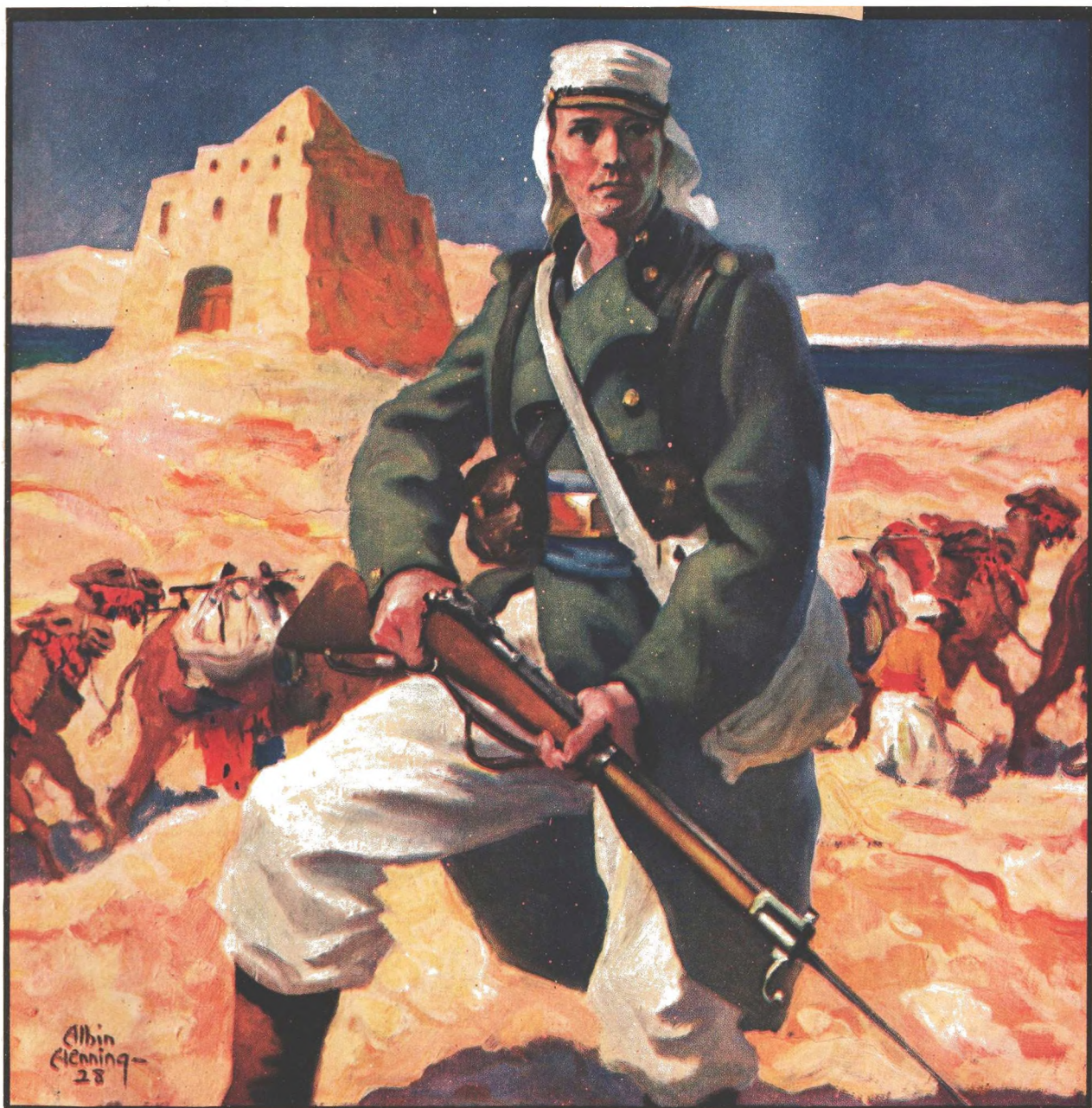


The May 1929
American Boy

Mr. Dolack
Box 58
Orth Kansas
3-328

A
Rt
El



“Camel Squad of the Legion,” by Warren Hastings Miller

Price 20 Cents

\$2.00 a Year

**NOW
SEÑORES!**



Sold in 5c packages
from this jar;
never sold in bulk

CHICOS

THE NEW SPANISH PEANUTS

You never knew there *could* be peanuts like Chicos. They're toasted over an open fire. Then blanched, salted just the right amount . . . What flavor! What delicious crispness!

To keep all that wonderful flavor and freshness, Chicos are sealed in glassine bags. Packed in air-tight boxes. Sold from an air-tight jar.

For a *nickel* all that crispy, crunchy goodness is yours. Wherever you see the gay Chicos jar. Be one of the first to try them today. *Hombre!*

Curtiss Candy Company, Chicago
OTTO SCHNERING, *President*

MAKERS OF BABY RUTH CANDY AND BABY RUTH GUM

From the Bubbling Tea Kettle to the Mighty 90-degree V-type 8-cylinder Power Plant

ONE day, way back in 1746, a young Scotch lad sat watching a tea kettle boil. He noticed the lid on the kettle jumping up and down as the steam escaped, and an idea came to him: "That steam is forcing the lid up—why not develop some sort of device that will make use of that power—compressed steam?"

The boy—James Watt—was only ten years old when this incident occurred. Not many years later he constructed his first real steam engine. He had seen a model built by a man named Newcomen, but Newcomen's engine was quite a disappointment. Sometimes it ran and sometimes it didn't. Watt felt that it was fundamentally wrong. So he built an engine based on his own theories. He was successful. His engine operated with amazing smoothness. He set about developing refinements of it.

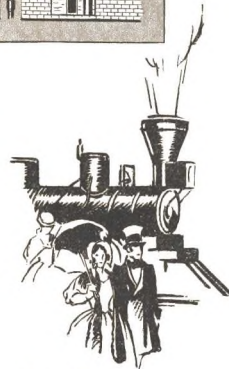
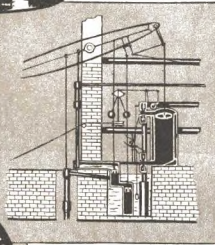
All modern steam engines are based upon the principles that Watt built into his first engine. Of course, countless additional refinements have been made. The steam engine has been constructed in many forms to make it fit the particular task it is called upon to perform.

As the years rolled by, scientists began to realize that the steam engine was a large, bulky affair, and its use was limited because of all the room needed for boilers, coal and accessories. Furthermore, the steam engine was not very economical to operate.

These experimenters, prompted by Watt's original idea, began working on engines which employed ordinary gas, such as we use to cook with in our homes, for their fuel or source of energy.



Right—Watt's double acting steam pumping engine. Below—an early form of Otto and Langen's single cylinder gas engine.



Ultimately, of course, and after much experimenting, engineers turned to gasoline and the internal combustion engine in which vaporized gasoline is compressed within a cylinder and ignited by an electric spark.

So many men had a hand in designing gasoline engines, that we cannot give all the credit to any one person. Possibly Otto and Daimler and Langen, the German engineers, did more than any others to advance the gasoline engine. Daimler constructed, in 1884, a V-type engine of two cylinders which might be regarded as the forerunner of the present V-type engine.

It is, of course, a tremendous stride from Watt's steam engine or even Daimler's original 2-cylinder engine to the mighty 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder power plant employed in Cadillac and La Salle. Constant study, research and experimentation have been necessary to develop the internal combustion engine to the high refinement and efficiency of the present Cadillac-La Salle engine.

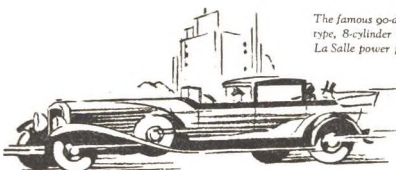
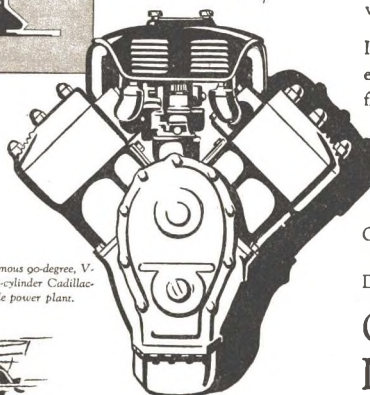
This Cadillac-La Salle power plant is the most highly developed and most famous Eight in the world. There is no other power plant just like it, no other so simple, no other with such perfect carburetion, such lack of vibration and such velvety smooth performance.

In the new Cadillacs and La Salles, this famous engine is more powerful, smoother and more flexible than ever—due to many new and vital refinements and improvements. Possibly you would be interested in a booklet describing in detail the 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder Cadillac-La Salle engine.

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

CADILLAC
LA SALLE

The famous 90-degree, V-type, 8-cylinder Cadillac-La Salle power plant.



Swift Feet



are sure and safe at Camp Pok-o'-Moonshine

Famous Camp Pok-o'-Moonshine in the Adirondacks is owned and personally directed by Dr. Charles A. Robinson, Principal of the Peekskill Military Academy and formerly of the Faculty of Princeton University. Dr. Robinson urges the many boys of his Camp to wear Grips.

Famous Director of this great mountain camp encourages his boys to wear Grips

DID you ever beat a bunt to first base? Ever crash home first in the hundred yard dash? Ever show your dust to a big boy bent on roughing up your hair?

It's at times like these that a fellow thanks the shoes he wears. Shoes that *take hold*. Shoes that render every ounce of muscle into *speed*. Grips do it, and they don't mean maybe. Grips make swift feet sure and safe.

Is it any wonder Dr. Robinson, owner and director of Camp Pok-o'-Moonshine, recommends these shoes?

Take a look at those Grips pictured at the left. Examine Cleeto with the cleat-like sole that cuts seconds off your hundred-yard dash time. Tough . . . light . . . skid-proof . . . inexpensive.

Now glance at that Grip Sure Junior. See those patented *suction cups* on the sole? That's the same famous Grip Sure suction cup you've heard about, on a shoe at a price that will tickle your dad—it's so low. Just the thing for outdoor footwork, either on boats or land.

These speed-sure Grips can be tried on at any nearby store where shoes are sold. Fill up a pair with your feet, next chance you get. Take a run up the floor. Stop suddenly. Then you'll *know*. But look for the name Grips on the ankle patch and the Top Notch cross on the sole. If you can't find a nearby store that sells them, write us a post card, we'll tell you where you can get them. Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co., Beacon Falls, Conn.



Set down amid 300 acres of Adirondack Mountain woodland, bristling with pine and hemlock, bordering on Long Pond, lies Camp Pok-o'-Moonshine. Here, red-blooded boys from many

states spend lively, long-remembered summers. Here you'll find swift feet sure and safe. Grips are the ideal camp shoe, the shoes that boys who do things usually prefer.

CLEETO



GRIP SURE JUNIOR



TOP NOTCH
GRIPS

The American Boy

Volume 30

May, 1929

Number 7

Copyrighted, 1929, by the Sprague Publishing Company, publisher of *The American Boy*, Detroit, Michigan. Entered as second-class matter March 14, 1900, at Detroit, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

Illustrated by
Anton Otto
Fischer

The Preceding
Chapters:

"I'VE got to get ashore," Stuart Ormsby protested. "I didn't sign on this ship."

The little cockney seaman looking down on the boy from one of the high bunks in the forecandle grinn'd.

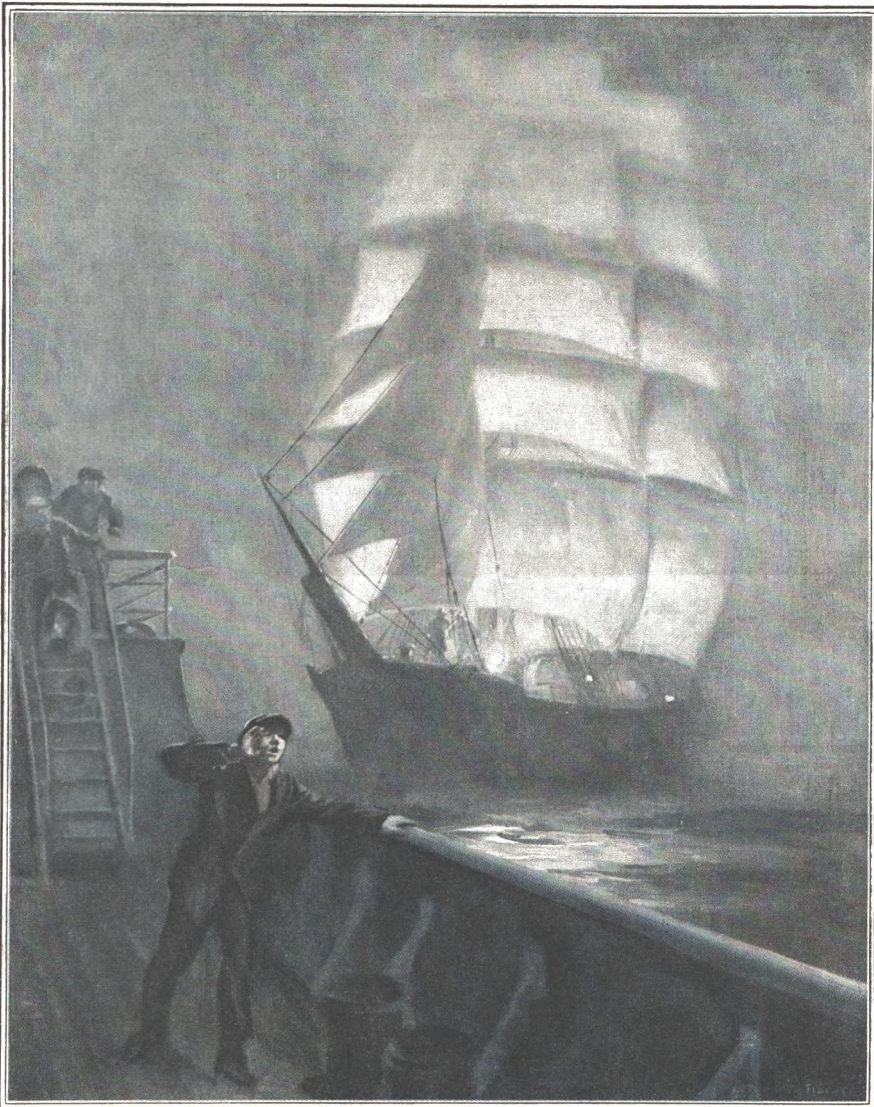
"Yer not the first sailor ter be sent on the shanghai passage, kid," he said. "But nobody never got no rottener ship than this 'ere ole *Nanking*—an' we're bound fer the China coast."

Bound for China! On a rusty old tramp freighter. Shanghai'd by that freighter's iron-fisted mate.

Stuart swayed dizzily and steadied himself against the forecandle steps. Of all the hard knocks he had had, this was the hardest. Dismissed from West Point because of deficiencies in studies and conduct. Sternly reproved by his father, Major Ormsby. Battered by three months' existence as a runaway. Now he had come to this!

The thing had happened so unexpectedly. His long vagabond trail across Canada had brought him, penniless and gnawingly hungry, to the Vancouver water front on a rainy night. He had tried to ask a stranger for help. Had choked on his words—he *couldn't* beg. But the stranger, a ship's officer, had offered him a watchman's job.

That job! Watching on a dark, silent pier while the stranger had rowed over to his ship—this freighter, the *Nanking*—to get his "gear." If anyone came around, Stuart was to give warning. Revenue officers had come. Stuart, though dismayed, had slipped down



A tide of sheer terror washed over Stuart. Then with all his might he shouted up to the bridge: "A ship on the sta'b'd bow!"

The tramp freighter was almost ready to pull out. Stuart wanted to get ashore. But the man who had hired him, the *Nanking's* first mate, Shark Bashford, had snarled:

"D'yuh think I'm lettin' yuh git back to Vancouver where the bulls will ask yuh things about this freighter? Yuh can't fool with Shark Bashford."

Stuart knew that now — with his head still swimming from the mate's sudden blow. He had come to his senses in the forecandle, with the cockney looking down on him.

And they were bound for China! The boy dragged himself across the forecandle — more than anything else right now he wanted a chance to sit down.

III

S. S. "*Nanking*"
"ALL hands on deck!" Stuart Ormsby, seated on a bunk, looked wearily up at the doorway where a face was vaguely visible in the half

light of the forecandle. "On deck, youse birds!" thundered the voice again.

"That's the bo'sun," whispered the little cockney seaman from the bunk above. "Keep quiet."

"Say, do youse guys hear your master's voice a-callin'?" went on the boatswain. "Are youse comin' up alone—or are youse comin' on my boot?"

In the silence that followed, Stuart rose unsteadily to his feet, aware on the instant that his muscles were sore and bruised from his headlong descent of the iron steps. Glancing about, he saw that three men slept beneath blankets, and that the small sea-

Shanghai Passage

By Howard Pease

to the end of the wharf and cautioned the man in the returning skiff. The man had hidden a package on a cross beam of the wharf, had ordered Stuart to drop down into the skiff, and then had rowed through the wet black back to the *Nanking*.

man who had been talking to him a moment before was now apparently deep in slumber.

An oath, loud and obscene, came from the doorway; then the boatswain hurled his short form down the three steps. He drew up before Stuart in an attitude of menacing wrath. "Why haven't youse turned out?" he fumed. "Git up there *pronto* and help the men lash the booms. We gotta git this old tub shipshape if we kin."

"I'm not a member of the crew," the boy hurriedly brought out.

The boatswain's weather-beaten face glowered. "Oh, youse ain't! Well, no dockside loafer can pull any stuff on me—see? Git on deck!"

Without waiting for a reply, he crossed to a bunk where a huge seaman snored peacefully. "Rise and shine, youse lubbers!" he cried, jerking the blankets off the man. His most violent efforts, however, were of no avail, for the big seaman was evidently too far gone with drink even to move. Turning next to the cockney's berth, he met with a like response. But not to be outdone here, too, he dragged the little sailor unceremoniously from his bunk and dropped him to the floor.

"Youse can't fool me, Toppo," he snarled. "No possum in this fo's'le. Turn out!"

The seaman, thin and scrawny, rose and staggered against a bunk. "Wot yer want?" he yawned, aggrieved. "Cawn't a bloke get a bit o' sleep in 'is own fo's'le?"

"Can that stuff, Toppo! I know youse. Git on deck."

"Blarst me, wot a ship!" Toppo went unsteadily up the steps, murmuring, "Sorry I ever left ole London. Blimey, yes."

Stuart followed with anger smouldering within him. On the third step he looked back to glimpse the boatswain still endeavoring to wake the other two men; then he stepped over the high casing to the deck. There in the darkness he paused to survey the ship.

The rain had stopped; beyond the square of light that slanted on the wet, glistening plates of the deck, he saw dim figures moving about near the mainmast, no doubt still at work with the derrick booms. Across the two hatches rose the white superstructure with the yellow beams of its portholes piercing the night. High above on the bridge, a faint light shone from the wheelhouse window where the quartermaster stood at the helm. On the starboard wing burned a green light, and on the port glowed the red eye of danger.

Stuart crossed to the rail. Under his hand he felt the bulwarks tremble with a faint vibration. The great iron heart of the *Nanking* was beginning its rhythmic, uninterrupted beat.

"Take yer larst bloomin' look at land fer a month," Toppo advised, coming up beside him. "Yokohama ain't so bad, though—but Shanghai's better."

ACROSS the river, red and green lights on the pierheads were reflected in the darkness of the water. Above them, the dockside lamps of Vancouver winked through the night. Gazing at the brilliantly illuminated station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was now drawing abreast of them, Stuart was instantly overwhelmed by a sense of loneliness, of isolation. There was no hope now of his getting ashore. On this rusty tramp steamer with its crew of deep-sea flotsam, he was being carried out of the harbor inlet into the Strait; already he could feel the long swells as the freighter breasted the open water. There was a tang of salt air in his nostrils, and a sharp breeze on his face as the wind whipped the waves into whitecaps.

His hand closed tightly on the curving steel of the bulwarks. He had wanted to get away, he had wanted never to see the States again; yet, now that his wish was about to be granted, a disturbing doubt struggled within him. With every turn of the ship's propeller, his old life, his home, were being left behind. What, he wondered, lay ahead?

"There's the bo'sun," Toppo observed in a whisper. "Thinks we'll work, 'e does. Come on—I know a snug place where that bloke won't find us."

Glad of this opportunity to elude the authority of the ship's officers, Stuart slipped with the seaman to the port wing of the fore-castle. Here the little Londoner swung open an iron door and darted in. "Come on," he whispered.

Stuart stepped over the high casing and closed the door behind him.

"We ain't got no right 'ere," Toppo informed him coolly; "it's the blarsted firemen's

washroom. But the bo'sun won't look fer us 'ere."

Stuart stood at the top of a short flight of ladder-like steps leading down to a damp compartment, where a youth of about his own age sat upon a stool, washing a pair of overalls. At their sudden entrance, he looked up with a grin.

"Hello, Toppo," he said. "Hiding?"

"'Idin', me eye!" retorted the other. "I'm orf duty. 'Ow's everythin', Joe Macaroni?"

"Fine, Toppo. I'm getting used to the engine-room again. But this Black Gang is sure some rough crowd."

Toppo seated himself on the lower step and sighed heavily. "Wished I'd shipped below on this trip," he murmured sadly. "These bloomin' deck horficers won't let yer sleep a minute." He pointed over his shoulder to Stuart, who had taken a seat on the upper step. "This 'ere's a lubber Shark Bashford just brought aboard. Don't yer feel sorry fer 'im, Joe Macaroni?"

The young man chuckled as he laid his dungarees on a bench and scrubbed them with a brush. Stuart, looking down on the fellow's engaging face, instinctively felt that here was at least one person he could talk to in his own language. He was a solidly built chap of eighteen or nineteen, with sandy hair, gray eyes, and a smiling mouth.

"My name's Moran—Tod Moran," the member of the Black Gang explained in a friendly tone. "But ever since I shipped with Toppo one trip as mess boy on the *Araby*, he always calls me Joe Macaroni. I'm below deck now as an oiler."

"Yeh, goin' up yer are," said Toppo in a tone evincing whole-hearted pride and elation. "Mess boy, coal-passer, fireman, and now oiler."

STUART smiled to himself. Did this young fellow really take pride in getting a position as an engine-room oiler on such a battered tramp as this *Nanking*? A feeling of pity—of commiseration for these men of the sea—took possession of him.

"This is my first trip," he acknowledged a moment later, a faint trace of superiority in his voice. "And I'm mighty surprised to be here, too." He checked himself; certainly, he decided, he didn't want to confide too deeply in these men. He'd wait until he saw the captain.

"You from the South?" Tod Moran asked. "From Carolina?"

A slow flush spread over Stuart Ormsby's features. Here they were already—those dreaded questions. His hands moved nervously on his thin trousers as he answered, "I'm from Alabama—Mobile."

"Blimey, I know that port," Toppo broke in. "Put in there once on the ole *K. I. Luckenbach*. Wish I was back on 'er, too. She's got class."

"By Caesar, seh," Stuart affirmed, eager to change

the subject, "this surely ain't much of a ship!"

Tod Moran threw back his head and laughed. "The *Nanking*? Well, she might be worse—but I doubt it. I just signed on at Frisco a week ago." The smile left his lips; he dropped his dungarees into the soapy water and turned a serious face up to them. "Toppo, I'm sorry Captain Jarvis has become master of this steamer."

The little Londoner lighted a cigarette. "Aw, yer don't 'ave ter worry about Tom Jarvis. 'E's a rough 'un—the skipper!—a little too rough fer the likes o' me. 'E kin take care o' 'isself."

"Sure he can—but have you heard what's happened on this old tramp the last three voyages?"

"Wot yer mean, Joe Macaroni?"

Tod Moran lowered his voice. "I've heard the men talking, Toppo. No skipper has made more than one voyage on the *Nanking*."

"I don't blame 'em, kid. One bally trip is enough fer anyone."

"But they've had no choice, Toppo. *Something has always happened to them.*"

"Blarst me!" Toppo leaned forward intently. "Wot yer know, Joe Macaroni?"

"Several months ago the captain of this ship disappeared in Hong Kong when they put in for coal. They took a new skipper on for the homeward voyage, and he was found dead in his bunk one morning—strangled! There were marks about his neck where a rope had cut into the flesh. They buried him in Honolulu. The murderer was never discovered. Last trip something even more mysterious happened. Night after night the crew heard the captain cursing about something trying to get him. Finally he locked himself in his cabin, never coming on deck. When the ship docked at San Francisco he was put away in a lunatic asylum; but Singapore Sam and a couple of the other fellows say he wasn't crazy at all! . . . Do you see what I mean? Captain Jarvis just took over the command in Frisco ten days ago while his own ship, the *Araby*, is laid up for repairs. Now I'm wondering—*what will happen to him?*"

OVER Stuart rose a sudden wave of apprehension that flooded his mind with an obscure dread. This freighter *Nanking*, with her rusty hull and her grimy superstructure, was a ship with a strange and terrible past. What secrets lurked in her holds? What dangers stalked these decks at night to strike down the master on every voyage? And he, himself, was now a member of her crew. She was steaming west to unknown seas, taking with her a ruffraff crew of officers and men, all dregs of the tropic ports of the Pacific. There could be no escape for him now. He felt the steady mounting beat of his pulse.

The little cockney was breathing heavily. "Strike me pink!" he exclaimed. "I don't like it, Joe Macaroni—I wish I hadn't signed on."

"Did you ever see a rottener bunch of officers?" Tod Moran continued. "Take that bucko mate, Shark Bashford. He's been on this ship for two years."

His voice droned on, but Stuart was not listening. Shark Bashford—the man who had shanghai'd him aboard this steamer! This secret traffic with someone ashore was possibly even more serious than he had first suspected. Was the first mate the man who was back of this series of mishaps to the *Nanking's* masters?

Stuart's hand clenched the step as the ship rolled to port and gently swung back to starboard. They were hitting the swells of the Strait, with the Pacific some miles ahead. For the first time in his life there was only a deck beneath his feet, and he was finding it unreal, unsteady. The tremor of the bulkhead at his side seemed to send a sudden tide of fear through his veins.

"What—what's our cargo?" he asked at last in a pause of the conversation.

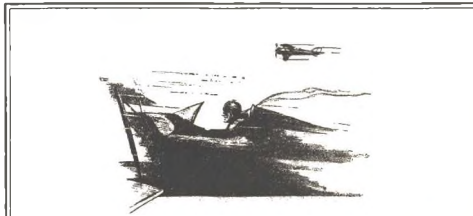
"Medical supplies," Moran replied, turning back to his laundry. "Food, too, for some town up the Yangtse Kiang. Civil war in China has led to famine there. This old tramp has been specially chartered to rush supplies to the American settlements. We loaded grain in Vancouver."

"Just wait till we hit the Bund at Shanghai," Toppo began with a reminiscent look; then as the door of the washroom grated behind them, he turned his head, startled.

"Oh, here youse are!" sang out the boatswain. "Well, me lads, youse guys will hear from me this passage out."

"Did youse want us, Bose?" asked Toppo mildly.

"Did I want youse?" The stocky boatswain's vocabulary for the next full minute amazed Stuart by its (Continued on page 62)



Get Set for the Take-Off!

Planning on attending the Second National A.M.L.A. Contests in Detroit June 20-22? Getting your models ready for record-shattering flights? Putting final touches on your scale model? Hoping for a free trip to Europe?

Read of all the plans for

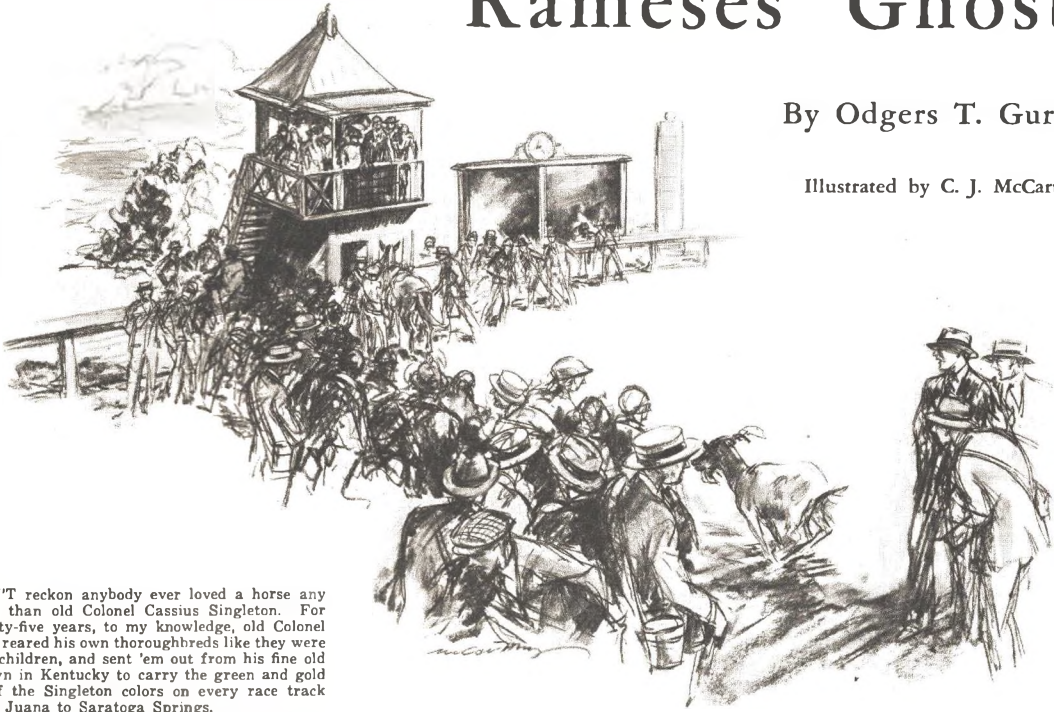
Fun --- Entertainment --- Treats

In the June American Boy

Rameses' Ghost!

By Odgers T. Gurnee

Illustrated by C. J. McCarthy



Down the little lane in front of the Turf Club came Rameses, galloping like the fastest thoroughbred that ever smashed a track record.

I DON'T reckon anybody ever loved a horse any more than old Colonel Cassius Singleton. For twenty-five years, to my knowledge, old Colonel Cass reared his own thoroughbreds like they were so many children, and sent 'em out from his fine old place down in Kentucky to carry the green and gold stripes of the Singleton colors on every race track from Tia Juana to Saratoga Springs.

And every year he'd start out with just one tremendous hope bubbling underneath his black string tie—he wanted to win the Belmont Gold Cup more than anything else in the world.

"That, suh, is a hoss race," he used to say. "Two miles, at weight for age, and the finest thoroughbreds in the field."

Then he would sigh and talk about this horse and that, and how he had hopes for one or the other. But not once did he enter a winner. In fact nobody but Colonel Cass himself ever figured his stuff had a winning chance—until the year he came to Belmont Park with Sandolee.

It was a royal chance he had then. Sandolee was a big bright chestnut, almost red in spots along his withers and over his barrel. A free-striding, fiery three-year-old that had been brought along carefully in his training—he hadn't been run in the early spring races, the Derbies and such—just so he'd be in apple-pie order for the longest, toughest, greatest race in the country.

Turf writers and the folks around the track looked him over mighty closely, and many an old-timer shook his head in amazement at the way the colonel's colt flashed his speed when the old fellow set him down for a real workout.

They said he didn't have a single weakness.

But he did.

It was a goat!

You see thoroughbreds, particularly when they're in training, are just like a lot of spoiled children. They like certain things and certain people and certain ways of doing things. And nearly always they like pets.

I REMEMBER one year when Colonel Singleton I came back from Cuba he brought along a red and blue Spanish fighting cock to be a playmate for one of his favorite mares. Another time a moth-eaten mongrel puppy dog held the job of stable pet. Right now the pet was a goat. And his name was Rameses.

This Sandy horse took an awful shine to Rameses—claimed him for his own. When Sandy would step out on the track for his morning workout, Rameses was right there to superintend. The boy would gallop the big red colt once around the track slow and easy to limber him up, while Colonel and the goat would stand like a reviewing party an eighth of a mile down the back stretch.

Then the colt would come prancing along, ears pricking, looking at his buddy. And Rameses knew his stuff. Soon as Sandy hit the nearest "eighths" pole, the goat'd step in front of the colonel and stick his funny little beard straight out.

"BAA-AA," he'd bawl. And that was the signal for Sandy to dig his plates into the topsoil and fly!

It got so the colt wouldn't stir unless he made sure the goat was on the job. And when they shipped Sandy from one place to another, Rameses went along in the same car—or there wasn't any moving Sandy.

That might have been funny to anybody but Colonel Singleton. He thought it was wonderful.

"Look at them, Joseph," he'd say to me. "Ain't they a picture?"

And I could tell how it warmed his proud old heart, because whenever the colonel's sure enough excited he gets downright formal with folks' names—calls me Joseph—and he always says "ain't."

So that's the way I left them two weeks before the Cup race—the most oddly assorted "family" you ever set eyes on. The dignified colonel. Jazbo, the black swipec. Little Joedy Canavan, the stable rider. And Sandolee and Rameses. Yes, sir, a funny outfit all right. So darn funny that it made my heart get all tangled up with my Adam's apple when I said good-by.

I had to go back to Kentucky on business, but barring accidents, I told them, I'd be back the morning of the race. I'm much younger than the colonel, but we're mighty close friends, just the same, and he likes to have me close by when there's a lot doin'.

I drew little Joedy Canavan aside. "You going to ride Sandy in the big race?" I asked.

Joedy nodded soberly.

"If it's the last thing I do," I gulped, "I'm comin' back to see you take him across the line winner."

We squeezed each other's hands, hard. Joedy's a clean-cut kid and I could see his heart shining right out of his eyes.

"We'll do 'er," he whispered. "The colonel's got it comin'."

IT was high noon of the big day when I swung my car up the long drive past the Turf and Field Club and started to hoof it across the infield toward the Singleton stable. The place was almost deserted, except for a few gardeners pretypping up the flower beds and a crew of men running the harrows in echelon formation around the long brown oval of the track. But in another three hours there'd be close to 40,000 people jammed inside the gates.

That was why it gave me such a start when I cut around the circle of a bed of rhododendrons and saw three men standing at the edge of the swan lake way out in the middle of the big green infield. Two of them I recognized right away—Big Henry Mar-

shall, trainer of the Pocono Stables, and skinny little "Arab" Bonelli. The third fellow I'd never seen before, but from the look of him I'd never want to meet him up an alley.

It gave me a start all right, and a hunch that mischief was in the air. Marshall was saddling Arcadian, the big French four-year-old that was supposed to be Sandolee's toughest rival for the Cup. And Arab—well he was just a cheap crook that should have been barred from every race course in America the day he was born.

The more I got to thinking about it, the more it worried me, and when I took another good look and saw the flashy red and gray plaid suit the Arab was wearing I got downright scared and began to run for Sandolee's barn.

"The little rat looks too danged prosperous to suit me," I kept mumbling to myself. "Something's wrong."

It didn't take a mind reader to tell I was right. I knew it the minute I caught sight of the stables. Old Colonel Cass was sitting in his barrel stave armchair with his head in his hands and his big shoulders slumped down like he was carrying the weight of the world.

He didn't even look up when I stopped in front of him.

"What's the matter?" I yelled. "Where's Sandy?" But I didn't have to ask that. The big horse was in his stall. He stuck his muzzle across the top of the lower door just as I yelled—and he was a sick horse if ever I saw one.

Colonel Cass leaned back and recognized me. "Thank heavens, you're here, Joseph," he says in a shaky voice, "though there ain't a thing you can do."

"What is it? What ails him?" I kept repeating. The old man just let his right hand flop down in a tired, helpless sort of way. "Everything—and nothing. It ain't him. It's the goat—he's gone."

"Dead?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. He's gone, that's all. But it's enough."

I looked around the stable again and back at Sandolee. He was staring off into a space a million miles over my head.

"Where's Joedy and Jazbo?" I asked.

"I reckon they're out hunting more goats." He roused himself and tried to smile. "Joseph, if we've had one goat here, we've had fifty. So help me! Black ones, brown ones, gray ones and piebalds."

His voice trailed off again and I thought he was going to cry.

"But there's just one goat can win that Cup for old Cass Singleton, Joseph, and I don't know where he is. I don't think Sandy's going to run a lick unless he knows that little Rameses is here safe and sound."
 "You won't scratch him," I blurted suddenly.
 "You'll let him run for the Cup?"

HE rounded on me so fast I ducked instinctively and there was fire in his eyes. "Yes, I'll start him," he barked. "Nothing—man, beast nor devil—can keep me from sending that horse to the post."

He stopped short and grabbed hold of my arm. "Why, hang it, Joseph, there ain't a thing wrong with him. He's fit as a fiddle—physically. Haven't I sat up nights with him, babied him, talked to him, worked him, whipped him—done everything I could to bring him up to this race? Yes, he'll start."

He swung around and walked to the colt's stall. "I know you miss him, Old-timer," he said, crooning the words and rubbing his fingers through the copper strands of a mane that hung in a bright forelock over the white-blazed face.

"Yes, suh, I know you miss him, son, but can't you just step out there to-day and win this heat for old Cass?"

Sandy looked at him sort of understanding and stuck his muzzle up against the colonel's ear, but his eyes wouldn't stay still. They were hunting for his buddy.

The old man knew it even if he couldn't see what I saw. He backed away and sat down again.

"Well, there's no use in my talking like a step-child, Joe. I reckon it just can't be done." He poked at a folded newspaper on the ground with his stick and pointed at the entries.

"There's only one horse in the whole field we ought to worry about—that big French thing in Marshall's barn."

Marshall! I jumped like a jack rabbit. There was my hunch again, and I'd forgotten all about it. Marshall—and the Arab—and the goat.

I reached down and grabbed the colonel's heavy ironwood cane.

"Lend me this," I said, without a by-your-leave, and the next minute I was sprinting for the swan lake.

IF the colonel had seen me taking hedges, flower beds and grassy knolls for the next ten seconds he'd have run me in the Belmont race instead of Sandolee. I was that mad I flew. But I didn't find the Arab, nor Big Henry. They might as well have gone straight up in a puff of smoke for all the good my next half hour of hunting did me. There wasn't another plaid suit like the Arab's in the world and he'd have been an easy mark to find, but I couldn't find him.

I kept Colonel Cass's stick, though, and finally I crawled into my car and kicked over the starter, determined to take a run around the highways and byways of Long Island. There were just two things I was looking for—a black-faced goat with a gray beard and a little runt in a gray and red plaid suit. I felt pretty darn certain that where I saw one I'd see the other.

At 3:15—pretty near time for the second race and not more than an hour before the post time for the Cup—I gave up in disgust and headed back toward the track. I swung into a crossroad to turn, and just as I was about to step on her, a little dusty black roadster came shooting around a bend and went by me like Man O' War passing a cigar store Indian.

But in between the clouds of dust I got one good look at the two fellows in the seat and I just about fainted from shock. The kid behind the wheel was little "Rain 'r Shine" Joedy Canavan, the boy that was going to ride Sandolee in the big race, and the other one was Arab Bonelli.

They were out of my sight around another bend—heading for the race track—before I snapped out of it and followed 'em. But I couldn't get my heart into chasing them, somehow. It made me feel sick all over.

Joedy Canavan, the cleanest, straightest kid that ever threw a leg over a racing saddle, mixed up with no-account Arab Bonelli! And throwing down old Colonel Cass Singleton who'd been like a daddy to him, to boot! I just couldn't believe it. But—there they were.

I got pretty mad about it then and began to drive my darndest, trying to catch up. I might as well have tried to overtake lightning.

The horses were in the paddock already saddled for the Cup, when I got there, and the crowd was so thick it was worth your life to try to find anybody. Finally, though, I spotted the colonel's big black hat and the copper highlights where the sun shone on Sandolee's coat.

I ducked and started through the mob. It took a good five minutes to gain ten yards and when I looked up to get my bearings I knew it was too late to do anything. Little Joedy was sitting in the saddle and Red Coat Murray was leading the horses toward the track with his big bay lead pony. And then, to top it all, I lost Colonel Cass. He'd just evaporated, and trying to find a lost colonel in that mob was like hunting a dime in a keful of horseshoe nails.

I was feeling pretty low by the time the crowd had thinned out enough so I could cross over to the infield to see the race. The fact is I didn't know whether I wanted to see it or not—but habit's pretty strong and I always was one of those optimistic idiots who likes to stay till the last cow's come home. And, after all, the infield is the only place to see a real horse race. You can have your grand-stand seats and Turf Club garden benches. When it comes to action I want to be out there in the middle of the big saucer, watching 'em from the inside looking out.

BELMONT'S not the best track in America to see a race. What with all the la-di-da flower beds and such, it's hard to get a good look at the thoroughbreds. But I had a favorite spot about midway from the band stand to the three-quarter pole and on a line with the best part of the stretch run—seventy yards from the finish. I made it after a struggle and was fit to be tied when I found Big Henry Marshall standing right smack in the middle of the particular square of bright green grass I'd reached.

He knew I was Colonel Cass's buddy, and the nasty grin he gave me didn't help my disposition any. I felt like calling him what he was—a cheap goat-kidnaper. But there wasn't time for argument now. I unsung my field glasses and tried to get the range on the starting post, keeping one eye handy so our rival couldn't slip away. If Sandolee lost, there was something I wanted to say to Big Henry, and it didn't begin with "Dear Sir."

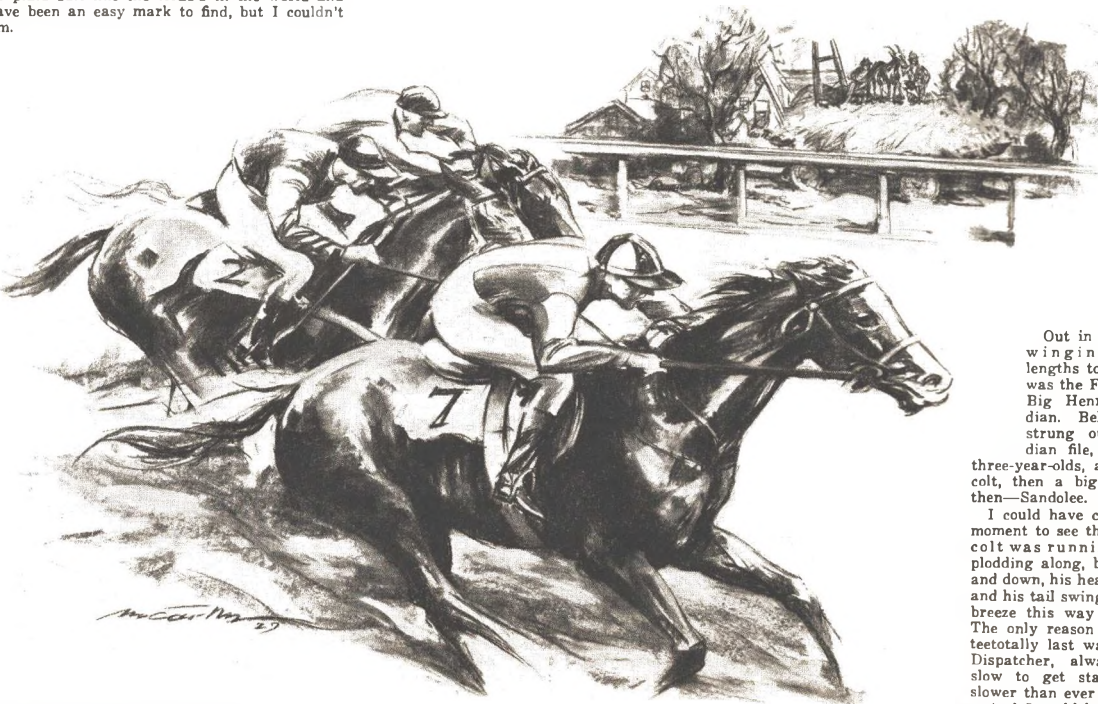
The red coat swung the five starters around back of the barrier. They were way up around the first turn beyond the grand stand. I lined them up through the glasses, my hands trembling so I couldn't tell the horses from the boys on their backs.

Sandolee was third from the rail, Arcadian was the outside horse, and the rest didn't matter much to me, except the one on the pole, a five-year-old named Dispatcher, that had to be respected.

It didn't take long to get them away. I saw the five bright spots of color that were the jockeys, break and flutter like so many flags in the wind. And then the smooth rushing sweep of five racing thoroughbreds charging at top speed for the long run down past the screaming thousands in the stands!

At the first turn, one of those danged flower beds hid them from my sight for a moment. It seemed an age before they broke into the clear and I could see the worst.

Sandolee was next to the last!



That red head of Sandy's came around like nobody's business and his tail straightened out—he just flew.

Out in front, and winging along lengths to the good, was the Frenchman, Big Henry's Arcadian. Behind him, strung out in Indian file, were two three-year-olds, a filly and colt, then a big gap, and then—Sandolee.

I could have cried for a moment to see the way the colt was running. Just plodding along, bobbing up and down, his head flopping and his tail swinging in the breeze this way and that. The only reason he wasn't teetotally last was because Dispatcher, always extra slow to get started, was slower than ever to-day.

And I could have choked Henry Marshall on the spot
 (Continued on page 44)

The Camel Squad of the Legion

By Warren Hastings Miller

Illustrated by Albin Henning

Along the north wall of the palmery galloped the brutes, pursued by a yelling mob of Legionaries.



HOLD still, you fool critter! Grab him by the head, Gene!"

Gene grabbed. So did Achmed and Ibrahim. The camel's head was breast-high to the four members of the camel squad and he was roaring lugubriously like a broken-hearted factory whistle. You'd think that after carrying five hundred pounds of water keg all morning he'd be glad to lie down. But he was objecting, on general principles, with the camel's habitual cussedness.

Texas Joe, private in the Foreign Legion, got a hold on the beast's jaws behind the front teeth and twisted its head as if he were throwing a steer. Corporal Gene Barr, who commanded this camel squad and was responsible for the Legion's water, put the weight of his sturdy young shoulders into the twist. The camel blubbered, howled vociferous protest, and struggled to rise from his half prone position to his feet.

"Them Sahara nightingales sure can beller!" chuckled Texas Joe, straining lustily. "Give him both barrels, Gene!"

They kept at it. The camel is far stronger than a horse. Nature has given him a long neck, so that he can bite his driver with convenience. She has given him seven stomachs, so that he can drink up all the Legion's water with ease. And she has given him front teeth like chisels, so that he can chew a rifle barrel with relish and eat the stock for dessert. But camel drivers, who know enough to grab the obstinate brute's jaw where there are no teeth, are the masters, and in a short time this particular desert ship was lying down, bawling for food.

Gene and Texas spread a black goat-hair mat in front of him, dumped a sack of grain on it, and then turned to help the two Arabs of the squad get the other five camels down. Their job was to park the six camels in a row and get their water kegs ready for serving out. It was done, with five repetitions of that head-twisting stunt of the first camel!

"Thar, you sand hoppers!" said Texas with satisfaction. "Report ready to the skipper, Gene."

The young corporal went forward under the shade of a broiling rock escarpment to where his company of the Foreign Legion sat with knapsacks off and rifles stacked. They were down in the central Sahara, about forty miles from Ksar el Toubs, and marching to its relief. Intelligence had reported that a large harka or cavalcade of Reguibat tribesmen was moving on the post out of the Iguidi Desert. They were

common enough down here, these raids. Almost a weekly occurrence! And the Second Regiment usually drew the job of suppressing them.

GENE was greeted with shouts of welcome and a running fire of jokes as he sought Sergeant Tornay, the Englishman. Gene was popular. A lean and leathery youth from Florida, he was, with brown eyes slightly slanted, freckled face, incurved nose, and a big and humorous mouth. He and Texas Joe, who was long-faced, hawk-eyed, and rangy, knew more about all "critters" on four legs than anyone else in the battalion. That's why they had been appointed to run the water camel squad.

"Oh, the oont! Oh, the oont!
The bloomin', blasted oont!"

He gets into the water kegs—and then of course we dies!"

Sergeant Tornay chanted Kipling sourly as Gene came up. "Do we drink, Corp?" he asked.

"Line 'em up!" said Gene. "It's warm as dish water and I wouldn't wash my dawg with it—but bring the sufferin' heroes along!"

"Water service ready, sir!" Tornay reported officially to Captain Chavlet.

In double lines the company formed and marched with cup in hand to where the water camels nuzzled at their grain. Texas and the Arabs had lined up the pack saddles, each with a regimental *fut*, or long keg of water, hanging to the crossbars by chains. They were iron-bound and camel-proof Army kegs, each having a bung in its bottom secured by a chain. The men passed in line to receive full tins of the precious water as the bung was successively drawn and replaced. Then they marched back, and the cheerful sounds of the midday meal filled the hot Sahara shade.

Gene and Texas were with the company at chow perhaps half an hour, while the two Arabs, peacefully munching their own date ration, stayed on guard at the camels. And then, before chow was finished, a startled yell of alarm rose from the rear ranks, accompanied by extraordinary grunts and blubberings from the camels. Gene and Texas dropped everything and dashed on the double for that clump of clubby brown necks. Men were yelling at them, "Vite! Vite! The water! Les chameaux!"

"How could they have gotten at the water?" Gene asked himself rebelliously as he tore along. A camel

had no brains—none at all! He wouldn't know enough to pull out a bung!

Gene grew wiser to the ways of oonts in the next frantic minute. As he neared the roaring beasts, he saw one of them stretch out his long neck, hump himself along on his folded legs, pull his picket pin out of the sand entirely, and fumble with his black tongue at the bung chain, under the stupid impression that it was something good to eat. He saw those yellow front teeth nip it, give it a yank that drew out the bung and released a solid stream of precious water!

A quick glance revealed other camels similarly engaged. With a yell Gene and Texas landed on their Arabs—both asleep under their burnoose hoods—kicked them awake, and fell on the camels. It was a furious melee, for a camel will attack anybody molesting him at his drink, and all six were nipping with teeth that can break a man's arm in one crunch.

Gene laid on with the first billet that came handy, and found himself suddenly in a forest of tall legs that reared and splayed enormous feet as all six sprang up. The Arabs were yelling imprecations, yanking ferociously on their nose-ring bridles. Texas laughed himself weak as he whacked away with a leather cane. The Legion pitched in, and presently the water service was one mess of struggling men and camels, overturned pack saddles, burbling kegs, and slippery mud.

Gene couldn't see anything funny in it. Water meant life! He whacked and dodged recklessly. Then a camel's foot the size of a large flatiron crashed into the pit of his stomach and sent him spinning.

TEXAS was over him in a flash. He was serious, now, his face drawn and angry as he warded off three brown and inhuman heads nipping furiously for the prone corporal. In a second more Gene was out of danger, for he had fallen in a debris of kegs and saddles that were being hauled out of the way under Captain Chavlet's directions. That officer, arriving

in the midst of the tumult, had seen quickly the only thing to do—drag away the kegs and let the camels get at the puddle of water already spilled. So long as it was there to be sucked at they would be totally unmanageable.

In a few minutes the kegs were drawn clear of the puddle. The six long necks went down, forgetful of everything else, and the beastly oonts drank up the Legion's water unmoled.

Gene got to his feet, dazed, numbed, while Legionaries replaced the bungs and shook the kegs with low murmurs. He expected a trade from Captain Chavlet, but the captain listened to Gene's brief report in total silence, his burly figure rigid, his dark eyes steading on the corporal, his heavy face expressing nothing.

"They pulled out their picket pins and got at the kegs while we were at mess, sir," Gene explained. "I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it myself, sir, but one of them was trying the bung chain with his tongue when I got there. Then he gave it a yank with his teeth—"

"The Arabs?" interrupted Captain Chavlet. "Were they not left on watch?"

"They were asleep, sir!" said Gene with indignation. "Both of them!"

The captain's eyes wandered in search of those Arabs. They had vanished. Better the open desert than the wrath of Captain Chavlet!

Chavlet remained calm. He did not order either search or pursuit. "Imbeciles!" he whispered. "Better none than such irresponsibles! Can you take charge of our camels with a Legion squad, my corporal?"

Gene's spirits rose. Not a word of reproach, no useless repining. Instead, a further evidence of trust. The two Arabs had formed part of his squad because they were supposed to know camels better than any European. Chavlet was asking Gene if he had learned enough to get along without them. Gene almost grinned. Camels weren't so different from horses or mules. All you needed was a stock of Arabic yelps instead of American "hoss talk."

"Yes, sir," Gene replied. "I would prefer Legion men, sir. This would not have happened with white men on guard. I'm sorry, sir!"

"It is nothing," said Captain Chavlet brusquely. "We shall go dry to Ksar el Toubs. There we will fight for water, if we must. *Bien!* I give you Rutli and Mora, the two automatic riflemen, in place of the Arabs. Also their two belt men. Their heavy weapons and ammunition will go well on the camels, no?" Gene saluted happily. This disaster had its compensations. He had got rid of two worthless Arabs and now had six men in his squad, plus the two donkeys that carried the automatic rifle ammunition. But he couldn't understand why he hadn't been reprimanded. He didn't know that one look, by an older man, at his gingery, audacious face, with its seamed lines and slanty eyes, would have been enough! There was capability there, command, a force of will that would meet obstacles without finching, a keen mind that could think straight in emergencies.

TEXAS JOE greeted with a hoot the news that Rutli and Mora were assigned to the camel squad.

"We'll make oont wangers of 'em," he grinned. "You know me, Gene! I'm ex-corporal, see? Lead up them tenderfeet—we'll show 'em!"

"Well," Gene responded soberly, "the camel squad got the Legion into this mess. It's up to us to get 'em out again. The boys *must* have water, you know!"

Texas nodded. He knew as well as Gene the seriousness of their plight. They could only go so long without water. Then they'd go stark mad—and die.

Rutli, Mora, and their two helpers reported. Rutli was a stiff little Swiss who walked forever bolt upright as if a ramrod were permanently secured to his backbone. Mora was a heavy and thickest Spaniard, who knew the donkeys of his own country. The four were introduced to the blubbering oonts and taught to press down on the furry necks and bring the beasts to a folded-up position. The bloomin' oonts were content, now, full as they were of Legion water! The kegs were put on them, the two heavy *chaut-chauts*, or automatic rifles, were lashed on the cross-trees, and belts of cartridges secured. The company sergeant had measured the kegs. Not all had been spilled. But there weren't more than two cups of water per man to last the company on the long, hot march to Ksar el Toubs.

The Legion moved forward with Gene's squad following in the rear of the long column. The corporal looked at his little command with satisfaction. Rutli was a terror to raiders with his *chaut-chaut*, or "sho-sho." Mora had become camel-wise quickly and was already on speaking terms with his ungainly mount. Both of them looked to their youthful corporal with the unquestioning discipline of old soldiers. One look at that crinkly face of Gene's had

told them that here was a leader in whom they could have confidence.

A long, thirsty march along a desert *piste*, or trail, that would like a white thread over bare hills and down across scorching valleys of sand. Over a grim and forbidding land, which shimmered with heat and had mirages up on the horizon. Mirages that looked like glistening lakes and mirrors of water. Mirages that beckoned, and receded as you approached them.

Sand, and more sand. Williwaws of dust that rose like yellow ghosts and traveled erratically in vagrant whirlwinds that blinded and choked. Heat, overpowering, furnace-breathed, driven by a wind that smote and buffeted and scorched where it touched. Endless expanses of bare, sun-baked rock, of pebbly *erg*, of dune on dune piled up like petrified waves.

Into it the Legion marched, short of water, knowing that every man would die if there was none at Ksar el Toubs. The second day was hardest. Men



The Lone Killer

An Indian Mystery

Night after night, the faceless man came. Crept up on the lodges. Chose his victim. Stabbed. Vanished.

So begins, next month, the grim story of two young braves and a ghastly enemy—

"Skull Head the Terrible"

By James Willard Schultz

stumbled. They struggled doggedly against the waves of giddiness and lethargy that come with the Sahara thirst. They prayed for Ksar el Toubs and a chance to fight for water, if fight they must.

It came in sight at last, from the crest of a rocky ridge. A grim and gray citadel of stone, with watch towers at its four corners and the green bar of a palmery below in its valley. The Legion gave a hoarse cheer. Water! There was water there, that palmyer said—running water that fed the roots of the date palms, gave life to gardens of green things, made it possible for human beings to live in this desolate immensity.

Ksar el Toubs was inhabited by a peaceful tribe of date growers and camel raisers. It was garrisoned by a company of the Twelfth Tirailleurs, and needed to be, for the oasis was fair bait for the raiding *harkas* of the lower Sahara. The rescuing company—itsself in need of rescue from thirst—looked across the valley for signs of the *harka* of Reguibat now, and Gene heard an excited exclamation from Captain Chavlet:

"*Tiens! Pas de drapeau!*" he was muttering concernedly.

It was true. There was no Tricolor flag floating over Ksar el Toubs. The citadel had already been captured!

The Legion groaned. Forward it moved across that valley of death, every man in it giddy with thirst. The little water remaining had been doled out long since. Gene gathered from gossip in the ranks that Captain Chavlet proposed to attack the palmery first. Once in possession of that, the company could drink. Then it could plan to take the citadel without losing too many lives.

The ranks were cursing Gene with good spirit for getting them into this fix. It was bad enough to take

a palmery, they said, for it was all mud walls, forming the best of natural breastworks for its defenders. But to do it with every man perishing of thirst!

Gene listened grimly. The camel squad had lost them their water; the camel squad would have to get them more, that was all there was to it! He studied the citadel as they advanced. A road, cut through solid rock, led to the main gate of the fort. Over the gate was a gallery where a cannon peeked out of a gun port. That cannon could sweep the road, so that any column of troops charging the gate would have a bad time of it. Nor could the attacker get off the road, once they got onto it, because of the high rock sides. Gene shivered. He visualized the company in that narrow lane, at the mercy of the gun.

The rest of the *ksar* looked equally impregnable. They were less than a mile from it, now, and its walls rose high all around, save for that gate under its gallery. The tribesmen must have got in either by ruse or treachery. Gene failed to see how the Legion could take the citadel without a fieldpiece.

Puffs of white smoke burst from the *ksar's* loopholes as the Legion column swerved over toward the palmery. The company was too far away for decent sighting aim, but it was surprising, the carrying power of the Arab long gun! Slugs howled by, humming like bees in the air, and Texas gave a whoop and chucked up his cap to catch one.

"Them canaries is singin' for us, Gene!" warbled Texas as he caught his hat again deftly. "We-all's the principal scenery hyarabouts, ain't we?"

Captain Chavlet thought so, too, for he ordered a quick flank movement to take them out of range.

Gene hustled his ungainly line forward to keep position behind the Legion column. The slugs continued to screech by, and the valley was echoing the whang of Arab guns. The Legion disdained reply. You couldn't hit those slots at this range, like deep pencil marks they etched black bars along the yellow wall of the *ksar*. Out of them gleamed long barrels. Then the stab of flame and puff of white smoke, followed by the whizzing slug.

THE Legion laughed and joked. You could almost dodge those things, so great was the range. On to the palmery—and a drink!

They weren't going to get it without a fight. The palmery was full of tribesmen, horses, camels looted from the inhabitants. A large band of mounted Reguibat rode out on the desert as the Legion swerved around to take the palmery in frontal attack. Chavlet shouted orders to deploy in open order.

Gene could see a line of domed turbans forming behind the outer mud wall under the shade of the tall date trees, could discern the shining lines of gun barrels along the wall. The Legion was extending out, each man seeking cover in the irregularities of the desert and lying down prone. Gene's own squad was now the only upright, visible group on the sands. And that band of Arab cavalry was evidently singling him out for attack. Gene watched them nervously as they circled at full gallop to reach a broken ridge of rocks in his rear where they could harass him at will and probably stampede his camels.

"Camels down! *Chaut-chaut!*" shouted Captain Chavlet.

Gene was quick to get his meaning. Down with the camels and out with the automatic rifles! The captain was telling him to take care of himself. He would—he and Tex!

"Dis-mount! Unlimber sho-shos!" ordered Gene sharply.

His men pressed on the camels' necks. Down went the clumsy brutes—roaring protests as usual. Rutli and Mora yanked out their heavy automatics, fed them belts, set them up in convenient depressions to bear on that galloping band of riders.

"Open fire!" yelled Gene, the instant the tripods were set up. The sho-shos clattered and raved. They sprayed the onrushing cavalry with a hose of bullets. Horses and men started dropping. The charge wavered, became confused. Then it hastened to swerve off out of range, to circle and come up behind the ridge of rocks. Rutli stopped his gun in sudden silence.

"I'll tell the pie-eyed world them sho-shos is bad medicine for hosses!" yelled Tex.

Gene eyed the circling horsemen soberly. There were a lot of them left, and their idea seemed to be to wait beyond those rocks until the main Legion attack charged the palmery. After that, they'd swoop down on his camels.

"Try and do it, sons! Try and do it!" he muttered grimly. Even Arab fanatics ought to have more sense than to charge sho-shos with cavalry! But you never could tell what they'd do.

Captain Chavlet's whistle blew. It was the signal for rapid fire on the palmery. His tactics were to draw the Arabs' fire, then charge while they were reloading their long guns. The valley splattered with



The Legion raced for the palmery wall. There was a brief hand-to-hand melee of bayonets and swords.

the rapid bark of Lebel's all along the line, rang with the answering bellow from the wall. Then came the brief chirp of the whistle that meant get ready to charge. The Arab fire dropped to a few sputtering shots. Then a sharp blast, and the Legion jumped to its feet and raced for the palmery wall.

Gene and his squad knelt cheering as the lines leaped for the wall. There was a brief hand-to-hand melee of bayonets and yataghans. Then the Legion was lined up along that outer wall and firing over it. Gene's own automatics had opened up again, in a chatter like rock drills. He turned to see a compact body of horsemen thundering down upon him at full gallop. On they came, in spite of the clattering spray from the automatics. No limit to their courage! Gene and Tex both grabbed their rifles and fell prone, working the bolts as fast as they could twist, snap back, aim, and fire. It seemed for a moment that the charge would override them. Then, less than a hundred yards away, it broke. The shattered remnant pulled up, swerved, rode away pursued by bullets.

"Close call!" grinned Tex, rising from his lair in the rocks. "C'mere an' wrangle these camels!"

His warning shout brought the whole squad in a rush upon the pestilent oonts. Every one of the six imbeciles was roaring and trying to get up and stampe in any old direction. The squad fell on them in a body, while Gene looked anxiously over his shoulder at that ridge of rocks. If those horsemen only had sense enough to come back now!

CURIOSLY, it was in the direction of the *ksar* that the camels kept straining their long necks. Not the palmery! Tex figured it out as the squad twisted the mounts into some sort of submission.

"Them shorthorns have a thirst as long as their necks, Gene!" he declared. "Why ain't they p'intin' at the palmery? Because it's dry, that's what!"

Gene felt a shock of dismay at the words. That meant take the fortress—the impregnable *ksar*! They just had to have water, at any price! And that price looked fearful to Gene. How in the world was Chavlet going to storm the *ksar*? He had no scaling ladders. There was little chance for strategy. Surrender was unthinkable. The Legion would lie out here with cracked lips and swelling tongues, or redder that high, forbidding wall with blood.

Captain Chavlet's tiny figure appeared at the edge of the palmery and signaled for the squad to come in. Gene leaped to his feet.

"Make it snappy, all hands!" he told the squad. "Tex, you and I will take the rear. Belt men next, with rifles ready. Gunners first. If those Arabs charge, whang away at 'em the best way you can."

They got aboard swiftly, and with shouts of *Oosh! Udrrr!* urged the six camels to their feet. A yell came from the rocks. Out swept that band of raiders again. The camels bolted on, in a gallop that was worse than a mule's. The fractious beasts kept swerving toward that road up to the *ksar* gate, and it took one hand yanking strongly on the single bridle to head them toward the palmery at all. Their noses were telling them that there was water only in the *ksar*!

The half-hearted Arab pursuit gave up as the squad reached the palmery. Captain Chavlet greeted Gene with a very grave face. He was calmer than ever, but the corporal detected a serious expression in his eyes.

"She is dry," he announced. "We have reached the front wall, and it is all in our hands. But we still need water. The men are beginning to faint. We are obliged to kill these camels and drink what water they have in their stomachs. After that, perhaps a night attack on the *ksar* itself."

Gene listened, filled with concern. Kill the camels and drink the nauseous water in their stomachs! It wouldn't be necessary if the camel squad hadn't lost the water through carelessness. The responsibility was his. He had to figure a way out. A dim idea began to take shape. That gate, those thirsty camels, his automatic gunners. . . . The idea wouldn't quite arrange itself, and to gain time, he said:

"Don't do that just yet, sir! The well is in the *ksar*, you said?"

"Come!" replied Captain Chavlet. "I will show you. We need your mind on this, and yours seems a keen one, my young American."

Gene felt, again, a sense of surprise that the commander of the expedition should take a corporal so completely into his confidence. He was just an ordinary sap, like Tex, if you asked him his own opinion of himself. He didn't fully understand that youth has an imagination of its own, that it often produces ideas that escape the older man entirely. Chavlet, a shrewd judge of character, was relying on Gene for some unexpected suggestion. He was digging into a new mine for gold.

As the pair advanced through the palmery, Gene noted the debris of the short but stern scrap. Dirt

fung up by grenades, dropped yataghan swords, knives, here and there a breach in the mud wall. And always the dry water channels, their bottoms filled with caked mud still moist. The water had been shut off not three hours ago. Legionaries, crazed with thirst, had squeezed a few drops of water from the mud. But the meagre result had only aggravated their longing for water.

THEY arrived at the last wall fronting the *ksar*. A line of men at ease behind it looked at the captain and corporal with piteous eyes. They were caked with mud and dust, some clothed with dried blood, many bandaged. They were silent. The last hot hour had dried the jests from their blackened lips.

Beyond the palmery wall some distance, and high above, frowned the north wall of the citadel. Out of each rifle slot jutted a long gun. Captain Chavlet pointed at a line of stone flagging running down the hill and straight for the palmery.

"The irrigation chute," he said. "It is the usual thing—a well inside the citadel, a pulley suspended from two stone piers, the great copper bucket, and a donkey to haul it up."

Gene nodded. He had often seen it in the Sahara. The donkey walked away with the rope, pulling up a bucket holding about sixty pounds of water. The driver dumped it into the irrigation chute where it ran down to the distributing channels in the palmery below.

"Three men have crawled up that chute, but have never returned," said Captain Chavlet slowly. "It is full of snakes, I fear. The only thing left to do is to kill the camels, give the men one drink apiece, and take the *ksar* to-night. That stone slope leading up to the gallery over the gate is our only chance. It, at least, can be climbed."

His voice was discouraged, for Chavlet foresaw a bitter fight on that slope, with the odds all in favor of the tribesmen.

But Gene was smiling keenly upon him, for his idea had arrived at last.

"Listen, Captain!" he said. "The camel squad got you into this trouble and it's up to us to get you out again! The boys must have water. What's wrong with that Wooden Horse of Troy stunt?"

"Tiens!" exclaimed Chavlet with interest. "But where shall we find this wooden horse?"

"Our six camels, sir!" retorted Gene enthusiastically. "We can stage" (Continued on page 57)

The Winning Pop

By Rex Lee

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff



"How about a gentleman's agreement of no shootin', no matter what happens, before the game is over?"

MR. "BUTTERBALL" Bartley waddled through the crowded hotel lobby with much dignity, considerable determination, and not a little difficulty.

The annual meeting of the two big leagues was being held, and on all sides, players, officials, scouts and managers greeted him warmly. These greetings Mr. Bartley acknowledged with subtle condescension, as befitted his position in the baseball world. Former big league catcher, minor league manager, and at the present time scout for the Gray Legs—thus he was known.

His brown derby was cocked on his head in a northwesterly direction, starting from a point immediately above his right eye and barely escaping his right ear, and he was arrayed as the lilies of the field.

He was of approximately the size and gorgeousness of a rajah's elephant decked out for a parade. Every once in a while, as he made his way through the lobby, he would fondle the ornate pin in his red, white, blue, green, and purple striped necktie. The pin, in gold and jewels, represented a baseball in a catcher's mitt and it was nearly life size. He finally reached a corner of the lobby, and there his ears pricked up noticeably as the well-known voice of Mr. Non-stop Niemeyer reached his ears.

"An' I'm tellin' you," the manager of the Hicksville Hardpans was saying, "that in them days it was tough!"

Mr. Bartley steered his stomach around the corner and allowed himself to gaze at a group composed of four ball players, Non-stop Niemeyer, and the fourth assistant deputy business manager of the Canaries.

