

The YOUTH'S COMPANION *combined with* **American Boy** May 1930

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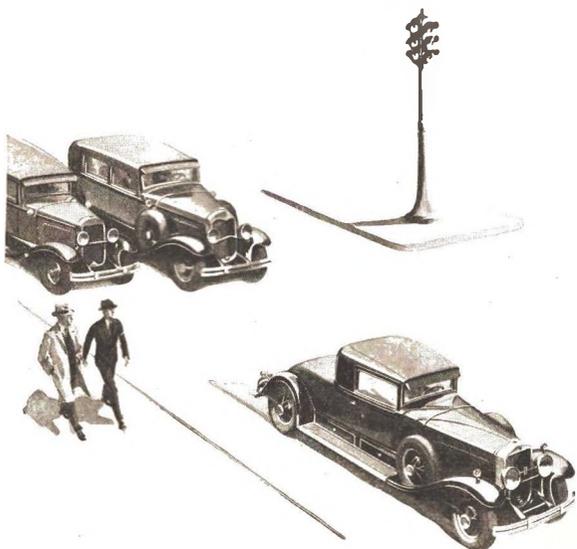
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# You don't have to travel as fast as the other fellow to beat him



SOMETIMES a statement may sound so contrary to common sense, or self-contradictory, as to be almost silly—and yet it may be true in fact.

That is what is called a paradox.

This word comes from the Greek language, as do so many of our most telling expressions.

In Greek the word was *paradoxon* which, in turn, is made up of two Greek words—*para*, meaning beside or contrary to, and *doxa*, meaning opinion.

Writers frequently use a paradox—that is, they make a paradoxical statement—in order to score a point or drive home a thought effectively.

A paradox arrests attention quickly and prompts the reader to pause and think, even though it may make him smile or inspire a chuckle of mirth.

But a paradox is really a serious weapon for both writer and speaker and you will find plenty of paradoxes in the Bible. For example, St. Paul, in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter 6, uses this paradoxical phrase:

“As having nothing, yet possessing all things.”

Modern secular writers use the paradox, among

them, notably, Gilbert K. Chesterton who has a happy faculty for this form of expression. It is among the most characteristic qualities of his style.

We would like to make a statement about Cadillac and La Salle motor cars that, on the surface, seems contradictory, but yet is true in fact. In other words, it is a Cadillac-La Salle paradox. It is this:

Cadillac and La Salle owners beat the other fellow without driving as fast.

That, on the face of it, seems impossible—contrary to common sense. How can you get from one place to another in a motor car before the other fellow covers the same distance unless you use more speed than he does? Yet in a Cadillac or La Salle, owners tell us they do this every day. They are not obliged to resort to high speeds to make time.

Cadillac and La Salle, with their famous V-type eight-cylinder engines, are among the fastest and most powerful cars on the road. But speed alone is not sufficient to make time—especially where, as today, we have congested traffic to consider and in long cross-country driving the various hazards of the road which, due to the increase in travel by motor, are more

of a factor than ever before.

To make time today, in addition to abundant

speed, you must have *simplification of control*.

You control your car by means of the steering mechanism, the brakes and the gear shift. If you simplify these things, they are easier to operate. You save time in driving as well as effort. Cadillac engineers have given very careful attention to the simplification of these vital portions of Cadillac and La Salle cars. As a result, they have actually achieved a new measure of handling ease in steering, braking and gear-shifting.

The new Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission, for example, is far simpler and easier to operate than any gear-shifting mechanism hitherto used. When you drive a Cadillac or La Salle, you don't have to tug at your gears. You don't have to pause momentarily in neutral. You make the shifts instantly whenever you wish under any conditions. They are quick, silent, classless.

You have a similar advantage over the other fellow in guiding and maneuvering your car through congested traffic, in parking manipulations or in cross-country driving, because of the greater simplicity and ease of the new Harmonized Steering System.



So, too, you will “have it on him” in braking, because you will have Cadillac-La Salle Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes. They are unfailing because they cannot overheat, easier because of 15 sets of roller bearings and more positive because the patent brake shoes always give full surface action.

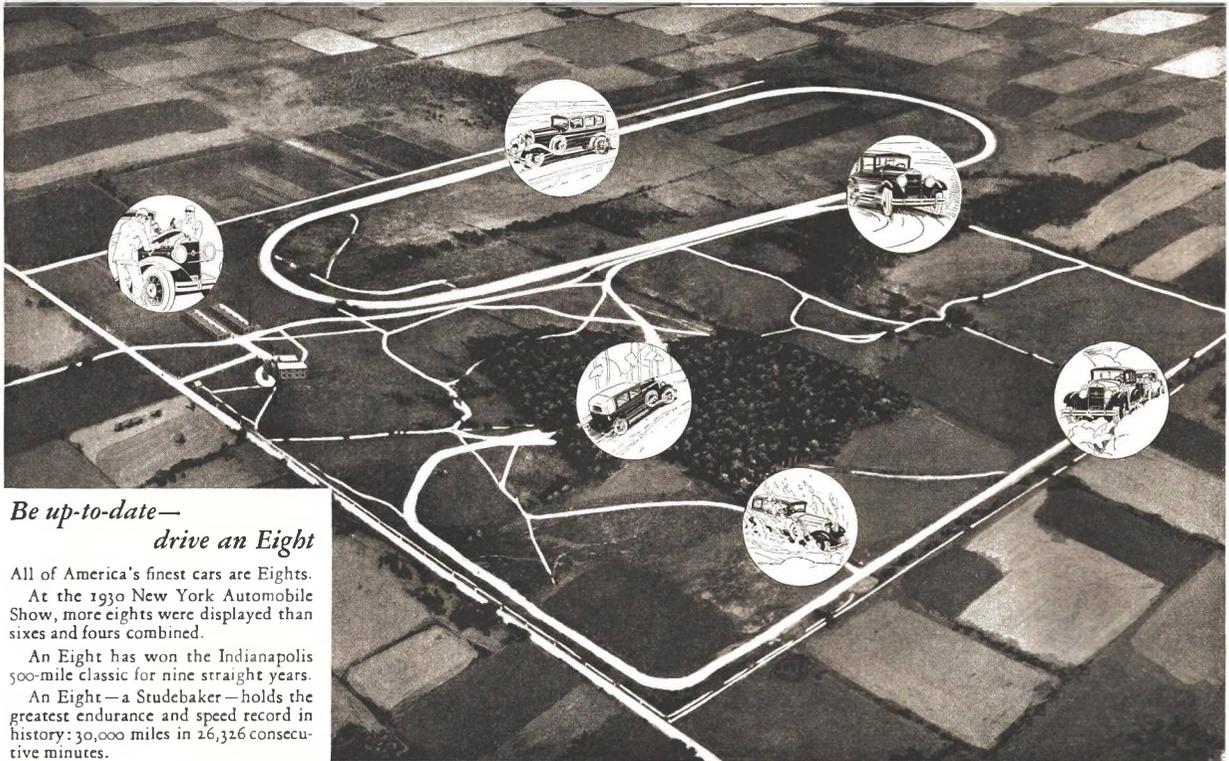
All these important advantages mean more miles per hour with greater safety. They are time savers; not time consumers.

And that is why we venture to say: “In a Cadillac or La Salle you don't have to travel as fast as the other fellow to beat him.”

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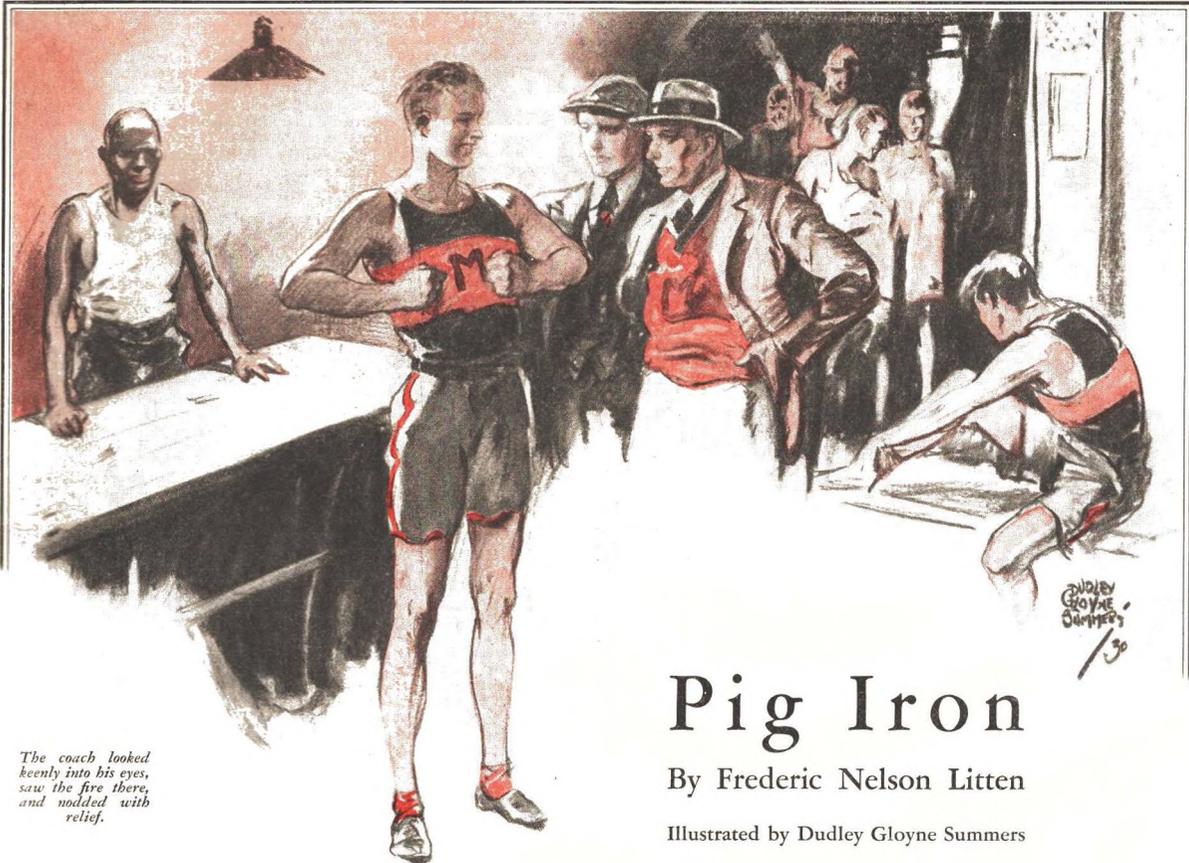
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The coach looked keenly into his eyes, saw the fire there, and nodded with relief.

## Pig Iron

By Frederic Nelson Litten

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

**P**ETE HAMMOND, iron horse of Mercer Tech, lay face down on the rubbing table. His eyes were closed, his big frame relaxed, as the capable black hands of Willie Pearl worked tirelessly, smoothing a kinked muscle just behind the athlete's knee.

The locker room was noisy with the chatter of twenty men stripping for, or already in, the showers. More faint, there filtered down into the steaming room cheers and clamor from the stands above. Outside on Kent Field, Mercer Tech's home stadium, the dual Ardmore-Mercer track meet was winding up. The rubber passed.

"How you all feelin', Mistah Pete?" he asked.

"Just go on rubbing, Willie," Hammond said cheerfully, raising his head from the crook of his arm and throwing a grin at Willie Pearl.

A pair of spikes lay on the bench, cinder-scuffed and sweated, with crumpled chamois pushers tucked inside. Pete Hammond looked at them. It was almost time to put them on again. They'd be calling the relay in a minute; the fourth event to-day for him.

For a moment, Hammond slumped wearily on the board. It was almost too much. Then his body stiffened and a wave of exultation swept through him. Running was his meat; there was no thrill like matching yourself against a good opponent and calling forth that extra ounce of energy in the dash to the tape. Besides, Mercer had to win to-day; next week beat Exeley; then take first in the mile relay at Marysville.

A record like that would cinch Mercer's place in the Valley Conference.

Hammond grinned to think that the load was on him. He didn't know that his eyes were a bit hollow, and his face tightly drawn.

"Hello, Pete," a voice said.

Hammond turned his head and looked up. The youth gazing down at him was Hammond's match in height and in the startling blackness of his hair and eyes. Well set up too; but with no fine-drawn look of strain about the eyes, like Hammond's.

A shadow passed over Pigiron Hammond's face. Tom Braid had been his closest friend; they'd worked together all last summer. But they'd had a split-up over track. Braid could do something for the school in track, and would not. Hammond's glance fell upon a pamphlet in Braid's pocket. The title was visible: "Chrome Steel and Other Iron Alloys."

"Hi, Tom," he said. "What brings you down to a locker room? Thought you were off 'em."

Braid smiled faintly.

"I'm reporting the meet for the *Tech Transit*." He sobered, hesitated. "Listen, Pete. I'm telling you again, ease off. You're taking track too hard—you'll crack. We both had enough of it at prep to know a man can't run four events, meet after meet, and not crack."

Hammond sat up.

"Now you listen, Socrates," he answered, motioning Willie Pearl to bring his spikes, "ever since you deserted track for metallurgy, you've been telling me to

go easy. Then you turn around and hang the name 'Pigiron' on me. Pigiron Hammond—strong man!" The runner grinned delightedly at Braid's confusion. "Is that any way to act?"

Lines of worry crossed Braid's forehead.

"Sorry I wrote that garbage, Pete. Never thought the *Transit* would play it up. But a school paper—always howling for copy. And you're news." Once more his voice took on an insistent note. "Pete, ease off; you look shot."

The grin faded from Hammond's face. He couldn't ease off. If Mercer was cellar champ again this year they'd drop her from the Big Eight. He looked at Braid and the grin returned to his face.

"If you want to grease things a bit for me," he baited, "put on a pair of spikes and come out. You used to run the quarter in fair time. Maybe—"

"Why bring that up?" Braid said quickly. "We've battled it all through before, Pete. I'd like best in the world to come out, but with 'Steel Metallurgy 6' the stiffest course at Tech—"

"Steel Metallurgy 6," intoned another voice, sing-song fashion, and Braid swung around to see Parker, who ran third on the relay team, on the bench behind him.

Parker grinned and went on: "That course is a crap, Braid. Hand Prof Tanner his own line, 'Iron is the base,' and you'll get by. It gets me by. Here's the making of steel in a nutshell: just mix pig iron with some other junk—nickel, molybdenum, or what have you—remembering always it's pig iron does it."

Parker spread his hands in a disdainful gesture to show how simple was Steel Metallurgy 6. "In a nutshell is right," Braid said. "Better 'load up' that nutshell of yours, old son, before June exams, or—he passed two fingers across his throat suggestively.

THE door from the ramp between the stands opened, and the caller bawled:

"All out for the mile relay!"

Parker hastily concluded: "Braid, if you can run, you'll never need to crack a book for Tanner. He won't bust me. My time in the quarter mile's too good."

Willie Pearl, fitting the pushers on Hammond's toes, looked up at Braid and grimaced.

"Just because Prof Tanner comes out to track meets, Parky," Braid warned, "doesn't mean that he makes a pet out of runners."

The ramp door banged again. This time it was Caldwell, Mercer's coach. He called Parker, Burt, and Conway of the relay team to him, and conferred with them a moment. Then, striding to the rubbing table, he laid a hand on Hammond's arm.

"Williamson just went out in the high jump," he said. "That's a sure first one." He hesitated. "We'll still win if we take the relay, but you look done—"

Hammond looked sidewise at Braid and grinned gaily.

"Gosh—I must look bad," he said with mock dismay. "Lucky I don't feel as bad as I look—"

"I'd better use Norris," the coach repeated. "You've had a hard—"

"Horse feathers! I'm wound up like an eight-day clock."

Hammond sprang down from the table and took a couple of steps, gingerly.

The coach looked keenly into his eyes, saw the fire there, and nodded with relief.

"All right," he said briefly.

His spikes scraping on the concrete, Pigiron Hammond crossed to the door and ascended the ramp. For one uncertain moment he wondered if the coach and Braid were right. He had a hollow feeling in his middle, as though there were nothing there. Then he trotted down the cinders to the starting marker and heard the mighty cheer that rose as he came into view of the stands.

A wave of power surged through him. He felt great! His eyes narrowed as he remembered that the meet depended on the relay. A spot like this was his turkey. A chance to do better than his best.

There was a burst of handclapping in the Ardmore section—a tribute to an athlete who had outdone himself. This afternoon he'd placed second in the century, taken a first in the 220, and set a new record—49 flat—in the quarter mile. Colorful, vivid, a track star of all time—that was Pete Hammond. And hard as—as pig iron.

HAMMOND, crouching on the green turf to lace his spikes, felt himself growing tense. It was a familiar feeling, and he knew suddenly that it was part of his life. He couldn't do without it. Nothing else gave him the thrill that a tough race did!

Burt, the Mercer lead-off man, knelt at his side and shot him a quick glance.

"How is it, Pigiron—can we beat 'em? This Bailey—they say he's a dark horse."

"Don't worry," returned Hammond. "What slack there is, guess I can take up. We'll win."

As Burt rose, he flashed his infectious smile. But inside, he felt a doubt. "Pigiron!" Every sport writer in the West had taken that name from Braid and spread it wide. But was he—pig iron?

The shrill cheering from the stands hushed and Pigiron Hammond, his shoes laced, sprang up. Two track officials were comparing watches. He saw the blue barrel of the starter's gun.

He saw Burt crouched, baton in hand, in the outside lane, a red-shirted Ardmore runner by him at the pole. Heard the starter's voice: "Get set!"

The gun barked. The two runners lanced forward. The crowd howled. Blood began pumping fast in Hammond's throat. His body tingled and his face set to metallic hardness. He was Pigiron Hammond now.

Burt jumped to a lead at once. At the turn he had a yard, at the back straightaway three, and sweeping round into the stretch he pulled his lead to five.

Conway, Mercer's Number Two, a black little Irishman, pranced in the ten-yard zone. He snatched the baton and was off. Uncorking a terrific sprint that took the heart from Ardmore's second man, Conway widened the gap to seven yards, circled the track, and pounded into the stretch, chin up.

Parker, Mercer's Number Three, was halfway to the turn and running strongly before the third crimson runner took the stick. A good man, Parker. Good, and knew it.

Hammond, his eyes shining, tasted sure victory. His gaze swung, following the runners as they entered the back stretch. Parker was still gaining. He was ahead by twenty yards. They passed the turn.

Suddenly Hammond cried out, a sharp groan. The stands exploded into sound. Parker had stumbled. He fell, rolled over twice, rose; fell again. Then, slowly now, he staggered to his feet. His face a mask of pain, he limped on, driving by sheer will toward the neutral zone. Ardmore's Number Three flashed by him and passed the stick to Bailey, the Crimson's anchor man.

The stands were howling. Sounds crashed with the thudding boom of surf in Hammond's ears. He waited, nerves on hair trigger. . . . Slow seconds dragged. . . . Parker, sobbing, panting, stumbled close. Hammond turned. One glimpse of the stands—a wavy sea of black and gold, and crimson. A sharp voice puncturing the thunder: "Go o-on, Pigiron!"

The baton slapped his palm. With the kick of a coil spring Hammond shot ahead. Head down, he knifed forward in the first momentum of a desperate short-stride sprint, eyes glued to the inside curbing of the running track. He was cool—desperately cool. No good looking up until he reached the turn.

The gray concrete began to curve away. He stretched into a velvet, distance-eating stride, and glanced ahead. A crimson shirt flashed round the second turn, twenty—maybe thirty—yards away.

Pigiron clenched his hands. His body was no longer flesh and blood, but iron—an engine tuned for speed. He shortened his stride again to a terrific pounding sprint that whirled the cinders in a dusty cloud. Into the back stretch he rocketed, the track a blurry treadmill with a fleeting splash of crimson at its end.

SUBCONSCIOUSLY he heard the thunder of the crowd, but it was dim now and far away. An endless panorama of green turf slid by beside him—black cinders underneath. That splash of crimson still was distant; indistinct.

Hammond's lips curled from his teeth; his face grew white, agonized with strain. But he still had something in reserve; and he must give it all—do better than his best. His legs were driving pistons hammering the packed cinders in a furious beat. He knew his speed must gain—why, it was finish stuff—the last ounce that he had often used to break the tape. Devastating, burning speed—he couldn't hold it long.

But the crimson splash was drawing back. It was in focus now. Rhythmic, flashing legs; tanned curves of straining shoulder muscles; crimson jersey. A crooked grin, tortured, desperate, but still a grin—touched Hammond's face. He was catching Bailey! Only a few seconds—now—if he could last. He must last. He was iron.

His lungs seemed bursting. First his legs were filled with needle pains—then icy numb. He couldn't seem to find his gait. Each stride hit the track too soon—too late. His muscles were like cardboard. They gave and bent. But he would last—he must.

The crimson back was close, and

wavering too. Hammond, at the far turn, swung out from the pole. A spray of cinders stung his shins. A second—heart-breaking in its strain—and he was running breast to breast with Bailey. Round the turn into the straightaway.

Then Hammond caught the other's gasping sob; saw his stride falter. It came to him that he would win. Bailey was done. One last drive for the tape to end it. *Better than his best!* Somewhere hidden in his weary body was a last ounce of will—of strength transcending the physical. Grim, pig iron hardness.

His spikes clicked out a sudden swifter rhythm. He saw Bailey's jaw muscles knot, his head fling back. The crimson runner tried to answer Hammond's challenge; failed.

Pigiron swept ahead. A lane of swimming faces—a maelstrom of rocking sound. A white string against his arched chest—he'd won!

The sky and earth went whirling, and Hammond sank down. He felt hands quickly lift him. It was all unreal, though, and a black frown seemed to loom just out of reach. A voice said, so faint he could scarcely hear: "Hammond, you're no runner. You're iron—a machine! I can't beat a machine."

Toward the end the voice seemed to strengthen, and Hammond knew that it was Bailey's. His eyes began focusing. He saw the Ardmore sprinter holding out his hand. Hammond grasped it. His own hand was cold and wet. There was a queer ache, too, in his left wrist and shoulder. He nodded, smiled, and said:

"Thanks, Bailey. You gave me competition, plenty. I'm—"

Someone turned him around, threw a blanket on his shoulders, led him across the track. Out of the hubbub came another voice:

"Forty-nine flat—twice to-day! And nothing takes it out of you like the 440. I'll say he's Pigiron!"

Pigiron Hammond staggered down the ramp.

He was out of the showers and putting on his clothes when Coach Caldwell came to the locker room. Hammond, with a smile, made room for him on the bench.

"Another meet," said Caldwell. "You know what it means, Pete. *Mercer stays!* They can't drop us from the Big Eight now. Just the Marysville Relays to clinch it. I'm going to save you until then. The Relay Cup will set our feet firm on the Big Eight ladder." He paused and gazed searchingly at Hammond. "You look done in, Pete."

"It'll be good to slack a bit," Hammond said, and immediately felt a shock of surprise at his own words. He'd never wanted to slacken before, but now the thought was welcome.

"How's Parker?" he asked.

"Tore loose a ligament," Caldwell said, his face becoming reflective. "Well, we don't go up to Marysville for thirty days. Parker might be right by then."

The coach rose to go. "Thanks, Hammond," he said.

"Always, you give us just a little more than we expect."

AFTER the coach had gone, Hammond stared for a moment at the green locker room door. He felt funny inside—wasn't recovering from his race as swiftly as he usually did. Somehow, he didn't feel like moving off the bench. Impatiently he slammed the locker shut and went out.

Kent Field lies on the outskirts of Steel City; Mercer campus and the dormitories are two miles in town. There were plenty of cars about the field, and Hammond could have ridden to Furnam Hall. But to-night he wanted to be alone, to hear no praise, to answer no questions. He cut in behind the stands to dodge the crowd and catch the trolley car at Webster Circle.

There was an odd choked-up sensation in his throat. He was dimly aware that his feet weren't tracking quite right.

From the shadows, someone called. He halted. It was the coach's voice. Hammond tried to turn, and stumbled. Caldwell, emerging from the gloomy labyrinth of concrete arches, gripped his arm.

"What's wrong, Pete? You sick?" Hammond felt that strange breathlessness again.

"I guess I—am," he said, in a low whisper. "Yeh—I'm—"

The coach peered at Pete's face. "Here," he said quickly, "my car's at the curb—look out!"

For Hammond was tottering. His heart began to jump queerly. Things went dark. He knew Caldwell was lifting him; heard the cough of a motor starting.

After a long while Hammond roused to see street lights flashing by. "Where—were we going?" he asked, in a thin voice.



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In Next Month's Story of a Western War

## "The Rope and the Bulldog"

By Thomson Burtis

The coach bent intently over the steering wheel. "To the school infirmary," came his brief reply.

Hammond sat up and reached an unsteady hand for the wheel.

"Don't," he cried. "I'm all right. Stop, I say."

But Caldwell only stepped down the accelerator. Under a passing light his face showed white.

Hammond's eyes opened wide. The school infirmary! Just because he had become temporarily dizzy? A cold fear rolled over him that left him limp. Had he cracked as Tom Braid had predicted he would? Was track out?

The car rolled through the campus gate and stopped. As Caldwell slipped an arm beneath his shoulders, Hammond began a final protest:

"One night's sleep, Coach! Please drop me off—"

The coach shook his head, and tried to help him from the seat. But Hammond went alone up the walk, in through the open door to the infirmary waiting room. The deep upholstered chair felt good. There was a fine pair of antlers over the mantel. Old Doc Marr had been a sportsman in his day. He'd understand that a fellow couldn't quit.

THE doctor came in, polishing his glasses; and there began a bitter session for Pete Hammond. When it ended, "Finis" was written, "Finis" was written to his track career. He had sprained a heart muscle, Doctor Marr said. A good rest would fix it, but no more sprints this year. And this year was Pigiron Hammond's last at Mercer.

In silence Caldwell drove Hammond back to Furnam Hall. Again he tried to help his star runner up the dormitory steps but Hammond wouldn't have it. Caldwell went with him to his room. At the door Hammond said, "Good night," in a level voice, and the two looked deep in each other's eyes.

"Good night," the coach said. "Hate to lose you. But remember—track isn't everything."

Neither cared to say more. Too many bright hopes had faded for them both. There was still a chance for Mercer to remain in the Big Eight, but Caldwell's hopes for a winning season crowned with a victory in the mile relay at Marysville—a national honor—were shattered.

Hammond lay awake for hours trying to find some comforting thought to ease the bitterness in his heart. He was through; and Mercer as well. "Track isn't everything," the coach had said. But track had meant a lot to Pete Hammond—how much, he was just beginning to realize.

Morning, and Sunday. He lay abed till late, skipping chapel and eating lunch alone at a cafeteria in downtown Steel City. Utterly lost, he went back to his room for a desperate effort to forget himself in his books, and ended up by staring blankly at the wall. Tom Braid found him there.

"I heard the news, Pete," Braid said simply.

The runner looked up, remembered what Braid had predicted in the locker room, and suddenly found himself bristling with resentment.

"Well?" he said, coldly.

"Nothing serious, is it, Pete?" Braid asked quickly.



Only a few seconds—now—if he could last. The crimson back was close, and wavering too.

"I broke," Hammond replied, with a shade of bitterness, "the way you said I would. Doc Marr says I'll be all right in six months." He laughed shortly.

"I didn't come up to say 'I told you so,'" Braid said slowly. "I thought maybe I could help—"

"Console me?" Hammond grinned. "Tell me track isn't everything?"

Braid looked up, found his friend's eyes, and held them.

"Yes," he said. "Exactly that."

He went on quickly, before Pete could interrupt him:

"I found it out in prep school. I decided that any track records I made in school wouldn't amount to a hoot when I started looking for a job. My knowledge of engineering would. So I picked engineering."

Pete looked at Braid and realized, suddenly, the difference between them. Pete believed in engineering too. But he believed also that you had to be a competitor. A scrapper. Track had put that into him. It had taught him to fight; to do better than his best.

Tom Braid had never been a good competitor. Nice form—yes. But no fire. And Pete suddenly felt that he'd go farther, with his scrapping spirit, than Tom would go with his books—and his coldness.

His eyes ran appraisingly over his friend—the black hair and eyes, and the rugged build, so like his own.

"Tom," he said softly, "you might have been a whale of a quarter miler."

Tom's eyes lifted in surprise.

"You were fair in prep school," Pete went on. "But you didn't make the time you might have. You never scrapped once. I don't ever remember seeing you out of breath."

Tom flushed a deep red. He had come up to try to help Pete, and now he was being lectured too.

"You saddled me with the name 'Pigiron'!" Pete continued bitingly. "But now 'Pigiron' is out. Mercer stands to flop at Marysville—maybe lose her place in the Big Eight. And you come up to tell me that track isn't everything. Right. But scrapping is something." He paused. "I thought you came up to tell me that you'd try to fill in. Do a little 'Pigiron' stuff yourself. Show some fight—for once. Make up for some of those races you lost at prep."

Tom's red grew scarlet. There was a long pause before he could control himself to speak.

"Maybe I rate some of that," he said finally, his voice shaking slightly. "I still think track isn't the end of existence. But—" He rose to his feet—"I will do this. I'll get out for track and do my best to fill your place."

Pete snorted impatiently. "Do your best," he snapped. "You've got to do better than that."

A FEW days later, Hammond saw a glimmer of daylight. On the cinder track, with Conway pacing him, Tom Braid went round the oval in 56. A hundred men can step the quarter in 56; a dozen, 53; one, sometimes, will beat 50. Still, 56 wasn't so bad for the first time trial. Lucky Braid was in good condition to start with.

"You'll have a chance at Number Three," Hammond told Tom. "Parker's ankle is healing pretty slow."

But a week later Parker, wearing a three-yard ankle bandage, reported at the track again. He did a "shack" to loosen up, and stepped through a fast 440. The coach timed him in 51.2, and smiled.

"Even with Parker in," Pete said hopefully to his friend, "you'll have a chance at Norris' place. We need somebody faster than Norris."

Daily Braid reported at Kent Field. He whittled a second from his time of 56. His stride was right—he had a long, smooth reach—but he lacked a driving sprint. Hammond worked with him each afternoon; taught him the cut-over at the turn; corrected a bad arm swing; tried to make him want to win. But even as Hammond worked, the glimmer of daylight grew fainter. Braid wasn't improving fast enough.

A week before the Relays came the June exams and Braid missed workouts for two days. He couldn't chance a bust in "Metallurgy 6," he said. Hammond tried to see it his way, but found himself growing hot under the collar. Braid could have passed in metallurgy without giving up those two days.

Tom returned to the track the day before the Marysville Relays and turned in a poor 56. He coasted past the finish line easily and turned with a regretful grin. Pete looked at him, and felt his control going.

"You didn't try," he bit off sharply.

"I—"

(Continued on page 44)

# The Calling of Buck Tarwater

By Frank Richardson Pierce

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

**T**HE BULL COOK at Camp Two paused in the act of feeding the pigs and watched the Spruce Falls Logging Company's high rigger earn an honest dollar. The cook, who answered to the name of Shorty when he answered at all, understood men and hogs. And this is a broader knowledge than many of higher calling possess. Men have their peculiarities and so do hogs Shorty could handle either. He was a hero in his own way, but unless there is a war and Shorty enlists he is doomed to go unhonored and unsung.

The high rigger was all but walking up a tree that towered a hundred sixty feet above the ground. With skill born of much experience he dug his climbing irons into the thick bark, flipped the steel-cored rope up several feet, gripped it tightly with his powerful hands, then advanced another step or two. It was all accomplished in less time than it takes to tell of it.

Shorty emptied a huge pan into a trough and resumed his study of the high rigger. "Cal's a good man, but it's like anything else, bull cookin' for example, the greater pride a man takes in his work the carelesser he gets at times. It'll take him some time to cut off that schoolmarm!"

In logging camp parlance, a schoolmarm is a sucker-like limb that grows upward and parallel with the main trunk. A schoolmarm is often much more difficult to remove than a regular limb.

With a final flip of the steel-cored rope encircling the tree Carl Tarwater took a favorable position and paused to take up slack in the rope. Then something happened so quickly Shorty was unable to see the cause, but he did observe the effect. Cal shot backwards with both hands clutching the air. For a moment the spurs seemed to stick to the bark; then they left, sending the rigger's feet in a short arc as he began the downward plunge.

Cal Tarwater did not lose his head for an instant. Twice his hands shot out at near-by branches and the momentary grip partly broke the fall. He struck a limb that snapped and pitched him into the top of a small fir tree; then with a crash he disappeared into the tangle of salal brush at the foot of the tree.

Shorty legged it for the spot as fast as his short legs could carry him. "Cal dropped fifty foot that time," he panted, "and I'm betting it's his last fall."

As he neared the spot Cal emerged from the brush. He wore a silly grin on his face as he looked cautiously about. "Gosh!" he drawled. "I was hoping nobody had seen that! Gosh! I sure feel cheap!" Pride of craftsmanship was strong in Cal Tarwater. An artist who had failed to mix his paints properly would have had the same feeling of chagrin. "Gosh!" he repeated. "Don't tell anybody, Shorty."

Shorty grunted. "Say! If I'd fallen fifty feet and lived to tell about it, or even if I'd been killed, I'd want the whole world to see it."

Silence fell between them. Though Cal had got to his feet and found no broken bones, nevertheless he was badly shaken up.

"Why don't you quit this game," Shorty suggested, "and take up something easy like bull cooking?"

Cal Tarwater shook his head. "It's the only thing I know. And I sorta like it, being a simple-minded cuss, but—"

He paused and drove a powerful fist into an open palm before he finished. "I told my boy, Buck, that if

I ever caught him in the woods, I'd kill him. Buck's got brains, Buck has. I ain't agoin' to have him breakin' himself up in the woods. It's only work for a weak mind and a strong back."

"Yeah? If anybody else said that, you'd pop 'em," Shorty answered. "Wouldn't you now, Cal?"

"Well—but we've got to admit it ain't no work for a kid to start in on."

Shorty tugged thoughtfully at his jaw. "Any

work that a kid likes," he observed, "and that is honest, is fit work for a kid. Otherwise we'll have too many square pegs in round holes." He nodded sagely. "Take my profession, for instance, the noble calling of bull cooking! I bang a crowbar triangle of mornings and wake the camp up; do the dirty work and feed the pigs. I'm doing my work well and it's a noble calling I claim. Can you imagine you doing that?"

Cal Tarwater snorted. "No!"

"And you can't imagine me topping a spar tree?" Shorty pursued.

"No!"

"Then don't try to change your boy's ideas."

"I won't, unless—"

Cal stopped a moment and reflected. A grim light came into his eyes. "Unless he decides to become a high rigger. Then—well—I'm a man of my word and I've told him I'd whale him plenty with a razor strop the first time he had an ax in his hand unless it was to split wood for his maw."

He stood up and looked at the tree.

**S**HORTY evidently knew what was in his mind. "Don't try it again to-day," he advised. "You're all shook up. And besides that's a devil tree. Four climbers have looked it over and refused to top her. Then they sent for you!"

"Why didn't they send for me in the first place," Cal demanded. "I live right here. It's almost in my own back yard and—"

"You was up on the Tolt cruising timber."

"What were the others afraid of?"

"The worst thing that can happen to a high rigger—tree splitting on him. But they admitted it could be done by a man who knew his business. I've thought about that tree a lot, Cal. You'd better tackle it when your head's clear, and your nerves steady, and you ain't just been shook up. Come down to the cook house. I'll set you out a cup of coffee. Then you can go home."

Cal Tarwater saw the logic in this. "There's always another day," he observed.

