The June American Boy

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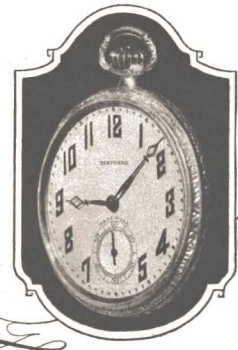

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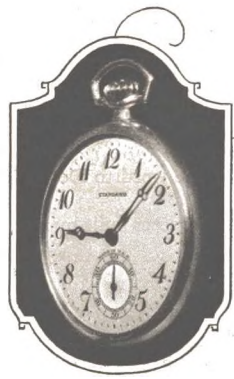

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The Circus in the Clouds

By Thomson Burtis

Illustrated by Fred C. Yohn

HALF a mile above the shadowed earth, the ship which the world was watching hurtled through the air at one hundred seventy-five miles an hour. Just fifteen minutes ahead lay the Pacific —and down below each little town's streets were crowded with ant-like black figures, their faces turned toward the darkening sky as their unheard cheers were flung to the solitary pilot hunched deeply in his cockpit to avoid the battering of the wind.

Since the crack of dawn, thousands of miles away on the Atlantic coast, that haggard-faced young pilot had been racing the sun across America. And now he knew that if the mighty motor ahead of him would hold out just a few moments more, he would have won. From coast to coast in one day—by daylight!

Somehow, right then, it seemed to young "Streak" Somers that all there was in life was bound up in the roaring diapason of power that flowed from the motor ahead of him. His specially built racer, stream-lined to the last degree, furnished with extra gas and oil tanks, and constructed under his supervision to plant another milestone in the march of the conquerors of the air, had held up nobly. At every stop special crews had gassed and oiled it as speedily as human hands could work—and he, for what seemed like an infinite number of hours, had flown as he never had before. Not an inch had he gone off-course; thunderstorms in the Middle West he had sent his ship roaring into without once deviating from the air-line he had set for himself. The botched air above the Rockies had thrown him around like a leaf in the grip of a hurricane; the rain had battered his face into a raw sore; the ceaseless bellow of his twelve-cylinder power plant had shattered his eardrums until now he was, temporarily, deaf as a post.

And he was exhausted. Gosh! How tired he was! Cramped into his cockpit, sitting on his seat-pack parachute, his strained eyes flitting constantly from air gauge pressure to tachometer to thermometer, then darting over the side of the cockpit to the ground to make sure he was on course, then concentrating on his compass to keep there—it had been an eternity of taut fighting against all the elements which might inveigle him into failure. Now the rockets which burned joyfully against the sky in token of admiration of the people below meant nothing to him. There ahead were the lights of San Diego—over there across the water was Rockwell Field, a square of wan brightness as great searchlights flooded it.

And in their light, close to the tiny line of white hangars, was a black mass of people, hundreds of automobiles like glowing eyed insects—

Roach had nosed down too soon, and Streak was in the air, directly above the ship.

HE was there! And Streak's slim body, numb with the strain, straightened, and his gray eyes lost the dullness of fatigue and sparkled with such inward joy as he had never known before. Four times he had tried and failed, but now his scout, like a tan projectile, hurled itself straight across the big flying field below, the motor roaring out its savage song of victory and the flames from the exhaust pipes trailing behind him like crimson banners of triumph. As he circled the land, the motor half throttled, he could hear, dimly, the chorus of hundreds of automobile horns. Thousands were milling around down there, held in check by army men as they sought to inundate the field to do honor to the latest of the heroes of the air.

The happy Streak sent his ship skimming along above the ground, and then, at just the proper moment of hovering, landed it on three points. The crowd would no longer be restrained. Before he could turn to taxi to the line, grinning airmen were lifting him from his cockpit, and a shouting mob were swirling around him. His back was slapped into a total lack of feeling; from somewhere the blare of a band sent the blood coursing faster through his veins; then he was being introduced to the Governor of California; General Mallory, his young chief, had his arm around his shoulders; newspaper men were firing questions; Billy Hope was almost crying with happiness; cheers, yells, fireworks.

Streak was scarcely sure that it was not all a dream. But he pinched the shoulders of big Simpkins and Garry Howard to make absolutely certain that the happiest pilot in all the world was actually being carried on the shoulders of the crowd who knew he'd had breakfast on Long Island that morning, and would eat his dinner that night with the breezes of the Pacific blowing on his oil-grimed countenance.

It wasn't much of a dinner he ate, although it had been scheduled as something of a banquet. His slim body encased in his flying overalls, his helmet still on his head, and his face unwashed by special request, he gulped a few mouthfuls among that distinguished company—and fell asleep while a speech was being made praising him!

He awakened to shouts of laughter, and slowly got to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said with a sleepy grin on his thin brown face, "if I don't get to bed, I'm liable to fall over and drown myself in my soup. I appreciate all this—but, gosh! I'm tired! Can I go to bed?"

He could. And General Mallory escorted him to the quarters which had been prepared for him. As the idolized young flyer chief of the Army Air Service shook hands with his youngest lieutenant, he remarked:

"Somers, get a good sleep, but wake up in time to see me at headquarters by noon. It's important. And I leave at three."

Streak, his blonde hair tousled above his haggard face, looked an unspoken inquiry. An interview with the chief might mean anything.

"I think you may like the detail we'll offer you," Mallory said easily, his mahogany face stretched into a grin. "It's up to you anyway. We won't make you take it. It amounts to risking your neck for the good of the service, but you might have a good time doing it. And you'll see a lot of country. 'Night, boy. It's a great thing you've done this day, and I'm proud of you!"

Which meant more to Streak Somers than the long speech of the governor, or what the newspapers of the world would say the next day. In ten minutes the dawn-dusk transcontinental flyer was asleep—and he barely woke up in time for a bath and a shave and a bite of breakfast before rushing to headquarters.

He had to throw excuses to the dozens of people who wanted to talk to him, and, as he expressed it, "pick 'em up and set 'em down, one before the other, with no false motions."

STRIDING swiftly along between the row of white quarters on one side and huge hangars on the other, he was a different looking youth from the tired, grimy one who had alighted from his racer the night before. His slender body was encased in tight-fitting breeches and the uniform coat which showed off his comparatively wide shoulders. Above his tan shirt, his throat

and face were a still deeper shade of brown. His face was rather thin, with hollows under the high cheekbones and a thin, jutting nose. His eyes were wide set and sparkling, and over them his sun-bleached eyebrows sloped upward from the outside corners. He looked like the stripling youth he was, and somehow that jutting nose and those eyebrows gave his face a look of eager interest in all that went on about him. With his overseas cap set slightly on one side, he was a smiling, sparkling, jaunty young flyer who walked into the chief's office and saluted with much snap and ginger. His shining blonde hair, slightly curly, always seemed tousled, but in general he was, to use his own phrase, in a highly washed, polished, and perfumed condition.

"Sit down, Somers," directed the chief. "Feel all right? Fine. In brief, here's the proposition—no, I want to ask you a few questions first. It strikes me that ever since you've been in the service you've devoted your attention to figuring out new things to do with airplanes. Like this dawn-to-dusk flight, for instance. And I've also heard rumors of your climbing around all over a ship, walking wings, and that stuff, when ordinary flying got too monotonous. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir," grinned Streak.

"Where did you get that? The ability I mean? Been an acrobat or something?"

"Sort of," admitted Somers, his very bright eyes meeting the chief's squarely. "Always fooled around the 'Y' gym since I was a kid, and when I got to college I was on the gym team, finally—and on that team every man had to be able to do a giant swing to be eligible. Always liked it, I guess."

He awakened to shouts of laughter and slowly got to his feet.

"I SEE. Well, Somers, we're not going to order you to take the detail we'll offer. We're not even going to ask you to. If you want to do it, fine. To be brief, we've come to the place where America must be stimulated into proper interest in the possibilities of the air and proper development of them. We're starting a tremendous publicity campaign, through every possible channel, to keep the air game in front of the people and get them thinking about it, and educated to what can be done now. Movies, magazine articles, newspaper items, speeches—we'll use everything.

"Among other things, we want to send out a flying circus. A small one, but a knockout. We've made arrangements with various big state fairs and other celebrations which will bring out large bodies of people, to have our circus featured and give it an opportunity to perform. There'll be stunts, of course. But we'd like to have some wing walking, transfers from plane to plane, and that sort of thing, to demonstrate just what degree of perfection has been attained in the air.

"Now don't get me wrong. In general, I think that sort of thing is wicked foolishness. However, there have been many times when the ability to climb around a ship has saved the lives of the passengers—in cases of fire and sudden mechanical emergencies. Furthermore—the time may come, probably will come, when development of adjustable propellers, or helicopters that will suspend a ship motionless in the air, will result in frequent transfers of passengers from ship to ship, perhaps. Nothing is too fantastic to believe. They may be right around the corner. The helicopter has flown, wireless telephones are being used from ship to ship—oh, well, you know it all as well as I do.

"Now, here. You've been in the habit of crawling around a ship for your own pleasure. We think that, providing you really want to do it and enjoy doing it, you can help the service you're in tremendously.

"You'll arouse tremendous interest in these flying exhibitions. Furthermore, we're in correspondence with one of the biggest motion picture corporations—Peerless Pictures—and they're going to work in a lot of sensational airplane stuff in a production they have in mind. You will do the aerial stunts for them, such as changing from ship to ship, and on the screens of ten thousand motion picture theaters your name—as an army man—and the names of the others will be flashed. In addition to this publicity, and this demonstration of what an army flyer can do in the air, the whole picture will be propaganda for the air, showing how criminals can be caught, lives saved, and other activities performed efficiently through the new, fast, and reliable method of locomotion."

As the chief talked, measuring his deep-voiced words carefully, Streak was leaning forward. He was literally afire. Unquenchable vitality, born of perfect health and careful training, seemed to glow through the flesh, and his eyes were like two stars.

"Gosh, Chief, I'd give my shirt to do it!" he burst forth.

General Mallory smiled.

"Sure? I don't understand how men can do those things, myself—but they do—you do." The distinguished general's tone was whimsically puzzled.

But as the older man looked carefully at his subordinate, he got a better idea than he had had before of the type of man Streak Somers represented. It was plain to be seen, in the glow of health which showed through the tan, the clearness of the eyes, and every effortless move that Streak was an unusual physical specimen. His muscles seemed to work with the speed of a striking rattler—and as smoothly. There was sureness and perfect co-ordination apparent to the experienced eyes of the older man. Add to those things an inborn, cool nerve and the hot, surging spirit of the pioneer—and you had the kind of man who blazes new trails.

"Funny thing, maybe, Chief," Streak told him. "But I don't get scared at all—get a whale of a thrill, but I like it!"

"All right. You'll go back to Donovan Field, your station, and wait for orders. I'm sure it'll go through. If it does, the circus will consist of two Curtis pursuit planes for stunting, and two specially rebuilt, slow Jenny's for the wing walking and other stunts. There'll be two flyers to do most of the stunting, and, in addition to you, we're planning on hiring a reserve officer named Roach to fly one of the Jennys and also to act as a sort of Number Two wing walker and chute jumper. He's had a lot of experience in this flying circus business, and is good. Outside of you, we have no other man in the army capable of performing the tricks—or desiring to."

He stopped for a moment, and his eyes rested on the blazing Somers with an unreadable look in them. Streak squirmed a bit, wondering just why those keen eyes seemed to be turning him inside out—

"One more thing, son," Mallory said slowly, his gaze never wavering. "You're perfect for our purpose. You've awakened this morning a very famous young man. Seen the papers yet? Some of 'em gave the dawn-to-dusk flight a full page head. So, for publicity purposes and as an example of the most expert airman, you're made to order.

"Whether or not you go out on this thing, you're going to be feted and admired and made of. Far more so, if this circus carries you around the country.

"Don't let it go to your head, boy. There never was a brain so keen or a body so powerful that a big head couldn't ruin it. Get me?"

A slow flush mounted to Streak's thin, bronzed cheeks. Swiftly his brain raced back over his meteoric career as a flyer. Had he been conceited?

No, he didn't think he had. Not obviously. But, at that, he had been feeling pretty cocky about things—

And as he looked at the chief, he grew more ashamed. Who was he, Streak Somers, to think he amounted to anything, when he was talking to a man whose name had been on everyone's tongue in the late war—whose blouse was half covered with distinguished service ribbons from countries all over the globe—in whose hands the welfare of a nation's air force rested—whose every move and opinion was a matter of world-wide interest?

Streak got to his feet. It wasn't jerky, the way he did it, and yet somehow it seemed that a set of steel springs had whisked him upright in a split second.

"I won't let it throw me, sir," he said quietly. He seemed older then. "Any flyer in the army could have made that trip yesterday, I know."

Mallory nodded.

"But you got the idea," he said with a smile. "That shows the way your mind works and the stuff that's in you. You're the kind we want to follow us old ducks, son—that's the reason I want you to be yourself. You always have been as far as I know. The less you let success go to your head, the more you get out of it, usually.

"Good-by, Somers."

For a few moments after Streak had left headquarters, he was a rather quiet young man, mulling things over in his mind. Then he got to thinking of that circus, and he almost forgot that he was the dawn-to-dusk flyer whom the world was acclaiming.

Which was a good sign.

Chapter II

FOUR weeks later Streak was standing beside one of the four glistening, gaudily painted ships that stood in a row at one end of a large field on the outskirts of Louisville, Kentucky. The circus had gathered, practice was to take place at this field, and the Kentucky State Fair was the first exhibition on the itinerary.

At the other end of the line of ships, Lieutenant Jimmy Little was tinkering over the trim Curtis scout that he was to stunt. Stocky, good-natured, curly-headed, he did not look like the highly trained engineering marvel he was—nor like the finest stunt flyer in the American Air Service, which unofficial title he held. Captain Kennard, the C. O. of the Circus, and Don Goodhue, the remaining member thereof, had gone to town after a shipment of spare parts.

"Wasn't this fellow Roach due on the two-five from Chicago?" inquired Jimmy. "Should be out here, shouldn't he?"

"Uh huh," grunted Streak, taking off his coveralls. "I understand they call him 'Cocky' Roach. If we've got to travel with him, I hope that name doesn't signify anything."

"Cap Kennard'll handle him, if necessary," grinned Jimmy, punctuating his remarks by blows of his wrench on the prop hub. "I understand he's as good as there is on the death-defying stuff you two are going to pull. And equally sure as a pilot for it."

Streak turned to gaze at a car entering the field from the pike which ran alongside it. In his breeches and army shirt, he looked like a slim young college freshman. That is, until one took a good look at his eyes. There was a curious look of age in them—a level competence and serene confidence that seems to be characteristic of those who habitually gaze over vast distances. Add to that the unmistakable signs that are left on the man who has looked death in the eye and laughed at it and beaten it—and you can see why an eager, vigorous youth sometimes seemed like a man of thirty.

"The flying cockroach approacheth," he announced to Jimmy. "Or at least, a single man sitteth enthroned upon the rear throne of yonder rattling roadbug—"

Jimmy, arrayed in stained overalls, came from behind his ship and took a look. His round, tanned face showed good humor in every line, and his brown eyes always had a merry gleam in them.

"You may be right," he said in his New England

twang. "But he certainly doesn't look the part."

"He looks as though he'd just lost his last friend and all his money, besides getting a sock on the nose," decided Somers with mounting interest.

Of course, it might not be Roach. Visitors were frequent, because of many items in the Louisville papers and flaring advertisements of the circus which the Fair authorities had placed on the billboards.

THE man who alighted from the flivver, threw the driver some money, and strode toward the ships, appeared to be in a towering rage. He was fairly tall, as tall as Streak, in fact, but a barrel-like body made his height seem less than it really was. His hat brim, turned down in front, shaded a wide, dark face that was now sullen and frowning. And he walked as though he meant business.

"This Mr. Roach?" inquired Streak, his eyebrows higher than ever and a dancing light in his eyes.

The newcomer was a remarkable looking individual. His chin, despite a close shave, was literally blue. His tempestuous black eyes were now fairly red with wrath. And his short, thick legs carried him over the ground in an extremely pompous stride. Two deep creases between his bushy black eyebrows completed the process of making his fleshy face an awesome sight to behold. His nose was short and very thick, and seemed to have been broken. His clothes were flashy in a faded way—the suit was loudly checked and a bright blue shirt with collar attached was garnished by a tie of red and blue stripes.

"Yes, I'm Roach!" snapped the stranger in a deep bass voice. "Who're you? Which one's this infant wonder, Somers?"

As his eyes glared from one surprised flyer to the other, he was pawing in his pockets with short, thick, hairy hands. His prominent, bold eyes seemed to be thrust half out of their sockets.

"I am," Streak admitted calmly. "This is Lieutenant Little."

"Glad to have you with us!" grinned Jimmy.

Roach didn't notice his words at all. Instead, he eyed the boyish Streak with great contempt, his gaze traveling from feet to close-cropped blonde hair.

"So you're the flying wonder, eh?" he sneered. "Just what license does that flight of yours, made to give you free publicity, give you to call yourself a wing walker?"

Streak coolly shrugged his shoulders.

"And just what do you think you're doing coming out here and shooting off your mouth?" he asked evenly.

Roach came forth with a letter which he slapped angrily against his hand.

"Believe me, rooster, if I'd got this before I had my ticket bought I'd never o' never been here!" he snarled. "When I said I'd come on this two-for-a-cent junket, they told me I was to be the wing walker—get me? Then I got this letter—and downtown this here Captain Kennard, whoever he is, backs it up by tellin' me I'm to fly while you do the stunts! And me the best wing walker in the business! The greatest aerial acrobat that ever got a movie contract, see? And I should be a chauffeur for a kid with the bighead, and let him get all the gravy! Yes, I will!"

The two army men just stood there. Streak scarcely knew whether to get angry or to laugh. A fleeting grin betrayed his desire to do the latter, and added to Roach's wrath.

"Ye-ah! Funny, ain't it?" he snarled. "Well, I ain't going to do it, see? You and your fool amateur circus and your bow-legged, sawed-off little captain that I talked with can all go—"

"Here! What's all this?" snapped an authoritative voice. Unnoticed by the highly interested three, Captain Kennard had come striding across the field to the little group.

The captain had arrived just in the nick of time, too, for Streak had taken a quick step forward with his fists clenched. Insults to himself were one thing; insults to an absent commanding officer quite another. But with that commanding officer very much on the ground, amply able to defend himself, Streak's anger cooled.

"Come! What's it all about?" barked the captain impatiently.

And Streak had himself well enough in hand to answer with a grin:

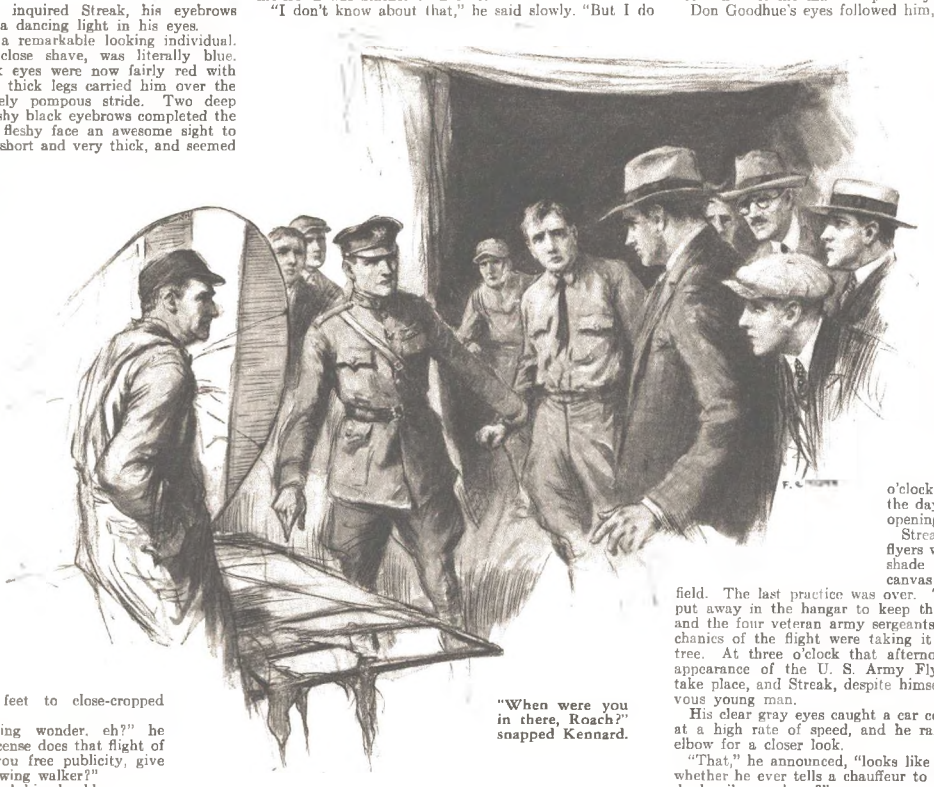
"Well, this bozo wanders in here and starts telling what he's going to do, insulting the rest of us, with particular attention to you and me, Cap'n; so I was getting ready to hit him in the nose."

The stocky, scarred-faced little captain whirled on Roach.

"Same stuff as you pulled at the depot just now, eh?" he snapped. "Well, big boy, you can make up your mind quick whether or not you want to stay around here. You're under my orders, see? When I say jump, you jump—get that? And if you don't want to do it, get off this field and stay off!"

ROACH looked down at the raging C. O., veteran of five tempestuous years on the border, and didn't reply for a moment. When he did, he spoke quietly, but his frown was blacker than ever.

"I don't know about that," he said slowly. "But I do know I've been bilked and cheated on this thing, see? Me, the best man in the world, shunted off to be a dinky pilot by a bunch of bozos who don't know a breakaway from a chute jump! Me, that's the great-est——"



"When were you in there, Roach?" snapped Kennard.

"Oh, cut the monologue," barked Kennard. "You don't like what you're to do, eh? In order that there may be no misunderstandings, I'll repeat it for you. You're pilot of one of the Jennys. And Streak here does the wing work, see? And you stay just a pilot unless he gets sick or something, because we're booming the Army Air Service—get that? You're just a hired man around here. I'm your boss, and if I hear another fresh word out of you, I'll fire you. Now take it or leave it!"

Roach looked into the captain's steely eyes, and then thrust his hands into his pockets.

"You win," he said briefly. "I've come all the way from California, and I need the money. But I'm getting this in the record, see? I've been cheated on this thing—and compelled to take a back seat for a cocky kid that—"

"No pretty names, Roach!" barked the captain.

"For this Somers, then," Roach pursued doggedly. "And me an expert, takin' this job at small money because it was a chance for publicity and the movies and all—and I'm just tellin' the world that I been gyped on it, see?"

There was a second of silence, during which time the stunt man's turbulent black eyes shifted from face to face belligerently. He wasn't cowed, by any means.

"Well, you'll have to take it or leave it as is," Kennard said flatly. "The object of this whole junket is to get the army, and Somers, here, an army man, publicity. Show the world what they can do and why the Air Service should be developed and enlarged.

"You say you're taking the job. All right. But if you do—no more whining, or you'll be shipped back to California f.o.b., whatever town we're in!"

Roach shrugged his shoulders.

"O. K.," he rasped. "Now I'm goin' to town to get a room. Any practice, or don't Somers here and you fellubs need any?"

It was half sneer, that last sentence, but the army men let it pass unchallenged.

"Practice every morning at six, when the air's smooth," Kennard informed him. "Be out here at four this afternoon to help lay out the program. Ladders and other stuff have all been prepared as per yours and Somers' specifications."

Without another word Roach strode quickly to his taxi, his powerful body moving as effortlessly as Streak Somers', moving with that uncanny lightness and swiftness which is the mark of perfectly controlled muscles.

Don Goodhue's eyes followed him, and the tall flyer's face was serious.

"That egg may have a case, at that," he said in his slow, even drawl. "But it does not strike me that he'll be pleasant to have around. How do you feel about it, Streak?"

Somers got to his feet quickly, and met Don's half-quizzical, half-serious gaze firmly.

"I don't see why he should get our goats," he said disdainfully — but somehow there had been born in the young aerial acrobat's heart a foreboding of disaster that he would not admit, even to himself.

And, that foreboding was still with him at seven o'clock in the morning of the day which marked the opening of the State Fair.

Streak and the army flyers were lounging in the shade of the temporary canvas hangar out at the field. The last practice was over. The ships had been put away in the hangar to keep them out of the sun, and the four veteran army sergeants who were the mechanics of the flight were taking it easy over under a tree. At three o'clock that afternoon the first public appearance of the U. S. Army Flying Circus was to take place, and Streak, despite himself, was a very nervous young man.

His clear gray eyes caught a car coming into the field at a high rate of speed, and he raised himself on his elbow for a closer look.

"That," he announced, "looks like Parsons. I wonder whether he ever tells a chauffeur to go less than a hundred miles an hour?"

Slow-moving, ever-lounging Don Goodhue smoothed his thinning hair, which he parted exactly in the middle.

"These press agents are the busiest boys there are," he asserted, "and the movies care no more for a few thousand dollars than you do for your neck."

"He certainly has an unlimited expense account," chuckled Kennard. "Well, publicity's what we're after."

"Yeah?" drawled Streak. "Well, I have a feeling we are going to get it."

Chapter III

THE car ground to a stop, and a tall, gaunt man wearing eyeglasses got out hurriedly. In his hand was a bundle of newspapers.

The press agent walked toward the prone group of flyers with long nervous strides. The Peerless Picture Corporation, which was to incorporate several of Streak's aerial exploits into one of their pictures, had sent Parsons on to join the outfit and see that all the publicity possible, for both the circus and picture corporation, be obtained in the newspapers of each town the outfit visited. Not only that, but their press department in California, they promised, would flood the moving picture magazines and smaller newspapers throughout the country with photographs and stories regarding the flight.

"Just wanted to tell you that there'd be a couple of photographers from the evening papers out here at one-thirty for some pictures!" Parsons said rapidly as he approached. "Poor luck this morning, darn it!"

He waved contemptuously his copies of the morning papers.

"Didn't get the whole front page for us, eh?" grinned Kennard. "Aren't you ever satisfied, short of the entire paper to yourself?"

The thin, bony young

(*Continued on page 58*)

The Man Who Lisped

By Laurie Y. Erskine

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

THE beginning of the end of a fat grocer named Murdock occurred when Dick Ranney drove through Sagrinay in a four-wheeled buckboard. Scotty McLeod saw him from the upper story of the Mounted Police Post which overlooked one end of the main street at Sagrinay, and he was at once struck by the splendor of Dick's appearance.

Dick was at that time sixteen years old, stood six feet two in his stockings, was crowned with a thatch of red-golden hair, and tilted his face habitually upward so that, with brave lips and happy eyes, he seemed perpetually to challenge fate to do its worst. He was accustomed to the curious and friendly glances of all who saw him, as Scotty did, although he was serenely unconscious of the splendor which attracted them.

Scotty McLeod, almost sixteen himself, but small, wiry, a bunch of quick nervous life, saw this magnificent figure as it drew in with strong young arms the spirited grey mare that fought the bridle at the reins' end, and was enchanted by it. He ran downstairs with the light-footed speed peculiar to him, and dashed out of the house all agrin.

"Hello!" he sang out. "Anything I can do for you?"

For Dick Ranney, holding the fractious mare with easy unconcern, was obviously at a loss for information. He smiled down on Scotty, while the mare danced this way and that, making the wheels of the buckboard grate in the mud of the road.

"Where's Bramhall Ranch?" he yelled. "Look out! She'll bite!" But Scotty approached the tall mare and pacified her with a light hand at the muzzle and a few soft words. Ranney stared at him in wonder.

"I'll have to call you Daniel," he said, grinning. "Can you tell me where Bramhall Ranch is?"

"Almost anywhere," said Scotty. "I've never heard of the place."

"It was run by an Easterner called Friedman," explained Dick. "He had a weakness for grand names because he made his fortune selling digestive tablets. He took up ranching as a new way to spend money without pain. Raised horses that turned up their eyes and died. Then he sold hides. Then he quit ranching. A big skinny man with a large nose. Named Friedman."

"I know," said Scotty. "We call the place Scratched Rock Farm, because it's nothing but rocks and post oak bog. They cheated him when he took it."

"That's the place," grinned Dick, silkily. "My father bought it from Friedman. How do I get there?"

"Through the town, and over nineteen wagon roads that you can't see unless you've got an eye for wheel ruts. I'll take you out there. I've got to see Renfrew."

"Who's that?" Dick drew up the reins again, for Scotty was climbing up beside him, and the mare was immediately restive.

"He's the Mounted Police constable of this post. They are watching your Scratched Rock Farm."

"Why? Am I wanted by the police? How exciting!" He had the reins in both hands now, holding the great mare by sheer force to an excited trot.

"No, not you. They want a man named Murdock, and he's been reported out in that direction."

"What do they want him for? Hold hard, idiot!" This last to the horse, which seemed suddenly bent upon entering Tutewhiler's General Store. "Sorry!" He grinned the apology over his shoulder to Mr. Tutewhiler, sorrowfully regarding two piles of iron buckets upset by a hind wheel.

"Murder," said Scotty briefly.

"Ah!" breathed Dick. "That's bad. Whom did he kill?"

"Man named Lyfe."

"How did it happen?"

"With a gun," explained Scotty. "They had a quarrel over some money Murdock owed Lyfe. Lyfe was a mean man. He was hard and cruel, and greedy. I worked for him, and I know. He thought he owned me body and soul. Anyway, he was going to have that money from Murdock or ruin him; take over his store and all his property. So there they were, quarreling. . . . You'd best be careful or she'll get away from you."

"Quite right," said Dick cheerfully. "She's a fiend of a horse."

HE was sitting at the extreme edge of his seat, driving the mare with all the form and precision of an expert horseman. Elbows in, head erect, shoulders straight, hands close together, he played the hard-mouthed mare on the end of the reins as a fisherman plays a maddened tarpon before he lands it. There was a moment while they were silent; while the mare fought to turn from the road and climb the bank beside it. Again Dick triumphed; again the mare fell into her constrained and nervous trot.

"And then what happened?" asked Dick.

"Murdock went to Renfrew and demanded that Renfrew arrest Lyfe, because Lyfe went after me with a horsewhip."

Ranney glanced down upon him sideways.

"Dirty dog!" he said.

"I'd have gone at him if he'd hit me!" snapped Scotty between tight teeth.

"Of course you would," said Dick. "Sportsman!" he added.

"But before Renfrew got out there—out to Lyfe's ranch—a queer sort of black man who looked like an Indian came to see Lyfe, and got after Lyfe with an axe. That's when Renfrew came on the scene."

"Hooray!" sang out Dick. "Just like the movies!" He twitched an elbow and swerved the mare into the ruts of the road, to miss the edge of a ditch by inches. "She nearly got me that time," he said cheerfully.

Scotty hung tightly to the rail beside his seat.

"She'll do it yet. She wants to shake off the buckboard," he said.

"Sure," agreed Dick. "And she'll do it, some day." Scotty admired the play of the tall boy's fine body as he glimpsed it beneath the light texture of his white tennis shirt.

"What did *he* do—Renfrew?" asked Dick.

"Took all of us into Sagrinay. But while he was up in the office of McKeaver, the probate judge, trying to get me freed from Lyfe, Murdock and the Indian-looking chap drove out to the ranch and shot Lyfe dead. Murdock got the man to do it, I guess. Anyway they're still hunting for Murdock."

"But they got the other man?"

"Sure, they got him," admitted Scotty modestly, and he remembered with a shiver a night when he had thought the black man might send him the same way Lyfe had gone. "But Murdock got away. Renfrew is a darned fine detective, and he's been on the trail ever since. He felt pretty sure Murdock would come back here, because he'll need money to get away with, and he's got lots of relatives around Sagrinay. So Renfrew looked out, and sure enough, he found that a man of his description has been seen by two or three of the natives. He's watching the Scratched Rock place, because that's been deserted so long it's the logical place for a man to take refuge. I guess we're closing in on him."

"Oh, we are, are we?" smiled Dick.

Scotty blushed. It was a trait which he himself deeply deplored, that he must betray his every feeling by that quick blush.

"Well," he explained, "Renfrew and I play together now. You see he's adopting me. He's a fine man for a fellow to be adopted by."

Ranney glanced at him again with that quick, side-long glance.

"Sportsman," he murmured. "Say, can you drive?"

"Sure," said Scotty. "Want me to relieve you?"

"Not right away," grinned Dick. "But if this nightmare I'm driving pulls away at her bit much longer, I'm going to lose a couple of arms."

"What's the matter with her? Bit too sharp?"

"No, it's these wide open spaces of song and story. When she sees a clear stretch like this, she thinks it's up to her to show speed. She was reared for the trotting track or the slaughter house; she thinks she can shine as a speedster. Whoa! . . . Which way now?"

In spite of his effort, the mare had over-run the point where two trails diverged.

"Keep right on," advised Scotty; and it was at that instant the tumbleweed struck the fractious mare upon the nose. Without waiting for Dick to urge her, she kept right on.

"We're in for it now!" exclaimed Dick brightly, as he found himself powerless to control the excited animal.

"What's the matter?" cried Scotty.

"Ask her!" grinned Dick; and both boys clung to the rails which edged the seat as the great mare, conscious of Dick's helplessness, abandoned herself to a mad passion of speed which engendered fear, which impelled her to greater speed. Like a grey devil she tore wildly along the wagon track, Dick sawing the reins vainly behind her; and the buckboard bounced and screamed with strain, as she whirled it over bumps and ridges.

Scotty sat frozen in his seat, helpless in the face of sure disaster. Dick, his eyes ablaze, his huge body crouching forward as he stood behind the dashboard, was throwing his whole weight into the task of pulling the grey mare in; but she had the bit in her teeth, and her head, stretched forward, held a leverage which he was powerless to break.

"The dear thing's agitated," said Dick, catching Scotty's eye. "Wonder whether the old wagon will outlast her wind?"

"There's a bad bit of road ahead!" yelled Scotty.

"All right, but it's no use yelling—she wouldn't pay any

The magnificent youth was on the mare's back, astride, and gripping the reins.

attention to you even if she heard you; and I can't do anything about it."

Scotty blushed.

"There's a gully," he explained. "If she runs us into that, we'll be scattered over five counties. Better choose a soft place and jump."

"Not me," said Dick. "Never cheat yourself out of the end of an adventure." A bound of the buckboard almost threw him over the dash. With the reins still in his hands he sank back to his seat. "I always want to see what's at the bottom of gullies, anyway," he gasped, and sawed with all the strength of his body.

"You will," said Scotty. "Look at that!"

The trail ahead swept grandly to the edge of a deep gash in the earth, the steep walls of which were clad with a black fur of stunted, twisted growth; then, turning, the wagon road skirted the very brim of this forbidding gully so that the badly graded edges of it invited the most careful driver to upset himself into the oblivion of that dark pit. The grey mare was plunging blindly toward this twist in the road, while the buckboard, by virtue of her mad career, veritably rose from the ground and waved behind her. It literally hit only the high spots of the trail

Dick rose from his seat and passed the reins to Scotty.

"What are you g-g-going t'do?" The cry was jolted out of Scotty's lips by the lurch of the wagon. "Don't jump!" he yelled.

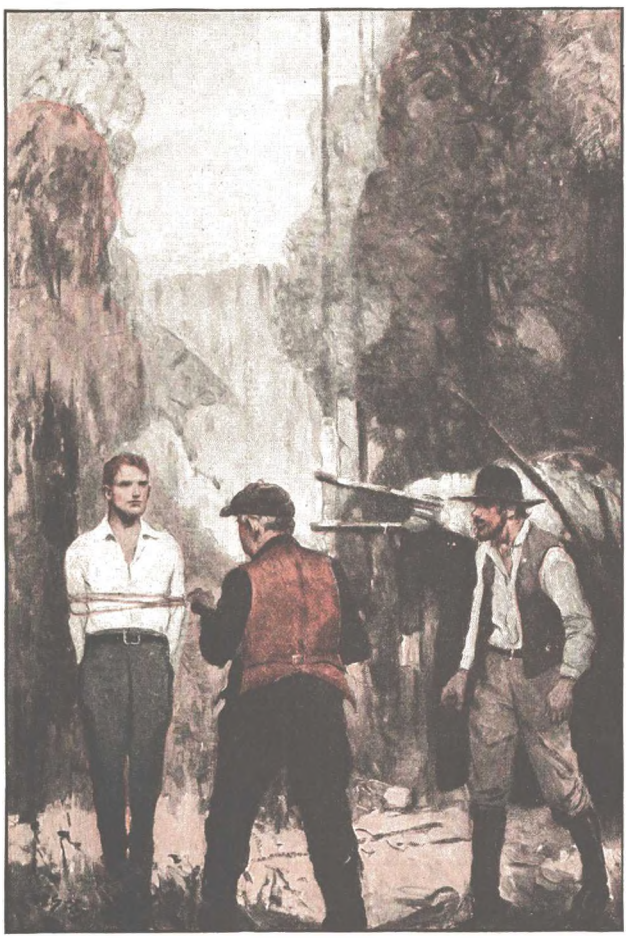
"If I could get on her back," boomed Dick, coolly, "I'd ride her ragged." And he coolly essayed to climb over the dashboard.

"Don't do it!" yelled Scotty. "You're crazy!" And he tried to grab Dick's shirt.

"I got you into it!" The cry came back to Scotty as Dick's great body plunged beautifully over the dashboard. "I'll get you out!" The magnificent youth was on the mare's back, astride, and gripping the reins close behind the animal's straight neck.

Scotty slackened the reins to give Dick leeway, but out of the tail of his eye he saw the black maw of the gully sweeping toward them. He pictured the accident; the mare head over heels with Dick beneath her, the mess of the wreckage at the gully's bottom.

"Come back!" he yelled. "You fool! Back! Come back! She'll mash you to a jelly!"



"Now what are you going to do?" sneered the grocer.

AT that point the mare reached the twist of the trail. Obviously she had no eyes for the gully. Madly she was bound to plunge into it, and the great figure of the boy on her back seemed to madden her the more. But also, the great boy on her back was determined to change her course at that twist in the trail. He gathered the reins in his hands and edged forward, jockey-like, his feet upon the traces. Then, crouching over her shoulders, he crossed the reins behind the mare's stretched neck, and with the leverage procured by this purchase, he crossed his hands and mightily twisted the mare's head around. She slowed her pace then, and for a moment fought him. But he conquered. With a plunge which brought her head down almost to the ground, the grey mare was twisted into the trail, and brought her head rearing aloft again with the precarious stretch of road that skirted the gully before her.

She plunged mightily then, and again tore madly forward; tore madly, blindly forward without constraint and without check; for in that plunge which turned her from the trail she had hurled the heavy figure of Dick Ranney from her back so that he sailed through the air like a great rag doll and plunged from sight into the black and distorted jungle which hid the gully's depth.

Scotty saw his splendid new friend thus hurled into oblivion with a sudden sickness of horror; but it was the sickness of an instant, for here he was being carried away from his injured friend at breakneck speed over a precarious trail, and the reins were in his hands. So he gathered them up and used them.

Now there are two ways to manage a frantic horse. One is the way of an expert horseman, who by long practice has learned the technically correct thing to do; that was Dick Ranney's way. The other way cannot be learned in riding schools, for it is a queer, subtle way. It is the way of a man who can feel through his reins just what moves in the mind of his horse, and can signal through those reins a perfect understanding; and that, since first he felt a horse beneath him, had been the way of Scotty McLeod. He used it now, with calm words that were given him by the spirit that makes men understand fine horses. His wide, small hands pulled firmly at the reins, then gave, then pulled, then gave, and pulled again. Calmly, firmly, without great force, without panic, he sat in that plunging, whipping buckboard, and gave and pulled, while he spoke in a voice loud enough to reach the distracted animal and calm enough to reassure her. In an amazingly short time he was driving a running horse in perfect control. In another moment, he was able to draw her in, to let her stand, quivering, while he leaped out and calmed her with his touch, and with his hands at the bridle and upon her neck turned her into the back trail. Then he brought her trotting back to the spot where Dick had disappeared. With a queer sensation which caused his heart to beat uncomfortably, and a panic of apprehension to die, repressed beneath it, he made the grey mare fast to a stunted tree, and fought his way down through the thick underbrush, making for the spot where he was afraid Dick's body would be found.

He was like a terrier looking for a lost golf ball, and his search took him along the side of that steep declivity, through a barrier of tangled scrub which scratched his skin and tore his clothing, while his ankles were twisted under him by the broken, sloping ground beneath his feet.

He found no body. All that he found, finally, was the spot where Dick had fallen; and that spot was a landslide which had taken the thick undergrowth in a chaos of stone and gravel to the bottom of the gully, leaving only patches to deceive the eye with an illusion of jungle where no jungle was. Only at the bottom of the gully had the unconquerable life of that tough growth crept over the piled gravel and re-established itself in a thick barrier. Down to this barrier Scotty crept, and there he observed with pleasure that someone had crawled through it before him. Someone, indeed, appeared to have crawled through it even before Dick, for the tunnel through the brush which had attracted Scotty's attention seemed, upon examination, to have been cut out rather than broken by the passage of a single body. Yet Scotty did not stop to debate the point. He followed the tunnel on his hands and knees.

He followed it until he saw, from the concealment it afforded, a small clearing in the bottom of the gully; and that clearing was a camp. In front of a lean-to built of brush sat a squat, unhappy looking man with broad, thick lips which revealed the unbecoming fact that several of his front teeth were missing. He held a rifle familiarly in his hands and, at the moment Scotty first saw him, was gazing with wrinkled forehead, as though puzzled, upon the face of Dick Ranney, who sat tailor fashion in front of him.

"The point I'm trying to make," Dick was saying, "is that you're behaving like a particular species of fool. That's silly."

The man continued to gaze upon him with his forehead wrinkled like a monkey's.

"You ought to be able to see that it's an accident," continued Dick. "My horse run away and heaved me into this hole. I don't mean you any harm. You won't have to worry about me—I won't even drop a hint that there's anything down here but a few rabbits and a jackass."

He shifted his position slightly, and a tiny badge on his captor's shabby vest glinted in the sun as the man instantly brought up his rifle; but he said nothing and made no sound. Dick grinned impatiently.

"You can't keep me here forever," he said. "They'll be sure to come for me."

At that the man scowled, but still he said nothing. Dick flared up.

"Well, what d' you intend to do? What's your idea, if you have any?"

The man seemed to puzzle over that for a moment. Then he spoke. His voice was something more of a growl than a voice, but his missing teeth provided it with the grotesque quality of a lisp.

"I'm keepin' you 'til the boththe cometh," he said. "If he'th got brainth he'll bump you orf."

Dick stared at him in amazement.

"You mean—" he stopped short and laughed. "You're crazy!" he cried. "He wouldn't want to commit murder!"

"He hath," growled the man. "That-'th why he'll bump you orf if he'th got brainth."

Then he comprehended what he had said. A thunder cloud of fury gathered in his eyes, only to clear up and leave him with the old, puzzled look.

"Now, he'll have to," he growled with resignation. "We'll have to move you away from here and bump you orf. We can't let you get away now." He fingered the rifle contemplatively. "You'd give uth away," he explained.

Scotty didn't listen to what followed. It consisted chiefly of subtle and ridiculous argumentation on Dick's part against being bumped off. Scotty sensed that beneath his even, whimsical air, the tall boy was gathering himself to leap upon the man, and was occupying himself with the consideration of how best he might be of help. Even while he sought about for some weapon, there was the sound of a heavy body moving in the brush, and out of the thicket behind the dugout Murdock, the grocer, plunged into view.

He comprehended the situation at a glance and a mask of fear flashed over his fat, pasty face. Instantly cunning overcame that fear, and he sprang to the side of the lisping man, who had risen.

"He'th found uth," said the man.

Murdock snatched the gun out of his hand, and Scotty, seized with fear for Dick, would have plunged forward, but Murdock did not point the gun.

"Stand still!" he squealed at Dick, who had leaped to his feet, and, to the lisping man, "Tie him up!" Then he rolled forward to poke the muzzle of the gun into Dick's ribs.

"How do you do?" murmured Dick pleasantly. "Did not see anything of a runaway horse as you came along, did you?"

"Shut up!" squealed Murdock. "Tie him! Tight!" he ordered. And the man who lisped trussed the splendid youngster tightly as he stood there.

"Now what are you going to do?" sneered the grocer; and his voice trembled with excitement.

"Accept your invitation to stick around awhile," smiled Dick. "Although, I promise you, Mr. Murdock, if I had a friend within hearing I'd tell him to run directly to the police and have you taken up within an hour. Now what do you think of that?"

And Scotty, with a thrill of admiration, divined that his fine tall friend had seen him (*Continued on page 56*)

The Jinx of the Cascade

By Arthur H. Little
Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

"I tell you, Blackie, there's something—"

WHETHER the red hair of Bud Moody actually jinxed the tug *Cascade* is something that nobody rightly knows. The point is that he thought it did; and the effect was just the same.

Jinx or no jinx, something mighty funny ailed her. To anybody that knew that big, red tug at all, she seemed to turn half crazy. Me, I'd thought that I knew her ways. I had watched her for five years—watched her on the work of Old Man Strang. I had seen her help that bearded little old contractor drive the sub-foundations for bridges and build dry docks and piers and trestles. I'd handled her throttle; and a sweeter running engine than that high-pressure beauty of hers I never had touched. I had sat on the leather-covered bunk in her pilot house and seen her master, old Cap Chapman, smile with his wrinkled eyes as he turned her ninety-foot length in a three-hundred-foot channel. He'd talk to her, Cap would, soft-like, through the thin, blue haze of his pipe smoke. I'd seen her in a seaway, behaving like a lady; I'd seen her on a towline, toiling like a tractor. Up and down the Great Lakes men knew the *Cascade* and told yarns of what she had done. And never a word against her.

But then she shipped Bud Moody.

He had joined our outfit as a diver the summer before and had worked with us on the dredge *Continental* on a dredging job in Sandusky Bay. In the fall, when the bay turned too choppy for dredging and we pulled down Lake Erie to our headquarters at Southport, Moody had been transferred, temporarily, to the power department, under me.

"Well," I said to him, "what do you say? All summer you've been an aristocrat, wearing a nice shiny helmet and a rubber suit and going out for a stroll every day on the bottom of a nice, clean lake. Now what?"

Red-headed like a torch, this Moody is, and freckled and homely as sin. Impulsive as a firecracker. Goes around, mostly, in a woolly blue shirt and dark blue pants, so that he looks like the tillerman of Ladder Company Number Six. Never wears a hat. But he stands six feet one or so. And when he grins—well, you like him, that's all.

"Well," he said to me, "I ain't quite ready to retire. And so long as there's no fancy diving that anybody wants done just now, maybe I'll have to go to work. What have you got?"

"Not a thing except slinging a shovel in the fire hold of the *Cascade*. Starting Monday she'll be needing a new fireman. But—"

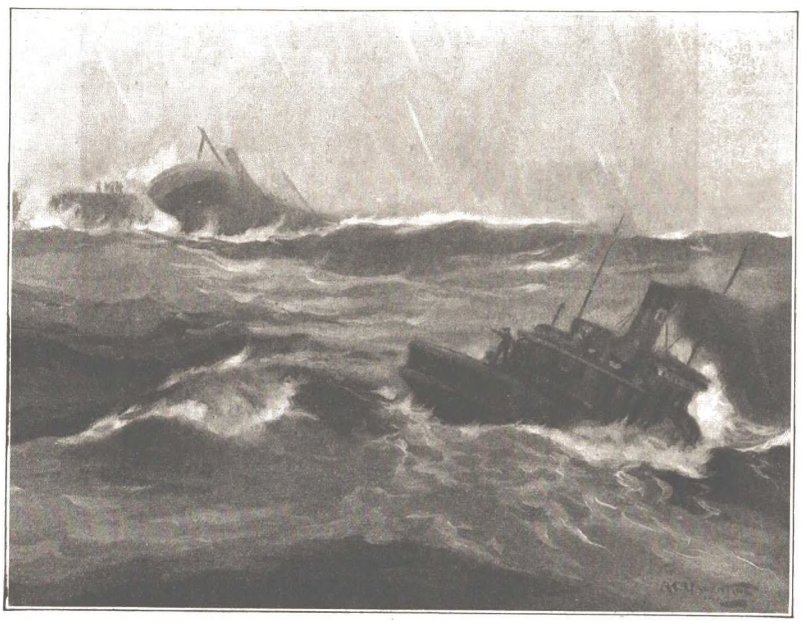
"But what?" Moody asked.

"Well," I said, "of course, there's nothing to it. But a redhead in a fire hold is supposed to be just the same as dynamite. That's what sailormen will tell you."

"Huh!" This with a grin. "Has anybody told you yet that there ain't no Santa Claus? Are you scared?"

"So's your uncle!" I said. "Report aboard the *Cascade* six-thirty Monday morning. Take along a pair of canvas gloves and buy a bottle of arnica."

And that was how it started.



On her deck, well aft, a little huddle of men waved their arms at us.

