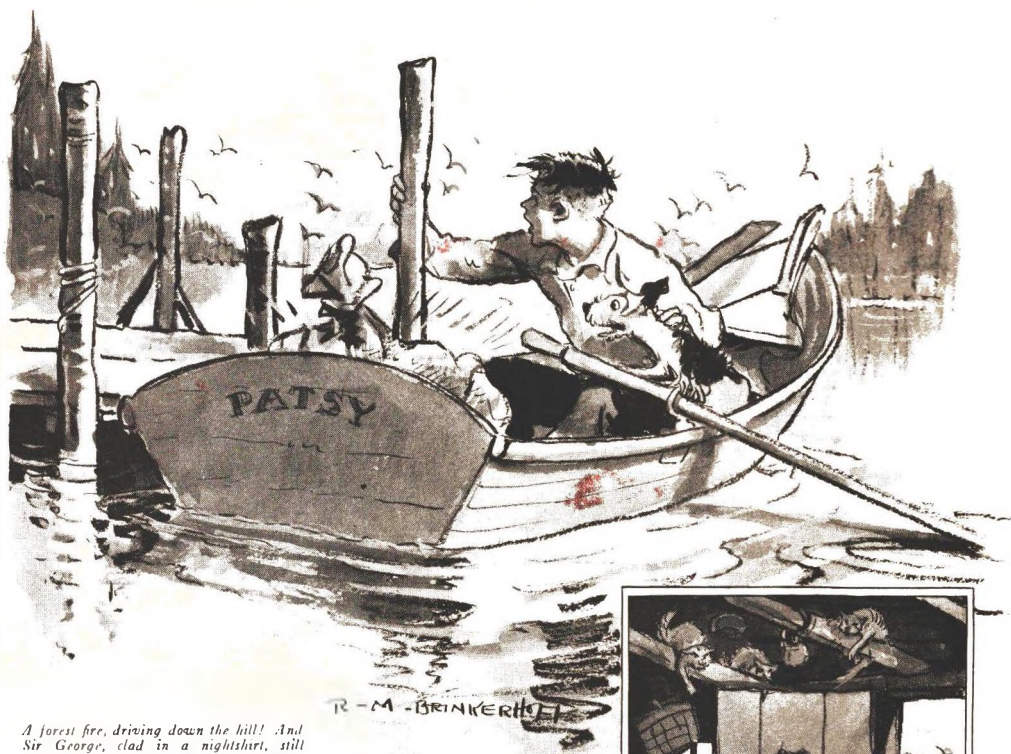


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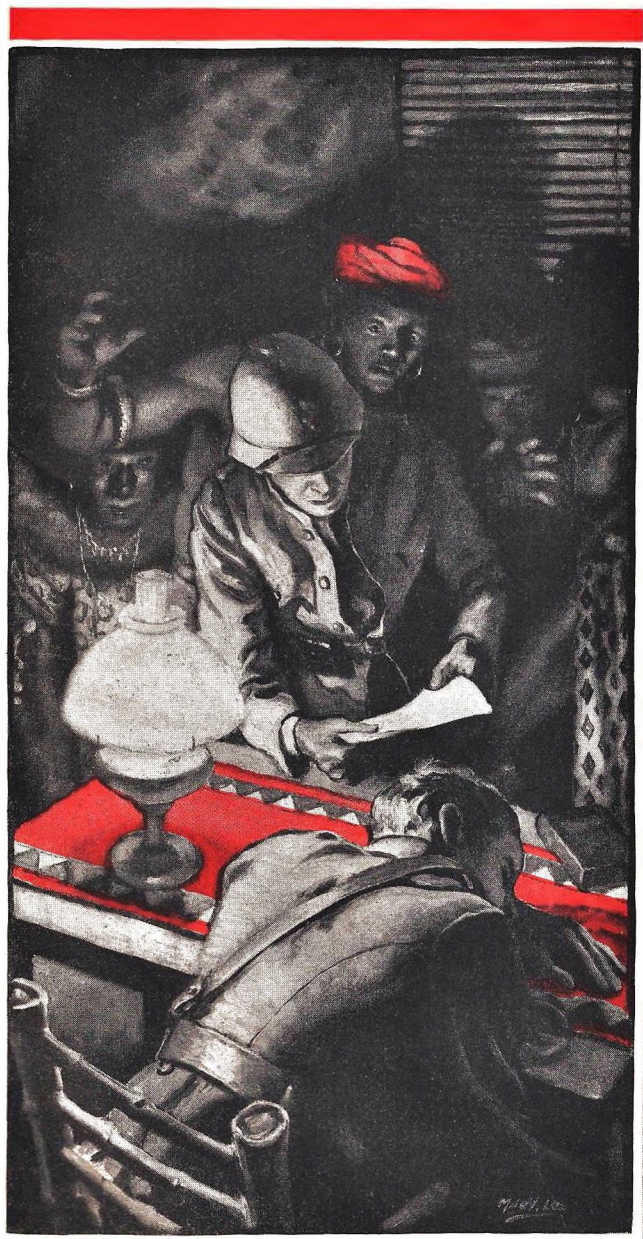
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The Golden God

A Long Story Complete in This Issue

by
Hugh B. Cave

SAMURI, the Dyak, turned with the dip of his paddle and said quietly to the white man behind him: "We are nearly there, sahib!"

Tommy Grimm nodded. Stretching his cramped shoulders, he leaned forward in the stern and tried to make out his surroundings. Then he settled back again with a shrug. So far as he was concerned, the big dugout was crawling through a black tunnel. A chap might as well be blindfolded.

He was getting used to it now, more or less. For the last nine hours the jungle had been like that—black as concentrated pitch, and full of whispering noises. Tommy's body was stiff and aching from being wedged down in the stern of the dugout. And the monotonous splash of the two paddles was beginning to get on his nerves.

It was Private Tommy Grimm's first trek into the jungle. For that matter, it was his first trek into anything, since he had joined the Foreign Service in Sandakan. Now they were

A naked arm slid around his throat.

Illustrator: MANNING deV. LEE.



sending him upriver to Graja Post to deliver an important dispatch to Captain Russ Thurston in charge. And his only companions were the two Dyak native police soldiers who squatted in the bow.

The dugout crawled on for another five minutes. Samuri turned again.

"We are there, sahib—"

Tommy strained his eyes. He could make out the place now. A wooden shack with thatched roof, propped up on the river shore about a hundred yards ahead. Half buried in the jungle. With a low veranda extending out over the water, on wooden piles.

Somehow it didn't come up to Tommy's expectations. When they had told him about Graja Post—called it the most dangerous and important watch-post in the deep jungle region of the interior—he had imagined a fortress. But this shack looked more like a native dwelling than a government station. And it was dead—still as a tomb. Not even a light showing!

The dugout scraped inshore into the reeds. Tommy rose to his feet.

"Wait here," he told the two Dyaks. "The place is asleep, I guess—or else something's gone wrong. If anything turns up while I'm gone, come after me."

Reaching up, he swung himself over the veranda rail. The thud of his boots was magnified a hundred times by the silence of the place. He was puzzled, and a little bit worried, as he stepped over the loose boards and pushed open the door.

Inside, he couldn't see a foot ahead of him. The darkness was like a winding sheet. It seemed to crawl out and wrap itself around him. He struck a match nervously and held the light high.

A long corridor extended ahead of him, with doors on both sides, all of them closed.

"Hello!" he called out. "What's up!"

His own voice came reeling back to him, made louder by the quiet. He was dead certain something was wrong now. This place was supposed to be a government post, not a mystery house! There ought to be someone on guard—either Thurston himself or some of the native police.



Tommy didn't move a muscle as the dugout passed through that barricade of native canoes. A single spear would have ended everything



His own voice came reeling back to him, made louder by the quiet. He was dead certain something was wrong now.

Striking another match, Tommy pushed open the nearest door and stepped over the sill. The room was empty. Nothing but a bunk, a table, and a couple of chairs. Everything in order. To the next room, and the next, Tommy went, lighting his way with sputtering matches. But they were all alike—not a sign of disturbance in any of them.

"Something funny going on here," Tommy muttered out loud. "I may be a dumb private, but I'm darned sure government men don't go off on pleasure trips and leave a place deserted like this."

There were two more doors left. Scratching another match, Tommy pulled open the first of them. He stood very still on the threshold, with the match uplifted in one hand.

There was a man in the room. He was seated at the table, bent forward with his head in his arms. A white man in a captain's uniform.

"Well, what do you know about this!" Tommy said disrespectfully. "Say, will you tell me what's going on in this place? I've been yelling for the last week or so!"

The officer didn't move, and Tommy's voice trailed off into silence. He stepped forward and touched the officer's shoulder. The next instant Tommy was bending over the lamp, white-faced

and silent. His fingers shook a little as he held a light over the wick. And when the lamp's glare spread over the table, revealing the officer's face, Tommy stepped back with a little whisper.

The officer was dead.

Dead. It was Tommy Grimm's first encounter with death. He didn't know just what to do about it. Wide-eyed, he stood there and stared into the ivory face. Then he saw the dried blood on the officer's uniform. A knife wound, in the back, between the shoulders.

For a long time Tommy didn't move. He was scared now. The walls of the room were grinning at him. The lamp was yellow and uncertain, and made funny shadows walk over the table, over the dead man's face.

Tommy swung around and stepped toward the door. He wanted to get out—to get back to the two Dyaks who were waiting for him. But he didn't go. He was supposed to be a Foreign Service man, and Foreign Service men possessed courage.

He pulled himself together and strode back to the table again. He tried to reason it out. The dead man was Captain Russ Thurston. He'd been murdered. There must be a reason for the murder.

He groped suddenly in his coat pocket and brought out the dispatches. It was probably against the rules—but the envelope was addressed to Thurston, and Thurston was dead now. The dispatches were important, or else they'd have been sent upriver by a native runner. Perhaps they would give some clue to Thurston's death.

Tommy ripped the container open and began to read. He had to bend over the table in order to make out the typewritten message, and his back was toward the door. He didn't hear the scrape of naked feet in the darkness beyond the threshold. He was too intent on the message.

"Captain Thurston:

"The Foreign Service has been informed, through secret service channels, that an irresponsible fanatic has formed extensive plans for inciting the natives of British North Borneo into open rebellion against British rule. These plans include the seizure of Graja Post for the purpose of controlling the Dyaks of your district and leading them in a concerted attack upon the towns of the East Coast.

"Keep a strict lookout for rifle smuggling, etc., which may be attempted. Be careful of all 'traders' and suspicious characters. Our efforts to apprehend the madman, who works under the name of Leon Steuller, have failed. We believe, however, that he's less mad than he's reported to be. He has, in his



time, worked for more than one government, and he's a clever and daring operator.

"I can supply you with no further information at present. Inform us at the first sign of trouble. I need not press upon you the seriousness of this affair.

"(Capt.) Edmund Craig.

"P. S. I am sending this warning to you by way of one of our new recruits. If the boy is of any use to you, keep him at Graja Post."

Tommy read it over again, more carefully. It explained the whole thing—but the warning had come too late. Thurston was already dead, and Graja Post was in the hands of—

But was it? Still Tommy couldn't figure it out. Why was the place deserted—

A naked arm slid around his throat from behind. Jerked him back from the table. With a stifled outcry, Tommy dropped the dispatches and reached up to free himself.

He was no weakling. His fingers dug into soft flesh and wrenched hard. Twisting around, he flung himself free and groped for his revolver.

He didn't have a chance to get it loose. He was smothered. Not by one assailant, but by half a dozen. They were upriver Dyaks, too. Tommy saw that before he was pushed to his knees. There was no mistaking those Mongolian features, with thick lips and wide-apart eyes. And glistening, yellowish-black bodies, three-quarters naked and made of wire.

He fought savagely. His fists found more than one silent mouth and changed it to a bloody gash. He even managed to struggle to his feet and get back to the wall, but before he could clear a space around him and find his revolver they dragged him down again. A pair of black hands burned into Tommy's throat, and the ceiling reeled down upon him. The table and the dead white man and the heaving black shapes began to spin around and around. And the whole room went suddenly black and empty.

They picked him up, then, and carried him out of the room. His arms were locked behind him and his legs were held rigid. He was barely conscious of what they were doing.

Along the passage they took him, to another one of the rooms. Then they pressed him into a chair and coiled enough rope around his arms and legs to keep him motionless.

It was pitch dark. Tommy could only guess where the door was, until they finished trussing him up and made a light. Then, as the oil lamp cast its sickly glare over him, he saw that the room was no more than a cell. It possessed a table and two chairs and a single window.

He studied the natives who stood over him. There were six of them. Three of the faces were bloody and Tommy felt a strangely exultant satisfaction. But they were jungle Dyaks, all of them, and Tommy wondered why they hadn't used their knives

on him. If they wanted him alive—

The rambling thoughts clicked off abruptly. A sudden whisper had filled the room, and the Dyaks had turned away from him, almost in unison, to face the open doorway. Tommy's eyes went wide when he saw what was standing there.

It was a white man. No question of that. A very tall, thin white man, with a face that seemed to glow with a green light. And Tommy saw that the cheeks and forehead were painted with phosphorescent stuff that made him look horribly emaciated.

Tommy stared at him. White or not, the man looked like some grotesque heathen god. That face, painted in half a dozen glaring colors and lined with phosphorus, was enough to frighten even a white man. And the black shirt underneath it was painted with a coiled, glowing serpent.

Straight as a rod, the fellow strode to the table.

Then he turned and said something in a hard, biting voice—something that Tommy Grimm didn't understand, because it was spoken in the jargon of the river tribes.

But the Dyaks understood it. They cringed and backed out of the room, in a hurry to get away from the thing with the hideous face. And the last one out, at a word from the white man, swung the door shut behind him.

The fellow drew back a chair and dropped into it. He was laughing quietly, triumphantly. He leaned forward to make sure that Tommy's bonds were secure. Then he leaned back again, took a cigarette from his pocket, and took his time lighting it.

The man stared into Tommy's face. Tommy didn't like that glare. It was too cold and penetrating.

"The government sent you up here to warn Thurston," the fellow said quietly. "I read that paper you dropped in the other room. You're two days late."

"You mean—you're—" Tommy couldn't remember the name, but he knew that he was guessing right.

"I am Leon Steuller. Yes. You have arrived here just in time to witness the finish."

Tommy didn't quite comprehend. But there was no misunderstanding the cold deliberation of Steuller's tone. Tommy thought quickly, and then decided to play up to the part he looked—the inexperienced, innocent kid soldier.

"That awful stuff on your face," he frowned. "What's that for?"

Steuller smiled. And Tommy didn't like the smile, either. It was too thin. Too suggestive.

"The Dyaks," Steuller said smoothly, "believe me to be their god. A mysterious face that glows in the dark—that is something they cannot understand, and so they go down on their knees and they are afraid."

His voice got cold again. "Do you know," Steuller said meaningly, in his too-correct, stilted English, "why they did not kill you just now?"

Tommy had been wondering about that. He shook his head. "Because I need you—alive."

Tommy looked up into that gargoyle face and said, "Why?"

"I have promised the Dyaks," Steuller said quietly, leaning forward a little, "that in a week's time I will lead them upon Sandakan and the coastal towns. It is a large task for one man, such a campaign. I shall need help.

First of all you are going to send a message to your headquarters in Sandakan, saying that Graja Post is safe and nothing has happened here. Then I shall show you my plan of attack—and you shall be my lieutenant."

Tommy licked his lips nervously. He didn't feel safe, looking into that glowing face and hearing the soft, deliberate, murderous words that droned out of Steuller's livid mouth.

"I won't do it!" Tommy spit out. "What do you think I am—"

The painted face writhed into a significant smile. "You will do it," Steuller said, "because there is no alternative. Help me, and I will pay you more money than the Foreign Service pays twenty men in ten years. Refuse, and—"

"And—what?"

"Tomorrow night," Steuller shrugged, "there will be a conference here. The natives of all the surrounding villages will come. First I shall talk with their chiefs, and make plans for the attack on the coast. Then I shall talk to the Dyaks themselves—and work them into a lust for murder. Do you understand what that means? They are heathens. They are fanatics."

Steuller bent forward and stuck a thin finger into Tommy's chest.

"That is your alternative," he finished cunningly. "If you refuse me, I shall turn you over to the natives—tomorrow night."

Tommy's face whitened perceptibly. Steuller looked at him and laughed. It was not a soft laugh this time. Not smooth. It was triumphant and

harsh. Tommy looked at the cartridge belt around Steuller's waist. A revolver hung on either hip. With an effort he controlled his sense of panic. Again he played the kid soldier.

"You certainly carry a lot of artillery," he said admiringly.

Steuller looked down and slapped one holster contemptuously. "Those!" he said. "You don't need revolvers to handle these idiotic Dyaks. I haven't pulled a gun for a week!"

Then he smiled at Tommy. "Sleep on my proposition," he said. "In the morning I will come for your answer. Remember, they will be a pack of jackals tomorrow night—hungry for flesh."



He strode to the door. As he drew it open, he turned again, and Tommy was staring at him as a man stares at ghosts.

"There will be a sentry outside here," Steuller warned. "If you try to escape—"

Then he went out, leaving Tommy alone. And Tommy sat there, trussed in the chair, in the center of the yellow circle of lamplight.

It wasn't easy to think things out. The house was still as a tomb again, and Tommy found himself listening to the suck of his own breath. He began seeing things—the natives tomorrow night. Black-skinned, grinning faces. Listening to Leon Steuller standing inciting them to murder.

And Tommy knew that sentry or not, he was going to get out of that room and fight his way to Sandakan with a report!

He stopped thinking, then, and went to work. It would take hours—hours of constant squirming and wriggling—even to loosen the ropes that held him. And it was already after midnight.

At the end of an hour, Tommy's face was drenched in sweat. His arms and wrists were raw from the friction of the ropes. But his mouth was screwed tight shut, and he kept at it.

Another hour and he had worked one hand almost loose. But the ropes were bloody now, and slippery. And hair fell down into Tommy eyes, soaking wet, blinding him.

Suddenly he stiffened and became rigid. His eyes were riveted on the door. The knob was turning. The door was moving inward!

Tommy groaned aloud. It was bitterly cruel, hav-

ing Steuller come back at that particular moment. In another half hour Tommy might have been able to surprise him. But now—now the game was up.

But was it? Was it Steuller who was creeping into the room? No! It was—Samuri! Tommy's face came to life with a gleam of joy. And then Samuri, the Dyak policeman, was bending over him, knife in hand.

Tommy's bonds fell away. Reaching up, Tommy gripped the Dyak's arm.

"Samuri! I thought they had killed you!"

"Killed me, sahib? They tried, but when they came creeping toward the dugout, Keleigi Maka and I slipped over the side into the river. When they had given up searching for us, we stole out of the reeds and came here."

"And the sentry—in the hall?"

Tommy motioned to the doorway.

"Dead," said Samuri softly. "I came up through the cellars, sahib, and surprised him. Even now Keleigi Maka is waiting at the entrance to the cellar for us to come."

Tommy nodded quietly. Holding on to Samuri's shoulder, he got stiffly to his feet. Then he stepped softly through the door into the darkness of the passage. Reaching down, he removed the parang from the belt of the dead savage who lay there against the wall.

But as he rose up his fingers tightened on that knife like a vise. A warning cry came from his lips. His foot shot out between Samuri's legs—and he hurled the Dyak to the floor.

It was quick—just quick enough. A whine of steel cut the silence. Into the wall, precisely where Samuri's head had been, a long-bladed parang imbedded itself, hurled with uncanny accuracy.

And then Tommy was grappling with a snarling, half-naked devil, who leaped out of the shadows. Tommy's hand closed over the black's mouth, to smother the scream that came out of it. The next instant Tommy's knife had found its mark, up to the hilt.

His assailant's body went suddenly limp, and slid to the floor of the passage. Tommy stood over him, knife in hand, peering into the darkness.

No—there were no more. A little sigh of relief escaped through Tommy's lips. He bent over, gripped the native's sarong, and dragged him back into the prison room. Then, stepping out again, he closed the door.

Samuri was groping erect. Tommy pulled the parang from the wall and thrust it into Samuri's hand.

"Lucky, old man," he said softly. "If I hadn't seen that devil when he stepped out—"

Samuri thrust the knife into his belt.

"Thank you, sahib," he said simply. "It was not luck."

Then Samuri led the way along the passage to a closed door. He opened it noiselessly and waited until Tommy stood beside him.

"Be careful, sahib," he cautioned. "The stairs are steep."

They descended carefully. But as they crept across the stone floor, Tommy took time to strike a match. The walls, he saw, were built of stone. He bent over something that lay against the wall. Something that glowed up at him, out of a black container.

He examined it, and then looked at a second container that stood beside it—this one a large five-gallon can. He raised it to his nose and sniffed it. When he put it down again, he was careful to keep the lighted match away from it, and his mouth was a troubled line.

A moment later he stood beside Samuri, in the doorway. The second Dyak—Keleigi Maka—was waiting there.

"All right," Tommy said quietly. "Let's make for the jungle. Don't run. Crawl."

He dropped the match and stepped on it. Samuri swung the heavy door open. The door closed with a dull thud. And three crouching (Cont. on page 32)

Steady on the Road!

Today's Auto Is Safe---Are You Handling It Safely?

by Dr. Alexander Klemin

Director, Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, New York University

YOU'RE taking a Sunday evening drive in your 1934-model car, and you pass an ancient sedan with large wheels, tinny fenders, and a high, narrow body. You glimpse the driver, seated erect behind the steering wheel, towering high above you as you glide by, and you give an involuntary chuckle. Not for a minute can you imagine that 15-year-old model going 70 miles an hour. Or even 50! Its top speed was probably closer to 35 on the straightaway and 10 on the turns.

Since that day, car manufacturers, by increasing engine power, improving the efficiency of transmission, and by streamlining, have given you greater speed. Highway engineers have co-operated by improving the roads. But manufacturers have had constantly in mind that if you are to have greater speed you must have greater safety—and that one great factor in safety is steadiness on the road.

The moment your auto begins to sway, the highest practical speed has been passed—no matter what the speedometer reads. This article shows you how designers have done their part to give you a fast, safe ride. Are you doing yours?

The swift, modern car has a low center of gravity. Perhaps you've never thought of your own center of gravity. You have one, somewhere near the second button from the bottom of your vest.

A low center of gravity makes for safety even when you're sitting in a chair. Fig. 1 shows you how much farther back you can tilt without toppling if you're sitting in a low chair than if you're perched on a high one. Similarly, in a low-slung auto, you can tip farther without turning turtle.

But to understand why the center of gravity should be low in a car, let's study centrifugal force.

Tie a piece of wood to the end of a string and swing it round. You'll find, of course, that the string will be tightly stretched outward by the piece of wood. This tendency to fly out from the center is termed "centrifugal force." When a car goes round a corner sharply the passengers, like the piece of wood, are pushed outward from the center of the turn. So is the entire car.

Where does this centrifugal force act on a body? Naturally, at the center of gravity. Fig. 2, picturing a sharply turning car, shows the centrifugal force

tending to tip the car over, with the outer wheels as a pivot. The lower the center of gravity the less the tendency to tip.

In the modern car such as shown in Fig. 3, the center of gravity is only 27 inches off the ground and the wheel tread is wide. The width of the car is 74 inches, actually 5 inches more than its height. No wonder that this particular car can be tilted through 58 degrees and still right itself!

Engineers got this low center of gravity by using the double drop frame on which the body of the car rests. This frame (Fig. 4) has immensely strong and rigid side channels, but the channels instead of running straight from end to end are dropped down in the central part.

Another idea in modern design is to concentrate the heaviest weights in the car directly over the front and rear axles. The heavy engine is placed over the front axle, and the differential, the gas tank and the spare tire concentrated over the rear axle. Since the heavy weights are ultimately carried by the wheels, why not put them over the wheels?

When an experienced traveler not fond of seasickness books his passage for a voyage across the Atlantic he tries to get a berth not too far from the center of the ship, and not too high up. The ship may roll and pitch but its center of gravity remains practically stationary. So can place the passengers near the center of gravity, away from the axles, you'll give them a more comfortable ride.

Have you ever been thrown up against the roof when the car hit a bump? Not in the newer cars. The shock absorber, which acts to check the rebound of the spring, has saved you many a head bump. It's just one of the many safety features that the motorist takes for granted.

Recent models have given you two new features that add to the steadiness of your ride.

One is the so-called knee wheel action. In former years the front wheels were mounted on an axle rigid from wheel to wheel. If the bump in the road happened to meet one wheel only, that side would bounce up and pitch, and the car would sway from side to side. Now the front wheels on either side are independently mounted. The wheel on one side meets a bump but the strong, resilient spring absorbs the shock, and there is scarcely any disturbance to the car as a whole.

The second clever conception is the ride stabilizer. When a car goes round a curve the centrifugal force tends, as we've already

shown, to roll the car over, so that the outer side is lower than the inner side. In the ride stabilizer the wheel springs are interconnected in such a fashion that the pressure on the springs is equalized and the roll of the car disappears.

Thus knee action guards against bumps and the ride stabilizer prevents the passengers from even knowing that they are making a sharper turn than usual. This all means more steadiness on the road. More safety, more comfort!

Absolute reliability in steering is just as important as absolute reliability in braking. The modern designer, by using powerful leverages, enables you to turn the car with little effort. He has incorporated gear lock washers, cotter keys and other safety devices. He has made the wheels self-straightening and eliminated obstructions against the motion of the steering wheel in the driver's seat. As a result of all these precautions, the steering gear today is not only powerful and rapid in action, but practically immune from failure—except in cases of the grossest neglect.

At the great proving stations cars are treated aominably. They're driven violently over rough stretches, rolled and joggled in special machines, sometimes driven through water, and as a last extremity thrown over cliffs.

We don't recommend such a drastic test of the safety and comfort features of this year's car. Still, if you can persuade someone to give you a fast and rather careless ride over a rough road, with a few sharp turns thrown in for extra measure, you'll be surprised at how well the car takes it! At the little discomfort you'll suffer!

Motorist vs. Pedestrian

LAST year 275,710 pedestrians were involved in automobile accidents. There's only one way to reduce this number, and that's for both drivers and pedestrians to find out why these accidents occurred and eliminate the cause. The pedestrian should be interested because he's the chief sufferer. The driver should be concerned because (Continued on page 37)

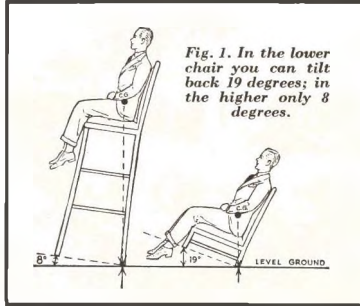


Fig. 1. In the lower chair you can tilt back 19 degrees; in the higher only 8 degrees.

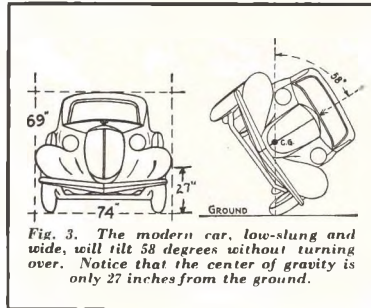


Fig. 3. The modern car, low-slung and wide, will tilt 58 degrees without turning over. Notice that the center of gravity is only 27 inches from the ground.



The old-style car, high and narrow, swayed easily and tilted dangerously on turns.

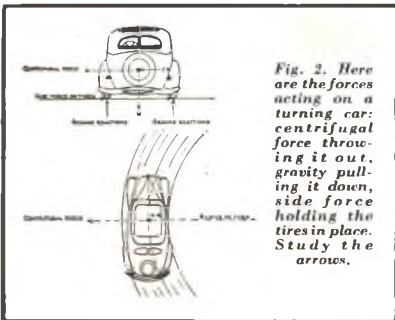


Fig. 2. Here are the forces acting on a turning car: centrifugal force throwing it out, gravity pulling it down, side force holding the tires in place. Study the arrows.

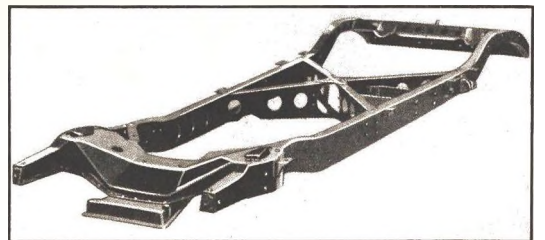


Fig. 4. The double-drop frame permits the center of gravity to be lowered without lowering the axle and reducing the size of the wheels.

The JINX Doctors

by

Franklin M. Reck

Illustrated by

DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS



SPRING was rustling softly through the State College willows. To the campus, spring was a welcome visitor dressed in green, bringing a joyous New Deal in studies, sports, and parties. But to Dick Payne spring was a jester in cap and bells, about to play a mischievous prank.

For Dick Payne, third-quarter freshman, had an inferiority. A bad one. Two things he wanted more than anything else: to make the varsity tennis team—freshmen were eligible—and to be pledged to the Nu Delta fraternity. And he wasn't sure he could accomplish either.

Sandy McFee, rugged, thick-wristed varsity man, sensed Dick's inferiority without knowing what caused it. They were walking toward the gym now, rackets under arms, and Dick was clenching and unclenching one bony fist.

"Gosh," he was saying nervously, "the competition's going to be tough. All that gang coming out—"

Sandy looked at the freshman out of the corner of his eye. Growing so fast that he was skinny and a bit awkward looking. Clothes never quite fitting. But a lean, likable face and a frank way of facing you. And a smooth, rhythmic style on the court that was beautiful to watch.

"If you play like you did last fall," Sandy said emphatically, "there's a place for you on the varsity."

Dick Payne glowed all over. He had longed to hear that. Especially from Sandy, Number 2 man on the State tennis team. If Sandy said it, it meant something! Only the encouragement of Rib Reynolds, captain, could mean more.

"If I play in just one match I'll be satisfied!" he said impulsively.

Sandy's bushy eyebrows lifted inquiringly. "One match?" he asked plaintively. "One match?"

"Against University," Dick finished.

"Oh, well," Sandy's hand gestured negligently. "Everybody wants to play against University. That's how you win your major letter."

"That's not the reason!" Dick burst out. "There's a guy I want to face."

"Yeah?"

"Bert Lorimer. He went to University last fall, and I'm pretty sure he'll make the team."

So that was it! Sandy nodded his blond head wisely.

"Home town rival," he said. "You probably battled for the same goil, the county championship, and the senior class presidency. And he foiled you at every turn, the rat!"

Dick blushed. "Everything except the goil," he admitted. "He beat me more times than I care to think about. He's a cut shot artist with a serve that doesn't rise a foot off the ground."

"What else is the matter with him?"