"Well," one of the ball players said doggedly, "I'm sayin' you gotta go some to beat St. Louis. They sure take their baseball serious out there. Why, the last game I played there this year I got a pop bottle bounced off my bean—"

"That must have been tough on the bottle," Mr. Bartley announced smoothly.

He succeeded in wedging himself into a big chair without having to sit more than a trifle off keel.

"You kids don't know nothin'!" Non-stop said flatly. "Why, when I was playin' with the Mustang League in Wyoming twenty years ago, they used to have to call out the militia. I remember one time in the fall of '83 when—"

"You never happened to play ball in Texas, did you?" Mr. Bartley interrupted softly.

Non-stop Niemeyer was conceded to be the all-round, catch-as-catch-can, low-and-lofty champion talker of the baseball world. It was generally conceded that he was the most accomplished and prodigious liar since the days of Baron Munchausen. But Mr. Butterball Bartley had once entered into competition with him, and the memory of it was painful to Non-stop. Wherefore the Hicksville manager gazed at Mr. Bartley with a peculiar gleam in his good eye.

"That wasn't the place where you picked up Bossy Botsford, the Sauk Center Siege Gun, was it?" Non-stop demanded sardonically.

At the name of the renowned pitcher known as the

Siege Gun, the players looked at Mr. Bartley with more intense interest.

"Well, no," said Mr. Bartley, "as far as that goes. But do you mean to say you never heard of the game that was played between the Luluville Broncos and the Shockhart Pill Wallopers?"

"No," snorted Mr. Niemeyer, and when he snorted, he snorted. "Nor nobody else, I presume."

"Well," Mr. Bartley said dreamily, leaning back in his chair and tilting his brown derby down over the bridge of his somewhat pug nose, "that was a game!"

Chairs were hitched closer. Non-stop Niemeyer was powerless to dampen the curiosity of the ball players, who scented an epic. The man who had brought to the attention of the world the Sauk Center Siege Gun was not to be taken lightly. Their eyes popped out until one could have knocked them off with a stick as Butterball, talking with husky softness, unfolded his prodigious narrative.

I HAD just quit catchin' on account of breaking my last finger, and was startin' to scout for the Canaries. It was in the fall of '94, if I remember right, or maybe it was '93. Anyways, the season was over and I'd took a look at a shortstop in San Antonio as my last official duty of the year. Then I hops down to Gonzara, a cattle town, to have a little visit with Goaty Gibbons.

Goaty used to play when I was just a kid breakin' in. He was the greatest place hitter that ever lived, Willie Keeler or no Willie Keeler. All he needed was a guy's address and he could hit a ball intuh the feller's back pocket.

I hadn't seen him in fifteen years and I finds him sittin' on the front porch of his little frame house. He's got a little gray goatee, he's bald as an egg, and he's wearin' glasses. I finds out that he's just finished havin' a little battin' practice with his boy. He was tryin' to make a pitcher outta the kid.

"Yuh don't mean to say you can still hit, Goaty!" says I.

"Just as good as ever," he comes back. "If my dogs was any good and my legs would work faster than a turtle's, I could be in the big leagues yet."

We chats along for a few minutes and just as dusk is fallin' an automobile drives up. A couple of big guys in cowboy boots and Stetsons big enough to make a pup tent for a St. Bernard comes hobblin' up the walk on their high heels.

One of 'em has a mustache that looks like handlebars, and he carries a mean look in his eye. The other feller is small and bandy-legged, and both of 'em has got six shooters strapped down to each leg.

The feller with the mustache spits a cloud-burst of tobacco juice which practically ruins a passing ant, picks off a grasshopper on the other side of the walk, and says, slow and easy, "Am I talkin', by any chance, to Mr. Gibbons?"

"You are," says Goaty.

"Well, we been informed that Mr. Bart-

ley is visitin' you," says the tall feller, tilting back his hat. "You ain't him, are you, stranger?"

I commenced to feel kind o' funny, somehow. One peek at that cow town had made me decide to walk slow and easy during my stay, for they had playful habits with their guns in them days. I took three gulps and says finally, "I'm him."

"Well, now, ain't that lucky?" says Handlebars, with relish. "We got a job for yuh."

"Yeah" says I. "Well, I'm on vacation."

"That's all the better," says the little feller. "Go ahead an' tell him, Luke."

"Well, the idea is this," says Handlebars, leaning against the porch railin' an' playin' with the butt of his gun. "We come from Luluville, thirty miles north-west, and the annual baseball game between Luluville and Shockhart is goin' to be played just three days from now—on Saturday afternoon."

"Well," says I, "what of it?"

HANDLEBARS looks down at me, and I ain't sure, but I think he's grinnin' beneath that foliage.

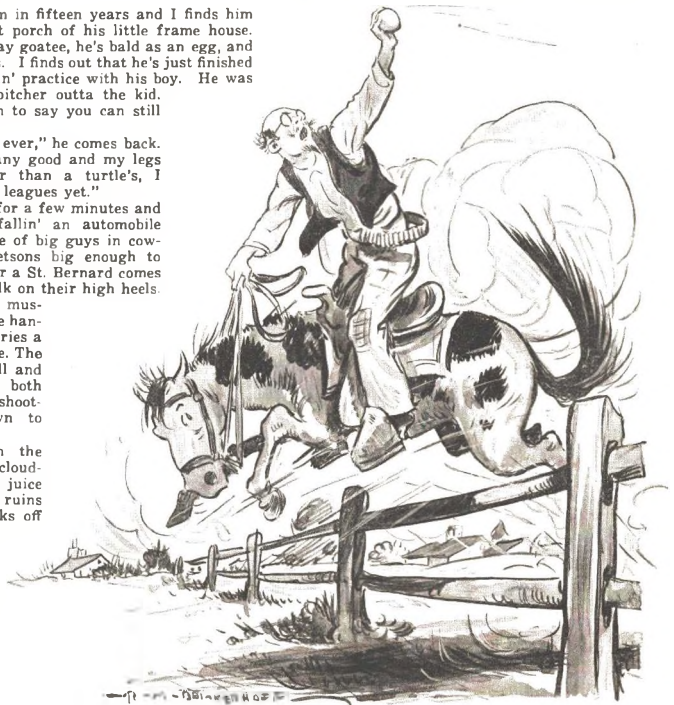
"This here game," he goes on, "is important. In fact just about the whole town of Luluville'll change hands if Luluville don't win. Sim Edwards, the mayor, bet the Mansion Hotel against John Clarkson's Shockhart dairy, and old man Pettigrew has put up a department store and four houses against the Shockhart National Bank, just to give you an idee of the bettin' on that game."

"That," says I, "looks to me as though you people took yuh pastimes to heart."

"We do," the little feller breaks in. "Just the mere idee of Shockhart winnin' makes a Luluville man tough to get along with. This year it's worse than ever. Last year was pretty quiet on account of there bein' an epidemic of diphtheria around. There wasn't but five men killed, was there, Luke?"

"No, six," Luke corrected him, "if you count in Eb Snyder. O' course, he didn't die for several months."

"I wasn't countin' him," agreed the smaller man.



His pony jumps the fence and, just at the top of the jump, Goaty stands



This Mexican leaps up in the air, gives a kind of scream, pulls out a knife long enough to row a boat with, and takes out after Tompkins, too.

Well, I commenced to feel like I hadn't ate for a long time.

"An' o' course I wasn't thinkin' of fellers like Sam Hardy or Bill Thompson. Those two," he explains to me, "can't walk so good yet, but they wasn't real casualties."

"It strikes me," says Goaty, "that it would be a good idea if I put up a dugout somewheres and watched that game."

"Now, Mr. Bartley," says Luke, "the situation is this. Yesterday we had us a swell team. We had Dan Luckberry from Chicago, the shortstop came from the Eagles in New York, we brings Jack Crandle from New Orleans, and the outfield comes from San Francisco, all in one herd."

As them names, three of which I knew, filters through his mustache, I'm gaspin' like a fish out o' water.

"Did you say this was the Luluville team?" I asks him weakly, and Handlebars nods. Believe me, he had named an all-star outfit!

"We mean to put one over on Shockhart, because last year Shockhart rings in a big league catcher and a pitcher. They won five thousand head of cattle, the Carlisle ranch, and half of the main business block of the town. Besides, they got five Luluville men, cold turkey, against our two. O' course, a lot of us was sick with the diphtheria, like I said."

"Too bad," I says. "That made the game just a formality, didn't it?"

"Almost," agrees Handlebars. "But now what do you think the dirty dogs went and done? Our team was staying at the Mansion House, bein' as none of 'em lived in Luluville, an' Shockhart must have got to the cook and poisoned their food. Every one of 'em is in bed sicker'n dogs, an' the doctor says there's no way of 'em gettin' up before a week or ten days, so we got to play Shockhart with a pick-up team, we got to win, an' you're the answer. You coach the team, get me, and figure out a way of winnin'." You

know all the tricks—you're a big leaguer. If we win, you get two thousand five hundred dollars, cash!"

"Suppose," I stammers, "we lose?"

"Well," Handlebars says, "that might make the boys a little peevish. I should advise you, stranger, to win."

"Pardon me," I says. "I don't think I care for the job. My heart ain't been so good lately and besides that my dandruff is bothering me somethin' terrible—"

I stops as Handlebars draws his gun, slow. There's a spittion on the far end of the porch and he throws down the gun in a sort of melancholy way, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, he'd shot that spittion sky high.

"Oh, I reckon you'll take the job," he drawls. "We might just as well start out for Luluville now and get under way, what say?"

I looks at Goaty. His eyes is shinin' behind his glasses an' that little white goatee of his is fairly bristlin'.

"I—I reckon—we had," I says.

An' if you think I felt happy at the chance to make two thousand five hundred bucks, you'd probly give me credit for doin' a tap dance from the death cell to the electric chair.

"Say, listen," Goaty pipes up, and the spry old devil hops to his feet.

He's about half as big as a minute and so short he'd have to stand on a stepladder to pick a feather off a duck's stomach, but he's all solid nerve, and maybe he needed money pretty bad. Anyway, he says, "How much would yuh give a player that made a hit every time he came to bat, Big Boy?"

Handlebars looks him over careful.

"I reckon," he drawls, "that each hit would be worth about two hundred bucks. If we put you in and you didn't make good, we'd bury you without expense."

"Well," says Goaty, "I'm going with you, Butterball, and if I can make my legs move, I guess you can use me, can't you?"

"Listen, Goaty," says I, "yuh got a family. While yuh ain't in the prime of youth, there's many a good year o' livin' ahead of yuh. I ain't got nobody, so I won't be missed—"

"Listen," says Goaty, his eyes snappin', "Shockhart's used tactics that ain't on the level. That gives us lots of leeway, don't it? I got some ideas. You say Shockhart's the better team, Mister?"

"Yeah," nodded Handlebars mournfully, "but the money's done been bet."

"By to-morrow," says Goaty, "if you got three men that can hit anything I may have a few pesos up myself."

An' that's how, fifteen minutes later, we drives off for the game that made ridin' up San Juan Hill behind Teddy, a few years later, seem like a great relief to me.

THERE ain't no use in goin' into details about the next three days except to tell yuh that I was guarded night and day so that I couldn't get away. Every time I turned around quick I felt a new gun stuck into me.

On Saturday afternoon at two-thirty the game was ready to start, and there ain't never been a crowd before or since like that one. Shockhart had moved to Luluville for the game. They were lined up along the third base line. The women and children was in the rear, but the first four lines had about eight hundred men and sixteen hundred guns in 'em. On the first base line, Luluville was waiting in the same formation.

Goaty and me hadn't been idle. I'd took one look at the team I had to work for and had scouted the Shockhart Pill Wallopers besides. I found out that they wasn't so hot, but they had a big red-headed pitcher that had worlds of smoke. He had a hop on his fast one like a scared grasshopper.

I'd tried my best to get some boys from San Antonio and around, but it seems that this here annual slaughter was known all over Texas. I finally gets three old ball players for second base, shortstop, and center field—they was so broke they'd have gone over Niagara Falls in a peanut shell for five bucks.

MY first baseman weighs two hundred and twenty pounds and has a long red beard. He can't run and he can't throw, but he can hit and he can catch the ball. The third baseman was only about four feet high, and he played with two guns on and a pipe in his mouth. The left felder was a young feller, pretty good. And I was goin' to use Goaty in right.

Goaty and me had made several preparations to win the game, as I've said, and there wasn't no doubt in our minds about what would happen if we didn't. If there had been, old Handlebars would have dispelled it. He comes up to me just before the game and says soft-like, "I been talkin' to the boys. You've got to win, Bartley. If yuh lose, we'd have to start a new town tuh live in. There ain't but one house in town that ain't bet."

I nods. I can't say much, but I asks him to get me the captain of the Pill Wallopers. This here captain is about six foot six and he's their catcher. When he ain't catchin' he wears a sombrero—even at bat, I finds out later. Goaty and me had figured out the idee I was goin' to spring on account of Goaty not bein' able to run at all.

"Listen," I says, "our right felder hurt his leg. Got any objections to him playing on horseback?"

I points out the advantages to Shockhart, and o' course they seem 'em right away. A felder on horseback, they figured, couldn't do nothin' except overtake the ball.

I had to use Goaty for his hittin' and we'd made several preparations especially for him. Bein' a Texan, he had hidden since he was a kid, and he had a cow pony that could read his thoughts. So the game starts with Goaty sittin' on the pony in right field.

Just as the first Shockhart batter started to the plate, the mayor of Luluville, who had a voice like the bull o' Bashan, comes up to the plate. He's an old grayed fellow with a couple of cannons strapped on him and another one bulging under his left shoulder. He raises his hand and there ain't a peep from the crowd.

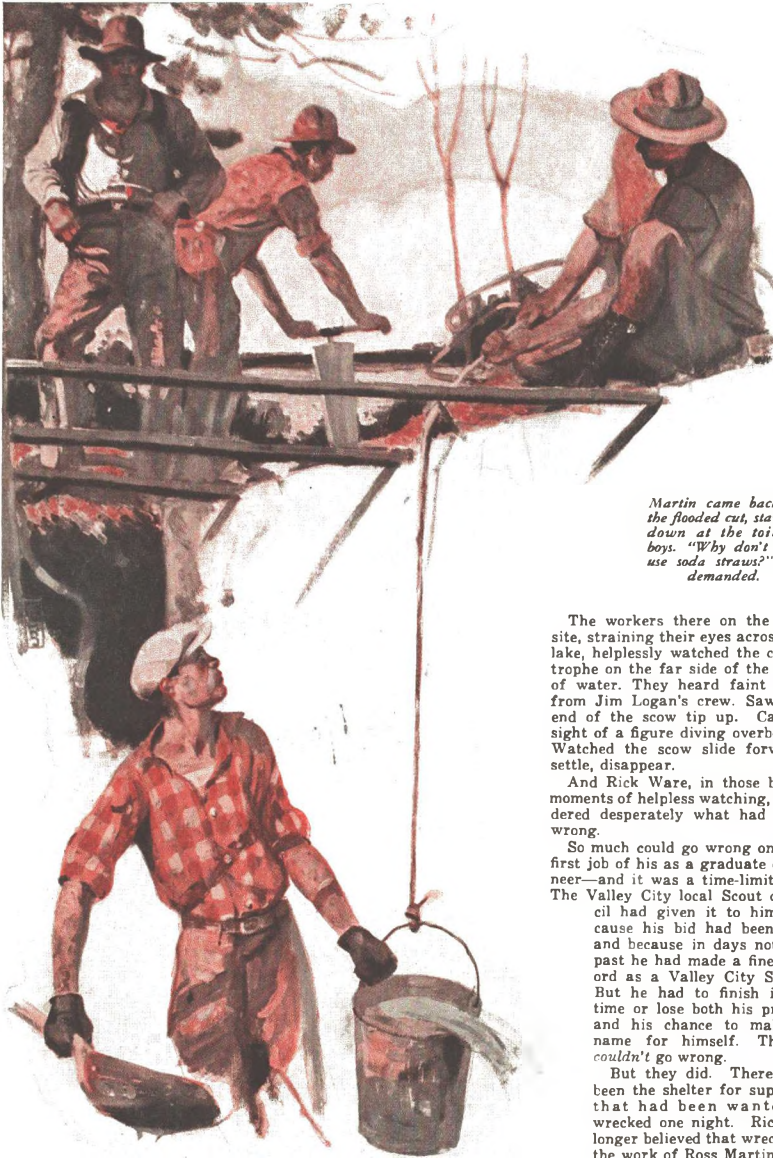
"We got a proposition to make," he yells. "How about a gentleman's agree- (Continued on page 38)



up in his stirrups and spears the ball.

The Builder of the Dam

By William Heyliger
Illustrated by Frank Spradling



Martin came back to the flooded cut, staring down at the toiling boys. "Why don't you use soda straws?" he demanded.

The Preceding Chapters:

IN a sudden wave of apprehension, Rick Ware reached out unconsciously and shut off the noisy cement mixer. He stared off across the lake.

His gang of picked Scouts who were helping him put in the new dams at the Scout camp lake, startled by the sudden quiet, stopped work and stared too.

What was wrong with the scow that Jim Logan and his crew were bringing over from the east side, loaded with gravel?

"She's just standing still," a boy near Rick observed in surprise.

"They're trying to work her back to shore!" declared another.

"By thunder, she's sinking—she's going down!" exclaimed a third.

And she was.

The workers there on the dam site, straining their eyes across the lake, helplessly watched the catastrophe on the far side of the body of water. They heard faint cries from Jim Logan's crew. Saw one end of the scow tip up. Caught sight of a figure diving overboard. Watched the scow slide forward, settle, disappear.

And Rick Ware, in those bitter moments of helpless watching, wondered desperately what had gone wrong.

So much could go wrong on this first job of his as a graduate engineer—and it was a time-limit job. The Valley City local Scout council had given it to him because his bid had been low and because in days not far past he had made a fine record as a Valley City Scout. But he had to finish it on time or lose both his profits and his chance to make a name for himself. Things couldn't go wrong.

But they did. There had been the shelter for supplies that had been wanted only wrecked one night. Rick no longer believed that wrecking the work of Ross Martin, the older contractor who had been a bidder for the Scout job. Even though queer old

Fishing Jerry insisted that Martin had been over by the shelter that night, Rick couldn't believe the contractor had done the damage. That sort of thing wasn't like a responsible man of Martin's type.

Just the same, the shelter had to be rebuilt. It had taken time. And Jim Logan, Rick's cousin and foreman, was no good at saving time. He wasn't a hustler. The boys were covertly grinning at the idea of Jim's being a foreman.

Was Jim to blame now, somehow, for the loss of the scow—the scow so much needed on the job?

Chapter Nine

FOR a moment after the barge disappeared into the waters of the lake, Rick shook with a cold and sick despair. It was the knowledge that the crew was crowding around him, watching him, waiting for him to do something, that forced him to

grip his nerves and pull his courage together. He put a whistle in his mouth and blew four blasts—the recall signal.

The rowboats, tied to the scow with long hawsers, had not been pulled under. After a wait one of them appeared and came foaming across the water.

"It's Harry Olds," said Tom Carey.

Rick waded out, met the boat and, as it slewed around, hauled himself over the stern. Without a word, Harry started for the eastern shore. Rick spoke only once.

"How deep is she, Harry?"

"She went down in about five feet. I got scared when I felt her go from under me, and I dove. My head hit the bottom mud. The water wasn't so deep as I'd thought."

The boat ran past the submerged scow, and grated on the shore. The three workers on shore stood in an awkward group, silent and white of face.

"What happened?" Rick demanded. "Did she open a seam? She hadn't shown any signs of taking water."

"She—she just seemed to go down," said Jim.

Rick looked out at the scow. And then, for the first time, he noticed that the gravel with which she had been loaded came to the top of the water. One piece of stone stuck out, and around it the water eddied in short, twisting swirls.

"She was overloaded, Jim. How did that happen?"

"Well—"

"Who checked the loading?"

"I did."

"How many barrow loads went on?"

"Well, I didn't think there were more than fifty—"

"You didn't think?" Rick's voice was like a knife.

"In other words, you didn't check the loading; you guessed at it. You took a chance and you sank the scow."

The foreman looked away and scuffed the ground with one nervous foot.

"I'm sorry, Jim," Rick said. "This is once too often. You're through. Go back to the tent and gather up your belongings. The camp truck goes down for milk at seven o'clock; you can drop off at the Vreeland station and take the 8:02 to Valley City."

Jim, with an angry toss of his head, strode toward the boat.

"Take the trail around the lake," Rick said sharply. "We'll need the boats to bring over cement."

Jim turned on his heel and walked away. He quickly disappeared among the trees, but they could still hear him tramping off through the brush. Rick listened with an aching heart. Sometime, perhaps, he could give Jim another chance. But now—the job must come first.

HE turned to the others. Harry Olds had remained in the boat. The other two, still standing in silence, seemed to wonder what was going to happen to them.

"I'm not attaching any of the blame for this to you fellows," Rick said, to reassure them. "It was Jim's job to see that there was no overloading. But this scow must be raised."

He went out to the wreck, stood upon the gravel, pried around the sides with one of the poles.

"There's only one way to do this job," he said. "She must be lightened. Get out here with shovels, dig into this gravel, and get it overboard."

The two on the shore did not move.

"Gosh, Rick," said one of them, "have a heart. It's tough enough shoveling gravel on land without having to shovel it under water."

After all, Rick might have expected something like this. These were boys who had worked more or less steadily under Jim Logan. It was inevitable that they should have absorbed something of those weak, undesirable elements that had made his cousin a failure as a foreman.

"This scow," Rick said slowly, "is coming up, and we're going to start now to get it up. The fellow who isn't on his way out here in a minute can ride down to Valley City with Jim on the 8:02."

Seconds of indecision—and then one of the boys stooped for a shovel. The other followed suit. Rick, who had been holding his breath, began to breathe again. If they had quit, he would have been ruined. It might have been impossible to replace them. And yet it would have been ruin, too, to let them mutiny and defy him.

He piled five bags of cement into the rowboat and started back for the job. As he neared the unloading dock he saw his cousin, a suitcase in each hand, fade into the trail that led to the Scout camp. He

was glad that there was to be no final scene. He was sorry about Jim. But he had given him his chance, and he had failed—not once but many times, and each failure had been a little more serious than the last. As a matter of justice to the job, and as a measure in maintaining discipline, Jim had to go, no matter how hard it hit them both.

It seemed to Rick that Kaufmann, coming down to help unload the cement, looked at him with a new respect.

"I imagine you know," Rick said, "what happened to the scow. There was nothing else for me to do but let Jim go. Tim, I'm making you foreman. Get that scow raised. After you have one end lightened, we'll put 4 x 4's under and bring that end up. I need twenty more bags of cement. You'll have to send them over in the rowboats. Kaufmann, you take Tim's place in the cut."

"That's going to leave you short at the gravel pile," Kaufmann warned.

"It will slow us up," said Rick, "but it's better than shutting down."

Within an hour he had all the cement he needed. Across the lake Tim's big frame stood out as he led his crew in a driving fight to raise the scow.

AT FIELDS brought down supper, and Rick blew the recall. With the barge gone they sat on the ground, their plates in their laps, their shoulders hunched with weariness. The intolerable heat of midday was gone, and the evening breeze, which always seemed to come down from above Broken Nose, was beginning to rustle through the forest and tease the surface of the lake. The brass of the sunshine gave place to a mountain blue, cool, and clear; and clouds, light as lace and faint as fairy etchings, appeared across the splendid background of the heavens. Behind them, from a thicket, a song sparrow burst into a flood of liquid melody.

At the noon dinner there had been laughter, chaffing, a merry give-and-take of small talk. This evening they were quiet, content to sit there and rest. Tim lay back on the hard ground, his hands under his head, and stared up into the blue. A movement in a near-by tree caught his attention.

"Ricky!" His voice was low. "There's a bird over here going around and around a tree trunk, just tapping and dabbing."

"Brown?" Rick asked.

"Yes. Little bit of a thing."

"That's the brown creeper. It gets practically all

its food from tree trunks—insects and things."

Tim, fascinated, continued to stare at the small, quaint citizen of the forest.

Rick let them rest as long as he dared. When he called them back to work the lake was darkening with the evening shadows, and bats were swooping and swirling above the rushes and lily pads. With night falling, lightening the scow was impossible. Tim went down into the cut again, and Kaufmann returned to his gravel pile. Rick gave him two of the boys who had been on the scow with Jim and held Harry Olds and Art Fields to relieve Flowers and Golding at the barrows.

"Work your gang in relays," Rick told Kaufmann. It was a question now how long the effort could be sustained.

Half an hour later they lighted the gasoline lamps. The night came down, and with it the mountain chill, and the lake faded out under a rising blanket of damp mist. The white lights, glaring down on the workers, threw everything else into a black, hulking shadow. Save for the one spot where labor defied the sun, the mountain was plunged into a deep, rustling, murmuring inky mystery. Bats, drawn in from the lake by the brightness, dipped and dived over the heads of the boys. The mosquitoes were gone, but gnats and moths and a dozen other winged insects of the night, buzzed and hummed about their ears.

Rick shut down the mixer. "Better get on shirts or sweaters," he ordered.

Tim climbed out of the cut, shivering and slapping at the torturing gnats.

"You're cold," said Rick. "Why didn't you say something?"

"Didn't want to halt the work," said Tim. He went up to the tents for a sweater.

Tom Carey came with news from the sand pile. "Somebody's prowling around out there in a boat, Ricky."

"Probably Jerry," Rick said. "Could you see him?"

"No. Just a vague shape in the mist. I heard the oars."

"Poor Jerry," said Rick. He started the mixer again.

AT ten o'clock more than three-quarters of the dam was poured, but the crew was at the end of its strength. He had shifted them, rotated them, saved them where he could—but they could go no further. The barrows, pushed by Flowers and Golding, were running in zigzags. At the gravel pile there were

long delays. Even Tim, the strongest of them all, grunted as he pushed his rake through the steadily mounting level of concrete.

"No more to-night," Rick called, and shut off the engine for the last time. Shovels and barrows fell where they were. There were groans and sighs and sore stretching of muscles.

"I'm going down to the lake to wash off," said Tim. He was covered with dry, gray scales of concrete.

"I'm going to bed," Kaufmann said heavily, "just as I am."

"Fellows!" Rick halted them. "I hate to drive you. You stuck to-day; I'm proud of what you've done. But once we start to pour it's a case of keep on pouring. I'll have to have you up at five o'clock."

"You can depend on this gang," Tim said promptly. The foreman's reply gave the faint-hearted no chance to grumble. Kaufmann waved a wordless assent and stumbled toward the tents.

"Wait!" said Rick. "I'm not through yet. To-morrow's Friday. We'll finish this dam to-morrow, and then we'll tackle the scow. When three o'clock comes you're through until Monday. I give every man the week-end off with pay."

"Now you're tooting," Kaufmann said in a heartier voice. A babble of talk broke out with sudden animation. Tim had gone down toward the lake shore. Rick, powdered thickly with cement dust, followed him.

The water was warm, but the cold air, striking their wet bodies, chilled them through. They ran up to their tent, caught up towels, and rubbed at their bodies until they were in a glow. Tim turned out the gas lamps, and the one spot of light in all the mountains was gone. From the other tents came snores and deep, heavy breathing.

"Say, Rick." Tim's voice came sleepily. "I didn't feel a gnat in here while I was drying."

"No. They never seem to come into the tents. Good night, Tim."

From Tim's cot came a sigh, a moan, the heavy settling of a weary body at rest.

Rick put the alarm clock under his pillow so that it would not disturb the others. Its muffled clamor, going off at half past four, forced the sleep from his reluctant eyes. Day had broken. Crows were already cawing across the sky. He threw back the covers, shivered, bundled himself into clothing, pulled a trunk from under his cot, and rummaged with stiff fingers. Things were there left over from his week-end trips in the spring—coffee and sugar in tight cans, unopened tins of milk. He carried them outside and



The scow shivered, lurched, moved—and went toward the shore, rising inch by inch as it moved.

found the pot he had not sent back to camp the day before.

The ground was littered with sawed-off ends of uprights, and broken pieces of ship-lap. He built a fire between two rocks. The wood was damp with mist; it took time to get a blaze going. He filled the pot at the lake, added coffee, and set it on to boil. The fire felt good; he squatted and let the heat comfort him. After a time he went back to his trunk and brought out three tin cups. The water turning brown, began to bubble and to send off a mouth-watering vapor.

He started the mixer to warm it and to have its clatter awaken the gang. From the tents came murmurs, grumbings, fretful voices. Rick made a megaphone of his hands.

"Hot coffee!" he shouted. "Come and get it. Two cups apiece. Can't you smell it in there?"

THE coffee brought them out and they drank in relays, passing the cups around. The hot, aromatic fluid put life into them. Kaufmann took his shovel and walked toward the gravel.

"What fellows do you want on the scow?" Tim asked.

"That can wait," said Rick. He did not want them on the scow, standing in the cold water of the lake, until they had been fortified with food.

At eleven o'clock the last batch went into the bucket. The gravel had just about finished the job—the last barrowful had been scrapings. Kaufmann, with a shout of joy, tossed his shovel into the air. Golding and Flowers tumbled their barrows into the sand pile. Tim, methodical as always, took his rake down to the lake and washed the teeth free of wet cement.

The mixer was shut off, to be silent this time until they were ready to pour the second dam. A minute passed, two minutes, five. They stood in a group and stared at the concrete flush with the top of the form. It represented weeks of toil, of effort, of strain and stress. They could not quite grasp that they had fought through and had come to the end.

"All right, fellows." Rick roused himself from his contemplation of the finished task. "Let's tackle the scow."

He was surprised at the amount of gravel Tim had succeeded in throwing off. Going aboard the sunken craft, he tested the depth of the load. The end toward the shore held only a foot or so of stone.

"Start here," he said, "and clear this end. When you clear out the gravel, we'll try to raise her."

The gang split, Tim taking a crew, Kaufmann another, and Rick handling those who would wedge 4 x 4's under the scow. For an hour Tim set the pace, and four shovels kept dropping gravel over the side. Kaufmann, ready to relieve Tim, was halted by the dinner bugle. Now that the pouring was over they would go back to the Scout camp for their meals.

Early in the afternoon Rick anchored a rowboat on either side of the scow, and the 4 x 4's were run under. Twice they slipped and came out, but the third time they caught bottom and held. Slowly, ponderously, as the beams were tilted, an end of the scow came out inch by inch.

Tim's crew went back to the job. As the barge tilted they shoveled along the sloping deck, and gravity helped to send the gravel sliding toward the sunken stern. There, as it piled up, it was easier to shove overboard.

"Only water holding her now," Rick called. More than one-third of the gravel had been removed. Another set of 4 x 4's was brought out and advanced farther toward the center. Eighteen more inches of the barge came out of the flood.

"Now we're doing it," cried Rick.

BUT three o'clock put a stop to the work. He longed to hold them, to have them finish what was so vitally necessary, to see them establish, before they quit, the all-important freight service between the job and the eastern shore. They were going down to Valley City—home for the week end. They could hold on with him until supper, and still have time to make the 8:02. But he had given his word that they would be free at three o'clock, and he let them go. With shouts and cheers they quit the scow, and went around the lake to dress and make ready—even Tim.

They met at supper, a gay crew that had discarded khaki, sweat-shirts and knee-length "shorts" for the clothing of the city. Rick, with his mind on the scow, ate in silence. After supper, alone, he went back over the trail to the construction camp, leaving the crew clustered in front of the mess shack, waiting for the camp truck to take them down on its run for milk.

Sitting on an overturned barrow, he stared out across the lake. The fish were leaping to-night—from end to end the water broke into flashes of spray and swirled into pools of widening ripples. As the day darkened he no longer saw the leaps of bass

and pickerel, but the flop of their bodies, falling back with soft splashes, came distinctly to his ears. He was alone—deserted. His workers were gone, and tomorrow he could twiddle his thumbs and stare forlornly at a sunken scow.

He went up to the tent, lit a lantern, and took out the diary he had kept since the job began. In a plain, clear hand he wrote:

Aug. 5, 1927—Completed pouring of first dam to-day. Forms will be removed at some future time after sufficient drying. Total time to pour 40 cubic yards of concrete, 17 hours. About ten scow loads of gravel and nine of sand were required. Scow only half raised.

It was a matter-of-fact record, the prosaic language of an engineer. But his heart was charged with feeling—heaviness, disappointment. They were a week behind schedule.

Outside there was a stirring in the brush, a sound from the trail, the snapping of a branch—footsteps.



Boots and Bandits!

Shiny new boots that Uncle Walt Atlee has bought for his graduation into the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Smuggling bandits trailed to their hangout on an island in the Gulf . . .

Boots and bandits tangle in the last whirlwind Litten story

"The Boots of a Bomber"

In June

A shadow fell across the open doorway of the tent, a shadow of bulk and proportions.

"Tim!" Rick called suddenly.

"Right." The foreman stepped into the tent and began to shed coat, vest, collar, tie.

"I thought you were going to Valley City?"

"Changed my mind." Tim hung the coat and vest on a hook screwed into the ridgepole. "I thought there might be something you and I could get out of the way to-morrow. Time's getting short."

All at once Rick's depression was gone and the future was no longer black.

Chapter Ten

THE next morning Rick and Tim slept late; it was almost six o'clock when they left their cots.

After the weeks of activity, the construction camp had a deserted and forsaken look. The cement in the form had begun to harden. The sun, more than an hour up, had warmed the day, and they did not have to face the customary thin and penetrating chill. The mists were gone, and the lake was clear and sparkling.

Rick gathered up the shovels that had been thrown willy-nilly when the pouring ended. Tim, catching sight of a frisking chipmunk, went quietly up the trail. Suddenly there was a commotion in the brush, and a rabbit popped out and ran in front of him. The abruptness with which the animal appeared brought him to a startled halt.

The next instant a long, low, sinister brownish-gray figure slipped from the brush. The rabbit, at sight of Tim, had wavered in stupid terror. Before it could

resume its flight, the brown shadow had overwhelmed it. There was a squeal of agony, and the rabbit was on its side with cruel teeth sunk into its neck.

Tim, horrified at the slaughter, kicked at the brownish-gray killer. "Get out of there," he cried. "Ricky!" He kicked again.

The killer, showing his teeth, retreated behind a rock; his head appeared above the top and his beady, cruel eyes watched both Tim and his prey. The rabbit, its jugular vein cut through, tried to run again, but toppled over on its back and kicked frantically.

"Rick! Come here. Quick!"

Rick came running. The killer's head drew back a little—there was no further retreat.

"Some darn thing grabbed this poor little rabbit, Rick." Tim's voice throbbled with indignation and sympathy. "I tried to drive it off. It's over there."

Rick saw the head, the glittering eyes.

"It's a weasel. It takes the blood, never eats the flesh. Some people say it kills for the mere sake of killing."

"Can't we do something for the rabbit?"

"The rabbit will die, Tim; it's bleeding to death now. I'm sorry. It seems cruel, but it's the law of the wilderness. Kill and be killed. I've seen a lot of it in the years I've been up here—crows killing some lone bird, squirrels raiding birds' nests, snakes swallowing field mice, big fish feeding on small fish. I've grown used to it. Let's go over and look at the scow."

Tim came away reluctantly. Rick got into one of the boats and picked up the oars.

"Wait a minute," said Tim, and went up toward the trail. He returned in a minute.

"The rabbit was gone," he reported.

"The weasel hauled it into the brush as soon as we left. There's no way of stopping these things, Tim. Some day a bigger animal will get that weasel."

"I hope so," said Tim. "What got me was that the rabbit didn't have a chance."

"No small animal has a chance against a bigger," said Rick.

They had left beams wedged under the scow, and the craft had not settled during the night. Studying the situation, Rick was struck with the idea that it might be far easier to haul the scow ashore than to raise it by inches.

"Look here, Tim." He outlined the plan. "The end toward shore is out of water—well out. Suppose we tie hawsers to that end. What's to prevent her being hauled into water so shallow that the hand pump will clear her in a few hours?"

"Who's going to do the hauling?" Tim asked skeptically. "You and I?"

"There are eight Scouts at the Scout camp. I think they'd look upon it as a lark. Come on; we'll find out."

THEY rowed down to the camp. Mess hadn't blown yet, and the boys were policing the grounds and making up their cots. Rick went to the officers' lodge, was there for five minutes, and came out beaming.

"They won't order the Scouts on this job," he told Tim, "but I may have every fellow who'll volunteer for a good turn. I'm going to put it to them after breakfast."

Rick and Tim ate at the table set aside for the construction gang. It seemed to Tim that the noisy, clamoring meal would never end. But in the end the camp leader blew a shrill blast, and there was instant silence.

"Scouts," the leader said, "Mr. Ware has something to say to you this morning."

"Three rah-bows for Ricky," yelled a voice.

To them he was the boy who had camped with them, who had pioneered here when it was all wilderness, who had once been a tent leader, who had only last year been quartermaster. The cheers were thundering when Rick stood up. He waited for silence.

"Fellows," he said, "I've often wondered how strong a Scout really is. To-day I hope to find out. As you know, our scow sank. We've been trying to raise it, but it has been a hard, hours-wasting job. Now there is a way of getting that scow up on top of the water where she belongs. It can be done before noon. But only if you will help me."

"What do you want us to do, Ricky?" demanded a humorist. "Dive under it and push it up?"

Rick let the laughter have its run. He wanted them in good humor.

"No," he said, "I don't want diving. I want pulling. I'm going to tie two hawsers to that scow, where she rides out of the water, and I want Scouts to volunteer to grab those hawsers and pull that boat ashore. A big pull, a long pull, and a pull all together. The biggest good turn that this camp has ever done. Who's with me? Stand up!"

There was a stampede as they came to their feet. At one table a bench went (Continued on page 28)

"Be Yourself"

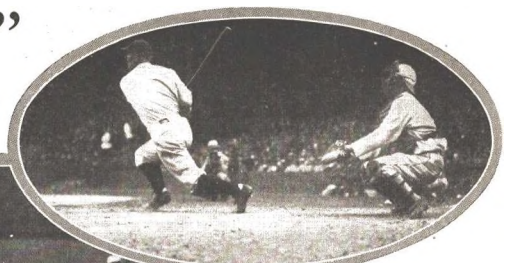
By H. G. Salsinger



Wagner developed his own style.



Babe Ruth stands with feet together and "steps into" the ball.



Lou Gehrig hits his first homer in 1928. He stands with feet wide apart.

WHEN Eddie Roush, famed outfielder for the Cincinnati Reds, broke his right arm, and then went to the minor leagues because he had lost his throwing ability, fans regretfully mourned the passing of a star.

They mourned too soon. When Roush found that he could no longer throw effectively with his right hand, he practiced with his left.

No easy task—training an inexperienced left arm to throw a ball accurately from the outfield to the plate—but Roush was so successful that he went back to the majors to become a more brilliant outfielder than he'd ever been!

When Eddie started practicing with his left arm, he was as clumsy as a raw beginner. But in record time, by hard work, he re-made himself into a star. Fans and writers who state, thoughtlessly, that great ball players are born, not made, fail to take into account such experiences as that of Eddie Roush.

Big league managers, who have spent years in discovering and developing players, will tell you that any physically normal beginner who will diligently study baseball and practice hard, can train himself into a good player. They will tell you that great players are made—not born.

They'll tell you about Honus Wagner who was extremely awkward as a boy but who became the greatest player the National League ever knew; about Tyros Raymond Cobb, a spindling bashful boy who trained himself into the greatest player of all time; Grover Cleveland Alexander, who was passed up by some of the keenest judges of players in the country, only to make himself one of the best pitchers in history; Rogers Hornsby, who became a great player only after he entered the major leagues; Napoleon Lajoie, the French-Canadian cabman, who climbed from a cabbie's seat to the pinnacle of baseball fame; Walter Johnson who, when his terrific speed began to fade, developed a curve ball and a change of pace that made him a better pitcher than ever.

Managers will tell you about these men and a hundred others who have had similar experiences. But they won't be able to remember a man who stepped into greatness and remained there without work—who was "born" and not made.

If you were to poll all the managers of the country, most of them would lay down two rules for beginners: First: Don't blindly follow somebody else's style. Study yourself. Select the method of play that best suits your own limitations.

Second: When you've decided on the best style for you, work. Practice. Plug.

Alexander plugged. This spring, he celebrated his forty-second birthday. A baseball writer asked him what advice he would give to boys who wanted to become pitchers.

"Tell them to learn control," Alexander replied. "After they've learned control, tell 'em to send their pitches where the batters don't want 'em."



Midway in his career, Eddie Roush learned to throw left-handed.

Alex didn't always have control. He used to be wild. As a result he failed, for several years, to get into the majors. Then he started to practice. He plugged until he became the best control pitcher in the major leagues!

With just a curve and a fast ball, Alexander became a leader among pitchers. Others had more stuff, but Alex had more control. He won more games. He continually studied batters. He became acquainted with the batting strength and weakness of every player in his league.

Every batter, no matter who he is, has difficulty in hitting certain kinds of balls. Some dislike the high, fast one pitched over the outer margin of the plate. Others dislike "inside" balls. Alex studied these points of weakness—and strength—and then used his marvelous control to pitch to each batter the kind of diet he least relished.

IN the seventh inning of the seventh and final game of the 1926 World's Series, the St. Louis Cardinals were leading the New York Yankees, 3 to 2. New York was at bat. The bases were full and two were out. Alexander, who had pitched St. Louis to victory the preceding day, was called at this critical moment to relieve the weakening Cardinal moundsman.

Tony Lazzeri, Yankee shortstop, was at the plate, burning up with the determination to slam out a hit and win the game. Alexander strolled slowly to the mound, studied the eager batter, and then calmly proceeded to strike him out.

"I had sized up Lazzeri in previous games," explained Alex recently. "After I got two strikes on him, I put everything I had on the ball and sent it to the spot where Tony likes them least. That one pitch decided the game and the series."

Alexander saved the 1926 series for the Cardinals because for years he had plugged. He had learned control.

Hurlers are divided into two classes—pitchers and throwers. Pitchers try to outguess the batsman. When they think he's set for one kind of pitch, they serve up another.

Throwers don't try to outguess the batters.

They attempt to hurl the ball past the man at the plate. They depend upon their curves, their speed. They try to break a curve so sharply that a batter cannot "get hold of it." Or, if he connects at all, he will—in the language of ball players—"get only a piece of it." As long as a batter cannot meet the ball squarely he will get few hits.

Walter Johnson, who possessed the best fast ball in history, was for years catalogued as a "thrower." He depended upon his speed and his stuff. He made no pretense of pitching to a batter's weakness. He didn't have to. Gloomy fans predicted that when Johnson's speed began to fade, he'd drop out of the limelight.

They were wrong. Johnson's speed faded, but he stayed on for twenty years and then retired at his own request. The reason was that he developed from a thrower to a pitcher. He began to study batters. He started outguessing them. He practiced a variety of curves and control. Through a lot of hard work, he made himself into a better pitcher than he had been in the days of his fast ball.

Herb Pennock, the best left-hander the American League has produced, became a great pitcher through the advice of a team mate, "Bullet Joe" Bush.

One day in batting practice, Pennock began experimenting with what ball players would call a "lot of foolish stuff." He started throwing overhand, underhand, and sidarm deliveries in freakish manner. Pennock was doing it in fun but the batters, who were trying earnestly to smack the ball out of the lot, couldn't hit Pennock's freak offerings.

"Why don't you try that junk in a game?" asked Bush. "If these fellows can't hit it, maybe some of the rest of the teams can't."

"All right, maybe I will," promised Pennock.

He did, and Bush was right. Opposing batsmen had as little luck against Pennock's unexpected curves and screw balls—delivered from various angles

and with various motions—as his own team mates had. The "joke stuff" lifted Pennock to greatness.

"When the bases are empty, or when he has a long lead, Pennock looks like the wisest pitcher in the world," Eddie Collins told me one day. "Honestly, you'd think a schoolboy could knock him all over the lot. But in a pinch, with the score close and the result meaning something, he's the greatest pitcher you ever faced."

Pennock is great. But the point is that he was not born that way. He took the advice of a team mate, found a new delivery, and worked until he perfected it.

Harry Heilmann, four times batting champion of the American League, is one of the very few players who can hit Pennock consistently. Heilmann is successful (Continued on page 61)



Hornsby beats the ball—by inches!

The Chelsea Mystery

By John A. Moroso

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke



Mrs. Morton,
the
housekeeper.

IN the Chelsea section of New York City, south of Twenty-third Street and west of Eighth Avenue, there are still many fine old brownstone and brick residences. The majority of them are now used as tenements but occasionally one is to be found that shelters an aristocratic family in the simple and dignified manner of other days.

Patrolman Michael Cassidy, at the corner of Twentieth Street and Ninth Avenue, had paused for a bit of gossip with a neighborhood friend when Mrs. Morton, housekeeper in the home of Jerome Stoddard, rushed down the marble steps of that ancient dwelling waving her arms and calling, "Police!"

Cassidy, a young man, freed the flap of his holster and darted past her, up the steps and into the house. It was late morning in autumn and the front room was filled with sunlight. On a lounge near one of the deep front windows lay Mr. Stoddard, a man almost seventy years old, but trimly built and clad in an immaculate suit.

The patrolman walked quickly to the couch and looked at the reclining figure. The left hand lay on his breast. The right hand fallen from the edge of the couch and tapering fingers touched the carpet. His feet were crossed as if he had lain down with care so that he would not rumple his trousers. His mass of white hair was brushed neatly back from a fine brow and his features, in calm repose, seemed cut from marble. Near the lounge was a flat desk bearing a telephone. The room was in perfect order.

Portraits of the Jeromes and Stoddards looked down from faded gilt frames upon the last of the line of distinguished old New Yorkers.

"Suicide," said Cassidy, picking up the telephone and calling his station and the desk lieutenant.

"This is Cassidy," he announced. "Suicide. Mr. Jerome Stoddard. Bullet wound in the right side of his head."

Still holding the receiver to his ear, he studied the little rivulet of drying blood in the heavily veined temple of the dead man.

"Yes," he said into the phone. "Discovered by the housekeeper, Mrs. Anne Morton. Huh?"

Cassidy was startled by the question shot at him from the other end of the wire. "Caliber of the gun? Wait a minute."

He glanced down at the carpet beside the lounge. The weapon should have been there or on the cushion where rested the head of the dead man. He put down the instrument and got to his knees. The gun might have struck the floor at an angle and rolled under the lounge. But a thorough search failed to reveal it.

"Did you pick it up?" he asked Mrs. Morton. "I mean the gun."

"No."

"Did you see a weapon when you entered and discovered the body?"

"No. I didn't look. He—he lay there so still I thought he was taking a nap before starting for his afternoon walk."

THE patrolman picked up the telephone again.

"Cassidy talking. I can't find any gun. Better send a couple of house detectives. Might be murder. It must be murder. He couldn't put that bullet in his head and then hide the pistol. All right."

"Murder!" Mrs. Morton sank to a chair, trembling and sobbing.

"Were you in the house when it happened?" asked the policeman.

"No. I couldn't get to work early this morning because one of my children was sick. I telephoned at ten o'clock and Mr. Stoddard answered—said it was all right. I got in this afternoon through the basement door and came right up to this room to start cleaning. I saw him there and ran out and got you."

"You're sure you didn't see any pistol?"

"I don't remember seeing any. I just saw how calm he was and then the blood. Then I knew he was dead."

"If there was a pistol, could anyone in the house have removed it?"

"He was the last of the family and has lived alone for the past fifteen years—ever since his wife died. They had no children and I never heard of any brothers or sisters."

Cassidy glanced at a French clock on the mantel above the fireplace. It was eleven-thirty. Mrs. Morton had spoken with Mr. Stoddard at ten o'clock. Cassidy asked further questions and learned that Stoddard received visitors only by appointment. Mrs. Morton didn't know of any appointment for the day.

"He was just an old-fashioned gentleman," she sobbed. "Alone in the world. He kept to himself and his books and had his meals at his club."

The telephone rang and the policeman answered.

"Listen, Cassidy," came over the wire. "Don't touch anything in that room. Don't let anybody in it, see? Inspector Sweeney at headquarters is sending Jim Tierney to take a look. He'll have the camera and finger-print men with him. Hold the housekeeper."

"Right." He hung up and told Mrs. Morton that she would have to wait in the house.

"But I don't know anything else and my little girl is pretty sick," she protested, frightened.

"You got nothing to worry about," the policeman assured her. "Tierney will ask you just about the same questions I did. Go down to the basement if you want to but don't leave the house unless you want to get me in trouble. I've known you for five years and I'll vouch for you."

JAMES TIERNEY, heavy of body, round of face and with innocent blue eyes, his derby set at a slight angle, drew on a pair of gray silk gloves as he entered the old Stoddard mansion. He was followed by a squad of men from the identification bureau.

"All you birds got on your gloves?" he asked as Mrs. Morton opened the door.

They nodded. Tierney knew that this was no small case. Stoddard was respected in older New York

circles and there'd be no mean howl if the murderer wasn't found. Papers would remind the police of other unsolved murders. The fat detective turned significantly to his men.

"We got to do our stuff on this case," he said. "Take your time and be careful."

The camera men went to work immediately. They made pictures of the body as it lay, the furniture as it stood, the doors, the windows. The identification men, with enlarging glasses, sought finger prints on desk, chairs, tables, window frames, door knobs, walls. Tierney studied the body. The rigor of death had just set in. He estimated roughly that the fatal shot had been fired less than two hours before—perhaps between eleven and twelve.

The fat detective turned to Patrolman Cassidy. "Where's the housekeeper?" he demanded.

"Downstairs."

Tierney stared at the cop with a look of childlike amazement.

"Maybe she's taken a stroll and is doin' her shopping before she sails for Europe, huh?"

Cassidy's square face grew red.

"She ain't runnin' nowhere," he retorted. "She's a good woman, the widow of a cop—Harry Morton of the Oak Street station. A widow with six children, if you ask me."

"Harry Morton? I knew him. A good cop. Go and get her."

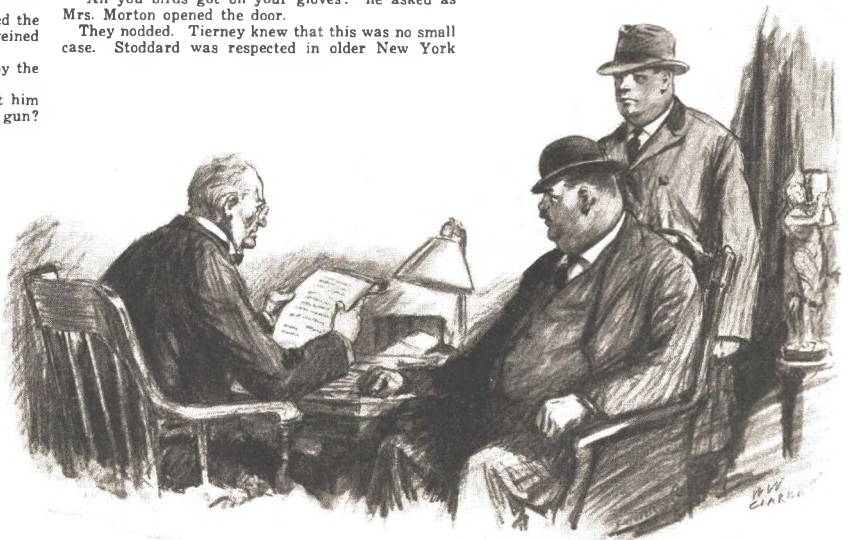
Tierney's little blue eyes kept roaming the room in what appeared to be a careless way. But he was a master in his craft, and knew that staring at objects yielded small result. Too much concentration on one lead might blind him to others. He liked to take in the whole scene, catching objects through the corners of his eyes and letting his mind roam over possibilities. If this was suicide, the pistol must be in the room, not far from the body.

Suddenly he gave a little start. Here was something important he had nearly overlooked. The lounge lay but three feet from the deep window overlooking the street and the window was wide open.

Cassidy appeared with Mrs. Morton.

"I just wanted to ask you, Mrs. Morton," said Tierney quietly, "if you have such a thing as a ball of cord in the kitchen. Don't you be worried. I knew your husband well. Try and find a ball of cord, please."

She hurried below and returned in a few moments



"All his money goes to various charities," the lawyer announced.

with what he wanted.
 "Get out on the sidewalk, Cassidy," he ordered, "and catch this cord when I toss it to you."

HOLDING an end of the string close to the bullet wound, Tierney shouted to the cop to pay out the line as he moved away from the sidewalk toward the middle of the street.

"Hold up the ball as high as you can, Cassidy!" he shouted.

The string finally lifted itself from contact with the bottom of the casement and straightened out as Cassidy was about three feet from the opposite curb. The experiment showed conclusively that Mr. Stoddard could have been shot from an automobile. To check this possibility, he had Cassidy stop a taxi, enter it, and pose with his service gun pointed toward the window and at the body.

"Did Mr. Stoddard sometimes lie down like this for a little nap?" Tierney asked Mrs. Morton.

"Not often, but I've seen him do it when he wasn't feeling very well and had an engagement to keep at the club."

"Cross his feet and fix his clothes neat like that?"

"Yes, sir. He was very particular about his clothes."

"Did he have a pistol?"

"No, sir."

"Did he ever seem to worry when the door bell would ring?"

"Did he worry about the door bell?" she repeated, puzzled.

"I mean did he seem to be afraid someone might attack him—some enemy?"

"Oh, no, sir. He didn't have enemies. Nobody would want to kill a kindly old gentleman like Mr. Stoddard."

Mrs. Morton succumbed to the strain and sat down, crying and passing her tired hands over her eyes. Despite her widowhood and the struggle to raise six children on a policeman's pension, she was not unbecomely.

"I did everything I could for him," she said between sobs. "One time he was very sick but he wouldn't have a trained nurse. He had me stay here night and day with him. He sent the nurse to my flat and made her take care of the children for me."

"He liked you a lot, Mrs. Morton?"

"Yes. He depended on me."

"He didn't have any relatives?"

"Not a soul. He could have lived at his club or at the best hotel, but he said he was born here and would die here like his father and mother did before him."

Without appearing to do so, the detective managed to study her every expression as he put question after question to her. His men had finished with camera and finger-print work and were awaiting him.

"You got prints of the right hand of Stoddard?" he demanded abruptly.

"Yes." The identification expert showed him his record in black ink on white cardboard.

"Take Mrs. Morton's," Tierney ordered.

The housekeeper jumped from her chair with a half-suppressed scream of fright. The old mansion trembled as a huge truck, heavily laden, rumbled by. There was a dull sound within the room that startled everyone. The body of Mr. Stoddard had slipped from the couch and lay face down on the floor. Mrs. Morton dropped in a dead faint.

Tierney stepped swiftly to the empty lounge and threw aside the cushions and a dark red covering, still seeking the weapon of death.

"Get her finger prints while she's out," he snapped. "Use the black powder instead of the ink."

He stood in the center of the room, his great bulk making the other men look like boys. A few moments of thought, and then he leaned over the unconscious woman and searched her briefly. She had no pistol concealed on her.



The patrolman walked quickly to the couch and looked at the reclining figure.

"The gun's got to be found, men," he announced. "The autopsy will give us the bullet. He could have been killed through the window but it don't seem like that kind of a case to me. We'll start up under the roof and work down."

THE probability that Jerome Stoddard had been killed by a shot fired from the street did not hold up. Just across the way, on the second floor of a residence made over into a tenement, a woman who was recovering from a serious illness had been at her window all that morning. She had seen Mr. Stoddard pacing the front room of his home and, at about eleven or eleven-thirty, had seen him stretch out on the lounge as if to rest.

Shortly after she'd heard a report, but no car had been passing at the time and the report had seemed muffled. Had a pistol been fired in the street the sound would have been sharply clear and would have echoed between the buildings the length of the block.

Tierney, interviewing her himself, tested her powers of observation and found them good. The noise didn't have sufficient volume to startle her or to make her think a crime had been committed. The woman had seen Mrs. Morton enter by way of the basement, just before the sound had occurred, and then fly out of the front door screaming for the police.

"How long do you think she was in the house?" he asked.

"Not more than five minutes," was the reply.

Tierney crossed the street and questioned Mrs. Morton on this point.

"When you came in the basement what did you first do?" he asked.

"Got my dust rags from the closet and went right upstairs."

"Enter the front room immediately?"

"Yes."

"What did you first see?"

"The body."

"What did you do then?"

"Soon as I noticed the blood I rushed out and got the policeman."

The detective timed himself unlocking the basement door, going to the closet, mounting the brief flight of stairs to the floor above, entering the front room, gazing for a few minutes at the body and then hurrying out. It required only one and three-quarter minutes by his stop watch.

Because of his slow, dogged methods of work he had

earned the soubriquet of Bonehead Tierney years before. It had never bothered him. He had never changed his system of steady plugging. Back to the second floor of the sick woman's house he trudged.

"Could Mrs. Morton have remained in the house as short a time as two minutes?" he asked.

"She must have been in there longer than that. I am sure she was."

"What makes you sure?"

"I have known her a long time and when she arrived I wanted to ask her to go down to the drug store for me. She went into the house before I could hail her. I was feeling quite strong and decided I would go over to her. I found a wrap, put it over my head and very slowly walked downstairs, but at the front door I felt weak and came back. I sat here for at least a minute or two before she came rushing out."

Tierney made her repeat this attempted journey. The time was between three and four minutes.

Anne Morton must be hiding something, he decided. Either she had delayed longer in the basement or spent more time in the living room. Possibly some unimportant matter had occupied those extra minutes. But it was a clue he couldn't afford to pass up. Was the delay somehow connected with the pistol? Having been married to a cop she would know about the menace of finger prints. Assuming that she had a motive for killing her employer, she might well have done it while he slept, intending to make it appear as suicide. Then, perhaps, she had realized that the imprint of her fingers would be found on the gun, and she might have, in panic, hidden the weapon. An irrational procedure, but not entirely impossible.

AS he again crossed the street to the Stoddard home, a police surgeon sent by Inspector Sweeney hopped from a taxi. They entered together and Tierney stood watching the expert study the wound.

"The pistol was held almost against the head," was his decision. "It was not more than two inches from the spot where the bullet entered."

That settled finally the question of whether the shot was fired inside or from outside the house.

"We'll need the bullet as soon as you can get it," said Tierney. "I'll get an ambulance and you can take the body to the morgue for the autopsy."

Tierney left two men to guard the house, with instructions to keep Anne Morton there. Her protests were tearful. There was no one to care for her children.

(Continued on page 50)

The Big Punch

By Frederic Nelson Litten

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

AIR work and ground school were over for the day and in the cadet barracks at Kelly Field silence reigned. Flies buzzed drowsily against the hot window pane, and lying on their cots the cadets dozed, dreaming of the coming graduation time—and Wings!

Suddenly the telephone bell rang loudly, shattering the quiet, and George Chandler, the cadet whose bunk was nearest the door, sat up, blinked, then rose and shuffled to the orderly room to answer it. He came back, quickly donned his flying suit and, picking up his 'chute pack from the rack, went out the side door toward the hangar road.

Once more there was silence in the bay except for an occasional soft snore. And then again the telephone shrilled through the long barracks. This time Jimmie Rhodes, the cadet from Virginia, sprang grumbling at its summons. He was gone a longer time than Chandler and his return was far less quiet.

As he came through the orderly room doorway, Jimmie pounded loudly on the board partition.

"Wake up, gang! Take a good look at a movie ace!"

A few heads rose from the pillows, then sank back again. Only Jimmie's chum, Walter Atlee, the scant-haired boy who perpetually wore a worried frown, sat up and asked drowsily:

"Who's a movie ace?"

Jimmie, pulling his flying suit up over his athletic frame, stopped to expand his chest.

"I am," he grinned. "Me and George Chandler. My papa, Lieutenant Wright, just got me on the phone. Wants me to beat it to Camp Stanley with him pronto. You know that's where this movie outfit, 'Superfilms' is shooting the war picture, 'Rendezvous.' They need two hot flyers to double for the star, Rafael Carmalo, and some other actor. George has already gone. He and I are to put on a duel in the clouds and the artillery from Fort Sam will blow up some old house in a valley back of camp, with George radioing 'em accuracy adjustment."

Burrell, the big cadet from the Carolinas, snored loudly and then moaned.

"I've had an awful dream," he muttered, and sat upright on his cot. "You were relieved from flying because the Air Corps had no more propellers."

Jimmie flushed. Would they never forget the day he had distinguished himself by breaking two propellers?

"Well," he retorted, "you're in the attack group, Burrell, and of course they never miss a trick. How about that straffing mission that started due north for Gonzales and set down forty miles due west—behind a farmer's hog pen?"

"Not hog pen," defended Burrell. "It was a mule corral. Besides, my compass steered me wrong—"

"Not if you landed in a mule pen," said Jimmie emphatically, then dodging Burrell's swing, sprang to the door. "So long, cadets, while I show the movies how to stunt."

AT Hangar 6, where the pursuers congregate for formation flying, he found Lieutenant Wright.

"Get your 'chute," the officer said. "Climb in that Thomas Morse two-seater over there, and wait for me."

Jimmie hurried out to the dead line where the "Tommie" stood, her prop ticking indolently, sunlight glinting from the corrugated duralumin on her wings and fuselage.

In a few minutes Lieutenant Wright came up, calling out to Jimmie as he buckled on his harness.

"When we get over Stanley, watch the terrain. It'll give you an idea of this thing they call war. Superfilms spent about a hundred thousand on the 'sets.'"

The line was empty of ships and the officer shoved the throttle on, taking off down wind, into a steep climbing turn.

"If that had been me, now!" Jimmie muttered. "Wouldn't he have gone over me like a dirty carpet!"

But as soon as he'd reached his altitude Lieutenant Wright set a sedate, steady course for Stanley, his helmeted head turning methodically in the constant vigilance that marks the true pilot.

Suddenly the ship's wings rocked and the lieutenant's arm pointed to the left and down. There was a long valley headed by a clump of mesquite, and a curving road. Almost hidden in the trees lay two batteries of field artillery—Seventy-fives—their black muzzles glinting in the sun. Farther on deep trenches zigzagged, and out in front, barbed wire. Along the upper contours of a rough hillock a fleet of whippet tanks undulated. A machine gun nest was dug in on a jutting slope. The ground was brown and shell-pocked, and relieved only by a few stripped trees twisting bare crippled branches toward the sky.

Even in the warm bright sun, there was a grim, ominous desolation about this mimic theater of war that made Jimmie tingle coldly.

Then there swung into sight a long row of parked cars, a half dozen auto busses, a brown tent or two, piles of supplies laid out on the ground, and men, like ants around a sugar bowl, swarming everywhere. To one side stood a half dozen planes near a pole on which a wind sock floated. One, Jimmie saw, had on her upper wing the black war cross of Germany. That was the stunt ship, no doubt.

The lieutenant turned the ship for the narrow stretch of level country that held the movie planes, slipped in gently, and taxied to the line of ships. As the Tommie Morse stopped rolling, a man ran up.

"Lieutenant Wright?" he called. "Mr. Martin would be pleased to see you. In the tent marked Direction Executives."

The lieutenant climbed down, beckoning to Jimmie.

"King Martin—he's the brass hat—the director. We'll see now just what he wants of you. Probably some breakneck stunt—and if it is, he's out of luck. You take too many chances without encouragement."

HE walked on, pushed brusquely through the tent flap into an atmosphere of sharp voices and noisy clicking typewriters. A man was talking, sharp-voiced.

"Carl, this continuity's the bunk. Rafael's squalling now that 'Bugs' is stealing the picture—the speaker broke off and stared at the lieutenant. Then he rose and moved quickly from behind the paper-littered folding table.

"You're Lieutenant Wright? Glad to know you—darn glad. My name's King Martin—for the present." He laughed. "It'll be mud, though, if we don't get this picture in the can by Saturday. Frankly we are in a jam. Got a temperamental star and a stunt flyer fighting like two cats in a barrel. Right now, Carmalo, the star, refuses to go on unless we give 'Bugs' Medbury, the stunt airman, the pink slip. And we're up to our main shot—the big punch—where they together give us all the footage. Unless we can get a man to fly in place of Medbury, we're sunk. And it's costing us four thousand bucks a day—" He bit his cigarette in two, threw it on the ground.

Lieutenant Wright gave the neatly knickered and booted director an appraising glance.

"Cadet Rhodes here is fair on acrobatics—for a student. You have Cadet Chandler for Carmalo's part. Just what would you want Rhodes for?"

"Well," said Martin slowly, "Bugs, as the German pilot, was under contract to spin into the ground from an altitude not less than five hundred feet—"

"Spin in—from five hundred!" ejaculated the lieutenant. "Why, that's suicide!"

"He seemed to think he could do it," replied Martin coolly. Then, seeing the expression on the officer's face, he added:

"Of course we wouldn't ask it of this youngster unless you think he'd come down all right."

"Oh, he'd come down all right," returned the lieutenant grimly. "And probably end up at an altitude of minus ten feet. That's what generally happens. Sorry, Martin, but—"

"Don't refuse—Lieutenant," begged the director. "Just cancel the spin in and give us what you can. Here, come out and meet these two clawing tomcats—and you'll do it."

He rushed out of the tent, pushing Lieutenant Wright before him, and Jimmie followed them to a striped awning, where a man clad in immaculate aviator's costume sat, staring moodily across the valley. He turned as the three approached him, and frowned.

"Well, Martin," he said, his dark face bitter, "it's about time you came."

Then he stood up and Jimmie saw that he was slender—almost the build of George Chandler, who was to be his double in the flying scenes.

Martin introduced Lieutenant Wright and Jimmie to the star. The hand Carmalo held out was firm and friendly, but Jimmie felt an aloofness in his greeting.

"Are these the flyers?" asked Carmalo, looking Jimmie over quickly. "I warn you, Martin, I won't appear



Jimmie reached for the glinting barrel. He missed—it swung down on his temple.

again with that fellow Medbury. I'll tear up my contract first. The man was insane once and in my opinion he's still a dangerous lunatic."

The director cleared his throat.

"Medbury's through, Rafael. Came here to tell you that this young flyer—" He pointed to Jimmie "—will work in place of Medbury. So we'll begin shooting again this afternoon."

CARMALO again eyed the cadet. He smiled engagingly and addressing Jimmie with a touch of condescension, said:

"I think I could learn to fly. But if I did, there'd be a terrific howl from my fans. They get annoying at times. When I signified through my press agent that I intended to compete in the marathon swim to Catalina—"

"You were fakin' it, as usual." A file-like voice came from behind Jimmie to complete the sentence. He whirled about. A bandy-legged, chalk-faced fellow of about Carmalo's height stood there, grinning in malevolent derision at the star.

"You poor mush! They couldn't drag you into water above your shoe tops. You'd flop in a faint if a crawfish nibbled at your ankle. Swim? Yah! Just like you can fly—in a rock-in' chair."

The director stepped up hastily.

"Come to the office, Bugs," he said hurriedly. "I've got—"

"You got a pink envelope for me. I know. But my contract's bullet-proof. I get ten thousand iron men as long as I appear on the lot, spin or no spin—"

"I will not put up with this man's insults, Martin," Carmalo cried angrily. "Either he leaves—or I leave!"

Jimmie shot a hasty glance at Lieutenant Wright and caught a fleeting grin. But the director, Martin, literally tore his hair.

"Keep your shirt on, Rafael! Bugs, get out of here. You're fired—off the lot—"

"Good riddance, Rafael." "When a crazy, insolent barn-stormer—" Carmalo's words choked off suddenly as Medbury, his face livid, snatched the star's arm and twisted it.

"Good riddance, hey? Well, I'll ride you first. Me, a barn-stormer! Crazy, hey?"

BEFORE the three divined his intent, Medbury had Carmalo's arm bent back between the shoulder blades. Then, thrusting the frightened actor before him, he started at a rapid trot along the rough pathway by the tents. The director was first to divine Bugs' purpose. He cried out and dashed down the path. But Medbury had reached the stunt ship, had dived into the rear cockpit and snatched out a sawed-off shotgun.

"Stand clear, King!" he cried menacingly. "I mean business. This sorry little squirt of cheap perfume's goin' to get his joy ride, if I make prison brooms the rest of my life!"

He gave Carmalo a quick vicious prodding with the shotgun barrel.