With his gloves and his grin, Moody went aboard the *Cascade*. "Keep one eye on the gauge and the other on the water glass," Henry Snyder, her engineer, told him. Snyder's a veteran, near-sighted, wears a pair of thick glasses at least twenty years old, and keeps his hair cut short so that it stands up, like grey stubble, all over his head. He peered at Bud, paused, rubbed his chin, then went on. "Well, anyway, gimme a hundred and eighty pounds o' nice, hot steam. The trick is to toss the coal into the bright spots. You'll find it interestin'."

Interesting it was, for everybody. On that first Monday, with Moody in the fire hold, the *Cascade* snored her way down through Southport channel, convoying a steel mud scow that Old Man Strang had assigned for repairs at the Southport Dry Dock. As usual in close quarters, Cap Chapman had caught hold of the scow close alongside and well toward the scow's after end—and tug and scow lashed together as one craft. His plan was to lay the nose of the scow against the dry dock gates, then cast off and let the dry dock men do the rest.

Swinging along at maybe five knots an hour, Cap ported his rudder and circled tug and scow toward the gates. Reaching behind him he caught the bell cord that communicates with the engine room and pulled it once. Back aft in the engine room, Henry Snyder, waiting for the signal, closed the throttle. Then, knowing what would come next, Snyder swung the reverse lever.

WHEN a tug needs to set her brakes she backs water. You shut off her steam. Then, to be ready to back water, you throw her into reverse, the engine motionless; and you stand by, waiting. "Clang-clang!" goes the signal bell. You pull the throttle open, strong. The engine spins the other way. The whole craft vibrates—and so comes to rest.

Well, Snyder swung her reverse lever. A thousand times, I suppose, he had done that same thing. A thousand times, by watchful skill, he had kept that single-cylinder engine of hers off center. It's a neat trick. Snyder knew his business.

But this time—not so good! At precisely the wrong spot, the propeller shaft stopped. Half frantic, Snyder banged the reverse lever back and forth and yanked at the throttle.

Forward in the pilot house, Cap Chapman reached again for the bell cord, waited for the right moment, then pulled the cord twice—"Clang-clang!"

Nothing happened. Her engine as dead as if it never had felt the drive of live steam, the *Cascade*, with that big, steel mud scow lashed alongside, slid silently forward. From the dry dock gates, two wild-eyed gatemen—they'd been unlocking the gates to open them—leaped for their lives. And then—cr-u-u-u-nch!

What happened to those gates and to the head end of that mud scow cost Old Man Strang four thousand dollars.

Of course, the old gentleman investigated.

"Explain it?" Henry Snyder said to him. "I can't, sir! Not any more than you can. I've reversed many a tug engine, but I never had one stop like that. Oh, yes, she's all right now. After the smash, I went below with a bar and rolled her shaft enough for the steam to catch hold. But when we needed her, she wasn't there. Explain it? I can't—unless something's wrong with her—something that ain't natural!"

And Bud Moody, the redhead, down in the fire hold of the *Cascade*, swung his shovel, firing the bright spots, and looked thoughtful.

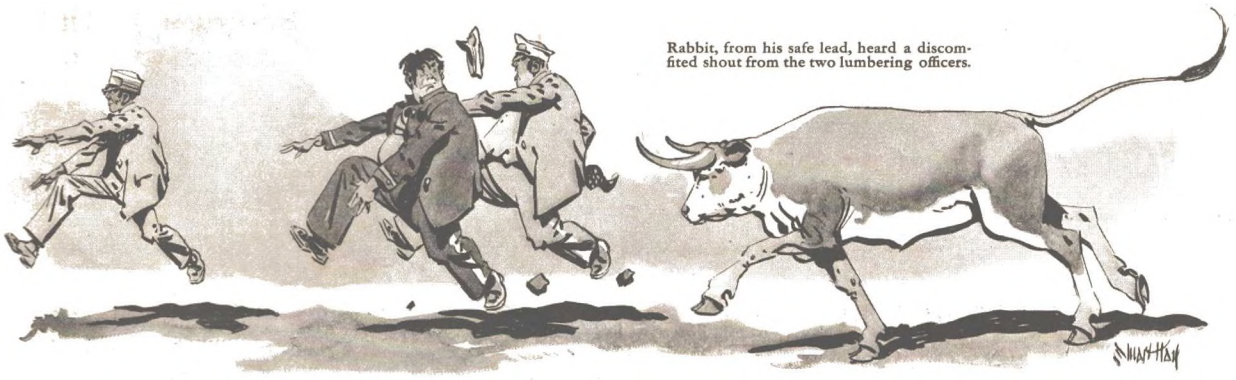
The day the *Cascade* punched the face of the dry dock with a mud scow, that day was a Monday. On the Wednesday following she sank a motor launch. She caught it with her stem against a dock, just as you'd catch a match box with your toe against the wall, and went right on through. The launch—it had been laid up for the winter and there was nobody aboard—the launch folded up and sort of squealed; and when we backed away, the spot where the launch had been was dancing with bubbles.

"Something that ain't natural!" Snyder had said. By that time I was doing some wondering myself.

ON Friday the *Cascade* blew a cylinder head out of her steering engine—shot five pounds of steel through the pilot house wall and chased Cap Chapman, pipe and all, with a cloud of hot steam. That little trick laid her up for two days.

"Blackie," Henry Snyder said to me while he and I were bolting in the new head. "I ain't an old woman, but I'm an old-timer on these here Lakes." His eyes speared at mine through his bull's-eye specs. "Blackie, I tell you that when a tugboat acts up like that, there's somethin' wrong!"

(*Continued on page 47*)



Rabbit, from his safe lead, heard a discomfited shout from the two lumbering officers.

Beatin' Toolin's Time

By Charles Tenney Jackson

Illustrated by Stuart Hay

THE explosion of the first oil tank out on the prairie lot beyond the stock-feeding pen did not arouse more than brief interest in "Rabbit" Shanks of the City Messenger Service until he came upon Policemen Toolin and Moriarity who were part of the cordon thrown around the fire area.

"Hello, Rabbit!" sang out Mr. Toolin. "An' of course it's me that won't let ye pass!"

"Hello, Tim!" responded Rabbit alertly. "And bein' on business, of course it's me that's goin' to pass!"

"I guess not!" grinned Toolin. "The oil's spread all over the counthry an' runnin' down gutters, and the fire b'ys are havin' the time of it kapin' it out of people's yards and shanties. Besides the stock men had to disentrain ten cars av wild steers, when the engine of the train went dead, bein' struck by a section of pipe or somethin' when the tank went up. Four blocks away it is, an' dangerous the leftenant says, to allow anyone nearer!"

"Huh, wild steers!" grunted Rabbit superiorly. "I was raised on an Indian reservation in Arizona, and I know more about steers than a couple of stockyard precinct cops, mebbe. And I got a message to deliver to the Stebbins warehouse, right across y'r line, Mr. Toolin!"

"Let the b'y go over," said Policeman Moriarity. "I know Rabbit—there ain't a better b'y in the business. It's just to Stebbins' office ye'll go, and not on to see the ructions where the firemen are fightin' the tank?"

"Of course," retorted Rabbit. "I got to get back down town. You think I'm a kid to stand round watchin' a fire when I'm paid for workin'?"

"Well, I dunno," mused Officer Toolin. He was perfectly willing to trust Rabbit Shank anywhere, but he wanted to "jolly" him in return for certain digs that the City Messenger lad had given at the expense of the police force, and especially Mr. Toolin when he met him.

Rabbit looked down the street, which was one of poorer suburban homes, bleak and weather-worn, with huge brick warehouses rising up in the rear of them along the railroad tracks. A great blotch of black smoke marked the scene of the fire, and in the middle distance was a glistening engine pumping and panting with a couple of firemen straightening a line of hose, the other end of which was invisible where it entered the area of oil-blazing sheds and cottages.

"Ye said I was too fat the last time I saw ye," went on Mr. Toolin, formidably. "Ye said I should be in a vawdville show, and ye had the kids singin' a song about me, didn't ye, Rabbit?"

"I'd like to see you run a hundred in ten-flat," grinned Rabbit, "but then, of course, I never will! Mr. Moriarity might leg it in two minutes, forty seconds, and at that he'd lead you five lengths—"

"Come to the precinct station gym, once," said Mr. Toolin, shaking his stick. "Come on, now! Sing it for Moriarity, and I'll let ye over the line!"

RABBIT stood grinning again at his two corpulent friends, and then he began to bawl the ditty:

"When the Po-lis first paraded at their semmy-annual drill,
Tim Toolin was the stoutest man in line;
An' the boys were all compelled to say—tho' much against their will
That Tim Toolin was a hundred carats fine!
His step exact, his form com-pact—
'Twas plain to see he had no equal there;
His noble stride, his air of pride—"

Mr. Toolin suddenly cut Rabbit's eulogy short with a yell the like of which the singer hadn't thought possible. The stout officer's "noble stride" landed him clear over by the curb, and there he turned with another whoop.

"F'r the luv av Hooley," he shouted, "get out of here—yez!"

"Look at 'em!" muttered Policeman Moriarity, and he too turned in flight.

Rabbit paused with his mouth still open. He stared in amazement at the two fat policemen who were making across the sidewalk at full speed into an open yard with a high board fence on one side and a dilapidated house on the other. They were moving fast; if Mr. Toolin couldn't make one hundred yards in ten-flat, at least he could go it sufficiently to spread his brass-buttoned coat tails to the breeze and with them a streamer of red bandanna handkerchief in his hip pocket. Close astern went Mr. Moriarity into the forlorn back yard. Rabbit Shanks never saw Chicago policemen move faster. He stood gaping at them, and then a roar welled up in his ears, and he glanced quickly around.

Rabbit didn't yell. He merely clicked his teeth together, and then he started, too. One glance was enough. Around the nearest corner, not half a block away, had erupted a volcano of maddened cattle. Their rush—at first silent—suddenly was marked by a pandemonium of hoarse bawls and grunts as the stampede gained clearer space in the street. And the van of the flying host filled this from sidewalk to sidewalk—panic-stricken longhorn steers who had broken bounds when a second smaller explosion had come, down by the tracks where the train men had been trying to keep them rounded up and driven out of the fire zone.

Rabbit had seen stampedes in his early boyhood in the Southwest. He didn't need a stockyards policeman to warn him that death was sweeping down on him under the hoofs and rushing bodies of the Texans. He was across the sidewalk and into the yard not thirty feet ahead of the nearest steer, and as he dashed along the fence he saw their red eyes and flashing horns fairly blocking the street behind him.

Halfway up the driveway, Rabbit came upon Officers Moriarity and Toolin lumbering along, and the way he passed them was a revelation. They just saw a blue flash, and heard a warning yell, and Messenger Shanks was far in the lead.

"They're turnin' in!" whooped Rabbit, from his safe lead, and he heard a discomfited shout from the two lumbering officers. Rabbit's quick glance back told him that the steers were jamming and fighting in the narrow alley. An old woman stuck her head out of a rear window and called to him in a frightened way. But what caused Messenger Shanks' alarm was to discover that the yard had no exit. A blank warehouse wall enclosed the rear and one side of it and a ten-foot fence the other. The yard, itself, was bare save for a flimsy shed, above which, near one corner, ran a line of flapping clothes, evidently on a pulley from a second-story window of the old residence in the front.

Quick as a flash, when he comprehended the cul-de-sac which the yard formed, Rabbit turned and sped to meet his panting comrades.

"It's no good here!" he howled. "Make for the house—get for those steps!"

Mr. Moriarity tried to halt his pace. Mr. Toolin did not hear and kept on clear across the yard to the little shed. And when they all turned to face the enemy, Rabbit realized that it was too late to seek refuge on the back stairs of the old brick dwelling. Two of the foremost steers had shaken free from their fellows and had charged squarely across the yard. One hurled itself into the high fence with a crash of splintering wood and staggered back shaking his immense horns.

RABBIT turned from his fellow-fugitives, who were staring at the mass of cattle struggling in the alley. One after another of the mad steers broke free and ran into the yard. Soon a dozen of them were circling it, bellowing and fighting, and others were crowding on them.

"Don't try that fence!" yelled Rabbit. "The yard'll be jammed with 'em in a minute. On this roof, Mr. Toolin—leg it up on the shed!"

Rabbit swung upon the boarding easily as a squirrel. The helmeted head of Officer Moriarity appeared. Rabbit seized and pulled at his arms. It was hard to get Mr. Moriarity up on the board roof, but the job was nothing to the struggle these two had with Officer Toolin. They hauled him half over the shed roof, but when his square-toed shoes could no longer catch in the side planks, his brass buttons caught on the top ones, and he hung, red-faced and roaring.

"Give me a hand, Moriarity!" he shouted. "Let go of me once, Rabbit, and I'm down among the scoundrels! Och!—one of 'em swiped at my knee!"

There was a crash against the shed post. One of the longhorns uprose, sweeping the others aside, and struck again at Officer Toolin's legs. And up on the shed roof Rabbit and Mr. Moriarity pulled and heaved. At last they rolled the fat Mr. Toolin over—and noted that the shed boards sagged where he lay.

"It's me that won't let ye pass," grinned Toolin.

"This is wan day of my life that if I live to the day of my death I'll never forgit," panted Mr. Toolin, wiping his brow with his bandanna. "Look at 'em, b'ys! The yard's jammin' tight with the fools, and the street is packed! Ain't there anythin' fr a cow to do but chase us?"

"They've gone loco," yelled Rabbit, "and they'll chase after anything that they see move, now! I knew they'd pack in after us, but I thought—say, better stop strompin' around on this roof! It never was made for two fat cops, and me, too!"

"What can we do?" said Mr. Toolin. "I could shoot a dozen of 'em, but—"

"There comes a

(Cont. on page 62)

Don't Get Excited!

By Warren Hastings Miller

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

He stood beside a gunner's mate with his head in the range finder, watching, watching.

"THIS in your great guns' face, Wally!"

A silence stilled abruptly the roar of conversation at the Admiral's Dinner in the wardroom of the dreadnought *Montana*. Ensign 'Stanguey Brooke sat back in his chair, a keen grin on his long, aristocratic face, and a glass of water in one hand, held as if he were about to throw it. The phrase rang arrestingly in the ears of the senior officers. It harked back to the days of knighthood, when a glass of wine cast in an opponent's face, or merely a finger dipped in it and touched to the other's forehead, constituted an insult—or a challenge. And the reference of 'Stanguey's words to those old, brave days caught the ears of the seniors, halted trivial conversation. All the wardroom was listening to what Ensign Wallace Radnor would reply. They were the only two youngsters at the Admiral's Dinner, and for a specific reason: 'Stanguey because he was aide to Commander Breckenridge, C. in C. of destroyer flotilla number 17, and Wally because he was assistant to Commander McCracken, fleet gunnery officer of the ninth battle division.

"Aw!" growled Wally in his thick voice of ferocity, "I'll beat off any attack you make with great guns alone!"

"*Bah!*" grinned 'Stanguey and sat down his glass. Both of them relapsed into a silence suffused with blushes, for the whole wardroom, from the Admiral down, was listening.

The general conversation did not resume. Men were thinking, for this subject that Wally and 'Stanguey had opened up—big guns of dreadnoughts versus speedy, slim destroyers—was a deep one. Commander Breckenridge leaned over and his eyes beamed down the table at 'Stanguey as if to say, "Good for you, youngster!"

"I don't know about that, Breck," opened up Commander McCracken, seated opposite him. "Radnor's right. I, for one, would like to see it tried out."

The long line of starched white uniforms, blazing with gold buttons and shoulder straps, stiffened. This was going to be interesting, if Admiral Haley Houghton would only take it up!

"It's the insolent imagination of youth, Admiral." The fleet gunnery officer smiled, appealing to their elderly chief, whose massive gray eyebrows were knotted in a frown. "Our young blood refuses to accept the things we have come to regard as standard. And why the secondary battery, anyhow? The five-inch are good for nothing but to stop Breck and his destroyers. If the great guns can do it as well—"

"Yea, *man!*" broke in the naval constructor excitedly. "Think what it would mean! A thousand tons saved, that we could put into more coal and speed—"

"My curse upon you both!" interrupted Breckenridge genially. "The destroyer flotilla would like nothing better than to have your five-inches put out of action! You couldn't begin to stop us, with all your ten twelve-inchers put together."

THE Admiral had been watching with a tender amusement these challenges flashing back and forth across the table—just the fighting spirit he loved. He opened his mouth to speak and the wardroom fell instantly silent.

"Well, gentlemen, this is a pretty argument our youngsters have opened up!" his heavy voice began pleasedly. Captain Norman Brooke, seated beside him, relaxed his tigerish glare upon his son, settled back in his chair, and twirled his heavy gray mustache relievedly. The Admiral wasn't angry!

"What do *you* say, Brooke?" went on the Admiral. "Something to this idea, isn't there? It means smoke screen for your destroyers, Breckenridge, of course. Couldn't attack visibly within the range of the twelves—that is, unless—" Admiral Haley Houghton paused for a brief, half serious chuckle—"unless some gun pointer's thinking mechanism went wrong. You don't dare forget the human element."

Breckenridge was full of plans for sacrifice of one boat to lay a screen and attack with the five left in his flotilla. "Guarantee three direct hits, sir!" he said excitedly. And McCracken, Wally's senior who had been so quick to back up the young ensign, was as quick to reply.

"Five years ago, Admiral," he smiled whimsically, "I would have said *of course* we need a rapid-fire secondary to beat off destroyers. But Jutland showed that big guns can pick off destroyers—and to-day our turret fire is a lot faster and more certain than it was then. I'm inclined to agree with Radnor."

Wally and 'Stanguey listened with burning ears to the row they had started. Tempers grew violent as the wardroom took sides; the naval constructor waxed vociferous over what he could do with all that saved weight. They said nothing themselves, being only "insects," but Wally's warm brown eyes were searching 'Stanguey's gray ones anxiously, for he hoped ardently that this controversy would in no way disturb their friendship. And in 'Stanguey's gaze he read: "It's all right, boot! We're bound to be mixed up in this anyhow; but, you smear me or I smear you, it's all one. All we want is a showdown on this great gun thing!"

The Admiral was speaking: "Gentlemen, we'll try it out! Just a little family party in the division. You can make it the basis of a report to the Department, Brace, if you like," he said to the naval constructor. "One destroyer, harmless spotting torpedoes and so forth will answer." He turned to the gray-moustached captain. "Do you offer the ship, Brooke?"

"Very good, sir," rumbled Captain Brooke.

And—"There's no moon to-morrow night, sir," put in the navigator.

That settled it. Wally and 'Stanguey wondered where they were coming in, in all this. Next morning Wally found out, for McCracken called him into conference immediately after breakfast.

"Radnor, you're relieved from all ship duty to-day," he began. "I want you to go all over Number Two with a fine-tooth comb. Groom her as she never has been before."

Wally smiled slightly and their eyes met, understandingly, over that "never has been before." Number Two was the ship's hoodoo turret, in spite of its being the most important one on the ship. And the reason was the human element the Admiral had mentioned!

"How *about* Smythe," he asked, referring to the turret lieutenant of Number Two.

Commander McCracken's thin lips curled in an arch smile. "Need I tell you to use tact, Radnor? Smythe's a good fellow, but . . . We have to use the men and the ships as we find them, and do the best we can. That is the personal element butting in on your theory, you see. I'll be in the conning tower, and Bunce has Number Four. I'm not worrying about him any. If the attack comes abaft our beam it will be up to him. But, if on our bow, it will be pinned right on Smythe—on *you*, to be precise!"

Wally nodded somberly. It was a real responsibility that that gold circlet of the Staff invested upon him! Wherever he went, he superceded every ship's officer, no matter what his rank, for that golden rope with its pendant knots meant that he represented McCracken, and through him the Admiral.

"Can I trust you, Radnor?" asked McCracken. "There is only one rule in this torpedo-attack thing—don't get excited!"

Wally grinned and whacked a burly fist on his chair arm. He looked as if not even 'Stanguey rushing upon him out of the night, with the speed of ten thousand horse and the still speedier rip of the deadly torpedo, could budge him an inch!

"I get you, sir!" he replied. Then he went out to attend to the grooming of Number Two.

WALLY was secretly elated at that opportunity to help run the turret. As staff officer he actually could run the two twelves, and that was a great chance for a mere ensign. High as the honor of being on the staff was, Wally looked forward to the day when, as a lieutenant, he might be in command of a turret in his own right—like Smythe!

"Only mine won't be any old hoodoo turret!" he growled ferociously at himself.

Up an iron barbette ladder and through the swinging steel trapdoor in the bottom of the overhang of Number Two, Wally betook his hundred and eighty pounds. No one was in the turret but the gunner's mate who lived there and the turret electrician. The two saluted, and one went to call Lieutenant Smythe. Wally examined minutely the enormous breech of the starboard twelve-inch that filled its compartment clear up to the steel roof of the turret overhead. His eye ran over the huge elevating quadrant, its greasy rack of teeth, the motor operating it, the rammer curled in a chain-band overhead, its slides and its motor. Then he tried the controllers, very like those on a trolley car, operating both motors. He went forward along the narrow space between the turret wall and the monster side of the gun, took a look at the hand elevating gear for emergencies, examined the pointing and checking telescopes and their firing handles. Everything neat, clean, and shipshape here; but yet an air of something wrong over it all!

Wally swung down below, looked over the limit switch of the ammunition hoist a moment, and then climbed up into the turret trainers' booth. The little steel pocket behind the slanting front wall of the turret was tiny, but it held a number of things that required inspection. There was the trainer's sighting telescope, his target-bearing indicator, his controllers for both turret-rotating motors; there was the turret electrician's switchboard, with its fuses and switches and circuit breakers for every motor in the turret—gun-elevating, turret-training, ammunition-hoist motors, rammer motors. Wally examined them all minutely. Here were more holes for trouble than grew in a colander! He hoped that Smythe's electrician was cool and capable!

And then he uttered a grunt, the first sound that had come from him since he had entered the turret. For, out from under the seat in front of that switchboard, he had drawn a rumpled and dog-eared popular magazine. It had no business to be there, Wally knew, even if the electrician did sling his hammock in the port gun compartment. The place for that magazine was in the man's ditty-box, or nowhere. Wally thought of the trouble 'Stanguey would have caused over a discovery like this, and grinned. Such a little fault; but, just the same, it spoke volumes. *Why* was it kept under that seat? Because the man was accustomed to reading here, in spite of the indifferent light and the uncomfortable seat. And *when* was he here, except when on duty during firing? A turret electrician had nothing to do, then, once his switches were on, save to stand by in case anything went wrong with his motors or his controllers.

Just stand by; but it means just that and nothing more—certainly not reading a magazine to while away the

time! Wally's indignation mounted as he thought on. Suppose this bird were reading about Harold and Geraldine and got the order to put on a starboard motor switch? What more natural than just to put back his right hand and shove in the switch, still reading? And, as his back would be to the board, to put on the *port* switch instead?

"Here's one of Smythe's hoodoos, anyway!" growled Wally, taking along the magazine. "I'll watch this gob, you bet!"

ANOTHER hoodoo came to him after an inspection of the lower ammunition room and an ascent upward again by way of all the machinery of the port gun. All this was neat as a pin, but it hadn't the look of *wear* of Bunce's turret nor of Number One, Three, and Five. The gears were less bright, for one thing. There were fewer scratches on the copper contacts of the controls. The grease was thicker everywhere. Smythe spent a deal of his drill time in lecturing his crew on the tactics of gunfire, which time the other lieutenants spent in drill, drill, drill. Wally's idea was that gunfire tactics were for the fire-control officers, and the turrets were meant to hit something, accurately and often. Nothing but drill could assure that! Just like a varsity team. This crew got too much talk and not enough practice, those gears and contacts told Wally.

The men were at stations and Lieutenant Smythe in his booth when Wally climbed up into the port gun compartment.

"Find everything to your liking, Ensign?" asked Smythe, grinning down at him, cynically, from the booth seat.

"Looks good!" admitted Wally. "I'd like both guns put through their paces, once, if you don't mind," he added with some trepidation at giving anything that resembled an order to a turret lieutenant.

Smythe grew huffy at once. "Seeing that we've only worked these guns a thousand times already this season, and chipped off seven out of nine hits in battle practice, I fail to see. . . . Is that an order?" he broke off, eyeing the staff circlet around Wally's shoulder.

"It is," growled Wally in that voice of his which might be mock or real ferocity. "Make it handsome, this time, if you don't want to run through it again, see?"

Smythe was somewhat taken aback. He did not know enough about Wally to be assured that that growl meant nothing except that a fellow *ought* to do his darndest in everything he did in this man's Navy; also he dared not disobey that staff circlet.

"Oh, all right!" he snarled wearily. "Stations, men! Load port and starboard ammunition hoists!"

The swift rattle of the carriers running down filled the turret with noise. Below, Wally could hear the sharp yelps of Smythe's junior and the clang and rattle of cranes as the two nine-hundred-pound shells dumped on the carriers. Up they sped; and the rammer man was about to twist the handle of his controller, ramming them home, when Wally called, "Cease firing!"

Everything halted abruptly.

"What's up?" came from the turret booth as Smythe poked down a none too pleasing visage.

"Your port hoist's two inches too high, Lieutenant," said Wally sighting.

"I know it; what's the diff?" retorted Smythe in a tired voice. "The rammer'll send her home."

"Maybe; but let's fix the limit switch first. You'll never get good seat on the rifle lands that way."

"All right. Electrician!"

Wally dropped down to watch. No one was stationed before the limit switch, that circle of contacts with the arm moving over them. The arm needed adjusting just a trifle. A badly flustered turret electrician arrived in haste, and the way he went at it made Wally grit his teeth helplessly. The man was nervous and little and sallow, and looked as if he fed on the adventure stories in magazines to satisfy a craving for something totally lacking in himself.

"Not so much! That's much too much!" Wally could not help exclaiming as Pedlow, the electrician, proceeded to move the arm two whole contacts. "She's only out two inches. Just a little! There! How about it?" he called up.

"All right now, sir!" came from the rammer man above.

"That's well! Screw home, Pedlow! Don't you ever mark your zero point on these things?" said Wally. "Here!" He got out a penknife and scratched a mark on the contact.

"You mark zero on the starboard hoist," he ordered as he left to go up to the breech platform again. "All right, sir!" he sang out to Smythe.

"Commence firing!" ordered the officer. The busy turmoil of a turret resumed; rammers shoving home the shells, carriers rattling down for powder bags, the trundle of gears as the turret revolved, the steady *"Mark! Mark! Mark!"* from the pointers as they kept on the *Arizona's* flagstaff while the ship rolled slowly.

Wally asked for a repeat try-out, and then went out. He hoped that Number Four would have to take 'Stanguey's attack this night, but knew he had no right to expect it. After all, it was the personal element that counted. In war you could not ask the enemy to go easy on a hoodoo turret. The machinery was there; it was the men who ran it who made victory or defeat. If 'Stanguey came down on their bows through the smoke screen and got home on the ship in spite of Number Two, it would be a perfectly fair test. It was up to the *Montana* to defend herself with the guns and men she had. But the exasperating part of it was that, were it not for turrets like Number Two, they would not *need* the help of a secondary battery. Wally ground his teeth savagely but kept a shut mouth before Commander McCracken as to that magazine and the badly-adjusted ammunition hoist. He owed Smythe at least the benefit of the doubt—until it was all over, when there could be post mortems. . . .

IT was night and a thick wrack from the southeast lay over the sea. An ideal night for a torpedo attack. Luck on 'Stanguey's side! The *Montana* was steaming along at full speed over a lonely area of the Southern Drill Grounds, all her searchlights going, all her crew tensely on the lookout. The destroyer was to fire spotting torpedoes, ones with war heads that sent up a small explosion on striking but could do no damage to the massive plates of the dreadnought. The *Montana* had her guns set for six degrees ahead of the point of aim, so as to make a shower of shell spouts several hundred yards from the attacking destroyer, yet with range and bunching that could be estimated by the umpires as hits.

Clang—clang! went the ship's bell.

"Nine o'clock—coming on the range!" whispered the order throughout the ship's telephones. Zero hour had struck. From now on they were liable to torpedo attack at any time. Wally glanced at his wrist watch and licked his lips nervously. "Don't get excited, old clam!" he told himself ferociously. It was the first, last, and only order, now! He stood on the loading platform just aft of the huge breech of the starboard gun. The gun captain, a big and capable man, gripped in a steady fist the long handle of the breech plug. The backs of the two gun-pointers, side by side forward, bent tensely to their eyepieces, but no yelp of *"Mark! Mark!"* came from them. The rammer and hoist man fiddled nervously with his control handles and Wally wished he'd stop it.

The minutes went by. Everything ready here! Wally went out and climbed on top of the turret so as to look for the smoke screen. It would put them on guard. He stood beside a gunner's mate with his head in the range finder, watching, watching. (*Continued on page 28*)

Brannggg! she spoke, and her shell spout joined that one rising to the right of 'Stanguey's bow.

The Selfridge Jinx

By Rex Lee

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

Just as he started his swing, the great tiger sprang from the burro's back.

IT was four o'clock in the morning, and Rann Braden was ready to drop. Probably, he reflected, he should have gone down to the train, and not stopped to watch the tear down of the Selfridge circus, but somehow it seemed to him that any hour of the day he missed was something that could never be regained. He was bound and determined to be a circus man—a showman who knew every detail of the business from running the side show to laying out the lot. So it was that although he was now a part of the Ford Flying Troupe with the show, he was also first on the lot in the morning and last to leave it.

Never before, in his nearly two years of circus experience, had the blonde, drawling youngster seen such a lot as he and Horse O'Donnell, boss canvasman, were looking at now. The last wagon was just being dragged off—and there were two eight-horse teams on the pole, an eight-horse team attached to each side of the wagon, and two elephants pushing. The boss hostler on his saddle pony was helping the drivers with voice and whip. The thirty-two superb gray baggage horses were pulling their mightiest under the spur of their keepers' voices and bull hooks; yet they were unable to do more than keep the wagon crawling through the hub deep Ohio mud. Two poles had been sheered off already—pulled right out of the wagon. This was the third.

"If you think this lot is bad, you oughta see a lot of Texas gumbo mud," stated the huge Irishman who was at once friend, adviser and taskmaster for Rann during his circus days. "When I was with the Brewster Brothers' show, I remember when we were three days getting off a lot in Orange, Texas. Let's get to the cars, huh? It'll be quicker to walk."

Rann assented with a nod and stumbled along through the fine rain. Somehow the dank darkness of the night seemed to be a part of the pall which had been hanging over the Selfridge show for weeks. It was uncanny, disturbing, and men were muttering half fearfully and wondering what jinx was stalking the trail of the second largest show in the world. The negroes were frank in their fear. They were sure some hoodoo was riding the fifty-five-car train.

IT was not so much persistent wet weather, and every conceivable sort of bad luck in caring for the equipment. It was just about everything. Four times within two weeks, for instance, animals had escaped from their cages, and once old Soto, as mean an elephant right then as ever pulled a stake, had gone amuck and ended up by ruining a barber shop in Garson, Pennsylvania, before he had been corralled.

And just two nights before, one of the canvasmen, Lambert by name, had been found murdered, his body lying in the bushes alongside the train.

Crowds had been small, weather enough to drive men and beasts alike into a frenzy, and from kinkers to canvasmen the troupers were commencing to fear their own shadows. Three of the star riders had been hurt within as many days, and Beauty, star leader of the twelve horse troupe of performing Liberty horses that worked in the center ring as a feature attraction, was mysteriously ill, apparently poisoned. A dozen other troubles of mysterious origin—

Wide-shouldered, tranquil Rann Braden had a consuming love for the show, and life ahead had shone brightly as he thought of his opportunity to be a showman, but his youthful zest and love for even the hardships of the game had not been sufficient to overcome the sinking feeling engendered by the events of each day. Somehow a fellow woke up dreading what was ahead. The show was disorganized, the managers downcast, worried, meeting together in groups and talking in low tones. Something was decidedly wrong with the Selfridge show.

"Well, we got by to-night with only busting one wagon, and didn't have to shoot a horse," boomed O'Donnell as he led the way across the lot. The train was close, to-night, and a short cut through a clump of woods and a path through some thick underbrush would bring the two to the cars in a few minutes.

"Kind of queer, at that, the way things are breaking," drawled Rann. "What is it now—about three weeks' straight rain—"

"And an easy hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth o' damages o' one kind or another—payments of damage cases, lost attendance, broken equipment. How d'yuh like bein' an animal man?"

"I enjoy fooling around 'em," admitted Rann. "Gosh, but I'm tired."

"You'd better take a rest for a few weeks," advised O'Donnell. "This idea o' tryin' t' miss nothin' at all'll get yuh in the end. Lie down and snooze a while every afternoon after the matinee's over and yuh've had your chow, instead o' peekin' into the side show or foolin' around animals or lyin' around the horse tents—"

His bull-like tones ceased suddenly as Rann's hand gripped his arm. The young Southerner's blue-gray eyes were striving to probe into the dense darkness.

"Listen!" he breathed, straining his ears to hear something above the patter of the rain.

The big Irishman stood motionless. From far back of them came voices—the last of the workmen and bosses leaving the lot.

"You gettin' to be like the chicken-livered crowd?" demanded O'Donnell. "Scared o' your shadow—"

"Listen!" repeated Rann, and his long fingers fairly dug themselves into the gigantic showman's arm.

"By Godfrey! That's a man!" bellowed O'Donnell, suddenly, and then fell into silence as they listened tensely.

There it was again, and the gooseflesh raised on Rann's skin and shivers chased themselves up and down his backbone.

From somewhere, back in those dripping bushes which were invisible in the dead blackness, a man was groaning—now faintly, then again louder as though the agony had increased.

"Let's go, Rann!" shouted O'Donnell, and now the big fellow's voice was, temporarily, the only normal thing in the world to Rann.

"Coming! Make some noise, whoever you are!" shouted O'Donnell, and the two plunged ahead through the bushes. Their "wet weathers"—slickers and boots—were about as much good to them now as so much tissue paper. They stumbled and fell, wading along through branches that whipped their faces as they dripped unseen in the shadow.

TWENTY feet of blind progress, and then they stopped and listened. A groan, and then:

"Horse O'Donnell?"

It was faint and weak, that call, but there was something familiar in the voice:

"Yes!" roared the boss canvasman, and then lower, to Rann:

"The Old Boy himself is dogging this show. No tellin' what we'll find, youngster—maybe you'd better stay here—"

"Try to go a foot without me," came Rann's gentle voice, giving no hint whatever of the complex, fearful emotions which filled him. For days and weeks it seemed that something repulsive, fearful, terrible because unknown, had been pressing on his spirit, and now he had a feeling that there in the soaked woods there would be an explanation.

Twenty feet farther on, they went, guided only by groans and feeble calls. Then Horse stumbled over a body, and as he shouted in uncontrollable surprise a weak voice said:

"It's—it's Mussy, Horse. And I'm beat up bad!"

"Again?"

It was like the bellow of a bull, the way O'Donnell roared it. For once before Mussy, the despised and spat upon pariah of the show, had been found cruelly beaten.

And this time, evidently, his unknown assailants had left him for dead. He was shot in the left shoulder, and had been unconscious for an hour. The significant thing was that first he had been hit on the head as he was on his way to the train, and *then* shot. In the darkness his enemy or enemies had missed—or possibly they had been hurried. They had evidently lugged him deep into the underbrush to hide the body.

He went off into delirium soon, and was raving unintelligibly as Rann and Horse carried him to the train, where the show doctor took him in charge. He'd live—possibly there was concussion of the brain, but the bullet wound was a mere scratch.

"It's a good thing it's rainin', so the rest o' the show ain't sitting around and gettin' wise to this to-night," stated O'Donnell as they walked down the line of white circus cars toward the privilege car. "The train'd be a madhouse if they knew what was up. You know, Rann, I figure some o' these roughnecks think Mussy's the jinx, and they're beatin' him up tuh git rid of him."

Rann nodded. He said little, through habit, which was one of the traits about him which aroused respect far beyond that usually accorded one of his years.

The "pie car" held only three assistant bosses—Blackshirt Bill, Comby, and Stella, old-timers all. It was nearly five in the morning, and from the flat cars there came the steady rumble of loading wagons.

Rann and Horse sat at the table with the others, and ordered a sandwich each. The pie car was a species of dining car, tables at one end and a long counter splitting it down the middle at the other end, where people in the show could buy light food at their own expense after cookhouse hours. It did a land-office business, because breakfast is at nine in the cook tent, lunch at twelve, and dinner at five.

In succinct sentences Horse told his assistants what he and Rann had found.

Comby, sixty-five years old, gaunt, gray-headed and humorous, was unwontedly serious.

"Horse, that feller oughta be got rid of," he stated. "I never see anything to beat the way the skipper insists on keepin' him. Ain't old Emory Miles said Mussy was the worst animal man he ever see, and tried tuh fire 'im a dozen times?"

"He sure has," drawled Rann.

Stella, youngest of the assistants present, lowered his eyelids over narrow gray eyes and pushed his aged black felt hat back on his head. "Suppose Mussy's got somethin' on the skipper?" he inquired softly.

TO Rann it seemed impossible that an utterly repulsive, unkempt, bearded piece of the scum of the earth like Mussy could have any influence whatever over big, cool-eyed, competent Jack Farrell. But there was a mystery about Mussy, and about how such an inefficient, utterly repellent piece of humanity, by some unknown power, remained with the show against everybody's will—but the manager's.

"Mussy hangs round with those dirty bums of canvasmen we picked up when we got in a pinch down South," growled Blackshirt Bill. "Nobody kin stand him but those hard eggs. An' they're better'n he is. At least, they're some good on their job, whereas he's a total loss, an' worse."

Horse's ham-like fist hit the table and made the dishes jingle.

"You mark my words," he said in a whisper as loud as most men's shout. But it didn't matter much—Sully, behind the counter, was an old-timer who didn't talk too much. "That there Mussy's been responsible, some way or another, for the way them animals've been gettin' out, too! It ain't believable otherwise! And most of the men hate him because he's the lousiest, dirtiest specimen of humanity a show ever had on it. They've picked on him, spit on him, kicked him around every chance they've got, and some of 'em are gonna kill him if he don't get off the show! And he takes everything in that whipped dog way, refuses t' budge and the old man won't have 'im fired—"

Rann's hand gripped his wrist. Jack Farrell, the manager, was coming into the car, soaked to the skin, his face set in bitter lines. Without more than a nod to any of them, he snapped out his order, gulped down hot coffee, and went out.

"He's just about one jump ahead of a fit," grunted Blackshirt Bill. "Over on the A. G. Robinson show one year we had a run o' luck like this when he was managin' and he was a ravin' maniac—"

"Well, he's got a blamed mean situation t' handle now," stated Stella, getting up to leave. "How long's the run to-night?"

"Shelbyville—about forty miles," returned O'Donnell abstractedly. "This show ain't gonna make many more runs if things don't change, boys. There's somethin' workin' around. Ain't never found who killed Lambert, have they? Or who is stealin' band instruments and everything else under the sun? I've seen every kind o' crook in the world joined up with a show, but believe me, we must have a bunch that'd make an old grift show outfit look like a Sunday School picnic!"

"Well, to-morruh's another day, and she'll be a whale. I'm goin' to bed," announced Comby, getting to his feet slowly, as though suffering with rheumatism. "I've never been so tired, seems like."

They went off silently, and as Rann walked down the quiet line of cars in the rain he was thinking:

"Something's going to break around here soon—and it can't come any too soon for me either!"

Apparently others felt that way, too, for next day, when the rumor of Mussy's beating up had spread around, the reaction on the show was obvious. Rann himself heard some of the cruder canvasmen and other laborers say that it would have been better all around if Mussy had been finished for good and all. That was simply a result of the overwrought condition of the entire outfit. Rain and still more rain strained nerves and muscles to the breaking point. It was no wonder that there were a dozen fights a day. O'Donnell and Farrell and the other bosses drove their men to the terrible toil with fist and voice, and day after day the force of working men grew smaller as the laborers walked out in droves. Even old Milwaukee Red, boss of the stob wagon, disappeared without warning.

IT was three days before Mussy came back to work. Rann had heard several of the bosses, even, remark that no animals had got loose since Mussy had been gone, and that if he never came back it would be too soon. They were looking at Farrell peculiarly now, too—and talking about him in a half wondering, half sympathetic vein. No man seemed to know quite where he stood. They could not understand; so they waited for the break to come.

Rann, too, was gripped by that spirit of uneasy waiting. He had to force himself to give his attention to other things, to go on learning all that he could about the show.

But on the afternoon that Mussy was to return to work, Rann had for the time being forgotten all sinister possibilities in his absorption in talk about animals. He was sitting with the bosses at the stob wagon—short for stake and chain—and they had been watching Bozo, pet monkey of the show, play around over the top of the big top. The sun had peeped through the clouds for a moment, and so Bozo was out. He had the run of the lot when it wasn't raining, and it was his delight to peek down through the bail rings while the show was in progress, and in general wander around and enjoy himself.

"Funny about that little heathen," said bald, gray-headed, bright-eyed old Emory Miles, animal man for twenty years. "Remember, Comby, how a year or two ago he got the habit o' breakin' up old Pop MacDonald's side show ballyhoo every doggone day until we whipped his hide off for it and broke him?"

O'Donnell chuckled. He was sitting in undershirt and trousers, shoes off, idly watching the straggling people who were walking around and around the show.

"One day he come down through a bail ring when Erva Ford was doin' her one-arm pullups at the matinee, and he hangs by one paw on somethin' and imitates her. They say all the applause was for him."

Ruddy-faced Henry Black, boss hostler, cocked a wise old eye at Bozo, who disappeared down a center pole of the menagerie top.

"Bozo's pretty near as human as that horse I used to have in that ten-horse team o' blacks—Nigger. Remember him, with the Bar One Ranch Show, Comby? He'd walk into the cookhouse and get a drink o' water. Some o' the men would cover him up when he lay down in the sun, and I've seen him come right to the stob wagon, like here, and lie under the awning and not a boss, from old Happy Jack Jarvis down, that would bother him! One time when a bridge give way down in Florida on a long haul, those blacks was right on the edge of it. To get 'em back before they fell in, too, I give the leaders a belt on the face with my whip. Nigger was one of 'em, and as soon as the team was unhitched he ran away and hid in the bushes all day. Whole show was lookin' for him. One blow o' the whip just broke his heart."

"Seems to me as though old Soto was acting funny again to-day," drawled Rann.

"Kind of skittish," admitted the boss animal man. "Elephant always gets that way when he's just about grown. Some of 'em at twenty years old, some thirty, but most around twenty-five. Soto ain't really bad—just restless. This here bad weather and all seems to've got old Tessie skittish too."

Tessie was the huge old matron who was leader of the herd.

"Why do little things scare elephants—stampede 'em?" queried Rann.

"Seems to be something they've had carried down to 'em for thousands o' years," answered Miles. "I think mice is the cause of 'em bein' scared of all little things. They get panicky if a kitten or a dog comes on 'em suddenlike. You see a mouse'll run up their trunk, dig its claws in so the elephant can't blow 'em out—and then it is gangrene for sure. That tissue inside the trunk's thin an' delicate, you know.

"But a herd won't stampede unless the leader does. The punks and others, if anything scares 'em, 'll go right to old lady Tessie, for instance—and if she doesn't run, they won't. If she does, they foller."

"Tessie run from a cat that come on her from behind in Chicago," put in Stella. "Remember that? Some stampede—and then she rounds up the herd herself, like, and leads 'em back. I—hello, here comes Mussy!"

Wandering out of the back door of the big top, and underneath the side wall that surrounded back room, pad room, ballet top, and other small tents, came Mussy, slopping mournfully through the mud. All the showmen were caked with mud, but Mussy was a sight in his tattered clothes and gaping shoes, and his unkempt hair and unshaved face were the setting for eyes that never seemed to meet anyone else's.

"Farrell's pet," snorted Henry Black. "If anything goes wrong to-night, he'll be lynched. Dirty crook! This show business is gettin' t' be—"

"Dry up, Henry!" admonished Comby. "Well, the flag's up, I see. Let's eat."

Sure enough the flag was up on the cook house. That meant supper was ready, and Rann wandered over with the rest. The side show band was blaring away over at the other side of the midway—that never stopped as long as there were any customers at all.

SOMEHOW, as he ate at one of the long, oilcloth-covered tables, Rann's mind could not be sidetracked again from the subject of the remarkable Mussy. Why did he stay on, hated and despised as he was by all but the lowest of the canvasmen? Why wouldn't Farrell discharge him? Who had tried to kill him? What unknown, menacing things, entirely aside from the weather, were making of that former big family of circus folk gallivanting gaily through the country, an armed camp waiting to fight it knew not what? Catastrophe, instead of being an unusual

(*Continued on page 32*)

Rann's whole body hung on that great appendage.

Ready? Serve!

By William E. Hinchliff

Tennis Coach, Yale University.

"Little Bill" Johnston, set for a forehand drive, has his eyes on the ball.

Part I

"'BIG BILL' TILDEN," I told a group of young tennis players one day last summer, "uses a thirteen-and-a-half ounce racket—"

I didn't get any farther than that—the noise those boys made stopped me right there. "Big Bill" use such a light racket? They couldn't believe it.

"Why, the clerk in the sport store told me Tilden uses a 16-ounce racket," one boy said. Another declared that a good player can't hit a ball hard without a heavy racket.

They were wrong. It isn't necessary for a tennis player to use a ponderous racket any more than it is for Rogers Hornsby to put lead in the head of his baseball bat to make home runs.

The selection of the right racket is mighty important, and I always talk to college players about that particular problem before I take up a single stroke or movement. So I'm going to tell you just the same things.

I once knew a fellow who chose a racket because he liked the green and red cross stringing in it! Needless to say, he didn't know anything about tennis, and until he discovered that his racket did not suit him, he didn't learn much. The best rule for the fellow who is buying his first racket, or who is not altogether certain that the one he owns is best for him, is to let an expert advise him. The expert may be the clerk in the store; but unless you're mighty sure the clerk *is* an expert (and naturally there aren't many who qualify in that class), take the best player in town, or the coach at a tennis club, or an older, experienced player with you when you buy.

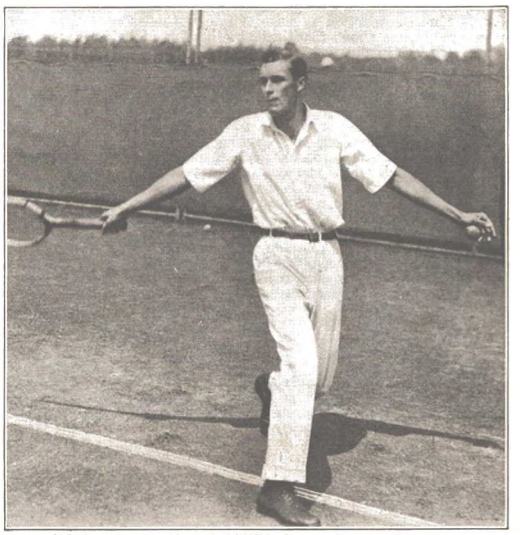
And then be sure the racket you get isn't too heavy. For a 12-year-old boy a racket should weigh about 13 ounces; for the average college player 14 ounces is quite heavy enough. So watch the weight. Watch the size of the grip, too. Many boys fool themselves into thinking a handle resembling the big end of a baseball bat will help their game. They're wrong. The small handle, of about five and one-fourth inches in girth, is best, for it allows the average player to get a firm grip.

It's well to buy the very best racket you can afford, too. There are several reasons. A good racket will outlast several that cost half as much. You'll get perfect balance in a good racket, the best of stringing and an assurance that the figures stamped on the handle actually represent the instrument's weight; in some cheap rackets you can't be sure of any of these. All around, buying a good racket is just as profitable, financially and in its effect, as playing with good balls.

Incidentally, a good racket can be restrung time and again successfully, for it has a sturdy, well-seasoned frame.

Don't let anybody cut the handle of a racket short, even if you're a brand new player. I've seen boys trying to use lopped-off rackets because somebody has told them a shorter handle is easier to manipulate. It isn't. It deprives a stroke of power, it completely ruins the balance of the racket and it forces the player, when he wants to learn the game right, to start all over again.

That's a lot to remember about a racket, but it's all fundamental. The fellow who doesn't know every bit of it might as well not start playing tennis. . . . Now let's see how you're going to use the racket.



"Big Bill" finishes his backhand with this foot position.

Learn the Right Grip

FIRST, you must get it into your hand right. Lay it down on the ground, flat; then pick it up naturally and easily. That will give you the forehand grip I prefer, and one a lot of good players use. Your little finger is at the base, about half an inch from the leather guard. Your thumb curves around to meet your fingers. Learn to hold on to that racket firmly—not tensely, but with enough strength to make it do what you want it to when it hits the ball.

You'll do well to spend some time every day bouncing a ball against a solid wall or a "bounce board" if one is available. Bounce practice perfects that grip; it strengthens your wrist, and teaches you quick shifts for different shots as well as the value of proper footwork.

It teaches you a lot about keeping your eye on the ball every instant, too. No boy ever became even champion of his school until he learned to watch the little white sphere. From the time it leaves your opponent's racket (or rebounds from the wall) until you've stroked it again, you must watch it like a cat watches a sparrow. Concentrate on it; keep after it until watching it becomes natural, and you don't have to think of it any more.