"Oh!" Dick gave a snort of distaste. "Everything he owns is best. When we were ten years old his bicycle was best. His skates were best. He criticized my tennis, my racket, my backhand—I hate a guy like that."

"And?"

"Well, I went to work on my game, until I knew I was better. But I couldn't beat him! In the Rock Valley championship when the sets were one and one I got a stone bruise. It ruined my instep."

"Didn't he let you tape it up?"

"He pretended not to notice it. I didn't say anything because it would look too much like an alibi. Honestly, Sandy, I was glad to go to State just to get away from him."

Sandy needed to know no more. He had left Tech, three years ago, partly to escape a brilliant older brother. He knew Dick's trouble as if it were his own, and he said with husky reassurance:

"An all-round man can't beat a one-shot artist any time."

"You haven't played against his cut shot!"

Sandy laughed. "Maybe, but you can afford to forget Bert right now. There's a bigger reason for making the team than Bert Lorimer of Rock Valley," he said.

Dick sensed a hidden anticipation in Sandy's tone. "What?" he asked.

"You'll find out soon," Sandy grinned. "We'll let Rib Reynolds spring it."

They were on their way to the office of Coach Haughton, now. A meeting of the candidates had been called for four o'clock.

And Rib had news to spring! From the tone of Sandy's voice, big news! Unable to imagine what it could be, Dick nevertheless was conscious of a feeling of excitement. Rib was something of an idol to him. Tall, handsome, with faultless form on the courts, prominent in school affairs, Rib was an example of what Dick some day would like to be.

"Why don't you come over to the Gamma Chi's for dinner tomorrow night?" Sandy said.

Dick hesitated before replying. On the State campus the spring term rushing rule was in effect. For the first two weeks of the quarter the social fraternities invited freshmen to dinners and parties. On May 15 they sent out sealed letters to the freshmen of their choice, inviting them to become pledges. Dick had already been dined by the Gamma Chi's.

Rib Reynolds, Dick reflected, was a Nu Delta. If he got all dated up with the Gamma Chi's, he'd have no open nights.

"Sorry," he murmured at last. "I'm going to be busy, Sandy."

"Okay," Sandy replied cheerfully. "Some other time."

A dozen candidates, besides the regulars of last year, were crowded into Coach Haughton's office. The coach himself, gray-haired and pleasant, was seated behind his desk. Rib Reynolds, tall, faultlessly dressed in a gray suit, was seated on the edge of the desk. Rib would do the talking since Haughton admittedly was not a tennis expert.

Dick sat down on the floor, his back to the wall, between a couple of sophomore candidates. The room became silent with expectancy.

"I'm glad to see all you fellows out," Rib Reynolds said, eyeing the roomful with a pleased expression, "because we've got a big job on our hands this year. We've got to win the Eastern Conference title."

There was an intent tone to the words that snapped the room to attention.

"Got to win the Conference," Rib repeated. "Be-



The Story of Two Tennis Rivals and a Smashing Battle for a Varsity Job!

When Dick's eyes lifted to the doorway a cold sensation settled in his knees.



cause the winners—" He paused, then went on slowly—"get a trip to England."

There was an amazed hush, and out of it came the inquiring voice of Tommy Tompkins, varsity man. "A trip to New England, did you say?"

"I mean that island across the Atlantic," Rib grinned. "The International Friendship Guild is doing it."

"Good ol' Friendship Guild!" chortled Tommy gleefully. "What a break!"

"Me for Shakespeare country!" yelled another.

"When do we go?" Fat Holt asked. "I've got brand-new luggage!"

"We go on June 15 and don't come back until August 31," Rib laughed. "Of course, we've got to beat Lawrence and Tech and University—especially University."

"Feed 'em to us!"

"How is University this year?"

Rib considered. "Well," he said at last, "you know what they did to us last year. Four matches to one. And they still have Bob Potter, who is pretty sure to win two singles matches."

"And Bert Lorimer," Dick added under his breath. A queer tingle ran up his spine. He had a double reason for making the team now! Beat Lorimer in the University meet, and win a trip to England in the bargain. His blue eyes swept the room in a quick survey. Sandy and Rib, of course, would handle the doubles. Sandy's rugged tenacity combined with Rib's smooth power and strategy made a perfect combination. And each could be depended upon for one singles match. Which meant that two more good men were needed in the singles. Tommy Tompkins would probably be one. Fat Holt was a possibility for the ether berth, but Fat liked his food too well.

"We've got a better than even chance," Rib said with encouraging assurance. "Sandy and I will do our share. Tommy here is good. Dick Payne is a good prospect. Some of you dark horses may surprise us all. And we've got an addition to the squad who'll make you all sheep. He ought to be here now.



Dick knew that if he had improved so had the other man. He was more versatile. Smoother!

Told me he had a lab that would make him late, but—" The door opened. "Here he is now."

Eyes turned toward the door. Dick, busy with his thoughts, didn't turn as soon as the others, but when his eyes finally lifted to the doorway a look of complete unbelief blanked his face, and a cold sensation settled in his knees. Standing there was spring-time's little joke for Dick Payne.

It was Bert Lorimer. Dick blinked his eyes and looked again at the stocky yet trim form, the square-

cut, proud face, the confident jaw and lips, the curly brown hair. Bert Lorimer, here?

"Find a corner, Bert, and meet the gang," Rib said with an inclusive wave of his hand.

After a few minutes of excited discussion, the meeting broke up, and Dick, his head still whirling with shock, rose and shook the kinks out of his cramped knees. His rival, he noticed with a grimace, walked familiarly up to Rib and threw an arm around his shoulder. Forcing a look of welcome to his face, Dick walked forward with hand outstretched.

"Hello, Bert," he said with simulated warmth. "What are you doing at this college?"

"Howdy, Dick," Bert replied easily. "I was going to look you up, but I've been so infernally busy getting settled. Dad talked me into chemical engineering; so I had to transfer."

The captain looked at the two curiously. "How long have you two known each other?" he asked.

"Most of our lives," Bert answered instantly. "I used to teach Dick a little tennis, now and then."

Dick's ears reddened. That was literally true, of course. Back in eighth grade, Bert had been his first opponent who knew anything about the game. But why did Bert have to go back six years to assume the lofty position of instructor in front of Rib?

"Bert had the best court in town," Dick said reluctantly. "And a mean cut shot that was more than I could handle."

"You did darn well at times," Bert conceded graciously. "You had me worried for a while in the county tournament."

And if it hadn't been for that stone brace, Dick thought—but Rib was talking:

"Come over for dinner tomorrow night, Dick," he was saying. "Busy?"

"Why, no," Dick replied. "I'd be glad to. Thanks." He turned to Bert. "I'm up in 32 Wilson dorm. Drop over and let's have a chat soon. Maybe I can help you get onto the ropes—"

Bert laughed. "I'll see you tomorrow night at Nu Delta," he said.

Dick looked at him surprised. His eyes traveled from Bert's smiling face to the lapel of his tweed coat. There, in the buttonhole, was a little white enameled pin with a blue swastika—the Nu Delta pledge pin! For an instant Dick was puzzled; pledging wasn't permitted until May 15. Then the answer came. Bert had been pledged at University and been accepted as a transfer here. Recovering from his confusion he stuck out his hand. "Congratulations," he said heartily. "Tomorrow night, then."

On his way out of the office near the door, looking at him with veiled, somewhat cold eyes. Had Sandy overheard him accept Rib's invitation for tomorrow night? And only a half hour ago Dick had told Sandy that he was busy!

Hurriedly Dick gained the outdoors and drew a deep breath of soft, April air. What a mess! Just thirty minutes before, he had entered this building full of hope and ambition. Since then he had met the last person he wanted to see on the State College campus—the one man who had always possessed the Payne goat. And in addition he had earned the displeasure of Sandy McPee, varsity man! "Oh, well," he said defiantly. "What the dickens!"

At six-fifteen, the next evening, as Dick walked up Locust toward the white-pillared Nu Delta house, his fighting blood was up. He had battled it out the night before, lying in bed and staring up into the dark. He had decided that he was glad Bert had come to State. Because now he had a whole season to settle the issue between them. Instead of risking everything on one match, he could meet his rival every day if he wished. And when the State team sailed for England . . . Dick's mouth became grimly set.

The eager freshman felt an excited thrill as he met the men of Nu Delta in the long, beamed living room, and found a seat in the big leather davenport along one wall. A tingle went through him when he shook hands with Dan Horton, gigantic varsity tackle, and listened to Butterfield, star of all-campus shows, playing the piano. He counted three members of Skull, the senior honorary society.

The freshman guests were just as impressive. Seated before the fireplace, blond and laughing, was Bill Helm, one of the best mule prospects in years. Next to him, Sam Vandergild, whose dad was vice-president of the Delaware and Eastern Railroad. And of course, Bert Lorimer.

The shining trophies on the mantel, the ruddy glow from the fireplace, the Nu Delta sheepskin hanging on the wall, the light chatter, and soft music . . . Nu Delta radiated class and self-assurance.

A white-jacketed student waiter announced dinner and Dick was escorted by Rib to a table with Bert Lorimer and a half dozen others. There were four tables in the big dining room. Glowing all over, Dick was just pulling back his chair to sit down when the man on his right stayed him with an unobtrusive hand. Dick looked up and saw that everyone was standing behind his chair.

His skin prickled with embarrassment. He should have known they sang a song before they sat down. It was a bad start, and Dick began to feel ill at ease. Then, during the soup course, he spilled a couple of crackers on the table when he passed the plate to the next man. Clumsy! He was so busy chiding himself that he didn't hear what Butterfield, sitting next to him, was saying. Frantically Dick searched his mind for a clue. The word "tennis" came to him. Butterfield had asked him something about tennis. Dick decided to take a chance.

"I've played quite a bit," he said, and added uncomfortably, "but I'm just fair."

"I asked you what you thought of State's chances," Butterfield replied with a ghost of a smile. "Oh," Dick swallowed. "Darn good, I think. The freshman talent is swell this year. A fellow'll have to fight to make the team."

Dick felt sick. Butterfield turned to the man on his right and for a moment the confused freshman

was left alone to gather his thoughts. Out of a momentary silence, Bert's voice came from across the table.

"What's the news from home, Dick? Your dad got a job yet?"

Dick choked on a hot bite of food, swallowed hastily, and replied between coughs that his dad was going with the new bank being organized in Rock Valley. He knew why Bert had asked that question—to establish his own superior position in the old home town.

Ten minutes later Dick escaped from the formality of the dining room feeling like a man who has been released from a torture chamber. His inferiority had him by the throat. The brothers broke up into chatting groups, and Dick found himself stranded in a corner with a slim, bespectacled student.

"My name's Gilmore," the student said. "You're Payne, I know. Saw you play tennis last fall and heard you were a comer."

Dick's self-respect recovered slightly. "I hope the report is correct," he said. "Right now I have my doubts. My spirits are low." He looked more closely at Gilmore. "I've seen you before," he added, puzzled.

"At the meeting in Haughton's office yesterday," Gilmore replied. "But I don't play tennis—I write for the *Student Daily*."

Here was a person Dick liked instantly. Red-headed, short-nosed, and blunt, Gilmore with his friendliness seemed to heal the sores in Dick's spirit. For ten minutes they talked, and then Gilmore leaned over close to Dick.

"We don't have to stay around here long, do we?"

The freshman looked at him surprised. "Aren't you a Nu Delta?"

"No—just a prospect," he whispered. "And not a hot prospect either. I don't like it around here. Let's tell 'em we had a great time, and get out."

Dick gasped at the sacrifice and grasped at the chance. Together they walked over to Rib, pleaded library work, shook hands politely with the group near the door, and escaped into the night.

"Don't you care for the Nu Deltas?" Dick asked, when they were well away from the house.

"Not particularly," Gilmore replied.

"What's the matter with 'em?"

"Low scholastic average. Expensive. Run mainly to athletes and wealthy lads. If you want to slide through school, have a good time, rate high with the sororities, join Nu Delta."

"What fraternity d'you like best?" Dick asked.

"Four or five I like better than Nu Delta," Gilmore replied. "For all round ability and rep I'd take Gammi Chi. They're into things—the *Daily*, the Guild, and debating teams. And they look you in the eye, instead of over your head."

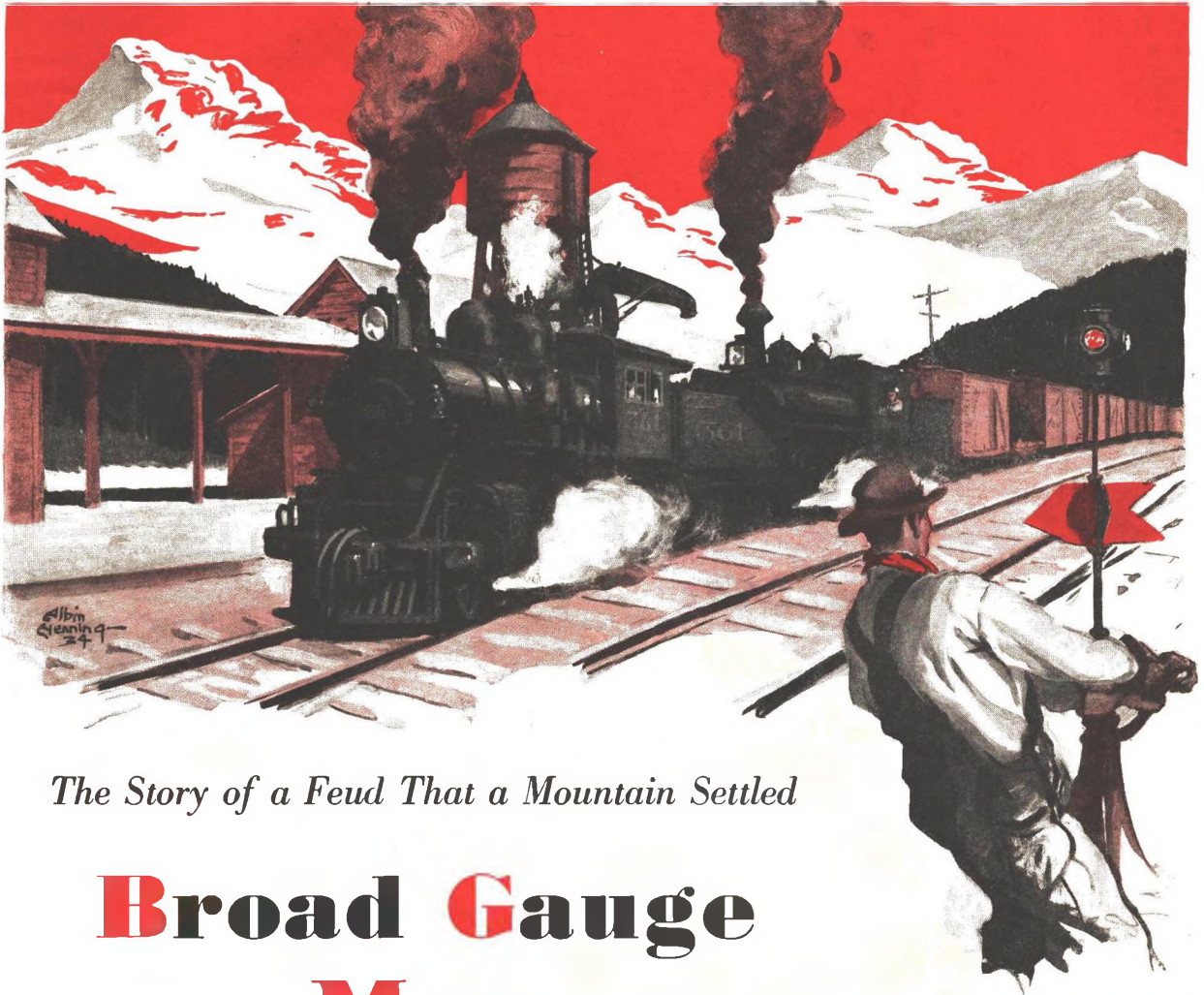
Chatting with Gilmore, Dick decided, was like having a blindfold taken off your eyes. The *Daily* man's logic restored his self-esteem and he went to sleep that night contentedly, and leaped out of bed in the morning with a bound.

He had a job on his hands! But for the first few days of practice he didn't play with Bert. Instead he picked the likeliest prospects among the dark horses and cautiously felt them out, until he knew their styles thoroughly and felt sure he could beat them.

He entered the second week of practice (Cont. on page 29)



A cold rage shook Dick. "He's soft-courted me for the last time!" he burst out.



The Story of a Feud That a Mountain Settled

Broad Gauge Man

by Gilbert A. Lathrop

Illustrated by ALBIN HENNING

A FRIGID reception was awaiting Chuck Herman on the station platform at Gilson. He was on his way there now, to run a narrow-gauge engine, and he was eagerly looking forward to the new experience. It was lucky he didn't hear the grumbling of the railroaders at the depot.

"Valve Oil" Kennedy gave voice to the hostile mood of the group. As the faint drum of exhausts from a working locomotive sounded on the evening air, he nodded.

"Right on th' advertised" he rumbled deep in his chest, his walrus mustache twitching. "Our borrowed hogger arrives on that train."

There were nods of agreement, and a dozen faces froze into hard lines.

"Chuck Herman his name is, accordin' to that message I seen. He's just been promoted to engineer an' is one of these wise broad-gauge men, the same as

calls us fellers feeble minds." Valve Oil grew angry as he went on. "Just because we're narrow-gauge them birds think we're a joke. Fifteen years ago when a flock of us fellers was borrowed an' sent down to th' West End Division they made life miserable fer us. This is our chance to get even with 'em, and I, fer one, am gonna do that little thing."

A chorus of agreement followed Valve Oil's statement. The newcomer need expect no open-handed hospitality from narrow gauge!

Mr. Rhodes, roundhouse foreman, surly and hard-boiled, appeared from the inside of the depot and hurried off toward the brick roundhouse a short distance away. The eyes of the railroaders followed him. It was whispered among the men that Mr. Rhodes had never got over the time a boomer fireman had nicknamed him "Mr. Panther." And it was a known fact that anyone calling him Mr. Panther to

his face would do better to bite a dynamite cap with his teeth.

A soft chime whistle followed by the abrupt cutting off of exhausts came from below town and the evening passenger train rolled up through the yards to a squealing halt. Valve Oil's keen eyes swept over the alighting passengers.

"I'm bettin' that's him," he said, pointing at a tall, smiling-faced young man carrying a small leather hand bag. The friendly-looking youth, cheeks flushed with health and eyes sparkling with excitement, came straight to Valve Oil Kennedy, wide mouth twisted in a smile.

"I'm Chuck Herman," he introduced himself. "I'm guessing that you're a railroader."

"Engineer. Name's Valve Oil Kennedy." Chuck held out his right hand which Valve Oil pretended not to see. Flushing a little, the newcomer dropped his hand.

"I was sent up here from the West End Division to run an engine," said Chuck. "Where would I find the roundhouse foreman?"

Valve Oil prodded the atmosphere with a blunt thumb in the direction of the roundhouse. "In his office. His name's Panther."

"Thank you." Chuck took up his valise and turned away.

It was almost noon when Chuck saw the long, grimy snowshed that was Divide.

Valve Oil and the rest of the railroaders watched him depart, all of them grinning widely.

Chuck hurried down the clinker-strewn roundhouse track, pausing a couple of times to look at the little locomotives idling on the sand track and over the cinder pit. Stocky, compact engines these, exact counterparts of their massive standard-gauge sisters. Two of them were "deckless" and the boiler extended back through the cab, leaving a narrow gangway between the firebox door and the coal gates. It would take expert maneuvering on the part of a fireman to keep from knocking the hide off his elbows in that narrow space.

The engine over the cinder pit was an open-decked engine and considerably larger than the deckless. Both kinds were powerful-looking chunks of steel and iron. Their jackets were stained with white mud where they had boiled over, and they were dusty and grimy, showing that they were worked hard.

Chuck opened the door to the foreman's office and entered. Mr. Rhodes was seated at a battered desk, his frozen features cut deep with antagonistic lines. He glared at the intruder.

"I'm Chuck Herman from the West End Division, Mr. Panther," smiled Chuck setting down his valise.

He was completely unprepared for the explosion that followed his words. The foreman leaped to his feet, fists clenched, and burst into a torrent of profanity that heated the air and rattled the wooden walls. At the finish, the foreman shook a white-knuckled fist under Chuck's nose and roared:

"I'll have you understand that no half-witted smart aleck off the broad gauge can come in here callin' me Mr. Panther! My name's Rhodes! For half a cent I'd refuse to let you work on this division at all!"

Chuck flushed deeply and his face grew very sober. Valve Oil Kennedy, he realized, had deliberately led him into a trap. The message given him in Sage had not stated the foreman's name.

"Mr. Rhodes," explained Chuck contritely, "I'm mighty sorry. I didn't know your name when I got off the train."

"Who told you it was that?" blasted Mr. Rhodes. Chuck wanted to make no trouble for anyone. Neither did he want to tell a deliberate falsehood. "I asked one of the railroaders at the depot," he replied.

Mr. Rhodes mumbled to himself, paced the office floor, and finally dropped back into his chair. "I'll mark you up on th' engineers' board," he said sourly.

Chuck thanked him and took up his bag. "I'll tell you where I'm to be found when I locate a room," he said pleasantly.

But he was just a little worried. Why had Valve Oil acted so coldly toward him when he had introduced himself? Why had the big engineer deliberately tried to make trouble for him? Yet, because Chuck could appreciate a joke even when it was on him, he finally began chuckling to himself. By the time he reached the depot he was ready to laugh with the railroaders. But he was given no chance.

Valve Oil Kennedy scowled at him and said loudly, so that all could hear:

"Look him over, fellers. Old broad gauge himself, come up here to show us feeble-minded rails how to do a job of runnin' trains."

Chuck felt his ears burn as he strode past them. He was remembering things, now, that he had heard the older heads talk about on the West End Division. They were still chuckling over the way they had made life miserable for those narrow-gauge men fifteen years ago, when some of them had been "borrowed" during an unusually heavy run of business. And these narrow-gauge heads were naturally touchy about their little engines. They didn't relish being laughed at. They were out for revenge, and Chuck was their first chance!

Suddenly Chuck's chin raised and his lean shoulders squared themselves. It was up to him to show



these narrow-gauge railroaders that broad-gauge men could take it. In his hands rested the fate of all broad-gauge men so far as Gilson men were concerned.

A caller, face smudged so black Chuck wondered if he hadn't been wiping engine jackets with it, came into his room shortly after he turned in.

"All right, Broad Gauge," he yelled with the insolence of all engine crew callers, "you'll have to get along without yer beauty sleep. You're booked to officiate on the right-hand side of the four-two. Mr. Valve Oil Kennedy will lead the way on engine three sixty-one. Official hour of departure has been set at eleven-fifty by his royal highness, the chief dispatcher. Things being what they are on this iron pike, no pilot will guide your footsteps and it'll be up to you to do as Valve Oil does."

The caller puckered his lips in a shrill whistle and left, slamming the door behind him.

Chuck found his engine, the 402, bubbling and whispering to herself on the tank spur. She was a deckless engine. The 361 was ahead of her and Valve Oil Kennedy prodded at various oil holes in the smoky, hustering glow of a glaring oil torch. He didn't reply to Chuck's pleasant greeting.

Chuck's fireman, a bull-necked, bullet-headed young fellow, had been coached by Valve Oil. He barely replied to Chuck's cheerful "hello." And by the time the two engines were coupled on a drag of loaded coal cars, Chuck knew exactly how he stood with his fireman.

He was just a little nervous when he responded to two chopping blasts of his whistle to a full-armed high sign from the caboose, thirty cars away.

And the nervousness didn't leave him until the two tugging locomotives were some three miles from Gilson, following the crooked bed of a shallow canyon with a brawling mountain torrent laughing at them from the left side of the main line. Then, because there is something about the noise, throb, and alive-

ness of a working engine that gets under a fellow's hide, Chuck forgot everything except the fact that he was a full-fledged engineer in charge of his first locomotive.

Since Valve Oil's engine was coupled directly ahead of the 402, Chuck had little to do except work his engine. At Helper Town, some thirty miles from Gilson, the heavy train was reduced to hill tonnage and another engine coupled behind the caboose. Then began the grind to Divide, seventeen miles ahead, on the very spine of the continent.

Chuck worked his engine wide open. The speed of the train was less than five miles per hour. They halted twice to fill the tenders with water and it was almost noon when Chuck saw the long, grimy snowshed that was Divide. The train entered the shed in a cloud of steam, smoke and pelting cinders that bounced off the roof like tiny bullets. It was impossible to see ahead a dozen feet on either side. Train movements were controlled by whistled signals.

Valve Oil blasted twice and Chuck answered him. They crawled up the final stretch of four per cent grade with half their train, and set it out on a spur on the east side of the mountain. Then the two engines were cut apart. Valve Oil ran his engine around Chuck's and backed toward the balance of the train.

Chuck's nerves were tight as fiddle strings. This was mighty ticklish railroading, particularly when one was making his first trip. He watched Valve Oil let his engine drop down the grade and couple into the train. To play safe Chuck halted his engine.

From the gloom below, Valve Oil blasted three times on his whistle. "Back up," someone shouted below the cab of Chuck's engine. Chuck released his driver brakes and felt the pull of gravity grab his charge. She moved back, gaining momentum rapidly. His right hand grasping his driver brake handle, Chuck leaned from the window in readiness to couple into Valve Oil's locomotive.



Chuck, hanging to the window, was desperately trying to figure a way out. "Conductor!" he cried. "Have you got a chain?"

The brakeman who was riding the rear of the tender yelled, "Easy!"

Chuck threw his brake handle over. But he hadn't taken the heaviness of the grade into consideration. The driver brake shoe bit against the wheels but didn't check the speed sufficiently.

There came a splintering crash. The bells on the engines clanged. Chuck was thrown violently against the rear of the cab. Appalled, he leaped to the ground and raced toward the rear of his tender. The pilot on Valve Oil's engine was demolished and the coupling on the tender of the 402 was driven into the wooden end sill.

"Broad-gauge man!" Valve Oil's voice roared through the snowshed. "Used to workin' around high wheels an' can't judge his speed!"

A chorus of raucous laughs greeted Valve Oil's words. Chuck felt his face burn. He'd get a flock of demerits for this. He had pulled a nice boner!

"Mr. Rhodes, our benevolent roundhouse foreman, wants to interview you regarding a smashed cow-catcher and some splintered dead wood," informed the engine crew caller as Chuck was dropping from the 402 in Gilson at the end of his first trip.

He nodded a trifle defiantly. He could expect no mercy from Mr. Rhodes. Chuck knew that. But the thing that really hurt was the fact that Old Square Jaw Davis, the engineer Chuck had grown to love down on the West End Division, would hear about it. News on a railroad travels through a swift and sure grapevine.

Mr. Rhodes, face frozen into a mask, waited for him. While Chuck put down his roll of working clothes, the foreman scowled and cleared his throat.

"Nice mess you made of things, Herman!" he rumbled. "Put two engines out of commission first trip. We'd fire a narrow-gauge head for a stunt like that, but since you're new an' not familiar with railroadin' up here I'm gonna assess your personal record with thirty-five demerit marks an' warn you that the next stunt will cost you your job."

Chuck made no reply. He signed for the demerit marks and walked out into an afternoon that had grown uncomfortably hot.

"A fellow who can sleep like you is lucky." The words of the engine crew caller brought Chuck from dreamless slumber, and he sat up rubbing his eyes. "Another caravan is about to breast the mountain and you're called for the witching hour of two-thirty a.m."

An ominous rumble of thunder caused the window panes of the room to vibrate. The caller grinned widely and nodded.

"Yep, more weather. Since midnight old man Thunder has been emptying his sprinkling can up around Divide, and he's still at it."

Chuck turned and shoved his bare feet out on the floor.

"You get engine 451 tonight. She's a mud hen and bigger and better than the four-two." The caller paused as Chuck nodded. "And Valve Oil Kennedy double heads with you on engine 459. I hear some of the boys talking about a broad-gauge man packing around a flock of narrow-gauge demerit marks."

Chuck smiled. "Thirty-five of 'em," he admitted. "Tough. But you'll come out on top. I kinda like you and some time when you've got an hour I want you to tell me how they railroad down on the standard gauge." The caller took up his lantern and started out.

Valve Oil Kennedy was poised in the gangway of his engine as Chuck passed him. His torch was held above his head and he looked like a strange, unkempt Statue of Liberty.

Chuck heard him say something about "narrow-gauge demerit marks" but paid no attention.

The 451 was a deckless engine, larger than the 402. Chuck oiled her and finally found himself coupled against a long string of loaded coal and box cars. The 459 was coupled directly ahead.

By this time rain was slashing down from a black sky. Occasional flashes of lightning made the soggy landscape a glittering, blinding panorama of silver. The train pulled into the night, the two little engines barking defiance to the storm, red cinders falling about the cab of Chuck's engine like pieces of wet coke. Rain came down in an almost solid sheet.

The brawling mountain stream had become a muddy, loud-voiced flood. In places it lapped at the ends of the ties. Chuck could see Valve Oil's head and shoulders outside his cab window as the older man squinted along the water-drenched tunnel of light boring through the darkness.

Like two perfectly synchronized machines the pair of mud hens roared through the shallow canyon, swinging around the curves and throbbing up the tangents.

They passed a short siding, roared along a stretch of straight track. Chuck was squinting against the cinder blast and the slashing rain, head out of his cab window, when suddenly the side-hill cut ahead began moving. A wall of loose gravel and boulders surged toward the track.

Almost unconsciously Chuck's left hand grasped the throttle and shoved it closed. His engine shuddered. Gripping air brakes screamed against the wheels.

The train halted as abruptly as though it had smashed into a solid wall.

Chuck's eyes bored into the darkness ahead. Where was the headlight on Valve Oil's engine? Only pitch darkness, along the track!

"Look!" Chuck's freman screamed. "Valve Oil's engine's in th' river!"

A single leap carried Chuck across the cab. He dropped to the sudden embankment beside his engine. Crouching forward, he ran toward the blacker shadow that loomed above the raging stream.

Valve Oil's tender was slanted downward from the track. The couplings between it and Chuck's engine had broken loose. The locomotive was warped away from the tender at a crazy angle and almost completely submerged in the water. Bubbling steam came in geysers from the torrent's surface.

His heart beating like a trip hammer Chuck pulled himself upon the side of the overturned tender. He gripped its slippery surface with the palms of his hands and his wet shoes and wormed his way toward the cab. A flash of lightning illuminated the scene for a second and Chuck saw that the cab of the wrecked engine was still above the water.