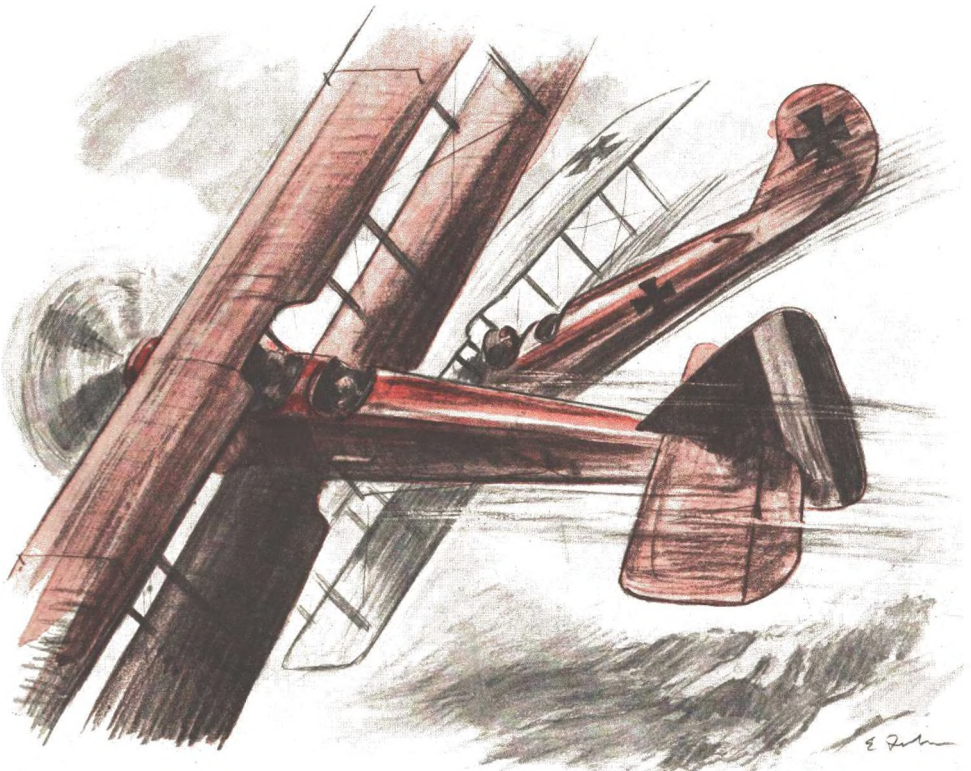
"Crawl up there, you toy poodle!"

Carmalo half climbed, half fell into the rear cockpit of the plane. Medbury jumped up on a wing, cranked the inertia starter, then dropped the shotgun in the forward cockpit and leaped down beside it. He gunned the motor furiously and slammed across the field into a zoom that almost stalled his ship. He dived down, spun her wheels on the terrain and bounced her fifty feet.

Martin's face was haggard.

"The man's insane—he'll kill them both!"

Lieutenant Wright pressed his lips tightly. His eyes were glued to the stunt ship. She was climb-



"He's out to get me!" The thought shot through Jimmie's brain like a flash.

ing upward now at a terrific angle—hanging on her prop. Then, suddenly, the ship's course flattened. She tore above them down the field, and the lieutenant snapped to action.

"Pull her through!" he cried, running to his silver ship and climbing the forward cockpit.

"Off and on!" Jimmie echoed the words and fed the prop through to prime her.

"Contact!"

He stepped away. Then, with a quick spring, he spun the steel blade and shouted, "Clear!" Quickly he tumbled in the rear seat as the roaring motor hurled back the air blast.

They were slicing the air in a fierce, screaming zoom. The needle on the altimeter dial snapped to five hundred—to a thousand. The ship leveled. Ahead, Jimmie saw the stunt plane darting, twisting like a gull. It shot quickly up, half looped and came out, flying upside down.

The actor, Jimmie realized, must have had sense enough to strap himself in.

A glance below showed Jimmie they were crossing the barren hills that ringed the bowl-like valley. He saw suddenly before him, past the hilltops, a blue expanse of water with gold ripples; and below it a deep valley like a gash between the hills. In the valley was a tiny house—a ship and two cars by it and a group of pygmy men with spidery camera tripods. It flashed to Jimmie that this was the old house Lieutenant Wright had told of—the rendezvous, where the big punch of the picture was to be taken.

The lieutenant cut the gun and shouted back:

"He's in a jam!"

Jimmie looked up. The stunt plane above them, still flying on her back, spat out jets of smoke and fell like a plummet earthward. Jimmie's heart stood still. Just as it seemed her nose must shatter on the valley floor, the stunt ship whipped up, skimmed along the contour of the ground, and finally dropped gently to earth close by the ruined house.

Lieutenant Wright banked the "Tommie" in a spiral and Jimmie saw him slowly shake his helmet, as if in wonder. A moment later they, too, were rolling wheels on the terrain.

"Bugs' is a good name for that guy," called Jim-

mie as the lieutenant slipped his helmet up and cut the switch. But the officer jumped clear and ran to where a knot of men was gathering by Medbury's ship.

JIMMIE followed, noted George Chandler in the crowd and saw his Curtiss parked by the old house. Then, as he drew near the stunt ship, he heard Medbury's derisive voice.

"Fainted! Passed out! Cheated me, the stuffed shirt! Well, he can come to and get another hop before—"

Lieutenant Wright, with a glance at Carmalo who sat in the seat behind, said flatly:

"Climb down, Medbury, and haul in your tee. Flying's over."

The stunt man fixed a vicious stare on him.

"Stay put, you pie crust soldier, or I'll make crumbs of—"

The lieutenant's arm flashed out, his fingers hooked in Bugs' shirt collar, jerked the stunt man from the seat and sprawled him on the ground.

"Pump the shells out of that shotgun, Rhodes," the lieutenant ordered brusquely. Then, ignoring the venom in Bugs Medbury's eyes, he reached up and helped the quivering Carmalo from the cockpit.

"Get in my ship. I'll have Rhodes take you back," he said with a curt nod, and though the film star seemed upset over the thought of another ride, he obeyed. Wright motioned Jimmie.

"Go ahead. I'll have Cadet Chandler bring me in when this matter's settled."

Jimmie climbed into the Thomas Morse and, with a brief backward glance at Carmalo's ashen face, took off. He nosed up gently, circled above the valley, and as he pointed for the movie camp across the hills, looked down once more. His eyes widened.

The scene below had changed into turmoil. Men were rushing wildly about. Then the stunt ship belched smoke, zigzagged across the valley, took off in a zoom and climbed up past him. Quickly it turned and dived at his reuder from the rear. He put the "Tommie" into a steep bank and gunned her. Just in time!

For the stunt ship flicked on by his tail not thirty yards behind. He followed its flight until, two hundred feet above him, (Continued on page 52)

The American Boy

FOUNDED 1899

Published Monthly by
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, President.
ELMER P. GRIERSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Editor.
GEORGE F. PIERRON, Managing Editor.
ESCA G. RODGER, Fiction Editor.
CLARENCE B. KELLAND, Contributing Editor.

May, 1929

Vol. 30; No. 7

Friendly Talks With the Editor

Presidents

WE see by the papers that Mr. Coolidge has moved out of the White House and Mr. Hoover has moved in. There didn't seem to be much fuss about it. Mr. Coolidge ceased all of a sudden to be one of the most powerful rulers in the world and Mr. Hoover as suddenly became one. And nothing happened. No earthquakes or revolutions or wholesale executions. Mr. Coolidge packed his grips and moved back into a house more modest than the one most of you live in. They didn't have to give him a castle or anything. Personally we think it's a pretty slick country where such things can happen. Where, for instance, a Vermont farm boy can get to be president and then go back to simple living, and where another boy who was an orphan can get to be president, too. After all, we don't think there's so much to worry about as a lot of agitated people think.

Grouch

QUITE a few words look like what they mean. There's grouch for instance. Just look at it. Did you ever see a combination of letters that looked more disagreeable? Which brings us to the point that if the word grouch looks pretty rotten, why, a fellow the letters describe must be a pretty tough object to gaze on.

If You Don't Know—Ask

NOBODY can know everything. In fact nobody can know a small fraction of everything. So there's nothing to be ashamed of in being ignorant of something or other, and no reason at all why any fellow should be reluctant to ask questions. We know a number of fellows who seem to feel it humiliates them to have to admit they don't know all there is to know, and they just won't ask. So they go ahead and bull through and get into trouble. An ounce of question will very frequently save a ton of grief. If you've any doubt whatever, get information from somebody who knows.

Money

EVERYBODY we see nowadays is talking about money. Making money has almost superceded prohibition as a topic of conversation. They talk all the time about a thing called the Stock Market, which seems to be a place where some people make quite a good deal without doing much actual work to get it. We wonder if everybody almost hasn't got too much money. We know everybody thinks about it too much. We have an idea if folks would occupy their minds with more gracious thoughts and more valuable thoughts money would cease to be quite so dominating. Of course everybody wants money in reasonable amounts, but we do hate to see money-making get to be the one thing everybody thinks about.

Education

YOU may notice that we speak of education every little while. That's because we are interested in it and are trying now and then to get a little of it ourselves. Education is a thing that's never finished. As long as you're alive, if you're wise, you'll keep on getting educated so that you may know how to live and deal with your neighbors in a more gracious,

more enjoyable, more intelligent manner; and so that you, yourself, may enjoy the life you have to live here in a finer and better way.

Dad

IT would be slick if you could only remember that the main difference between you and your dad is a few years. He's pretty much the same as you are, but those years prevent him from acting that way. He likes to do about the same things you do. Maybe he wants to do them more than you do. A heap of his dignity and his reserve is just false front to hide the kid there is behind. It might surprise you if you knew how your dad can tear things loose when nobody is looking. Nobody ever gets over wanting to have fun.

Problem

WHY do dogs hate milkmen? Maybe that isn't the most important problem in the world, but we wish the President would appoint a commission to inquire into it and make a report.

Blessings and Curses

IT'S a funny world, isn't it? Something that may be a tremendous benefit to the man in the house next door may be an awful curse to you. For instance there are foghorns. Sailors dote on foghorns. There are times when a foghorn is the most important thing in the world to them. But we can guar-

antee they're not necessary to a fellow who is trying to write editorials. There's one hooting now every twenty seconds, and the sailors are probably tickled to death, but we could cheerfully root it up and throw it at an admiral.

Spring

WE'RE about ready for some spring. Personally we don't think anybody can have too much spring or use it to excess. There'll never have to be a constitutional amendment prohibiting springs because even if you make a habit of them they will do you no harm. We think we shall run for President on a platform of More Spring and Less Government.

Books

WE read a book the other day all about old Commodore Vanderbilt by a man named Arthur Howden-Smith (he's written for THE AMERICAN BOY), and it was what theatrical persons call a wow. You'd be interested in it. There was a remarkable old fellow and you get quite excited about his adventures, for they were bang-up adventures from the time he was born over on Staten Island just at the end of the Revolution up to the day he died, which was not so long ago. There isn't a fellow who could not get an idea out of it. You get to compare him with some other men who appear in the book, and that would help. If it is in your library get it and read it and have a corking time.



STREET SCENES IN EUROPE

BY DORA READ GOODALE

*A world of work, but fringed with play,
Leaps into life at dawn of day,
While tourists nap and take their ease
And miss a thousand sights like these:*

BRITANNY

Market day!—and the goodwife, brown
And brisk in country cap and gown,
Bestowed with art
In a donkey cart
Well-loaded, takes her wares to town.

NORMANDY

By the track, where the white flakes swarm,
The soldier-postman in the storm,
Whistling a tune
As merry as June,
Swings his load with his good left arm.

SWITZERLAND

Up the steep slope the woodsman goes
As sunrise gilds its crest of snows:
Roused by his tread
From a leafy bed,
The fleet chamois a white flag shows.

*Now to the nearest street in town
When the world has its apron on:
Look—rub your eyes!—look twice, and see
One more group for our gallery:
America!*

GERMANY

Mother and son, whose monstrous packs
Loom like the snail's house o'er their backs,
Halt to appraise
With a long, long gaze
Heart-warming *Statue of Hans Sachs*.

AUSTRIA

Seven milch goats with twinkling feet
Follow the goatherd down the street,
And round and round
With a silver sound
Seven little bells make music sweet.

ITALY

A rosy sail, a golden strand,
And a brown net in a brown hand:
A swelling note
From a brave young throat,
And the fisher brings his catch to land.

PYRENEES

A slender lass in buskins red
Eats, while she walks, her crusty bread,
As from the fold
To the uplands cold
The shaggy, black-nosed sheep are led.

Europe Ahead!

For America's Airplane Model Champions



THREE model airplane champions are going to win for themselves free trips to Europe this summer!

Two of the boys—the indoor and outdoor flying champions of America—will be the guests of **THE AMERICAN BOY**. The third, America's scale model champion, will be the guest of Frank A. Tichenor, A. M. L. A. vice-president and publisher of *Aero Digest*. All three will be selected at the Second National Airplane Model League of America Contests, which **THE AMERICAN BOY** will hold in Detroit June 20-22.

Every boy in America may compete in one—or all three—of the contests; any boy under twenty-one (on June 20, 1929) is eligible to win one of the trips to Europe. He needs only to join the A. M. L. A., arrange to take part in the National Contests (next month's magazine will give all details)—and build a better indoor ship, or outdoor model, or scale model, than anybody else! The contests will end on Saturday, June 22. Then there will be four jamful days in Detroit—arranging passports, seeing Detroit's great factories and parks



will greet them; Montreal on the St. Lawrence, Canada's great eastern seaport.

On July 3, the party will embark. With them will be Franklin M. Reck, assistant managing editor of **THE AMERICAN BOY**, and author of the popular State College stories. Their vessel will be the 30,000-ton, 600-foot *Duchess of Bedford*—one of the great liners of the Canadian Pacific Steamship fleet. Seven glorious days on the Atlantic, then foreign soil—Liverpool.

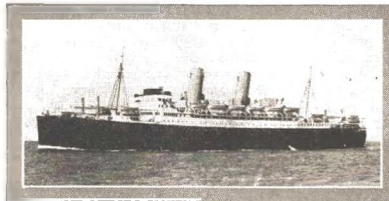
In rapid succession will follow a trip to London where traffic keeps to the left and "bobbies" answer questions; visits to Westminster Abbey, Trafalgar Square, Scotland (Cont. on page 81)



Paris! The winners will see Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe, the busy, bustling Place de l'Opera, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame Cathedral, and dozens of the Paris variety of sandwich man!



London! Trafalgar Square, with Lord Nelson high on its monument, is the heart of the city. Not far is Whitehall, where the King's famous Horse Guards execute the picturesque ceremony of changing posts. And the London Tower Bridge—with London "bobbies" patrolling it above and below.



The Duchess of Bedford.

and other attractions, making final arrangements. Next, in company with Mitchell V. Charnley, assistant editor of **THE AMERICAN BOY**, the party will leave for Toronto.

There exhibitions and contests will be scheduled. The three boys will have an opportunity to prove their skill, as well as to visit Niagara Falls across Lake Ontario, to meet Toronto officials and to enjoy the sights of the city. Then Ottawa, Canada's capital, where Dominion authorities



Mad Anthony's Drummer

The Preceding Chapters

WITH a swift gesture Sam Gruger thrust the parchment plan inside his coat—just as a voice spoke behind him.

"I think I have a plenty to convict you now," that voice said triumphantly.

Aghast, Sam whirled to see his arch enemy, Major Morgan, stepping out of the huge grandfather's clock that stood so innocently there in Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson's office. Morgan! Then the major, concealed within that clock, had been watching him as he ransacked Johnson's offices, as he studied the plan of the British fortifications there at Stony Point, as he hastily thrust the plan inside his coat.

Morgan *did* have a plenty to convict him. Sam was trapped!

He could offer nothing in his own defense. He could only stand there, caught red-handed in the commander's office in the enemy stronghold—Mad Anthony Wayne's equally mad drummer boy, who had come to Stony Point perilously disguised as a British messenger. In that disguise, he had been doing his best to find out which of the two new bastions at Stony Point was the weak, incomplete one against which Wayne should fling his forces in an attack planned for that very night. And he had found out.

He knew now which bastion was weak. It was the *south* one.

What the boy couldn't know was that Wayne had been informed that the *north* bastion was the weak one—and was at that very moment well on his way to attack the wrong bastion.

The swarthy Carib who had been the real British messenger had misled Wayne. Captured, taken before Wayne, and then condemned to death as a spy, the Carib had not been reluctant to save his life by telling the stern commander which bastion was unfinished. But neither had he been reluctant to avenge himself with a lie. He had told Wayne that the *north* bastion was the unfinished one. And Wayne was on his way—completely misled.

The red-headed drummer boy would have been frantic had he known that. Under his outward calm, he was almost frantic as it was. He was caught—caught! Hopelessly, it seemed. Yet somehow he must get away, somehow must get hold of a signal rocket, somehow must find a chance to set that rocket shooting toward the south—and thus tell his comrade Bill Blunston that the south bastion was the weak point Wayne must attack.

The boy's mind was racing madly even while he listened to the words of the man who had trapped him: "I think I have a plenty to convict you now."

Chapter Sixteen

MAJOR MORGAN'S face was grimly satisfied as he uttered his words of accusation. Too late Sam realized how thoroughly his purpose had been divined by his enemy. The major had served his suspicions under pretense of making amends for them. He had ostensibly, even ostentatiously, left Sam unobserved in an unlocked bedchamber. Then he had left clear the way from that room to this so that any trespasser with any wit had merely to walk down the long hall to this one room that a spy would surely seek. The major had set this trap and then, hiding himself in the clock, where he could peer through the little opening in the door, he had set himself to watch it.

But *was* all this realized quite too late?

Morgan's sword was back there in the room where he slept, and soldiers didn't go armed to dinner. Never had Sam thought faster, and never did his brain stand him in better stead. He dared not use the pistol he carried; it would give the alarm. But he marked the lay of the land, the distances between



Behind him the rocket exploded. Then only did he spin about and face his busters.

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

him and Morgan, the position of the stack of rockets. The candle stump flickered on the floor beside Sam's unladen foot. He looked elaborately over his shoulder at the room's only window. The major stood now between him and the door. The "None of that!"

Morgan's mind was agile, too; yet not so agile as the boy's—nor as the boy's body. Sam's boot crushed the already dying light; the room was plunged in utter darkness.

He sprang.

Not, however, straight backward for the casement. That would seem his sure route and would therefore be followed by the officer. Sam sprang to one side—groped for and found something that he greatly wanted.

He had guessed Morgan's instant move to a nicety—the boy had calculated the officer's course as perfectly as the officer had earlier calculated the boy's. On a line with the window, Morgan leaped into the dark for the spot where he had last seen his victim—leaped against nothingness, and fell.

The noise of his tumble declared his exact whereabouts—and Sam had found the thing he wanted. He had a rocket in his grip!

That was before the day of Sir William Congreve's invention which harnessed such pyrotechnic pieces to doing the work of explosive shells and setting fire to enemies' buildings, but the signal rocket of the late 1770's could, as the present instance proved, become

a strange and effective weapon. Its head, with a skull of sheet iron, rarely weighed less than three pounds, and its stick was stout. It was, therefore, with a formidable instrument that Sam struck.

He struck home. Not a direct hit, he at once felt, and so not fatal. But enough; he could hear Morgan breathing stertorously.

Now for the window at last!

He was about to make a heedless rush to it, when another sound was added to the gasps of the unconscious man—some sound from the hall. That long corridor behind the shut but unlocked and keyless portal was a perfect sound conductor. Footsteps were ascending to it by the stairs up which Morgan had conducted Sam.

AS quietly as he could in the gloom, the boy pursued his quest, but he moved as rapidly as caution allowed. He missed his destination—found it. The steps reached the hall. Sam grasped the window sash and, with all his might, shoved upward.

It didn't budge—it *wouldn't* budge. Either last night's rain had warped the wood, or else it had been nailed shut. And he could hear the approachers' voices, apparently at Morgan's bedroom.

"Major!"—an unfamiliar voice.

"Morgan!"—But that sounded like the choleric Captain Travers. "Not here. Nor the boy!"

"I can't believe that lad's really a —"

"Wait a bit. Morgan suspected he'd try to rifle Johnson's office."

Sweat started from every pore, Sam made another effort. He strained his muscles to their uttermost, and strained in vain.

Suddenly he surrendered the struggle. He would have to stay here—hide.

The exact place of every piece of furniture blazed on the map of his memory, and he recalled the couch. He might find momentary sanctuary under it. Of course there was the clock; apparently Morgan had not confided his idea of hiding there to Travers. But there was also the body of the unconscious Morgan to be got

rid of, and Sam might better let himself be discovered than leave that lying there to accuse him.

What followed took almost no time, but to Sam the briefest measurement was at once longer and shorter than any commonly made; longer because he suffered a hundred fears and uncertainties during it, and shorter because there was so much to be done. The voices drew very near:

"He won't come up?"

"Johnson? Egad, you saw him! I have the beast too far gone to budge. No, our man of sentiment won't again interfere in favor of his poor young stranger."

A light stole under the door and across the sill.

Fortunately, Morgan was not a heavy man, and Sam was strong. Somehow, he lifted the inanimate bulk; somehow, with a thrust and a tucking up of the legs, thrust it into the clock. There came a jangle of weights and pendulum as they were shoved against the rear, but they were mercifully drowned by a silly quartette beginning again that Anacreon song in the mess room below. Wide as the major's cell was for its natural purposes, it was not wide enough to permit him to fall; he collapsed just enough to prevent—so Sam guessed—his face's showing through the peep-hole; otherwise, he was propped upright. Sam closed him in and slid beneath the couch just as the room door opened and light flooded the apartment.

BOOTS were all he could see but he could hear, of course, everything.

"Not here, either. Neither of 'em."

"I don't understand it."

"The boy should have been questioned further downstairs."

"While Johnson was there to protect him—or up here, for that matter, as long as he didn't convict

himself and had a not quite helpless Johnson to shout for?"

That light was stronger than any candle's; it was—Sam could smell it now—a pine-knot torch.

"Well, you see for yourself!"

That couch was frightfully low and narrow. Sam felt as if he were shut in a coffin with open sides. He could scarcely move a muscle, save at risk of betrayal.

"Wherever they may be, they are not here. We had best try the other rooms and then, if we draw a blank, turn out the guard."

"I don't want to hurry too much about that," said Travers, evidently beginning to doubt his course. "In case there is any mistake, I don't want a reprimand to-morrow morning from a liverish Johnson."

The boots shuffled—turned. Were they going to leave and give Sam another chance? His heart nearly burst with suspense. He heard a big hand descend upon the rattling knob to the hall door.

But any hope he entertained was then straightway shattered. The voice of Travers spoke again—and spoke in laughing triumph:

"Look there! Wherever they are now, at least the boy has been here, and he's a spy. Look, I bid you! No, not only that candle end on the floor! Here, beside it—see."

From his place of concealment Sam, with a sick feeling, saw fingers picking up something. In his perignations across this room, he had dropped that plan of the fort, and these men had found it.

"Note the rent corners," Travers went on. "Somebody has torn it from the wall there, beside the old man's desk, where it always hung."

"The guard!" cried the second officer, at last all shrill conviction. "Nobody'd do that except a spy. This is serious. We must call the guard, man!"

Again Sam's spirits vaulted to a sanguine pitch. If these fellows both went out, giving him another half minute alone in this room, he might at least smash the window panes, then make a rush and a dive for liberty. It would be desperate, but capture meant certain death, and the guard would tumble everything upside down until they found him. He wished he had made that dive at the first tokens of search.

But yet again was buoyancy to give way to dread. A breathless pause had filled the room after that last speech. Captain Travers, evidently, was loath to leave. His voice broke forth sharply.

"What's gone wrong with the clock?"

"Eh?"

"I say the clock's stopped."

"What of that?"

"Listen!"

Another pause—more awful than anything yet. Separated from his enemies by so little space, Sam felt sure that, since they could not hear the clock ticking, they must easily detect the mighty poundings of his heart. Below, the mess room quartette was silent.

Travers' companion spoke:

"Yes, it has stopped; but what of that? Come, come—the guard! Will you fret about a run-down clock at such a crisis?"

Sam surmised that the one man tugged at the other's sleeve. Were he only sufficiently persuasive—

No use!

"Wait." A thud against a thin panel: that would be the pressure of the suspicious captain's palm. "With my own eyes, I saw Johnson wind it before he went down to dinner. There's something precious odd here. Let me go, Fielding. We shall have a look inside."

Sam's brain reeled—then raced. If they found that, they wouldn't leave this room. They would call the guard from where they stood—begin ransacking on their own account—and then—

Risking everything, Sam peered from under the couch, and what he saw made his heart stop.

Travers jerked open the panel, and the unconscious Morgan toppled out. The lower woodwork caught and held his knees, but only for an instant. Before Sam's dazed eyes, the tall clock toppled over upon the searchers. He had a lightning impression of splintering mahogany, jangling bells and wires, and two overbalanced men, borne to the floor.

Chapter Seventeen

NO need, now, to stay hid! Seeing that his adversaries were temporarily entangled, Sam rolled from under the couch and leaped to his feet.

A cloud of fine dust filled the air. Peering through it, Sam discerned Morgan, tangled under cords, chains and clock weights, choking out curses. The other officer lay on his back, momentarily stunned.

A single glance by the light of the fallen torch was enough for Sam. The advantage was with him, if only for an instant. He heard the sound of boots below—of startled voices. A weapon—he needed a weapon!

His hand shot to his belt, but Jose's pistol was gone. Fallen, doubtless, under the couch. No time, now, to rescue it. Gone, too, was his rocket. Well, he snatched another.

"Help!—help, below there!"

"The guard—a spy!"

All three men—Morgan, Travers, Fielding—were now struggling and hallooing at the top of their lungs. Morgan sat up amongst the smashed fragments of that big clock and desperately tugged at a web of ropes wound about his ankles. His companions, spurred into action at the sight of Gruger, had got clear and were crouched for a dart at the red-headed intruder. Neither showed firearms, but Travers had now rescued the pine knot—a veritable mace of Hercules.

Against it, what avail could even this stout rocket

be? Sam thought of running low and butting the captain, but already a crowd from the mess room or the guard hall was thundering up the stairs. To the right, Fielding, a big fellow with a crafty eye, held a huge clock weight. To the left, there was nothing but the blank wall.

But behind Sam was that stubborn window. He wished he had dived through it.

He risked one calculating glance. Fielding's hand swung forward and released the weight; the captain hurled his torch. But the lad was in the air. As if he were an arrow from a bow, he dove straight through the window.

Glass shattered. Sam fell into the darkness and bumped, suddenly, asprawl the flat roof of the fort, which surrounded this tower. Something hung like a yoke around his shoulders—he had carried the entire window sash along with him.

HURT? No opportunity to tell. There was a warm wetness on his hands. But he still clasped the rocket—his only defense weapon. A babble of shouts from the room he had so queerly left drew his eyes upward. Through the hole his exit had bored there he could see them, crowding the window.

They were struggling through, but impeding one another in their haste. Sam debated dropping over the parapet. Not yet, he decided, for if Wayne were indeed still waiting word from him, his patience must be strained to breaking. Bill would be with Wayne. If Sam could somehow secure fire, he could still signal. That was his job—then he could jump and take his slim chances!

He ran along the roof southwards, making enough sound to attract the mob of officers and guards that poured from office to roof. He doubled—returned amid a forest of chimney pots. Then turned south again.

He was surely now on the unfinished south bastion. He stumbled over a heap of loose masonry presumably left by soldier-builders for to-morrow's tasks. He rolled to the farther side of it and lay against it.

For a moment he listened to the cries of his pursuers.

"Where's he gone?"

"He's jumped!"

"No. The sentries are all around down there. They'd have—"

"This way!"

"I saw him go that!"

Stooped behind the mound of stone, Gruger selected from it a piece of considerable bulk. He prayed—not for escape—but for success in his mad plan to signal Wayne the all-important information that would give the Colonials an advantage in their surprise attack.

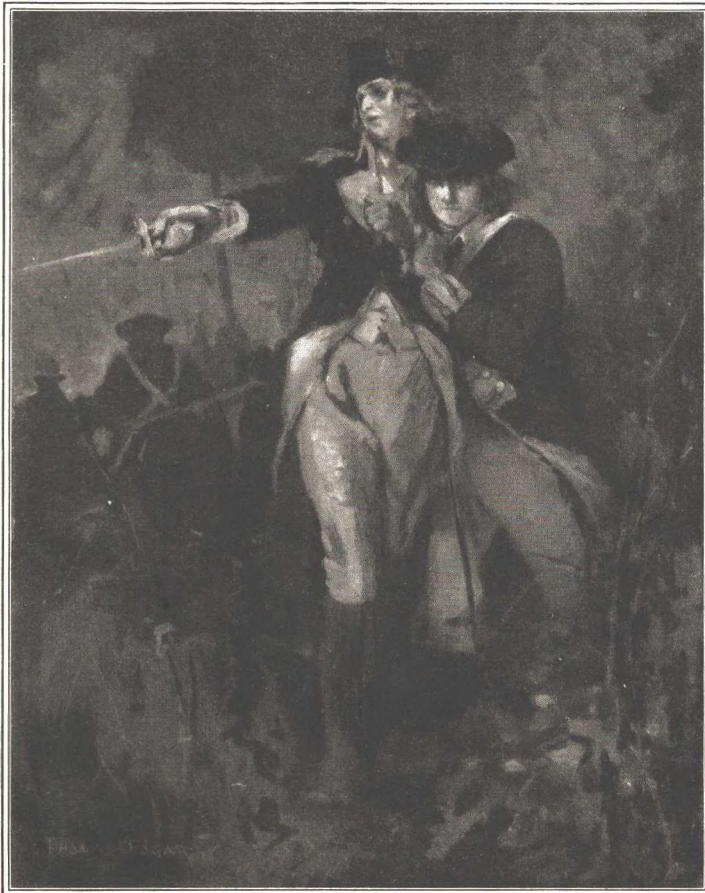
Travers, still bearing his torch, came Sam's way—rounded the mound—saw him. Sam balanced the stone in his hand. The captain opened his mouth. Before he could utter a sound, the stone caught him squarely in the face.

Down he went. As he sank, Sam snatched the careening pine knot.

Its flame placed him in full view of the enemy, who, thus attracted, swarmed forward from every side. But there was a full two seconds left the boy. Sacrificing his last chance to escape, he brought the pine knot close to the rocket.

That three pounds of fireworks had a cylindrical fire-piece filled with gunpowder, and from the metal disc closing the case's bottom extended a fuse. While yet the mob surged on, and while the flaming torch lit up his red hair, freckled face and burning eyes, Sam thrust the rod ever so lightly into the stone pile, tilted the rocket carefully southward, and fired the fuse.

Then only did he spin about and face his hunters. Behind him the rocket exploded—it soared, he knew, due south. But the pack closed upon him, swept him prone and took him captive. As he ceased struggling Sam realized his posi-



Wayne leaned heavily upon his orderly. "Don't let me drop until my feet are set inside the fort," he said.

tion. A spy, taken in the act! That meant, by every law of war, the gallows.

Chapter Eighteen

ELEVEN o'clock at Spring Steel's. An outward quiet everywhere.

The night was dark and balmy, full of the scent of "green things growing," and disturbed, if at all, only by low underbrush whispers as rabbits rustled away toward lettuce patches, or a red fox started on his nocturnal raid of some distant chicken yard. The gentlest of breezes blew, and that from the hills toward the unseen river. Although a few lights twinkled out there where the Hudson flowed and over at Verplank's on the east bank, no stranger would have guessed them to mark hostile frigates or enemy encampment. The black mountain scarp of Stony Point—surely it slept without a dream. This plantation of hickories and chestnut trees—certainly it lay deserted. Outwardly, over woods and water dozed tranquility.

And yet, whatever conditions might prevail aboard ship, in camp or at the overlooking fort, nervous tension tore at the thirteen hundred and fifty men of the Colonial Light Infantry. No chance wayfarer approached, but had one done so, he would have been collared noiselessly by invisible hands. The moment for the advance was nearing.

Bill Blunston stood beside Wayne and his officers at the forward rim of trees.

"Is it time, sir?" asked somebody.

"A'most," said Wayne.

"We have near two mile' to go to the marsh," another eagerly essayed. "Had we not better—"

"I am in command here."

Bill's plump body shivered under the bite of the words. His own troubles, too, worried him. Should he, in spite of all proud restraints, tell of Eben's threats? He didn't fear battle, but murder! . . . Still, shame held him. Eben Jones might not find him in the fight. They'd all be too busy to bother with personal scraps. And if worst came to worst, Bill had that pistol. Or, if he dared not make noise in defending himself, he had his knife. If he were struck from behind? Resolutely he shook off the chill fear that assailed him. Whatever was to happen, he dared not bother Wayne with his tale.

Then there was,

or had been, Sam.

Could Sam really be

dead? Might he not

still have some hours

of life left him, even

if condemned, atop

that inky height? Sam

knew the coming—

wouldn't his inge-

nious resourcefulness,

which had never yet failed,

find a way to stave

off fate, to send the

agreed sign?

Bill longed for the

assault. He wanted

the clash of battle,

so that he might lose

his fears in action.

If only Wayne would

give the order to

go ahead!

As if the officer had

read the boy's turbu-

lent thoughts, he spoke:

"Bring out your

men and start. We

stop at the hill's foot

for a five-minute

rest—no more. And

never forget it is the

north bastion that is

weak—that it is the

north bastion we are

attacking. All the

way up the hill, bear

lightly to the north.

Then, when you

shall have cleared

the enemy's out-

posts, strike *due*

northward."

Nothing could

have borne bet-

ter testimony to

Wayne's genius for

foresight and disci-

pline than the way his troops followed his orders. Every officer was scrupulously instructed in all that he should do—and scrupulously he did it.

In the dark, the expedition issued from the wood without confusion—without one man wandering from his company—without a company losing contact with its fellows. A mile and a half they went.

They went with marvelous quiet, over a difficult trail. They crossed the marsh almost under the very guns of ships-of-war that the slightest untoward commotion would have startled into fatal broadsides. Along with every other mount, Wayne's horse, Butter-Tubs, had been left with a small detail under the trees. Wayne walked between the advance scouts and the head of the column, Bill puffing close after him. Unforeseen delays were of course inevitable, but the adventurers reached the base of Stony Point not much behind schedule—12:12.

"Fetch the column commanders and the leaders of the Forlorn Hopes."

Blunston groped his way and did his duty. While the men rested as much as their eagerness would let them rest, Wayne again went over his instructions to his officers:

"The Forlorn Hopes first, then the two columns. You will order fixed bayonets before you repeat my order to advance. Not an unnecessary word. Command silence even during the actual encounter—cheers are forbid until our van is inside the main works and the watchword is passed: 'The fort's our own.' Success depends upon surprise. Keep in touch with me—I shall charge at the head of your regiment, Colonel Febiger, in the right column."

Bill felt valiantly of knife and pistol. He raised his gaze to the heights. They faded into darkness, sable hill blending into jet sky. Anything could happen in such obscurity, but if he lived to attain that summit, he would avenge Sam Gruger. Unless Eben first finished him.

"—and again and always," Wayne drew to his conclusion, "remember that it is the *north* bastion we must assail. Knowing this hill's position and slope, you cannot lose your sense of direction. North! And now—"

Light, distant but clear, interrupted him. A narrow, arching streak of fire rose from Stony Point's

hidden crest toward which, like Blunston, every officer was gazing. The beam slashed the heavens, bent like a bow, and descended into the southern horizon.

Low-voiced babel broke out in the group:

"That's a signal to the ships!"

"It's the usual night one."

"No, the fort's been warned!"

The light gone, double darkness had descended.

"No matter what it is," said Wayne curtly, "we

will go forward now! And remember, silence!"

BUT Bill dared disobedience—open disobedience, for the first occasion in his service:

"P-P-PLEASE! That was Sa-am—Sam Gruger. It's y-your d-drummer. And he says strike at the *south*!"

For in the streak of flame Blunston had read the truth. He knew, too, that Sam must have revealed—by firing that rocket—his true business to those British and surrendered himself to death. And yet Sam had won! He'd won!

Officers laughed. Not Wayne, however. He spoke brusquely:

"What do you mean, orderly?"

Hastily, Bill tried to explain. He told of the private signal system. He told what Gruger had promised that morning. The British land forces' signals to their frigates—Johnson's to Verplank's—were invariably shot straight toward the zenith. This couldn't be a British signal! That message read:

"It is the south bastion that isn't yet fortified. When you have passed the outworks, attack the *south* bastion."

Wayne listened. Because those details about the code and the morning arrangements were so convincing, but most because their commander set the example, the officers listened, too.

"Then that Carib—your spy—lied?"

"He w-wasn't *my* spy, sir."

"He might have lied to balk me. But he well knew he would die if I chipped him up at it."

"You s-said, sir, he was t-true to his employers. Oh, sir, I know S-S-Sam, and I *know* he's somehow managed t-to—"

"Silence."

Silence then there was, everybody breathlessly awaiting the decision, until Wayne spoke once more:

"I know Sammy Gruger, too — and none of us knows that knackish Carib back you at Sandy Beach — though he swears for this if I survive to see to it. Gentlemen, change '*north*' to '*south*' in all your orders."

That was all. The next command was:

"Forward, Forlorn Hopes first. Forward, columns!"

Chapter Nineteen

THEY were on the hillside — almost two-thirds up.

Bill, toiling behind Wayne at that exposed point between the advance platoon of George Knox and Febiger's regiment, could not see much, but a sort of false twilight aided his eyes. He felt himself a ghost in a company of ghosts.

Gallant as the attack was, he knew that it was desperate. Not a cartridge among the rank and file. Ragged, weary, footsore soldiers against such a strongly fortified garrison. Yet every bayonet was fixed and every mother's son was indomitably forging upward.

(Cont. on page 75)



With a gasp he pointed behind Jones and almost shrieked: "Look out—look there—behind!"

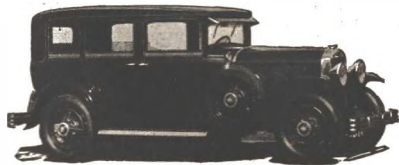


* Billy learns about Buick's *nationwide* Service Organization

Billy (entering Buick showroom): I'd certainly like to know how you straightened out that fender of ours last week! Dad was surprised that a small town service shop could do such work. He thought he'd have to buy a new one sure!

Buick Dealer: Oh, we're pretty well equipped for Buick service, Billy. The factory sees to that. It's a Buick policy, you know, to provide first-class service to Buick owners, wherever they may be.

Billy: Well, I knew the big service stations could do most any job; but I didn't expect to find such service in a town of this size.



*This is the ninth of a series of stories describing Billy's experiences with the new Buick.

Buick Dealer: You'll find it in towns much smaller than this, Billy. The Buick factory considers the Buick owner in the small town just as important, and just as much entitled to complete satisfaction, as the owner in the city.

Billy: Then no matter where we went, we would find good service?

Buick Dealer: Certainly, Billy. Twenty-five years ago, Buick recognized that the surest route to success lay, not in selling automobiles and then forgetting them, but in providing economical, reliable, and all-round satisfactory transportation, which is a much bigger thing. And for 25 years, Buick has been building up a country-wide service organization, equipped with factory-approved tools and machinery, and manned by factory-trained Buick mechanics, to insure the fullest satisfaction with every Buick car.

Billy: Well, suppose we were on a trip. Suppose we were a long way from home and broke some part in an accident. Would the

dealer in the nearest village have that part in stock, no matter what it was?

Buick Dealer: The chances are that he would, Billy. But even if he didn't, the Buick service plan would take care of you just the same. The part would be in stock at one of the Buick parts depots—and there is no spot in the country more than 24 hours distant from such a depot.

Billy: Well, sir, it has certainly been thought out pretty well, I'll say! That ought to make a hit with Buick owners!

Buick Dealer: I think you can be pretty sure it does, Billy. More than 80 per cent of them, you know, buy Buicks again!

Billy: I know *one* family that will buy a Buick again, all right—and this story of Buick service is just one of a dozen good reasons why!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
 Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, Oshawa, Ontario

BUICK

WITH MASTERPIECE BODIES BY FISHER

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Kid Lightning himself

They say that Pete once dropped his stick in a relay—lost 90 yards that way—and ran his legs off to win by a fifth of a second! Believe it—for that boy can make a greyhound look like a lame cow!

And you needn't go far to find out the answer. "I owe my speed and wind to steady training and keeping healthy," says Pete. And nothing helps like cleanliness.

Cleanliness starts with the teeth, says Pete, so he cleans his teeth as his coach advises—with Colgate's. Delicious and peppery, Colgate's bursts into a racing foam the moment it's brushed on teeth. This active foam rushes through the mouth, sweeping away all impurities—sweetening all surfaces—brightening, whitening the teeth . . . peppering up the gums . . . making the mouth feel healthy—and zowie! How clean!

Take a tip from Pete . . . use Colgate's . . . you'll say it's great! Try a tube on our say-so. We'll pay for it. Just mail the coupon.



Try Colgate's one week—FREE
COLGATE, Dept. B-1824, 595 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Send me a
Please send me, Free, a generous trial tube
of Colgate's—the dentifrice coaches advise.

Name

Address

The Builder of the Dam (Continued from page 16)

over with a crash. A cheer leader jumped out and commanded attention: "All right, fellows. Let's give 'em. 'When you hear the roll.' And make the last line, 'We'll pull that big scow out.' Are you ready? Hip, hip."

The song broke from eighty throats:

Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,

Then you'll know that the Scouts have come;

For the Scout company is the best company,

That ever came out of the land of the free.

S-c-o-u-t is a good Scout,
Come along with me, be a good Scout—

Tra-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la,

We'll pull that big scow out.

"Hot dog!" cried Tim. "They certainly like you, Ricky."

"They're good Scouts," said Rick. He and Tim went back to the scow and lashed hawsers into place. At nine o'clock the Scouts came tramping over the wagon road. They were singing:

Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,

Then you'll know that the Scouts have come—

Rick divided them, strung them along the two hawsers, rowed out to the scow to watch things there.

"All right," he called. "Get set! Are you ready? Go!"

EIGHTY pairs of legs dug into the ground; eighty backs strained. The scow shivered, lurched, moved—and went toward the shore, rising inch by inch as it moved. Water, released by the rising tilt of the craft, poured out over the sides in small cascades. Gravel at the stern, which had been hidden, emerged above the surface. And then the effort spent itself, and the scow sank just a little as it settled.

"Everybody rest," Rick called, "until we're ready for the next heave."

He and Tim attacked the gravel. It hissed from their shovels and splattered and splashed into the lake. Presently there was no more of the stone to be seen.

"Back to the pull," called Rick.

Again they strung themselves along the hawsers. The scow was lighter now, and its forward lurch was more pronounced. Once more gravel came out above the surface, once more water poured out over the sides, once more Rick and Tim dug with desperate haste. More than one-half the scow had been raised.

The next pull on the hawsers was a triumph. The line of boys strained, moved, began what was the ghost of a trot. Abruptly the scow ran into the shoal of the beach. The blunt bow struck the sand, and the pulling Scouts stumbled and came to a sagging halt.

"Hurrah!" Rick's cheer rose on a note of triumph. "You've done it, fellows. She's afloat. The gunwales are clear."

The Scouts went back to their camp as they had come, singing:

Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,

Then you'll know—

Tim rowed across to the job and brought back the hand pump. The scow following the natural slope of the beach, had a pitch that rolled the water back to the stern. Rick came out with planks, and Tim fixed the pump into position. Then they fell to at the handles, work-

ing steadily and without haste, for they knew that it might take the two-inch hose a long time to drain the scow.

Dinner called them down the lake; they rowed back leisurely, skirting the eastern shore. In the shallow water of a half dozen small coves, pond lilies swayed in a riot of color. From behind a marshy clump of thick brush a blue heron took wing and sailed off at their approach. Rick knew that the great bird had a nest in that brush and was careful not to intrude.

At two o'clock the scow was ready for service again. They brought her around to the loading dock and made her fast. Rick's heart beat time to a song of joy. Monday they could start to dig the second dam. And



The Story of a Feud—

A feud that began when Charteris, richest member of the Psi Psi fraternity, kidded Tom Withers, pledge, about his clothes; that deepened when Chart made Tom clean mud off his roadster; that flamed on the varsity baseball diamond!

"TROUBLE WITH CHARTERIS"

A Two-part College Story by
George F. Pierrot, in June

while ten of them dug, four could ferry sand and gravel against the day when the mixer would pour again.

That afternoon they came upon Jerry casting along the edges of a clump of lily pads. The old man halted their approach with a peremptory wave of his rod.

"Look a-here you, Ricky," he complained, "don't you know no better than to come a-stirrin' up the water where a man's a-tryin' to ketch him a fish?"

TIM backed the boat. Drifting with the wind they watched Jerry do his job. Quietly, skillfully, he dropped a metal spoon along the pads. So perfect were the casts that the bait fell, each time, within a few inches of the flat leaves, and with no more splash than would have been made by a small minnow. Presently he took up an oar, sculled ahead a dozen feet, and began to cast again. Absorbed in his occupation he seemed to have forgotten them completely.

For half an hour they watched him as he slowly and patiently went along the pads.

"Doesn't he ever get a fish?" Tim asked. "Heck! I'll bet no fish would slap at that piece of copper he's throwing around."

"Jerry knows his game," said Rick.

Up ahead, at a spot the old man had not yet reached, the water broke into a not very eddy. A moment later the spoon was traveling through the air toward the agitated spot. Rick saw it light and dart to one side as the fisherman began to reel in. Then that part of the lake seemed to heave and grow white with foam.

"He's got one," yelled Tim.

The fish broke water, shaking its head with bulldog ferocity. Rick recognized the long green body as that of a pickerel. Jerry, standing up in his boat, played the fighting warrior with the ease of one to whom these rushes, these swirls, these sidelong leaps, were an old, old story. The top of the rod, bending and waving, took up the strain of each rush and aided in the recovery of line when the fish veered off on a new tack. Had this been a bass it would have fought to reach the pads, to tangle the line in the plant growth. Or else, darting for the boat, it would have gone racing under, to win slack line again which it could throw itself and tear out the hooks. But the pickerel of eastern lakes seems to know little of the bass strategy. The pickerel surges, batters, exhausts itself in a battle that is devoid of the finer points of conflict.

Presently the green shadow in the water grew tired. The rushes were shorter and, after each surface swirl, the next move was slower in coming. When Jerry finally brought the fish to the boat, it bobbed alongside too weary to move, and the old man ran a hand under its gills and flopped it out.

By the time Rick and Tim had rowed over to see the catch, Jerry had killed it, with the mercy of the true fisherman who refuses to allow his fish to die slowly.

"How big, Jerry?" Rick asked. "She be all o' twenty-two inches," the old man said proudly, "an' I aim to cook me a grand supper. 'Tain't so easy to ketch fish in this here lake no more."

"Two more feet of water should mean a lot more fish," Rick said.

All the pride, the good humor, the senile delight, faded from Jerry's face. The watery eyes glared.

"What do you know 'bout fishin', that's what I like fer to have an answer to."

"Nothing," Rick laughed. "Absolutely nothing, Jerry."

"Then don't go fer to arger with me till you do," the old man said vehemently. There was a quality of resentment in the usually low, mild voice that made Rick stare in surprise.

"Oh, come on," Tim said in an undertone. "The poor old duck is cracked on that one idea. No use in getting him excited."

THEY left Jerry to clean his pickerel, and idled about the lake. From the foliage of the forests came a symphony of melody—thrills, chirpings, calls, abrupt bursts of warblings. Flashes of color filtered from tree to tree—the black head and yellow beak of a robin, the white breast of a swallow, the vivid under wing of the red-winged blackbird in flight, the startling blue of a scolding jay, the brown of a thrush.

"Isn't there somebody over at our dam?" Tim demanded abruptly.

"It's Mr. Galt," said Rick. He dug in the oars.

"I thought perhaps you had gone blind," the scout executive drawled. "I walked over and had a peep at the scow, came around the lake trail, and have been here for twenty minutes. Do you plan to sink the scow every week or two? Is that a new way of giving it a washing?"

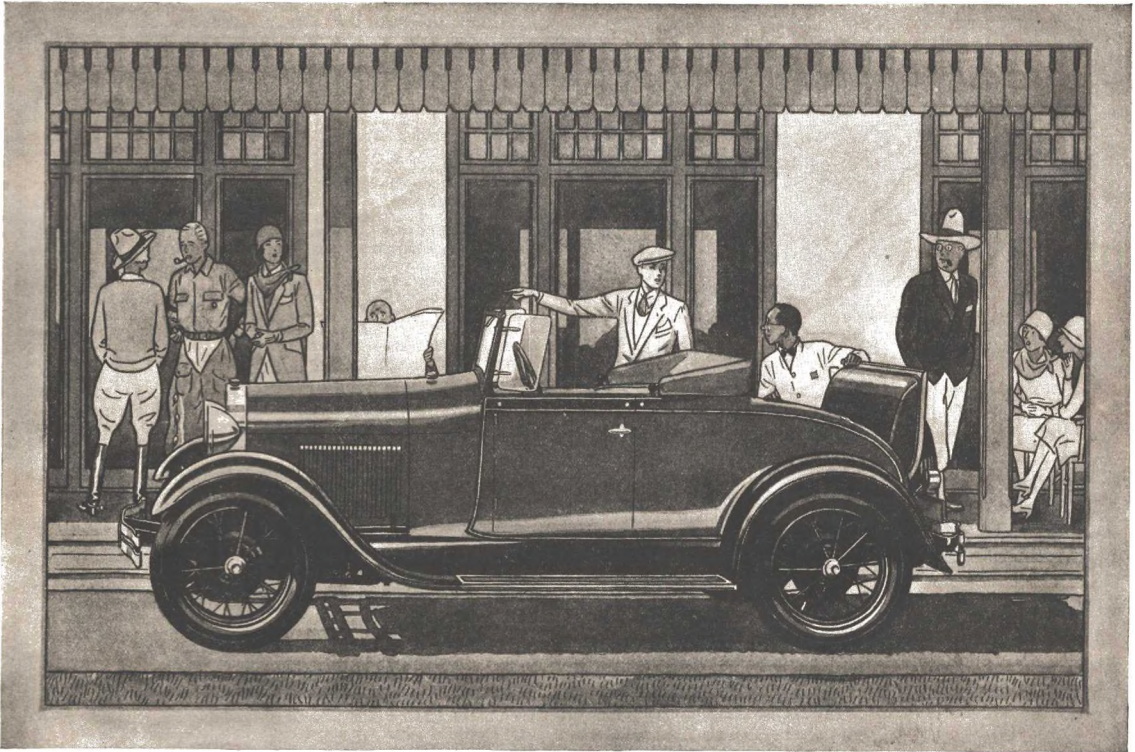
"It's an old way of getting into trouble," said Rick. "Carelessness. I had to let my cousin go."

Mr. Galt nodded. "Kaufmann was in to see me this morning. Told me you had poured the first dam. I had to come up to see it."

"Well—" Rick hesitated. "There it is."

"Shake!" said Mr. Galt. The pressure of his hand told the boy much.

It was almost time for supper. They walked around the trail, and a flying (Continued on page 30)



Fresh and relaxed at the journey's end

ONE of the fine things about driving the new Ford is the way it takes you over the miles without fuss or fatigue.

Mentally you are at ease because you are sure of the mechanical performance of the car. No matter how long the trip, or rough or devious the road, you know it will bring you safely, quickly to the journey's end.

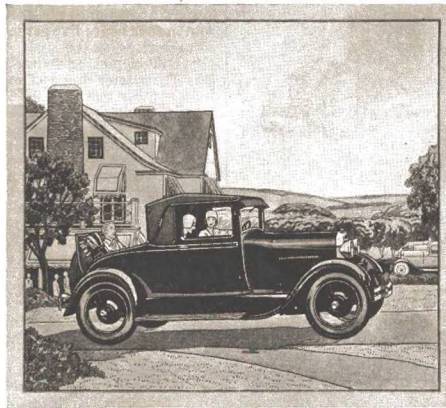
Through thickest traffic, up steepest hills, along the open road, you will drive with security and confidence because the new Ford is so alert and capable and so easy to operate and control.

The steering wheel answers to the touch of a finger. Gears shift smoothly and silently. Brakes take hold quickly and firmly even on slippery pavements.

Unusual acceleration, speed and power are especially appreciated in emergencies. A space little longer than the car itself is all you need for parking.

These features simplify the mechanics of driving and, together with reliability, add a great deal to the mental comfort of motoring.

Physically, too, you will feel fresh and relaxed in the new Ford because it is such a roomy, easy-riding car. The restfully tilted seats are made generously wide and are deeply cushioned, with coil springs of straight and hour-glass type. The backs are carefully designed to conform to the curves of the body. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of



the new Ford is found in its riding comfort. Somehow it seems to just glide along, as if every road were a good road. The rough spots are there, just as they have always been, but you do not feel them. It is almost as if a giant hand had smoothed the way before you. Even bad stretches may be taken at a reasonably fast pace without hard jolts or bumps or the exaggerated bouncing which is the cause of most motoring fatigue.

One reason, of course, is the use of four Houdaille hydraulic shock

Attractive colors give added charm to the trim, graceful lines of the new Ford. Shown above is the new Ford Roadster. On the left, the new Ford Sport Coupe.

absorbers—two in the front and two in the rear.

Of even greater importance, however, are the low center of gravity, the carefully planned balance of the car, and the many advantages of the transverse or crosswise springs.

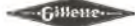
These springs rest on their flexible ends with the heavy center part uppermost. Thus the very weight of the springs receives the benefit of spring action instead of hanging below as dead weight and increasing the hammer-like blows of road impacts.

Another element in decreasing unsprung weight (the weight carried below the flexible ends of the springs) is the construction of the front axle and rear axle housing. Through the use of fine steel and electric welding, they are made of exceptional strength, yet kept comparatively light in weight.

All of these factors combine to reduce the force of every unevenness in the road before it reaches the frame, chassis and body of the car. This means more comfort for you personally and also contributes to better performance and longer life for every mechanical part.



THE NEW IMPROVED
Gillette
SAFETY RAZOR



Do you know that eight out of ten college men use Gillette razors? Here's a tall fellow with large capable hands, wielding a man-sized fistful of beautifully machined and finished metal: the Gillette Big Fellow. It is the largest, heaviest and one of the most popular of all the Gillette models. Handsomely cased in sturdy metal, plated in silver or gold, priced at \$5.00. Twenty shaving edges (10 double-edged Gillette Blades) included. Other models at \$5.00 to \$75.00.

Gillette Safety Razor Co.,
Boston, U. S. A.



(Continued from page 28)
squirrel kept pace with them leaping ahead through the trees.

"Any more trouble with Martin?" Mr. Galt asked.

Rick shook his head.
"It's funny," said Tim, "that whoever tried to pound down the cement shelter never made another attempt to wreck things."

It was queer, but Rick was too grateful for the fact to question it.

"I ran into Quayle on the way up," Mr. Galt went on. "He stopped me; wanted to know if I was connected with the Valley City camp; was keen to find out how you were coming along."

"He's been very friendly," said Rick. "It wouldn't hurt to invite him up to see the job," the scout executive hinted.

Rick hadn't thought of that. After supper he and Tim rode down as far as the construction shanty with Mr. Galt.

"One dam poured?" Mr. Quayle gave him a smile of congratulation. "I know how you feel, Ware; I can look back to the day when I finished my first dam. I'll be glad to drop up some afternoon and see how you're coming along."

The construction crew began to come back late Sunday afternoon. Kaufmann dropped in at four o'clock, skiffed out of his hot clothing, and plunged into the lake. An hour later Flowers and Golding arrived, having made the trip to camp by bus. Four more came in on the evening train from Valley City. Carey, the last man to report, stumbled to his tent at one o'clock on Monday morning, grumbling a tale of woe.

"Figured I could hitch-hike it and save fare," he related. "Got one lift to Hackensack, and another to Pater-son. Waited until I saw a Sussex county license; fellow said he was going to Franklin. Just my pie; I could drop off at the wagon road."

"Oh, go to sleep," growled a voice. "Near Newfoundland, something went wrong. Took three hours to fix it. The fellow had given me a lift; I had to stick with him. When he got the car going, the darned thing just limped."

"Let's hear the rest of it after breakfast," suggested Harry Olds.

"Had to come in over the wagon road with no flashlight. Fell over a dead branch, and skinned my knee on a rock. And in four hours I've got to get up and go to work."

"You'll be picking yourself out of the lake if you don't shut up," called a voice from another tent.

Quiet came down over the camp.

THE morning showed Rick that the two-day vacation had put a fresh store of energy into his workers. The shovels bit into the ground with a vigor that warmed his heart, and the sandy soil grew in piles on either side of the cut. Tim and Kaufmann led opposing crews that took opposite ends of the ditch. They made a race of it, and heatedly refused to take Carey.

"No dead wood for me," said Kaufmann. "You got to bed at one o'clock." Rick sent Carey off in charge of the scow.

"Pretty soft," Carey called back to the shovel men as the scow swung out on its first trip. "Nothing to do but join the Navy and see the world."

But the next morning the humor went out of the job. The day was raw and damp, and a cold wind blew out of the east and chilled the mountain. The song birds huddled in the protection of their trees, and only the kingfishers were on the wing. As the morning wore on, thick rain clouds settled. The mountain tops were blotted out, and a mist made sodden every living and growing thing. An unseen skunk, passing close to the construction camp, left its choking scent for hours on the dank air.

They ran into shale, and Kaufmann's crew came upon a rock that almost blocked the cut. Every shovel centered upon that obstruction. They pried with

crowbars, dug, pried, and dug again.

"I don't know how you're going to get this out," said Tim. For the first time he had run into something that had him licked.

The scow crew had just finished unloading gravel.

"Take the scow over to the east shore and tie it up," Rick told Carey. "Then walk around to the Scout camp and tell them to run the tractor as far as our dock. We'll load it on after dinner."

Early in the afternoon they brought the tractor across the lake. They dared not bring it across the unloading dock on its own power, and had to haul it off with ropes. Once its flanged wheels were on the ground, though, they started the engine and lumbered it to the head of the ditch.

An hour later they threw a sling over the rock. The crews crowded to the edge of the cut to see the monster moved. Rick waved them back.

"This hawser may snap," he warned. Slowly, cautiously, he started the tractor. The rock budged. A shower of dirt gave from the side. The bowlder had wrenched free at one corner. Then it was torn loose, and came dragging, scooping, cutting, stabbing, and gouging along both sides of the cut. With a final bump and roll it lurched out upon solid ground and tilted toward the lake.

"Block it," shouted Rick. He did not want it rolling down toward his men.

Tim hammered a block of wood under the stone to hold it.

Rick unhitched the sling. The rock, which had been pulling against the hawser, trembled, moved an inch, and then held against the block.

"All right, Tim," Rick called. "Out of the way, fellows."

TIM swung his maul, the block loosened, and the rock began a sluggish movement toward the lake. Gathering speed, it seemed to leap, and hurtled into the water with a splash that threw spray far back upon the shore.

Rick ran the tractor to one side, and the crews thronged back to the cut.

"Gosh!" cried Flowers. "Looks like a crater. Take out three more rocks like that and this ditch will be half dug."

"Isn't water coming in there?" Tim demanded. "Hey, Rick!"

Rick came up from his examination seriously concerned. "I think we've started a bad leak. Don't touch that pit. Dig around it. We may be able to use that crater as a bowl—let the water flow in there and pump it out, and leave the rest of the cut dry."

"Like we did on the other cut," said Golding.

"This is going to be worse than the other cut," said Rick.

In the morning they found two feet of water in the ditch, and it took them until breakfast time to pump it dry. Two hours—and not a shovelful of earth taken out.

All that day they dug in soft, sloppy earth. Just before quitting time two more leaks developed, and a portion of the bank toward the lake suddenly slid into the cut.

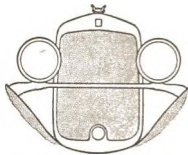
Rick went to bed that night with the knowledge that digging that second ditch was going to be a battle. Next morning it took more than two hours of pumping before they could work with the shovels.

"I want two fellows to get up at three o'clock," Rick said, "and take the pump. Their day will be over at one o'clock in the afternoon."

Golding and Fields volunteered. In the morning Rick called them and, sleepy-eyed and dull, they stumbled through the dark to the side of the cut. Golding turned a flashlight down into the ditch, but could not be sure of the amount of water. At five o'clock when the gang got up, they were still pump-

(Continued on page 32)

A Motor Car Message For the American Boy



PLYMOUTH

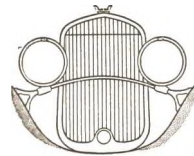
AS you well know, there is no one thing in which every member of the family is so intimately interested as The Car. And when father decides to buy a *new one* and lets the fact be known, how the whole household is electrified!

But, did you ever stop to consider how great a responsibility *you* bear in safeguarding the purchase of the next car your family is to own? More than anyone else you can make sure that the right car is selected. You *know* automobiles. You make it your *business* to know them! You know what the name of Walter P. Chrysler means to motor cars. And now that all of the companies he controls and the cars they manufacture have been banded



CHRYSLER "65"

together under his personal direction into one big group called "Chrysler Motors," there is a Chrysler-built car to fit every use, to satisfy every taste and to match every pocket-book. You remember how Chrysler lifted the automobile out of the class of stodgy vehicles and gave it new wings of beauty, power and performance. You recall how he thrilled the world with the first



CHRYSLER "75"



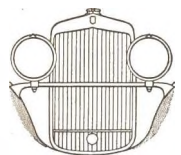
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

flashing Chrysler roadster, the first 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, the first narrow-profile radiator — all new and all Chrysler creations. Again and again you have seen



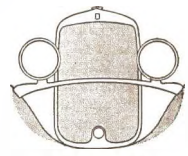
DODGE BROTHERS SIX

Chrysler genius set the pace and hold the lead with something different. Notice the distinctive radiator designs pictured here. Observe how varied they are, yet how uniform in smartness. And remember that back of every radiator are quality, power and unexcelled performance — and the extra value of Chrysler Standardized Quality. When your family is thinking of a new car, be prepared to point to the emblem of the car in the Chrysler Motors line which *you know* will serve their



DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

needs the best and will afford beauty, economy and ability unmatched by any other car in the same price class. Make sure that your family is Chryslerized and you'll need have no concern about the kind of a car they drive.



DE SOTO SIX

If you will drop us a line we will be glad to send you full particulars about every car in the Chrysler Motors line.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN



All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of Standardized Quality

- CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
- CHRYSLER "75"
- CHRYSLER "65"
- DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR
- DODGE BROTHERS SIX
- DE SOTO SIX
- PLYMOUTH
- DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES and MOTOR COACHES
- FARGO TRUCKS and COMMERCIAL CARS
- CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES
- All Products of Chrysler Motors*

CHRYSLER MOTORS

BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE





Put a rake into the soil in your own back yard and pull out

Money



Onions, once considered pabulum, are back in full dignity on the table. People have found out they are good for them. Ferry's Silver Skin Onions are crisp, tender, sweet. A beautiful onion—easy to grow well, snow white with a silver skin.

Think of the Sunday dinners in your town that demand lima beans. Grow Ferry's Bush Limas. They shell out tender, and hose the greenish cast that shows how fine they are.

Ferry's Ruby King Peppers not only have delicious tenderness, but are so large that they demand from five to ten cents apiece.

Most cucumbers are withered when bought in the market. These freshness never lasts. For this reason, truly fresh cucumbers sell well. Ferry's Long Green Cucumbers are good to look upon and are cool and tender, for salads, or for pickling.

Fine Food



Some evening when you go out to a bed of Ferry's Giant Trimourea Pan-ares (mixed), notice how spicy velvet they are, as large as sun be primrose.

and Health

To block that troublesome worry about where's enough money coming from—team up with a garden of your own. What most soil needs is just good tacking, and then Ferry's purebred Seeds. A garden can mean money, a pedigreed dog, a radio set, mitts, batteries, books. . . You know your objectives. Keep them in sight. Sell enough of the surplus vegetables to get them. But remember to eat some of the fresh vegetables yourself. Something in their freshness tones you up—increases alertness and poise.

Ferry's purebred Seeds have a surprising amount of vitality. They are pedigreed seeds. Buy them at the "store around the corner" from you. And know that they are strictly fresh—thoroughly energetic for planting now.

So plant them now. Use the Ferry's Seed Annual as organizer and coach. This tells what, when, and how to plant—has enough information to give you 73 years' experience in gardening before you start. Also there's the news of mulch paper that can make better produce with less labor—imagine the combination of this with Ferry's seeds! For the Annual, address D. M. Ferry & Co., Dept. G, Detroit, Mich.



(Continued from page 30)
ing, and there was still plenty of water to come out.

"Can't depend upon that hand pump," Rick told Tim. He was closer to despair than he would have admitted. "Tonight we'll try to rig a siphon."

They brought over hose from the Scout camp. Seven of them worked at setting up the siphon—tilting it, moving it, testing it until both ends were level. One end went into the cut, and another end was hung down into a low ravine. Suction started, and a stream of water ran through the hose.

The siphon was still working when they went to bed, but in the morning it had stopped. Rick found it plugged with mud. They went back to the hand pump, and it was noon before they began to dig.

"How are we going to manage if we have to go on like this?" Tim asked, worried.

"We won't manage," said Rick. "Starting to-day, we go into the cut after breakfast, water or no water."

For two days they stood in water halfway to their knees and laboriously dug into the earth. The shovels would find bottom, would scoop—and one-third of the load would be washed back before it could be thrown upon the embankment. Slowly the crew was gripped by a tense and silent grimness.

"Tim," said Rick, "I've got to get a power pump."

"Where?"
"I don't know. I could buy one in an hour, but I don't know where to rent one."

ROSS MARTIN came in that day with his bill for the trucking. Red-faced, domineering, loud-mouthed, he limped over the trail to the job and stood with his legs apart, staring down at the toiling boys. He made a contemptuous gesture toward the hand pump.

"Why don't you use soda straws?" he demanded. "They'd be just as good as that thing."

"I happen to know that!" Rick answered coldly. He did not like the idea of Martin's criticizing him before his crew.

"Why don't you dig pools between the cut and the lake?"

"We did that on the first dam. It won't work here—too much water coming in."

Martin examined the first dam, and came back to the flooded cut. Rick was down in the water now, digging as hard as any of his men. An hour passed, and Martin stood with feet apart and continued to stare at the scene.

"By Harry," he cried suddenly, "if you fellows haven't the proper equipment, you've got the guts. Here, you, Ware, I want to talk to you."

Rick climbed out and the contractor drew him aside. "Why don't you get a power pump?"

"Where can I rent one?" Rick demanded.

"I think I know where you can get a pump. Let's go see."

Leaving Tim in charge, Rick followed the man around the lake trail to where he had parked his car. They rode to the state road, and turned right toward Franklin.

"I'm taking you," Martin said, "to Abe Curtin. He's foreman of the county road gang. They have three or four pumps, and none of them's working now as far as I know."

They found Curtin at his home, repairing a picket fence. Like most men of these mountains, he was tall and thin and slow of speech. His jaws, moving without haste, masticated an enormous cud of tobacco.

"Abe," said Martin, "this here is Mr. Ware. Building a couple of dams for that Scout camp up at Little Silver."

"We call it Lake Roosevelt," said Rick.

"I never was nothing but Little Silver until you Scouts came in," Martin said impatiently. "Well, anyhow, Abe, they have run into a lot of leaks and got to have a power pump. Thought you might lend them one."

"Well, now," the road foreman said mildly, "might be that I could. When would you be wanting it?"

"As soon as I could get it," said Rick. He turned to Martin. "Could you bring it in for me?"

"Why not? I'll have it up there tomorrow if that's not too soon for Abe."

"I reckon not, Ross. You come get it to-morrow." The foreman began to hammer another picket into place as if the interview were at an end.

But to Rick there was still a vital question.

"What will the charge be, Mr. Curtin?"

"Charge?" The foreman spat a stream of brown liquid through the fence pickets. "There won't be any charge. I'm glad to be able to help you fellows out. My own boy is a Scout."

"That's mighty fine," said Rick gratefully. "But I'd like to pay something for the use of the pump. This is a business job, you know."

The lean foreman's look at him held approval.

"Tell you what," the man said. "We have got a pump that'll work all right, but it needs a good cleanin' and oilin'. You use it and then clean it up and send it back to us all slicked up and shinin' and we'll call it square. That suit you?"

"I'll be hard to suit if it don't," Rick told him. "Thanks a lot." Much cheered by both the friendliness and the practical help, he climbed back into the car.

AS he and Martin rode over the state highway toward the old wagon road his mind came with crystal clearness to one decision. Regardless of those tracks on the eastern shore, Martin was not the man who had wrecked the cement shelter. If the contractor had had a secret desire to hamper the building of the dams, he would never have done what he had done to-day.

Martin started to swing into the wagon road, but Rick stopped him.