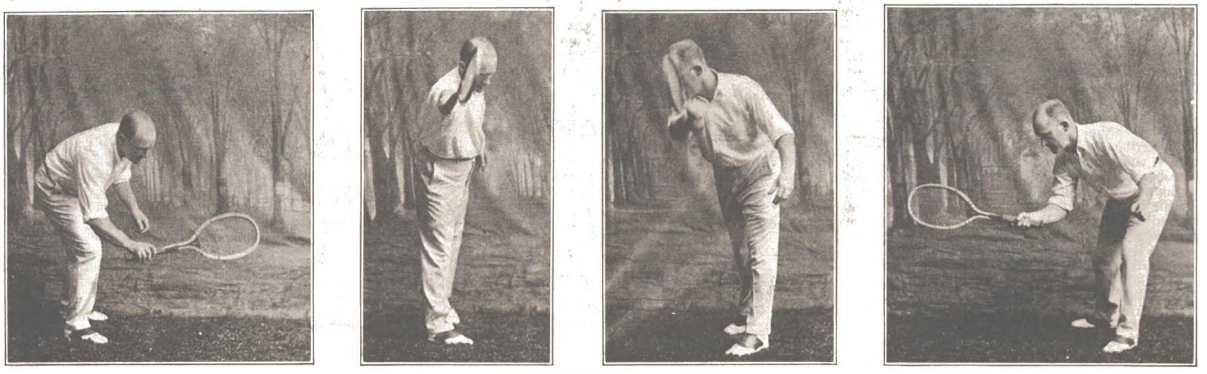
It's often hard to persuade fellows just starting to play tennis that footwork is one of the most important departments of the game. "What difference does it make where your feet are, as long as they get you near enough to the ball to wallop it?" one boy said to me last year. I was able to show that boy the difference after he tried to make a simple forehand shot from two positions—first with his feet placed wrongly, then properly. Every great player knows the importance of footwork, and while some of them, such as Gerald Patterson, the Australian star, and R. N. Williams 2nd of this country, violate many of the accepted rules, they are forced to make up for it by almost superhuman special abilities that only one player in a million can hope to have. Such men as Tilden, Brian Norton, Manuel Alonso of Spain, young Vincent Richards, William Johnston and Pat O'Hara Wood of Australia are masters of footwork.

The things to remember in perfecting footposition in tennis are these: Every shot should be played from a position sideways to the net, *not* facing it; the foot farthest from the ball (that is, the left foot for a forehand shot by a right-handed player) should be advanced; and the weight of the body must swing from one foot to the other as the stroke is being made, the center of balance being passed just as ball meets racket.

Let's see what those three rules mean. Take the first. Naturally, while you're waiting for a return, you're not going to stand with the side of your body to the net. You're going to face it alertly, ready to move like a flash. But when you've decided where the ball is to be hit, you must get into position in a hurry. And "position" means that for a forehand stroke your left side must be toward the net; for a backhand, your right.

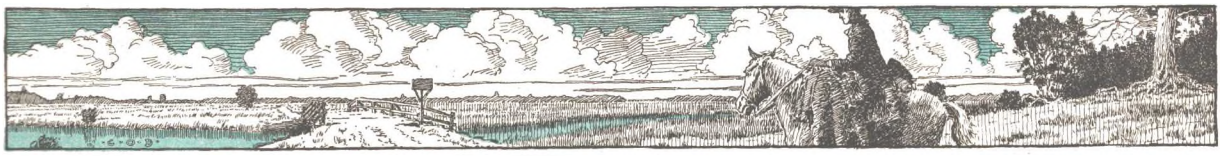
The second rule naturally grows out of this. In order to present your left side to the net on a forehand stroke, you must advance the left foot. Sometimes the footwork must be lightning fast—far too fast to give you time to figure it all out. Tennis instinct comes into play in such a case—instinct developed by practice. There are plenty of exceptions to such a rule as this second, of course; Rene Lacoste, the young French star, has a tendency to face the net and to hold back his left foot on a forehand from the base line. But that particular stroke is a weakness with Lacoste, while his base line backhand, in which his footwork is correct, is unusually strong.

(*Continued on page 45*)



Here Mr. Hinchliff shows you correct racket and foot positions—the two outside pictures show the backhand and forehand volleys, and the two inside, the backhand and forehand follow through.

Geoffrey brings his wounded Comrade, Coatefworth Pinckney, back to Tent Tavern.



"SEVENTY-SIX!" by REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLYDE O DE LAND

MY heart pounded with terror as Tory Talbot's steps approached the fireplace in which I crouched, concealed by the screen in front of it.

Only a minute before, Harry Whiteside had cursed me and declared to Talbot and that fat arch-traitor of a Jabez Johnson: "The only way to make sure of Jeff Rowntree is to slit his throat." Now they would have their chance!

What could I, a sixteen-year-old boy, do against these three when they discovered that I had heard not only the reports their spies had given after their dinner, but also all the details of the plot these three had discussed later alone?

And I had been so exultant over the sudden acquisition of this knowledge! Sudden, truly. Sudden and swift, had been all the events of that night of July 2, 1776, ever since I had slipped away from Johnson's New Jersey seaside tavern, where I was staying with my mother and sister to guide young Lieutenant Pinckney to Doctor Franklin at Philadelphia.

At every turn, disaster had met us: a party of Tories had seized Lieutenant Pinckney in the woods, had nearly captured me; the gaunt circuit rider who had overtaken me as I trudged on through the dark had turned out to be a Tory in disguise, and anything but a parson—only through sheer desperate fury of action had I disarmed him, bound him, and ridden off on his horse; and when I'd had the luck to find Lieutenant Pinckney in an upstairs room in Talbot's mansion and had loosened his bonds, I'd had to flee because someone was coming; then, scuttling through that great, strange house, I'd blundered into the dining room and dived into the fireplace just as the dinner guests came in—roistering, ruthless enemies all.

But from their reports, I had gathered information about the strength of our colonial armies that, coupled with the news in Lieutenant Pinckney's dispatches, would surely induce Congress to pass the Declaration of Independence. Breathless with hope, I had waited in the fireplace, aching for a chance to slip out and make my way to Dr. Franklin. And then—cautious Tory Talbot had suddenly decided that he would burn his Tory lists.

Only an instant longer, and the room might have been empty. Jabez Johnson and Harry Whiteside were even then planning *their* trip to Benjamin Franklin, to take him the forged documents that should show the Colonies so weak that the fight for liberty must be abandoned.

Only an instant longer—but that instant was bringing on me discovery, black danger. Those footsteps were coming nearer and nearer.

XII—A Shot in the Night

MY lungs seemed on the point of bursting; yet quietly I stepped back a pace—which was as far as the grate-log permitted—and drew Parson Dan's pistol. There was just a chance that these men were unarmed. I might fight my way through them to the window Whiteside had opened, and so run out into the park, where perhaps the wished-for tree provided a means of wall scaling. One chance and no more there was—failing that, it would be necessary to die bravely.

But it was my especial enemy, the malevolent potboy, who wanted to slit my throat—it was he and none other who saved me.

That "breath o' breeze" which Whiteside had sought was indeed blowing. It must have restored the lost edge of his discretion, and he was vain to offer evidence thereof. As the white fingers of Mr. Talbot closed around one edge of my protecting screen, Harry spoke:

"The wind's afoot," said he, "an' papers as are set alight in a fireplace—why, they're often blown up chimney an' carried, only half destroyed, a mile away. You'd better burn these-here on a plate, sir."

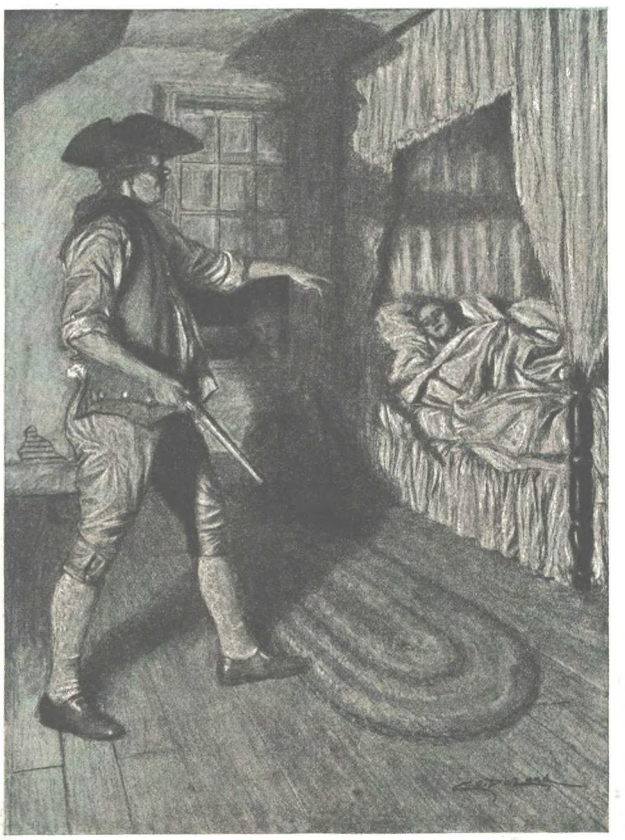
Hope rose again.

"Why, Harry, by Burgoyne, you've a bit o' sense, arter all!" laughed Johnson.

Tory Talbot said nothing—but the candle was withdrawn.

That was my deliverance. They burned their memoranda on the table. Whiteside lingered for one more glass of wine—Jabez grumbled at the hour's lateness—their icy host began to bid them good-night—and within a few minutes I heard them pass from the dining room and close its door upon their exit.

The sound of their going had not died ere I was out of my concealment and standing where they so lately stood beside the supper table, my gasping breath taking in the stale odors of strong tobacco and the fumes of drink. Hunger asserted itself even in that tense instant; but those servants had well cleared the board: all I could grasp was a piece of cheese and some biscuits and—although no fresh meal gently served ever tasted better to me than this rough fare so hastily stuffed into my mouth with one hand while the other held my stolen pistol—the food was yet between my teeth as I sought to find quickly a safe way out of the apartment.



"Gad ep out o' that!" roared Johnson. "Don't pretend to be asleep!"

MY first thought, of course, was to return as I had come and so rescue the lieutenant; but a noise from the pantry warned me that this course was closed. Remembering also how Coatesworth Pinckney set the welfare of the Colonies above his own safety, I turned to the open window and got through it to the cool darkness of the night. Softly I ran a dozen yards, only to be brought to pause by collision with a tree.

The air was fresh in my nostrils; underfoot lay a springy turf. Some stars still furnished an uncertain illumination: turning back I could see the manor house looming like a hill above me, the uncurtained casement through which I had passed all yellow from the candles beyond it, and here and there a ribbon of radiance creeping between drawn curtains. Looking forward, enough was visible to indicate a wide expanse of park.

The road I calculated must be somewhere upon my right, nor did that calculation prove erroneous. I stole in the chosen direction among towering trees, meeting nobody, hearing no sound, and soon enough came without mishap to a high wall near which stood just the very pine my purpose needed. It grew to a considerable altitude, and its middle branches swept clear over the stone rampart at such a height that, whereas they would be useless for ingress, a person of small weight might conceivably traverse one from the park and then drop therefrom to the thoroughfare.

With the same gusto as had lifted me out of the Pine Robbers' sight, yonder in the woods, did I now ascend this tree. Its lower boughs were of course the hardier, but they had been lopped to half-length so as not to brush the wall; therefore my climb took me to a greater elevation and then sent me wriggling astride of a limb that bent more dangerously than contemplation cared to consider. Notwithstanding, I did arrive near a point above the barrier, though some feet within the park.

I gazed ahead and downward. Hidden from me was the exact spot in the highway where I must land when my jump was taken, but so much else of the road as was dimly visible provided no sign of life. Like a squirrel I worked my way as far as I dared; which done, I lowered my body and swung by my hands. Thrice backward and four times forward I propelled myself in the motion of a quickening pendulum. The bough bent

threateningly, but at the fourth forward sweep I released it and shot out, feet foremost.

The air whistled in my ears. My fall was a parabola, but I cleared the barrier and struck the road. I fell—staggered upright—and was encircled in the arms of somebody who had been lurking, invisible, against the outer side of the wall!

My hand darted to the pistol thrust into my belt.

"Don't be a fool," whispered my captor: "this yhere's Lieutenant Pinckney."

Could lad be happier than then was I? He had made good use of what service I did him by loosening his bonds in that room of the manor house. The servant who had brought him food and then fed it him on the assumption that his bonds prevented his feeding himself, had not entered until the prisoner had effected a deceptive rearrangement of the rope supposed to hold him, and thereafter the discovery of the carrier pigeon's tube hurried the domestic downstairs without further glance at his ward. The rest was but a question of searching until a room was found with an unlocked window: Pinckney had come through the park just as I did and cleared its wall in the manner a little later adopted by me; but the point of his exit was some rods east of mine, and he was stealing west and about to strike into the woods, resuming his interrupted journey toward Philadelphia, when he heard my airy approach and guessed its significance.

"So on we go, boy," he concluded.

But afoot? I told him what I had learned, and he realized how that heightened the necessity of speed in reaching Dr. Franklin: our true news and a warning of the falsity of Johnson's we must have in the hands of the Separationist Congressmen before Jabez arrived, else his forgeries might do their work ere our own journey's end—and the best rapidity possible to human legs would not secure that. Johnson was to start in his swift wagon on the evening of the third, whereas we, if we resumed walking now through these unknown woods, could scarce hope to cover the distance between us and the city in such time as, despite our present lead, he would cover it.

"We must risk a horse and the open road," said I—"and perhaps that villain Parson Dan's beast has gone no distance. He can bear us both, if we find him—and he may be grazing anywhere along here."

Mr. Pinckney caught calmly the fire of my daring. "If the animal's as well trained as he mote be, he'll mo' lak' have sought his master. Where'd yo' leave the fellow?"

I pointed east; and eastward we ran, the lieutenant—much to my chagrin—taking my weapon as leader of our expedition.

We passed the park. The night thickened, and our steps grew more uncertain, as the forest rose upon either hand. Still, we could look a little way ahead and soon, indeed, we detected the shadowy shape of a horse at stand beside the highway.

"Easy, boy!" my mentor warned me. "Slack up—don't skeer him."

The lieutenant pushed me back; himself, he stole ahead. But I was not here to be denied all further action in the Colonies' behalf, so followed a few paces in the rear.

I saw Pinckney swerve to the left, so as to get between the brute and a possible flank-retreat into the woods on that side. I saw him snatch the trailing bridle. I realized also that this must be about the place where I had left the false parson—and then a streak of flame clove the night from the trees and, still dragging at that dangling rein, my friend fell to the road.

XIII—Shut In

WHAT had happened was instantly all too clear to me—and it was my fault. I had bound my prisoner too hurriedly; moreover, a mere lad and unused to such procedure, having taken one weapon from him, I failed to search him for another. The so-called Parson Dan must have managed to free himself at almost the moment of our arrival—must have seen his horse and its danger—and then acted accordingly.

He ran out from his cover behind the trees. Unarmed as I was, I madly ran to encounter him.

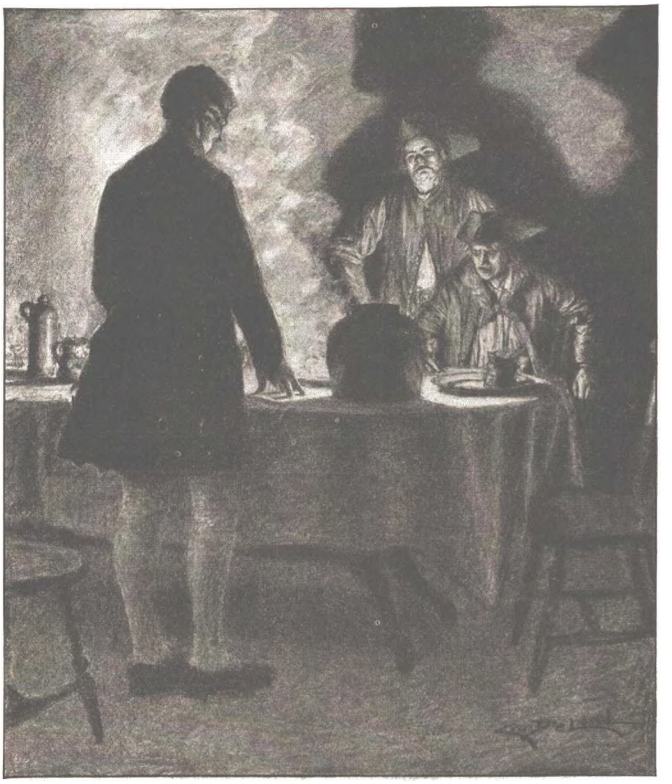
But, though there was more blood to be spilled on this July night, mine was not destined to swell the tide. Pinckney was armed and not yet unconscious: he fired in turn upon his advancing enemy, and that enemy pitched headlong and lay very still beside him.

I stumbled up to them.

"Are you badly hurt?" I gulped to my friend.

"Is *he* daid?" inquired the lieutenant with an impatient finger-snapping.

Quickly I turned the fellow over, taking his shoulders in my arms. I peered through the pale starlight into his paler face. Little could I see of its lesser details, except the more sagging lantern jaw and staring eyes; but I knew that this miserable masquerading profaner of a Christian minister's garb had indeed gone to account for his sins before his Maker. Not through any lack of pity for him, but because of horror at this contact with dissolution, I dropped that corpse as if it were plague-struck and I might take the disease. It slumped to the earth like a bag of sand.



They burned their memoranda on the table.

"He's—he's dead," said I.

"I think *I* shall survive," said Pinckney, still clinging to the bridle. He tossed his determined head until his pigtail stood out straight behind him.

He was hit in the calf of the right leg, he explained; and that he was in great pain and already suffering severely from loss of blood, examination shortly demonstrated. Nevertheless, he made gallant effort to maintain hold of sensibility long enough to direct me what to do for him, and to urge me to hurry lest that breeze which had saved me in the first place should now have hurt us by carrying the sound of those two shots to the manor house.

He bade me take off his boot and the stocking that covered the wound. Then I found—lying where Parson Dan had left them when he worked free—those makeshift thongs wherewith my captive had been so futilely trussed, and, under the lieutenant's orders, these were bound about that gushing wound by a hangman's knot.

"Tighter!" Pinckney commanded.

I pulled hard.

"Tighter!" he repeated in a weakening voice, but with undaunted resolution.

I increased my efforts and thrilled at his Spartan bravery.

"Does the flow lessen?" he inquired.

"A little," said I.

"A little is not enough. Pull harder."

I worked until it seemed the bonds would amputate his limb—and until myself was as blood-covered as any butcher. There was then a really marked decrease in the outburst, and I must wind the remainder of the thongs just below the knee.

"Now raise—the leg," he brokenly concluded, "as high—as ever—yo' can." I was upon my knees beside him—"Get the foot—on your shoulder. If the bleeding stops—in a minute—take me on this horse with yo'—and ride—fo' Philadelphia.—If it doesn't—stop—leave me.—Go yo' alone. Remember—duty. I am going to—faint."

The which he straightway did, and so thoroughly that I for some time feared that he had followed Parson Dan. I was alone in the dark highway at no great distance from hostile Northcote manor house, with a dead man beside me and the dead weight of an unconscious one, who must somehow be lifted upon a strange horse and carried along that enemy-infested road to Philadelphia.

The lieutenant's insensate fingers still held the bridle, and it was with no small difficulty that I freed it. Then I threw it overarm and—by lifting and shoving, the while the now fretful animal moved from side to side—I did somehow manage to get my friend across the brute, between neck-base and saddle-front. I had feared the process, if ever at all gone through with, would result in a resurgence of the blood-flow, and I knew it must be carried out at risk of Pinckney's falling clear over the other flank; but the thing was eventually accomplished: there he lay where once I had lain.

I followed. I durst not leave go my hold of the horse to pull the false circuit rider's body decently off the highway, and so had to let it rest as it had fallen. Having mounted behind the lieutenant, I turned back the way we had so lately come.

That, however, was not long to continue. We came again to the walls of Northcote's park, and I was in two minds—whether to rein in and pass its gate stealthily, or give my horse his head and make a dash for it—when something within me warned me to pause altogether and listen. I did so: from up the road rolled the rattle of a vehicle coming toward me. Foolishly, I had taken it for granted that Johnson and Whiteside would have left the manor house and started for Tent Tavern ere I was clear of the grounds. Now I knew the fatal error of this assumption. Some triviality had delayed their departure, and they were heading right along my advance.

To pass and escape two armed men, in a light wagon with a pair of good horses to it—that was impossible while I was encumbered by my wounded companion: the highway was narrow; they would either bring me down at our junction, or else return, rouse Northcote and launch after me a pursuit better mounted and less inhibited than was I. Again, there would be no time to bestow the lieutenant safely by the roadside—still less to hide him in the woods—and it was not in me to toss his helpless body from before me like so much waste. I did think of riding with him into the forest; but the park wall ran along one side of the road, and little more penetrable was the mass of trees and interlaced vines and underbrush opposite: my mount would sure refuse the hazard. No, there was nothing for it save to execute an aboutface, gallop east, seek to increase my lead, and then strike north or south as clearer ground offered. That safely done, these oncomers could perhaps be circled and my progress toward the city resumed. Immediately, I wheeled and—difficult as it proved to combine rapidity with some care for my wounded companion—raced seaward.

Doubtless my distance from them lessened my noise for the occupants of Johnson's wagon, which, as my sole experience thereof had taught me, itself made a considerable racket. Doubtless, too, even its driver had drunk freely, as Whiteside certainly had, so that neither man's attention was normally keen. At all events, the conviction came that they passed Parson Dan's corpse unobserving and that my flight provoked no notice.

Through the dark, between those towering pines, in my escape from living foes, I put to its best quantities the horse of my dead enemy. Keeping one arm about Pinckney's unconscious form—an arm that soon ached from the strain—I grasped slack bridle and tossing mane in my free fingers, and, with unsympathetic heels, kicked into the heaving flanks.

Thus we rode. We reached scrub land; I looked for the best opportunity to leave the highway—and thereat my beast went lame!

There could be no doubt of the injury's serious character. I was nearly thrown, and my farm knowledge of horses required no dismounting to confirm the diagnosis.

The plan to circle Jabez and make for Philadelphia dissolved as a pricked bubble dissolves into air.

Should we hide by the way? The lieutenant was in no case to withstand such a degree of privation and exposure—and how were we to fare, even should we be safely passed by?

On the other hand, my lead had indeed been vastly increased; our horse might go forward at some pace for the remaining ride to the inn and still reach there ahead of Johnson and Harry. They knew nothing of Pinckney's escape—when they learned of it, they must remain ignorant of his previous place of concealment. As for me, though the one of them suspected and both hated me, I doubted if great physical peril would beset me before Jabez found himself in a position warranting an open break with Dr. Franklin: the innkeeper's prudence would protect me from his potboy's venom. Their conspiracy against the Colonies would not be put into operation until the morrow's evening, before which time some new chance might present itself for action. I would go on to Tent Tavern, hide the lieutenant as before and pretend never to have left there.

It was only a trick—but it served. The unhappy beast scarce held out, yet he did hold and, thanks to his earlier speed, our distance from Jabez and Whiteside, though dangerously diminished, was not quite fatally decreased. We reached the inn.

Dismounting, I got Coatesworth Pinckney off. With a cut across the poor horse's rump and a prayer that this might produce the desired effect, I sent that brute limping on along the highroad, where it turned north, parallel to the shore. Within a scant five minutes, I had hidden my now somewhat reviving—and so slightly helpful—but still inarticulate, friend in his old quarters behind the pigeon-loft beside the scarcely less animate and still securely bound and gagged Black George and Jim May—left him without a word of explanation—and returned by the lightning-rod to my own room. I was even able to steal in next door and recover, without waking her, the note that I had left for my mother.

I had just taken off my blood-stained clothes and stowed them under my mattress when the gate to the stable yard opened. Johnson and Harry were back at last.

XIV—The Tap at the Window

DO you think it strange that I slept? There are times when mind and body become alike incapable of thought upon dangers past and perils impending. I slept the sleep of exhaustion without so much as one bad dream.

Yet I woke with the sun—and with a start. Heavy breathing in the hall led me to the keyhole: out there were Whiteside and his bared cutlass again, much as they had been on my first night at this treacherous tavern, save that now the hangdog potboy's green eyes were wide. I peeped from my window: the wide figure of Johnson sat in the stable yard, his red face turned toward me.

I was watched: that was plain as any pikestaff. It seemed that violence would not be used upon me so long as those rogues' doubts remained unconfirmed: for a while, my life was safe from them. But what of the future of my country? As far as I could see, its liberty depended on the next few hours' deeds of a wounded man in hiding and a lad under the surveillance of desperadoes.

ALL day long I had to keep my mind on one thing and give my body to its usual insipid regime: it would do no good to wait the wagon's nocturnal departure and then follow after—I must seek opportunity of getting to Philadelphia before the false messengers and must meantime appear to be altogether unconcerned. Yet nothing could be accomplished! Clean clothes I managed without exciting my mother to questioning, but every other task was hard. Wherever I went, leering Harry or laughing Johnson would be close behind, or only a little way ahead; the sole satisfaction that I derived from their proximity was to hear them exchange angry oaths over the probable drunken absence of Jim May and Black George. When Susanna insisted on playing hide-and-seek, it seemed to me my distraction must turn to raving lunacy.

"I don't want to play," I irritably insisted.

"Why?" asked my sister. It was her usual query regarding everything.

"P'raps he's got somethin' worryin' him," said Whiteside from the back doorway. I could have struck him across his crooked mouth!

However, there was no getting out of that blind-alley: the game began, and, as a matter of fact, I soon saw how it could be rendered useful. Susanna and I limited our field of sport to house and stable yard, where waited mine host's wagon ominously ready for its evening journey. When came my first turn to hide, my choice was for the pigeon loft, and you may make certain I passed straight to the secret compartment beyond.

Between the recumbent forms of Black George and Jim May, Coatesworth Pinckney was sitting up, still hopelessly lame, but quite cheerful over his own condition, although gloomy enough upon the subject of his work. He had contrived a fair dressing for his wound and, while eating the bread and cheese and cold bacon I had smuggled up to him in my pocket, he listened to what I had to say.

"There wa'n't anything else fo' yo' to do," he sighed. "But we got to get on *someway* to our—our proper destination."

Although with shrinking hopes of much coming of it, I promised to keep my eyes open. It was just then the glowering gaze of the gagged prisoners that held me. "Won't these fellows die here if we don't feed them?"

"Not they," the lieutenant answered me with his quiet smile—"and ef they do, mah sorrow won't drive me to suicide."

Then I hazarded: "We might try a pigeon with our message, sir."

We must needs speak before these captives almost as openly as if we were alone.

"Boy, yo' know what happened to that other."

"Still, we couldn't be worse off than we are. Of course they stopped that one because it was coming from Philadelphia—flying east—and they would want to know what news my brother sent me: it might be something that Dr. Franklin hadn't told Johnson and that I would keep to myself. But if *we* started a bird west—" Then the obvious objection rose in my fuddled mind: "But, oh, of course if they captured it, they'd know I knew your plans, and they'd know I was in communication with you! We should be caught."

Coatesworth Pinckney tapped me on the chest. "We dassn't think o' ourselves. Ef that's the only reason against it, try the bird."

I passed back into the pigeons' quarters and looked out on the roof in front of them. Whiteside, below, had a bird-rifle in his hands:

"What you doin' up there?"

I started to tell him that I meant to send an air-letter to my brother. But then I bethought myself how this might increase suspicion of one already suspected—and how, a few minutes since, I had been pretending to play an innocent game.

"You know well enough," said I, "that my sister and I are at hide-and-seek."

"Well," he grinned crookedly, "you are not to send off no birds to-day, nohow: Mr. Johnson's orders received from Philadelphia. Don' know why, an' don' care. Only you daren't disobey 'em, 'les you want me to have pigeon-pie fer my supper—an' p'r'aps Roast Boy at dinner to-morrow."

Protest died in my throat. He was, I knew, an almost perfect shot. This way was barred as tight as all the others. He went ruthlessly on:

"You better come along down here—that you *had* better do."

Whereat Susanna, who had been looking for me in the stable, ran out and cried that I was fairly caught. I had to return to the loft and whisper through its rear partition the tidings

(*Continued on page 38*)

Lieutenant Pinckney fired in turn upon his advancing enemy.

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Resources

NO fellow who ever lived knew exactly what his resources actually were. He never knew how much there was to himself, nor what he could really do. Because nobody ever did all he could do. Probably no fellow ever will. The fact of the matter is that all of us have so many more resources than we dream of that, if we were compelled, we could accomplish things we think are utterly impossible to us.

Reserves

WE have been provided with reserves so bountiful that even science cannot measure them. You hear engineers talking about peak loads and such things. An electric light company, for instance, must provide reserve power to take care of much more than it delivers habitually. There are times every day when the company must shoot over its wires a much greater amount of electricity than it does at other times. That is the normal reserve it must have. But also it must provide for emergencies. Some great illumination may come along—and the power must be there. That's the idea.

Man Power

SO when we were planned, we were fitted out with a reserve of power, physical, mental and moral—and almost nobody ever uses it to its limit. Maybe you are an athlete. In a race you think you use the last ounce of your strength, and you try to do so. Possibly some fellows do. But there's more to a race than leg muscles. If, in addition to your physical reserves, you can call into play your mental and moral reserves, you will be able to cut seconds off the record.

The Old Bean

SO with the brain. Why, you haven't the slightest idea what your brain will do for you, and we venture to guess that not one boy in a thousand has the faintest idea how to make his brain work. There, young gentlemen, is where the real reserve power lies. So much that it is practically boundless. And it can be developed by anybody so it will work for you on demand. After all the brain is something more than a convoluted muscle. It is all well and good to say the brain is a physical organ which resides in the head, but it isn't that. It isn't any more than the telephone receiver is the telephone, or the wires or the transmitter. They and the brain are both instruments over which something travels and is received. Your telephone is worked by a mysterious force known as electricity. Your brain is operated by a more powerful and more marvelous force—and we can't see the wires it runs over, nor can we find the power plant that sends it out.

But—

BUT we do know there is a power plant. The trick is to hitch your brain to this power plant and not to depend on your own little dynamos. Now this sounds mysterious, but it isn't. It is not difficult because this power plant seems to be anxious to deliver to anybody who puts his milk bottle out. The first thing to do is to train your old bean to run a hundred in ten flat, if you get what we mean. Probably there isn't a ten-second runner in the world who could do ten without training and practice. The same thing goes for your brain.

Exercise

YOU have to exercise it, send it to the training table, give it the right kind of food and sleep. Just think of it as a candidate for the track team, and act accordingly. There's school, for instance. Every fellow says to himself sometime that there is no sense in his studying Latin or geometry or something because he will never use it in his business. Bosh! If you were to study the habits of the ring-tailed goopus bird it would be used in your business—because every second of study is just so much valuable exercise for the old bean. So, you see, no study is useless, and the harder that study makes your brain go up the home stretch, the better.

Building Up

WHEN you go to school you have easy studies first, just as a pitcher in the spring starts by tossing balls and leaving out his curves. Gradually you work into your stride through the years, until you can fiddle around with speculative philosophies and higher calculus and such like. Do you remember the story of an old man who died in Paris a few years back? He was a mathematician. When he died, he left an old friend heartbroken. Why? Because these two men had pursued mathematics so far that nobody else in the world had kept up with them; and when one died the other hadn't any one he could talk to about the things he knew.

Song of Summer

By
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Dis is gospel weathah sho'—
Hills is sawt o' hazy.
Meddahs level ez a flo'
Callin' to de lazy.
Sky all white wif streaks o' blue,
Sunshine softly gleamin',
D'ain't no wuk hit's right to do,
Nothin' 's right but dreamin'.

Dreamin' by de rivah side
Wif de watahs glist'nin',
Feelin' good an' satisfied
Ez you lay a-list'nin'
To the little nakid boys
Splashin' in de watah,
Hollerin' fu' to spress deir joys
Jes' lak youngsters ought to.

Squir'l a-tippin' on his toes,
So's to hide an' view you;
Whole flocks o' camp-meetin' crows
Shoutin' hallelujah.
Peckahwood erpon de tree
Tappin' lak a hammah;
Jaybird chattin' wif a bee,
Tryin' to teach him grammah.

Breeze is blowin' wif perfume,
Jes enough to tease you;
Hollyhocks is all in bloom,
Smellin' fu' to please you.
Go 'way, folks, an' let me 'lone,
Times is gettin' dearah—
Summah's settin' on de th'one,
An' I'm a-layin' neah huh!

From "The Complete Poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar," copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

Absurd?

YOU say that is absurd, but it isn't. It is conceivable and therefore possible. These two old fellows had trained and trained their minds along mathematical lines until they were running in nine and two-fifths seconds and held the world's record. That's what we mean. That if you train you can keep clipping seconds off your best time.

You Must Know

THERE are certain fundamental things everybody must know—like the multiplication table and what is a noun and where is Siam. A lot of you are content with this sort of education—and that's why a lot of you may be stuck in twelve-hundred-dollar jobs all your lives. That sort of brain exercise is just enough to keep you going. It isn't real training at all. Why, learning the multiplication table doesn't even get up a sweat for your brain. So, if you want records, you must step out and try for the team. See? The average high school graduate earns something like four hundred dollars a year more all his life than does the boy who has just a grammar school education. The average college man will earn all his life nearly twice as much as the high school graduate.

Why?

IS this because he knows more? Certainly *not*. It is because he has *studied* more. Few things learned in a Bachelor of Arts course can be definitely used in running a wholesale grocery. It isn't the actual knowledge obtained in college, because knowledge taken purely as knowledge—a collection of facts like you would make a collection of postage stamps—isn't worth much to anybody. But the exercise of obtaining it is worth a lot. Do you follow us? You have trained your brain, kept it at training table a long time, worked it and rubbed it down—and the result is a brain made ready to step out and run for a record. That's the answer.

Training

THERE is no end to training. Because there is no end to the resources of your brain—to its reserve power. The longer and the harder you train, the longer and harder and more efficiently your brain will work. Gradually you learn how to use it, how to set the peak load of brain current to going in an emergency. It's not a trick. It isn't something only a few men can do. It is something every fellow can do. You simply use all you have in you, and use it right. Maybe you can't make your brain run in nine and two-fifths, but a fellow who can go out and run in eleven every day will beat about ninety-eight per cent of the population. . . . And that's that.

Be Reasonable

THERE'S a phrase that starts trouble or stops it, just according to the way you use it: "Be reasonable." Say it to the other fellow, and you're likely to start trouble. It seems to send him up in the air. It sounds bumptious, somehow, when you say it to him; sounds smug and dictatorial. But say it to yourself and it sounds like cool common sense. "Easy now," you tell yourself. "Be reasonable. Look at this thing from all sides." And you keep yourself from making hot-headed blunders. It can stop trouble, that phrase, "Be reasonable." Try it. But try it on yourself.

Borrowing

IF you borrow often, you're a nuisance. If you borrow and don't pay back, you're a pretty mean nuisance. If you borrow without asking—well, what are you?

Whistling Jimmy, Coach

By William Heyliger
Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

Part II

ACCIDENTALLY Jimmy Gaynor had kicked the Eureka bats out of their orderly line-up—and Eureka had promptly gone up in the air! Jimmy whistled violent notes, despairingly.

"You did it!" Dave Landis, catcher, had said angrily. "No baseball team can win with its bats out of order!" And, superstitious to a man except for Andy Willets, the big blonde first baseman, the nine had agreed with him. It had proceeded to give the game, practically, to Vanderbilt.

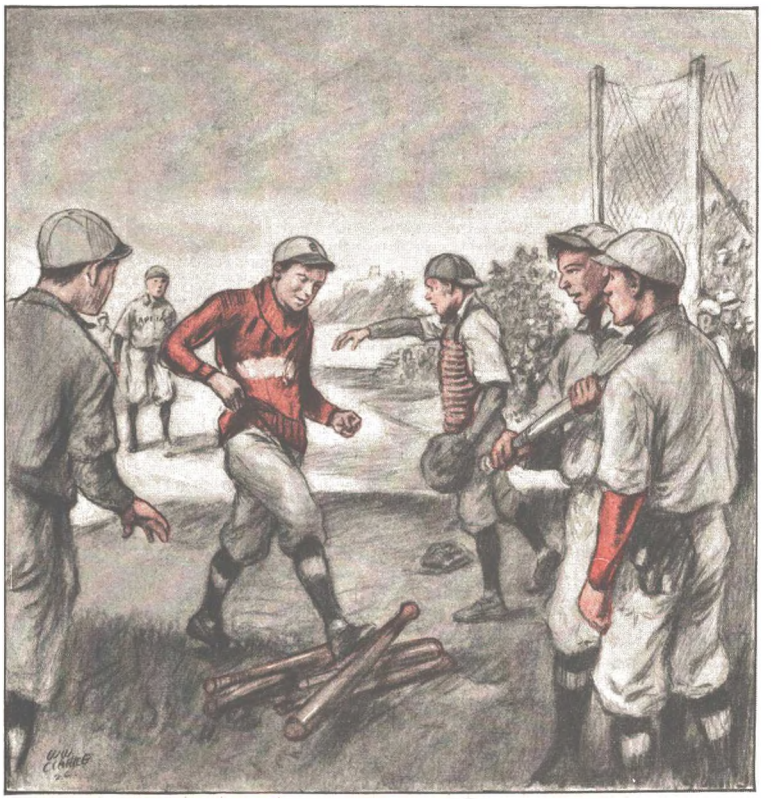
It was Whistling Jimmy's second discouragement. First he had failed to make the Applegate High team—young Thorp had been selected because he could not only do everything Jimmy could do at second base, but could go back into the field to catch flies as well. That fly-catch was a fatal weakness with Jimmy, and he couldn't seem to conquer it.

Then Coach Carter had given him a different kind of chance. "Go over to Eureka and help 'em whip their nine into shape," he said. "You can try some of your inside baseball on 'em!" That had helped. Eureka was a tiny town, not in Applegate's class; they wanted a coach. And Jimmy, his mates at Applegate told him, was a nut on inside stuff—they admitted that he knew a lot of scientific play, but they said a whole lot of it wouldn't work!

Anyway, Jimmy had taken the opportunity, and inside baseball had proved its merit. Eureka had won its first two games impressively; Carter hinted that Jimmy might even have a chance to pit his team against Applegate if the record held up. That was glorious—beyond Jimmy's fondest hopes. And then—

Jimmy had kicked the bats, and Eureka had blown up. Jimmy had railed against this superstition before—to no effect. He wasn't going to work with that kind of ball players any longer, he had exploded.

"I'm through!" he told himself, and stalked angrily to the trolley station as they started the fourth inning.



His foot swung out and struck the bats, and they rolled in all directions.

THE trolley back to Applegate was late. Fuming and stewing, Jimmy waited for it in boiling impatience. Had Vanderbilt broken through Eureka's defense and batted its way to an overwhelming victory he would have taken it with the best grace he could muster. That at least would have been baseball. But the team had fallen before a shadow that did not exist, collapsed before an imaginary calamity, and weakly traded its skill and its courage for a belief in omens, hoodoos and charms. Jimmy couldn't stomach it. . . . He hardly admitted, even to himself, how much he wanted to succeed—to prove his ability—and how bitterly the new failure cut him.

And yet, as the minutes passed, some of the blazing wrath began to leave his blood. He remembered them staring helplessly after him as he stalked away. What were they doing now? What was the score? He was surprised and irritated to find himself still interested in the team he had disowned. What that bunch needed was somebody to take care of them, to whip the weakness out of them, to stand by and fight them, and laugh at them, and reason with them, until the last shred of this foolishness was gone.

The trolley came along in a swirl of dust. Six or seven passengers climbed aboard. Jimmy, with one foot on the car step hesitated. The conductor waited with one hand on the bell cord.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded impatiently. "I'm late; can't stay here all day. Are you coming?"

"I guess not," said Jimmy. After all, the team needed him worse now than it had needed him before.

They were playing the eighth inning when he got back to the field, and the score was 14 to 6. Willets gave him a warm and understanding smile.

"I knew you'd be back, Jim."

"I went crazy for a minute," Jimmy said frankly. His mind fastened on the game. "Who's up? How many out? All right; let's go. Start a rally there and we'll have a big time."

The rally did not materialize. At the end of the game, as the team walked toward the high school to dress, Jimmy could see that they were weighing him, waiting for him to give them the whip, shrinking from what they expected was to come. Landis plodded along with his eyes on the ground. Winterbottom stared straight ahead.

Jimmy decided that this was no time for bluster. "All right," he said quietly. "That's out of our system. Let's hope we won't have any more of it. Those disarranged bats had nothing to do with Mertz's losing that ball in the sun—no more than breaking a mirror means seven years' bad luck or walking under a ladder is a promise of disaster. All those things are bosh. We must push stuff like that out of our minds. Dave!"

Landis looked up.

"If you were on your way to a game, you wouldn't side-step going under a ladder?"

The catcher flushed. "I think I would."

Jimmy gave a low whistle of consternation. The situation was worse than he had thought. Having made one mistake that day, however, he was not inclined to make another. You couldn't scold superstition out of a team—you had to exercise patience, routing out a little of it here, eliminating a little of it there.

NEXT day Carter wanted to know what had happened to Eureka.

"We had an off day," Jimmy told him. "We were rotten."

"Too bad," said the coach. Nothing was said about a game, and Jimmy would not ask. He had expected this, yet he could not hold off a bitter feeling of disappointment.

He came back to his coaching duties at Eureka resolved to put at least one plan into execution. It seemed to him that if, during the practice games, he kept the bats scrambled, the players would get used to seeing them out of alignment and would gradually come to give no thought to the circumstance. The plan did not work. Each time he made shift to see that the clubs were in disorder, somebody would spring out to set them to rights. He knew, after a while, that the team was aware of his intention and was combatting it. It developed into a silent battle. And then he discovered that, with interest centered on the inanimate sticks of wood in front of the bench, the fine points of baseball were forgotten. The team began to slouch back to where it was when he had found it.

Jimmy gave up. The nine traveled to Barry Hill for the next game and barely won, 8 to 7. Eureka made five awful errors, and only one of Barry Hill's runs was earned. The victory left Jimmy numb. After the game he caught Willets alone.

"What was the matter today?" he demanded.

The first baseman gave him a steady look. "They were afraid you'd monkey with the bats. They played with one eye on the bench and one eye on the field."

After that Jimmy sat at the end of the bench as far away from the bats as he could.

Against Cameron the team was itself again—sure, alive, confident and smart. The score, 7 to 3, was a true measure of Eureka's superiority. Yet, when the last man was out, Jimmy stood up and sighed. He was tired as he had never been tired before, and he knew what had sapped him.

Strain! The fear that the bats might get out of line! He had watched them, and raged at himself, and yet watched them every second. He knew that this could not go on. If he was going to keep guarding bats he might just as well quit as coach. He wouldn't be able to do his job.

The Cameron game had been played away from home. On the way back in the trolley Willets sat next to him. He lay back, his eyes half closed, and gave himself up to the luxury of rest. He wasn't used to this sapping drainage of mental strain. Willets had to speak to him twice to arose him from his languor.

"I've often wondered why, Jim, with all your knowledge of the game, you didn't make the Applegate team."

"Weak on going back for those little teasing Texas Leaguer things," said Jimmy.

"You mean—"

"Never got the knack. I'd back up, and half the time not back up enough or fast enough, and they'd fall safely behind me."

"Why didn't your coach tell you how to play them? Didn't he know?"

"Carter? I guess not. Track, basketball and football are his games. He admits he doesn't know any too much about baseball. Cart's our first paid coach; he had to take everything, baseball included." Jimmy relaxed into silence.

"But it's simple," Willets bubbled, delighted that he could teach something to the boy who had taught the team so much. "As soon as the ball is hit you start back hard as you can go. You've got to play for it, and you learn to judge it pretty closely by the sound of the hit."

"And usually you go back too far," Jimmy cut in.

"Yes, but then you have the ball in front of you. You can come in on it easily and take it without any trouble. You can't back, and waltz, and side-step, and just barely reach the ball as it falls. You've got to go back fast and then come in. It's always easier to take a ball that's in front of you."

"Who plays flies that way?" Jimmy wanted to know.

"Tris Speaker."

"He's an outfielder."

"Roger Peckinpaugh, too. He plays short."

Jimmy forgot his weariness in a new excitement. "Will you hit me some to-morrow, Andy?" he asked eagerly.

The next day Andy did hit him some—short Texas Leaguers, the kind of pop flies that float in a giant arc high above the diamond, and then start down at a speed that was always terrifying to Jimmy. He didn't get the swing that first day. Twice he stumbled as he turned to dash back at the crack of bat and ball; many times he ran too far and couldn't get to the ball, or didn't go far enough and had to stagger and twist and turn. But three of those flies he caught just as Andy said Tris Speaker did it—caught them in front of him, coming toward the diamond, in perfect position for a sizzling throw.

"That's the stuff!" called Andy. "You'll show Applegate yet!"

There was more of the same practice every day. In his eager joy at the new trick Jimmy at first let inside baseball lapse. Then suddenly he realized that there was yet so much to do—that the nine wasn't going ahead as it ought. So fly practice was limited to ten minutes a day, and they started work on the double steal that the team had never quite smoothed up. He wanted the play to become spontaneous, live; so he threw himself back into coaching with driving power.

And then there was superstition to fight.

Boy after boy, coming to the bench or going away from it, paused to touch the bats with hand or foot. Jimmy's heart sank. They had become victims of a habit. Unconsciously they were fretting lest the clubs become scattered. And at any moment some slight thing might touch off that hidden worry and drag it out of the corner, and then the team would be shaken and ravaged again and made unfit to play its game.

He felt that he had no defense against this danger. Against a batting or a fielding slump he could have marshalled his talents. But the thing he had to face could not be seen. It was a vapor, a ghost. It was nothing, and yet it was everything. He was overwhelmed and lost by the knowledge that he did not know how to deal with it. He was helpless.

And he carried this knowledge, like a deadening weight, out to the field with him for the Underwood game. In the dressing room he had said to them: "Fellows, this is going to be a fight. Get out there and show them how to battle." He had his own fight, too. After each Eureka boy had his turn at the plate somebody would hop out to straighten this stick or that. Habit, habit! A habit born of unconscious fear. The thing was tearing at his nerves. He wanted to kick the bats, to rage at his team and make it see reason.

Instead, outwardly calm, he sat on the bench and directed the play. At the end of the fifth inning Underwood led by a score of 3 to 1. She made no further gains in her half of the sixth. Then it was Eureka's turn.

The first boy, finding the ball going a little wide of the plate, caught the signal that flashed to him.

"Wait!"

He waited, and got his base on balls. Mertz hit right into the pitcher's hands, and the pitcher fumbled long enough to give each runner safety.

Something whispered to Jimmy that here was the break of the game. The pitcher was shaky and nervous. A sacrifice now would put the tying runs on second and third. Yet the way seemed open for a bold stroke. Jimmy flashed a signal to the third batter.

"Wait!"

The first pitch was a strike. The batter glanced anxiously at the coacher at first, the coach looked toward the bench. The signal was not changed.

"Ball one!" ruled the umpire on the next pitch. The catcher had had to scoop it out of the dirt.

A minute later the boy at the plate cast his bat back toward the bench and ambled down to first. Three on and none out! Jimmy had taken fire.

"Watch us crash this game," he cried. "Keep your eye on that pitcher and study him. Get ready to sting him when you go up. If—" His voice died. Half the squad was not paying attention. Landis had picked up the bat that had been tossed back to the bench and was carefully arranging it in its place.

JIMMY knew that he had come to the end. He could stand no more. Three on bases, and they forgot the game to watch pieces of dead wood! Willets, whose turn it was to go to the plate, stood with compressed lips waiting for instructions. Willets, at least, did not believe in this tommy-rot. Willets could be depended on to—

Jimmy was on the bench. "What is this," he demanded, "a ball game? Keep your eye on the field." His foot swung out and struck the bats and they rolled in all directions. "Once I scattered them accidentally and you said it sunk us. Now I'm doing it intentionally."

Landis gave a cry of protest. Jimmy ignored him and turned to the first baseman.

"Go out, Andy, and win this game."

He knew that he was gambling. With any other player but Willets he would not have dared to risk it. He was counting on the first baseman's nerve and disbelief, and on the panic that had overtaken the Underwood pitcher. Yet he knew that strange things happen in baseball. If that pitcher should make a stand of desperation, if Willets should fan or pop up a sick little fly—

He stood with his back toward the bench. He could not find the courage to steal a look at them. For once he was not whistling in an emergency. Under his breath he was imploring the batter.

"Andy! Oh, Andy!"

Willets drove a two-bagger into right field.

Jimmy swung around to the bench. "It's our game. We're in the lead. Where's your superstition now? Let's kick it overboard."

They were staring at him, incredulously reacting to the miracle they had just seen.

Jimmy, with one foot on the car step, hesitated.

"Landis! You're up. Lose? We can't lose." He kicked at the bats again. "That for hoodoo stuff. A hit, Landis! Bring Willets home!"

Landis went out to the plate in a mental turmoil. But the pitcher was even more rattled than he. The second ball was a mark, and he sent it out to center for a single. Willets trotted in.