Shorty hurried down to the cook house, stirred up the fire, and prepared a steaming cup of coffee. This he set before the high rigger and then abruptly disappeared.

Shorty's trail took him through the timber for nearly a half mile. Then he came to a clearing. In the center stood a building containing several rooms downstairs and two upstairs. The entire place was neat and orderly. Fruit trees and a garden supplied the table with necessities that would have cost considerable in town.

Halfway to the top of a fir tree on the edge of the clearing stood a youth of about fifteen. Some day he would be a powerful man, but at present he ran largely to legs, arms, and ears. Climbing irons were strapped to his boots and his hands gripped the steel-cored rope of the high rigger.

Shorty cupped his hands and bellowed: "Hey, Buck, you'd better come down! Your dad's coming!"

With the words, Shorty cast a worried glance behind him. Cal Tarwater could toss off a cup of coffee and arrive at home almost as quickly as he could trot the distance. "Hurry! But take your time," was Shorty's somewhat amazing advice.

Buck hurried, but was not careless about it. He was thirty feet from the ground when his father appeared. Shorty attempted to head off the high rigger.

"It's no use, Shorty," Cal growled. "I spotted him. Saw the top of the tree sway (Continued on page 48)



Men stood breathless below as the boy worked. They saw the color slowly leave his face as he drove himself mercilessly to the finish.



"Quick!"  
said  
Pennock.  
"You must  
tell me!  
You know  
the  
chateau?"

# Pennock Plays a Hunch

By Laurie York Erskine

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

CAPTAIN KEN DURLAND, who commanded Seventy-Seven Squadron, received the letter on a hot afternoon in July. He took Pennock into his confidence about it. Pennock always remembered the date because on that same day he had stripped the fabric from one wing while in flight over Balinville—and he always remembered stripping his wing because it happened the same day the letter was received. No sooner had he brought the wounded plane down to a gentle landing than Durland came out to meet him. Durland looked worried and acted mysteriously.

"Got a minute?" Durland asked.

But Pennock was properly stirred by his adventure.

"See that landing?" he exclaimed. "Fabric all shot! Flapping off the struts like city hall bunting two weeks after Flag Day! And I nursed her in!"

"Good enough," said Durland. "But I've got a letter here—"

"Good enough!" echoed Pennock. "My gosh! All I did was save one lousy machine and a second rate pilot from a crash. And you call it good enough! Say, what's in that letter anyway? Is the war over?"

"No. It's just got a new start as far as we're concerned. Come here."

Durland ducked with an exaggerated air of mystery into the shelter of an alcove formed by two hangars. After carefully assuring himself that no one was within earshot or sight, he extracted from his breast pocket a crumpled sheet of paper and gave it to Pennock.

"Inasmuch as the enemy is without doubt informed regarding every movement of aircraft in this sector, we have reason to believe there is a serious leak," read the typewritten sheet. "A careful investigation has revealed that the enemy is especially well posted on the movements of the

Seventy-Seventh Aero Squadron, which you command. This leads us to believe that the leak has its source in your command. Please do everything you can in the way of undercover investigation of this condition, and in the meantime expect to receive a representative from these headquarters whom you will give every co-operation."

"See what that means?" questioned Durland in an agitated voice. "It means that there's a spy somewhere here in the squadron. Some darned skunk who's selling out to the enemy. Who he is or how he works, goodness knows. It may be any officer or man in the outfit!"

"It might be me," suggested Pennock, gravely. Durland flung back his head impatiently.

"You're the only man who's been in it as long as I have," he said, "and I don't see how I can trust anyone else!"

"Hmm." Pennock studied the matter gravely. "You don't suppose Higgins, or—"

"Not consciously, of course," agreed Durland. "But a lot of our newer fliers are meat for spies. We've got to check up on the people they know in the village; the girls they dance with; the civilians they step around with. Anyone may fall for the game of a good smooth spy!"

PENNOCK realized that it was so. The spy menace was a constant one. A spy could be the boy who polished your shoes on the village square, the girl who danced with you at the hospital hop, the old, fat

waiter who talked flying with you at the seedy village inn; even the old lady who pattered about the sitting room of the inn and talked endlessly but sweetly of her boy who had flown in the Lafayette Escadrille—suspicious, that. He ought to have thought of that before. The fellows spoke pretty freely with that old lady. . . .

The more Pennock thought of it the more clearly he realized the excellent opportunities a spy might have for gaining information from the carefree, talkative young pilots of Seventy-Seven.

"We'll have to study the village life," Pennock admitted.

"And keep it dark," added Durland. "Nobody must suspect what we're doing."

"Mustn't let her know," said Pennock.

"Her! You've got a hunch?" Durland was obviously startled.

"Only a suspicion. That old lady down at the inn—Madame Pannel, she's called. She's always talking about her boy who was killed with the Lafayette Escadrille. That loosens the boys up and they talk pretty freely with her."

"But that's natural enough. If her son flew with the Escadrille—"

"But did he? She's French, and the Escadrille was made up of Americans, wasn't it?"

Durland emitted a soft hum of understanding.

"Guess she'll stand watching, all right," he admitted. "We'll have to check up on her story."

"To-night," said Pennock, "I'll go down to the village and pump her."

"Shucks!" Durland was pondering the situation. "Look here, Penny! There's the vegetable dealer down on the church corner. He's always toasting the boys in his back room; and that old boy at the *estaminet*. Looks as if we'll have to check up on the whole village."

"Guess it would help if we could go to someone who

knows the villagers from way back. How about the priest?"

"Better than that. There's old Frandupont up at the chateau. He's given up most of his fortune to the war. Bet he'd give his right arm to help us. I'll look him up to-night."

That evening Pennock hung around the aerodrome for some time after supper was over. It was a dark clear night, and, for most of the squadron, a free one. Durland had gone off to dine with Monsieur Frandupont at the chateau. There was a dance at the hospital and Higgins was holding a flight supper at the inn. Also, there was a concert booked for the mechanics' band, and some boxing at the Y hut. By the time Pennock had shut his book and strolled forth, the aerodrome was a pretty lonely place.

It was that silence, combined with his newly awakened suspicions, that led him to halt, startled, at a sight and sound that at any other time he would have passed without suspicion. The sound was that of a movement in Number Three hangar, and the sight was that of an electric flash light playing on the wing of a plane inside the hangar.

Pennock froze on the concrete strip outside and watched through the window. He finally made out the form of a man silhouetted against the flash light, and he was able to see the number of the plane upon which the light fell—6344—Higgins' ship. Then the light was reflected from the bright blade of a knife, and Pennock drew his breath sharply. The man was cutting the fabric! Carefully, deliberately, he was slitting the fabric on the wing of Bill's machine!

Pennock's first impulse was to leap into the hangar and take the spy red-handed. He controlled it. Must not give the game away. This man was an agent, and he must be used to lead them to the principal—to the big boy up above. That was the trick!

FOR a long moment Pennock stood there, trying to identify the secret worker. He struggled to identify in his mind the occasional glimpse he obtained of the man's gaunt silhouetted face, or the hunched body; but he couldn't see enough.

Then a scheme occurred to him. He might trap the man.

With infinite caution Pennock edged away from the hangar window, off the concrete strip, until his feet were on soft loam. Then, stealthily, he crept to the roadway that would take him past the hangar's open mouth. He went on back along the road toward the mess hut, keeping the hangar in view so that the criminal couldn't escape him. Then he started briskly down the road, whistling a tune, as though he had just emerged from the mess hut.

"Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight" he whistled gayly, as his heels clicked smartly on the concrete leading past the mouth of Number Three hangar. And, sure enough, a lone figure emerged from the black maw of the shed as he approached it.

"Luck!" cried Pennock. "Got a light, sergeant?"

"Yessir!"

Pennock stood close to the man and fumbled with his pipe until the man felt himself compelled to light the match and hold it to the bowl.

"Putting the ships to bed?" Pennock had identified the man now, and his bluff question covered mingled horror and triumph. Kahlen! Corporal Kahlen, who had joined the squadron a month before!

"No, sir!" the man said, more loudly, Pennock thought, that was necessary. "Just stopped in to get my cap, sir. Left it in the hangar this afternoon."

"Well, thanks for the light," said Pennock. He walked on, the horror and the triumph contending inside him. Before he turned from the concrete toward the village road he glanced back, and the triumph died, for in the spot where he had left the single dark shape of Corporal Kahlen there now stood two dark shapes.

The impulse to walk back again was overcome by the realization that to do so would arouse an indelible suspicion of his purpose. He decided instead to consult Durland at once and decide with him upon a plan of action.

He walked to the village and there obtained a dispatch rider from Transport who ran him out to the chateau of old Frandupont.

The chateau was an ancient stone structure that stood in the midst of a wooded park. The thick and venerable woods seemed to cast a dark cloak around the old gray buildings, and Pennock entered the grounds feeling that he was intruding in a world that had stopped progressing in a long departed age.

When the very old butler, who swung the oaken doors for him, led him through a tapestried corridor into the great dining hall, the feeling came upon him that only courtesy and gallantry and gracious manners could possibly exist in the grand spaces of the room he entered.

Durland was there with Monsieur Frandupont, the thin old aristocrat who was his host. They were sitting over their coffee at one end of a great oaken

table, and both arose to greet Pennock heartily.

"Monsieur Frandupont is encouraging, Penny," said Durland, as their host ordered coffee and wine for the newcomer. "He feels there won't be any difficulty about running down the spy."

"Ah, no!" exclaimed the old nobleman. "But it will not be so easily done as you might think. I know the village, Messieurs. I know it, like you say, a book, and I am not surprised that you come to me. I have notice many things. Black things, my young gentlemen. There have strange people come to this village. I have notice them."

"But it isn't in the village, alone," said Pennock gravely. "They're closer to home than that. We've got at least one spy in the squadron, Ken."

"No!"

IT was a cry of deep protest that came from Durland's heart. And Frandupont was almost equally affected. He leaned forward across the table, his face looking keenly, sympathetically at the squadron commander.

"I was coming out through the hangars," Pennock explained to his intent listeners. And he proceeded to tell them of what he had seen.

"Splitting the fabric!" gasped Durland. "Then your ship this afternoon—"

"Had been fixed," agreed Pennock grimly. "But who was it?" demanded Durland. "You saw him?"

Pennock nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I saw him."

Monsieur Frandupont's lips parted.

"Oh!" he cried. "You know who it is?"

Pennock paused, considering.

"He was—" he said slowly, and again paused.

"Who?" demanded the old man.

"Corporal Kahlen," said Pennock.

"Kahlen!" cried Durland. Then, sinking back in his chair. "Of course," he murmured.

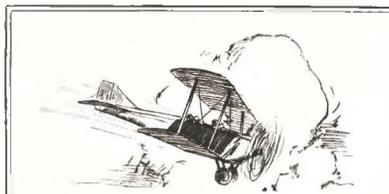
"What do you mean?" Monsieur Frandupont was erect in his seat, like an old hound on the scent.

"Why, Kahlen," said Durland slowly, "has been a mystery ever since he came here. They phoned in from headquarters saying he was coming, and asking us to attach him temporarily. I've been trying to find out who he is, and why, ever since. Can't get any satisfaction. Can't even find out his previous unit. Queer, that's all."

"Wormed his way in, I suppose, through some influence," said Pennock. "But, lord, surely H. Q. hasn't got anything to do with it!"

Frandupont shook his head.

"You cannot tell," he said. "The trail of the spy runs in strange places. They are very powerful. They have amazing ramifications."



## Two Ships--

Roaring down into the choking billows of a paint-factory fire. In the cockpits of one, Bill Mann and Don Saunders, their motor cut out, facing the hottest test of their flying days!

## "LOW ENOUGH"

By  
RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

In June

"What's the next move?" questioned Durland. "Thus!" cried Frandupont, and his eyes were alight. "Your spy, this Kahlen, must have a principal here in the village. That is the man we must get. I have my own ideas, you will understand, but I can say nothing now. You must keep close to me. We must work together. Have you a man who can come and report here without exciting attention?"

Durland frowned. "You mean bring messages? No, darned if I can think of any man who might naturally come to this chateau."

"I recall!" cried the old Frenchman. "There is one who comes here to pay court. One of your mechanics who comes to see one of my maids. A good fellow. A bright one. I have noticed. Can you not use him?"

Durland and Pennock exchanged glances of mutual ignorance.

"Bland!" cried the old man. "That is the man. One Bland. He is a private, hey?"

Durland remembered. Bland. Of course. A mechanic in Number Three Flight.

"Good," he said. "We can arrange for him to come when he's off duty, or even to break bounds if it's necessary."

"That is right," approved the old man. "Have him come to me with whatever news you have. And I shall keep faith with you. There must be no quarter for spies, *mes enfants!*"

Pennock was trying to recall something having to do with Bland. Something that the sound of that name subtly suggested to his mind. Bland. . . .

UNCONSCIOUSLY he was eyeing Monsieur Frandupont very closely. Narrowly. As he did so a peculiar excitement stirred in him, a singular sense of being on the verge of a discovery. A discovery of incalculable importance. He found himself speaking without having consciously considered his words. He was speaking on a hunch, and watching old Frandupont as he spoke.

"Before we go back to the 'drome," he said, "we'll have to see old Madame Pannel. We ought to clear up the matter of that son in the Escadrille."

As he spoke, he felt again that sense of imminent discovery, of being hot upon a trail. And the trail, he sensed, was a dangerous one. All this, it seemed, was conveyed to him through the keen, intent eyes of Monsieur Frandupont.

"But no!" cried the old man. "That would be to arouse her suspicion! You must leave it to me, my friends. I will attend to that old lady. She must not suspect!"

He accompanied them to the porch of the chateau and waited there with them while the squadron car drove up from the service court. As the lights of the big car swung around the corner of the house, Pennock abruptly grasped Durland's arm.

"What's that?" he cried, for the headlights had shown briefly the black silhouette of a man who crossed the drive in front of the car.

"One of our men," said Durland, puzzled.

Monsieur Frandupont chuckled.

"It is the good Bland," he remarked. "He has been calling on Hortense."

Pennock became strangely silent as they drove away, and he didn't speak until the car had left the chateau's park.

"What we've got to do," he said then, "is to have a little talk with that old lady at the inn."

"But old Frandupont—"

"Leave it to me, Ken," said Pennock. "She'll never open up to him as she will to a flying man."

In spite of Durland's protests he carried his point, and they drove to the inn, where they found the old lady alone by the sitting room fire. From above came the loud sounds of Bill Higgins' flight supper, and the riotous rhythm of their singing sounded strangely in the old world atmosphere of the little sitting room where the old lady sat with her knitting. She greeted them with the quaint, sweet courtesy that she always had for the officers of Seventy-Seven. She remarked that although she was slightly deaf, the music of the gentlemen upstairs came to her ears ever so faintly, and she said with a fragile smile that it sounded sweet to her, because of the memories it brought her.

"Of course," Durland said, encouraging her. "It would remind you of your son." And he felt ridiculously ashamed of himself as he thus deliberately pumped her.

She nodded quite innocently, and smiled. "He was, I suppose," said Durland—and he wondered that Pennock left it all to him—"he was American?"

"Of course." Her voice came in a murmur, and tears were in her eyes. Pennock was watching; watching her very closely.

"His father," she murmured, "is Monsieur Mason. He is rich. A rich American."

"Bud Mason!" cried Durland. "Bud Mason, of the Escadrille! I knew him!"



Pennock walked up to him and flashed his light in the old spy's face. "Where's Bland?" he demanded.

"You knew him?" she cried out in mingled surprise and delight.

"Of course! But—you say he is your son?"

"Ah, no! But I call him that. He was son to me. You see I nursed him from when he was a little boy. When his father owned the chateau—"

"But Monsieur Frandupont?"

She shrugged her shoulders in an extremely delicate gesture of dislike.

"He bought it from Monsieur Mason just before this so terrible war. He is not one of the—well, who can say?"

Again she shrugged. Far too sweet of nature to condemn another, she dismissed Monsieur Frandupont with a charitable shrug.

"Come," murmured Pennock thoughtfully. "We must be getting back."

**B**UT he remained silent until the car rolled into the parkway of the aerodrome.

"I don't know what's on your mind," complained Durland, as they got out, "but I'm in something of a daze. Don't see how the evening's got us anywhere at all."

"Let's have a look at Bill's ship," said Pennock.

Durland followed him to Number Three hangar with a disgruntled frown on his face. Pennock was acting very oddly, he thought. Seemed to have dried up like a dehydrated clam.

"Got a flash?" demanded Pennock.

Durland took out his flash light, and they both picked their way around the planes that occupied the hangar. Pennock knew exactly where to find the machine that had been tampered with, and he led the way to it with brusque assurance. But they both stopped short before they reached it. Stopped short and stood gazing down upon the thing that the flash light showed them—the body of Corporal Kahlen, who lay under one wing of the plane with the bone handle of a knife protruding from his throat.

Durland caught his breath with a click that had the sharp sound of an exclamation, and Pennock stood frozen in thought. The warning! He had felt it. He had known there was danger. There had been some-

thing inside of him that had sensed this very discovery.

Durland was on his knees beside the body.

"He's dead," he said very quietly. And there was a long silence between them.

"It might be someone who surprised him at—at his work," said Durland at last. "Better call out the guard, Penny, and put the D. C. I. on the job."

He stopped short with a sharp exclamation of surprise, for, looking up at Pennock, he found that his companion was transfixed.

Pennock had become astonishingly alive. His whole body seemed possessed by a spirit that amazingly vitalized it. His eyes glowed with a strange, excited fire, and his lips were drawn in an exultant smile. The discovery that had lingered in the recesses of his mind, as a word balances on the tip of the tongue, had become suddenly real and clear. He had got it. He had seen things whole.

"No!" he cried, with an uplifting ring of triumph.

"We haven't got a second to waste, Ken. Get your automatic and join me at the car. Quick!" And he was off through the crowded planes, leaving Durland to follow.

When Durland arrived at the garages with his holster in one hand and a box of ammunition in the other, he found Pennock already in the car, and a skilled driver at the wheel with the motor humming. The car shot away even as he mounted the running board, and he found himself beside a silent Pennock who was running a Sam Browne through the strap of a holster.

"Where we going?" demanded Durland.

"To the inn," said Pennock. "You drop me there, and go on to the provost marshal. Get the provost and all the men he's got, with cars enough to carry 'em, and join me at the inn."

"Why the inn?"

"I've got to see that old lady!" said Pennock, surprisingly, and he was out on the running board, to jump from the car as it slowed down in front of the inn.

"Be quick!" he shouted, and the car leaped forward again.

The old lady was still by the fire, peacefully knitting. She looked up without apparent surprise as Pennock strode hurriedly into the room. With a single swift movement he placed a chair beside her and was speaking closely into her ear.

"Quick!" he said. "You must tell me! You know the chateau?"

"But of course. Most of my life I have lived there." She was gazing at him very calmly, hardly puzzled by his dramatic intensity of voice and bearing.

"Then tell me this," he urged. "Is there a secret passageway? A way out, through which one may escape if the chateau is surrounded?"

A flicker of excitement appeared then in the old gray eyes. Did she understand? Did she suspect what he was after? Pennock couldn't tell.

"It is for France!" he cried. "For Bud Mason! For his sake you must tell me!"

"Yes," she whispered. "There is a way out! It leads into the woods by the forest road!"

"Is there any beside you who can show us?"

"Pierre," she said. "Pierre Thenault. He was with me there. With Monsieur Mason."

**H**URRIEDLY thanking her he was off to search the kitchen for the pastry cook, Pierre Thenault. Hurriedly he told him what he desired, and the man had scarcely time to remove his cap and apron before Durland, with the provost, was at the door.

Pennock dragged them aside, speaking with a low-voiced intensity that drove every word home unforgettably.

"It's Frandupont, we want," he said, and turned to the provost. "Take your men to the chateau, Major. Surround it quite openly. Crash your way in. Arrest all the servants. Everyone you find there."

"And Frandupont?"

"You will not find him," Pennock turned in a fury of eagerness to the car. "Nor will we, if we don't hurry. He will be escaping, by a secret way out. Come, Pierre, you come with us!"

In a few minutes the provost marshal and his men were speeding in several cars toward the chateau, while Durland and Pennock (Continued on page 50)

# A Championship Rides

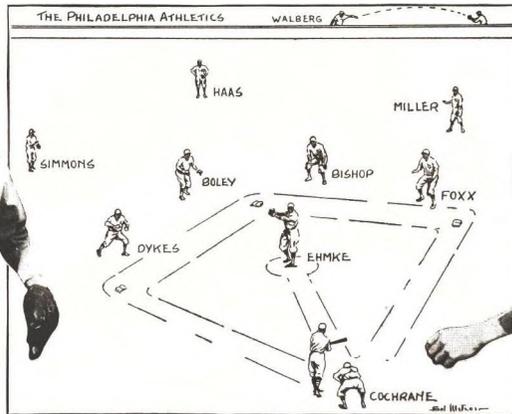
By H. G.



Connie Mack, the master strategist, piloted the Athletics.

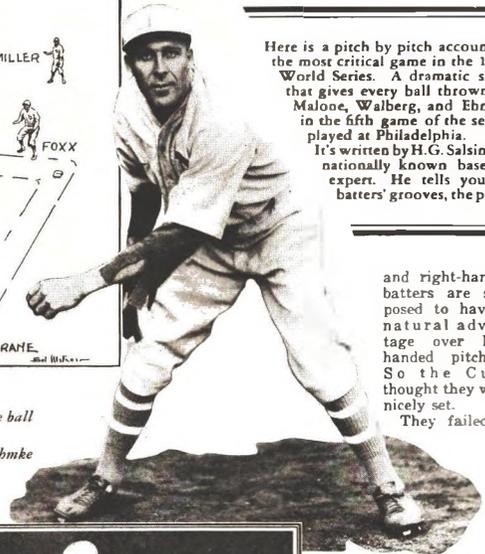


Howard Ehmke, "the greatest artist among pitchers."



Above—Just try to drive the ball past this defense!

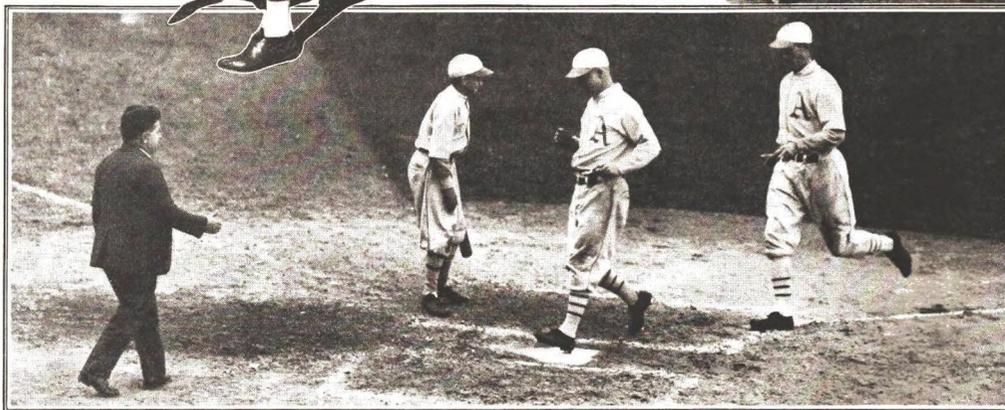
Right—Walberg rescued Ehmke in the fourth.



Here is a pitch by pitch account of the most critical game in the 1929 World Series. A dramatic story that gives every ball thrown by Malone, Walberg, and Ehmke, in the fifth game of the series, played at Philadelphia.

It's written by H. G. Salsinger, nationally known baseball expert. He tells you of batters' grooves, the pecu-

and right-handed batters are supposed to have a natural advantage over left-handed pitchers. So the Cubs thought they were nicely set. They failed to



Haas scored Bishop ahead of him with a homer in the ninth.

count on Connie's surprise move. He didn't use any of the pitchers who were suggested as starting pitchers and he didn't use a left-hander. But who is Ehmke? No one had considered him as a possibility in the World Series dope. That is, no one but Connie Mack. Speaking to an intimate a week before the series Connie said this about Ehmke: "I consider him the greatest artist among pitchers. He's the only pitcher I know who makes an art of pitching, and if he tells me he wants to pitch I'll start him."

On the morning of the opening day of the series Ehmke told Connie he would like to pitch and

It was the fifth game of the World Series of 1929. The Philadelphia Athletics and Chicago Cubs were playing for the baseball championship of the United States, and Philadelphia had won three of the first four games. It was necessary to win four out of seven games to land the title. Philadelphia needed one more victory while Chicago needed three.

The first four games had been packed with melodrama. The series had an unusual start when Howard Ehmke pitched the opening game. Howard is a tall and slender right-hander who had pitched for Detroit and Boston before he landed with the Athletics. Connie Mack hadn't used him much during the regular season and no one expected to see him start a World Series game—much less the first.

Bob Grove, George Earnshaw, and Rube Walberg were the pitchers favored to start the series for Philadelphia, and even when Ehmke went to the rubber near the dugout to warm up while the teams were at practice, people refused to believe that Connie Mack would start him. They thought Connie was having Ehmke warm up in order to fool the Cubs, and that the pitcher Connie really intended to start was warming up out

of sight, under the grandstand. Managers have at times resorted to this strategy. When the announcer bellowed Ehmke's name as the starting pitcher the crowd was as stunned as the Cubs.

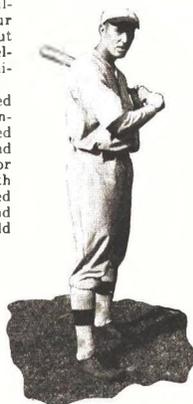
Connie had planned his move wisely. The Cubs, a team of powerful right-handed batters, were known as a "fast-ball hitting" team. To use a baseball expression, they "murdered" fast-ball pitching. In the Philadelphia pitching list were several fast-ball pitchers. The fastest of them was Bob Grove, the slender left-hander. George Earnshaw, a right-hander, is also a fast-ball pitcher. Rube Walberg, another left-hander, is famous as a curve-ball specialist. Confident that one of these three pitchers would start, the Cubs were set for fast-ball pitching.

The Cubs were strong against left-handers. They believed there was not a left-hander in the country who could beat them. In their line-up, among the regulars, were seven right-handed batters. Of the eight players, excluding pitchers, Charlie Grimm was the only man who batted left-handed. The Cubs carried more right-handed batting regulars than any other team in the majors,

Connie told him that he would pitch.

The Cubs recalled that Ehmke was a fast-ball pitcher. He had made his reputation as one. With his height and reach he had developed a cross-fire delivery that had made him a puzzling opponent for batsmen. So the Cubs settled down to the job of swinging bats against fast balls.

Here came the next big shock of the game. Ehmke did not pitch fast balls. He pitched slow ones. He lazily pushed, rather than pitched, the ball toward the plate. Chicago's fast-ball hitters were caught off stride. They missed so many of Ehmke's slow balls that he scored thirteen strikeouts, a new World Series record. In the nine innings Ehmke showed them everything, fast



Haas faces Malone!



# on One Pitched Ball

## Salsinger

liarities of the batter's stance that a pitcher watches, the mixing of fast ones, slow ones, and curves, and the headwork and skill that goes into a pitching duel. It's the story of almost perfect performance. Perfect except for one pitched ball—the one that decided the series!

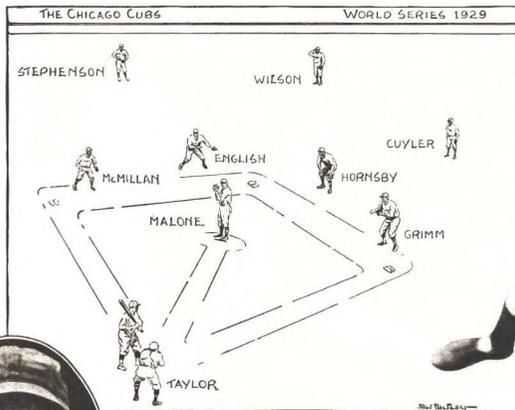
Follow the account, play by play, and you'll understand the deliveries of two of the country's great pitchers in the most important Big League ball game of 1929.

balls, slow balls, half-speed balls, curves, and change of pace, but most of all, slow balls. The Cubs didn't score off him until the ninth when an error behind Ehmke made a Chicago run possible. He won by a 3 to 1 score.

Earnshaw, the right-hander, started the second game and was knocked out in the fifth inning when Chicago scored three runs. He had trouble controlling his delivery and when he cut down on his pitching stuff to get the ball over, Chicago batted him hard. In his place came Bob Grove, the left-hander who depends upon a fast-ball delivery. Grove was invincible through the remainder of the game while the Athletics, after knocking out Pat Malone, Chicago's starting pitcher, also hit the relief pitcher, and won by the lopsided score of 9 to 3.

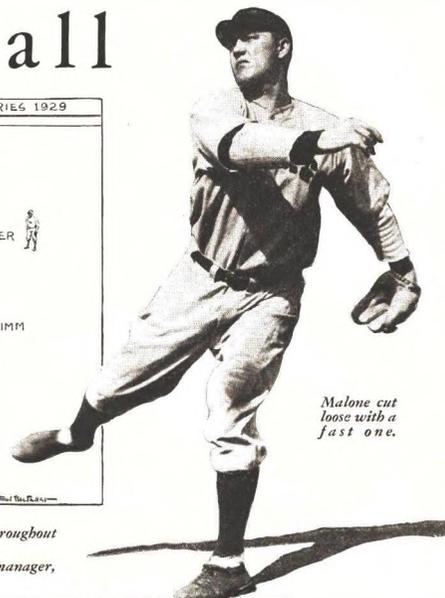
The teams moved east to Philadelphia with the Athletics leading two games to none. Guy Bush, opposing Earnshaw in the first game on Philadelphia soil, won 3 to 1 and brought new hope to the Chicago rooters.

More than a dozen World Series records were set in the fourth game, a baseball battle that will be recalled probably as long as baseball is played. When Philadelphia came to bat in the last half of the seventh inning Chicago was leading 8 to 0. Charlie Root, the leading pitcher of the Cubs, was delivering magnificently and for six full innings Philadelphia threatened to score only once.



Above—The Cubs fielded brilliantly throughout the game.

Left—Joe McCarthy, Chicago's fiery manager, picked Malone to start.



Malone cut loose with a fast one.



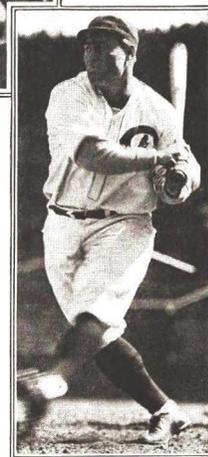
In the opening game Ehmke struck out thirteen for a new World Series record.

In the meantime Chicago had disposed of Jack Quinn, the gray-haired spitball pitcher, oldest moundsman in the major leagues. Quinn started the game for Connie Mack, and Walberg had to come to his relief in the sixth inning. He, too, was ineffective, and Ed Rommel, the knuckle-ball specialist, was then called upon. He pitched the seventh and allowed a run before a fast double play kept the Cubs from scoring more.

Cubs off the bases in the last two innings, the Athletics did not score in the eighth, and the game ended, 10 to 8.

Of course, Philadelphia had breaks in the seventh inning. A team has to have breaks to score ten runs in a single inning. Most important of the breaks was a fly ball that Hack Wilson lost in the sun, a fly ball that dropped beside him as he buried his head in his arms. The ball bounded away and rolled to center-field fence for a scratch home run and three men scored on the fluke hit.

Wilson has been criticized for the mistake but it was excusable. His critics have not considered that center field in the home playing lot of the Athletics, Shibe Park, is the most



Hack Wilson bit it hard.



An eighth-inning steal—McMillan safe at second.

(Continued on page 62)

# THE WHISPERING JOSS

by Major Charles Gilson

Illustrated by Albin Henning

"GO with it to my son!" old En-fo had gasped with his last breath—"and beware the Yellow Death!"

With that, he had dropped back dead, leaving young Eric Monkhouse and whimsical courageous little Captain Crouch, close comrades and intrepid adventurers, to carry out the vow of loyalty they had made to the fine old mandarin who had been so good a friend to them both. They had solemnly promised En-fo to deliver for him to his son En-chi-yuan, first secretary of the Chinese Legation in London, a message in Chinese of such great importance that they themselves did not know its meaning.

Separately, for safety's sake, Eric and Crouch had made the long journey from China to London, each with his half of the secret message tattooed on his arm.

So they were thrust into the thick of a queer mystery. They knew some of the threads but couldn't untangle them.

En-fo's message, they believed, somehow concerned a valuable idol, a great scarlet Joss, that En-fo had for some puzzling reason given to Sir Gilbert Whitmore, a crazed English baronet who had been traveling in China because of his interest in Chinese religion. Eric and Crouch knew that Sir Gilbert had taken the Joss to his lonely castle in Wales, and that with

him had gone Nam Yuk, a Taoist priest and yet an ex-pirate—a follower of the Yellow Death.

As for the Yellow Death, Tong-lu, that crafty Chinese was as clever and merciless a pirate as had ever scourged the helpless. He had been, for some reason, En-fo's bitter enemy. He had killed En-fo, back in China; he had got to London as soon as Eric and Crouch and had almost killed En-fo's son before the two had driven him off. Then he had disappeared again, completely.

"But he'll turn up again," Crouch had prophesied grimly as he and Eric made their way to Sir Gilbert's isolated castle in Wales. They were going there out of loyalty to En-fo and to his son, who had planned before his injuries to go there with them. But they had no idea what they might discover there, or what En-chi-yuan had hoped to prevent.

They found the castle, the crazed baronet, the secretive Nam Yuk, now serving as Sir Gilbert's instructor in the Taoist religion, and old Tai-wen, a Chinese curio merchant who had crossed on Eric's ship and had come to sell his treasures to Sir Gilbert. But they could uncover no key to the mystery.

Then as the two were sitting at dinner with Sir Gilbert, they heard, somewhere below them, a terrible long-drawn piercing shriek!

With Sir Gilbert leading, they dashed down into the dungeons of the old castle—lost Sir Gilbert in the dark corridors—became separated themselves. Someone, perhaps Nam Yuk, came upon Eric and drugged him into unconsciousness—the boy recovered his senses in the darkness only to plunge into pitched battle with an unknown adversary.

The man seized him by the throat and he was nearly strangled before he managed to tear away those clutching fingers. Then his own fingers came into contact with a row of brass buttons. Only one man in the castle wore a coat with such buttons. This was — Crouch!

Thus violently reunited, the two started exploring the dark dungeons again, and Eric stumbled upon a limp silken bundle on the slimy floor. What was this? Eric knelt to investigate, feeling of the

bundle with cold cautious fingers. That was flesh he felt!

"Crouch, here's the body of a man," the boy whispered tensely. "I think he's dead!"

## Chapter Thirteen

CROUCH was at Eric's side in an instant. He felt of the limp, silk-clad form, tried vainly to pierce the blackness with his eyes, and felt again. "You're right," said he. "And who the blazes can it be?"

He was silent a moment, and then spoke again. "A Chinaman, by Jane!" he muttered. "I can tell that by his clothes. But I want the torch. My lad, we've got to find it."

They began their search again, feeling with their hands in all directions, until at last Eric discovered the torch lying in a crevice between two flagstones.

Springing to his feet, he switched on the light. Crouch was now standing on the other side of the dungeon with his back to the closed door. Between the two of them, flat upon his back upon the stone floor, was stretched Nam Yuk, the Taoist priest!

The man looked ghastly; he might have been dead. He didn't appear to be breathing.

"Old Jaundice-jaws!" cried Crouch, in a breathless voice. "And how did he get here?"