"I can hike it. Anyway, I want to think, and I can always think better when I walk. Thank you." He held out his hand.

Martin's paws, hugh and hard and bony, almost crushed his fingers. Rick winced.

"Shake again," he said.

"Eh?" Martin did not understand it.

"That second shake's an apology," Rick explained.

Martin did not understand that either. "For what?" he demanded suspiciously.

"For everything," Rick said, and left the contractor sitting in the car and staring after him.

He whistled as he strode over the trail, and a catbird, perfect imitator though he is, tried in vain to mimic the happy notes. A power pump. Boy!

A woods turtle wallowing in a rut of the road, alarmed at his step, drew in its head until he had passed; but a woodpecker, captivated by his lilting notes, paused in its drumming to listen. A ditch pumped dry. A ditch in which they could really dig. The future looked one hundred per cent better.

The working day was over when he got back to camp. The boys, naked, were on the lake shore, soaping themselves before plunging in to swim. Tim alone was still puttering at the cut.

"Did you make all the soundings yourself?" he asked curiously.

Rick nodded.

"All of them?"
"Of course. I came up with Jim—Oh! Wait a minute. I went to Vreeland one afternoon for supplies, and Jim Logan took four soundings while I was

(Continued on page 34)

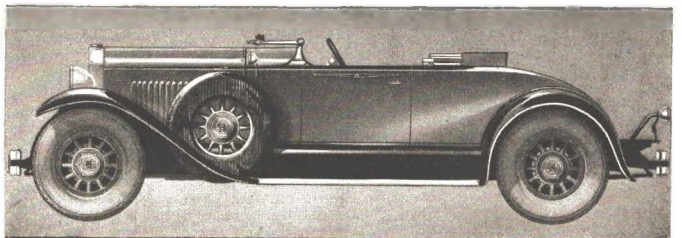


JOSEPH A. GALVIN AND HIS SON JOSEPH, JR., YEARLY ENTRANTS IN FATHERS AND SONS TOURNAMENT, WINCHESTER COUNTRY CLUB.



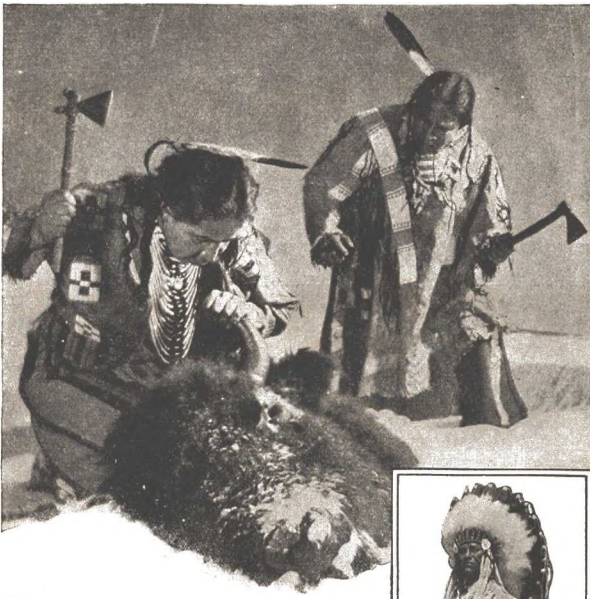
1929 Models of Fathers, Sons . . . and Hupmobiles

They golf together . . . and win tournaments. Fact is, they do most everything together. That's the modern father and son relationship. When it came to the important question of choosing a motor car—they did that together, too. And picked a HUPMOBILE after a careful inspection of all the cars on motor row. For HUPMOBILE is just the kind of car such a pair would prefer. Its athletic stamina and sturdiness—its "get-up" and "getaway"—its speed and its power would appeal to them. They saw instantly that the lady of the manor would like the luxury of the fittings, as well as the stylish outside lines. That gas and oil consumption was modest. That HUPMOBILE speed was greater, almost, than they dared to use. That HUPMOBILE is famous for tough, rugged strength, for repair-free performance . . . That its prices were decidedly right! . . . That there were 42 new body and equipment combinations to choose from, standard and custom.



THE CENTURY SIX, \$1345 TO \$1645 . . . THE CENTURY EIGHT, \$1825 TO \$2625 . . . ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY. STANDARD AND CUSTOM MODELS. EQUIPMENT, OTHER THAN STANDARD, EXTRA.

THE NEW HUPMOBILE
CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT



“How we Blackfeet were saved in the year of the Big Snow”

“ONE winter we came near starvation. Our braves hunted over the plains for the frozen heads of buffalo they had killed early in the fall. They chopped the skin from the tops of the heads and our mothers cooked it for food. We were saved by finding a herd of mountain sheep which had been driven down into the foothills by the big snow. We slew the entire herd and ate them on the spot. On many occasions like this, our lives depended on the endurance of our legs and feet in hunting game for food.

“In our primitive life nothing was more important than our feet.

I wonder if the white race would not be sturdier if they took better care of their feet in childhood—by wearing shoes that allow free exercise of the foot and leg muscles.

“As for myself I always wear rubber-soled canvas shoes on the stiffest climbing and the longest hiking, whenever the weather permits. They are more like moccasins in strength-building than any modern shoe.”

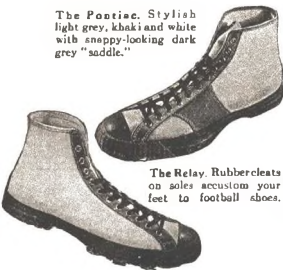
By Lance

MODERN Goodrich Sport Shoes are better than old-fashioned sneakers. They are scientifically made to protect the foot against injury without stopping muscular development.

The moccasin-grip instep prevents flat feet. The hard-gripping soles and heels prevent slipping and body jarring on hard ground. Goodrich Sport Shoes come in 20 snappy models to suit particular men, boys and girls. Demand them by name—be sure of getting the best that Indian lore and modern science offer you.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, established 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

The Pontiac. Stylish light grey, khaki and white with snappy-looking dark grey “saddle.”



The Relay. Rubbercleats on soles accustom your feet to football shoes.

Goodrich

Sport Shoes

(Continued from page 32)
gone.” Rick’s heart gave a frightened skip. “Is anything wrong?”

Tim did not answer directly. “Which soundings did Jim make?”

“Those about in the middle of the dam site we’re working on.”

“About here?” Tim indicated the place.

“About there.” Rick could stand the suspense no longer. “Spit it out, Tim. What’s the matter. Is anything wrong?”

“I’ll say there’s something wrong,” the foreman said quietly. “I got sounding around to see where we’d hit bottom. The chart shows a depth in the center of almost eight feet. Either Jim was fooled by a piece of rock blocking the pipe or else he didn’t take a sounding at all. Right there in the center it’s eleven and a half feet to bed rock.”

Chapter Eleven

RICK merely played with his supper. In his own mind there was no doubt of what had happened. Jim, finding it hard work to hammer the pipes all the way down, had guessed at distances and had taken a chance, just another such chance as he had taken in loading the scow. And just as Rick had had to pay in lost time for the sinking of the scow, he would now have to pay, he knew, for the mistake in the depth of the cut.

Eleven and a half feet in the center! That meant that the center fell away into a well. The water would drain into that well, making it doubly hard to get out the dirt. Even the power pump might not be able to help them there.

“You’re not eating,” Kaufmann said. “What’s the matter, Ricky? Sick?”

“I’m in trouble,” said Rick. “Any of you fellows leaving the mountains tonight—going over to Franklin to a movie or anything like that?”

Kaufmann glanced around the table. “I think we’re all staying close to the lake to-night.”

“Meet me up at the tents at eight o’clock,” said Rick.

At eight o’clock he had them around him, a serious, silent group. Out from the shore a dipper duck dived down, swam under water, and came to the surface again. No one gave so much as a glance at the submarine bird.

“We have learned,” Rick told them, “that some of our figures on this job are wrong. I don’t believe in alibis, and yet I must tell you that I did not make the calculations that have led me into this mess. There is a deep hole in the center of this dam, and it is going to give us a lot of trouble. I am behind time on this contract now. However, I believe that we can still finish on the specified date. It all depends upon you.”

“How?” asked Kaufmann. “How can we help out?”

“By plugging into this job with everything you have. A power pump will be in here sometime to-morrow. However, the pump can’t do it all. I want you—your muscles and your hearts. I won’t ask any fellow to work any harder than I work myself.”

“You can count on this gang,” said Tim.

“You tell ‘em,” cried Kaufmann. “How about it, fellows?”

They cheered, clustered around Rick, pledged him their loyalty. The dipper duck, alarmed by the clamor, dived under and swam out toward the center of the lake.

Next morning, for the first time, Rick found no need to call them twice. Golding and Fields, up since three o’clock, had the ditch about half drained. Tim let himself down into the flood. After bringing up a half dozen shovelfuls of mud he climbed out.

“Too cold,” he said regretfully. “That water’s freezing.”

Martin brought in the pump at ten o’clock. Rick had had the scow tied

up at the east shore waiting for it, and an hour later the engine was at the cut. They dropped the hose into the ditch, started the motor, primed the pump with a bucket of water from the lake. Almost immediately a muddy stream from the ditch began to come up in spouting, coughing jets. Soon the water was gone, and the floor of the cut was deep with slippery “goo.”

“Dig out that center,” Rick ordered. He fashioned a sluice of corrugated iron and placed it in position to carry the pumped water out of the lake so that it could not wash back into the ditch.

All that day they dug the center. When the water in the bowl grew too deep for them they started the pump and dug mud from both ends. And with the bowl pumped out they went back to the center again.

“You fellows won’t have to get up at three o’clock,” Rick told Golding and Fields. “I’ll get up, start the pump, and go back to bed.”

Next day they dug for eight uninterrupted hours. The result was apparent. They were down to bed rock at the ends, and the center well was deepening rapidly.

“Looks as though we’ve hit into a couple more leaks,” said Tim.

Rick knew it. The pump had been able to handle the situation thus far, and he hoped that the flow would not grow great enough to tax the machine. The one thing he was afraid of now was rain. Rain might wash in one of the banks. It would be at least two days more before he could begin to build the forms and put up protective shoring.

NEXT morning it took the pump two and three-quarters hours to drain the cut. Three-quarters of an hour longer than it had taken the morning before! The leaks were coming stronger.

“Can’t you pipe them?” Tim asked. “They’re too low,” Rick explained. “No chance to pitch them to run off on the other side unless we dig a draining ditch, and we might have to carry that a quarter of a mile.”

It became a fight against water—a matter of digging, pumping, hanging on. The bottom became like thick soup. They were so far down in the well now that the “soup” could not be thrown out. Rick rigged buckets. One crew dug and filled the pails, and another crew hauled them out hand over hand. Rick was afraid that, under the punishment, they would wilt and quit. But they hung to the task, fought doggedly, ate the evening meal in a sort of weary silence, and went exhausted to their cots.

The rain that Rick feared came in the night. In the morning they found that one bank had suffered a partial caving-in. Fortunately, it had come at one of the ends. Had it come in the middle, filling up that deep well again—

“We’ve got to begin on the forms,” Rick announced. “We can’t take a chance on any more slides.”

Tim led the gang that cleared the jammed end of the rock and earth that had fallen with the slide. Rick handled the forms. On the first dam they had started on the ends and worked toward the middle; here they began in the middle and worked toward the ends. The whine of saws, the pound of hammers, the scrape of raised buckets, the clatter of shovels, the cough and sputter of the pump—all these united to send a chorus of labor across the quiet water of the lake.

By noon of the next day all chance of a slide in the center was gone.

“Fellows,” Rick said at supper, “I think I see a way to control the water. We’ll get some rock between the form and the wall of the cut toward the lake. Over this we’ll bend corrugated iron in the form of a saucer, and we’ll line this saucer with the soup that’s coming out

(Continued on page 74)

Your last chance to enter the Eastman \$30,000 Prize Contest

All entries must be in by May 31st

THIS is the third and last month of the Eastman Prize Contest for amateur picture-takers—a contest for you as well as mother and dad. If you haven't entered any snapshots yet, get busy with your Kodak now.

If you have already entered one or more snapshots, don't feel you've submitted enough. The more pictures you send in, the more likely you are to win one of the 1,223 cash awards.

So begin or continue taking all the snapshots you can. Keep your Kodak within easy reach at all times. Take it with you wherever you go—to school as well as on a camping trip. Then whenever an interesting subject appears you'll be ready to "snap" it on the spot.

GRAND PRIZE \$2,500—For the best picture of any type in the following classifications.

AWARD NO. 1—Scenics—For the best picture of any city or country outdoor scene. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits—Pictures made at home, say, two to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures—For the pictures telling the most interesting story. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures—For the best pictures of sports and games. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures—For the best pictures of pets, live stock, wild animals, either at large or in zoos. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 6—Nature Study Pictures—For the best pictures of flowers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spiderwebs, any



Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

Only pictures made during March, April and May, 1929, are eligible.

nature subject. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 7—Buildings and Architectural Detail—For the best exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings, or portions thereof. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures—For

the best inside views of rooms, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 9—Still Life Studies—For the best pictures of art objects, curios, cut flowers, any still life subject in artistic arrangement. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs—For the best pictures made at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms; silhouettes; or any pictures that are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

Special Prizes for Enlargements—\$1,350—Any picture is a better picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929. . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 50 prizes of \$5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4.)

THE JUDGES: *Amelita Galli-Curci, Ethel Barrymore, Howard Chandler Christy, Clare Briggs, Hector Charlesworth, James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer and Kenneth Wilson Williams.*

Your chances of winning one of these large cash prizes are exceptionally good! Every day you run across many an interesting subject—at school, on the diamond, in the woods, or on the streets. Keep your eyes wide open and your Kodak always handy. Clip or copy the entry blank in the corner now. Make this month of May a month chock full of picture-taking joy. It's liable to be the most profitable one you've ever spent.

For a program of delightful entertainment tune in on the Kodak Hour each Friday at 10 P. M. New York time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Read these simple conditions

- 1 Any resident of the United States and its dependencies or any resident of the Dominion of Canada is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Contest starts March 1, closes May 31, 1929.
- 2 Any Kodak Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches (postcard size) and any brand of chemicals and paper to be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant must own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.
- 3 Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible, but.
- 4 In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension not less than 6 inches or more than 7 1/2 inches are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.
- 5 Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
- 6 An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by the specified closing date.
- 7 Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not have passed the twelfth birthday.
- 8 A picture that is to be considered in the Child Picture Contest must be so designated on the back.
- 9 In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.
- 10 Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.
- 11 All prints can be returned, except that 10 entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at owner's risk. Do not send negatives until they are requested.
- 12 The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.
- 13 All pictures will be judged 50% on subject matter, 25% on composition and arrangement, and 25% on photographic excellence (proficiency of exposure, etc.).
- 14 All pictures to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
- 15 An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a 250 state prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than \$500, he will receive the larger amount. The Eastman Kodak Company will consider the purchase of feeble pictures even though not prize winners.
- 16 Winners of the state prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name: (Please Print)

Street Address:

Town and State:

Make of Camera:

Make of Film:

Enclose this blank with your entries and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

CHAMPION National Change Week...

May 5th
to 11th



Save the Price of New Spark Plugs

ONCE again Champion reminds you that to enjoy perfect engine performance during the next twelve months you should install a complete new set of spark plugs now.

You should renew even Champion Spark Plugs which give much better service for a much longer period than any other spark plug.

If you have used your spark plugs more than 10,000 miles, a new set of the new improved Champions will restore new car power and speed and save their cost many times over in less gas and oil used.

Moreover, the far reaching improvements, the time-tested and exclusive superiorities of the new improved Champions are so great as to warrant immediate equipment with them — no matter what spark plugs you may now be using.

Make Champion National Change Week your yearly reminder to install a complete new set of Champions. It is a proved method of maintaining maximum engine efficiency and economy. Any one of more than 100,000 dealers will be glad to serve you.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

TOLEDO, OHIO WINDSOR, ONTARIO



What Makes It Fly?

The Seventh Talk on Aerodynamics

By ALEXANDER KLEMIN

DIRECTOR OF DANIEL GUGGENHEIM SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM REASLIP



You've seen an airplane close by, probably, but do you know what it looks like from the inside? Or what the pilot's instruments tell him? Or what happens when the joystick is pushed to the right? Professor Klemin answers these questions for you, and a whole lot more. Be sure to follow the drawings carefully.

AN airplane is probably the most refined engineering structure of the day. The principles on which its construction is based are not new. A bridge builder understands thoroughly all the methods of bracing used in aircraft. But a bridge truss, unlike the trussing of a wing, does not have to perform a loop in the sky from time to time, so that its strength can be calculated more readily than the strength of a wing. Also, in a bridge the weight of the structure is not so very important. If there is a little uncertainty as to the strength of a girder, it can be made larger and stronger at comparatively little expense. In an airplane, weight must be kept down vigorously. If the parts of an airplane were to be made too strong and too heavy, the plane would end up by being commercially useless.

Therefore, in the airplane, the structure must be designed with the utmost care. Loads must be carried very carefully from point to point. All parts

must be sufficiently but not excessively strong, and all parts should have approximately the same factor of safety; which means the ratio of the strength to the load likely to be imposed in flight.

In these days of the automobile few of us see an old-fashioned "shay," a two-wheeled carriage famous a century ago. There is a beautifully humorous poem of a deacon who built a "shay" so well designed and of such carefully chosen materials that all its parts were equally strong. It ran without a crack or harm for a hundred years. Then, one day, it collapsed in every part at once.

The deacon would have been a splendid aeronautical engineer, for such engineers now make their structures so strong that structural failure in the air is almost unheard of. For a plane correctly designed to lose a wing is a sign not of bad engineering, but of dreadful negligence in the maintenance of the airplane.

Talking With a Compass

AN engineer has to have the power of "visualizing"—of seeing a thing from just looking at a drawing. He also

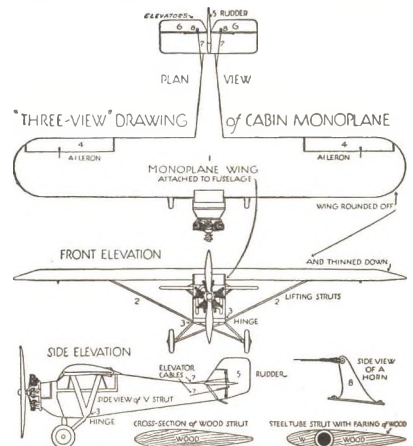
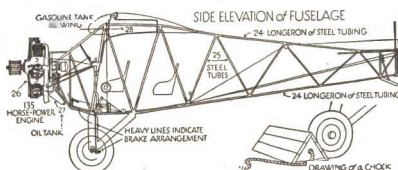
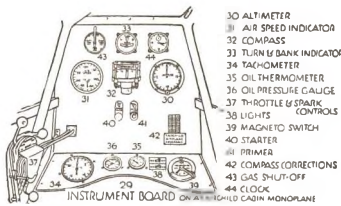
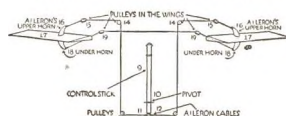
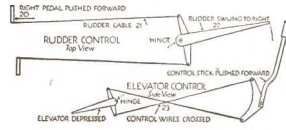
has a special sort of drawing of his own. He represents an object not by a single perspective drawing as an artist does, but by three distinct drawings or views. In each of these views he looks straight at the object and sets down only the lines defined by this direct vision. If he stands in front of an airplane, he sees the "front elevation;" from the side he gets the "side elevation;" from above, he obtains the "plan." The typical airplane our artist shows in this article is represented by these three views, front elevation, side elevation, and plan view.

Drawings of this character constitute the engineer's language. A boy with mechanical instincts may be a poor speaker, and write wretched language, yet excel in this language of the straight edge, ruler, and compass.

To a student of language the nomenclature of the airplane would offer a fascinating study. "Aileron" is of French origin and indicates a little wing. "Chassis" also is French, although landing gear is now more frequently employed. "Dihedral" is of Greek origin. Other terms, though not of foreign origin, are expressive and picturesque. For example we have "joystick" for control stick, "flippers" for the elevators.

Without attempting any alphabetic or complete listing of the parts of the airplane, let us examine the "three-view" drawings of the cabin monoplane shown by our artist.

This is a design submitted by H. K. Baisley, of the Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, at New York University, which won a second prize in the Fairchild Design competition. The three prizes offered annually stimulate the students to an extraordinary degree. In the last stages of the competition students have been known to stay up till three and four in the morning! The Baisley design is not perfect, but good nevertheless and fairly typical of modern practice. (Continued on page 59)





Hi-test footwear for high-powered feet

You pick a nice fast one! It comes clean over the heart of the plate! You swing! *Crack!* The ball zips like a scared jack-rabbit between second and short! Boy, *you run!* A single or a two-bagger? Come on feet—open up! . . . that's baseball!

Keds will give the motors in your legs full-throttle and flying speed. For Keds are light, tough, springy, sports and play shoes.

Remember, Keds are much more than ordinary "sneakers." For example—Keds are made over special foot-health lasts, and Keds have specially designed safety-soles which grip the smoothest surfaces, and absorb the roughest shocks. Keds have been endorsed for years by leading physicians and coaches.

With Keds on your feet, take turns just as fast as you please.

You won't skid. You can lace Keds tight, too—so your feet can't slip or chafe. And Ked's strong-grip eyelets won't pull out.

Remember that Keds offer the most complete assortment of styles and models for all indoor and outdoor sports activities. Keds are made by the world's largest specialists in canvas rubber-soled footwear. You'll find Keds in the best shoe stores in town—at all prices, too, from \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 up to \$4.00.

Keds—Keds—Keds—Look for that name stamped on all genuine Keds.

Write for our new booklet containing all kinds of information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Dept. 2850, 1790 Broadway, New York City.



Keds Conquest

Made with the popular crepe sole, famous for wear. A special toe cap reinforcement that will let you scuff to your heart's content. "Feltex" insole.

Shortstop

This handsome shoe puts lightning in your feet and protects you against slipping! Note the special safety-sole. Also laces tight through nickel eyelets that won't pull out. Keeps your feet cool and gives them protection whether you're playing baseball or taking the jolts of the trail.



Keds Big Leaguer

Just as the name implies—a Big Leaguer sports shoe for hard-playing boys. Special safety-sole lets you take turns on one foot. Tough ran toe strip protects against scuffing. "Feltex" insole. Eyelets that won't pull out. A Big Time shoe in every respect.



Keds Mercury

The winner in the popular-priced field and a wonderful shoe for the money. Tough, amber-colored sole. Black athletic trimmings and ankle patch. Nickel eyelets. "Feltex" insole. If you're looking for an exceptional value at the price, ask your dealer to show you Mercury.

United States  Rubber Company

Keds

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The more you pay, the more you get — but full value whatever you spend

OTHER "U. S." RUBBER PRODUCTS



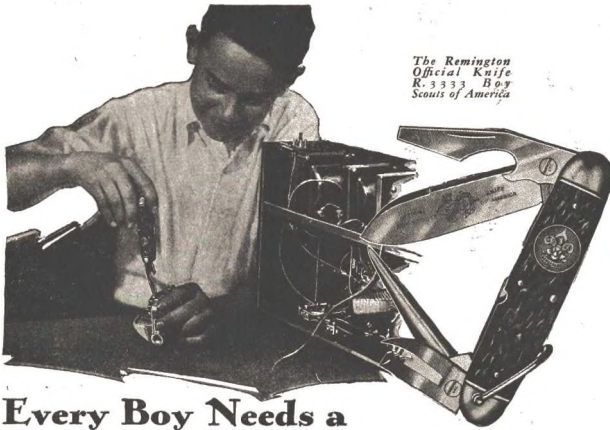
"U. S." Tires

No tire today offers more mileage per dollar than "U. S." Tires—built for the bike of today and the car of today. Send for free copy of Dan Beard's little book, "Hiking with your Bicycle."

"U. S." Raynster Raincoats

"U. S." Raynster Raincoats are permanently waterproof. Most complete line; all colors; all styles; rubber and cloth surfaces. Raynster Black raincoat shown here is a great favorite with boys. Also complete line for men, women and girls.





The Remington
Official Knife
R. 3333 Boy
Scouts of America

Every Boy Needs a Knife Like This ▲ ▲ ▲

WHETHER you're tinkering with a radio, making an aeroplane, or opening a can of beans on a hike, the Remington Official Scout Knife will come in handy.

It has a screw-driver blade long enough to work with and made to fit all ordinary screws; a bottle-opener, patented can-opener, and punch, or scraper blade.

Then there's a big cutting blade that's a dandy. It's so sharp it bites right into the toughest wood. Fine stag handle with a shackle to fasten on your chain or belt.

This is the knife you want. Your dealer has it or can get it easily. Write for a circular that tells all about it.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.

25 Broadway 113 Years of Quality New York City

Remington

Built to Advanced Standards CAILLE MOTORS have reached new heights in Performance, Power and Dependability

For whatever purpose you wish an outboard motor you can always depend upon Caille. Fifteen years of knowing how—a sincere desire to build the best and the resources and facilities to produce the best have borne fruit. The Caille Line for '29 offers you more than the exact motor to fit your need and purse. It offers you in addition a forward step in engineering design and a value new and outstanding to the industry.



The ADMIRAL
Model 42



CAILLE

MOTOR CO.
6210 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

Distributors and Dealers throughout the United States
Canadian Distributors: Canadian Fairbanks Morse Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.
Export Departments: 116 Broad Street, New York City

THE COMMANDERS OF THE WATERWAYS

The Winning Pop

(Continued from page 13)

ment of no shootin', no matter what happens, before the game is over?"

Shockhart talks it over and they finally agrees. I was doin' the catchin' for Luluville, of course, and I had me two pitchers. One was a young feller that couldn't do nothin' but throw 'em straight and fast, and the other one didn't have nothin' but a round-house first. I was usin' the speed merchant first.

Out in center field, 'way back, we'd stuck up a great big board. Two men was workin' round the board as though they was paintin' a sign, an' they had a piece of canvas as big as the board was. This here canvas was painted black, and there was about a hundred round white spots about the size of a basketball on it, besides. As Shockhart comes to bat these fellers puts this canvas up over the board and seems to be fussin' with it. What a background that was! I couldn't scarcely see the ball when it came up, an' the first three Shockhart batters didn't even get a whiff of it. When the baseball came whizzing down to the plate, it looked like a hundred balls, high, low, and all over!

When we came to bat these men way out in center field takes the canvas down an' pretends to be monkeying with it on the ground, leaving us a green background so we could see the ball good.

Well, anyways, in that first innin' I saw how the game was goin' to go.

Our first baseman, the feller with the red beard, named Tompkins, comes up to the plate and sloughs one down to the third baseman. Third baseman barely gets it and makes a throw to first. Tompkins gets there about the same time, and he collides with the Shockhart first baseman, a big guy with only one gun on, and knocks him kickin'.

Tompkins goes on for second. The next minute the Shockhart first baseman is up. He leaves the ball on the ground and takes out after Tompkins. He chases Tompkins all the way round the bases. He starts to jerk for his gun but Tompkins, who can outrun him, is lookin' over his shoulder and has his own gun out, too, so that neither one of 'em dares to shoot.

On the way round third, Tompkins runs into the Mexican third baseman. Everybody forgot about the ball. This Mexican leaps up in the air, gives a kind of a scream, pulls out a knife long enough to row a boat with, and takes out after Tompkins, too. When Tompkins gets to the plate for a home run the rest of our team is there with their guns out, and for a minute it looks bad.

But cooler heads prevailed and the game resumes with the mutual agreement that all players be unarmed. A wheelbarrow was rolled up and everybody chucked their artillery into it. There was fifteen six shooters, three machetes, four ordinary bowie knives, and a hatchet.

Well, the game goes on and there ain't another score. There wasn't much trouble until Shockhart's half of the fourth. This here first baseman of theirs—he sure could hit—laid into one and sent it out toward right field. Old Goaty starts with the crack of the bat, ridin' like mad. Way back of him there was a fence, an' I could see the ball was goin' to clear the fence. His cow pony jumps the fence, and just at the top of the jump, Goaty stands up in his stirrups and spears the ball.

That was the most sensational catch you or anybody else ever seen. There was some trouble about it, but, after all, when grounders went out there for ordinary hits, old Goaty had to climb down off his horse to get the ball, and

they got an extra base. Anyhow, it was all agreed on, and they couldn't go back on their word.

IN the fifth innin', though, they gets wise to that movable background. When they come in from the field, they have a short session on their bench. Then the captain goes over and says a few words to the Shockhart troops on the side lines. A minute later the mayor of Shockhart, a little bit of a feller, signals to the mayor of Luluville. They meet out in the middle of the field, each one with six bodyguards, and all the troops on the alert. I was called over and the Shockhart mayor says, easy-like, "That there board wasn't in center field till you come to town, stranger."

"Yeah?" says I. "I don't know nothin' about it. I don't live here."

"No," says the mayor of Luluville. "What can we do about it? We got no control over those men."

"Ain't you?" says this little Shockhart guy. "Well, we'll see what we can do."

I feels awful bad for those men we got on the sign, but there wasn't nothin' to do. My sympathy was wasted, though, at that. The delegation from Shockhart didn't get started into the outfield before those two hired hands started runnin'. The Shockhart men came back and the game goes on.

The second they had that background hazard removed, action started. They made three runs in the sixth and was only saved from makin' a million by Goaty. The bases were full and two out when their first baseman makes a single. Goaty rides in on the dead gallop. He spears the ball on the bounce without getting off his horse, an' beats the batter to first base. He rode fast. There was some argument about that, too.

Well, I don't see any way of savin' me and Goaty's life. Shockhart is gettin' noisy and firin' their guns into the air already, and Luluville is awful quiet. Every time a feller like Handlebars catches my eye he starts to pick his teeth with a gun. I didn't know what to do. There wasn't none of our players seemed to be able to do any real hittin' against that other pitcher. I had one more ace up my sleeve but I was kind of scared to use it until I had to.

We got a break in our half of the sixth. Our little third baseman gives me the idea. He comes up to bat and yells to this husky pitcher of theirs, "Come on, horse thief, stick one over an' I'll knock your block off with it."

This pitcher is a little hot-headed. He drops the ball and starts for the plate. Our third baseman jumps forward, wavin' his bat and yellin', "I been waitin' ten years for a chance to take one good swipe at you!"

The pitcher stops with that bat swingin' before his face and goes back to the box. The next second he rips one down and wings the third baseman right in the side. I could see he done it on purpose, an' that gives me the idee.

"You and me's meetin' right after the game, you long-legged skunk!" yells our third baseman, as he limps down to first.

In a minute I'm busy. The short-stop is the next batter and he has his instructions in two seconds less than nothin'. First of all we surrounds him and sticks a sweater in his shirt to pad his left side. He was a right-handed batter. He comes up to the plate wavin' his bat.

"You can't throw a stone fast enough to break a window," he sneers at this red-headed pitcher. "Try to put one over an' see what happens to it. If you

can't throw that far, come closer!"

The pitcher looks as though he'd like to eat a barrel of nails, ties himself in seven knots, an' throws the ball. Sure enough, it plunks the shortstop pretty.

"If I can't break a pane of glass, I can sure break a couple o' ribs," he yells.

The shortstop goes down to first and the third baseman moves up. Well, to make a long story short, we turned that pitcher into a lunatic with our kiddin', an' he hits five men straight, forcin' in two runs. I'm next to bat an' the son-of-a-gun tries to hit me, too. The rest of the Pill Walloper team is tryin' to labor with him, but it seemed like everybody was afraid of him. I seen some Shockhart men fingerin' their guns as though they was going to shoot him, but apparently they didn't have nobody else to pitch.

They sure was tough, that Shockhart gang. There wasn't a hummin' bird in their town that couldn't lick a hawk from anywhere else, and the only robin I heard sung bass.

WELL, I didn't say nothin' to this pitcher because I aims to find one and maybe hit it. Luluville was leapin' around, firin' their guns in the air. The little boys, especially, was goin' wild. They was beggin' their fathers for their guns so they could work off a little of their youthful spirits, and some of the daddies felt so good they let 'em have 'em.

The pitcher seems to come to himself, seein' I don't say nothin' to him, and he lays 'em in. I picks out one and rides it to left for a single, which should have brought in two men, but one of our runners takes a smack at the Shockhart third baseman when he's roundin' the base and is put out at home after the fight was over. So that left it a tie.

In the seventh they makes two runs and we don't make none. In the eighth they make two more, largely on account of a hard hit ball knocking the pipe out of our third baseman's mouth, takin' his false teeth with it. He stopped to find 'em and two runs come in.

Well, it was do or die in the eighth, for reasons I'll explain later. Once again Shockhart was goin' wild with joy and Luluville was loosenin' up their holsters. I had to pull what I was goin' tuh because Goaty came up that innin'. One of the things we'd done durin' those three days was to fix up the infield between the plate and the pitcher's box with a concrete mixture. It was hard as a rock and built for just one purpose.

The left fielder was the first man up, an' I drags out a special bat we'd had made, which was about two inches thicker than any other bat the game ever seen. The Pill Wallopers didn't notice it, apparently, which I was hopin' they wouldn't.

I was sweatin' blood. I couldn't move without five or six men, includin' Handlebars, watchin' me steady. Goaty, too, because he hadn't made but one hit. He'd laid off deliberate on account of the fact that one run around the bases would ruin him, an' he was just waitin' for the proper time.

"All right, mister," says I. "You know what we have been practicin'. Now's the time."

I'd had that team swingin' down for three days, till they could hit better that way, I guess, than any other. I couldn't pull what I was gonna pull before on account of Shockhart gettin' wise. I didn't want to do it until the ninth innin', but I couldn't take no chance with Goaty comin' up this innin'.

THE left fielder steps to the plate an' the Shockhart pitcher, who was gettin' a little bit tired, lays it down the alley. This here left fielder just raises his bat off his right shoulder and smacks down on the ball. He hits it

The New Thrill in Motoring

[[Four Speeds Forward]]
Standard Gear Shift

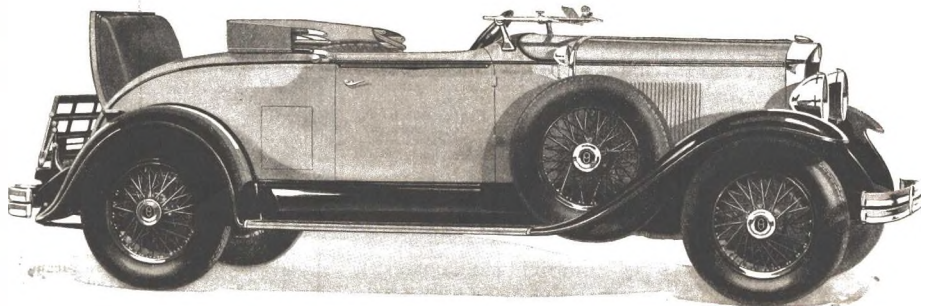


Boys—Write to Graham-Paige Motors Corporation, Detroit, for our interesting booklet which tells all about Graham-Paige Four Speeds Forward.

THERE is a new motoring thrill in the performance of the Graham-Paige four speed transmission, with its two high speeds and standard gear shift. The smoothness and swiftness of fourth, and the rapid acceleration of third, can only be appreciated by personal experience. There is nothing new to learn—you start in second; first is instantly available, but seldom used. We invite you to enjoy a demonstration of this new thrill in motoring.

*Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham*

Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from \$885 to \$2495. Car illustrated is Model 615, six cylinder Roadster with rumble seat. \$1195 (special equipment extra). All prices at factory.



GRAHAM-PAIGE

HAVE MORE FUN IN HOODS



THE HUSKY

All around sport shoes. Hygeen insole. Special Comfort toe pattern. Rugged cut-out sole. New toe-cap. Nickel eyelets. Bright red trim.

Where do we go from here?

A GOOD hike calls for lively footwork. Walk, run, climb, push, pull—you can do them all better if your feet are in real athletic-built shoes—like Hoods.

Hoods are made to do what the feet do. They have heel-to-toe flexibility. Narrow shanks sturdily support the arches under any strain. Outseams prevent skin chafing. Hoods are built on special athletic lasts. Hoods feel well, look well and wear well. And you can find a Hood at the price you want to pay. Ask your shoe dealer for Hoods by name.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
Watertown, Mass.

4 REASONS why you should wear HOODS

For Comfort. Hoods have outside seams that prevent chafing; instep straps and narrow shanks that support the arches; some Hoods have sponge cushion heels that protect against bruises.

For Wear. Hoods have the Smokrape or Tire Tread soles that stand the wear and tear of active feet.

For Health. Hoods have the Hygeen insole that is non-absorbing and which prevents unpleasant perspiration odor.

For Style. Hoods are smart and snappy in design. White, brown and patterned uppers. Handsome nickel eyelets.

(Continued from page 39)

and it hits the ground about six feet in front of the plate. Well sir, that ball bounced a hundred and fifty feet in the air. Half the infield was camped under it, waiting for it to come down, but our man gets two bases before it hits the ground again. They figures it's a fluke.

Our second baseman comes up an' does the same thing. The ball hits the ground about ten feet to the left of the pitcher and bounces clean over the head of the shortstop.

The third man up was the pitcher, and he couldn't hit a lick. I tells him just to bunt, which he does, and I'm dog-goned if that didn't bounce high enough so's he could beat it out. The Shockhart pitcher jumps in the air, clicks his heels together, yells like a monkey, and is goin' nuts with all these bad breaks. Here the bases is full, nobody out, an' he don't know what to make of it.

The shortstop, a pretty fair hitter, is up next. This big bat, yuh understand, ain't fit for ordinary hittin'. Too big an' heavy. He comes up, smashes one almost straight down, and while the catcher is waitin' for it, the first run comes in. The bases are still loaded an' nobody out.

Next comes Goaty.

"Well, Goaty," says I, "get those spectacles tied on your nose an' see what yuh can do."

The bald-headed little squirt stalks to the plate with his own bat, an' the shoulder. Luluville is goin' nuts. Pistol shots fill the air an' then, sudden-like, there comes a big quiet.

We'd placed a little bit of a ridge fifteen feet ahead of the plate, an' the greatest place hitter the big league has ever seen is comin' to the plate. He can hit 'em anywhere! He straightens his spectacles—they are tied on to his nose—waggles his beard, and crouches. The first one is wide. The second one is over the corner of the plate, waist high, but the Luluville umpire calls it a ball. He called everything a ball that wasn't hit at. If we hadn't had that break we'd have been a mile behind. At that, though, the Shockhart umpire, who'd done the first half of the game, was just as bad, so it was pretty even.

On the third pitch Goaty swings down. He meets the ball square and the ball hits that specially prepared ridge in front of the plate. Well, sir, it bounced back over the catcher's head, goin' higher an' higher, clean over the heads of the crowd and a bunch of cow ponies that was tethered back there, across a road, a house, an' into some scraggly bushes that covers a vacant lot. There was a few mesquite trees, too. It was a perfect home run backwards. An' we had in our own umpire, so there wasn't any question about the legality of it.

Well, old Goaty starts out. As I seen him run I wishes I'd arranged to let him bat on horseback, too. The catcher and the pitcher are leavin' through the crowd after the ball. It takes Goaty longer to get down to first than it would have took a turtle to go all around the bases. By the time he gets to second the whole Shockhart outfield has reached that there vacant lot and is searchin' for the ball. Half the Shockhart crowd starts over to help find it, but the Luluville bunch pulls their guns an' holds 'em back.

Halfway between second and third Goaty has to stop and take a breather. Then he walks as far as third. He tries to run home, but he can't make it, and crawls the last twenty-five feet on his hands and knees. We was one run ahead, but that was all we got.

That there Shockhart pitcher was so mad he couldn't see straight, an' I never seen a ball come across the plate as fast as he threwed it, except when the Sauk Center Siege Gun was playin'.

"Listen, Goaty," says I, in all the bedlam, "if these babies should make a run now, we're sunk. I know what I'm gonna do."

I tells him. Just for the minute that Luluville's goin' crazy I figure I can get away with it.

I goes over to the captain of the Shockhart team, a six-foot-six cowboy, an' says, "I'm playin' center field an' I'm playin' it on horseback, because I hurt my leg. O. K. with you?"

"Sure," says he, with blood in his eye. I fixes it up with Handlebars. He's feelin' great. I borrows his horse and rides out to center field, puttin' the center, who could catch a little, behind the bat. I sent the curved ball lad in to pitch, and hoped for the best.

Well, sir, the first two of those Shockhart men went out, comin' up against that curve so sudden-like, an' that brings the first baseman to bat. On the first pitch he swings, an' as nice a home run as ever left a bat was archin' over Goaty's head. I start ridin', an' ridin' fast. O' course it looks like I was after the ball, an' Goaty, too.

We made the fence, went over it and covered a quarter mile of the mesquite as fast as the horses would carry us. That hit tied the score and we didn't have a Chinaman's chance to win, so Goaty an' me kept ridin'.

MR. BARTLEY'S tone, husky with sentiment, ceased. He gazed absently into the distance as though still in Texas.

The ball players looked at each other with their mouths open. Finally one said, hesitantly, "That there must have been a long hit."

"Well," said Mr. Bartley gently, "Goaty an' me was still lookin' for the ball in San Antonio that night, an' that was forty miles away."

He rose to his feet majestically and cocked his derby at the precise angle on his head that suited him.

"How'd the game come out?" ventured another awestruck ball player. Mr. Non-stop Niemeyer was devoting himself exclusively to the gentle pastime of snoring.

"Tie, so I hear," stated Mr. Bartley. "Somebody on the Luluville side shot the fellow that made the home run just as he was roundin' third. They battled till it was dark. The next day the two mayors agreed that the run ought to score and the game to be played over. They found they couldn't play it that year, however, because every ball player in the two towns was a cripple."

He turned as though to go. "Seems like if Goaty took so long to go around them bases, Shockhart should have found the ball an' got him out anyways," suggested one of the audience.

"Well," Mr. Bartley said judiciously, "in ordinary circumstances they would. By the time they got there, though, that there ball was in the pocket of any one of six men Goaty an' me had planted in the rear for just such a purpose. Goaty never took no chances on things like that."

Mr. Bartley's huge frame was about to turn the corner when a last question was flung at him by the resentful Mr. Non-stop Niemeyer.

"I'd like to take in one of them games sometime," he said sardonically.

"They ain't playin' 'em any more," Mr. Bartley told him gently. "After the next game, which only went four innin's, there wasn't a man left in either town over twelve or under sixty. In them days," he went on, paying a tenderly melancholy tribute to the past, "baseball was a man's game. St. Louis! The Mustang League! Huh! An' nowadays I even know fellers who call themselves ball players that put talcum on their faces after shavin'!"

He waddled away, head bent in sorrow over the passing of the good old days.



Ask your dealer for the Hood Book on Indoor and Outdoor Sports. It's free. If he cannot supply you, write to Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass.



HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
Watertown, Mass.

Please send me a copy of your book on Indoor and Outdoor Sports. A. B. 3

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

Dealer's Name.....

HOOD MAKES • CANVAS SHOES • RUBBER FOOTWEAR • TIRES
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS • RUBBER FLOOR TILING



Quiet in the Studio! Not even an undesired whisper may enter the sensitive microphones!

SOUND PICTURES

*** *a product of the Telephone*

OUT of a half century's experience, the Bell Telephone Laboratories developed for Western Electric the first successful system of sound pictures.

This system (embracing Vitaphone and Movietone) makes possible a great new art in entertainment. Now, in theatres all over the country — Western Electric equipped—you can hear stars of motion pictures, opera and stage in life-like renderings from the screen.

Hear and see the world's greatest personalities as they talk from the screen.

- Producers who use the Western Electric sound system exclusively:*
- WARNER BROS.
 - FOX FILMS
 - VICTOR TALKING MACHINE
 - PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY
 - METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
 - UNITED ARTISTS
 - FIRST NATIONAL
 - UNIVERSAL
 - HAL ROACH
 - CHRISTIE
 - COLUMBIA PICTURES
 - HAROLD LLOYD

Hear orchestral accompaniment played from the screen...the actual roar of an airplane...the thunder of galloping hoofs!

Yesterday's dream is today's fact. And tomorrow? Here is an art now in the early stages of its development which is revolutionizing the field of motion picture entertainment.

Watch — and listen!

Western  **Electric**

SOUND **SYSTEM**

The New V

THE VIKING

For centuries the Vikings fared forth from their homes . . . sailing uncharted seas . . . discovering new lands . . . conquering powerful peoples. There were none so strong, so hardy or so brave as these fearless pioneers.

Nearly five hundred years before Columbus was born, the Vikings had pushed on to the shores of America. They spread their civilization throughout what is now Central Europe. They penetrated more than half of Russia. They forged their way through Spain and along the Mediterranean.

They invaded Britain and settled there. The historian, Du Chaillu, attributes the long-continued dominance of the English as a seafaring and colonizing people to traits of character inherited from their Viking ancestors.

From birth, Viking youths were deliberately exposed to the rigors of the severe Northland climate. They were subjected to hardships to test their fitness for leadership. Those who showed signs of weakness were

left to
Sparta
strong
streng

Physical development
training of the Viking youth through athletic contests and games. He was taught to be unflinching in the face of danger. Thus, only the strongest survived to contribute to the strength and superiority of the race.

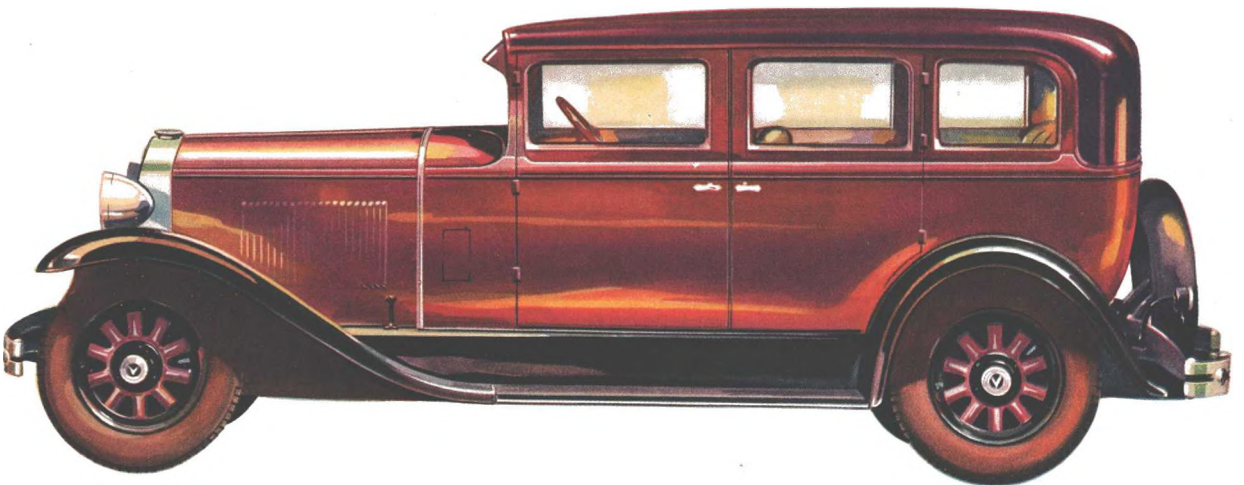
But his training did not end there. Cultivation of the arts and sciences also formed an important part of his education.

The Vikings were people of high character. Their civilization was advanced far beyond their time. Their history reveals remarkable accomplishments in literature, art, ethics, navigation, and in the fashioning of tools, weapons, pottery, clothing and household utensils. We owe much of our present civilization to this fearless, energetic and intel-



V I K I N G

I n t r o d u c e s
 a 90 DEGREE V-type EIGHT
at a medium price



NOW ON DISPLAY BY OLDSMOBILE DEALERS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

The new Viking is built to meet a definite demand by the public for an eight-cylinder car of General Motors quality, in the medium-price field.

For three years, while this demand has been growing, Oldsmobile and General Motors engineers have been proving and checking the capabilities of all types of eight-cylinder car design. They investigated every type of automobile engine, past and present—developed other engines—and subjected them all to the same rigid tests. By constant testing and re-testing, checking and re-checking, they eliminated engine after engine, until one stood out above all the others. This has been selected for the Viking.

The Viking has a 90-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine, embodying new principles of design based on well-established, time-proven fundamentals. This

\$1595

engine is simple and accessible. It delivers 81-horsepower, with exceptional smoothness throughout its entire speed range. Its response to the throttle is remarkable. And it introduces desirable new qualities never before found in any car, regardless of price.

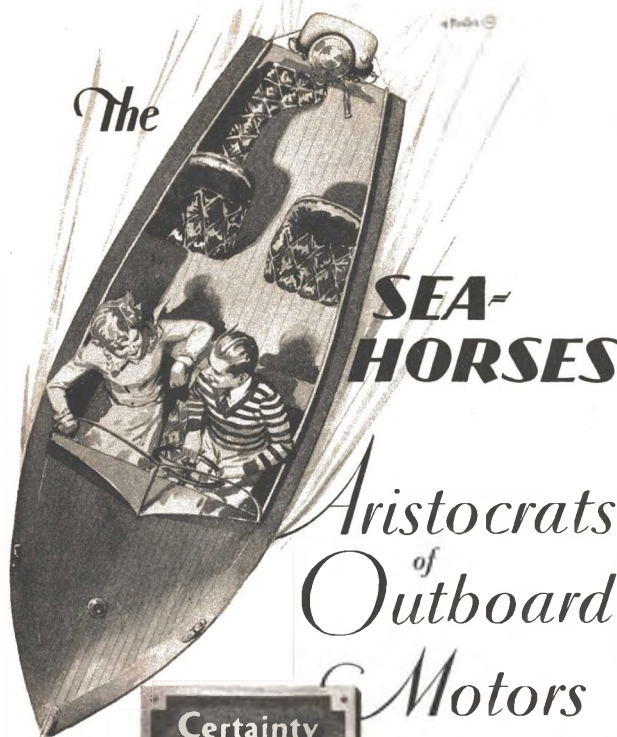
In addition to excellence of performance, the Viking presents new beauty and tailored smartness—the latest creations of Fisher artist-engineers. It sets new standards of interior luxury and comfort among cars

of medium price. It has a wheelbase of 125 inches. And its specially designed springs, controlled by four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, assure unsurpassed roadability and restful riding ease.

The new Viking 90-degree V-type eight is now on display by Oldsmobile-Viking dealers in the larger cities. You are cordially invited to inspect this illustrious new member of the General Motors family—to take it for a trial drive—and to judge it by your highest standards of appearance, performance, and value.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

All Viking models—Four-door Sedan, Convertible Coupe, Close-coupled Four-door Sedan—are priced at \$1595, f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Michigan. Spare tire and bumpers extra. De Luxe equipment—consisting of six wire wheels, two spare wheels and tires locked in fender wells, trunk rack, and bumpers...\$160 additional.



Certainty
and Ease
of
Automobile
Starting

No
Exhaust
Noise
No Exhaust
Fumes

The new Johnson SEA-HORSES embody revolutionary improvements that change the whole complexion of outboard motoring. Starting difficulties, heretofore the bane of this sport, are overcome once and for all with the Johnson Release Charger. This wonderful new invention adds a hundredfold to outboard motoring enjoyment by insuring easy starting... positive starting... under all conditions... even when the motor is stone cold or flooded with gas.

The Johnson Underwater Exhaust eliminates exhaust reports and gases. It provides a sense of quiet luxury you've never experienced in an outboard. Now you can talk and be heard while driving at full speed.

If you want to enjoy outboard motoring at its best you must have a SEA-HORSE. Sold on free trial and easy payment plan.

Write for SEA-HORSE Catalog

Six models, priced from \$115 to \$325, F. O. B. Waukegan, Ill.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY

283 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.

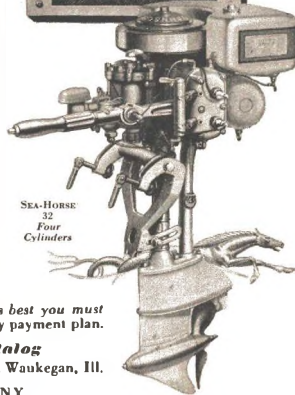
IN CANADA: Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario
Distributors for British Columbia, Haffar, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

Johnson

Outboard Motors

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD MOTORS

SEA-HORSE
32
Four
Cylinders



Rameses' Ghost!

(Continued from page 8)

when I realized how sick Colonel Singleton must be right now, seeing all the years of hope and fear and pride that had been built up and centered in this one colt wrecked by a measly, low-down trick.

I shook the mist out of my eyes and settled down to watching the race. Once past the clubhouse, the boy on Arcadian took back, rating his mount off the fast pace, saving him for the stiff fight of the finish. The filly moved up and took the lead. Maybe six lengths behind her came Sandolee and Dispatcher, head and head.

I lost 'em again at the turn in front of the paddock, but just for an instant. They hit the curve for the long run down the back-side with the pace moving slower. The filly was still ahead. Arcadian was galloping easily at her heels. Then four lengths of daylight and the next three in a bunch. Sandolee was doing a little better, but still his heart wasn't in it. You could see that without looking at him through field glasses. He was a beaten horse because he didn't care a hoot whether he won or not.

But there's always hope, for a nut like me at any rate. He might wake up, and if he did—!

THEY had a mile and an eighth to go yet, plenty of time and room to win—if. Arcadian was at the big black and white eighths pole now, right smack in front of Colonel Cass's stable—right where old funny-face Rameses used to step out and do his stuff for his playmate Sandy—right there.

And then it happened!

I was holding my glasses steady on the French horse when I saw something move over beyond him against the long whitewashed rail on the far side—something that jumped and bobbed and then set steady as a rock. There was a lot of foliage right there and the bed of an old hay wagon, but I knew.

It was a goat. So help me Hanna! A goat with a black face and a skinny, stringy half-yard of gray beard floating in the breeze.

I switched the barrel of my glasses back to Sandy just in time to see the dag-gonest thing that ever happened on a race track. The big red colt jumped like he'd been shot and his head came straight up with a jerk. Then it turned sideways away from me—looking over toward the far rail and that ugly goat on top of the hay wagon.

And then, brother! Say, that red head of Sandy's came around like nobody's business and his tail straightened out, and—well, shucks—he just flew.

I let out one yell right in Big Henry's ear and I hope he's deaf yet. It was going to be a horse race after all.

The boy on Arcadian didn't know what was coming, and it's a good thing, because he'd probably have had heart failure. He didn't find out until they hit the last pole before the big turn into the stretch. Then he looked back and pretty near stuck his nose into Sandy's gleaming muzzle. It must have given him the willies, but I'll say this for him—he didn't lose his nerve. There was five-eighths of a mile left, and he set down to make the most of it. Arcadian was ahead of Sandy by half a length and on the rail. That helped a lot when they swung around the last bed for the final heart-breaking sprint for the finish. It made Sandy go outside of him and travel a lot farther. And this Arcadian could run. The two of them just jumped up and went on past that little filly that had been leading, like she was sitting still.

That must have been about the time I gave Big Henry the kick in the shins and started racing for the rail along the

finish line. I got there two jumps ahead of the horses. They were teamed up now.

Arcadian on the rail—Sandy a hand's breadth the other side of him, and the two of them neck and neck, head and head, eye to eye, running straight and clean and giving everything they had.

Somebody was banging a big black felt hat down on the guard rail in front of me and I was so excited I almost took a poke at him till I recognized him—it was the colonel.

"Lemme see, too," I yelled. He shot a quick look at me and the next minute he was thumping me instead of the rail.

"Sandy!" he yelled. "Sandy boy!" And up in the stands, right across from us, 40,000 men and women were making enough noise for a million. You couldn't pick out much of anything from that solid wave of sound. It just rolled and roared and swept up and over the track, drowning out everything else.

TWO jumps from the finish—fifty yards—and they were running like twins. I opened my mouth to yell again and I was set to put everything I had into that one last yelp when they flashed right past me and I swallowed the yell. I couldn't help it. Just when I was starting the biggest noise I'd ever made, somebody beat me to it.

Little Joedy Canavan, riding like a wild man, with his head a split-inch from Sandy's topknot, sucked back his lips in a grin that cut from ear to ear. And then he broke loose!

"BAAA-AAA!" he yowled. Two things happened. Arcadian stuck his nose straight up like it had been frost-bitten and Sandy stuck his old red snoot straight out. That's the way they finished. And that's the way the judges called it. "Sandolee by a nose."

Well, sir, the world went mad right then and there. I started to give Colonel Cass his cane but he socked me so hard with that half-gallon hat that I was afraid to let him have the stick for fear he'd brain me.

We started fighting our way through the crowd and across the track. He acted like he didn't know where he was going or why. I had to grab him when we got to the paddock gate.

"Hey!" I barked at him. "Where in thunder are you going?"

"After my hoss!" he howled. "Where did you think I'd be going? I'm going to kiss him, by golly, right plumb on the middle of his old red nose."

You could see he just didn't have good sense.

"Yeah?" I growled, trying my best to be sarcastic and all the time just about ready to bust for happiness. "Listen, you better get the howdy-do up them steps to the stewards. Don't you know you've got a gold cup waiting for you—and the best part of a \$15,000 stake?"

His jaw popped open and he busted out laughing.

"Son," he said, "do you know, I'd plumb forgotten that cup?"

He went up then. The horses came back to the judges' stand and the band played "My Old Kentucky Home" so loud it's a wonder they didn't hear it clear to Lexington. I stayed down by the scales. There was something on my mind. Little Joedy was last of all to weigh in and I grabbed his arm just as he started up the steps to pose with Colonel Cass for the photographers.

"Look here, kid," I asked him short and sharp. "What sort of funny business were you up to with that no-good Arab Bonelli?"

He blinked. It startled him for a minute, and then the little riding monkey grinned all over his face.

(Continued on page 46)

Like Caterpillar Treads



Over the Top with the Firestone Commander

The Athletic Shoe with the Remarkable Ground-Biting Grip

CRUNCH, crunch, crunch—the heavy cleats dig into the ground and you're over that hill as easy as a caterpillar tractor. Notice the sole of the Firestone Commander at the left—see those heavy blocks of rubber on the sole and heel—those cleats work like caterpillar treads—they are sharp, sturdy and clean-cut. That's why they take such a grip of the ground—on grass, on the baseball diamond—when you climb over boulders—everywhere that sure footwork helps you to be the winner.

These keen-cut cleats are also self-cleaning. Notice that grooves are open at each end. When the sole bends with each step, dirt is ejected.

If you want the full effects of rubber-cleating—get Firestone Commanders. You'll find the whole shoe up to the same high standards. The upper, for instance, is moleskin—the same material used in high grade football suits. All reinforcements are double-stitched—with a rubber backstay up the back.

Be sure you go to a dealer who sells Firestone Footwear—and find the name Firestone on the sole.

FIRESTONE FOOTWEAR COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

BRANCHES:
 New York: 107 Duane St. Philadelphia: 23rd & Wood Sts. Chicago: 501 South Franklin St.
 Boston: 141 Brookline Ave. Minneapolis: 444 Stinson Blvd.

The Commander has a heavy self-cleaning sole with sharp-edged cleats, and the upper is made of moleskin—the material used in high grade football suits.



Look for "The Mark of Quality" on the ankle patch of the genuine Firestone Athletes' Shoes

Firestone

ATHLETES' SHOES



RADIO
 Listen to "The Voice of Firestone" Every Monday Night—43 Stations
 N.B.C. Network



BABE RUTH

talks to ball players

I'VE just been trying out some mitts and gloves that the Reach Company built, after getting my ideas on what Big League Mitts and Gloves should be like. And I want to tell you these gloves are swell—they'll help your game.

They're big and roomy and comfortable, allowing your fingers natural, easy movements. They bend and twist as easy as your hand. And they got a special-formed pocket that sure does trap any ball that socks into it. Fellows, they're really great gloves. That's my promise to you.

The Reach Company named these gloves after me, and I told them to put my signature on every glove to show I approve them fully. And I sure do! These gloves will help anybody's playing—in the field, on the bases, or behind the bat.

Babe Ruth

Designed by BABE RUTH . . . Made by REACH

The nearest Reach dealer has the Babe Ruth line of mitts and gloves. See them there. And get acquainted with the greatest ball glove values that have ever been offered to you.

THE GLOVE ILLUSTRATED. Oak brown grain horsehide leather lined and seamed in snappy yellow leather, with tan leather lacing all around wrist. Special lace between thumb and forefinger. And handformed pocket, built up with finest felt. Retail price, \$4.00.

OTHER BABE RUTH GLOVES. Fielder's Gloves at \$3.00, \$6.00 and \$8.50. Baseman's Mitt at \$6.00, and Catcher's Mitts at \$6.00 and \$8.50. The coupon below will bring full description.



Used by the American League since its start



The Official American League Ball. Used in every game ever played in the American League. Used in every World's Series. \$2.00 each.

And Here's A Great Ball for \$1.00

Another splendid value is the Babe Ruth Home Run Special—the liveliest, longest-lasting dollar ball ever made.

© 1929, A. J. R., W. & D., Inc.

FREE BOOKLET "Playing Pointers"

A. J. REACH, WRIGHT & DITSON, INC.
Dept. J., Tulip & Eyre Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me free, your booklet "Playing Pointers," which gives a full description of each glove in the Babe Ruth line.

Name _____
Street _____
Town _____ State _____

(Continued from page 44)
"I knew it was him stole Ramsie," he whispered. "He left a piece of them ice-cream pants on a nail of the stall door. But I couldn't get his trail till this morning. Then it was too late. I found him out in the country just after the goat had taken a sock at him and beat it away."

The kid pulled my head down so I could hear better in all the fuss that was going on around us.

"I scared him," he said. "I told him I'd have him strung up if he didn't help me. He did. He knew a barber shop where there's a guy that owns a stuffed goat. We found it—and the darn thing was a freak—it had two heads. But I bought it and sawed one head off. Then we painted it up like Ramsie. Arab hid it over in a hay wagon—"

"Do you mean to tell me," I gasped, "that that thing was a fake goat?"
"Sure was. Arab worked the head and Jazbo was the 'baa-aa.'"

He gave me a dig in the ribs and started up the steps two at a time.

"It worked," he called back.
And how!

THEY took a real nice picture of the colonel and Joedy, and the crowd made a lot more noise when the stewards handed the old boy the big Gold Cup. Somebody yelled "Speech" and others took it up till it sounded all around the stand.

Speeches are duck soup for a Kentucky colonel and Cass set out to do himself proud. He reared back with his big chest stuck out, cocky as could be, but I could tell the tears weren't far from popping out of his old gray eyes.

He pointed down to the white-line winner's circle where Sandy stood half covered in a blanket of flowers, and the gesture was just like a caress—like he was reaching out and musing up that topknot of red gold hair between the big colt's ears.

"Fellow sportsmen," he began, "this is the greatest moment of my life. A paean of victory is welling—"

"BAA-AAA-AAA!"

Oh, man! That ended the speech. Over on the paddock side, everybody was scrambling like mad to get out of the way of something. And most everyone else was laughing fit to kill.

I jumped up the steps to see. No understudy ever made a noise like that. No, sir. It was Rameses himself.

Down the little lane in front of the Turf Club he came, galloping like the fastest thoroughbred that ever smashed a track record, and the crowd melted away from his coming like he was a hot wire in a snowdrift.

Right out on the track he bounced and skidded to a stop with his forefeet stuck plumb in the middle of the winner's circle, face to face with his old friend Red-Top Sandolee.

His coat was muddy and his beard full of burrs, but there was fire in his eye and a foot-square piece of red and gray pants waving from one horn point, like a flag of victory.

"BAA-AAA," he bellowed again, shaking that old beard straight up. And then the big colt did his stuff. He straightened up like the picture horse he was, feet together, tail stiff, head up. He looked at the man he'd won for and there was a light in those flashing eyes of his that made you proud to know you loved a thoroughbred.

Then he looks down once more at the old gray beard by his side and they both let go—one of them neighing tenor and the other baaing bass.

You never heard such a "paean of victory" from any throat on earth!

Cass took the cue. He waved his arm out in a long, sweeping motion toward the two embattled heroes on the turf below, and this time, sure enough, the tears were popping.

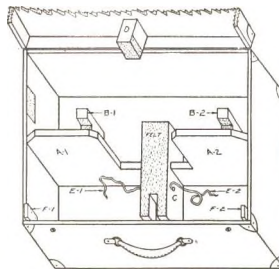
"Folks," he said, "my two best friends have spoken for me."

To Ship Your Scale Model

KNOW how to ship your scale model to the Second National A. M. L. A. Contests in Detroit June 20-22?

Ray Shepherd, of far-off Hilo, Hawaii, knew how last year, and the result was that his Curtiss Army Hawk came through its long journey in splendid shape. It won for Shepherd seventh place in the junior division of the First National A. M. L. A. Scale Model Contest, as well as a cash prize, a silver medal and a merit certificate.

The drawing shows just how Shep-



herd built his packing case for his model, and the photograph shows the plane actually in the box. The walls and the crosspiece marked A-1 and A-2 are of heavy pine; the pieces B-1 and B-2 are of lighter pine, and piece C is a block of pine. The body of the plane rests on C, which has a slot cut in it for the tail skid.

The small block, D, rests gently on the nose of the plane when the lid is shut. "I padded the box with felt,"

Shepherd wrote, "wherever it touches the plane. A strap of felt fastened to the rear of C comes up over the plane when it is in place, and holds it firm."

"The box is 24 3/4 x 18 3/4 x 8 inches, inside measurement, which gives it 1/2-inch leeway over the extreme measurements of the plane. This particular box won't do for any other scale model; but the same type, with measurements varied, will suit the Stinson-Detroit, the Vought Corsair or any ship. The wings, of course, rest on B-1 and B-2."

Next month's AMERICAN BOY will give full details of how and where to ship your model, if you can't come to the contests with it. Don't write for information ahead of time—it won't be ready. Watch for the June AMERICAN BOY.

This TIRE is so GOOD *it can be guaranteed and BONDED* ... even against abuse

DUNLOPS are built to stand abuse . . . that's why they can be bonded against abuse through this new Surety Bond . . . Send for a specimen Bond.

WHICH would you rather have . . . trouble-free tires, or the greatest tire-guarantee in the world? Why not have both?

Dunlop Tires are built to stand abuse. Plenty of rubber, superbly processed. Long-fibre Egyptian cotton, spun into cord in Dunlop's own mills. At every point, nothing is stinted to make Dunlop Tires the finest tires ever built. When you understand these facts, it seems only natural that Dunlops should carry the most amazing of all tire guarantees.

Why Dunlop Tires can be bonded

THERE have been hundreds of tire guarantees. But to *bond* a tire . . . with a Bond backed by a great institution like the American Surety Company . . . the tire must be made good enough to stand up against such tire hazards as accident and abuse.

If Dunlop Tires were ordinary tires, no bonding company could afford to bond them.

If Dunlop Tires were just good tires, no bonding company could afford to bond them *against abuses*. Yet abuses are covered by this new Surety Bond, backed by Dunlop and the American Surety Company.

Guarantees even against tire abuses

THIS BOND covers not only ordinary tire troubles, but such things as rim-cuts, mis-alignment, curb-cuts, etc. More than that, it guarantees your tires against accident . . . collisions, broken milk bottles . . . practically every conceivable thing that can happen to a tire anywhere.

What does this mean to you? It means you can put Dunlops on your car and forget them . . . because you know Dunlops are built to stand the severest conditions you can possibly encounter.



This Dunlop Surety Bond simply proves the manufacturer's faith. It indicates his certainty that each Dunlop will make good.

And the measure of Dunlop's confidence is shown by the fact that this Surety Bond is the most sweeping tire guarantee ever made anywhere . . . that under its terms any Dunlop dealer anywhere in the United States makes good any claim . . . instantly!

Send for specimen Bond free

EVEN if you don't need tires immediately, you should know about this amazing Surety Bond guarantee. We are glad to send a specimen Bond for the asking. Simply clip the convenient coupon on this page, jot down your name and address, and we will put a copy of the Bond, marked "specimen," in the return mail. In that way you can see for yourself . . . at your leisure . . . exactly how this Bond protects you, even against tire abuse. You should know these facts. Why not send for a specimen Bond now . . . before you forget.



THE DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Department 501, Buffalo, New York
Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

D U N L O P



Eldon Travis

Outboard Ace of Aces Says:

"Only an Elto Quad can beat an Elto Quad"

56 foaming, careening nulls tearing across a starting line at Peoria, Illinois. 56 of America's fastest outboard motors, mercilessly driven, roar lusty defiance to all competition. 56 expert drivers point their leaping thoroughbreds to St. Louis, over 200 miles away. Crouched in a little hull labeled "Spirit of Peoria" a young lad, tingling with the excitement of his first big battle, slashes past boat after boat, wrests the lead from amazed veterans. 6 hours later a tearing tornado of boy, boat and motor, 20 miles ahead of all competition, flashes past St. Louis wharves black with cheering people.