A yelp from the bench. Two of the players sprang out and began to hit the bats enthusiastically. A new pitcher took the mound and was greeted with a solid drive. Base hits began to rattle to all parts of the outfield. A third pitcher went out and tried to stop the carnage. When the massacre was over fourteen runs had crossed the plate. No team had ever before treated Underwood to such a lacing.

"Better gather up the bats," said Jimmy.

Landis was buckling on his chest protector. "Let them lie where they are."

"You may step on one of them running back for a foul."

The catcher stooped carelessly and tossed two of the bats in the general direction of the bench. Jimmy sighed the tired sigh of one whose mind has at last found peace.

Next morning Carter, trying hard to appear stern and judicious, met him on the Applegate campus.

"What was that fourteen-run riot yesterday? An accident?"

The boy had dared much yesterday, and was in a mood to dare more to-day. "There's a way to find out."

"Is there?" The coach grinned. "All right, Jim, you bring your team over here on June 8 and we'll look at the answer."

The news was too good to keep. At noon Jimmy called Eureka High by telephone and panted an amazing piece of information into Andy Willets' astounded ears.

THAT afternoon there was no practice at Eureka. The whole team met Jimmy at the railroad station and walked with him to the high school dressing room. Presently, in uniform, they came out to the field. But, instead of scampering out to their places, they stood around the bench, talking, shouting, and jostling. It was Willets who brought them down to hard and insistent facts.

"Well," he said, "we've got a game coming with Applegate. They're out of our class—they're a big school. What are we going to do about it?"

"Win it," said Mertz.

Willets nodded. "If we could cook up something special for Applegate—"

Jimmy found that they were all looking at him. "Oh," he said, "we have plenty of fine inside stuff. But we've got to make it a lot finer." Yet he was disturbed. From the standpoint of natural ability he knew that Applegate was the better team. The smarter team? That was something different. Eureka would have to use her wits, win with her wits. Willets had the right idea. If they could cook up something special—

Just what it would be, however, didn't seem to come to him. So they went along smoothing out the rough spots—and working on that pop fly weakness of Jimmy's, too. Every Eureka man knew that it was the thing that had kept Jimmy off the Applegate team, and they all wanted to help. Help they did, too; for Jimmy learned to take the flies like a veteran.

"Jimmy, my boy," said Winterbottom one day, "you have learned *that* lesson."

He found that, at Applegate, he was the subject of much good-natured joshing.

"The Applegate renegade," Kipps said darkly. "Trying to beat his own school."

Carter was afraid that Jimmy might take this seriously. "It's Jim's place to try to win," he said. "It's a fair field and no favor."

"There's got to be some favor," grinned Ben Thatcher, the half-miler. "If we don't give them odds they won't stand a chance."

"What I want to know," drawled Langer, the basketball center, "is how much Jim has taught them. Do they know they can use only nine men on the field?"

"Oh, Jim's taught them a lot of stuff," came from Kipps. "He whistles the signals."

Jimmy blinked, and whistled under his breath. Talkative Kipps had shown him how he might cook up the necessary something.

That afternoon, at Eureka, he outlined his plan to his team.

"So far," he said, "I've given my instructions from the bench. At Applegate I'll go to the first base coaching box."

"For how many innings?" Landis asked.

"For the whole game. They expect me to give my signals with whistles. It's a shame to disappoint them. Our team will watch for the usual signals, but Applegate will pay attention to my music. And perhaps in some tight spot—"

Willets caught the idea. "Your whistling will make them think we mean to do one thing and we'll do something else. We'll cross them. The play will come where they won't expect it."

Jimmy's eyes began to glow. "If it works," he said, "we'll stand them on their heads."

And yet, the day he brought his team out on the Applegate high school field, he felt as though his body was lined with lead. He had always known that the Applegate team was physically big; to-day they looked like giants. By comparison Eureka seemed dwarfed and stunted. He heard Kipps complaining to Godfrey:

"Ripe lemons! Is this the outfit Carter picks for an open date? It won't be even an imitation of a game."

Landis spoke at his elbow. "Pretty husky, aren't they?"

It was one thing for Jimmy to have his secret doubts; it was another for the team to talk apprehensively. He glared at the catcher.

"Letting their size bother you?"

Landis laughed. "I like it that way. It gives us something tough to fight."

"Something big to whip," said Jimmy, and began to whistle a battle song. After all, they had dug a trap, and Applegate might walk into it. Besides, Applegate held them cheaply. If they could catch her off guard in the first inning they might give her something to worry about for the rest of the afternoon—and a worried team is never at its best. Hurriedly he spoke to his boys of first inning possibilities.

THROUGH the practice he stayed on the bench, watching with hawk-like eyes all that went on. As the umpire appeared and called for play he walked out to the first base coaching box; Eureka had the third base players' bench, and he left his team behind him as he started to cross the diamond—Eureka batted first. He was squarely in the middle of the diamond when he heard a hail from the bench.

"Look around, Jimmy!"

Bat in right hand, ball in left, Andy Willets stood there grinning at him. Jimmy didn't understand at first, not until Andy tossed the ball into the air and knocked it sailing up over the diamond, far above and back of the boy on the field. Then that boy turned in a flash, raced back to the far edge of the diamond, wheeled and started forward again. Confidently and easily, although he had no glove, Jimmy caught the fly. And from the Applegate bench, where Carter was giving final instructions, came surprised—and mighty pleasant—comment.

"Eddie Collins himself!"

"Hey, Jimmy—where'd you learn it?"

And from Thorp, "Good thing you didn't do that two months ago!"

Jimmy blushed, and resolved to bawl Andy out—it looked too much like showing off. But it was good to have them know he'd beat that weakness, just the same. . . . He had other things to think about, though. As Applegate took the field he began to whistle the opening bars of "Marching Through Georgia."

Kipps, across the diamond at third for Applegate, gave him a sharp glance.

He had given the batter no instructions. The first pitch was a ball—very wide. He flashed the signal to wait and went on whistling. A new thought had come to him. More runs are scored in the first inning than in any other inning of the average game. He knew the reason; the teams have not settled into their strides. If they could catch Applegate—

"Ball two!"

The pitcher was laughing. This thing wasn't serious. He was still laughing when the umpire waved the batter down to first.

Another batter was at the plate. Jimmy signaled him. Swing wildly at the first one, and then bunt. It was an old and time-worn piece of strategy, but he thought it would work—particularly after what was due to happen at first in a moment.

The runner on first had listened carefully to what had been said to him. Having "got on" he knew what he was expected to do. The pitcher's back was turned to him. He edged off the bag a mere matter of four feet. Suddenly he swung back, and hit the dirt, and sprawled across the square of canvas he had just left.

The crowd rocked with mirth. "Did you see *that*? Not so much as a throw to catch him and he dives for the bag. Scared stiff! Oh, this is going to be funny."

The pitcher threw to the plate. The ball was high. The batter made a crazy swing that missed by two feet.

The whole Applegate infield, on guard against a sacrifice, relaxed, and Kipps took note that Jimmy was whistling "Dixie." The bunt was the play, of course. Sacrifice a man to second and trust that someone would bring him in. You tried for one run at a time at the start, or with the score tied, and only discarded the sacrifice and hammered the ball when you were behind, and needed runs, and had to take chances. Every Applegate player knew that much about inside baseball.

But here was a team that was scared. Didn't the action of the runner on first prove it? Hadn't the batter gone after the first pitch like a lunatic? Eureka was in no shape to try the difficulties of a bunt. She'd hit. The whole Applegate infield played back for that hit and distinctly heard Jimmy still whistling "Dixie."

The boy at the plate bunted the next ball. Kipps, caught flat-footed, came tearing in too late. He heard Godfrey's cry to "Hold it!" and walked with the ball toward the pitcher.

"That was an accident," he said. "That fellow had no license to hit anything; too rattled. He missed the first sign to bunt and swung. Look at Jimmy. He's been trying to teach this gang inside baseball and he wants his signals obeyed."

They looked across at Jimmy. He was stamping around the coaching box and glaring at the runner on first.

"Have you caught any of his signals?" Godfrey asked.

"Yes. I expected he'd try something like that; I've had my eyes on him. I've been listening. When he whistled 'Marching Through Georgia' the first fellow waited. Then he whistled 'Dixie' and this second fellow bunted. But first he swung and Jimmy's sore."

Yes: they could see that Jimmy was in a very dark mood.

"Good work," said Godfrey, and added thoughtfully: "Whistling. That would be like him. All right; play the batter. Never mind those runners. They'll stay glued to the bags."

So the pitcher gave his attention to the batter. His motion as he began to deliver the ball was leisurely. His arm was moving when his ear caught a warning shout and one corner of his eye caught a glimpse of a speeding runner. He knew, then, what had happened. They were stealing. The shock of the discovery threw him off balance, and the catcher had to leap high into the air to save him from a wild pitch and worse disaster. There were runners on second and third and none out.

Godfrey knew that he had been tricked. A council of war was held in the center of the diamond.

"We've got to get down to baseball," Godfrey said savagely, and glared across at Jimmy.

"He's really whistling his signals," said Kipps.

"I mean these base runners. That scared stuff was just scenery and we fell for it. Now we'll play the game."

They played it so well that Willets struck out and Mertz popped an infield fly. But Landis chopped a single into center, and the two runs came home. A moment later Landis was out trying to steal second.

Jimmy, running to the bench, had the team around him for an instant before it took the field.

"We're in the lead," he said. "Now our play is to hold it."

"We've got them on the hip," Willets chortled gleefully.

"Keep them there," said Jimmy. He wanted to throw up his cap and cheer, and was restrained by the knowledge that a coach had to set an example of unruffled calm. Besides, this was Applegate. He longed to win, and yet he did not want to rub it into his own school.

Winterbottom, that day, seemed to sit upon a mountain top of effectiveness. His control was good; his curves cracked. At the end of the seventh inning the score was still 2 to 0.

"Our game," Landis chirped confidently. "They can't touch Winty. Oh, boy!"

Jimmy wasn't so sure. He knew Applegate—the team could usually be counted on for one big inning. Shutouts are more or less rarities. By all the chances of baseball, by all the laws of averages, Applegate was due to score. That was why, all during the game, he had occasionally signaled a batter to wait and whistled a bar or two of "Marching Through Georgia;" or had occasionally ordered a bunt and whistled "Dixie." He wanted to get those two airs set in the Applegate team's mind, even at the cost of an occasional out. He might find use for them again.

THE big inning he dreaded came in the eighth. With one Applegate man down, Kipps scratched an infield single. It was nothing to worry about—from first to home is quite a journey. But Godfrey cracked out a three-bagger, and the complexion of the game was changed. One run was in and the tying run was on third.

Eureka met the threat with fighting heart. There was no sign of a wavering. Winty's pitching continued smooth and even. He kept the ball low. A low ball meant that the batter would probably hit over it, and that would mean a grounder, and the runner might be thrown out at the plate.

Luck was against him. The batter hit under the ball. The leather rode high into the air and on to the outfield. Hertz made the catch but could not get the ball back in time and, to a wild roar of Applegate cheers, the runner on third scored. The next batter was thrown out. The game had entered the ninth inning with the score tied at 2 to 2.

"Time we got more runs," Landis called as he unbuckled his chest protector.

"You start it," said Jimmy. "You're up first." He went out to the coaching box.

He was thinking fast. Applegate had got her runs on straight baseball; Eureka hers on strategy. If the game went into extra innings Applegate would probably win. Eureka had to try strategy again—now.

Landis was at the plate. Jimmy signaled him to go after the first ball. (*Continued on page 46*)

He heard the crack of the hit, and then the ball was past him on the line.

The Race to Toca

By Kenneth Payson Kempton

Illustrated by Wallace Drew

MR. WILLIAM BARTY, junior officer aboard the *Dumfries,* was a sight. He limped painfully. His white drill was all blotched with mud. There was a bloody bandage round his head. And the grin that twitched at his mouth, as he came clambering over the rail from ashore, looked gruesome; for the man was pale as death.

On his way to the skipper's cabin Barty happened to pass Hatchard, who was standing by Number Two hatch coaming with Tom Drill. In the tropic twilight that was even then swiftly falling, it is doubtful if any other member of the freighter's crew noticed the brief exchange of words between those two; certainly Happy Day did not, for though he chanced to be lounging over the lower bridge rail at the moment, the languid blue eyes of that tow-headed youth from West Wolsey, N. H., were—as was their custom—fixed on nothing at all.

Barty's lips barely moved. "You got it?" he whispered.

"Sure thing," replied Hatchard. And he winked.

Barty went right on up, but his shoulders looked straighter as he passed through the skipper's door.

Ten seconds later Ethan Fenn himself appeared on that threshold. The old man was excited. He called, "Hatchard! Drill! Day!" and vanished within.

As the three who had found the wallet filed in, they saw the skipper seated at his black walnut table, opening the log-book with his big quivering hands and dipping his pen. They stood in a silent row, caps in hand. On account of his rank, as well as because of his pitiable condition, Barty, the third mate, had been given a chair, where he sat under the brass swing lamp licking his lips.

ALONGSIDE the log-book lay the wallet—a big, many-pocketed, old-fashioned affair of rubbed morocco. The skipper picked it up, loosed the circling strap, and shook the wallet open over the table. And that act proved the desperate state of Ethan Fenn's mind: for he and those four others knew perfectly well it was empty. The whole ship knew.

"Afloat or ashore," Ethan Fenn began, "twenty thousand dollars is a serious business. I take my blame for not sending a guard with you. But——"

"Wouldn't have made any difference, sir," said Barty quickly.

"No? All right. Now let's get on. You'll remember that, Wednesday afternoon, an hour after we took the last case aboard and loosed the lighters, I had Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Ruggles and you"—he inclined his head toward Barty—"in here. You'll remember I said I'd got to pay for our cargo in cash—that the Line was actually buying this stuff, to sell in New York to help work up this South American trade they're after. Remember?"

Mr. Barty, grinning palely, nodded.

"Then I said that because the Line wasn't certain whether there was a bank down in this God-forgotten place or not, or what the rate of exchange would be, they'd put the money in my safe to pay with. Of course, now we're here we know there *is* a bank, such as it is — the *Guajara Nationale,* that's what they call it. But that's not here nor there. There was the cash in my safe, and here was me needing to get it to Prestwick, the agent, six miles inland on that plantation they call *Toca.* I told you all that. I said I was put to it; for an armed guard would attract attention, there's no police protection, and these natives—well, you've seen what they be. So I called for a volunteer, and you got the job. Remember?"

Again Mr. Barty nodded, his mouth still twitching.

"Then we palavered how to carry it. Twenty thousand in bills makes a wad. We'd ought to have had a money belt, but didn't. Thinks I, this old wallet of mine'll do"—he picked it up again and waved it slowly at Barty—"in a pinch. So I dumped my junk out of it and put the money in. You strapped it to the inside of your clothes. A boat set you ashore. Remember?"

There was a long pause, so still you could hear the scratching of the skipper's pen, and the sleepy crying of some bird in the forest ashore. The moon rose misty carmine out of sheet-lead water to the eastward, and plumbed its fiery eye into the open cabin doorway. The night land-breeze sucked in coolly from rustling palms and mangroves; but there were little beads of moisture below the bandage on the third mate's forehead. You could see Barty had been through a devil's own mess: the man's jaw was set, but he looked sick.

AT length Fenn glanced up. "That's the last I know. This afternoon these three here, Hatchard and Drill and Day, got leave and went ashore. Right near the head of the landing they picked up the wallet as you see it now. The day before, Thursday, I'd sent out a party under Mr. Ruggles, for starting Wednesday evening as you did, you'd ought to have been back by morning. Now you're here. Go on where I left off. Go slow so I can set it all down."

Mr. Barty swallowed, and ran his restless tongue around his lips.

"It was like this, sir. The boat touched the landing and I said good-night to its crew—it was Drill, here, and Hatchard, as it happened. For a minute I stood there, listening to the thump of their locks. I called out to them, thinking I'd get them to ask you to wire my folks if anything—happened. But they didn't hear. If you'll remember, there was a stiff easterly Wednesday evening—a dark night, just what you wanted. So thinks I, never mind, and started along."

"Not so fast," said the skipper sharply.

Mr. Barty jumped; then that sickly grin widened. "Ha, ha! This thing's given me the creeps. . . . So I walked up to the head of the landing. Right there something swung at me out of the blackness—hit me on the head. The world went afire. Just as I passed out I seen there was two of them—two men, looked like these yellow-skinned coots of natives. But I was a goner. They'd been hiding there, waiting, and as I come up they just cracked me before I could get hardly a look at them."

"Belay. Go slow," said the skipper again.

This time Mr. Barty did not jump. His voice was stronger. He seemed to have more color, to be feeling better. "I didn't stay under long, for as I come to I heard them crashing away through the brush. Quick I slapped my hand to where we'd put the wallet. Gone. There was only one thing to do. Remember you'd served me out an automatic? I pulled it and made after them, into the woods.

"My old head was like a boiler factory. But there was no time to think of that. They had the better of me in knowing where they were. But I had the better of them in that they was trying best they could to keep quiet, whiles I wasn't. I went faster than ever I went in the dark before. . . . Twice I ran head-on into trees, and bowled over. Once I got down into some sort of quagmire. Right inland they headed, me after them and gaining. As we reached higher ground there was a little clearing. I seen the white flicker of a *serang,* and I blazed at it. Somebody screamed, and then I was on top of them—one on the ground and the other kneeling beside him, reaching into his clothes. When that hand come out I had it by the wrist. The devil pulled a knife on me, and I had to give it to him—in the face, so close his white eyeballs looked big as moons. He crumpled up without a sound. And when I got the crisp feel of them bills in my fingers—"

Barty's low monotone was shattered by a roar. The captain was leaning half over the table. "You got it? You got it?" he shouted hoarsely. "In the name of Judas, hand it over!"

Then the third mate smiled in perfect assurance. "No, no, cap'n," he said softly. "I ain't got it—now."

Great black twists of veins leaped out on Ethan Fenn's temples. He opened his mouth. At first no sound came. Then: "*You . . . ain't . . . got it?*" he whispered.

"Why no, sir. I took it to Mr. Prestwick."

THERE was hysteria in the big mariner's cackling laugh. "How, Barty, how?" he chattered.

"How?" echoed Mr. Barty. "Why, the way you told me, sir. I struck off to the right, leaving those two wheres they lay, and found the village. From there it was easy. At the fork, the left-hand road, you'd said. Over two hills and past a plantation, straight on for nigh three miles, left where the narrow-gauge rails cross the road, and follow the ties till you get to *Toca.* I could have found it blindfold. Bunged up as I was, it went slow—that's all. And my foot got bad. Otherwise I'd been back yesterday."

Now Fenn was out of his chair. His great hand fell hard on Barty's shoulder, so that the third mate winced. "I'll give you a hand up for this, Will Barty! The Line is going to hear of it, boy! Trust me. Now look here. What time is it? Not yet two bells? I'm going ashore. I'm going to get my clearance and slip out of here on the early ebb. The sooner we clear this rotted hole—"

Here the skipper's enthusiasm encountered one slight interruption. All this time those three—Tom Drill, Day, and Hatch — had stood in a solemn, motionless row along the table. Happy Day's eyes had shifted from his captain to the mate and back to the captain again, as they talked. And now, for the first time, those lazy, limpid blue organs lighted with a glint of something like surmise.

"Excuse me—Mister Barty, sir—but . . . what's that, on your shirt?"

All attention riveted on the mate's torn,

At length the skipper glanced up. "Go on where I left off. Go slow so I can set it all down."

mud-spattered shirt front; Barty's own eyes bent downward—and Barty's cheek went an odd greenish gray.

Day was stooping over the seated man. Then his mild face cleared. "Oh . . . *that's* all right. It just caught the lamplight. For a jiffy I thought you were afire. But it's all right. Excuse me—sir."

In his fingers Happy Day held up a shining needle, threaded with several inches of brown silk. There was a lowering of tension. The skipper's bluff voice broke in. "Neat as a sailor—eh, Barty? 'See a pin, pick it up'——"

"I was doing a little job—when you called me, Wednesday," Barty faltered.

"Of course. Dropped everything and came . . . duty first . . . Well! Let's get on. Men, I'm through with you, and much obliged. Barty, old man, you get washed up and turn in. You've earned rest if ever a man did."

THE two officers went on deck together, arm in arm. Left within, those three heard the captain's voice fading in to the night. "Take the deck, Mr. Wilkes, if you please. I'm going after my clearance. Ho, a boat there! It's all right, Mr. Wilkes. Barty brung us through safe and sound . . . I'm going ashore . . . back in an hour . . . Tell the Chief to make steam . . . clear on the morning ebb . . ."

After the muffled thump of rowlocks died away, it was very silent in the skipper's cabin. A puff of wind, coming in, made the swing lamp flare and smoke.

Then Happy Day's drawled voice sounded dimly, as if from miles away. "Ya-as. *That's* all . . . right. But why didn't he ask Mister Barty for — the receipt . . .?"

In a flash Hatchard looked up. He saw the back of a tow-headed lankiness passing swiftly through the door. Instinctively his eyes returned to Drill, to the table. Both men stared, rather madly, at the open log-book, the pen, the big iron inkwell.

For the wallet was no longer there.

Then distinctly, from outside, came a slithering little splash. At that the two in the cabin broke into frenzied action.

"Hi, hi, hi! Hi, Mister Wilkes! Help! Man overboard! Day's jumping ship! Day's *running away* . . .!"

Hard on that, before Mr. Wilkes or a man of the watch could collect his senses, two more splashes echoed wetly in the still calm moonlight.

And finally, from the bridge, the bellow of the *Dumfries*' chief mate, Wilkes, by sudden vicissitudes tried beyond endurance: "The—the ornery fools! Is all hands aboard this blarsted apple barrel goin' *daft*?"

NEITHER Tom Drill nor Hatchard heard. Side by side, they were lashing out strongly for the shore—for a lightish spot in the water ahead there, catching the moonlight, that might have been a scudding towhead. With each stroke they were burying their own cropped heads in the sparkling smother, taking a gulp of breath under each whipping arm.

In one of these brief intervals: "He's double-crossed the whole of us," gasped Drill.

And in the next: "Smart Aleck! Got wise somehow . . ."

"We'll show him—huh?"

"Bet! Old Barty'll make it right with us, for this."

". . . what's *that!*"

A white streak of phosphorescence, off to the left, was cutting in toward the black shore line.

"Shark. Hope he gets him. Splash all you kin, Tom."

They churned the water into turmoil, driving on. The lightish blob they had been watching rose dimly off the surface and receded across the beach, losing itself among the trees. That pointed, gleaming trail veered off again to sea. And suddenly the forest loomed close; the legs of the pursuers kicked hard sand.

For an instant they stood dripping, listening. From seaward came the jerky, imperative thump-*bump!* of hastening oars. "Mister Wilkes' boat," Drill whispered. But straight ahead the underbrush crackled as if an elephant were passing. Without another word they plunged that way.

"Old Barty come pretty nigh the truth!" choked Hatchard, fighting lush growing things. The moon was no use here. It was pretty hard. The vines and bushes seemed alive, seemed reaching snaky tentacles to entangle man. If that scoundrel on ahead there had any sense, he would lie still. Lacking the sound of his abject flight, those two would have been helpless. He could have waited until they thrashed out their energy and gave it up; then easily made good his escape. But he kept on, evidently mad to get away. And every thirty seconds they stopped, got the direction from his crashing onslaught—and lunged on again, more rapidly, often to find the way partly broken for them.

Neither paid their direction any heed. Their one purpose was to follow, overtake, avenge. Mattered not where. That sneak of a radio operator (for Day held that office aboard the *Dumfries*), whom they had purposely taken into this thing without putting him wise—in order to have the benefit of his standing with the skipper, his honest blue eye—that sculpin of a Happy Day thought he was smart enough to give them all the slip and get away with the raspberries all to himself. Ungrateful pup! Where he was *heading* made no difference. Ten to one he did not know himself. Main thing was, he was running away—the scut . . .! And they were out to stop him.

So they came, abruptly, out into a little clearing—two rows of mud huts lying misty under the red moon. And fifty yards ahead they saw a shadow . . . flying . . .

The mud huts slept on, undisturbed by Hatchard's exulting shout. The two leaped forward, spurning hard-packed road.

This was better. Surely they would get him now. Yes, they were gaining. That was he, that vague thing bobbing on ahead. The houses had flashed away. Great branches, arching over the road, obscured the moon. Faster, Tom! Come on, Hatch! Their heels pounded . . . pounded through unmeasured silences.

Now what's this? The road splitting into two. Which way? For a brief moment they stopped; and the anguish of their breathing seemed to rise and gulf them.

Which way? Ha! There soared that dim fleeting thing, down the left track under the trees. Again Hatchard wasted precious lung-power with a yell. Again they hurled their bodies into the chase.

The trees shrank, slipped away. Now the road was a straight gray ribbon. They toiled through sand, ploughed through it desperately, up a long straight hill. The shadow ahead was nearer. They were wearing him down. When they reached the top they would—but no! He was just gone.

"We can't get him," Drill whined. "His blamed legs—are—too long!"

"Rats! Think what it means!" Hatch urged. And they kept on, down that hill . . . along a straight level . . . up another . . .

And now it appeared that their quarry was definitely weakening. Even Drill's flagging spirits knew hope again. On the long grade they crept close to that flying will-o'-the-wisp; actually heard its thudding, labored footsteps; saw its flailing arms.

Hatchard spurred himself into a mighty effort. His parched lips opened. "Happy!" he shouted, his voice cracking. "Hold up — and we'll divide!"

"Good stuff!" Drill bleated anxiously, two paces behind. "Fair enough, Happy. What do you say?"

No answer. And the shadow drifted lightly as thistledown over the hilltop—was gone.

Like beasts those two pursuers snarled, their lips drawn back over bared teeth. "We'll get you anyway—you scut . . .!" Their fury gave them new strength. They thundered on.

Then without warning Hatchard stumbled and pitched headlong, rolling over and over. In another instant he was on his feet, cursing in a whimper. Drill came up panting, stopped. The moon had slipped behind a cloud. They groped about in the blackness, their bearings gone.

STEEL rails, crossing the road! Of course! But there was no easement in the discovery. This opened three possible ways. Their glazed eyes peered drunkenly, here—there. Their ears strained. To their left they heard, though very faintly, the dying crunch of quick footsteps on cinders.

"It's him!" Drill croaked absurdly. "Might have known he'd find the railroad, to get away!"

In their spurt Hatchard's answer was indistinguishable. Both were near their last resources. Dark objects on either hand seemed magically to fly past them; the steel track, meeting the re-appearing moon, swam up and slipped away at enormous speed. But in reality those two only crawled, staggered, impelled by will power alone. A scared bat, hitting either, would have knocked him down.

Once again now — for one final time—they saw the man they wanted. Why . . . he was very near! He was just beyond arm's reach! They goaded each other with strange raucous mutterings; made a great labor with flying feet; reached out feebly toward that maddening slippery whiteness . . .

On the long grade they kept close to that flying will-o'-the-wisp.

Houses, long sheds, reared ghostily to the right. Lights twinkled. Somewhere could be heard the gentle twanging of a banjo.

But Tom Drill and Hatchard were too far gone to notice. One sound alone filled their ears: the roar of their hearts pounding, pounding to the tune of those crunching steps ahead. One sight only held their dimming eyes: that white wraith, still just out of reach . . . When it turned off the track, instantly they followed. Up a dark path, among square black shapes it went, through saplings. And then—

The two seamen from the *Dumfries* stopped short before a flight of steps. With a stupid sloth of utter exhaustion their eyes lifted. They saw a house, a screened veranda, an open door—and within, the man who had double-crossed them and run away, standing full in the lamplight.

The smart Aleck! The smug fool! The hayseed! The snivelling, bootlicking sneak! He was—*smiling!*

A cry broke from Hatchard's lips. With Drill at his heels he raced up those steps, shot through the screened veranda, and burst, panting hideously, glaring, into the brightly lighted room.

There he stopped. And the little rustling thud behind him told Hatchard that Tom Drill, following, had arrived, taken one look at that room, and keeled over in a dead faint.

But Hatchard was tougher. Though the place rocked, went bleary, still he stood his ground—feet spread to brace him, fists clenched, small eyes sullenly hostile to the whole world that in a twinkling had jerked itself upside down.

And the fogged brain of Hatchard struggled to understand. Wasn't it Happy Day who had—who *was* running away? Wasn't it? Was it? Because if it was, then why in the name of glory should Day be passing him—now, this minute—to lock the door—?

There was a table in the center of the room. Two men were seated at it. One was a bearded stranger in a linen suit; the other, Ethan Fenn, skipper of the *Lord Dumfries*. Their wide shocked eyes, in that moment of crashing interruption, went from Day to the other two, and back. And the skipper's mouth worked in a febrile, childish way.

But Happy Day was talking. Against that electric stillness his drawling, apologetic voice clashed grotesquely. "Ya-as," he was saying, "it was luck, mostly." And he drew a sodden bundle of leather from somewhere inside his clothes. In another minute his jackknife was out, too. He seemed to be working the point of it against the wet leather.

"When first Hatchard and Drill and I found this thing," he went on mildly, still busy—"I noticed somebody had been doing a little job (*Continued on page 44*)

Cow Ponies in the Movies

By A. L. Wooldridge

Movie fans know both those faces at the left—they're Bill Hart and Paint, his pony. Below is Scout, the horse which Jack Hoxie took from the Idaho range and trained. The other white horse is Silver, with his proud owner, Buck Jones, holding the rein. And Tony, Tom Mix's famous cow pony, is looking at you from the center picture.

IN the days when William S. Hart was just working up to his present fame as an actor in big Western pictures he was striding one time through a corral in Santa Ynez canyon near Los Angeles when a calico pony shackled with an Oregon boot made of leather and steel turned toward him and nickered.

"Well, you poor little duffer!" Hart exclaimed. "Why are you in irons?"

He hunted up the foreman of the corral.

"What's the idea in putting that little horse in chains?" he demanded.

"Chains!" snorted the foreman. "Mister, if you belong here and want to keep any of those other hosses for use, you better leave 'im in chains and hog-tie him to boot. He's just a fightin' demon, that's what he is. Turn him loose and he cleans out the lot."

Hart went back and rubbed the muzzle of the wistful-eyed pony, patted his neck, and talked to him.

"Little fellow," he said "some day I'm going to buy you. I haven't the money now but I'll make it and you won't have to stay in irons."

Not long after, Hart's contract with his motion picture company expired. His pictures were going so well that his new contract jumped him from a decidedly modest salary to a big one—$1,000 a week, it is said. And he was given the use of the pinto pony. He made some fifty pictures—two-reelers and five-reelers. Then in March, 1917, he made a new contract that called, so it was reported, for a salary ranging between $9,000 and $10,000 a week. This new salary was to start in April. The company asked him to make one more picture at his old pay.

"There came to my mind," Hart said, in speaking of the company's request, "the promise I had made that little pony the day I saw him in irons. I had been riding him steadily and he was the grittiest little piece of horseflesh I had ever straddled. Nothing daunted him. Nothing was too rough or too hard for him to attempt. He was the first pony to leap through a glass window and the first to walk a log across a chasm—for pictures. He swam with me into a black mountain tunnel in the Sonora country and the two of us nearly drowned in a whirlpool, filming 'The Toll Gate.' He leaped from a cliff into a river in the Sonora country—down, down, down through space and I don't believe there are a dozen horses in America that would have tried it.

"So, when the comany asked me to make one more picture at my old salary, I said:

"'I'll do it if you'll give me that calico pony!'"

The company agreed. Hart worked six weeks in "The Cool Deck," and, according to the figures reported, got $6,000 for it instead of around $50,000, though he made a picture for which the rights west of the Missouri River alone are said to have sold for $220,000.

"But I got the pony!" Bill Hart will tell you with a triumphant grin.

Hart took the calico pony's irons off, pronto, and changed his name from "Fritz to "Paint."

"I guess the world knows Paint about as well or better than it knows me," Hart says. "We've seen the ragged edge together. Paint stayed with me through the close-picking times. Now, there isn't money enough in the world to buy him!"

Hart looked up Paint's family and found that the pinto pony is a descendant of an Arabian stallion loosed in the Northern Nevada range at the close of the Civil War by General U. S. Grant, and that with his blood there is intermingled the blood of the mustang. No wonder Paint steps high and lively.

Now, Paint is a retired actor. He lives on the Hart ranch near Newhall, California, with "Cactus Kate," "Yucca Sal" and "Lisbeth," a mule, as companions. Their only work in life is to keep him company and when Paint feels the need of exercise, Lisbeth starts for the hills.

James Montgomery Flagg, one of the most celebrated artists in America, crossed the continent to paint the famous calico pony's picture, and it hangs to-day in the Ambassador Art Galleries. Probably half the boys in America know Paint by sight. A Seattle capitalist offered $25,000 for him for his boy to ride, and show companies have sought him at any price for exhibition as "Bill Hart's pinto pony." But Paint isn't for sale.

"One of these days," Hart said recently, "I'm going back into the Nevada cattle country to see if somewhere I can't find another pony something like Paint. I don't care what he costs. Paint helped me to earn a million—and more. He's a great little partner and a great little pal, bless him!"

And that's the "Paint-hoss!"

SOME years ago, a stocky little colt followed a vegetable wagon down Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. While the vendor bartered his wares to housewives, the colt selected the greenest lawns along the way on which to graze. Fences apparently meant nothing to him and he hopped over them with the agility of a greyhound.

"Great Scott!" said Tom Mix to Pat Christman, his ranch foreman, as they drove by. "Look at that colt! Isn't he a beauty? He's going to make a pippin of a horse some day."

"Hello, there!" he called to the vegetable vendor. "What'll you take for that colt?"

"Belongs to my boy," the man replied. "Guess he'd sell him, though."

That night, Mix and Christman drove to the man's home in Edendale and bought the colt for $16.50.

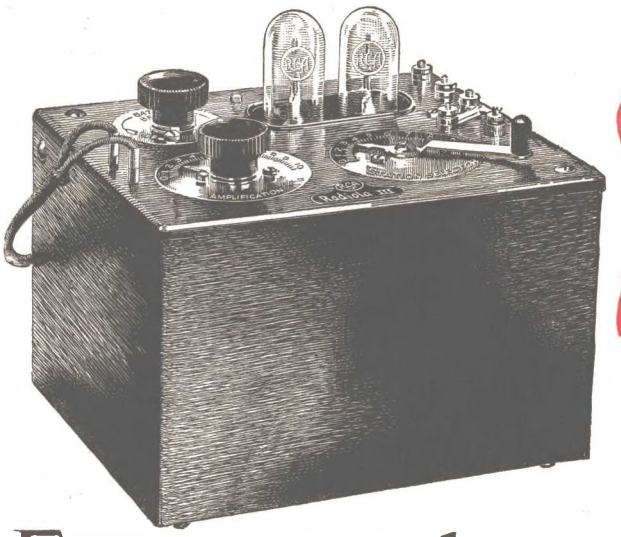
That frisky young colt was "Tony," now known on the screen as "the wonder horse," and insured by the Fox Company for $50,000. Tony has no tricks. He isn't trained. He does no stunts alone. And yet his courage has made him the most valuable horse in active work in the world to-day. Powerful, temperamental, restless, eager, he is easily the peer of them all since the retirement of the "Paint-hoss." Tom Mix will tell you that Tony could do all that Paint ever did and possibly more. Tony isn't afraid of anything, Mix says, nor afraid to try anything. When Mix tells him to hurtle himself off a cliff, off he goes.

IN the filming of "Catch My Smoke," Mix rode Tony straight at a moving train, and the horse leaped into the open door of a car. He got a mean fall in doing it, but was not severely injured. In the same picture Tony ran the entire length of a freight train on top of the swaying cars. In "Three Jumps Ahead," he leaped 27 feet across a mountain chasm back of Newhall where a slip would have plunged both him and his rider to destruction. In "Eyes of the Forest," a prematurely exploded charge of blasting powder hurled him and his rider against the walls of a canyon, lacerating and tearing their flesh. In "The Trouble Shooter," Tony plunged from a flatboat into a roaring mountain stream and fought it for ten minutes before gaining a footing on the rocks ashore. In the same picture he rode a gravity coal car down a mountain side where a speed of approximately a mile a minute was attained.

"I often wonder," Mix says, "what Tony thinks of the life he leads. Certainly it isn't a horse's life."

But temperamental! Recently, near Mixville, Tony was being used in a scene that involved his picking up his master's hat and carrying it to him. But Tony wasn't in the mood to do it. He was getting hungry and the shadows were

(*Continued on page 36*)



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* * *

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Don't Get Excited!

(*Continued from page 13*)

'Stanguey would come in out of there like a terrier, a hard-biting one, that had no mercy, no hesitation, no softness of head over blowing up a friend; only the winning heart. Wally wished him luck; but the good old *Montana* had her claim on him too and he wasn't going to see her done in if great gunfire could prevent it!

A taint was assailing his nostrils, now. Wally sniffed suspiciously. It was naphthaish, a taint of crude oil in the wind. Wally peered with gathering alarm. The searchlight rays seemed to have a halo, now; seemed to be stopped by something, something vague and indefinable. Foxy of them! They had laid that smoke screen without ever a searchlight ray finding the destroyer that had made it. Down-wind it was drifting, from beyond their utmost range of visibility! And out of it was coming 'Stanguey—in a hurry!

Others had noticed that faint tinge in the air, too.

"Stand by, Radnor!" came McCracken's iron tones through the slits of the conning tower, behind him. Wally hopped below.

"Stand by, fellows!" he announced to the turret crew. A tremor was filling the ship. Wally saw the dial indicator turning. She was swinging; turning out directly into the taint of that smoke screen! Captain Brooke was fighting his ship, giving her every chance by presenting his narrow bows to the menace, offering the destroyer only a glancing shot, unless he was canny enough to circle within the smoke screen and attack the dreadnought broadside.

And that meant that Number Two, in all probability, would be the one to do the firing. Number Four was astern now, blanked by the superstructure. Unless Breckenridge foresaw this maneuver of Captain Brooke's—

Wally clenched his fingers and tried to keep cool. And then he stared unbelievingly at the starboard gun breech plug. There was no primer in it! Hadn't Smythe even loaded yet? Or was he trying to show off? This was no time to be caught unloaded! There would be little enough time to *fire* once 'Stanguey was sighted!

Wally clenched his fists, undecided whether to interfere with the judgment of a senior lieutenant or not. Luckily, the familiar *cloke! cloke!* of twelve-inch shells going home in Number Two can be heard distinctly in the conning tower, and presently its telephone squeaked and Wally heard Smythe being belabored with indistinct words that did not sound patient.

"Very good, sir!" came Smythe's voice in answer to McCracken. "Load port and starboard ammunition hoists!" he yelled.

AND then pandemonium broke loose in the turret. There was the quick rattle of an ascending shell to the starboard gun—but an ominous silence in the port chamber, a silence that let loose excited yelps and brought Smythe leaping out of his booth. "No juice on the port hoist, sir!" was the wail that emerged out of the hubbub of angry and excited men.

Wally dived straight for the electrician's booth. He had no faith in Pedlow, and knew instinctively that the trouble *must* be there. The man was gone when Wally flung himself into the booth. He had given just one glance at his switchboard, seen that every switch was closed, then lost his head and jumped for the port hoist limit switch!

Wally himself found it hard to keep cool, for the turret was rotating giddily and a thrilling hail—"Enemy on port bow!"—was ringing through the air. And then—*booommm!* exploded the starboard gun, filled the booth with a glare of orange light, kicked back a yard, and returned to battery while its hoist was rattling down for another shell.

Wally got himself together with a violent effort and concentrated on that board. His fingers bridged hastily the pivots at the head of the port hoist switch. The familiar pringle of an electric shock failed to greet him, and instantly he ripped out the fuse above, glanced at it, and snapped in another.

"Current, sir!" he yelped through the speaking tube. *"Current on port hoist!"*

They were having an infernal time when he got back. The starboard gun had fired again, but the port hoist was doing unbelievable antics, missing the breech by inches, Smythe himself trying desperately to catch the shell with the rammer. He would blow every circuit breaker in the port control if he kept that up! and Wally fell rather than climbed below. He found Pedlow at the limit switch. The man was just guessing, not thinking, and Wally shoved him aside, set the arm on his zero scratch, screwed fast, and—"O. K., sir!" he yelled at the raging officer below.

Up went the shell and Wally with it. In one leap he had reached the checking telescope and sighted through it. Out there in the smoky glare of four searchlights was 'Stanguey, coming on at thirty-five knots, not a thousand yards off, a mere blob of boat emerging from a dense curtain that was without form and void. A streak of white was growing out swiftly from him, and the *Montana* turning desperately to avoid it, while *"Mark! Mark! Mark!"* the pointer was singing out at Wally's side.

The cross hairs were dead on 'Stanguey, he could see. Again the starboard gun thundered. Wally waited one instant more. Didn't Smythe realize that now he *had* a port gun? And their train must be dead on, too, or he wouldn't have fired his starboard. Wally waited no longer, but instantly pressed his own firing key.

Brannngggg! she spoke, and her shell spout joined that one now rising to the right of 'Stanguey's bow.

"Cease firing!" came the order—and it hit Wally like a blow. They were out, disgraced, the job turned over to Number Four! He watched yearningly, unmindful of the curses of rage all about him, saw a second torpedo launch from 'Stanguey, and heard both of Number Four's guns go off together. A smother of shell-spouts rose a whole lot this side of where theirs had just been, and then there was a white flash alongside amidships as a spotting torpedo struck, and the *Montana's* whistle blew, and it was all over.

TEARS stood in Wally's eyes as he leaned against the checking telescope gear, shaking with exasperation and not heeding the magnificent calling down that Smythe was giving his crew. Yes, the personal element had a lot to do with this theory that they could dispense with the secondary battery! It would work—if no one blew up. And McCracken had been more than patient with Number Two. He had stood for two whole minutes of silence with their port gun and had only shut them off in disgust and turned the job over to Bunce after Smythe failed to fire both his guns together when he *did* have them. And Bunce had put down 'Stanguey in one single, well-placed salvo.

So much for the theory. It was the post mortem in McCracken's stateroom that revived Wally's drooping spirits. Ribald jeers greeted him as he entered its door; and there was 'Stanguey, who had come over with Commander Breckenridge.

"G'way, oaf! You're sunk, see? G'way down and cuddle 'round the anchor! There is a hole in your side that you could drive a cow through!" crowed 'Stanguey, his eyes sparkling under a dirty white officer's cap and his long chin waggling over the neck of a disreputable varsity sweater with a patchy A on it.

"G'wan boot! You're a mermaid yourself—there's nothing left of you at all, see?" retorted Wally with ferocity. He was interrupted by McCracken, who said, drily, "Yes— thanks to Bunce, here!"

"Close call!" said 'Stanguey. "Bunce didn't get us until we had fired a timed torp! The captain dodged our first; but that second was set for thirty feet, and it got you where you're soft! Eh, Wally? One gun's enough for you, eh, Wally? Don't need any secondary, eh, Wally? Tell it to the marines while I hang out the ice to dry!" And he leaned up against Breckenridge, who leaned against him, weak with glee.

"As a matter of fact, not one shot from Two was within a mile of you, Breck," said Commander McCracken soberly. "Just what was the matter with you fellows in there, Wally?"

"Blew up, sir," said Wally succinctly. "He has a turret electrician who ought to be driving an ice-wagon. That bird reads a magazine while we are at battle practice, I discovered! And this time he never tested out his circuits at all, and *of course* it was just now that we had to have no juice on the port hoist. He had only a blown fuse, sir; but instead of trying for it he loses his head and goes to monkeying with the limit switch. So I chased him up, and fixed them both, and then got to the port checking telescope as quick as I could. It took us two minutes, all told, sir."

"Precisely," said McCracken grimly. "Two minutes, during which 'Stanguey managed to load another whole torpedo—or he could have launched six if he wanted to risk a broadside-to. But what got me was just *why* Smythe fired first one gun, then the other, when he *did* get 'em both loaded. That switched him to Bunce right off!"

"Well," said Wally slowly, "we all do queer things when we get excited. And Smythe was some flabbergasted over all the hurrah's-nest going on in his turret. Maybe he *thought* he had fired his port gun—but I did it for him, sir; from the checking telescope, after giving him three seconds. We were dead on, and there was no time to lose."

"*You* did it!" barked Commander McCracken. He eyed Wally under drooping lids. "Humph! Seems you got her going, at last *in spite* of the—ah—personal element! I'm sorry I switched you, kid! Well, men, the evidence is all in, I take it! Lax discipline; shaky nerves; that's what becomes of your perfectly good theory, Wally, when it leans on an officer like Smythe! And the answer is this."

He picked up a pad and wrote out orders that relieved that gentleman from all further duty in connection with Number Two.

"Try you again, to-morrow night, Breck, if the Admiral's willing," he said nonchalantly.

"You're on!" shouted both Breckenridge and 'Stanguey in one breath. The destroyers were ready—they always were! The conference broke up shortly after, and Wally and 'Stanguey went out into the corridor.

"Wonder who'll get Number Two to-morrow?" growled Wally in a thick voice intended for a whisper.

'Stanguey turned and eyed him with an amused grin. "Why, *you*, you almost priceless ass!" he vociferated. "Didn't you see the commander wink at Breck?"

"Me?" asked Wally, amazed.

"Sure! You were the only one in Two that *didn't* get excited, ape! It'll be you and Bunce to-morrow night. You *need* a couple of hardheads in the turrets when we destroyers get after you!"

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The Better BUICK

That Boy Can Cook!

By R. B. MacFadyen

ONE summer during our high school days, while my brother Bill and I were visiting in a tiny mountain village, we ran into our football captain of the previous year. All unexpected, that meeting, but it was a happy one. We felt pretty good when we realized that Captain MacDowell was as glad to see us as we were to see him. And we felt still better when he asked us to come to his cabin away back in the woods for supper the next night.

Did we go? We did. And let me tell you that boy can cook!

When we reached his two-room shack about four o'clock in the afternoon, we found him busily stirring some steaming, appetizing mixture on the stove. Right then we began to be hungry.

"Hello, fellows," sung out MacDowell. "You're just in time—want to help me get supper?"

So we soon found ourselves paring potatoes and cutting them in thin slices. When we had sliced about six medium-sized potatoes, MacDowell appeared with a tin pan about nine inches in diameter and three inches deep. After carefully greasing it with butter, he took a handful of our sliced, raw potatoes and spread them on the bottom of the pan. Over this he dusted some flour, a pinch of salt and pepper, some bits of butter and, last, about a tablespoonful of the grated cheese that he had been preparing while we were at work. Several more layers of potatoes, flour, salt, pepper, and cheese followed until the final layer was about a half-inch from the top of the pan. Over the whole he poured canned milk mixed with water until the liquid almost covered the potatoes. Then he spread a thick layer of grated cheese mixed with cracker crumbs over the top. A few bits of butter were dotted around and the dish was shoved into the tiny, hot oven.

"It'll take a full hour to cook that," said MacDowell, "but it won't seem long by the time we've fixed the cabbage and set the table."

We stood by while he shredded the cabbage with a sharp butcher knife. The cabbage was then put in a dish of cold water. "Soaking makes it crisp," said MacDowell, as he took a small bowl from the shelf.

We watched as he mixed together a rounded teaspoonful of sugar, a scant one of salt, and another scant one of dry mustard. These ingredients were more or less dissolved by two tablespoonsful of vinegar. Next came about half a cup of salad oil. Vigorously, MacDowell stirred the mixture with a fork until a fine, smooth blend was achieved. He gave us a taste from the tip of the spoon and, boy, it was good!

"We'll pour it over the cabbage later," announced MacDowell, as he tasted it critically.

"What's the swell stuff that's been cooking ever since we came in?" Bill wanted to know.

What Is It?

THE captain chuckled. "There is no name for it," he answered. "It's just a couple cans of tomatoes, a big onion chopped fine, a couple tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoon of salt, and a few cloves. A pinch of powdered cloves would have been better still. The spice gives it the special smell and taste. The main thing is to cook the tomatoes until they are thick instead of soupy. Incidentally, this stuff's great on macaroni or spaghetti."

While Bill and I were setting the table, we asked MacDowell how he happened to be such a whiz of a cook.

"Well, I guess the main reason I took to cooking is because my Dad likes to do it. He had to when he began work as a civil engineer, and he learned a lot about making good, plain food easy to eat. Two years ago Dad and I spent a month together while Mother was away and I learned plenty from him. And once in a while we'd have a couple of Dad's old pals drop in for a steak supper. It sure was great fun watching those men. Each one had a special trick—one made a combination salad that would knock your eye out, another fixed the potatoes, the same way we're having them to-night, and another would broil the steak. You never ate finer food in your life than Dad and his two pals can dish up—Hello—it's time to start the coffee and meat."

Five heaping tablespoonfuls of coffee were thrown in the pot followed by five cups of cold water. "I usually use a coffee substitute," the captain remarked, "but I guess we'll have coffee this once." He found a hot place on the stove for the pot and then we all turned our attention to the meat.

Boy! That Steak!