The captain stumped quickly over, fell on his knees, tore open the man's yellow robe, and placed an ear to his heart. Presently, he looked up at his companion.

"He's alive all right," said he. "See that bruise on his forehead? That's where he got knocked out, and it must have been you who did it."

"I'm dead sure I didn't," said the other.

"Must be," Crouch persisted. "And if you went for him like you went for me, it was on the cards."

Eric shook his head.

"I never had a chance," he answered. "I was taken by surprise and drugged. Then I remember being dragged into this room—pulled along with my heels on the floor, and left here. The last thing I remember is the key being turned in the lock."

Crouch gave a sort of grunt.

"Then, if that's right," said he, "someone knocked out Nam Yuk. And who, my lad?"

Eric shook his head, bewildered. A few minutes back he had been sure that the hollow-eyed priest had drugged him and was preparing to put both him and Captain Crouch out for good. He had concluded that Nam Yuk was in league with the Yellow Death, and that the two were putting on the final act of their mysterious show—an act that would see the end of Sir Gilbert and the disappearance of the scarlet Joss—the mysterious idol that whispered. The idol that En-fo, the old mandarin, had valued more than his life. But here was Nam Yuk, the supposed accomplice, stretched out on the floor! Who had knocked him out?

Crouch was silent for the best part of a minute. Then he got to his feet.

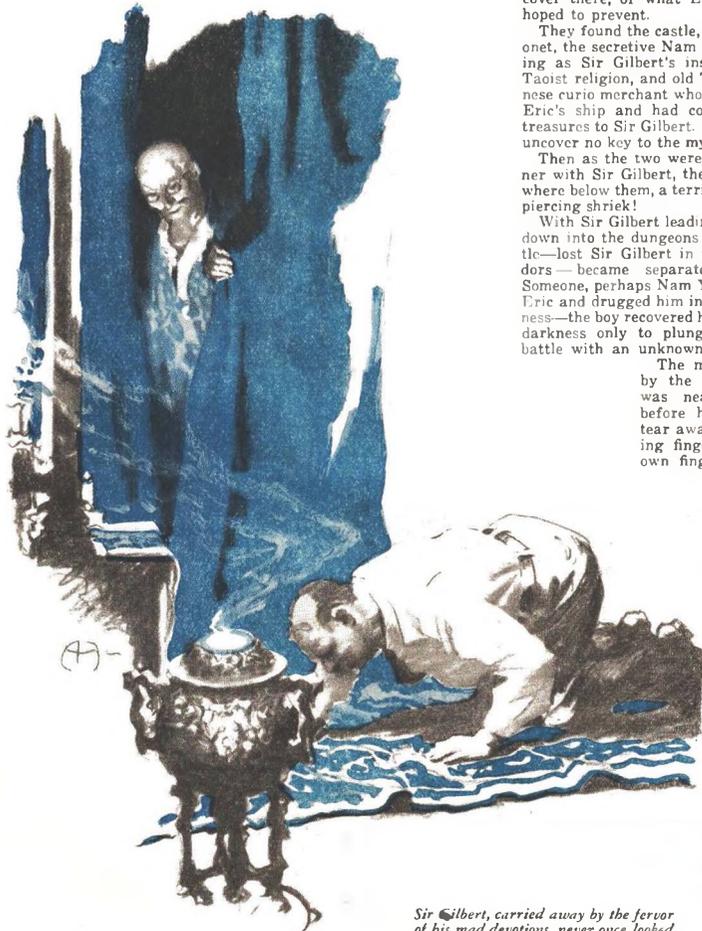
"The Yellow Death," said he under his breath. "That's what it comes to."

"But why should the Yellow Death injure Nam Yuk if Nam Yuk's working with him?" Eric protested.

"I don't know," the captain replied shortly. "But



Tong-lu grasped a heavy bronze candlestick and leaped.



Sir Gilbert, carried away by the fervor of his mad devotions, never once looked in the direction of the danger that threatened him.

he's here. He followed us to England, throttled Enchi-yuan. And now he's in this castle! My lad, you know me well enough. I'm not what you might call an alarmist in a manner of speaking; but it looks as if we're in for a big thing in the way of trouble. Give us that torch a moment. We'll see where we are."

ERIC glanced around nervously. The idea of the notorious Chinese killer's being in the same castle as he—perhaps within ten yards—was uncomfortable. icy fingers crept up his spine.

But the captain was practical. Taking the torch from Eric's hand, he flashed it round the room. It was a big dungeon. All around the walls were iron rings to which at one time prisoners had been chained. There was no furniture of any kind in the place. No window—nothing but two doors: one that communicated with the passage, and another door to the right, standing in the recess of a narrow Norman archway. The second probably led to another cell.

Crouch went up to it and tried to open it, but found it locked.

"No good that way," said he, "wherever it leads. We've got to go back into the passage."

Eric stood looking down at the insensible figure of Nam Yuk.

"If that fellow could only talk," said he, as a man thinks aloud, "he could tell us something worth knowing. But the worst of it is, we don't know yet whether he's our friend or enemy."

"Neither one nor the other at the present moment," Crouch replied in matter-of-fact tones. "It will be some time before he comes round again. We'll have to get along without him."

"Are you going to take the light into the passage?" the other asked.

"I'm going to have it with me," said Crouch, "and switch it on when it's wanted. We've got to find out the lay of the land. That shriek we heard in the dining room must have come from somewhere, and Whitmere can't have vanished in thin air. If we explore the place, we ought to find something, sooner or later."

As he moved toward the door, he flashed the light over the floor of the dungeon. The flagstones were so damp that they were green with slime, and between the cracks grew little mushroom-like fungi, while frogs sat straddle-legged staring at the blinding light. In the middle of the room, not far from the unconscious figure of Nam Yuk, lay a Chinese porcelain snuff bottle.

Crouch picked it up and held it in the light.

"Do you recollect this?" he asked.

"Well enough," said Eric. "That's the bottle he always kept his drug in."

"Aye," said Crouch. "And it's empty. I reckon there's something here I don't rightly understand. In Enfo's *yamen* the contents of that little bottle were quite enough to put the two of us to sleep. It's a powerful drug, whatever it is; and for that reason it looks to me as if you couldn't have had the lot. An overdose would have knocked you clean out like a sledge hammer."

"Maybe," said Eric, "the padded sash had been saturated a few minutes before, which would have given the fumes time to evaporate."

"Either that," said Crouch, pointing to the motionless form upon the ground, "or that fellow got the full benefit of it."

"Caught in his own net!" Eric exclaimed, incredulously.

"Seems fair," said Crouch. "He's not like a man

stunned. He doesn't look it. I'm not sure about anything, but I should say that he's under an anaesthetic. You could stick a knife into him and he wouldn't know it."

Eric pondered the new development. Had the Yellow Death overpowered Nam Yuk, drugged him, and then waited with the sash for the next person to come along? If so, at what corner would this fiend come upon them again?

"We've got to explore the place," Crouch said briskly. "Keep close astern this time, my lad. We'll not part company again, if I can help it. I'm not asking for another crack on the jaw from the best friend I ever had."

AS he spoke, he put out the light. He opened the door as quietly as he could, stopping cautiously at each creak. And then, holding Eric by the sleeve of his coat, he guided him into the passage and turned to the left. Suddenly he stopped stone dead.

"Have your gun ready," he whispered, "in case of accidents."

"Great Scot!" cried Eric, the moment he had thrust a hand into his pocket. "My revolver's gone! I haven't got it!"

Crouch never answered. He just turned back into the dungeon, where he closed the door behind him, and again switched on the light.

"Not on the floor," said he. "We know that. Maybe old Jaundice-jaws has got it. We'll overhaul him—see what we can find."

While Crouch held the torch, Eric turned out the pocket sleeves of the priest's iron robe—the receptacles in which a Chinaman will carry half his worldly belongings. They found a leather purse that was full

of silver, an ivory opium pipe, a pair of chopsticks, a bunch of keys, but nowhere upon the unconscious man could they find either Eric's revolver or arms of any kind.

"And that's that," said Crouch. "The Yellow Death—or someone—has gone off with your gun."

They were at the climax of their strange, incomprehensible adventure. The next half hour would destroy them or reveal the mystery of the Joss, the murder of En-fo, the affairs of the Paper Mountain Society. Both men were almost at the breaking point, from suspense.

For a moment they stood listening. Not a sound could they hear. The whole place was as silent as a grave.

Slowly they stole out into the passage. One quick flash of the electric torch illumined the whole corridor as far as the iron grating at the end.

That single flash told them that a little distance down the passage on the right was another door—the only door they could see on the side opposite the dungeon. It stood ajar. On tiptoe they stole toward it—found it—entered. Eric now held the torch, while Crouch carried his revolver in his right hand.

Another, longer, flash showed them the room. It was gruesome—even in a century when its ghastly furniture could serve no better purpose than to satisfy the curious. For here was a chamber of horrors of the Middle Ages. In the center of the room was an iron cage that could accommodate a full-grown prisoner only if he were doubled almost in half; along one side were heavy wooden stocks and an iron thumbscrew chained to the wall. Alongside the cage was that terrible instrument of torture, the rack, with its worm-eaten wooden levers. The walls were of heavy oaken panels, studded with square-headed nails. The only ventilation was through a small grating in the wall opposite the door.

"There's no one here," Crouch whispered, "and there's no way out of the place. If we want to find Whitmere, we've got to go farther down the passage. He must be somewhere there—unless he's thought better of it and gone back up the steps."

They crept out into the corridor. Eric again snapped on his torch—and held it for an instant upon a Chinese picture that hung on the right wall of the corridor—a painting upon silk that represented a great five-clawed Chinese dragon that was coiled, in the most impossible of all attitudes, around the foliage of quaint flowering shrubs. The colors were somewhat faded. The silk had been drawn tight upon a wooden frame which had been let into the stone wall in such a position that the picture's base was not more than two feet above the level of the floor.

They moved on after a brief inspection of this delicate specimen of Oriental art. It seemed out of place down here. Another evidence of Sir Gilbert's madness. Who else would hang a rare work of art in a damp, deep corridor? In spite of himself Eric grinned.

AS they approached the iron grating at the end of the passage, they could see the moonlight upon the water of the white mere. The passage was wider, here, and there was another door on the left—the same side as the dungeon in which Nam Yuk lay senseless.

Crouch satisfied himself that there was no means of exit through the grating, and then pointed with his revolver at the door upon the left.

"That's the only place," he whispered. "Whitmere



There upon the floor, at the foot of the image, lay the great body of Tong-lu, the Yellow Death.

must have gone in there, when he was in front of me. It was too dark for me to see where he went."

"And if there's anyone else down here," Eric whispered, "he must be in there, too. I'll open the door, but stand ready—in case I'm attacked."

The strain of going through empty rooms—of expecting an attack and not getting it—was telling on Eric. He felt that he must have action or go mad. With a grunt, he kicked the door wide open with his boot, and flashed his torch into the room beyond. Quickly Captain Crouch stepped across the threshold.

Lumber and boxes! Crates and boards, piled high in a vast circular room. On the floor, a litter of paper, sacking and straw.

Here was a place where a score of men might hide. Expecting a shot to crash out from behind any one of the boxes, Eric stepped in, holding his torch far out to one side.

They noted that nearly all the packing cases had been labeled with the names of various steamships, and that Chinese characters had been painted or stamped in colored inks on the wood. Evidently the cases had once contained the treasures and curios that Sir Gilbert had brought with him from China.

To the left of the door by which they had entered, there was another doorway in an arched recess.

"We know where that leads to," said Crouch. "It's the door we saw from the other side. It's the way to the dungeon where we left old Jaundice-jaws."

"Then it's locked," said Eric. "And there's no key on this side."

Crouch stood tugging at his little tuft of a beard. "A blind alley!" said he. "We've run up against a brick wall, in a literal manner of speaking. My lad, what next?"

Eric shook his head uncertainly.

"Go back to the banqueting hall, I guess," he answered. "Whoever was down here has disappeared—unless there're other doors, down the passage, nearer the staircase. Sir Gilbert said there were."

Suddenly Crouch turned his head with a jerk, and stood stiff as a ramrod, with his chin a little in the air.

"Listen!" he whispered. And then, a moment after, in an even quicker voice: "Snap out the light, by Jane!" said he. "There's someone coming!"

Monkhouse obeyed upon the instant, and at once they were plunged in darkness. A faint shuffle sounded down the passage.

Crouch came close to his companion, and whispered in his ear.

"Stick by me," said he. "It wouldn't do to part company now."

Together they returned into the passage. For a moment they stood stock still, without breathing. Eric felt his heart thumping like an engine.

Opposite them and only a few feet down the hall was the silken picture. But now it was dimly illuminated. A dull, glowing light was visible behind it—a light that showed up the five-clawed Chinese dragon and the strange shrubs upon which the blooms were of every color of the rainbow. It was eerie, almost supernatural. Eric thought, almost, that he could see the coiled beast writhing in ghostly undulations.

As they stood there, speechless, waiting, their senses became singularly perceptive. They could hear again soft shuffling footsteps rapidly approaching from the far end of the passage, from the direction of the spiral staircase. They could see the uncanny, lighted silk above them. They could feel the moisture, the unhealthy dampness of the atmosphere. The shuffling ceased and they seemed to feel the very silence itself—a stillness that was presently broken by a faint, and yet distinct, whispering sound, like the slow escape of steam.

Crouch — perhaps unconsciously — tightened his grip on Eric's arm.

"The Whispering Joss!" said he. "This is more than I bargained for, by Jane!"

The Whispering Joss. The same sound they had heard that night in the *yamen*. Even as they listened to that dread, mysterious hissing sound, they became aware of the sweet smell of burning incense.

And then, somewhere in the darkness down the passage, they heard a door closed softly, and the sharp snap of a lock.

"Show a light!" hissed Crouch. "We'll risk it."

As the beam of the electric torch shot down the corridor, the light in the picture seemed to disappear. The corridor was empty.

"What do you know about that?" breathed Eric.

"Gone into one of the rooms," said Crouch. "You may lay to that. We heard a door shut. Keep alongside of me, my lad. I won't shoot, unless I've got to, but if I must, I reckon I'll want a light."

They hastened quietly down the passage to the door of the torture chamber from which they had come but a few minutes before.

Crouch seized the great iron handle of the door, softly tried to turn it.

"Locked, by Jane!" His exclamation was barely audible. He went on in a low voice:

"This has got me beat. Why, in the name of a mud fish, can any fool have locked himself in there? We know for a fact there is no way out of the place. Lend me the light."

Snatching the torch from Eric's hand, he flashed it into the dungeon opposite. Through the open doorway they could see the motionless body of Nam Yuk, lying just as they had left him, stretched flat upon his back on the cold, stone floor.

"Not moved an inch," Crouch muttered, and again turned his attention to the door of the torture room.

"Just as I thought," said he. "The key's on the inner side."

Eric was trying hard to think. Though his pulses were racing with excitement, an idea had come into his head.

"There must be another room along here," he finally said. "One that corresponds to the round room filled with packing cases, on the left. Must be."

They looked vainly along the right wall for a door. Crouch's eyes rested on the silk picture and gleamed with sudden understanding.

"Hard astern!" he said grimly. "You're right! We've been fools."

He thrust a hand into a pocket, produced his sailor's jackknife, and opened the blade. As soon as he had snapped off the torch they could again see the dim glow of the light behind the Chinese picture.

"We'll settle this now," he growled. "Follow me, and look out for trouble."

#### Chapter Fourteen

WALKING as quietly as they could, they went back to the picture. With a quick movement the captain cut two little slits in the silk.

"It's no periscope, but I reckon it'll serve its purpose all right," said he, as he glued his only eye to one of them.

Eric followed his example—and he beheld a scene that took away his breath.

The silk picture had been built into the wall after the fashion of a window. Just beyond it were steps by which a man might descend.

These steps, semicircular in shape, led downward into a great room, similar in structure to that on the opposite side of the passage—the lumber room that connected with the dungeon. The wall was built of massive stone, save in one place. Along the wall that adjoined the torture chamber there were several feet of heavy oak paneling, similar to that on the other side.

At the moment, neither Crouch nor Eric Monkhouse paid much attention to that—the interior of the room, as well as the antics of its only occupant, were enough to hold them spellbound.

It might have been a Taoist temple in Canton or the sacred city whence came the first

scribes and sages of historic China. Against one wall was an image of Kwan Yin-ko, the goddess of Mercy. From the rafters bronze temple lanterns, casting a dim religious light, depended upon chains; and all around the walls, upon little decorated altars, stood painted minor Chinese gods. Joss sticks were burning everywhere, and the smell of the incense was now almost overpowering. The air was so heavy that outlines were misty, making the place more weird and strange than ever. Against the farther wall, before a gigantic and most gorgeous piece of Chinese tapestry, a wooden platform had been erected, about three feet in height. Upon it reposed the Whispering Joss.

Tai-yang-shen, his worshippers called him, the scarlet Sun-god. Placidly he sat with his folded hands upon his fat paunch, and his crown upon his head. Before the idol, kneeling upon a praying mat, and striking his head upon the floor in adoration, was none other than Sir Gilbert Whitmere.

The madman was mumbling to himself a whole string of Chinese prayers. As Eric watched, the baronet looked up for a moment, clapped his hands together, and then again pressed his forehead against the dusty praying mat.

Here was the secret joss house of which Sir Gilbert had spoken in China—and here, too, was raving senseless lunacy. But even now they had discovered nothing. They could not yet explain the shriek they had heard when they had been in the dining room above. Nor did they yet know who had attacked Monkhouse, or who had accounted for Nam Yuk.

For several minutes neither Crouch nor his companion moved or spoke a word. Desperately they wanted to do something. But what?

Then, as they watched, fascinated, the heavy panels on the right wall slid slowly open. Through the widening aperture showed the gruesome framework of the mediaeval rack. Instantly Eric guessed what was up. The shuffling footsteps they had heard had gone into the torture chamber. The unknown had locked the door behind him. Now he was about to appear in the joss room.

Eric glued his eyes upon the widening panel. Through it stepped a stooping, halting figure. An old man with a benevolent face and large hands. Tai-wen! The curio merchant of the *Caucasia*!

The old man entered on tiptoe, and at once glided cautiously and swiftly into the shadow of a wooden image of the goddess of Mercy. In that position the newcomer was hidden from Whitmere's view, if the fanatic should look up from his senseless prayers.

Tai-wen looked at the Joss, and from the Joss to Whitmere. In that instant the merchant lost his venerable look.

His bent form straightened, his chest suddenly seemed to grow. Slowly he ripped the gray beard from his chin. His pleasant smile changed to a triumphant, unpleasant grin. He crouched, like a beast about to spring.

In spite of the gold-rimmed spectacles and the false wrinkles that were still upon his face, Monkhouse could not fail to recognize his enemy. He looked at Crouch, and his lips soundlessly formed the words—Tong-lu, the Yellow Death. The captain nodded, his eyes gleaming. Tong-lu, the relentless outlaw who had been the scourge of the Pe-kiang, whose name had become a horror in the villages on the Hong River, and for a hundred miles along the coast north and south of Kowloon.

Sir Gilbert, carried away by the fervor of his mad devotions, oblivious of all things but the scarlet god before him, heard nothing and never once looked in the direction of the danger that threatened him.

THE captain still had his jackknife in his hand. With a single swipe, he cut the picture from top to bottom. Tong-lu heard the noise—turned. The captain dived through the picture. His cork foot caught in the wooden framework. Helplessly he fell headlong, and before he could rise or lift his revolver, Tong-lu grasped a heavy bronze candlestick and leaped for him.

With a cry of utter horror, Eric dived down the stairs and lanced himself at Tong-lu's descending arm. He succeeded in partly deflecting the blow that was intended to batter in the captain's skull, but a branch of the candlestick caught Crouch a glancing blow on the temple and knocked him out. In despair, Eric lunged upward and grappled with the bandit. He felt himself shaken loose, glimpsed a contorted face close to his, felt fingers pressing into his throat. He choked, felt his head reel.

With a desperate wrench he freed himself. A quick glance told him that the captain was still out. Beyond the still form, Sir Gilbert, the mad baronet, had got to his feet and stood (Continued on page 53)



## Mr. Cooley Was a Motion Picture Gentleman

assigned to get some smashing reels of the war. But for him the war was a flop. No action. No drama. That is, until he met Squadron 77!

### "AUTHENTIC STUFF"

By Laurie York Erskine

IN JUNE



"Fellow students," Nuisance resumed, "I felt sure that just as nobody seemed able to stop the stealing of the joss, nobody would find it."

# Glory Be to Nuisance

By George F. Pierrot

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

IT'S hard to know where to begin my story, as the man said when his wife caught him kissing the cook.

I might start it by telling about the paunchy, grinning Chinese idol that had been presented to the Sheriton museum by Mr. Wang, the Chinese consul at Seattle. On the other hand, I might describe for you the scorched, pitiful body of the once fair Esmeralda, whose mangled corpse was the innocent cause of so much trouble. Then again, my thought goes back to the grim, grizzled mummy of that Sitka Indian, dead these three hundred years. What a sputtering, wrathful story he would make of it, could he talk again!

However—

It was a warm spring morning as I swung down the campus from the Daily Shack toward the Museum. Sometimes, on the campus, I'm Flip Jones the varsity left guard, and sometimes Flip Jones, varsity catcher. Occasionally, even, in my nobler moments, I'm Flip Jones, the student. But at this particular instant I was Flip Jones, Sheriton Daily reporter. The Museum was my beat, and a skinny, starved beat it was, with me getting my minimum quota of three stories a week by dint of the hardest kind of digging.

"Is Mr. Abercrombie in?" I asked the pleasant faced coed who was his part-time secretary.

"Yes, certainly," she answered, with the dazzling sort of smile that makes you swallow your Adam's apple seventeen times to keep it from popping out of your mouth. "Go right in, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Abercrombie, the curator of the Museum, is a tall, lean gentleman who spends his whole life peering. His shoulders are stooped, and even that doesn't satisfy him, because he pokes his head way forward like a hungry swan, though no swan ever wore huge, round, horn-rimmed glasses like Mr. Abercrombie's. Swans don't cultivate Van Dyke beards either—that is, none of the swans that I've been introduced to.

Anyhow, Mr. Abercrombie was in good spirits. That spelled trouble, for he's usually as glum as a poor-house rat.

"THE Daily gets a good story to-day," he beamed, rubbing his big-jointed hands together. "Mr. Wang, the Chinese consul at Seattle, has made us a splendid present."

"Yes?" I said. My ears were beginning to point forward eagerly, like a police dog's. Good stories on my beat, as I've explained, are scarcer than ice cold lemonade on the Sahara desert.

"It's an idol," Mr. Abercrombie went on. "An old one, really valuable. And some ornaments, very rare. We've installed them temporarily in the empty cases by the Sitka mummy."

I got out my pencil and paper. A story at last. A good story. I'd make the front page, even. Then Mr. Abercrombie, having fattened my expectations, proceeded to squash them flatter than a victrola record. "The Daily," he explained importantly, "already has the story."

"Already has it?" I gasped. "Why, that couldn't

be. The Museum is my beat, and nobody else is supposed to trespass on it."

"But a reporter called on me, said he was from the Daily, and took all the facts."

"What was he like?"

"Tall, skinny, glasses. Talked pretty fast. Seemed to be a very important man on the Daily."

Tall. Skinny. Glasses. Acted important. That description fitted—yes, it certainly fitted—

"Well, thank you, Mr. Abercrombie. Just so the Daily is covered, it's all okay. Good morning."

I left that office fighting mad. Busting in on someone else's beat is a dirty trick, on any man's campus. Particularly on the Museum beat, where the pickings are slim and far between. Who had done it? I didn't know, but I had some full-blown suspicions.

On the way out I called on Mr. Wang's new idol. There he was, squatting on a pedestal in a new glass case. I couldn't hand him much for looks. He needed to watch his calories, for he was as fat as Porky Rhinebottom, a gentleman whose heroic efforts on the basketball floor are still a Sheriton byword. Moreover, he sported a grin that would have done credit to a well fed crocodile. However, beggars can't be choosers, and he would have been a darned good story, if somebody hadn't swiped him—swiped him from me. Once more wrath surged through me, and I turned my steps toward the Daily office, to find out who had been the thief.

Scotty McDougall, the editor, was out, but on his desk were some long white galley proofs, smelly with fresh ink. I pawed through them. Sure enough, there was the story about Mr. Wang's gift. A long one—seven fat paragraphs. And a byline—"By Grover Curtis."

Grover Curtis—the Sheriton Nuisance. The bird that Rusty Nayle and Red Barrett and I had tried so unsuccessfully to squelch, for the good of all humanity. Nuisance's first name should have been "Crust," and his middle one "Meddlesome," and his last one "Publicity." He was always putting a self-seeking finger in someone else's pie—always taking unblushing credit for work that other people did.

Here he'd got wind of the arrival of Mr. Wang's joss, and swiped the only good story that had come my way in two months. And he'd get a byline on it—my byline. I choked. I'd tell Scotty—no I wouldn't! I tell Scotty. Let Nuisance have the story. I'd find another and better way to deal with him.

Lurid, seething thoughts of revenge! How they battered at the walls of my

brain as I tramped home to Seldom Inn. Stake him out on the ground and let a steam roller flatten him out—that's what he deserved. Then drag him through a three-inch pipe. After that stand him under a pile driver, and hammer him into shape again!

I thought I'd had enough of unpleasant surprises, but I was mistaken. For when I opened the door of my room a grim, wrathful figure confronted me. It was my old-time friend Rusty Nayle—but how he had changed. From head to toe he was wringing wet. Water trickled from his crisp sandy hair, and coursed drop by drop over his lean jaw and down onto his broad chest, now standing out in bold relief through his drenched, clinging coat.

"Too lazy to put on your bathing suit?" I inquired. Rusty just stood and glowered.

"Trying out for the fire department?" I went on. "Or maybe just perspiring a little?"

By this time Rusty had recovered his voice.

"It's Nuisance," he croaked. "Nuisance Curtis." At that I became mightily interested. It seems Rusty had been coming out of a boarding house up the line, where he'd been chatting with a friend, when a great big paper water bomb had come crashing down from the second story porch and caught him square on the head. Of course it had burst instantly, and great was the dampness thereof. Just another black mark for Nuisance.

"I wouldn't have minded," Rusty said wrathfully, "if he'd used a smaller sack. But this one was as big as the Graf Zeppelin. Why, I darned near drowned!"

He looked so bedraggled and comical that I collapsed on the floor and roared like a newly branded bull. And I had the satisfaction of seeing Rusty's face relax, and of hearing his deep voice joining mine in a tempestuous bellow that shook the house.

I TOLD Rusty about the trick Nuisance had played on me—about the idol and the byline and how Nuisance had apparently contrived to convince Mr. Abercrombie that he was ten degrees higher than Scotty McDougall himself. I told him of my plan for revenge—about the steam roller and the three-inch pipe and the pile driver.

"Sounds reasonable," Rusty opined, "except that I don't like to see him hammered back in shape so soon. Can't we do some more things to him? Maybe bore a hole in his head, and put a rope in it, and burn him for a couple of hours, like a candle? Or run him through a meat chopper, and offer a prize to the underclassman who can come the nearest to putting him together again?"

"We must have a revenge," Rusty went on, in a deep voice that trembled with conviction, "that will go ringing and cat-erwauling down the corridors of time—that will become as famous in history as Benedict Arnold's charge at the Battle of Waterloo."

"Sure," I said, enthusiastically. "Or

A Long  
Story  
Complete  
in  
This Issue

maybe as famous as the last charge of General Custer, which he made the night after he invented Custered pie."

But seriously, we decided that enough was more than sufficient, that in the interests of advancing civilization, and as an example to young men the world over, we must discipline Nuisance in such a public and conspicuous manner that for the balance of his natural life he would never be able to stop blushing.

If my present desire to humble Nuisance might be called a crackling flame, two days later it had become a roaring, screeching prairie fire. For two days later, perhaps as a result of Nuisance's first page story, the fat idol was stolen—stolen from his big glass case in the Museum. And when I went tearing down to see the distracted Mr. Abercrombie—would he give me the story? He would not. He said that Mr. Curtis had got the Museum more publicity in one write-up than I'd brought it in three months, and that on such an important matter as this, he would talk with Mr. Curtis or nobody. In vain I tried to show him that on a big happening I could get him just as much space as anybody else could—that if I had written the idol story it would have been played just as prominently as was Nuisance's. He wouldn't listen. Nuisance had done too thorough a job of selling himself.

And so, grinding my teeth together like ice floes in a torrent, I went back to the *Daily* and told Scotty McDougall he'd have to send Nuisance to the Museum. And then I took myself home, by a little traveled route. I knew that if I met that boy I'd tear out his fourth and fifth floating ribs with my bare hands and cram them down his throat. That's how mad I was.

That night, over creamy strawberry malted milks at Red Graham's, we got to talking. Rusty and I. As usual, Nuisance was the subject. Nuisance, and revenge. But real, dyed-in-the-wool, double-barreled, heavy-duty revenge don't occur to a fellow every day in the week.

"Let's go see him now," exclaimed Rusty, suddenly. He jumped up, jammed on his hat and rushed out the front door.

"Wait," I yelled wrathfully. Rusty hadn't paid for his malted. But he was gone. Sadly I dropped forty cents on the counter and followed him.

"I don't just know what we're going to accomplish by this visit," I grumbled.

"Nor I," Rusty admitted. "But maybe when we see the beggar something will occur to us."

Nuisance lives on the third floor of a boarding house about two blocks from Seldom Inn. As we hurried through the streets, our footsteps echoing briskly on the sidewalk, it occurred to me that it was well after midnight.

"The whole world is in bed," I complained. "What'll we do if Nuisance is? We can't wake him up. He'll suspect something."

"He'll be up," said Rusty, confidently. But when we turned the corner, and cast eager eyes at his window, it was dark.

"He'll be up!" I snorted, disappointedly. "Up like a punctured balloon!"

Instead of answering Rusty clutched my arm. There in the kitchen, behind a drawn blind, a dull light seemed to flicker and glow.

"It's Nuisance, I'll bet my last year's mustache," Rusty exclaimed.

WE climbed the fence and went over to the window. There was a hole in the blind, halfway up, and I stood on Rusty's shoulders and peered through it.

Sure enough, Nuisance. In his gaudy bathrobe. But what in the name of Lucifer and all his matches was the boy doing? Peering into the oven of the gas stove, which was burning merrily, and looking as excited as a mother hen with two chicks short. The only light was a candle, which wavered ghostly as Nuisance glided about the room.

I whistled very low, and tapped on the window. Nuisance started as though he'd been jabbed with a needle, then made signs to come to the back door.

When he saw who we were he welcomed us as though we had come to pay off the mortgage. You'd have thought he'd have been a bit worried—a bit fearful that a well deserved knife would shortly come slithering between his ribs. But not Nuisance. Nuisance is gall personified. Why, he actually asked me if I didn't think his two Chinese idol stories were exceptionally well written!

"Just what are you cooking yourself?" Rusty inquired.

"Chicken," Nuisance explained, airily. "Haven't you heard what a good cook I am?"

"No," said Rusty, making himself comfortable on a chair, "but I suspect I'm going to." The sarcasm was lost on Nuisance.

"Back home they used to say that I'd have made a wonderful chef, if I hadn't such a talent for promoting things that I could handle so much bigger jobs."

"Yeah."

"I bought this chicken at Hemphill's," Nuisance babbled on. "I named her Esmeralda. Pretty chicken—pretty name. Thought I'd just have a nice little midnight feed by myself."

"The soul of generosity," Rusty snickered, under his breath. "You invited every friend you had in the world."

By tacit consent Rusty and I agreed to delay the springing of our plan until after the feed was over. We're rather partial to chicken, and after all, wouldn't it rather heighten the effect if after eating all his food we'd turn in and discipline the cook? That would be poetic justice to a fare-ye-well.

The Lady Esmeralda may have been beautiful in the butcher shop, but on a platter she was nothing less than a flat tire. I guess at that it isn't fair to blame Esmeralda—it's just that Nuisance cooked her too long and too hard. Anyhow, her skin stuck as tight to her bones as wall paper, and it was as hard and brown as shoe leather.

"Cooked just exactly right," Nuisance announced, cheerfully, "but the hen herself wasn't any good. Now and then you get one that way. 'S'all right; we don't need her. We'll just open a can of pork and beans."

Nothing is ever Nuisance's fault.

As he grasped Esmeralda roughly by the left drumstick and prepared to throw her in the garbage can a gorgeous idea came winging its way into my head.

"Save the lady," I interposed, carelessly. "I've thought of a use for her." Then, as Nuisance looked his curiosity: "Let's have the pork and beans first."

DURING the next five minutes I thought faster than I've ever done before. My idea grew like a rolling snowball, and the more I turned it over in my mind the bigger and better it looked. Way ahead of the one we'd started out with. Presently I was explaining it.

"Ever seen, in the Museum, the mummy of the Sitka Indian?"

"Sure," Nuisance nodded. "The little shriveled up fellow, with his knees tucked under his chin."

"How long," I said, "do you suppose it is since he's had a square meal?"

"Why, three hundred years at least."

"Well, don't you think it's about time for him to get another?"

Nuisance looked puzzled. I went on.

"Esmeralda—"

Nuisance began to grin, and then to chortle.

"You mean to put Esmeralda in his case?"

"Sure."

"Good idea," said Nuisance, "but what, particularly do I get out of it?"

I waved my hand impatiently.

"Publicity, my good youth. Here's how it works. To-morrow morning you call on the Sitka mummy and look over the land. You unlock a window. To-morrow night you come back, bearing Esmeralda and a screw driver. You come in through the unlocked window. With your screw driver you remove the glass front of the mummy case. Then you place Esmeralda tenderly at the feet of the mummy, and depart in haste."

Nuisance's face was shining like a newly polished cuspidor.

"And then?" he inquired.

"And then," I went on, enthusiastically, "you come into your own. The morning of the day after you are strolling through the Museum. You happen to pass the Sitka mummy case. You look in. You start back. Some vandal has invaded its sacred precincts, has deposited therein a foreign object. It looks like—by George, it is—the body of a hen."

"You are indignant. You rush to the office. You question Mr. Abercrombie. He hurries downstairs; beholds the sacrifice. He tears his hair—utters dire threats against the miscreants who have desecrated the mummy's bailiwick. He'll remember the theft of the idol, and be twice as angry. Meanwhile your pencil will be scratching. You'll take down everything he says. And you'll get the whole first page of the *Daily*, and nobody any the wiser."

It didn't take more than a fiftieth of a glance to see that Nuisance was sold, from keel to mainmast. He fairly whooped with joy.

"I'll do it to-morrow night!" he promised, as he tenderly wrapped Esmeralda in a newspaper. "Wish it wasn't so late or I'd get busy to-night."

Not once did it occur to the gentleman that once again he'd be breaking in on my beat. He was well nicknamed, that boy.

We'd no sooner got outside than Rusty was at my throat like a hungry tiger.

"Nice revenger you are," he exploded. "We come in here intending to lure Nuisance from his happy home, and kidnap him. He offers to feed us, and while under the influence of pork and beans you show him how he can become famous. Why, after he pulls this off he'll be better known than Lindbergh. What's the big idea? Whose side are you on, dumbbell?"

"Dumbbell, am I?" I inquired, acting hugely injured. "Well, listen to the rest of my story."