Thus, with a Super Elto Quad, Eldon Travis gloriously won his spurs. And, with his Quad, gloriously he defended them. Weeks later he zoomed six times across a 1-mile, electrically timed course to lift outboard time-trial speed past the 40 mile goal. Still later, at Mus-

catine, he set 1928's highest speed in competition at 39.48 miles per hour. Eldon Travis *knows* outboard motors—here is what he says:

"No other motor has either its speed or its stamina. The Quad might be compared with a runner who could beat 10 seconds in a hundred yard dash, then hold such a terrific pace for mile after mile. And smooth—nobody will believe how velvety it runs until I actually get them in the boat. Only a Quad can beat a Quad.

"I've looked over the new 1929 Elto line—Oh Boy! I never dreamed of motors like those new Quads. The new Speedster should satisfy anybody who wants a snappy B class outfit. For those who want a light handy motor, I can see only one now—and that's the new folding Lightweight. That motor is a marvel!"

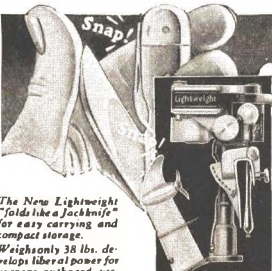
Eldon Travis

When you read the new Elto catalog, you'll agree with every word that Eldon Travis says. Write for the catalog today—it's free.

The Super Elto

The Quad

The Speedster



The New Lightweight—folds like a jackknife for easy carrying and compact storage. Weighs only 38 lbs. develops liberal power for average outboard use.



Elto Division, OUTBOARD MOTORS CO.,
Ole Evrnsude, President
Mason Street, Dept. 57, Milwaukee

Please send me your complete catalog of Super Elto Motors.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

A. M. L. A. Chat

TWO hundred and eighty-six A. M. L. A. chapters! And by the time you read this there'll be more, for every week brings new ones to the list. Model builders who work together and compare planes and ideas with their fellow club members are getting a lot of fun and inspiration out of group association.

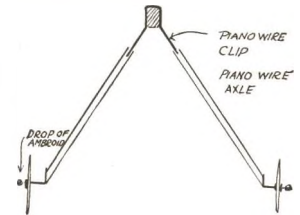
"We have tried a few biplanes," says Ira D. Kingsley of the Howell, Michigan, model airplane club, "but find that when the prop shaft line and the center of gravity are below the center of drag, there is too much tendency to loop when the plane is first released, and a too abrupt dive if we make adjustments to overcome this tendency. We are working out a triplane so that the drag resultant will occur in the center of thrust line.

"One of our biggest stability troubles is the tendency of the motor stick to warp up when full wound, causing, through lifting the rear surface of the tail, the ship to stall at the beginning of the flight. This may be overcome by a stronger motor stick. . . ."

James Hazlett, Jr., of Walpole, Massachusetts, writes:

"I've started my club among some Boy Scout chums, and expect to make a big thing of it. I built a shack in the attic of my house, and have hung out a flag with an A. M. L. A. banner that we had made. As the pilots flying from Boston to Providence and other points follow the railroad near here, and the new Ford Trimotor of the Boston Airport flies over about every day, I keep a record of each airplane that goes over."

Arthur Robin, of Washington, Pennsylvania, has been experimenting with shock absorbers for his R. O. G., and has found a way to reduce the jar on a bamboo landing gear. Light gauge piano wire should be used for the clip, which can be ambroided in place over the motor stick, or the landing gear can be made adjustable ballast by pinching the clip together so that it holds to the stick like the wing clip. The drawing shows this.



Thomas Nunley of Gary, West Virginia, writes that his newly started club already has a workshop, the backing of the City Council, two ex-army officers as instructors and a treasury of twenty dollars.

Clemens Roark, of the Littleton, Colorado, club, writes that the business men of Littleton have given forty dollars to his club to be used for prizes, and that its chief difficulty is in finding enough competition with other clubs to

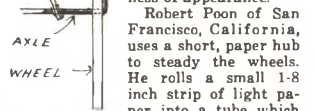
test planes outside of the local organization.

The approach of the second National A. M. L. A. Meet is bringing a wave of development and improvement in model building. It looks as though contestants this year are going to come to Detroit laden with new ideas. There may be a dozen "mystery ships" in 1929. Not all builders, however, are withholding their inventions.

William Woodward of Port Washington, New York, finds that a landing gear of light wire braced by very thin bamboo about halfway between the wheels and motor stick gives enough spring to absorb a lot of shock. He uses no axle, but bends angles in the wire over which the wheels are slipped.

"I built my plane in bed," writes Woodward, "and I'm still there. I haven't flown it yet, but my bed provided a good bumpy landing field, so I found out that the landing gear was practical."

George Nicholayeff, Jr., of New York City, has developed a way to hold wheels in place on the axle. The diagram explains it. "I had had considerable trouble," he writes, "and I find that securing the wheels with the end of the wire axle insures lightness, strength and correct position of the wheels, as well as neatness of appearance."



Robert Poon of San Francisco, California, uses a short, paper hub to steady the wheels. He rolls a small 1-8 inch strip of light paper into a tube which fits snugly over the axle and yet turns easily. The paper hub fits into the axle hole of the wheel, and is held rigid with a drop of ambroid. Another drop is used to prevent the wheel from coming off the axle. This method keeps the wheel rigid and increases the friction only slightly.

Herbert Carson, Richmond Deyo and Thornton Whipple, of Binghamton, New York, are doing all they can to get their city an airport. "We made a complete model airport," Carson informs League offices, "including hangar, clubhouse, dirigible hangar, Navy blimp, and mooring mast with a model of the Los Angeles. We provided our own system of spot and flood lights for night display. The largest plane has a wing spread of five inches, and the six Army Hawks a two-and-one-half inch wing spread. All of the planes were carved from wood. We made everything ourselves."

Before the job was finished Binghamton department stores were requesting permission to display the complete layout, and through the three boys the city is becoming airport-conscious! "We are all A. M. L. A. members," Carson concludes, "and have made several record flying models. We owe the fun we have had with our airport to the League—it first aroused interest in us."





WHOSE GUIDING HAND?

AS MUCH as a pilot fears anything, he fears fog! . . . The moment the dank coolness of a cloud bank enfolds him, he is blind and lost, unless some unseen hand is stretched forth to guide him! . . . Storm-tossed, high above the dark earth, with a rolling sea of blinding vapor below him, where can he turn in the empty sea of the sky for help and guidance to clear flying and safe landing? . . .

The Weather Man at Washington who watches the pathways of ships at sea . . . who warns the traveler on his way . . . who tells the farmer clearly when danger to his crops is rolling towards his horizon . . . *the Weather Man is now lifting his eyes to the pathways of the sky!*

A system of hourly weather reports issued by the United States Weather Bureau will soon be available to all aviators. These reports will make it possible for a pilot taking off in blinding snow or fog to know with certainty that at a definite distance beyond the clouds both sky and earth are clear and sunny. At every airport reached by radio, telegraph, or telephone, government reports will tell exactly every few hours what weather conditions

are at all points of the compass and at any distance beyond the immediate horizon. . . .

This latest marvel of governmental efficiency overcomes the last great obstacle to the commercial efficiency of aviation. . . . It will never be possible to turn aside the destructive onslaughts of storms, nor will we ever be likely to dissolve the smothering fog. A hundred years from now the same storms and fogs will draw perilous nets between the harborless sky and the safe anchorage of clear, firm land. *But all the vagaries of the weather will be charted as clearly as the tides and currents of the ocean and a guiding hand will help the pilot always on his way.* . . .

Twenty-eight years ago a black hurricane burst out of the Gulf of Mexico upon unsuspecting and unprepared Galveston, and six thousand people perished in its path. Last year when an even worse hurricane burst out of the South Atlantic, for ten days . . . from the hour it was born in a sluggish whirlwind in the middle of the sea until it died away in light breezes in Canada . . . the Weather Man at Washington followed every rifle of this terrific storm. Information had

flown in to him by radio and telegraph . . . his well-conceived warnings were roared forth from the broadcasting station at Arlington . . . and when the storm burst *the seas had been cleared of shipping and all coastal cities were braced and ready.*

Today far greater precision is being attained in weather forecasting—so that every breeze that blows may soon be charted for the guidance of the commercial pilot!

The American people are now awake to the significance of aviation. Lines of flashing beacons mark the routes of commercial planes on their swift way. Every modern city of importance or ambition has equipped itself with airports. Business men, travelers, and tourists, are rapidly becoming habituated to the use of planes for rapid transport. The air-mail is a commercial factor of importance. Soon the whole sky will be open to all.

Ford all-metal, tri-motored planes are flying safely in continuous service, carrying passengers, mail, express and freight, not only over lines that crisscross the United States, but also in Mexico, South America, and as far south as the Antarctic Circle.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Keen . . . that new Jantzen Twosome!

HERE'S a snappy looking number that the fellows all like! The new Jantzen Twosome! Looks like a two-piece suit . . . bright striped upper contrasting with trunks . . . waist stripe, realistic silk buckle and belt loops! But it's a one-piece suit with one-piece comfort and freedom for swimming.

\$275.00 prize letter contest

1. Letters are to be on subject: "Why I prefer the Jantzen," to be written on one side of paper only and must not exceed 200 words. Name, address and age should be in upper left hand corner. No one connected with the Jantzen Knitting Mills is eligible.

2. Prizes are as follows: First prize, \$75.00; second prize, \$50.00; third prize, \$25.00; and 25 Jantzen swimming suits for 25 letters receiving honorable mention. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

3. All letters must be mailed and postmarked before June 15, 1929. Address: Boys' Contest Judges, Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon.

4. The judges will be Griffith Ogden Ellis, Editor and Publisher, American Boy; Norman T. Matthews, Editorial Staff, Boys' Life; D. M. Botsford, Rotsford-Constantine Company, Advertising. Their decisions will be final.

5. No letters will be returned unless accompanied by return postage. All letters receiving prizes will become the property of the Jantzen Knitting Mills.

Like all Jantzens, it's tightly knitted from the strongest long-fibred wool. Due to the elasticity of Jantzen stitch, it gives as you grow, yet *always* holds its shape.

See this and other new Jantzen models at your local stores. All conveniently buttonless. Color-fast; being literally dyed-in-the-wool. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon.

Jantzen
The suit that changed
bathing to swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS,
DEPT. 14, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Send me free Jantzen catalog.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

The Chelsea Mystery

(Continued from page 19)

"I'll have a good woman take care of the flat for you," Tierney told her. "Don't worry. I'll be back inside of an hour."

He hurried out and got to headquarters in Center Street as fast as a taxi driver could make it.

"Well, Jim?" asked the inspector. Tierney laid down the mystery in a few sharp sentences. It was impossible for Mr. Stoddard to put that bullet into his brain and hide the weapon. If it was suicide what could possibly be the reason for Anne Morton or anyone else hiding the pistol?

"Can I get Nellie Corcoran?" he asked the inspector.

"Sure." Policewoman Nellie Corcoran, a motherly soul dressed in conservative style—a type of woman no one would dream of being connected with headquarters—came in answer to a telephone summons. Tierney gave her the address of Anne Morton.

"Take care of the flat and the children, Nellie," he said, "and see all you can see while you're in the place. If you find a pistol, get me on the telephone at the Stoddard house. I gotta spend the night there."

"I've got the Stoddard lawyer waiting at his office," the inspector informed Tierney. "I'll go with you and we'll join him at the house. We might get the motive from Mr. Stoddard's private papers."

Inspector and detective went by the identification bureau on their way out and examined the prints taken earlier in the afternoon. There were only those of Mr. Stoddard and Mrs. Morton.

With the coming of twilight, clouds had risen from the northwest. The chill of approaching winter had crept into the air and a gradually rising wind brought with it a fine penetrating rain. In front of the Stoddard house, as they alighted from the inspector's car, were a dozen or more reporters and as many newspaper photographers, shivering and impatient.

"Who's the fathead bull?" demanded one of the younger scribes.

"Bonehead Tierney, the detective," laughed one of the elders. "But he's fooled more crooks with that innocent round face than any sleuth that ever worked in this man's town."

Tierney faced the gathering. "Listen, gang," he announced. "We can't let you in now but just as soon as we get somethin' we'll call you. Run over to Ninth Avenue and eat your supper at Joe's place. Come back afterward."

HERBERT FRANKLIN, personal counsel for the dead man for many years, undertook the examination of the papers in the desk at the old mansion. He was the old-fashioned type of family lawyer, side-whiskered, pink complexioned, wearing silver-rimmed spectacles. Composedly, Mr. Franklin took up the matter as an affair of routine.

"He had never known what it was to need a dollar, gentlemen," he said, laying out letters and documents before him. "He was born with wealth. His father's will left him free to dispose of it as he wished except for a sum placed in trust to insure him comfort in the event of loss in time of panic or unwise investments. Except for the interest, he could not convert this trust fund to his own use. But he could leave it in his will as he pleased. Ah, here is my client's own will."

He studied it carefully, although he had drawn it himself years before.

"All his money goes to various charities," he announced.

Tierney and Inspector Sweeney listened as Mr. Franklin rapidly read ex-

cerpts from a batch of letters recently dated. They were from a firm of brokers in Wall Street and told a story of terrific losses in the stock market in the great slump during the month of June and the second slump during the second week of July. The fortune that would have gone to charity had been swept away.

"I didn't know it was as bad as that," mused the lawyer. "Of course I knew he dabbled in the Street but I thought it was just for the excitement of it."

"The loss of his money might have brought him to suicide," suggested Sweeney. "It would be a clear case if we had the pistol."

"No, not money," Mr. Franklin said, lifting his eyes from the documents. "Loneliness might have made him desire to end his life, but he had no fear of poverty. The trust fund gave him an income of seven thousand a year and he was a man of very simple tastes."

He unfolded several sheets of foolscap and gazed at them. Suddenly his eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"Here's something new," he said, and read aloud:

"Last Will and Testament."
The date was June 14, 1928. It was a holographic will, that is, set down entirely in the handwriting of the testator himself. It was signed by two members of his club, and the lawyer had never before seen it.

Briefly, the document related Mr. Stoddard's losses in the market, expressing regret that the charities he had named in his first will would therefore receive no benefactions. It declared the former will null and void. The lawyer read aloud:

"The trust fund provided me by the will of my father, and my home and its contents, I bequeath to Mrs. Anne Morton, my housekeeper and faithful friend. My administrator, Herbert Franklin, will guide her in the use of the income for the care and education of her children. My few personal friends are men of wealth and such a legacy would mean nothing to any one of them. But to her and her children it will assume the proportions of a fortune, provide them with comfort and advancement in the world, and forever destroy for them the ugly dread of poverty. Anne Morton has with this legacy my good wishes and a prayer for God's blessing because of her goodness of heart and her patience with one who may have been querulous and impatient in his loneliness."

"Well, what do you think of that?" gasped Tierney.

"You don't think a woman so described by my client would murder him for his legacy?" asked Mr. Franklin.

"But why would she hide the pistol—if she did hide it?" demanded Sweeney. "It would be all to her advantage to leave it where it fell."

"We better call her up and read this will to her," suggested Tierney. "If she knows anything she might confess under the reading."

JUST then there was a ring at the door bell. Mrs. Morton answered it and admitted Lieutenant Harry Butts, firearms expert of the department. He was bringing the bullet taken from the head of Mr. Stoddard.

"Wait a minute, Anne," said the inspector, as she ushered in the expert. "We want you to hear the last will of Mr. Stoddard."

"He read it to me last night before I left for home," she replied, breaking into bitter sobs. "And I'd rather be in the porchouse on Blackwell's Island than have him dead."

"Well, Harry, what's the dope?" Tierney asked Butts.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL



We Ship On Approval

and 30 days' trial direct from our factory. Select from 44 styles, colors, and sizes.

Save \$10.00 to \$25.00 No extra selling expenses enter into the cost and selling prices of these bicycles. Factory-to-Rider saves you big money and assures you of service.

We allow 30 days for trial and test. If it does not suit—return at our expense and your trial will not cost you a penny. **Do business direct with makers of Ranger—Pathfinder—Crusader bicycles.**

Tires \$1.50 Guaranteed. Lamps, each wheels, equipment and sundries at half usual prices.

Mead Write today for catalog and marvelous new price offers and terms. **Cycle Co., Dept. H-20 Chicago**

MODEL AIRPLANES
Send four cents in stamps for special catalog with the newest models designed for the Big National Contest this summer. Ideas new and original. Kite, balloon, rubber, metal parts, blimps, etc., for building scientific flying models at most reasonable prices. Beautiful 20-inch cabin plane, has flown over two minutes, furnished in kit form with blueprint. Complete one paid \$1.25. 3 to 4-minute twin pusher kit \$1.25. Four cents brings our catalog. **PIONEER MODEL AIRPLANE SUPPLY CO. CHAMPAIGN, ILL.**



Reginald Denny
Universal Pictures Star
Uses "Hair Groom"

Every night throughout the world, a million eyes are on Reginald Denny. He knows the importance of looking your best. He says, "Every one of us is playing a part in life, and we all have to stand 'close-up'." Looking your best from head to toe includes your hair! My stand-by for neat, obedient hair is Hair Groom."

A little Hair Groom in the morning will keep your hair combed and glossy all day without making it sticky or greasy. Even shampooed hair stays "put" in any style you like. Hair Groom comes in two forms—cream and liquid. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c in stamps or money order to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 876 Madison Ave., New York City. A liberal sample of Liquid Hair Groom is free. Clip the coupon.

Wyeth Chem. Co., Dept. 2A5 **FREE**
578 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
Mail me free sample Liquid Hair Groom.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

"I'm pretty sure, Jim," the lieutenant replied, "that the bullet came from the police department stock of six years ago. And the rifling marks on it look like it was fired from an old department gun."

"Ah!" sighed Tierney with relief. "Now we're getting somewhere." He turned to Mrs. Morton. "Where's your husband's gun?"

She didn't answer. "Did you turn it back to the department after his death?" Tierney pressed.

She sat with jaws clamped, white of face, her finger nails digging into her flesh.

"Come through, Anne," said the inspector.

"Just get the gun and I'll know whether it fired this bullet," said Butts.

"You might just as well come through, Anne," urged Sweeney. "Where's that gun?"

"Lookit!" Tierney, impatient, looked down at her—and it was now no smiling, good-natured countenance. The little blue eyes were as hard as agate. "You only leave us one thing to do, Anne. We'll have to make out a short affidavit and put you in a cell. You went wild, for a minute, over the prospect of so much money and this fine house. So you shot and killed him while he was asleep or half asleep. Any other person coming into the house might have brought him to his feet. He wouldn't suspect you—wouldn't even move from his couch."

"No! I didn't! I didn't!" she screamed.

"Then your husband's pistol will prove you didn't," said Tierney. "If it's around in your flat I've got a policeman there looking out for your children and she'll bring it."

"It isn't there," she sobbed.

"Now we're coming on," said Tierney soothingly. "It's in this house. Why did you bring it here to-day?"

"I didn't bring it here to-day?" The poor woman didn't know how to lie; she had unwittingly confessed that she had brought the weapon to the Stoddard home at some other time.

"Why did you bring it here?"

"I was afraid. There was a hold-up in front of the house a month ago and the place next door was robbed only last week."

Tierney's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Mrs. Morton," he said. "You pretty near made things tough for yourself. But I know what happened now. Mr. Stoddard shot himself with that police gun. You saw it beside him and because it was a weapon that could easily be traced to you and because of that will giving you his money at his death, you got panicky. You didn't know what else to do, so you hid the gun. That's why you took five minutes to get from the basement out the front door."

"I was crazy with fright," she admitted, shivering. "I put it up the chimney there."

"My word!" exclaimed Mr. Franklin.

Tierney went to the fireplace and stooped to his haunches.

"How did you pick up the gun, Anne?" he asked.

"By the muzzle."

"You're a lucky woman. Did you put it on the left or right side of the chimney?"

"Left—right above the damper."

"And you can thank goodness it rained to-night, Anne," Jim said with a chuckle of pleasure as he felt ever so delicately for the muzzle of the weapon.

Gingerly he brought the police pistol forth and held it under the brilliant desk light. Wind and rain had sent down fine soot upon the stock and barrel and had outlined with comparative vividness the prints of the fingers that had clutched it when the shot was fired. The inspector picked up the telephone and got the identification bureau.

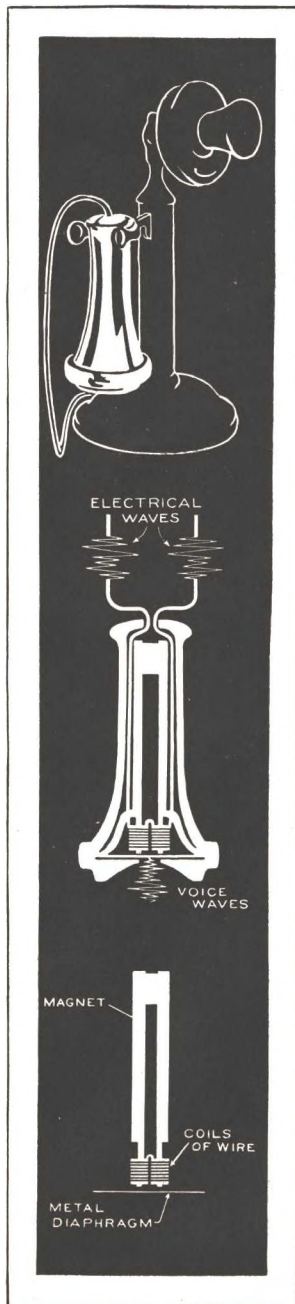
And Now
your Telephone Receiver
and How it Works

—A Bell System Advertisement

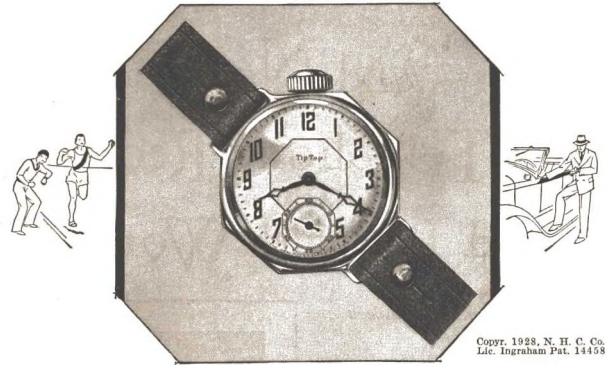
Do you know what makes it possible for you to hear a voice speaking into another telephone thousands of miles away—or just in the next block, for that matter? How the sound waves of your friend's voice, after being changed into electrical waves and brought to your telephone over many miles of wire, are changed back into sound waves again? How each word is reproduced distinctly, exactly as it was spoken?

Inside your telephone receiver are a number of very important parts. To these are brought the electrical waves started by the telephone transmitter at the other end of the line. There is a thin metal disc or diaphragm, and a strong magnet over the ends of which are placed two spools of fine copper wire. The diaphragm is placed so that it receives the normal "pull" of the magnet but does not touch it. When the electrical waves arrive from the telephone line they pass through the two coils of fine wire. The effect of this "ripple" of electric current passing round and round the coils is to first strengthen and then weaken the "pull" of the magnet. This action makes the diaphragm vibrate, thus setting up sound waves in the air exactly the same as those started by the voice of the person speaking to you. You hear then receives them in the form of words.

It is only a little over 50 years since the telephone was invented, but now there is a nation-wide network of millions of telephones. There are 64 million miles of telephone wire in use in the Bell System throughout the United States.



"THE MINUTES STAND APPROVED"



COPYR. 1928, N. H. C. Co. Lic. Ingraham Pat. 14438

Tip-Top is a man's wrist-watch built to endure a dog's life!

TIP-TOP'S rugged beauty was meant for masculine wrists. For healthy, husky chaps who want a good-looking, dependable time-teller. Notice its attractive octagon design, its sunken second dial, artistic hands and numerals, and the unique, easy-to-read angle at which it is set on its genuine pigskin strap. Those are fine watch features!

Best of all, Tip-Top will survive the most carefree, rough-and-tumble existence. There are long years of service in its dust-proof, chromium-plated case. Its Krack-proof Krystal can't break. Its

strap is sturdy, enduring pigskin. Its movement is remarkably reliable. Under any circumstances, Tip-Top will serve you faithfully and well.

Your dealer will be glad to show you Tip-Top, with a silver dial for \$3.50 and with radium dial for \$4.00. There is a Tip-Top Pocket Watch, with the same strength and durability, for \$1.50—\$2.25 with radium dial. It has many refinements—octagon design, silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal—but it costs only 50c more than the ordinary dollar watch.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY, New Haven, Conn.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

(Continued from page 51)

"Take a look at that print of Mr. Jerome Stoddard, made this afternoon," he ordered. "Bring it to the phone. We have a new one and we want to check up with it."

Tierney droned off the characteristics marked by the soot—the whorls, islands, breaks, angles, tangents. They

fitted the record in the bureau.

"Now you can go home, Anne," he said, "and on your way out tell that bunch of reporters to come in and get a real story."

Next month, Jim Tierney chums with the champion liar in Bergen County.

The Big Punch

(Continued from page 21)

it flipped in a split S and drove for his tail again.

"He's out to get me!"

The thought shot through Jimmie's brain like a flash. With the thought, his stick and rudder whipped the Morse into a left bank that warped her fuselage. A white blur sped by him to the right. At once he straightened and began to climb. He'd have to get the ceiling on this lunatic. The stunt ship, though, zoomed up out of its dive in front of him, looped over in an Immelman and hurled, head-on, at his nose.

Jimmie's heart checked as the white shape loomed above his cowl. But his control was instant. Flipping the Morse over, he rolled her from the pathway of that terrific charge of death and dived until his air speed touched two hundred miles an hour. Then, a thousand feet above terrain, he pulled level and glanced back.

The white ship had vanished. The sun's rays, though, were blinding. Jimmie felt a cold thrill—he knew the stunt ship was still there—invisible in the sun—gathering speed in a long, crafty dive to wreck him. He put the controls into a "reversement" that sent his ship doubling back upon her course. He caught a fleeting vision of two ships hovering lazily above him. He frowned. Whoever they were, they'd better get out of Bugs' way!

The stunt ship dropped out of the sun. Jimmie half rolled and dived. Behind him his pursuer followed with a half roll and dive. Jimmie banked. The stunt ship drew up. Both wheeled in dizzy circles. Then the white ship faltered. Again her motor sprayed out smoke, and she went slipping earthward like a wing-shot bird.

Jimmie drew a long breath. . . . Well, something more to hang up in the good old memory cells. Slowly a grin spread over his tense face. He hummed, a little out of key:

"I find a bro—ken heart among my souv—ens—rs."

Then he cut the gun and started a gentle glide across the hilltops to the movie camp.

AS usual, that night in barracks, Jimmie told it all to Atlee. Chandler was there too. Concluding the tale, Jimmie said:

"When I set down, what do you suppose King Martin, this director said? 'Glad you got back oke' or something like that?' Not that bird. He works my arm like it was the town pump in a village fire, and shouts: 'Bully! A wow! It's feature stuff! We got two thousand feet safe in the can. Had two ships with cameras shooting all the time you and Bugs were scrapping!'"

"What became of Medbury?" asked Atlee.

"Oh, he made a safe landing. Guess they won't do more than chase him off the place. Martin's too tickled at the air fight he put on to arrest him. The poor guy's crazy as a jay bird, I think. George, did you know he was an old war pilot?"

Chandler nodded soberly. "Understand he has queer spells. Was shot down on a reconnaissance mission in France. Well, Jimmie, to-morrow we put on our air scrap."

"Yeh—and then you have to roost up in the air and direct artillery fire on the rendezvous. Say, what's that lake over the hill from our little valley where the rendezvous reposes?"

"An old reservoir. Some irrigation scheme that didn't pan out. That clay wall across the end of the valley is a dam. There's sixty feet of water on the other side."

Jimmie whistled.

"Better you get your 'shorts' and 'overs' right, George. If you give those seventy-fives, three miles back there, the wrong range and they shoot that dam to bits—"

"Our little valley'd be out of luck," said George. "But the artillery has the coordinates to check by and the dam is five hundred yards from the old house. I'd have to be some rotten on my sensings to lay their fire that far off target."

"No danger, I guess. Come on, let's hit the showers!" Donning his bath robe and slippers, Jimmie shuffled from the bay.

Next morning Jimmie sprang from his bunk at the first note of reveille. He hurried through breakfast and with George Chandler went out to the hangar line to watch the ordnance corporal mount machine guns on their ships. They were Brownings, bolted just beneath the cowl and timed to shoot between revolutions of the prop.

An hour they waited, impatient to take off, until at last the corporal gave his oke to the job.

"Land in 'Rendezvous Valley.' That's what Martin said," called Jimmie as he climbed into the cockpit of the little single-seat pursuer—an A T 4. George waved and ran over to his ship—a Douglas, two-place, O 2 H—the pride of the Observation.

A half hour later, in the center of a crowd of movie people, they received last instructions from King Martin. In the group was Clare Moran, new favorite on the movie horizon, who played Jeanne, the French ace's sweetheart.

"Don't start the fight until my two camera ships show white streamers," Martin said to Chandler and Jimmie, nervously slapping his leather puttees with a switch. He went on:

"Chandler, as the French observer, you'll be up about five thousand feet, circling as if you were adjusting the French artillery fire. Rhodes comes in close to the old house and lands. Then we cut, while Rhodes gets out of the picture and our man takes his place. Keep out of sight, Rhodes, till you hear me give the cameras 'Cut' again. Then you take the ship up for the combat with the observation plane. Well, no use rehashing all this—let's go!"

JIMMIE ran to his ship, took off and climbed her to two thousand feet. The camera ships rose with him and as he saw their streamers break out, he put the little A T 4 into a glide and landed by the old house.

"Cut—all!" Martin shouted through his megaphone. The ground cameras stopped and an actor in a German flyer's field gray replaced Jimmie in the cockpit.

"Camera!" called the director, and the rendezvous between the French girl and her German brother was trans-

The MOCAR

MODEL AIRPLANES That FLY

From Hawaii
Schubel, Oahu, T. H.
Mt. Carmel Mfg. Co.

They fly!
Dear Sir:—Yesterday was Aviation Club night (Sat. No. 11). In about an hour and a half I obtained 2000 ft. and covered the western sky with my model. I took it out and flew it. It flew perfectly! I have already made many planes and records, but never in my life have I gotten a plane that so would make so steady, so quickly and so far! Think of it, an hour and a half since I started making it, it flies, and will keep it.
It is just the kind of plane that the airplane business has, especially in the Hawaiian Islands.
Yours truly,
KICOSHI UZAWA

and from the Schools
Mt. Carmel Mfg. Co.
Baltimore, Iowa

Dear Sir:—I received the Mocar model airplane which I ordered from you some time ago. I find it light and easy to fly and it does exactly what the makers had in mind. I have made many other model airplanes for one of our classes.
Yours truly,
John B. Childs
Baltimore, Iowa



BOYS! Don't Miss the Fun of Making and Flying a "MOCAR."

Here is the Greatest Value You've Ever Seen—A Genuine Aluminum Model Airplane That Really Flies, At a Small Price.

The "Mocar" monoplane—Set No. 1—is a copy of Lindbergh's famous Spirit of St. Louis. Wing spread 18 inches, fuselage 12 inches, powerful motor, special propeller, rubber tired disc wheels. Weight complete only about 2½ oz. This is a practical, simple, real model plane that gives you a whole lot of fun at a very moderate cost.

The all-metal construction makes a sturdy plane that will stand a whole lot of abuse. The outfit is mounted on cardboard with all parts plainly marked and full instructions for assembly. Pliers only tool necessary.

Construction Set No. 1, complete with rivets, bolts, wheels, wing and fuselage covering material, only \$1.50 postpaid (\$ for \$4.00). Model L made up ready to fly \$2.25 (\$ for \$6.00) postpaid.

GREAT FUN—LEARN HOW TO MAKE AND FLY AIRPLANES

Order now—or see your dealer.

THE MT. CARMEL MFG. CO.
New Haven, Conn.
Dept. C





You can pass 'em all on Chieftain! The smooth, long-running balloon wheels give you a big advantage over ordinary skaters. They're swift as an arrow's flight. And the new KoKoMo Chieftain is as strong as he is fast. Regular Model \$2.25 pair; rubber tired model \$3.50. Most good dealers have Chieftains but if your's can not supply you, write us direct.

KOKOMO STAMPED METAL CO.
Dept. 403 Kokomo, Indiana

~and now~
"REDSKIN"

Here's Chieftain's new running mate—Redskin! Ask for that new skate with the RED SKIN. Although only \$1 a pair, Redskins are real quality skates with strong, fast ball-bearing wheels.



FRIEIE!

Booklet of Advice on CLARINET and SAXOPHONE PLAYING, by Alexandre Selmer and Andy Sannella, world-known authorities. More authentic information than in ten private lessons. Mention instrument in which you are interested.

Selmer

55 Selmer Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
In Canada: 516 Yonge St., Toronto

LEARN CARTOONING
At Home, During Spare Time

Hundreds of boys have learned to draw cartoons successfully by the famous PICTURE CHART method of teaching. This develops originality quickly. You can earn money while learning. Send now for sample chart to test your ability and examine if this method is for you. Success guaranteed. State your address.

THE LANDON SCHOOL 1537 National Bldg. CLEVELAND, O.

The Official
BOY SCOUT UNIFORM BOOK
By EDWARD F. REIMER

Here is the whole story of the Boy Scout Uniform, its meaning and how to wear it, what the badge and awards stand for. Every American boy should have this book. \$2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 300 4th Ave., N. Y. C.
Please send me..... copies of THE OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT UNIFORM BOOK.
Cash C. O. D.

Name:

Address:

Age:

ferred to celluloid. Then the German pilot climbed into Jimmie's ship again. Martin cut the action and turned to Jimmie.

"All right, Rhodes. Keep you head turned from the camera as you taxi off. Make it a scrappy duel. After a good fight, Chandler shoots you down. Spin down as low as is safe and land about three hundred feet from the house. Remember this scene is the big punch. Now, let's go!"

Before Jimmie pushed the throttle forward to take off, he swept the sky above him. George was milling in a slow circle at five thousand feet. With a grin he gunned the A T 4 and she darted like a rabbit down the valley floor. Lightly he drew the stick back and the ship's nose lifted. A minute passed and she was at a thousand feet.

His eyes were on the camera ships that hovered over the steep hills. Again a white streamer fluttered and he knew it was time to begin. He glanced up. Ah-h! There came Chandler in the Douglas, hurtling toward him in a vertical power dive! Somehow, he felt the thrill of a real scrap. That was the movie for you—but still, such events were on record!

A plane's shadow flicked his fuselage. There was a quick "rat-tat" of machine gun fire—shooting blanks—and George dived past his tail, and zoomed up under him. Jimmie answered with a burst of his own gun and banked into a steep climbing turn for altitude. But when he came level, the Douglas was still above him—the right. He tried to sneak up into the blind spot under George's lower wing. But Chandler, though perhaps not Jimmie's match in daring, was the more crafty pilot. He fell off in a slip as Jimmie raked him with a burst. Then he dived, whipped up, standing on his tail, and caught Jimmie with a furious round as the pursuiter zoomed by him.

Jimmie grinned. Good enough for old George! That burst would have shot his fuel tank into bits if the battle had been real. Now he must take a spin for the cameras—down to earth! He cut his throttle, nosed up a bit, and waited until she stalled. That would look real! Then he kicked the rudder. The A T 4 went into a tight spin. Down—the horizon corkscrewing round him! It seemed as though a hand of iron were on his neck, cramming him, doubled over, in the cockpit. A wild, dizzy swing, discordant, out of rhythm!

Then he saw the earth whirl close—too close! He jammed the throttle wide, kicked his controls neutral, and dived out. Five hundred feet—no, three hundred, maybe. He held the nose down for a long second, cut the gun, leveled off, and skimmed the ground. The ship whanged her landing gears on the hard earth and ga-lumped across the valley; stopped a hundred yards from the old house.

The Douglas was spiraling slowly down. He watched George end a neat forward slip a hundred feet away and taxi to him.

Then King Martin came hurrying across the field.

"Bully! Good work! They ought to have a thousand feet. You spotted the right place to land, too." He stared up at the camera planes. "Hope they canned it all. Now Carmalo takes your place, Chandler, and we shoot his scene with the dying German pilot in this wrecked ship they're bringing out."

He pointed at a truck towing behind it a plane with crumpled fuselage and one set of wing surfaces torn off.

"You run your ships over behind the house, both of you. Go inside until we are ready to take the interior—Miss Moran and Carmalo in the fade-out clinch. Then we'll clear out of here, and Chandler, you can go up in your plane and radio your cannons to begin."



The investigation of the Thriftville Boys' Bicycle Club shows why the U. S. Giant Chain is America's most popular Bicycle Tire

AFTER looking over every inch of a U. S. Giant Chain Tread Bicycle Tire, the investigation committee of Thriftville Boys' Bicycle Club reports:

It is easy to see why this is the most popular bicycle tire in America

The U. S. Giant Chain is the best looking tire we ever saw. Big, black, double-chain tread and pure white side walls.

Extra tough rubber on the tread. Three plies of strongest fabric that goes all around (not just on top.)

Pure rubber gum tube on the inside.

(Signed) INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

P. S.—We ought to change our constitution to say—"every member must use U. S. Giant Chain Tires in order to prevent delays on our trips."

U. S. GIANT CHAIN
Bicycle Tires

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

Also manufacturers of Keds, the Shoe of Champions

★ How would you like to
WIN \$250
BY WRITING A
LETTER TO
DAZZY
VANCE?



Great strikeout master also a star in fielding with his astounding errorless score in 1928!

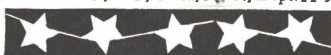
DAZZY VANCE, highest salaried pitcher in the world, wants you to write him a letter. By doing it you may land that \$250.00 cash prize—or \$100—or any one of those 3531 awards in the sensational Ken-Wel National Prize Contest, open to boys. In 1928, at the age of nearly forty Dazzy made his most wonderful record—reached his 1338th strikeout in seven years, allowed less runs per game than any other national hurler, and made a perfect fielding score by accepting 72 chances in 38 games without an error!

This big news brought thousands of letters to Dazzy asking "How do you do it?" Down at his Florida winter home a huge crowd of boys thronged around him on the ball field and there he showed them his tricks. Errorless fielding was the big point Dazzy revealed to the boys, and the importance of using the right equipment. To prove this, the famous Brooklyn ball star demonstrated the Ken-Wel Dazzy Vance Glove that he designed. "See those interlacings running from finger to finger. That's the feature that keeps the swift ball from slipping through, and furthermore it makes the glove act like a steel trap, closing in on the ball and snapping the pill firmly into the pocket. It holds the hot ones!"

To help you make spectacular catches and to stop making errors, Dazzy has written a book telling how he does his star playing and all about his patented glove. In this book he asks you to write him a letter on "Why the Interlaced Fingers hold the hot ones." Go to your sporting goods dealer, ask for your FREE copy of the "Dazzy Vance Contest Book" and let the dealer show you the Dazzy Vance Glove. Then it's a cinch to write that short letter to get in on the prizes. You don't have to buy anything to win a prize.

Think of it! First prize \$250.00 cash. Second prize \$100 cash. A number of other cash prizes. 15 Autographed Dazzy Vance Gloves to winners. And 3,500 other awards consisting of personally dictated courses on baseball: Pitching by Dazzy Vance; Batting by Lou Gehrig; Catching by Muddy Ruel. Fascinating, clear, concise courses—the fruits of three noted lifetimes of experience. Ask your sporting goods dealer now for the FREE "Dazzy Vance Contest Book." **KEN-WEL SPORTING GOODS CO., INC., Utica, N. Y., Dept. A-5**

THE KIND THE
STARS USE . . .



KEN-WEL
SPORTING GOODS

★
3531 Prizes
CASH PRIZES, AUTOGRAPHED
GLOVES, BASEBALL COURSES



The Interlaced Fingers hold the hot ones.
A Junior Model too at \$5.00.

(Continued from page 53)

The two flyers climbed in their ships again and, with intermittent bursts, taxied to the house and parked behind it. Then they went inside.

"Pretty wet, huh, George?" said Jimmie. "You wouldn't think, when you sit and watch a movie thriller and your back feels like somebody'd dropped a gob of ice under your collar, that the making of it was *this* tame."

George shook his head.

"At that, we'll probably break up the seats when we see this one." He stepped out through the rotting window frame, unreeling his antenna and tied it to the sill. "I'd better give this radio the once-over before I go up to sense artillery fire."

He donned the radio helmet, climbed in the rear cockpit of the O 2 H and moved the two-way switch to "Receive." Then, turning on the filament current until the detector glowed a cherry red, he set the heterodyne to 300 kilocycles, the wave length of a San Antonio broadcasting station.

"Receiving end is oke," he called to Jimmie. "Picked up W.C.R. Want to have some jazz?"

Jimmie, inside the house, yawned and shook his head. Behind him the broken door into the shadowy room beyond flapped in the wind, creaking dimly.

George snapped the switch back on "Transmit," depressed the sending key, and turned the antenna current knob. The meter showed 2.5 amperes.

"She's all hunky-dory. Ready to send—"

Suddenly Jimmie heard an ominous sound. It was the click-click of a pistol hammer, coming back. The flapping inner door swung wide and, from the twilight of the room beyond, a voice, harsh, chilling, came:

"Ready, eh? Well, start your spark. Carmalo's comin'."

And through the door frame stepped Bugs Medbury. His face was livid. Little nets of red veins made his eyes like hot flames.

"They say an army air man's life is five years," he began, and halted, shaken by a violent, mirthless laugh. "I've had ten. You, less'n one. Say twelve, all told. We three make the average four. Four years, fair enough."

King Martin's voice sounded in the distance and Bugs turned on Chandler savagely. "Call the battery! Here comes Martin and Carmalo. We're goin' to start shells rainin' in this valley in about a minute!"

Jimmie had half risen. As the stunt flyer from within the room pointed the pistol barrel through the window on George, Jimmie lanced out in a sudden furious dive. His shoulder crashed against Bugs' thigh. He felt the body crumple up beneath him, heard a snarl like a mad dog's, reached for the glinting pistol barrel. He missed—it swung down on his temple. A deafening crash dinned in his ears—a sharp pain stabbed him. The room turned queerly into a great swirling funnel, grew swiftly out of focus, and faded into a blank.

"DIT-DIT-DIT-D-DAR-DIT."

Jimmie blinked, turned over. Buzzer. Was this buzzer class? He shook his head to clear it. Suddenly his head cleared and his body tensed. A cold sinister voice was talking.

"So you give the battery 'Fire'—you hear?"

Medbury! That was *his* voice. Jimmie sat up and looked about him.

At the door outside the old house stood two trembling camera men. King Martin was beside them with Clare Moran. And Rafael Carmalo, his face the color of new putty, shrank back against the wall.

But the sight that made Jimmie's heart stop was framed by that window. On the ground beside his ship George Chandler lay, blood trickling down one

thin cheek. Above him stood Medbury, his face convulsed in fury.

"Get up—take the key!" he cried, maniac shrillness in his voice, "or I'll pound you to a pulp!"

Slowly George staggered upright.

"No! You're insane, Med—" the pistol barrel crashed against his forehead. He fell heavily.

Strength was flowing fast into Jimmie. He rose on one knee cautiously.

"I see you," warned the man in the window, "and I'll take you if you move an inch!"

He transferred the pistol to his left hand and yanked off Chandler's radio helmet with his right.

"I'll take the key, myself. Give the batteries fire signal. They'll lay accuracy first—one gun at a time. Probably won't come closer than a hundred yards. As soon as the first shell bursts, you camera sharps can beat it. I got no score chalked against you. You can go too, Clare, and you, King—but Carmalo stays! He and these toy soldiers and old Bugs. Good-by, world!"

He laughed crazily and climbed in the cockpit. Then, slowly, began clicking off a message on the key.

"F Z 4—F Z 4=A R K" (Is battery ready?)

Medbury looked about him, craftily clamped on the radio helmet, turned the switch to "Receive" and listened.

"They answered! Your call letter's O K 3!" he cried. Again Jimmie heard him sending.

"F Z 4=O" (Fire, battery.)

Five seconds—ten. Then came a dull whine like wind in winter time, followed by a hard hammering c-r-r-rump that rocked the house. Bits of rock and fragment hit the walls.

Jimmie groaned. That was the first shell!

Medbury laughed.

"Beat it, cameras. And you, Clare and King. The show is on. Now, I'll give 'em an adjustment—that shell was two hundred yards to right, but the next one *might* be a direct hit."

He worked the key again. After a short wait that was agony to Jimmie, another shell screamed over. To Jimmie's intense relief it seemed even farther to the right. Carmalo, collapsed in a corner of the room, wept incoherently. Medbury bit his lips and glared at Jimmie from the cockpit.

"They got my sensing wrong! That shell burst farther right. I'll fix 'em." He stared at the sky a moment, then opened the key and clicked out:

"F Z 4—F Z 4=202L1=066SS=AR"

THE next shell screamed over. Still farther right, close to the valley's end. In quick succession four more followed. All far right! And then Jimmie knew Medbury had erred; had radioed his sensings "right" instead of "left." But the stunt man's face was wild with baffled anger. He ripped the helmet off, sprang to the ground. Jimmie crouched to spring at the madman.

"They won't take my stuff! I'll get you three, anyhow—"

There was a noise like thunder—a hollow, cavernous roar that shook the ground beneath their feet. On its heels rose a hissing crash like ocean surf. Medbury paused, his pistol half raised.

Down the valley a mad tidal wave, a ten-foot wall of angry yellow water, thundered. A shell screamed overhead, struck in the crumbling earthen dam at the valley's end and burst in a black smother, widening the gap through which the torrent poured.

"By water or by fire—what does it matter?" said the stunt flyer. His face had become calm. He threw the pistol down and walked out to meet the flood.

But Jimmie sprang through the window to where George Chandler lay beside his ship and raised him up. Carmalo, with a cry of warning, fled.

The torrent thundered on down the valley. Over the ship's fuselage, Jim-

mie saw the yellow flood tumble toward him, swallowing up the dusty sage and greasewood.

Jimmie swung the unconscious Chandler across his shoulder and trotted for high ground. Over his shoulder he glimpsed the torrent. Closer now. Hoarsely breathing, he speeded up, stumbled to his knees, rose, and lurched ahead. Then it struck him and bowled him over. For a long moment he held his breath and clung to his inert burden. He felt himself bumping, turning, scraping. Then the force seemed to lessen. His head came to the surface and he saw high ground just ahead. His feet scraped the hillside and he found footing enough to plunge forward. Two more lunges and he was above the boiling flood.

He rose to his knees, Chandler limp beside him, shook the water from his eyes, and looked about. Figures were running toward him. Martin, camera men, Clare Moran. Chandler rolled

over, sighed, and stirred restlessly.

King Martin reached Jimmie first. His face was triumphant. He seized Jimmie's muddy hand and wrung it as though it were a rag.

"Thank heavens you're safe. I had heart failure for a minute!"

Then his grin grew wider. He turned to Chandler, who was sitting up, holding his head in bedraggled weariness.

"And we've got some of the greatest footage anybody ever had," he announced. "My camera men began shooting when Bugs let us out that door. We got everything!"

"Rhodes," he turned to Jimmie, "this scene makes the picture. If we have to we'll write a brand new script around it. Superfilms owes you a lot—you two cadets. Ought to put your names in lights. You furnished THE BIG PUNCH!"

Next month, the last of Litten's flying cadet stories.

Home Baseball for Fun

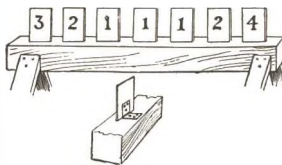
By John B. Foster

PLAY baseball all by yourself? Sure you can—in your own back yard, too. An AMERICAN BOY reader did it all last summer. Oftentimes he played alone, sometimes he let a chum in on it, and once in a while all the fellows in his neighborhood had an exciting game.

First he hunted up an old sawhorse, one that stood about five feet high. He cut seven pieces of wood, each ten inches long, four inches wide, and an inch thick, hinging these to the top of the sawhorse so that all would fall in the same direction. Next he lettered the pieces, (see diagram). Last he bought five or six cheap balls.

He placed the sawhorse in front of a fence for a backstop. Then he started to pitch. Bang! He missed the sawhorse entirely. One man out. Second try—down goes the "2" piece—a two-bagger. And so he continues. "One" means a one-base hit, "3" a three-base hit, "4" a home run. A "runner" may only advance on a "hit," and take as many bases as the "batter" earns. The inning

is over when three men are down. Surprising how close these games turn out; often you have to play extra innings.

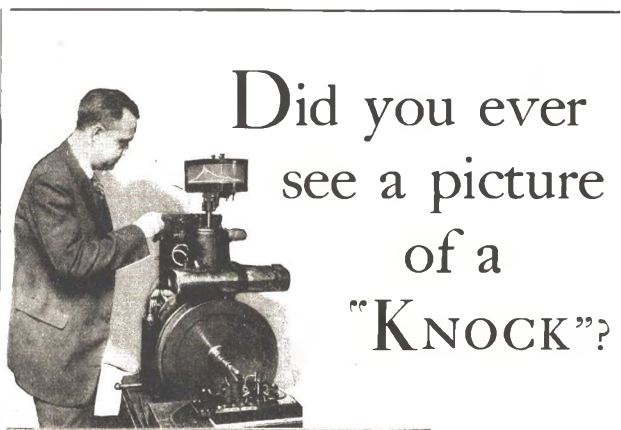
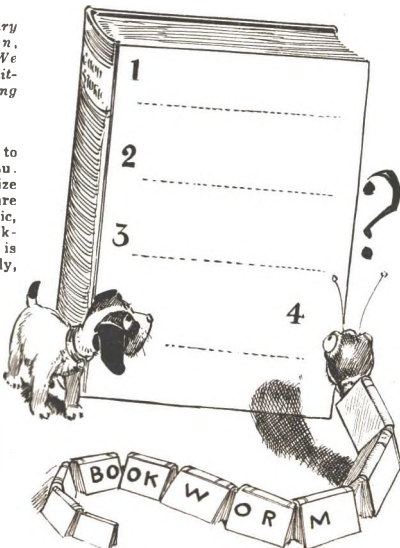


One fellow, by throwing first for one team and then the other, can play an exciting game all by himself. Meanwhile he's strengthening his arm and learning control. Or, he can let any number of fellows play with him. The boy who invented the game organized a "league," played every day all summer, and kept percentages of games won and lost.

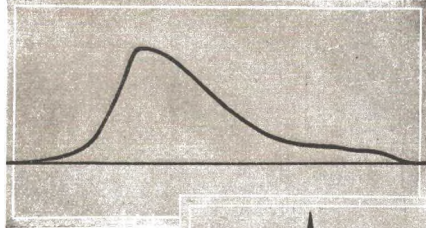
Send in the Best Reading Book

(Idea submitted by Henry Fitzgerald, Abington, Mass. Send us yours. We will pay you \$1 if it's suitable. Don't send racing airplanes!)

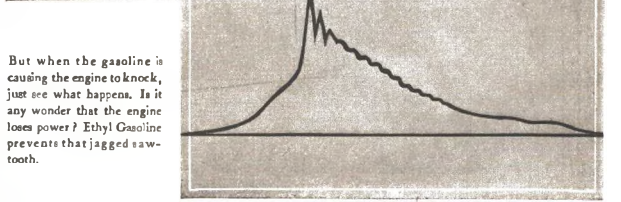
READING from left to right: Pluto, You. You may not recognize yourself, but it's you, sure enough: enthusiast, critic, and inveterate bookworm! The office pup is waiting eagerly, silently, to see which story in this issue you're going to write at the top of the Best Reading Book. Fill in the best four, in the order of your preference and ship the book to the Best Reading Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan. Then we'll scout for more stories of the kind bookworms eat up.



Did you ever see a picture of a "KNOCK"?



This is what happens in the cylinders of a gasoline engine when it is running smoothly. The pressure gradually increases after ignition until the mixture is nearly all burned. Then it grows less and less.



But when the gasoline is causing the engine to knock, just see what happens. Is it any wonder that the engine loses power? Ethyl Gasoline prevents that jagged saw-tooth.

THAT sounds peculiar, doesn't it? Yet we can get a perfectly good picture of the "knock" in a gasoline engine. Those two curious looking diagrams were taken with a Midgley indicator and show the pressures inside the cylinder of a gasoline engine. The one on the left is the pressure diagram of a normally operating engine, while the one on the right shows a "knocking" engine. So the "knock" really is the part of the diagram that looks like saw teeth.

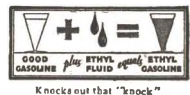
These little diagrams were most important. Through them, the scientists in the General Motors Research Laboratories discovered that it was the fuel that "knocked"—not the engine. This fact established, they developed Ethyl Gasoline, whose

active anti-knock ingredient is tetraethyl lead.

The end of the long research resulted in Ethyl Gasoline's being put on the market by leading oil companies. It encouraged automobile manufacturers to bring out the present high compression engines and to give the motoring public a new kind of motoring comfort and efficiency. It is called *high compression performance*.

The millions of cars of ordinary compression run better on Ethyl too—for by the elimination of "knock" they develop more power and flexibility. Ride with Ethyl today.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
35 Broadway, N. Y.
36 Church St., Toronto, Canada
36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, England



ETHYL GASOLINE

In the Morning Mail



Are You

**TRYING
TOO
HARD**

for
**DISTANCE
IN GOLF?**



IF YOU'VE ever tried one of those "hammer machines" at a Fair or Circus you may have discovered that using all your strength did not always bring as good results as a more casual swing of the hammer.

It is the same in golf. Here is a hint that may help your game considerably—Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shafts are the only golf shafts made of "spring steel," which contains at least 20% more carbon than any other steel used for golf shafts. Carbon is what gives steel greater strength and pep. This added pep in a Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft makes the club head snap through with an extra "kick" that—all things being equal—gives you greater distance with less effort. Thus with clubs having Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shafts you should get both better distance and control.

The Horton Manufacturing Company
85 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.

WRITE immediately for our interesting book on golf, "spring steel" and golf shafts.

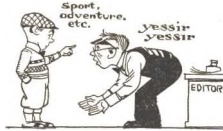
Bristol
Steel Golf Shaft

"I'M lonely without you!" chants Pluto. "To my love! My heart is yours!"

"What the—" the editor explodes. "Just a valentine," says Pluto meekly, holding up a heart-shaped card, fringed with lace, and bearing the picture of four appealing pups. "It's from Tyke, who belongs to one of our subscribers: M. Ayers, Iowa City, Iowa.

"And here's a regular love letter from Lady, the dog of Robert Seymour, Jr., Evanston, Illinois. Listen to what Lady says: 'Dearest: You probably don't know me, but I'm a girl dog, two years old, and I admire you business men a lot. Pete, who lives around the corner, is nothing but a shiftless mongrel—and I told him so, too.

"Once, when tearing up a copy of THE AMERICAN BOY, I saw a picture of you. (I went without supper that night. My master cherishes his AMERICAN BOYS.) And now, about my fleas. The police dog next door said he had a good



way of getting rid of fleas. He walked slowly into the lake with his tail on a large leaf that I held in my mouth. The fleas all marched on to the leaf and then hopped on me! I told the police dog I'd get even with him, but just TRY to get even with a police dog!"

"I hate to dampen your love affair," interrupts the ed, "but here's a letter from Billy McInturff, Marshfield, Oregon, telling how rainy it is there. He says that it rains so much in Marshfield that when you plant a sunflower seed it grows into a water lily. In the big game of the last football season, the teams went onto the field in rowboats. North Bend kicked off, and Marshfield's star boatman, Chapman, rowed for a touchdown, making the score two gills and three pints to nothing.

"Marshfield then kicked off and North Bend was down on the twenty-three gallon line. At the end of the quarter the lifeguard's whistle got stopped up by a goldfish and though he blew with all his might he could only produce a faint gurgle. In desperation he shot off his gun, thus ending the game and winning it for us. Though the North Bend captain stormed and foamed, the lifeguard merely munched a tuna fish sandwich."

The prize-winning letter this month—the winner of five bones from Pluto's salary—is from Bryan Jeffery, San Benito, Texas. He writes in part:

"THE AMERICAN BOY is different from other magazines I know of. It seems that the boys who read the magazine are the real managers of it, and the editors are working under them, always ready to carry out their orders. One of the best examples of this was in a recent 'Morning Mail,' when you said you would have a fashion department if the boys desired it. Another example is in the Best Reading Ballot whereby you try to learn what kind of stories the boys like best, and to get more of that type. And there are so many other examples that it seems the entire magazine is run by its readers. I suppose that is the reason it is so readily endorsed by boys all over the world."

Jeffery's letter gives us a chance to remind you that "In the Morning Mail" was started to give readers a chance to become co-editors of the magazine. The more helpful, critical, friendly letters you send us, the greater part you'll take in shaping the character of your magazine.

The many suggestions Morning Mail fans send in are full of good ideas for the editors. For instance—

Sam Reynolds, Little Rock, Arkansas, wants Mr. Heyliger to put the Macklin brothers, Garry and Owen, into a basketball story.

Robert F. McKibben, Bergholz, Ohio, asks for articles on cooking. "Not cream puff recipes, but instruction on how to cook flapjacks so they won't flap all over the stove!" You'll get at least one, McKibben, this summer.

Robert F. Lewis, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, wants a dog news department. A series of dog and horse articles are coming, Lewis, and they'll be written by none other than the trainer of Strongheart and many other famous dogs and horses for the movies.

"I am waiting for Flip and Red and Rusty and Porky to get their revenge on Nuisance Curtis for the tricks he pulled on them in 'The Mix-up With Nuisance,'" writes Bill Baring-Gould, Minneapolis, Minnesota. "We should see more of that fiend in human form."

You will see more of him. Flip and Red and Rusty are laying plans to "get" Nuisance, and what happens when they go into action will be told in a future issue.

Bill also wants to know if there's ever going to be another story by Major Charles Gilson, author of that English-African adventure serial, "The Zulu Trail."

There is. Gilson's next story will be "The Whispering Joss," and it will start some time within the next ten or twelve months. Mysterious adventure in China and England!

Cliff Estes, Whitesboro, Texas, echoes the plea of other fans when he asks to have Douglas Renfrew back in the Canadian Mounted Police. John Wood, Centralia, Illinois, on the other hand, would like to see more stories of Renfrew as a war flier. The editors are pretty sure that there'll be stories of Renfrew in the Mounted before many months, and there are several stories of war flying scheduled for appearance soon—not of Renfrew, but of cool-headed daring pilots like him.

All Renfrew fans will be tickled to learn that a copy of Laurie Y. Erskine's war flying stories in book form has been placed in the Imperial War Museum, South Kensington, London. Thus the Renfrew stories are recognized as something more than just fiction—they are authentic records of the war!

How many readers know where Riga is? If not, turn to your map of Europe, run your finger along the Baltic Sea until you come to a country named Latvia, and follow the big bay that indents the shore until you find Riga. Gregors S. Smelters lives there, and he writes Pluto that he has induced a fellow student named Klavin to subscribe to THE AMERICAN BOY. Both Klavin and Smelters are native-born Letts and they both use the magazine in their English classes. The month's mail also brings a letter from Kijabe, Kenya Colony, East Africa. Elwood L. Davis, missionary at Kenya Colony, writes that he and his son Philip recently took a vacation in the wilds, eighty miles from the colony,

and that they heard lions grunting at night. He invites Pluto out for a romp with the big game.



"Can you picture me stalking over the veldt with a helmet on my head, a khaki shirt open at the neck, and a rifle at the ready?" inquires Pluto. "Think how the lions would scurry for cover!"

"A lion would take one sniff at you," snickers the editor, "and walk away. You're not even appetizing."

During the past month, scores of more letters discussing a fashion department have dropped in. Paul A. Freye, Two Rivers, Wisconsin, is heartily in favor of four articles a year—one at the beginning of each season. He doesn't want a Fifth Avenue fashion plate, but a department that would keep in mind the pocketbook of the average reader, with some artist like H. Weston Taylor illustrating the fashion talks.

"Last year, when I graduated from high school," Homer Rizner, Polo, Illinois, writes, "I certainly wished for a fashion guide aimed at the high school student. A fellow who earns his own clothes money would like to spend that money in the wisest way."

Rizner suggests, also, that the magazine prepare a list of colleges and universities that offer good aeronautical courses. If Rizner and other high school students who expect to take up aeronautical engineering, will write Merrill Hamburg, secretary of the Airplane Model League of America, they'll receive such a list plus a number of good suggestions on how to prepare for an aviation career.

The month's longest-term subscriber is M. D. Herlocker, Pittsburg, Kansas, who has read the magazine continuously since 1900. "I am now thirty-nine years old," he writes, "and my Dad is seventy-four. We both enjoy THE AMERICAN BOY as much as we ever did—or more, as the stories are getting better all the time. The best characters in the past have been Connie Morgan, Russ Farrell, Renfrew, and Ed Sibley. I also like Schultz's Indian stories."

A new James Willard Schultz Indian serial, "Skullhead the Terrible" will start next month.

Louis Stetler, South Ardmore, Pennsylvania wants two sports stories each month. At least half the time, we do carry two sports stories in the same issue. Last year, we carried two in February, two in April, three in May, three in July, two in August, and two in November.

There are scores of letters left that we'd like to quote from, but space is running out. So we're going to pick one more to close with. Kenneth Watkins, Winfield, Kansas, who thought "Hot Dogs" by Mitchell V. Charnley was the best story in the February issue, wants to know if Pluto is a beaver hound! We'll let the office pup answer:

"I'm not," Pluto says, proudly. "Like all true Americans, I'm a little bit of everything. My body is a modified Dachshund, my tail has a touch of Collie, my spirit is a combination of shepherd and huskie, my ears are in the Cocker Spaniel style, and my head is in the Skye!"



**Level-Winding
Anti-Back-Lash Reel
at \$5.50**

HERE'S your reel, boys! A level-winding, anti-back-lash. Now you can bait cast accurately—along-side the best of 'em. Can't get a back-lash, snarl or tangle, and your line winds just as smooth and even as on a spool of thread. \$5.50 for this new South Bend Reel. Think of it! Ask your dealer.

**A South Bend 3 Piece
Jointed Steel Rod \$3.00**

And here's your rod. A 3-piece jointed steel rod with the famous lock-joint (patented) feature. Lengths 8 to 5 1/2 feet. Light, whippy action. Write for catalog. SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY 8681 High Street, South Bend, Ind.

SOUTH BEND
Fishing Tackle of all kinds. Reels, Rods, Lines, Baits

**THIS 260 PAGE
WHOLESALE
RADIO
CATALOG**
A Liberal Radio Education Within Itsself!
FREE
New 1929 Edition
Containing 76 radio booklets, 1000 illustrations, 6000 articles.
BUILD YOUR OWN WIRELESS PARTS.
Prices positively the lowest in the country.
Radio Specialty Co., 98-A Park Place, New York, N. Y.

**PAYSON'S
INDELBLE INK**
Used the World Over for 100 Years
PAYSON'S INDELBLE INK CO.
50 NORTHAMPTON AVE.,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

THIS CLASS PRIN 30c
If you buy 100 more. Silver plate. Ring 400 no. above all 11 perforations. 11 letters of date. Sterling silver, 15 or more in as. Slaggy 6000. Big Free St. above 10000 85 to 88 000. METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 841 Portland Ave., Boston, N. Y.

May 15th
Issue
North of Singapore
By H. Bedford-Jones
To make a ship and her rich cargo disappear completely from the face of the sea is no easy trick. But there was a man of mystery, a daring and clever criminal, who did it. Young Carstairs, secret agent, promised to capture him if he had to scour all the Malay Seas. Read this exciting novelette in
The Best All-Fiction Magazine
Adventure
A free copy on request. Address A. M. Rud, Editor, Dept. F, 223 Spring St., N. Y. C.

**The Camel Squad
of the Legion**

(Continued from page 11)

a fake stampede! I happen to know the camels will head straight for that gate. They smell the water there, now, and it is all the squad can do to hold 'em. Six runaway camels coming up that road! Can you see those Arabs failing to open the gate?"

Chavlet growled. "But yes! They will be irresistible, those camels! The Arabs will open—but only for a moment."

"They'll not get the gate shut again!" said Gene grimly, his brown eyes flashing with determination.

"How will you prevent them?" asked Captain Chavlet.

"I don't know," said Gene, truthfully. "That's up to the camel squad, sir. But if you mass your men at the east end of the palmery, you can storm up that slope and drop into the road. A charge through the gate, and you have them. We can pull this off right now."

The promise of immediate action was powerfully persuasive to Captain Chavlet. His men needed water, and they were in a mood to storm Gibraltar for it! They could be depended upon for almost any prodigy of valor to get to that well in the ksar!

"Bien!" said Chavlet. "I shall post myself out in the desert where I can watch this gate. If the camels are let in—"

He waved a hand, signifying that his whistle would blow for the charge up that rock slope immediately. It was only a drop of some fifteen feet to the road below. The men would be so close to the gun in the gallery that it could not be depressed far enough to reach them. But the gate needed to be open.

"All I want is a handful of men to stage a fake stampede," said Gene. "The camels will bolt as soon as they get their reins. Let the men follow on, waving arms and yelling, and then give up chasing about when the camels reach that road. Ought to look as if the darned oonts had gotten away from them completely!" Gene laughed.

CAPTAIN CHAVLET smiled with him, the first relief of mind he had shown since the water keg disaster. The plan had at least slim hopes of success. There were ways in which a fool camel could be induced to balk at the gate, introducing inextricable confusion in the rest. And during that mix-up, the Legion would have its chance for a surprise attack.

The captain eyed Gene soberly. "One man will have to be with the stampede, Corporal, hidden somewhere under the tarpaulins. Otherwise there will be no mix-up at the gate. Are you going to be that man?"

"I certainly am, sir!" said Gene, his eyes shining. "It's my idea, isn't it?"

"But if we do not arrive in time," said Chavlet soberly. "The Arabs will —" He stopped at the thought of what would happen.

"I'll take a chance!" said Gene hardily. "I'll mix 'em up good in the gate, sir! They won't get me without a fight! Only, do be quick, sir!"

"As quick as men can be," said Chavlet, shaking hands over it with fervor. "Adieu, mon brave! I shall be first in the charge to your relief!"

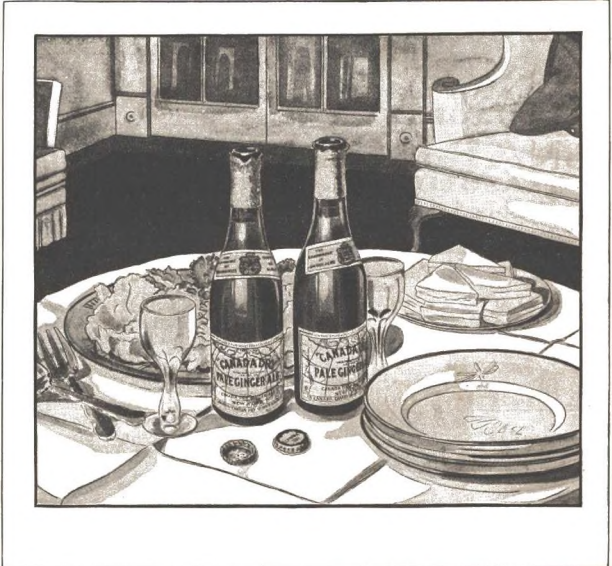
They parted, Chavlet to arrange his end of it, Gene to go back to the camel squad, where he ordered his men to take off one keg and rig instead a rope sling for him under the tarp. When he outlined his plan, the camel squad objected, violently.

"You-all says us cameleers was go-in' to git 'em out'n the fix, Corp, and that means us—all of us!" Texas cried out passionately, while Rutli and the



Because of its pure ingredients,
expertly blended, this fine old ginger ale
always has the same

Marvelous Flavor



It's as crisp and sparkling as dew on a lettuce leaf . . . with piquancy equal to caviar . . . refreshing as tea after a long walk in the country . . . cooling as the breeze around the fireplace. This is "Canada Dry." This is the champagne of ginger ales.