MAC DOWELL had a large, thin slice of round steak that he cut into pieces about as big as the palm of his hand. With a sharp knife he very lightly slashed both surfaces of the meat many times, criss-cross style. Then he patted flour into those pieces of meat until you could hardly recognize them. Next he put them one by one into a big frying pan where two tablespoonfuls of bacon grease had been heated. He let the meat sizzle for a minute and then turned it over. After both sides were brown, he salted it and put a lid on top of the pan and let the frying continue slowly for about ten or fifteen minutes. Occasionally he'd turn the pieces and they looked so good they made your mouth water. When he finally dished them up on a plate, there was some of the finest, rich brown gravy you ever tasted to pour over them.

It took only a minute to mix the shredded cabbage with the dressing and then we started to eat. Glory, what a meal! And cooked by a football captain! MacDowell certainly scored a victory with that supper. The most finicky person in the world would have gone wild over those eats—gravied steak, potatoes scalloped with cheese, cabbage salad, and stewed tomatoes a la *unusual*. And the coffee was perfect in strength and color. Clear as amber! That was because of the pinch of salt and dash of water which MacDowell had added after the coffee had boiled three minutes, just before he moved the pot to the back of the stove.

Well, we ate until even we couldn't eat any more. Then we

sat around and talked football, past and future, until it was time to say good-night. Oh, sure, Bill and I helped wash the dishes, but there weren't many because MacDowell kept his cooking utensils washed up as he finished with each one. Pretty good thing to remember in cooking.

As we walked back to the village, Bill and I resolved that as soon as we got home we'd learn how to cook. And when Mother saw that we were in earnest and that we wouldn't be sloppy and messy around her kitchen, she certainly showed us a lot of tricks. How to fry eggs in deep grease, how to broil steak, how to roast a leg of pork, how to bake beans. We even learned how to make pancakes and biscuits. The main value of Mother's teaching was that we got acquainted with "raw" food and various ingredients, so we could take any simple recipe and follow it with real understanding.

Mother got quite cocky about what we could do, and we were sort of proud of it ourselves.

It gave us a chance to shine when we went to college, for we staged a couple of house parties down at the seashore and cooked for the entire crowd—seven fellows, seven girls and the chaperon. We served four meals—lunch and dinner on Saturday and breakfast and dinner on Sunday. We broiled lamb chops and steaks—fried two dozen eggs without breaking a one, served crab salad with a dressing that started cheers, made a special dish—mashed potatoes in which milk and an egg white was beaten and then browned quickly in the oven. Of course, we had tomatoes stewed the way the captain taught us and they surely did make a hit.

Afterwards, more than one of the fellows begged us to show them "how we did it." And on Sunday night in the fraternity house, we were often taken bodily down to the kitchen to cook up some supper.

Speaking of Eggs

OUR method of cooking scrambled eggs and making toast was most popular. Here's how we fixed the eggs. First, two eggs for every person, then a tablespoonful of milk for every egg. Beat eggs and milk together. Salt and pepper—also add a half teaspoonful of paprika. Pour this into a frying pan in which a piece of butter about the size of an egg is melted. *Don't have the pan too hot.* Stir this mixture as it cooks and if you can add little bits of fried bacon, so much the better. Stop cooking when the mass is well minced and just past the "runny" stage.

Thick toast is prepared this way. Toast slices of bread cut at least one-half inch thick. You can use either white bread or whole wheat. The whole wheat makes dandy toast. Whichever you use, brown it well—but if you want to be popular, don't burn it! Next, spread thickly with butter and stab the surface of the toast with a fork or sharp pointed knife so the melting butter can get inside. Use plenty of butter. *Finally,* cut each slice of toast into strips about an inch wide. *I'm telling you it's good!*

Of course, cooking for camp and college crowds was lots of fun. But later on, we discovered that knowing how to cook is more than mere fun; that it's a mighty useful part of a man's equipment.

Here's what happened. Bill and I were offered a job in a new timber country nearly one hundred miles from a railroad. Our employer admitted rather uneasily that we'd have to do our own cooking. I think he half expected us to back out on hearing this, but we didn't.

"You send us the raw material," Bill grinned, "and we'll get fat on our cooking."

And we did. Not fat, maybe, but fit. We not only fed ourselves in fine shape, but we kept the two men who went with us happy on our cooking. Aside from the general line of food, we even made chicken a la king and lobster a la Newburg. When the superintendent came up to look over the work, we asked him to dinner, of course. He accepted a little dubiously, but after he had eaten cream of tomato soup, pot roast with vegetables, browned onions and carrots, fluffy mashed potatoes, and apple pie, he leaned back and exclaimed: "I never ate such food in my

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life. If I tell the main office about this, we'll have to open a summer resort up here."

There's no doubt that our cooking up there in the woods helped us to make a fine showing on that job, for good food keeps you fit to do a good job. Bill and I saw to it that all four of us got well-balanced rations of appetizing food, and we enjoyed doing it. To be sure, we were pretty tired sometimes when we started to get a meal, but when we finally pulled up our chairs to food of our own selection, cooked the way we liked it, we felt as though we were eating broiled steak and baked potatoes on top of the world.

Garlic? Of Course!

SOMETIMES, now, we're seized with an aching urge for an outdoor meal. Then we get the car and a bag of charcoal and a big steak and a small crowd all lined up together, and start off. A half hour's ride takes us to a rough stone fireplace on the bank of a brook, under a big tree. The ten-cent bag of charcoal makes an ideal fire, and the minute that fire's ready, we set our steel broiler—you can get one at any sporting goods store—over the coals and put that big, thick sirloin steak on to cook.

As that gloriously juicy piece of meat sputters and browns, we swab the upper surface with this mixture: One-quarter pound butter melted, one teaspoon paprika, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful Worcestershire Sauce, and above all—one clove of garlic chopped fine. It's a good idea to mix this savory mess at home and put it in a small jar. Apply it on the cooking steak with a stick, one end of which has a clean rag tied, sort of tassel fashion. If the steak is pretty thick, cook it at least twenty minutes, turning twice in the first five minutes and then three or four times later, "swabbing" as previously advised. We guarantee that when you get your first mouthful of that hot, savory meat, you'll wonder how under the sun anything could ever be so good. *But don't forget the garlic!* From the standpoint of flavor, there is nothing to equal it.

Take the advice of an old-timer, and *learn to cook.* Right now is the time—when you are at home and can get your mother to show you the fundamentals.

She can show you how to pick out meat, how to separate an egg, how to fry one without breaking it, how to test the heat of an oven or griddle, how to season canned vegetables and give you plenty more information that is interesting to hear and easy to remember.

As you pick up this knowledge, just remember that the art of cooking is practised by thousands of men. In every field of activity—business, professional, literary, artistic, you'll find notable men who delight their friends by deft work with a frying-pan or stew-pot. A great statesman in Washington used to cook midnight suppers in his bachelor apartment for his friends. His fame as a cook was known everywhere and it was considered a rare privilege to be invited to one of his suppers.

Learn to Cook

AN interesting book that has recently appeared contains directions by famous American men for cooking their favorite dishes. It's inspiring reading; inspires you to action because it stirs up your appetite. I don't know of any book that makes you hungrier than "The Stag Cook Book" does. And it makes you marvel, too, at the number of famous men who know how to cook and enjoy doing it.

You'll get a lot more pleasure out of your outings this summer if you undertake, from time to time, the job of cooking your own meals. Take it easy at first—just cook for you and your pal some night when the folks are out—for example, broil some chops, stew a can of tomatoes down to a thick glory, and make a stack of brown, buttery toast. Later, as you get more confidence, take on a bigger problem. Try a steak big enough for eight or ten fellows and the fixings that go with it. The first thing you know, you may be invited to go on some fine camping trip, just because your fame as cook has been broadcast. If you like to be liked, learn to cook. Bacon and eggs and piping hot, buttered toast can start you on the path to popularity, win you praise you're proud to get because you've earned it.

You can wear a glad grin unabashed when someone sighs out of the fullness of his heart or otherwise: "I tell you that boy can cook!"

The Selfridge Jinx

(Continued from page 16)

occurrence, seemed to stalk daily with the show these days—

He fell asleep in the usher's tent, on O'Donnell's canvas cot, right after dinner, and his last thoughts were of Mussy; the last thing he was aware of, a nervous expectancy. He awakened to find a drizzling rain making the already muddy ground literally a morass.

It was seven o'clock. He'd go over and help transfer the animals down the cages, so that the female lions, from their end cages, could go into the arena first for their act. Or watch it, anyway. He did not have to dress for the night performance until nine.

There was a slim crowd in the menagerie at first, but by quarter of eight it was a big one. Bozo, the monk, was chattering around, leaping from cage to cage, dividing the people's attention between himself and the caged animals. Kaiser, largest and most stubborn of the lions, was bad that night, and finally the iron prods were given up and Elliot, his trainer, used a blank cartridge on him. That worked, as always. The concussion is very offensive to animals, particularly when the gun is aimed just underneath the lower jaw. When it had been fired, big, black-maned Kaiser slunk into the next cage like a lamb.

Mussy was there, working ineffectually. There was something futile about him—the other animal men were constantly yelling at him as he delayed them. He met no one's eyes, and would have been of more help had he done nothing.

Suddenly, from the tiger cages, there came a succession of roars and snarls. Two of them were locked in a fight—

"Cora's got in Caesar's cage!" yelled Miles, on the dead run up the line of cages.

Cora, outlaw tiger from birth, would fight any other one of the twelve if she could get at them. That is, except in the arena, where her fear of Christy, her trainer, was sufficient to keep her from anything more open than snarls of hate.

The band was playing in the big top now, for the opening spectacle, and the elephants, accoutered in their gaudy blankets and headgears, were lined up at the upper entrance. The few stragglers still in the menagerie stopped and watched in awed fascination while those two epitomes of living death fought as though one or the other must perish. Tigers are the most deadly and ferocious of all the cat family, and for two minutes prods and shots and blank cartridges were insufficient to separate the two snarling contestants. Finally, well clawed and with great red scratches on them both, they were separated by the exasperated animal men.

As soon as they were in separate compartments again, still spitting their hate and fear at each other, the furious old boss animal man was shouting above the din of the big top:

"Who left the catch out between those cages?"

Rann's slow drawl brought the eyes of every animal man to his face.

"It wasn't left out. I put it in myself. Mussy saw me do it."

Mussy nodded, but did not speak. Abruptly, it seemed as though that scarcely describable feeling of an ironical fate,

utterly inexplainable, working within that show had become more and more obvious. For the cage doors are fastened with what amounts to a high steel hairpin, and an accident to it is next to impossible. Search failed to reveal the missing pin—it had utterly disappeared. Rann's word was not questioned, but eyes with hate in them wandered to the tattered Mussy.

Somebody had taken that pin out deliberately.

Not a word was said. The animal men separated, going to other cages, driving the females up through to the arena entrance, now that the other beasts were packed in on the cages below the door with the runway. The spectacle was over, and the elephants had come out the back door of the big top and were coming into the menagerie through the back way. Performers and clowns whose entrances were from the upper end of the big top were filing through the menagerie in costume.

RANN walked down the line of cages, out the back door, and into the back yard. Here were performers standing in the doors of tents, the wardrobe tent open, the horses for the next riding act, and their riders, lined up at the entrance of the big top ready to go in. The band was playing loudly.

Shouts from the menagerie, the snarl of a tiger, then, with an eerie sound in it that fairly made Rann's blood run cold, the agonized bray of a donkey. There were several with the show—

"Cora's loose! Get her!"

Indistinguishable cries, the trumpeting of elephants and the steadying calls of their attendants, and then galloping hooves and that terrible bray as everyone on the lot, seemingly, scrambled for safety. A pile of stakes lay under the dog wagon, and as though by instinct Rann picked one of the heavy pins up and ran for the menagerie.

He had just reached the back door, his mind aware of wild confusion, women's shrieks, and above all the trumpeting of scared elephants, when a horrifying vision fairly leapt into his view. Coming straight at him was one of the trained bucking burros, and on his back, ripping and tearing and trying to hold on at the same time, was Cora, the outlaw tiger. Mussy, Cora, that tortured burro—everything seemed to shoot through Rann's mind at once. Had Mussy's ordeal with the show generated such hate within him that he was letting the animals out? It must have been he who had withdrawn that pin before—

As though his muscles were being worked from some source outside himself, Rann found himself in the burro's path at the menagerie door. Behind him were dozens of women performers, to say nothing of helpless men, in flimsy tents, on top of wagons, rushing hysterically for safety. The burro, wild-eyed and bleeding with that ripping, tearing tiger spitting death on its back, was but five feet from him, charging directly at him. Rann leaped back, and swung his stake over his shoulder as though he were batting a baseball. His blue-gray eyes dancing, he measured that striped head alongside the crazed burro's neck. Then, with all the power in his mighty shoulders he swung, his eyes on Cora's demoniac face. Just as he started his swing, the great tiger sprang from the burro's back, straight at the man it sensed was about to destroy it.

Stake met tiger in midair—and as Rann side-stepped, the beast fell, dazed, to the ground. Dimly he was aware that the menagerie tent was a veritable bedlam. It seemed that the elephants were coming—A high, curiously familiar voice was yelling, "Get that fellow Pouraway—"

But Rann's world was concentrated on one thing in all that riot. That kicking beast on the ground, staggering to its feet. He leaped forward, and the stake rose and fell—and when the third swing had been completed, Cora lay stretched motionless on the ground.

Then Rann looked up at the oncoming animal men, Miles in the lead. And at that second he yelled:

"Look out! Tessie's coming!"

Just in time, Miles and the others leaped aside as Tessie, at the head of her herd, trumpeting that peculiar half squeal, half grunt that is the mark of the beast, sped through the door. Red Grastie, as-

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sistant boss elephant man, was clinging to her ear, but he was swept off against a pole. The herd was in full stampede.

Rann's mind was as clear as a bell now. It seemed inevitable that he do what he did. Tessie must be stopped—

He leaped for her ear as she shuffled past at full speed, and caught it. His whole body hung on that great appendage as he kicked at her trunk and pulled downward on her ear, his body swinging clear of the ground as he strove to drag her down.

But Tessie was beyond arguing with. For a second she seemed headed straight for the pad room, where the hundred ring stock was sheltered, but she swung to one side. Shouting men, shrieking women, the band in the big top playing on as though possessed—it was like a scene from Hades.

Then Tessie altered her course as hostlers and grooms, waving shovels and stakes, charged at her from the doors of the lighted pad room. She made a sharp turn, and with Rann clinging to her ear she crashed straight through the canvas wall that surrounded the whole back yard, and was out in the open with her herd behind her.

Other elephant men, here and there, had hold of the punks with their bull hooks and hands, trying to fight and drag them down, but all kept on. It seemed that Tessie was striving to shake him off, and yet that deadly trunk did not curl around to get him. She was panic-stricken, not in the mood for killing.

At the edge of the lot was a garage. Straight for it went Tessie, and never altered her course by so much as an inch. Her head hit the closed door within an inch or two of the side wall on the left-hand side. A terrific shock that made Rann's senses reel, and they were through the door. His body, hanging to her right ear, failed to hit the car within by inches, but Tessie's two-foot square forehead hit it flush. In a wild clamor of breaking glass and splintering wood the car was smashed into the back wall, and through it.

And Rann, dazed and bleeding, was still hanging on, pulling and tearing at her ear and trying to stop her.

A FENCE and garden—the herd went through the fence as though it had been made of papier mache. Then the back wall of another garage—a concrete one this time.

And Tessie did not falter. With a wild trumpet of defiance she crashed into it. For a split-second Rann's life hung on a thread. But her head hit close to the right-hand corner, and his body was flung free.

And Tessie did not get through. She weakened the wall, but it stopped her. And suddenly it seemed that she realized that she was in strange surroundings. She felt around with her trunk experimentally, and at that minute Rann, still clinging to her ear like grim death, lost consciousness.

He came to in the doctor's wagon, with the kindly show doctor working over him, and Mr. Farrell, Horse O'Donnell, and Charley Bullion, the assistant manager, standing near the cot. From the big top came the blare of the band and clapping hands. Nothing stopped the big show.

"How'd I get here?" queried Rann. "And the elephants—"

"Old Tessie came to herself and was leading the herd back," smiled Farrell. "She was carrying you in her trunk. Good elephant, the old lady is."

"Cora scared her, eh?"

"Uh huh. And we found out who'd been monkeying with the cage pins and letting those cats run wild," stated Bullion, his lean, strong face smiling warmly. "Bozo, the monk! Must have got dabbling with the pins one day, found out that opening the doors between always raised merry Ned, and kept on. A monk is a monk—"

"And make monkeys out of us!" bellowed O'Donnell jovially. "Well, Rann, you've got your diploma as an animal man now! Say, skipper, tell him about Mussy!"

Mr. Farrell, big and cool and competent, smiled slightly.

"He's a detective, here with the show after two of those rough-neck canvasmen we picked up down South. They're wanted in connection with a big bank hold-up. He thought they were with this show, and made up for the part and got friendly with 'em. He got one of them—Pouraway, his name is—to-night, finally. Funny coincidence. Pouraway was going to stampede the elephants anyway if Cora hadn't done it for him—had mice in his pocket—and rob the ticket wagon when everybody was busy rounding up the stampede and too excited to notice anything. MacDonald—Mussy's right name—knew about the plan, and was waiting to nab him to get Pouraway in custody on iron-clad evidence, and try to make him confess about the bank hold-up later.

"Lambert, the man who was murdered a few days ago, was killed, MacDonald thinks, by this fellow Pouraway whom he's nabbed. Pouraway was probably afraid the dead man would confess. It was Pouraway almost certainly, who tried to kill Mussy before when he got to asking questions a little too strong. You'll see MacDonald to-morrow, likely, and he can tell you more of the details."

But Rann didn't see him, except at a distance. Rann made parade next day, as he did frequently now, on horseback, and as the line passed the depot he saw a tall, gray-haired, lean-faced man, his hair cut and his face clean-shaven, standing on the platform, and another man with him was manacled to the big, hulking Pouraway. MacDonald—nee Mussy—was watching parade with very bright, keen eyes, and a grim smile lighted his square-jawed face as the men who had known and hated Mussy passed.

A Sedan That Flies

and Runs Itself, Inventor Says

"JUST like riding in a sedan—only safer," said Eddie Stinson (right), who has done more flying than any other pilot in the world, as he showed his new plane to Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker (left), who brought down more enemy planes during the World War than did any other American flyer.

Stinson's new ship, the "Stinson-Detroiter," soon will be put on quantity production by a Detroit corporation. The plane has self-starter, brakes, luxurious heated cabin and comfortable seats for four persons and is so stable that the pilot can remove his hands and feet from the controls without endangering the ship.

Watch Them Go!

Plenty of speed, boys. Of course these bikes are equipped with Fisk Tires. No need to worry about Fisks. They will bring you in at the finish.

Fisk Bicycle Tires are made of the best grade of live rubber and the workmanship is of the same high quality that goes into the big Fisk automobile tires.

Leading bicycles come equipped with Fisks because bicycle manufacturers know that boys demand the best tires.

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FISK

BICYCLE TIRES

Cow Ponies in the Movies

(Continued from page 26)

beginning to lengthen. So he decided to quit. He walked over to the Studebaker car that has been especially built for him and stepped in. Everyone laughed. Mix called him. Usually Tom Mix's command brings immediate response, but this time Tony paid no more attention to it than he would to the sighing of the wind in the trees.

"Do you think he would finish that scene?" Mix chuckled. "Not on your life! He was hungry and he figured that by the time we got back to the ranch, it would be time to eat. So we had to give in. Next morning, the very first thing, Tony did his bit with the hat. But he wouldn't do it at 4:15 in the afternoon of the day before."

Recently, Mix was working with Tony in the Yosemite, where the sturdiness of the horse attracted the attention of a horse-trader, who decided to buy him. With the indifference that characterizes the professional dealer, the man approached the animal's owner.

"I'll save you the expense of shippin' that pony back to Hollywood," he said, as though offering a favor, "if you'll sell him cheap. You can get another horse in Los Angeles. It'll cost you nigh on to $120 to get this one down there again."

"What'll you give for him?" Mix asked.

"Well," came the slow and guarded reply, "considerin' he's pretty sound and only nine, I'll give you $150."

"Seems to me he ought to be worth two hundred," Mix argued.

The trader couldn't see it.

"Nope," he said, "I couldn't go that strong. Hundred and fifty is the best I could do."

So the horse that is insured for $50,000 returned to Hollywood, and the Mixville ranch.

When Tom Mix began work in motion pictures, he owned a horse named "Blue," a product of the range. Blue also was a horse of courage. But he got too old for rough work and was retired. In 1919, afflicted with disease, he was humanely killed. The body of Old Blue was buried in Tom Mix's corral, where, as his owner said, "he'll never get lonely." Flowers and ferns are kept growing at his grave even now and a plaque has been engraved which says:

In Memory of
OLD BLUE
The Best Horse I Ever Rode
Born July 1, 1897
Killed January 27, 1919
We grew old together

A fine tribute to a fine horse! But if temperamental Tony could read it, Tom Mix would probably be in trouble.

At Christmas time, presents from children all over the world reach the Fox studios, addressed to "Tony, Care of Tom Mix." If Tony were to be given all the many delicacies and tidbits the Christmas mails bring him, he would be a sick horse, indeed, but candy and sugar Tony never gets since Mix believes a horse is better off without them. Tony has a valet but beyond being exceptionally well cared for and groomed he is given no chance to think that he is better than any other horse on the ranch.

OUT at Saugus in the Sierra foothills a short time ago, a motion picture company was shooting scenes for "Sandy," a western melodrama with Harry Carey in the leading role. Carey was riding a wiry young bay, full of life and fire and action. Over a fence in the rear, an old gray horse stuck his head and nickered.

"Well, bless you, Pete!" said Carey. "What are you doing here?"

There, just back of the camera stood the fourteen-year-old horse which had borne Harry Carey through all his first pictures. Carey let down the bars and the old horse came in—"done" insofar as pictures are concerned, but mindful of the days when he blazed trails in thrilling "Westerns" with Carey in the saddle. Pete, once upon a time, was a range horse and knew nothing but playing his part in the roping of steers and "bull-dogging" and "rough stuff" in the hills. Carey bought him from Carl Laemmle because of his courage. And Carey had need for a courageous horse to keep pace with the daring feats he, himself, was called on to perform—a horse that, trusting implicitly in its rider, would do as he bid.

"When we were filming 'Cheyenne Pal'," said Carey, "I used old Pete in the picture. A scene in the play involved my climbing on a horse and leaping from a ship into the Pacific Ocean. I didn't know whether Pete could swim, or not. Though he had been born on Santa Rosa Island in the Pacific, I doubted if ever he had tried the water. But I called on him to leap off the boat.

"We leaped. I don't believe the horse had ever before tried to swim. He churned the water and managed to keep afloat; then started after me as I left his back. I swam under a pier in the San Pedro harbor with Pete struggling along behind me. We threw a rope over his head and towed him out and I think he felt grateful for the rescue. It shows, however, the courage of the old horse. He never hesitated in that leap into the sea, although I doubt if he had any idea how he was going to get out."

Pete has been retired. Yet Miguel, a Yaqui Indian employed at the Carey ranch, not long ago won first prize with him in a big calf-roping contest. Returning home, Miguel announced laconically to Mr. Carey:

"Pete, he won!"

Then he strode away. All the credit he gave to the horse. But before he started for the contest, he had rebelled at using Pete, because, he said, "Him work too long in pictures."

On down through the list of horses that have emblazoned their names in motion pictures throughout the world, the tough little western broncos have "hogged the limelight." Buck Jones, Fox star, saw a small boy ride "Silver" up to a location where he was filming a picture near Calabasas, California, and in five minutes was negotiating for his purchase.

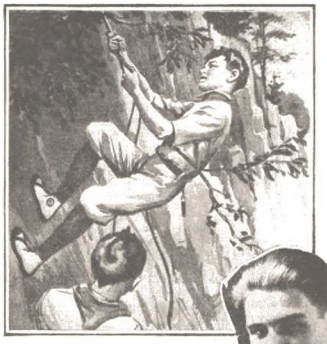
"I fell in love with that horse on sight!" Buck Jones declares.

"Scout," the white horse owned by Jack Hoxie, like Bill Hart's "Paint-hoss," came from the range in northern Nevada. "Billie," the little bay dynamo ridden by Hoot Gibson, was range bred, as was "Baldy," the calico pony ridden by Billy Sullivan. The owners of these ponies very frankly say they would not trust the tall, slim, high-strung thoroughbreds born on stock farms to do their stunts in pictures. No one, they declare, would attempt to ride a nervous thoroughbred across a log above a chasm as Hart did Paint in "The Narrow Trail." No one would try to make a pedigreed saddle horse leap in at the open door of a passing freight train as Tom Mix did Tony in "Three Jumps Ahead." No one, they say, would expect a high-strung mount to plunge from a ship into the sea as Pete plunged for Harry Carey. No one would expect a stall-fed horse to leap from a cliff and go rolling over and over down a mountain side scratching for a foothold as Hoot Gibson's Billie did.

But the broncos do it. Dauntless courage is an outstanding characteristic of the cow ponies of the movies.

They make you *sure-footed*

SPEEDY *in games*—SAFE *on hikes and climbs*



KENNETH B. WELCH
Joplin, Mo.
One of the Prize Winners

Grip Sures *held*— where leather shoes slipped

"WHILE attending high school at Woodcliff-on-Hudson, I was camping on the Palisades over Labor Day with a friend. Our camp site was right on top of the bluff with about a 100 foot drop to the bottom.***

"I heard a cry for help. My friend had slipped and fallen down the dangerous side of the bluff. Lucky as he was, he had succeeded in grabbing hold of a young tree just growing out the side of the cliff—10 feet below the edge.

"I jumped down and landed on the ledge safely, thanks to my Grip Sure Shoes which held fast. I had a coil of a rope hanging at my belt. My friend spied a young elm right overhead projecting from the top of the cliff and it gave me an idea.

"After much hard throwing, I finally succeeded in lassoing it and bending it down until I could get my hand on it. I started climbing with my Grip Sure Shoes until I succeeded in getting to the top.

"My friend had to come up; the side of the cliff was smooth and very few branches on the trees. He had leather shoes on and slipped every time he tried. I took off my Grip Sures and threw them to him. He put them on and started climbing up the tree. He came all the way to the top *without once slipping back.*"

GRIP SURE *is only one style in the complete line of Top Notch Canvas Shoes which include suction-cup soles, smooth soles, crepe soles. All popular styles, and prices to fit any pocketbook. The Top Notch name and mark assures you long, satisfactory wear.*

THE BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Makers of Top Notch Rubber and Canvas Rubber Sole Footwear
BEACON FALLS, CONN.

THOUSANDS and thousands of boys will tell you that no shoes can equal Grip Sures for all-round service. The patented suction-cup soles give you an *absolutely sure* foothold for starting, running, stopping, climbing, without danger of slip or skids. Live and springy, they help your speed as well as your confidence.

Grip Sures also insure perfect foot comfort. They give your foot muscles uncramped freedom and a chance to "breathe." For every day wear all summer long, they are money-savers for your parents because they *wear much longer* than ordinary shoes.

Be sure you ask for Grip Sures by name. You can't get these scientific suction-cups in any other shoe. If your shoe or sporting goods store hasn't them, write us.

Send for Top Notch Library

FOUR pocket size books on The Strategy of Baseball, Training That Wins, Manual of Camping and Ten Tricks in Basket Ball—mailed for 10 cents. Address the Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co., Dept. A12, Beacon Falls, Conn.

"MICKY" DEBURGER
Detroit, Mich.
Winner of the Sixth Prize in the Grip-Sure Prize Contest

Parachute Jumper saved from 60 foot fall

"MY PROFESSION is aerial acrobatics, such as wing walking, plane to plane change, and parachute jumping. While at Beaver Dam, I performed my last act of the season, which came near being the last I would ever make. ***

"I nodded my head and Jack 'cut the gun,' off into space I leaped, expecting my parachute to open immediately as usual. Down, down and down I plunged, still nothing happened. At last I succeeded in opening my parachute and I felt pains in my back. I knew what that meant, I had fallen a long way.

"An instant later I struck the roof of a 60 foot barn. The ground wind had become very strong. I was almost certain of being dragged off the roof for a fall into a tangle of farm machinery below me. But I struggled free of the harness and within a small margin of the edge when the chute fluttered to the ground, I was left supported only by my Grip Sure Shoes—which no doubt saved me from a fatal fall.

"As long as my safety depends on sure-footedness, I am going to stick to Top Notch Grip Sures and enjoy a ripe old age."

W. C. BAKER
Jamestown, N. Y.
One of the prize winners

"We were safe— thanks to my Grip Sures"

"A TERRIFIC gale struck us full astern and the white caps rolled startlingly high. We were expecting to land at the steamer pier which protruded far out into the lake; but as the engine was slowed almost to a stopping point and our speed never slackened, we began to get worried. The waves could be seen dashing high against the great concrete retaining wall. I was paralyzed with fear as I saw that great wall loom nearer and nearer.

"Then I thought of our last chance. At the bow lay a coil of rope with a loop in one end, and the other end fastened to a deck cleat. As I worked my way across that tossing, pitching bit of planking, with nothing but space between me and the foaming waves, I never felt so thankful for anything in my life as I did for my Grip Sures. I reached the rope and stood erect ready for a cast. The boat came to a pause. We were safe—thanks largely to my Grip Sures!"

GRIP TOP NOTCH SURE

"Seventy-Six!"

(Continued from page 19)

of this fresh failure.

"All right," came Pinckney's despairing reply. "Come again when yo' kin. I don't know what use 'twill be, but I'll try to think o' something—I'll try."

Susanna was mounting the ladder, I hurried to its top and surrendered. The rest of our game was uneventful and as brief as I dared to make it. Indeed, its conclusion was contributed to by the arrival of one of the rare travelers who used Tent Tavern. He rode into the stableyard and led behind him a weary and limping horse that I had no trouble to recognize.

"Hello, Hanky!" cried Harry and ran toward this stranger.

He was a stocky little man with a trap-like mouth and yellowish chop-whiskers. Although I had not noted him before, I made sure he was one of the Pine Lads, and I saw that his expression was very grave.

"Take me to Johnson," he said.

He and Harry tethered the horses and made for the taproom, where Jabez was. I thought of mounting the better animal and making a dash for it, but, evidently under orders, Whiteside returned at once and dishearteningly hung about until, telling Susanna we had had enough games, I drew her indoors. It required no great perspicacity to discern that the man called Hanky brought from Northcote news of Pinckney's escape and the discovery of Parson Dan's body: the lame horse had probably been encountered where it had parted with its master.

SUCH tidings must surely deepen suspicion along all its course and increase watchfulness. Would they also advance the time of Johnson's departure? This secret was not known to be shared by the lieutenant; but, if he was supposed to bear verbal news of the truth concerning the Carolinas, there might be excellent reason for hurrying the forged documents that were calculated to confute him in Philadelphia.

Well, there was no token of any setting forward of Tory Talbot's schedule—most like, he rested secure upon the weight of his written words when they should reach their destination—yet neither was there any slightest relaxation of the espionage under which I so chafed. With every dragging hour my spirits steadily declined. It was now late afternoon, and I might as well have been a sentenced political felon awaiting execution in London Tower for all the aid I could lend either to Coatesworth Pinckney fretting in that loft, or to those nigh distracted Separationists in the city.

Jabez and Hanky remained closeted together. The horses had long ago been stabled and the stable key taken. My brain worked feverishly upon plan after plan to circumvent the vigilance surrounding me—but plan after plan showed its futility upon its face until mentality staggered. I resigned thought of escaping in time to be of the smallest use to the Colonies through any scheme of my own concoction; my sole endeavor was now to communicate with the lieutenant; it was of the first importance that he be acquainted with these new happenings, and it was just possible that his trained intellect had found some means of action. Nevertheless, turn where I would, Harry's green eyes followed me, while his rifle rested all too lightly in the crook of his arm:

"You ain't to go up to the pigeons no more to-day."

Argument proved useless. Fearful lest persistence betray my friend's whereabouts, I perforce desisted, for the time, from that enterprise.

Not until after supper, and well after dark had fallen, did anything overt occur, however, although then one man appeared in almost his proper colors. Still wondering if I could not somehow safely reach Pinckney, I was lingering in despair outside the kitchen window—looking now at the loft, now at the gate and again at lanky Harry as he slouched up and down before me—when Johnson bulked out of the taproom, and says he roughly:

"What are you adoin' here?"

Journey-clad was he, as when I had first seen him, but he was no more the boisterously jovial mail driver and tavern host that had been so familiar to my pleased sight until eighteen hours ago. His usually laughing mouth was stern, his sunken eyes vindictive; all merriment had left his booming voice, and his whole enormous person bespoke suspicion.

I told him that I often idled at this spot of an evening.

"Then you hadn't ought to," he roared. "Go to bed!" He made to turn on his heel, thought better of it and spoke with a mockery of his old role, which made him all the more dreadful. "I allus takes prime care o' my guests, but I've been so took up in Dr. Franklin's service o' late that I've been neglectin' you, my son. Come now, I will conduct you to your chamber my own self, like a good innkeeper." He bent to whisper something to Hanky, who had crept up behind him, and I knew what it was: that fellow got his orders to watch my room throughout the night, while Johnson and Whiteside sped to Philadelphia on Tory Talbot's business. "An' durin' the night," Jabez added aloud to me, "our friend here'll look in every little while—to see how you're gettin' on, by—Benedict!"

What could I do save submit? Defiance could avail nothing. Then and there I gave up my last mad hope of so much as seeing the lieutenant and securing his counsel before the wagon started. In deep dejection, I let Jabez act the part of an obsequious Boniface, and he half-mockingly bowed me up the stairs. My mother and Susanna were already retired; when Jabez closed the door upon me I cast my despairing body on the bed.

The lieutenant might have some plan for me—but he was as much out of reach as Dr. Franklin himself. There were no sounds from the hall; yet I knew that Hanky must be already there and that he would soon be looking in upon me. Below, in the stableyard, Jabez and Whiteside were audibly loading their wagon. Just possibly, if they were sufficiently thus occupied, could I steal out by the porch-roof route and past them to the loft—but then the corridor watcher would soon enter here, find me gone and raise a fatal alarm. My casement framed a darkness fitting to my mood: I gave up for lost the Cause of the Colonies.

And then there sounded—very secret, but very distinct—a scraping on the porch roof!

I sat bolt upright. I rose. I ran to the window, yet could see nothing.

"Who's—who's there?" I whispered.

Tin Whistle Blows In—

MIDNIGHT on Lone Horse Prairie. Cowboys of Diamond 3 turning in after a day and night of hard riding. Rawhide Briggs, range foreman, patching a pair of old pants by the light of a waning fire.

Then Tim Whittle drifted in—Tim Whittle from Lansing, Mich. Of course, they called him Tin Whistle. Tin told his story and—

"Shades of Uncle Ben!" ejaculated Rawhide, and started shouting orders. Five minutes later a band of cowboys, faces grim, tore out of camp in one direction and Rawhide galloped his horse into the darkness toward town. Tin slept where he lay.

It's all in a new story by one of your old friends—James B. Hendryx, who wrote the Connie Morgan stories. It's a story of good men and bad. Be sure to read "Tin Whistle Turns Cowboy"

Next Month

Somebody silently entered—and, by what faint light there was, I seemed to be looking at myself in a mirror. Here stood my twin-brother from Philadelphia!

"Speak low!" I had the sense immediately to caution. And I told him my situation.

He had sent me, it appeared, a pigeon message describing the desperate case of the Separationists and bidding me report at once whether any bird-news had come here from those runners that the liar Jabez had said he sent to both north and south. Receiving no answer by the morning of July 2nd, Stuart, against Dr. Franklin's explicit instructions, made his way to Pluckemin—or Camden, as it was then already beginning to be called. He was ignorant of the Jersey road's dangers and somehow he slipped through them unsuspecting and not suspected. He got lifts along the route, and—as nobody but a boy so conditioned could be—here he was.

"Did anybody see you here?" I asked—"Any of the tavern folk?"

No, said Stuart, nobody had. Unwilling to alarm our mother and fearful of punishment for his truant expedition should Jabez, or other of the supposed allies of Dr. Franklin, detect his presence at Tent Tavern, my brother had stolen to the gate and waited a moment when he saw that Johnson and Whiteside, down there, were occupied about their wagon. Then he darted behind their backs, saw and scaled the lightning rod and blundered into my very room.

Shocked by my news, he had yet been through no such strain as I had, and his wits were ever nimble. He, whom I had envied, frankly envied me my adventures! "Why," said he, pleased hugely with the opportunity, "I am the very man you need. Give me your night shirt. Pass this Johnson and go to your lieutenant as I passed the same fellow and came here. I'll go to bed. Twins we are—and when your guard looks in, he will find your double snoring."

Hope of at least reaching Coatesworth Pinckney leaped in my heart like a fountain. Moreover, once in the loft, I could safely dispatch a pigeon, after the wagon had gone: despite the darkness, which would indeed protect its flight, it could perhaps find its way and then would sure be in Philadelphia long before Jabez and Harry could get there. Then came a tiny doubt.

"But if Hanky *should* guess—"

"Who," asked Stuart, "can tell us apart that does not know and look for this tiny mole beneath one eye?—Hurry, for if we are caught here together we are caught indeed!"

He was tearing off his jacket. I argued no more.

"If you do need a weapon," said I, "there is a hatchet in that corner. Susanna—she made me play Robinson Crusoe to her man Friday a week since," I confessed—and put a leg over the window sill.

XV—Betrayed

THERE was now a lantern alight in the stable yard, but it should serve rather than hinder me, because, while it showed me the doings of those who worked by it, its gleams covered a small circle only and must dazzle the pair within it to any movement without. It had been placed on the ground near the wagon with which hangdog Harry was busy. The stable doors were open, and Johnson's giant figure was passing between them to bring forth the horses. Feet first, and with my belly pressed tight to the roof, I wriggled toward the Franklin rod.

Well enough could I find it. A glance over shoulder showed me that all yet went well below. I lowered myself gently and landed on my toes, then rested for a full half minute, leaning against the wall and reconnoitering what must now be my field of action.

Should I hide somewhere here until my enemies had gone? Any one of a score of possible accidents might discover me. I considered my chance of following Stuart's tactics.

That yard was perhaps a hundred feet across and high-fenced on two sides, the inn facing its stable and the adjoining barn, in the loft whereof my pigeons were housed and in the forgotten wall hole of

(*Continued from page 39*)

which Pinckney and his gagged prisoners lay hidden. To gain him, it would be necessary to cross this open court and scale the loft ladder.

However, there were ameliorating conditions. The wagon's declining tongue pointed toward the ladder's foot, so that, when the horses were backed into position, anybody executing the maneuver must himself be turned away from the ascent. This would be my moment.

And almost instantly it arrived. Again swearing over the intemperance of Jim May and Black George, which he supposed to cause their absence at this juncture when their help was required, great Jabez issued from the stable with the horses.

"Lift that there tongue!" he called—and Whitehead, who had been clamping tight the wagon's backboard, came forward and obeyed.

Their two heads were turned away from me. I darted lightly around the yard to its farther side. While those restless animals claimed—and received—all the attention of the two men, I felt my way to the ladder, ran up it and crawled into the loft.

Pinckney was expecting me, having dragged himself from his recess. Dark as it was, I could fancy that I caught the gleam of his brass buttons—saw his sandy hair—even read the valor of his Hellenic face.

At once, I breathlessly poured out to him the history of what had happened and what was happening now.

Yet had I been even too sudden: my volcanic entrance set the pigeons into a perfect panic of wing-flapping—and, in some lull of the harnessing below, this clamor was heard.

"That's that boy!" shouted Whiteside's voice. "He's got up there somehow. He *does* know somethin'—and he's trying to send a bird!"

I turned to my lieutenant: I had never admired him more than in this moment of parting. "Good-by! If I don't come back," said I, "you send one! If I am not back by daylight, do it. The two grays and the brown one are from Philadelphia and ought to know how to get back there."

Such was my farewell. I pushed him gently back and ran to the door. Already the ladder bent beneath the vast weight of ascending Johnson and of Harry, whose warty hands were at his commander's heels. Both shouted.

I seized the top round and tried to toss it down: I might as well have endeavored to uproot an oak.

"Kill him!" yelled the potboy out of his crooked mouth.

Jabez cursed. Both the invaders came straight on.

And then? Why then something uncommon like a marvel happened. In the half-dark below I saw a flash of white—I heard blows of a hatchet. The chopped ladder fell, and its human freight with it, as my brother Stuart—his adventurous temper first roused by the noise and his ready wit then securing him an unobserved retreat—darted back to the porch roof and the comparative safety of the inn.

I jumped down—and somehow did not break a leg. The mass of flesh that was Johnson lay cursing me from the ground, unable soon enough to rise because he sprawled partially atop of Whiteside, and wholly entangled with him, who in turn was just as blasphemous against his master. My intent was to divert their attention from the loft—they having assumed that I was alone there—and in this I succeeded, but as I ran for the inn's back door, Hanky, followed by bewildered Jennie the maid and the newly-awakened cook, dashed out of it, so that, unobserved in the confusion, I dodged, swarmed up the lightning rod and crouched awhile panting on the roof.

For a little space, the pounding of my heart all but robbed me of consciousness, and, when I was quite myself again, although the loft remained silent, Hanky and Whiteside, with the two women servants, were scouring the yard for me while a great clatter was going on inside my room.

Lying flat, I worked my way to its open window and looked in.

A strange scene it was that met my eyes. My roused mother and sister had entered, the former in her nightcap and both with candles. Stuart was back abed, but now Jabez Johnson filled the doorway, a cocked pistol in his big right fist.

"Gad ep out o' that!" he roared to my brother. "You, Jeff Rowntree, don't pretend to be asleep! Gad ep an' tell me what you were adoin' with the pigeons at this here hour an' why you throwed that there ladder down—an' me with it. Tell me, or, by Burgoyne—"

So far he got and not a syllable further, for then Susanna turned the farce toward tragedy. While Jabez thundered there on the threshold, Stuart was pretending to be reorganizing his brains out of a heavy sleep. My mother was looking at him with round eyes, but speechless, the candle shaking in her outstretched hand while its hot grease ran unnoted over her fingers. What with enjoyment of the situation, I, for my part, had lost all thought of myself and was incautiously peering dangerously in at the window.

We others had eyes only for Stuart. But children, happily detached from great matters, possess a gaze that runs everywhere—and my sister spoke ere ever any knew what was upon her mind:

"Why, what a joke, Mr. Jabez!" she suddenly laughed. "Fie upon you for a simpleton! That is not Jeff. It is his twin brother Stuart, though I do not know how he ever got here. Don't you see the mole under his eye? That is the way to tell my brothers apart, is it not, Mother?"

My fatal curiosity had kept me at the window one second too long. Susanna pointed straight at me.

"Why, if you want to talk to Jeff before you go, Mr. Johnson, there he is—*right there—at the window!*"

(*To be concluded in the July number of* THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Use this ballot (or make one to avoid cutting your magazine) to tell us what kind of reading you like best. It will help to bring you more of the same.

My "Best Reading" Ballot

"Best Reading" Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY,
550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Michigan. Date.....

I like best the following short stories, serials and articles in the June AMERICAN BOY:

1..... 3.....

2..... 4.....

I'd like more stories and articles about .....

.....

Remarks .....

.....

Name ..... Age.....

Address .....

MAIL YOUR BALLOT TO-DAY

The first twenty years are the hardest!

PROBABLY you've heard that well-known expression—"The first hundred years are the hardest." People often use it, generally in a joking manner. But wait! Maybe the idea isn't so much of a joke after all.

Let's change the expression. Let's make it—"The first *twenty* years are the hardest." *That's* no joke! It's a piece of good, sound common sense; one that can mean a lot to you . . . to every intelligent American boy. And here's why . . .

You determine your future now!

It is during your youth—right now—that you lay the foundation for your success or failure later in life. The first *twenty* years—*that's* the hardest part! If you build well during that period the rest will take care of itself.

What about you? Are you doing the things *now* which will fit you for a happy, successful future? More to the point, are you building the kind of body which will enable you to make the most out of your opportunities—a sturdy, vigorous, healthy body? You'll need it!

Perhaps the most important help in keeping a sound, healthy body is to eat the right foods—the foods which give your body those vital elements so necessary for physical fitness. Some foods contribute more than others. Be wise—choose the foods which contribute the most!

This food builds healthy bodies!

Grape-Nuts contributes to your body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, productive of heat and energy. Grape-Nuts gives you iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts gives you vital elements required by your body for strength, vigor, vitality. And as for taste—it's so good that millions of American boys eat it every day.

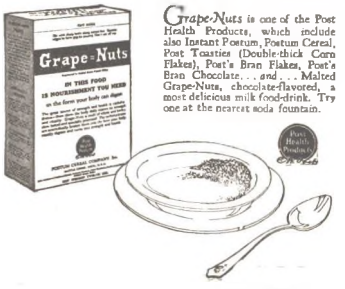
Furthermore, Grape-Nuts undergoes a special baking process which makes it easily digestible, with the least digestive effort. It is a crisp food, a food you will enjoy chewing. Proper chewing gives the teeth and gums the exercise they need to keep them firm and sound.

You don't know what you're missing if you haven't tried Grape-Nuts. Get a package from your grocer today, or accept the free offer below.

Free Offer

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.

The first twenty years are the hardest. Just see if this delicious food doesn't help you build properly during that time. Clip the coupon, now!



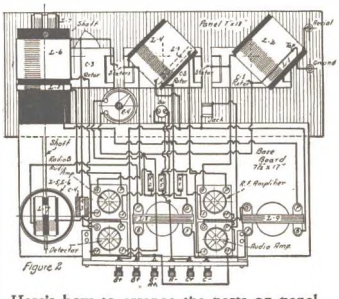
Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate . . . *and* . . . Malted Grape-Nuts, chocolate-flavored, a most delicious milk food-drink. Try one at the nearest soda fountain.

Building a Four Tube Radio Receiver

By Millard F. Bysorg

NOTHING new in radio? Maybe not—but this doesn't stop us from combining in one set ideas from various circuits and thus creating something "different" if not something "new."

That's what we are going to do now—make something different. This four tube set combines the well-known regenerative detector with radio frequency amplifiers, one of which is reflexed, in such a way that the usual cat calls characteristic of regenerative sets are eliminated. Your neighbors should appreciate this.



Here's how to arrange the parts on panel and baseboard.

First, get the idea out of your head that a radio set can be made like a pie—strictly according to recipe with "a pinch of this and a touch of that." Radio sets are as temperamental as a galloping canoe and have to be humored. I'm going to tell you exactly how to make this four tube set, but the "humoring" or careful adjusting is up to you. You can easily do it—and that is what is going to make the construction of this set so interesting and so much fun.

Fellows who know a lot about radio will get a definite idea of the layout of this set by looking at Fig. 1. But those of you who are not thoroughly familiar with the intricacies of the game can get more out of Fig. 2. Fig. 1 is simply the schematic wiring diagram—Fig. 2 a drawing of the set itself.

At the extreme left of Fig. 1 and extreme right of Fig. 2 are shown the aerial and ground connections. The ground, you will notice, works around to the negative side of the A battery while the aerial runs to a connection near the bottom of the nearest coil. In the diagrams the aerial coil is labeled L-1 and the secondary of this same coil is labeled L-2.

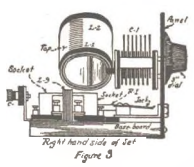
Fig. 2 shows just how this coil looks. It is wound on a cardboard or bakelite tube, three inches in diameter and three inches long and consists of No. 22, double silk covered wire. Since the secondary winding of this coil (L-2) is tuned by the .00035 microfarad variable condenser (C-1) this winding should have about sixty turns of the wire. If you happen to get sixty-one or fifty-nine turns it will make little difference.

A Chance to Experiment

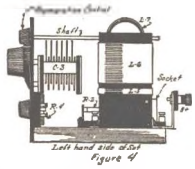
BUT the primary winding (L-1) of this coil is one of those things that must be humored so here is where you get a chance to experiment. The theoretical maximum number of turns for the primary is about sixteen. Manufacturers usually use from four to six turns. The idea is this—if you use too many turns you get whistles when receiving and if you use too few turns you lose amplification. So start out with ten turns on this L-1 coil, then if your set whistles take off a turn or two. Ten turns *may* be just right for the tube you use; but if ten is too many it is easier to take off than put on.

The L-1 coil is really just a continuation of the L-2 coil, the wire for both being wound in the same direction. The tap separating the two coils is made by taking a small loop in the wire as you wind it. The insulation of the loop is then scraped off to permit a connection being made from the ground to the rotary plates of the first variable condenser.

The second set of coils (L-3 and L-4) is the radio frequency transformer and feeds into the second vacuum tube. It is wound with the same size wire as the first coil and on the same size tube but it consists of two separate unconnected windings. The L-4 winding is tuned by the variable condenser and has the same number of turns as the L-2 coil. The L-3 coil may have a few more or a few less turns than L-1. Here is something else that gives you a chance to experiment—that's the sport in making radio sets.



Right hand side of Set
Figure 3



Left hand side of Set
Figure 4

The two ends should look like this—notice particularly how the coils are located and secured.