TO-MORROW you'll drop down to Mr. Abercrombie's office. You'll tell him you're just a poor struggling student, but that you love the Museum and since the theft of the idol you just haven't been able to sleep. You have heard that when susceptible people read about crimes in newspapers, they are themselves impelled to commit the same crime. You have read with fear and trembling all the stories about the theft of the idol, and you humbly beg and implore Mr. Abercrombie to place a special guard in the vicinity of the idol's empty case—which by the merest coincidence happens also to be the vicinity of the Sitka mummy—for at least a week.

"Whoopee!" yelled Rusty. "And when Nuisance comes sneaking in with his Esmeralda—"

"He'll probably convince the watchman that he's just bringing him a lunch," I said, "and be given credit for doing his daily good turn."

But I was only being modest. For here was the idea of the century, the coup that would squelch Nuisance for the rest of his campus life.

"It won't get him into serious trouble, of course?" Rusty inquired, a moment later.



*A small but hefty object thudded against my chest. Dark, viscous, unpleasant fluid splattered all over me and all over Rusty.*



We heard a throaty, triumphant chuckle. It was Nuisance.

"Certainly not. The dean of men will consider it just another student prank gone wrong, and put him on probation for the rest of the year. He'll have to behave, that's all. But I fear—I greatly fear—that he'll be the campus joke for a few months."

"Terrible," shuddered Rusty. "Let me at this Abercrombie person. When I get through with him he'll be petitioning the governor to call out the National Guard."

THINGS moved swiftly after that. By five o'clock the next afternoon the stage was all set. Nuisance had reported to me gleefully that the Sitka mummy's glass case was held in place by only six screws, and that it was situated only thirty feet from the window which he'd unlocked. Moreover, in order to make Esmeralda more attractive to the mummy, he was brewing a whole can of gravy with which he proposed to anoint her.

"Good idea," I murmured. "The old boy hasn't had a good feed since the days of Poca-hontas, so let's make this one appetizing."

"Boy, what a story I'll get," Nuisance exulted. "Though you deserve some of the credit."

"Surely not," I disclaimed, and Nuisance smilingly let it go at that.

Shortly after came my consultation with Rusty. Rusty was as happy as a bunny in a carrot patch.

"Did I see Mr. Abercrombie?" he asked, pounding his chest like an orang-outang. "Did I? And did I tell him? And did he fall for it? Brother, that Museum is going to be so well guarded to-night that even the mice are going to get handcuffed."

Eleven o'clock was the hour that Nuisance had set for his little excursion. He would come through the little path that wound through the firs at the back of the Museum, sneak up on the porch, and through the unlatched window.

At a quarter of eleven Rusty and I let ourselves out of the back door of Seldom Inn and hurried past the Chimes Tower and down to the Museum. A light rain was falling, and as

we glided across the soggy grass it increased to a downpour.

"Swell evening," grumbled Rusty, as he brushed against a fir and got soundly doused for his carelessness. "I'm beginning to sympathize with Nuisance."

We took up a damp and uncomfortable position in a near-by copse. The Museum reared up, ghostly and dark, in front of us. We hadn't long to wait.

A lean, tall figure, with a package in its hand, came swiftly down the trail, and tiptoed up on the porch.

"Let's follow him," Rusty snickered.

"Wait," I said. "Give him a couple of minutes to open the window."

It was lucky that we waited, for a moment later another figure, also tall and also skinny, came hurrying down the path.

"This one's Nuisance, sure," I said in an undertone. "I'd recognize that slouch a mile off. Who was the other guy?"

"Probably one of my special police," Rusty suggested. "Glad he didn't catch us."

We stole after Nuisance. As we heard the window slide up we tiptoed across the porch, our hearts thumping loudly against our ribs, and set ourselves to wait. Somehow what had seemed a light-hearted joke, a few hours earlier, now frightened us. In the black shadow of this great silent building our hoax began to assume the proportions of a crime.

Clatter! Crash! Scuffle!

"They've got him!" Rusty exclaimed. Somehow, at the noise, our old resentment returned. It was after all a very bad rat who was being caught in our trap, and we were glad to have him exterminated.

THE lights went on, with a suddenness that made us dart back in the shadows. What we saw, well—wasn't exactly what we'd expected to see.

A tall, thin chap had been seized, and was being tightly held by two campus policemen. But he wasn't Nuisance. Nuisance was standing there facing him, somewhat ruffled, but bristly and determined looking.

There was another member of the party, too—Mr. Abercrombie. He'd been working late, apparently. And then we heard Nuisance's voice.

"I was strolling down the path behind the Museum," he said, "when I saw a figure skulking among the trees. He looked suspicious, so I followed him. He entered the Museum through a back door—probably had a pass key—and I managed to find an unlocked window and followed him in. We ran into each other in the dark, and here he is."

"Mr. Curtis is modest," I heard Mr. Abercrombie declare. "He's a hero, a real hero. He followed the burglar"—he glared at the now handcuffed figure who was being securely held by the two policemen—"made sure he wanted to steal from the Museum, and then heroically grappled with him."

"Grappled with him!" grated Rusty. "He bumped into him in the dark. That was all."

"To-morrow," said Mr. Abercrombie impressively, "the whole world shall know of Mr. Curtis' exploit. I shall see to that."

There was more conversation, and then the policemen hauled their captive away. We backed off the porch, and resumed our cold, wet position in the copse. At first we were too disgusted to say a word. Then—"He was just taking a walk," Rusty groaned.

"And he grappled with the burglar," I finished sadly. "And to-morrow," Rusty went on, "Nuisance will be a hero."

"A hero," I echoed, dolefully. Then gripped Rusty's arm, and pointed.

Inside the Museum two tall figures, indistinct in the pale light, were making their way toward the open window.

"Nuisance and Abercrombie," Rusty whispered, mystified. "Wonder what's up."

The two stopped, chatted a bit, and then Abercrombie disappeared among the exhibits. Not so, Nuisance. He glanced swiftly over his shoulder—nobody looking—then hurried to the window. He stooped, straightened, brought his arm back sharply, then forward just as sharply.

A small but hefty object thudded against my chest. Dark, viscous, unpleasant fluid splattered all over me, and all over Rusty.

Esmeralda! Thick, gooey gravy! Picture us, my friends. There the two of us were, soaked to the skin and shivering. The sky pouring torrents on us. Wet branches scratched our necks. Our feet ankle deep in freshly spaded dirt. And to cap the climax, two-thirds of our wardrobe oozy with gravy!

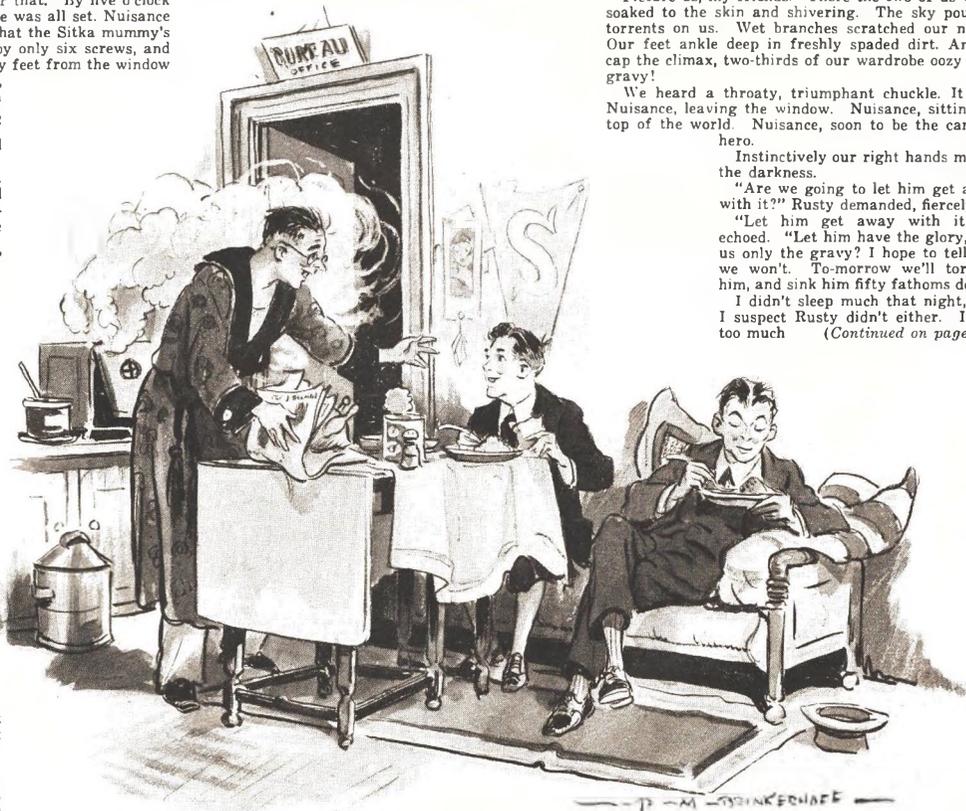
We heard a throaty, triumphant chuckle. It was Nuisance, leaving the window. Nuisance, sitting on top of the world. Nuisance, soon to be the campus hero.

Instinctively our right hands met in the darkness.

"Are we going to let him get away with it?" Rusty demanded, fiercely.

"Let him get away with it!" I echoed. "Let him have the glory, and us only the gravy? I hope to tell you we won't. To-morrow we'll torpedo him, and sink him fifty fathoms deep."

I didn't sleep much that night, and I suspect Rusty didn't either. I had too much (Continued on page 67)



"I'll do it to-morrow night," promised Nuisance, as he tenderly wrapped Esmeralda in a newspaper.

*What I did see was something falling—falling skillfully down a pathway of ratlines and ropes.*

**T**HIS is the story of how I, Blaise Merion, and my chum Jerry Tregerent went adventuring in the year 1749—a wild year of mystery and twisting danger.

My grandfather's strange will, it was, that took Jerry and me from our dreary apprenticeship in London down to Marycombe Hall, my grandfather's home by the sea. By the terms of the will Marycombe was mine; and along with it my grandfather—Captain Luke Merion, the scourge of the pirates who infested the seas—had left me the family sword and a bewildering warning message about those he had scourged in his lifetime.

"They will all come back from the sea," ran the message from the dauntless old man whose death in a pirate fight had been reported—"just like dead ships at the Judgment Day. Red Castaban, 'Rat o' the Main,' Stukeley, Panama Too, and Bleeche, and beware of all of 'em."

There was still another bewildering line in my grandfather's will. "The secret lies beneath your hand," his written words told me.

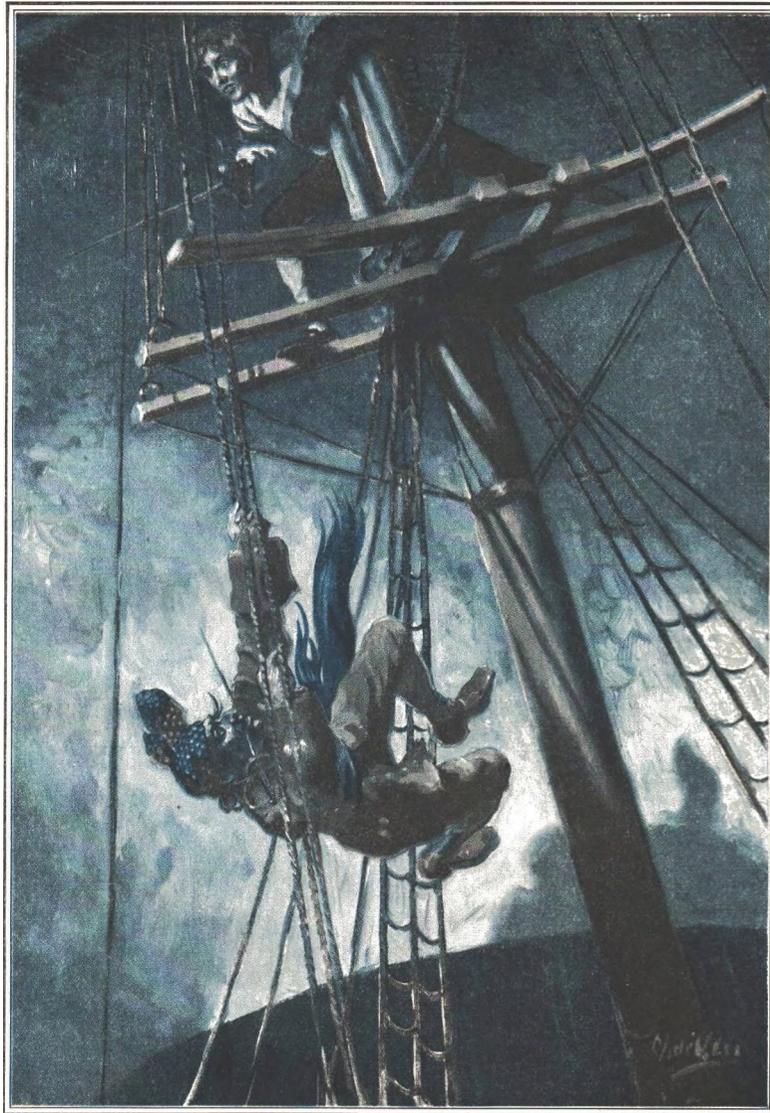
This, then, was my inheritance: Marycombe by the sea, the sword of the Merions, a feud with remorseless men, a baffling secret—and a name that had never been tainted with dishonor.

Together Jerry and I journeyed to Marycombe; and there found, quite unexplained, a laughing gallant gentleman of fortune whom we were henceforth to know as the Rapier. As we talked, there in the night, we were attacked by pirates. My grandfather's old servant was stabbed, the Rapier was wounded, and he and Jerry and I were seized and carried away on the pirate ship *La Gloire de France*, commanded by the oddly powerful foppish Chevalier de Sasegnac, aided by the villainous Panama Too.

It was clear that the pirates had come to my grandfather's in search of something they had not found. Doubtless they were on the scent of my grandfather's secret. I myself was closer to that secret, for I had discovered on the old Merion sword four mysterious numbered grooves. I remembered the words, "The secret lies beneath your hand," and felt sure that those numbered grooves would reveal much. I took care to guard them from the notice of others.

Because I refused to answer questions, de Sasegnac compelled me to walk the plank. Yet I was saved from the sea—dragged back from it because the pirates believed I knew my grandfather's secret. As I lay recovering, there suddenly appeared in my cabin a stealthy swarthy evil-eyed little man—"Rat o' the Main!"

De Sasegnac had warned me against the Rat. How he had got on shipboard, no one knew. But he was



## Pirate's Doom

By Rear-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans

Illustrated by Manning de V. Lee

there, and he too demanded that I tell the secret. When I refused to speak, he cornered me and held me at the mercy of his inhumanly clever rapier.

Death was close upon me, and I saw no way of escape. I shut my eyes.

### Chapter Six

**T**HE next thing that happened was, I feel sure, the preserver of my life. Instantly, just like the sudden fall of an avalanche into an unwarned valley, there came a veritable surge of feet, volley after volley of cries, the rattle of loosened cutlasses, and such a hammering at that cabin door as filled this place with a bedlam of sound.

The Rat stepped back, sheathed his sword in a flash, and suddenly seemed a shadow again—a shadow with

emerald eyes, cruel as deep green seas beneath steep and treacherous cliffs. Noiselessly he faded backward.

I heard a voice in the passage:

"Chacon, Too, Smooch! Come, you fools, we'll have him! Mendoza!"

It was de Sasegnac's voice, and rogue though de Sasegnac was, its note was elixir to me. I darted to the door, turned the key, and stood aside—panting, breathless!

I saw the face of M. Le Chevalier de Sasegnac in the ruddy glow of several ship's lanterns. That handsome visage, usually so calm and arrogant, was now haggard and drawn, and there was fear in the fine eyes. He seemed uncertain in whether or not to cross the threshold of the cabin. Evidently, though, there was a heartening effect in the presence of his men.

"The Rat," he said with an attempt at boldness, "the Rat, here, aboard my ship! Find him, get him, dead or alive."

Then he saw me, my white face, my sword gripped firmly in my hand—and he looked at me as though I had been a ghost.

"Was there anyone here? Anyone you saw, Blaise?" he cried, in tones that struck me as being amazingly friendly.

"Aye, that there was," I answered. "A ghoul-like shadow. A diminutive man and an evil one."

"Then where is he now?"

De Sasegnac trembled as he spoke, looked into the shadows, and then frantically tore at the very curtains behind which I had seen "Rat o' the Main" hide himself.

If I had expected to see some beaten and craven object, conscious of overwhelming odds, come from behind that arras, I was disappointed. Of human soul there was no sign—but there was a laugh!

It came eerily through the night as *La Gloire de France* raised her stately prow to the moon-touched combers, and as I heard it I felt a cold shiver run down my spine.

"Quick, above, all of you!" de Sasegnac yelled. In the same instant, he swung round and raced up the gilded ladder, sword in hand and terror in his eyes. His men roared behind him and I brought up the rear, wondering how that little man had managed to get free of the cabin.

A few moments later I was standing on the moonlit decks and witnessing a sight so eerie that it made an indelible impression on my mind.

High up, amid the stays of the ship, a green light flickered, and downward floated a piercing and unearthly laugh.

"Rat o' the Main!"

I heard de Sasegnac mutter the words, and saw him turn to a swarthy fellow about whose crisp dark hair was curled an orange-colored kerchief.

"Bring him down, Sainly," he ordered, pointing above with his glittering sword.

Sainly hesitated, and a touch of nervousness came into his eyes, but there was no disobeying de Sasegnac's orders. Drawing a knife, he grimly placed it between his teeth, and springing to the rail commenced to climb up towards the emerald gleam that flickered above.

HIGHER and higher moved Sainly, drawing closer to that swinging light, and a strange silence came to all of us.

"Up with you, Mendoza!"

De Sasegnac had turned to another of his rogues, and this fellow darted up, climbing like a monkey towards the green glow.

Sainly now seemed like a fly against the white of the moon-brightened sails, and no sound came save the sighing of a gentle wind, and the peaceful lap of the sea against our stout sides.

But something broke the peacefulness.

It was a clash of steel, followed by a stricken cry. Gazing aloft, I saw something come hurtling down a pathway of moonbeams, to hit the deck with a thud, nigh to the scuppers aft.

"The Rat!" de Sasegnac cried.

His eyes were alight as he raced down the deck. I followed to see him recoil from that lifeless thing with lolling head. It was Sainly—and Sainly was dead whilst, above us, came the echo of that fiendish laugh.

Where was Mendoza? My fears were for him now, rogue though he was.

Straining my eyes, I made out the Rat, his arm bared, his knife upheld. Then I saw Mendoza, clinging with his legs to one of the crossbeams whilst, deliberately, he was aiming a pistol at the Rat.

But the ball was never sped, for I saw something flick towards Mendoza. Then I saw, as the moon rays revealed his face, that startled expression of the suddenly wounded. He swung backward as some acrobat might upon a high bar, rested head downward for a moment, and then, as the ship lurched, fell crazily outboard into the sea, to be lost forever!

Who now dared to climb aloft to join issue with something that seemed hardly human? Not a man stepped forward, and no command came from de

Sasegnac. Some of the crew stepped back amid the pools of darkness, fearful lest de Sasegnac's eyes should glance at them and that they should be condemned to mount above—to meet the Rat!

SILENCE—and then that laugh. The tension began to get on my nerves. An overpowering feeling grew inside of me that I must be the next one. If all were afraid of that scum above, I was not going to be.

I whipped out my sword, and a breath of fresh air touched my face as though to encourage me and bid me continue with the thing that it was right to do.

"So you rogues are afraid!" I cried. "You who fatten upon peaceful merchantmen show the white cockade of fear before that!"

I pointed aloft.

Then I laughed. I know that I was strung up, but the sword of Amyas Merion was pricking me on. I looked at the green light and laughed again, and then I too leapt to the rail, just as Mendoza and Sainly had done. As I climbed, there sounded a rush of steps on deck, and the Rapier came gaily forward and clambered to the rail. Then I knew that he too, despite his wound, was into the fight, and my spirit warmed.

Yet I wished to deal with the Rat alone—to shame de Sasegnac by bringing that devil down to de Sasegnac's own decks and showing him that a mere lad could do what his band of cutthroats had failed to achieve.

So upward, as a singing wind came cheerily through the cordage and the great ship bent on her side! Looking down, I saw the moon whitely paving a silver pathway over the rising combers. The wind was springing up! It would be gay fun to fight amid the flap of sails and the beat of ropes!

Youth was on my side even if subtlety and devilry were the allies of the Rat. So aloft with my sword ready, and as I mounted the carelessness came at last. I was glad, for there is no feeling so terrible as that of fear.

Nearer now was that hovering green light. I tried to determine where it was. Was "Rat o' the Main" settled to one position, waiting, or was he coming down to give me battle sooner than I fancied?

Behind me came the greater song of the Rapier. I paused to look below. De Sasegnac's men were like

dolls with faces upturned. I heard a laugh—erie and vibrant and close.

There he was, close above, those little green eyes glittering and those evil lips curled into a smile. In his hand was his sword, held ready.

He was chattering—chattering like an ape to himself, and as I paused to think out my plan, I heard strange words come from the lips of "Rat o' the Main."

"So have at you, Merion," he gabbled, "Merion of the old seas and the old fights, the hulks at Darien, the Islands of Maroon. I've come back, Merion, just as I said I would, and Bleech will come as well, and Stukeley—and worst of all for you, Merion, Red Castaban as well."

Then he chuckled like some demon, and his sword was there to meet mine as I leapt upward. Finding a perch on the same cross-tree as himself, I prayed for the strength to be rid of this creature of the seas—forever!

The storm wind was screaming about us and the sails boomed out like cannon as he slid at me, his eyes laughing. Our swords clashed and made a pretty play of sparks and slithering music.

My heart leaped! Whether by luck or judgment, I had touched him in the sword arm and he had drawn back, chattering like some monkey and feeling at his arm. Now he was at my mercy! He was to have none.

I clung to the cordage, drew nearer to him, drew back my arm, and paused for a moment to pierce him. But even in that instant I failed. I heard a laugh, I saw the light no more, but what I did see was something falling—falling skillfully down a pathway of ratlines and ropes.

The last I saw of him was his upturned face, his sword between his teeth, and that eternal laugh upon his lips—and I knew that he had eluded me.

Cupping my hands, I shouted down to the Rapier, who, from below me, had watched our swordplay.

"He's coming down, Rapier! Bid them be ready," I called, and his answering, "Aye, aye," made me feel that we would yet have the Rat.

But when at last I came to the deck, it was to find that "Rat o' the Main" had neither been met nor accounted for. In the night, climbing from shroud to ratline, he had got away. Again came the feeling



Down came the grappling irons—and with them, the loosening of Inferno itself.

that he was some supernatural being who could disappear into air. Then I laughed—

*Human he was, for his blood was on the point of my sword!*

#### Chapter Seven

**T**HERE'S been a plaguey feeling of witchery aboard this ship since that evil little wretch came aboard her, Blaise."

Jerry made a pretense at shivering, and the Rapier, leaning against the railing of the ship, laughed.

"Aye, and de Sasegnac and his rogues are none too happy o' nights," he remarked. "It's five days now since you blooded the Rat in the shrouds, Blaise, and they haven't found him yet."

The Rapier's words were true. Yet we knew that the Rat must still be on *La Gloire de France* for the simple reason that no craft had approached us and we had missed no ship's boat.

My mind was constantly on the mysterious Rat—on those strange words he had spoken as he had prepared to fight me up aloft. "I've come back," he had said, "and Bleech will come back, and Stukeley—and Red Castaban as well!" What were these devilish men after? Some secret that I held—a secret that would reveal to them a fabulous treasure! As though reading my thoughts, the Rapier smiled.

"One day you will make something of it all, Blaise," he said, in low tones. "You'll know the meaning of the sword, and the treasure that these wretches value more greatly than the richest merchantmen. And that will be a great day!"

He laughed and, lacing a hand through the ropes, looked aloft to where the listless sails hung dejectedly.

We were becalmed in a dun-colored sea with a heavy sky above us. It was the fourth day without a breath of air. The heat had been as oppressive by night as by day, and we now had sickness aboard.

Panama Too had reeled aft just a few hours before, his face ashen and grey, and, staggering, had fallen to the deck. Now he was below and Nathaniel Smooch, ever a creature of wonderful imagination, came up to tell us of his ravings.

"It's always the rope around his neck," Smooch babbled. "It is of that he speaks. Mortal sad for such a peace-loving man to be condemned to such unhappy thoughts. Gentle as a child, Too."

I grunted. I wasn't likely to forget that Panama Too was the hulking brute who had first overpowered me in my own home. But Smooch's words gave me an idea. With part of the crew indisposed and de Sasegnac a nervous ghost of a man forever ordering new searches for the Rat, now was a good time to press

upon the Fop a demand that he let us leave the ship on one of his small boats.

I decided to act at once, and after telling my companions of my design, I walked straightway to de Sasegnac's cabin. Perhaps those hot and sultry days and nights had gone to my head. At any rate, as I entered the cabin, anger got the better of me. Who was this man to make us toys for his sport? How dared he seek to control those who, in the face of odds, had not been afraid? Had he faced the Rat?

I drew my sword, intending to join issue with him and rely on a promise he might give at the point of my blade. He was sitting at his table, too deep in thought to notice me. In front of him was the portrait of a woman. Nay, a girl, I decided, when I drew closer and saw the rare beauty of that face.

**T**HERE was something lying in de Sasegnac's eyes that I had never noticed there before—a soft wistfulness. Moreover he looked even more elegant than ever I had seen him, for he was wearing a colorful sash about his brocaded satin coat, and a new wig.

Slowly he turned, and, if I had expected him to be astonished at seeing me, I was disappointed.

"You come upon a happy morning, young Blaise Merion," he said, quietly. "It is the birthday of my mother, and we have been speaking together."

A whimsical smile played upon his face as he sank into the cushions of a divan and gazed intently at me.

"Do you think it strange, young Blaise, that one so inured to sea warfare as myself, should yet find space in his heart for another love than that of fighting?"

He paused, and I saw a defiant glint in his eyes.

"I was so young when we parted," he went on, "and she was just as you see her now. She was of your own people, Blaise."

Here was indeed a revelation—one that confused and embarrassed me. This was a side of the chevalier that I had never known until now. His eyes were on my sword, and he shook his head as he regarded it.

"No, young Master Merion, I am in no mood to fight to-day," he said.

With that he turned away, and walking to where his cabin gave on to the great stern gallery of *La Gloire de France*, he contemplated the sea with far-away eyes. Helplessly I stood away, for I had no heart to hold him to a promise at the point of Amyas Merion's blade. Without saying a word, I turned on my heel and left him.

The Rapier laughed as I told him what I had seen, and how I had been forced to hold my hand.

"A strange mixture 't' faith," he observed, lolling his head against the side of the ship. "One day as evil as the devil himself, the next day courtly, polished,

and even kind. I like him better when the devil is in him. One can fathom his true nature then, Blaise."

His laugh rang through the ship, as he turned to Jerry and me.

"What say you to a rat hunt, my gallants?" he cried. "I've a mind to wet my own sword, even though it be with the gore of a rodent."

Our eyes lit up, for we were thirsting for something to break the monotony. So far we had not taken part in de Sasegnac's searches through the ship, for de Sasegnac had bidden us remain above. It was my feeling that he had no wish for me to get too near "Rat o' the Main" lest the little viper should wring from me the secret that de Sasegnac wanted for himself.

The crew watched us go aft with lowering glances. Most of them were drinking rum and playing cards. The Rapier had determined upon exploring the aft main hold which, so he gathered in careful inquiries from Smooch, was linked with all the other holds by means of movable balks.

In a manner of complete unconcern, we idled along, Jerry leaving us and going across the deck. And how hot that deck was, and how molten-looking the sea!

**T**HE Rapier and I paused near the rails, and looking seaward for a few moments, talked.

Then, carelessly, I strolled away from him. A few moments later, I joined Jerry by the aft hatchway. He was already at work unslashing its coverings, and by the time the Rapier arrived on the scene, we were ready to raise it.

A few heaves and it was up, and Jerry was swinging down the rope ladder into the darkness below. I followed him, watchful and wary. Looking up, I saw the Rapier lowering the hatch with his head. That was the signal for Jerry to light the lantern. A ruddy gleam glowed up towards me and now I swarmed down to his side and waited for our companion to join us.

Gathered at the foot of the rope ladder, with the gleam of the ship's lantern shining upon the hold, we three looked around us.

All about were bales and chests, and through the broken boards of the chests we saw silk stuffs and various merchandise. This was a storing place for the loot of the seas, but we gave it little attention. The Rat was our quarry.

Our swords were out, ready for any emergency. In the silence, we listened for the faintest sound that might tell of the presence of a human other than ourselves.

But no sound came save the beating of our hearts.

The Rapier moved first, and following him we began to prod the bales with our swords.

Behind the bales we found the balks that served as the doorway to the next hold. These we loosened by lifting down two cross beams, and passed through into the next hold. Here was a collection of barrels and kegs, and we knew where we had come to.

"The powder magazine, my lads," said the Rapier, "and there's enough here to blow a fleet sky high."

Barely had he finished speaking, when from behind a big barrel at the farther end of the deck hold, I saw something flit. It was just like a bat seen in the evening, vague and lost in a second.

"Jerry, over there—" I yelled.

But Jerry had seen something as well, for he had darted forward. As I followed hard after him, there came the scurrying of steps, the sound of something being forced aside—and then silence.

I raced to Jerry's side and the Rapier was with me.

"I saw him—saw his green eyes, Blaise," cried Jerry. "Then in a flash, he was gone."

"And we'll find him," murmured the Rapier, stealing towards the next bulkhead, his sword hungry and shining beneath Jerry's lantern light.

A moment later we had found the opening and were through and into the next hold. Barely had we arrived there, when, through the darkness, there came a flash and a deafening report. It was followed by a cry and the crash of glass, and then a fiendish laugh came back to us as we tried to pierce the blackness.

(Continued on page 34)



*Chacon roared forward, a whip in his hand, attempting to drub courage into the faint hearts of de Sasegnac's crew.*

# West-Bound Mail

By Richard Howells Watkins

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

THE March wind was kicking up such a commotion on Converse Field that Don Saunders and Bill Mann were glad to crawl into the radio shack to get some quiet air into their lungs.

Chris Stepney, the operator on duty, nodded casually to them. "What are you hanging around a flying field for on a dud day like this?" he asked. "Haven't you got homes or do you think this super-cyclone's going to die down?"

"We've been practicing looping the ship inside the hangar," Bill Mann retorted. His hands were very black, but he was happy—a sure sign that the partners' plane was hitting on every cylinder.

Don Saunders, the pilot of the combination, grinned at Bill. "In an hour the Second Assistant Postmaster General's going to give a talk over Station WJJ on the air mail," he explained. "I thought I'd stick around to see if he said anything."

Chris Stepney snorted. Being in the radio business himself, he had his own ideas about anybody who listened in without getting paid for it.

"Wait here about twelve minutes and I'll let you hear another speaker on the air mail," he promised. "John Arngren's coming in from Harwick—and he's coming with a new west-bound record or I'll eat my set. He's got a light ship and this wind's square on his tail."

Bill Mann groaned dismally. "I'd rather hear the Second Assistant Postmaster General than John Arngren," he declared. "That squarehead pilot with the blue eyes and slow grin looks mild enough when he comes wandering around the hangars. But if you even look sideways at him he's sitting on your chest in a second with his chart out explaining what a great air mail pilot he is."

"Well, so he is," Don Saunders asserted. "That chart of his is based on his official record and it shows that he's completed one hundred per cent of his runs in the last year."

"And he's come in on time or better, on 94.3578 per cent of his runs," Bill Mann interrupted. "I know that chart of his by heart. Every time I succeed in forgetting it Arngren comes along and tells me all over again."

"Where is he now?" Don asked.

"He passed—wait a minute!" Stepney jerked off his ear phones and picked up a telephone. He called a farmhouse on the outskirts of Renfrew, a village thirty-five miles from Converse field, near which an emergency field was located.

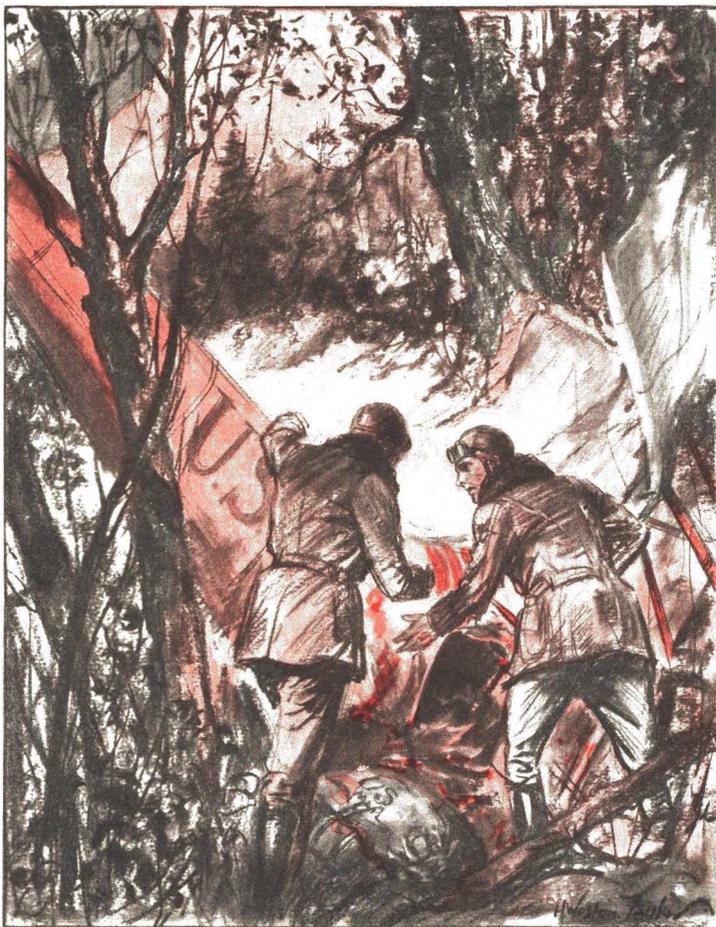
"Hello, Mrs. Taylor," the radio operator said, speaking into the receiver. "Heard the mail go over to-day? About two minutes ago? Flying high? Yes, he would with this wind. Thank you."

Stepney hung up and whistled a long note. "Arngren's traveling," he declared, making hasty figures on his blotter. "Over Renfrew two minutes ago! That's—yes! Thunder! That's averaging better than 170. He's an hour ahead of schedule. That means he's pushing his ship as well as riding this breeze."

"Murder will be done before he gets through talking about it," Bill Mann muttered. "We better get away from here, Don."

"What we should do is go up and escort him to the field," Don declared. "It isn't every day a Converse Field man hangs up a record like that."

Bill Mann had been aching for a test hop ever since he had finished adjusting the valve action



"He isn't here!" Bill wailed when he saw Don. "He isn't here!"

of the motor but had refrained from suggesting one on account of the wind. Therefore he jumped at Don's half meant suggestion.

"I'm with you!" he declared. "If we're up when he lands we won't have to bear the whole brunt of his conversation. Come on! The motor's still hot!"

He broke precipitately for his hangar. Don, with a nod to Stepney, followed less rapidly. He looked at his watch. It was five minutes past three. He would be back in plenty of time to hear the Postmaster General's assistant speak on the air mail service.

Together the partners rolled open the doors of the hangar. Bill Mann squinted critically at the ship as if he had never seen it before though he had been working on it most of the day.

"Wait a minute!" he said to Don Saunders. "That right tire's a bit soft. I'm going to put some air in it." "We'd better hurry," Don reminded him. "If he's hitting a three-mile gait he'll be slipping her in before we're off the grass. I'll be getting the dolly."