It was impossible to believe that either Valve Oil or his fireman could be still alive, but resolutely Chuck crawled up to the cab (Continued on page 28)

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The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy Founded
1827

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

The Fourth of July

PRETTY soon the Fourth of July is coming. It commemorates a mighty division in the British Empire, a division that made inevitable, unfortunately, the shedding of much heroic blood. Today, however, the disputes that led to the Revolutionary War have been forgotten, as well they should be. In the intervening years, both nations have learned a great deal. They have come to appreciate each other's viewpoint. Eight years ago we were wandering in downtown London. Everything about us was British. We were homesick for America. And then, suddenly, we came upon a statue of a man we knew, and loved. He wasn't British, but the British revered him just as we did. The man was Abraham Lincoln. On the base of the statue were engraved Lincoln's magnificent words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." It thrilled us. It put a painful lump in our throat. How fitting that two great nations, parent and child, unite in such a glorious sentiment. It's a sentiment that would end all wars. Think of it, please, when you wake up on Fourth of July morning.

Chicago is building two new electric streamlined street cars that will do 45 miles an hour; they are equipped with safety glass, and the motorman applies his power with a foot pedal.

The Skyscraper Business

YOU could have stolen our watch or even removed our shoes, this afternoon, without our noticing it. We were all wrapped up in a new book called "The Story of Skyscrapers," (Farrar & Rinehart). The book tells the story of giant structures from the Great Pyramid to the Empire State Building. It's full of fascinating facts. We discover, for instance, that a harmless looking eight-ounce stick of dynamite explodes into 24 cubic feet of hot gas. No wonder anything in the way has got to move! The first skyscraper was completed in Chicago in 1885. It was ten stories high. It utilized a then revolutionary principle. The weight of floors and partitions was suspended on a skeleton of iron and steel. Thus the walls needed only to keep out wind and rain. They could be comparatively light and thin. If you want to know about metals and foundations and riveting—if you want to know how the Empire State building actually was planned *upside down*, read "The Story of Skyscrapers." We guarantee you'll like it.

There are more than 40 organized baseball teams in Tunisia; baseball is spreading steadily in Japan, South Africa, Venezuela, Russia, Algeria, Morocco, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Rumania.

The First Balloon

YOU know all about Bleriot. You know the name and fame of the Wright Brothers. But does "Montgolfier" mean anything to you? Probably not. Yet it deserves an honored place in the long roster of aviation's heroes. About the time that George Washington was trading bullets with the British, the Montgolfier brothers, back in France, were experimenting with hot-air balloons. The Montgolfiers had watched smoke leap from chimneys. They had seen sparks and bits of paper go whirling aloft. They knew that a fire could create a mysterious something that rose straight

up. What was it? "Montgolfier gas," the scientists of the time called it. They didn't know it was ordinary hot air.

De Rozier Takes a Chance The Montgolfiers placed a silk balloon over a fire. It belled and rose. They fixed up a larger balloon of paper, and inclosed it in a silken shell. It, too, made a successful flight. Delighted, they built a whopper, paper inside and silk without, and suspended a wicker basket beneath it. A bold young man named Jean-Francois Pilatre de Rozier climbed into the basket. The balloon, inflated with "Montgolfier gas," ascended gracefully. The moment it was off the ground young de Rozier began lighting bundles of straw, to keep it in the air. How did he keep from burning himself, or igniting the silk and paper, we wonder? Anyhow, the balloon got as high as 84 feet, and it stayed there for five minutes, until the fuel ran out. That was the beginning of lighter-than-air aviation. Today, 151 years later, we are still using fabric balloons. The Montgolfiers and de Rozier deserve your applause.

Soviet scientists have discovered a plant (Tau-Sagyo) which four years after sowing will yield 200 pounds of rubber per acre.

What About Yourself?

YOU see, all around you, fellows who content themselves with merely getting by. They breeze airily through their classes, doing their work just well enough to pass, and not a penny's worth better. They're a little blasé, as a rule. Today's task, in their opinion, isn't very important. They'll save their brains and their energy, they complacently inform you, for the time when they start out to earn a living. W. Sherwood Fox, president of the



When I go to bed of nights
I like to watch my favorite lights:
The corner light behind the trees
That stir so little in the breeze
They hardly make the slightest sound;
Old moon, when he is white and round;
The North Star, pricked in silver there
Between the Dipper and the Chair,
Rebuking with his constant ray
The stars that roam the Milky Way.
And yet my best light's never still;
Turning and twisting on the hill
The airway beacon lights the sky
Along the way my heroes fly.
Some day when I shall fly at night
I'll watch, still, for my favorite light.

University of Western Ontario, has made a close study, over many years, of these lackadaisical young men who work just hard enough to pass. He is able to prove, incontrovertibly, that the boy who is doing his lessons well today is the boy who is going to succeed later. On the other hand, the boy whom a teacher shakes his head over today is a boy whose employer, four or five years from now, will be doing without. So remember, when you content yourself with a 70 in a course in which you could easily earn a 90, that you're greasing your own toboggan. The habits you're developing in the classroom today, of your own free will, are the habits that will make or break you later.

Department of Commerce officials estimate that if 10,000 purchasers could be found, a two-passenger all-metal plane with speeds of from 25 to 100 miles an hour could be produced to sell at \$700.

You Win by 300%

A FAVORITE indoor sport of vote-seeking politicians is the wholesale and shallow condemnation of our public schools. "There are too many fads and frills," they bellow. "Give us the three R's. Give us the thorough grounding that our great-grandfathers had." Now, we don't maintain that our schools are perfect. Neither do educators. But we do assert that our schools are doing a worthwhile job, and that they're improving at a commendable pace. It happens to be true that, because of longer school terms and more regular attendance, you receive about 300% more instruction in the three R's than your great-grandfather ever thought of having. And you get a certain training in the niceties of life, as an extra dividend.

Victory for Today's Schoolhouse

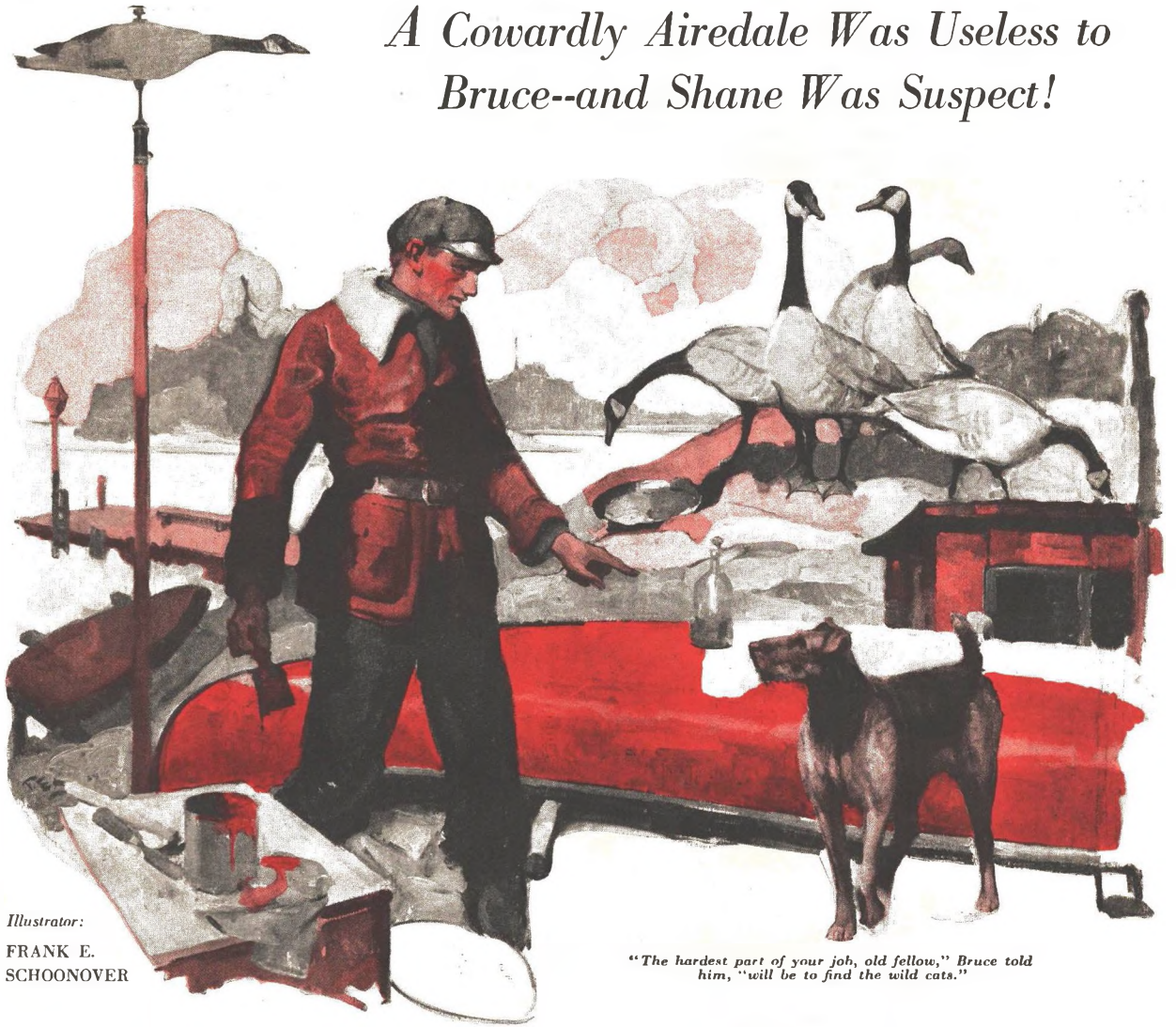
Several years ago some educators dug up a test that had been inflicted, back in 1845, on 500 selected Boston school children. They gave this identical test to 12,000 present-day school children, scattered throughout the country. In all questions requiring original thought and intelligence, present day boys and girls surpassed boys and girls of 1845. The latter showed occasional superiority in questions involving pure memory. Significant? We think so. Furthermore, America's illiteracy in 1934 is one-third that of 1890. In 1876 libraries annually circulated one book for each five people in the United States. That's one-fifth of a book per person. In 1932 the library circulation was nearly four books per person, a gain of twenty times. For these, and other blessings, we may chiefly thank our public schools.

Nearly \$500,000,000 in gold is believed to be lying in wrecked ships at the bottom of the ocean.

Break That Match!

DID you know that most forest fires are caused by carelessness? Last year in Michigan 51.35 per cent of the total are blamed on heedless smokers alone. And the situation is getting worse—in 1925 only 5.09 per cent were charged to smokers. Lighted matches did most of the damage. If you're in the woods with someone who smokes, tell him to break his match before he tosses it away. Then it will be out before it lands in dry grass or leaves. So break that match!

A Cowardly Airedale Was Useless to Bruce--and Shane Was Suspect!



Illustrator:
FRANK E.
SCHOONOVER

"The hardest part of your job, old fellow," Bruce told him, "will be to find the wild cats."

Coward's Blood

by

Ben East

WHEN Bruce Harriman bought Shane at the Arenac Kennel Club show, he had two assurances that not a drop of cowardly blood flowed beneath the dog's coarse-haired, shaggy coat.

"He can lick twice his weight in wild cats, and he'll do it," declared the kennel man who was selling Shane. "We've never had a dog go out of the North Shore kennels who wouldn't."

That was the first assurance, and the second was Bruce's own deep-rooted knowledge of the quality of Airedale courage.

"I've got a tough job picked out for him," he explained to the kennel man. "My place is out near the tip of Wigwam Point, sixty miles north of Bayport, and I've got quite a decent wild fowl refuge started. Call it the Quinnesec Preserve. Maybe you've heard of it."

The kennel man nodded.

"I've got a little tame stock," Bruce went on, "and the bobcats have started raiding my Canadas and

blue geese. They drift down from the Solon swamp, a mile north of me, pretty regularly. I sure need a dog that can lick twice his weight in wild cats."

"Well, there's your dog," the North Shore man insisted. "He ain't never been worked on wild cats, but he'll tackle 'em. Deckerfield Sandy's Shane. Three years old and he ain't afraid of nothing!"

Shane looked up into Bruce's face, his eyes glow-

ing steadfastly. That look seemed a promise.

"I'll take him," Bruce said abruptly. "I guess he'll do the job all right."

At the end of two weeks, Bruce Harriman gave Shane the run of the Quinnesec Preserve. The Airedale had grown content in his new home, and he had learned that his big job was to protect the flock of big gray Canadas and smaller blue geese.

Now, free of leash, Shane wandered about the place as he saw fit, on guard day and night.

"The hardest part of your job, old fellow," Bruce told him, "will be to find the wild cats. They have about three hundred acres of our land to cover, and the Solon swamp makes six hundred more."

Shane wagged his short stump of a tail in mute appreciation of this explanation.

"I'll trust you to lick the stub-tails when you find them," Bruce went on, "but how are you going to manage being Johnny-on-the-spot in all the places where the cats may call?"

Shane wagged his tail again. He'd manage somehow, he seemed to say.

Death stalked the Quinnesec Preserve that very night, shortly before midnight, in the form of a lithe gray ghost that crept forth from the Solon swamp and slunk along fence rows and brushy ravines to Bruce Harriman's place.

Rain, warm for mid-March, was falling in a steady downpour. Lured by the warmth of the night, a dozen of Bruce's Canada geese were roosting out, on the shore of the little ice-manacled pond where they had fed all winter.

There the bobcat, stalking upwind through a thicket of hawthorn that flanked one end of the pond, surprised them and made his kill, dragging it back into the thicket to feed. And there five minutes later Shane, attracted by the uproar of the geese, in turn surprised the cat.

Stub-tail stood his ground, crouched low over the body of his smeared, half eaten kill, his yellow eyes blazing, his stump of a tail twitching in rage, while a grating snarl droned in his throat.

Shane used cool judgment. He halted a dozen feet from the snarling cat, forefeet braced, head stiffly outstretched, hackles up, and employed the first resource of the hunting Airedales. He burst into full-throated barking as a signal to the master that the quarry was at bay.

In the face of that threat the bobcat suddenly screamed once, a shrill wail, leaped sidewise into a denser growth of hawthorn brush, and fled with Shane upon his heels.

In the first half mile the cat was cut off from return to the Solon swamp. He fled southeast then, across the point, seeking to double back along the beach, but Shane was too close and at the very tip of the land Stub-tail took to the open ice of Wigwam Bay.

He had fled once before across that ice when a pair of fox hounds had been hot on his trail. On that occasion he had found refuge in the willow thickets and cedar swamps of Lone Tree Island, an uninhabited wilderness ten miles off the point.

So now he turned instinctively toward Lone Tree

again. And there at the end of a long chase the unflagging Airedale treed him in a small cedar and after a brief frenzy of barking settled down to a patient vigil, baying occasionally to hold the cat treed and to summon aid.

At dawn, when the aid was not forthcoming, Shane gave over the attempt to bring Stub-tail to earth, and reluctantly turned to go home across the ice of the bay.

A quarter of a mile off Lone Tree he came to a wide rift of gray water that stretched away, mist-ridden. He turned and followed one edge of the rift till the blackened, slush-covered ice ended in an abrupt point, with water on either side. Then he tried the other edge and just beyond the head of the island, open water baffled him again.

The ice was breaking up! In the night the broken floes had moved with an offshore wind, leaving only a rim about the island, with wide channels between it and the drifting field, now a mile or more away.

Oncoming spring had ruined winter's natural bridge. Until the distant days of autumn should seal the bay with ice again, Shane and the water-detesting bobcat were prisoners on Lone Tree Island!

For a time the dog ranged fretfully along the edge of the open channel. Finally he trotted disconsolately back to the solid beach, searched out a cozy spot in the shelter of a clump of willows, and lay down to sleep.

The clouds had broken and warm sunshine lay over the bay when Shane stirred out of this temporary nest. He was stiff from his long run, but more than anything else he was hungry. He studied his surroundings briefly, and then plunged into the willow thickets in search of food.

He crossed the sandy ridge that formed the backbone of the crescent-shaped, fifty-acre island and came out on the open beach again without finding anything that might appease his hunger. Within the next hour he circled the entire island, following the shore, and came back to his starting place, still unfed. All the rest of the day he ranged steadily through the thickets and along the beaches, hunting ravenously for food, but without success.

Meanwhile on the mainland Bruce Harriman, badly puzzled, was trying hard to solve the mystery of his new Airedale's disappearance. The warm, all-night rain had softened the snow into a blanket of slush that kept no record of the night's trails. But just before noon Bruce found the half devoured carcass of the gander.

"Bobcat's work, all right," he said briefly, "and he didn't finish it: so he must have been driven away. But what became of the pup? No Airedale was ever fool enough to dive in and get torn to pieces. There's no evidence of a dead dog here—and certainly no sign of a live one."

After he had spent the afternoon fruitlessly searching the thickets to the north of Quinnesec and the lower reaches of the Solon swamp itself, he regretfully announced his verdict.

"Shane must have started to drive Stub-tail off, and lost his nerve after he got a good look at him. Guess he's running yet," he mused. "Just another cat-shy dog! And that North Shore fellow said he'd lick twice his weight in wild cats. Huh. Well, the dog's young, and he'd never tackled a bobcat before. But it's tough to have to believe that an Airedale would lose his nerve."

And so Bruce closed the affair, as far as any reference to it was concerned. But for weeks he found little pleasure in his flock of Canada's and blue geese—they reminded him too strongly of the companionable pup whose disappearance suggested coward's blood.

Shortly before dusk that night, near the head of Lone Tree Island, Shane found an abandoned shanty, used years before by winter fishermen. The door was fastened, but a screen of young balsams grew thick behind the building, and under the low branches of these, close against the shanty wall, the dog found a warm dry bed of needles. At nightfall he crept in there and lay down.

He was out at daybreak, his hunger painfully keen, and took up again his quest for food. Before sunrise, at the head of Lone Tree, he came on the dim tracks of a cold trail on the opposite slope of the sandy ridge. At the faint scent of them the hackles

He came to a wide rift of gray water. He was a prisoner on Lone Tree Island!



rose across the dog's shoulders and he growled softly.

This was the trail of the snarling bobcat. Stub-tail had hunted the willow thickets while Shane slept. The Airedale turned down the ridge, following the trail, growling uneasily as he ran.

Early the evening before, the bobcat had found a dead carp washed up on the beach at the foot of the island. He had dragged it up into a little thicket of reeds at the edge of the cedar swamp and half devoured it. Two hours before Shane struck his tracks along the ridge, he had left his hiding place in a clump of spruce near the lone pine and had started back to finish the fish.

Shane ran the trail silently, save for a low menacing growl. Just above the cedar swamp he recrossed the ridge, running with the wind at his side, and there in the little thicket he came upon the cat, tearing at the carp.

Stub-tail sprang back, holding the mangled carcass of the fish in his jaws, and then flattened down against a small tree bole, his yellow eyes glaring with anger, his rasping snarl mounting to a screech.

Shane stopped, his head low to the ground. Growling an answer to the cat's challenge, he circled slowly in the reeds, edging toward Stub-tail.

Within five yards he stopped again, and for a minute they faced each other, malignant with hate, each waiting the spring of the other.

Quite different, this wilderness affair of honestly found food, from the meeting at Quinnesec. Then the bobcat had been the poacher and had known it. He had fled from Shane as any thief flees from the honest guardian of property. But the dog was the poacher here. So Stub-tail held his ground, snarling fearfully, one foot resting on his prize.

There arose again in Shane then the old instinct of the Airedales to proclaim to the hunting master that the quarry had come to bay. He lifted his head and bel- lowed forth a savage prolonged burst of barking, and Stub-tail finally lost courage, whirled, and fled into the swamp, carrying the carp as he ran. A hundred feet away Shane came too close upon his heels and the cat dropped his fish and scratched his way up a low scraggy tree.

Shane gave tongue again beneath him, and then the odor of the big half eaten fish assailed him. It was food that he hunted, after all. Unmindful of the threatening snarls of the bobcat in the low cedar top, Shane lay down with his forepaws on the carp and fed. Before his feast was finished, the big cat, infuriated by the sight of the dog devouring his own catch, bounded down and whirled at bay again.

Yet when Shane lifted his head and growled warningly, the cat slunk away into the cedars. He lurked there, snarling and circling about Shane, seeking courage to attack him from behind, all the time the dog was busy with the fish.

When he had finished his meal, Shane arose and trotted down to the beach for a long drink. Then he picked a sheltered sunny spot in the edge of the willows and lay down to doze.

Past midnight that night the bobcat, hunting cottontails around the head of the island, caught scent of Shane in his warm lair beneath the balsams. The big cat circled twice about the weathered old shanty, and finally flattened himself and leaped lightly onto the shanty roof. He padded silently to the end of the ridge and crouched there.

Six feet below him the Airedale slept soundly, tired from his long day afield. The cat settled lower on the flat roof, his lips curled back in a soundless snarl, his nails working softly into the boards.

Some wilderness instinct of his ancestors must have stirred Shane then. He may have felt, even in his sleep, the steady baleful stare of Stub-tail's yellow eyes.

He bounded suddenly up, growling. Then, at a slight noise above him he whirled and saw the cat. With a savage outcry he sprang up against the side

at bay, Shane would have died under the slashing of his claws. Weakened by hunger, the dog was no longer a match for the cat, who had suffered no lack of food at all.

The island still abounded with cottontails and Stub-tail made an easy fare of them. Shane hunted them as well, with the persistence of desperation, hour after hour, but he could not run them down in the thickets and he had not yet learned to lie patiently in wait along their runways as the bobcat did, and surprise them. Three times, however, he

did find nests of their young, and these furnished him with the best meals of the fortnight.

By the end of the second week the dog was as gaunt and unkempt as a mangy wolf. For three days he found no food whatever.

Then the tern arrived. They came back from the wintering places along the southern ocean beaches to the ancestral nesting grounds of the great colony, on Lone Tree. A few strays came first, arriving in mid-afternoon and roosting that night in the short sparse grass just above the beach. Shane surprised and pounced upon three of them within an hour after sundown, and the flame of life, guttering low in his thin body, flared strongly up again.

All next day the tern poured in. The air above the island was filled with them, wheeling and screaming, and they dotted the beaches and open spots about Lone Tree like patches of new-fallen snow on brown fields.

By creeping through the thickets and springing from the shelter of the brush, Shane found he could surprise and kill them in daytime as well as after nightfall. Food no longer worried him.

A week later the terns began building their nests, low rims of dead rushes on the bare sand, and soon they were laying their brown-mottled, blue eggs. Then Shane added fresh tern eggs regularly to his fare.

In May the first of the young birds hatched, and from this time on, when Shane hunted it was for sport rather than for food.

The Airedale was becoming wise in the ways of the wilderness. He learned to catch the cottontails as he caught the terns, by lying hidden in the thickets along their runways and pouncing on them as they passed.

Wildernesslike, Shane was learning too that it was well to avoid all unfriendly wild creatures that he did not want for food. He no longer bothered Stub-tail, living an easy, secluded life by himself in the cedar swamp. When he crossed the cat's trail, he merely paused, sniffed, growled in the direction the cat had gone, and passed indifferently on.

Shane had made himself part of the wilderness. Yet he had not altogether abandoned his allegiance to man. He associated the thin blue line of Wigwam Point, far off across the bay, with the idea of land, land where people lived, where he himself had lived before he came here to this lonely island. And he had chosen a big boulder, lying by itself at the head of Lone Tree, where he spent long hours. Day after day, he lay on top of it, curled lazily in the summer sunshine, his head on his forepaws, gazing steadfastly out of wistful brown eyes at the distant line of Wigwam Point.

That thin blue line stood for home, for Bruce Harriman, and now and again Shane whined in a low sorry note as he lay and watched it across the sun-gilded waves of the bay. (Continued on page 34.)



Shane wasted no time in barking. This battle was to the death!

of the shanty. Stub-tail screeched once in his face and then shot out, a lithe gray meteor, into the willows.

Shane gave chase and halfway down the island he treed his enemy in a small elm. He sat patiently down at the foot of the tree and held the snarling, fretful cat a prisoner while a crescent moon paled over the western beach and sank into the bay. At daybreak Shane gave up and trotted back to his lair under the balsams.

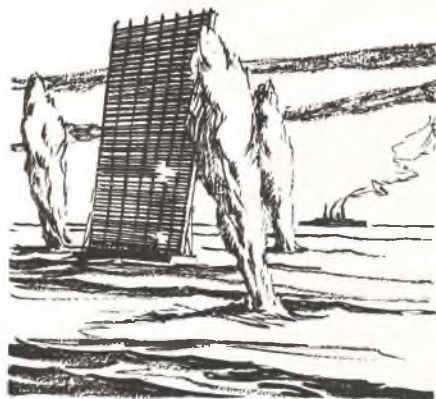
Stub-tail had learned his lesson. Even in the thickets of an island wilderness, the dog was an emblem of the menace of man, possessed of courage greater than the cat's. Not again would Stub-tail invite him to a chase.

During the next fortnight famine trailed Shane with grim relentlessness. Never for more than a few hours was he free from the sharp, weakening pains of hunger.

He patrolled the beaches and caught crawfish scuttling about in the shallows. A few times he found dead perch washed up on the beach. He came upon two colonies of meadow mice under driftwood logs and dug them out, catching a dozen or more each time. But none of his findings made a real meal.

Twice he deliberately trailed Stub-tail to his daytime lair, drove him out and treed him, not from hatred or love of the chase, but because he was hungry and the cat, savage fighter though he was, stood for food.

On the second of these hunts had the cat turned



TRAGEDY hovered over the *San Antonio*. White-faced and strained, Ensign Wally Radnor stood on the signal bridge and gazed aloft to where a man hung precariously in mid-air, one hundred and thirty feet above the deck of the ship.

It had been a queer, sudden accident. The signalman had gone aloft to receive a halyard. He had climbed up the mast, up the ratlines, and sidled out along the yard. Then, somehow, he had lost his grip and tumbled off the yard, clawing wildly at the halyard, while a horrified shout arose from men in the superstructure and on the signal bridge. A hitch in the halyard had saved him from a hurtling plunge and instant death. It had caught about his wrist and checked him, so that now he dangled there, ten feet below the yard.

Wally had done all he could. That halyard ran from the yard down to the signal bridge where Wally stood. The instant he had seen the man fall, he had leaped for the halyard, drawn it taut and belayed it, to keep the turn tight on the man's right wrist. But even as Wally watched, the man was endangering his own life by clawing wildly with his free hand, to get a grip on the rope. If that right arm slipped through...

"Hang easy up there!" Wally yelled. "Easy!" Sailors had rushed for the tripod ladder. They were climbing like monkeys, swarming to the rescue. But twenty feet ahead of them, already going up the shrouds, was Ensign Stump Langton. Wally saw him and let out a strangled sob of relief. Stump could save him if anybody could.

It would be ticklish business. Stump would have to haul him up hand over hand, by main strength, while those below on the signal bridge paid out the halyard, inch by inch, so that the hitch wouldn't loosen and drop the man to the deck. Ticklish!

But Stump was the man for the job. Intercollegiate wrestling champion at Annapolis, so strong he could swing along beneath the ladder in the gym alternately chinning himself with either hand, Stump had the strength and nice sense of balance that might save the signalman's life.

The big treaty cruiser suspended all business and held its breath while Stump, now as tiny as an ant, crawled out on the yard and bent over it, precisely above the dangling signalman. Both hands reached down to grip the halyard that held a human life in the loop of its hitch. Wally and Crinky Sproule, the cruiser's signal officer, stood tense at the belaying pin. Their upturned eyes were unwaveringly on Stump's tiny, reddened face. From far above came Stump's voice:

"Slack awa-ay! Handsomely!" Wally released the turn gingerly, holding his breath, and up above Stump's arms crooked and the unfortunate man rose a foot, two feet. Gosh, what a grip Stump had in that stubby hand of his. Wally gulped. Those signal halyards weren't more than half-inch rope!

"Bela-ay!" came Stump's far-away voice, and Wally and Crinky checked the rope.

One of Stump's hands was now passing the two feet of gained halyard around the yard. The other arm, corded, was extending down, holding on viselike to the rope.

"Slack away!" Again Wally released the rope in careful inches, and again Stump hauled upward. It was a feat of pure strength and courage, and a shout of admiration rose from the ship.

Again and again they repeated the formula, never



The big treaty cruiser held its breath while Stump crawled out on the yard and bent

The Captain's

by Warren Hastings Miller

allowing the halyard to become loose enough to let the man's arm slip. And then, after an agony of suspense, the man's free arm was crooked over the yard and Stump had one great fist tight on his collar.

"Free the turn!" he yelled down. Wally cast the halyards off the pin, and up above Stump pulled the signalman up over the yard. The man was limp and almost helpless from pain, his right arm dislocated in its socket. Stump carefully straddled the yard, pulled the man to a similar position in front of him, and slowly commenced pushing toward the mast. At no time was he free from a fatal slip off the yard himself.

Lucky for him that the cruiser was at anchor and the waters of Hampton Roads quiet. One false move off balance, and both men would go hurtling down. For Stump would never let go the signalman to save himself. Stump was like that.

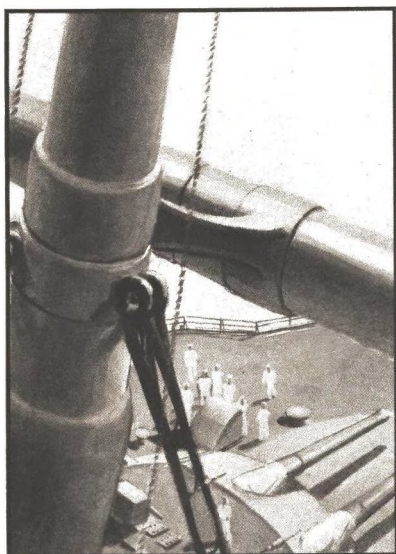
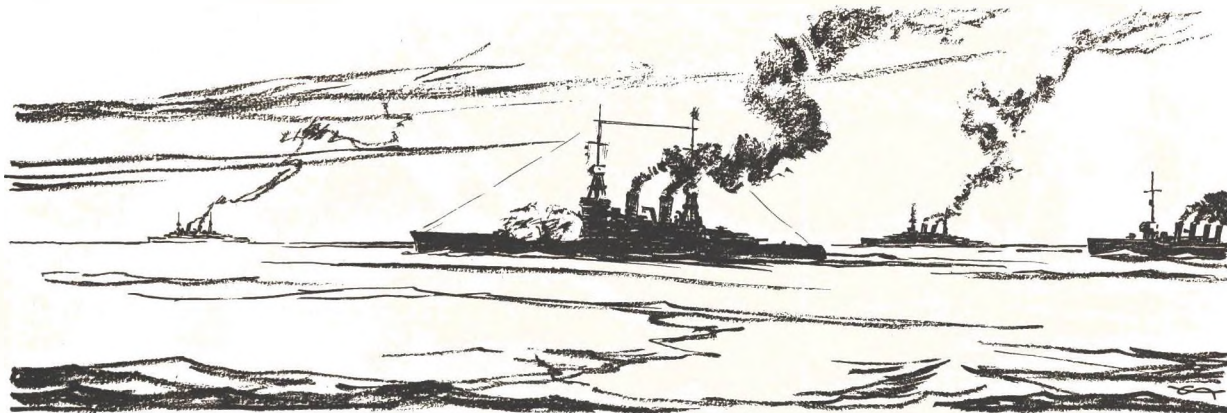
Then Wally let out a chestful of pent-up breath

and chirruped his famous rat squeak. The cluster of sailors had received them both with reaching arms. It was all over but getting him down on deck.