The L-3 coil should be wound on a tube slightly smaller than that used for L-4 so that it may be slipped inside of the L-4 tube. But make certain that the L-3 coil stays at one end of the L-4 tube, not in the center, and also that the L-3 wire runs in the same direction as the L-4 wire. These points are very important. Notice also that the connections from the secondary windings (L-2 and L-4) to the grids of the following vacuum tubes are made from the ends of these coils farthest from the primary windings (L-1 and L-2).

You will see in Fig. 2 that these two sets of coils are secured in the set at an angle of about forty-five degrees. This is done to prevent the whistling that might occur because of interaction between the

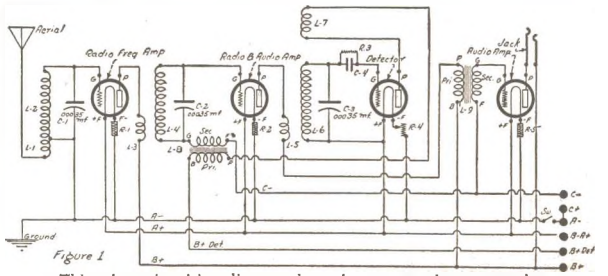


Figure 1

This schematic wiring diagram shows how connections are made.

various coils. This angle is known as the "sacred angle"—another thing that needs humoring. After you have finished your set and have it operating these two sets of coils can be adjusted until you find just where they work best. You will notice (Fig. 3) that these coils are fastened to the back of the variable condensers with small copper bands which will permit the necessary adjustments being made.

The three coils L-5, L-6 and L-7 consist of a radio frequency transformer and a tickler for supplying regeneration for the detector tube. L-5 and L-6 are exactly like L-3 and L-4 except that instead of placing the smaller coil inside of the larger one, it is wound on the same tube. The two coils are separated about one-fourth inch.

Shaft Controls Coil

THE L-7 coil is wound with the same wire used for the other coils but it consists of 15 or 16 turns divided in the center to permit the controlling shaft to pass through. This coil is wound on a tube small enough to turn completely around inside the L-6 coil. Figs. 2 and 4 show clearly the arrangement of these coils. This L-7 coil gives you another chance to use your own good judgment. If the detector does not seem to regenerate with the connections as you have them, simply disconnect this tickler coil and turn it around so that the wire which led to the B plus battery will go to the plate and vice versa.

You must be careful in arranging the various parts to make certain they are to fit into the set properly. For instance, the brass shaft and knob which control this L-7 coil (see Fig. 4) must clear the tuning dial and variable condenser C-3. The L-7 tube must be fastened tightly to the control shaft.

This completes the coils. As for the circuit itself you will see that the second tube is a combination radio and audio frequency amplifier. In other words, it does double duty although this does not affect the life of the tube. The filaments of the first two and the last tubes are controlled by automatic rheostats (Amperites) while the filament of the detector tube is controlled by the regulation six ohm rheostat, R-4.

The set is arranged to take up the least possible space. The panel for the set pictured here is only 7 in. x 18 in. Because of this economizing in space you should measure carefully every part before placing it. Make certain the condensers and coils will fit properly and that the audio transformers, L-8 and L-9, will go under the radio frequency and the antenna coupler. These drawings are made to scale from an actual set but there is such a wide variation in the sizes of radio parts you may find it difficult to fit your parts in as they are fitted here. Because of this it might be advisable to get a larger panel and baseboard, fit your parts as closely as possible and then cut off whatever panel and baseboard is left.

A final word of advice—in connecting the variable condensers, C-1, C-2 and C-3, make sure to get the grid circuits connected to the *stationary* plates, otherwise the set will change tune every time you get near it. The rotary or revolving plates are shown by the curved lines in Fig. 1 and are marked "rotor" in Fig. 2.

These drawings may make the wiring seem complicated but it really isn't. Most of the wires shown in Fig. 2 are the "A" battery or filament wires. Get these into your set first and half your troubles are settled.

You'll Need These Parts

HERE are the parts you will need to make this set:

Eleven and a half inches of three inch tubing.

One quarter pound of number 22 double silk covered wire.

One and a quarter inches of one and three-quarters inch diameter tubing for L-7.

Seven and a half inches of three-sixteenths diameter brass or copper tubing for shaft for L-7.

One small knob for the end of this.

Three .00035 microfarad variable condensers, C-1, 2 and 3.

Four standard vacuum tube sockets.

(*Continued from page 43*)

Three automatic rheostats, R-1, 2 and 5.
One six ohm rheostat, R-4.
One two megohm grid-leak, R-3.
One .00025 microfarad grid-condenser, C-4.
Eight binding posts.
One battery switch.
One single circuit jack.
Two audio transformers 3 or 5 to 1, L-8 and 9.
One composition panel, seven by eighteen inches by three-sixteenths inches.
One composition panel, nine by one by three-sixteenths inches, for binding posts.
One seventeen by seven and a half by three-quarters inch wooden base board.
Two brass brackets for supporting binding post strip, each four inches long by one half inch wide by sixteen gauge. Also light brass brackets for supporting coils. Wood screws for fastening panel to base board and for securing instruments.

Wire for aerial and ground, bus-bar wire for set, four vacuum tubes, A battery, (preferably storage battery), dry B batteries, C battery, head-phones, loud speaker, cabinet, etc.

The aerial should be made of number fourteen copper wire strung up as high and clear of surrounding objects as possible. It should not exceed 125 feet and not be less than sixty feet. The ground should be made to the cold water pipe after the pipe has been scraped clean. Be sure of a tight connection here.

The Race to Toca

(*Continued from page 25*)

on her . . these new stitches, right here. You see sir, the thread shows if you look real careful. And then when you said that about the bank, and there was that needle and scrap of thread on Mister Barty's shirt—"

The work was done. Deft fingers reaching in between the lining of the wallet and its outer hide drew out a long wet slip of white paper.

"The ink's blurred a bit. But she'll dry out fine." Happy Day handed the paper across to Fenn.

AT sight of it the skipper's jaw dropped; then his whole big face went radiant with overwhelming relief. His hand shook. He passed the paper on to the stranger. "Translate it, Prestwick," he said huskily.

"'Certificate of deposit, National Bank of *Guajara*,'" read the bearded one; and his eyes lighted too. "'This certifies that the sum of twenty thousand dollars has this day been deposited to the credit of William Barty, of Fall River, Massachusetts, U. S. A. Interest at four per centum per annum is to be paid if the principal remains undrawn for six months or more. Interest and principal are to be paid on demand, in New York Draft or in gold. Signed' . . . 'countersigned——'" Mr. Prestwick broke off. His big beard split wide. "They don't ask any questions, at the *Nationale!* Why this," he suddenly shouted, "is better than cash!"

"Unless that sly rascal Barty should give us the slip before we can get back," growled Fenn. "The two-faced liar! So that's what he was doing, Thursday. I told you the yarn he gave me, Prestwick. Ha! We'll just let him do a little penmanship himself, endorsing this thing right over to you, before he goes into irons! The rogue . . . Had me fooled completely! But for this lad here— Well look! Time for that afterwards. Let's be off. You too, Prestwick!" Fenn had arisen in a fever of energy. "Lucky I thought of coming up here, after getting my clearance, just to make sure! By the thundering!" It was good to hear the grizzled veteran laugh again. "When you told me you hadn't seen either Barty or the money, I thought we'd both gone dippy!"

"Mister Barty hasn't got away, cap'n," said Happy Day slowly, now he had the chance. "He went right into his room when you left to go ashore. He doesn't know a thing about this. He was dog-tired, after what he'd been through—pounding his own head, and trekking to the bank and back, and lying hid up in the woods two days. I waited until I heard him snoring—his room being right next to yours—before I jumped. It was too late to catch you, then; your boat had touched the landing—you was away out of hearing, and nobody else would have believed me anyway. Standing there in the cabin, the whole thing came to me. I knew I'd have to be quick—because—well, because I was scared one of these two would do something with that wallet and what I suspicioned it held—though even then of course I wasn't sure. So I just picked it up and come to *Toca* as I'd heard Mister Barty say you'd told him to go. And Mister Barty, he's sleeping the sleep of the unfaithful, figgering to lie low until the storm's over and then get his hands on the wallet again. That's all he wanted from the start. He's a smart man, cap'n. He had everything but those little stitches and the needle covered up complete."

The skipper pondered this. "Smart! Too smart. . . . And you say these two were in with him?"

Happy Day's mouth closed firmly. "I didn't mean to, sir. I won't peach on any man. It's for you to decide, sir."

Here Prestwick chuckled. "Clear case, Fenn. Weren't they his boat crew when he first came ashore? How did they happen to find the wallet so neatly, right where he'd thrown it? Why were they in such a bloomin' hurry to catch this man, if they thought all he had was an old piece of leather? There's sharks out there in the bay . . ."

Ethan Fenn got up. "Yes," he said decisively. "It's a clear case—now. But we'll have an inquiry all fit and proper . . . Let's go. We'll get right back in the flivver that nigh bumped the lights out of me on them railroad ties." He stood scowling at Hatchard. His voice changed abruptly. "Come along, you. Get your mate up and come along."

But it was Happy Day who stooped quickly and helped Tom Drill to his feet. And the smile of that lanky towhead from West Wolsey, upturned to the grim old skipper, was half an apology and half a stout defense. "They ain't bad at heart, sir," he was saying. "Led wrong by their superior—that's all. A misunderstanding that's all, sir. Put yourself in their place."

Did You Solve the May Checkers Problems?

HERE are the answers to the May checkers problems which brought THE AMERICAN BOY's 1925-26 checkers series to a close. The Checkers Editor will still be on duty to answer questions or solve problems, however. His address is THE AMERICAN BOY, 550 Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

No. 141.—Positions, Black, 3, 10, 12, 15, 19; White, 20, 26, 28, 30, king 9. Black to move and win. Solution, 12-16, 20-11, 10-14, 9-18, 15-31. Black wins.

No. 142.—Positions, Black, 10, 13, 19, king 7; White, 5, 6, 22, 27, king 1. Black to move and win. Solution, 13-17, 22-13, 19-23, 27-18, 10-14, 18-9, 7-2. Black wins.

No. 143.—Positions, Black, 11, 15, 16, 18, king 22; White, 8, 24, 27, 32; king 7. Black to move and win. Solution, 18-23, 27-18, 16-20, 7-16, 20-27, 18-11, 22-26, 32-23, 26-3. Black wins.

No. 144.—Positions, Black, 5, 8, 10, 11, 18, 20, 27; White, 17, 19, 25, 26, 29, kings 2, 4. Black to move and win. Solution, 10-15, 19-10, 11-16, 4-11, 20-24, 11-20, 18-23, 26-19, 27-31, 20-27, 31-6, 2-9, 5-30. Black wins.

Ready? Serve!

(*Continued from page 16*)

Most strong players go to great lengths to insure proper footwork. Bill Tilden has developed what he calls a "skip step" that brings his body and feet rapidly into proper position when he's hurried; Norton has a habit of "dancing" to maneuver into correct position, and so have Watson Washburn, Jean Borotra of France and Vincent Richards.

Timing Gives Power

THE third rule I've given you can be expressed briefly in one word—timing. It means putting a maximum of power into a stroke—giving the ball every ounce of force that rhythm and strength can impart to it. That, in turn, means that the racket should start the ball on its return journey just as the racket is at top speed; and that instant comes while the weight of the body is moving forward and the center of balance is changing from rear to front foot.

Rhythm is not a thing that every boy has in his make-up; but it is a quality that any tennis player in the world can improve. Rhythm and smoothness of motion are outstanding features of the play of Tilden, who seems to have more tennis strength than any other man who ever handled a racket. But Tilden was not an expert at timing when he began to play. It didn't just "come natural" to him—he developed it by study and years of practice.

Now, let's see how these rules of grip and footwork are applied to strokes. Take the forehand first, because it's the one you will use most. You're set for the stroke with your left foot advanced; as the ball approaches you start your swing. A long, free swing is vital in the successful forehand. The racket starts from a position at arm's length to the rear, and sweeps forward in the arc of a big circle, crossing in front of your body as you start to shift weight from right foot to left. The place to meet the ball is just about opposite your left foot, for both racket and body are moving straight forward, and to take advantage of the weight shift you must hit the ball exactly when the shift takes place. The stroke isn't finished when you've hit the ball. There's a powerful follow through afterward. You can't get proper rhythm if you don't think of that follow through as an integral part of the stroke, and work to make it as smooth as the first half. Young George Lott, Jr., national junior champion in 1923 and 1924, brings his racket clear around and up over his left shoulder at the completion of his forehand drive; other good players do much the same thing. Remember that follow through—it's just as important in tennis as in the golf swing you hear so much about.

When it's possible, make your forehand (and all other strokes) at arm's length. Don't cramp unless conditions of the shot force you to do so. You can't get force, rhythm or the best of control in a cramped shot; always try to take a position far enough from the place where the ball and racket are to meet so that you can make a free, easy swing.

Shots Must Be Placed

WHERE are you going to direct a forehand drive? That's easy. First, at the top of the net—the band of the net is a pretty good target, and a drive should just skim it. After that, at the base line of your opponent's court. A forehand drive is a fast, long shot usually intended to do those two things—barely clear the net and land far back in the court. Its purpose is to keep your opponent at his base line and to carry him out of position if possible. A forehand is a major weapon of every player; of some, like Lott, and James Outram Anderson of Australia, it is a weapon that often seems invincible.

The backhand is the same kind of stroke, the difference being simply that it is made on the other side of the body. It is intended to clear the net and land far back; just like the forehand, it requires a long follow through and a free swing. The footwork is identical in principle with that for a forehand, although opposite in execution; the right foot, being farthest from the ball, is advanced, and the right side of the body is swung nearest the net.

The grip on the racket for a backhand is different from that for a forehand, and I've found that a good many young players have difficulty with it. If you're using the forehand grip I've described, you shift to the backhand simply by giving the racket a quarter turn to the left (in a counter-clockwise direction). Some players who use this grip, such as Johnston, Howard Kinsey, Lott and Harvey Snodgrass, change their hand position very little for a backhand; but I believe the average young player gets better results by doing it. . . . Tilden, Richards, Anderson, Norton and others use an exactly opposite change of grip—the racket receives a quarter turn to the right—but all admit that each grip has its advantages as compared to the other, so I'm not going to go into the second grip.

The change of grip I've suggested involves use of the same face of the racket for a backhand as for a forehand; the Tilden-Richards change requires use of the opposite face. You may put your thumb along the back of the racket in the changed backhand grip, or put it around, just as you prefer. Both methods are good, and individual preference is the best rule.

Learning a backhand stroke isn't easy. The forehand, to a certain extent, is natural for any tennis player; but the backhand, because it seems a backward kind of shot, is often mighty difficult for a player. Bill Tilden, seven years ago, was considered a tennis player with one serious weakness—his backhand. He tells in one of his books, "Match Play and Spin of the Ball," of the trouble he had with that stroke.

How Tilden Plugged a Hole

"MY backhand had been a shining mark at which anyone could plug away with impunity," he confesses. "Billy Johnston had smeared it to a pulp in 1919." So in the winter of 1920, with Davis Cup matches coming on and Tilden's first chance at the team, he got busy. Day after day he practiced on an indoor court with Arnold Jones, later a great player here at Yale, and Jones' father, and every chance he found to make a backhand shot he seized. He figured out his grip, footwork and swing; then he labored to put them into practice. "Only the walls or the net stopped my efforts at first," he says. But he kept at it, and successful backhand drives became more and more frequent. At length his stroke became strong enough to withstand the barrages other crack players leveled at it; now it is an offensive weapon for Tilden as well as an impregnable defense.

Any fellow can improve his game, as Tilden did, if he sets in to do it.

Volleying—short, fast placement shots at the net—is something every boy must learn if he's going to be a tennis player. There are times when net play is fatal, and a fellow must know what those times are; but he must also be able to handle balls at the net if the occasion arises.

Briefly, the only time a player should go to the net is when his return to his opponent has gone deep and carried the other fellow out of position. That means that when the ball comes back it is likely

(*Continued from page 45*)

to be easy to handle at the net, for the other man can't make a strong stroke of it. Always remember this—never let yourself get caught in the middle of the court. If you're going to play at the net, you should be about seven or eight feet from it; otherwise you should be at or back of the base line.

Footwork in volleying is just like that in forehand and backhand drives. The foot farthest from the ball is advanced, the stroke is made with the side of the body to the net. A volley, like a drive, should just skim the net; but the shot may be aimed for the front of the opponent's court as well as the rear. Its purpose is to land in such position that the other fellow cannot possibly reach it, or that he will make an error on it if he does.

Angle Shots Are Effective

THE big difference between a drive and a volley is this: The racket, in a volley, does not *stroke* the ball. Instead, it *meets* it, then stops dead. There is no follow through. If you have a chance to watch such masters of the volley as Richards and Johnston, be sure to notice this feature of the shot. The racket simply stops the ball and sends it back without added speed. . . . The volley, as I said, is a placement shot, and often can be made a clean point.

Learn to do whatever you want to with a ball you play at the net. Sharp angle shots, landing in the forepart of your opponent's court, will be among your most valuable offensive weapons.

Ordinarily, the volley is made with the racket low. Almost never should its face be higher than the hand; it's usually on the same horizontal plane or lower. Many volleys are made just off the ground; more at or below the level of the net.

Last summer, when I had told a boy I was coaching that he was only to drive and volley for his first practice sessions, he was inclined to object.

"I heard the fellows around the Community Court talking about chop strokes, and cuts and twisters," he said. "That's what I want to learn."

I told him that he'd have to learn them from somebody else—I didn't believe he was ready to bother with them. The chap who hasn't his fundamental strokes down to the place where he can use them safely and surely has no business tinkering with the fancy shots. Straight hitting is the first duty of a tennis player. Frills look splendid on the game of an expert, but they're not much good when there's nothing to back them up.

So don't lose any time thinking about them. Simply get in and practice on fundamentals. Remember the basic rules I've given you—be sure you have the right racket, keep your eye on the ball, get your footwork perfect, use long, free swings with a follow through on your drives.

And always watch for good advice. Young Emmett Pare, the Chicago boy who has been such a shining star, seemed to be in danger of becoming a player with serious weaknesses until expert players got hold of him in 1924 and tore his game to pieces. They showed him just where his play was faulty, particularly in his backhand work; they told him what to do to correct it.

For three months Pare worked hard; at the end of that time, like Tilden, he had plugged a bad hole in his game.

Next month Mr. Hinchliff will tell you the principles of serving and of smashing; he will also give you tips on defense and offense, and describe some of the fine points that every fellow ought to know.

Whistling Jimmy, Coach

(*Continued from page 23*)

Then he began to whistle "Marching Through Georgia."

Signals were immediately telegraphed around the Applegate infield. The batter was going to wait and try for a pass. The pitcher grinned. He'd put the first two balls right over, and then the batter would be in a hole.

He laid the ball straight in the groove, a curveless, tempting target. Landis slashed it to deep center and slid safely into third.

There was a conference of consternation around the Applegate pitcher. Jimmy hid his joy. He could guess what the discussion was about. Presently, as he watched, the players went back to their places. He signaled to the batter to hit the first good one and began to whistle "Dixie."

CAPT. GODFREY called another conference of the infield.

"That's meant bunt all afternoon," he said irritably, "but what does it mean now?"

"Bunt!" Kipps said positively. "There was a slip some place on that last batter. Anyway, Jimmy's the sort of fellow to try the unexpected. He knows we'll play in to cut off that run. He figures we'll be set to grab a hard-hit ball and that a bunt will twist us dizzy. Probably the fellow on third won't miss an attempt to score. Probably Jimmy just wants to get the batter to first. That would put two men on—a double threat. He's trying to break our nerve. Smart stuff. You know Jimmy."

Godfrey nodded. "All right; get that bunt. If we kill the play Eureka will be sick."

The pitcher threw and, as the ball left his hand, Kipps and the first baseman raced toward the plate to gobble the expected bunt. Godfrey, from short, came in, too, but not so fast or so far. He had a better chance to watch the batter. Now the bat was back, now swinging forward—he gave a strangled cry.

"Kipps! It's a fake. Kipps!"

The third baseman tried to check himself. He dug his spikes into the dirt. He heard the crack of the hit, and saw a streak of white and lunged sideways for it. And then the ball was past him on a line and beginning to roll out into the left field.

Eureka had another run.

No one had to tell Godfrey that he had been tricked again. "Try some more of that," he muttered to himself. "Just try it!" He was filled with an icy rage. The third batter hit to him, and his lightning stop and throw started a killing double play. The following boy also hit to short and never had a chance.

The score board read: Eureka, 3—Applegate, 2.

Jimmy, coming to the bench, patted the shoulders of the jubilant players as they went past him. Only to Winterbottom did he offer advice.

"Everything you have on the ball, Winty. Only three men to get. Don't save yourself."

Winterbottom pitched that last half of the ninth inning with blinding speed. The sun was sinking, and the gathering gloom was in his favor. Applegate was helpless. A roller to the box, and one man was down. A fly to left, and another man was gone. A liner right into Winterbottom's hands and the game was over.

Landis, tearing off his mask, ran out and hugged the pitcher.

Half an hour later, in the Applegate dressing room, the teams mingled.

"Now that it's over," Willets said to Carter and to Godfrey, "I don't mind admitting that, man for man, Applegate has the better nine."

Godfrey recovered his temper. "Well, you see, it's this way." He leaned over and tapped his fingers against Jimmy's head. "You had this old bean."

That, Jimmy knew, as he tried to keep his elation within bounds, was victory—victory for the inside stuff Kipps and the rest had laughed at. But what Andy said next pleased him even more.

"Next year," the Eureka first baseman grinned, "Applegate's going to have it—out there at second base!"

The Jinx of the Cascade

(*Continued from page 10*)

"Yeh?" I said, suspecting what he was driving at. "Well, what is it?"

"A jinx, that's what! She's Jonahed!"

"Henry," I said to him, "you're older than I am, and all that. But just the same, you're all wrong. You're too literal minded, that's your trouble; you believe everything you hear. Jinxes and Jonahs went out of business at the same time as diving bells!"

"Did they?" he came back at me. "Did they now? Well, listen to me. If you don't get that redhead out o' the fire hold of this tug, you'll invite a tragedy. Something's goin' to happen that'll cost a lot o' lives!"

By this time I was mad; and so was Snyder.

"The redhead stays where he is," I said. "He's a good fireman, and you know it. When I put him there, I spoke to him about this jinxing business—spoke of it as a joke. But now it's serious. He stays!"

"He does?" Snyder's voice rose. "Well, a man with any pride would get out of his own accord. He knows the whole outfit is talking—"

And just then the two of us, arguing across the steering engine in the pilot house, heard a step on the steel deck outside. In the doorway appeared a serious face—Bud Moody's. His eyes were miserable.

I looked at Snyder. His gaze fell. I knew that he was sorry. He muttered to Bud: "I—I didn't know you were aboard. I shouldn't have said—"

But Bud raised a hand and stopped him. "It's all right," the redhead said. He grinned, but the grin looked wan. "It's all right, Mr. Snyder. What you say is true. The men are talking. At first, I thought it was funny. Didn't think there was anything to what they said. Thought I'd sort of stick it out until we'd lay up. But now—well, I don't know. Maybe they're right. Maybe I'd better kind of ease out."

I give Snyder credit; he was the first to speak.

"Shucks!" he said. "Shucks and filings! It's nothing, this jinx talk. The boys are just kidding! Pay no attention, boy. You are—you're all right!"

But I knew Snyder, and I knew that he didn't mean what he said. And so I took Moody by the elbow and led him aft; and the two of us sat down, side by side, on the fantail grating.

"Now, young fellow," I told him, "I'm going to talk to you like a father. Henry Snyder is one of the finest fellows in the world. But he has odd ideas. Besides, some of the mishaps of the last few days have got on his nerves."

"Yeh," said Bud, nodding. "And he's not the only one that's jumpy. The whole outfit is. Including me. Me, I think I'm the jumpiest of them all!"

"Yes," I said, "and that's what I'm coming to. Snap out of it! Be yourself, man! To think that you'd pay attention to such stuff! Jinxes and Jonahs are the bunk. I know it, and *you* know it!"

But he shook his head.

"No," he said, "I *don't* know it. Maybe you think *you* do; but you haven't been aboard this tug every day the way I have. I tell you, Blackie, you can argue as you please, but there's something—"

"All right!" I said, losing patience. "All *right!* Go on and believe it. But listen. If you're going to believe part of it, you gotta believe the whole works. I'll tell you some things that maybe you don't know. I'll tell you what some of the real old-timers believe. Here, for instance—if a hoodoo or a jinx or an evil spirit fastens itself on a craft on account of some man that's aboard, the spell can be lifted and the spirit chased away. Guess how!"

"How?"

"It can be lifted," I told him, "through that man's offering something precious as a sacrifice."

"Yes?" Bud was gazing, eyes half closed, at the *Cascade's* black and tan funnel.

"What do you mean—'something precious?'"

(Continued from page 47)

"Well," I said, with the cold ruthlessness of the impatience that resorts to the absurd, "for instance, his life."

"Oh," remarked the redhead, "so that's the idea. H-m-m. It's interesting."

"Interesting?" I snorted. "It's cuckoo!"

He rose slowly, straightened his length by degrees, paused for a moment to stare forward along the *Cascade's* length, then, as if he hadn't heard my last remark at all, murmured to himself, "Yes, that's interesting." And with that, he sauntered slowly forward to the fire-hold ladder, and disappeared below. I just sat and watched him, dumfounded.

AND then came the Sunday—the Sunday when havoc broke loose. The night before, the *Cascade* lay at Old Man Strang's own river-front yard, well up inside the harbor. Along about six o'clock in the evening, we'd finished, Snyder and I, with the steering engine; and I, out of force of habit, took a look at Cap Chapman's aneroid barometer on the pilot house wall. I looked again, and whistled.

"Yeh," said Snyder, "she's been droppin' all afternoon. Weather tower down river is flyin' signals for a nor'west gale. It'll hit, likely before daylight. Well, it's the right time o' year for a blow. Me, I'm just as well satisfied that we'll be inside to-morrow, 'stead of gallivantin' around out in the open. Wouldn't care to try to make that harbor entrance—not in any October nor'wester. That west arm o' the outer breakwater, you know, ain't only about half finished—half o' it's still under water. Not for me!"

"No," I agreed, "nor for me, either."

Then we called it a day. I made the round of the yards, seeing that everything was shipshape. In the office I found the night watchman, polishing his lantern globe.

"Better keep a hatful of steam on the *Cascade*," I said to him. "We may need her."

He nodded and said, "She's been needed before."

Before daylight the nor'wester came. What roused me from sleep in a murky dawn was the drumming of wind against my bedroom window in the house on West Erie that overlooks the lake—wind and hail. The lake that's blue when it's calm now was brown with lashed-up sand. Out to the northeastward I could see the eastern breakwater arm, its stony length a piled-up battle royal of battling, spouting seas.

But what caught and held my eyes wasn't the eastern breakwater arm, but the western, half finished, half submerged. On its rocky ridge, two miles out from shore, lay a vessel. A little, broken, wooden hooker of a freighter she was, her nose down, her forward upper works gone, her after mast a splintered angle that looked like a helpless, fractured arm.

I piled into clothes. With one pant leg on and the other off, I answered the telephone.

"Blackie," said the voice of Old Man Strang, "we'll pick you up with the *Cascade* at the Erie bridge on our way down. We're going out to a freighter on the west breakwater. If you don't want to go, there's no compulsion."

Well, they picked me up—the *Cascade*, with the Old Man himself and Cap Chapman in the pilot house, Snyder in the engine room, and, down in the fire hold, looking more serious than I'd ever seen him, Bud Moody. The power end being my end of a tug, I piled into the engine room. And out we headed.

Snyder, standing by at the throttle and nursing a lubricator, was a picture of gloom.

"Crazy man's work!" he said to me. "Goin' out in a blow like this with a crazy tug!"

We were slipping out through the shelter of the inner pier. I asked questions.

"The life savers?" Snyder said. "Huh! They're out there now—Cap Griesser and his whole crew, piled up on the rock along with the hooker. Went out just after she struck. Rounded her on the weather side to look her over. Before they could do a thing, a sea caught 'em and slammed 'em on the wall. Boat smashed like an eggshell. Crew caught the stonework and climbed up. They're still on the wall. An' that's where we come in—harbor master 'phoned the Old Man. We're after two crews—the life savers and the hooker's."

Then we slipped out past the ends of the inner piers, and casual conversation ceased. Now I've been out in blows. I've seen tugboats stand on their noses and then on their tails. But this particular Sunday morning gale was something special. Straight north we went, dead-on for the opening between the arms of the outer breakwater wall; and halfway across that semi-enclosed triangle of water, we got our first taste of weather.

A roller hit the *Cascade* on her port bow. It came right on over. When it left it took with it her water barrel—lifted it out of its cradle in her prow and tossed it over the lee rail. And then we rolled, quartering.

Snyder and I in the engine room, hanging on to save our bones, watched her engine. When her screw raced, Snyder would ease down the throttle until the wheel bit water again, then open it wide. And, amid the roar of the sea and wind, he offered a remark.

"Sand!" he shouted to me. "That's what she's got to have to-day—sand and no monkey business!" He turned at his levers and looked at the fire hold. "No monkey business and—none of this jinxin', either!"

Below and forward a little—we could see his toiling back and his gleaming red hair—Bud Moody, legs wide apart as she rolled, swung his shovel and never looked up.

WE cleared the outer opening. Cap Chapman is a navigator who likes plenty of room. Besides, he knows that in a nor'wester, Southport's outer harbor—the triangle inside the arms of the breakwater—is like a whirlpool gone amuck. He'd approach the stranded hooker from the outside, circling the western wall to windward, and look the situation over.

A quarter mile or so clear of the outer end of the western arm, Cap brought the *Cascade* around through a ninety-degree angle to parallel the wall itself; and the seas piled aboard us this time from the starboard.

Seas? They were like rolling embankments of hard gravel. And when they hit, they socked! She'd dip her nose and kite her stern and then—br-r-r-umph! A big one would slam her bow and she'd shudder the length of her keel until you could hear the steel of her twang like the bass string of a bull fiddle. Then up with her nose and down with her stern while the spray was still falling to leeward; down with her nose again and—br-r-r-umph!—another one.

Half the length of the breakwater that way and we were opposite the hooker. Then three strokes of the engine room bell—"check down"—while we'd take a look.

The hooker had listed. She was breaking up below. On her deck, well aft, a little huddle of men waved their arms at us—her crew. On the rock of the wall itself, near the hooker's stern, another huddle—the life savers. And between them and us, a quarter mile of piling seas.

"Clang-clang—clang-clang!" said the bell. "Full ahead!"

"Can't make it from here," I said to myself. "They're going to try it from the inside—likely go around the inner end of the wall."

Around the inner end we went—nose down, stern up; nose up, stern down; and for every dip and roll a wallop that seemed to rattle our teeth in their sockets. Snyder and I hanging on; Moody in the fire hold, swinging his shovel, Moody the redhead. Around the inner end—almost!

To avoid shoal water, Cap Chapman was cutting her short. Whether he cut too short, whether one of those devilish currents caught her, or whether—well, anyway, she struck. Struck sidewise, a breath-taking, glancing smash against the submerged end of rock—struck and then floated free.

Snyder, hand on the throttle, had shut her off. To Bud below he shouted, "Any water down there?"

Bud, picking himself up from among a heap of clinkers, called back, "No. Plating looks all right. Seems like she hit her wheel!"

I nodded to Snyder and he tried the

steam. I wish you could have seen that engine. It jumped! Like St. Vitus' dance. Jump — jump — jump — jounce — jounce. With every turn of the shaft that engine leaped and strained at its bed bolts.

The speaking tube squealed and through it came the voice of Old Man Strang: "What's wrong back there?"

"She's struck her wheel and knocked off a bucket," I told him. "She's out of balance—disabled. If we give her steam enough to make headway, this engine will tear itself apart. I'm afraid we're through."

"I'll come back there," the Old Man said.

And then I turned from the speaking tube to confront Bud Moody. He'd come up the ladder. We were drifting now, and the *Cascade*, helpless in the troughs, was dipping her rails.

"Blackie," said Bud to me, "you mean we're out? We don't save those men?"

"We don't," I told him. "And in ten minutes, with the drift we're making, we will have our hands full saving ourselves. Lacking steerage-way, she'll most likely swamp."

THE engine room door slid open and Old Man Strang, his beard so wet that it looked like tinsel, stepped in. He closed the door and stood listening.

Moody's brain was working fast. He battered me with questions. "You say you think she's lost one bucket? She had four —a wheel like a four-leaf clover? Listen. If she'd lose another bucket—the one opposite the one that's gone—would she be in balance? Would she run?"

"She might," I said. "But what the Sam Hill—"

Bud clutched my arm.

"Blackie," he demanded, "is there dynamite aboard?"

I jumped. I'd forgotten it. "There is," I admitted. "A few sticks of it in the fo-castle. I'd intended to take it out, but it slipped my mind—"

"Never mind," the redhead cut in. "Get me a stick—no, half a stick. Hook it up with a cap and firing wires—'bout thirty feet of wire. Got a generator? All right, bring it back to the fantail. And a length of half-inch chain—enough to make a loop that'll swing under her stern."

He was peeling his clothes.

"Are you crazy?" I yelled at him. "What are you going to do?"

The answer came from Old Man Strang. "I know what his idea is," the old gentleman said. "It may work. But the risk of doing it is—"

"Nothin'!" Bud said. Then to me: "Blackie, you rustle that dynamite!"

I rustled it. Still in the lee of the breakwater wall, but drifting nor'east we were, toward the open lake, and rolling both rails under. Two trips I made forward, one for the dynamite alone and one for the generator and a length of chain.

On the fantail aft I found Moody and the Old Man, Moody down to his B. V. D.'s and bare feet there in the gale. Under the redhead's direction, we lowered a loop of chain astern of the *Cascade's* rudder, carried the ends forward until the chain touched her propeller, then brought them taut and made them fast.

"That," said Moody, "will give me a hand-hold."

And again I demanded:

"What are you going to do?"

Moody jerked his head toward the rail and said:

"I'm going down there."

"In what?"

"As is," he told me. "I learned to dive before I ever saw a diving suit."

He picked up that half-stick of dynamite; and, with the firing wires trailing behind him, stepped to the teeter-tottering rail, caught a breath, poised, and went over the side in a long, curving flash.

Down he went—straight down—then turned under water toward the stern-post, caught the loop of chain that we'd lowered over her sides and with that, working with one free hand, he pulled himself out of our sight. He reached the crippled propeller—I got the details later—then groped.

Yes, Blackie was right—one bucket gone, snapped smack off close to the hub. All right, find the opposite one. There! Now the dynamite. Tuck it close against the metal where the bucket tapers down. Now bind it there with two turns of the firing wires—

On the fantail above, two of us waited. How long he stayed! If only we'd thought to put a line on him! Suppose he tangled himself in those wires down there. Suppose something banged him! Suppose he—

Then a flash of white broke the surface—Bud's arm! I dropped to my stomach on the rail and caught one hand. We hauled him aboard. He was limp and white. But he grinned.

"All right, Blackie," he said, "give her a jolt!"

I shot down the plunger of the generator. The *Cascade* jumped—the way a cat does when you step on her tail.

"Now the chain," said Bud.

We cast it off.

"And now, steam!"

Just as the breakwater end came abreast of us, four lengths or so from the open lake, Henry Snyder pulled the throttle lever. She moved. Snyder pulled the throttle wider. As smooth as a watch, she ran—two buckets gone off her wheel, one smashed off by rock and the other clipped off with dynamite—her engine turning over faster because of lessened resistance, but in perfect balance.

"Clang-clang—clang-clang," said the bell —"full ahead!"

Well, the rest was something like! Back in the fight again, we nosed the *Cascade* along the leeward side of that breakwater wall, back to where the hooker lay. One by one we picked off the hooker's men and one by one the life savers. And then we put about, with the gale behind us, and scooted for home and good, dry land.

Naturally, the story got into the newspapers—how the redheaded Bud Moody went over the side in a storm and snipped off a propeller bucket with a chunk of dynamite. And a medal came for him, in a silk-lined box, and a thousand dollars in cash and a blue certificate to be framed.

"Blackie," he said to me, "how many men was it that we took off that breakwater? Here, in this blue paper, it says thirteen."

"Yes," I said, "that is right. Six from the hooker and seven in the life saving crew—yes, that makes thirteen."

"Gosh!" he said. "If a fellow were superstitious—gosh what a number!"

The *Cascade's* jinx? Rats! If she ever had one, that Sunday morning gale must have blown it clean off her. For we never saw a sign of it again.

Queer Bees-ness

THIS suburban bee-subdivision is located so that the busy little honey-makers will have the source of their product right at their front doors. The oddly shaped comb is attached to limbs of an apple tree —imagine the plight of the fellow given the task of picking the apples! Usually bees put their combs inside a hive, or a hollow tree, or even a wall or a chimney; but this community of 20,000 or so of the little insects followed the queen bee outside and built an open-air home. Bee keepers ordinarily clip one pair of a queen's wings, so they can't lead such a migration as this; for the rest of the bees always work wherever the queen is.

For the Boys to Make

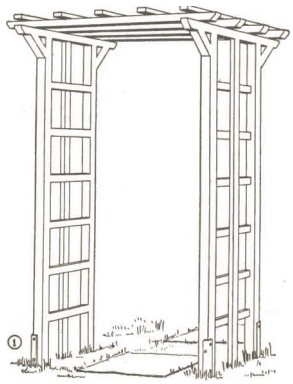
A Garden Arbor

By A. Neely Hall

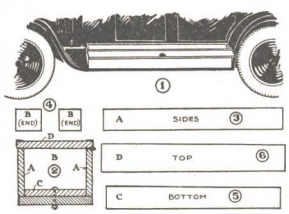
Author of "Boy Craftsman," "Homemade Games," etc.

AN arbor makes a good gateway in a hedge separating a garden plot from the lawn, and it has become as much a part of the modern garden as poles, racks and trellises. Your work in the garden may end with the spading up of the soil in early spring, but building garden accessories is another matter.

The arbor shown in Fig. 1 requires little lumber. Referring to the cross section detail of Fig. 2, uprights A, top plates D, brackets E and beams F are of 2-by-2s, the lattice members B, C and G are of 1-by-2s. The details give the length of all pieces except beams F. Their length will be 4 feet for an arbor of the size illustrated. If you decide upon an arbor of different proportions, working out its dimensions will be no trick; but bear in mind that lumber comes in "even lengths," that is, lengths of 10, 12, 14 feet, etc., and plan the structure so there will be little waste in cutting. Cypress, cedar and spruce are good materials for all outdoor accessories, because of their resistance to rot. But well-painted lumber of almost any kind will last indefinitely if repainted every two or three years.



You and dad can build this garden arbor.



How to make the running-board box for motor camping.

Cut all of the pieces required before starting the assembling. Notice that the ends of top plates D and beams F are chamfered. A cut of 45 degrees, marked off with a try-square, looks well. Figure 3 shows a detail of brackets E, the ends of which are mitered.

In assembling, use 8-penny and 16-penny finishing nails. First, build up the side frames. Nail top plate D to the ends of uprights A, then mark off the spacing for cross strips B along the uprights, and fasten the strips with one face even with one face of the uprights. Nail through uprights A into their ends. Fasten center vertical strip C to top plate D and cross strips B. As you assemble the strips, test with your square to make certain that corners are square. Brackets E complete the frame. To be certain of getting the frames alike, assemble one, then build the second one on top of it.

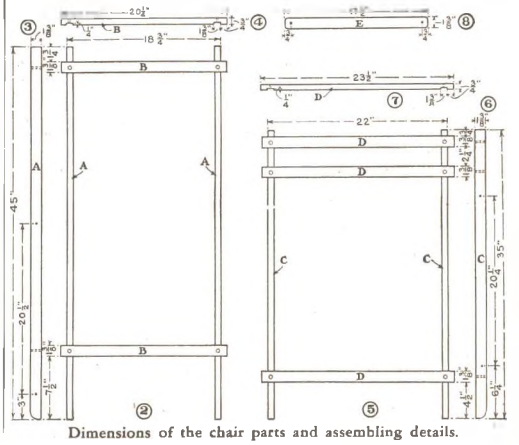
At this point, you must decide whether to assemble the arbor complete, then set it up, or set the pair of frames in position, then complete the arbor. Using the first method, you must nail strips across the lower ends and diagonals between the tops and bottoms, for temporary braces. In the second method, the ground anchors will support the frames.

The anchors (H, Fig. 4) are strips of angle iron, 1-by-1 inches, 18 or 20 inches long. You can get them at any blacksmith or wagon shop and at some hardware stores. They must have three or four screw holes. Screw an anchor to each of the frame uprights. It is best to embed the lower ends of the anchors in concrete. Make holes with a post-hole auger or small shovel, then stand the frames in their correct position 3 feet apart with the anchors in the holes, and fill the holes with concrete, tamping it into a compact mass. Support the frames until the concrete has set. You can often get the remains of a batch of concrete at the close of a working day, where building operations are going on. Follow this tip.

Nail rafters F to top plates D, placing the outer ones directly over the ends of brackets E, the inner ones so the distances between the four will be equal. Next, fasten top cross bars G to rafters F, placing the outer bars directly over plates D and the three intermediate bars so the spacing will be equal.

If, after you have set up the arbor framework, you find it lacking in rigidity, stiffen it by screwing several pairs of 2-by-2-inch iron angle braces to plates D and rafters F.

Visit your paint dealer and see what he has in stains and the paints for garden furniture. You will find exactly what you want in a modern shop, in 2-oz. and larger cans, and the dealer will advise you as to selection and application.



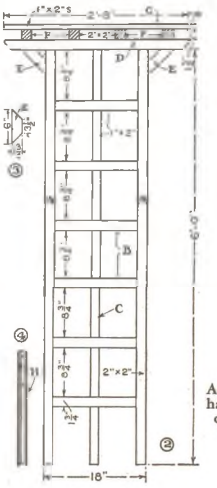
Dimensions of the chair parts and assembling details.

Running-board Box for the Car

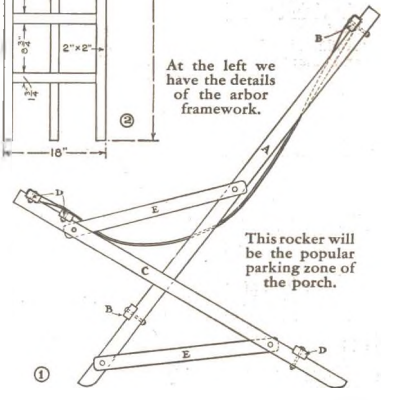
PACKING motor camping equipment is a problem to wrestle with even when the outfit has been reduced to essentials. The object, of course, should be to make a neat appearing load that will not interfere with riding comfort. There are all sorts of racks, cabinets, refrigerators and trunks upon the market, but not for the motor camper with a limited vacation budget. Homemade devices will serve the purpose as well, and will be cheaper.

In last year's August issue page I showed plans for a good running-board kitchen cabinet. Another style of box is shown in the diagram on this page. It is a box of the length of the car's running board, and a height that the car doors will clear in opening. With such a box upon each running board a surprising amount of equipment can be stowed away.

Figure 1 shows the box with its lid opened. Fig. 2 a cross section with the lid closed. Figures 3 to 6 show details of the parts. Dimensions will be determined by the running board and the distance between it and the doors. It may be necessary to taper the inside edge of the bottom (C, Fig. 5) and top (D, Fig. 6) because of the curve of the car's body. In that case, one end will be narrower than the other (Fig. 4).



At the left we have the details of the arbor framework.



This rocker will be the popular parking zone of the porch.

It will save space to omit the bottom board. But it will be necessary to tack weather strips to the running board close to the box sides and ends, to keep rain water from running under the sides into the box. The bottomless box can be fastened to the running board with angle braces, the box with a bottom can be bolted as shown in Fig. 2.

Paint the sides and ends of the box, then give them a coat of automobile enamel. The top will be improved by covering it with battleship linoleum, then binding the linoleum edges with aluminum

stripping in the same way running boards are bound.

A Porch or Lawn Rocker

ALTHOUGH some boys are slow to admit love for luxuries, it's instinctive with most fellows to seek the most comfortable chair in a room. Sometimes alas, the chair is not as comfortable as it looked. In the case of the chair shown in the diagram of Fig. 1 the reverse is true. The chair is more comfortable than you would imagine. This is because of a patent rocker feature whose workings are not revealed until you are seated. You will get the idea from Fig. 1. Leg strips A and C are not bolted at the point of crossing, in the usual way with canvas backed chairs, but are bolted to cross bars E, and the eight bolts (four on a side) act as pivots permitting the back and seat the movement of a rocker.

Since in all probability this chair will prove to be the most popular parking zone on the porch, you had better make a pair of them at least, if you wish to prevent traffic congestion. It won't take much longer to make two.

The chair parts must be of strong, straight-grained wood, preferably hard wood such as oak, ash, chestnut and yellow pine. Each framework member is lettered in the detail of Fig. 1, and in the dimensioned diagrams of Figs. 2 to 8. Notice that all strips are of equal thickness (¾ inch) and equal width (1⅝ inches). This isn't a stock size of strip, but you can easily rip them out of ⅞ inch boards, which are nearer ¾ inch thick than ⅞ inch.

With the correct number of strips of each length cut, plane them smooth, plane off the sharp edges, and sandpaper all surfaces. Then notch strips B and D, near the ends, as shown in Figs. 4 and 7, to fit over the edges of strips A and C, and bore holes ¼ inch in diameter, for bolts.

Finish and lacquer the strips before assembling.

Assemble the strips to form two frames, the chair back frame (Fig. 2) built of strips A and B, and the seat frame (Fig. 5) built of strips C and D. Use 3-16 inch carriage bolts 2 inches long for bolting the strips together, and after screwing the nuts in place hammer over the bolt ends to keep the nuts from coming off.

Locations for the pivotal bolt holes in strips A and C are shown in Figs. 3 and 6. Make them ¼ inch in diameter. In connecting the two frames with cross bars E, (Fig. 8), place iron washers between them and strips A and C. Notice that the bars are bolted to the outside of strips A and the inside of strips C.

The seat covering should be of lightweight cotton duck or heavy denim. Striped awning goods is all right for the purpose. A strip 18 inches wide and 92 inches long is needed. The width allows ½ inch for hemming the edges, the length 8 inches for a 4 inch lap at each end. Ask Mother to do the sewing. If the machine stitches the ends, cross bars B and D must be unbolted to slip on the cover. But, since in that case it will be impossible to remove the cover for laundering after the bolts have been riveted, it would be better to sew a double row of hooks and eyes to the ends of the goods, instead of stitching them, or to set brass grommets in the ends and lace these together.

An Amateur Rifle Range

NOT long ago I was given an air rifle as a birthday present, and after I discovered a good place to use it—a solid earth bank into which to shoot so that the bullets would not rebound or carry through—I found that my friends were eagerly watching me. So I constructed a moving target according to plans in an old AMERICAN BOY, using hand power instead of a motor, painted a small sign, and rented the gun at three shots for a cent. I gave prizes for all bull's eyes—but due to my friends' poor marksmanship I've made a good deal of spare cash from my shooting gallery.—R. N., N. Y.

Boys Who Used Their Brains

The Boy Who Played the Game

By John Amid

Clarence Dillon.

A RICH man and his son were hunting grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains near the Great Divide, in Montana. With them were two guides—a head guide Jones, and another we will call Snub. There were seven or eight in the party altogether, but the other guides and wranglers were with the camp outfit and pack mules, pitching camp. All were on horseback—or rather horse or muleback, for the rough going in the mountain shale made the footing almost too dangerous for horses.

The boy was twelve years old. It had been a great trip for him—nearly four weeks of it already, roughing it with his dad, who had left the great skyscrapers of Wall Street and downtown New York to make the journey. They had shot grouse and caught rainbow trout, and brought down one elk—the boy himself being allowed to make the shot with his father's high-powered hunting rifle. Finally as a climax, they were taking a look around for grizzlies—although Jones, the head guide, admitted that their chances of seeing any weren't particularly good.

In the party of four there were only two rifles of any kind. That was because, having just made camp, they were simply having a look about for fishing. Jones had his rifle, with five shots in the magazine, and the boy was carrying his .22, on the chance there might be a grouse he could get a shot at, for supper.

Then, picking their way cautiously along a precarious shale slope, they suddenly sighted three grizzlies—an old she-bear and two formidable cubs, half-grown. Grizzly cubs stick by their mother longer than the young-'uns of lesser breeds, and these were already as big as small tables with piano legs.

Just the way it always is in the stories! The big game spotted at the very time you're least prepared for it! Only this time it isn't a mere "story;" it's the account of an actual happening on a trip made some four years ago.

Jones Let Drive, and—

THE three bears did not get the scent, so the party circled around to keep them up-wind. Then they gradually drew closer. The circling had taken them a bit above the draw in which they had seen the bears, and when at last they topped a slight rise the grizzlies were within easy range, a little below them. Jones brought his rifle up and let drive.

He missed. Ordinarily he was a good shot. Perhaps this time he was overconfident—it looked too easy. Or perhaps it was one of those unaccountable times when, with no other guns of any killing-power in the party, even a reliable man sometimes gets rattled. Perhaps he miscalculated the distance, or the wind. At any rate, he missed. So he threw another cartridge into the chamber—and missed again. The bullet sent up a chip of rock just in front of the big she-bear that had turned to face the sudden danger.