"I'm hurrying," Bill announced. "D'you think I want to be here to have him shove his chart down my throat again?"

While they worked, the telephone in the hangar tinkled. Don answered it.

"Say, Don," Chris Stepney's voice greeted him. "If Arngren was over Renfrew nine minutes ago it's sort of funny I haven't had a flash that he's passed Bennett. I just called up but Meade, the caretaker of that field, hadn't seen him." The radio operator's voice was rather anxious.

"If he was flying very high Meade might have missed him," Don Saunders said.

"Well—I guess I won't bother Jake Converse about it unless Arngren doesn't show up inside the next six minutes," Chris Stepney said. "Jake's talking business to that Burnett biplane man."

"I wouldn't worry about Arngren yet," Don said. "He's a hard man to down. Let me know if you hear anything."

He hung up the receiver and told Bill Mann the news. On the face of it Arngren should certainly have left Bennett behind him about six minutes after he flashed over Renfrew.

"We'll take off and wait for him just over the field," Don said. "If he doesn't come—but I'm sure he will."

Don revved up the warm motor on the line. The ship was partially sheltered from the wind by the hangars. The outer ends of the wings seemed to lift a trifle now and then as a bad gust struck the ship.

Bill Mann suddenly disappeared. When he returned it was from the direction of the work shop where the parachute maintenance man had his packing table. He was wearing a seat-type parachute pack and he looked somewhat self-conscious.

"What's the matter?" Don inquired, rather curtly. "Don't you like my flying any more, or is it your waning skill as a mech that's bothering you?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd wear one, in case," Bill said vaguely. "You never know."

"I know this," said Don emphatically. "If you should try a chute jump on a day like this, with a surface wind of about forty miles an hour, you'd be dragged as if an express train were towing you over the roadbed."

Bill Mann climbed into the front cockpit.

"I'm wearing it for ornament and to see how uncomfortable a seat it makes," he declared.

Don Saunders did not answer him. He looked at his watch. It was now twelve minutes since Arngren had passed Renfrew—time for him to be in sight. Don took a long look around. Arngren was not in sight. There was not a ship anywhere in the sky.

DON eased open the throttle. Before they were far out on the field Bill Mann was out of his cockpit and trotting along at the windward wing tip, holding the ship down in the gusts. He anchored one wing when Don turned the ship full into the wind. Then he ran to his cockpit and scrambled aboard.

Don opened the throttle as rapidly as he could without choking the motor. As the wind, in a solid sheet of pressure, swept under the wings he had a queer feeling of drifting backward. But the ship, when it did move ahead, rose into the air as if by some more subtle magic than the power of the motor. Don had never made a take-off like that before. He lost no time in going after altitude.

The air was rough, but not so boisterous as to do much more than jolt the ship. As Don held the plane's nose to the wind he looked down and saw that they were merely crawling forward. It was just like riding over a bumpy, level road in a car with the motor in low gear—there was plenty of noise and motion but not much speed.

For thirty seconds or more Don searched the air for a sight of the mail ship. He saw nothing. Bill Mann, in the forward cockpit, was looking just as keenly and as fruitlessly. Don continued to head eastward.

Bill Mann, in the

(Continued on page 54)

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## Friendly Talks With the Editor

### Long Live ST. NICHOLAS

OUR old but ever youthful friend ST. NICHOLAS has recently been purchased by the Scholastic Publishing Company of Pittsburgh, publishers of the SCHOLASTIC, well known and highly useful national high school magazine. ST. NICHOLAS was sold by the Century Company, who have published it since 1881. It has passed from good hands into other good hands. Long may it live! Founded in 1873, it has passed in its pages over fifty years of keen pleasure and profit. Many famous writers have helped in this. Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Stories" were written for ST. NICHOLAS; Alfred Lord Tennyson contributed poetry, and so did Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Christina Rossetti; Louisa May Alcott wrote four serials and numerous short stories; Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer Abroad" was written as a serial for ST. NICHOLAS; and there was work by Robert Louis Stevenson, Bret Harte, Joel Chandler Harris, and Jack London. The Scholastic Publishing Company will carry on the magazine under the same widely loved name, and will continue all of its fine traditional features. The good work goes on. Again we say: Long live ST. NICHOLAS!

### In Memoriam

IT is right that in the heart of the quiet green village, the fast-growing town, or the hurrying city should stand our bronze or marble tribute to those who died in the Great War. It is right that in this month of May we should wind through the streets in long processions, going to lay before that bronze or marble our memorial roses. But it is not right if we let gleaming marble, marching men, or memorial roses make us think of war as a glorious adventure. War is savage lust and cold killing.

### A Soldier Asks Why

WE wonder about a lot of things, and the latest attack was brought on by a book we were reading the other day. The book is one you've heard about—"All Quiet on the Western Front," by a young German soldier, Erich Maria Remarque. It's a war book, and it paints war in all the ugly colors there are. There is very little that's pretty about this book, which is as it should be, for there's practically nothing we can think of that's pretty about war. We can't honestly say that we enjoyed reading it, if enjoyment means pleasurable thrills and cheerfulness and a kind of warm, contented glow—but we couldn't lay it down! Young Herr Remarque showed us war as it looked to some fifteen million men—the men in the trenches; he sketched it in all the cold horror, the nasty realism that war really is. A splendid, powerful, trenchant tale, this "All Quiet on the Western Front." And it made us wonder, as do the young infantrymen it tells about:

what is it all about? Why do nations occasionally fall into the savagery of wholesale killing? Ambition, desire to grow, lust for power—those are answers. But when our corner grocer wanted to put in another store on a different corner—he's a grocer who has lifted lots of apple barrels, and he's husky—he didn't go to the owner of the corner, sock him in the nose and try to take the lot. He met him in a lawyer's office, and they signed papers that did the business speedily, efficiently and without black eyes.

### Quaint

SINCE we have been all jumbled up with inventions and marvels we have got used to the happening of quaint things in this world. Not long ago Admiral Byrd spoke over the radio from New Zealand. He spoke on Wednesday, but we in New York heard him on Tuesday—a whole day before he spoke at all. Just sounds silly, doesn't it, but nobody knows where such things may lead. The first you know somebody will invent a device so that we can watch and listen to an event that happened a thousand years ago—or maybe one that's going to happen two thousand years from now. Well, perhaps not quite that. But you can't surprise us by springing something wonderful and impossible. We're expecting some of you alert inventive on-coming fellows to do it.

### Militant Toleration

WE heard an unusual tribute the other day. One man said admiringly of another: "He has more genuine toleration than anyone else I know, and it's a militant toleration, too." This is what we got out of it—that the fine militantly tolerant man not only doesn't ride roughshod over other people's lives and ideas, but he refuses to sit by quietly if his friends or associates start to ride roughshod over someone.

### At the Finish

DO you go off your mark like a flash and then come lagging in at the end of the half mile? Do you start to learn a smashing forehand stroke and then stop before you're anything like a whiz at it? Do

your classroom grades begin to go downhill in May? Do you slip up half the basement and let the rest go? If you do, it's too bad. You may be the best starter in the world, but if you sag at the finish you're going to be that sad thing known as a flop.

### Speeding and Speeding

FOR a mild chuckle, we refer you to the case of Sir Henry Segrave, expert captain behind the wheel of an automobile. In March, 1929, down at Daytona Beach in Florida, he made an average speed of 231 miles an hour—and got himself knighted by his king. In March, 1930, on a pleasant road in England, he made an average speed of 45 miles an hour—and got himself fined five pounds sterling. Knighted for speeding one year and fined the next! There's a good grin there, but it's likely to turn thoughtful on you. You get to thinking that a lot of things are like that, all right at one time but all wrong at another. You can't go speeding through this world regardless.

### Pleasure

WE are intimately acquainted with a man who went South for two months' vacation. Every morning he took a golf lesson. Then he practiced until noon. Then he played eighteen holes of golf. We have never seen any human being labor harder or more earnestly or more seriously in our lives. It was grim labor and just as fatiguing as if he had dug in a ditch. But he came home the other day saying it was the finest vacation he ever had had. The question now again arises: what is work and what is play?

### Selection

YOU can't have everything there is to have in this world. You can't do everything there is to do. What you make of yourself—whether you turn out a failure, a mild success, or an outstanding success—depends upon your powers of selection. You can have just about so much; you can do just about so much. But you can't have everything; you can't do everything. Can you select with discrimination? Right now, if you haven't already begun, is the time to begin to develop your powers of selection.

### Drifters

THERE are three classes of people in the world: drifters, casual selectors, and intelligent selectors. The drifter takes what comes along; he doesn't shape his life—he leaves it to luck. He's often likable, but he isn't permanently interesting because he isn't going anywhere. That's about all there is to say about him.

### Casual Selectors

THE casual selector has spells of using his head. He picks his course part of the time, but he veers with the wind, and he's likely to drift without realizing it. He may get there and he may not. When he doesn't get there, he's likely to feel abused. He thinks he has made careful decisions all along; he doesn't realize that part of the time he hasn't selected what he'll have and what he'll do.

### Intelligent Selectors

THE intelligent selector keeps on the job. Doesn't slump. Makes his discriminating selections every day of his life. Makes his mistakes too, of course. But doesn't make them twice. He knows where he's going, and he's on his way. He decides that he'll have this and he'll do that, but he won't bother with this other thing and he hasn't time to do just what the other fellow is doing. It isn't perhaps that he doesn't want to do it, and he may see that it's worth while for the other fellow. But it isn't worth while for him. So he passes it by and selects something else. Forging ahead! He knows where he's going—and he gets there.

# THE SOLDIER



By Rupert Brooke

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,

A pulse in the eternal mind, no less

Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;

And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

From the Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke,  
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## A Story for Memorial Day

"Go find Dan!"  
he commanded,  
pointing away  
across the angry  
narrows.



# The Newfoundland

By Ben East

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

**YOUNG BRUCE**—Bruce the Second—was looking out of a friendly pair of brown eyes upon a world that within five minutes he was destined never to see again, when Pap Duncan first noticed him.

Pap had not missed an annual encampment of the Grand Army for sixty-one years. Which is to say, he had never missed any at all. And sixty of the three score and one reunions of the blue-clad veterans, he had attended in company with his dog.

Not, of course, the same dog. Usually Pap would bring the same dog to about a decade of encampments—the same dog and the same tales of the fishing fleet. With passing years the canine friend would grow more sober of mind, less agile of body, and finally Pap would appear with a new dog.

Of them all, Black Bruce—Bruce the First—had endured the longest. Sixteen times Pap had brought him on the annual pilgrimage, leading him as a puppy of six months when the survivors of the Union Army met for the first time. At Black Bruce's last encampment, over forty years before, he had been so infirm with age that he could not rise by himself when he had lain in a sunny spot at Pap's feet.

Pap and his dog had come to be familiar figures at the encampments as the years passed and the marching line of Grand Army men grew shorter.

"Hello, Pap," they invariably greeted him at headquarters. "What dog this year?"

And this time, at the sixty-first reunion, Pap had had to say, in a gruff voice, "Ain't got no dog. Couldn't be bothered with a dog in a crowd like this."

He felt weary and disheartened with the whole affair. The encampment was not the same. Even the rattling tattoo of snare drums, beat upon by gnarled old hands that had once sounded "Charge," no longer quickened his pulse.

Last year, he reflected as he waited in a convenient doorway for the three surviving men of his regiment who had marched with him last year in the long, slow parade, he had had Jerry. Jerry was only five. He

should have been good for five more years at least. That was as long, mayhap, as Pap would want a dog—or longer.

But a dog had to have sense to get along these days. Couldn't rush out in front of a stream of cars just to sniff noses with another dog. Jerry wasn't used to traffic, Pap reflected. He'd just got him trained to dance to the flute, too. Oh, well—

**THEN** Pap started thinking of Black Bruce. He was thinking of Black Bruce a lot lately, it seemed. Been twenty years—yes, thirty—since he'd seen a Newfoundland of any sort. And there never would be another dog like them, big and black and gentle, and loving the water with all their honest hearts. Oh, well—

A bugle shrilled clearly and the head of the parade began to move out. Pap suddenly realized that the other three of his regiment were not coming this year.

The route of the parade was long and the sun blistering hot on the pavements. Pap was glad when they were past the reviewing stand. After the thin blue line had been disbanded, he went slowly on down the street, faded old hat in hand, mopping his forehead with a big blue handkerchief. He thought longingly of the coolness of his island home. "Like to get just one puff of wind from across the narrows," he reflected.

On the shaded side of the street, just in front of the municipal building, he found a convenient bench and sat down. He closed his eyes to rest them from the white glare of the noonday sun for just a minute, and when he opened them there was Black Bruce, no more than three paces away, staring straight at him.

The same sober brown eyes that hid so much of puppy foolishness; the same overgrown clumsiness; the identical big feet and heavy awkward legs; even the same thick coat of night-black curly hair. Why surely it was Black Bruce, just as Pap had led him to the first encampment, sixty-one years ago.

He stared at the dog, and the dog looked steadily

back at him, wagging his big black tail with a marked show of interest. He followed in complete and friendly confidence the blue-coated officer who led him on a slackened length of frayed rope by way of leash. Of collar he had no trace; wherefore the rope was knotted loosely about his neck.

"Where you takin' him, young feller?" Pap questioned the police officer.

That individual halted, grinning, and the dog stopped beside him, searching Pap's face with much gravity.

"Gas oven," the officer said. "Pshaw, now, that's too bad," Pap mused. "He's a likely lookin' sort of dog. Newfoundland, ain't he?"

The officer laughed and shook his head. "Just dog I guess," he replied. "I picked him up out in the north end. In the foreign quarter. He ain't got no license."

"He ain't?" from Pap. "Now that's too bad. Likely lookin' Newfoundland, too."

**THE** officer grinned broadly. "Don't want to buy him, do you, Uncle?" he queried. He had no special liking for the task at hand. The dog had followed him on a slack rope all the way down town.

"Well, now I might," Pap said gravely. "What's he to cost?"

"Just the price of a license," the dog catcher told him. "Two-fifty."

"Now I don't believe I got quite that much," Pap admitted. "I—I," he faltered, looking foolish—"some of the boys got to playin' a little poker last night. Then I bought my ticket home this mornin'. I got eighty-five cents." This last hopefully.

"Keep it," the officer advised him good-naturedly, tendering Pap the end of the frayed rope. "But don't let him get away from you while you're in town, or it'll be all up with him."

"Leavin' in the mornin'," Pap announced joyously. "Young Bruce and me both!"

Dan and Martha Duncan laughed long and heartily at Pap when he solemnly declared Young Bruce

to be a Newfoundland, pure bred as his predecessor, Black Bruce, had been.

"Just dog," Dan declared, after the fashion of the doubting policeman. "Big and clumsy, but just dog."

"And I don't see what you want of him, Pap," Dan's wife protested. "A dog's a sight of bother, and you have enough work to do for yourself."

Pap deigned no reply to that. "You don't remember Black Bruce," he accused Dan, "as he was when I took him to our first encampment. You wasn't born until the next spring. This dog is the livin' picture of him!"

And when they still laughed, in that tolerant amused fashion that Pap resented so, he strode out of the house in a fit of temporary disgust, stumped down the beach to the dock, and in his twenty-foot open tug proceeded without further argument to transport Young Bruce across White Point Narrows, to his new domain.

When the tug came within a hundred feet of shore, Young Bruce grew impatient to reach that domain. He plunged over the bow and proceeded landward in his own fashion, swimming strongly and steadily.

Thus it was that he came to Fox Island, free and unaided from the water as a Newfoundland should come, and went racing up the sandy beach toward Pap's house.

Pap chuckled as he watched the young dog shake the water joyously from his heavy black coat. "Just dog, eh?" he addressed the low whitecaps that were curling listlessly along the beach. "Maybe I don't know a Newfoundland when I see one!"

Fifty yards below the weathered house Young Bruce halted in the shade of a tall spruce and stood for a minute, sharply etched against a big red boulder that lay close to the tree. He could not know it, but there Pap Duncan had buried Black Bruce, just four and a half decades before. Pap's faded old eyes were suddenly misty. The memory of a good dog lives long. "Just dog," he muttered scornfully. "We'll see!"

Pap lived alone on Fox Island by choice, and in the face of constant protest from Dan and Martha. He had come here with his father as a lad of twelve, in the days when wood-burning steamers were new on the lakes, and the craft of the fishing fleets were Mackinaw boats, trim and swift with their white sails, and staunch-hearted to brave all weather.

Pap fished no more, but gill nets still hung on pegs along the side of his weathered house, and bits of fishing gear were strewn about the shed above the dock. The nets were Dan's, and Pap mended them, making deft use of the hand hewn bobbin wound with linen twine.

To the pleas of Dan and Martha that he come to the mainland and live with them, Pap turned a deaf ear. He was still sound of body and mind, and this was home to him. Fox Island lay only three miles out, across White Point Narrows—a stone's throw, Pap called it.

On sunny days it was little more than that, for three miles of blue water, with small sun-gilded waves, is a short run in a tug. But when autumn gales roared down past Namaycush Point and gray mountains of water heaped high and broke thunderously on Fox Bar at the island's head, then the Narrows were a different matter indeed.

Such weather Pap stayed on the island, sitting by the fire in the kitchen of his weathered house, sometimes for days on end, till Dan came out when the gale was past, to see how he had fared. Small wonder Pap wanted a dog.

ALL the balance of the summer, while Young Bruce added firm flesh to his youthful frame and acquainted himself with Fox Island to the last intimate detail, he was still the subject of good-humored bickering between Dan and Martha on one side and Pap on the other.

As the young dog grew the old man became more and more convinced that here was a pure bred Newfoundland, survivor of a disappearing canine clan, preserved in some unknown fashion with untainted blood, while for a score of years his kind had declined in popularity and grown rare.

As for Martha and Dan, they could see in the big, gamboling, clumsy youngster little evidence of breeding of one kind or another, and to them he stood as a definite barrier to their hope of bringing Pap off the island before winter set in. If Pap were entirely alone, without even a dog, he might be glad to yield to their wishes. Granted the companionship of Young Bruce, however, he would in all likelihood remain obstinately content with his solitary life.

As Young Bruce became accustomed to his new home his love for water developed. Much of the time while Pap sat in the sun on a bench before his shed, mending gill nets, the dog romped in the shoal water along the beach. If they walked together up or down the island and a short cut was to be had by swimming some narrow cove, Bruce invariably took it.

When Pap took him in his open tug to the main-

land, the dog never stayed aboard until the boat came to the dock. When they were a hundred yards out Pap would wave him overboard with the command, "Go find Dan—and tell him you're a Newfoundland!"

Bruce would plunge over the bows and strike strongly out for shore, his black head disappearing at times under a smother of white spray where the low breakers curled and broke, but always emerging un-daunted, breasting his way ahead.

Pap was wont to shut off the engine and drift while the dog made shore unaided, chuckling gleefully to himself as Bruce raced up the beach in search of Dan. "Tell him you're a Newfoundland!" the old man would shout delightedly across the water.

It became a game they played, and Pap's delight increased at each new evidence of the dog's agility in the water. He increased the distance at which the command "Go find Dan!" was given until Bruce was leaving the tug a quarter mile or more offshore.

In the face of all evidence, however, Dan remained obdurate. Here was just an ordinary young dog that chanced to be at home off land. Nothing strange about it, and no indication of a special breed.

He and Martha still felt that Young Bruce was the chief obstacle in the way of coaxing Pap ashore to live with them and as long as that situation remained unchanged they were willing to concede the dog no special points of honor.

July brought an unusual number of storms along the coast. The fishing fleet lay in harbor days on end, knowing it profitless to venture past the breakwater. Even on clear days high winds harassed the lake.

August was cold, with many nor'easter storms carrying rain, and old men living in the fishing villages shook their heads.

"Them as hauls nets this autumn will earn their catch," they avowed. "Twill be no fall for fishin'. There'll be few spawn fish took this season."

WHEN autumn gales struck in October more than a fortnight ahead of their usual time, the old fishermen were not surprised. Cold weather came with the storm, and snow lay deep on the beach by the end of the month. Nets froze for they were lifted and all gear became clumsy with ice. 'Twas indeed no fall for fishing.

In the face of such weather, threatening at any time to close the narrows with a drifting ice pack that neither boat nor sled could battle through, Pap succumbed at last to the arguments of Dan and Martha. It was arranged that he should go to the mainland to live with them, at least for the winter, two weeks before Thanksgiving. Young Bruce was, of course, to go along.

But on the day set for their going the second storm

within a week swept down the coast, churning White Point Narrows into a seething cauldron of choppy, high heaped waves, gray mountains of vicious water with white frothy crests flattened by the fury of the wind.

Pap sat in the kitchen of the weathered gray house all that forenoon and moped. Gill nets, spread out for mending, lay neglected on the floor. At intervals Pap took up the tangled nets, searched out the broken meshes and resumed work with the hand hewn bobbin, but only in a slow indifferent fashion, and each time after a few brief minutes he let the nets fall again, kicked them aside in a snarled heap.

Even Young Bruce, curled at his feet or roving restlessly about the room, could not divert him. This was Pap's last day on Fox Island, and he knew it. It was all very well to talk about coming back in the spring, but once on the mainland with Dan and Martha he would be argued out of that. He looked about the kitchen, stared down at the heap of torn nets and swore softly. Seventy-five years—three quarters of a century—and this was the last day. A man couldn't even live where he pleased any more!

HE became aware finally that it was past dinner time and they had not yet eaten. He arose and moved toward the stove. Young Bruce, standing by a window staring steadfastly out into the storm, arrested his attention.

"It's a-gettin' worse, ain't it, Bruce?" Pap commented, listening to the shriek of wind outside, the roar of thwarted water from the beach and the pelting of sleet and rain against the side of the house.

Young Bruce wagged his heavy black tail in response, but did not look at Pap. Something in the steadiness of his gaze drew the old man to the window beside him.

The kitchen was at the back of the house, shielded on the north side by a clump of spruce trees. Here on the west, however, it looked out across the backbone of the island, down the quarter mile slope of the farther beach and straight on into the open lake.

A half mile out Pap could discern something drifting. It was only a dim, misty something, seen fitfully through the wind-driven sheets of rain, but it was there, where no drifting object had any cause to be in such a gale as this.

Rain sluiced down the window, blurring his vision, and Pap dropped to his knees beside the dog, pushing up the sash to give him clearer sight. Young Bruce whined softly without turning his head.

As Pap stared at the drifting object through the storm it slowly took shape, turned to a gray wraith of a fishing boat. At times it was no more than a blur, seen vaguely in the rain. Often it dropped behind tall ridges of water and was gone entirely, long uncertain seconds at a time. Then it was flung high, poised dizzily on a frothy peak, and in one such minute as that the wind blew a clear lane through the sleet long enough for Pap to see plainly from her paint and cabin what craft she was.

The Polly Lee, from the mainland. Thirty-five feet, decked over, and gas driven. But from the way she rolled Pap knew her engine was dead now. Sailed by the Boyle brothers, both married and with children. Caught out at her nets by the gale. And twelve miles away to leeward Namaycush shoals were waiting for her, if she rode out the gale that far.

Pap rose from the window and went out the kitchen door and around the house to the front, where the full fury of the nor'easter struck him in the face.

The mainland, across the narrows, was lost in the gray haze of the storm. Not even a line showed across the angry channel. No chance that they might see the Polly Lee from the coast guard station, and no chance that Pap might signal them from the island.

He went back into the kitchen, donned hip boots and slicker. Then he stumped down to his dock, buffeted by the wind, with Young Bruce trailing at his heels, and set about launching his twenty-foot open tug. He was grim-lipped and silent as the engine coughed, took hold, and settled to a steady sputtering.

The north point of the island gave some shelter here. The water at the foot of the dock was rough but not mad. Pap said no word when Young Bruce jumped down into the tug, took his accustomed place forward of the engine.

The tug came sharply about and headed for the fury of open water beyond the lee of the point. She rose on the first wave, climbing the long smooth slope, hung at the top as though clutching for something solid beneath her keel, and pitched steeply down. Three times this was repeated but the third wave was choppy and broken and the tug lurched, swung halfway around, plunged into the trough and caught the next mountain of water broadside.

Pap leaped clear as the boat rolled over, and came up through a swirling mill race of water, numbly cold. He had swamped within three hundred feet of shore.

(Continued on page 52)

"Wild  
Flower!"



That's what they called Bill Wingate when he threw a ball four feet over the catcher's head. But the boy from Hog Back just grinned. You'll fall for Bill's grin, in Stephen W. Meader's baseball story—

"Crooked Arm"

NEXT MONTH



## Billy Takes a Lesson in Dollar for Dollar Values

**Billy (entering Buick showroom):** Well, I've got another question. I just heard Mr. Gray, over in the grocery, tell a man that Buick and Marquette cars are the greatest values in the market. I've heard a dozen people say the same thing. What I'm wondering is how this can be when there are so many cars that cost *more*. Isn't the value of a thing its price?

**Buick Dealer:** I see what you're driving at, Billy. Price *is* one of the meanings of value, but when people talk about Buick-Marquette value they have a much bigger thing in mind. They use "Value" to mean the *return* you get for your money.

**Billy:** I don't get you yet.

**Buick Dealer:** Well, suppose you are trying to decide between two cars. Say that one of them is a Buick, and the other a car costing five or six hundred dollars more. Now, you know from looking at other cars and driving them that there's nothing within hundreds of dollars of its price to compare with Buick—in style, in performance, in safety, in comfort, or in all-round reliability.

**Billy:** Do you mean that "value" is the same as quality? That fits in pretty well, because Buick does lead in quality!

**Buick Dealer:** Wait a minute, Billy. There's more to it than that. Value means quality all right—but quality in relation to price. The finest quality article is not always the greatest value; and the article of lower quality is not always an inferior value. It all depends on what you *get* for what you *pay*.

**Billy:** What do you go by, then? How do you tell what's value and what isn't?

**Buick Dealer:** Let's go back to those two cars. On the one hand you have a Buick, costing about \$1200, and on the other hand a car—any one of half a dozen makes—costing several hundred dollars more, but no better than Buick in all those

things you want when buying an automobile. Take each car and balance what you *get* against what you *pay*. Which one do you buy?

**Billy:** Buick, of course! . . . You get more for your money. More beauty, more comfort, more performance, longer life, for every dollar you spend!

**Buick Dealer:** That's it, Billy! That's the very point! That's what Mr. Gray meant, and what other people mean when they say that Buick and Marquette are the greatest values in their fields. They *are* the greatest values, because tremendous public demand enables Buick to build more economically and to give *highest quality in relation to price*.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN  
Division of General Motors  
 Canadian Factories Corporation Builders of  
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# BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



## "QUICK AS A WINK"

says "Buster" Collins

"If you fellows want to get a real kick out of your three squares a day... jes' tickle up your 'ivories' with Colgate's. You've no idea how much better the good ol' grub tastes when your teeth are clean!"

Say... it only takes a minute, why it's a cinch, any feller can do it. Brushin' your teeth is no trouble at all... with Colgate's.

"Cleanliness starts with the teeth," says Buster, 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 Buster... 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.



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 Gentlemen:  
 Please send me free, a generous trial tube of Colgate's—the dentifrice coaches advise  
 Name.....  
 Address.....

# Our Private Island *For Dogs, Horses, and Other People*

By Larry Trimble, Trainer of Strongheart

I'VE always wanted lots and all sorts of animals: moose, mink, muskrats, bears, deer, skunks, lynx, foxes, wolves, wolverines and whatnot—these in addition to horses, dogs, and other four-footed friends long domesticated. At one time I did have a pack of more than twenty wolves, five skunks, a black bear and a brown one, a pair of raccoons, and three kit foxes.

But experience taught me there was no use going on collecting more wild folk unless I could find the right place to keep them. I dreamed of that place, a wonderful place where each kind of wild animal would have a little world of his own, a bit of native environment with enough room to make for contentment. I wanted to live on intimate terms with all these animals so that I could really know about them and how they carry on the business of living in the natural state. What I learned from wolves, and I lived almost constantly with them, day and night, under nearly ideal conditions, made me keener than ever to live with other animals.

Another thing I wanted was a partner to help in collecting these citizens of the wild and to share the fun of living with them.

Well, I found that partner, and right off the bat my partner found the place for animals. It is even better than I dreamed because it is an island, one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River. And we, Troy my partner, my daughter Janet—Jan for short—and I, have been living right here on the spot for several months now.

This island, a tiny continent of less than a hundred acres, is about evenly divided into field and forest. Real forest too, not just ordinary woodland. No ax has interfered with its natural growth for well over a century. It has more than thirty kinds of trees and jungle-wild vistas, bits of almost primal wilderness.

Across from "the Foot" or down

stream end of this island, is the cosy little town of Gananoque, less than a mile away on Canada's side of the river. At the Foot is a marsh, and in it a cosy village of eighteen houses, the homes of muskrats, built of reeds and rushes. We were all excited when we discovered these very early settlers still living here.

Every spring and autumn, wild fowl visit the marsh—geese, ducks, and occasionally a pair of black swans. Bittern, blue heron, and others of the crane family may be seen wading and fishing in the marsh any day between the "spring break-up," when ice leaves the river, and "freeze-up time."

Partridges live on the island the year round. And oodles of rabbits. They attract owls, who find them easy pickings. You should hear the owls at night, especially when a change in the weather is due—they always complain about it bitterly.

There are black squirrels, scores of them, handsome active fellows, and quite a lot of gray squirrels, big and fat and lazy. The blacks and grays are very friendly. Sometimes they crossbreed,



Up in the Canadian Rockies—right to left, Larry Trimble, Strongheart, two sons of Strongheart, and Phil Chandler, assistant in making Strongheart pictures.



Larry Trimble and five of Strongheart's descendants.

giving their offspring the oddest markings, in strikingly beautiful fur costumes. Red squirrels, I'm glad to say, are few. One pair would be too many, unless they were shut up in a tight cage. The reds are vicious as weasels and forever making war on the blacks and grays. Two of these red rascals chased a young black right into this house a few days ago and would

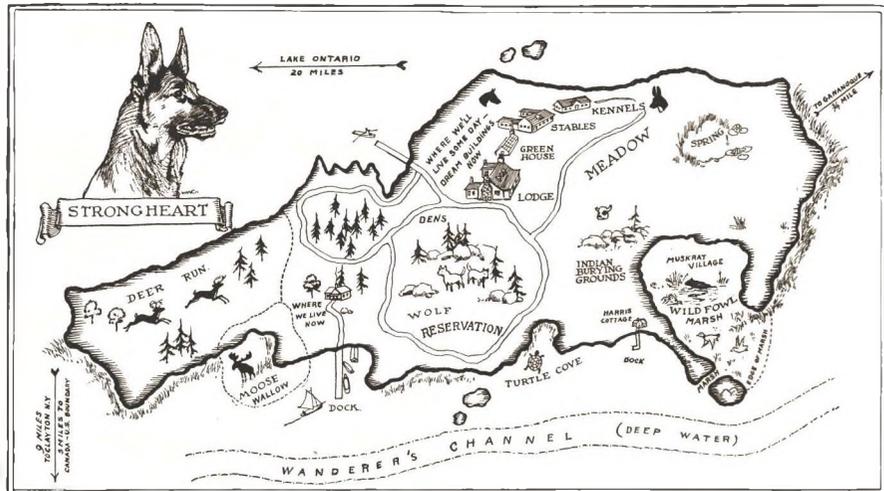
have killed him if Troy and Jan and I hadn't been here.

Troy suggests catching these murderers in box-traps and then exiling them. We could turn them loose on one of those islands where already the blacks and grays have been killed off by their red relatives.

You'll be hearing a lot about this partner of mine. Troy is her kennel name. All her friends call her that. Her business is writing and she signs Helen Woolcot Woolley to her stories and articles.

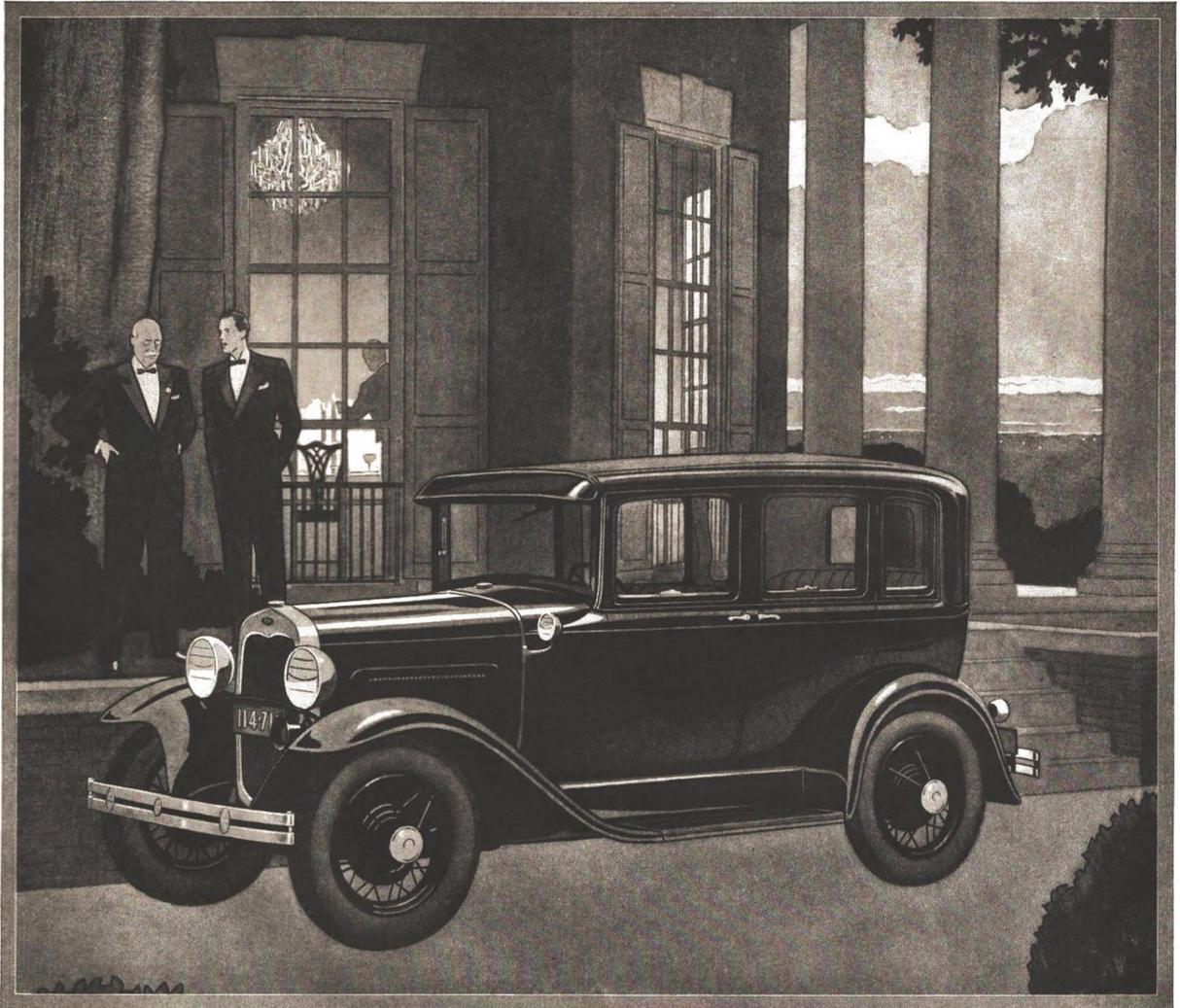
Up to now, Troy has been busy with dogs and horses. But she'll have plenty to tell about other animals by the time we have collected our fine wild family. It will be no puny adventure to go by canoe up into the muskeg country, the swampy spring and summer haunts of

(Continued on page 30)



Want to explore Larry Trimble's island in the St. Lawrence? Here's your map.