Stump was the last of that procession down the shrouds, ratline by ratline, and down the tripod mast rung by rung. The group of sailors with the white and unconscious signalman in their midst arrived first. Then Stump stepped down on the signal bridge and saluted Captain Burton with a simple: "Duty complete, sir!"

A mighty cheer, spontaneous and filled with hero worship, rose from all the ship as the tension of the rescue relaxed. Captain Burton started to say something but couldn't be heard for the noise. Blushing purple, Stump turned and fled past cheering groups of men to safety below. And on the signal bridge Captain Burton stood looking at Crinky and Wally with a queer grin on his face.

"Better give him a bit of time to get over it," he



over the dangling signalman.

Stump Took Navy Tradition Seriously and That's How the Feud Began!

explained the light in his eyes. Stump was feeling all lifted up because he had had a chance to live up to his own idea of chivalry and courage.

He could not by any means be called handsome, with that short bunched figure and dome of a head and vertical straight nose like a Norman helmet, but there was an inner light behind Stump's eyes that Wally liked. The steerage mess chuckled over Stump's knightly ideas, but Wally wasn't so sure.

"How's the poor guy?" Stump asked as Wally chucked his cap on the steerage table.

"Sick bay. You did a seamanlike job, Stump. The captain will send for you in half an hour. I go along as head of the mess. Swords, white gloves, otherwise uniform of the day—but clean. Got any respectable pants?"

"Geetoo!" Stump gasped, as he realized the honor that was to be paid him. "I just happened to be nearest to the mast ladder."

Just then all the steerage mess barged in—Stanguey Brooke, Oiseau Brown, Peebles, Wray. Wally saw instantly that they were full of horseplay and bent on kidding the hero on the theory that it was unmanly to show any other emotion over it.

"Glory hound!" Stanguey led off. "Here's the man who pulled the grandstand play! At him! Out comes his shirt tail, men!" He led the charge on Stump.

Wally growled. It was all right to horse winners of Efficiency E and the like—but not Stump. Anger was blazing in Stump's eyes as he backed away from them, one hand up. "No one calls me glory hound, even in fun," he warned them. "I was just doing what had to be done, that's all!"

Stanguey whooped. "Yeah, and wave the flag while you're doin' it—never omit that! On with the bull session, Watchdogs of the Nation!"

Smack! With a quick gesture Stump slapped Stanguey's face.

Wally drew in his breath. That was Stump, for you. His honor was not to be kidded.

Stanguey blinked and stepped back while the rest stopped as if they, too, had been struck. The room grew still. Stanguey was tall, Nordic in features, a tow-haired Viking with frosty gray eyes.

"We were just kidding you, Stump," he said coldly. "But if you're taking it that way, all right!" He put up his fists.

"Nope!" Wally jumped between them. "Lay off, you fools! If Stump doesn't want any horseplay, that's that. And you, gilded popinjay," he turned on Stanguey fiercely, "you apologize for that glory-hound business, see?"

Wally's brown eyes were half serious, half jesting under his shock of tousled hair.

"He'll get no apology from me," Stanguey replied haughtily. "He knew we didn't mean a thing by it, and we happened to puncture his ego—maybe he is a glory strutter!"

Stump's face colored and his fists doubled. Wally shoved them apart. "Avast, oaf!" he growled. "Stump just takes the Navy tradition more to heart than you

eggs. First in boarding parties, first in rescues, first in anything that requires quickness and courage. Stump's the last one to think of the glory. And, like Decatur and Bainbridge and Somers and those old boys of 1812, he'll brook no insinuations about it—"

"And like Somers I challenge the lot of you, one by one!" Stump broke in hotly.

"Weigh anchor, Stump," Wally calmed him. "Can you goofs imagine Somers and Macdonough and the rest of those middies on the old *Constitution* horsing Decatur when he came back from setting the *Philadelphia* afire in Tripoli harbor? It would have meant a duel with pistols at ten feet! If you feel that those days are gone forever, all right! Here's one of us who doesn't."

The steerage began to break up into groups. There were grins, a growl or two, and a complaint from Peebles: "Oiseau, here, didn't mind when we cut off his shirt tail that time he got the Congressional Medal!"

"Oiseau is one guy and Stump's another," Wally said coolly. "Beat it, everyone. Jakey will be calling on us in fifteen minutes. The wardroom's going to give us the captain's salute."

There were low whistles of surprise. Stanguey turned away. He hadn't offered his hand. And Wally saw that he had a difficult reconciliation on his hands.

For the next quarter hour they were busy hooking on swords and borrowing clean starched whites and inspecting doubtful gloves. Promptly on the minute, Jakey the Exec barged his large and ruddy figure in the steerage door and grinned engagingly.

"The captain will see you now, Ensign Langton," he said.

They followed him along corridors and up on deck. "Keep your hand to your side till the captain salutes, youngster," Jakey coached Stump. "The rest I leave to you."

Wally knew what that meant. No Fourth-of-July speech on Stump's part, no deathless epigram to be repeated throughout the ages, nothing but return the captain's salute. There was a newspaper man on board reporting the fleet maneuvers and the ship was sitting on him to play this rescue down. The ship was afraid of parades, civic receptions, and heroizing.

Past the marine guard at the captain's quarters and into the office adjoining his stateroom they marched. Captain Burton stood there, quiet, official. Jakey presented the pair and recited briefly what had taken place. Then Burton spoke three words: "Well done, Ensign!"

His hand rose to salute the junior. Stump returned the salute and said, "Thank you, sir." Then they were escorted out.

That was the Navy way with its heroes, and that was the way they would have liked to see it handled in the press. But that afternoon something happened to make the job more difficult. It was all due to the tiniest of accidents, but because it happened in gunnery it was fraught with the gravest of danger.

Salute

Illustrator:
COURTNEY ALLEN

said. "Lieutenant Radnor, will you tell him that Commander Jacobs will call at the steerage in half an hour?"

Wally saluted and set off for the steerage country with the glad news. Jakey the Exec calling on the steerage? Unheard of! It could only mean one thing—that Stump would get a captain's salute, the Navy's special honor to men who performed deeds of daring-do!

Wally found Stump still blushing, and his eyes glowing like blue stars. And Wally smiled with understanding. Stump's real name was Stephen Langton, and he was a remote descendant of that Stephen Langton who made King John sign the Magna Charta at Runnymede so long ago. On Stump's shelf in his stateroom were books of knighthood and chivalry—"Sir Nigel," "The White Company," "Froissart's Chronicles," and certain cherished volumes of Scott. Furthermore, Stump was Southern. And those facts

After Stump's ceremony Wally was heading for his stateroom to have an argument with Stanguey, when a messenger on deck stopped him.

"Commander Dodson wishes to see you, sir."

Wally turned toward the wardroom country. Fighter Dodson, the cruiser's gunnery officer, sat at his stateroom desk, his blue eyes twinkling on Wally out of that bald dome of a head and those sea-dog features.

"Good job, Langton's," he remarked. "I saw it from the conning tower door." His tight smile exposed a couple of white teeth. "You can depend on Langton to get there on the jump."

He couldn't have worded a better Navy compliment. "The guy lives chivalry, sir," Wally replied. "He takes it seriously, and I think that's the reason he is on the job when he's needed."

Dodson smiled. "It's the Navy tradition," he said. "What I wanted to see you about, Lieutenant, was percussion firing. We've done too much electrical firing on this ship. In time of battle, you may not have any electric current at all, and it doesn't pay to get rusty on percussion firing. You pick a crew from the stateroom and let's see how good you are. Take Number One turret. Lieutenant Bunce will command, but you boys will have to run the gun. You'll find you've gone bad on percussion and are due for some surprise misses! Common shell and stationary target. I'll have one anchored out for you."

Wally's face lit with enthusiasm. Depend on Fighter Dodson to spring surprises! He was one of the few officers who remembered that battle practice was preparation for real battle. Queer things happened to guns and men when a lively enemy was firing back at you. One lucky hit from the hostile ship would put your gun right back into the old days of percussion firing, where a man gripped a lanyard and there was no instantaneous electricity to help the score.

The sun was westering when Wally's crew assembled in Number One turret. Stanguey was late in reporting, and when he did show up his face grew to a thundercloud as he scanned the watch bill.

"Hey! Hairy Ape!" he protested to Wally. "Stump for gun pointer, and Oiseau for trainer, and I rank them plenty! What's the idea, boot?"

Wally grinned. "This is battle, martinet. We believe, with all the best minds, that war cannot, shall not, come again, but if she does we want the right men in the right places. What are you yipping at? You've got the rammer. Same as you had in the old *Mount*. And experience is what counts in this teamwork."

"Aw! Bottom of the heap!" said Stanguey huffily. "Why Pint-pot for sight-setter instead of me?"

"Who's glory-strutting now?" Wally retorted unkindly. "You want sight-setter because it rates higher than rammer, regardless of your value on the team as a crack handler of the ammunition hoist and rammer controls! Besides, you've got the lanyard; so quit wrangling. You're nothing but Uncle Sam's pampered pet!"

"Oh!" said Stanguey, mollified. He would be the one who fired the gun. In electrical firing Lieutenant Bunce, up in the turret booth, fired when both pointer and trainer were "on." In percussion firing he could only shout, "Fire!" and Stanguey would pull the lanyard. It would take nice co-ordination.

Wally grinned. Stanguey the Magnificent, son of Captain Norman Brooke of dreadnought fame, had a dig or two coming to him. Stanguey was a disciplinarian. He believed that following orders and respecting rank were enough. Wally wanted

Stanguey to learn that you needed something else—the flaming spirit of Stump, for instance, who held his knightly devot before him as a monk his Cross.

Lieutenant Bunce arrived. "Stations, men!" he ordered briefly. "We fire six service shots. I want twenty seconds between shots if you can make that speed. But remember, this is percussion firing. Don't sacrifice smooth teamwork for speed. You, pointer and trainer, follow through when I call, 'Fire!' By that I mean keep dead on the target during that interval when the rammer man is pulling the lanyard. There'll be a second or two lost there. And be on your toes with all safety rules. If anything even looks wrong, yelp 'Silence!' You're apt to forget things in the hurry. Guess that's all."

He climbed up into the turret booth and Wally took his station as gun captain at the breech, with its big lever in his fist. He shivered slightly. The reporter was still on board, and Wally was unreasonably nervous about service ammunition when any civilian was around. So many queer things happened when the guns were actually firing. The thunder, the smoke, the sheets of flame, the active guns recoiling and sliding back into battery, the very real danger that hung over it all when high explosives were being handled—and no telling when the reporter might barge in, wanting to find out something. As a matter of fact, the reporter aboard the *San Antonio* was likable and gifted with good sense. Perhaps, Wally decided, his nervousness was due to the unusualness of percussion firing.

"Load middle gun!" Bunce ordered. Stanguey whirled the controller and a shell came rattling up the hoist. Wally swung open the breech. They were beauties, these long eights, having almost the range and penetration of the old twelves.

Wally fumbled at the box of primers on his belt and got one ready while Stanguey was ramming home the shell. The two powder bags followed with the second hoist. Wally noted that the red firing ends

were aft and nodded. Instantly Stanguey shoved them home. He was too much on his toes, Wally thought, as he cocked the firing latch and shoved in the brass primer cartridge. It was probably tempo. Stanguey was showing Wally some Efficiency E!

"Commence firing!" A tense interval, while Bunce at his telescope sight yelled: "Up! Up! Stump! Right a bit, Oiseau! Down a hair, Stump! Fire!" Stanguey yanked the lanyard instantaneously. He was trying to beat electricity, and his reactions were certainly hair trigger!

Brang! bellowed the gun, and recoiled two yards as Wally dodged to one side.

The turret went into rapid and orderly activity. There were yelps of *Mark! Mark!* from Stump and Oiseau, the *whew!* of compressed air as Pint-Pot blew out the burnt gases, the rattle of Stanguey's hoist, the shout of "*Bore clear!*" from Wally as he looked through the gun.

His whole life was reduced to one hurried formula: Swing the plug lever open with all his strength; O.K. the powder bags; cock the firing latch; shove in a primer; close the breech; lock it.

Brang!

The roar and the yank on the lanyard seemed to follow instantaneously, giving Wally no pause for breath before heaving on the plug lever again and shouting, "*Bore clear!*"

They were timing better than twenty seconds. The small turret space, much smaller than the *Montana's*, reeked with sweat and fumes. It was bewildering, all this thunder and lightning and tense human activity with just so many seconds for each and every motion of your part in it—but it was battle.

And then at the fifth shot Wally suddenly yelled: "*Silence!*"

He was already too late, for Bunce's order, "Fire!" and Stanguey's pull at the lanyard had arrived simultaneously with Wally's shout. But human action is quicker than speech. Wally's fingers automatically

grabbed for that primer—just in time for the left forefinger to be caught and pierced by the long steel nose of the firing pin as it shot home at the primer's percussion cap. The gun hung fire. "What's up?" Bunce had jumped down out of the turret booth at the ominous silence.

Wally turned his head over his shoulder, his features screwed up with agony.

"Defective—primer—sir!" he gasped out. "Everyone—clear out!"

"Great Scott!" Bunce stood a moment looking over the situation. The breech wasn't locked—it couldn't be because Wally's wrist was in the way of the lever and his left forefinger was pinned fast in the firing latch mechanism. There was nothing to prevent that gun from blowing her whole charge back into the turret but that bit of flesh and bone between the nose of the firing pin and the primer percussion cap. The primer itself had become jammed in its hole about a quarter of an inch out. Wally had done the quick thing, the only thing, to save them all from catastrophe—put his finger in the gap. If only Stanguey hadn't pulled that lanyard!

"Can you stand it, Wally?" Bunce asked. "I'll have to get a machinist here on the double to unscrew the firing latch."

"I'll have to," Wally gasped. "Hustle 'em out, please. This gun is going off!"

There was a startled jump in the crew surrounding him at that announcement. A faint wisp of fumes was curling up from the primer seat. Already that unstable fulminate of mercury in its cap was feeling the pressure of the pin and the pulse beat of Wally's finger. If he jerked his hand (Cont. on page 38)



With a quick gesture Stump slapped Stanguey's face. The room grew still.

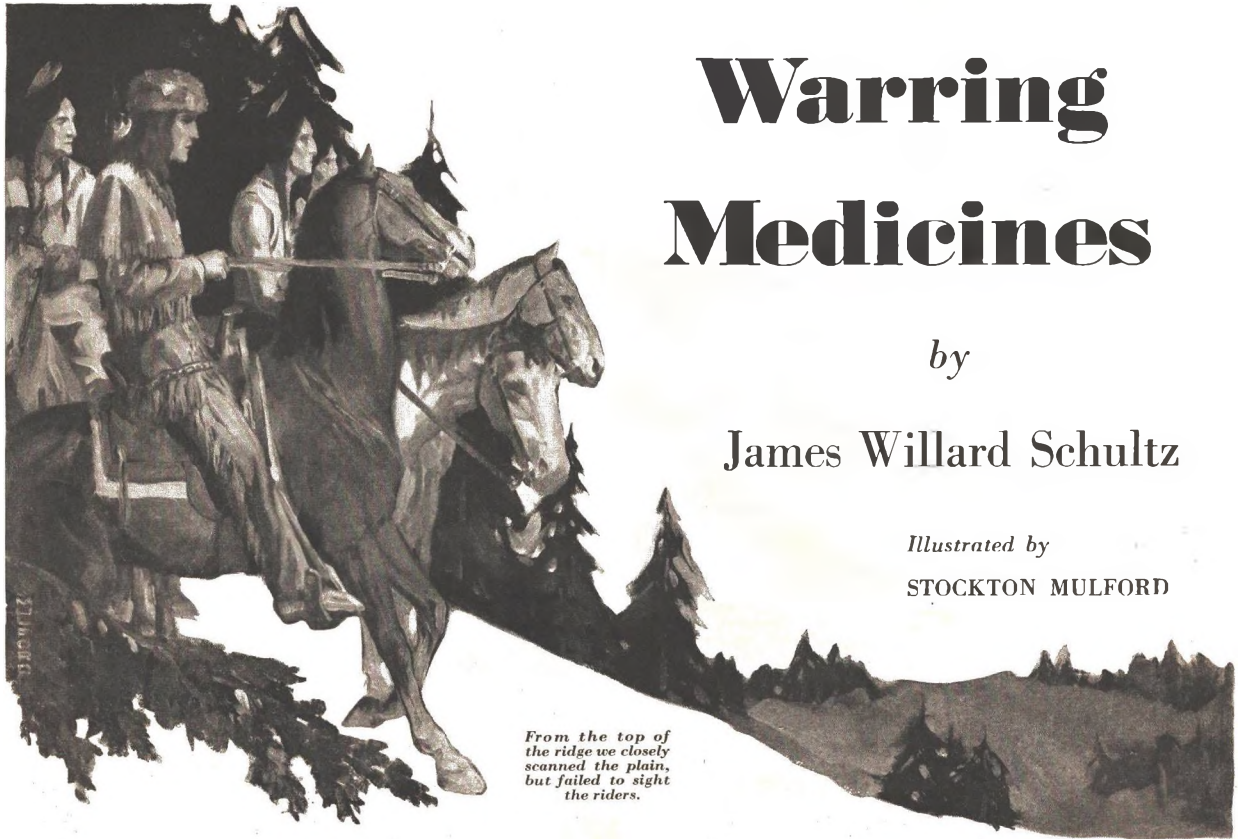
Warring Medicines

by

James Willard Schultz

Illustrated by

STOCKTON MULFORD



From the top of the ridge we closely scanned the plain, but failed to sight the riders.

In Which a Grim Night Expedition Turns Into an Unexpected Battle!

The Preceding Chapters

WE might as well be living over a box of dynamite!" I burst out, and Joseph Kipp, my trading post partner, nodded gravely.

For months, we had been under the strain of constant danger. It was now early summer in 1881—I was twenty-two that summer—and the previous fall we had built a new trading post there on the Upper Missouri, and persuaded the Blackfeet tribes to camp near us, hunt in that rich buffalo country, and give us their trade. But then the Crees came. Bringing trouble!

The Blackfeet and the Crees hated each other. Though Big Bear and the half-blood Louis Riel, leaders of the Crees, and Crow Foot and Running Rabbit, powerful chiefs of the Blackfeet, had tried to keep the peace, there had been hot quarreling among their followers, day after day, month after month. All winter, all spring, we had known that any moment might plunge us into bloody war!

Nevertheless, in June Kipp had to go to Fort Benton for more trade goods, and I was left in charge of the post, with our hunter, Eli Guardipe, to help. And new trouble arose.

To me, seeking strange help, came Flying Woman, the slim, dark-eyed daughter of the Blackfeet warrior Three Stars, and also her proud mother, Sahtaki. They told me that a young Cree, one Short Bow, had fallen in love with Flying Woman and was trying to win her; and that he had stolen the end of a braid of her hair to put with Cree medicine and so make a powerful love charm that would bring her to him against her will. Couldn't I—who, being white, was so wise—in some way save Flying Woman?

I could not convince them that the Cree medicine had no power. They insisted that it had, and that

I must help them, for the girl's father was away with a war party.

I wanted to help, for though Flying Woman had always seemed to avoid me, I loved her myself. Moreover, Short Bow's unwanted wooing might precipitate the fierce war we dreaded. But what could I do?

Only one thing, as far as I could see—provide Sahtaki and Flying Woman with the safest possible place to stay. I asked them to come and stay in our cabin with Earth Woman, my partner's Indian mother, and her friend Crow Woman.

They came, Flying Woman and her mother. But the trouble only drew closer, for Short Bow came at night to circle our cabin and sing his love songs, trying to draw the girl to him—and so nearly succeeding that I dashed out and ordered him away.

He defied me; but before I could act, gentle Crow Woman, roused to fury, came rushing out, charged upon Short Bow with her steel-bitted hide chipper, and chased him away! Yes, he actually ran from the half-crazed little woman.

But he paused in the timber to hurl back bitter threats.

"Our trouble with him has only just begun!" I said to myself grimly.

Chapter Three

FLYING WOMAN did not appear for breakfast the next morning and her mother stayed with her in the other room. Earth Woman and Crow Woman were solemn and silent. Eli and I ate hurriedly; we were glad to get away, get over to the trade room. "You are very quiet this morning," Eli said presently.

Well enough he knew why. I was badly worried about Flying Woman. But I did not wish to talk about it then.

"Thinking makes one quiet," I said evasively. Then I added, speaking truly enough: "It makes me pretty blue to see how fast this buffalo country is changing. In two or three years, the buffalo will be gone, the Indians will be starving, and the plains will be overrun with tenderfeet full of crazy ideas. There won't be much left that we care about."

Said Eli: "Well, I know what I'm going to do then, and you'd better go in with me. I'm going to get me a woman and live up at the foot of the mountains on our reservation; at Two Medicine Lakes. Plenty of elk and deer and bighorns there; plenty of fur animals to trap. The whites can't come there to bother us; we'll do well."

"A good plan; I'll be right with you."

"Well, then, here's Flying Woman," Eli suggested, gravely, understandingly. "Prettiest girl of all in our tribes. Fine character, neat and clean, a good worker. Get her; you'll never find a better one."

"She never gives me even a smile."

"Huh! Just her girl way—bashful. She'll set up a lodge with you all right. Me, I got my woman picked out, that Pikuni girl, Flag Woman, Red Paint's daughter. She's promised to me. Better make sure of Flying Woman for your lodge."

I said that I would think about his suggestion, and I did, a lot.

At noon of that day, Riel and several other Red Rivers came in their squeaking carts to trade with us. Riel was first into the trade room, bowing and smiling ingratiatingly.

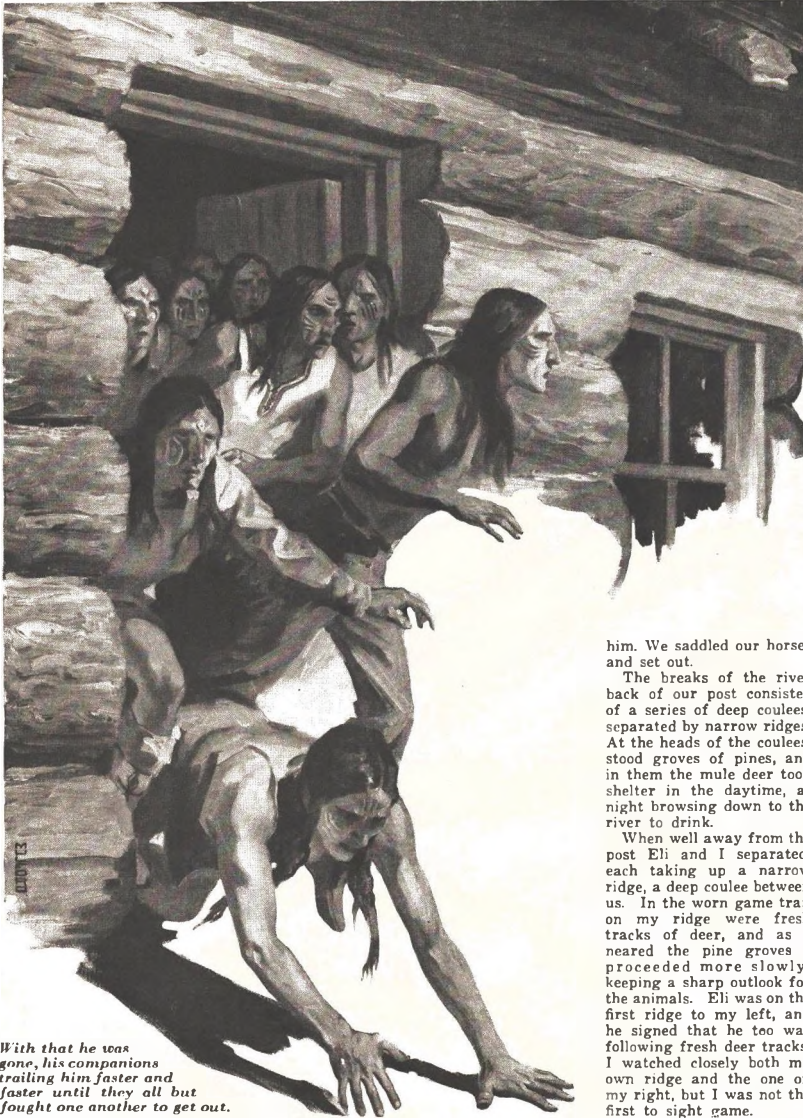
"Well, my good friend," he said to me, "to please you, I have lost my fine hunter, Short Bow."

"He can't be dead—no such luck," I returned shortly. "He was here last night, yowling and dancing until Crow Woman chased him off, and then he threatened to kill me."

"That is just it. I told him to come here no more except with me. Last night, after we had gone to bed, he saddled his horse and rode away; returned early this morning. I asked him where he had been.

"Down to the trading post," he answered.

"But I told you to remain away from there," I said. "I'll go there whenever I please. Who are you, to tell me that I may not do this and that?" he yelled.



With that he was gone, his companions trailing him faster and faster until they all but fought one another to get out.

"I reproved him; said he must not talk that way to me. He gathered up his belongings, tied them to his saddle, and rode away, shouting that he hated all Red Rivers, all white men; that there was one white man who must pay for what he had done to him."

Riel paused and looked at me meaningly.

"And I am the man," I shrugged. "Well, if I live until Short Bow kills me, I'll live a long time."

"Were I you, I should keep my eyes out for him," said Riel.

"Sure. A lovesick Indian is dangerous," Guardipe put in. And then told the Red Rivers how Crow Woman had tried to brain Short Bow with her hide chipper; how he had run from her.

They laughed and clapped their hands; said that Short Bow would never hear the end of that.

Passed several nights without disturbance by Short Bow and we hoped that he had given up his medicine wooing of Flying Woman. We learned from others of his tribe that he had not returned to their camp. Eli believed that he had gone on a lone raid against the Crows or the Assiniboinis, so that he might return with enemy scalps and horses and parade them before Flying Woman as proof of his bravery.

Trade was now slack. More and more I chafed at confinement in the post, just loafing there. So was it that one morning when Eli said he was going up in the breaks to kill a mule deer, I decided to go with

him. We saddled our horses and set out.

The breaks of the river back of our post consisted of a series of deep coulees, separated by narrow ridges. At the heads of the coulees, stood groves of pines, and in them the mule deer took shelter in the daytime, at night browsing down to the river to drink.

When well away from the post Eli and I separated, each taking up a narrow ridge, a deep coulee between us. In the worn game trail on my ridge were fresh tracks of deer, and as I neared the pine groves I proceeded more slowly, keeping a sharp outlook for the animals. Eli was on the first ridge to my left, and he signed that he too was following fresh deer tracks. I watched closely both my own ridge and the one on my right, but I was not the first to sight game.

Presently my pony stopped short, looked back down the ridge on my right, saw them before I did—two big bucks stiffly bounding up the ridge. But we were looking for plump, tender yearlings, and I let the bucks bound on.

A half hour later as Eli and I neared a wide grove of pines in which the coulee between us had its head, suddenly, not a hundred yards ahead of me, first a big doe, then other does and fawns and yearlings, rose up in a low growth of juniper brush and stared at me foolishly. My pony stopped short as I dropped its reins, stood like a rock while I fired once, and then once again, killing at each shot a yearling. Then as the little band ran off, Eli shouted and signed:

"Good. I will be quickly with you."

"Yes," I answered.

Riding on to my kills, I dismounted, got out my sheath knife, and started in upon the nearest yearling. I slit the hide from chin down along breast and belly to the tail, and was slitting the hide of a foreleg when suddenly a bullet cut into the brush close at my side, a gun boomed, and as I ducked down flat upon my stomach I saw a puff of smoke drift from a patch of brush on the ridge on my right.

I got hold of my rifle, crawled snakelike to the edge of the brush and scanned the ridge. As I expected, I saw no one, no movement up or down it. Still flat upon my stomach, I writhed out of my coat and wrapped it around a bit of brush that I broke off.

Next I stuck my hat upon the end of my rifle and, putting the two together, slightly raised them above the brush patch. But I failed to draw my enemy's fire. Then I heard Eli riding toward me. When he was close by, I sprang up and ran to my horse, shouting:

"Turn back into the coulee—quick! Someone on the next ridge shot at me."

"I heard the shot. Are you sure that it was fired at you?"

"The bullet cut into the brush within a foot of me," I answered as we reached the shelter of the coulee.

"Well, let's go back up a little way and peek over at the ridge."

We did that; saw no one.

After some talk, we rode down the coulee for a half mile or more, turned west and crossed my ridge, climbed to the crest of the next one, started down the opposite side, and there on the far side of the slope, we found the fresh tracks of a horse! Just far enough down it for its rider to have kept out of sight of me. In that way he had safely trailed me, now and then riding a little higher to peer over the ridge at me, seeking ever a chance to safely, surely pot me.

"Short Bow trailed you up here, shot at you! I'm sure of it," Eli declared.

"It may have been some stray Sioux warrior, after a scalp," I objected. "After all, I haven't harmed Short Bow."

"Ha! But he's got it into his head that you want Flying Woman; that you have a mysterious power which prevents the working of his Cree love medicine. So has he become your enemy and a dangerous one." "You may be right," I admitted soberly.

"Well, one thing's sure," Eli continued, after a moment. "Short Bow, with his one-shot muzzle loader, isn't going to take any chances with the two of us. Come on, we'll go back and butcher your kills."

That we did, I doing the butchering while Eli stood guard. And then, with the hides and choicest portions of the meat secured to our saddles, we went our homeward way. We paused in the little camp near our post and asked the women there if they had lately seen the young Cree, Short Bow.

"Yes," a young Blood woman answered. "I saw him early this morning. Saw him leave that Cree lodge, that little, farthest one, and go off that way into the timber."

"There. What did I tell you?" said Eli to me. And then as we rode on to the post: "The thing for you to do is to marry the girl and so end all this trouble. You speak to Flying Woman tonight; tell her that you want her."

"You do it; you speak for me," I said. That was a Blackfeet way of courting; a friend of the suitor went to the girl and her parents, highly praised him, and asked that the girl become his woman.