The third shot caught her, and she rose on her hind legs. But a she-grizzly isn't often stopped by any one bullet in a spot that's not vital. She started towards the enemy, and her big cubs came with her.

Then Jones shot too fast, emptying his magazine without stopping the grizzlies. He was a little in front of the others, and when his gun was empty he wheeled and hurried back toward them. Perhaps his thought was one of panic that he had got his charges into what might likely be an ugly predicament.

Then Snub came into the game. Up to this time he'd hardly been important enough to mention—just an extra guide or wrangler, roaming along without even having his rifle. But now he reined alongside, reached over and took the boy's .22 and with that nice little toy cannon in his hand rode out alone to meet the grizzlies—a wounded she-bear and her two big cubs.

That's really the whole story. Because Snub wasn't a movie hero, he didn't manage to stop the bears, and because he was not an idiot he didn't wait until they were right on him and then lose his life trying to. What he did was to open fire, as soon as he got near enough to be sure of the small rifle, and sting the grizzlies with the little bullets. That got their attention, good and plenty. Then he turned off to one side, leading the bears away from the rest of the party.

Nothing to It

"WHY, I didn't take any risk!" he said afterward; "I knew they couldn't catch me." In the evening, after they had all made camp and were gathered around the fire, he didn't want to talk about it. Too trivial. Made him uncomfortable. He passed over as negligible the fact that if his horse had made a single mis-step in the treacherous shale, there would have been an entirely different ending.

The man who told me that story is Clarence Dillon, who put through in 1925 the biggest cash business deal that has, so far as I know, ever been made in the history of the world. An automobile deal, too—$146,000,000 for the purchase of the Dodge Motor Car Company. In January the *Magazine of Wall Street* published his picture with that of two other great figures of an older day—Edward H. Harriman and J. Pierpont Morgan—as their logical successor in the public eye. The banking house of which he is the head underwrites something like a billion dollars worth of securities a year. The reason he told me the story—but let's wait for that until we come to it.

Clarence Dillon was born in Texas, a little more than forty years ago. His father was well-to-do, with ranch-holdings in different parts of the state, and banking interests in San Antonio. Clarence had two sisters, both younger than he was, but no brothers. He spent most of his time, outside of school, in the country. During the hot summers he came north, several different years, to Maine, where he learned to swim and row and sail a boat, and fish. There is not so much fishing in Texas, though at times he had a chance to catch the two kinds of big catfish, blue and yellow, that can be found in the muddy rivers there. Mostly they caught what they wanted by stringing lines across the river from bank to bank in the evening, with baited lines at intervals, and in the morning haul in the fish. Not so much sport in that.

But riding was different. Clarence was put on a horse when he was so small he had to be lifted up, and by the time he was ten, he saddled and bridled his own horse whenever he wanted, and fed, watered, and cared for him himself. He had his own flock of chickens, too. He learned to milk a cow before he was twelve. And when it came to shooting—he tells me he could use a 16-gauge shotgun when he was still so small that he used to sit down before he shot, so it wouldn't kick him over! You couldn't very well get rabbits by that

method, unless you were a mighty quick sitter, I take it, but he often got doves—squatting down as they rose, and getting them on the wing, or, occasionally, quietly getting near enough to get a shot while they were still on the ground.

Travel and School

THERE were trips to Europe, too. Altogether, a pretty pleasant and interesting way for a boy to grow up.

Then, at fifteen, he was sent north to school, to Worcester Academy, in Massachusetts. He was not particularly athletic, but he went in for most anything that was going, and made some good friends. He was elected president of one of the school societies, he was made the manager of the school track team, and was fairly prominent in his class. He and his roommate, Bill Phillips, became such close chums that they decid d to stick together and as a result roomed together at Harvard, all through college.

After graduation in 1905, Bill Phillips—Mr. William A. Phillips now—went to New York and learned investment banking. Dillon went out to the Great Lakes region, and got a job with one of the iron mine companies. After a little while he got married. Then there was a railroad accident, and two years of long convalescence in France and Italy, with a little art study.

It's interesting how little we know of what we'll be doing year after next. That never bothered Clarence Dillon much, I judge: his principal effort was to do as well as he could whatever he happened to be doing *now*. When he came back from Europe he got a job in Milwaukee with a coke and gas company, and then after a couple of years, went into business with his brother-in-law, George Douglass, manufacturing tools. When they sold out the business they had built up, at a good profit, Dillon tied in with his school and college roommate and chum, Phillips, and made the connection with the old New York banking firm he is now i e head of.

I wanted to know how a general string of ordinary surroundings such as these can develop a man into a front-page financier, able to swallow a hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar-cash automobile deal at a single gulp. Texas, Worcester, Harvard, Europe, and a few years of business training—they don't usually make a fellow into an international banker who can arrange a loan of fifty million dollars for Brazil, or a hundred and fifty million guilders for Holland, with a simple twist of the wrist. What made it all really happen? I went down to the Dillion-Read Company in lower New York to find out.

They Worked Together

IT was a good deal like other big private banking houses—big rooms, big mahogany desks, big marble pillars, big doormen with uniforms and big brass buttons. But gradually I began to notice—or thought I noticed—a difference. The doormen and watchmen weren't quite so wooden—weren't quite so supercilious. They were a little more human. The higher-ups and junior partners weren't quite so up-stage—they seemed to have a little more of individuality, or naturalness, than in other banking houses I know. There seemed to be a little more of friendliness, a little less formality, than in most places. I got the idea of a big crowd pulling pretty well together—good teamwork. Then I was shown into Mr. Dillon's own office, a quiet, high, brown room, with an open fire burning at one side.

It was suddenly entirely unlike anything that you think of as "big business" at all—this slender, friendly, courteous man who threw another stick on the fire and sat down to talk as though there were nothing particularly pressing in the world. It was hard to realize that he handled and thought in terms of millions, where most men never get beyond hundreds.

"There is nothing unusual about my story," he said. "My parents were well-to-do, and I had every opportunity to get a good education. You can't make anything very interesting out of that. But take some of these boys that we bring into the organization—that's different. They have had nothing to start with. And they're making good. Nearly every one of them is making good. There is one that was the mascot of a major-league ball team, and he's doing splendidly. Let me tell you about some of them."

But that wasn't what I was after. I wanted to find out what there had been in his games and study and hunting and riding as a boy that had helped him develop into the leader that he is to-day.

"Look here," I said. "We ought to have more time to talk than you have in the middle of a crowded afternoon. I had hoped to catch you when you were at leisure. But there are so many demands on your time—"

He nodded. "I don't have much leisure. It is a fact. I don't have as much time with my family as I'd like to have." He thought a moment. And then suddenly we began to get closer to the thing that, perhaps, has made him so great a figure. "But what is there to do about it? Here is this big organization. It's like a big team. In a way, you may say that my partners have elected me captain. And it wouldn't be fair to run out on them. It wouldn't be cricket. A man has to play the game, you know."

I'm not trying to give you his exact words. I'm putting down his ideas as I remember them.

"Suppose you wait around until I get the afternoon's work cleared up," he suggested. "Then you could come up to my flat, and we could talk it over. I'd like to be of use, if I can."

A Team, These Men

WHILE I waited for him in the big banking office outside, I kept thinking over what he said about playing the game. These men, from doorkeepers to the partners in the firm at their big mahogany desks, were all, in a way, his team mates, and just as they were assisting him in his undertakings, so he was standing by them, no matter what demands were made on his time. He "couldn't let them down."

Five o'clock came, and people poured out of the other downtown buildings into New York's "rush hour." But at the Dillon-Read Company everything seemed to be still going along. It got to be half past five, and most of the stenographers left. It got to be six, and one by one the others began to leave. It got to be half past six, with only one or two people waiting to talk to Mr. Dillon himself. And finally, at quarter to seven, he came out of his office with the work of the "afternoon" finished.

"Is it often as late as this, before he gets out?" I asked of the doorman, while the head of the firm was putting on his hat and coat.

"Pretty often," he answered. "Four nights out of the week, I should say."

At his flat, after dinner, we sat on a sofa and he showed me the pictures of his family, and of his boy—the boy who was with him in the Rockies on the hunt for grizzlies. Pictures of the boy riding, camping, sailing, hiking; pictures of him with a string of trout; pictures of him with a sailfish that he had caught, six or seven feet long. And then, suddenly, Mr. Dillon gave me the answer that I had been looking for.

"It's not the hunting or fishing that mean so much," he explained, "although I think all that sort of outdoor sport is good. But it's the men who make these trips with us—the fishermen and guides, the horse-wranglers in the West. They're the real thing, those men. They're a mighty good lot, the sort I like to have him see and know—real men from the ground up. No fine clothes or city manners, but the *real thing*. Every one of 'em *plays the game*."

Then he told me the story of the three grizzlies, and how Snub rode out to meet them armed with nothing but a .22 caliber rifle—just as part of the day's work.

There you have it. My guess is that Clarence Dillon, on his father's ranch in Texas, and on his summer trips to Maine, came in contact with, and admired, and imitated unconsciously, real out-of-door men of the type you can tie to, like Snub the guide. And from them, I imagine, he got the ideas of teamwork, and helping the other fellow out, and holding up his end, and fair play, and playing the game, that, added to the unusual ability he probably already possessed, have made him the leader he is to-day.

The American Boy Contest

Here's What They Do on Mars

IF THE FELLOWS who spend their time looking through telescopes at twinkling old Mars had been able to read the letters in this contest—well, they'd have learned a lot! The Mars Editor who fancied himself a bit of an astronomer, never knew before that the distant planet is plastered with real estate signs. But some of the letters said so. And others explained that the Mars canals are really not canals at all, but anything from round-the-planet airways, black with planes, to low wave-length zones developed by Martian radio experts!

Wish we could publish all the letters. "No, sir!" wags Pluto the Office Pup. "Save the space 'til next month, for *my* cartoon contest!" Anyway, here are the best letters:

Earth Visitors Arrive on Mars After Long Trip

Astounded at Our Civilization

By Richard Cutter (17), Palo Alto, Calif.

First Prize Letter

MARTIAGO, July 1—The rocket which was shot from Earth three weeks ago came to mars at 15:75 o'clock this morning in a large field near this city. Although a large crowd, curious to see the Earthians, packed the air for several hundred feet up, no one was hurt and no levitators were damaged when the rocket landed.

Soon after the arrival, several officers of the government astronomy department came up in an aerial tractor, with which they hauled the Earth rocket out of the several feet of mars into which it had plowed.

When the machine was out, an opening, which, by looking into several dictionaries of antiquity, we found to be a door, appeared in the side, and out walked three Earthians. Their appearance called forth at first surprise and then pity, so strange was their appearance.

Their heads are but one-half natural size, indicating a very low mentality; their eyes are the same as ours, but they have several other openings, known as ears, nose, and mouth, which disappeared from our race many thousands of years ago.

The Earthians stand erect as we do, and are about the same height; but their arms and legs are much longer than ours. Evidently, they use their limbs and not their brains.

It is strange to note that when these seeming barbarians converse among themselves they move their mouths. It appears certain that they have not yet developed thought transmission and mental telepathy. Why, when a government official inspected their ship, he found that they still use radios!

And as for *doors*, or openings in walls, it was found that this is the only means they have of passing through solids. In other words, they are so uncivilized that they have not yet effected the triumph of mind over matter. Also, by reading the minds of the three Earthians, we found that they require food, that they breathe oxygen, and that they sometimes become ill!

So barbaric are they that they still have wars, both political and economic; separate governments, always quarreling; and no government control of industry.

Further news of the Earthians will appear in our next edition.

Columbus on Mars

By Conly Purcell, Sikeston, Mo.

Second Prize Letter

AFTER four weeks' travel I reached Mars in the big rocket I had sailed in. When I landed a crowd ran towards me. They spoke English and asked me where I came from. I told them. Soon they began talking about Marco Polo who said he had been far away into another world and asked me if I came from that world. I, too excited to answer, asked about Marco Polo. They told me about him and other important men of the time. When they got through I realized that Mars was like the earth except that it was more than four hundred years behind.

I went to see Columbus and asked if I could go with him to discover America. He consented and I got ready for the trip. Meanwhile I was teaching the Martians how to make Fords and pistols.

We reached America and I found the place where my home would be if I was on the earth. I cut the following words on an iron tablet: "John C. Cedder, you were here four hundred and thirty-four years ago," and placed it in the ground right where our basement is. It was odd to write something that you will read four hundred years from now (if the tablet lasts that long)—and then not know you wrote it.

Columbus wanted to discover the wonderful Mississippi River I told him about, but I told him to let the fellow that was supposed to discover the Mississippi get the credit.

When I reached London and saw what havoc I had played with Martian time by giving them Fords—for now they were four hundred years ahead of themselves, I felt so cheap that I just sank to my own earth where I belonged.

Queer, Those Earthmen!

By Byron Fish (17), Seattle, Wash.

Third Prize Letter.

AN extract from the Diary of Prof. Sozyer Olman, University of Borax, Mars:

Katzknip 38, 1437—Flunked seven pupils in the exams to-day.

Katzknip 39, 1437—I feel that I should mention in this diary the strange creatures I and my colleagues have been studying lately. Most people think they are merely highly-evoluted animals, but we professors think they are people from some other planet, possibly Karnak, the smaller world just inside our circuit about the sun.

Anyway they are queer—small and without the long, beautiful noses of our people. They wear clothes of indescribable hues, unlike anything here. Instead of conversing by means of a series of snorts through the nose as we do, they make noises with their mouths. One of these men (if such they can be called) attempted to talk our language. Failing he pointed to his nose and articulated a word which sounded like "adenoids." They were not very hardy, for they shivered continually as if from cold.

The greatest difficulty they experienced was in staying on the ground. Unless they held onto something, they shot up into the air, as would we if it were not for our suction cap feet. When they dropped anything, it flew off into space, much to their annoyance. We found that these articles were not weighted down by the metal lidion as are ours.

We tried to capture one of these people for our zoo, but he swung his fist and broke Dr. Kodax's nose, thus seriously impairing the latter's speech, so we desisted. However the army has gone to arrest them, as the doctor insists on a lawsuit, so I am going to watch the fun.

(Author's note: The next entry has not been translated yet.)

Meet the Man in the Moon

By Garland F. Taylor (16), Brookhaven, Miss.

Special Prize Letter.

I DREW my collar closer about my neck. The cold was penetrating, and my coat was light.

So this was Mars! It seemed to be a mighty cold reception for a visitor all the way from the earth. Where could the brass band and welcoming delegation be?

Quickening my pace so that I might keep warmer, I soon topped the ridge before me, and in the valley lay a beautiful city.

The splendor of its architecture was indescribable, and I was lost in admiration when I heard a slight noise behind me. I turned and saw a giant, a perfect specimen of manhood, towering two feet above me. He wore only a jeweled loin cloth, and looked like a classic statue come to life. Supposing that he was like myself, except for size, I extended my hand, volunteering, "Taylor is my name."

He merely stared, as did the other men, like him in all respects, who had gathered around us. One ventured to feel my clothing, examining me with inquisitive surprise. Suddenly an old man with a round, luminous face forced his way through the group. "What are you doing here?" he growled.

"I'm just looking around. Who are you?"

"I am the Man in the Moon, if it's any o' *your* business," he bellowed. "What might your name be?"

"It might be Albert," I replied, wondering what made him so grouchy, "or Charles, or George, or—"

"Here—cut that out! Whaddye know about me?"

"You're a big hunk of green cheese."

"That's enough from *you!*" he snarled, and started toward me menacingly.

In getting out of his way, I stepped on the bare toe of one of the Martian giants, and he threw me into the air with all his might. Soon I was approaching the earth at a dreadful speed. The ground seemed to be rushing up to meet me—

I awoke with a start, and, turning toward the window, shook my fist at the grinning moon outside, as innocent-looking as if he had never seen me before.

A Tip for High Jumpers

By Eldon Frye (16), Coffeyville, Kans.

Special Prize Letter.

AHEM, Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to stand before you this evening and relate to you my experiences on the planet Mars. But, since I have forgotten my throat lozenges, it must of necessity be short.

I arrived on Mars in my aero-bus on March 26, 1942. Now the pull of gravity on this planet is so slight that only the tips of one's toes touch the ground. I landed my bus and leaped out of the plane. Instead of landing on the ground, I shot skyward and sailed through the air for what I roughly estimated was 5 miles. Being about a mile in the air, I could see the country below me. I noticed that I was floating downward toward a great bowl-shaped thing like a stadium, which in truth it was, for in a short time I landed gently in the center of it and was surprised to see men of giant stature competing in athletic games exactly like our own. I learned afterwards that they had watched our games through their radio mirrors and had copied them.

One big fellow, about twelve feet high, was running toward me and I jumped out of his way, but instead of jumping two feet away I went up again and sailed over a high jumping bar 40 feet in the air. The big fellow sailed after me, but he did not clear it. On account of my light weight, I had broken the Martian high jump record for which they awarded me this giant loving cup.

I thank you for your kind attention and wish you a good night.

They Tip on Mars

By Robert Espey (15), Chicago, Ill.

Special Prize Letter.

AS I arrived on Mars, it seemed as though all the inhabitants were flying about at will, without wings or exertion of any sort. I discovered that the means of doing this was a device strapped to the body of the person, consisting of two small propellers. When the person wished to ascend he merely started the electric motor (operated by radio from a central power plant) and made the horizontal propeller go around, and if he wished to move forward he started the vertical propeller spinning and was whisked away at a speed of 400 miles an hour.

A man like our "red cap" hailed me and asked me something which of course I could not understand, but I finally made out that he wished to carry my traveling bag, which I gave to him. He then placed two metal bands around it and to my great astonishment it stayed in the air without being held, the man pushing it easily along. I found out later that the reason it stayed up was because the man had placed a "like" pole on the bag which repelled its "like" pole in the planet, on account of the well-known law "like poles repel each other."

When I returned to my hotel I started to go into my room, neglecting to tip the man. Immediately he produced a small instrument somewhat similar to one of our guns, and directed it at my pocket, whereupon a dime flew out and stuck to the instrument. The man departed happily.

Into the Warrior's World

By Stanley B. Ferguson (14), Worcester, Mass.

Special Prize Letter.

IMAGINE my surprise to find myself a stranger and prisoner in Warville, the capital of Mars. There was no way of escaping. My rocket was utterly demolished.

I asked a junior citizen of the metropolis of my whereabouts and who the people were. He told me that this was the "resting place" of the departed warriors.

"Napoleon and Wellington are fighting in the north. Listen!" said he, "and you can hear them."

All I could hear was a low, distant murmur.

The buildings were of the most peculiar form. Towers were shaped like gun barrels or shells; domes like German helmets. Streets zigzagged like trenches. He invited me into the radio room where we could see the conflict. I followed with great curiosity.

He turned a dial on the Scopadio and pressed a button. Instantly the room was transformed into a battle-field.

Napoleon's great hordes were charging against Wellington's millions. All about was the din of battle. The air resounded with the crashing thunder of artillery, the whine of bullets, the screech of shells.

Again the boy changed the dials and revealed a great battle between Alexander and Xerxes. My friend turned it off and explained:

"You see Mars, our emperor, is holding a battle tournament which is to last until 96745. It was begun 2000 years A. D. The leaders are Napoleon, Grant, Caesar, Cortez, Lee, Alexander and Xerxes. To the winner the planet of Jupiter is to be given."

He changed the dials again—

There was a terrific crash, I sat up in my bed and gleefully remembered that it was the *Glorious Fourth!*

Honorable mentions go to Maxie Clark (11), Galivants Ferry, S. C.; Byron Fish (17—Also won third prize), Seattle, Wash.; William Fricke, Jr. (15), Philadelphia, Pa.; Waldo Johnson (16), Swedesburg, Iowa; Robert J. McGee (17), Philadelphia, Pa.; Walton Seymour (16), Madison, Wis.; William G. Wheeler (16), Clavcrack, N. Y.; Charles W. Winston, Minneapolis, Minn.

Teamwork Won for Fitchburg

Back row, left to right: Ralph Howard, faculty manager; Danny Quinn, substitute guard; Tauno Puhakka, substitute center; John Marcy, substitute forward; Ken Davis, substitute; and Coach C. N. Amiott. Front row, left to right: Freddie Maffeo, left guard; Anastos Fanos, center; Laurie Myllykangas, captain and right forward; David Allan, right guard; and Johnny Oliva, left forward.

BASKETBALL is a *team* game, not one for individual stars. The Fitchburg High School team doesn't pass wildly; it doesn't shoot from the center of the floor; it rarely dribbles. It plays not as five men, but as a unit. That is why it took the national interscholastic championship at the University of Chicago tournament in April."

Clarence N. Amiott, vigorous little coach of basketball in the Massachusetts city, is speaking. Coach Amiott is physical director of the public school system in Fitchburg, and his duties make him football as well as basketball coach. He believes the two sports have much in common, he tells you.

"Like football, basketball must have definite formations. On every play each member of the team must know the particular thing he is to do—and do it. He must work like part of a machine that can't go wrong—must pass at the right time, be in the right spot, run at the right speed, pivot and change direction properly, shoot from the right position. He must be able to depend on his teammates and they on him.

"That was the fundamental of the Fitchburg team's play—and that's why it won."

Coaches and critics who saw the tournament were impressed with the businesslike manner in which the Fitchburg quintet went about winning its games. No guesswork there—snap, dash, dazzling passes to just the right spot, shots that found the basket unerringly. Even in the semi-final game, in which Salem, S. D., led at the half, Fitchburg wasn't unduly excited. The team got together and when the game ended, after three minutes overtime, it had won—18-17.

"Holding on to the ball is an important element of the Fitchburg play," Coach Amiott explains. "If the other fellows can't get their hands on the ball, they can't very well score. So we perfected our passing game. And we convinced ourselves that that kind of game, built on a teamwork basis, was more effective than the kind employed by so many Western teams, in which the offensive drive was built around one bright star.

"Sure enough, the passing game may not be quite so fast or so spectacular as the dribbling, one-star game. But it's safer. And when it's combined with topnotch physical condition—other teams were often exhausted at the end of a game, while Fitchburg was relatively fresh—it wins games!"

Fitchburg won the championship by defeating Billings, Mont., 33-20; Roswell, N. M., 31-12; Nanticoke, Pa., 22-14; Salem, 18-17; and Fargo, N. D., second place team, 25-14.

The consolation tournament—teams which lost in first round games participated in it—was won by Zanesville, O., after it defeated Latter Day Saints of Salt Lake City, Utah, 36-35.

The Man Who Lisped

(Continued from page 9)

or sensed his presence and was in this astonishing manner telling him what to do. He saw at once that Dick was right. That this was no situation to handle with grandstand play. It was a moment for team work, and Renfrew must be one of the team. He slid silently up the slope again and made for the buckboard like a slim, fleet animal.

ALONE, in the gully, Dick faced his odds. Murdock was obviously appalled and enraged by the discovery that Dick knew who he was, and why he was there. He held the muzzle of the gun against the boy's body and his finger trembled at the trigger. Dick didn't flinch. He stood there, straight as a young tree, and gazed with peculiar spirit into the fat man's little eyes.

"Don't worry about killing me," he said at last. "You won't."

"Why won't I?" snarled Murdock.

"Because you can't," said Dick. "You haven't got the nerve."

Murdock's small eyes gleamed at him for an instant, hatefully. Then he stepped backward and smiled.

"He will," said he, indicating the squat man, who lisped. "He'd do it with an axe for ten dollars."

He turned to the gentleman who possessed this agreeable attribute.

"What shall we do with him?" he asked.

Again the brow wrinkled, and the man's grey eyes were puzzled.

"If you got brainth," he growled, "bump him orf."

Murdock leered at Dick spitefully.

"There you are," he said. "He'll do it, too, in a jiffy."

Dick turned his head so that he stared straight into the grey eyes of the man who lisped.

"No, he won't," he said; and he smiled. It was a smile of peculiar understanding, and, meeting it, the brows of the man who lisped became suddenly unruffled. His loose lips closed, and he gazed back into the boy's face with an expression com-

pletely unreadable. Yet Dick seemed to read it. He stood there in his bonds, towering above them both, a gigantic youth, whose body seemed filled with a life and vigor that strained the ropes which bound him. And his fine face, his straight gaze, framed by his burning shock of hair, invested him with an atmosphere which was nobility.

"What's your name?" he asked.

As though startled, the man answered him without hesitation.

"Paxton," he said. His lisp made it sound like, "Pacthton."

"Do you think you could kill me, Paxton?" asked Dick, evenly.

Paxton's brows came down in an agony of thought.

"Why not?" he said, finally.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Dick. "It's like this. You will kill a man for ten dollars because killing a man is a thing you don't mind doing. But you won't kill me. Listen. My brother was killed at Armentieres in the war, but before he died he led a group of his men through an attack and they captured four machine gun nests. After he was killed his men cried. They bawled like kids. *And you were one of them!*"

Superbly, splendidly, the tall boy, clear eyes boring into the grey ones of Paxton, took this shot in the dark. That button on Paxton's lapel—only men who had been in his brother's outfit wore it. Paxton at first stood stupefied; then, as Dick went confidently, ringingly, on, he slowly straightened up.

"My brother was Kenneth Ranney, Paxton," he said. "You helped him take those machine gun nests." A new note came into the boy's voice. "You kill for ten dollars? You would as long as you only knew such scum as this fat hound. But I know the kind of man you are. Kill for ten dollars! You're the kind who would die for nothing, if you ever found a man like my brother, worth dying for!"

He paused for a moment, and there was a queer glint in his eyes. Murdock, his jaw drooping, was gazing fixedly upon the man who lisped; but Paxton's eyes were glued upon Dick's and his brow was unruffled, his grey eyes clear, as though they had been washed clean of something that had clouded them.

"I try to be like him," said Dick slowly. "I try to think I'm as good a man as he was."

Then suddenly his eyes blazed up, and his voice rang like a bell in the gully.

"Take that rifle, Paxton!" he commanded. "Down him!"

The fat grocer stood for a moment completely bereft of volition. Paxton sent back to Dick's blazing eyes a glance of utter devotion, grinned happily, and hurled himself on the grocer. With one hand he twisted the rifle from the fat man's grasp, and with the other he bashed Murdock to the earth.

"Now cut these ropes!" Dick's voice rang with amazed, happy triumph. And in another instant the boy who had lost the grey mare because he had tried to subdue willy-nilly a spirit proud as his own, stood free above the captured murderer, while beside him, rifle in hand, stood a devoted follower, won by a leader's understanding of men, who five minutes earlier would have slain that leader for a ten-dollar bill.

Thirty minutes later Dick, swinging along beside the squat form of Paxton, with Murdock under the rifle in front of them, came upon Scotty and Renfrew in the wagon road leading to Scratched Rock Farm. Scotty was driving the grey mare at a mad gallop while Renfrew kept beside the buckboard astride his bay police horse. Dick stared in amazement as he saw Scotty, without perceptible effort, draw the grey mare to a halt. Scotty dismounted from the buckboard, came forward and calmed the animal's unrest with a touch and a word. Renfrew, with a word of greeting, vaulted from his saddle and slipped manacles on Murdock.

"I'm not a ghost," laughed Scotty at the perplexed face of Dick. "What have you done, bought that cut-throat off?" His eyes followed Paxton, who, his delivery made, strolled around to the rear of the buckboard and placed the gun under the seat.

"No," said Dick, and his voice had in it a peculiar quality. He seemed at once to praise Paxton and take pride in him. "Paxton's one of the best," he said. "A man for a fellow to have with him in a tight place. He's going to stand by me for good, after this." And he smiled across at the man who lisped.

Paxton acknowledged the smile with a sheepish curl of his lips; then, without a word, he gave Renfrew a hand about putting the crest-fallen grocer into the buckboard. He carefully took up the rifle once again.

"Better for me to have it than him," he growled.

Dick laughed. Then he spoke to Scotty very seriously.

"You'd better drive," he said. "And you'd better keep the mare for yourself. How *you* manage to handle her, *I* don't know. I guess I just lack the ability to manage things."

Renfrew, who had been eyeing the boy with some admiration, spoke to him from his place in the saddle beside the mare.

"We'll get to the bottom of all this back at the post," he said. "How did you lose control of the mare?"

Dick grinned sheepishly.

"They all said she'd kill me some time, and I guess that appealed to my vanity. So I always drove her in that spirit. You know—'you'll submit to me, or I'll break you!' sort of thing." He clenched his fists to illustrate the spirit of his remark. Renfrew smiled broadly.

"I guess you've still got to learn what it means to take command," he said.

"Yes sir," said Dick. "I guess so."

When, later, at the police post, Renfrew got to the bottom of Dick's adventure, he did not smile so broadly.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE AMERICAN BOY, published monthly at Detroit, Mich., for April 1, 1926.

State of Michigan, } ss.
County of Wayne, }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Elmer P. Grierson, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE AMERICAN BOY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.
Editor—Griffith Ogden Ellis, Detroit, Mich.
Managing Editor—George F. Pierrot, Detroit, Mich.
Business Manager—Elmer P. Grierson, Detroit, Mich.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation, the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

G. O. Ellis, Detroit, Mich.
M. S. Sprague, Detroit, Mich.
K. C. Leonard, Detroit, Mich.
E. P. Grierson, Detroit, Mich.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)—None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

ELMER P. GRIERSON,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1926.
(Seal) A. M. KIEFER,
Notary Public, Wayne County, Mich.
(My commission expires June 4, 1927.)

The Circus in the Clouds

(Continued from page 7)

press man grinned, as he removed his horn-rimmed glasses and polished them nervously.

"There's always more space to be had!" he barked, shoving back his soft hat, straightening his tie, and pulling down his waistcoat in three quick movements.

In the two days he had been around, the flyers had got to calling him "Brush" because of the peculiar effect of his appearance and personality. His hair was cut in a wiry, short pompadour, and seemed to stick out from his head in every direction. His small moustache, clipped very closely, gave the effect of so many short spikes, thrusting forth from his lip in stiff, sturdy bristles. His eyeglasses literally sparkled with the nervous light in his small, exceedingly bright blue eyes. His clothes were of rough tweed, and had the appearance of being covered with tiny threads that poked forth from the cloth like so many tiny tack points. His teeth sloped outward a bit, his heavy eyebrows were shaggy and prominent, and his long nose swept up to a sharp point. His speech was staccato, his manner quick and nervous, and from head to foot, from eyeglasses to sharp-pointed shoes, he seemed bristling with electric energy.

"Everything O. K.?" he barked, throwing the papers to the ground. "Here, read about yourselves, the Army, and last but not least, the Peerless Picture Corporation and their coming release. 'Adventures of the Air!' Didn't get as much as I expected, though. Where's Roach? In town? Must get in touch with him—have him out here for the pictures—have reporters here and everything. O. K.? Good. Must get back to town. Talk plenty to the reporters. So long!"

And his long legs carried him swiftly to the car, and a second later he was off.

"Dog-goned if I don't like that human porcupine," chuckled Streak. "But I'd be a doddering idiot if I had to spend much time around him at a stretch. Doesn't he ever sit down and keep quiet, I wonder?"

"No more than a waltzing mouse," Kennard told him. "More reporters, eh? Must say I'm getting sick of handing out dope. We've got to give Parsons credit though—look at this spread!"

IT was in the most prominent Louisville paper, on the second page. There were two pictures of ships in flight, with Streak out on the wings, and a full-length picture of the slim, blonde pilot himself, in flying clothes, with the caption: Lieutenant Stanley Somers, U. S. A., Dawn-to-Dusk Daredevil Who Will Thrill Thousands This Afternoon at the Opening of the State Fair.

"That stuff sure gets Roach's goat," chuckled Jimmy Little. "He goes through every paper every day, and sees each picture of Streak as a personal insult."

Captain Kennard nodded, his square, scarred face serious. Then his keen gray eyes rested on Streak's thin brown face.

"For the last time, Streak—you've no objections to having Roach as one of the flyers? He knows his stuff, but—"

Streak nodded determinedly. He wasn't going to let anything get his goat—not anything! Roach hadn't been at all friendly, true. But he wasn't going to let it be said that he, Streak Somers, could be buffaloed by a braggart like Roach.

"He's the best pilot on that sort of stuff I ever saw or hope to see!" Streak said vigorously. "Why shouldn't he be one of the pilots?"

And nobody answered. They didn't dare admit their thoughts even to themselves. And there was no real basis for them, either. Just a sort of shadow that Cocky Roach's presence had cast on the little group, that was all. Streak himself could not understand the way he felt.

And the feeling did not die during the next few hours, either. Those hours seemed an eternity in passing. Finally the newspapermen came out, in charge of the bustling Parsons; and, although it was only one-thirty, Kennard ordered the ships out of the hangar, for the photographs.

The two Curtis scouts first—and then fat little Sergeant Glyn's bow legs were twinkling fast as he rushed forth from the canvas shelter. The non-com's freckled Irish countenance was serious and his eyes were blazing.

"Them Jenny's is ruint, sor!" he shouted to Captain Kennard. "Look!"

The other three mechanics were wheeling one of them out, the tail on the shoulder of one man and the other two pushing. Both elevators, those movable fins on the tail that regulate the climbing and diving of a ship, were hanging in ruins, the framework bashed and the canvas torn.

Streak's body seemed to turn into ice. That was no accident—every hole and tear pointed to the fact that someone had deliberately kicked the frail ash framework to pieces.

Kennard strode forward, followed by the sudden eager reporters, and the other flyers. There was a babel of conversation from the laymen, but the airmen were speechless. Streak's thin face was a bit whiter, and his heart was pounding ferociously.

"Glyn, has anybody except members of this outfit been in that hangar to-day?" rasped Kennard.

"No, sor!" the Irishman replied steadily. "Anyone else see anybody in there?"

Not a one of the mechanics had seen any outsider whatever in the vicinity of the hangar!

"You say the other one's in the same condition?" Kennard asked slowly.

"Yes, sor—exactly!"

Parsons, his eyes glinting with excitement, shoved his way forward.

"Looks as though there's someone who doesn't want this circus to perform," he told the newspapermen. "Here's a mysterious thing. Who's been in the hangar at all, outside of you mechanics?"

Streak's glowing eyes darted to Roach's dark, heavy face. As their eyes met, Streak's seemed to strike fire from the other man's.

"I was, an hour ago," stated Roach, and as he glanced around at the excited group it seemed as though he were daring them to accuse him.

"Anybody else in this crowd been in the hangar?" Kennard asked savagely.

"I was in—two hours ago," Streak found himself saying. He'd almost forgotten that he had gone in to get a handkerchief he had dropped in one cockpit.

"When were you in there, Roach?" snapped Kennard.

The dozen newspapermen and flyers were quiet as the grave, sensing the tension in the air as that question crackled forth.

"'Bout an hour ago. Jenkins here was in after me," rumbled Roach.

"Were the ships all right then?"

The newspapermen crowded closer, as though they could not hear. Streak was motionless as a statue, and it seemed that his heart would shake itself right out of his body. Subconsciously, he noted Parsons, at one side. Even the press agent's hair seemed electric—charged with the inner glow of the man as he sensed a big story for the newspapers.

"Didn't notice!" Roach shot back. "The doors were shut, and it was dark. I was gonna sleep there in the shade, but it was too hot. Just dived in and right out again. How about Somers?"

THERE was significance in every one of his three last words, and suddenly the attention of everyone shifted to the slim pilot.

"The ships were O. K. when I was in there," Streak said hotly. "I got my handkerchief out of the cockpit of the Jenny you're to fly, and if the elevators'd been smashed I'd have noticed, I'm sure, even in the darkness!"

Roach grinned slightly, as though thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Well, you got more reason than anybody else not to want them ships t' go up this afternoon!" he stated—and no one could be sure that he wasn't joking.

Streak's face flamed red. Roach was insinuating that he had gone yellow—did not want to do his work that afternoon.

Hot words crowded for utterance, but before he could get them out he felt Kennard's grip on his arm.

"Don't say anything!" Kennard said in low tones, and turned to the mechanics. All four were tried and true veterans of years in the army, with unimpeachable reputations for honesty and ability.

"No one of you was in the hangar since Somers and Roach?"

None of them.

"There's plenty of time to put spare elevators on," Kennard said slowly. "Hop to it, Glyn, and get 'em on. But if it hadn't been for the fact that these reporters came, and we got the ships out way ahead of time, we'd have been lucky to get off the ground to-day!"

The mechanics started into the hangar immediately, while the newspapermen gathered around the flyers, shooting a thousand questions at them. Who could there be with a grudge against the outfit? What object could anyone have in trying to keep the circus off the ground?

Kennard answered guardedly—and while he did, Streak knew that the same thought was in every flyer's mind. Roach—it could be nobody else. He had a grudge against the circus in general and Streak in particular. It was just his idea of revenge to keep his young rival from performing before that tremendous crowd—to start the first day of their widely advertised schedule with a flat failure which would give the outfit a black eye with a hundred thousand people.

"Look here!" he heard Parsons saying. "The back of the hangar's close to the fence—somebody from the road could easily crawl under the back wall and ruin those ships without anybody on the outside knowing about it."

"But who?" insisted the newspapermen—and their eyes were darting toward the solid bulk of Cocky Roach. Rumors of his antagonistic attitude had leaked out around Louisville, although they hadn't found their way into the paper.

"Er—this outfit hasn't any professional rivals, of course?" queried one fat little reporter. "Being an army bunch, no other flying circus would have a grudge against you—"

His voice trailed off—and his eyes found their way to Roach. These newspapermen, quick to scent any element of drama in a situation, were connecting possible rivalry between Roach and Streak with the sudden turn of events which had almost put the whole circus out of commission—

"Them four spare elevators fur the Jennys is gone, sor!"

It was a yell from Glyn, inside the hangar. He came out into the sunshine in time to meet the concerted rush of the group at the door.

"Nothin' else in the spare parts was took that I can see, but there ain't a Jenny elevator here, sor!"

FOR a full minute, it seemed, there was utter silence as they digested this news. Streak, now, was utterly sure of himself. Roach, working from within, was responsible for it.

"If he can't be the star, he doesn't want the show to go on!" the blazing youngster was thinking hotly. "Everything fits—he was in there last—"

"Gentlemen, will you be kind enough to leave us alone?" Kennard was saying to the newspapermen. "Don't leave—just get out of earshot. There are some things which I don't want to have get out for publication—"

"Meaning that you're gonna accuse me, eh?" came a bull-like roar, and Roach shouldered his way past the reporters and confronted the captain.

"I was in there last—yes. I admit it. But I didn't break them ships, and I'll smash the man who says I did! I see you all lookin' at me—I know what you're thinkin', but I ain't standin' for that kind o' stuff! Why should I want them ships to stay on the ground? I got my money t' make. And by the mighty, I ain't standin' fur one word o' that sort o' stuff against me, see? And you can all put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

He was like a shaggy bear, reared against a blank wall and striking out at his enemies with ponderous strokes. His flashing black eyes were looking from face to face, daring anyone to say him nay.

"You're queering yourself," Kennard told him evenly. "No one said anything about you. Pipe down—get that? Gentlemen, please don't mention this little scene between Roach and me. We'll sift this thing to the bottom, and when we find out anything, you'll get the story. Meanwhile, say that enemies unknown, for reasons unknown, are trying to damage the Army Circus and that we are at a total loss to explain—"

"We've found 'em!"

It was tall, gaunt, lantern-jawed Jennings, and for once he was forgetting to gnaw the quid of tobacco in his leathery cheek. He'd been poking around the outside of the hangar, now clear of ships, and into the walled-off spare part compartment.

"They were under that heap of motor, prop, and cockpit covers!" Jennings told the group. "I'd never o' thought of it if I hadn't fell on to 'em by accident! These guys that did it just aimed t' put us out o' commission for to-day, looks like, huh? Figured we wouldn't have time t' change 'em anyway and if we tried we wouldn't find 'em for a long time!"

Which, to Streak's racing mind, made the finger of suspicion point more unerringly than ever at the furious Roach. Who else on the broad earth would think of a stunt like that—have any reason for carrying it through?

It was a puerile sort of thing—and, by itself, was not so terrifically serious. But what made the airmen quiet and distraught, and the newspapermen converse eagerly with each other, and Streak Somers' mouth seem to dry up and his heart to pound harder, was this unspoken question: whether it was Roach, or someone else, who was the enemy of the circus, *how far would they go to ruin it?*

The mechanics were hard at work, now, removing the smashed elevators. Parsons climbed up on a box, the better to be heard. He seemed to bristle more than ever—his eyebrows seemed to stick out aggressively, and his glasses to give forth innumerable rays of light, and his nose to turn up at a cockier angle.

"Personally, gentlemen, I think suspicion of Mr. Roach is ridiculous," he proclaimed. "The Air Service has its enemies, as every comparatively new but powerful venture has.

"This circus, and the great motion picture to be produced, will result in a great deal of favorable publicity—if all goes well. If it is a bust, it will be a black eye to the service. Who can tell what predatory business interests, what fanatics of some kind, may hate to see the exhibition given or this flying motion picture penetrate the four corners of the earth? Gentlemen, we may be up against sinister things the magnitude of which we do not realize!"

Streak, upset as he was, still had to turn away and grin. Parsons was trying to

Juniors vs. Faculty

"PINKIE" Hewitt (in class he was *Mr.* Hewitt) was pitching for the faculty against the juniors, so you can't blame the juniors for worrying. Mr. Hewitt could pitch. He it was who had beaten the freshmen, sophomores, seniors and alumni, and now he was out after the junior scalp.

Of course, nobody but Garry Banker would have thought of that Turkey stunt. And that stunt was the only thing under the sun that would fuss Mr. Hewitt. It worked for a while, too, and then—

It's all in THE AMERICAN BOY next month—a roaring baseball story by Mitchell V. Charnley. You'll be mighty glad you're listening when

"Garry Talks Turkey."

FANCY DIVING

DIVING, like swimming, demands that the novice master certain fundamental elements first. Briefly stated, there are five essentials which must be observed which apply to diving from the 3-foot board or the 10-foot board, the two standard heights for fancy diving.

First—The starting position. This is a position of "Attention" on the lower end of the board.

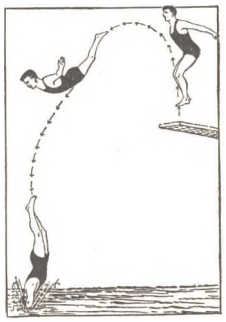
Second—The approach, which should be made in a bold, confident manner.

Third—The take-off. This is accomplished with a fairly high jump on to the end of the board and the spring made from both feet, combined with a shoulder lift so that a maximum of height may be attained.

Fourth—Form in the air. This is the most important part of the dive. As the diver leaves the board, the back should be arched, the head well back and the toes pointed.

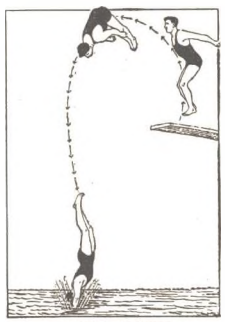
Fifth—Entry into the water. In all dives, the position of the head goes a long way towards regulating the movement of the body while in the air.

Fuller instructions for fancy diving, and swimming, will be found in "Science of Swimming" (Spalding's Athletic Library, No. 106R), by Frank J. Sullivan, Swimming Instructor at Princeton University and Editor of the Intercollegiate Swimming Guide.



RUNNING FRONT, SWAN OR ANGEL DIVE

From a run the take-off is made from both feet; the spring should be upward rather than outward; simultaneously with the body lift the arms are placed in position at right angles to the body and held outstretched for an appreciable time. Upon entering the water, the hands must be together, body arched and legs held straight with toes pointed.



FRONT JACK-KNIFE

The take-off is the same as in the front dive, but the lift is mainly from the hips. The "jack" position, i.e., body bent at hips, with hands touching the legs below the knees should be held momentarily; on the opening, the position for the entry is the same as in the front dive.

To look and to feel right, it is also important to have a dependable suit. Spalding swimming suits are perfectly cut, form-fitting and durable and retain their shape under all conditions. They absorb very little water and dry out quickly.

(Continued from page 59)

make a big story out of it for the papers—and yet, wasn't there a chance that he might be right?

"Everybody over here except reporters!" called Kennard, and mechanics and airmen gathered behind the canvas structure in which the damage had been done. Streak found himself beside Roach, and that belligerent gentleman, still afire with wrath, sneered at him openly.

"I wonder whether *you* ain't sorry them elevators was found!" he whispered.

Streak, though, held his temper. This whole matter was too important to admit of his taking notice of petty insults.

"Listen, men," Kennard said incisively. "This whole thing could have happened in any one of several ways. An outsider, with some unexplained grudge, could have crawled into the tent and done it. I know what we all think. Roach, we think the chances are that through jealousy you are trying to put this outfit on the blink. That is straight talk. But we haven't proof, and maybe we're wrong. If we are, you've got nobody but yourself to blame, because you've been a surly, snarling, belligerent nuisance around here.

"I just want to tell you one thing. From this time forth, you hold your tongue, and watch your step. The very next time that you shoot off your mouth—that you say even one unpleasant word—I'm not only going to fire you without pay, but I am going to see to it that you're plastered in the papers from one end of the country to the other as what you've been—an unpatriotic, snarling, conceited grouch to whom circumstantial evidence points as the perpetrator of what happened to-day.

"Furthermore, if you make one false move—do one thing that even looks suspicious—in jail you go on suspicion, and I'll get the entire Secret Service looking up your record!"

THE captain, gesturing with his hand, was laying down the law as only he could when aroused. And Roach seemed to wither under the cool ferocity of the captain's words. For once he had no comeback. Three or four times he started to interrupt, and thought better of it. At the end, he seemed to have no desire to do so. His big body seemed to go limp—but he did not drop his eyes.

"Another thing," Kennard went on evenly. "Streak, I don't believe that, under the circumstances, you care anything about working with Cocky Roach, despite his experience and ability. You might not feel right. Do you prefer to take a chance on me? Of course, in transferring from ship to ship we could put Don here or Jimmy in Roach's place—"

An inarticulate exclamation, half a groan, broke from Roach. For once, it seemed that the indomitable trouble maker was beaten. His face was not furious, now—it was strained and drawn.

"Cap'n, I can't stand any more of this stuff. You're accusin' me now, in a left-handed way, o' wantin' to murder Somers! And—and—"

His heavy bass voice faltered and his face changed. His eyes were suddenly shot with fury.

"And I'll drop the man who accuses me of bein' a murderer!" he said chokingly.

"I wasn't saying any such thing!" snapped the captain. "I was merely saying that in view of the persistent trouble between you and Streak, and the things that have happened to shake his nerve, he might feel more easy with someone else. It's up to him. If I had any suspicion of you in that way, you'd never get off the ground!"

Streak glanced at Roach. The stunt man was glaring defiance, as though daring Streak to go with him. And somehow it seemed to Somers that that accusation of yellowness—the insinuation that he had put the ships out of commission because he'd lost his nerve—was lying there in the depths of those eyes.

"Roach is all right with me, sir!" he said finally, and he threw back his shoulders as though trying to shake off something that weighted them down.

So, an hour later, when the Curtis scouts had completed their first short exhibition of stunting and the two Jennys were flying toward the crowded Fair Grounds, Streak was in the front seat of Cocky Roach's ship.

And, for the first time in his flying career, it was a taut, nervous young pilot who faced the acrobatic exhibition ahead. As they crossed Louisville, he could see that the streets were massed with people, looking upward, watching and waiting for the much advertised feats which had been promised them. The Fair Grounds, a great oval of huge buildings with the mile race track in the center, were in sight ahead—and it seemed as though half the people in the world were there. For a mile or more on each side of the area there were solid lines of cars, and from the garish midway of the carnival, with its tiny colored flags, to the farthest exhibition building, the crowd was wedged so thickly that its slow moving mass hid the ground.

As the two Jennys, flying close together, came near the grounds Streak could see the crowd stop its slow movement, and become stationary. A white sea of faces sprang into being.

It wasn't fear that was tightening Somer's steel-cable muscles. Not exactly. It was excitement, more than anything else. He had never believed Roach would go to the length of murder, and, if he had, the outsider's reaction to Kennard's words would have swept it away. Roach had been utterly sincere in his bitter resentment. But that didn't alter the fact that perhaps the circus would find itself up against unusual difficulties—and Streak was divided between his reckless love of adventure, and a tiny, haunting feeling of foreboding.

It was time to start. The grounds were only a quarter of a mile away. The ships were at a thousand feet, and planned to waste no time. Neither would they shoot all their ammunition the first day, for an exhibition had been arranged for each afternoon of the first three days. The final day was to be the most thrilling. Today, wing walking and one change from ship to ship was the program.

Moving with the ease and sureness of long practice, Streak climbed over the side of his cockpit, onto the right wing. Roach was flying as slowly as he could now—and with absolute steadiness for which he was remarkable. He seemed to be able to foresee bumps and air currents.

Walking on the forward spar of the wing, holding to struts and wires, Streak slowly, calmly, walked out to the edge of the wing. Holding to the last strut, he leaned over and waved to the cheering crowd. A thousand feet of space below him bothered him not at all—he *knew* that those long-trained muscles of his would obey his slightest will. His remarkable nerve was backed by the confidence that comes of perfect health and long and arduous study and training.