## Beauty of line and mechanical excellence

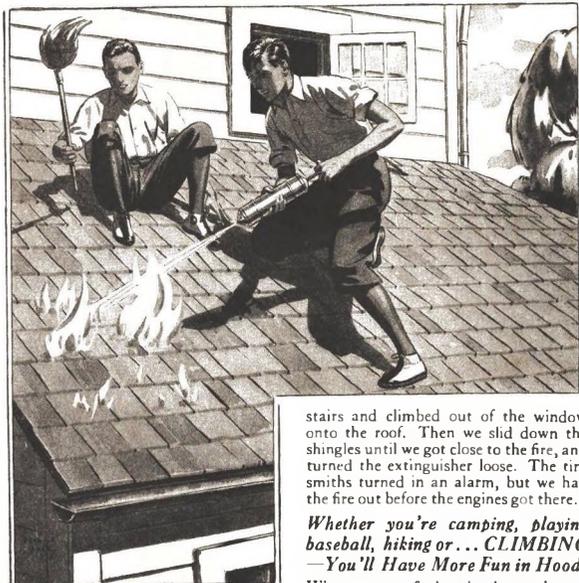


THE NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

BEAUTY has been built into the graceful and flowing lines of the new Ford and there is an appealing charm in its fresh and varied harmony of color. Yet more distinctive even than this beauty of line and color is its alert and sprightly performance. As days go by, you will find that it becomes more and more your favorite car to drive—so responsive, so easy to handle, so safe and comfortable that it puts a new joy in motoring. “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “

The city dweller—the farmer—the industrial worker—the owner of the spacious two-car garage in the suburbs—to all of these it brings a new measure of reliable, economical service. Craftsmanship has been put into mass production. Today, more than ever, the new Ford is “a value far above the price.” “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “

“They turned in an alarm, but . . . we had it out before the Fire Department got there”



stairs and climbed out of the window onto the roof. Then we slid down the shingles until we got close to the fire, and turned the extinguisher loose. The tinsmiths turned in an alarm, but we had the fire out before the engines got there.”

**Whether you're camping, playing baseball, hiking or . . . CLIMBING — You'll Have More Fun in Hoods**

Wherever you find active boys who are doing interesting things you'll find boys who like Hoods. They wear Hoods because Hoods are good looking, because they are so comfortable, and because they are built on real athletic lasts.

Sturdy canvas uppers and a special narrow shank give support to ankles and arches. "Hygeen" insoles that absorb unpleasant perspiration odors add to your comfort. Smokrepe, Tire Tread, and Moulded pattern soles give you a firm grip on the ground and stand the hardest sort of wear.

Don't buy ordinary "sneaks" or cheap canvas shoes which are certain to give you very little wear. Buy the better grade Hoods which will wear longer, look better and give you greater satisfaction. Buy Hoods for

**COMFORT, HEALTH, WEAR AND STYLE**

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.,  
Watertown, Massachusetts



Write Hood Rubber Company, Inc., Watertown, Massachusetts, for the Hood Book on Indoor and Outdoor Sports.



**THE REDMAN** A real sport shoe for active boys. Tan or white canvas uppers of long wearing army duck with brown sport trim and wing tip comfort toe. Heavy, ground-gripping, cut-out pattern sole and ribbed toe guard. Has the famous Hood "Hygeen" insole.

Have More Fun in Hoods

**HOOD MAKES CANVAS SHOES · RUBBER FOOTWEAR · TIRES  
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS · RUBBER FLOOR TILING**

(Continued from page 28)

Mr. and Mrs. Moose, and from under the parents' enormous noses, shanghai a pair of moose children. And it will be something to write about, getting two of these infant giants back here to live happily in a bit of thicket and forest edging a cove that naturally suggests the name of Moose Wallow.

To the light-footed deer tribe, Deer Run will be just as satisfactory as the Marsh is to the muskrats and the hickory grove to the squirrels. Deer Run combines forest with meadow and includes a private cove, protected from snooping strangers in boats by a thick hedge of reeds and rushes that extends for rods out from the shore.

OUR wolves will have a grand location. They have been assigned a little hill with huge rocks where they may build either plain or fancy dens according to taste. They'll also have lots of big trees for shade, and a tangle of brush to hide in when they decide not to be at home to callers. And they're to have an open glade where they may sleep in the sun and by moonlight play the games that happy wolves delight in.

I've seen wolves holding regular tournaments, trials of speed and strength. By playing at fighting they take each other's measure and everyone knows which is the head man and so on down the line. Wolves rarely do any serious fighting within the pack—that is, the males don't, though one never knows for what real or fancied slight a female wolf may start to murder her best girl friend.

Give a male wolf something smelly to roll in—say, a very dead fish—and he feels all dressed up and ready for a party. A dozen wolves perfumed to their liking will throw a real party, and do amazing dances—folk dances, perhaps, dating back a couple of million years or more.

It will be a real job to fence properly the reservations of all these animals who are to be our permanent guests, for bears climb, deer jump over, wolves dig under, and moose crash through. The fencing must be right, in order that our guests may be safe and feel safe while living so near each other.

"But," people say to me, "won't wild animals, natural roamers, feel like prisoners if they're confined to a given area, regardless of its size?"

The answer is that wild animals are not great travelers from choice. Deer, for instance, drink from a favorite spring, day in and day out, for months or even for years. All animals who are vegetarians stick as close as possible to their favorite watering place. They like to sleep in the same place, too, just as most human beings prefer a familiar bed. Nothing but a shortage of food or too many dangerous enemies will start them roaming.

Meat-eating animals as a rule keep to a definite route, just as a trapper regularly follows his trap line. Wolves who kill sheep here to-night and make the next raid miles distant have learned that trick to outwit their relentless enemy, man. Wolves follow herds of migrating caribou for the selfsame reason that caribou journey hundreds and even thousands of miles in a year, from feeding ground to feeding ground. Always it is a question of getting bigger and better dinners when wild animals and wild fowl migrate.

Among wild animals there are practically no wild women; only bachelors go rampaging about the country, and they go for the sole purpose of finding mates.

Our permanent wild-animal guests will be happy and content in their reservations here on the island, for they will have all they want of their favorite food and a good safe homey place to live.

There will be no disgruntled bachelors or mischief-making old maids—Noah avoided a bushel of bother on the Ark by seeing to it that the animals

went aboard two by two, a pair of each kind.

Speaking of trouble, I have found that a sure way to pile it up is to try keeping wild animals near human neighbors. But here on the island bears may roar, moose bellow, wolves howl, and lynx screech all they jolly well please. There's nobody living on the island for the animals to trouble; better still, nobody to trouble the animals.

So when I say that Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harris with their daughter Helen are living down at the Foot, near the marsh, you'll understand that the Harris don't rate as mere neighbors; they belong to our gang, to the clan of animal lovers. This island has been home to them for some fifteen years—ever since Helen was a pup. And she is still "Pup" to her friends.

You will be hearing quite often about Pup Harris, and about her dad, whose nickname is Abbie and has been ever since he was old enough to dig bait. And does he know his river! If fish could hear better, I believe he could whistle them right up onto the shore—sturgeon, bass, pike, perch, and even the man-length muskellunge.

Pup Harris' mother is dyed-in-the-wool Scotch—the other kind of Scotch, with a grand Irish sense of humor, and she is generous as sunshine. She is "Tootie," and her pies are poems in pastry. Incidentally her Grandfather Graham and Bobbie Burns were lifelong friends.

Last autumn, just before freeze-up, a pair of eagles appeared, soaring high overhead. We have seen them often since, circling lower and lower above the island, inspecting it. And Walter Staebler, who lives two islands from here, has seen the eagles perching in our pine grove. We hope these golden eagles may come and live with us.

Even yet, after living right on it for months, the feeling comes over me that I shall wake to find the island is only a dream. I felt that way about it just now; but this time I did not need to pinch myself to make sure that things are real. No, I know they're real—five fine reasons for believing it are suddenly growling, oh, so savagely! and tugging at the laces of my boots, as if playing at being a pack of wolves killing a buffalo.

These five lusty rascals are getting on toward two months old and they are double-distilled descendants of Strongheart himself—being both grandchildren and great-grandchildren of his.

Beletzka, the mother of this brood of joyous roughnecks, is Strongheart's daughter—his best daughter because most like him.

Etsel, the father of these baby shepherd dogs, is a double-grandson of Strongheart because Etsel's father and mother, who are half brother and sister, were both sired by Strongheart.

All at once Beletzka's youngsters have stopped playing they are wolves. Very soon they will be squatting in a half circle, gazing up into my face, and getting set to start yapping their heads off: "Food! Food! Food! Hi-yi-yi-yi-yi there! Why-yi-yi-yi! don't you hustle and fetch the eats!"

And from another room in this house, Lady Silver's litter of six, who are a week older than Beletzka's five, will swell the frantic demand: "Oh, yez! Oh, yez! Oh, yez! Yippity-yoppity! Hi-yi! Hipity-hoppity! Grub! Grub! Grub!"

Then I'll not be able to hear myself think, much less write any more for a while. And I had intended telling about Lady Silver and her babies and more about Etsel and also about Gerri and Vali, full brothers of Etsel, who at the age of ten months are amazingly like their illustrious double-grand sire Strongheart. But I suspect I've already written enough for this time. I'll report progress in an early issue.

Listen to those pups!—Soft-pedal it, you yappers. I'm going to get your grub this minute.



## the leader is always *in line!*

The nice old Irish lady who saw her boy in a parade and said: "They're all out of step but Danny" made but one mistake. Danny wasn't the leader.

For a leader makes his own line of march—the others fall in behind him.

It is now four years since Marmon started to lead the straight-eight motor parade. This year Marmon offers four straight-eights—each a leader in its price class.

Sooner or later you are going to decide that a straight-eight is the family car you are proud to borrow. And right then you want to begin to pipe

up for Marmon—the straight-eight with four years' experience.

You'll find that your family, ever favoring time-tested things, will lean towards a straight-eight like Marmon that can point to four years of performance.

See these new straight-eights at the Marmon Show-room—The New Big Eight in the \$3000 field; The New Eight-79 in the \$2000 field; The New Eight-69 in the \$1500 field, and The New Marmon-Roosevelt in the \$1000 field. Or write us direct for literature.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

# M A R M O N



### MARMON FEATURES

Greater roominess—cars that seat families side by side instead of on laps. New exclusive Marmon principle of Double-Dome Combustion which combines the advantages of the L-head and valve-in-head types of engines. Equi-pressure Cable-Link Brakes (no rods—50 less parts). Four great cars to fit any size purse—each one a picture in design, color and fittings—and all cars you would be proud to borrow.

# Here Are Your Contest Rules!

Be Sure You Know Them--National Airplane Model Events Come June 30-July 1

**H**UNDREDS of Airplane Model League of America members are getting ready for the Third National A. M. L. A. Contests to be conducted by THE AMERICAN BOY in Detroit, June 30-July 1—and none of them wants to be in the sad state of one of last year's would-be contestants.

The boy was an expert scale model builder, and he had built a beautiful model of a Waco biplane. But he had a 30-inch wing span—rules call specifically for ships built to a 24-inch scale—and his model could not be entered when it reached Detroit!

Here are the rules for the 1930 events. Be sure you know all of them, so that, when you get to Detroit, you'll be eligible not only for the contests you expect to enter, but also for the banquets, the exhibitions, all the special entertainment being prepared for contestants. You won't want to be ruled out on a minor point, so don't make any errors.

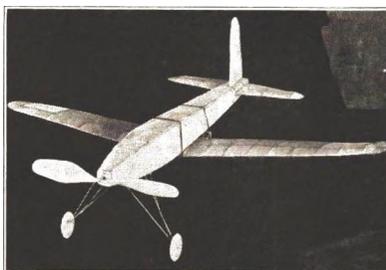
First, remember that all contestants must be members of the A.M.L.A. (a coupon to obtain membership is on this page), and must be less than 21 years old on June 30. If you were born before July 1, 1909, you're too old!

In the Stout indoor contest, the national outdoor contest and the scale model contest there will be two classes. Entrants less than 16 years old will be juniors, others seniors. Identical cash prizes, cups and medals are offered in each class.

All models—indoor, outdoor and scale model—must be built completely by the contestant entering them, with the exception of the propeller bearings and washers used in flying models. Flying models may be either pushers or tractors, and may have one or more motors and propellers. Models which drop any of their parts while in flight will not be permitted.

**M**ODELS in this contest must be rubber-motored and must have a distance between rear hook and propeller bearing no greater than 15 inches. The winner will receive a trip to Europe as well as the Stout Trophy, \$200 in cash, a first place cup and other awards. Most model builders know contest procedure. Each contestant is allowed three official trials, but three unofficial trials (less than 10 seconds) or delayed flights (failure to fly when called) constitute an official trial.

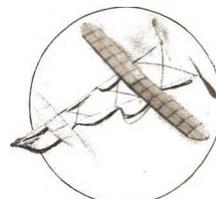
In this contest a model must have a minimum wing area of at least 125 square inches, and must weigh at least one ounce for every 50 square inches. Thus, if the plane has a wing surface of 175 inches, it must weigh 3½ ounces. In no case may it weigh less than 2½ ounces. These rules have been adopted by the National Aeronautic Association to make it impossible for contestants to enter "freak planes" or small models



Most of the flying models are likely to resemble the three shown here—the indoor (left), the fuselage (above) and the outdoor (right). But you may change them any way you please, if you conform to rules!

tainer into which the model fits snugly and without possibility of crushing or rattling. Put the model into this container, and enclose approved plans (as mentioned above) if the model is not built from League plans.

Write to the Scale Model Di-



that are really of the indoor variety. A model must be of the true outdoor type. Like the indoor model, it must be rubber motored. Contest procedure follows that in the Stout contest. Prizes are similar, also, except that the Mulvihill Trophy goes to the contestant under seventeen years of age who makes the best record.

Scale models are non-flying planes built to represent standard big planes. Such a model must have a wing span of exactly 24 inches, and all other parts must be scaled accordingly. If models are not built from plans supplied by the A. M. L. A., they must be accompanied by scale plans which have been approved by the manufacturer of the full-size plane.

Prizes include sixteen silver cups, \$1,000 in cash, fifty bronze medals, special prizes for excellent finish, and other awards. It is expected that judgment on scale models will be completed by the time contestants reach Detroit.

The Stout outdoor fuselage contest is

the new event sponsored—like the indoor contest—by William B. Stout, designer of the Ford tri-motor all-metal transport and president of the League. It is intended to develop models for competition in the international Wakefield Cup contest in England, and is open to any League member under 21. To enter the contest, a model must closely resemble a real airplane, having a built-up fuselage completely enclosing the rubber motor; it must have a double surface wing, and the maximum cross-section of the fuselage must have an area at least equal to the length of the fuselage divided by ten and squared. The March AMERICAN BOY gave details of this contest. Models must rise off the ground. Prizes include a special trophy and \$175 in cash.

**A**LL details of the contests—final plans, reduced railroad fares and so on—will be announced in the June AMERICAN BOY. Model builders wishing to enter the flying events, of course, must come to Detroit. Scale model builders, however, may enter their models without coming to the contests—here is the procedure:

Complete every detail of the model; then make a strong, baggage-proof con-

rector, A. M. L. A., American Boy Building, Second and Lafayette Boulevards, Detroit, Michigan, for an official contest entry blank and other material. This will be sent by return mail. Return it with the \$1 fee for cost of handling and repacking your model, then ship the model, *express prepaid*, to the address above. It must reach headquarters by June 14—models arriving late cannot be considered. It will be necessary to enforce this rule strictly because of the time required for judging models. Models will be returned in their original containers after the contest, express collect.

A number of League members have written to League headquarters asking about the entry of "professionals" in the contests. The League does not recognize a "professional" class; but officials of the contests will follow the policy that no boy who has been so employed as to gain a special advantage in any division of the contests will be permitted to enter that division. Thus a boy who has been employed in an airplane factory will not be allowed to submit a scale model of a plane built by his employers. Every case will be considered strictly as an individual case, on its own merits, and final decision will rest with Griffith Ogden Ellis, AMERICAN BOY editor who is general chairman of the contests, and his assistants.

There are the rules! Be sure you and your models come within all of them—then plan on winning a first prize!

Have you joined the A. M. L. A. yet? Here's a coupon. Give it to a friend if you're already a member.



AIRPLANE MODEL LEAGUE OF AMERICA

AIRPLANE MODEL LEAGUE OF AMERICA  
American Boy Building  
Second and Lafayette Bldgs.  
Detroit, Michigan  
Gentlemen:

I am interested in learning about aeronautics through the building and flying of airplane models. I also wish to become eligible for official national airplane model contests and to enjoy other League privileges. Will you, therefore, please enroll me as a member? I enclose a two-cent stamp for postage on my membership card and button.

Full Name .....

Age .....

Street and Number .....

City..... State.....

**New!**  
Westclox  
**Pocket Ben**

\$1.50



Smaller...  
Thinner...

Modern in Design

...yes, and it has a handsome metal dial, too. And graceful, pierced hands; easy-to-read numerals; antique bow and crown; lustrous nickel finish; pull-out set; non-magnetic hairspring. A remarkably attractive watch; right up-to-date in style.

And most important of all, it is a dependable timekeeper; accurate and trustworthy. A precision-built Westclox; fully guaranteed. \$1.50... or with luminous dial that tells time in the dark... \$2.25.

Built by the makers of  
**Big Ben**

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY  
La Salle, Illinois



True Stories of Stars who were not "born" but "made." No. 3

# This coach cuts 60 men from the squad before they've seen the ball field

**T**HIS happens every year at one of the biggest and oldest colleges in the country: Before they've had any real practice, while they're still working out indoors in the cage, before they've even seen the diamond, the coach often cuts as many as 60 men from the freshman baseball squad of 100.

The reason for it is this; college and prep school coaches can tell a lot about you just by watching you. They know a player, or a man who will *make* a player, by the way he handles himself.

The impression you make on the coach counts more than your past record. If you "look good" to him, he gives you a "break." If you don't, you'll have a hard time proving you *are* good.

Do you know what makes most people look clumsy? Their feet. They're slow-footed, stumbling; they fall all over themselves. Watch a star in almost any sport. His feet move like lightning, yet they never get in his way.

*Learn to handle your feet.* College stars train themselves in footwork. Go into a gym and what do you find—a hefty guard boxing—a stroke oar handballing—a shortstop skipping rope—usually in Keds—the Shoe of Champions.

Keds are the most scientifically built athletic shoe in the world. They have "Feltex" insoles that keep your feet cool and comfortable. Keds' canvas tops are light, but strong.



They give sure support to your ankles. And Keds have specially compounded safety soles that get a firm grip on the ground and prevent slipping and sliding.

You'll "look good" with Keds on, because Keds *help* your footwork.

There are many different styles of Keds. Choose the one that's best suited to you. You can get Keds from the best shoe dealers in town at prices from \$1.00 to \$4.00, according to the type and style you want.

FOOTWORK BUILDS STARS

# Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS

United States  Rubber Company



**Keds "Conquest"**

Made with the popular crepe sole, famous for wear. A special toe cap reinforcement that gives extra protection at point of hardest service. "Feltex" insole.

**Keds "Speed King"**

Scuffing won't faze this Keds with its heavy ribbed toe strip of white rubber. The upper is of suntan duck; the trim, toe cap and arch supporting stay are of tan.



**FREE! 50 pedigreed dogs**

50 pedigreed wire-haired fox terriers and 480 pairs of Keds are the prizes in the national Keds Essay Contest for boys and girls not over 15 years of age. Get your entry blank and details of the contest from your nearest Keds dealer today, or write the Keds Contest Editor, United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

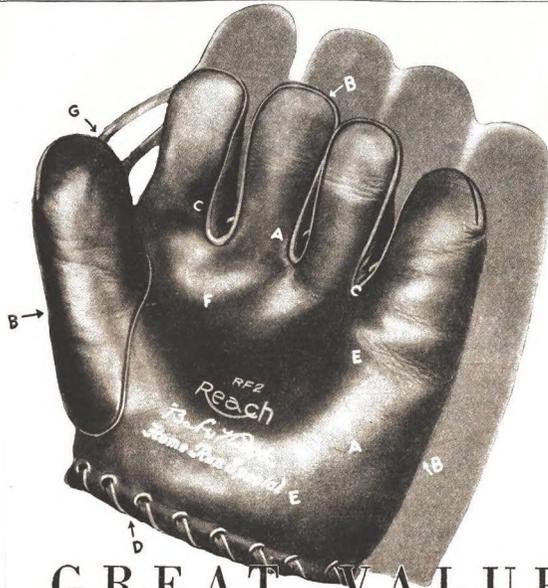
**Keds "Gladiator"**

Here is another lace-to-toe Keds model. Note the sturdy toe and heel construction. Can be bought in the new popular sun tan or in white or brown.



**Keds "Holdfast"**

This light Keds model gives excellent service for the price. Holdfasts come with white or brown uppers and have black trimmings and black corrugated soles. A sturdy low priced shoe.



**A GREAT VALUE  
ONLY \$4.00 FOR THIS  
GRAND BIG LEAGUE GLOVE!**



Designed by Babe Ruth,  
made by Reach

"I sure am glad to have the Reach outfit put my personal signature on every glove in the Babe Ruth line. I'm mighty proud of these gloves, for the Reach people did a swell job of carrying out my ideas, and I recommend every glove in the highest degree."

*Babe Ruth*

CAST your eyes over that picture, fellows. What a glove this is! The greatest of ball players and the greatest manufacturer of baseball equipment combined to produce it.

- A. This glove is made of the finest selection of OIL-TREATED BROWN HORSEHIDE, and lined with soft glove leather. So it bends and gives as easily as your hand.
- B. Note the STRONGLY BOUND EDGES—no give-away here!
- C. The seams are WELTED WITH LEATHER, diverted between the fingers so they just . . . can't . . . rip.
- D. See that LACING AT THE WRIST. That makes it a cinch to open 'er up and adjust the padding any way you want it!

E. And that PADDING is hand-formed, and placed to stay. It won't shift unless you take it out and change it yourself.

F. Look you well at that deep HAND-FORMED POCKET. When a ball socks in the— it sticks for good.

G. See that LACING BETWEEN THUMB and FOREFINGER. There's a ball-trap for you—no fooling grounders through that space!

And that about sums it up, fellows—as much as you can sum it up on paper. But to really appreciate this grand glove, you've got to see it and try it yourself.

Go to the nearest Reach dealer. Try this Babe Ruth glove. Then you'll want to plunk out the amazingly low price of four bucks for this sweet-feeling, sweet-playing piece of baseball satisfaction.

The Reach dealer will show you other Babe Ruth Mitts and Gloves—fielder's gloves, catcher's mitts, baseman's mitts—ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$8.50.

Reach will send you free, a booklet giving many excellent pointers on correct play, also giving a full description of each glove in the Babe Ruth line. Clip the coupon.

© 1930 A. J. R., W & D.

Ever since the American League began

The Reach Official American League Ball has been used in every game played in the American League, and in every World's Series. \$2.00 each.

Another splendid ball value is the Babe Ruth Home Run Special—the liveliest, longest-lasting dollar ball made.



A. B. 5-30

A. J. REACH, WRIGHT & DITSON, INC.

Dept. J., Tulip and Eyre Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, your booklet "Playing Pointers" and your leaflet describing fully every glove in the Babe Ruth Line.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Pirate's Doom

(Continued from page 23)

The ship's lantern had been hit by a ball. We were in the dark! As I realized that, something flashed past me in the darkness, and I shivered, for I felt certain that it was "Rat o' the Main" himself.

Then a scream right near me, and a cry of "Blaise, Blaise!"

"The light, where is the light?" called the Rapier.

I hardly heard, for I knew that something untoward had happened to Jerry. I turned, and stumbled over a prone form.

With that the Rapier ignited a spark and managed to get the shattered lantern aglowing.

Beneath its gleam lay Jerry, pale and lifeless, a knife in his shoulder. In that agonizing second I fancied that he was dead.

A QUICK examination showed that his heart was beating, and hastily the Rapier slung him over his shoulder, and bore him back, with me lighting the way. As we went that fiendish laugh followed us—and we knew that "Rat o' the Main," ever elusive, was still there.

"I'll go first up the ladder," said the Rapier, full of concern for my chum. "You follow—do not go for the Rat alone."

I saw the Rapier climb slowly up and raise the hatch, and I felt the blessed fresh air. But as I commenced to mount more quickly, I felt something else.

It was a rope, thrown by some dexterous hand, that encircled my leg.

"Rapier!" I cried frantically.

No answer came, for he had gone with Jerry, and I was left alone. Desperately I tried to force myself out of the hands that were now clawing at me.

"Blaise Merion—no so fast, not so fast," whispered a voice. "You came to call on 'Rat o' the Main,' and stay you must. Come, little lad—there's a secret I want to know—a secret I must know!"

Then it was that those steel-like hands caught at my throat, as a body pressed close to mine on the ladder. I felt my head reel—and fell into the hold. I was at the mercy of the Rat!

I could feel those hands gripping me, cold and clammy. They were as strong as steel vices, and my struggles availed little.

"Easy, Master Blaise," he murmured, shoving me back against a bale. "See sense, and cease your struggling. You'll not get away from the Rat."

With that, he loosed his hold upon me and unmasked a small lantern that must have hung from his belt. There was the little rascal grinning at me, and with that hungry sword waiting.

"Come, tell me such secrets as you know," he muttered, harshly. "It would pain me greatly if I had to prick you into speaking."

The next moment the point of his sword touched my arm. I drew back, and my steel met his, and forced his sword aside.

"Nay," he reproved. "Don't drive me too far, Master Blaise. I should hate to kill you."

"I have nothing to tell you," I answered, and with that I drove forward at him, and our swords met.

It was a plaguesy bad light to fight in, and on those soft bales the foothold was most precarious. In a trice his rapier ran along mine, he gave a twist, and my sword was wrenched from my grasp. I was disarmed—at his mercy.

The Rat shook his head.

"Why be my enemy when I want you for a friend?" he said. "There's gold at journey's end, Blaise Merion, the greatest treasure in the world. Speak and we can share it, for I'm sure you know Captain Merion's secret. Else had de Sasegnac not spirited you aboard this ship."

I made no answer. If I told him as much as I knew, might he not then kill me and take my sword?

"You won't speak?"

He had bared those yellow fangs, and I could see that he was growing more impatient. All I needed was time. In a little while the Rapier was sure to return.

He pricked me again, and made me wince.

"You'll speak—you shall speak," he said tensely, a prey to an impatience he could scarcely restrain. "Think you that I can remain here all day bandying words with you?"

His eyes were on mine, and he seemed to be searching in my mind as though to read my secret. Then I saw his eyes turn to where my sword lay. I made a movement as though to pick it up, but a sharp pain in my leg told me that his point had touched me. Instantly I blamed myself for too great precipitancy.

"So you would have your sword," he cackled. "I wonder why you would have that, when you know it is useless against my own?"

Something glinted in his eyes, and with a quick movement he bent down, picked up Captain Merion's blade, and greedily examined it beneath the rays of the ship's lantern.

I started forward, nervous and apprehensive. I was terribly afraid lest he should find those numbers that I felt held some strange significance. But even as I moved, I saw those keen orbs concentrate on the numerals. Then his eyes widened and his cackle rose to a scream of triumph!

The sound rang eerily through the hold, and with it came the sound of rushing steps and the roaring of a command. The next instant, blessed daylight was let into this pit.

I saw the Rat for one fleeting instant, and then both he and his lantern vanished. He had gone.

There was something else I was forced to realize as well.

My sword—my heritage—had gone with him, and whither I did not know. Whether or not he had found a meaning in those numbers, that I did not know either.

### Chapter Eight

THAT night the calm broke and the storm fell upon us with a fury that I had not believed possible.

With the crew lying in the scuppers and sprawled about the decks, drunk, and Jerry lying below wounded, there were precious few to handle the ship. The Rapier and I were on deck when the marching whitecaps hit us, and in a moment the ship began to pitch and toss in evil fashion.

De Sasegnac at once became a thing of fury. With a great whip in his right hand, he strode over the deck, laying about him with unrestrained cruelty.

"Up, dogs," he cried, "or by the living sea I'll cast you overboard!"

Sleepy eyes regarded him. I saw Smooch rise unsteadily, and then crash back against the rail, regarding his master with a foolish and moonlike grin.

Then the great onslaught of the towering sea burst upon us and broke over us and pitched and tossed us as though we had been a ball. I saw the mast lean down to meet the waves, and I had to cling on for grim life.

De Sasegnac raced to the wheel and tried to bring his craft into the wind but the task was too great for his arms, and he knew it.

The Rapier ran to aid him, but the wheel had jammed and the seas were too strong. The wind rose to a madly triumphant roar as though to mock their puny efforts.

(Continued on page 36)

# RIDE A BIKE



## Ah, the Old Swimming Hole!

Jump on your bike and you're there in a jiffy. Think of the joy of riding . . . winding paths through woods and country fields . . . the thrill of gliding swiftly down the hills on a modern bicycle. There's a lot of difference between the up-to-date bike and the kind that mother and dad used to ride when they were young. The bicycle of today is built for speed, comfort and carefree durability . . . its pneumatic tires cushion the road shocks . . . its coaster

brake makes all roads safe . . . its ball bearings make pedalling fascinating, fatigueless fun . . . its grace and beauty is an ever present delight.

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# UNITED STATES GIANT CHAIN BICYCLE TIRES

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(Continued from page 34)

I saw a great wave come inboard, as the lightning glared through the murk. The next instant the hulking figure of Smooch was picked up and sent floating outboard. How I managed to get near to him, I do not know, but I fought to his side, gripped him and clung to him, and then the sea receded, and we tilted up—and I let him sink into the scuppers.

Fear and cold water revived him, just as it did some of the others, and when de Sasegnac fought back from the wheel to lash the crew into activity, they ran about to make things shipshape. But when I saw how fuddled and ineffective they were, I gave up *La Gloire de France* as lost.

One great sea had crashed the port rails in, and the water was washing madly across us. Then came another sea that laid us on our side.

I gripped the rail and looked at the wheel, praying that the *Rapier* could straighten her. De Sasegnac raced back to his side, but the efforts of both of them were unavailing. I wondered when the end would come.

The next instant, as the *Rapier* loosened his hold, I saw a big sea rise above him, and sweep him clear to the scuppers and dash him against the rail.

With a choking cry in my throat, I fought to his side. He was battered and unconscious. With rope I found floating near, I lashed him to the rail—lashed him firmly and praying as I worked that the next sea would not send us fathoms down, to perish in the deep.

With a desperate heart I battled to the wheel. There was no one there; De Sasegnac had gone! And try as I might, I couldn't move the wheel.

Vaguely, through the beating spray and the rain, sometimes I could see, thrown bodily into relief by the glaring lightning, lashed buccaneers, too fearful of their lives to come and help turn the ship into the teeth of the storm.

Looking up, I could see moving mountains of water storming down upon us like waves of men charging down a hill upon a last gallant band fighting to the death in the valley. My hands were nigh frozen from the lash of stinging waves.

There was nothing else for it but to lash myself to the rail nigh to the wheel, and this I did, hoping against hope that either the storm might cease or some miracle happen.

WE turned sickeningly on our side and for one long tense moment I thought we had gone. Then, heavily, we righted ourselves and in a momentary lull I heard a laugh. To my ears the laugh seemed horrible, and I strained to see whence it had come.

And then I *did* see, and I trembled unaccountably. Someone was coming down that sea-tossed deck, through that bombardment of surging waves just as some hero might walk calmly through a fusillade of musketry. I recognized the swagger, and the leering insolence.

It was "Rat o' the Main," and he was walking toward the wheel—and me!

I had a mind to cut my ropes and leap into the sea. Somehow at that moment, he seemed more uncannily than ever he had appeared before. In the glare of the lightning, I could see that grin, evil and malicious, on his face.

A sea boomed against us, up went a cloud of white spray, and I saw the *Rat* fade from sight. In that moment, I fancied him gone back to the sea from which so mysteriously he had come.

But as the great ship staggered back, making a last fighting rally, there he was, cool and imperturbable. Rogue or devil, he was, for all that, the bravest man on the deck at that moment.

The *Rat* came towards the wheel, and as he saw me lashed there, he bowed—and laughed that eerie laugh of his.

"Well, well," he half-shouted, "what a fix we are all in. What use is the treasure of the world if we sink into the sea? How cowardly de Sasegnac's once brave hearts! I see they have no stomach for man's work."

With that, and a mirthless chuckle like the rattle of dead bones in a wind-swept crypt, he caught at the spokes of the wheel and looked ahead of him.

I knew then that he had forgotten me—that he had forgotten everything save the one thing he had in hand—to save *La Gloire de France*.

Can you wonder that, despite the evilness of that little creature, my admiration rose?

There was not a tremor on his face, hardly a movement of his body, as he stood there unmindful of falling seas, concentrated on the object he had in view. Could he possibly get her round? I doubted it.

I felt the ship shudder—and then she careened. I closed my eyes and waited. When I opened them again, that imperturbable figure still stood there, gripping those spokes, and amazement filled my eyes. Combers

were still beating against the side, but now they slanted down upon us.

He was righting the ship. The sluggish movement was less perceptible. *La Gloire de France* no longer seemed to be the sport of the storm. Even as she pitched and tossed, my excited eyes watched her turn perceptibly into the teeth of the gale. I could see ahead, and I knew that the miracle I had never believed possible was happening.

We were no longer in danger. Those waves might beat over our prow and race down our scuppers, but they could not engulf us with their forceful broadsides. The *Jonah* everyone had feared had turned out to be our savior.

Grimly, the *Rat* was gazing out over those rising seas. A deep boom of thunder rolled over the face of the raging water, and in the glare of lightning I saw triumph upon his upraised face. In a cracking tone he was singing a song, but I could not hear the substance of it.

*La Gloire de France* seemed like some soul refreshed, and she was moving forward, tossing the incoming seas back almost jauntily. In the flashes I could see de Sasegnac's pirates gazing up at us with astounded faces. The *Rat* was utterly oblivious to them—and to me.

And then I saw something that filled my heart with horror. Someone was crawling forward to where "Rat o' the Main" stood at the wheel. I knew who it was, and at once perceived his purpose.

It was de Sasegnac, and between his teeth was a gleaming knife!