"No, sir, you are going to do your own talking. It will be expected of you, a white man, and the braver, more outspoken you are about it, the better the girl will like you."

"Oh, come now, help me out. I would do the same for you."

"No! I do my own courting, and so must you."

We made no mention of Short Bow until we were all at the supper table, Flying Woman and her mother too, and then Eli told in full detail of his trailing of us, of his attempt to kill me. Flying Woman, her dark eyes soft and sympathetic, was vehement in praise of me and I began to dread less the after-supper hour when, Eli insisted, I must speak to her.

But when Eli and I had gone back to the trade room to wait until the women had finished their evening tasks, I thought that I could not endure the ordeal of proposing to her before them all. It was Eli who at last urged me back to the cookhouse and into the little room in which the women were resting, talking, sewing in the light of several buffalo tallow candles.

At once and rapidly I said to the girl, sitting beside her mother: "Flying Woman, I love you very much. Will you be my woman?"

Mournfully, tearfully she looked up at me and whispered, "No." Then sought shelter, comfort, in her mother's arms.

"But you can't refuse him, one so good, so kind," Sahtaki said. And Earth Woman and Crow Woman, and Eli too, chimed in with praise of me and urged that she change her answer.

After long silence, she suddenly sat up and said: "Don't talk to me that way; it hurts. I cannot become his woman. If you only knew how I am troubled night after night with terrible visions. Always a man in a buffalo robe, a flap of it concealing his face below his eyes; little, mean shining eyes; his forehead banded with red paint; signing to me to go with Short Bow. And last night, ah, last night, he signed that were I to go to some other man, those whom I loved would die, and soon."

Her hearers uttered little cries of deep dismay. Even Eli was affected. Well I knew that it would be

useless to try to convince them that their dreams, their visions, had no meaning whatever. Firm was their belief that when one lay sleeping, one's shadow—soul—left the body and actually saw and conferred with those of the other world. Silently I left them and sought my couch.

The following day passed uneventfully till near supper time. Then Sahtaki came running into the trade room, crying:

"Prepare yourselves; be wise! Many riders have just arrived in our little camp—young Crees. Their leader Short Bow. All, all of them are war-painted!"

Chapter Four

THE days of the bastioned, stockaded trading posts had passed. Our post was an ordinary, big, long, log-walled, earth-roofed building, the trade room lighted by two shutterless double-sashed windows in front and two in the rear. So were we practically at the mercy of any enemy force that might attack us—for we had not expected enemies.

And now here was Short Bow, with his war-painted Cree friends, bent on trouble!

"We won't close the door," I said to Eli, as Sahtaki ran to get the other women. "The best thing to do is to put on a good front and let them in."

"That's the only thing to do," he answered.

So we took up our positions: Rose and Pearson behind the long dry goods counter, with Henry carbines under it, ready to their hands; Eli and I back of the other long counter, he with concealed rifle, I with two six-shooters in my belt, where the high counter protected them from sight.

And said I to the clerks: "Heed this, you two—we will take plenty of tongue abuse and pretend that we like it, and no shooting unless we absolutely have to shoot or be shot."

Then the four women came hurrying in, Crow Woman saying that the Crees had left their horses at the little camp below, and were coming on with guns in hand. I told them to go into the warehouse

and shut the door, but Earth Woman and Crow Woman came to a stand in the rear of the room, and declared that they were going to remain right there.

Flying Woman, however, ran into the warehouse, with her mother close behind. I knew that it was not death the girl feared but the drawing power of Short Bow's medicine.

We heard the dull thudding of many moccasined feet and then, led by Short Bow, the Crees came flocking in, twenty or more of them, painted, guns in hand. Grim were their faces, glowering their eyes, as they came to a stand and centered their gaze upon their leader and me.

In the crook of his left arm Short Bow carried his rifle, and from his right hand dangled a roll of beaver skins. His followers were poorly clothed, but he was resplendent in clean, fringed buckskin leggings, quill-embroidered moccasins, beaded buckskin shirt, and a new, white, three-point blanket; and neat were his long braids of hair. I had to admit to myself that he was one to catch any woman's eye.

But now his well-featured face was scowling, his lips a thin hard line as he glared at me, trying to stare me out of countenance. That I would not allow, however, and after long moments his gaze shifted, he hesitated, turned to Eli, and said to him in Cree:

"Interpret for me, you who speak my language." Then, laying his roll of beaver skins upon the counter: "Tell him, this white man trader, that I want powder and balls for these two skins."

Both skins were of good size and prime fur. I threw them under the counter, placed upon it two one-pound cans of powder, two one-pound sacks of No. 20 balls, and said to him, as he motioned one of his followers to take them:

"You did not have to bring beaver skins as an excuse to get in here and kill us. See, the door was open for you; and we are but four—no, five with Crow Woman. Well, begin—shoot!"

Sahtaki came running to us, crying: "Arise! Help us, you two. Flying Woman has gone—ridden away on her striped-faced horse!"

Before Eli finished interpreting that, Short Bow began wailing. He looked everywhere but at me; furtively glanced at his now uneasy followers; and at last said to them, either to save his face or because he really believed it:

"They have set some kind of powerful trap for us, or they would not have been so ready to let us in. Come, we go."

With that he sidled toward the doorway, his eyes ever watchfully upon me, and was gone, his companions trailing him faster and faster until they all but fought one another to get out.

So ended that encounter with my enemy. We relaxed, gave sighs of relief, and got together to talk it over. Flying Woman and her mother came from the warehouse, the girl all trembling, asking shakily:

"Has he gone, surely gone?"

"Yes. Gone all of them; like frightened dogs with tails between their legs," Crow Woman replied, and Earth Woman told how I had challenged Short Bow to do his worst, and how he had eased out of it.

Said Sahtaki: "Powerful, very powerful is that Short Bow's medicine that he wears; though we were in there behind the closed door, Flying Woman was again strongly drawn to go to him."

Sadly, Flying Woman looked at me and pleaded: "He makes me so sick, so tired! Can't you in some way prevent his coming near me again?"

"Only by killing him—"

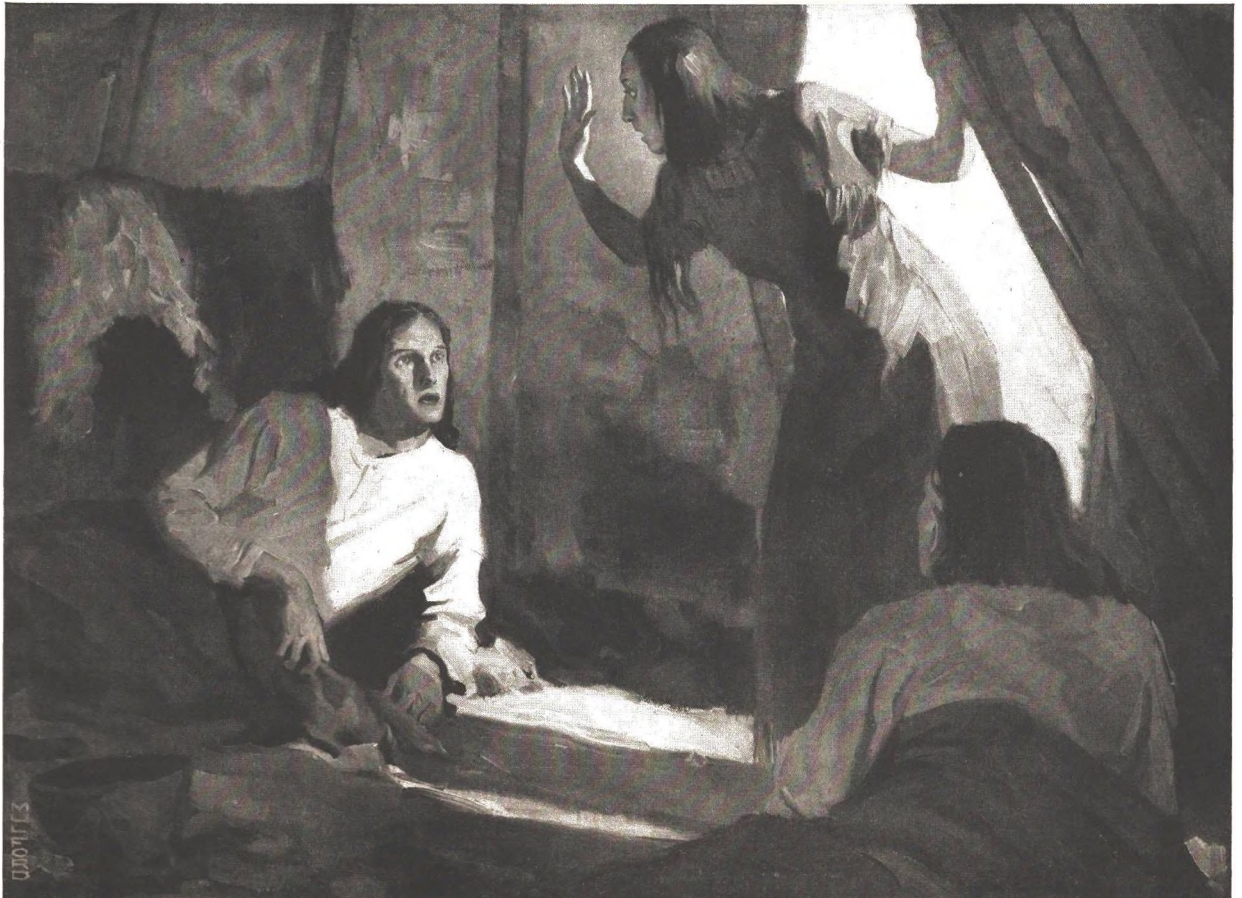
"And that we may not do," Eli put in. "Just think what Crow Quiver would say to us were we by our own fault to lose next winter's Cree trade!"

Said Sahtaki, angrily: "Well, it will be different when my man returns from his raid upon the Crees; he will put an end to that Short Bow's trail."

Eli gave me a grim nod. Well we knew how ungovernable was Three Stars' temper. We seemed bound to have war between the Bloods and the Crees!

Said Pearson to me: "You didn't say anything to Short Bow about what he tried to do to you up there in the breaks!"

"Just as well that he didn't," Eli answered. "We



will now be more watchful for him, be more careless in his trailing of us."

"I do not want to kill that Short Bow," I said.

"Well, then, you goin' let him kill you?" Rose asked.

Passed a quiet night. In the morning, near noon, the steamboat *Red Cloud* came back down the river, bringing Kipp. We all welcomed my partner, and then gave our attention to the trade goods he had brought back, and to several fur buyers who had come down on the *Red Cloud*.

We had been expecting the fur buyers, and with their coming began some strenuous days for us. For their inspection, and for grading as to size, quality of fur, and of tanning, every one of our 4,113 buffalo robes had to be held up before them, first fur side, then flesh side, and that required much time and labor. They had but to glance at the furred side of a robe to determine its quality; November and December were darkest furred, most valuable. Then when the robe was flipped over to show its flesh side, the readiness with which it twisted showed the softness of the tanning.

One evening during this inspection, John Goewey, a Boston buyer, asked us how many of the hides of buffalo that the Indians killed were converted into robes.

"About one in ten," Kipp estimated. Said Goewey: "Then your 4,000 robes, say, indicate that all of 40,000 buffalo were killed during the winter?"

"Many more were killed. Every family of Indians has robes for bedding and for wraps, robes that the trader never gets. Probably the tribes with whom we trade have killed since last fall not less than 60,000 buffalo."

Said Charlie Conrad, a Fort Benton buyer: "A year ago this spring, 30,000 buffalo robes were shipped down river from Fort Benton. Since 1860, the average shipment of robes from there has been all of that number, representing all of 300,000 buffalo annually killed by the Blackfeet and one or two other tribes; in other words, 6,000,000 buffalo in 20 years."

"What a terrible slaughter!" exclaimed John Goewey.

Said Kipp: "You overlook the fact that buffalo meat means life to the Indian."

"Yes. But the Indians never began exhausting their buffalo herds until the traders came with their demand for robes. The traders are the cause of the passing of these Northwest buffalo herds. And with their passing, now so near, how will the Indians live?"

"They won't live; they'll starve unless the government feeds them!" Eli exclaimed, and with that, low-hearted, he and I went off to bed.

On the sixth day, the fur buyers inspected the last pile of robes and handed us their bids. John Goewey's was the highest: \$7.13 per robe. The check that he handed us, for \$29,325.69, represented a profit to us of all of \$12,000. Then he gave us for our elk, deer, antelope, wolf, and beaver skins, another check for \$4,700. And still we had some tons of dried meat to sell to the trader at Standing Rock. Yes, ours had been a most profitable winter.

The fur buyers departed on an up-river steamboat, and we began baling the robes and hides, and tagging them for shipment to Boston.

Meantime we saw no more of Short Bow. I wondered if he had perhaps lost faith in the power of his love medicine.

"No hope of that," said Eli. "He will persist in his attempts to win Flying Woman until he gets all of us into real trouble."

Kipp nodded, frowning, much worried by the situation.

Came the day, at last, when we had all of our robes and hides baled, and piled out upon the river bank and cov-

ered with tarpaulins, ready to be shipped to St. Louis by the first steamboat. And on this day, when at last I was free to go out and camp and hunt upon the plains, our troubled affairs took a new turn.

Several men from the Blood camp on Armell's Creek arrived with sad news for Sahtaki and Flying Woman—Three Stars was no more!

Sorrowfully our visitors told their story. Three Stars' war party had discovered a camp of Crows on Bighorn River and, entering it at night, had taken a large number of their horses and started homeward with them. They believed they had not been discovered, but as they neared Elk River—the Yellowstone!—a large party of the enemy was sighted, riding in swift pursuit.

Shouted Three Stars to his companions: "For our pursuers to come upon us as we swim the river with our takings would be the death of us all. Which four of you will remain with me and hold them back until our herd has safely crossed?"

As the whole party responded, he himself named four of them. With him they helped the others force the herd into the river, and then the five took their stand in a fringe of willows.

Soon those swimming with the horses heard their five men and the

Crows shooting at one another, heard Three Stars, with mighty voice, singing his war song, his own song that he always sang in battle. The river was so swift that they were forced a long way down it before reaching its other shore. And then—no more of Three Stars' war song; it was forever stilled, for there outside the willows in which he and his four brave ones had made their stand, the Crows were singing, dancing, high-waving objects that could be naught else but scalps. . . .

Deep was the grief of Sahtaki and Flying Woman, and sad their wailings. Sahtaki cut her long hair to shoulder length, and scarified the calves of her legs in proper mourning for the loved one; and Flying Woman would have done likewise save that her mother sternly forbade it.

But our visitors from Armell's Creek brought other news for the two, news that in this time of sorrow was helpful. It was that fifty lodges of the Kutenai tribe, Chief Red Horn's band, had arrived from their across-the-Rockies country, to summer and hunt with the Bloods.

Now Sahtaki and Red Horn were brother and sister. Their mother, Frog Woman, was a Kutenai. Their father, Lone Eagle, dead for some years, had been a noted chief of the Blood tribe. Rightfully, Red Horn was classed as a

Blood Indian; but the North Kutenais, realizing that he was a real leader of men, had prevailed upon him to remain with them as their head chief.

It was to wise, kind Red Horn and their Kutenai mother that Sahtaki now said she and Flying Woman would go for comfort. Well, Eli and I were at last free to go out upon the plains, and what better could we do than to escort the two to their relatives, and ourselves stop in this and that lodge of our Blood friends—take part in their buffalo runs?

Said Kipp: "Yes. Do that. You can't get those two away from here too soon for me. If mix-up there must be with that love-crazed Short Bow, I don't want it to happen here."

And the next morning as we were leaving he cautioned us further: "Mind now, you two, do all that you can to avert any fighting between Crows and our tribes because of that confounded Short Bow."

We were quite a caravan that set out westward for Armell's Creek, for our numbers included our visitors from the Blood camp, the four or five Blood families from the mixed camp at our post, and Sahtaki and Flying Woman with Three Stars' large band of horses.

What a perfect spring day that was! What a wide scope of wild country we could see from that high, green-grassed plain—dark, timbered river breaks; rolling mountain ranges; rich flat lands dotted with herds of buffalo and antelope. My fellow travelers, save sorrowing Sahtaki and Flying Woman, were happy as they viewed the vast numbers of the animals. They sang, they chattered as they rode.

When we finally reached Armell's Creek, Eli and I accompanied the two mourners to the Kutenai camp. As we neared it, they began wailing for Three Stars, and their female relatives came from their lodges and wailed with them. The chief, kindly Red Horn, invited us to stop with him but his lodge was small and had many occupants; so we moved on to the camp of the Bloods, were welcomed by Chief Running Rabbit, and given a couch in his great lodge made of twenty-four buffalo cow hides.

The Blood camp was startlingly white in its green-grassed, green-treed setting in the little valley, for all of the lodge skins were of new leather. It contrasted sharply with the small, smoke-darkened lodges of the Kutenai camp, most of them of elk or moose leather.

But the great white camp stood in hushed quiet; there was no singing, dancing, feasting in it because of sympathy for the families of those who had fallen with Three Stars. And as soon as Eli and I were seated and smoking with our host, he informed us that the Horns, largest and most aggressive of the warrior societies of the Bloods, were preparing to go against the Crows to avenge the death of those who had fallen.

The chief's women soon set food before us: broiled buffalo tongue, lumps of baking powder dough fried in marrow grease—dough gods, we called them—and coffee. Several visitors came in; we smoked; talked of this and that. Learned that Crow Foot, Blackfeet chief, had sent word that he was soon coming to visit our host. At last to bed; wolves howling on the rim of the valley, the camp dogs answering them. But soon we slept soundly.

Early the next morning, came a Kutenai youth with an invitation from Red Horn for Running Rabbit, Eli, and me to eat with him. We gladly accepted and soon were in the Kutenai chief's small lodge.

Red Horn gave us seats on the couch next on his left. Opposite us sat Sahtaki and Flying Woman. The former greeted us pleasantly if sadly. The latter never even looked up at our entrance, remained bowed over, silent, during our visit.



Chanting something in her Kutenai tongue, Frog Woman securely tied the charm upon my neck.

Sahtaki signed to us secretly: "She will not talk, will not eat; I am worried about her."

Upon the couch just to the left of the doorway, sat a keen-eyed, white-haired, fine-faced, slender old woman, to whom Red Horn named Eli and me in her Kutenai language. She smiled, said she had heard much good of us, was glad that we had come in. She was Frog Woman, mother of Red Horn and Sahtaki.

Red Horn's wife, a comely woman of some forty years, also greeted us pleasantly, and soon set before us a real feast of broiled buffalo ribs and roast camas bulbs. We ate prodigiously, particularly of the sweet camas, which had much of the flavor of candied sweet potatoes.

Then we smoked in turn our host's big pipe, and chatted with him, spending a pleasant hour.

As we were leaving, I said to Flying Woman: "Be not so low-hearted. Take courage; talk; smile." But it was as though she had not heard me.

Eli and I lazed about in camp all day. It was late in the afternoon when a youth brought word that Red Horn wanted to consult us about a certain matter. As we approached the Kutenai camp, we saw Sahtaki and Flying Woman sitting a little way from it, the mother repeatedly wailing, moaning the name of their lost one, the daughter bowed over and silent.

Red Horn met us at the doorway of his lodge and, pointing to them, said: "As you see her, my niece out there, so has she been all day: silent, deaf to our questioning."

Then when he had followed him inside and were seated: "My friends, plain enough her trouble. It is that this worthless Cree has so overcome her with his love medicine that she cannot even mourn for her dead father, that she can think only of the Cree, long for him, even though she despises him so much that she shivers every time she hears his name. Well, my friends, we Kutenai are a fine people; for one of our kind to marry a Cree—oh, that would shame us! We can not allow it to happen. So I say to you this: If Short Bow appears here to try to take my niece, I shall kill him."

"No, you must not do that—" I began, but Red Horn cut me off short. "You to say that! You whom this worthless Cree has tried to kill! My sister has told me all about—"

"But he shall not have another chance to do it," I in turn interrupted: "Red Horn, all winter long, the leading chiefs and Crow Quiver and I have with great difficulty managed to maintain peace between the tribes, and now this Short Bow shall not cause all our efforts to have been for nothing. Were you to kill him, it would result in bitter tribal war."

"And Crow Quiver and you would lose much trade! Admit it."

"Yes. Of course we would. But think of the suffering that war between these tribes would cause. How many warriors would be killed! How many women and children would mourn their passing! Here we all are, living upon these last ones of our buffalo herds. Soon enough, trouble will come—want and hunger. You must see that the thing for us to do now is to remain in peace and friendliness to one another."

"I am, then, to allow the worthless Cree to work his will upon my niece! Ha!"

"She is here with you, in your lodge, in your care. Surely you, your woman, and her mother can prevent her going to the Cree should he appear."

"Powerful your argument; you finish me," Red Horn admitted.

Soon after that, Eli and I left him and strolled back to Running Rabbit's lodge. I confess that I was proud of what I had accomplished. We were going to be able to find our way out of this trouble, I felt.

But with the first white light of the following morning, Sahtaki came running in to us, crying:

"Awake! Arise! Help us, you two. Flying Woman has gone, has ridden away upon her striped-faced horse. Red Horn calls you; asks you to help him seek her. I, too, ask it of you. As you have love for your own mothers, try to return to me my love-crazed daughter."

Chapter Five

New Renfrew Adventures Begin Next Month

when a sandy-haired young man in walking tweeds strolls into a cabin full of desperate men and makes startling demands! A thrilling opener in a fine new Renfrew line-up—

"The Golden Clue"

By Laurie York Erskine

Eli and I hurried into our clothes and down to the Kutenai camp. Though it was not too early for some at least of its members to be up and about, Red Horn alone was in sight. He stood before his lodge, loudly, angrily haranguing his invisible, listening people.

"Yes, I am scolding them," he said in answer to our query. "Brave they have always been in facing the enemy with me,

but now when I call upon them to saddle up and search for my niece, they fail me; one and all they fail me. And why? Because they fear the power of the medicine of the worthless Cree who has taken her from us."

"Then he was here last night, that Short Bow?" I asked.

"Of course he was here, else why would Flying Woman have stolen away from us? Gone she is with her favorite horse, her saddlebags stuffed full with her belongings. Yes. As we slept, that dog-face Cree at last prevailed upon her to go with him."

"Perhaps she went alone and of her own accord," I offered. "She acted, yesterday, so queerly. Perhaps she was then planning to go to the Cree."

"No. Girls, women, do not go alone out upon the plains; too well they know the dangers that would beset them."

"Flying Woman was not herself," I said. "No telling what she might do."

I spoke calmly enough, but within me was stabbing pain. Suddenly I had realized afresh how much Flying Woman meant to me. And now doubtless Red Horn was right; she had gone to the worthless Cree! Against her will he had drawn her to him to do with her as he pleased; make her his drudging slave. But he should not accomplish this thing! I would put a stop to it. No matter what the consequences, he should not have her!

I was burning up inside, but I concealed my inner turmoil and said calmly to my good friend:

"Well, you called us; you want us to help you find her. Let us eat, and saddle up and go."

"Some of my reluctant ones have got to accompany us," Red Horn answered. "I will go to them, insist upon it. Meantime, you two go inside and my woman will give you food."

Eli and I went in, sat upon the chief's

(Continued on page 41)

The Way To Get To BE A SHOOTER

Right Up Your Alley When You Own a Real WINCHESTER



Larry Williams, Jr., of Washington, D. C. He got going extra early. Last Fall, when only 10 years old, he owned a 20-gauge Winchester double barrel shotgun—had won second place in the East's biggest skeet shoot for juniors.

MOST boys start with a .22 rifle as their first real gun. You probably have done some shooting with one. Now is the best time of the year for you to learn more about it. And right now Winchester has just printed a fine new rotogravure tabloid which you especially should get—and can have FREE! You'll find Larry Williams, Jr., in it. You'll find Roger Hughes there—the boy who won the highest honor for boys last year in .22 caliber target shooting, and a big silver trophy. Scores of other shooters too. Fill in and mail the coupon at the bottom of this advertisement—NOW!

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 SLIDE ACTION HAMMERLESS .22 RIM FIRE REPEATER
 Finest rifle of its type with 24-inch tapered round barrel, about 22 Short, Long and Long Slide cartridges interchangeable. Full size stock holds 20 Short, 10 Long or 11 Long Rifles. Beautifully balanced. True accuracy. Muzzle velocity 1,100 ft. per sec.

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 The new bolt action .22 rifle, a fine shooter, and remarkably low priced. Has 24-inch barrel with rotating slide. Full size stock interchangeable with 20 Short, Long and Long Slide cartridges. Full size stock interchangeable with 20 Short, Long and Long Slide cartridges. Full size stock interchangeable with 20 Short, Long and Long Slide cartridges. Full size stock interchangeable with 20 Short, Long and Long Slide cartridges. Full size stock interchangeable with 20 Short, Long and Long Slide cartridges.

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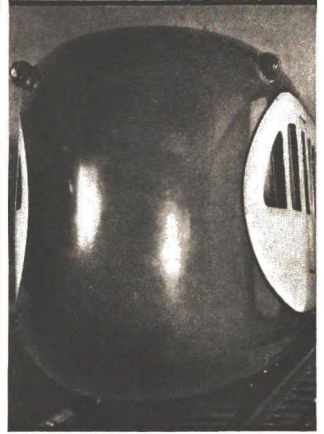
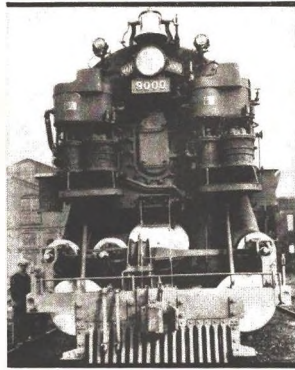
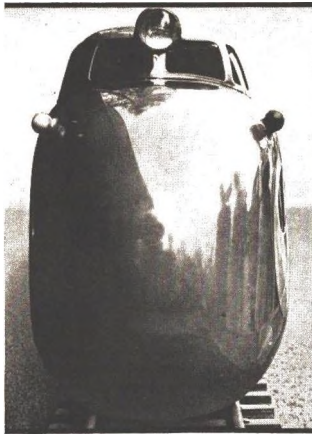
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Extreme left: The front view of the new streamlined train. Extreme right: Rear view of the same train. Compare these rounded surfaces with the gaudy front and rear of the present transcontinental trains!

What Is Streamlining?

by

Dr. Alexander Klemin

Director, Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, New York University

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third and last of Prof. Klemin's articles on streamlining. He has discussed automobiles and airplanes. Here he shows you what the train of the future may look like!

AVIATION has gone far with streamlining. American and European automobile builders are rapidly applying the art. Our railroads are just beginning.

Of course the railroads have a two-fold problem. Not only must their trains be better streamlined in order to cut down the cost of fuel at high speed, but they must also be much lighter.

A modern ten-car passenger train, consisting of locomotive, head-end car, de luxe coach, diner, six Pullman sleepers and observation cars weighs approximately 2,000,000 pounds. An average of 100 passengers per train is considered a very satisfactory volume of business, which means a dead weight of 20,000 pounds per passenger. Yet an ordinary 30-passenger bus weighs around 20,000 pounds or only 667 pounds per passenger. A 5-passenger automobile weighs about 4000 pounds or 800 pounds per passenger.

The contrast is remarkable. Hampered by regulations and traditions, our railroads have used sturdy, rugged but needlessly heavy equipment. To haul such an immense load is expensive.

Look at the picture showing the lightweight passenger train built by the Pullman Company and now being tested for the Union Pacific Railroad. Its streamline characteristics and high speed we shall discuss a little later. Let's talk of its weight, first.

This new three-car train seating 116 people will weigh 160,000 pounds. If there are a hundred people aboard, the weight per passenger today will be only 1600, as compared with the 20,000 pounds of yesterday—a remarkable improvement!

How did the designers make this improvement without sacrificing strength? By following the lessons taught in the construc-

tion of the airplane and the airship. First of all the very light and strong aluminium alloy, "duralumin," was substituted for ordinary steel. Dural is as strong as mild steel and only one-third as heavy. Next, an improved design of parts was developed by forcing hot metal through a die. Such sections are very accurate and strong for a given weight.

In the ordinary train the shocks are taken up by long frames underneath. These new cars are in the form of a huge tube, with all parts taking loads, instead of only the undercarriage frames. The long members of the tube extend the whole length of the car, which gives strength.

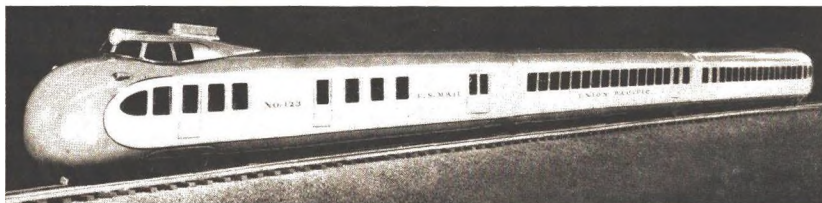
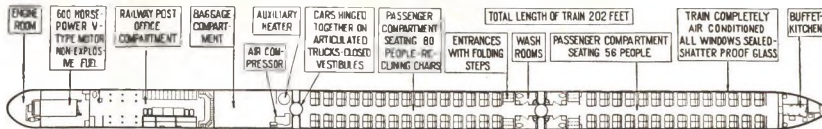
These are simple ideas, but someone had to think of them. Someone had to ignore old tradition—the worst enemy of engineering progress. Old railroad men still shake their heads and claim that these light trains will be

dangerous. Nothing of the kind! They will be lighter, it is true, but the shocks in suddenly stopping will therefore be less also. They will damage the rails far less because they are lighter—that is obvious. Nor is it necessary that a train be heavy to keep on the rails. It is in sharp turns that "inertia" forces, tending to derail the train, come in. (Anyone who has ridden a bicycle knows that in turning the bicycle has to be inclined inwards to oppose centrifugal or inertia forces.) When the weight of a train is reduced, the inertia force is less also, so nothing is lost in safety.

You have no doubt noticed that on a sharp turn the tracks are banked up. With very fast trains, this banking up of the tracks may have to be increased. Otherwise speeds of 100 miles an hour with a light train are perfectly safe—much safer in fact than with heavy cars and



Here is the streamlined train!



locomotives. If we look ahead and think of even higher speeds, say 150 miles per hour, then "guided" wheels will have to be used, with rails embracing the wheels in such fashion that they can never leave the track.

There's one other objection that the old-time railroad man is apt to bring up. How about the danger at grade crossings, when you collide with automobiles or trucks? Won't the light train suffer here? No more than the heavy train. The front of the new train has been curved in the form of an immensely strong arch.