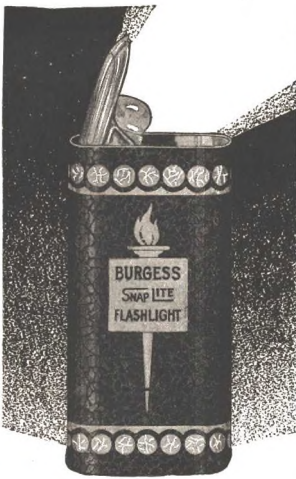
Its remarkable flavor is like some rare old wine. Its zest and sparkle set it off forever from any other ginger ale. It has an inimitable quality which has won the approving nod of connoisseurs the wide world over.

And did you ever stop to think why "Canada Dry" is such a popular ginger ale? One simple statement tells the story—marvelous flavor. First, absolutely pure ingredients and high-quality Jamaica ginger give "Canada Dry" basic excellence. Expert blending and balancing contribute to the inimitable result. A secret process of carbonation produces a delicate balance of flavor. Daily tests under laboratory methods assure purity.

Order "Canada Dry" today in the convenient Hostess Package of 12 bottles.



"CANADA DRY"
The Champagne of Ginger Ales



ACTUAL SIZE
BURGESS
SNAP LITE
FLASHLIGHT
The Vest-Pocket Flashlight

(Size: Height 2 3/4"; Width 1 3/8"; Depth 1 1/8")



A caseless flashlight that is durable and practical... dainty and exquisite. Lasts an amazingly long time. Get one today.

Silvery, sparkling color designs: Red, Blue, Green, Brown, Black. Vivid, striking, modernistic colors.



An innovation in flashlights that is almost indispensable... once you are accustomed to its wonderful convenience. In your pocket—or purse—under your pillow—through-out the house, you will find scores of uses for this miniature flashlight.

Its long life is due, partially, to Chrome—a patented feature of all Burgess batteries: radio, ignition and flashlight.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
General Sales Office: Chicago
Mfrs. of Radio, Ignition and Flashlight Batteries

A COMPLETE FLASHLIGHT
39¢
NOTHING ELSE TO BUY

Sold in These Stores:

**DRUG;
HARDWARE;
ELECTRICAL;
AUTOMOTIVE;
DEPARTMENT;
and others.**

**Go to the Nearest One
and Ask for It**

(Continued from page 57)

rest made noises of agreement with him. "We ain't goin' to be no chasin' squad, neither! Rutli! Gene's gone light in th' haid! You ease off them kegs an' we all goes, by heck!"

Gene laughed tears as his insubordinate squad took charge of his idea and proceeded to improve on it. Rutli got himself under the tarp in place of a keg and cuddled his automatic beside him, with a belt of cartridges all set and ready for trouble. Within a few minutes, Mora, Tex, and Gene were similarly hid. It was stifling under those tarps.

The camels were roaring, grunting, and blubbing, now, crazy to be off after that water. The belt men pulled the pins and the stampepe started. Along the north wall of the palmery galloped the six brutes, pursued by a yelling mob of Legionaries who waved arms, and shouted in frantic, simulated despair. Gene thought the ropes would cut him in two. The jouncing was terrific. He heard the voices of the Legionaries fade and knew they had given up the mock chase. He heard the pounding of hoofs on lava and then the delighted yells of tribesmen in the gallery. *Yallah!* The Legion's water camels had run away from them! Was there ever a more beneficent act of Allah?

Gene gripped the check rein tight. In a moment, the gate would swing. One thing drummed through his mind—he must keep that gate open! Suddenly he felt himself thrown violently against his rope sling. Arab voices sounded almost in his ear. His camel was at the gate pawing it. Would they open?

THERE was a tense, agonizing instant. Then the hinges creaked. Gene felt the camel move forward. Now for the mix-up. He checked the nosering cord savagely. The camel backed up on his hind legs with a squall of rage. Instantly the rear camels were upon him in a frantic tangle of necks and legs and humps, and the gateway was in a wild uproar of Arabs whacking and cursing, yanking at loose bridles, doing their best to get the beasts clear of the broad panels of the gate so it could be closed. The holders of the fort were beginning to realize that they were in a position of extreme peril.

Gene heard the Arab alarm sounded up above and knew that the Legion was storming the rocky slope.

"A few minutes more—a few minutes more!" he prayed.

Suddenly a bearded head thrust itself up under his tarp. Gene heard a startled curse and saw the swarthy face close to his. The next instant he felt the tarpaulin jerked clear of his shoulders. "*Roumi! Roumi!*" the swarthy tribesman yelled.

Gene lost no time in slipping clear of the slings. He dropped into a mob of bewildered Reguibat and cleared a place for himself with short jabs of a busy bayonet. Behind him he heard the deafening clatter of Rutli's sho-sho. He caught a glimpse of Tex and Mora, leaping into the utterly disorganized Arabs.

The four of them worked together back to a wall. For a moment they held the entire court of the *ksar* at bay. In another moment, they knew, the natives would come to their senses, and then they would be riddled with bullets. The moment never arrived. While the tribesmen still stumbled over each other, a horizontal stream of bullets crashed through the main gate and swept everything clear before it. Bayonets came lunging through, in ranks of gleaming steel. Then the Legion, all of it, with Chavlet at its head!

Tribesmen swarmed up the stone steps to the roof, raced for the parapets, dropped over the wall. More of them vanished into the rooms around the court, to be flushed out and cap-

tured, or be bayoneted where they fought. In ten minutes it was all over, the court was silent, and the Tricolor flying once more over *Ksar el Toubs*.

Captain Chavlet sought out Gene, as soon as the flag had been raised. He found the corporal and his squad on guard at the well. They were holding off the rabid Legion at the point of the bayonet, and Gene himself was doing out a scant cupful to each pleading man. Too much water was dangerous after a prolonged thirst!

"*Felicitations, mon brave!* It was a stampepe incomparable, that one! *Mon Dieu!*" Chavlet was wringing Gene's hand and laughing like a boy and giving orders about the prisoners, all in one.

The irrepressible Texas chimed in: "You said a mouthful there, Captain-boss! Ain't a bit o' use foolin' round that palmery when you got six crazy camels that knows better!"

Chavlet laughed again. "And six cameleers who can take a whole lot single-handed, eh, my cowboy?" he asked Tex banteringly.

Gene smiled a slow smile. "Hadn't you better have a drink yourself, sir?" he suggested.

"*Mon Dieu!* I almost forgot I was thirsty!" laughed Chavlet and gulped the parninkin that Gene tendered him. Halfway through he lifted his eyes from the cup and stopped. With a touch of courtliness, he raised the cup high.

"*Salut, mon brave!*" he toasted. Then, with a quick gesture, he cast the cup aside and ripped off the *Croix de Guerre* gleaming on his own tunic. Hastily he pinned it on Gene's, embraced the corporal fervently, kissed him on both cheeks.

"*Voila, the Croix, my infant!*" he said huskily. "You shall be cited for it, in my report of this affair!"

Gene was so surprised that he failed even to salute. He looked down at the cross dubiously. He hadn't done anything in particular!

Next month, Gene and Tex in another Foreign Legion story by Warren Hastings Miller.

Join
the League—
invite
your
friends
to join.

Use this
coupon



AIRPLANE MODEL LEAGUE OF AMERICA



AIRPLANE MODEL LEAGUE OF AMERICA
American Boy Building
Second and Lafayette Blvds.
Detroit, Michigan.
Gentlemen:

I wish to join the A. M. L. A. in order to have the backing of Commander Hyrd and other air-leaders in my airplane model work, to get the help of Merrill Hamburg in building record-smashing models, and to learn about national contests, parts at cost, free question and answer service and other League privileges. Please enroll me as a member. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover postage on my membership card and button.

Full Name
Age
Street and Number
City State



**Get this book
on how to build
Planes that Fly**

Enjoy the thrill of building your own aeroplane. You'll marvel how easily it takes wing. Boys everywhere are just wild about this new sport!

We send you the book that shows how. It's free! Mail the coupon below for the first two tags you need. Then go to your merchant and buy either Yank Junior or Honor Bright shirts or blouses. You will get another tag with each garment. It takes only six free tags to make you the owner of the book, "How to Build Aeroplane Models That Fly."

Mother knows the big value in Yank Junior or Honor Bright garments. New, snappy patterns, durable materials, full cut and roomy; with reinforced pockets, good tailoring. Styled just like Dad's. Whether you play, work or study, Mother will find the right garment for you in this large selection. Get started today—mail the coupon!



HONOR BRIGHT
and
YANK JUNIOR
Shirts · Blouses · Playsuits
Aviation Suits
Boys' Athletic Underwear

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 WEST MONROE STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please send me 2 free tags; I want to get your Aeroplane Book. Mother buys my clothes at

Do they sell Yank Junior and Honor Bright garments?

Name.....

Address.....

What Makes It Fly?

(Continued from page 36)

The monoplane wing 1 is placed above the fuselage. The lift of the wings acts upward, of course, and supports the fuselage and its contents and all other parts of the machine. A weight carried at arm's length tends to bend the arm down, and imposes a bending moment at the elbow and at the shoulder. In similar fashion the wings tend to bend, but to bend upward. To relieve the wings partially of this bending strain, lifting struts 2, two on either side, are attached to the wing at their upper ends, and carry the lift loads down to hinges 3 at the fuselage. The struts meet at one point at the lower end, so that they give the appearance of a V in side view. These struts are streamlined in section so as to offer the least resistance to the motion of the air. Sometimes they are built of solid wood; sometimes they are built up of a hollow steel tube, with a wooden fairing. These methods of construction are shown in the small sketch.

Why Wing Ends Are Rounded

THE reader will notice that, as in almost all designs, the ends of the wing are rounded off and thinned down. This is the case in Baisley's monoplane, as can be seen from the plan and front view. This gives the wing a trifle more efficiency than a blunt, rectangular end. In some airplanes, rectangular ends are employed because they are cheaper and easier to make.

As in all airplanes, there are three sets of control surfaces; the two ailerons, 4; the rudder, 5; and the elevators, 6. From the pilot's cockpit, cables run over pulleys to these surfaces. It is good practice to hide these cables inside the fuselage or the wing. In this particular design the aileron and rudder cables are hidden, but the elevator cables, 7, project outside for part of their length. The control surfaces are free to swing about hinges at their front or leading edges. The cables evidently cannot attach directly to the surfaces. They must fasten to projecting arms or horns 8, so that they have some leverage about the hinges. These horns are generally made of sheet metal, carefully shaped and welded together. Again a small sketch illustrates construction better than words.

In a previous article we have seen how the control surfaces act. Anyone learning to pilot a machine must also learn to inspect and test his controls. In other parts of the airplane minor imperfections may not lessen the safety. But the controls must function perfectly. Before flight the pilot tests his controls—elevator, rudder, and ailerons—to see that they are easy and free, that there is no binding or excessive friction anywhere.

Controlling the Plane

LET us follow the control system through by means of our diagrams. Take the aileron system first. The control stick 9 is pivoted at the hinge 10. At its lower end 11 are fixed the aileron cables 12. They pass over pulleys 13 in the fuselage. From there the cables pass over pulleys 14 and 15 in the wing. Then they go to the aileron horns 16, on the upper surface of the ailerons 17. On the under surface of the ailerons are the horns 18. From the horns 18 the cables pass over pulleys 19 in the wing, and meet. The aileron control system is thus a continuous one. If the control stick is pushed to the right, it evidently pulls down the aileron on the right and raises the aileron on the left. The main advantages of this interconnected system are: first, the two ailerons act together, and therefore more powerfully than they would sep-

arately; second, the upgoing aileron tends to go up automatically due to the suction forces on the upper side of the wing, and so lessens the force exercised by the pilot in bringing the other aileron down.

The rudder control system is much simpler. If the pilot pushes on the pedal 20 at the right, he introduces a pull in the cable 21 and so swings the rudder 22 to the right.

In the elevator control, matters are equally simple. The elevator control wires 23 are crossed. Accordingly, when the control stick is pushed forward, the elevator is depressed and the nose of the airplane lowered, as it should be.

An airplane must be efficient, stable, and structurally strong. But even with these qualities secured, there remain the equally difficult problems of installing the power plant correctly, of giving the pilot and passengers suitable accommodation.

We will now turn to three other drawings that illustrate these internal arrangements of our craft. Incidentally we shall learn something of the fuselage construction. This is built up of hollow carbon steel tubing, with four long members 24 termed longerons, and tubes 25 which form a regular engineering truss on the top, bottom, and sides of the fuselage. There are no bracing wires employed. Wires need frequent adjustment and tightening. Whereas, when all these hollow steel tubes are welded together at the junction points, the fuselage stays put. In most American airplanes wood has disappeared. In case of a bad landing, or a crash, tubes bend but do not break or splinter as wooden members are apt to do. The steel fuselage construction has been instrumental in saving many lives.

The air-cooled engine 26, of 135 horse power, is bolted to the edge of the fuselage by means of a special mounting ring. The oil tank 27, is mounted immediately below and behind the engine. The closer the oil tank is placed to the engine, the less chance there is of trouble in the leads. The lower part of the oil tank is exposed to the stream of air so that the oil never becomes too hot and loses its lubricating qualities. There is frequently much discussion as to the proper location of the gasoline tanks 28. In Lieutenant Baisley's design, all the gasoline is placed in two tanks in the wing. This has several advantages. The gasoline is at least two feet above the carburetor so that the gasoline flows to the carburetor under gravity; there is no need for a gasoline pump, which, however good, can never be as reliable as gravity; there is no gasoline in the cabin; and, in case of a crash, the greatest protection against fire is provided.

One of the most important things from the pilot's point of view is vision. Triplex (a transparent material that does not splinter or break) windows at the front and sides of the fuselage give the pilot good vision ahead and below. For the passengers in the back seat there are sliding side windows, also of triplex, which can be moved at the will of the passengers. In the early days of flying, open cockpits were invariably employed. Now that there is more general flying by the public, enclosed cabins are becoming much more popular. Instead of muffling themselves up in heavy flying suits, donning helmets and goggles, passengers can step into cabins in their ordinary clothes.

With ample sliding windows, exhaust gas heaters, cabin walls insulated as far as possible against cold and noise, comfortable seats, and a high, spacious cabin as in this design, flying can be made perfectly comfortable under the

Full speed ahead!

Coast like a breeze

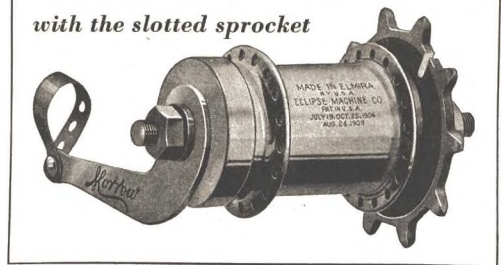
Stop "on a dime"

Every ounce of energy counts when you pedal ahead on a mount with a Morrow Coaster Brake. Its ball bearings take out all possible friction drag. And there is no lost motion, because in the Morrow the forward drive is positive and unailing.

With a Morrow, when you coast, your speed holds up and you get the last inch of distance, because of instant, perfectly free release.

And when it comes to stopping, the Morrow does it so very smoothly—just about as fast as your brain can telegraph to

with the slotted sprocket



your toe! That's the value of the great big braking power you get only with a Morrow. The Morrow gives you the real internal-expanding action like the best automobile brakes!

There's just one thing that's more fun than having a bicycle—and that's having a Morrow Coaster Brake on it. Mention it to dad—you can bet that he once wanted a Morrow—and the dealer can give you a Morrow on any bicycle.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY • ELMIRA, N. Y.

Morrow
STURDY, SURE
COASTER BRAKE
With the Slotted Sprocket



The Dayton Steel Racquet is the Racquet that will win your letter

HOW would you like to win your letter on the tennis team when you go to college?

Today, the letters are going to the men who play the fastest game.

That's why the up and coming players are turning to the new steel-string racquet—the Dayton Steel Racquet. It's the fastest tennis racquet in the world! Just bounce

a ball off those steel strings and see the difference! Don't let the other boys get the edge on you. Play the best game that's in you. Get ready to make the team when you go to college. Ask Dad to help your game with a Dayton Steel Racquet—the racquet that's winning on the college courts today. Dayton Steel Racquet Company, Dayton, O.

DAYTON STEEL RACQUET

AS MODERN AS AVIATION



Shoes get the "once-over" first! They must be neat, to make a good impression.

Be "polished"—2 minutes a day does it, with "old reliable"

SHINOLA OR 2 IN 1
10c and 15c 15c

The Home Shoe Polishes
All Colors—At All Dealers

P. S. Treat your car to a quick, brilliant, non-spotting shine! Use 2 IN 1 or Shinola—Tan for body and fenders (will not affect color of car).

Use 2 IN 1 Black for the top.

(Continued from page 59)
severest weather conditions.

Large doors are provided on either side of the cabin. For passenger planes, the Department of Commerce quite rightly insists on the provision of doors on either side of the cabin. In large planes, and particularly in flying boats, emergency exits at the top of the cabin are also provided.

It is extraordinary what a large amount of equipment and instruments an airplane has to carry. Some of these instruments will be described more fully in a later article. But we will list them now and give the purpose of each.

Parachutes for Everybody?

ALL seats in the Baisley monoplane parachutes. There is much debate as to whether parachutes should be provided for passenger planes or not. If all the passengers are professionally engaged in aviation, and capable of using parachutes, then certainly all of them should be provided with a seat pack parachute, which is not in their way, and is so harnessed to their bodies that they can jump with ease. But if only the pilot can use a parachute, then when passengers are carried even the pilot should be without a chute. In case of approaching disaster, the pilot cannot then desert his ship. It can safely be said that the overwhelming majority of pilots would remain at their posts anyhow. The tradition of duty among airplane pilots is just as high as at sea.

No one would think of operating an automobile without brakes, and almost all commercial airplanes in the United States are now provided with brakes. The brakes most frequently used are the Bendix, which can be seen on many motor cars. The brake levers are attached to the outer sides of the rudder pedals. The pilot can operate them by pressing down with the heel without removing his feet from the rudder bar. The side elevation drawing shows the brake arrangement.

Wheel brakes are proving of great value in airplane operation. Applied on landing, they may shorten the run to half its length. In some airplanes when taxiing on the ground, the rudder is insufficient for steering. Since the wheel brake can be applied to both wheels together or to one wheel at a time, the pilot can steer by applying the brake on the side towards which he wishes to turn. When starting off on a flight it was formerly necessary to apply wooden "chocks" to the wheels when the engine was switched on. These chocks had to be skillfully removed just as the pilot wished to get under way. With the use of brakes, the pilot can dispense with the chocks.

Some of our readers will remember the days when they helped start the family car by painful cranking. Now all cars are equipped with self-starters. So are airplanes, and the Baisley design is no exception.

"Study the pilot's convenience," is the slogan of every airplane designer, and in this monoplane everything has been done to make instruments easily read and engine controls accessible. The instrument board 29 is inclined at a convenient angle. The instruments have circular dials. The instruments are grouped according to their functions. Thus to the right are placed the altimeter 30, which shows height, and the air speed indicator 31, which shows flying speed, as its name implies.

The compass 32 is placed at the cen-

ter of the board. Over the compass is placed the turn and bank indicator 33. The turn indicator warns the pilot of any slight deviation from straight flight. The bank indicator tells him whether his plane is flying on a level keel or tending to tilt sidewise. The fore-and-aft inclinometer warns him that his plane is nosing up or down instead of maintaining a constant attitude. On the left side of the instrument board are grouped the engine instruments. On the tachometer dial 34 he can read the revolutions per minute of the engine. The oil thermometer 35 shows him that the engine is running neither too hot nor too cold. The oil pressure gauge 36 indicates whether or not sufficient oil is being pumped through the engine for correct lubrication. At the left are conveniently located the throttle and spark controls 37.

The gasoline level gauges are located at the bottom of the gasoline tanks in the wings. Particularly on cross-country flights the pilot must always be on the alert as regards the amount of gasoline he still has.

Now let us turn to the control stick details, with some explanatory remarks, which the reader will grasp readily. One of the control sticks is removable. The advantage of a removable control stick is that the plane can be used either for instruction purposes or purely as a passenger plane, with no stick in front of the passenger. Sometimes in dual

control planes, inexperienced passengers can give serious trouble to the pilot.

The best way of all to get familiar with the interior of an airplane is to fly in one, or at least to inspect one on the ground. Perhaps our readers will be interested in the photograph of the pilot's cockpit of the Fairchild Cabin monoplane.

Finally we come to wing construction. Long beams or spars carry the main loads of the wings. They are hollowed out at the sides to reduce weight, since it is the upper and lower portions of the wing beam that contribute mainly to its strength. The delicate looking ribs, to which the fabric is sewn, maintain the contour or camber of the wings and transmit the pressure of the air on the fabric to the wing beams. Just as the wing was reinforced against lift loads by the external struts running from wings to fuselage, which we spoke of previously, so internal struts and wires strengthen the wing beams against drag loads which tend to swing them backwards.

Space will not allow us to describe in detail the construction of the wings, nor the way in which the landing gear is built so that the landing shocks are absorbed by rubber shock absorbers. Since engineers devote their lives to the study of such construction, it is impossible to learn it all from one short article.

EDITORS' NOTE—You've learned about the intricate structure of the airplane in the foregoing article, the seventh of the Klemm series. The first, published last November, told why an airplane can fly; the second, in December, discussed experiments with wings; in January the third article treated wings and airplane design; the fourth, in February, dealt with the three main types of wings; the March article, fifth in the series, told how man learned to control the airplane; last month Professor Klemm explained how a designer can plan an airplane that will fly itself. Watch for the June issue, in which he will introduce you to "The Wonderful Aircraft Engine."



REAR VIEW
SEAT TYPE PARACHUTE
FOR PASSENGERS

"Be Yourself"

(Continued from page 17)

against Pennock because he can out-guess him. Pennock fails rarely to deliver to Heilmann exactly the kind of ball Harry is set for.

When Heilmann first won the batting championship, in 1921, one of the game's greatest hitters told me:

"He's a cheese champion. His winning the title is only an accident. Watch and see."

IT remained for Heilmann to disprove this. He has won the title in every odd year since 1921. He has proved himself a great hitter and the chief reason for his success is that he studies pitchers just as pitchers must study batsmen to be successful. He can tell you the peculiarities of every pitcher he faces.

Heilmann, who is big and bulky, is graceful despite his build. He displays beautiful batting form. This form enables him to time a pitched ball perfectly and step into it at the right moment. He holds himself not too rigid and not too supple. He bats with a perfect rhythm. Powerful wrists enable him to wield the bat with the wrists rather than the arms. He gets the right shoulder into the thrust.

Once he's taken his position at bat, Heilmann doesn't change it. He does not "bob" up and down, as so many batters do, because he knows that bobbing switches your line of vision and lessens your chances to connect with the ball. He stands steady—poised—waiting, with his eyes glued on the hurler.

These fundamentals of good batting can be acquired through study and practice. Napoleon Lajoie and Rogers Hornsby, two other great right-handed hitters, reached the top because they studied to perfect form. These three—Heilmann, Hornsby, Lajoie—are the three greatest right-handers of the last twenty-five years. But they worked to get there. They were made—not born.

Part of the study every beginner must undertake is himself—his temperament and his physical limitations.

"If you want to succeed, be yourself," Lou Gehrig, star first baseman of the New York Yankees, once said, when he was asked how he had become one of the game's leading sluggers. "Don't copy anyone else unless you're sure his style fits you."

Gehrig had been advised to copy Babe Ruth's style at bat. He had tried. He had studied Ruth intently and tried to imitate his every move. But he had failed. His batting average had dwindled until finally he had given up.

As soon as he started developing the form best suited to him, his average improved, until now he is Ruth's foremost rival in home run swatting!

The men who had earnestly advised Gehrig to copy Ruth had evidently forgotten that Gehrig and Ruth are two entirely different people. Temperamentally, Gehrig is easy-going, not excitable. Ruth is nervous and high-strung.

Ruth shows this in batting. He stands at the plate with his feet together, poised. When the ball comes his way, he steps into it and takes a full swing. Gehrig, on the other hand, stands flat-footed, with feet spread apart. He doesn't swing until the ball is almost on top of him, and then he takes just a three-quarter or half swing. Ruth is easier to outguess than Gehrig, but he takes a fuller swing and therefore hits the ball harder.

Gehrig's flat-footed style is best suited to his easy-going, undisturbed nature. Ruth's poise and his quick way of stepping into the ball are best suited to his nervous nature. Both men are formidable sluggers.

You can easily go wrong on the selection of a bat. Manufacturers turn out bats for leading sluggers that

are suited exactly to the needs of the players after whom the bats are named. There's a Ty Cobb model, a Tris Speaker, a Harry Heilmann. Too often, beginning players, who idolize a certain slugger, will adopt his bat and by so doing ruin their own averages.

Several years ago, a tall youngster reported to the Detroit training camp. He gave his name as "Babe" Herman and his position as first base. Out in the Imperial Valley, where he had played, Herman had won a reputation as a slugger. But he failed to slug in the Detroit camp and was sent back to the minors.

Herman couldn't understand why he had failed to hit. He had brought his own bats from California. They weighed 56 ounces each. They were the heaviest bats ever seen in a training camp, and men asked him why he had bought them.

"Ruth uses a 56-ounce bat," Herman explained.

Ruth was Herman's idol. He'd read somewhere that Ruth wielded a 56-ounce stick, and so he had bought the same type himself. Of course the bats were too heavy. Invariably, Herman would swing late at the ball and miss it entirely. But he refused to change.

"Ruth made a home run record with 56-ounce bats," was his reply to every argument.

Herman went back to the minors. Eventually he graduated to the Brooklyn Nationals where his hitting caused a sensation. But Herman wasn't swinging a 56-ounce bat. He had found the weight that was suited to him.

It pays to study yourself, to find the style that fits you, and then to labor to perfect it. Don't be discouraged if development seems slow.

"Dazzy" Vance wandered from club to club for a number of years before he finally developed the fast ball and the hook that made him a leading pitcher. Now his fast ball is called the speediest in the National League, and his hook is said to be the fastest-breaking curve that either league has seen in the last twenty years.

Ty Cobb didn't leap into greatness. When he started his career, he couldn't hit left-handed pitching. As a left-handed batter, he was under a natural handicap against left-handed pitching, but so were all other left-handed batters. Cobb decided to overcome his weakness. Day after day, he induced left-handed hurlers to pitch to him. By sheer work, he eventually became as effective against left-handed moundsmen as against right-handers.

Cobb used to be unable to slide. So he practiced. He borrowed a bag and went to a corner of the ball park, where, day after day, he would slide until his hips and thighs were torn and bleeding. In time he became the most deceptive base runner and base stealer in the game.

Max Carey is the leading runner in the National League. In the last fourteen years, Carey has led the National League in stolen bases ten times and finished second the other four years. That's a major record. But Carey's style differs widely from Cobb's. Carey runs bases in the manner best suited to him. When they were learning, both men observed certain fundamental principles of good base running, but otherwise they differ. Yet each went to the top. Each became a leader by being himself.

The experiences of Cobb and Carey, of Gehrig and Ruth, of Alexander, Vance, and every other star, give the beginner two sign posts to good playing. First: Be yourself.

Second: Through continual practice, develop that self to the limit of its possibilities.

BEN BERNIE

tells Jim Henry



Here is Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, talking to Ben Bernie. Mr. Bernie, "the young maestro," is famous for his animated and witty radio performances. He and his orchestra appear nightly in the Hotel Roosevelt Grill, New York.

"I keep my face in tune with MENTHOL-ICED shaves"

"SHAVING time for me is after dinner—before I array myself in my dinner coat, grab my fiddle, and run down to the Hotel Roosevelt.

"I play before a 'high-hat' New York audience every night. And believe me, Jim, it's hard, hot work to lead a band through 17 jazz numbers! But—when I have started the evening with one of your cool Menthol-iced shaves I feel fit as my fiddle at the finale... The minute the lather goes on, I can feel my face cool down... and my spirits go up. Since I've started using Menthol-iced, there's close harmony between my face, my lather and my razor!..."

Mennen Menthol-iced—The Young Man's Shave!

COOLNESS—refreshing, invigorating, mountain-breeze coolness—that's what makes Mennen Menthol-iced unique—different from any shave you've ever had!

Skin specialists say that cool shaves are good for the skin. The menthol, blended into Mennen Menthol-iced by a secret process, does these three things: 1. Tones tired facial nerves. 2. Soothes and heals minute shaving abrasions. 3. Protects the skin after shaving... Try this MODERN pep-up shave. Send the coupon!

2 CREAMS—Mennen is made with or without Menthol

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the team-mate of the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both creams give you *Dermutized lather*, the lather which whips up fast and thick in either hard or soft, hot or cold water. Dermutized lather softens the beard quickly and thoroughly, lubricates the blade—gives quicker, smoother, happier shaves!

After the shave—Mennen Skin Balm. Protects the skin, removes "face shine." Send for trial tube!

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

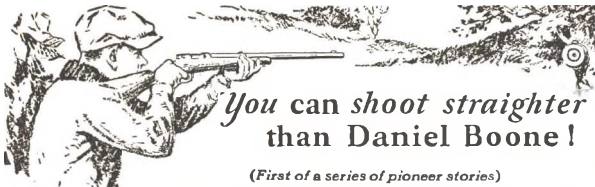


Jim Henry's treat—

14 cool shaves—FREE

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. A-3, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim. If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as Ben Bernie says it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm!

Name _____
Address _____



You can shoot straighter than Daniel Boone!

(First of a series of pioneer stories)

WHAT a woodsman was Daniel Boone! What a wonderful shot—as those old timers had to be! From boyhood he was skilled in the use of a rifle. He was deadly when a kill meant meat—always cool when lives were at stake. Often the danger came from Indians on the warpath; sometimes from savage beasts.

In Hartley's biography of Boone we read: "He was scarcely able to carry a gun when he was shooting all the squirrels, raccoons, and even wild cats he could find. Other lads in the neighborhood were soon taught by him the use of the rifle. On one occasion, they all started out for a hunt, and were returning homeward, when suddenly a wild cry was heard in the woods. The boys screamed out, 'A panther! A panther!' and ran off as fast as they could. Boone stood firmly, looking around for the animal. It was a panther indeed. His eyes lighted upon him just in the act of springing toward him; in an instant he leveled his rifle and shot him through the heart."

But, great shots as Boone and those old bordermen were—you boys should shoot straighter today! And why not? Modern guns are vastly superior to the muzzle loading long rifles of a hundred years ago.

Then just think of the improvements in ammunition! Regardless of the accuracy with which they held, the pioneers were not backed up by powder such as you now have. The science of ballistics was not what it is now.

Spark photography was undreamed of—yet this recent amazing Peters development has been the means of more progress in improving ammunition than has ever been possible in any previous similar period. Bullets are now photographed in flight with an exposure of but a millionth of a second!

Daniel Boone had constantly to be cleaning his rifle. Neglect or inability to do so destroyed accuracy and power. Yet you never need to clean yours at all. If you have the barrel perfectly clean to start with and then shoot only Peters *Rustless* thereafter.

Peters *Rustless* ammunition positively will not rust, pit or corrode a barrel—yet costs no more. It will shoot straighter, harder and faster than the ammunition of Daniel Boone's day. And that's why we say you can shoot straighter than Daniel Boone.

Initiate your Dealer gives you Peters *Rustless*. Write us for booklet entitled "What Happens After The Shot Is Fired." It's free—it's illustrated—and tells about spark photography and improved ammunition. THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO., Dept. E-46, Cincinnati, Ohio.



A Heap of FUN for YOU and Your CHUM

Learn to Play Duets on Your Buescher—

It's the greatest sport of all—learning to play a Buescher Saxophone. Don't miss it. You and your chum can have a heap of fun. It won't take long—soon you will be playing all the popular pieces as duets. Then you can join the school band or orchestra, or start a neighborhood orchestra of your own.

When you go to college, play in the band or join the orchestra. Many boys play their way through college by playing in dance orchestras outside.

At parties, your duets will be the hit of the program; popularity is certain to be yours. All your lives you will have fun at entertainments, at social functions, as well as at home, playing on your

BUESCHER

True Tone Saxophones

For duets, no two instruments make sweeter harmonies than the Buescher E flat Alto and the Buescher B flat Tenor or Soprano Saxophones. With these two full-toned, easy playing instruments, you and your chum can soon play all the latest popular music.

Only a Buescher Gives You ALL These Features:

Patented Snap-on Pads—greatest improvement for beauty of tone—easy to replace—no more cementing. No lost time waiting for repairs.

Patented Automatic Octave Key—always positive.

Hands never moved from one playing position.

SEND FOR FREE LITERATURE—showing pictures of all Buescher models and many prominent professional players. Also contains first lesson chart. Sign coupon at right and mail today.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2778 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana



Easy to Play

It will surprise you to find how easy it is to play a Buescher—its many patented improvements—found on no other make—will enable you to progress more quickly.

6 Days' Trial You or your chum can try out any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trombone, Trumpet or any other instrument for 6 days in your own home, without obligation to keep it. We have a payment plan that makes it easy for you to own your Buescher—a little down and a little each month.

 Buescher Band Instrument Co. (1917)
 2778 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Indiana
 Gentlemen—Without obligating me in any way, send me your free literature and mention instrument interested in.
 Name.....
 Age..... Name Instrument.....
 Address.....

Shanghai Passage

(Continued from page 6)

variety of epithets. "I'll black your eyes if you don't get up here!" "We better git ter work, Alabam," Topy announced casually to Stuart as he mounted the steps.

On deck the boy halted in surprise at the velocity of the wind that beat across the bulwarks and sang through the rigging above. By Caesar, they must be heading right into a gale! He lurched close to the leeward wing of the forecastle where Topy and the boatswain were peering through a porthole. Cries and shouts came from the compartment.

"That's the blarsted firemen's quarters," confided Topy with a wide grin. "They must be 'avin' a little fight. 'Ear 'em 'tittin' each other!"

IN silence the three stood listening as the outcry behind the bulkhead increased to a mighty roar. The next instant a door to the left of the seamen's forecastle flew open, and a yellow glare flashed out on deck. From the doorway reverberated shouts and oaths, and the scuffling and blows of infuriated men. Then up the ladder tottered a dark form, which crumpled to the plates of the deck.

"Cripes, they're killin' each other," muttered the boatswain. He put his fingers to his lips; a whistle shrilled out across the deck.

"What's the trouble?" Stuart asked uneasily.

"Now, don't get excited, Alabam," Topy said cheerfully. "That's just a friendly li'l fight. That ain't nothin' ter wot 'll 'appen before this 'ere voyage is finished."

As the uproar in the Black Gang's forecastle still continued, the boatswain hurried aft, no doubt to notify an engine-room officer of the trouble. A low moan came from the figure which had fallen to the deck by the doorway. The man attempted to rise and then fell back with a groan.

Stuart stepped forward. "That man's hurt, Topy. We'd better help him."

Topy put a restraining hand on the boy's shoulder. "Alabam, yer keep away from those blokes," he said earnestly. "If yer mix in their fights, yer might get a bullet in yer back."

But Stuart had already torn himself free, and was kneeling beside the prostrate fireman.

"Dio Cane," muttered the man. "I gee't 'em yet!"

He struggled to his knees, and Stuart saw that the man held a knife in his hand. In the light from the electric bulb burning in the deck head just above the steps, the steel blade glistened like an avenging dagger. "I keel 'em—I keel 'em!" shrieked the man, dragging himself back to the doorway. He was an olive-skinned Italian, short and sturdily built; his white even teeth curved over his lips in anguish.

"Stay 'ere, Tony," Topy admonished. "The bloody horrificers are comin'."

Stuart looked up as he heard quick steps approaching. Topy drew him outside the range of light into the deep shadow of the washroom. "Keep outa this, kid," he whispered. "That's the skipper and the chief engineer. They'll 'ave ter hurry ter save Tony the Wop."

"We've got to put a stop to this, Mr. Rankin," said a voice, deep and vibrant above the hum of the wind. "This is the second row in your fo's'le since leaving Frisco."

The chief engineer's answer was in a tone of hurt reproach. "Am I liable for the actions of this gang of cut-throats? They're the worst crew I ever had. But you wait here, Captain Jarvis. I'll stop this."

The chief engineer reached for Tony the Wop and flung him aside; a second later his stocky form, clad in blue over-

alls and jumper, disappeared down the forecastle ladder. The commotion, however, did not cease.

The captain of the *Nanking* halted at the doorway and peered below. His back was toward Stuart, but the boy, gazing at that immense lithe form silhouetted against the square of light, thought that he had never seen a more magnificent specimen of manhood. Somehow he had expected a captain to wear a blue serge suit with brass buttons and a cap with braid. Instead, this man was clad in dark trousers that covered a surprising length of limb; a white, sleeveless singlet accentuated the broad shoulders and the arms as muscular as a blacksmith's. Evidently the man ruled by his strength, by the force of his personality; by the poise of the head, with its tawny hair closely cropped, bespoke a commander of character and decision.

Captain Jarvis remained a moment in the doorway, but as the cries, the shouts, the thuds continued, Stuart saw him bend his head and leap down the steps.

"Blimey!" breathed Topy at Stuart's shoulder. "Tom Jarvis is agoin' inter action. 'Eaven 'elp those blokes down there."

FROM the firemen's forecastle came a thunderous voice. "Cut the rough, you men!" There was the sound of renewed blows, the thud of bodies hitting the floor, thin wailing cries that lingered in the air, curses that rose to screams of rage, and then a sudden falling off of the din, as though a rising gale had suddenly subsided.

Topy tiptoed to the door and cautiously peered downward. His thin, mouse-like face was pale in the lamplight, his eyes wide and staring. Stuart saw his throat move convulsively as he muttered in awe, "Strike me blime! 'E's done it."

The boy dropped to his knees beside Tony the Wop, who was moaning and cursing between his teeth.

"Hurt?" Stuart asked.

"Not ver' much. Wait till I getta thees hand on Slim Morgan. He starts thees—never keep his fires goin'—always leave his dirty burners for me to clean. Say, keep, he'd put me into the wash-room, yes? I don't wan' Captain Jarves see me thees way."

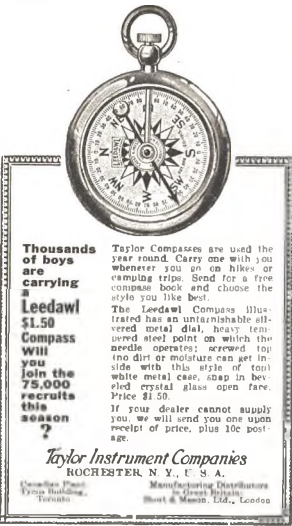
As Stuart returned from the washroom, Mr. Rankin, the chief engineer, emerged from the forecastle, his bearded face twitching, one arm held close to his side as though in pain. Behind him the huge form of the *Nanking's* captain blocked the doorway. There he swung about and spoke in a crisp, stern voice to the silent men below. "Any more o' this will mean irons for the lot o' you. You're at sea now, and I'm master. Do you understand—master! If necessary, I'll lock the pack o' you bloody in the brig."

Silence ensued, while that commanding presence stood there. Abruptly, the man swung on his heel and strode aft. From the Black Gang's quarters drifted a low murmur of curses.

Topy and the boatswain were conversing in undertones near the rail, evidently the best of friends. "Alabam," shouted the little Londoner, "the bo's'n wants yer."

"Yes, seh?" Stuart seaman to them. "Youse the new crew?" asked the boatswain. "The captain sends youse his compliments. He wants to see youse in his office." He threw back his head and opened his mouth in a guffaw. "Better step lively, kid."

The captain! Stuart shivered. That display of strength and muscle had sent a feeling of awe and admiration over him. He felt repelled yet fascinated by



Thousands of boys are carrying a Loedawl \$1.50 Compass Will you join the 75,000 recruits this season?

Taylor Compasses are used the year round. Carry one with you whenever you go on hikes or camping trips. Sued for a free compass book and choose the style you like best.

The Loedawl Compass illustrated has an unrecognizable altered metal dial, heavy tempered steel point on which the needle operates, screwed top (no dirt or moisture can get inside with this style of top) white metal case, snap in bev-elled metal glass open face. Price \$1.50.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you one upon receipt of price, plus 10c postage.

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of
Dewar's Flash
Lycopodium
Verniers

Manufacturers in Great Britain:
H. J. Webb, Ltd., London

Boys! now you can own a real 100 POWER MICROSCOPE

Study wonders of insect, for only plant and other unseen worlds! Invaluable to amateur scientists, students of physics, botany, chemistry, etc. A real professional microscope with imported lens and mirror, complete with case. Save money; buy direct—money back if not absolutely satisfied after 30-day trial. Send check, money order or cash.

Catalog Free.

Apparatus Engineering Co.
Dept. E.
2006 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ZIP-ZIP SHOOTER

BOYS: Join a Zip-Zip Shooter's Club. Everywhere boys are forming these clubs. Fine sport using this shooter which is scientifically and practically made. Zip Zip Shooter is the best boy use gun of for 35c or 2 for \$3.00. We will ship you if your dealer can't supply you.

Automatic Robber Co., Columbia, S. C.

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS

CATALOG FREE!

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS—A complete line of strictly up-to-date racing models. Also some entirely new models for general pleasure use with speed of a racer. Built strong, staunch and durable, and absolutely safe.

Rebuilt \$48.00 and up

The most complete line ever offered, at real money-saving prices.

Cases \$48.00 and up

Some all wood, others cypress covered. Light, swift, safe, strong and durable. Choice of many distinctive color combinations.

Motor Boat

With or without Engine. Fast, handsome craft at money-saving prices.

CATALOG FREE - SAVE MONEY - ORDER BY MAIL
Please state the kind of boat you are interested in (30)

TWO LARGE FACTORIES

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.
208 Ann St. PEQUIN, ILL. (Write to Either Place)
108 Elm St. COBURN, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK

the brutal personality that commanded this ship. Tod Moran had hinted that the last three masters of the *Nanking* had either been killed or had disappeared in strange circumstances. Well, he told himself as he went slowly toward the port alleyway, here was a man who appeared equal to any eventuality. There was no doubt that he commanded with an iron fist. And he, Stuart Ormsby, would be under that rule, would feel that fist if he did not obey.

His breath came faster as he stepped into the passageway that ran athwart the ship between the port and starboard alleyways. "By Cæsar, what an outlandish, extraordinary ship!" he murmured aloud. He stopped before a white door marked *Captain's Office*, and raised a trembling hand. Could he face a barrage of questions from that deep, vibrant voice with its ominous tones? His hesitating knock echoed through the silence of the passageway.

"Come in!" directed that vibrant voice through the door.

IV—Captain Tom Jarvis

SLOWLY Stuart swung back the door and stepped into the captain's saloon. At once he was struck by the faint yet unmistakable marine odor to the place. Opposite him several portholes, hung with red plush drapes, opened upon the foredeck; directly below these ran a long settee of the same dark red material. Beyond the round center table with its green baize top he saw the huge form of the captain, sitting at a desk in the corner. Next to him, talking earnestly, was seated the first mate.

"This is the kid I just mentioned, sir," Shark Bashford was saying. "I found him stowed aboard. Aft he was, sir, in the steering-gear room."

"A stowaway on this tramp!" The captain's deep voice rang out in mirth. "Suffering catfish!" He swung about to survey this strange phenomenon aboard his ship.

Stuart gave a quick start of alarm. A stowaway! So that was the explanation the red-haired mate gave as to his presence on the *Nanking*. The man hoped thus to shield his own secret actions from the vessel's master. The boy raised his head defiantly; his cheeks were pale, his eyes burning. Shark Bashford returned his look with a gaze as hard and cold as steel.

Captain Jarvis took up a tobacco pouch and began filling a great carved pipe. "You chose a pretty poor ship to stow away on, youngster," he said in a low tone that carried across the cabin. Speechless, disheartened, hesitant, Stuart regarded the man before him. The captain's face was rough-hewn and squarely cut; his eyes, the boy thought, were the strangest he had ever seen; long and pale and mysterious in their depths, they gave the man a remote Tartar look. But as Stuart's glance strayed down to the immense, herculean shoulders and arms, he caught his breath in surprise.

The man was tattooed. Fascinated, Stuart studied the figures dyed in the skin that covered the rippling muscles. Beneath the thin singlet, taut across the shaggy, powerful chest, could be seen the faint outline of a Chinese dragon. Two evil heads, grinning broadly, emerged upon coiling necks to write upon his chest. There was something uncanny about that Oriental figure deftly tattooed in red and green. As the man breathed, the two heads seemed to dart and sway, the red eyes to flash fire and hatred. Around his left arm coiled a blue snake whose head lay flat on the back of his hand; and on the biceps of his other arm was a mass of stars like the quivering spiral of the Milky Way. By Cæsar, Stuart told himself, this was a mighty queer captain!

WALK-OVER SHOES

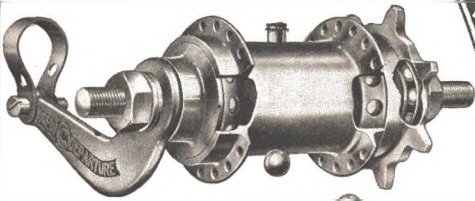


Joie Ray on the Long Beach marathon in Walk-Over running shoes. Thousands who watched him then, and on many occasions since, wear Walk-Overs every day.

If you have ever worn Indian moccasins, you know how soft they are. This Walk-Over "Pawnee" is just as soft, with the added comfort and smartness of a sturdy gristle-rubber sole. Has that touch of style which characterizes all Walk-Over Shoes. Perforated for ventilation that keeps your feet cool. In tan-and-brown combination. Price, \$7.

Geo. E. Keith Company,
Campello, Brockton, Mass.





New Departure Coaster Brakes furnish riders of all makes of bicycles with smooth, safe, silent braking action—dependable at all times for frequent slowing down or for the emergency stops. In addition, they "carry the load" in a friction-free manner.

This is done through three ball bearings, complete units in themselves. In them, seventeen balls of highly polished, almost diamond hard steel roll between hardened and polished raceways. They seldom require lubrication—and save "leg power." In fact, they make bicycle riding easy—the most carefree, healthful exercise there is today.

New Departure Coaster Brake

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., BRISTOL, CONN.



The "Moccasin-Footed" Brave of the Waters

The minute you get into a boat driven by the New Lockwood Silent Chief, you will see why we call it "the moccasin-footed brave of the waters." Unusual in power and endurance, last year the fastest of the tribe of Class B Outboards, it is now remarkably silent in operation. Disagreeable exhaust noises are gone. A new Lockwood improvement—Water-Sealed Exhaust—smothers both noises and gases under water, *without any loss of power*. You can throw the throttle wide open, shoot through the water at racing speed without disturbing fishermen or annoying cottagers. You don't have to shout to your friends in the boat.

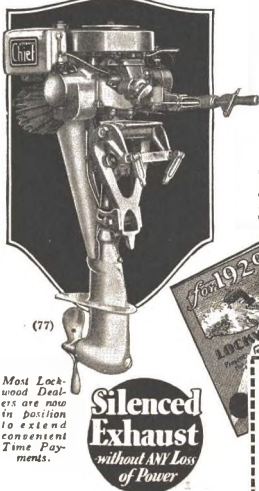
LOCKWOOD "SILENT CHIEF"

Other new features of this great Motor include Extended Automatic Gilling, Protected Gasoline Gauge, Improved Carburetor and New Convent Control. You should know all about this New Silent Chief, how its exhaust gases are quietly released under water without loss of power—how it guides itself when you let go, how it decisively won 10 out of 12 of the highest racing honors in its class, how other outstanding Lockwood features have made it the leading Class B Motor. Write or send coupon below for the new 1929 Lockwood catalog. It tells all about the Lockwood Silent Chief, also describes the Ace, and the Racing Chief.

LOCKWOOD MOTOR CO.
919 S. Jackson St. Jackson, Mich.

LOCKWOOD MOTOR CO.
919 S. Jackson Street, Jackson, Mich.
Gentlemen: Please send me copy of your 1929 Catalog, describing the Lockwood "Silent Chief," the "Ace" and the "Racing Chief."

Name _____
Address _____



Silenced Exhaust
without ANY Loss of Power

Most Lockwood Dealers are now in position to extend convenient Time Payments.

(Continued from page 63)

"What's your name?" The tattooed captain had fixed upon him a cold, appraising glance. Instinctively the boy drew himself up straight and tall.

"Stuart Ormsby, seh."

"You're no Canadian. You from the South?"

"Yes, seh."

"Ever been in the army?"

A slow flush spread over Stuart's features. "No, seh," he answered in a low tone.

"You needn't lie about it," the captain went on calmly. "It makes no difference here. You're not the first deserter to go to sea."

A SUDDEN rush of words came to Stuart Ormsby's lips. "I didn't desert, seh," he began; then he checked himself, nonplused. What could he say—how could he explain? As his burning gaze swept the room in the anguish of uncertainty, he met the malevolent eyes of the first mate. In that dark glance he read a warning: *Be careful what yuh say.*

Captain Jarvis struck a match, lighted his pipe, and settled back in the swivel chair. "Ever been to sea before, young man?"

"No, seh."

"I'm sorry for you then."

At the words, at the tone of sympathetic pity, Stuart searched the other's face. Perhaps back of that brute force was a nature that had its moments of understanding kindness. Perhaps he'd dare tell this captain the truth about his presence aboard, and about this mate, Shark Bashford. He ran his tongue quickly over his dry lips.

"I'm not a stowaway," he declared heatedly. "The mate knows that, seh. I came—"

"Shut up, yuh little liar," the mate cut in sharply. He was on his feet now, his thin face drawn into lines of bitter exasperation. He drew a hand through his flaming thatch of hair as he looked down at the captain with a conciliating glance. "Tryin' to lie outta this, he is, sir. Ain't it the truth? Well, we can fix him. We're short o' men on deck. I'll give him a job there."

Captain Jarvis observed the boy out of those strange Tartar eyes. With a shrug he swung about to his desk. "As ordinary seaman?" he asked.

"Exactly, sir," agreed Shark Bashford, leering triumphantly at the boy.

Stuart drooped. A pang of dread shot through him. He stretched out his hand and steadied it on the green baize of the table. He wasn't believed; now he would be at the mercy of the first mate. He closed his eyes at the vision of what the future held for him—pain and abuse, grinding labor and galling humiliation, poor food in the seamen's mess and a bunk in the fore-castle with the scum of the world's water fronts around him.

His meditation was abruptly interrupted by the voice of Captain Jarvis. "Here—I want your address." He reached for a paper in his desk. "Where do you live?"

"My—my home, seh, was in Mobile, Alabama."

Shark Bashford grinned down at his superior. "Wonder what he did, sir, that made him leave home!"

Stuart's hand closed tightly on the edge of the table. His heart seemed to drop with sickening suddenness; his eyes grew misty. Would he never be allowed to forget his past? Would he hear these questions, these taunts, every day of the voyage out? They were like rapier thrusts to him, as though those sharp-pointed weapons with which he had fenced at the Academy were now piercing his flesh, delving into old wounds that still were raw.

"In case of accident," resumed the captain, "who should be notified?"

Stuart's voice, when he answered, was strange to him, and thin. "My aunt, seh—Miss Millicent Ormsby." In

the stillness he could hear the scratch of the pen.

"That's all." The captain swung about. "You'll take your place with the men and work your way. We can't put you back now; and you won't be allowed ashore in any foreign port. We'll land you back in the States where you belong. If you're wanted there for any reason—that's your own concern."

The boy looked with unflinching gaze at the bronzed face before him. "I'm not wanted, seh, for anything. Why—why do you say that? I'm not that kind."

His words were greeted by a laugh, harsh and guttural, from the mate. "Yuh sure are a little liar! And yuh're the worst specimen of dockside loafer I ever seen. Ain't it the truth, sir?"

Stuart felt the blood drain from his cheeks; he pressed his lips tightly together. They were accusing him of looking like a dockside rat—him, Stuart Ormsby! Were they making sport of him? He stared at them unbelievably.

Captain Jarvis puffed on his pipe, his great hand over the bowl. "I'm afraid Mr. Bashford is about right," he admitted. "What! You don't believe it? Sufferin' whale oil! Take a look-see at yourself over there."

The boy turned his head and observed, above a sideboard where water glasses rested, a small mirror fastened to the wall. With deliberate steps, he crossed the cabin and stood before it.

Through a swimming vision he saw the face of a stranger staring back at him, a face thin and tired and wan, with brown eyes deep in their sockets. The black hair, long and unkempt, clung damply to his forehead. He saw the eyes widen in amazement. By Caesar, he pondered, this surely couldn't be Stuart Ormsby. Why, good heavens, this was a tramp!

A sudden tide of understanding, surging over him, engulfed him in bitter waves of humiliation. No wonder they treated him as an outcast, as a thief fleeing from the law. How had he allowed all his self-respect to slip away and leave him such an absurd scare-crow figure as this!

Dimly aware that Captain Jarvis was speaking, he turned with an unwilling step. "You better get a shower in the washroom, young man—and clean up your clothes. One of the men in the fo'c'sle can give you a haircut. Tomorrow you can get anything you need in the way of dungarees and shirts from the steward's slop-chest. We'll allow you that much." He gave Stuart a searching look. "If you're hungry you'll find a hand-out in the messroom."

Stuart's throat moved slowly. "Yes, seh." Trembling he brought his right hand up in a military salute, and trembling he left the cabin.

OUTSIDE in the passageway he leaned against the white woodwork, sick and faint. What had he done—what had he done? Saluted this tattooed captain as though the man were an officer at West Point! Given himself away. They had good reason now to think him a deserter! Was it any wonder they didn't believe him?

Behind him a door clicked faintly; then came the caustic, malicious voice of the mate in his ear. "Oh, here yuh are! Tried to tell, didn't yuh?" A hand grasped his arm until it bit into the flesh. "I'll pay yuh for that—for every blamed word yuh said. Understand? Now go for'ard to your bunk, little boy!"

Stuart stumbled over the casing to the deserted foredeck. Under the clouds the night was black. Lurching to the rail, he took hold of the bulwarks with both hands. Fool—he had given himself away! Now he would have to let them think he had deserted from the army, for he could never, never tell them he had been dismissed from West Point.



A faster way to bring home the bacon

"Some bacon!" says Joe, holding up his string. Every one over fifteen inches! And they're heading for the frying pan as fast as the motor-driven Old Town will take 'em.

There's surprising speed in this square-stern canoe. Especially designed for a portable motor. Quick response to rudder, light draft, and carrying capacity make it ideal for lake fishing. Sturdy and dependable too.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 1995 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine

"Old Town Boats"

Read "HUNTING & FISHING"

A 68-page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping, trapping stories, pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Highest value ever offered in a sporting magazine. **SPECIAL OFFER** will send you one year for a whole year. 12 big issues and cover containing Pocket Knife with two keen cutting blades of finest steel.



Both for \$1
Clip this ad, and enclose \$1 bill. Mail your order today to Hunting & Fishing Magazine, 306 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.



When "MITE" spells Might

Miller Huggins is one of the leading figures in baseball, and one of the smallest in size. Stature furnishes no guide to his powers, however. The great New York Yankee team, that has finished first in the American League six times in the last eight years, is his development. He is its manager and its mentor. Huggins knows baseball; he knows players; and he knows best! Reason to listen, therefore, when he says:

"Nearly every Yankee uses Louisville Sluggers"

So do ninety per cent of all other players in professional baseball. Every Louisville Slugger is a perfectly selected, perfectly designed and finished bat. Hold one, and swing it, feel at once the trustworthy quality of its good timber and sound workmanship. Models of leading sluggers, stamped with their facsimile signatures, are now shown by your local dealer. See them, and send the coupon below for a new book that pictures and tells about your favorite batting stars. It's free. Hillerich & Bradsby Company, Incorporated, Mfrs., Louisville, Ky.

Louisville Slugger Bats

Hillerich & Bradsby Company,
630 Evans St., Louisville, Kentucky

Send me, with no charge, copy of the New Edition of your illustrated baseball book, "Famous Sluggers of 1928".

Name _____
Address _____

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY

The thought brought a stab of pain. West Point! . . . He remembered, with a catch in his throat, how the Hudson flowed around the point and then swept on between the green hills toward the bay. He could see the gray pile of stone that was the Academy rising like a castle above the river. He could see his own room, with the table by the window covered with his rarely opened books. Outside was the parade ground with the Corps marching in rhythmic stride. He could hear the band playing, see the colors flying in the breeze, feel his quickly mounting pulse. And there was Stuart Ormsby in full dress, tarbucked on head, stepping out proudly in the line. . . . His face fell forward into his arms on the bulwarks.

Presently he raised his head. Not a star above—nothing but blackness ahead. A biting sea-wind sang through the rigging; it stung his cheeks and brought to his nostrils a salty tang that promised glimpses of tropic ports across the world; of crowded harbors beneath flashing sunlight, of Oriental water fronts swarming with a slant-eyed populace, of Chinese coolies poling sampans up a yellow river . . .

At that moment something deep within him stirred. He listened. Around him was the soft, eternal music of the sea.

V—Tod Moran Gives a Warning

DURING the night the *Nanking*, that time-worn little tramp, steamed steadily south through the inland waters of British Columbia. She threaded her way among innumerable islands and, soon after dawn, swung her blunt nose southwest around Vancouver Island, with Esquimalt Harbor on her starboard beam. Under a gray sky she took the south passage through Juan de Fuca Strait. Low, rugged hills rose from each shore.

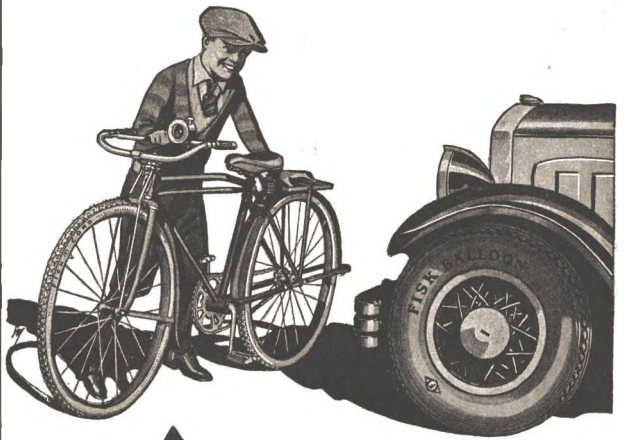
A slender ocean liner came up behind, drew abreast, and passed with a smiling jeer from a passenger leaning over a white rail. Between the two ships, gulls wheeled and swooped with raucous cries. Far ahead, a long oil tanker appeared and presently went by to port with a thin ribbon of smoke trailing above her churning wake.

Stuart Ormsby, ordinary seaman in the second mate's watch from twelve to four, was given work in the entrance to the starboard alleyway. Seated on his haunches, he chipped the dirty white scale from the steel plates of the superstructure. The steady thud of the small, edged hammer rang through the passageway. It was not exhausting toil such as the men experienced below deck in the stokehold, but his arms soon ached from the continued exertion; and the hours, dragging their weary way across the afternoon, seemed endless.

Toward four o'clock, Cape Flattery lifted and fell astern. Ahead lay a gray expanse of ocean. His heart leaped within him at the sight—his first glimpse of the broad Pacific!

The *Nanking* rolled gently; her forecastle head climbed the swells beating in from the sea, and plunged downward with sharp, quivering movements that gave the new member of the crew an uneasy feeling in the pit of his stomach. Gazing across the rail he saw a fog bank looming ahead. As they sluggishly drew abreast of Tatoosh Island, the heavy blanket of mist was upon them. Fog hazed like spindrift across the deck and blotted out the crow's nest on the mainmast high above. With it came a dampness that beaded Stuart's lashes with moisture. At once the steamer's whistle blared a long note of warning.

From somewhere off the port beam, an answering blare came like an echo out of the mist; and, after a short interval, a great gray shape passed to one side in the gloom. An unfathomed feeling of apprehension shot through Stuart. In this dangerously crowded



Automotive Experts design FISK Bicycle Tires

THROUGHOUT the automobile industry, Fisk Tires are famous. Every year more Fisks are used on new cars. This year, *more than one million* automobiles will be equipped with Fisks at the factories.

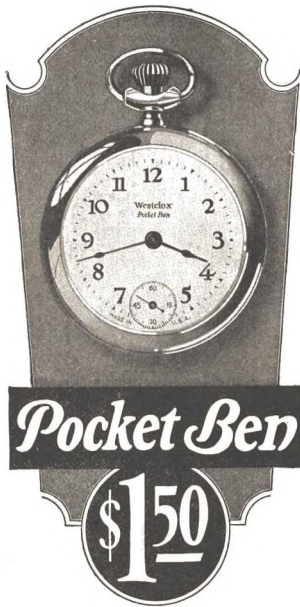
That's what the builders of America's best known cars think of Fisk tires—they know Fisks always make good.

Similarly, you can depend on Fisk Bicycle tires, for they are designed by the expert engineers who design Fisk automobile tires. And they're made in the same factory by Fisk's expert tire builders.

On your bicycle, Fisks will give you the same good service that their big brothers give on millions of motor cars. Ride them hard and fast—they're built to stand the gaff.

THE FISK TIRE COMPANY, INC.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.





SPRING is in full swing—summer is on the way. It's the grand and glorious outdoor season—fishing; canoeing; exploring trips; long hikes through the woods—miles from home. *That's* when you need Pocket Ben the most.

You can rely on this world-famed Westclox. It's accurate; built to withstand the strain of outdoor service. A trustworthy companion and a big help to *being* on time. A sturdy, thoroughly reliable timekeeper. Good looking, too—a watch that you'll be proud of.

*Built by the makers of
Big Ben and other Westclox*

WESTERN CLOCK
COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois



(Continued from page 65)
lane of world shipping, they might collide with some mammoth vessel entering the Strait. He looked about him with a nervous glance. There was no unusual commotion on deck, however; evidently the officers and men accepted this hazard as part of the day's work. Yet, as he listened, he heard above the steady throb of the engines the muffled clang of a gong from the engine-room entrance. Almost immediately he was aware that the *Nanking* was slowing down to half-speed; she was nosing her way with the utmost caution through the thick, damp atmosphere.

WHEN eight bells sounded the wend of the watch, he drew a deep breath of relief, dropped his tools in the store closet, and crossed the slippery plates of the foredeck. He had an hour in which to clean up and rest in his bunk before evening chow was served. From the seamen's quarters he obtained a galvanized-iron bucket, filled it with fresh water from the hydrant outside the port alleyway, and returned to the washroom. At five o'clock the ringing beat of the mess boy's triangle summoned the men to supper.

The messroom lay between the two alleyways, just abaft the galley. The members of the deck crew took their places at the starboard end of the long table, the engine-room gang at the port. Stuart noticed among the seamen a sullen air of resentment.

"Blimey, do we 'ave ter work like this every bloomin' day o' the voyage?" Topy querulously remarked as he speared a huge slice of bread. "An' that bo'sun, now—ain't 'e the narsty bloke! 'E thinks 'e's 'ard-boiled." The last words were muffled as Topy shoved his knife, heaped with stew, into his wide mouth.

"Yah, Topy, for once you're right," agreed Swede Jorgenson across the table. "An' lookit this grub. Slum—the first day out!" He reached unsuccessfully for the salt, then looked at Stuart. "Pass Lot's wife, Alabam—will you?"

"We gotta rotten steward," added one of the firemen. "I bet he's makin' a rake-off on the grub money. Ain't it so, Mess?"

The Filipino mess boy, grinning in reply, shoved a pot of coffee at the man. As he turned to the sink in the corner, he stopped short, his dark face fuming with indignation. "Get out!" he cried. "This is no place for animals."

Stuart, following his glance, saw a small, long-armed monkey leisurely pulling himself over the high storm-step. There in the doorway he hesitated for a second while he flashed a bright glance at the seamen. With surprising swiftness he leaped to the end of the table, where he sat with an owl-like expression upon his solemn face.

"Hello, Ming," exclaimed Singapore Sam, a tall, raw-boned sailor whose weather-beaten face was always wreathed in a broad grin. "Hungry, huh?"

The monkey scratched himself on his shaggy chest, his eager eyes searching the table in quest of a choice morsel of food. As his little almond eyes rested upon Topy's dish of bread pudding, he jumped joyously up and down on his haunches. Quick as a flash a slim, hand-like paw shot out and secured a raisin from the sticky mass.

At once Topy was on his feet. "Yer bloomin' thief!" he shrielled. "Git outa 'ere! Strike me pink, if I won't wring yer blasted neck!"

The monkey fled in panic down the table, leaving a trail of disaster in his wake. A pannikin of stew slopped over, a tall pile of bread crumbled as though struck by a typhoon, a can of condensed milk rolled to the floor, spouting liquid at every turn. The messroom was promptly in an uproar. Topy's scream of rage was augmented by the cries of

the Filipino mess boy. Others at the firemen's end of the table voiced their defense of the monkey's rights.

"Let him alone, Mess."
"Git that dirty brute outa here!"
"Blimey, I'll kill 'im!"
"Say, none of youse guys is goin' to touch Ming—see?"

A banana swooped through the air, and Ming, with a dexterous movement, caught it and sprang to the safety of the opposite doorway. There he sat on his haunches while he swiftly peeled it and stuffed half into his mouth at once, his blinking eyes roving over the firemen.

Topy dropped to his seat with an aggravated air. "Lookit my puddin'. The little blighter took the only bloom-in' raisin in it! Ain't that luck fer yer? Blimey!" He wrinkled his nose over the delicacy, tasted it gingerly with a finger, and then, apparently finding it unspiced, stuck a spoon into it with great gusto.

"Whose pet is that monkey?" Stuart inquired.

"The dirty beast belongs ter Wu Sing, the cook. 'E got 'im in 'Ong Kong last trip. Wu says 'e brings good luck. Blimey, not ter me, anyhow." He took a gulp of coffee, frowned slightly, and proceeded to dump a half dozen spoonfuls of sugar into his cup. "I don't like that monk. 'E's too bloody 'uman. Don't 'e look just like a Chink?"

Stuart, gazing at the little gray beast, admitted to himself that in truth there was a distinct resemblance to an Oriental. The eyes were slanted; the hair, growing beneath his chin like a beard, made him think of a Chinese merchant sitting silent and inscrutable in the doorway of his shop in New York's Pell Street. Certainly Topy was right in this observation.

A moment later Stuart pushed his plate of food away; he couldn't eat any more. The great dishes of greasy food, the smells, the steam, the clatter of tinware—all were too much for him. Hurdled he rose and went on deck.

ACRY followed him down the passageway. "Wot's the matter, Alabam? Seasick?"

Too ill at the moment to reply, Stuart lurched to the rail. The chill mist touched his cheek with a welcome caress. Desperately he fought to free himself from those waves of nausea that threatened to rise and engulf him. He trembled, wiped a hot hand across his moist brow, and step by step guided himself along the rail to the bow of the ship.

Down the ladder to the deserted seamen's quarters he stumbled. The hot, close air of the place smote him like a blow. He circled the shadowy tier of bunks till he came to the apex of the triangular compartment and, climbing weakly over his bunkboard, sank exhausted upon the straw mattress. Flat on his back he lay. His breath came in deep gasps, his stricken eyes closed with a sigh of thankfulness. In his ears roared the crash of a wave as the steamer buried her nose in a swell; then came the hissing splash of water skidding along the starboard bulk.

Safe now in the haven of his bunk, his mind ran back over the events of the last three months. He recalled his hurried flight from West Point, the face of his father as he stood, stern and unyielding, in Grand Central Terminal, and his own quick resolution to escape from the country; then the train ride to Montreal, and the vagabond journey across Canada. The outcome of all this was his present unenviable position. Why, this ship was ten times worse than the Academy! Here was the same military discipline, the same aloof officers, the same orders; yet in addition there was a rough way of living that he had never before experienced—food that sickened one at the sight, sleeping quarters always thick with cheap tobacco smoke, always filled with odors of



Couldn't Play a Note—
Now Makes \$100⁰⁰ ^{Week}

"When I sent for your catalog, I didn't know a note of music. A few months after I bought my Wurlitzer instrument, I had taken my place in a professional orchestra. Now I am making \$100 a week, three times what I made as a clerk. I wish everybody knew how easy it is—anyone who can whistle a tune can learn to play a musical instrument."—Bill Carola.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You may now have any Wurlitzer instrument for an ample free trial in your own home. Examine the instrument, note the fine workmanship, the full, rich tone value and especially how easy it is to play. No obligation to buy—no expense for the trial. We make this liberal offer because we want you to try for yourself a genuine Wurlitzer instrument, the result of 200 years' experience in musical instrument building.

Easy payments are arranged to suit your convenience. This is your opportunity to try a famous Wurlitzer instrument in your own home.