They were circling, now, and as they came back Streak kneeled down, and got his right hand in the hollowed space at the forward edge of the wing, a space provided to fit a hand. His other hand gripping the edge of the wing, he eased himself down. His fingers would not give way, and the air blast was not so bad because Roach was flying so slowly. With the grace and strength of the trained acrobat, his slim body eased down, until he was hanging above the earth by his hands. Slowly he took the left hand down, until it was at his side, and he was hanging by the right one alone.

He wasn't frightened—for he knew his own strength. And the air was home to him, and the height a joy.

It took him only a second to draw himself up, get a knee to the wing, and regain the top of it. Now he was swarming like a monkey, up to the upper wing, while a hundred thousand people held their breaths. He could see Roach there in the cockpit, scarcely deigning to watch his young rival work.

Now came something harder, and Streak, the reckless joy that danger brought him atingle in his veins, got to one knee on the upper wing. Slowly, like a man slowly rising to a handstand, he got to his feet. Leaning against the sixty-mile-an-hour airstream, he straightened. Roach could throw him off now—for a wild second utter fear shot through him. White-faced, tight-lipped, he almost funked it.

But he didn't. Straight in the air, finally, on the upper wing, he threw his arms wide. Down below, there were many who had to drop their eyes. They could not watch.

As Streak got down and gripped the leading edges of the wing with his hands it seemed that a warm flame had run through his body. He *had* been frightened, really, for the first time in his life. But he had conquered it, and Roach had proved himself. Of course, dropping him off would have been hard to explain as an accident, under the circumstances, but nevertheless proof of a crime could never be had despite Captain Kennard's steady watchfulness from the other Jenny.

NOW came the finale of his part of the exhibition—the two final feats. Then the stunt ships would loop and roll and spin for a while, and the first day would be over.

He must hurry—Roach had already circled around, and was heading into the wind across the grounds. With nothing to hold to but the leading edge of the wing, on his frail linen and wood shelf a thousand feet above the ground, Streak crawled swiftly to the center section. As soon as Roach, from below, saw Streak's legs twined around the two forward center-section struts, he'd nose down and start a loop while Streak clung with legs and hands to his perch. Some feeling to be upside down at that height, under these conditions—Streak always got a thrill out of it—

He was there, now. Carefully he got his legs over the forward edge of the center section, and they reached to feel the struts as he leaned backward to keep from pulling forward on the red hot motor.

There, he'd touched one. His leg was starting to twine around it—

In a split-second the ship dropped from beneath him. One wild, crazed instant of time when he tried to hold to that strut with his crooked toes, and claw at the wing with his hands—but he couldn't make it.

Roach had nosed down too soon and too suddenly, and Streak was in the air, five feet directly above the ship.

His brain went numb. Then a million things shot through it, and his shriek of horror was the blood-chilling death cry of a tortured thing. For a second the speed of the ship, communicated to his body, hurtled him through the air without his falling perceptibly, but then—

Half-conscious as he was, he saw, as though in a dream, Roach's face beneath him, standing out as though disembodied from ship or anything else. Just sort of floating by itself in the air.

The next second the insane young pilot saw that ship, five feet below him, suddenly nose up—why, it was right under him—and that flailing prop was reaching hungrily to batter his body—

But it didn't, although the tip of it hit one foot a glancing blow— The big air-screw just shaved past it. His body struck the center section of the upper wing with terrific force, meeting the stalled ship at more than fifty miles an hour. The wooden spars and braces splintered, and his body crashed through the sturdy center section.

He had struck squarely on the base of his spine; nevertheless, for a dim second before he lost consciousness, his dazed brain fumbled for coherent thought. Roach had tried to kill him—to kill him in a way that permitted of no doubt on anyone's part that it was an accident—he'd intended to have the prop hit him, perhaps—now he must hold on—

Doubled up, his body wedged in the center section and his head and legs projecting from the hole his body had made, he clutched the leading edge of the section with the deathlike grip of a drowning man. Then he slipped into unconsciousness as his stunned nervous system gave up the struggle.

A thousand feet above a puzzled crowd of people who could not imagine the swift tragedy that had taken place above them, the Jenny dived at blinding speed toward the field with its helpless cargo limp on his precarious perch. In the back seat the pilot's face was white below his amber goggles, and behind it another Jenny was keeping pace.

Captain Kennard's square face was a grim mask, and the flame in his eyes was not good to see.

(To be continued in the July number of THE AMERICAN BOY.*)*

He Doused a Champion

By Charles N. Sheridan

FOR months Wilbur Marx, high school sophomore at Eau Claire, Wis., had been practicing log rolling. Forcing himself to a rigid training diet that banned smoking and late hours and called for simple, health producing foods, Wilbur went at his birling, as log rolling is called, with the same enthusiasm that marked his participation in other sports—the same spirit that won for him the swimming championship of his school as well as other athletic honors.

Several hours each day, he spent on the water battling with his log, spinning it, snubbing it, jumping up and down on it—anything to make himself familiar with every twist and turn it could possibly take. He knew that success in sports, just like success in everything else, comes only through hard work and careful training—and Wilbur isn't one who does things half way.

* * * *

It was the opening day of the Eighth World's Championship Log Rolling Tournament and thousands of spectators lined the banks of Bodin's Brownstone Bowl, a quarry hole lake near Washburn, Wis. Eighteen expert log rollers from all parts of the country were there to battle for the coveted championship held by Joe Madwayosh of Cloquet, Minn.—an Indian whose feet, quick as a cat's, had sent many a contender sprawling into the water.

The announcer cleared his throat and shouted the next event:

"Joe Madwayosh, world's champion, versus Wilbur Marx, fourteen-year-old school boy."

It seemed folly to send this boy against the massive, six foot Indian, but they had drawn corresponding numbers for the first elimination tests and so must meet.

As everyone expected, the champion opened such an offensive in the first minute of competition that Wilbur lost his footing and slipped into the water. But the matches were for two-best-out-of-three and it was a determined boy who faced the champion as they balanced the log for the start of the second round.

A minute of hard rolling passed—five minutes—and still Wilbur met every savage move of the Indian. The offensive changed from one roller to the other with the champion spinning and snubbing the log with all his power and cunning one moment and warily following the feet of his youthful opponent the next.

Time after time Wilbur was far down on the side of the whirling timber, past the danger point with his heels in the water, but time after time he made remarkable comebacks that drew a roar of applause from the spectators. For twenty minutes they kept up the gruelling pace, neither able to gain an advantage, then the judges ruled that they change to a smaller log—a harder timber to control.

Old-time log rollers claim that the following few moments brought out the most thrilling log rolling ever seen. Like trip hammers, those two pairs of feet whirled the log back and forth, then checked so suddenly it seemed impossible for a human to hang on. But at last, with a desperate burst of speed, a quick and dexterous snub, Wilbur unbalanced his opponent and the champion of champions, world's greatest log roller, plunged headlong into the lake.

It did not detract from Wilbur's glory, particularly, that he lost the third round to the champion after twenty-five minutes of spectacular birling. He had wet the title holder—something no other contender has done since Madwayosh took the title. And in the birling world, this corresponds to knocking out Dempsey, outrunning Paddock, or outplaying Tilden.

"Humph," says Wilbur. "Anyone can get ahead in sports if he trains and isn't afraid to work."

Beatin' Toolin's Time

(*Continued from page 11*)

beast's horns through the boards!" yelled Moriarity. "This thing isn't goin' to stand all that millin' and fightin' goin' on under it!"

"You bet it won't!" retorted Rabbit. He stood on the nearly flat roof of the shed which creaked and trembled under the surge and pressure of the cattle beneath it and in the yard. The whole area was now a tight jam of struggling steers. Some of them kept leaping up, gored by their fellows, and everywhere they twisted and fought as best they could for standing room, bellowing and roaring their fear and wrath.

"I don't see what started 'em into this yard after us," panted Mr. Toolin; "mebbe it was the flash of this red handkerchief, eh, Rabbit?"

"There was another fire engine turnin' into the street two blocks beyond us," said Rabbit. "Mebbe it was that—or mebbe these longhorns just wanted to see a couple of policemen run. I guess they never saw a cop before in their lives!"

Mr. Toolin moved cautiously over the sagging boards. The space under them was jammed now, and the cattle crowded clear to the fence and the warehouse wall, still fighting one another and the fence planks. When the pressure got too great, some of them leaped up, almost borne off their feet by their fellows. The street beyond the alley was filled with cattle. Rabbit Shanks could see the frightened, curious faces of a few house-holders here and there, up and down the line of dismal yards, looking out upon the uproar that filled the space by the big warehouse wall.

"That's the place where I was going to deliver this message," muttered Rabbit, "and I'd have been there, too, and away again, if you'd let me pass at first around to the office entrance."

Crash—came the lunge of a big red steer flung sidewise by the moving cattle mass against one of the frail pole supports of the shed. It made the whole structure sway and creak.

Mr. Moriarity danced gingerly toward the other end. "They've broken two boards down here, Rabbit!" he exclaimed. "Now ye know Toolin and me'll be doin' no good down there among 'em!"

"None of us'd last five minutes!" said Rabbit. "A man'd get crushed among 'em, cut into ribbons by their feet, even if he didn't get gored. No, we got to stick here—and be careful!"

"Where are those stockyards boys who were tryin' to get these cows out of the fire zone?" demanded Mr. Moriarity. "Is it asleep they are?"

"Couldn't do nothin' 'til this jam is broken up!"

Rabbit looked about uncertainly. The shed had slowly shifted and twisted on its four thin supports, and he doubted whether it would stand much longer. If it collapsed upon the backs of a dozen wild, fighting Texas cattle, with the retreat in every direction blocked by the same dangerous animals, it would go hard with the fugitives.

"Say," muttered Rabbit suddenly, but half to himself, for he looked for no suggestions or assistance from his corpulent city-bred policemen friends, "I wonder, now, if a fellow could skin over their backs by usin' that line of clothes?"

AT the same time, his glance went to the back window of the old dwelling. There he saw an old woman looking out wrathfully at the jam of steers in her back yard. But from the window frame ran a double line straight back to the corner of the warehouse and the high fence that divided the lot from the neighbors. It was attached by a pulley so that the clothes could be hauled in from the window, and the double line just missed the end of the shed. Rabbit could almost reach out to it where the family wash flapped safely a few feet above the cattle stampede.

"If it would hold," continued Rabbit, "I could snake over and find the cattle train men and tell 'em what a fix Toolin and Moriarity are in. If somebody would stove in a few sections of that fence, the steers would break out to the railroad tracks by the warehouse and clear out of here!"

He was reaching to see if he could draw in the line when Officer Moriarity yelled at him.

"Rabbit, the shed is sinkin' at this end—a post has sure given way!"

"Come over here!" shouted Rabbit. "Get off of it!"

Both the guardians of the peace slid and scrambled and lunged over to Rabbit's end. A board cracked and split, letting Mr. Toolin's big shoe down, and he had to heave and struggle to withdraw it. Not two feet below were the flashing horns of a bellowing steer.

"Get onto the corners—right above the posts!" cried Rabbit again, and the officers obeyed him with alacrity. Rabbit almost laughed at their alarm.

In his tribal days before Uncle Sam rounded him up in Arizona, along with other Indian youngsters, and sent him East to school, Rabbit had been wont to straddle the young steers of the reservation and dash about on their backs without guidance; but nevertheless he did not underestimate the danger confronting any man who faced them afoot when they had "gone on stampede." He knew now that, in their panic, they would charge in any direction the leaders took if once they found exit from the jam in the yard.

But somebody had to start this breakaway and do it quick, or he and his policemen friends would stand no chance among the cattle if the frail shed went down on them.

"If I get a hand to that line, Mr. Toolin," he shouted, "I can keep above 'em and make the fence—then I'll get the men to knock out the props that hold the fence along the tracks."

"You'll never get there, Rabbit!" roared Mr. Toolin. "Look at the big brutes risin' to swipe at ye already!"

"You and Moriarity stick to this end—it's the best chance," cried the messenger boy. "The more weight off this roof, the better for you, anyhow!"

"Come on back, boy!" gasped Mr. Moriarity. "It's sixty feet ye have to hop, skip and jump above the wild beasts. I been on the force twenty years and I never saw the likes o' this for a riot!"

Again, as Rabbit swung carefully out towards the cotton rope, the shed trembled and sagged under a new commotion of the fighting steers beneath it. Already half of the boards of the roof had been splintered and loosened by their plunging heads and swinging horns.

"If I could only test that old line!" muttered Rabbit.

But he couldn't. To reach it he would have to swing from the shed and make his start, without hope of drawing back if the rope broke under his weight.

He measured his distance, stepped squarely down and on to the red rump of one of the steers, swung a hand to the line and started. The rope hung about five feet above the cattle blockade when his weight was on it, and Rabbit knew he had to move swiftly, stepping from back to back of the plunging animals, and drawing himself along the line to keep his feet.

TEN feet out, when he was trying to pass some of the flapping clothes, one of the maddened steers saw him and tossed his huge horns—a sweeping blow that just grazed Rabbit's thigh. On he went as lightly and as swiftly as he could make it. The tighter the cattle blockade was now, the better for his progress, for it would be fatal if he had to drop to the ground between the steers.

Once he paused, fearing to trust all his weight to the line across a gap, and the gaunt steer on which his feet rested plunged away leaving him swinging. He made a desperate jump to another animal, still clinging to the frail line. Then a big black longhorn saw him and charged across the space. Rabbit saw his danger, and swung high to avoid the glistening horns, but one ripped his coat from top to bottom.

"Good-night!" gasped Rabbit. "I got to get out o' this!"

The sag of the line near the fence let him sink down almost between the heaving flanks of the steers, but he kicked up, and then, watching the distance to the fence, wondered if he would ever make it.

Then he heard a warning shout behind him—and a cry from the old woman who was watching him from the house. One swift glance backward and the slacking of the line in his hands, told Rabbit what had happened.

One of the fighting steers had plunged clear over the back of another, caught the clothesline on his horns and torn it from its fastening on the rear veranda. It came down, clothes and all, on the cattle blockade!

Rabbit knew his progress by this guide was ended. Instantly he let go of it and started leaping directly for the fence, from back to back of the plunging steers which had started a new rush away from the fighting group near the shed. Rabbit almost had a hand to the high board ends when the particular Texan he was using as a foothold for an instant threw up his wide horns. Rabbit swung back, and then jumped squarely over and between them. His fingers closed on the boards and he went scrambling to the top, and as he lifted his lithe, wiry body he felt the crash of the longhorn's head against the tim-

Mrs. Turtle: "Oh, dear, no—I don't use anything of the kind! My good complexion is due entirely to mud baths!"

(Continued from page 63)

bers. But the next moment he was up, perched astraddle the fence top.

"Whew!" gasped Rabbit. "Took some lively movin'!"

He looked back at the two big bluecoats still on their tottering shed island in the midst of a sea of red-backed steers. They were gazing in amazement at his agile getaway. But Rabbit knew they were still in danger, for beef and brawn wouldn't count in that cattle blockade.

Down the railroad tracks, he saw firemen and trainmen still working near the fire area. Rabbit threw a leg over the ten-foot fence and dropped to the ground. Then he dashed away to come on the first group of fire fighters. Among them was a captain of police whom Rabbit knew, and to him he breathlessly told of the predicament of two of the force.

"You better get these cattle train men to break that fence!" shouted Rabbit. "The steers'll never go out the way they came in. They'll just mill around there and kill each other, too, even if they don't get Toolin and Moriarity! That fence has got big props on the railroad side and that is what's holdin' the stampede back!"

IN about five minutes Rabbit led the way for a dozen train men and policemen back to the warehouse. He climbed the fence while the men chopped away a section of the long prop timbers. Moriarity and Toolin were still huddled on the shed watching the sea of steers.

"Take care o' yourselves!" yelled Rabbit. "There'll be a grand mix-up when the bunch starts out o' that yard!"

His two officer friends couldn't hear his words, but they saw forty feet or so of the high fence begin to sway slowly outward as the supports gave way. The men were still working down the bank along its outer side when Rabbit began to shout at them.

"You better light out from there!" He went scrambling along the fence to a safer spot. "There they come—couple o' those big Texas steers see a hole and they're chargin' for it!"

And the first ten feet of the fence had hardly toppled outward when the more alert of the imprisoned animals started for it. The first steer through stumbled, but over his body poured an avalanche of others. The men down on the railroad grade had hardly time to scatter before the onrush, but Rabbit clung to his perch by the warehouse wall. He was looking back in the yard.

The last stragglers of the stampede were breaking over the fallen fence when he saw the old shed slide, end-first, to the ground, and Officers Toolin and Moriarity went with it. By the time they got up and gazed about they were alone except for Rabbit, who looked down upon them with a grin.

The two members of the force gaped around. Save for one or two panicky steers still seeking exit about the yard, and the scattered cattlemen out on the vacant lots yelling at the animals stringing across the prairie, they were quite alone.

"The lieutenant is comin', Mr. Toolin," said Rabbit, "and you better dust off and look fit for inspection. I'm goin' around and deliver this message to the warehouse office, and I guess you won't stop me from crossin' the fire line now!"

"Go on!" retorted Officer Toolin. "But, Rabbit, ye needn't tell 'em that we was chased up an alley by a bunch of cows—it was just a retreat in good order; and it might have been worse if you hadn't helped out a bit!"

"Hello Mousey! How'd you like a little catnip?"
"No-o-o-o thanks!"

He Won His College Training

John Texeira.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD John Texeira here, a Hawaiian high school boy, has clinched his college education with an essay on good roads that has brought him the H. S. Firestone Four Years' University Scholarship for 1925. Approximately $4,000 worth of topnotch training—that's what John Texeira has won.

Like all other winners of this scholarship, he may pick his college or university, may select any institution of higher learning in the United States; and all of his expenses at that institution, including tuition, room, board, books, and special fees, will be paid.

John Texeira is the sixth high school student of the nation to win this scholarship, and he is the first high school student to have the honor of carrying the award beyond the limits of continental United States. There have been winners from Idaho, West Virginia, Washington, D. C., Kentucky, and Wisconsin. But here's a winner from the little island of Kauai—from Kauai High School, the high school nearest the far west boundary of the United States. It takes a pretty good country to produce winners from border to border.

And it took a pretty good essay on "Economies Resulting from Highway Improvement" to win top place among the more than 200,000 essays that were submitted by high school students of the nation. But John Texeira's essay was pretty good. More! It was most emphatically good. So said the three judges in the contest: Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon; Dr. Walter Dill Scott, President of Northwestern University; and Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor of THE AMERICAN BOY.

One reason why John Texeira wrote a good essay on good roads is because he is genuinely and intelligently interested in them. He is the son of a Portuguese farmer who works in the cane fields of the Territory of Hawaii, and he has alertly studied the problems in the everyday life around him as well as the problems in his high school texts; consequently he has realized how much good roads can mean in the development of the islands of the Territory. With nine brothers and sisters—he is the fourth of ten—he is alive to every possible opportunity for increasing prosperity and happiness in the community.

Then there's another reason back of John Texeira's winning, a simple reason that he packed into six words in a recent letter about the contest. "I resolved to try my best," he says in the letter. That's all.

But that's plenty. That resolution has taken John Texeira a long way; has swept him into possession of one of the finest scholarships this world offers from year to year; has put him where he can train for success, fit himself for unusually effective service.

Burtis's Hardest Landing

By Capt. E. E. Adler

(Captain Adler entered the Army via West Point, and is a veteran flyer. For some years he was in the office of the Chief of Air Service, and one of his duties there was handling the supplies all over the world for the Round-the-World Flight.)

FOR a long time I was executive officer of the Air Service Mechanics School at Kelly Field, Texas, while Lieutenant Thomson Burtis was engineer officer. I'm going to tell you of one of Burtis's most unusual flying experiences.

Capt. Adler

On this particular afternoon Burtis was testing a Le Pere biplane. A large number of flyers and mechanics were on the line when Burtis came taxying in after a very peculiar landing. His elevators—the control surfaces which regulate the diving and climbing of a ship—were flapping loosely.

Burtis wasn't able to talk much, but finally, bit by bit, we got the story.

He was flying the ship at about fifteen hundred feet above the field. Satisfied with its performance, he started to nose down. He pushed the stick forward—but the ship flew along level. He pushed again, looking back at his elevators. They did not move, and the Le Pere maintained its tranquil way.

The elevator controls had gone bad. By sheer accident the rigging of the ship was such that it would fly level when the motor was turning up fifteen hundred. But he could neither dive nor climb. And any time the motor's speed dropped below fifteen hundred, the weight of the motor would pull the nose down, the ship would go into an ever-steeper dive, and crash.

If a bad bump hit him—same result. In two hours the gas would give out—then a fifteen hundred foot nose-dive behind a thousand-pound motor into the ground. He didn't have a parachute.

Finally Burtis decided there was one slim, desperate chance. He got his nerve up to the point where he pushed forward on the throttle a bit. As the prop speed increased, the nose started up. In an instant he throttled down again to fifteen hundred—and slowly the ship settled level.

The next was the hardest. He pulled the throttle back a bit. The ship settled into a dive. In a flash he pushed the throttle all the way forward. Would the motor bring the ship out of that dive?

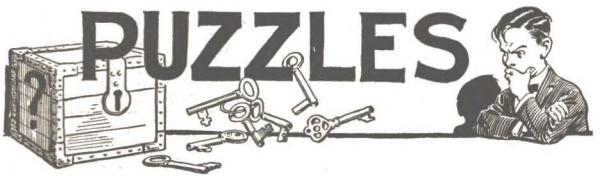
For many seconds, which must have been a terrific strain, the ship's dive continued. Then, very slowly, the plane came level, going like the wind. At that moment Burtis took some slight heart.

Banking around was hard, keeping the ship from diving or slipping, but it was accomplished. He flew ten miles back of the field, turned again and kept the ship under control. Then he inched the throttle back, and the ship started a long, gradual dive. Time after time it got too steep, and then he had to sit and wait, motor full on, to see whether it would come out. Sometimes it didn't look as though it would, but finally it always did.

He made the field, the Le Pere skyrocketing down over the buildings, motor full on, to bring it out of the dive. By some miracle the whirling propeller took effect at just the right time. A second later, two feet lower, and the Le Pere would have crashed, but slowly it came level just above the ground. He drew back the throttle slowly—the nose dropped, the ship bounced, came down and bounced again, and came to rest.

An examination showed what had happened. The elevator wires were attached to a movable metal sleeve around the stick, and the wires had simply pulled out of that metal sleeve.

Burtis has a number of gray hairs, and the first time I noticed them was after that flight.



No. 673. Hunting Doublets.

A doublet, in puzzles, is a word whose first half is repeated like "papa" and "murmur." We want you to find as many six letter doublets as you can. Three will be considered a correct answer, but it will not win the prize. A prize will be given for the best list. No obsolete words allowed.

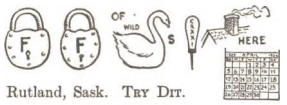
Florence, Ala. Foo Lish.

No. 674. Count the Rivers.

How many rivers do you think I found
That have the same name as the state they bound
Or in which they're located, in whole or in part?
Everyone should know these names by heart.

Elizabeth, N. J. Bob-Be

No. 675. A True Rebus. (15 words)



Rutland, Sask. Try Dit.

No. 676. What Is It?

May put it on for idle show.
Tom put it on to make kale grow.
John put it on to soothe, you know,
Ma put it on to eat.

Pa put it on for Sammie's good,
Also to make doors look as they should.
Mike put it on the muddy road,
And made a wondrous street.

Head Tide, Me. Aikie Jew.

No. 677. A Teaser.

A certain letter is left out of the following sentence fourteen times. Can you replace it?

L O I E H E A L E A L E O L D H I
R Y A L E S O E A

Wilmington, Del. Sail Dum Nox.

No. 678. Pick Your Job.

L P L K T I E Y
A M U N E R W A
Y B A T C I D L
E R K F H N A O
C A M E O I S T
N R T R T L F E
T O P N I O P I
C D W A V T E R

Going from one letter to another adjoining letter, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, spell out the names of not less than ten occupations, Example, farmer, doctor.

A special prize will be given for the neatest, longest list of occupations to be found here.

Canton, N. Y. Well I. Swann.

Prize Offers.

Four cash prizes will be given for best complete list of answers, best list of five, best list of four, and best of less than four. Special prizes will be given for best answers to No. 673 and No. 678. If you answer at least four puzzles correctly, you get honorable mention, and as many points as answers; twenty-five points earns a book. Vote for the puzzle you think best in this issue, and the author of the puzzle getting most votes will receive a prize. Address Kappa Kappa, care The American Boy, Detroit, Mich.

Answers to April Puzzles.

661. Bologna, Brussels, calico, cologne, italics, limousine, magnesia, nankeen, etc.

662. Nocturn, emitted, wistful, fistula, ovation, unstaid. The rim spells Newfoundland.

663. Jerry, Judd, Twelve Mile, Capps, Coates, Blue, Brown, Long, Tunnel, Street, Carr, Turkey, Cranberry, Fruit, Coffee, Hunting, Friend, Frank, Elk, Black Bear, Little Bear, Home, Happy. Many other names are permissible.

664. Aar, Alma, Amur, Apa, Araguaya, Aras, Arno, Aruwimi, Avon, Beni, Congo, Dee, Dneiper, Dneister, Don, Duna, Elbe, Ems, Gila, Indus, Lena, Loire, Main, Maipu, Marne, Mississippi, Missouri, Napo, Negro, Niger, Nile, Ob, Oder, Ohio, Oise, Onon, Orinoco, Paraguay, Parana, Po, Red, Rhine, Rhone, Saone, Save, Seine, Si, Ural, Volga, Yug.

665. Bahama, Amazonas, Nassau, Saumur, Murchison, Sonepat, Patten, Tennessee, Seeland, Andes.

666. Alamo, Luzon, Aisne, Butte, Altai, Maine, Asian, Initials spell Alabama, and fourth letters spell Montana.

March Prize Winners.

Best 1st class (complete): Foo Lish, Florence, Ala., $1.00.

Best 2nd class (5 solutions): Bud Wiser, Philadelphia, Pa., 75c.

Best 3rd class (4 solutions): M. E. E., Dothan, Ala., 50c.

Best 4th class (less than 4): Mike Anike, Broad Brook, Conn., 25c.

Best list of homonyms: A. Q. Cumber, Farmington, Minn.

Most popular puzzle: Puzzlethis, Schwencksville, Pa.

Books for 25 solutions: Albert Bond, Ariz., Carl Frye, O., Charles Carr, Neb., Elm Burk, Ia., 5Arn, N. Mex., Ima Jean Yus, Mich., Ima Lone, Md., Old Black Joe, Minn., Robert D. Stanton, N. Y., Seedy Ell, Ont.

Honorable Mention.

First Class: Albert Bond*, Arcy Emm, Baron Brehns*, B. Swaks, C. L. Spears, Don Key, Dub-el-chyn, Earl Le Morn*, Fatty, Flea Kee, Foo Lish, Grace Helsel*, Jadie, Justa C. Ker*, Kid Peewee, Lightnin', Miss Teerie Mann, Munkee, Richard Hall, Shep, The Gink, Thotful Thinker.

Second Class: A. B. C. D. Goldfish, A. D. Ceiver, A. H. Bailey, Ah Fun Lee, Aiken Dumall, Aikie Jew*, Alexander McIver, Am I. Wright, A. Q. Cumber, Artie, Ban Anna Earl, Bud Wiser, Charles Carr, C. L. H., Col. Orado, C. W. K., Dan Banta, E. Hart Ford, Elm Burk, Essel Doubleyou, Eugene Baker, Eureka, E. Z. Dunn, F. E. Bruary, 5Arn, Flo Ballwood, Frank Brown*, Franklin Dunbar, Jr., Gar, Geo. Metry, Harrison Cleveland, Harry Vetch, I. B. A. Nut, I. C. Ive Von, Ike N. Hunt, Ima Jean Yus, Ima Lone, I. M. Coffin, I. M. Wilder, Insane Feline, It Floats, Iva Rived, Jack Canuck, Jacobowitz, James III, John Ulchok, Julian Jarrett, Kelly Lagle, Know Me Al, Lloyd C. Haley, Maineiac, M. E. Carpenter, Monroe Cooling, Nala G. Nel, Nellie Nurwood, Percy Verce, Puzzler Bill, Puzzleworm, Ray Ersland, Raymond McCreary, R. Jay Ess, Robert D. Porter, Sail Are Buoy, Sara Swift Walker, Seedy Ell, Snoozer, So Ur Wun, The Swede, Thos. J. Perkins, Warren Hays, Watchama Collit, Whistling Rufus, Zymp.

Third Class: A. Harlin, Bob-be, Bull Lee Vard, C. A. Longaker, Carl Frye, Clair Walker, Count De Coupons, A. UU. Aitch, De Witt Stern, Elsie, El Vencedor, Erle C. Edington, George Brown, Gerald Ray, Harrod, Herbie, H. I. Jakie, I. C. U. Peek, Ima Mut, Iver E. Soap, Izzy Blind, Joseph Munson III, Keith Vinal, Ketch Up, L. A. Gaiter, Lem Ons, Mac the Crack, Mag A. Zeen, M. E. E., Miss Placed I. Brow, More Moore, Mussina, No. 13, O. B. Haiv, O. G. Whillikens, Old Black Joe, Ory Entai, Paul Roberts, Perk O'Lator, Ptah, R. A. Y., Red Duck, Robert Stanton*, Rocky Mount En, Royden Daniels, Safe T. Pyn, Sam U. El, Sail Dum Nox, Selsup, Sir Pent, Seize Oldman, Tee-N-Tee, The Sphinx, Thomas Crimmins, Todd Stail, Try Dit, Verburg, Wes. from Wis., Well I. Swann, Wm. Purcell, X. X. Xavier.

* Two honorable mentions, not necessarily in the same class.

Puzzle Talk.

After you have solved the rebus, you will be interested in this from Try Dit: "You may be interested to know that the answer to the rebus is a fact. We generally see some swans each year, but not many at a time. So you can imagine our delight at seeing these large flocks last spring. The Canadian goose, the white goose, and the sand hill crane feed here each spring and fall." . . . Vacation begins this month, and of course you must be outdoors as much as possible. But when it rains, curl up in a big chair and solve puzzles.— Kappa Kappa.

Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

One of Egypt's new series.

PHILATELIC interest centers on Egypt because this government now manufactures its own postage stamps. Heretofore Egypt's postal adhesives were printed by a private firm in England.

The first of the new stamps are a series of six which commemorate the holding of the Twelfth Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition at Gezira, Cairo.

An Austrian 24g plus 6g deep violet.

The stamps were on sale only from February 20 to May 20, in six denominations — 5 milliemes yellow-brown, 10m rose-red, 15m blue, 50m blue-green, 100m purple and 200m violet. The design is an Egyptian fellah ploughing behind two oxen. (See illustration.) Inscriptions are in both Arabic and French and the paper is watermarked with a multiple crown over the letter F. The F stands for Fuad, Egypt's king, who is a philatelist.

Another government-printed stamp is an airmail adhesive, 27m violet, with a "flying machine" as the design. Inscriptions include "Royaume d'Egypte," meaning "Kingdom of Egypt," and "Poste Aerienne," significant of "air post." The same crown-over-F watermark is used. This adhesive is for use on air-flown mail between Cairo and Bagdad.

Other Egyptian stamps either now being issued or in prospect include an "express letter" adhesive; official stamps, inscribed "Administration Consulaire," for use by legations and consulates in Cairo; commemoratives in connection with the Permanent International Association of Navigation Congresses; and commemoratives for the Pan-African Olympic Games to be held in Alexandria in 1927. Lowvalue stamps with a portrait of King Fuad are expected late this year, displacing the current series.

A Denmark 10 ore olive green.

Commemorates Postal Activities

IN Denmark a postage stamp was first used seventy-five years ago. In putting forth now a 10 ore olive-green commemorative (see illustration) the Danish authorities have restored the design of the country's 2 rigsbank-skilling blue adhesive then in use—a stamp which to-day is among the world's rarities. The 20o carmine and 30o blue of the new series have the design of the 4 rigsbank-skilling of the same year, 1851. These commemoratives bear the dates 1851 and 1926.

Spain has issued a Red Cross set with designs of novel pictorial interest—reproductions of miniature engravings.

One presents a new and handsome portrait of the Spanish monarch. The Queen is shown on two of the stamps—one in Court uniform and the other in the garb of a Red Cross nurse. A fourth introduces the Prince of the Asturias, the future ruler. On a fifth appears the Princesses Christina and Beatrice. The royal family

is grouped on the express-letter adhesive. These six designs are scattered among fifteen denominations, and for use in Spanish colonies the series has been overprinted and issued in entirely different colors.

Austria has symbolized "Song of the Nibelungs," the great German epic, on a new charity series. The central picture on the 3 groschen plus 2g deep sepia shows Siegfried after the combat with the dragon. The 8g plus 2g dark blue pictures Gunther arriving in his ship before the castle of Issland for the wooing of Brunhilde. The quarrel between Kriemhild and Brunhilde before the Minister at Worms is depicted on the 15g plus 5g purple-red. The giant figure of Hagen of Trony hearing his fate foretold appears on the 20g plus 5g dark green. Rudiger of Bechelaren, accompanied by Gotelinde and his daughter, being welcomed by their hosts, is represented on the 24g plus 6g deep violet. (See illustration). On the 40g plus 10g deep red-brown is shown Hagen overcome by Dietrich. All these designs represent characters and scenes of the noted song. The extra revenue obtained through the sale of the stamps will be used for philanthropic aid to Austrian children.

Blacksmith Pictured

TURKEY'S mythical valiant blacksmith, Boscourt, and his marvelous white wolf, who are said to have assembled the scattered tribes of Turkey, are pictured on the new 10 paras gray, 20pa yellow and 1 grouch rose stamps of Turkey. The Sakaria Gorge is shown on the 2gr green, 2½gr gray-black and 3gr brick red, the design being symbolical of Turkish military success at the gorge in the last war with Greece. The Turkish capital, Angora, with the fortress towering in the background, appears on the 5gr violet, 10gr blue and 15gr orange. A portrait of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the republic's President, is on the 25gr green and black, 50gr carmine and black, 100gr green and black and 200gr brown and black. The design on the postage due adhesive — 20pa yellow, 1gr carmine, 2gr green, 3gr bistre and 5gr violet—is the Kizil-Irmak railway bridge, typical of Turkey's modern engineering achievements.

"Grouch" is a newcomer in philatelic currency terms. Heretofore high values of Turkey's stamps have been expressed in the form of the "piastre." The "grouch" which takes its place, is more familiarly known as the "grosh."

Guatemala Again

IN England a new series is being printed for Guatemala. The Temple of Minerva will be pictured on the 6 centavos; a building in Aurova Park on the 12½c; the National Palace in Antigua on the 25c; the postoffice building on the 50c; a statue of Columbus on the 1 peso; a statue of General Justo Rufino Barrios on the 1.50p; the National Observatory on the 2p; a portrait of Dr. Lorenzo Montufar on the 2.50p; Guatemala's national shield on the 3p; a statue of Miguel Garcia Granados on 5p, and the Penitentiary Bridge on 10p.

The Sheriton Eight

READY ALL!" That's the warning of the diminutive cox in the long, slim, eight-oared shell that the race is about to start—that eight strong backs, eight pairs of muscular arms, eight straining sets of legs, must swing in unison. Whether you know crew or not, you'll enjoy this story of one of the greatest of college sports—a story that brings in your old friends Red Barrett and Rusty Nayle, and involves them in a lot of mysteries that will amuse and amaze you. It's by George F. Pierrot.

NEXT MONTH

Can Your Dog Carry?

DID you ever see a dog trotting sedately down the street with the evening paper, or even his mistress's grocery package in his mouth? And did you envy the dog's owner, and wish your pet would carry, too?

Don't envy the other fellow. Teach your own dog the trick.

The best way to start is by having your dog retrieve—most dogs dash after some object thrown through the air. A glove is a good object to use, particularly if it has been worn recently by the dog's master. It has the "master scent," and it will teach the dog to carry carefully. Never use a stone or such hard objects; they break the dog's teeth and make him careless.

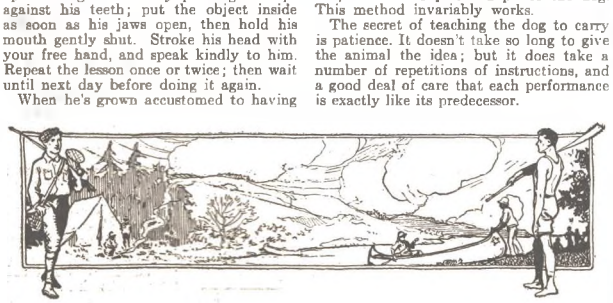
Sometimes, if the dog doesn't retrieve naturally, you can teach him by a pretended race for the article you've thrown. When he picks it up and brings it to you, praise him and pet him. If he is one of the rare dogs which the run-after-it method fails, you must open his mouth and place the object inside. It's easy to open a dog's mouth by pressing his lips against his teeth; put the object inside as soon as his jaws open, then hold his mouth gently shut. Stroke his head with your free hand, and speak kindly to him. Repeat the lesson once or twice; then wait until next day before doing it again.

When he's grown accustomed to having the object in his mouth, try leading him a few steps, still holding his jaws closed. Gradually, from day to day, work your hand back until it is on his neck instead of his jaw; then on his shoulder, and finally off him completely as you walk beside him. Talk to him meantime; talking has a steadying effect, and seems to prevent him from biting too hard.

Once he's learned to carry, you can teach him to go to the grocery, or any place else, only by going through the performance with him time after time. Always use the same words in directing his work; always go by the same route, and go through the same procedure. Finally, you'll find, the dog will know exactly what he's supposed to do, and will resent all interferences.

You should teach the carrier dog not to give up his package or message to any stranger. A good way is to have some person whom the dog doesn't know start to take the object from the dog's mouth, then change his mind. Let this be repeated several times; then come up yourself, take the object and praise the dog. This method invariably works.

The secret of teaching the dog to carry is patience. It doesn't take so long to give the animal the idea; but it does take a number of repetitions of instructions, and a good deal of care that each performance is exactly like its predecessor.



Solve This Rebus Puzzle

$50 in Cash Prizes!

Each of the 5 pictures shown here represents a well-known City in the United States. Can you name these Cities? We start you by giving the name of No. 1, and explaining the other four so you can hardly miss getting the right answer.

THE CASH PRIZES	
1st Prize	$25.00
2nd Prize	15.00
3rd Prize	5.00
4th Prize	3.00
5th Prize	2.00

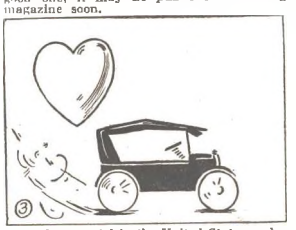
After you name the five Cities represented by the five pictures, then make up a Rebus of your own representing some other city or town in the United States. You need not draw any pictures. Just tell what objects are to be used in your Rebus. For example, to represent the city of Lincoln you could say, "Show a picture of link in a chain and letters "ON."

TO START YOU RIGHT

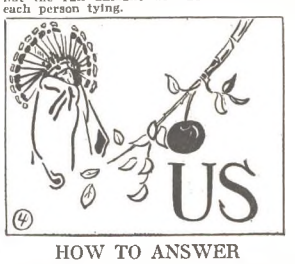
In the first Rebus you see the letter "C" and a man standing on a cliff saying, "I hate to leave this land." You have Cleveland or Cleveland. The other four pictures will be easy if you study them carefully.

No. 1, then is Cleveland. No. 2 is a large city in Utah. No. 3 you see a heart and a Ford. No. 4 is the capital of one of the Central States. No. 5 is the capital of an Eastern State named after one of the Presidents of the United States.

First prize of $25.00 will be given to the boy or girl who names the cities represented by the five pictures and makes up the best Rebus for some other city or town in the United States. If your Rebus is a good one, it may be published in a big magazine soon.



Any boy or girl in the United States under 17 years of age may try for the prizes by sending in one set of answers. All answers to the puzzle must be mailed in promptly. In case of a tie no prize will be divided, but the full amount will be awarded to each person tying.



Fill in and Mail the Coupon Below

PUZZLE CORNER, Dept. 13, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Sir—The names of the cities represented in the five pictures are,

(1).....

(2).....

(3).....

(4).....

(5).....

In my rebus, represent the town of

.....by these objects:

.....

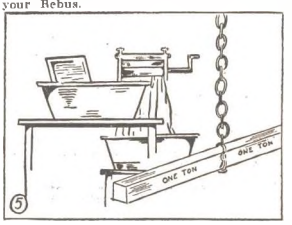
.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

HOW TO ANSWER

Write the names of the five cities in the five blank spaces in the coupon, then get your geography or some other handy list of cities and pick out the one you wish to use in your Rebus. Tell on the lower line of the coupon what objects are to be shown in your Rebus.



Te-he-he!

"I'm surprised at your tailor turning you out like that."

"It's not his fault. He can never get the right measurements—I'm so ticklish."

Good Measure?

Mr. John Roberts went to Kansas City last week with a carload of hogs. Several of his neighbors went in together to fill up the car.—*Local item in a Missouri paper.*

Not a Candidate

An Italian, having applied for American citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court.

"Who is President of the United States?"

"Mr. Coolidge."

"Who is Vice-President?"

"Mr. Dawes."

"Could you be President?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Mister, you 'scuse, me, please; I vera busy worka da mine."

What the Bull Will Wear

Any observing man who has attempted to pat a bull wearing a red necktie, has probably become fully aware, says a columnist, that color has its place in the field of action and reaction.—*Editorial Note in a California paper.*

From the Lost and Found Column

Lost, a fountain-pen by a man half filled with ink.

Speed and Poetry

Rapidly-talking old lady to storekeeper, "How much are lemons?

"What do you charge for oranges?

"How deep is that river?

"When does the next train leave?"

Poetic storekeeper: "Two for a nickel, three for a dime, up to your neck, and half past nine."

Speed Accounted For

"You know how in that fabled race between the hare and the tortoise the latter won."

"Yes, what about it?"

"I'll bet that was an auto that had turned turtle."

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

The man who knows it all doesn't seem to know what other people think of him.

Not Color Blind

Sunset tells of a young woman motorist stopping at a service station and asking for a quart of red oil.

"A quart of red oil, miss?"

"Yes," she replied, "my tail-light has gone out."

Cures Indigestion

"Dear Doctor—My pet billy goat is seriously ill from eating a complete leather-bound set of Shakespeare. What do you prescribe?"

Answer—"Am sending *Literary Digest* by return mail."

Sparrow. "Hot dog! That's a nifty class sweater Jim Crow wears! He must have gone to a school of chiropody."

Anything for a Good Cause

Captain Fairholme, secretary of the British Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, recently went to Spain to form a Spanish branch of the organization. At Barcelona, after establishing a council, he called together the officials and inquired the best way to raise funds for its maintenance. The unanimous answer came, "A bull fight."

Hint for the Boss

The Boss: "Robert, I hope you try to save half of what you earn.

Office Boy: "I don't get that much, sir."

An Expert

The Paris police have arrested a man who apparently has a mania for tearing buttons off people's clothes. We shall be very surprised if he does not receive a tempting offer from our laundry.

Two in One

There he will specialize in a make of ice-cream not sold here, and is said to be one of the best sellers on the market as well as cleaning hats.—*From a local item in a Long Island paper.*

Negative Calisthenics

"Gracious! How fat Lester is getting to be!"

"That's because he daily doesn't."

Presence of Mind

During the World War one of the great steamships that was used as a transport for soldiers was on her way across when a torpedo boat was sighted. In anticipation of the danger they were in all on board were lined up on deck.

There was a deathly hush for an instant, when suddenly from down the line a negro's voice rang out: "Is dar ennybody heah dat wants to buy a gold watch and chain?"

Manly Defiance

Boss: "Did you collect that bill?"

Jenkins: "No, sir. He kicked me down a flight of stairs."

Boss: "You go back and get that money. I'll show him he can't scare me."

Big Ones

Teacher: "What does the prefix 'mag' mean?"

Student: "Big."

Teacher: "Well, give me a word containing this stem and use it in a sentence."

Student: "I like magpies."

Beginners

The difference between learning golf and motoring is that in golf at first you hit nothing and in motoring you hit everything.

Concert Manners

Someone has just recently revealed the fact that music is much more enjoyable if "you listen to it with your eyes shut." It is also more enjoyable if the people sitting near you listen to it with their mouths shut.

Contents for June

Cover drawing by *Edgar F. Wittmack.*

The Fun Is Outdoors

Get outdoors. There's where the fun is—if you have the right equipment. Let us give you the things you need for hiking and camping.

Just sell subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY to one or more of your friends. Send us $2 for each with the names and addresses (write plainly in ink on ordinary paper) and select your gift. It's as easy as that. (Of course a sub for a member of your own family won't count. Nor can we send gifts outside of the U. S.)

A Luminous Compass

Prem. No. 41

Here's a compass you can see in the dark. The needle as well as the four principal points of the compass is luminous. This compass is made especially for United States Army officers. Every Boy Scout, hunter, camper, woodsman and sailor should own one of these absolutely reliable compasses. It is made with a cover which opens like a watch so that the face is protected from damage and its thick crystal keeps out dirt and rain.

Sent postpaid on receipt of ONE new, yearly subscription for THE AMERICAN BOY and 30c in cash. Ask for Premium No. 41. Retail price $1.50.

Waterproof Match Box

Prem. No. 34-A

When camping, picnicing, canoeing, hiking or hunting dry matches are indeed indispensable. When you're wet and weary, you want a fire and hot food. Wet matches—no fire. But with this box—scratch—flare—"Oh Boy what a feeling." This case is absolutely waterproof and small enough to be carried conveniently in the pocket. It is the size of 10 gauge shell.

Sent postpaid to AMERICAN BOY subscribers for ONE new, yearly subscription. Ask for No. 34-A. Retail price 60c.

Haversack for Hiking

Prem. No. 42

Here's a haversack that is purchased from the Army and Navy Stores. It is the regulation United States Infantry sack and has special places for underwear, toilet articles, blankets, poncho, mess pan and cutlery. The wide shoulder straps prevent chafing. Just the thing for hunters, campers, Boy Scouts and woodsmen. Each haversack is brand new.

One of these haversacks will be sent on receipt of ONE new, yearly subscription for THE AMERICAN BOY and 15c in cash. Ask for No. 42. Retail price $1.00.

Official Scout Knife

Prem. No. 12

Here is the official Boy Scout knife made by the Remington Arms Co., Inc. But whether you are a scout or not, you will want to have one. It has a big cutting blade, a can opener, a leather punch, a bottle opener and a screw driver and it's a good husky knife that will stand lots of wear and tear.

You may have one of these knives for just TWO new, yearly subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY; or, if you prefer, ONE new, yearly subscription for THE AMERICAN BOY and 50c in cash. This knife retails for $1.50. Ask for No. 12.

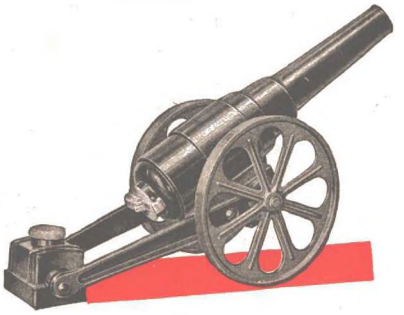
A Noisy Noise

Prem. No. 67

Everyone wants to make a loud noise on the 4th of July. But, nowadays, with safe and sane rules, it's hard to know how.

This toy cannon goes off with a bang loud enough to suit anyone—and is absolutely safe—within the law. You want to send for yours quickly so we can get it to you in time.

Sent postpaid on receipt of TWO new, yearly subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY and 30c in cash; or for ONE new, yearly subscription and 80c in cash. Ask for No. 67. Retail price $2.25.



See It in the Dark

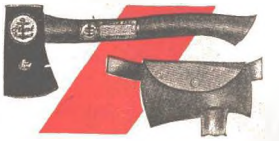
Prem. No. 3

Everybody needs a flashlight. It's indispensable around the house, in the garage, on hikes and out camping. This one is a dandy with several unusual features. Its nickel finish and simple mechanism give it an extra long life. One of the famous Yale lights.

Yours for only ONE new, yearly subscription for THE AMERICAN BOY. Ask for No. 3. Retail price $1.00.

Official Boy Scout Axe

Prem. No. 38



This Plumb axe is approved by the Boy Scouts of America. It is made of forged steel—not the cast variety—and will stand the roughest kind of usage. Each one bears the official Boy Scout emblem.

Sent postpaid on receipt of THREE new, yearly subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY; or for TWO new, yearly subscriptions and 40c in cash. Ask for the Scout Axe, No. 38. Retail price $1.80.

U. S. Army Canteen

Prem. No. 44

You need never go thirsty while camping or hiking if you own one of these United States Army Regulation canteens. An aluminum (unbreakable) bottle, its shell felt lining and khaki colored canvas top help to keep the water at an even temperature. It holds about a quart.

Sent on receipt of just ONE new, yearly subscription for THE AMERICAN BOY and 35c in cash. Ask for No. 44. Retail price $1.25.

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