We've seen how carefully the streamline form of the automobile has been studied in the wind tunnel with smoke photographs and gauges. The Union Pacific "fier" has also stood the wind tunnel test. As the photograph and diagram show, the front end of the train is nicely rounded and the rear end tapered out to an airship tail. Aluminium shields close up all gaps between one car and the next, windows (which are permanently closed) are flush with the car sides, no projections or rough corners are found anywhere.

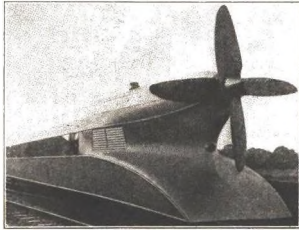
On the basis of wind tunnel tests and studies, here is what engineers tell us regarding speed and power: The new train will require only 500 horsepower in a comparatively small Diesel engine to travel 90 miles per hour with a load of 120 passengers and 25,000 pounds of mail and baggage.

The ordinary train with the same load of passengers and mail and baggage would require 3,400 horsepower for the same speed! Such locomotives would be tremendously heavy. The richest railroad in the country would go broke trying to operate them!

If a man's elbow were connected to the rest of his arm the way two ordinary cars are connected—that is, "couplings" and "draft gears"—he would have little use of his arm. The new trains are "articulated," with plates at their ends hinging freely about a giant "king-pin." Such

articulation will work as smoothly and freely as the perfect joints in a man's body. Another help to comfortable travel will be the universal use of rubber as a shock absorbing material. The car will be supported on its wheels through the agency of huge rubber doughnuts which will prevent any shocks at the wheels from reaching the passenger!

The interior of the cars has been just as carefully designed for comfort. Every shatter-proof window is sealed, and there's complete air conditioning—hot-air circulation in winter, cool-air in summer. All the air is fresh and cleaned. A special insulation protects the passenger's ears from noise. Ample room, reclining chairs and tasteful decorations complete the scheme. Study the diagram of the interior.



Here's a propeller-driven car successfully operated in Germany.

With light, smooth, fast and comfortable trains such as these, travel on the railroads will become a pleasure that everyone will look eagerly forward to. The first streamline trains will be put into service on comparatively short hauls. Later on we may look forward to a New York-San Francisco 50-hour limited, (instead of the four-day service as now) and the long shining caterpillars, immune to weather, never having to make a forced landing, will offer infinitely greater competition to our airlines.

Just because the Union Pacific train is to be equipped with a Diesel engine, doesn't mean that steam locomotives are to be displaced. For longer, larger trains, steam may be just as useful as ever but the steam locomotive will change radically in outer form.

To see a steam locomotive rush by is always an exciting sight. With its driving rods and wheels it's the very image of power. But compare the picture of the steam locomotive as it is today with the front end of the Union Pacific! Today's locomotive is festooned with irregular projections and obstructions, churning up the air, increasing resistance and wasting power. The locomotive to come, equally powerful and rugged, will be enclosed in one

smooth envelope, with not a break for the air flow.

The Union Pacific train, though similar in appearance to an airplane body or airship shape, still derives its pull from the action of the wheels on the track. In Germany successful experiments have been made with a streamline train driven by an airplane-type propeller. (See picture.) The slender streamlined car, 85 feet long, is pushed forward by a four-bladed airscrew placed at the rear. An aircraft-type motor of 400 horsepower drives the airscrew at the end of a long shaft. The construction of the car is of light steel tubing with an outer shell of gray aluminum. The train shown in our photo has reached a speed of over 113 miles per hour, and the many passengers seated in the low shiny car were perfectly comfortable. At 100 miles an hour, the car makes 5 miles to the gallon of gas—a remarkable achievement considering that 50 passengers may be carried.

Which shall it be—air propellers or ordinary traction wheels? Engineers could argue the question for days. The advantage of the propeller is that rigid connection between the motor and the driving wheels is eliminated, which makes for smoother riding. The rapidly turning propeller acts like a gyroscope and helps to make the train more stable, less likely to derail even at the highest speed.

On the other hand the propeller can only be built of a limited size without projecting too far beyond the tracks, and this in turn severely limits the size and power of the streamline train. In the United States, at least, this will put the propeller-driven train out of the running.

There are still other applications of "aerodynamics" ahead. Ships and motor boats may change in appearance like the trains, and become both faster and more beautiful. Large windmills may be utilized for giving light and power in the country. The science of air flow, properly understood, will have a vast and friendly importance for everyone in our country.

Overhaul Your Bike!

By G. EVERETT VAN HORN

BICYCLING weather is here! It's time to take those long jaunts to your favorite woods and fishing holes! And just to keep your bike in tune with the new coat of color that houses and fences and trees are sporting, give it a new paint job and an overhauling. The only cost is a dollar and a little time.



Oil up first. Clean and oil the chain. Oil the front and rear hubs, the sprocket wheel, the saddle springs and the upper part of the front fork. Tighten the spokes. If the valves in the tires are old, replace them.

Remove the tires from the rims and hang the rims by a cord from the rafter. Tie the cord to the hub so that you can turn the wheel easily. Remove all removable nickel parts from the frame and hang it up by two wires.

Rub the frame with steel wool or sandpaper and give it a coat of bright enamel. Work from the upper part to the bottom and catch the running paint with your brush so that the coat will be even. Give the rims a coat of enamel,

taking care to wipe off any enamel that gets on the spokes. Three coats will give the metal a good finish. Dark blue, bright red, chocolate brown, and dark green are all excellent colors. Use a contrasting color for trimming, if you wish.

Polish the nickel work with scouring powder. If necessary, replace the rubber pads on the pedals. Clean the leather on the saddle and tool kit with naphtha and polish with shoe polish. Scour the spokes and give them a coat of aluminum paint.

When you're through, you won't know the old bike!



Thumbs Down!

"TOM, I'M SORRY BUT NO MORE SNEAKERS FOR YOU. TAKE THEM RIGHT OFF AND THROW THEM AWAY! I WON'T HAVE YOU WEARING THE SMELLY THINGS ANY LONGER. NO MORE SNEAKERS!"

"BUT, MOM, I'VE GOT TO HAVE SNEAKERS—TO PLAY BALL IN—AN TO HIKE. WHY, I NEED 'EM ALL THE TIME!"

"YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WEAR YOUR OLD SCHOOL SHOES, TOM."

"GEE, IT SAYS HOOD CANVAS SHOES DON'T GET SNEAKER SMELL, 'CAUSE OF THE HYGEEN INSOLE! I'LL TRY THAT ON MUM!"

"YES, MUM, I'M SURE—THAT'S JUST WHAT THAT SIGN DOWN IN BLACK'S WINDOW SAID—NO OFFENSIVE SNEAKER SMELL WITH HOOD CANVAS SHOES WITH THE GREEN HYGEEN INSOLE! CAN'T I HAVE A PAIR?"

"ALL RIGHT, TOM WE'LL TRY THEM AND SEE!"

"BETCHA IT WAS 15 MILES, ED. BUT MY FEET LASTED SWELL. THESE HOOD SHOES OF MINE ARE AWFUL EASY ON YOUR FEET."

"WHEE, MY DOGS ARE SURE TIRED. WE MUSTA COVERED 15 MILES, TOM!"

"WELL, TOM, THESE HOOD CANVAS SHOES WITH THE HYGEEN INSOLE CERTAINLY HAVE LIVED UP TO THE ADVERTISING. 'NO OFFENSIVE SNEAKER SMELL IS RIGHT!' THEY'RE A REAL DISCOVERY!"

NO more trouble about smelly sneakers for Tom!—now he's got a pair of Hood Canvas Shoes with the Green Hygeen Insole. What's more, he finds his footwork is peppier in games and his feet "last" longer. Why? Because the scientific ventilation in the uppers keeps his feet cool and the smooth, seamless Xtrulock construction means no blisters or soreness from rough seams. It means extra wear without extra weight, too. Why not wear Hood Canvas Shoes yourself this summer?



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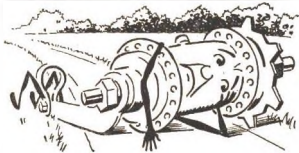
on the Green Insole — for your protection

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HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC., WATERTOWN, MASS.

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We were there, on the steep slopes of Hartland Mountain in Connecticut to find out the stuff that brakes were made of. And we got the low-down—on materials, workmanship and design of all coaster brakes. What we found out immediately obsoleted all bicycle brakes.



Down the Mountain

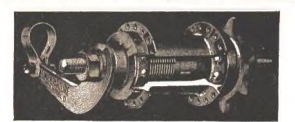
and none of them had sufficient braking power for emergencies.

After each test, temperatures of the brakes were recorded—wear was checked—if one broke under the tremendous strain—that fact and the reason for it went into the note books, too,—we learned about brakes from brakes—there on Hartland Mountain.

Armed with these definite facts, our engineers designed the new model D New Departure with 90% more braking surface—the only brake built of chrome nickel steel—sealed them tight against dirt, sand and leaking oil—result—a coaster brake for safer bicycling.

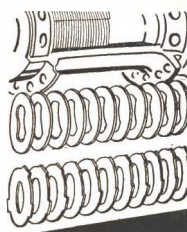
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NEW DEPARTURE
THE NEW AND BETTER
COASTER BRAKE



NEW DEPARTURE
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Some brakes stood the grief on these wear-out tests—with back pedal pressure applied suddenly under speed—better than others—but many weaknesses discovered were common to all brakes—



90% More Braking Surface

and slid down the side, in order to peer through the right-hand window.

"Valve Oil!" he shouted. "Right here below you," came the gruff voice of the engineer. "Quick! I'll help you out," said Chuck, reaching downward.

Valve Oil laughed, a ghostly, mirthless chuckle. "Help me out," he scoffed. "If you do that yuh'll pull my left foot off."

"You're pinned in the cab?" "Yeah. I seen th' mountainside bust off an' start toward us an' I tried to jump. Then th' engine turned over an' my foot got caught in th' shuffle." Valve Oil spoke in a calm, level tone. To Chuck his nerve was astounding.

By this time several bobbing lanterns approached. Chuck raised himself to his knees. He cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted above the roar of the river: "Bring a lantern out here. Valve Oil's pinned in his cab."

He dropped on his stomach again and looked down at the faint white patch that was Valve Oil's face.

"Seen my frebby?" asked the engineer.

"No." The conductor came crawling out toward the cab, lantern pushed ahead. "Valve Oil's foot is pinned in the cab," Chuck explained. "Come here and hold your lantern so it'll shine inside. I'm going through the window to see if I can release him."

The conductor nodded and dropped to his hands and knees. "Valve Oil's fireman was thrown into th' river. He got out an' is on his way over," he said.

"I'm glad to hear that," came Valve Oil's muffled voice.

The conductor stuck his lantern down into the cab. Its red illumination, reflected from the surface of swirling, muddy water, showed that only Valve Oil's head and shoulders protruded above the flood. Valve Oil's face suddenly contorted with pain.

"Foot's beginnin' to ache like an ulcerated tooth," he grunted.

Chuck slipped through the window and let himself down into the cold water. Taking a deep breath he submerged, feeling his way down Valve Oil's left leg. The foot, he found, was pinned between a cab brace and the plank floor. Chuck tugged and pulled at it but it wouldn't move. Unable to hold his breath longer he came to the surface.

The conductor's face was stuck through the window. "Since I came out here," he said, barely above a whisper, "th' water has raised almost five inches!"

Chuck looked quickly at Valve Oil. Only the man's head was above the flood. And as he watched, the water raised almost to his chin.

"We all got to go sometime," said Valve Oil quietly. "Guess it's my time now."

Valve Oil's fireman and the head brakeman were huddled beside the conductor, peering below in horror. Chuck, hanging to the window, was desperately trying to figure a way out.

"Conductor!" he shouted suddenly, "have you got a chain on your caboose?"

"No, I ain't got a chain. But I've got about seventy-five feet of steel cable we use to switch cars on mine spurs," replied the conductor.

"Get it quick!" Chuck put his arms under Valve Oil's shoulders to hold him above the surface of the water. "And you," to his fireman, "get on my engine and back the train up two hundred feet.

Cut off the engine, then, and ease her up here. And hurry!"

Something in his tone electrified both the fireman and the conductor. They faded into the night.

"What are you gonna do?" asked Valve Oil's fireman anxiously.

"See if I can hook that cable on a corner of this cab and raise it by pulling with the 451."

"I'll be a bloody goose if that ain't an idea," yelled the fireman. "Buck up, Valve Oil. We'll get y' out yet."

Agonizing minutes dragged by, during which Chuck heard his engine chuff the train backward. By this time Valve Oil had his head tipped back, and only his face above water.

Something rattled across the side of the cab. "Here's that cable," panted the conductor. "I hitched it to th'

so that he could speak to the conductor who was holding Valve Oil above the flood.

"We've got to chance it," he said with the calmness of despair. "Tell my fireman to back the engine up a few more feet. I'll hold Valve Oil's head above water."

The conductor nodded and got to his feet. He was back in less than two minutes. "We're ready," he said.

His lantern described a short circle. Chuck heard the cable pop ominously. The cab creaked and complained, but didn't rise.

"Shall I keep signaling him to back up?" asked the conductor.

"Yes!" Chuck was desperate.

It seemed that an eternity passed while the cab remained rigid in the flood. The cable was singing a high-pitched song now. A life was hanging on slender, taut threads of steel.

Then, without warning, the cab jerked upward, shuddering violently. There came a report like a pistol shot. The broken end of the cable whizzed above Chuck with bulletlike speed. In a swirl of water the cab sank below the surface of the torrent.

Chuck, hanging to Valve Oil, felt himself pulled under water. Icy currents closed over him. Straining in every muscle, arms around Valve Oil's middle, he heaved upward. Suddenly he felt Valve Oil's body come loose. His head

broke the surface of the water, and there was Valve Oil's head near-by. He heard the engineer gulp great breaths of life-giving air.

"That last pull with th' cable freed m' foot!" gasped Valve Oil.

A relief train carried Valve Oil Kennedy and his fireman back to Gilson. Chuck backed the train to the first siding and set the loaded cars there. Then he returned to Gilson with the caboose.

In the office, while he was making out an accident report, nobody approached him. After registering in, he walked slowly up to his room, cleaned up, changed clothes, and lay down on his bed. Thank goodness Valve Oil had got out safely!

Tramping feet sounded down the hall, becoming louder as they approached his door. Someone knocked loudly.

"Come in," invited Chuck, sitting up.

The engine crew caller, followed by Foreman Rhodes, Valve Oil Kennedy, and a dozen others, entered. Rhodes smoked with rapid puffs on a stubby pipe. Valve Oil wore a look of embarrassment.

"My idea was to bring one of them laurel wreaths and put it on your head," grinned the caller, "but these fellows wouldn't have none of that. They wanted me to tell you that owing to your good work of last night—"

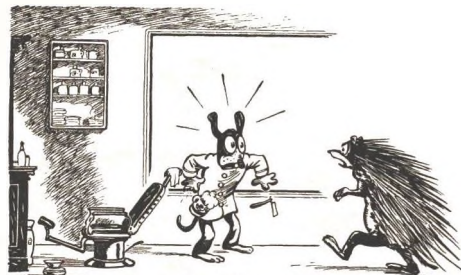
"Cut out the chatter," gruffly interrupted Rhodes. Then to Chuck: "I've pulled them demerit marks down and cleared your record, Herman. An' I'm sorry about th' way I tore into yuh th' other day."

"Yeah." Valve Oil's voice rumbled through the room. "An' all of us heads want to apologize, Chuck. Yuh see, we didn't know what kind of a feller you was, comin' off th' broad gauge. But yer broad gauge, all through, an', by cracky, yer a narrow-gauge head, too. What I mean to say is—ah—well—"

Valve Oil grew silent and fumbled with his hat.

"I know—" Chuck's eyes were shining.

Broad Gauge Man (Continued from page 13)



Porcupine: "Shave, please."

couplin' on your engine."

"Hold him above the surface," Chuck instructed Valve Oil's fireman. The fireman reached down and grasped the engineer. Chuck pulled himself through the window and grabbed the end of the cable. A steel hook was attached to it and he heaved a sigh of relief.

Carrying the hooked end to the roof of the cab Chuck took a deep breath and let himself down headfirst into the boiling flood. It tore at him and tried to whirl him away, but his left hand clung grimly to the flanged edge.

Lungs bursting, Chuck finally felt the other side of the roof. He quickly slipped the steel hook beneath it, then shot to the surface and pulled himself back on the side of the cab.

Only Valve Oil's nose was above the water now.

"Signal my fireman to back up slowly!" Chuck shouted.

The conductor's lantern moved in a small circle. The cable stretched tight and began to pop and snap. For a nerve-racking second the cab didn't move. Then slowly it raised almost a foot.

"Hold it!" yelled Chuck.

Valve Oil's head was again above the surface.

"That better?" shouted Chuck.

Valve Oil shook his head. "It'll be two hours before help can get here," he said calmly. "By that time I'll be two feet under water."

Chuck knew that Valve Oil was right. The water was still rising steadily. Faster, if anything. Furthermore he had examined the cable. It was stretched almost to the breaking point. He knew that another effort to raise the cab might cause the steel thread to snap.

In thirty minutes the water had raised so high that Valve Oil's head was again thrown far back, and now he was gasping for air. Lightning still flashed from the east and the rain came down in torrents.

"Let loose of me!" gasped Valve Oil gruffly. "Let's get it over with!"

Chuck was on his feet, fingers playing over the cable. Now he crouched

The Jinx Doctors

(Continued from page 10)

knowing he had no one to fear but Bert Lorimer. But before he tackled Bert he wanted to square himself with Sandy McFee. He was going to need moral support, and the big, good-natured Sandy had been aloof. He went up to the senior shamefacedly.

"I owe you an apology," he said, "for telling you I was busy last Wednesday, and then dating the Nu Deltsas."

Sandy looked at him thoughtfully. "That's all right," he said. "I knew why you did it."

"But you've been staying away—" Dick began.

"Oh!" Sandy laughed. "That was just to give you a chance to look 'em all over!"

Sandy, Dick reflected, held no grudges. He was a real guy.

Down on Court Number 9, Dick saw Bert putting down his three rackets and taking off his striped tennis jacket.

"Oh, Bert!" Dick called. "How about a little workout?"

"Okay," Bert called back.

"Bring your stuff up here," Dick invited.

"Come on down to Court Nine," Bert called back. "It's a better court."

Dick threw a quick glance at Sandy and Sandy grinned understandingly.

"Rock Valley stuff, eh?"

Dick nodded and walked down to Court 9. It was the first time they had met in a little over

a year, and before they had taken a dozen strokes Dick knew that if he had improved, so had Bert Lorimer. He was more versatile. Smoother! And his cut shot was as deadly as ever.

After an hour of brisk work, Dick walked off the court and met Gilmore at the side lines. The slender *Daily* man looked at the sweating freshman.

"That looked like midseason stuff!" he said fervently. "What was this—a Davis cup finals or a grudge match? When do you two meet in the tryouts for the Tech meet? I need a story for the *Daily!*"

"Thursday," Dick said, mopping his brow.

Sandy walked by on his way to the gym and threw his arm about Dick's shoulder. "Good going," he said. "You can do it. I was watching you."

But Dick, drawing a deep breath of weariness, wondered.

On Wednesday they practiced again, and again Dick had to go over to Court 9. It was a minor point, but it irked him. It was the Bert Lorimer code—you play in my back yard or we don't play.

At the Thursday tryout, a big sprinkling of students and candidates ringed Court 9, brought there by Gilmore's story in the paper. Rib Reynolds was on the side lines, keen-eyed and eager to see which one of these two boys would be the fourth man in the Tech meet. Sandy McFee sat calmly in the judge's chair.

Through long, bitter hours, Dick had learned the best way to handle Bert's murderous cuts. Play inside the base line. Be ready for a lightning-like dive to the outside.

Using this technique to perfection, he started out by breaking through Bert's serve on the very first game. He followed up his advantage by taking his own serve and going into a 2-0 lead. He didn't break through Bert's serve again, but he didn't need to. His own serve was working well, and by trading games he ran out the set, 6-4.

"Nice work," Bert said at the water bucket. "Just how long are you going to keep up this midseason form, anyhow?"

Dick didn't answer. With the suave, well-dressed Bert he was never sufficiently at ease to make the right answers.

With the beginning of the second set, Bert began going to the net, forcing the game, and making smashes that brought murmurs from the crowd. The games went to 4-4. Dick didn't know just how it

happened, but from that point on, Bert seemed to grow better while he grew worse. It was as though, with victory in his grasp, his limbs refused to function properly. He had never beaten this man. It was unbelievable that he could beat him now. At any rate, Bert won the second set 6-4, and the third 6-3.

Bitterly disappointed at the outcome, Dick shook hands with Bert and walked off the court, avoiding the sympathetic eyes of Gilmore and Sandy. And on Saturday he stood on the side lines and watched

Bert lose to his Tech opponent by the close score of 4-6, 7-5, 2-6, while Sandy, Rib, and Tommy Tompkins, playing in top form, won their matches to cinch the meet.

Ten days later, in the tryouts for the Lawrence meet, Dick had another chance to take down the Lorimer Indian sign. Meanwhile he had smoothed up his game until he knew that it was working like oil. Twice he had taken sets from Sandy, and one afternoon he had forced Rib to a 7-5 score.

Yet, in the tryout, Bert beat Dick 7-5, 6-8, 6-4. And Bert played in the Lawrence matches and again lost to his man.

Dick was desperate. It was the second week in May. There was only one chance left to take Bert. The tryouts for University would be held on May 15, and Dick waited for the date in tortured suspense. At practice, one day, he went to Gilmore for help.

"Gil," he pleaded, "what's wrong with me?"

"It's got me," Gil said, scratching his head. "Watching you two practice, I'd put my money on you every time. But—I dunno."

There was a coolness in Gil's manner that terrified Dick. In desperation he went to Sandy.

"Why can't I beat him?" he despaired.

"You can beat me one set out of three," Sandy puzzled. "And Bert hasn't beaten me yet."

Dick had a horrible thought. "You don't think I'm laying down, do you?" he cried. "Maybe I just fold up and—"

"Nonsense," Sandy said gruffly. "I

August's Air Corps Story

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is Lawrence M. Guyer's rousing saga of irrepressible Lieutenant Jimmy Wallace and his practical jokes. Of the enemies Jimmy made and the price he paid—paid with a we-inspiring courage while flying five miles high.

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do think you press a little. Especially when you get close to victory. But it's something else." He thought a moment. "For one thing, Bert's cut shot gets madder as he goes along. That is, against you it does. It didn't in the Tech and Lawrence matches."

"What does that mean?" Dick asked mournfully.

"Let me think," Sandy said. For an instant his bony brows wrinkled in concentration. Then they cleared. "I've got an idea," he said at last.

"Well, for cat's sake, if it's worth anything—"

Sandy started to walk away.

"Where're you going?" Dick cried.

"Down to Court Nine—come on along," Sandy answered him shortly.

The big senior walked over every foot of Court 9, the mystified freshman at his heels. Then Sandy raised his eyes and looked at the background, north and south of the court. Dick looked with him. There were trees to the north, and the big red brick gym to the south.

"Hm," Sandy murmured, scratching his jaw.

"Hm what?" Dick asked anxiously.

"I don't know yet," Sandy grunted. "I've got an idea somewhere, but it won't jell."

"I hope it jells before Wednesday," Dick said sadly.

But up to Wednesday afternoon, just a half hour before the tryout, the tight-mouthed Sandy had said nothing and Dick, walking out to the courts, felt like one of General Custer's men, making his last stand.

As he walked through the iron door in the backstop, however, he noticed that the high judge's chair was at Court 3, and beside it Sandy McFee and Gilmore were standing, grinning. No one else was near.

"I've found out something," Sandy said softly, as Dick approached.

Dick's pulse quickened. "What?" he asked.

"Gilmore and I have decided that this match is going to be played on Court Three," Sandy said softly. "NOT Court Nine."

"What for?" Dick asked.

"Remember my mentioning that Bert's cut shots worked better against you than against the Tech and Lawrence men?"

Dick nodded dubiously.

"Well," Sandy chuckled, "the boy is smart! He couldn't make Tech and Lawrence play on Court Nine!"

Dick began to see light. "You mean," he asked incredulously, "that Court Nine is different?"

"It was built a year later," Gilmore put in. "Ask Scotty Keiran, grounds keeper."

"Haven't you noticed that Bert is always tougher in the third set than the first?" Sandy asked. "The more you scuff up the courts the better his cut shots become."

"That's why you examined Court Nine?" Dick asked.

Sandy nodded.

The pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place. Bert had picked out a soft court. Why, even back in Rock Valley Bert had insisted on playing on his own court! Except in the county match, and then Dick had almost

beaten him—*would* have beaten him but for a mean stone bruise! Bert's home court had probably been soft, too! Why, it al' fitted like a glove! What a sap he'd been! The soft court even explained why Bert had been unable to beat Rib and Sandy. He couldn't make *them* play down there! A cold rage shook Dick.

"He's soft-courted me for the last time!" he burst out, trembling.

"Easy, now," Sandy cautioned. "You can't play tennis when you're mad."

"I won't be mad when I start playing," Dick growled between set lips. "I'm through being a sucker."

While they talked, a small crowd gathered at Court 9, and among them Dick detected Bert and Rib. The

angry as he threw his jacket toward the backstop and walked out onto the court.

"You're getting pretty high-hat, aren't you?" he spat out. "Nope," Dick said coolly. "It's not so far to the showers from here."

Tennis, a polite game, had for the moment become a battle between these two. For ten years, pressure had been accumulating, and for the moment the courtesies of the game were forgotten. They were two tigers, eager to get at each other's throats. Neither man attempted to conceal his grim hostility.

But of all the men on the side lines, Sandy alone knew what was happening on the court. He knew that the gawky, likable Dick Payne was fighting for his soul.

Dick spun a racket and Bert won the serve. Dick selected the south court; the scrap was on.

Bert's first serve whizzed into the corner of the court and spun into the alley. With a lightning-like lunge Dick barely got his racket on it for a soft return to midcourt. Bert killed it and went 15-love.

In the left court Bert double-faulted and the score was tied. Dick returned the next serve deep to Bert's backhand, and came to the net for a killing smash, to go into the lead.

Once more the enraged Bert double-faulted, and on the following serve Dick ended a long volley by passing his rival at the net. He had taken Bert's serve four points to one!

As in the first tryout Dick followed up his initial advantage by running out the set 6-4.

In the second set he grimly watched Bert for signs of faltering. But as the set progressed, Dick felt a reluctant admiration for his foe. Instead of getting worse, Bert was getting better. Dick knew that he himself was playing at the

top of his game. His drives were hard and accurate. His first serves were going over as they never had before. Yet Bert was returning them with mad inspiration, and dashing to both corners for unbelievable saves. And Bert took the set 8-6.

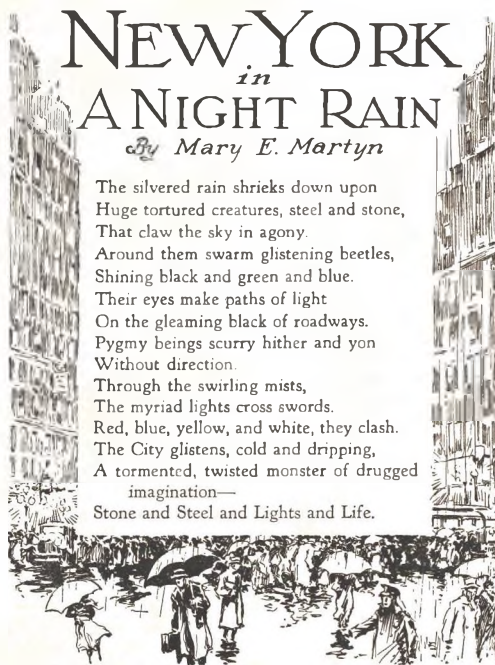
As they began the third set Dick felt a momentary wave of panic. Was the Lorimer jinx going to repeat itself again? In agitation he pounded his racket on his knee.

Bert was serving the first game, and Dick crouched back in his corner, wary and tense. The cut shot came over, down the inside line. Dick lunged with his backhand, met the ball with a graceful sweep. It left his racket and sailed deep to Bert's right.

A relieved breath escaped Dick's lips. "I couldn't have done that on Court Nine," he told himself. "Not after two sets of play! That cut shot is easier to return on this court!"

As in the first set, Dick broke through Bert's serve, and as they changed courts Dick's muscles were singing a song of victory. They exchanged no words. Since their altercation at the beginning of the match, neither man had spoken except to say, "Ready?"

For the first time, against Bert, Dick found himself going into the third set with relaxed muscles. But Bert shattered the mood by breaking through Dick's serve to even the set, 1-1.



NEW YORK in A NIGHT IN RAIN By Mary E. Martyn

The silvered rain shrieks down upon
Huge tortured creatures, steel and stone,
That claw the sky in agony.
Around them swarm glistening beetles,
Shining black and green and blue.
Their eyes make paths of light
On the gleaming scurry of roadways.
Pygmy beings scurry hither and yon
Without direction.
Through the swirling mists,
The myriad lights cross swords.
Red, blue, yellow, and white, they clash.
The City glistens, cold and dripping,
A tormented, twisted monster of drugged
imagination—
Stone and Steel and Lights and Life.

freshman turned quickly, purposefully to Sandy.

"Get out your racket and warm me up," he murmured. "Hurry!"

Sandy obliged, and for a few minutes they volleyed, while the crowd gathered down at Nine. Soon Dick heard Bert's voice.

"Oh, Dick! Let's get started!"

"All right!" Dick called back, returning one of Sandy's drives. "Come on up!"

"Come on down here!"

"We're going to play on Court Three!" Dick shouted pleasantly, a grim smile twisting his lips.

"What's the idea?"

Dick continued to volley. He could feel the bewilderment in the motionless group on Nine, and a feeling of triumph surged through him. It was good, merely to insist on his own way with Bert.

"What's the matter?" Bert called angrily. "Getting too good for my court?"

Dick pointed a racket at the judge's chair. "Chair's up here," he pointed out logically.

"Bring it down!"

A couple of Nu Delta freshmen trotted up to bring the chair down, but Sandy stopped them with a gesture. They moved back hesitantly, and for a long minute the silent battle continued. Then, reluctantly, Bert came up to Court 3. His face was flushed and

Grimly they battled up to 4-4, with long, killing volleys that brought sharp exclamations and involuntary bursts of applause from the crowd. By now the onlookers had swelled to the proportions of an intercollegiate rooster section.

Bert was serving the ninth game. Under his breath Dick was growling: "You haven't got Court 9 to help you now."