Send for Free Book

Illustrates and describes every known musical instrument—more than 3000

articles, many of them shown in full colors. All genuine Wurlitzer instruments—buy direct

from Wurlitzer and save money. Special offers on complete

outfits. We also give you our Free Trial, Easy

Payment Plan. No

obligation.

Send Coupon Today!

Send this Coupon

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1055

117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati

Send me your Free Book on musical instruments. Also your Free Trial, Easy Payment Plan. No obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Instrument _____

WURLITZER

Copyright 1928, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

SHOOT THE REAL THING!

Here is that famous genuine pump boys everywhere are turning to. Single stroke cocks both all others. Two to three strokes now give full shooting force. New year deep sight, leak-proof valves, fully enclosed action. A beauty. Amazing accuracy. Full factory guarantee for one year. Use regular air-filled shot. Photo shows fastening power at 10 ft. on steel target. The biggest money's worth in cooling air rifle ever offered.

"The Shooter's Art" FREE
Tells how to hold, aim and handle rifle; helps you guide others in correct knowledge of guns. Gives facts that make crack shots. Contains safety and common sense instructions every parent and boy should have. Helps to make boys leaders. Your copy free. Write at once.

SEND TODAY!
\$5 at your dealer's or sent postpaid

NEW MODEL "G" BENJAMIN
Genuine Pump Air Rifle
BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE & MFG. CO., 625 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

The HASKELL Canoe
Pride of the Wilderness Guides

FREE...the Most Valuable Canoe Book Published



Before ordering a canoe, be sure to write for a copy of our new, free booklet, "Pride of the Wilderness Guides." Gives you complete facts regarding the remarkable Haskell Canoe—the canoe that embodies every advantage suggested by the experience of America's foremost wilderness guides. Send for it today. No obligation.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY
\$25 down
Balance easy Payments

THE HASKELL BOAT CO.
LUDINGTON - MICH.
208 EAST LUDINGTON STREET



THE TRAIL OF MUSIC LEADS EVERYWHERE

THIS summer hundreds of young men will play their way across the land in a triumphal procession; other hundreds will travel from coast to coast, earning big money as they go. The trail of music leads everywhere. Right now you can find new friends, new pleasures and new money-making opportunities through music. Start right on that trail. Get the best instrument—the kind used by winning bands and leading professionals everywhere. A King costs no more than other less perfect instruments. Our convenient payment terms place them within the reach of all. Send for big illustrated catalog of your favorite instrument.

KING BAND INSTRUMENTS
USE THIS COUPON
THE R. N. WHITE CO.
6224-12 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me free copy of your Handy Reference Catalog (check below the instrument preferred)
Name..... Age.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
 Saxophone Trumpet Trombone
 French Horn Baritone
 Alto Bass Bugle Clarinet

unwashed bodies and soiled clothes.

The opening of the iron door made him shift his weary eyes that way. The men were coming back from mess; cursing, laughing, jesting boisterously, they descended the steps to their quarters, where they were allowed to smoke at will. Singapore Sam reached up and switched on the electric light over the narrow table.

"Lookit!" cried Toppo's high falsetto above the hum of talk. "Alabam's sick."

"Poor li'l' boy," Singapore Sam remarked loudly. "Is he a-goin' to die, d'ye think?"

"E's fair green about the gills. Blimey, in two days we'll be lettin' 'is body slip off a bloomin' plank on the taffrail, while the Ole Man says a prayer like a mission bloke. Ain't it pitiful?"

"Toppo's always got his fly-trap open," drawled Swede Jorgenson. "Let the kid alone. Ain't this ship bad enough—"

"Shut yer marf, yer bloody square-head," cut in the little cockney with venomous fervor. "Cawn't a bloke pass a remark in 'is own fo'e's'le?"

"Aw, pipe down, you scurvy lime-juicer! Give us a rest," called a voice. Toppo, however, was not thus to be silenced. "Maybe the Swede is right," he said in a sad tone. "If this blighter is a-goin' ter die, we better be nice and quiet."

The little cockney's mouse-like face appeared for a second above the bunk-board. "If yer leavin' us ter-night, Alabam, don't yer make too much fuss about it, will yer? We gotta sleep." His yellow fangs showed in a wide grin as he reached up and pulled the light-curtain across the bunk, shutting out the glare of the electric bulb.

Stuart turned his face to the darkening porthole. Toppo wasn't so bad, he acknowledged to himself. To hide a friendly gesture, he would be sure to cover it with a taunting phrase. The boy smiled wanly as he closed his weary eyes.

HE was roused by a hand on his arm and the voice of the watch saying softly, "Eleven-thirty, kid. Time to turn out." Stuart sat up and rubbed his eyes. A green night-bulb burned dimly in the deck head. Just below him Toppo was muttering sleepily as he pulled on his dungarees; across the compartment Singapore Sam was tying his shoes. Quickly the boy slipped into his clothes, buttoned his coat, and pulled his cap down over his eyes. The deck would be wet and cold, he knew, for every three minutes the fog whistle was punctuating the stillness with its warning note.

"My blarsted trick at the wheel," Toppo grumbled. "It ain't no fun on a thick night."

A moment later the three seamen climbed noisily up the steps to the deck. At once they were lost in a world of rolling mist. The sky, the deck, the sea were invisible. All about them was the impenetrable obscurity of the fog.

"Come on, Alabam," growled Toppo. "We'll get a bit o' coffee."

From the darkened galley they procured a pot of coffee left by Wu Sing on the huge range; and then in the messroom they made up sandwiches of cold, slightly green meat, which they munched in silence. The members of the Black Gang soon joined them—three firemen with stupid faces and muscular bodies, and a coal-passer of pasty complexion. Stuart left first, determined to get his orders before eight bells sounded on the bridge.

In the dimly lighted passageway he met Tod Moran emerging from the petty officers' messroom. "Hello, Joe Macaroni," Stuart flung at him.

"Hello, Alabam," the oiler replied. "How goes it?"

"Oh, I reckon it might be worse." "By thunder, I surely don't envy the deck crew to-night."

There's Championship Stuff in that Lad!



MORE so today than ever before—older players at every club have their eyes peeled for signs of promise in the younger golfers.

Thirty years ago the idea persisted that golf was an "old man's game." But not so any more—for golf is the game of youth!—and every tournament proves it. Many of the Champions of yesterday are still young in years—but the Champions of today are younger still. Yes, golf is a young man's game. It takes young muscles—young arms—young legs—young hearts to play it best.

Of course you'll play—sooner or later. The sooner the better. Start young, while the muscles are supple and when the swing of a club flows more naturally than older players are ever able to know. The older players will be watching you and some day you may cause them to exclaim: "There's championship stuff in that lad!"

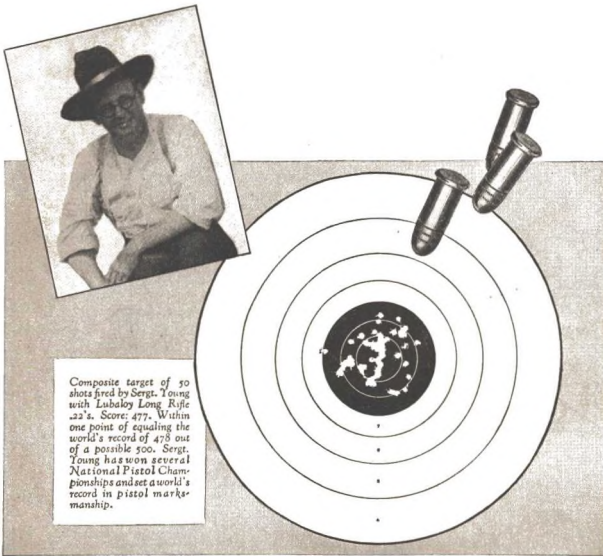
But to get the most out of your possibilities you should have a complete harmonized set of MACGREGOR'S. Speak to Dad about it and the chances are he'll agree your clubs should be as good as his own. He'll want you to play well. Remind him that the best are the cheapest in the end—for your MACGREGOR'S will last years and years.

We will be glad to send you the name of the golf professional or dealer nearest you. Write us direct, if you wish, for catalog and further information.

THE CRAWFORD, MCGREGOR & CANBY COMPANY
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

MACGREGOR

COURSE-TESTED GOLF CLUBS



Composite target of 50 shots fired by Sgt. Young with Lubaloy Long Rifle .22's. Score: 477. Within one point of equalling the world's record of 478 out of a possible 500. Sgt. Young has won several National Pistol Championships and set a world's record in pistol marksmanship.

Champion Pistol Shooter Demonstrates the Bull's-eye Accuracy of Western Lubaloy .22 Cartridges

SERGENT J. H. YOUNG of the Portland Oregon Police Department has demonstrated the remarkable accuracy of Western Lubaloy .22's better than words can tell the story.

Bull's-eyes are what count and you can rely on Lubaloy cartridges to shoot straight to the mark. The target above shows the result of fifty shots fired by Sgt. Young, using Lubaloy cartridges in a .22 caliber pistol.

But super-accuracy isn't the only feature of WESTERN Lubaloy .22's. Loaded with smokeless powder and non-corrosive priming, they

Won't Rust Your Gun

They keep the gun as bright as new—free from rust, pitting and corrosion. Cleaning is unnecessary. You can say good-bye to your cleaning

rod the day you start shooting Lubaloy smokeless .22's.

Bright, Clean Cartridges Free from Grease!

These new cartridges are coated with bright, shining Lubaloy, a lubricating alloy that does away with gummy grease and makes them gleam like "Bullets of Gold!" No grease to soil your hands or pockets. Lint and grit won't stick to them and get into your gun. They're as smooth and clean as the crystal on your watch—and they shoot even better than they look!

Cost more? . . . No sir! Not a penny more than ordinary lead-bullet .22's! Next time you buy cartridges for your .22 rifle, ask for WESTERN Lubaloy .22's. They are sold in nearly every store that sells ammunition. Write for literature and a free copy of Lieut. Col. Townsend Whelen's thrilling booklet, "American Big Game Hunting."

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 553 Hunter Ave., East Alton, Ill.
Branch Offices: Hoboken, N. J., and San Francisco, Cal.

Western
Lubaloy
(LUBRICATING ALLOY)
Coated .22's

(Continued from page 67)

"It must be good and warm down below," Stuart suggested.

"Most of the time it's too hot, Alabama." Tod looked about quickly, came closer, and spoke in a lowered tone. "Say, have you—have you seen anything funny, anything strange about this tramp steamer?"

"No—what do you mean?"

"There's something mighty queer going on, that's all. You want to watch your step. I got a tip from the skipper. He's looking for trouble ahead."

"Trouble with the crew?"

"Yes; they're divided. The old gang has been up to something."

"Dope running?" Stuart whispered.

"Oh, not that! Every ship on the Pacific smuggles in dope. This is something deeper, something that makes it worth their while to get rid of the captain. Just keep your eyes open and don't mix. There's a tough crew aboard."

Stuart nodded. "You bet, I know that."

From the engine-room entrance issued the sharp clang of a bell. "Ten to twelve," Tod noted hurriedly. "Where are they putting you on watch tonight?"

"I'm to relieve the lookout on the fore's'le head."

Tod regarded him in surprise. "That's queer," he said reflectively. "An able seaman is usually in the bow. Who placed you there?"

"The second mate."

A low whistle came from the oiler's lips. "I'll bet Shark Bashford's behind that. Well, watch out, Alabama. So long!"

Stuart stood there a moment in silence, pondering the oiler's words. At length, puzzled, uncertain, he went slowly down the passageway to the exit, which was blocked by a wall of fog. He shivered slightly as he stepped to the deck. Through the black obscurity of the night, the whistle on the bridge was sending out its mournful note of warning.

VI—Out of the Fog

LIGHTS burning brightly, seh!" Through the night and the fog, Stuart sang out the routine words to the officer of the watch. Placed an hour and a half earlier as lookout on the fore-castle head, he stood now in the profound darkness of the ship's bow, his back to the windlass drum. The deck, the rail, the sea had vanished; the thickening mist enshrouded his little world in folds so dense that the sensation of being lost in boundless space crept over him.

Listening intently, he heard with relief the soft swish of water from the steamer's bow as it cut through the broad Pacific. At intervals there came from aloft the low muffled blare of the whistle. Stuart shivered, wiped a hand across his damp face, and moved forward with the utmost care to the rail.

Were they out of the danger zone yet, he wondered; or were other vessels drawing in on the converging routes of the chart, endeavoring to enter the channel of Juan de Fuca Strait? Alone here since midnight, with the chill of the fog invading his tired muscles, a sense of grievance had been stirring within him until his whole spirit grew aflame with rebellion. Why should he stand watch on such a night, when he was probably the only green hand aboard the tramp? He wasn't familiar with the ways of the sea; he hadn't asked to go on this voyage in such a battered freighter, to live with those swine in their reeking fore-castle, to eat with them in their messroom alive with cockroaches. By Caesar, the officers weren't treating him squarely, either; they were just like those military authorities at West Point. Well, Stuart Ormsby had never yet allowed himself to be a goat under the tyranny of such

discipline. He wouldn't do a bit more work than was absolutely necessary!

Through the encompassing blackness, he felt his way aft to the companion rail and swung down the ladder to the main deck. In the corner where the washroom wing joined the firemen's quarters, he found a spot warm and protected. Here he crouched, chilled and depressed, his arms about his knees, his eyes directed upon the misty glow of the red and green lights on the bridge. There was no sense at all, he argued to himself, in his keeping a strict lookout above. No eye could pierce that nebulous wall of gloom; and if any steamer drew near, a person would surely hear her whistle long before her lights became visible. His weary head nodded. Drugged by exhaustion, lulled by the murmur of the sea and the faint tremor of the deck beneath him, he dropped into an uneasy sleep.

Some time later he awoke with a start. Instantly his drowsy mind leaped awake, aroused by the impression that someone had bent over him. He took in at a glance the fog-swept deck, the black bulkhead of the fore-castle rising above him, the ghostly sheen of the companionway rail. Surely it was not the whistle that had wakened him, for that, blowing every three minutes, had woven itself into his dreams. If the hour had struck on the bridge and he had failed to respond with the ringing of the bronze bell in the bow, then without doubt his absence had been detected.

IN a panic he rose and climbed the ladder to the deck above. At that moment, two o'clock sounded on the bridge. Relieved that he had slept only a half hour, he hurried forward and answered with quick even taps on the bell: *one, two—three, four!* As the soft echoes drifted aft on the heavy air, he swung about, quivering in every muscle. Directly behind the windlass, a scuffling noise was audible.

"Who's there?" he asked in a breathless whisper. "Who's there?"

Utter silence greeted his words. The thought went through his mind that he had allowed his fancy to conjure up an imaginary sound. The next instant, however, he froze to the spot. Not five feet from him a scream, shrill and uncanny, tore through the air.

His heart gave a leap of terror against his ribs; sweat stood out on the palms of his hands. His throat moved convulsively. "Who—who's there?" he breathed.

No answer came. Slowly he went forward and, touching the rail with a trembling hand, circled the small, triangular deck.

A door slammed sharply on the bridge. "What's wrong, lookout?" called the second mate.

Stuart raised his voice. "Nothing—nothing, seh!"

"Any drunken bums down there?"

"No, seh. I'm alone—I don't know what that noise was."

A pause ensued; then the mate resumed, "Keep a good watch ahead. It's a thick night."

"Yes, seh."

Stuart let his glance sweep out into that dark abyss of rolling fog. Had something happened while he slept? Stories he had heard that day in the seamen's quarters floated to the surface of his mind, stories of the *Nanking's* past history—of a collision while entering the Golden Gate one morning in a fog; of a weird meeting in the South China Sea with a junk, deserted yet full-rigged; of a strange unearthly cry, heard at night from a sea bird, that presaged disaster for the *Nanking's* captain. Desperately thrusting these reflections away, he kicked the deck with one foot. That sudden thud on the steel plate seemed his only contact with reality.

The next moment he remembered the

pocket flash that had been given him when he took over the watch. His fingers closed eagerly upon it. In an attitude of acute attention, he pressed the button—a cone of light leaped outward. It revealed through the hazy gray atmosphere the blurred outline of the companion steps and the black pile of cable near the hawser chock. By slow degrees he swung the beam to the left; his eyes endeavoring to pierce the enveloping gloom. All at once his fingers trembled. The light wavered, vanished for a second, and flashed on again as he stared, amazed.

FACING him in that translucent cone was the startled form of a Chinese. Stuart knew on the instant that the white coat and loose trousers covered the slim figure of the cook, Wu Sing.

"What—what are you doing here?" the boy challenged unsteadily.

The cook's pasty features, with the skin drawn tight across high cheek bones, broke into a smile of humble supplication. His long eyelids narrowed; his white teeth showed plainly as he chose his words in halting pidgin English. "Ming get loose. You savvee? I take look-see roun' deck."

"You mean the monkey?" Stuart flung at him, a hint of disbelief in his tone.

"Yes,—with a sibilant hiss—"you see him maybe?"

"No. Was that cry from the monkey?"

"Maybe. You puttee that light out, savvee? I no likee the mate see Wu Sing here."

Stuart loosed his pressure on the electric torch, and the night closed down about him, more intense, more impenetrable than before. The cook moved closer; his blurred outline became visible; a faint Oriental odor drifted to Stuart's nostrils.

"Li'l' boy," went on the sibilant murmur, "you say nothin' what you see here, savvee?"

"Oh, I understand," Stuart hotly acknowledged. "You mean, I suppose, that I'm not to say anything about your being here. Well, I don't care in the slightest what goes on in this dirty ship. As far as I'm concerned, the crew can do anything they like. Let 'em fight, let 'em murder, let 'em mutiny—"

He checked himself and stepped back with a quick movement. A hissing breath followed him. Issuing as from tightly closed teeth, the incisive whisper brought a warning, a menace that made his hair softly stir:

"S-s-s! Be still!"

Distinctly audible from the iron steps of the ladder was the faint scuff of approaching footfalls. Wu Sing's blurred outline merged into the velvet darkness; as silently as a shadow he disappeared.

Stuart strained his eyes toward the companionway. What secret actions brought these men in the dead of night to the fore-castle head? There was a deep undercurrent of mystery, he knew, circulating through the holds of the *Nonking*. Was he to be drawn against his will into this stream of unlawful activity? Not if he knew it first, he told himself with tight-drawn mouth.

With relief he heard a second later the husky voice of Shark Bashford.

"Where are yuh, lookout?"

"Here, seh—by the rail."

"Good." The man came nearer, but he remained only a voice in the night, a low throaty murmur that sent an apprehensive chill through the boy. "Yuh can go below for a spell," continued the mate. "I'll stand yer watch for awhile."

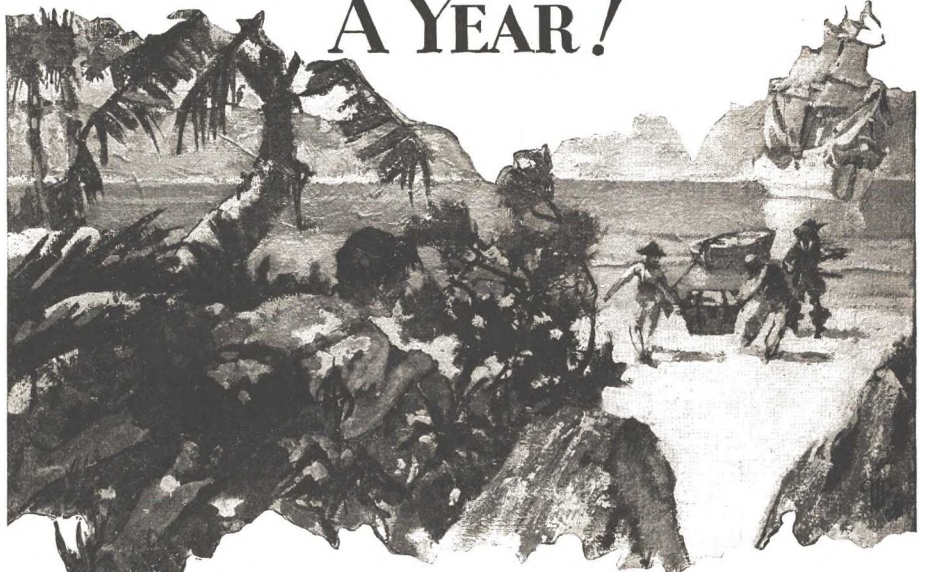
Go below! Surprise silenced the words that rose to Stuart's lips. The tone of the voice had been friendly, too, almost as though the man were unwillingly begging a favor of him.

"Yes, seh," Stuart stammered at last.

"Yes, seh."

"I'll call when I wants yuh." A hand

TWELVE TREASURE ISLANDS A YEAR!



Through this New BOOK CLUB for BOYS!

HERE is a brand new club for boys—for YOU and all your friends. A book club that sends you one book a month—just as older people are sent *The Literary Guild* selection. "Twelve Treasure Islands a Year" is only a suggestion of what you may expect. The books won't all be like *Treasure Island*; some of them will be about college—sports—exploring and hunting. Every subject under the sun will be used to give you books that you will read half-a-dozen times.

Aeroplanes and submarines, football, baseball and track; Africa, Alaska, the West, Wall Street, Science, Indians, the Army and the Navy; there is no end to the places these books will take you, no end to the adventures they will give you, no end to the people and animals you will meet. And—best of all—there will be so much *meat* in these books, so many facts that you should know, that your parents will be glad to have you read them all! No one will say, "Why don't you let that trash alone and read some-

thing worth while!" because all Junior Guild books—in addition to being thrilling—are worth while. They won't teach you algebra—but they will teach you a lot of other things—things you *want* to know.

Books for You to Own Clothbound and Illustrated

Thousands of boys all over the world will get their new books this way. Thousands of them are already charter members of *The Junior Literary Guild*. YOU want to be in on the fun. YOU want to belong to this club and to wear your button or pin everywhere so that others will know you are a member. The gold and enamel badge is free—all privileges of membership are free. You pay only a single yearly subscription—just as you do for your favorite magazine—for the books themselves and that subscription price is only a little more than half of the total retail value of the books you will receive.

Every book will be bound in cloth, it will be *new*, it will be yours and yours alone. Only members of

The Junior Guild will be able to own books exactly like these. They will never be on sale in the stores. They will be illustrated by the foremost artists in the country. They will form a fine library for you, a library that will grow from month to month, without any bother or fuss.

Every boy's book published in America will be considered and the best ones of them all—the kind you like the best—will be chosen.

You Can Earn Your Own Subscription

A plan has been arranged to allow you to earn the price of your original subscription and many more. Tell your mother and father you are sending for full particulars. Ask them to read this page. Tell them you want to read the *best* books. Get started NOW!

The Junior Literary Guild
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 3AB New York, N.Y.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD, Dept. 3 A.B.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me *SECRETS for Readers*
Under Sixteen and *SECRETS for Parents*.
No obligation, of course.

Name.....
Address.....

City..... State.....

Check here if there are any members
of *The Literary Guild* in your family.



Send for SECRETS

Free! Fill out the coupon for SECRETS. Two books will be sent to you at once. One of them is yours, printed in full colors, fully illustrated; the other is for your parents. Send for SECRETS absolutely free.



LET'S suppose you want a .22 calibre repeating rifle. Of course, if you don't, there's not much use in reading this advertisement. But if you do, it will interest you.

If you're thinking of buying a .22 repeater, you're thinking about a Remington. That's only natural, because you bear more about Remingtons, you see more Remingtons, and the name comes into your head first.

Why is that? For one thing, Remingtons have been the leading rifles for 113 years. Very likely your father, your grandfather and your great-grandfather shot Remingtons. To-day people walk into stores and buy \$30,000,000 worth of Remington products every year. Think of that! There isn't any other brand in this line that sells nearly so much.

So you see you were perfectly right in thinking of Remington first. That's the make of rifle you want, and the next question is: what kind of a Remington?

It's a hard thing to choose between the Model 24 and the Model 12 that are pictured on this page. Both are accurate, wonderfully well-made, beautifully balanced, finely finished and have stocks and fore-ends of rich, dark American walnut.

The Model 24 is an Autoloader. That means that after each shot the empty cartridge is thrown out, a new cartridge is put in the chamber, and the action is cocked. If you want to keep on shooting, all you have to do is keep on pulling the trigger. It will shoot as fast as you can work your finger. If you buy one that shoots .22 long-rifle cartridges the magazine holds 10 shots, and if you buy one for .22 shorts, it holds 15. The same rifle won't shoot both kinds.

The Model 12 is a slide action, or pump action, repeater. It works so smoothly that you can pump it like lightning. This rifle will shoot either .22 shorts, longs, or long-rifle cartridges interchangeably.

So you see the Model 24 will shoot a little faster, and the Model 12 will allow you to shoot three different cartridges in the same rifle. Some people prefer one and some the other. You will have to make your own choice. You can't make a mistake whichever you take because both are Remingtons. Write for descriptive folder on .22 rifles.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.

113 Years of Quality

25 Broadway

New York City

Remington Model 24,
Autoloading, take-
down rifle, .22 calibre.
Standard Grade.
Price \$25.45

Remington Mod-
el 12, slide action,
repeating, take-
down rifle, .22 calibre.
Standard Grade.
Price \$19.85

Kleanbore Cartridges
prevent rust, corrosion,
and pitting inside the
barrel. They are accu-
rate and sure.



Remington

(Continued from page 69)
grasped the boy's wrist. "Are yuh on the skipper's side?"

"I—I don't know what you mean. That tattooed savage! Why should I be on his side?"

"That's all right, kid. Yuh go below and turn in. Hold yer tongue. When anyone talks too blamed much on this here tramp, somethin' always happens. Get me? But I don't think yuh'll say much. Oh no—not since I seen yuh asleep on watch!" He laughed shortly; his tone turned hard. "Yeah, I seen yuh there all right—asleep by the fo'c's'le door. Ain't it the truth?"

"Yes, seh."

FRIGHTENED because the mate had seen him asleep on watch, slightly bewildered at this mysterious order, and dubious as to the advisability of carrying it out, Stuart reluctantly crossed to the ladder and descended to the main deck. When he swung open the fore-castle door and glimpsed, in the twilight of the interior, three seamen furtively slipping into their clothes, he was seized by a sudden resolve. With a barely perceptible clang, he shut the door and remained on deck.

A vague suspicion was now taking definite form. Shark Bashford was using him for his own foolhardy purposes. Perhaps the mate might even blame him later to the captain for leaving his post. Well, he'd been caught asleep once; that was enough. He vowed to himself that he'd keep his eyes open this time; none of these officers should find him easy bait.

He stepped to the bulwarks and peered ahead. The fog swept round the spread of the fore-castle with such velocity that every now and then he wiped the moisture from his eyes. As the minutes dragged by, he became aware of other men seeking the seclusion of the fore-castle head. He heard their stealthy footsteps come forward and climb the ladder. The door nearest him opened to emit three dark figures, which also climbed above; and a second later he discerned a similar exit from the firemen's quarters.

He wasn't surprised at this secretive meeting, he said to himself; he would not be surprised at anything that happened on this old tub. He counted the men as best he could, however, and made out that at least nine had joined Shark Bashford on the deck above. Low murmurs drifted aft to him—surlily voices hushed as in hidden conclave. Sharp disagreements arose, to be silenced by two authoritative voices. The first was the mate's, and the second—could it be the chief engineer's?

He recalled Wu Sing's presence on the fore-castle head and the man's feeble explanation. Was the Chinese cook up there now? The longer Stuart pondered the question, the more he became convinced that the cook was playing a game of his own, certainly without the knowledge of the first mate.

Once a strange phrase, "Wreckers' lamps," came down to him, and a well-known voice saying, "We got him easy—ain't it the truth?" Once he heard a seaman's harsh voice of protest, "But this is mutiny, sir!" and the mate's command for silence.

Stuart's hand moved nervously on the rail. Mutiny! Was that the storm that was brewing around this old tramp? Were these men planning to get command of the ship from their new captain? Tod Moran had been right, then, when he had sensed danger. The oiler and that crazy little cockney, Toppy, might be the only friends Captain Jarvis had aboard.

STUART wearily glancing ahead, distinguished the vague glow of a light on the water. So hazy was it, so dim, so unreal, he thought for a second it must be a figment of his imagination. He stared, wiped a hand across his eyes, and stared again. It was still there,

coming nearer—the faint red glow of a vessel's port light.

Had it been seen by the men on the fore-castle head? Evidently not, for the low mutter of their undertones still floated down. By *Cæsar*, they must have failed to post a lookout! A tide of sheer terror washed over Stuart; then, quick as a flash, he jerked himself about. With all his might he shouted up to the bridge:

"A ship—on the sta'b'd bow!"

Almost at once, two quick, warning blasts roared from the *Nanking's* whistle. On the approaching craft a startled foghorn answered. Stuart's gaze swept out again into the encircling gloom. Aghast, he beheld the red gleam steadily, unswervingly advance. Second by second the ruddy glow deepened. Suddenly a radiant white light spread in widening circles from the newcomer's deck, revealing huge sails that soared aloft like phantom wings to merge into the obscurity above. A sailing ship, unwittingly about to cross the very path of the old tramp, had kindled a flare-up torch in the desperate hope that the steamer would note her position in time to avert a crash.

Out of the mist, however, a bowsprit and jib sail was already pressing toward the boy. A wooden bulwark took form; a windjammer, two-masted and full rigged, loomed above him. Appalled, he staggered back from the rail.

The old tramp gave a vicious lurch to port that sent him sprawling to the deck near the forward hatch. Bells signaled full speed astern to the engine room. The faithful iron heart of the *Nanking* seemed to stop beating for a breathless moment; then the deck quivered and strained and groaned as the immense propeller, with a reverse movement, churned the waves astern.

A gull-like cry flew over the water. The flare winked out—night closed down.

A crash of wrenching timber thudded against the *Nanking's* bow. Voices drifted down to the boy where he struggled to his feet. On the instant he realized what had happened: the jib boom and bowsprit had swept across the fore-castle's head, tearing away the gear, the rail, the men who stood in its path. Under the impact of that blow the old tramp rolled sharply to port, then rolled sluggishly back again.

STUART glimpsed overhead a nodding sail dip toward him. For the duration of a dozen heart-beats it hung there before it swung back and dissolved in the night. The two ships, steamer and wind-jammer, thumped alongside with a grinding reverberation. Curses screamed through the air. Slowly they drifted apart; a wall of fog imposed itself between them.

Stuart stood braced against the coaming of number-one hatch, as erect and immobile as a stanchion riveted to deck. He saw as in a dream the fore-castle doors swing open and two yellow squares of light slant across the plates. Directly before him, in the light from the seamen's doorway, lay crumpled the body of a man, fallen from the deck above.

The tense, menacing voice of Shark Bashford pierced through his daze. "Keep quiet about this—understand?" "I will, seh—I will." He repeated the words without knowing what he promised.

The moments that followed were confused and obscure to Stuart. Dimly he was aware that the whole ship was alive with half-clad men; that from the bridge a great searchlight was playing a strong beam upon them; that the shouts, the running feet, the excited cries were quieted, silenced by one voice that was terse and commanding—the voice of the *Nanking's* master.

"It ain't nothin' serious, sir," said Shark Bashford presently as if from a remote distance. "The blamed brig shoved her nose right into us. But no



3 to 45 M.P.H. More Fun than Flying!

FOR the whole family—"Evinrudeing"! For canoe, hunting skiff, rowboat, runabout, speed hull and small cruiser there's an Evinrude for the job. Four "Twin" models—2 1/2, 6, 14 and 20 horse power. More power, more speed, more features for 1929—underwater exhaust, water-proof ignition, easy starting, made still, easier, torpedo streamlines, pressure vacuum cooling (no moving parts), self steering. Easy payments as low as \$31.10 down.

Write for new free Evinrude Year Book. EVINRUDE DIVISION Outboard Motors Corporation 2127 27th Street Milwaukee, Wis.



Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc. All latest models, completely reconditioned brand new. GUARANTEED for ten years. Send no money—big free catalog shows exact machines in full colors. Cash or direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 days' trial offer. International Typewriter Ex. 186 W. Lake St., Dept. 546, Chicago, Ill.



This summer take away a .22 you can be proud of

Every boy wants to possess his own .22 rifle and outstanding in this class are Stevens rifles. You will find any one of them easy to handle, light, accurate in firing and strong and safe throughout.

"FAVORITE" Stevens "Favorites" are probably the rifles you've had in mind for some time. The No. 17 with its round 24" barrel is the popular model. It is a single shot arm with lever action and automatic ejector in the .22 cal. In the .25 and .32 cal. It has a plain extractor. Weight 4 1/2 pounds. Price \$9.15.

Send the attached coupon for the free Stevens Catalog

STEVENS J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY Dept. 631 Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Owned and Operated by SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION, UTICA, N. Y. Largest Manufacturers of Sporting Arms in the World J. Stevens Arms Company Dept. 631, Chicopee Falls, Mass. Send me your complete, free Stevens Arms Catalog.

Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO GIVE THIS FILE NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY

harm done to either ship, sir. The skipper o' the brig yelled that they was O. K. Only one of our own men hurt—Slim Morgan. He musta fell from the deck above, and broke his neck.

"He's dead?" "I think so."

There ensued a long pause during which Stuart knew the two officers were kneeling beside that still form on the deck.

"Cut me, if it ain't a fireman!" exclaimed the captain in surprise. "What was he doing on the fo'c's'le head, Mr. Bashford?"

"Don't know, sir. I daresay he was sleepin' there."

"On a night like this!" There was a look of keen distrust on the captain's face as he rose to his full height. "Who was on the watch forward?"

AT the question, a pang of dread went through Stuart. He felt as though he were submerged in deep water and were vainly trying to fight his way to the surface. In his mind a question hammered madly: Am I guilty of this? Am I guilty? What if this had occurred when he had been asleep on watch? Should he have allowed the first mate to relieve him, when he was on the second's watch? He quivered as though struck when he heard the mate answer the captain's inquiry.

"Ormsby was the lookout, sir." The silence seemed to beat in waves about him. All eyes, he knew, were directed his way.

"Young man," said the captain in his low vibrant tone, "come over here."

"Yes, seh." His leaden feet dragged on the steel plates. All the blood in his body seemed drumming in his ears.

"The quartermaster tells me you reported a ship off the starb'd bow—but not soon enough. Where were you standing?"

"At the sta'b'd bulwarks, seh."

Captain Jarvis gave him a long, searching look.

"What happened?"

Stuart's lips moved soundlessly. What should he say—what should he say? If he followed the menacing behest of the first mate he would be aligning himself definitely, irrevocably with the mutinous element aboard. Yet could he tell the truth—all of it? Admit that he had slept on watch and then had been relieved by the first mate? In a moment of bitter illumination he realized that it was not the mate who had sprung this trap for him—it was his own actions. He felt himself sinking into the depths of a fathomless sea; like a drowning man he looked round for something to grasp, something to weigh him up.

He swallowed, beat his way up to the surface, and brought out with an effort, "It—it was so dark, seh, so foggy that the sailing vessel came up before I knew it. I shouted to the bridge as soon as I saw the light. The ship was almost upon us before she blew her foghorn."

"Ormsby, who placed you on watch to-night?"

"The second mate, seh."

"And was this fireman talking to you?"

"No, seh." The words came, stifled, from the boy's lips.

Captain Jarvis glanced across at his first officer. Evidently the master of the Nanking realized that there were depths here that were yet unsounded, but for the present he asked no more questions. For a long moment of suspense the two men regarded each other with glances as cold as frozen seas. Stuart perceived then that the men had moved into two groups; taking sides behind their leaders, they faced one another across a narrow width of deck.

Behind Shark Bashford stood the chief engineer, the fat steward, Wu Sing the cook, and at least six seamen together with four of the engine-room gang. With that tense, silent group

Advertisement for TURHAM-DUPLEX razors. Features a large illustration of a young man's face and the text: 'Youth will be served by TURHAM-DUPLEX. At the sign of those first ten hairs, when you make the momentous decision to shave, don't just settle it by using dad's razor. Shaving's a life job and you might as well solve the problem for yourself. Buy your first razor intelligently—just as you would a radio—or an automobile. Find out about it. Here's what you'll discover. A barber's shave is the best. He uses a long, keen edged, straight razor, shaves you with a diagonal stroke, giving you a good close shave without pulling. You can get all these advantages in one Safety-Razor—the Durham-Duplex. You'll find that you can use the same graceful, easy swing that the barber does—the stroke is a cinch to learn because it's the only natural one. We know you'll investigate and find this for yourself and that's why we say: "Youth Will Be Served by Durham-Duplex" (See the Coupon) DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO. Jersey City, New Jersey. Factory: Sheffield, Eng., Paris, France; Toronto, Canada. Sales Representatives in all Countries. The Terminal Barber Shops recommend the natural stroke and long detachable blades of this Durham-Duplex, the only safety razor that duplicates the shaving principle of the barber's razor. Interchangeable Blades Six for a package of 5. You can get a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with one Blade for only a quarter. At your dealer or mail this coupon to DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO. JERSEY CITY, N. J. (Address for Canada, 50 Pearl St., Toronto) Name _____ Address _____

Advertisement for Stevens Arms Company. Features a large illustration of a .22 rifle and the text: 'This summer take away a .22 you can be proud of. Every boy wants to possess his own .22 rifle and outstanding in this class are Stevens rifles. You will find any one of them easy to handle, light, accurate in firing and strong and safe throughout. "FAVORITE" Stevens "Favorites" are probably the rifles you've had in mind for some time. The No. 17 with its round 24" barrel is the popular model. It is a single shot arm with lever action and automatic ejector in the .22 cal. In the .25 and .32 cal. It has a plain extractor. Weight 4 1/2 pounds. Price \$9.15. Send the attached coupon for the free Stevens Catalog. STEVENS J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY Dept. 631 Chicopee Falls, Mass. Owned and Operated by SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION, UTICA, N. Y. Largest Manufacturers of Sporting Arms in the World J. Stevens Arms Company Dept. 631, Chicopee Falls, Mass. Send me your complete, free Stevens Arms Catalog. Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____ IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO GIVE THIS FILE NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY



Shorty plays 'em like a Big Leaguer!

And why shouldn't he? That D&M Glove of his is an exact duplicate of the one that helped Hughie Critz break two long-standing records. "Natural Scoop Glove" is what Critz calls it. And there are thousands of boys using this marvelous glove who agree with him perfectly.

D&M Gloves Cut Down Errors

Just look at those short even fingers. No chance there for a grounder to crawl under. And how the pill does stick in that sure-catch ball pocket! D&M Gloves make the hard ones look easy. That's why they're used by the best players everywhere—230 in the American and National Leagues alone last year.

Just go into the nearest D&M store and slip on one of these Big League Gloves. See how natural and easy it feels. D&M make such a big variety of Gloves and Mitts that you're sure to find just the size and kind you need at the price you want to pay. Look for the Lucky Dog and you'll never go wrong!



D&M "Natural Scoop" Glove, No. G97X

FREE!

Just ask the D&M dealer to give you a set of our educational folders on how to play the different positions. They're written by famous players to show future stars how to play better baseball. Illustrated . . . Free . . . Write us if no D&M dealer is handy. Use coupon.



D&M

THE DRAPER-MAYNARD CO., PLYMOUTH, N.H.
NEW YORK . . . SAN FRANCISCO . . . SUTTON, QUEBEC

THE DRAPER-MAYNARD CO.
Plymouth, N. H., Department A

Send me your free booklets on batting, fielding, stealing bases, fooling the batter, etc., written by Big Leaguers. Also the following which I have checked:

New D&M Golf Book—
"18 Holes in Par."

1929 Official Rule Book
for Baseball and Tennis.

D&M Catalog of Spring
and Summer Athletic Goods

Name.....
Address.....

"How to Bat .300" by Pat Collins

(Continued from page 71)
supporting him, the mate stood triumphant, with chin outthrust. Beneath his wide reddish-brown eyebrows the pale eyes looked forth from his bronzed face with a deep glint of malice.

At Captain Tom Jarvis's back were only three adherents—Topsy, wide-eyed and staring; Tod Moran, tight-lipped and alert; and Swede Jorgenson, whose stolid features indicated that he failed to take in the import of this attitude of suppressed defiance.

STUART alone stood outside these two factions that so bitterly faced each other. He realized with a start that only three or four members of the crew, and those seamen and coal-passers of no consequence, could be neutral. And the mate was calling him! Though no word was spoken, Stuart caught the look of meaning the mate threw his way. He was telling the boy in silence to come to his side. Stuart realized that, if he did this, he would have no explanations to face; there would be no questioning into his past or future movements. They would accept his lack of seamanship, his sleeping on watch, with a grin of sly complicity.

Suddenly the conviction seized him that, if he chose the mate's side, he would be lost. Only the captain and Tod Moran could save his self-respect, his own integrity. He grasped at that thought as a drowning man at a life ring in the open sea.

He stumbled across the few feet of deck and took his place behind the captain. There he raised a pale, defiant face to Shark Bashford and his men.

The mate's hands clenched at his sides; his eyes glittered with evil malice. To Stuart, the man's silence was more significant than bitter denunciation.

"Blimey," breathed Topsy at the boy's side. "Wot's it all about, Joe Macaroni?"

"Keep still, Topsy," the oiler whispered. He cast a look of affectionate approval at Stuart. "Hello, Alabam," he added in an undertone.

"We'll look further into this matter to-morrow," announced Captain Jarvis in cool ringing tones. "Mr. Bashford, relieve this boy, and place an able seaman in the bow. Two of you men carry that fireman's body up to the hospital cabin. I'll take a look at the fo'c's'le head. Scatter, you men!"

Stuart stepped back to the bulwarks outside the beam of light. A feeling of loneliness—of infinite bitterness—weighed him down. Distrusted by both sides, he was separated from the mate by his open refusal to join him, and from the captain's and Tod Moran's friendship by his own actions. Would they ever accept him as a seaman? Him? . . . Why, he had slept on his first night watch; he had raised no outcry at treachery toward the captain of his ship. The boy's finger nails bit into the palms of his hands. His wall of pride was crumbling into fragments about him.

In silence he stood there while the ship got under way. He heard the bells in the engine room ring half speed ahead, felt the quiver of the deck as the first thresh of the propeller sent the old tramp on her way, saw the rolling fog-wraiths glide slowly past as she plowed through the seas ahead. He was an outcast in this mass of deep-sea flotsam—and he wanted now, with all his heart, to take his place as a trusted member of the crew.

The western shore of his homeland had dropped astern of them; they were twenty fair-weather days from their first Oriental port of call. Not even the blue light of a star was reflected in his deep pool of loneliness. . . . Would he never himself make port?

(To be continued in the June number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

The Passing Show of 1929

It's a show that changes every day. Keeps abreast of the times. Always up to date—ever in step with the mode, or a little ahead—turning the spotlight for you on the things that are new, smart, stylish, convenient—desirable.

The Passing Show of current times—the advertisements in this magazine. Packed with interest—alive with the vitality and surging change of this modern day.

The advertisements are more than reliable buying guides. Indications of quality they are, surely—for today no manufacturer can win lasting success by buying publicity for a cheap or shoddy product. Advertising weeds out the unfit. But more than that—advertisements are the fascinating daily record of progress in industry—of advances in the world of goods and services. And of such things you need to be fully informed—for you are the ones who buy them.

Buy intelligently—with open eyes. Read the advertisements. Compare values . . . know what's new, what's better, and why. When you start out to spend your money—*be informed!*

Make it a habit to follow the advertisements.

Every day there's a new edition of
The Passing Show!

Time to Go Pup-Tenting



AN army on the march lives in pup tents. Pup tents are light. Rolled into a pack they protect clothing and personal articles. They're the ideal shelter for a hiker.

So if you're going to do any hiking this summer, get yourself one. If you can't afford to buy it, make your own. The simplest form of pup tent is a piece of canvas about ten feet long and six wide. Along the six-foot edges, you can sew eyelets or grommets to which you can attach small loops of cord for pegging down the sides. And that's all you need. When you get to your camping spot, sling the canvas over a ridgepole about four feet above the ground, peg down the edges, and you have a serviceable shelter.

A second improvement is to make each half long enough so that you not only have six feet of tent but a front flap. To the inside edge of the front flap, sew pieces of tape so that you can tie the two flaps together when it rains. Another stunt is to provide circular holes at the top of the tent to take the front and rear tent poles. Make your

tent poles with pegs at the top to fit into the holes in the canvas.

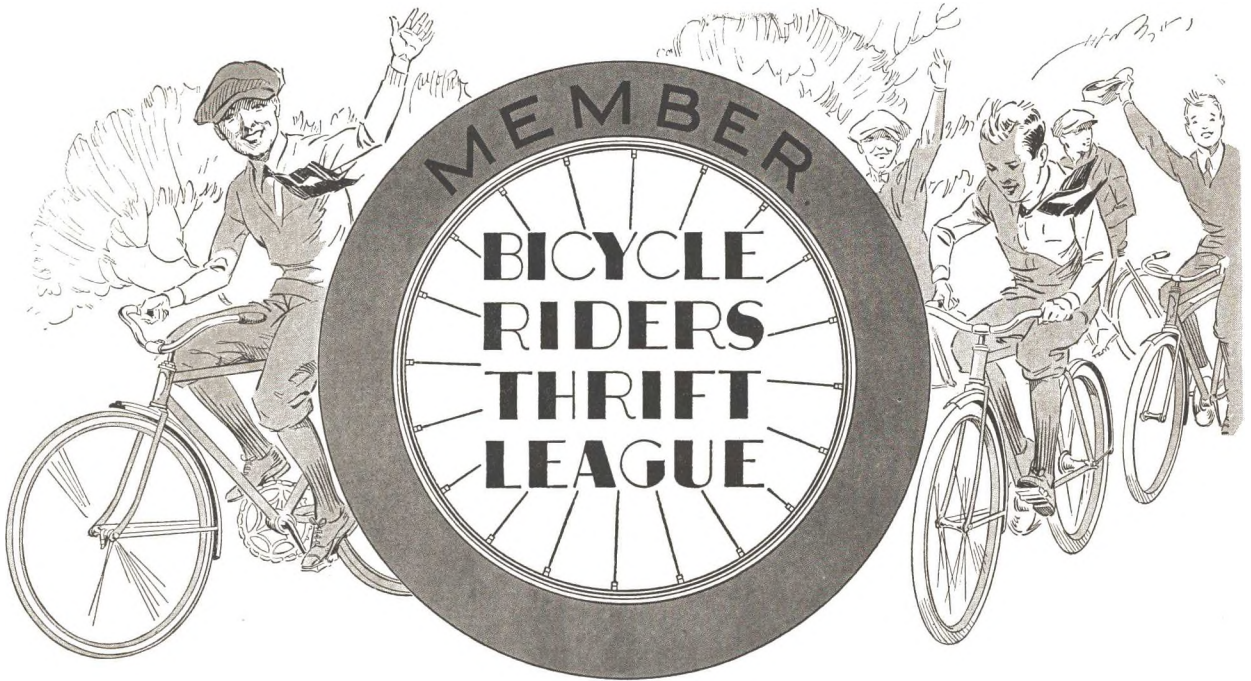
Steady the poles and stretch the tent taut with front and rear guy ropes, slanting from the top of the pole at a forty-five degree angle to a peg in the ground.

You can think up a dozen stunts to make yours snug once the tent is pitched. About four feet from the front and rear ends, you can erect windbreaks by sticking leafy branches into the ground. Be sure to leave room for a small fire between the windbreak and the front entrance.

Around the tent you'll want to dig a shallow ditch. Pack the dirt into a ridge inside the ditch, along the edge of the tent. Have the ditch drain off into lower ground beyond the windbreak. For your bed you'll collect leaves, or straw, or dried grass.

Outside, you can build rustic seats and a table. You'll have a whole of a good time building a pup-tent home. And you'll hate to leave it when the time comes to return to town.

—Armstrong Perry.



Come on gang *and join us!*

HERE is good news — big news — for hundreds of thousands of Neverleak Tire Fluid users.

Save the metal collars, stamped "NEVERLEAK" which form the top of every tube. They are worth money to you.

They will be accepted as part payment for any or all of the articles listed in the catalog of the Bicycle Riders Thrift League—things that every fellow wants.

What is the Bicycle Riders Thrift League?

It is an organization of Bike Riders — regular fellows — everywhere. It promotes good fellowship and encourages thrift. Using Neverleak Tire Fluid is a mark of thrift. It not only ends puncture troubles but also lengthens the life of new tires and adds mileage to old tires. It costs no more and sometimes even less than tire fluids you know nothing about.

You can join the League today. When you send for the catalog you will receive also a membership button and certificate. Your pals, whose names you recommend, will be enrolled, too.

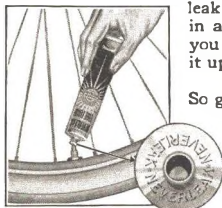
Three out of four bike riders use Neverleak

Letters were sent to boys in every state in the Union. Stacks of replies came back. Three out of every four boys said they used Neverleak.

Ask your Dad about Neverleak. It's the old stand-by that he himself used as a boy—the standard for more than 35 years — but better now than ever before.

No need for rubber bands, plugs, patches

Neverleak does a better job. It makes single-tube tires *leak-proof* — ends your puncture troubles. Before you use your bike this spring, or when you get a new tire, squeeze in a tube of Neverleak. It's the same as fixing punctures in advance. If you have a puncture you never know it — Neverleak seals it up on the run.



Screw tube onto valve stem and squeeze. Then save the "collar"

So get a tube — two tubes — one for each tire — from your hardware, sporting goods, or bicycle dealer today. Mail the coupon for your catalog and membership in the Bicycle Riders Thrift League now. Doesn't cost you a cent to join — and there are no dues.

Get the genuine Neverleak Tire Fluid in the familiar green and yellow tube. New low price 25 cents. If your dealer can't supply you order from us direct. Liquid Veneer Corporation, Buffalo, New York.



The Original and Only

NEVERLEAK

TIRE FLUID

BICYCLE RIDERS THRIFT LEAGUE
375 Elliott Street, Buffalo, New York.

Gentlemen: — Please send me catalog of the Bicycle Riders Thrift League, my membership button and certificate. I understand that there is no initiation fee, no dues, no obligation of any kind.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....
 Age..... I ride a..... bicycle

LIGHT IN A NEW FORM



Lights wherever you look.
Fastens comfortably to the head.
Turns with your head.
Tilts at any angle.
Battery fits handily out of the way in pocket or on belt.

TWO STYLES

B 1430—Focusing (360 ft. range) \$2.95
B 1030—Difusing Light . . . 2.70
(Batteries Extra)

When camping, hiking or at home, you often need a light while using both your hands. And that's what the "Hedlite" gives you—light wherever you look with both hands always free. You'll have lots of fun with this new light. It's mighty practical too.

One of the many
BARNEY & BERRY
FLASHLIGHTS

A light for every need

Dept. B

BARNEY & BERRY
INC.

New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

The Builder of the Dam

(Continued from page 34)

of the cut. It's mostly clay, and will pack down hard. We'll sink this saucer below the big leak. It will hold the water, and we'll pump that saucer before the water can get into the cut."

"That's what we did on the other dam," said Carey.

"We worked on the same principle, but this will be on a bigger scale. Without that corrugated iron we couldn't work it here. This is a bigger job."

Tim nodded. "We'll still get some water, won't we?"

"Less than half of what we get now." "That will be plenty," sighed Kaufmann. "I slung soup to-day until I thought my arms were dead."

IT took almost a half day to build the saucer. At once they could see the effect. While the side oozes persisted, the big leak that had swamped the well in the middle was caged. The workers shoveling in the hollow took heart. The buckets came up in a steady stream. "Hey, Rick!" shouted Golding. "We're getting down to solid dirt."

That was even better news. Rick began to carry the forms toward the ends. A sounding of the middle showed that they were within two feet of bed rock at this spot of difficulty.

The gang, though tired, ate a noisy supper. They were coming to the end. There were a volley of questions: "When will we start to pour, Rick? How about sand and gravel—got all you need scowed over? How about water—will she take much overnight?"

"She shouldn't take more than a foot of water to-night," Rick told them. "Those side leaks don't amount to much. I won't start the pump until four o'clock, and I'll let you fellows sleep until we're almost ready to dig."

"Ricky," Kaufmann drawled, "if I weren't so darned tired I'd come around there and kiss you."

The alarm may have gone off but Rick, dead to the world, did not hear it. When he awoke the sun was over the eastern mountains, and a beam of golden light, coming through an open flap of the tent, blinded his eyes. He pulled the clock from under his pillow. Twenty past five! He gave a snort of disgust, got into clothing, and started for the ditch. His movements awoke Tim.

"What time is it, Rick?" Tim got a squint at the sun. "Heck!" The covers were flying. "Late, isn't it?"

"I told them they'd sleep late this morning," Rick said ruefully, "but I didn't think it would be this late. I'll start the pump. You'd better call them." He went outside. Ten seconds later his voice came, sharp, alarmed. "Tim! Quick, Tim!"

The foreman found him staring at the cut. It was flooded to the top. And across the surface of the old earth and stone dam, in muddy ripples, a stream of water was flowing from the lake toward the ditch they had left dry at three o'clock the afternoon before.

"What happened, Rick?" Tim demanded in numbed amazement.

"I don't know," Rick's voice was all at once tired and sick. "Water can do some queer tricks. It might have been eating a passage under the surface for days. Get the gang out. We've got to fill in this sluice and check the flow. No use of pumping until we do."

Checking the flow was simple. It went only six inches deep. Rick rowed down to breakfast in black, frowning suspiciously.

"If that thing had been eating through the old dam for days," he told Tim, "it would have gone deep. This was just a surface drainage. It's been almost six weeks since the shelter was wrecked—"

He stared hard at the eastern shore.

"You think somebody started that leak, Rick?"

"It looks mighty suspicious," said Rick. "The trouble is you can't be sure where water is concerned—queer things happen. Either the lake, for no known reason, suddenly cut through the old dam, or else somebody deliberately pushed through that sluice while we slept."

It took them almost the entire day to pump the ditch. At two o'clock Kaufmann came to Rick.

"Look here, Rick, you've been pretty white to us, and we want to play the game. We've done nothing to-day but hang around. Instead of quitting at three o'clock we'll dig until dark."

"Tell—the boys I appreciate this," said Rick huskily.

Yesterday that center well had been dry; to-day, after they got the cut pumped and could take stock, they found that the hollow was taking water again.

"Last night's flooding disturbed the saucer," Rick decided. "Now the water's getting through the corrugated iron. We'll have to rip it out and build again. How is it down there, Tim?"

"Goody," called Tim from the depth of the hollow.

"Gosh!" Kaufmann heaved a sigh. "I thought we were through with soup."

Were they losing their nerve at last under the flood of discouragements? Rick, watching, found that though their tongues wagged with discontent, their bodies gave freely to the task.

By nightfall the center leak had again become a thing to be feared. Four times that afternoon they pumped the well, and four times the water overpowered them again.

"To-morrow," said Rick, "we rebuild that saucer. I'll start the pump going at two A. M. By five o'clock we should have a reasonably dry ditch."

At two o'clock he started the motor, going out to it with a gas lantern. He was glad to get back to the warmth of his cot. Down in Valley City an August night was always a warm night, but up here his breath steamed. The stars seemed very close in the keen, thin air—so close that it appeared one might stand on tiptoe and pull them down.

He fell asleep listening to the cough of the pump. Shortly after daybreak a hand shaking his shoulder awakened him. Tim was leaning over the bed.

Rick jumped up. "Was I deaf to the alarm again?" he asked in disgust.

"The alarm hasn't gone off yet. I woke up and went out to take a look at the cut. She's half full of water."

"Half full? Why, the pump's been working since two. It's working now."

"I know; but it isn't bringing up any water. Somebody tampered with it."

Barefooted, clad only in pajamas, Rick ran out to the job. One end of the hose was down in the ditch; the other end, disconnected from the pump, lay upon the ground. Four bolts and four nuts lay beside it.

"Help me put this back," said Rick.

"Wouldn't you think," Tim said curiously, "that whoever did this trick would have taken the bolts and nuts away? That would have tied us up."

Rick, screwing on a nut, did not answer. More time lost, more soup in that center well, more setbacks to try heart and courage. He primed the pump, and it began to cough and spit again.

"Be noon before we get things cleaned up to-day," Tim said wistfully.

"Beginning with to-night—" Rick's voice was suddenly hoarse with passion and fury—"beginning with to-night we set guards and watch this job."

(To be concluded in the June number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)



RUGGED—yet graceful!
SPEEDY—and strong!

If you want new pep and dash in your game—see the KENT.

Here are rackets with youth in every line. Quick, flashing youth. Graceful youth, staunch and strong—rugged and right!

A youth it has taken craftsmen of the House of Kent a century to so successfully develop. Embodied in each of our sixteen models.

The "SOVEREIGN"—Popularly priced—yet dependable! White ash frame. Stained throat, ash reinforced. Alternate shoulder windings. Blue and white waterproof gut, \$5.00.

Kent Rackets

WRITE FOR
FREE CATALOG
AND RULES
OF GAME



E. KENT
EST. 1840
PAWTUCKET, R. I.

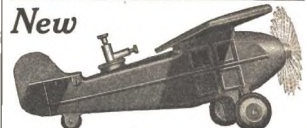
America's Lowest Priced and Lightest Weight
Complete Motor Cycle

Evans Power-Cycle

Makes 100 miles and better per gallon of gas; speeds up to 30 miles an hour; weighs only 84 pounds.

Will give you lots of fun in the open air.

Write for Details
Morley Machinery Corp.
1129 University Ave.
Rochester, N. Y.



BIG-BANG BOMBING PLANE

A real Bombing Plane in appearance, with a real BANG when you push the plunger, and each BANG spins the propeller. Fires with BANGSITE, the safe ammunition.

The BIG-BANG Bombing Plane is 11 inches long, with a wing spread of 13 inches. Beautiful gray finish. A real toy for real boys. Price, \$3.50.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a BIG-BANG Bombing Plane, together with a supply of BANGSITE (ammunition) and complete directions, post-paid anywhere in U. S. A. Send money order or check for \$3.50, or pay the postman.

Write for folder showing BIG-BANG Field and Heavy Artillery, Navy Gun-Boats, Army Tanks, Pistols, from \$1.00 to \$5.50.

THE CONESTOGA CORPORATION
Main Office and Factory
Bethlehem, Pa., U. S. A.

by the St. Lawrence Seaway



Europe

Lucky airplane contest winners!
They're sailing from old French Montreal on one of those fast new *Duchess* lines... past 16th Century Quebec with its walls and fortifications... past Isle d'Orleans, Anticosti bird haven, Greenly, and through Belle Isle Straits. Then 4 days open sea... and Europe!

Why don't you go? You can—for as little as \$184.50 round trip—\$406 pays all expenses through five countries and back, with a jolly Collegiate tour party. Write for data that will help sell your folks on the big idea.

NEW YORK: Madison Avenue at 44th St.
CHICAGO: 71 East Jackson Boulevard
SAN FRANCISCO: 67½ Market St.
—or your local steamship agent

Canadian Pacific

World's Greatest Travel System

Chemical Tricks for Boys

Surprise and puzzle your friends with magic chemical tricks, make ink, dye cloth, test water and soil, write secret letters with invisible ink; pour blue, brown and black liquid from a pitcher of water. All these and many more chemical stunts are easy with *Chemical Junior*. It's the best box of fun you ever had! Get yours now!

ONLY 25c POSTPAID



PLAYS

For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, for the Home or School Stage, Dialogs, Speeches, Monologs, Juvenile Plays and Songs, Riddle-face Plays, Recitations, Drills. How to Stage a Play. Make-up Catalogue FREE. T. S. HENRICH & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 59 CHICAGO

Oh, Boy! HOT MEALS ON THE TRAIL!

IT'S so easy to cook hot meals outdoors with the Little Sterno Stove. It heats, boils, broils, bakes. Makes soup—crisp bacon—sizzling eggs—mashed and chops. Makes delicious toast, steaming coffee. Yet Sterno Stove folds smaller than a pie-plate.

The Sterno Stove at home, too. It's a staid solder for radio parts. Melts glue for making planes. Hundreds of other uses. See Little Sterno Catalogue for details. It's safe, durable, sold—repacks, smoke, or cinders. Buy it at your local dealer and see Sterno Cooking Utensils. Send 10c today for special Sterno Stove. Sterno Corp. (Est. 1897) Dept. SA, P. O. 37th St., N.Y.C.

STERNO CANNED HEAT
Licensed by U. S. Gov't for use only as fuel

This special folding portable stove
ONLY 10c

Mad Anthony's Drummer

(Continued from page 26)

Perfect quiet was impossible. Blunston heard the clatter of rolling stones under hurried steps. Dry twigs snapped. Men slipped. But the complaints of the stumblers were low-voiced. Whispered were those rude jokes that men will make when risking death in company.

Once Bill ventured again to address Wayne:

"D-do you think, sir, th-that signal g-g-got Sam in trouble?"

He knew it must have, but he wanted consolation. However, he received none.

"Aye, all's truff with him now—the wonder for him and the mercy for us is it didn't come afore he could communicate by rocket. Mustn't think of that now. Watch for the enemy."

Blunston's heart dropped, and with it came physical weariness. They should now be as near as they dared go before the final rush. Wayne ordered another brief rest—their last before the conflict. Bill, in this pause, could hear the breathing of the entire expedition, which rose and fell as if it were the distant sound of ocean waves.

It was something else that Wayne heard:

"Listen!" he said at his orderly's ear, and his grasp closed tightly around Blunston's arm.

"F-for wh-what, sir?"

"Pst!"

At first, Bill could detect only the labored breathing. Then, through the pine-scented night, from somewhere ahead, rolled a confused clamor, far away, yet definite.

"Ha! There's life at last." Wayne dispatched one of the men nearest him with a message to Gibbon's Forlorn Hopes on the left.

"And bid them be careful," he added, "of mista'ing friend for foe when we converge."

To Blunston a similar commission was entrusted.

"Say also to Knox we follow close. He's to go on now at the double-quick."

Bill blindly rushed right ahead over the open ground that mounted between him and the spot where Knox and his score of fellows ought to be waiting. With such singleness of purpose did the boy go that he did not see one dark figure detach itself from headquarters company back of Wayne and glide after him.

The boy literally stumbled upon the men that Knox officered. At his word, they were up and away—muskets at hips, bayonets not four feet above ground.

Bill could not have turned had he wanted to, for they swept him with them. He would not have turned if he could, for, at this last crisis, all his thought ran to the coming encounter—to the fight he had so desired—to the revenge of his Sam. His physical weariness fell away magically. How could he think of himself—how could he think of the threats of a pock-marked waster?

THE double-quick! No shots—no l-shouts—but the thud-thud-thud of men running in unison over earth that a day of heat had dried into veritable cement. He used to hate the double-quick. He didn't now.

A hundred paces—
Two hundred—
Under his breath, Bill counted the steps that led to conflict—to Sam.

Three hundred—
The line was most irregular. Some men were ahead of it, some behind. Bill, puffing, stayed in the van.

Five hundred—
A cry—a startled challenge—came out at them. Before the attackers could reach the sentry there was a frightened

flash—a spurt of flame. Then a thump and a clattering of pebbles. More cries from the dark, then, and a hail of scattered shots fired at random.

Here were the British outposts, the first of those military works above the Hudson that allowed Sir Henry Clinton to ravage Connecticut. Contact had been made with the enemy.

Bill raced into a whirlpool of fighting shadows. The withholding of ammunition from the Americans had been wise in that it prevented any nervous forewarning. And now the Colonials, using their weapons as clubs and lances, joined with the enemy. They lunged at the British sentries, knocking half-raised rifles from their hands. They battled, hand to hand, with the reinforcements that hurried out.

A swirl of madness. Blunston's knife was somehow in his grasp—steel whizzed by him—yells deafened him. Bodies knocked him two ways at once, but always he held his hand until he could distinguish comrades from the British.

Suddenly, then, his head snapped back, an arm encircled his neck, and he felt himself dragged away—to the fringe of the fighting. Choking, he struggled vainly to regain his footing. Then he was jerked to his knees.

With head reeling, he looked up. He was crouched beside a natural cairn that was like some savage sacrificial altar. Twenty yards away, his comrades battled. Shaking his head desperately, Blunston made out enough to recognize his captor, Eben Jones.

"Well, I've got you!" the pock-marked man bellowed. His musket was discarded—but not his bayonet. Bill felt the point of it at his throat.

If he could only draw his own pistol, gain the least fraction of delay! "W-w-will you—" He started uncertainly, with no idea of what he would say. Then his eyes widened. With a gasp he pointed behind Jones and almost shrieked:

"Look out—look there—behind!"

The yell was genuine. Eben could not but get its message. He wheeled. Flung into this backwash by some eddy of the contest, a man, whose shako declared him British, stood a pace away, raising his musket to club out Jones' brains.

All that followed happened in an instant. Eben was powerless. But Blunston, his pistol already out, fired. And it was not Jones who fell—it was the Englishman.

Bill, from sheer reaction, reeled forward. Eben stood stock still.

"You done that a-purpose?"

"Of course. I g-guess I can shoot! Is he d-dead?"

The battle had swept on uphill. They could hear each other plainly now.

"You ain't such a prize marksman. Dead? Can't you see him kick?" Eben again drew close to Bill, the bare bayonet dangling. "What I want to know is—why'd you pick on him an' not me?"

"He'd've t-taken me next."

"Don't you"—Jones' features were still well-nigh invisible, but his tone had changed to one of half suspicion, half bewilderment, "—don't you believe I'm a-go'in' to kill you myself?"

"I don't know," panted the uncomprehending Bill, "but he's B-British, and you're needed."

The reputed murderer gasped. "You saved my life, when—you're a fool, you are!" He gasped again, like a man in physical as well as mental pain—like a man face to face with some new and not wholly happy revelation. Yet it was clearly a revelation—not to be disobeyed. "You—well, since you are, I guess I gotta be one, too."

Some quick, momentous decision was



"Hi fellers—look at this for a bike!"

IVER JOHNSON Bicycles

Every boy who rides America's Finest Bicycle is justly proud of the fact.

The Mobicycle \$45
without extra equipment.

The Super Mobike \$50
Completely equipped with the latest and best of everything, and other models fully described in our catalog in colors. Prices range from \$27.50 to \$67.50

IVER JOHNSON VELOCIPEDES and JUNIORCYCLES
(Sidewalk Cycles)
are the same high grade as our bicycles.

Send for folder describing the new IVER JOHNSON .22 Calibre Safety Rifle

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
18 RIVER STREET, FITZBURG, MASS.
New York, 151 Chambers St.

Chicago, 108 W. Lake St.
San Francisco, 717 Market St.



JUNIORCYCLE VELOCPEDE

FOR THE AMBITIOUS BOY
We have the article that will give him SPARE MONEY ALL YEAR AROUND. Write for particulars. American Apros Co., Summit, N.J.

Silver Ace Flying



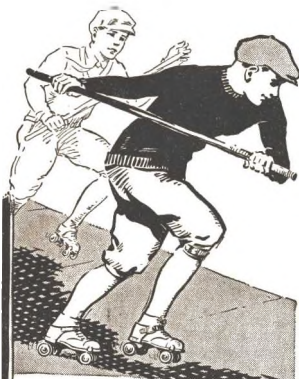
"It's hot sport to see how good you are flying your Silver Ace."
Says Air Mail Pilot

S. J. Samson, who flies the Air Mail between Chicago and New York, says, "Silver Ace Flying is great fun. The little ship are certainly well designed. Their maneuvers in the air are fascinating. It's hot sport to see how good you are in flying your Silver Ace."

Flying Enthusiasts the World Over
are always attracted by the beauty, scientific design and flying performance of Silver Ace models of the Flyer, Silvan, Fokker and Fairchild types.

Silver Ace models and quality supplies are sold ready to fly or as construction sets. By the best dealers nearby everywhere. Send 10c for our new 32-page booklet in colors, "Silver Ace Flying."

AERO MODEL CO.
Dept. A-5, 111 N. Wacker Drive
Chicago, Illinois



Gangway!

Full speed ahead! Boy, you just skim along on roller skates that are kept well oiled with 3-in-One. This wonderful oil keeps 'em bright and new-looking, too.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust-OILS - Cleans & Polishes

Don't confuse it with ordinary oil. 3-in-One is a scientific compound of several highly refined oils. Good for guns, tools, small motors, mechanical toys. Smalls in; stays put; oils perfectly.

Sold at hardware, drug, grocery and other stores in Handy Cans and Bottles.

FREE: Liberal sample and Dictionary of Uses. Ask for both on a postal.

Manufactured Since 1904

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N.Y.

3-in-One is the most famous bicycle oil in the whole world.