I watched de Sasegnac with fascinated eyes. He came so silently, and

(Continued on page 38)



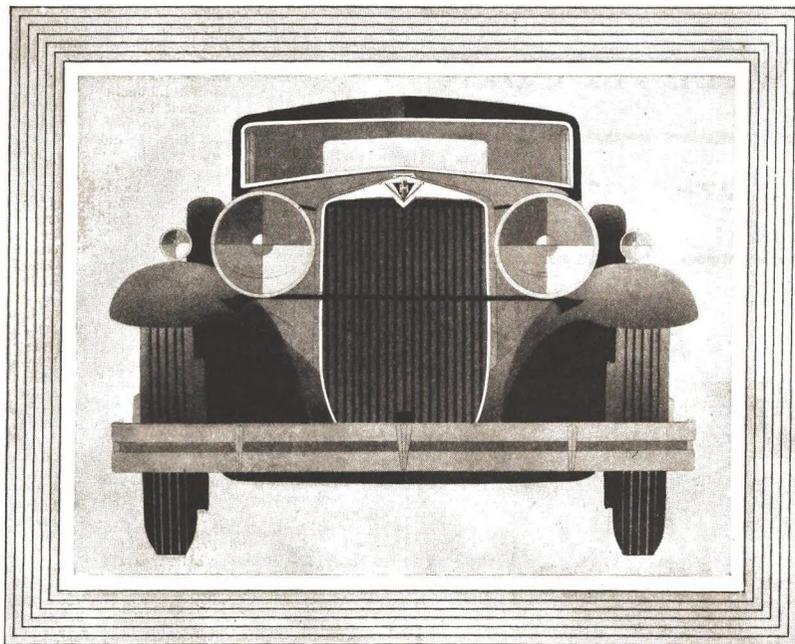
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FERRY'S purebred SEEDS

(Continued from page 36)

there was such grim purpose upon his handsome face, that I felt incapable of action.

Then I remembered that the Rat had saved the ship, and loathe the inhuman creature as I did, I knew that I must help him. I struggled with the ropes by which I had made myself fast to the rail, and as they fell away I sprang.

In that instant de Sasegnac rose to his feet, his knife upraised. My hand gripped his right arm, and the blow destined to rid the world of the Rat never fell.

With a look of hate he broke away from me and started again for the Rat. He was too late. The Rat had turned. "There's death here, Fop! Stand away!"

### Chapter Nine

THERE was an amazing difference in the tones of the Rat as he gave that command, and as I looked at him, he seemed inches taller. A pistol was in his right hand and it was leveled at the chevalier's breast.

"So you would have knifed me, would you?" murmured the Rat. "Stabbed me in the back because you were afraid to face me."

His eyes, little and green, seemed to pierce de Sasegnac and shrivel up all his manhood. The surprising little creature looked at me and chuckled.

"You were mighty quick, Master Blaise Merion," he said. "I shan't forget, either."

Swinging round on de Sasegnac, he indicated the reefed sails.

"Get to your men and bid them be ready to put on sail," he ordered. "I'm in command now, and I'll show you how I do command. One word of treachery, one suspicious action, and you're a dead man, de Sasegnac."

I heard those words in utter astonishment. It was all very well for the Rat to say that he was in command, but how could he enforce it?

"Go, before I drill daylight into you!" he cried.

M. Le Chevalier de Sasegnac, once so bold, calm and debonair, was a very different person at this moment. Very much like a dog with its tail between its legs, our gallant aristocrat walked back down the deck. I could hear him telling his men to tumble aloft and set sail.

The seas were lessening, and as the sails went up, *La Gloire de France* raised her proud prow and stepped away in her old elegant fashion. It was hard to believe that we had been so close to death so recently.

The Rat turned, smiled, and indicated the wheel.

"Keep it dead steady, Blaise Merion," he ordered. "I've other work to do now."

He spoke strangely, and then, more like some wraith than a human being, he slipped away and was gone from view almost in an instant. I obeyed his direction and fell to watching the stately craft mounting over the running seas. Then it was that Smooch hailed me.

He was leaning against the rail, eyeing me in most lugubrious fashion.

"Nay, nay, young Blaise," he said. "That was badly done of you. If you hadn't interfered in an affair between gentlemen, 'Rat o' the Main' wouldn't be here to pester us further."

"If it hadn't been for the Rat, Master Smooch, you wouldn't be here at all," I countered.

"It was but to save his own skin that he took the wheel," he insisted. "'Twas plaguey work on your part to stay the errand of that knife."

Smooch sighed heavily, and looked seaward. The murk of mist and driving spray was giving place to a vagrant shaft of dawn light that revealed a more kindly ocean.

"Faith, Hope and Charity," he ruminated. "I'm a peaceful man—and a knife in the back saves such a lot of bad feeling afterwards."

With that profound observation, he rambled aft to feed his galley fires and prepare food for rogues who, by this time, must have been well-nigh ravenous.

FOR a while I watched my steering, and then, to my great relief, I saw the Rapier running forward. There was a smile on his lips despite the white bandage about a broken head.

"Faith, Blaise lad," he cried, as he came to where I stood and laid a hand on my shoulder. "But de Sasegnac is talking red death down below. It seems you saved the Rat from his knife, and he's like a woman with the megrims."

I told the Rapier what had transpired, and when I had finished he laughed.

"Perhaps, after all," he said, "the Rat would be a better friend than de Sasegnac."

I shuddered. The Rapier hadn't faced the Rat, alone, in the hold. My face must have betrayed my disgust, for the Rapier fell to laughing again.

"And yet you saved him!" he said.

At that he paused. I saw him turn, and following the direction of his eyes, I realized why he had hesitated. M. Le Chevalier de Sasegnac was coming in my direction, and his eyes were blazing.

The Rapier's face became grim, and his hand fell to his sword hilt as de Sasegnac came striding forward.

"You fool, Blaise Merion," he raged, gazing at me with a look that should have killed. "I had him beneath my hand, and the ship had pulled through—and you saved him from his just deserts. Do you know of what he is capable? Do you know how many he has treated as I would have treated him?"

"Nay," I answered, "but I know of Singly, my grandfather's servant, and I know of old Mr. Merrigrew, and I know of your treachery—and cowardice, M. Le Chevalier."

If I had struck his pale face with a whip he could not have recoiled more than he did as he heard my words.

"You shall pay for that, Blaise Merion," he whipped out.

As he spoke, he drew a pistol from his sash, but it was never raised. From above in the shrouds, where the white sails billowed out to the great wind, there came a strange laugh—then the report of a pistol.

A bullet flicked the rail by de Sasegnac's hand, and a cry came to his lips as he tried to determine from whence that warning shot had come.

"Hold your hand, de Sasegnac," cried a cracked, tuneless voice. "Injure that life and you have to answer to the Rat. And you know how I would make you answer, don't you?"

De Sasegnac's eyes filled with terror. Collecting himself with an effort, he bestowed one burning look on me, and then walked moodily back down the deck to the accompaniment of a laugh.

The Rapier was smiling into my eyes. "I' faith, Blaise!" he exclaimed. "We certainly found adventure when we set out together—you, Jerry, and I."

He came nearer to me, and now he bent his ear to mine and there was a peculiar look in his eyes.

"Blaise, I've found something," he whispered. "Whilst they were all above, I had a search below."

I wondered what he meant.

"It was this, Blaise," he added softly.

"What do you make of it?"

THE next moment he had placed a faded piece of paper on the wheel, and I was gazing down at it.

One. Two. Three. Four.

On the key there are no more;

For key it is and take good stock

When you find the casket's lock.

To the right one turn, and then again.

Now open and see what was won from

Spain.

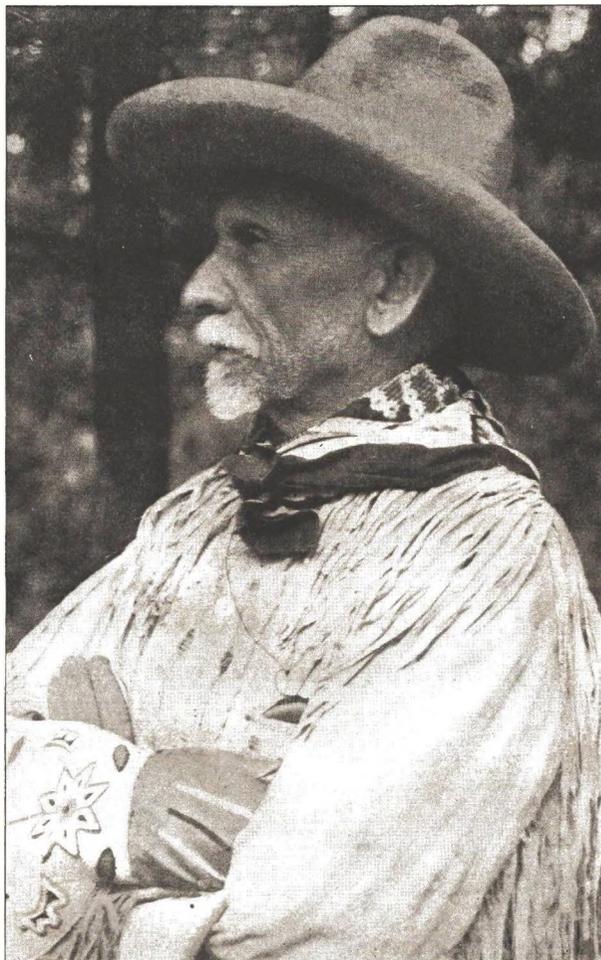
That curious jargon, written evidently many a long year ago and in

(Continued on page 40)

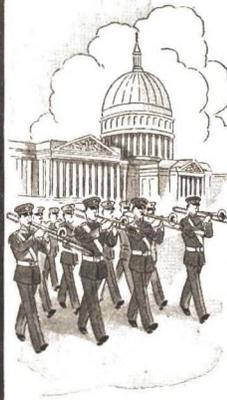
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TAKE HOLD”  
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(Continued from page 38)  
most awful scrivining, seemed meaningless to me.

"Don't you realize, Blaise?"  
The Rapier's face was more excited than ever I had seen it.

At first I shook my head.

Then it came to me.

"Do you mean the sword?" I breathed, my brain fired with a hundred exciting conjectures.

"Sword!" he exclaimed. "Blaise—Blaise! Don't you see, it isn't a sword only. It's a key—a key to a lock—and when we find the lock—"

I whistled. "Where did you find it?"

"In de Sasegnac's desk," he answered.

"Where did he get it?" I asked.

The Rapier chuckled. "I know not. Probably from some island in the Caribbean—from the house of some old trader whose forebears plied the seas when the treasure was gathered—from one of your grandfather's men! Don't you see? This rhyme he has. But from you he must get the key!"

"The sword," I mused. Then I looked at the Rapier, my eyes blazing. "We must find the lock—"

I would have spoken more had there not come the sound of a soft laugh. I looked round to see de Sasegnac gazing at us with mocking eyes.

"Yes, and what when we find the lock?" he asked softly.

"What has that to do with you?" I said heatedly.

I could have killed him on the spot for the insolence of his manner and this display of bravado, when, only a little while since, I had seen him in such a coward's mood.

"A vast amount, Blaise Merion," he answered. "Was it not for that very information that I came from the Caribbean to far-away Devon?"

The Rapier was fingering his sword and there was anger on his face. I knew then that he was condemning himself for having imparted his information at so dangerous a moment.

"Was there not a paper too?" asked de Sasegnac, smiling at me. "Perhaps I might see that."

For answer, I tore the paper into shreds and let the wind carry it seaward. I could remember the words easily enough.

De Sasegnac shrugged his shoulders. "No matter," he observed. "I know the verse. When I have found the sword the rest should not be so difficult."

Bowing, he walked away, and as he did so my heart sank.

I would have given anything for him to have missed the purport of my talk with the Rapier. Now de Sasegnac knew of the key. Perhaps he knew also of the lock! I groaned.

That thought was still in my mind when, later, I was relieved at the wheel by Chacon. With the Rapier I went to our quarters to learn that Jerry was mending fast from his knife wound.

DURING the days that followed, we tried to make plans for obtaining the sword, but we could think of nothing. The Rat had it, and since that last shot he had fired at the Chevalier, we had neither heard him nor seen him.

That he was still on the ship we knew, from the awed atmosphere that persisted aboard. It was strange to see de Sasegnac's hulking rogues walking the decks or doing their duties as though they were near to the plague itself.

La Gloire de France, like some swallow, sped over the billows, and it was a joy to see her in her stride and to feel the refreshing breeze that had come, now the sultry atmosphere preceding the storm had departed. I think I would have rejoiced more in it if my grandfather's sword had been hanging by my side.

It was about the tenth day after the disappearance of "Rat o' the Main," with Jerry well enough to come on deck, that something happened that gave me an even greater surprise than had the

strange doggerel the Rapier had shown me.

It was high noon, with the sun blazing down upon the white decks, and with the three of us resting against some coiled ropes, watching La Gloire de France's sails fill out to the breeze.

"It's mighty warm here, Blaise, my cockchafer," laughed the gay swordsman, as he leaned back, "and I shouldn't be sorry for a cooler clime. I've sailed mostly in northern seas."

With that he unfastened his silken shirt, and, as he did so, something slipped from his neck to the boards of the deck. I saw that it was gold, and also that it was a locket. As I picked it up, I must have touched it at the spot where the locket maker's cunning had implanted the spring, for it flew open.

The Rapier's hand had shot out like a sword, and the look on his face told me that he was irritated at my accidental opening of the locket.

But I was too absorbed to notice his irritation—too amazed at what the locket had revealed.

"Blaise," the Rapier whispered anxiously, leaning toward me. "Promise me on your grandfather's sword that you will speak to none of that face you have seen—not even to me."

"But, Rapier—"

He would not let me go on.

"Promise me, Blaise, promise," he insisted.

There was nothing else for it.

Jerry, from slumbering, was looking up. Things were likely to get awkward.

"I promise," I answered, looking at the Rapier in deep bewilderment.

Do you wonder that I was bewildered? The pictured face was the same as another I had seen—the woman M. le Chevalier had called his mother. What had the Rapier to do with the Fop's mother?

What new mystery had I alighted upon?

### Chapter Ten

LOOK, Blaise, ahead there! Coming on our starboard quarter!"

Jerry's directing hand turned my eyes towards a set of white wings that had appeared with amazing suddenness through the heat haze. A fair wind was bounding us forward, and there, coming in our direction, was a big ship, and she was causing both excitement and speculation aboard La Gloire de France. I was glad to see it, for little had happened since I had discovered that face in the Rapier's locket two days before—and to that incident neither the Rapier nor I had referred.

"There goes no simple merchantman, easy prey for de Sasegnac," cried the Rapier, as the oncoming craft took clearer shape and detail. "And mark my words, young gallants, but she is here on a definite purpose."

Jerry nodded.

"Evidently de Sasegnac knows that too," he agreed. "Look at him and his rogues."

Behind us, the crew had leaped into fevered activity.

De Sasegnac, gaily appareled in yellow satin, his sword drawn and his teeth bared, was urging his rogues to preparation. To me, as I watched their frantic efforts to make the ship ready, it seemed that the ruffians were none too confident. They were afraid—and I was soon to learn why.

Our guns were being shotted, primed, and run out. There was Smooch, a mountain of ghastly fear, breaking open a barrel of powder with hands that trembled in the effort.

I strolled towards him.

"Faith, Hope and Charity, Mr. Smooch," I observed. "Those are, I believe, your watchwords. What do you make of yonder craft?"

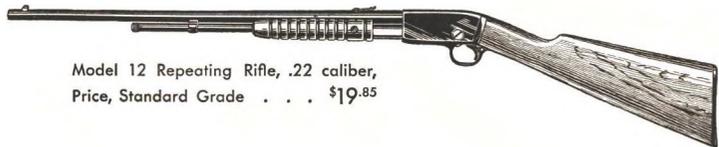
His piglike little eyes regarded me unhappily.

"Master Blaise," he returned. "All I ask—all I ask is peace, and yet that dog there—" (Continued on page 42)

# Make it a real Summer with a Remington rifle



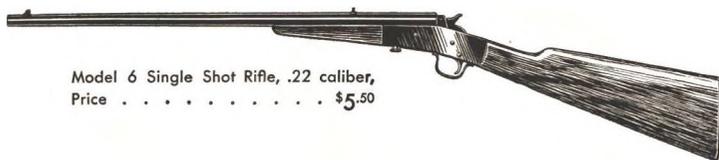
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5160

**T**HE happiest times a boy can have are spent in the woods and fields with a trusty Remington rifle. No boy should miss the fun of learning to shoot. Whether he lives where he can hunt small game, or whether he must do his practicing at a target, there is no thrill to equal it.

Remington makes rifles to suit boys of every age, and to suit every boy's pocketbook. No matter what price you pay, when you buy a Remington, you have a rifle that is accurate to a hair, well made, good to look at, and a joy to handle.

The Model 24 Autoloader will shoot faster than any rifle you ever saw. Each time it shoots, it automatically throws out the empty cartridge, puts a fresh one in the chamber—ready for the next shot. You can get one that shoots .22 shorts or one that shoots .22 long rifle cartridges. This is a beautiful little rifle that takes apart easily and will fit into a suit-case when taken down.

The Model 12 Slide Action Repeater is almost as fast and some boys like the slide action best. Then, too, it has this advantage: you can shoot .22 short, long, or long rifle cartridges in the same rifle.

The Models 4 and 6 are single shot rifles that shoot just as straight and are made of as fine materials as the more expensive ones. The Model 4 is a little larger and weighs 4¼ pounds, while the Model 6 weighs only 3½ pounds.

Remington hasn't forgotten the boy who's not quite big enough for a .22 caliber rifle. The Remington Model 26 Repeating Air Rifle is built for him. It looks like the Model 12 Repeater, has the same kind of a slide action, and holds fifty shots.

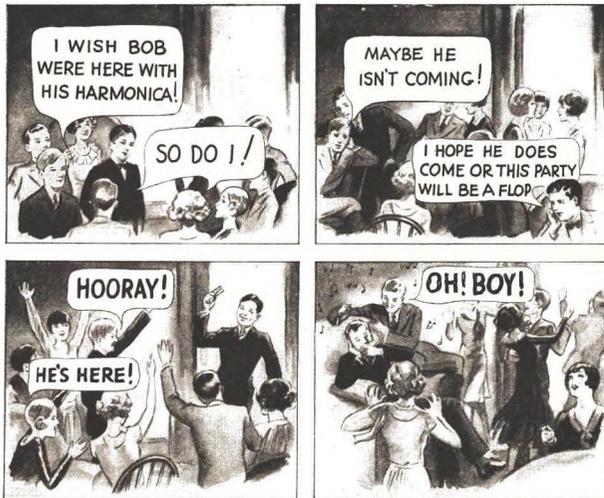
All these Remingtons have graceful lines and stocks and fore-ends of beautiful, dark, American walnut.

You can see these Remingtons at your dealer's. But if he hasn't them in stock, write us for a booklet describing the one you want. Take this to your dealer, show him the one you've picked out, and he can get it for you quickly.



Remington Kleanbore cartridges are sure and accurate. They prevent rust, corrosion, pitting and loading.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.  
*Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition*  
25 Broadway New York City



## Are You the Popular Boy in Your Crowd?

WOULDN'T you like to be able to play the harmonica so well that you could make your crowd sit up and take notice like Bob and Ann do? Wouldn't you always like to be in demand at parties—always "in" on all the good times?

### Well, Here's Your Chance!

Without costing you a cent, you can learn to play the harmonica almost like a professional in a short time. Just send the coupon below for the FREE Illustrated Instruction Book "HOW TO PLAY THE HARMONICA."

You don't have to know one note from another to begin, for this book tells you just what to do and illustrates each easy step. In a few minutes you can play the scale and the simple melodies shown in the book. And soon you'll be amazing your friends with the way you can reel off popular airs.

"I never had a music lesson in my life," says twelve-year-old Bob Lewis from Ohio. "I did not know one musical note from another—but now I play any song, popular, classic or jazz, I have ever heard, and my Hohner and I are very popular."

### Short-Cut to Popularity

Every one loves the harmonica, and you can always have it with you, no matter where you go. "The Hohner Harmonica means popularity, happiness," that's what young Joe Mellon from Pennsylvania says. "Wherever I go my harmonica is either in my mouth or in my pocket, mostly the former. At parties, at meetings, at work and at play, the boy with the harmonica is the whole show."

### A Quality Instrument

Hohner Harmonicas are the choice of professionals everywhere. Musicians recognize them as "the world's best"; real musical instruments, true in tone, accurate in pitch, perfect in workmanship. While Hohner Harmonicas are slightly higher in price than inferior instruments, you always have the satisfaction of knowing you own the best—one that enables you to play anything from jazz to opera. Don't be a "wall flower."

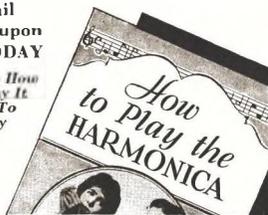
Learn to play a Hohner. Fill out coupon now and mail it AT ONCE.

You can get Hohner Harmonicas everywhere, in many styles and at all prices.

**FREE** Illustrated Harmonica Instruction Book

Mail Coupon TODAY

See How Easy It Is To Play



M. HOHNER, INC., 114 E. 16th St., Dept. 2-E, New York

Please send me at once FREE Illustrated Instruction Book which tells me how to play the harmonica.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



(Continued from page 40)  
He broke off, and his shaking hand indicated that ship whose sails were as white as our own and whose lines were just as boldly picked out by the hungry mouths of cannon.

"A ship of war, Mr. Smooch?" I questioned him.

He shook his head, and his teeth chattered.

"Nay, one might expect mercy from such a craft," he answered. "But not from *The Maid of Mogador*, not from Septimus Bleech."

"Bleech!" I shouted.

I wondered if I had heard aright. Bleech, my grandfather's will had said, would come back from the sea. There seemed to be an amazing number of desperate individuals interested in my inheritance.

"Aye, Bleech," answered Smooch, looking outboard to where she rode towards us. "And Stukeley, the wizened, his lieutenant. There's no mercy in them, young Blaise Merion; so you'll fight to beat 'em back—fight for Smooch—and you'll bid your companions fight too!"

And Stukeley! Stukeley, too, had come back. So this was Bleech's ship, and Stukeley was with him!

"They will all come back from the sea, like dead ships at the Judgment Day, *Red Castaban*, *Rat o' the Main*, *Stukeley*, *Panama Too*, and *Bleech*, and beware of all of 'em." So the will had read.

Red Castaban, alone, was yet to appear. What of him?

At that moment Chacon roared forward, a whip in his hand, attempting to drub courage into the faint hearts of de Sasegnac's crew. One man went reeling into the scuppers, a blood-red welt across his face.

"To the guns, you scum!" shouted Chacon. "You'll get no mercy from Bleech. Whip to it, my merry lads! Once they get aboard it's the locker for you."

CHACON laid about him right lustily, and his rough method of imparting courage certainly worked with marvelous effect. That apathetic band of rogues spat on their hands, gripped their swords and cutlasses, and seemed actually eager to get ready for the first broadside that might shake the timbers of *The Maid of Mogador*.

It was the credit of de Sasegnac that he had not turned one point in an effort to avoid battle. He was going straight ahead, and now the prospect of the coming fight was inspiring his men to a new courage. Even Smooch's appearance of cowardice had given place to a purposeful readiness by his gun.

I ran back to the Rapier and Jerry, my heart pounding, to tell them who commanded the other ship.

"Bleech and Stukeley!" the Rapier breathed, his eyes aglow. "As well to fight those rogues as any others." He laughed aloud and drew his sword. "To

rid the sea of scum! We'll fight beside the Pop to-day—and perhaps against him to-morrow!"

"We three," cried Jerry, "against 'em all!"

"And what of the Rat?" I chuckled, feeling good to have two such great comrades beside me.

"Mayhap this fight will drive him from his hiding place," the Rapier laughed. "Then we'll have 'em all before us—in broad daylight. But to-day we fight with de Sasegnac."

*The Maid of Mogador* was closer now, and, as she sailed gaily towards us, we could see her ratlines alive with the grimmet lot of sea cutthroats it has ever been my lot to gaze upon. De Sasegnac's men were not beauties, but Bleech's were cast in an even lower mould. I saw fierce-faced negroes, dark-skinned Italians, and low-visaged seamen, who, so the Rapier told me, were Turks.

What a motley band of buccaneers! Some were singing and mocking at us, some had their fists raised, some grinned evilly, knives and cutlasses between their teeth—and so they came on like a hateful message from the Inferno itself.

There was scant civility in that first whiff of the fight.

Bleech turned his helm, caught the wind, becalmed us, and with absolute arrogance passed ahead of us. As he went he gave us a broadside that raised the very devil on our decks and sent down half a dozen men to redder the scuppers.

De Sasegnac shook his fist, luffed, and our port broadside flared out—and it was well laid. *The Maid of Mogador* seemed to halt in her stride. We heard stricken cries, and saw her shattered stern gallery. We had fetched down her rails and had rendered useless the broadside she was bringing to bear upon us.

It was a heartening sight, but despite that, despite the big wound we had caused, the wind was out of our sails, and we were drifting aside to her. We all knew what that meant.

De Sasegnac turned his helm, but it was too late.

Our bowsprit was mixed up in the *Maid's* cordage and sail, there came the sound of a sickening crunch, and even as we blared another broadside into her port-blank and received both our own repercuSSION and the shock from the ship we were grinding against, down came the grappling irons—and with them, the loosening of Inferno itself.

(To be continued in the June number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Next Month: The clash of cutlasses, pirate against pirate, fiends against fiends in smoking battle! But with only one victor—"Rat o' the Main!" Then, under command of a merciless despot, the pirate ships beat on to the lair of the Rat.

## THAT BIG SEA FIGHT

Next Month

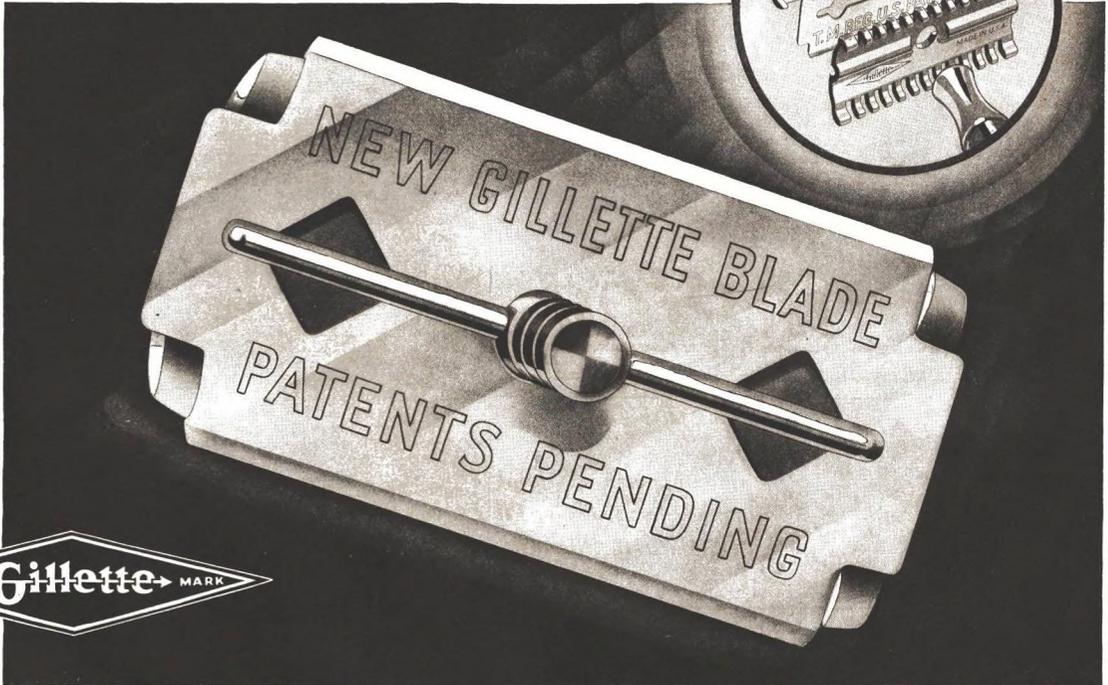
Victims of a blunder, they fight till the sea boils round them—a giant yellow-headed turtle and a pain-crazed alligator

## Watch for "YELLOWHEAD"

By Alexander Sprunt, Jr.



# The Cut-out corners cut out "razor pull"



## Damaged corners no longer can spoil your shave

EVERY ONE of the big improvements in the New Gillette was made after careful experiment. Each plays its definite part in increasing the shaving comfort of the millions of men who have bought the New Gillette Razor and Blade since their introduction.

For instance, all four corners of the new blades are cut out. All four corners of the new razor cap are heavily reinforced. These changes, in combination with the new shaped guard teeth, prevent "razor pull," caused in the old razor by dropping it and denting the corners.

The new channel guard leaves the blade edge free, but protected. The rust-resisting blade saves you the tedious task of taking the razor apart and wiping the blade. Now you just shake it dry.

These, and all the other improvements, are yours in the New Gillette Razor for a dollar—in a beautiful case with one New Gillette Blade. Additional new blades at one dollar for ten, fifty cents for five—in the new green packet.

See your dealer today.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



**\$1.00** for ten and  
50c for five.  
The New Gillette  
Blades in the new  
green packet

The New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, in a beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade . . . Price **\$1.00**

OTHER DE LUXE MODELS AT \$5.00 TO \$75.00



# The New Gillette Shave

R1773 Price  
\$1.00



## There are lots of Remingtons for boys

The chief thing a boy wants in a knife is strong, sharp blades. The steel in the blades of every Remington pocket knife is the finest obtainable. It's hardened and tempered by Remington's special process to give you blades that will hold an edge a long time. The blades are sharp—hand-honed.

It doesn't make any difference what you pay for a Remington knife, the fine steel will always be there. The knives illustrated are inexpensive, but how they will cut! They are good, serviceable, solid knives with stag handles and nickel silver trim.

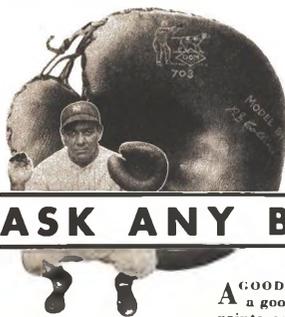
You can see these knives and many other popular Remingtons at your dealers. If he hasn't them in stock, send his name with the price, and the knives you want will be mailed to you promptly. Remington Cutlery Works, Bridgeport, Conn.

R23 Price  
50¢  
Price With Chain  
60¢

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.  
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition

# Remington.

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Come on, pitcher! Shoot your hardest twisters. I'll get them with this mitt.

## ASK ANY BIG LEAGUER

A GOOD catcher needs a good head, a good arm, and a good mitt. If you can qualify on the first two points, we can furnish the mitt that will make you the most valuable player on the team.

This D & M Mitt is a beauty—perfectly balanced and comparatively small. Its deep, well-shaped ball pocket, made with our special hand-moulded felt pad, gives your hand perfect protection, speeds up your game, and makes it easy to hang on to everything within reach.

Catcher, baseman, fielder—no matter what position you play, you can go to your sporting goods dealer and get the same D & M glove or mitt that is used by the big league stars playing that same position. Ask any big leaguer! If there is no D & M dealer in your locality, write to us for catalogs, rule books, sports instruction pamphlets, etc.

THE DRAPER-MAYNARD COMPANY  
PLYMOUTH, N. H.



"The Lucky Dog Kind"

# D&M

BASEBALL . . TENNIS . . GOLF . . FOOTBALL . . BASKETBALL

## Pig Iron

(Continued from page 7)

"You started something, and you're not seeing it through. You're layin' down!"

Braid's fist clenched. He had taken a step forward when Coach Caldwell walked up.

"Parker's out," he said, without preliminaries.

Pete gasped. "Why?"

"Flunked Metallurgy."

The two took in the appalling information silently.

"His nutshell knowledge—" murmured Pete finally. "Not so good."

"That means," the coach went on grimly, "that Braid runs. I'll keep the same order—start off with Burt and Conway to give Norris a lead. Braid will have to run anchor."

Hammond nodded, hopelessly.

"I want you to go too, Pete," the coach added. "I've never scratched your entry. You know the ropes—just your being there will stiffen us."

"I'll go," said Hammond.

But the jinx followed the seven Mercer men next day to Marysville. In the drawings Mercer took eighth place, the outside lane. And Norris bought an evening paper at the hotel cigar counter. The sports page carried this headline:

*"Pigiron Hammond Will Bring Victory to Mercer."*

The squad read the story and looked at each other moodily. The gloom was thick enough to cut, and Hammond's efforts to buck the men up rang hollow. Only Braid, remembering Pete's biting words, "You're not seeing it through," seemed unaware of the pall. His eyes were glowing with a strange fire.

Shortly after lunch they left for Marysville stadium where a city of tents inside the running track housed the Relay entrants. It was nearly four when the Mercer men had dressed and left their tent. Caldwell stopped close to Hammond who, seated at the tent flap, was watching the finish of a prep school relay.

"Only a few minutes now," he said. He laid a hand on the boy's shoulder. "Pete, you're taking this thing to yourself. Shake that idea. You carried the team long enough."

Hammond made no answer. He was thinking of Braid who might have been good and wasn't. Braid, who was running in his place. Braid, with the black hair and rugged build like his own—but without scrap.

The megaphone battery spoke: "Mile Relay for Colleges!" and Pete glanced up. On the track a mob of athletes milled about the entry clerk. In the stands the crowd was howling—why, it was his name they called!

"Pig-i-ron!"

Hammond started. Suddenly he stepped inside the tent, took his contestant's ribbon from the table, and hurried out.

THE Marysville Relays are famed through the collegiate world. To place at Marysville means prestige for your school. To win is glory. And so each year a multitude descends on Marysville to spur its favorites to victory. This afternoon the stadium turnstiles clicked to even greater crowds. Strangers, many of them, lured by a name. Pigiron Hammond, iron horse of Mercer, was scheduled to perform today. In the mile relay at four o'clock.

Now it was past four and, crouched on a white line marked across the cinders, twelve men waited for the gun. Twelve men—crack quarter milers of the Middle West—waiting to begin a grueling test of speed, of stamina, and grit. Crimson of Ardmore, Exeley's blue, green of a far southern college, maize and purple heralding the mighty Tigers who had won the year before—

all were there. And in the outside lane knelt Burt, lead-off man for Mercer, wearing the black and gold.

The battery of speaker horns in the center of the field began bellowing again. The stands hushed.

"Correction, for Mercer Tech. Norris subs for Parker, running Number Three."

The crowd cheered listlessly. Okay, as long as it wasn't Hammond who went out. He was the man they'd come to see. Hammond, the iron horse who would give them vivid color by the yard. Pigiron Hammond, who could bring them from their seats. Once more someone called, "Pig-i-ron!" and the stands rocked.

DOWN on the track Coach Caldwell gripped a pale white-lipped Hammond by the arm.

"They've failed to scratch your entry—" he was whispering.

Hammond was smiling, but under his street clothes his muscles were rigid with strain.

"That makes it different!" he burst out. "I want to talk with Braid. The crowd thinks he's Hammond. We look alike—you've placed him anchor man—my place. Hold the gun a minute, Coach!"

Hammond hurried to the curb, recklessly parting the crowd of athletes, judges, trainers. Braid was waiting. It seemed as though he knew Hammond had come for him. The two walked to a clear space. Hammond turned.

"They think I'm in," he said tensely. "You're Hammond now. When you start, the crowd will think they're seeing Pigiron. What are you going to do about it?"

His eyes were like searing irons. Braid's face was white; whiter than Hammond's.

"I'll do—my best—"

"Not by a mile, you won't," the other answered through shut teeth. "Pigiron never did that."

Braid's lips tightened. He clenched his hands. A moment, then his voice began: "I'll do—my—"

Hammond seized his shoulders, shook him angrily.

"Don't say that again!" he cried. "You're running in my place to-day—my spikes you're following. They never did their best—they did more than that. D'you hear me?"

A change, indefinable, came to Braid's face. Hammond felt the shoulder muscles ridge beneath his hand.

"We'll argue it out afterwards, Pete," Braid said softly.

And Pigiron Hammond, glancing up, was shocked by the steely hardness in Braid's face. Caldwell's voice interrupted them and Braid ran over to the track.

The crowd stilled. A hush was broken by the starter's voice:

"Your marks — set —" The pistol cracked.