Bert's serve was good, and it spun at an almost impossible angle to Dick's right. How he got there Dick didn't know, but his racket found the ball, took it off the ground, and angled it over the net for an amazing placement. Bert made an angry gesture, as if to hurl his racket to the ground.

That little gesture was a revelation to Dick. It was like throwing open a door and revealing the inside of Bert's soul. A tense, worried, chaotic soul! For the first time in his life Dick had Bert on the run! A surge of triumphant joy swept through him.

Dick won the set and match, and with the final point a great load seemed to fall off his shoulders. He walked to the net, hands outstretched, while the crowd stood around in stunned silence.

"Swell game, Bert," he said, smiling.

Bert's face was a thundercloud and the knuckles of his right hand were white as he gripped his racket. Then, slowly, the rage seemed to pour out of the proud, flushed face, and a new look of respect replaced it.

"I didn't think you could do it," he said, with a long breath. "Good work, Dick."

That night Dick got two letters, one

inviting him to pledge Nu Delta and one Gamma Chi. He stuffed the Gamma Chi letter into his pocket and walked over to the house. On the porch he met Gilmore and Sandy, and Gilmore was wearing a Gamma Chi pledge pin. The next moment Dick was grabbed by a crew of hilarious actives, and invested with his own pin. As soon as he could, he escaped the actives and pulled Sandy and Gilmore over into a corner.

"You're a couple of smart guys, you two," Dick said, a twinkle in his eye.

"Of course," Gilmore said calmly. "You've got to be smart to be a newspaper man."

"Just a couple of master minds," Dick went on in an accusing tone.

"I haven't any idea what you're talking about," Sandy said with a show of injury.

"No?" Dick asked. "Just as innocent as a newborn babe, I suppose."

"Well, I wouldn't go that far," Sandy protested.

"What are you driving at?" Gilmore asked. "Tell papa."

"Just this," Dick said firmly. "I talked to Scotty Keiran after the tennis match, and he told me Court Nine was no different than any of the others. They were all built of the same kind of clay!"

"Nobody said anything about clay," Gilmore said with injured innocence. "I said they were built at different times, and they were."

"We just wanted to see Bert play in your back yard for once," Sandy said. Dick grinned.

"I'll play him in anybody's back yard—now."

Inventors! Step This Way!

If you have a lawn to mow this summer you will approve the judges' decision in the "What I Should Like to Invent" contest announced in *The American Boy* for May. First prize of \$10 goes to Ross Garey, 16, of Aberdeen, Md., not only because it seemed the best entry but also to encourage Garey to go ahead with his invention! Read his essay below.

Adrian Fredericksen, 19, of Orcas, Wash., won the \$5 check for second prize with his essay on Minus Heavy-duty, a marvelous metal strong as steel, transparent as glass, flexible as rubber, and with a minus weight! Robert S. Wade, 17, of Hamilton, N. Y., took third prize and \$3 with his idea for an automobile that runs without gas because it always tilts downward!

Here are the five \$1 winners: Richard Dunning, Rochester, Penna.; Charles Hayes, 16, Minneapolis, Minn.; Leon Machlin, 20, New York City; Rubye F. Schwarm, 18, Wessington Springs, S. D.; John Work, 17, Long Beach, Calif.

Farewell to Lawn Mowers!

ROSS GAREY, 16
Aberdeen, Maryland

WOE is me! Up till now my summer vacations have been made up of carefree days that have come easily and gone as easily. But, oh, I have been graduated. No, I don't mean in school or even in Sunday school, but (I wring my hands in anguish) to the post of Potent Almighty Keeper of the Lawns. Perhaps there need be no word of explanation. All I have to do, I am gravely informed, is to keep the lawns cut, trimmed, raked, and free from all rubbish. My two brothers have engineered the job up till now.

I tried to take this standing up and, after three tries, was able to stagger away. Immediately I began to think. I have unusual powers that way. I wasn't more than three split seconds—I timed them carefully—before my fer-

tile mind had hit on such a plan as commonly rocks nations.

Here it is. I shall develop a grass seed that will, when planted, spring up over night to exactly three-fourths of an inch and then stop. Stop dead. It won't grow a sixteenth of an inch higher. Never! Nothing but a plow will tear it up. No amount of wear will form spots or paths. It will completely choke out all garlic and other back-breaking, heart-rending weeds. If leaves fall on it, a chemical in the grass will dissolve them and use them as fertilizer. The same with sticks and papers.

So well will my seed meet the needs of the public that the bank will have to build an extension and the neighborhood drug store will become indeed prosperous. In short, it will realize the dream of the moaning mowing American male.

HONORABLE MENTION

James Barclay (16), Kalamazoo, Mich.; Samuel Beverage (16), North Haven, Me.; Walter Brandon (15), Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Jimmie Brown (13), Corsicana, Tex.; John Caldwell, Terre Haute, Ind.; Warren Carlson (14), New London, Conn.; William Clarke (18), Zephyrhills, Fla.; Virginia James Conson (20), Lynchburg, Va.; Frank Diver (14), Deerfield, O.; Jack R. Graham (19), Fruitland, Idaho; Walter Hooper (15), Port Washington, N. Y.; Edward Kelley (16), Lowell, Mass.; William Koppen (16), Gibbon, Minn.; Leo Libowitz (18), Chicago, Ill.; Norman M. Lohsenz (15), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Philip Lynch (19), Dearborn, Mich.; Keron M. Manion (14), Metropolis, Ill.; Henry Meyers (17), Woodbridge, N. J.; Laura Edith Miller (16), Ballinger, Tex.; Bernard Moscovitz (13), New York, N. Y.; Harry S. New, Jr. (16), Valatie, N. Y.; Russell Quay (17), East Bremerton, Wash.; Raymond Richards (16), Cleveland, O.; Stanley Williams (16), Brownsville, Pa.; Elwin Wilson (16), Elizabeth, W. Va.

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Follow These Simple Rules


Any boy or girl under 18 years of age is eligible. Manuscript must be less than 300 words, on one side of the paper only. All manuscripts must be accompanied by coupon herewith or a copy of one properly filled out. Send to address on coupon.

Each story must be a true experience of the writer or some one he knows.

Your story will be judged for interest only. You don't have to be a literary shark to win.

You can enter one story every month, if you desire, no limit, except every story must be accompanied by a coupon. The last day to mail letters for this month is July 31st.

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LOOK FOR THE RED BALL TRADE MARK OF BETTER SPORT SHOES

BALL-BAND SPORT SHOES

The Golden God (Continued from page 6)

figures moved through the high reeds, under cover of darkness.

A long time later, Tommy Grimm and his two Dyak companions lay hiding in a little clearing near the river, half a mile below Graja Post. The darkness was retreating now, before a murky, drizzling dawn. The river was steaming.

"We've got to wait," Tommy said bitterly. "Steuller will have discovered that I'm missing. They'll be after us like a pack of dogs, and if we try to get downriver they'll overtake us before we even get started."

"If we wait here, sahib," Samuri shrugged, "they will probably find us." Tommy remained silent. He was thinking of the five-gallon can he had seen in the cellar of Graja Post, and the other, smaller can beside it. And he was thinking that even if he tried to get to Sandakan and report what had happened, he would be too late to prevent Steuller's devils from carrying out their unholy designs.

"We can't go, Samuri," he said aloud. "We've got to settle this thing here, before it starts."

Tommy was on his feet now, gripping the Dyak's shoulder.

"Get up!" he said abruptly. "We're going back to Graja Post!"

Samuri's eyes widened. He looked up as if he thought Tommy mad.

"But, sahib—it is suicide!" "Look here. Steuller's devils are looking for us in the jungle. Steuller will be alone

—or at least he won't have many natives with him. It's the best chance we've got!"

"To—do what, sahib?" It was Keleigi Maka, the other policeman, who asked the question.

"There's a mass meeting on the program for tonight," Tommy said slowly. "Steuller is going to talk to all the savages in the region. I want you two—you and Samuri—to get the dugout we came up in. Can you do it?"

Samuri clambered to his feet and drew his parang. Keleigi Maka glanced up and grinned.

"The dugout is lying under the veranda of Graja Post," he said.

Tommy nodded. "You'll be taking your lives in your hands," he murmured. "Are you afraid?"

Samuri and Keleigi Maka smiled. "All right—I'll meet you here," Tommy said simply. "If you have luck enough to get the boat, make sure that you're not followed here."

Then he left them. The jungle swallowed him after a dozen paces. Samuri and Keleigi Maka crept into the reeds and slid into the river.

Alone, Tommy Grimm crawled to Graja Post. Unmolested, he reached the half-concealed door through which he had escaped a little while ago.

Not a sound came to his ears as he pushed the barrier carefully inward. But as he stood near the two cans he frowned. He turned around slowly and stared through the wooden ramp at the farther end of the cellar.

He had forgotten that Steuller possessed revolvers, and knew how to use them! And his plan was no good—as long as Steuller had those guns!

Leaving the tin cans on the floor, Tommy crept across the cellar to the bottom of the stairs. He had a knife in his hand now, as he mounted the ramp. But he knew that the knife wouldn't help much. And the hand that held the parang was shaky with anticipation.

No second-story man could have moved with less noise than Tommy as he crept along the unlit corridor upstairs. He had to guess at the location of Steuller's room. He selected the largest of the chambers he had explored when he had first arrived here. And he was right.

But his guess was almost fatal. Steuller's room opened on the very end of the long corridor—and the end of the corridor opened onto the veranda. And Steuller was standing there, at the rail!

With a little suck of breath, Tommy flattened against the wall, shivering with the closeness of it. For a few seconds he crouched there, watching his man.

Steuller had not heard him. That

the bunk groaned again as Steuller stretched out.

And after that, for more than an hour, Tommy lay utterly still. He didn't dare move. Didn't dare to take his mouth out of his arm and get a good breath. But he could hear Steuller's heavy breathing, and when it became regular and rasping, Tommy got a hold on his courage and took his chance.

Noiselessly he slid out from under. His hand still gripped the parang. He raised himself up, inch by inch, to his knees. Yes—Steuller was lying there, asleep. Lying flat on his back, with his revolver belt still buckled around his middle. One revolver on each side. One directly in front of Tommy's hand. The other, across Steuller's lean body!

Tommy's hand snaked forward. His fingers touched the butt of the nearest gun and tested it. Slowly it came out of the holster. So slowly that the sweat was pouring down Tommy's set face long before the blue-steel barrel came into view. But Steuller didn't move—not so much as a jerk of that thin frame.

Silently Tommy turned the chamber and slid each bullet from its place. He thrust the bullets into his shirt pocket. Then he bent forward again and put the revolver back where it came from. Slowly—oh, so slowly!

Then his fingers reached across Steuller's body and touched the second revolver. This one was wedged more tightly. With infinite caution he removed this one, too, took out the bullets, and replaced the revolver in its holster.

Then, shaking with tension, he moved away from the bunk on hands and knees.

Well, he had succeeded so far. But still it was a gamble. If Steuller lifted either one of those revolvers out of its holster before tonight, he would know they had been tampered with. The weight would tell.

He reached the door, slipped into the corridor, and retraced his steps along the passage. The same way—clinging to the wall—waiting and listening at every step.

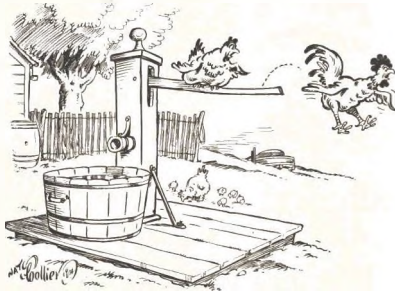
Then the door to the cellars, and the black ramp that led down into utter darkness. Tommy wiped the perspiration from his face with a gesture of relief, when he finally reached the two tin cans that lay on the floor.

A moment later the door swung shut behind him. He crawled into the reeds, clumsily moving the two cans before him. The mist had broken now, and the sun was out. A blur of scarlet, up over the jungle. Tommy glanced up at it and smiled. It would be a clear night, at least. And that would help.

It took him a full hour to get back to the meeting place. Now, if only Samuri and Keleigi Maka had done their end of it—

They had! Tommy almost cried for joy when he stumbled into the clearing and found them there, with the big dugout drawn high and dry in the reeds beside them. He dropped down, exhausted from the suspense of the last two hours—but he stared at the two Dyak policemen in positive admiration.

"It was easy, sahib," Samuri assured him. "The post was deserted except for the white devil who stood on the veranda. Keleigi Maka and I hid ourselves on the river shore until the white man went inside. Then we crept into the dugout and pushed it adrift, and let the current bear it downstream



Mrs. Hen: "The minute I say anything to you, you fly off the handle!"

was luck! Tommy's feet lifted off the floor like cat's paws as he moved forward.

No—he didn't intend to kill Steuller. That wouldn't help any. The natives would probably carry out their murderous attack on the coast towns even without their heathen god to lead them. The thing had gone too far to be stopped by a single killing!

He stepped into Steuller's room, and wondered what to do next. Very still, he stood beside the table and reasoned it out. There was an affair on for tonight. Steuller had been up, sleepless, most of last night. He would expect to be up all of tonight, too. The man had to sleep sometime!

It was a chance. A vague, almost impossible chance. But it might work, and if it did—

Tommy had no time to make a decision. He flung himself back, out of line of the doorway. There were footsteps, approaching from the veranda! Steuller—returning to the room!

Frantically, Tommy looked for a place of concealment. There was only one—right beside him. He dropped flat on the floor and wriggled under the bunk. Even as he reached out and pulled the blankets down to cover the opening, Steuller came into the room.

Tommy couldn't see then, but he could hear. He lay rigid, pressing himself into the floor. His mouth was muffled in his outstretched arm, to mask the sound of his breathing. He heard Steuller walk to the table and stand there. A sudden scraping sound, and a sputter of light as Steuller struck a match. Then the smell of a cigarette.

More footsteps, as Steuller paced to the bunk. Then a creaking thud, and the canvas brushed against Tommy's back as Steuller sat down.

Tommy waited. Waited forever, it seemed. Finally the cigarette butt dropped on the floor—Tommy could see it—and a boot scraped over it. Then

while we lay flat in the bottom of it."
 "You—" Tommy's voice was husky.
 "You swam upriver?"
 "Why not, sahib?"
 "But the crocodiles!"
 "A crocodile is not dangerous, sahib, if you see him before he sees you."
 Tommy got to his feet and picked up the two tin cans he had brought from Graja Post. The large one he concealed in the reeds. The contents of the smaller one he stirred with a stick, until it glowed up at him like liquid fire.
 "I want you to take the dugout," he said quietly, "and blacken it. Inside and out, it's got to be as black as you can make it."
 "With dirt, sahib?"
 "Right. And rub it on thick. Do a careful job, and take plenty of time. Everything depends on it."

They went to work, the two of them. Meanwhile, Tommy put the little tin can away and strode into the jungle. When he returned ten minutes later, he held two chunks of dead wood in his hand. *Nipa* roots.
 He bound one of them, with reeds, to the prow of the dugout. Then he stripped off his shirt and tore it into shreds. He worked for a long time over the bits of cloth, tying them together in a fantastic shape. When he had finished, he scooped up a handful of soft mud and smeared it over the thing he had fashioned. This, too, he tied to the prow of the boat, just behind the *nipa* root.
 Then he stepped back and called Samuri to him.
 "What does that look like, Samuri?" he said quietly.
 The Dyak stared, and finally shook his head.
 "I do not know, sahib."

Tommy shrugged his shoulders. A moment later he was bending over the boat, and he held the little tin can in his hand. When he had finished this time, there was no mistaking the shape of the thing at the prow. It was jet black, with livid, luminous eyes and wide open mouth. The *nipa* root, protruding from its mouth, was like an outthrust fang.
 "A snake!" Samuri whispered. "It is alive, sahib!"
 "Not quite," Tommy grinned. "But it will be tonight."
 Samuri went back to work. The afternoon dragged on. When the first shadows of darkness sagged down over the river, Tommy finished his task. Then, squatting in the reeds beside his two companions, he waited.
 Two hours passed. Dusk became darkness. Darkness became a black, silent void. Tommy Grimm stared continually toward Graja Post, half a mile upriver.

At length it came—a single pin point of light in the distance that gave barely enough glow to illuminate the contour of the structure. There were black specks in the river. Native canoes, Tommy guessed. They were thick as flies, and hanging motionless on a surface of pitch. And then there was a dull, echoing throb of Dyak drums and Dyak chimes.
 "All right," Tommy said quietly. "Let's go."
 It was a strange craft that the three men pushed into the river. Samuri and Keleji Makka had done their work well, and Tommy Grimm had added the mas-

terful final touch. Black as the night itself, the boat itself was invisible in the dark. But the glaring lines of phosphorus liquid stood out like streaks of fire.

The snake's head in the prow tapered into a twisted, writhing body. It was no mere dugout that stole along the shore, in the shadow of the reeds. It was a living, glowing serpent.

And when the dugout slid forward, toward that distant scene of murder, Tommy himself stood bravely erect in the bow, just behind the head of the reptile. He wore nothing now but a breech clout. His clothes he had left behind, in the clearing. And he was black—not white.

Black, with a face and body of savage horror. His face was a vivid mask and his body a glowing skeleton. His eyes were empty sockets. His mouth a grinning, white gash. His arms and legs and torso were nothing but glowing bones!

But all this was not yet visible to the savages who were the reason for it. Under Tommy's strict orders, Samuri kept the dugout close to the bank of the river, where it was hidden from view.

For ten minutes the weird craft proceeded against the current. There was more noise ahead, now. The drums were clamoring with an infernal din.

Tommy knew that Steuller was on the veranda. Steuller—painted to look like a heathen idol! He was shouting for silence, now, and his voice came clearly down river. The drums and the gongs became suddenly still, and Steuller began talking.

Tommy bent down and picked up a box of matches that he had placed beside him. He struck one, and reached out with it. The match brought an instant burst of flame from the torch of *nipa* wood that formed the fangs of the snake boat. Tommy had already soaked it in the stuff from the big tin can.

"Get into the middle of the river!" he said sharply. "And keep low, so you won't be seen. You, Samuri, be ready when I say the word!"

The dugout swerved away from the bank. Out into the open it went, with that blazing torch lighting the whole of its bow. The flame was brilliant. It threw Tommy's body into vivid detail.

Slowly, then, the serpent crawled upriver toward Graja Post. Straight as a god, Tommy stood in the bow. Behind him the craft seemed empty. It moved of its own will. Only two pairs of ghost hands, moving the silent paddles, were visible over the sides of the boat!

Nearer and nearer it moved. As yet, the savages up there at Graja Post had not seen it. But they would. Tommy knew they would! And they did!

A great shriek went up. The silence was broken—shattered wide open. Tommy saw the white man on the veranda whirl suddenly forward and shout an order.

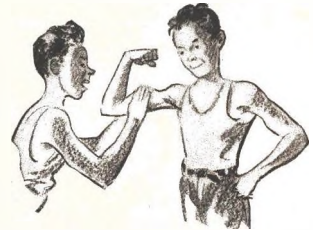
Tommy knew what that command was. Steuller was telling them that this thing coming upriver—this thing that looked like a hideous serpent with a skeleton riding it—was a fake. He was ordering them to fight it!

"Now!" Tommy rasped. "Now, Samuri!"

Samuri groped quickly to his knees. He seized the big five gallon can that was in the bottom of the canoe. He tipped it half up, over the stern, let-

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ting its contents flow into the water. And the snake-boat continued to crawl forward under the impetus of Keleigi Maka's paddle.

But now the black canoes of the natives were beginning to surge into motion. They were coming downriver, to annihilate the thing that threatened them.

Well, Tommy had expected that. He knew the hold that Steuller had over these ebony river rats. Steuller was their god—utterly and completely. They would obey him to the limit. But—Tommy wasn't done yet.

Samuri dropped back in the stern, throwing the tin can into the bottom of the boat.

"Empty, sahib!" he said quickly. "Good!" Tommy grinned.

The oncoming canoes were almost in range now. Within spear range. But it was not time yet. There was one trick left. If it failed—but it couldn't fail!

Tommy waited until the first spear hurled toward him. He avoided it by ducking his head. Then he reached out one skeletal arm and seized the blazing torch from the prow of the dugout. Turning, he flung it behind him—straight out over the river.

It struck the surface a full thirty feet behind the serpent. And then it happened.

The river shot up with a fuming roar. A living, uncanny tongue of flame swept over the river. Like a wall of fire it came—so suddenly that the whole jungle was thrown into relief by its glare.

The water was on fire—a whole blazing path of it, twenty feet long, and the serpent, with its fiery, squirming tail, swept forward.

There was no resistance. Not one of the river rats dared even to gaze upon the thing that came toward them. They were afraid with a terrible fear. A living serpent that could change water—change the river itself—into a tail of fire!

Tommy didn't move a muscle as the dugout passed through that barricade of native canoes. A single spear, a single knife, would have ended everything. But there was no spear or knife forthcoming. The snake boat swung inshore toward the veranda of Graja Post.

And now would come the last test. Tommy set his lips and waited for it. He could do nothing except—pray.

Up on the veranda, Steuller had yanked out a revolver. The jungle Dyaks were watching him fearfully. It would be the end if—

Steuller's finger tightened on the trigger. A dead click answered him. He cursed wildly. He looked down at the gun in a frenzy, and hurled it away from him. He gripped the other revolver and dragged that out.

And the same thing happened. The river rats needed no further proof. They had seen revolvers before. They knew the terrible power of the white

He's a Champ



AL VANDE WEGHE, student at Paterson (N. J.) Central High, is only 17 years old, but he's king of the backstrokers.

At the recent National A.A.U. swimming championships in Columbus, Ohio, Vande Weghe splashed and drummed his way to a new world's record in the 150-yard backstroke. His time of 1:36.9 was five-tenths of a second under the previous mark set by George Kojac.

Vande Weghe learned to swim almost as soon as he could walk. He was born at Rockaway Beach, N. Y., and used the Atlantic Ocean for his training ground. He also holds the world's record for the 100-yard backstroke at 61 seconds, the New Jersey A.A.U. junior breaststroke championship, the New Jersey 300-yard medley, and the New Jersey backstroke.

His chief ambition, now, is to help America regain at Berlin in 1936 the speed swimming championship lost to Japan at Los Angeles in 1932—Gus Bock.

man's fire sticks. And now—here was a white man shoving one of them directly into the face of the skeleton god who stood in the bow of the snake. And the skeleton god did not fall!

The dugout scraped into the reeds. Tommy leaped out of it and swung himself over the veranda rail. Steuller lurched to meet him. And in Steuller's hand lay the dud revolver, gripped by the barrel.

The thing smashed downward at Tommy's face. It struck Tommy's out-flung arm, and the arm went suddenly limp.

The river natives of the Graja Post region saw that fight, and remembered it. They saw two unholy heathen gods, straining against the veranda rail. One

of them with horribly painted face and black, serpent-lined shirt. The other naked, black, outlined in glaring white—a living skeleton, returned from the grave.

They saw Tommy's legs double up suddenly and lash out, hurling the other white man across the veranda. Then they saw Tommy leap forward, and wind both arms around Steuller's legs. They saw Tommy stagger to the rail bearing his struggling burden.

Steuller divined Tommy's intention. The skinny man's eyes widened in terror. Under its layer of paint, his face went ghastly white. He tore at the arms that held him.

"No—no!" he screamed. "Don't—"

With one hand Tommy threw him against the rail. Tommy's fist smashed into the pleading mouth, silencing it. Then, lunging forward, Tommy flung him over the rail, into the river below.

Limp and unconscious, Steuller shot through space. He struck the water like a dead weight, and the slow current sucked him under.

Tommy straightened up slowly, and stood rigid at the rail. For a long time he remained there, holding himself erect by bracing both hands on the railing. Then he raised one arm—the one arm that was able to go up.

And he spoke to the river rats in a high-pitched, penetrating voice. Spoke in the downriver dialect, hoping that they would understand.

He told them that they had worshipped a false god. He told them that the things this false god had promised them were mad things that would lead them to certain death. Then he ordered them to return to their own villages and forget what the devil white man had told them. Some of them understood, and they translated the words in whispers to the others.

And they obeyed him fearfully, without a word.

He didn't leave the veranda rail of Graja Post until the last native canoe had crept upriver into the darkness, and the last naked shape had crawled out of the reeds that surrounded the house.

When they had gone, Samuri and Keleigi clambered out of their place of hiding in the snake boat, and joined Tommy Grimm on the veranda.

Samuri was grinning. Keleigi Maka was staring at Tommy in admiration.

"You will stay here with me, in Graja Post," Tommy said quietly to Samuri. "You, Keleigi Maka, take the dugout and return to Sandakan—and report what has happened."

Once again Samuri grinned. But Keleigi Maka, turning obediently away, hesitated a moment and said suddenly:

"What was the stuff in the tin can, sahib, that made water into fire? Was it magic?"

"In a way," Tommy said dryly. "With it, white men make carriages go without horses, and canoes go without paddles. We call it gasoline."

Coward's Blood (Continued from page 17)

August saw the last of the young terns in the air. As summer waned, the great flock scattered and life became once more a matter of vigilant watching and silent stalking for food.

By the time the first frosts came, birds had grown so scarce that Shane had taken seriously to hunting cotton-tails. Here something was amiss. The bobcat, preferring rabbits to other food, had hunted them down relentlessly during the summer. Now less than a dozen rabbits remained on the island.

By the end of October, rankling hunger was always close on Shane's heels. Again he had to hunt for dead fish along the beaches and dig for mice under logs and roots. But his splendid

reserve of strength was saving him from suffering and weakness. His muscles were steel hard, his nerves crisply attuned, and through his veins life pulsed in a strong, clean stream.

As food grew even more scarce, Shane and Stub-tail began to stalk each other once more. The truce was over. Each was growing jealous of the kills made by the other. This island prison was not well enough stocked for two hunters.

When Shane came one morning on the place where the cat had killed a rabbit, he growled as he sniffed at the blood-smearred weeds. Then he trotted sullenly away on the bobcat's trail, snarling as he ran. After a while,

however, he abandoned the chase of a foe who had already eaten his kill and made for the beach. But as he searched for clams in the shallow water he snarled from time to time in the direction of the jungle where he knew the cat was hidden.

That afternoon Shane found a big perch, washed ashore at the foot of Lone Tree. While he ate it, Stub-tail crouched beneath a low hanging cedar in the edge of the swamp, thirty yards downwind, and watched him. The cat's yellow eyes were ablaze with rage and envy and his long claws dug repeatedly into the soft mold of the swamp. Twice he flattened as if to rush the dog and rob him of his meal. But his hunger

was not yet pressing enough to wipe out the memory of the times Shane had freed him, and he melted away finally into the shadowy cedar thickets.

Then just at dusk that night, there came ashore on the island a heavy-bodied Canada gander, trailing a wing broken by gunners in the rushes off Saginuck two days before. The gander came swimming in from the open bay, climbed wearily up out of the water, and slept that night on the beach in the lee of Shane's big boulder, at the head of the island.

Shane had his first glimpse of the crippled gander early the next morning, from the shelter of a willow clump where he was devouring the last morsel of a three-pound sucker he had found floating in shallow water.

He was full fed at the finish, but not glutted, and when the gander waded into view, feeding along the beach a hundred yards away, the dog flattened in the willow clump and lay quivering with eagerness.

In a moment, the gander was out of sight behind a second clump of willows, and then Shane circled stealthily back through the brush and began to stalk upward, taking advantage of cover.

At last he judged he was almost within striking range. He peered around the end of a driftwood log and sank flat to the ground as he got a second glimpse of the big bird, for the gander lifted his head from his feeding, less than a dozen feet away, and looked toward the log.

Perhaps the fact that Shane had just made a full meal of the big sucker had made him do to with it. Perhaps if the fierce hunger of an hour before had still gnawed at him, he would have forgotten that the first task of an Airedale, after all, is to guard whatever the master has told him to watch.

Or again, perhaps he might not have, for an Airedale does not easily forget his first task.

This creature before Shane was of the breed that he had been told to guard so zealously, in that brief fortnight at Quinnesec, months before. It was in defense of a flock of such birds as this that he had driven Stub-tail across the ice to this lonely island that had become a prison.

Shane's eagerly quivering muzzle was lowered; his legs, gathered tensely under him, relaxed. From his place behind the log he watched the gander resume his feeding, all unaware that death had come so near him. In a sunny spot behind the log the dog sprawled at full length. He would take up again his vigil over one of Bruce Harriman's Canadas.

The gander worked on down the beach, dragging his broken wing. A hundred feet beyond Shane's log he came too close to a dense thicket of balsam, and then death struck! Death in the guise of a swift gray shadow with outstretched claws.

Instantly Shane launched himself like a tawny lance toward that gray killer. And this time the starving bobcat stood his ground!

Shane knew well enough now that no hunting master would come to his aid, and he wasted no time in futile barking. This battle was to the death—Stub-tail had slain another of the geese Shane guarded!

Snarling and raging, the dog circled just outside the sweep of the cat's death-dealing gray paws, leaping in and out, nipping, hazing, sparring grimly for an opening.

It was just then that a patch of rushes thirty yards down the beach parted, and the slim prow of a duck boat slid through.

Bruce Harriman, in the bow, held up a warning hand and the boat halted. Bruce had left Wigwam Point at day-break, with a neighbor, for a day of gunning. Rounding the end of Lone Tree a quarter of an hour before, they

had seen the gander picking his way along the beach. Since then they had worked their way quietly up through the rushes, seeking to come within range before the wary bird suspected their approach.

At Bruce's gesture, the neighbor crept forward to look over his shoulder, and from the fringe of the rushes the two men watched the finish of the battle between Shane and Stub-tail, powerless to lend aid to the dog.

With the swiftness of a striking rattlesnake, Shane sprang for Stub-tail's throat. But even at that he was not quick enough and the cat met him with a sweep of an upraised paw that raked him from neck to flank.

The dog's side leap was like the glance of a deflected arrow, and even as the bobcat screeched defiance at him Shane was again.

Stub-tail started backing then, flattened away from his foe, keeping his bare fangs and scimitar-tipped forepaws always toward the dog. There was no intent of running away in this slow retreat, and the cat backed only as far as a big rock where he could come to bay and Shane could no longer circle him as they fought.

In Shane's next leap he passed high over the cat, snapping down at him, and landed on top of the rock. Stub-tail rolled swiftly to his back then and lifted an embrace of unflinching death to meet the dog's next leap.

Too simple a ruse that, however, to trick an Airedale. For a brief minute Shane worried the cat, nipping, dodging back, until Stub-tail sought in a frenzy of rage to regain his feet.

Then Shane went in, striking fair and hard. Out of a brief whirlpool of red and gray he leaped suddenly free, wheeled, and took the hold of the Airedale's on the nape of Stub-tail's neck. He shook him as he would have shaken a great rat, flung him away, sprang upon him and shook him again.