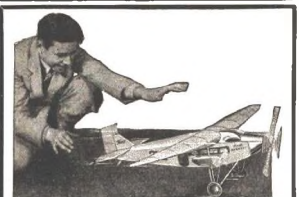


CLASS SHOW 35¢

FREE CATALOG PINKING 200 DESIGNS

OTHER DESIGN SHOW SILVER PLATE 35¢ EA. 12 OR MORE \$3.50 DOZ. STERLING SILVER OR GOLD PLATE 50¢ EA. 12 OR MORE \$5.00 DOZ. 1 OR 2 COLORS ENAMEL ANY LETTERS AND DECORATION.

HASTMAN TIRON CO., 885 BARTER RD., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Build This IDEAL Flying Model of the FORD MONOPLANE

A PERFECT 3-ft. miniature of the "Floyd Bennett" tri-motor plane now used by Commander Byrd in the Antarctic. Anyone can build and fly it. The I.P.A.C. Complete Construction Outfit contains everything needed: all parts, fittings and complete full plans, diagrams and instructions. The Model is guaranteed to fly when correctly built. COMPLETE CONSTRUCTION OUTFIT \$8.50 (Wash. of D.C. only, 10¢ Postage)

Plans for Model Airplane Complete, accurate, 4-size plans, with balance, price instructions, for any one of the following: FORD MONOPLANE; POKER; CORNELL; DE VILLAND; NO. 1; Douglas; Diggins; Tebbe or New. 64CM Model Book Free with each set. 25¢

64-Page Book for Model Builders

Contains plans for building Gliders and Planes. Full instructions about size, balance, and weight, complete catalog of parts, supplies, and materials. Postpaid 10¢. 5c.

Ideal Aeroplane & Supply Co., Inc.
22 West 19th Street, New York City

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY

(Continued from page 75)
made. Again he grasped Blunston's collar and hauled the lad to his feet, uttering the while an oath, perhaps of regret for a pleasure that his queer code forced him to forego.

"What's the m-m-matter?" gulped Blunston, still fearful, but more than ever amazed.

"None of your business. Thank your stars an' hold your tongue. I've knowed long what you've been sayin' o' me. Well, 'tain't quite all true, so shut up about it after this, that's all. I said when anybody done me ill he got repaid tenfold, but at the same time I said one good turn deserves another. You've a tattling tongue, but if 'tweren't for you I wouldn't be alive to say it. So I best be a-movin' into the shindy, 'stid o' wastin' precious minutes over a milk-sop. Git back to Wayne, where your duty is, or I'll tan the hide off'n you."

The fort had opened fire, but the out-works had fallen. Under a heavy storm of grape shot, the American columns met and advanced over the remaining terrain. Wayne tottered.

"Hit, s-sir?" groaned Bill, who had just returned to his post.

"Only a graze. The skull. Not much, I think. Forward, Febinger! There comes Meiggs' men, and the Forlorn Hopes. Pass that reminder about bearing south—and nobody's to be hurted after he surrenders!"

Wayne leaned heavily upon his orderly. "Blunston, your arm around my waist . . . Loss o' blood, that's all. . . We must win—must!—don't let me drop till my feet are set inside the fort."

Chapter Twenty

HANDS bleeding, red hair matted by a paste of dust and sweat, but eyes shining happily for a triumph that might condemn him to death—Sam Gruger stood on the roof of the fortress, his back to the tower wall. Where he stood, he could look down into a courtyard giving on that unfinished bastion.

Although Travers' torch had been extinguished in the tussle, fresh candles, brought to the room behind Sam, supplied sufficient illumination. Their light, through the smashed window, flickered over the tense scene.

"You may as well make an end of me, for I'll tell you naught."

Sam flashed a ring of faces flushed by anger. Nearest him was Morgan's lowering face, cold sober, and cruel.

"He's right," assented Travers, eager for blood. "We'll take him down to Johnson for court-martial."

Morgan spoke. Unpopular as he was, his hard head gave him authority. "Johnson? He's in a stupor by now. We shall have to act for ourselves."

Sam didn't care. He had sent up his signal, and these fellows' unanswered inquiries showed that, far from suspecting its invitation for an attack, they thought it an effort to tell some confederate of Gruger's arrest and the mission's failure. Sam, in their eyes, had hoped only to gain information and bear it back to Sandy Beach next day. Well, if Wayne hadn't tired of waiting and withdrawn, the assault was safe.

Sam's racing mind turned to his own chance for life. Perhaps Wayne had moved closer than Spring Steel's. For an instant the thought gave him a bright ray of hope. Then it dimmed. Even if Wayne's troops were at the foot of Stony Point, even if Wayne had disobeyed Washington and climbed high before making sure which bastion was finished, the attack would come too late to save his neck. With the implacable Morgan to try him, there'd be no delay.

He had postponed the inevitable as long as anybody could, by slow evasions, by hesitation and suggestion. Salvos of queries he had parried for a full half hour until his persecutors' patience snapped. This was the end.

"You mean we'll set up a court-martial here and now?" asked a doubtful subaltern.

Morgan's black face showed a spasm of hate. Downstairs and above, Sam had made a chucklehead of him.

"I mean we have set up a court-martial," the major snapped. "What sense was all our cross examination? The fellow's a proved spy, and we gain nothing by further interrogation. All that is left to do is the pronouncing of sentence—and the carrying it out, now."

The subaltern murmured some technical objection, but Travers shouted him down and was generally supported. The chase had roused lust. The failure to wrest any valuable news from this prisoner had raised the mob spirit to delirium. Sam's nerves were raw, and with hope dead, he could bear no more delay.

"I am an American soldier," he said, "and I've served my country, disguised in your ranks. Do what you please."

Here was excuse enough. Led by Travers and the crafty Fielding, the drunken officers yelled their verdict: "Hang him!"

Over the edge of the courtyard wall an untrimmed beam extended. Toward this Sam was hustled. A rope appeared. Amid a racket of approval, Morgan formed a noose. Sam felt the chilly coil slip around his neck.

"What's that?" It was a shot from down the hill. And it was followed by many shots—by yells. "An attack—an attack!"

The crowd became a whirlpool. Inside the fort, a bugle clamored. "Every man to his post!" bawled Morgan. "I'll take care of this prisoner and follow!"

That bugle again! After all, these were trained soldiers with the love of battle and the habit of obedience. It was like a miracle. Had a giant sponge been passed across that roof, it could not have wiped it more clean. Sam's heart pounded with renewed hope.

Before him stood Morgan. The officer strode forward, seized the rope.

"May the devil fly away with me if I don't finish this!"

But the rope's other end had not yet been attached. The intended victim's hands had not yet been secured. Sam was poised at the wall's extreme edge between the Welshman and the beam. The boy dropped to his knees and banged his shoulder, with all his force, against the major's shins. Morgan caught up over Sam's back. With a hoarse, fear-stricken cry, the officer tumbled over the edge.

Looking down, Sam could see—by the flares of countless torches—his would-be assassin's body lying very still upon the cobblestones of that courtyard, fifty feet below.

DAYLIGHT once more—and quiet afternoon sunshine. Their buff-and-blue as clean as they could make it, their hair greased first and powdered afterwards, the conquering Colonials had been drawn up for review before the fort. To the Headquarters Company, grinning Bill Blunston waddled on some errand from the commander. Pausing behind Sam, the fat boy spoke out of a corner of his mouth:

"After this is over, come a-long with me. I f-found out where the l-l-larder is, and it's full of f-f-ood, and there's no g-g-guard over it y-yet."

Sam's freckled face struggled with an unilitary smile. He hid it by bending to readjust the captured drum that he now had to carry on formal occasions until his own was brought from Sandy Beach.

"I'll be with you," he whispered. The back of the boys stood Eben Jones, the picture of a veteran soldier at attention. But his crossed eyes were alert, and his sharp ears heard.

"Careful, Redtop," he warned, the old nickname issuing from his lips al-

How Close Can You Run To A Record?

You can tell to the fifth second. If you own a PASTOR. Every active boy should have one. Invaluable in timing athletics or the stopwatch of any moving object. Ask any coach or trainer about the PASTOR. He will tell you why this watch and stopwatch combination is his choice. The PASTOR is a dependable watch with a fifth-second stopwatch attachment, independent of the movement. Used by U. S. Government after tests proved it the most durable. Guaranteed. Unbreakable crystal. Sent C. O. D.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE

Starling Stop-Watch Co.
16 East 26th St., N. Y. City
Department A

It's Easy

YOU PLAY times the first day with an easy playing Conn instrument and the fascinating new instruction methods. No long dragging over scales. Conn gives you the easiest features found in no others. Choice of famous artists.

FREE TRIAL, Easy Payments, Write now for literature, mention instrument.

C. C. CONN, Ltd.
502 Conn Bldg. Elmhurst, Ind.

CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

Bodies of Rare Beauty for Fords

AT FACTORY PRICES!
Build a real auto from used Ford chassis

\$18.75

Send for free catalog of Ford Sport Bodies, Camp-Out, Brough-Terra, Camp-Out, Brough-Terra, Camp-Out, Brough-Terra, Camp-Out.

SPORT FACTORIES C-1, AURORA, ILL.

Print Your Own

Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Complete outfit \$1.85. Job press \$11, 225. Rotary \$14. All other sizes sent. Write for catalog present type printing etc. THE KELSEY CO., P-27, Meriden, Conn.

It's lots more fun with a MULLINS METAL BOAT!

RACE, fish, cruise... do all the things you've always wanted to do... with a fast, new, worthy Mullins Metal Boat. Take it anywhere, with any load, in any weather. You can't sink it. It won't leak. It needs no calking or patching like a wood boat. Just jump in and go. The corrugated bottom makes it ride the waves like a feather... its puncture-proof Armo Iron hull has the safety of a lifeboat. And it's built to carry the fastest and most powerful motor.

Let us tell you how you can own a Mullins Metal Boat. Mail the coupon—NOW!

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
503 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio



The Steel King... a 15 ft. steel boat for outboard motor

MULLINS STEEL BOATS

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
503 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio

Please tell me all about the new Mullins Metal Boats.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

most affectionately. "Wayne's turned this way, an' he'll see you talkin'."

Near a restored Butter-Tubs the commander stood. A bandage ran around the base of his skull and under his cocked hat. His wide eyes were clear and his clothes cleansed from the last tokens of battle.

Regardless of Eben's warning, Sam pursued:

"Any more news?"
 "Y-yes," said Bill regretfully. "Jose V-Valdivia somehow hooked it out of Sandy Beach l-last night, I hear, so they c-can't k-k-kill him for a l-liar."
 "Silence in the ranks!"

This from Richard Butler. Immediately, however, Wayne's nasal tones were heard. He read from a paper—a dispatch—in his hands:

Headquarters, New Windsor
 July the 16th, 1779.

Parole—Wayn.
 Countersign—Light Infantry.

The Commander in Chief is Happy to Congratulate the army on the success of our army under Brigadier Gen Wayne, who Last Night, with the Corps of Light Infantry, surprised and Took the Enemy's fort at Stony Point, and with the whol Garrison, Cannon, and stors, with Very Inconsiderable loss on our side, less than One Hundred

killd and Wounded. The Gen has not yet Recd the Particulars of the affair, But he has the satisfaction to learn that the officers and men in Genl Gloriously Distinguished themselves in the attack. He requests the Brigadier and his whole Corps to Except his warmest thanks for their good Conduct and signal Bravery Manifested upon the Occasion.

Geo. Washington.

Bill's grin became shameless, nor did he care who saw or heard him. "Th-that dispatch don't sound as if F-Father George thought our chief was t-too durned c-crazy, does—does it?"

"Well," said Sam with equal daring, "if he is, I wish all our generals were as crazy as Mad Anthony Wayne."

"Attention! . . . Forward—"

The order passed down the line. The flag was raised. Sam drew his drumsticks from the belt that crossed his breast. He beat the preliminary roll. "—March!"

The gray-haired fifer broke into a familiar tune:

"Stay serenely on your nest;
 Katy now will do her best,
 All she can to make you blest—
 Katy-did!"

THE END.

Own a Corona

for only a few dollars a month

Just a few dollars down and this beautiful new Corona is yours. Use it while you pay for it.

Corona is the World's Champion Portable Typewriter. You can carry it anywhere. Yet it does the same fine work as a \$100 office typewriter.

Aluminum frame makes Corona extremely light and strong. Standard keyboard; 10-inch carriage; adjustable key-action; perfect visibility; quiet operation; graceful in line; exquisitely finished in every detail; more big-machine features than any other portable.

Get this free book

There is not room enough on this page to list all the advantages of Corona. But if you will sign and mail the coupon at the right we will send you the name and address of your nearest Corona dealer where you can go and see Corona and try the machine with your own hands.

We will also send you an interesting booklet called "Corona Typewriters" which describes Corona in detail, and contains beautiful illustrations of the new color models.



When you read this interesting booklet, you will realize why a million people have chosen Corona in preference to any other typewriter, large or small—why Roosevelt took a Corona to Africa—why 30,000 Coronas were used in the World War—why more novelists, more newspaper men, more business men, more schools and colleges use Corona than all other portables put together.

Don't neglect this opportunity. Don't let another day pass without doing something about it. Learn now the joy of owning a sturdy, speedy, smooth-operating Corona—the Champion Portable Typewriter. No obligation. Easy terms if desired. Simply mail the coupon below.

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC.
 51 Madison Avenue,
 New York, N. Y.

Please send me the free booklet, "Corona Typewriters."

Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State..... 501

Note to boys

You can earn extra money with Corona by addressing envelopes—by making out bills—by copying papers, and in dozens of other ways. Corona makes light work of lessons. It puts you ahead of other students. You get better marks because teachers like to get neat, easy-to-read papers and there is actually fun in homework when you do it on a Corona.

The World Is Safe for Dogs!

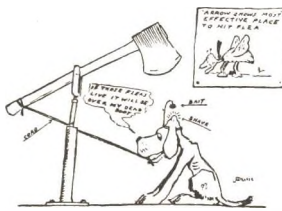
Contest Fans Have Solved the Flea Problem

IN March, Pluto sent out an urgent request for flea remedies, pleading that he hadn't had a good sleep in years! To test your loyalty, he hid the rules for the contest in the Morning Mail Department.

Few fans, evidently, failed to find the rules. At any rate, the office pup received 529 plain and fancy methods for abolishing the pesky dog-eating insects. Cures involving the construction of complicated machinery. Cures using lighting, cheese, steam, ultraviolet lamps, musical instruments, stop watches, hammers, fire, and water! Cures that were unbelievably simple; others that were simply unbelievable!

And now everybody is happy. Pluto, because he'll soon be rid of fleas. The editors, because—if some of the cures are followed out—they'll soon be rid of office pups.

The honorable mentions, listed alphabetically: Harold Attridge, Highgate, Ontario; Robert Bloomfield, Mt. Vernon, New York; Wendell Brainard, Gardner, Idaho; Harry L. Carr, Durham, North Carolina; Steve Fernon, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Harry Howick, Jr., Muncie, Indiana; Ben Jordan, New Rochelle, New York; Don H. Kennedy, Beverly Hills, California; Elmore Lawton, Welch, West Virginia; Sidney



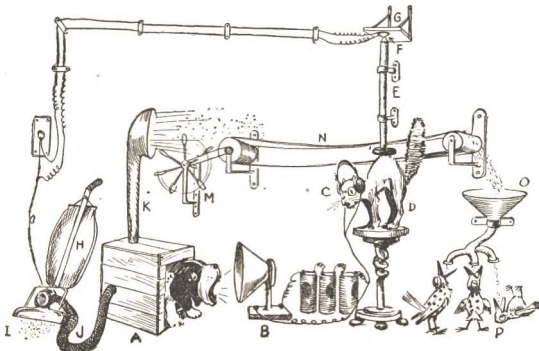
Moulton, Toppenish, Washington; William E. Noble, Jr., Princess Anne, Maryland; Albert Petraitis, Chicago, Illinois; LeRoy Post, New York City; Hassel Smith, Jr., Sturgis, Michigan; Ashby Tibbetts, Bethel, Maine.
 All ready now for the winners.

A Homemade Guillotine

By Everett Draper (13), West Orange, New Jersey.

First Prize, \$5.

HERE'S a flea remedy that has been handed down in our family for six generations. First rig up an outfit like the one in the picture, using an axe and two sections of pipe.



BOYS A GREAT NEW SPORT SHADOW BALL BOXING

ONLY \$1.50

Here's a Real Thrill, Here Is a New Sport That Gives You a Pack of Fun —Builds Up Your Muscles, Helps to Make You a Real Boxer.

Patent Applied For

This Yale Shadow Ball is the greatest fun maker and muscle builder you have ever seen. Makes your eyes quick and your muscles hard. Trains you to be alert. Improves your speed. Uses all the muscles of your arms, neck and body. It's a knockout for real sport.

The Yale Shadow Ball comes to you complete ready to start play at once. Made with strong leatherette cover and pure gun bladder, heavy rubber elastic attached to adjustable head band. Simply inflate, slip band over your head, adjust and try your skill. You will be surprised at the new punches you can develop. Strongly made, will stand loads of hard use.

This ball is used and endorsed by many professional and amateur boxers and recommended for building bodies and quickening the senses. Real shadow boxing and bag punching combined.

Don't let a day pass without sending for this new Yale Shadow Ball. Be the envy of your crowd, be the first to start a Shadow Ball Club. Send \$1.50 and we ship you by return mail one Yale Shadow Ball, complete, postpaid. Full instructions for use on the box. We guarantee that you will be more than pleased or we will make refund in 5 days. Grab this offer, you can't lose.

Start Shadow Ball Boxing Right Now!
 only \$1.50 complete postpaid
 Dealers write for discounts.

THE MONFEO CO.
 Dept. C, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY

A LEADER among military schools . . . trains leaders for life. For past ten years four-fifths of graduates have entered college and ten to twenty to go on to other colleges at Columbia. Students from 20 states.

Columbia is leaders in methods and equipment. 41-acre campus and buildings, a gift of the United States Government with provision that first-class school be maintained. Military training to develop loyalty, co-operation, discipline, self-confidence and self-respect. Variety and intramural sports under supervision of expert coaches experienced in handling boys. Golf without expense on 9-hole school course. Well-equipped gymnasium. Glass-topped swimming pool. Catalog. Box 601, Columbia, Tennessee.

Opportunity to learn horse manship under expert instructor

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

11th YEAR IN THE "OLD VIRGINIA" TOWN OF LEWISBURG. Beautiful, mountainous location (2300 ft.) Near O'Roanbrier White Sulphur Springs. Accredited. New modern, fireproof plant. System of rewards in discipline and for superior work arouses ambition and develops high minded, manly boys. Every boy can be on a team. Strong school teams. FIVE courses lead to diploma, including Business. GRADUATES ADMITTED TO COLLEGES WITHOUT EXAMINATION. One year of post-graduate work. Also lower school. Ages 8 to 21. Number limited to 30. References required. Early application advised. For information address:

COL. H. B. MOORE, Pres.
Box B
LEWISBURG, W. VIRGINIA

St. John's Military Academy

EPISCOPAL THE AMERICAN RUGBY

TRAINED MUSCLES! Endurance to stand the hardest race! Instant obedience to command. Enthusiasm. The will to win. Loyalty! St. John's instills these qualities. For here education means more than test-books. It means the development of alert, well-balanced, manly boys. Manly, manly, manly. It means character in which self-control, honor, leadership and manliness are outstanding. Thorough preparation for college or business under men who know boys. Write for catalog. Address Box 128, DeLafayette, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

HOWE SCHOOL

A CLEAN MIND IN A SOUND BODY

FORTY acres for outdoor fun—football, baseball, track, tennis. Diving and swimming in a crystal lake—skating in the winter! Cross-country hikes and home to an appetizing dinner. Military training. No wonder Howe boys are noted for "clean minds in sound bodies." Thorough college preparation. Business courses. Separate Junior School. Summer session. Rev. Charles Herbert Young, S.T.D., Rector. For illustrated catalog address The Adjutant, Howe, Indiana.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

FOR BOYS 8 to 21 years. Accredited. College entrance without examination. Also Business Administration Courses. Modern methods. Daily Study, Hand and Foot Sports. Every boy can be on an athletic team. "Big Brother" relationship between cadets and teachers makes happy home life and individual attention. Radio. R. O. C. Separate Lower School. Near ST. LOUIS. Catalog—Col. E. V. Barton, Box 125, Mexico, Mo.

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

Lexington, Mo. 43 miles from Kansas City

Nationally known. exceptional. Faculty and student co-operation. New stadium—gift of private enterprise. Catalog. Col. Sellera, Pres., 561-18th St., Lexington, Mo.

STAUNTON Military Academy

DIRECTIONS for excellence at Staunton. Prepare for college or business. Well-kept and beautiful buildings and teachers for younger boys. Individual attention—total discipline. Fine equipment. Swimming pool and athletic park. Fine moral instruction. Encouraged by entire staff. Led by Capt. W. D. Peckham, Box 8, Staunton, Va.

OHIO Military Institute

Accredited. High beautiful location. Lower school for younger boys. Superior Athletics. A. M. Hershaw, Supt., Box 28, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mercersburg offers a thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business. Under Christian masters from the great universities. Located in the Cumberland Valley, one of the most picturesque spots of America. Gymnasium. Equipment modern. Write for catalog. Address: Box 160, Boyd Edwards, B. S. B., Mercersburg, Pa.

Branham & Hughes Military Academy

Ideal school with training boys in character and scholarship. Freshmen and general courses. Thirty miles south of Nashville. New buildings. Improved facilities. Fine moral instruction. Encouraged by entire staff. Junior school in separate building. For more facts write to our catalog. "Big Brother" man. Address Box A, Spring Hill, Tenn.

MILITARY HARGRAVE ACADEMY

High scholastic standards at low cost. Prepare for college and business. Christian influence. Non-sectarian. Junior Dept. for boys 10-14. Excellent athletic equipment. Catalog. A. H. CAMDEN, A. S. Pres., Box B, Chatham, Va.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Happy days full of action in drill and play wait for you at Kemper . . . and interesting studies. You'll be proud to be a member of the Kemper band. Every year it broadcasts concerts. You'll find COL. T. A. JOHNSTON, President

MANLIUS DANVILLE MILITARY INSTITUTE

A new post-school training for college or boy's advancement. Accredited. Mild year-round climate in Pleurozet section. Col. W. M. Kemper, Sgt. Box D, Danville, Va.

teams on which you can play . . . coached by experienced men. One of the finest gymnasiums in the United States. Write for catalog. Help Dad select your school. Tom Hunt, Director
734 Third Street, Boonville, Missouri

(Continued from page 77)

Then get the editor to take out his razor and shave a bald spot on Pluto's head as shown in the sketch. Next take one teaspoonful of limburger cheese and one-half teaspoonful of peanut butter, roll into a ball, and suspend over Pluto's head as indicated.

Pluto should now sit under the axe head, holding the string lightly between his first and second-year molars.

When the flea crawls up onto the bald spot to get the bait, Pluto will have a tickling sensation. At that instant he must release the string. The axe will fall on the flea. If, by any chance, the axe misses the flea, at least Pluto will never be bothered by fleas again.

The Lead-Blowtorch Process

By Robert Cross (16), Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Second Prize, \$3.

CAPTURE the flea by means of a lasso or fish net. Place the flea's legs in plaster casts to prevent it from running away. Then put its head in a heavy vise, hold its body steady with a large pipe wrench, and with gentle strokes, draw a blowtorch across the neck of the flea until the flea has no neck. Remove the body and head from the vise and drop them into melted lead. When the lead cools, set it aside, and repeat process on next flea. When you have a large number of pieces of lead containing the remains of fleas, take them to the nearest lake and drop them into the deepest part. If this does not cure the dog, repeat the process, using two lassos, two vises, two pipe wrenches, and two blowtorches.

Who'd Have Thought of This One!

By Charles E. Lillie (13), Milton, Massachusetts.

Special Prize, \$1.

THE Only Perfected Method for the Extermination of Fleas!

Used and recommended by the leading dogs, cats, rats, mice, wolves, bears, foxes, woodchucks, and beavers of the world. Says Strongheart, of my famous cure, "It is the only SUCCESSFUL method I know of." Other testimonials on request.

Directions: If the flea is on the left side of the head or neck, sit back on the haunches, raise the LEFT hind leg, and scratch vigorously with the claws of said leg the area that the flea is inhabiting. If the flea is on the right side, the procedure is the same except that the right leg is used. If the flea is on the nape of your neck or on your back, place yourself in a recumbent position on a rug or other fairly scratchy mat, feet extended toward the sky. Now writhe about violently, keeping the affected area constantly in contact with the rug, and SNARL (this is very important). Lastly, if the flea is in any position other than the ones specified, RITE HIM, and show no mercy!

Build a Flea Eliminator

By Reet Thomas Jr., (15), Murphysboro, Illinois.

Special Prize.

TO operate the flea eliminator, place yourself in the box (A) and bark the command, "Proceed," into the microphone (B). The headphones (C) will faithfully reproduce your voice and the cat (D) will hump his back. This raises the rod (E), which pushes the button (F) on shelf (G). The button closes the circuit and causes the vacuum cleaner (H) to operate. The cleaner will then draw up salt (I) from the floor and blow it through tube (J)

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

Fifty-fifth year

Prepares for college and business. Nation-wide enrollment. Boys develop right habits of study under kindly discipline. Mild, healthful climate. Modern buildings, adequately equipped. Swimming pool. All athletics. Band. Illustrated catalog.

COL. C. R. ENDLEY
Box 12, Sweetwater, Tenn.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY

FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA

COLLEGE preparation for boys. Individual attention in small classes. Latest modern equipment in new fire-proof plant. Shenandoah Valley, 80 miles from Washington. Modern military training. Swimming pool. Outdoor athletics. 38th year. Moderate rates. Summer camp. Catalog.

CHARLES L. MELTON, A. M., Principal, Box 419.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

ALTON, ILL.

BOYS ENTER COLLEGE without examinations on our certificate. Also business courses. Boys taught "HOW TO STUDY," 5th year. All athletics. Every boy on a team. 6 fireproof buildings in hill country. Character first. FREE CATALOG. Address Box B.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

Oldest military school in U. S. for boys 8 to 19. Fully accredited. All college-legal. Tutorial attention. R. O. T. C. Horseback riding. Swimming, etc. 11 miles from Louisville. Catalog. Box B, Kyndyville, Ky.

PAGE MILITARY ACADEMY

A BTO school for little boys. And Page is designed wholly to serve their needs. Matures give sympathetic motherly attention. Modified military. The largest school of its kind in America. Catalog.

Major Robert A. Gibbs, Headmaster
1212 Cochran Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY

Boys like Castle Heights Military Academy. They study hard and play hard. Castle Heights teaches excel in Baseball, Basketball, Golf, Polo, Football, Track, Tennis and Swimming. Ideal companionship. Aviation Field. Write for catalog of the South's most splendidly equipped school for boys. Address THE REGISTRAR

Drawer 85 Lebanon, Tennessee

OLIVER MILITARY ACADEMY

(On Lake Washington)

Prepares for any college. Small classes. Unsurpassed equipment. Catalog. The Registrar, Culver, Ind.

SAN RAFAEL Military Academy

One of California's first private schools. (Non-sectarian)

One hour from San Francisco. Primary, grammar, High School, Junior College. Fully accredited. Division A rating. Only of Calif. Catalog. A. L. Stewart, Supr., Box 83, San Rafael, Cal.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

College Preparatory. Separate grade school. Experienced man teacher for every twelve cadets. Surpassed athletics for each boy. 25 acre campus. 10 buildings. 2 new Summer Camp. 5th year. Catalog. Col. W. D. Abella, Supt., Box 625, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE

High School and Junior College. Every Boy Rides. R. O. T. C.

D. C. Pearson, Supt. MILITARY INSTITUTE
Box N, Roswell, New Mexico

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

COLLEGE preparatory. Accredited. New \$150,000 gymnasium, glass enclosed swimming pool attached. Excellent classroom equipment. Experienced teachers. Boys from 28 states. R. O. T. C. 63rd year. Catalog. Col. T. J. Roller or Major C. S. Roller, Jr., Principals, Box B, Ft. DeFiance, Va.

KISKI

A real school for regular fellows. Work hard, play hard and forge ahead! All outdoor sports, 200 acre campus. All students join in at least 2 or 3 sports. Write for the book of Kiski Pictures.

KISKIMINETAS SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Box 925, Saltsburg, Pa.

Shattuck School

RECREATIONAL. Courses meet all college requirements. Business courses. Teachers take personal interest in boys' problems. Outdoor activities actual life.

All classes in morning. Athletics. Every boy on a team. Age and size—8 coaches. Golf, swimming pool 80 ft., 200 acres. Summer session. Not conducted for profit. 8th year. Catalogue. C. W. Newhall, Headmaster, Box B, Fairbault, Minn.

TOUCHDOWNS OF CAESAR

A LINK to such an athletic life as there is in the world to enjoy. There is a thrill in being the Great Miami River, 14 miles from Dayton. Gym, football field, baseball diamond, tennis grounds. Band and Orchestra. Catalog. Col. Owen Gray Brown, President, Box 553, Germantown, Ohio.

MIAMI MILITARY INSTITUTE

There's a team for every boy at Miami

Swavely SCHOOL FOR BOYS

An accredited preparatory school. Beautiful country location, one hour from Washington. Direct supervision by headmaster. Outdoor life, athletics, golf, horseback riding. Write for catalog. Address Box 57-B, Manassas, Virginia

PENNINGTON

More than 150 Boys Training for College and for Life. Accessible—Near Trenton and Princeton. Certificate recognized. Modernized Equipment. New Athletic Field. Gymnasium 20 foot Pool. All Student Organizations. Enthusiastic School Spirit. Moderate Rates. Grades 5-8 in Separate Junior School. For catalog address: PENNINGTON GREEN, Litt. D., Headmaster, Box 30, Pennington, New Jersey.

PILLSBURY ACADEMY

52nd year. 18 acres. 7 buildings. Maximum college preparation. Military and Manual Training. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. Exceptional advantages in social and instrumental music. Rate \$25. Catalogue. F. Price, Ph. D., Principal, Box 357-E, Owatonna, Minn.

NORTON SCHOOL FOR BOYS

A boarding school for grades 5 to 8. Normal, happy life in college town, attended by men with whom the students are in character. FRANK B. BLEEPER, Headmaster, CLAREMONT, CALIF.

CAL PREP

A boarding school for 100 boys. The orange groves of Southern Calif., 20 miles from Los Angeles. Military training. Athletic. Superior College Preparation. Lower School. Athletics. Music. Riding. Swimming. Golf. Address, The Headmaster, Box B, Corona, Calif.

CHICAGO COLLEGE DRAFTING ARCHITECTURE ELECTRICITY ENGINEERING

26th Year—2 yrs. Diploma—3 yr. B S Degree Courses. Also Short Courses. Day or Evening. Earn while you learn. Enter any time. Free employment before. Athletics. Successful graduates everywhere. Free 80 page "Blue Book." Address the President, Room 404, Chicago Tech. Bldg., 118 E. 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 888-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after 20 years of Stuttering. R. M. Bogus, 1107 Soque Bldg., 1147 N. N. St., Indianapolis.

STAMMER

Write for my free book "Millard's Advanced Natural Corrective Course" and a free copy of my speech magazine, 10,000 cases successfully treated. Est. 24 years. Largest school for stammerers in world. Willard Inst. of Normal Speech, 233 Millard Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

STAMMERING

Really, permanently corrected. Write, please, and success. Ask for full information and special offer for 1929. Wm. H. H. H. H. 1284 Woodward Ave., The Lewis Institute, Detroit

into box (A). Pluto's fleas, feeling the draft and seeing the salt, will think it is snow and freeze to death. The dead fleas are blown through the tube (K) and onto the belt (N) which is set in motion by the windmill (M), and the fleas are carried to the funnel (O) and are distributed through the spouts to the three Siberian flea sparrows (P). The sparrows will grow to a large size and may be sold at a profit.

An Enlightened Cure
By William Risen, Jr., (12), Williamstown, Kentucky.
Special Prize.

Educate the fleas. A nation of educated fleas will not go to the dogs.

Here's Your Chance, Cartoonists!

Prizes in Next Contest: \$10, \$5, \$3.

EXTRA-A! Pluto, the Office Pup, is lost! For two weeks, he has failed to appear at his place of work and the police have been unable to find trace of him!

In desperation, the editors of THE AMERICAN BOY are asking contest fans to help solve the riddle. Find Pluto! And then send us a sketch to show the situation you found him in at the moment of discovery.

We've written to every dog pound in the country and learned that he is not in any pound. He's regularly licensed and inoculated against rabies. So you'll have to look elsewhere.

The pup's interests are so many, that any one of a hundred things may have happened to him. Perhaps he's being held captive by a savage tribe in Africa or South America. He may be stuck fast in a puddle of glue somewhere. Maybe he's becalmed on the high seas.

Whatever the answer may be, find him. Then draw us a sketch in black ink on good drawing paper showing us what has detained him. The funnier the cartoon is, the better! If it requires a written explanation, try to keep it under fifty words. Put your name, address, age, and year in school on a corner of the drawing and mail it to the Contest Editor, American Boy Magazine, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit. Have pity on the judges and send the sketch flat, not rolled. It must reach us by May 15. Please do not ask to have your sketch returned.

The prizes: \$10, \$5, \$3; and \$1 for every other one published.

Here's a New Scale Model

REMEMBER the Yankee Doodle, the famous little plane that made a record-smashing flight across the continent a few months ago? It was a Lockheed Vega. So was the plane in which Sir Hubert Wilkins flew over the Arctic and Antarctic wastes. Here's your opportunity to build it to exact-to-scale plans, with the 24-inch wingspan required by rules for the scale model division of the Second National A. M. L. A. Contests, to be held in Detroit, June 20-22, by THE AMERICAN BOY. If you get busy right away, you can build a model and enter it in the contests; and if you make it a masterpiece, it may win you a free trip to Europe! Page 23 tells you all about this.

To get the League's specially prepared plans and instructions for building the Lockheed Vega, send 20 cents to the Supply Department, A. M. L. A., American Boy Building, Second and Lafayette Boulevards, specifying the plans you want. Remember that the League also has plans available, at the same price, for the Stinson-Detroit, the Vought Navy Corsair, the Curtiss Army Hawk, the Ford Trimotor and the Spirit of St. Louis—the last three from the 1928 series.

Don't send your model to Detroit until after June 1, however—the June AMERICAN BOY, issued May 25, will give you all details of how to go about it. It will tell you how to get contest entry blanks, where to send your model and so forth. Don't write for this information or material before that date—it won't be available.

A horse to ride and a boat to sail!

CULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS

ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE

There is an old saying, "Give a boy a horse he can ride! Give a boy a boat he can sail! And his rank and wealth! His strength and health! On sea nor shore shall fail!"

The modern American boy at Culver may find a horse to ride, and a boat to sail through the most joyous and interesting experiences that boys of any age have ever known.

The delights and achievements of a summer at Culver are described in three interesting and beautiful booklets; the Naval School and Cavalry School booklets for boys 14 to 20, Woodcraft booklet, boys 10 to 14. Address The Publicity Dept., Culver, Ind. (Also winter-session offering secondary school courses.)

Camp Maranacook

Fun galore! Canoeing, hiking, riding and camping in Wisconsin's land of lakes. Equipment and coaches for all sports, land and water. Boxing, tennis and track. "Regular fellows" for campmates. Write for catalogue. St. John's Military Academy, Box C29, Delafield, Wis.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL ACADEMY

A Widely Recognized, Moderately Priced, Preparatory School. Highest Quality of Instruction. Modern Equipment. 100 Boys Prepared for College in the last 10 years. E. M. Hartman, Ph.D., Principal, Box 442, Lancaster, Pa.

M'CALLIE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Preparatory for College, Christian Training, Small Classes, Individual Instruction. Military Training. Indoor Equipment Gymnasium. Outdoor Swimming Pool. Summer Session with Camp Features. Catalogue. Box A, Chattanooga, Tenn.

BELLEFONTE ACADEMY

125th Year. Amidst hunting grounds and fishing streams. 11 teachers for 100 select boys. Champion athletic teams. Tennis. 4 mile track. Golf links available. Concrete pool and skating pond. Catalog James R. Hughes, A. M., Headmaster, Box X, Bellefonte, Pa.

1833 SUFFIELD

College Preparatory and General Courses. Moderate Tuition. Separate Junior School. For catalog address: Mrs. Brewall Goss, Ph. D., 12 High Street, Suffield, Conn.

CARSON LONG

Rate \$500 Year. MAKER OF MEN. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. A Military School, 6th Grade to College. In the mountains midway between New York and Pittsburgh. 600 acres. Special summer and summer session, 104 weeks, 1140. Box 20, New Woodland, Pa.

GETTYSBURG ACADEMY

A school for 125 boys. Modern, homelike. Beautiful, beautiful historic location near mountains. All athletics and sports. New gymnasium and swimming pool. Junior dormitory \$500-\$600. 1034 year. Catalog, Dr. C. M. Huber, Headmaster, Box L, Gettysburg, Pa.

PEDDIE

Preparation for College. Prizes. Board Examination. Six Forms including two preparatory grades. Boys from 30 states. Modern buildings. 150 acres. Athletics for every boy. Sole golf course. 6th year. Summer Session July 5-Aug 31. Box 82, Nightstown, N. J.

BLUE RIDGE School for Boys

An accredited preparatory school of high standards and successful methods. Major Dept. Located in picturesque "Land of the Sky." A. B. Sautter, Headmaster, Box B, Hendersonville, North Carolina.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty. Small classes. Individual attention. Boys taught how to study. U. S. Dept. of Education. Special summer session. Col. T. H. Landon, Box C-18, Bordentown-on-the-Delaware, N. J.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY

Beautiful mountain location at southern end of Blue Ridge Mountains. Preparation for college or business. Large dormitories. Low rates—liberal endowment. Modern gymnasium and swimming pool. All sports. Catalog Col. Wm. H. Phelps, Princeton, Box H, Bedford, N. C.

Northwestern NAVAL Academy

20 miles from Chicago. An endowed College Preparatory School. Its distinctive advantages and methods will interest discriminating parents. Col. R. P. Davidson, Pres., Lake Geneva, Wis.

LEADERSHIP

IN SCHOLARSHIP—MILITARY DEVELOPMENT—CHARACTER—is the reward of Lake Forest Academy training. Hardly progressive methods—develop INITIATIVE and train red blooded youth boys. Non-military. Not a treadmill type of school. Patriotic and Good Citizenship emphasized. Character Building from within. Develop self discipline habits. An endowed school, not for profit. 22nd year. SUPERIOR COLLEGE PREPARATION. Diploma admits to ALL colleges and universities without examination. Special preparation for Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Miami, Texas, etc. All athletics. Every boy can be on a team. Modern buildings. Four north of Chicago on Lake. Catalog: JOHN WAYNE RICHARDS, Headmaster, Box 129, Lake Forest, Illinois.

SILVER BAY SCHOOL

College Preparation. Fully Accredited. All Athletics and Sports. Catalog. A. E. Phelps, Headmaster, 218 E. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Camp Maranacook

20th Season For Boys. Separate unit: Juniors 7-11; Intermediate 12-14; Seniors 15-17. Mature experienced counselors. Carefully planned diet. Elective daily program suited to the individual boy's needs. Cabins. Horseback riding. Mountain, canoe and ocean trips. All sports. Shop. Infirmary. For illustrated booklet write to Wm. H. Mergas, Director, 585 White Street, Springfield, Mass.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

BASEBALL AND NAVAL CAMP FOR BOYS 10 TO 16. 25 boys—8 Co-ops—All Activities. Address RICHARD H. LOTT, SWARTHMORE PA.

GLENNBROOKE FOR BOYS

On Lake Memphremagog near Newport. Vermont. Progressive individualized camping for a limited number of boys of all ages. Harry B. Swan, 76 Kirkland St., Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University School of Education.

CAMP COD FOR BOYS

Swimming camp for boys 8-18. A camp for boys 8-18. Located on the coast of Maine. Address: Camp Cod, 100 Main St., Portland, Me.

CAMP ISLEWILD

Lake Umbagog, N. H. 20th year. Tipton school. Registration. Long canoe and White Mt. Trip. Speed Boat. Special attention to swimming. 4 divisions. Christmas and Boys 8-18. Registered. Write for booklet. R. E. L. Ryan, 681 Belmont Ave., Great Neck, N. Y.

FAIRWOOD CAMP

8 to 18 years. 11th season. On French Lake, near Clatskanie, Wash. Complete program of sports, crafts and outdoor lore. Creative methods. Riding, sailing, trips. Write for booklet. R. E. L. Ryan, 681 Belmont Ave., Great Neck, N. Y.

ABARA RANCH

Encampment Working. BOYS PACK TRIP. A month's horseback trip— thru the Rockies, personally conducted for a limited number of boys. Address the Ranch or, I. S. Rossiter, 36 E. 29th St., N. Y. C.

CAMP MIAMI FOR BOYS

In the great oak woods on Big Miami River. Princeton Miami Ill. All sports that boys love. Campmates method. Catalogue. General. July-August 25. 530. Booklet. Col. Owen Gray Brown, Pres., Box 553-C, Germantown, Ohio.

TOSEBO CAMP for Boys

19th year. Portage Lake, Michigan. Ages 8 to 18. Near Noyah. Book Building. Sailing. All Sports. Teams. Expert Coaches. Professional instruction. Free Catalogue. Noble Hill, Box D-6, Woodstock, Illinois.

MONSTROUS MENAGERIE

Big pocket animal stamps from Argentina, Malaya, Guinea, Madagascar, Barbados, etc. Includes tiger, kangaroo, leopard, monkey, sealion, etc. Also includes stamps from Great Britain, etc. absolutely free to approval applicants enclosing 4¢ postage. Write today!

Andrew R. Perry, Dept. B, 36 E. 13th St., Providence, R.I.

MYSTIC'S "QUEER COUNTRY" PACKET!

Contains scarce stamps from the following strange lands:

Costa Rica	Hyderabad	North Borneo	Zanzibar
San Marino	Islandia	Nyasaland	Trinidad and Tobago
Antigua	Colombia	Yemen	Upper Volta
Congo	Yndia	St. Thomas Prince	Ibama
Yemen	Armas Usenda	Yemen	Yemen
Yemen	Yemen	Yemen	Yemen
Yemen	Yemen	Yemen	Yemen

Get one wonderful packet of "queer countries" and make your friends envious! Price only 10¢ for approval applicants. Write TODAY!

MYSTIC STAMP COMPANY, Dept. 11, CAMDEN, NEW YORK

SCARCE AIRMAIL TRIANGLE!

30 GILL One Airmail stamp, including 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

5c

Corban Stamp Company, Worcester, Mass.

\$100 BLACK U.S. POSTAGE Given Away

with each order. 150 Most stamps 40 different countries. Europe, Asia, Africa, S. & C. America, Australia, Lebanon, Syria, Russia, Japan, Liberia, Brazil, Great Colombia, Nicaragua, 500 Hing & Poches stock book, ALL for 20¢.

FREE 1000 all different stamps & 1000 Hing 85¢.

HUSSMAN STAMP CO., Dept. A.M., ST. LOUIS, MO.

BOYS: SENSATIONAL & OFFER!

German stamps in a year of million dollars (rare currency). 1000 stamps from amazing foreign lands. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

D. M. Ward, 605 Pierce St., Gary, Ind.

STAMPS 100 CENTS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

STAMPS 100 CENTS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

Canadian Confederation Special Packet

25 different 10¢, including Confederation stamp and 5 Newfoundland to approval applicants. Price Lists of Canada, etc. free. Write today!

VICTORIA STAMP CO., Dept. 11, London, Canada

STAMPS FREE

12 large show picture stamps free with a request for my popular approvals at 50% discount. None better! Many good sets free with each return.

Postage 5c. **A. BAUER, PALMYRA, N. J.**

100 VARIETIES STAMPS FREE

100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio

25 DIFFERENT BOHEMIA 50 DIFFERENT HUNGARIAN 12 DIFFERENT AUSTRALIAN

Includes 25 different Bohemia, 50 different Hungarian, and 12 different Australian stamps. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

LISBURN & TOWNSEND, London Rd., LIVERPOOL, ENG.

FREE 100 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS

100 all different stamps to approval applicants for Universal Approvals. Postage 25c.

BADGER STAMP CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

TIP-TOP

Premium of 50 different standard stamps, pocket stamp book, perforation gauge, pen, scale, ruler, good stamp from Kenya A. Islands (capital land) Gold Coast, Persia, oil for 10¢ to applicants for 75¢.

TIP-TOP STAMP CO., Colorado Springs, Colorado

10 TRIANGLES 15c

To approval applicants only! Dept. 17, Kansas City Stamp Co., Kansas City, Mo.

BOYS

Packet 108 stamps including Tehad, Dutch India, etc. 50¢ to approval applicants. Also includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

Hill Stamp Co., 12 Leonard St., Waltham, Mass.

\$200 U.S.

Capital building FREE to all approval applicants for our fine 100¢ or 150¢ foreign approval books who will send deposit of \$200.

ROTMEN STAMP COMPANY, 635 McKnight Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

DANZIG STAMPS FREE

A splendid set of interesting stamps from this important and unique country together with catalogue. Also includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., Toronto, Canada.

COVERTO QUALITY PACKETS

50 different Czechoslovakia 10c; 50 different Portuguese Colonias 15c; 100 different British Colonias 3c; and our big 70% discount approval sheets.

COVERTO STAMP CO., 212 E. & B. Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

51.10 MOZAMBIQUE SET FREE

Send 10¢ for wonderful packet of 18 different stamps from Mozambique, Quilimane, N. Rhodesia, King's, Tschuan, St. Pierre Miquelon, Dutch India, etc. Also includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

STAMP ALBUM FREE

Space for 1200 stamps with purchase of 10¢ different unused stamps for 25c. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

R. NACLE, 1101 Marston, READING, PA.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains 10 different scenes for every country. Includes waterfalls, mountains, etc. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

PIKES PEAK STAMP CO., Colorado Springs, Colo.

(1) FANTASTIC LIBERIA SET! (2) Air Mail Set (3) Triangle Stamp

Includes 10 different stamps from 10 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

WESTERN PHILATELISTS, 6021 Harper Ave., N.E., CHICAGO

BRITISH COLONIALS FREE

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different British Colonies. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

STANLEY GIBBONS' U.S. LIST

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

82 Far-off Countries - Only 10c

Includes 82 different stamps from 82 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

JOHNSON STAMP CO., Dept. A, Jamestown, N.Y.

100 Different Stamps Free

100 different stamps to approval applicants for our Popular Approvals. Send 2c for return postage.

CHRISTENSEN STAMP CO., 1087 14th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

101 Stamps FREE! all Postage 2c

Includes 101 different stamps from 101 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

JOHNSON STAMP CO., Dept. A, Jamestown, N.Y.

FREE FIRST FLIGHT AIR MAIL COVER

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

J. Sweeny, 226 Ripley St., Davenport, Iowa

COINS Curios Bought and Sold.

Includes 100 different coins from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

Elder Corp., 8 W. 37th St., New York

Another Barrel of Stamps

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

ANCHER'S \$ \$ \$ OFFER - ONLY 12c!

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

100 Varieties Africa, Caylon, Brazil, etc.

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

100 Hing 10c

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 STAMPS FREE!

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT PORTUGAL and 100 DIFFERENT U.S. STAMPS

Includes 100 different stamps from 100 different countries. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations. Includes 10¢ and 15¢ denominations.

A. B. QUARR STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

YOU fellows who read the world news know that the Holy See and Italy recently signed a treaty for solution of the Roman question, and that Pope Pius XI and King Victor Emmanuel III made a concordat. Article thirty-three of the concordat reads: "Ownership of the catacombs existing in Rome and in other places in Italy



Canada Of the new pictorial series. Design: harvesting scene and continental Limited Express of Canadian National Railways.



shall be ceded to the Holy See, which undertakes to guard, keep up, and preserve them. Therefore the Holy See . . . is empowered to proceed to the necessary excavations and to remove the holy bodies."

The foregoing is significant philatelicly, as it associates itself directly with recently-issued Spanish catacombs series. The design of these semi-postal adhesives, one of which is illustrated herewith, includes a portrait of Pope Pius XI. It is the first time that a likeness of a Supreme Pontiff has ever appeared on postage stamps.

The other face is that of King Alfonso XIII of Spain. The two Spanish towns where the two sets, one for each, were on sale are Santiago de Compostela and Toledo.

Each series has sixteen stamps, the centimos values ranging from 2 to 80 and the peseta from 1 to 5. The colors of the two sets differ, but in designs, inscriptions, etc., the two are the same.

Dominion Pictorials

A SIGNIFICANT series, artistically handsome, has appeared in Canada. It is significant because the designs selected for the higher values reflect the greatness of the Dominion in maritime commerce, agriculture, and engineering. Moreover, the series links the present with the past, and the pictures are representative of all parts of the country.

Canada's association with the British Empire is shown by King George's portrait on the 1, 2, 3, 5, and 8c values.

The 20c may have a peculiar fascination for American youth, for the Canadian National Railways were developed by an American boy! Henry Thornton—now Sir Henry Thornton, for he was later knighted in England—was born in Logansport, Ind. Once he was a railroad brakeman in Pennsylvania. To-day he heads one of the world's greatest railway systems—the C. N. R. His imagination and skill and supervision brought together into this one system many faltering small rail lines scattered across the Dominion. Brains and pluck and vision—possessions of one who once was a Yankee lad—are symbolized by this design on the new 20c.

State Overprints

If plans are carried out as tentatively announced by the Post Office Department at Washington, more than

Play Ball



Get in the game with Big League DUBOW BASEBALL GLOVES

Every good Baseball glove is known by the company it keeps and Nine All Star high average players Every Dubow Glove as first choice Puck Glove is autographed

- "Ki Ki" Cuyler
 - Charlie Root
 - Ken Williams
 - Count Em
 - Guy A. Bush
 - NINE
 - Percy Jones
 - Bill Chabel
 - Johnny Mostil
 - Johnny Coach
 - Charlie Grimm
- These gloves are for Dad too— Tell him to get himself a DUBOW BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GLOVE Ask your dealer to show you Dubow Gloves.
- J. A. Dubow Manufacturing Co. 1907-13 Milwaukee Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Cuticura

The Sanative, Antiseptic Healing Service

Unexcelled for 67½ years

Soap • Ointment • Talcum • Shaving Stick 25c each at all Druggists

I Offer You \$8 a Day

and a CHEVROLET Coach

Write quick for new proposition. Offer \$200 a day and a new Chevrolet Coach, for demonstrating and taking orders for 4-cmcr All-Weather Toprains and Buses— Spare time. No experience required. Sample outfit free. Write now. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 34-L, Dayton, Ohio

ROBIN HOOD

Would you like Stemmier's BOWS—ARROWS

4" Lemowood Bow, 5 Fine Arrows, \$2.75
4" Lemowood Bow, 5 Fine Arrows, \$3.50
Illustrated Archery Handbook, 56 pages, \$1.00
Large Bowcase, 100 Arrows, \$10.00
BOWFRINGS, 25¢, with instructions, \$1.75
L. E. STEMMER, INC., QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y.
Est. 1912. Dealers write for prices only.

AIRPLANE

12-inch scale model of the Spirit of St. Louis

Scientifically designed and very realistic. Disassembled—sturdy non-propeller, cardboard wings and body, bamboo struts, rubber band motor. Plans from \$1.00. Buy your own and fly it or more. Easily built without tools. Construction set, with all parts and full directions, postpaid to U.S.—only 50¢. Satisfaction or money back. Order today!

WANS & BENTON, Box 8, CHILLICOTHE, OHIO

LEARN TO Mount Birds

We teach you At Home by Mail to mount Birds, Animals, Fish, Frogs and Snake Skins. No taxidermy. No special tools. Easily, quickly learned by men, women and boys. Preserving, mounting and mounting for others. Free home and dog with beautiful set. Make Big Profits from Spare Time Selling Specimens and Mounting for Others. Free Book. You absolutely Free—beautiful book—dormery. Send Today. You will be delighted. Don't Delay!

108 E. Wood St. Northwestern School of Taxidermy OMAHA, Neb.

PENN'YAN BOATS

SPEED and comfort—and a new set of thrills—are yours with a Penn Yan Outboard Boat. 22 models to choose from backed by 20 years experience. Sport runabouts, racing craft, dinghies, auto canoes. All light, seaworthy and leak proof.

Send for NEW 48-page catalogue illustrated in colors. FREE!

PENN YAN BOAT CO. INC. 10 Water Street, Penn Yan, N.Y.

We Invite Your Inquiry

for the **Pflueger Pocket Catalog No. 1**—the most complete and authoritative book on fishing tackle in the world. Write for it today. It is a masterpiece of illustration and contains the most complete and authoritative information on fishing tackle, including the latest and most popular styles in fishing tackle. It is a real reference book. It is a real "must" for every fisherman. It is a real "must" for every sportsman. It is a real "must" for every outdoorsman. It is a real "must" for every sportsman. It is a real "must" for every outdoorsman. It is a real "must" for every sportsman. It is a real "must" for every outdoorsman.

FREE!

PFLUEGER FISHING TACKLE

\$2500

IF YOU WANT TO FLY

By **ALEXANDER KLEMIN**

Director of the **Guggenheim Aeronautical School, New York University**. Frequent contributor to *American Boy*.

This book tells you exactly how to construct an airplane, and in the most practical fashion explains the science of flight and the mysteries of the aircraft engine. "This book will become the closest friend of thousands of boys. It is everything one needs to know about aviation."

Geo. F. Pierro, Editor of *American Boy* Illustrated, diagrams, etc. \$2.50

FREE

Working drawing of a modern airplane with each order sent to Dept. J of

COWARD-McCANN, Inc.
425 Fourth Ave. New York

Model Airplane Builders!

Time, patience, and good materials will win

The American Boy Scale Model Contest

TIME—Two Months
You have the PATIENCE
We will furnish the GOOD MATERIALS

Construction Kits

Curtiss Hawk, scale model - \$2.50
Spirit of St. Louis, scale model - \$2.75
Ford Tri-Motor, scale model - \$2.50
Complete Illustrated Catalog - \$.05

Postpaid

"For you to have more of the best"

Michigan Model Airplane Supply Co.
4768 Grand River Avenue
DETROIT, MICH.

Models as low as \$1.00 each.

Cast Your Own Lead Soldiers, Indians, Hunters, Wild and Farm Animals

214 "Wonderful" "True to Life" Models Easy and inexpensive to make. A furnished kit, including equipment. Send for Free Catalogue.

Henry C. T. Schlerke, 1034-72nd St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

5 New Boyd-Martins for 1929

A new BULLET step-planes; 4 new family boats, designed for present outboards and the new 1929 high-speed motors. Write for catalogue illustrating and describing these new models. Boyd-Martins have won the outboard speed championship for 3 years.

BOYD-MARTIN BOAT COMPANY
808 Lee Street Detroit, Indiana

BOYD-MARTIN Boats

Write for Catalog

NOVO 1929 for \$2.29

500 new varieties of United States stamps—eleven for each of the forty-eight states—will have spaces in future albums.

Uncle Sam, worried about stolen stamps, is trying to trace the thieves. So, beginning with Nebraska, Kansas, and Connecticut, the names of the states, abbreviated, are being overprinted on the faces of stamps—"Nebr.," "Kas.," and "Conn." being the selected wordings.

The ones overprinted "Conn." will be good for postage in every state, of course, but if an unusually large quantity of them were found being used, for example, in California, it would indicate that those particular stamps were stolen somewhere in Connecticut, and Government sleuths would promptly investigate.

It is purposed thus to overprint the 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10c denominations. If the arrangement is extended to all states, there is going to be a mad scramble on the part of collectors!

Notes

A FAMILIAR newspaper headline: "Lindbergh Flies the Mails Again." Recently he hopped from Panama to the United States, inaugurating a new air mail route, and on each letter he carried was a new Panaman stamp—a 10-centesimos orange special delivery adhesive overprinted "Correo Aereo," meaning "Air Post," and an overprinted airplane device, together with a surcharged new value, 25 centesimos.

Europe Ahead!

(Continued from page 23)

Yard, Buckingham Palace, London Bridge; a stirring inspection of the famous old Tower of London; and an international airplane model contest out at Croydon, Britain's greatest air-drome, with England's champion model builders vying with the Americans for the Wakefield Cup.

Next comes departure by tri-motor plane for Amsterdam. A day in the great Dutch city, then train for—Paris!

Squawking, madly tearing taxis—quiet twisty streets—great graying stone buildings where world history has been made. Notre Dame, where Napoleon was crowned; Louis XIV's great chapel where he is buried. The Louvre, palace of kings, with its Mona Lisa, its Venus de Milo, its priceless art treasures.

Early this year Poland held its Posen national exhibition, and commemorated it with a 25 groszy brown stamp picturing a mythical four-faced figure called Swiatowid, who is Poland's god of slaves.

Russia's New Year semi-postal adhesive, issued to raise money for destitute children, is now reaching American collectors. The 10 plus 2 kopeks brown and red-brown shows children at work in an industrial school. On the 20 plus 2 kopeks sepia and blue is a harvesting scene.

Saar has issued somewhat similar charity stamps. Raphael's *Charity* is reproduced on the 10 francs. *Almsgiving* by the Belgian artist Schiestl, appears on the 1.50, 2, and 3fr. On the 40 and 50 centimes and 1fr is shown *The Blind Beggar*, a painting by Dyckman, another Belgian.

A native bowman, natives in a canoe, and French Guiana's Government Building are the designs of a new series that this French colony has issued—twenty-two values scaling from 1 centime to 20 francs.

Guatemala has displaced the peso with a new coin on the gold basis, the quetzal, named after the national bird. Each contains 100 centavos and is equivalent to the U. S. dollar. As a consequence a new series of stamps has appeared, with values expressed in the new currency. Meanwhile the government had some 30,000,000 remainders of old issues, and these are being surcharged with new values in terms of the centavos de quetzal.

The Place de l'Opera, in front of the grandiose theater; at its side the famous Café de la Paix, where you sit at the sidewalk tables and watch the world go by. The Latin Quarter across the winding Seine; the Ile de la Cité, once all of Paris; Louis IX's glorious Sainte Chappelle. Montmartre, with all of Paris's traditional gaiety at its foot. The Eiffel Tower; intimate small cafes, great gilded restaurants, historic buildings, even Roman ruins!

And a day in the battle fields—Cha-teau Thierry, Rheims, the Argonne, Belleau Wood.

Train to Cherbourg, then; and at last the return trip. The *Montroyal* sails on July 25, for Montreal. Then home—the end of the greatest trip those three champions ever made!

Roof Mark Your Town



Commerce or other civic organizations. You'll raise the small amount of money needed, enlist the services of a sign painter, and earn for yourself an honorable discharge bearing the signatures of President Hoover, General Fochet, Admiral Moffett, William P. McCracken, and other famous leaders in aviation!

Best of all, you'll be rendering a service to aviation that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, and every other great pilot, says is immediately needed.

Send in this coupon with a stamp:

American Boy Air Marking Headquarters, 550 West Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

I wish to enlist for service in the American Boy Air Marking Campaign. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage on the plan of attack.

Signed (Write clearly)

Street

Town

State..... Age.....

WINCHESTER

THE GUN YOU REALLY WANT

How nice it would be if you could always buy the things you most want. That isn't *always* possible, of course, but any boy who buys a gun can always choose a Winchester. He can choose, in other words, the gun he will always be proudest to own—a gun which will give him really accurate results—a gun which has passed the famous "Winchester Proof" test and which bears the greatest name in the entire history of firearms. He can always, moreover, shoot Winchester Ammunition in his Winchester Gun. They are made for each other.

SPRING

—with vacation at its heels, brings you the season of .22 caliber rifle shooting. There are nine fine models in Winchester .22 caliber rifles, including Model 57—the splendid bolt-action repeater shown above. Look these rifles over at your dealer's and write for our FREE booklet—"The Game—The Gun—The Ammunition."

Dept. B
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

MODEL 57

WINCHESTER

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY

Whistle in the rain



You can tell without looking that the boy out there in the rain has got on a real Tower's Fish Brand Slicker. Hear him whistle? He's comfortable, happy, dry right down to his shoe-tops. A fellow can't be as cheerful as that when the drizzle is soaking through his clothes and seeping down his neck.

Rain just can't get at you in a Fish Brand Varsity, Jr., Slicker. It has a snug, corduroy-faced collar, plain or with a strap. There are buttons or buckles as you like, and the famous "Reflex" edge that keeps water out of the front. Three colors, olive khaki, black and yellow. Middy hats to match too.

Fish Brand Water-proof Clothing has been worn by seamen, ranchers and other outdoor men for more than 90 years. There's a store right in your neighborhood that has a Fish Brand Slicker—"The Rainy Day Pal"—in your size. A. J. Tower Company, Boston, Mass.



FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Great for Boxing



For sports wear wooden gloves have lately appeared.—*Savannah News.*

Precept vs. Practice

Football Coach (to players): "Remember that football develops individuality, initiative, leadership. Now get in there and do exactly as I tell you."

Try an Auto Salesroom

Such fun, this job hunting! You know, being a college man I never wear a hat. Yesterday I was standing in a bookshop waiting to be hired when a lady came in, picked up a book and handed me two dollars. To-day I'm going to loiter in a piano store.

Respected Infant

"Dear miss," wrote a particular mother to the teacher, "don't whip our Tommy. He isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense."

Easy Target

"Do you know Lord Heathmoor?" I've often shot at his country seat.
"And did you ever hit it?"

The Brain



The human brain is a wonderful organ; it starts working as soon as we wake up in the morning, and never stops until we get to school.

Wrong Medicine

"I hear Jones fell down on his pharmacy examination."
"Yes — he got mixed on the difference between a club and a Western sandwich."

Journey's End

Lady (in a pet store): "I like this dog, but his legs are too short."

Salesman: "Too short! Why, madam they all four reach the floor."

Raising the Limit

"I see for a five-day week. How 'bout you, Sam?"
"Man! I see for a five-day week-end."

Popular Mathematics

"Are you interested in Einstein's theory about space?"
"If it's anything to do with parking space, let's hear it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sure Thing

The Florida Citrus Growers' Clearing House Association has given twenty carloads of grapefruit for the treatment of influenza in Northern cities. That's advertising of the kind that hits 'em in the eye.—*Florida paper.*

Try Roasting One

Many a wisecracker is only half baked.

How True!

Imp: "Say, why do they measure the sea in knots?"
Simp: "Well, how else would you expect to get the ocean tied?"

Like Angels' Robes

Boy (reading aloud): "John appeared in immaculate evening dress." What does "immaculate" mean?"
Elder Sister: "No gravy stains on it."

Making 'Em Wild

Mother: "What is all that noise out there?"
Bobby: "We've got Daddy and Uncle Bob locked up in the garage. When they get a little madder we are going to play 'going to the lion's cage.'"

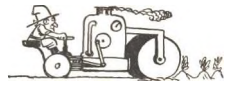
Second Aisle to the Left

Floorwalker (at 1 A. M., to burglar in his home): "Sil-verware? Yes, sir. Step this way."

Just Blows His Own Horn

"You got to admire a great statesman," said Uncle Eben. "He gits mo' honor and app-don' have to learn to play no instrument whatever."

Scientific Farming



Sweet City Visitor: "Why are you running that steam roller thing over that field?"

Farmer, on steam tractor: "I'm going to raise a crop of mashed potatoes this fall."

Pass the Hammer

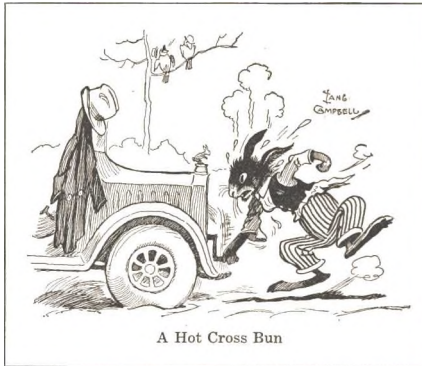
Roger: "Mummy, I have such a surprise for you!"
Mummy: "What is it, darling?"
Roger: "I've swallowed a nail!"

Knows His Gravy

"Oh, Mr. Lame-brane, you have egg spilled all over the front of your coat."
"That's all right, I look well in anything I eat."

Sole Means of Support

"Why does a stork stand on one leg?"
"I don't know."
"Why, if he lifted it, he'd fall down."



A Hot Cross Bun

Time Out

Boss: "Don't you ever do anything on time?"
Clerk: "Yes, sir. I bought my radio that way."

Yumping Yiminy!

Somebody has a mistake made. My mail what I get don't come to me. Please the matter up look. Please my mail in Mr. Green's mail sack put. You I thank.—*Letter received by a postmaster in the Northwest.*

Contents for May

Cover Drawing by Albin Henning.

	Page		Page
Friendly Talks with the Editor	22	Mad Anthony's Drummer— (Concluded)— Reginald Wright Kauffman.	24
FICTION			
Shanghai Passage— (Continued)— Howard Pease	5	FEATURES	
Rameses Ghost!— Odgers T. Gurnee	7	"Be Yourself"— H. G. Saltinger	17
The Camel Squad of the Legion— Warren Hastings Miller	9	Europe Ahead!	23
The Winning Pop— Rex Lee	12	What Makes It Fly?— Alexander Klemm	36
The Builder of the Dam— (Continued)— William Hrylgier	14	A. M. L. A. Chat	48
The Chelsea Mystery— John A. Moroso	18	The World is Safe for Dogs!	77
The Big Punch— Frederic Nelson Litten	20	DEPARTMENTS	
		In the Morning Mail	56
		Stamps in the Day's News— Kent B. Stiles	80
		Funybhone Ticklers	82

How about
tomorrow morning?



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

WHAT could be better than luscious fruits or berries and the flavor of golden corn toasted into Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

Strawberries are coming into the market and your grocer has a package of oven-fresh Kellogg's. Surprise the family one of these mornings at breakfast!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes with seasonable fruits are a delicious way to combine three important foods in your menus . . . fruits and cereals and milk!

Have Kellogg's for lunch or dinner. Great for the children's evening meal. With milk or cream, healthful and easy to digest. Delightful with honey.

Kellogg's are the original corn flakes. Imitations never equal their flavor and extra crispness. Insist on the genuine.

Look for the red-and-green package. At hotels, restaurants, cafeterias. On diners. Everywhere.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Rice Krispies, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit —also Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.





There is no quickness of action without quickness of mind—a faculty which target practice helps to develop. Sound mind is a factor of good health, and health is usually enjoyed through clean active life.

The center of sport today is America, and our young generation ought to raise higher and higher the noble standard of their fathers.

G. M. BELLANCA



G. M. Bellanca, flier and airplane designer,
 says that target practice helps
 to develop quickness of mind

BOYS!
 Get a Free Copy of the
 Daisy Manual

Go to your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer and ask him for a free copy of the Daisy Manual. It tells how to become a crack shot, and how to form a drill company. Ask him to show you the latest Daisy models. If he does not carry them, write us and we will send any model on receipt of price.

Do you remember the record-breaking transatlantic hop flown by Clarence Chamberlin from New York to Germany? Chamberlin's plane was designed and built by Giuseppe M. Bellanca, a flyer for many years prominent in Italian and American aviation.

Just read Bellanca's advice to American boys—"There is no quickness in action without quickness in mind—a faculty which target practice helps to develop." Himself an expert with rifles as he is with aircraft, Mr. Bellanca understands the value of starting target practice young, and keeping everlastingly at it. Like so many other authorities, he gives you good counsel.

Take the tip of men like Bellanca, William Beebe, Richard Dix, Bernt Balchen,

Tris Speaker and many others—get a Daisy Pump Gun—the model illustrated—and join the millions of boys who have started their course in marksmanship with Daisy Air Rifles during the past forty years. Then notice how target practice with the Daisy will improve your aim and speed.

Your dealer will show you the Daisy Pump Gun. When you examine it in his store, you will be delighted with its "feel," its balance, its fine appearance, for it has the same snappy sporting lines as the high-powered magazine rifles used by explorers and big game hunters. Safe and accurate like all Daisy Air Rifles, the Pump Gun shoots 50 times without reloading, \$5 at all dealers, other Daisy Air Rifles, \$1 to \$5.



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
 PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Pacific Coast Branch
PHIL B. BEKEART CO., Mgrs.
 217 Market Street, San Francisco, California

Southern Representatives
LOUIS WILLIAMS & CO.,
 511 Exchange Bldg., Nashville, Tenn.

DAISY



**AIR
 RIFLES**