Even after the bobcat no longer twitched under his fierce mauling, Shane still worried at the limp, smeared shape of gray fur.

From the bow of the duck boat, then, Bruce hailed him with a clear call: "Shane!"

The dog whirled as at the twang of a bowstring, stood a moment uncertain, questioning with ears and eyes and nose. Then he was off down the beach in a swift scrambling run. He splashed out into the shallows, swam the last score of feet while they drove the boat to meet him, and all but upset the frail craft as he scrambled in.

"You old beggar," Bruce cried out to him. "I knew it was you, but I didn't believe my own eyes!"

And Shane leaped against him and thumped his short tail in breathless rhythm with his singing heart.

The neighbor sent the boat ashore and Bruce washed out the cuts and slashes Stub-tail had left, while Shane lay and licked his hands. Bruce fell silent as he worked, and answered his neighbor's comments with mere grunts. At last the job was done, and Shane scrambled up to stand stiffly in front of Bruce and wag his thanks.

Looking down on him then, Bruce spoke: "So you've been living all these months on this two-by-four island with that dog-gone bobcat?"

"Sure," Shane's tail answered nonchalantly.

"He was a mean customer," Bruce reflected, "but he's grabbed his last goose. You licked him plenty, Shane."

"Oo-oo-oo," agreed Shane in a happy whine.

Suddenly Bruce dropped on one knee and took the dog's muzzle tightly between his hands. "And I called you cat-shy!" he said huskily.

Shane showed his nose closer. "That's all right, Chief," he answered with his madly wagging tail. "Forget it. Everything's fine!"



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My Golfing Manners

A Condensed Interview With Dr. William O. Stevens, Headmaster, Cranbrook School

WHEN you go out to play a game of golf, remind yourself that golf is a recreation. Don't go into a rage over a bad stroke or a lost ball. Don't get nervous indignation over a bad score. Make golf serve your need for physical and mental relaxation. Add to the pleasantness of the round by observing the courtesies of the game. Here are some of them to keep in mind:



Don't make practice swings unless you are well away from the ball.

Don't walk ahead of an opponent who is shooting. Stand quietly, some distance from him, and don't talk.

If your opponent has the honor at the tee, don't tee up until he has driven.

In a tournament a lost ball is a lost hole. In a friendly match, it is permissible by agreement to drop another ball where you think the ball was lost and play without penalty. Help your opponent to hunt for his ball.

Don't always be asking an opponent how many strokes he has played. It shouldn't be necessary, and you may throw him temporarily off his game.

On the green don't stand so that your shadow lies across the path of your opponent's ball. Don't stand directly on a line with him and the flag. Don't move as he putts.

To speed up the game, if you are lost, let the party behind go through. Don't shoot until they're out of range.

If you're shooting through the party ahead, call "Fore!" and wait for a response.

On a one-shot hole it is customary, when your party has reached the green, to stand aside and wait for the tee drive off. It saves time for everybody.

Replace divots and cut turf. Press them down with your foot.

When you have played out of a trap, use your clubhead to smooth out the holes and heel prints you have made. A golfer following you shouldn't be compelled to play out of a heel print you have left.

Don't concede yourself putts. Let your opponent do that.

Don't feel called upon to praise your opponent for all his good shots and commiserate with him on his bad shots. It gets to be a burden.

If you're a spectator, keep quiet, give the players room, and don't walk through traps or over greens.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Dr. Stevens' new guide-book of etiquette for young men, "The Correct Thing" (Sears Publishing Company, New York), has just been published.

Steady on the Road!

(Continued from page 7)

it's up to the favored person to protect the weaker. It'll be small satisfaction to the driver to know that he's in the right, if he injures or kills a pedestrian.

If You're a Pedestrian—

Cross the street only at intersections. Crossing between intersections is the greatest single cause of accidents between driver and walker. 67,290 persons collided with autos in this way, and of that number 3,320 were killed. The answer is simple: drivers are usually alert at intersections; they seldom are between streets.

If you walk into the street from behind a parked car, look both ways. 35,010 were injured because they didn't look, and 1,460 were killed.

At corners where there are traffic lights cross the street only on signal. 29,680 walkers tried to cross on the red and got bumped. 810 of them are dead.

At corners where there are no signals, look left as you start across the street and look right before you reach the middle. 41,460 unwary persons met accident because they were thinking about something else at the moment. 1,650 of them are no more.

When walking on a highway where there's no sidewalk, walk on the left side of the road, facing oncoming traffic. You can meet danger better if you're facing it.

If You're a Driver—

Beware of children. Of the 49,780 children who met accident last year, 1,680 were killed.

Don't let roller skaters or bicyclers hitch a ride, or youngsters ride your bumpers. Your generosity may result in one of the 4,880 accidents that are due to happen in 1934 if last year's record is equalled.

Slow down for workmen. 5,600 of them were injured last year, 330 of them killed.

Stop ten feet behind a stopping street car. Or, if the law says you can pass

a standing street car when the traffic light is green, go very slowly.

If you give a hitch-hiker a ride, be prepared to accept the responsibility for accidents that may happen to him while he's riding with you. Hitch-hikers have sued their benefactors—and collected!

If you're one of the principals in an accident, stay there until a report is made to a police officer! To leave the scene of an accident is a serious traffic violation. In most states your license will be taken from you, and you may even serve a jail sentence. But there's a more important reason for standing by than fear of punishment. That's your self-respect. Whatever happens, be man enough to see it through! If you do, you'll find yourself a much pleasanter person to live with in after life.

Your Ballot

WHICH stories and articles in this issue do you like best? Help the editor by writing the titles in order on the lines below, and mailing the ballot to the Best Reading Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. (If you don't want to clip the magazine, we'll appreciate your making out a ballot on a sheet of writing paper. Thank you.)

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The Captain's Salute

(Continued from page 20)

suddenly the gun might go off instantly. "Abandon turret, everybody!" Bunce ordered. "Handling room!" He shouted down the hoist. "Close and secure all automatic shutters and stow remaining ammunition, quick!"

He began shoving them out. There was nothing else to do. Better one man sacrificed than all of them. Stanguey had already beat it to fetch a machinist. The gun was like some huge cannon cracker that has burnt its fuse to the end and then hangs fire. Wally flung out his free hand to urge the others out. Then he and the lieutenant were alone. Bunce saluted.

"A few more minutes, Wally! That fulminate may just disintegrate chemically without exploding. Gosh, I can't leave you!" he burst out with sudden resolution.

More fumes. The infernal primer seemed coming to life. "Go, sir!" Wally urged. "You may not have two seconds left!"

Bunce started out with an agonized, "Where is that confounded machinist!" and Wally was alone. His hand was numb with pain now. All he could do was to hope—and pray.

But he wasn't alone. A figure came crawling out from under the huge trunnions of the gun—Stump Langton. He had managed to hide there during the excitement.

"Get out, you!" Wally raged at him. "Beat it! This is no time for heroics!" Stump's eyes blazed.

"No!" he vetoed. "I simply couldn't do it, Wally. On my honor I couldn't! There must be something a fellow can do! Let me look."

He was at Wally's shoulder in one jump. It looked hopeless. Down in the firing latch slot was the diabolical primer—and Wally's finger. His hand blocked any getting at the pin, and his wrist blocked the lever. Stump might use all his strength and cut that wrist off by a jam of the lever, but even then it might not lock the breech in time. And the pin would surely get home on that percussion cap.

"Raise your hand a little, Wally! There! Room for two of us!" Stump had got his own hand into the slot. A faint sizzling noise scared them both into frantic haste. Then Wally felt the pin easing up, moving back, ever so slowly.

"Get a nail over the pin's shoulder—hold, nail!" Stump half wept. He was white, and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead with the exertion of making one finger do the work of one's whole body. No one but Stump could force back that plunger spring by human strength alone.

"Get another finger in, Wally, if you can," Stump gasped. "I can hold her for a second."

Wally crooked in his third finger over the index. There were two of them now, forming a human cushion between steel and copper—and a horrible scorching death.

"Now!" said Stump. "Get a plug. Anything soft—here!" He had ripped off one of Wally's gold sleeve buttons. It was fat and round and stamped with the United States eagle on one face and tin on the other. "Push!" said Stump. "Both of us together!"

Wally added the force of his own two fingers to Stump's drag on the pin. Slowly they got it back an inch. The spring was tireless—their wrists ached with the effort.

Meanwhile Stump had dropped the button carefully into the slot with his free hand. Gingly Wally removed one finger tip, then the other—the pierced one—while Stump with the last

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ounce of his strength let the pin come back gently on the button. That disk of soft metal now stood between the primer and the plunger. Its rim bore on hard brass just above the percussion cap. The sizzling noise immediately ceased.

Bunce and the machinist appeared in the turret trap door. He saw two Jayos hugging each other in a most unseamanlike outburst of emotion. They sat on the floor in the smoky turret, white, groggy with fatigue, near fainting from the reaction of that ordeal of fingers. The gun stood silent, sullen, ready to blow the turret to kingdom come if they weren't very careful what they did next.

Bunce let out a shuddering sigh of relief. "Looks like you managed it, somehow, you fellows!" he said dryly.

Wally waved a hand up at the breech. "Button in there, sir. He did it! Forced back the firing pin with his own finger. Golly, I wouldn't let him pinch me any more than a lobster!" He pounded Stump on the shoulder by way of emphasis.

"You forced back a firing pin of your own strength, Langton?" Bunce demanded excitedly while the machinist stood and gaped. He had brought tools to take the firing latch apart, and now went to work.

"Yes, sir," Stump said. "Only way out, sir. That fulminate was beginning to sizzle."

"Good night!" Bunce ejaculated. Then he grinned. "Two captain's salutes you Jayos are rating today! Pair of you this time. Wotta bunch!"

The machinist was swift with his wrenches and screw drivers.

"All O.K. now, sir," he reported presently, turning to the lieutenant with a handful of greasy gadgets, the button, and the defective primer as exhibits of his work.

Wally shook his head as he examined the primer. Such a little thing to put so many lives in jeopardy! One side of its brass case was stained with verdigris—the under side, of course, or Wally would have noticed it. A pinhole in the brass, evidently, and the powder inside had deteriorated. The fulminate too. Perhaps that was the reason the gun hadn't gone off. That little spot of verdigris had jammed the primer in the plug and caused the sudden danger. It was a lesson in the Navy watchword of eternal vigilance!

Out of the ring of officers Stanguey stepped, and he stood before Stump, his face sober.

"If you don't mind, Stump," he murmured, "I'd like to take a few lessons in knighthood. You see, Wally's my best friend."

It was both an apology and an expression of gratitude too deep for words, and Stump recognized it as such. They shook hands, and Wally, glancing at his bloody finger, smiled.

The reporter waylaid Wally and Stump that evening as they came down from a second ceremony in Captain Burton's office.

"Look here, you two," he said eagerly. "What's all this coming and going in full dress about? Anything happen in your Number One turret this afternoon that would make copy?"

Wally and Stump glanced at each other significantly. The reporter was a good egg, but it didn't seem just the thing. It would be a good yarn—one man sacrificing himself while all his mates escaped to safety, and the other staying, regardless of orders, on the bare hope that there was something he could do! And because his knightly ideals wouldn't let him leave, nor even be thrown out without a fight. It would be front page stuff. But the story would have to come from someone else. So the two juniors just smiled and shook their heads.

"Nope," said Wally airily. "Just a hang-fire."

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had its own stamps. The two were merged in 1903 under "East Africa and Uganda." Then that title went by the board in 1920 when "Kenya" was combined with it to become philately's "Kenya and Uganda."

Now the new "Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika"—let's hope it's permanent this time—is to have pictorials, with air stamps included, all bearing a likeness of King George V to remind the natives that they are British subjects no matter how many times their countries have their names changed.

Argentina has decided to withdraw from the Universal Postal Union to free fee to raise foreign and domestic rates.

Postmaster General Farley has authorized issuance of ten national parks postage stamps. Details had not been given when this was written, but July is the month when the set probably will appear.

Andorra, Chile, Costa Rica, Lithuania, Nicaragua, and Paraguay have issued new air mail stamps.

Andorra's are especially interesting. Not only are they Andorra's first air mail stamps; they are its first stamps without either Spanish or French inscriptions. Their special use is indicated by the text *Correu Aeri* (Air Post). Designs include mountains, planes, wings, propellers, and the country's coat-of-arms; values range from 25 centimos to 5 pesos. For official use they are overprinted *Frangiqua del Consel* (frank of the Council).

Andorra is the tiny semi-independent country that lies high in the Pyrenees between France and Spain. Its people, numbering some 5,000, elect a Council of 24 members, but no new laws may become effective without the consent of the French Government and the Spanish bishop of Urgel.

Catalan is the language of the country.

Uruguay, after a year of preparation, inaugurated its "Third Republic" on March 31 and adopted a new constitution on April 20. The "First Republic," established in 1830, followed our own plan of government. In 1930 commemoratives appeared. In 1917 the "Second Republic" came into existence with the adoption of a modified form of the Swiss commission government. A year later the second Constitution was postally recalled. Now come stamps memorializing the "Third Republic." Parliamentary in character, the new plan has some unique new features. For instance, both men and women citizens may be fined for failing to vote! Three stars feature the design—one for each republic. *Tercera Republica, 1933, 1933,* and *31 de Marzo* are inscribed. Values are 3, 7, 12, 17, 20, 36, and 50 centimos, and 1 peso.



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Warring Medicines

(Continued from page 25)

couch. His woman was busy before the fire. Upon another couch, his mother, old Frog Woman, was trying to comfort grieving Sahtaki.

The old woman eyed me closely for some time. At last she spoke sharply to Sahtaki, who sat up and ceased crying, and the two talked in Kutenai, now and then looking across the fire at me.

Then said Sahtaki to me, in Blackfeet: "This wise one here beside me has things to say to you, and I will be the interpreter."

"Good. My ears are open," I replied. Said the old woman then, little by little, Sahtaki perfectly interpreting:

"For a long time I have been hearing about you, white Pikuni one that you are. I know that you are not coward. I know that you are kind and generous. I know that you are very friendly with my son Red Horn, and with all the Pikuni tribe. I know that you have been very good to my granddaughter; that you have done all that you could to protect her from that nothing Cree, that Short Bow. But for the spell that he has put upon her with his Cree love medicine, she would want you as you want her. So is it that I shall do my best to help you break his spell and win her from him. This we may accomplish through my most powerful medicine.

"Handed down to me from my mother and grandmothers, has come the medicine of my great, great grandmother, the powerful medicine that she obtained from a very wonderful vision. If you are willing to take a dangerous chance, I believe that with this so strong medicine of mine, we can break the power of the dog-face Cree's love medicine and free Flying Woman."

"I am ready to take any chance," I answered swiftly—and if my voice shook a little, wise old Frog Woman knew why.

She smiled at me approvingly and said: "Then, first of all, I shall give you this to protect you." And she drew from a pouch at her side a necklace of grizzly bear claws, its pendant a disk of abalone shell. "You are to wear this necklace during your quest of my poor granddaughter. It has great power: it kept safe from the many dangers that they encountered, my man and, before him, his father; they both died of old age. It will keep you safe, provided that you act wisely when beset by your enemies."

She paused to listen to something that Sahtaki was saying to her. Her thrusting upon me of the necklace embarrassed me. How silly, foolish, would be my appearance, I, a white man, with that cumbersome thing around my neck! What would Eli think of it? I sneaked a look at him.

He caught it and said: "You can not refuse; you have to appear to be one with them in everything."

Then Frog Woman signed to me to cross over to her. I complied. Chanting something in her Kutenai tongue, she securely tied the charm upon my

neck. It was heavy; its claws rattled against one another as I returned to my place at Eli's side. Well, anyhow, I could be free from it of nights.

"This, my son," said Frog Woman, "is the first thing I gladly do for you. Then when we again have my granddaughter here in safety with us, I propose to break the power of that Short Bow's medicine, so that Flying Woman will be free to turn to you. But of that, more later. Now it is for you all to find her. Oh, why the delay? Alas! Our Kutenai men are much too fearful of taking part in women's troubles."

Then after a moment, much as a man would speak, angrily, positively: "Yes, I shall bring to nothing that Short Bow's medicine, even though I face the giver of it and have it out with him; but you, my son, will have to do your part in it, and one that, I warn you now, will be gravely dangerous."

I wanted to ask just what my part would be, in what way dangerous, but just then Red Horn returned and I lost the opportunity. He had, he said, been able to induce but two men, his cousins, to accompany us. We would go directly to the Cree camp, and probably arrive there ahead of Flying Woman and her abductor.

Again I spoke my belief that she had gone alone in quest of the Cree, and Eli was of the same opinion. But Red Horn and his women folks maintained that Short Bow had somehow managed to sneak into the camp and entice her to flee with him.

We ate with Red Horn, and returned to the Blood camp for our horses, saddles, and weapons. Were soon joined by Red Horn and his cousins, Rising Eagle and Many Wolves; men of about forty years; the former tall and slender, the other short and broadly built.

Leaving the Blood camp, we rode up the little valley and turned eastward up onto the plain. Red Horn's cousins rode in gum silence. They made Eli and me nervous; we did not like to travel with unwilling companions.

The plain eastward from Armell's Creek was for some miles interspersed with ridges partly covered with stunted pines, so that at no time could we get much of a view of what was ahead. From the top of every ridge, we closely scanned the plain running on to the next one, but failed always to sight any riders. Buffalo and antelope there were, bands and bands of them, and upon every ridge were many mule deer; all of the animals unalarmed, sure sign that no riders had recently gone on the way that we were heading.

It was about twenty-five miles from the Blood and the Kutenai camps to the camp of the Crees on Crooked Creek. When we were a little more than half-way there, we saw first one and then other herds of buffalo on the run, pursued by Cree and Red River hunters, and presently we came upon a group of nine Crees who had made a successful run and were butchering their kills.

They were gloatingly happy over their success, singing and shouting to one another as they plied their knives. Eli questioned one and another of them. They shook their heads—they had not seen anyone that morning, nor recently, arriving from the camps on Armell's Creek. Some of our friends that we were looking for? Well, they must have gone to the trading post down on Big River.

We next came upon some Red Rivers, homeward bound with the meat of their kills, with whom Eli spoke in their own Canadian French. No, they answered—no, they had seen no one from the camp of the Bloods or of the Kutenai.

Arrived at last in the Cree Camp, we dismounted before the lodge of Big Bear, the tribe's head chief. He came from it, greeted us in Blackfeet, invited us inside. There he seated us, and filled, lit, and passed us his big, stone pipe.

Heavy-faced, stolid of demeanor, poorly dressed was Big Bear. He had none of the assured poise and alertness so characteristic of the Blackfeet chiefs. Yet he was said to be wise in his leadership of his people, and very brave.

With Eli interpreting for them, Big Bear and Red Horn exchanged civilities; spoke of the plentitude of buffalo. Then Big Bear, having ascertained that Red Horn's North Kutenai people, like the Crees, were residents of Canada, asked Red Horn how their Grandmother—meaning Queen Victoria—treated them.

"On the whole, fairly well," our friend replied.

Whereupon Big Bear bitterly denounced Grandmother and all Canadians, saying that they had stolen the country of the Crees, and were starving them. Well, with the Red Rivers, they would soon return North and fight for their rights, and would get them, too. And so on and so on, a tirade that I feared would never end. But at last it did.

Then Red Horn said to Big Bear: "My friend, I have come to you for help: My niece, not in her right mind, has disappeared from my camp. Will you ascertain if she is here in your camp? I want to find her, return her to her anxious, crying mother."

Before Big Bear could reply to that, one of his women said to him: "The girl your visitor seeks is that half-Blood, half-Kutenai girl whom young Short Bow so much desires. She is not here. Nor is Short Bow; he rode away two nights ago, with coverings and food tied to his saddle."

"But he may have returned, may be here now, and the girl too, for all you know. Go at once, both of you women, and learn what you can about it," Big Bear ordered.

Then to Red Horn, as the two women hurried out: "My friend, I have been told of young Short Bow's courting of the girl, of his bad conduct down at the trading house. I have advised him to give up all thought of the girl, to re-



"Nuts! A FLAT!

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Fellahs, there's no let down equal to a flat tire. This business of stripping off a wheel to fix a tire—well, it takes all the joy out of "free wheeling." Now take the advice of old-timers who have ridden bikes since the days of the old Pullman road races—and you can't go wrong. Say to your dealer, and say it firmly, "I want Pennsylvania Bike Tires." For here are tires built exactly as those big, sturdy automobile tires are built—that is, built up ply on ply and then armored with a deep, thick, tough tread that laughs at nails and glass. And wear! These tires are record-breakers when it comes to mileage. Price? You've got six different Pennsylvania tire models to choose from—so whatever you can afford to pay you can get Pennsylvania Bicycle Tire quality at that price!

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main away from the trading house. I have even scolded him. More than that I can not do, for he is one of a large number of my young men who talk of refusing to fight for that which the North whites have stolen from us. So, you see, I dare not set them against me. I must humor them in order to win them to our just cause."

Said Red Horn: "But, my friend, if this Short Row has lured the girl to him with his love medicine, her Blood relatives will be very angry at him, and his close friends here will take his part—"

Came in just then the two women and reported that Short Row was still absent from camp, and that no one had seen anything of the girl.

"Not here, either of them!" Big Bear exclaimed, with evident relief. And then to Red Horn: "My friend, if Short Row has the girl, she went to him willingly, did she not? They two for it then, for happiness or for misery together as they may make it. And be there some who would take her from him, well, the Blood chief has great power, you are chief of your Kutenai people, and I am not wholly without command of my poor Crees. So is it that we can, we must, prevent any interference with the two. It is for us to preserve our intertribal peace, and we can do it."

Big Bear was right, I said to myself. With sinking heart I said it. Flying Woman had surely gone off with her Cree charmer, was forever lost to me. And now it was up to me to do my best to help preserve the peace between the tribes.

Said Red Horn noncommittally to Big Bear: "Ah. We hear you. Well, we must be going."

"No. No. This our serious talk has made me forgetful of other things. Of course you will all eat and smoke another pipe before you go. My women will at once prepare the food."

"No, we must be going. Some other time we will eat and smoke with you," Red Horn replied, rising and heading toward the doorway.

Silently we followed him out and to our horses, and were off—each one of us busy with our own thoughts. We did not speak until we topped the first of the pine-clad ridges toward Armell's Creek.

Said Red Horn then, to Eli and me:

"That Big Bear! I care not for what he said. Somewhere down there!"—pointing to the breaks of the river—"are my niece and her Cree charmer. He shall not keep her for his woman. Find him I shall, and end his trail!"

We made no reply, but his cousins apparently knew enough of the Blackfeet tongue to understand what he had said, and at once began urging him in their Kutenai language, and with signs for our benefit, to leave the girl to her chosen fate. Eli and I had heard enough talk for one day; so rode on. They did not overtake us until we were topping the next one of the ridges, and there we all abruptly checked our horses and stared down at a herd of several hundred buffalo cows.

Said Eli: "I am very hungry and Sun is still high; let us kill a fat cow, build a fire, and cook some of its meat."

"Yes. We can do that, and be in our camp before night," Red Horn agreed. Said one of his cousins, Rising Eagle: "Let us all run the herd, kill as many as we can, and butcher them; then come tomorrow with our women for the meat and hides."

"Good. We will do it!" agreed Red Horn.

The herd was near the edge of the timber; so we were able to get within a hundred yards of it before we were discovered. Then we were right in the thick of it upon our eager horses, selecting the fattest animals by the roundness of their rumps, and killing them with well placed shots in their lungs.

Eli killed five and I four, and then we stopped. Red Horn and Many Wolves had also quit, and were together butchering one of their kills. Rising Eagle alone kept on, pursuing a cow he had wounded. He at last overtook and killed it, got off his horse, and began plying his knife upon the carcass. I joined Eli and we looked back over the course of the run; it was dotted with thirteen kills. We dismounted and began butchering a cow that I had killed.

Suddenly a fierce clamor burst out of the timber, and a big war party broke from cover, shouting, singing, and savagely quiring their horses. Four of them headed toward Rising Eagle, and the others, twenty or more, came hurtling down upon us.

(To be continued in the August number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

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NICE FINGERING

Freshman: "Look at that tall fellow over there. Doesn't he eat his corn on the cob gracefully?"
 Senior: "He ought to. He's in the varsity band. Piccolo player."

DOTTY

Teacher: "What is your idea of harmony?"
 Smart Sophomore: "A freckled-faced girl in a polka dot dress and a leopard coat leading a giraffe."

INACCURATE

Forward (to Center): "Why'n't you pass to me when I was open? You're the dumbest boob on the whole squad!"
 Coach: "Boys! Boys! You forget I am here."

A TOUCH ONE

Teacher: "Tony, use the word 'commodity' in a sentence."
 Tony: "Commodity funny stuff, or I'll sock ya one."



WALTZ THE DIFFERENCE?

He: "Shall we waltz?"
 She: "It's all the same to me."
 He: "Yes, I've noticed that."

ALL HIS OWN

The high school principal looked sharply through his glasses at the lackadaisical freshman standing before him.
 "I suppose," he said sarcastically, "that you inherited your laziness from your father."
 "No-o-o, sir," was the listless answer.
 "He's still got it."

BATTER TO WORSE

Self-pity is shameful. Even a flapjack has its ups and downs, and the waffle has depressions.

LOUDER, PLEASE

"S funny it never repeats itself to me," said the student, poring over his history books.

FATE TOOK A FOOT

Teacher (after recess): "Percy, why are you crying?"
 Percy: "Harold kicked me in the stomach."
 Teacher: "Harold, did you mean to kick Percy in the stomach?"
 Harold: "Now. He turned around just when I kicked."

SINCE REPEAL

Policeman: "What have you got in those two satchels?"
 Bootlegger: "Sugar for my coffee in that one."
 Policeman: "What's in the other?"
 Bootlegger: "Sugar for my tea."
 Policeman (wielding his night stick): "Well, here's a lump for your cocoa."

THEY MIGHT

Percy: "Ah, Dearest, only speak those words that will mean Heaven to me!"
 Polly: "Go jump in the lake."

THE CORRECT WORD

The Boss (smiling): "On the way to Smith & Sons you will pass a football field, and—"
 Office Boy (hopefully): "Yes, sir?"
 The Boss (still smiling): "Well, pass it."

OUT OF DANGER

The city sportsman was not a good shot, greatly to the disgust of his guide, whose tip would reflect the size of the baz.
 "Dear me!" exclaimed the hunter. "The birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year, don't they?"
 "Not all of them, sir," was the answer. "You've shot at the same bird a dozen times. He's follerin' you about, seems like."
 "Following—! Nonsense! Why should he?"
 "Dunno, sir, I'm sure," said the guide. "But they're smart. Maybe he's hangin' around you for safety."

"Come and GET IT!"



WHEN the sun peeps through the tent flap and the cooking fire begins to crackle, open up a package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and start eating breakfast!

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THE JOB FOR THE MAN

Collegiate: "Father, I've a notion to settle down and start raising chickens."
 Father: "Better try owls. Their hours will suit you better."

WHAM!

"The high wind damaged two school-houses," says an Oklahoma paper, "and injured three teachers, Miss E—, Mr. W—, and Miss B—. Miss E— had a gable end blown off and was moved six inches on her foundation."

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

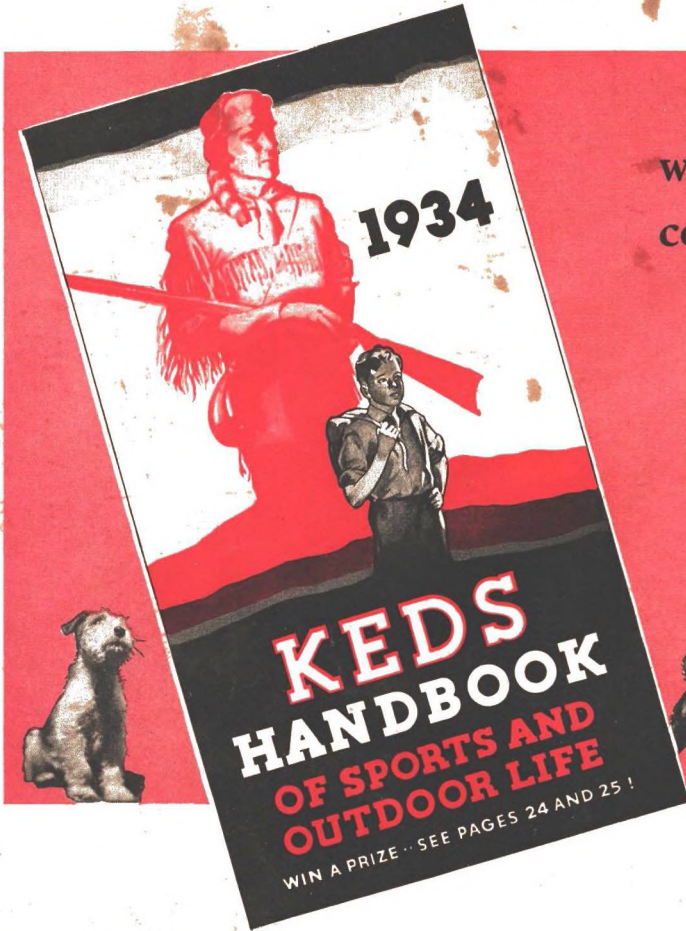
A few moments and the examination in English literature would begin.
 "Great Scott!" worried one student. "I've forgotten who wrote *Ivanhoe*."
 "I'll tell you," offered his worried neighbor, "if you'll tell me who the Dickens wrote *A Tale of Two Cities*."

IN THE BULL'S-EYE

"You seem to have plenty of intelligence for a man in your position," sneered the cross-examining lawyer.
 "If I were not under oath I'd return the compliment," snapped the witness.

HE UNDERSTOOD TOO WELL

The high school graduate had joined the fire department. At his first fire the chief, rushing up to him, shouted: "Climb up that ladder to the eighth floor, crawl along the cornice to the fourth window, drop down three floors, and catch that wooden sign you see amouldering. Then swing yourself along to the second window, break the glass, and go in and see if anyone's about. Well, don't you understand plain English? What are you waiting for?"
 "Pen and ink," said the new fireman.
 "I want to hand in my resignation."



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The Handbook this year contains the usual annual review of sports for 1933 with a list of champions, scores and records. The summaries of important rules are continued. Also instructions for laying out standard baseball diamonds, tennis courts, etc. Training-table suggestions and simple building-up exercises are explained. The chapter on camping has been made even more delightful and informative. The section

on training and care of dogs has been amplified. Two of the most interesting and entertaining sections tell one how to be an amateur detective and "some tricks of magic." This little book, chock-full of information, is pocket-size and can be carried anywhere.

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