There was a brittle swish of cinders. The pack of runners flashed down the straightaway. They swung round the turn, bunched elbow against elbow, and reached the back stretch, thinning to a shreddy line. Burt was third man, and back a yard. On to the far turn, into the straightaway again, a tall maize and purple runner leading, a white jersey wedged in second place, and Burt still clinging close in third.

Batons changed hands, a new pack burst away, and sprinted wildly for the pole. Mercer's Number Two was Conway, and his fighting Irish blood was up. His blocky body rocketed around the curve; he passed the white jersey, plunged on breast to breast with a rangy athlete of the maize and purple.

At the 220 mark he led a yard—two at

(Continued on page 46)

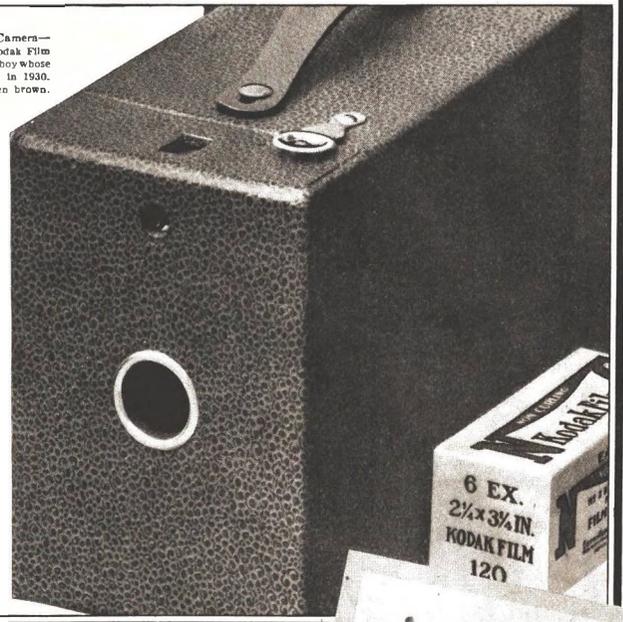
This Special Anniversary Camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—will be given FREE to any boy whose TWELFTH birthday falls in 1930. Its color is a beautiful golden brown.

# Boys!

## Is your 12th Birthday in 1930 ?

Then Accept this Special Anniversary Camera and Roll of Kodak Film, AS A GIFT

Get both without cost or obligation  
Distribution Starts May 1—at Kodak Dealers'



# A Gift of 500,000 Cameras to the Boys and Girls of America in Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of Kodak

With the compliments of  
George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company

**BOYS!**

If your twelfth birthday falls in any month of 1930 go to an authorized Kodak dealer's and accept the camera illustrated on this page—complete with one roll of Kodak Film. Buy nothing. It is a gift.

The gift is made with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company, to the boys and girls of America, in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Kodak.

Beginning on May 1, 1930, Five Hundred Thousand cameras are to be given to boys and girls who reach the age of twelve this year.

*Beginning May 1*  
Simply go with your mother, father or guardian to an authorized Kodak dealer's, on or after May 1, and get the camera, complete with one roll of Kodak Film.

*Just Remember*

1. You must be accompanied by your mother, father or guardian when you go to get the camera.
2. No cameras will be distributed before May 1, or after May 31, 1930.
3. None after the supply of 500,000 is exhausted.

Do not criticize your dealer if you delay until after his supply is gone.



GEORGE EASTMAN  
Creator of Kodak, which celebrated its 50th Anniversary by giving away 500,000 Cameras to American Children

*Why the Gift is Made*

THE GIFT IS MADE FOR TWO REASONS:

To heighten interest in amateur photography among boys and girls, even beyond its present remarkably high peak.

And as a token of appreciation to the parents and grandparents of today, who as amateur picture-takers have played so important a part in the development of photography and of the Eastman Kodak Company.

It will let boys and girls see what fun it is to make pictures with their own cameras. Any boy or girl of your age can find hundreds of subjects, from everyday life and

nature, that would be an adventure to snap. Your pets, your family, your friends, scenes from the woods, mountains or seashore, wherever you hike or ride, or go on vacation, or camp. What sport to make pictures of these! What fun to look at the pictures afterwards!

The adjoining illustrations show the kind of pictures you can make with the Anniversary Camera and Kodak Film.

*Get the Camera Early*

The Anniversary Cameras will be at authorized Kodak dealers', ready to give out, on May 1, 1930.

Go with your parent or guardian to one of these stores. Get your camera. No red tape. No delay. No cost. It is free.

The gift-giving period begins on May 1 and will extend into the month of May, 1930, only as long as the supply of 500,000 cameras holds out. To avoid disappointment, get one of these cameras early.

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.



**A Gift of 500,000 Cameras**

The camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—is to be given absolutely WITHOUT COST to any boy or girl whose twelfth birthday falls in any month of 1930.

500,000 cameras, as illustrated, are to be given to children who reach the age of twelve this year.

The gift is from the Eastman Kodak Company, with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board, in commemoration of Kodak's 50th Anniversary.

Gift Cameras will be distributed May 1, 1930, by authorized Kodak dealers, and continued until the supply of 500,000 is exhausted. None after May 31, 1930.

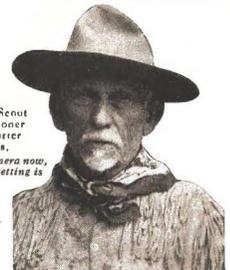
To get a camera, simply go with parent or guardian to an authorized Kodak dealer. Pay nothing.



Typical pictures, actual size, 2 1/4 x 3 1/2 inches, taken with the Anniversary Camera and Kodak Film.

National Scout Commissioner Daniel Carter Beard says,

"Get a camera now, while the getting is good."



This is a bulky and valuable gift for the boys and girls of the right age, because it puts in their hands something which is fun to use and the use of which makes artists of them, at the same time giving them an illustrated diary of their adventures, school achievements and athletic triumphs.

Get a camera now, while the getting is good.

*DAN Beard*

NOTE: In appreciation of their cooperation and loyalty through the years, this special Gift Camera will be distributed only through stores of the nationwide network of active, authorized Kodak dealers. Authorized Kodak dealers are located everywhere. Step up to the Kodak counter on May 1, 1930, with your parent or guardian, and ask for the Gift Camera.

# "Fishin's Good Today"



A bike, a pole, a can of bait, and you are all set. It's spring and the fish are hungry. The out-of-doors is calling you—and if you have a New Departure Brake equipped bicycle—you can roam afield and astream where and when you will. Good Luck!

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO.  
BRISTOL, CONN.

**NEW DEPARTURE**  
MULTIPLE  
DISC TYPE  
**COASTER BRAKE**

(Continued from page 44)  
the far turn—into the straightaway, three. A tremendous burst of speed, and he slapped the stick to Norris with a five-yard lead.

Norris was second string. It called for class, this race, and he was lacking. The maize and purple Number Three ate up the five-yards lead in fifty yards. He was the Tiger ace. Their coach had run him third instead of anchor man—a trick that often wins. He led Norris five yards at the 220.

Then Hammond, watching, saw the white jersey creep up and pass Norris; a maroon-shirted runner wearing a "50" on his back went by him too. Then two more. Into the straightaway the Mercer sub came pounding doggedly. He was sixth—and twenty yards behind.

Hammond's teeth sank deep into his lip. He stared. Suddenly he ran forward to the starting mark. Tom Braid, standing on the zone line, burning hot, then freezing cold, felt a hand like iron grip his wrist; heard a voice like iron in his ear:

"You're Pigiron to-day," it said. Hammond's voice.

Braid turned. His nerves, strangely steadied. He breathed deep. . . . A round wood cylinder struck fairly in his palm.

With a drum of beating hail Braid's spikes hammered the cinder track. And the crowd, believing Hammond wore those spikes, sent up a mighty cheer to speed him on.

Hammond, standing on the curb, clenching his hands and shivering, dared not look up. For long seconds he kept his eyes on his shoes, until a sudden shattering roar burst from the stands. Then he glanced up. His jaw dropped in amazement.

For there was a Hammond out there

on that cinder path—a veritable man of iron. At the first turn Braid, a speeding arrow of gold and black, was running third. At the turn that faced the back stretch he was second.

Breast to breast, stride for stride, he was fighting it out with the maize and purple runner at the halfway mark. Fighting it out for first!



At the far turn, for a brief moment he led. Then the white-faced maize and purple runner caught up. Round the turn into the straightaway they battled, while the stands became a howling crazy mob and Hammond's heart stopped beating. Then came Pigiron's own specialty—that last ounce—that driving finish—that unbelievable burst. A look of utter despair came over the face of the maize and purple runner. He gritted his teeth, made one futile attempt to catch Braid, then gave up.

Hammond caught the swish of flying cinders, glimpsed a shade of black and gold flash by. A white tape snapped and fluttered. The Marysville Relays were done. The mile cup belonged to Mercer Tech.

In the dressing tent, Hammond gripped Tom Braid's hand, and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes.

"You—you did it," he said huskily. A different Braid grinned back at him—a Braid who had tasted the joy of a good scrap.

"I did it?" he said. "Nope. It was pig iron. Remember Parker's nutshell dope—the stuff he spilled in the dressing room during the Ardmore meet?"

Hammond shook his head vaguely. "Pig iron does it!" That's what Parker said. Braid's eyes became reflective. "Pigiron Hammond won that race to-day," he finished softly. "And I've learned something about fighting."



For  
sound sleep...  
smart  
appearance!

Real fellows prefer the famous Kaynee Nobelt Pajamas, because they are the most comfortable pajamas made, as well as the best looking.

They cannot bind; there is no belt or string—just an easy fitting waistband that adjusts itself to your body perfectly for sound, healthful sleep.

Kaynee Nobelt Pajamas are made of the newest and most exclusive materials in both plain and figured patterns. You can have either collar or collarless models, too! See them at your dealer's today—sleep in them tonight!

"Oliver Twist Boys' Wear—Styled and Made Exclusively by Kaynee"

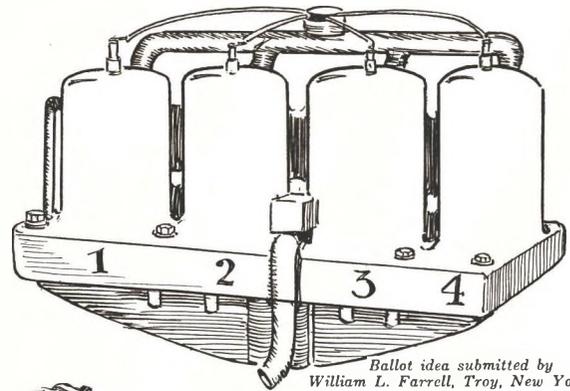
THE KAYNEE COMPANY  
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Approved by the Boys

**Kaynee**  
SHIRTS ...PAJAMAS



## Let's Have 'Em--



THE four stories in this issue that click most smoothly; that drive you most powerfully on the highway of good reading. Write the titles, in order, on the four cylinders above. Then clip the ballot (or, if you don't want to cut the magazine, draw a ballot on a separate sheet of paper) and mail it to the Best Reading Engineer, The American Boy Magazine, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, so that he'll know your preferences. Then he'll find you more popping, high-speed stories of the kind you like best.

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Name..... Age.....

Address..... City..... State.....

rope, thrust his fingers into the split and attempted to hang on. With a crash the top broke free and the whole spar shook violently from roots to tip. The split closed with a snap and Shorty saw the color drain from Cal's face as the wood closed on the big man's hands and wrists. Tiny drops of blood dripped down the white wood, a groan came from set lips; the tree stood silent, clutching its victim a hundred feet above the ground.

Men were rushing from the timber, but it was the pain-tortured man who gave the first order.

"Get a—high—rigger!" Cal Tarwater gasped. "This tree's got—to be—wedged open."

A high rigger!

Shorty ran over the list. The nearest was fifty miles away. Then he headed for Cal Tarwater's home—for Buck. He found the boy sprawled on the grass reading a book on reforestation.

After one glance up, Buck leaped to his feet. "What's the matter, Shorty? You're white as a sheet. What's happened? Has—has something happened to—Dad?"

In terse sentences Shorty outlined the situation. "Crack's got to be wedged open, Buck," he concluded. "But remember! When that happens he'll fall. His hands are smashed and he can't hang on. It's the grip of the tree that's holding him now!"

"Yes! I understand!" Buck was hauling out an old pair of climbing irons and a steel-cored rope. He gathered up a block and all the light line he could find and was ready. "Take part of this gear, Shorty. We've got to run for it!"

WHEN they reached the spot, a score of men were at the base of the tree debating methods of getting Cal Tarwater down.

"If we do cut the split portion, he'll drop with it," one of them was saying. "No, we've got to have a high climber."

A murmur of surprise swept through them as they saw the boy's equipment. "Buck Tarwater, Cal's kid, but can he climb?"

From the top of the tree came Cal's voice. "Don't try it, son!" he ordered. "No sense in both of us being laid out by the tree! Maw'll need one whole man in the family, Buck. Go back, I say."

"Can't, Dad," Buck answered. "I'm coming up."

"Go back down, I tell you!" rasped the big man. "I'll whale the life out of you, Buck, if you don't mind."

"I'll take the whaling, Dad, but I'm not going to let you hang there until they get Steve Brady, fifty miles from here."

"You haven't worked this high, Buck."

"I've played that high!"

"Go back!" Cal Tarwater's voice was hoarse. He believed the boy was climbing to his death and it drove him frantic. "Your maw, Buck. If this tree takes both of us it'll kill her, too. Any minute, Buck, she may finish splitting

and drop me. Listen, hear her crack down there. Go back, I tell you! Your maw needs you."

"Maybe Maw would like us both," Buck suggested. "And she won't have you if you wait for Steve Brady. Your hands—"

The boy broke off abruptly. He wanted to sob. Those hands were no longer hands, but blue flesh swollen out of all shape.

Slowly he worked to a point above his father. "Now careful!" warned Cal Tarwater. "You're not making the right hitch on that line. Yes, you are too! Be careful! It's a hundred feet down there. One slip—"

Buck ignored the warnings. He had made his plans and must follow them to the letter. He secured the block, then hauled up a line that he drew through. He sent the end down to those on the ground. The other end was secured to his father's belt. If anything happened now, the big high rigger at least would not drop to the ground.

"As cool as his old man ever was," Shorty muttered. "Knows just what to do and how to do it. And Cal, god dang him, about dead with pain, and yet fretting like an old hen over a chick."

There was a ring of command in Buck's voice that got instant results. The men stood back, hanging to the rope, ready to lower away the instant Cal's hands were cut clear. Next Buck hauled up a saw and commenced sawing. It was a longer way, but the shock of an ax against the tree would add to the torture of the hands. Men stood breathless below as the boy worked. They saw the color slowly leave his face as he drove himself mercilessly to the finish.

"Ease up, son," Cal pleaded. "You're ready to drop now!"

"Another inch, Dad, and she'll drop!"

With a sharp crack the splintered slab shot downward. And with it Cal Tarwater swung away and dangled at the end of the line. Slowly they lowered him to the ground. Buck followed, swinging around in spirals, as Cal Tarwater did when in a hurry.

On the ground he looked curiously into his father's eyes. Somehow he knew he was looking at a man in defeat.

A doctor, lawyer, or banker, something fancy like that, was Cal's idea of a calling for Buck. The woods were dangerous; Buck was only a kid! All this ran through the big high rigger's mind. But there also came the stronger picture of a boy, a hundred feet in the air, snapping out orders that older men obeyed; a boy who seemed to know instinctively what must be done and how to do it. The lump that came into the high rigger's throat was not caused by the pain of the wounds the doctor was dressing. It was caused by a deep surge of pride. To the whole world Cal Tarwater wanted to shout, "This is my boy!"

But he didn't. Instead he looked deep into Buck's eyes and smiled through a sudden mist. And Buck smiled back in perfect understanding.

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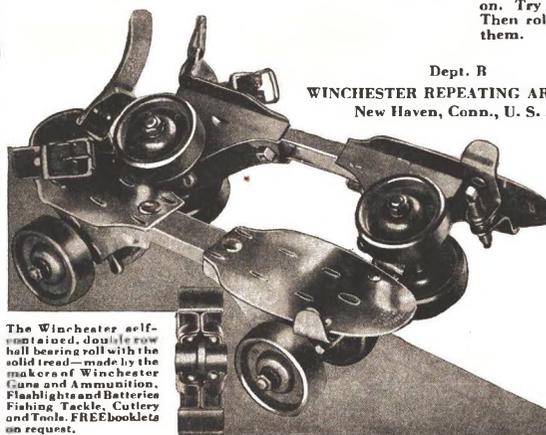
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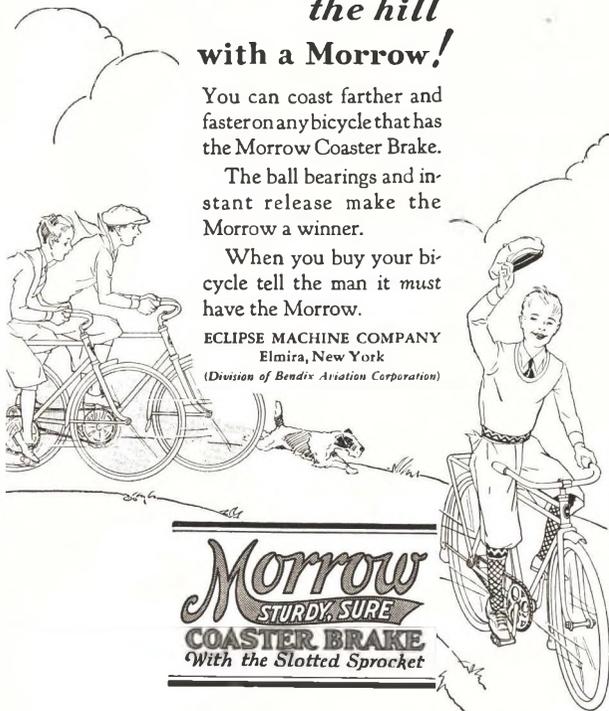
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# Pennock Plays a Hunch

(Continued from page 11)

with Pierre, the cook, and two men of the provost's guard were sweeping through the night without lights, picking a way through forest-darkened roads to a destination that only Pierre could tell them.

At a place where the forest road skirted a swift stream, Pierre stopped the car.

"We'll have to ford it," he whispered.

Leading them up a little footpath through the woods, he plunged without hesitation into the swift water. They followed him, stumbling upon the slippery rocks that paved the bottom, balancing themselves against the tug of the rapids that roared about their feet. On the opposite side, Pierre plunged into the black forest.

They had all they could do to follow him, but the journey was not long. Hardly twenty paces from the river brink, Pierre pulled Pennock back and, peering into the gloom, they saw a little clearing, bramble covered, with a wall of black growth opposite.

"It is here they will come out," whispered Pierre, his eyes glistening.

He had scarcely spoken before the wall of black foliage moved and two dark figures were groping through the brambles of the clearing.

"Old Frandupont will fight," whispered Pennock to Durland. "Grab for his arms. He'll try to kill us and himself too."

THE two fugitives were close, now, tearing their way through the thorny growth about their ankles. Pennock waited until the taller of the two was within arm's reach of him.

"Take 'em!" he cried suddenly, and flung himself upon Frandupont, the tall one.

The fierce old spy gave forth a cry that was weirdly stirring in the silent forest. A wild, despairing cry it was, with something of savage fury in it. The cry of a powerful beast at bay. But the provost's men had the manacles about his wrists before he could offer fight.

Frandupont's companion turned out to be a man of magnificent strength. In one hand he was carrying a valise of black leather, and this he was guarding with his very life. Durland, Pierre, and one of the provost's men leaped upon him as one man, but he flung them off like so many dolls.

Using the valise as a bludgeon he sent one after another reeling away from him, and no one dared fire lest a man of their own be hit. Then, abruptly, he disappeared. In one moment they had him in their clutches; in the next he had passed from sight. Durland flung himself forward into the brambles, but it was Pennock who saw the spy wallowing toward the black wall of the forest, and Pennock fired one shot. Then he plunged forward, his flash light in hand, to capture the man he had dropped.

The spy lay dead, his hand still clutching the handle of the black valise. But the body was that of a man Pennock had never seen before.

"It isn't Bland!" exclaimed Pennock. "Who?" demanded Durland. "Bland," Pennock repeated. "Bland is the man who killed Kahlen. I thought we'd get him."

He stood staring down at the black figure among the brambles. Then, suddenly, he turned and strode to where Frandupont stood, silent among his captors. Pennock walked up to him and flashed his light in the old spy's face. He was shocked at the ruinous marks of despair and grim horror masking the features.

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(Continued from page 51)  
"Neither," confessed Pennock. "It was a hunch."  
"How?"

"A hunch. That's all. When I saw that man in the hangar, fooling with Rill's ship, I could only catch the back of his head and one ear, silhouetted against the light. I discovered Kahlen, a moment later, and putting two and two together, I pinned the crime on him. Well, when old Frandupont named Bland as a good man to deliver messages from us to him, I got a queer hunch that something was wrong. And it had something to do with Bland.

"Then Bland showed up with the back of his head silhouetted against the headlights of the car, and I recognized the man in the hangar. At the same time I realized why I got that hunch. It was because I had stood behind Bland the day before, while he fixed my engine and had had that same view of the back of his head. After that it was simple."  
"Simple? How?"

"Well, I saw it all, clear as day, at the moment we stood over poor Kahlen's body. I mean all the questions that had been in my mind were answered. Why had Kahlen come into the squadron so secretly? Because he was a D. C. I. agent, of course. Why had he been in the hangar? Because he had followed Bland in to watch him. And so on.

"Bland had been pretending to step out with Hortense as a blind to cover his visits to the chateau. Frandupont had taken the chateau a year before the war and done the big thing as a blind for his spying. The old lady put me wise to that. And Bland had killed Kahlen when the poor fellow took him back into the hangar and faced him with his crime—and so on.

"It all came to me as clearly as if it had been written out on paper. I knew just who did it and why. All we had to do was cover that secret passage, chase the quarry into it, and pick 'em up. Always play your hunches, Ken, my boy."

## The Newfoundland

(Continued from page 26)

In his prime Pap had been a swimmer of renown. He fought himself free of the encumbering slicker, and then as he attempted to kick off the heavy boots that were dragging him down he saw a black head bob on the far slope of a huge gray wave.

Young Bruce had seen him, came to him in the welter of water, swimming staunchly. He waited, keeping alongside Pap while the old man, strangled, half drowning, freed first one foot, then the other, of the boots.

PAP knew, before his struggle with the waves was more than three minutes old, that he could never win through alone. But there beside him, paddling steadily, head held well above the water, was Young Bruce, swimming with plenty of strength and courage for two. So Pap reached out and fastened a hand in the heavy black coat on Bruce's shoulders, and aiding as best he could was towed into quiet water and on to where he could find the sandy bottom beneath his feet.

Numb and stiff with cold, the old man trailed back to the house, into his warm kitchen again. He did not, however, stop beside the stove.

Instead he went to the cupboard in the corner of the kitchen, searched for and found a stub of a pencil. He tore off a strip of white wrapping paper from a coffee can and wrote in a cramped old hand, made even more stiff and trembly than usual by cold.

"The Polly Lee is driftin for miles out. South of Fox Island. Engin dead," ran the finished note. He found an empty bottle that had once held catsup, rolled the note and stuffed it inside, driving the cork home with a sharp blow of his hard old palm.

Then he called Young Bruce out from behind the stove, where the dog had crept to dry and warm himself, tied the bottle tightly to the top of his collar with a length of linen twine from his net bobbin, donned a heavy overcoat and led the way down to the beach again.

At the end of the dock he knelt and laid a hand on Young Bruce's head. "Go find Dan!" he commanded in a grave, huskier voice than the dog had ever heard him use before, pointing away across the angry narrows.

Young Bruce turned doubting brown eyes upon the old man, as if he thought he had not heard aright.

"Go find Dan!" Pap repeated quietly, again flinging out a hand toward the distant unseen mainland. And as Young Bruce was lost in the spray of his own ready plunge, the old man added chokingly: "And tell him you're a Newfoundland!"

Pap watched while Young Bruce crossed the interval of quiet water in the lee of the point, watched while he labored unflinchingly up the smooth gray wall of the first great wave that curved at the crest like a saber to beat him down.

He saw the black head drop from sight, after long agonizing minutes saw it bob up, then sink again as Young Bruce rose and fell buoyantly on successive waves.

Three hundred yards out the dog was lost in the mad turmoil of water. Pap waited for him to reappear and when the black head failed to come in sight again he turned and went wearily up the beach. By the clump of spruce where he had buried Black Bruce forty-five years before he paused for a minute to look back toward the narrows.

Shaking his head, he said to himself, "I dunno as even a Newfoundland can make it."

He stood staring out over the savage sea, his face working "Anyhow," he muttered, "if Bruce don't pull through, I'll never take another dog to encampment."

Then he turned, went slowly on to the house, and laid out dry clothes for himself by the kitchen stove.

WHEN dusk was falling the white boat of the coast guard rolled and pitched into the lee of Fox Island. By that, Pap knew Young Bruce had not failed on his mission.

Trembling a little, his face alight, the old man was waiting on his dock when the craft turned and came alongside to make fast.

First ashore was Dan, with the Boyle brothers following close behind him. But Young Bruce was nowhere in sight. Pap stood very straight and looked beyond them, along the deck of the boat, eagerly, hopefully. Then, with the light dying out of his face, he turned to Dan.

"Where is he?" he asked very quietly. "Left him home, drying and warming up," Dan told him. "He was chilled clear through."

Suddenly Pap Duncan no longer minded leaving Fox Island at all, even though he knew it was for good. "Well," he said almost testily, "let's start for shore, before it gets any darker."

Dan's eyes opened wide. "And say," he conceded as he cast free the ropes of the coast guard boat, "he's a Newfoundland all right. No other dog could have made it across the narrows to-day."

"Sure he's a Newfoundland," Pap said with quiet scorn. "No other dog would have tried it." Then he added, "Didn't he tell you he was a Newfoundland? I told him to."

## The Whispering Joss

(Continued from page 16)

white and trembling before the great Joss, his eyes almost springing from their sockets.

Eric knew that he couldn't tackle the fiend alone. With a leap, he retreated to the top of the steps and stood with his back to the shreds of the torn picture.

Shouting in the harsh guttural dialect of the Southern Chinese, the Yellow Death sprang upward. How this man had ever played the role of a smiling and talkative old merchant, who had amused people with his quaint pidgin English, was inconceivable. A very figure of murderous wrath, he hurled himself at Eric.

Monkhouse was neither featherweight nor weakling, but he could no more withstand that onslaught than the charge of a bull. As the two crashed together through the broken picture, the young Englishman was sent reeling backward.

Beyond the framework they fell together to the floor of the passage, locked in each other's arms, Tong-lu's great knotted hands working for Eric's throat.

The North River pirate had seized the advantage, and by reason of his great strength was able to retain it. Eric writhed, bit, and kicked with the strength of despair, but with one great hand choking off his breath, he knew he was done.

When his resistance became feeble, the Chinese thrust a hand into the belt around his waist, and drew forth a revolver that Eric recognized as his own. The time had come—in a moment there'd be a flash, one white flash of consciousness—then darkness. But to his utter amazement, Tong-lu suddenly lowered the muzzle of the gun and laid it aside.

At that moment, Captain Crouch came staggering through the broken picture. He seemed half dazed. Tottering in his gait like a drunken man, he advanced blindly, groping with his hands. There was an ugly scar upon his forehead from which the blood was streaming into his eyes.

When Tong-lu caught sight of him, he reached for the revolver he had thrown away—and that gave Monkhouse his chance. In a second Eric had writhed away from his grasp and risen to his knees. Half strangled as he was, he found it difficult to breathe, impossible to speak.

He saw Crouch come stumbling towards him and, at the back of the little captain, the towering figure of Lofee, the Yunnan giant from the *yamen* of En-fo. Lofee had crept along close to the wall, from somewhere down the passage.

At that moment Eric believed he had some cause for hope. He thought this man their friend; he knew him to have the strength of a Hercules. Lofee had accompanied Nam Yuk and Sir Gilbert to England. Lofee would save them!

And yet the Yunnan giant, without once moving his eyes from the Yellow Death, fell upon Crouch, lifted the little captain off his feet, and held him as secure as a prisoner in a straight-jacket, while he said something in Chinese to Tong-lu.

"Lofee, are you mad!" cried Eric, forgetting that the man could not understand him.

The Yunnanese didn't even look in Eric's direction. His gaze was still fixed upon the Yellow Death, from whom he seemed afraid to move his eyes.

### Chapter Fifteen

UTTERLY bewildered by what had happened, unarmed, winded and exhausted, Monkhouse was past resistance. At Tong-lu's direction he walked wearily into the circular lumber room. Lofee followed, carrying Crouch as easily as if the captain were a babe in arms.

Searching their pockets, Tong-lu found Crouch's torch, and switched on the light. Among the litter on the floor, he experienced no difficulty in finding what he wanted. Most of the packing cases had been tied up with cord. Assisted by Lofee, he bound the two prisoners so tightly together that escape was impossible.

In the torchlight Eric Monkhouse got momentary glimpses of the strong and evil countenance of the man who was bending over him. In spite of the wrinkles he had painted on his skin, Tong-lu was still a handsome man. When he had posed on board ship as old Tai-wen, the curio merchant, he had kept his face so twisted and his features so contorted that he bore no resemblance to his real self.

NOW he was revealed as a lank, hard, iron-muscled man, with the litherness of a leopard. His movements were almost too swift for the eye to follow, and there was a cold sureness about every act. His eyes were glowing strangely, like those of a tiger who at last is ready to make his kill.

In a quick guttural, he spoke to Lofee. Eric couldn't understand a word, but Crouch, straining to listen, opened his eyes wide as he caught the import of the pirate's words.

Tong-lu took a knife from his girdle. Eric's heart leaped violently. It was the end after all. But Crouch was calmer. He had understood enough to know that he and Eric were to be kept alive for the information they could supposedly give. If they refused to give it, they would be taken to the torture chamber. There, with the medieval rack tearing their limbs, they could confess what the old Prefect, En-fo, had confided in them. The Yellow Death didn't know that the Prefect had confided nothing—that Nam Yuk had prevented En-fo from taking the whites into his confidence.

Eric, momentarily expecting death, closed his eyes. He felt a tug on his right sleeve, and in the next instant it was ripped upward from wrist to shoulder.

Opening his eyes again, he discovered that he was lying by the side of Captain Crouch, whose left arm with its tattooing had also been laid bare. These two arms were now hastily tied together, the Yellow Death squatting over his victims like some great evil beast. Holding the torch in one hand, he cast aside old Tai-wen's gold-rimmed spectacles that he might better read the parallel columns of characters.

In the reflected light they could see his face but dimly, enough to observe a horrid glint of triumph in those black eyes. A fierce smile of frenzied satisfaction that was like the snarl of a wolf spread slowly upon the man's thin, leaden-colored lips.

With an exclamation he sprang to his feet. Savage with excitement, he flung his arms above him in a kind of furious glee as if thanking his own particular gods for his victory.

His prisoners watched him glide swiftly from the room and cross the passage. They saw him dash through the broken panel of the picture opposite and disappear down the steps on the other side into the joss house—where Tai-yang-shen, the scarlet Sun-god, sat benevolent and placid.

The two prisoners lay for a moment motionless, side by side, while Lofee stood over them. As his feet were tied together, and he was bound to Eric by an arm, Crouch could move nothing but his head. This he now lifted a few inches, so that he could see the towering form of the gigantic Yunnanese.

"Lofee," said he, in the Canton tongue, "what if the spirit of En-fo,

(Continued on page 61)

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## West-Bound Mail

(Continued from page 23)

forward cockpit, abruptly ceased to scan the empty air and turned to look questioningly at his pilot. Don cut the gun and leaned forward.

"Arngren is down—he must be!" he called. "How about taking a look—as far as Renfrew?"

"Right!" Bill agreed. "We've plenty gas—and the motor's—"

He gestured toward the roaring, full-throated motor with complacency.

Don gunned the ship and set a course that would take them over the emergency field at Bennett and on to Renfrew. He knew the country—farm land, flat enough almost as far as Bennett, and from thence on rugged and wooded. The country between Bennett and Renfrew was the sort that made the automobile tourist smile and the airman frown. It was beautiful country if you were whizzing past the forested slopes and declivities on a concrete road, and ugly country if you were flying over it and looking for a clear place to set your ship down.

Some minutes before they reached Bennett Don was down close over the fields, for the force of the head wind made hedge-hopping almost a necessity. The young pilot estimated that although there was a wind that reached forty miles an hour in gusts on the surface, there was a smooth sixty miles hitting his ship on the nose at 1500 feet.

It was, of course, risky to fly low, and it became riskier as they neared Bennett and struck out over the rougher country. But the hop that had started off as a light-hearted flight to escort a ship had now become a flight to rescue a comrade. Risks were permissible on such a mission.

Don headed directly for the small landing field at Bennett and anxiously searched the faded gray grass below him. There was no ship there. A man who stood out in the middle of the field was craning his neck up at them, but he made no sign. This man, Don guessed, was Meade, who kept an eye on the beacon at night. Meade was still looking; that meant that Arngren had not got that far. Don did not circle the field; he headed steadily on his eastward course.

Somewhere in the nineteen miles of rugged scenery between Bennett and Renfrew, John Arngren and his ship had disappeared.

"He was flying high at Renfrew," Don muttered to himself. "That means that he probably got some miles beyond it; he could glide a long way in this wind even if his motor quit just out of sight of Renfrew."

Perhaps, then, he was safe in concentrating his search on the fifteen-mile stretch just beyond Bennett. He decided that he would fly as far as Renfrew and then devote himself to shuttling back and forth over the territory that seemed most likely to hold the missing plane. By this time, he knew, Jake Converse would have ships warming up to join in the hunt. The boss of the field knew that strip of bad ground even better than Don Saunders; he would understand that a pilot down there would be in real trouble. Farmhouses were as scarce as fields, there, and help would be hard to find.

HAVING made his plans and taken a quick glance at his gasoline gauge, Don pulled back the stick a bit, in order to get a few hundred feet of altitude under his wheels. Now that he was on the spot, lack of speed was an advantage and some altitude a necessity. You cannot see far through even leafless woodland unless you are above it. He soared up into the teeth of the gale.

While the ship bumped in the gusts and plowed steadily ahead, Don set himself to the task of flying in a straight

line between the two fields. The wind, he knew, was giving him a slight northerly drift. He ruddered until his compass needle told him he was flying east by south. It was a matter of instrument flying. The broad Transcontinental highway that passed through Bennett veered southward and did not go near Renfrew; so he had no landmark to guide him.

Satisfied with this, Don resumed his search of the ground below. But he had hardly directed his eyes to the tree tops when Bill shouted and waved wildly to him. The young mechanic stabbed with his finger to the right of the ship, forward of the lower plane. Don banked instantly to get the wing out of the line of his vision. He strained his eyes ahead.

IN the midst of the saplings and tangled underbrush in a cut-over section of the woods, there protruded upward the tail of a ship. In another instant Don was flying in a circle around it while he and Bill stared soberly downward.

It was the ship they sought, down not five miles from Bennett! Evidently the pilot had had enough control over his ship to dodge the taller trees and try gamely for a landing in this section of sparser and younger growth. He had had no luck in his effort. One wing had hooked into a wild cherry that had ripped it off the ship. The motor had torn loose from the engine bearers. Looking down on the upended mail plane the partners saw all the marks of a bad crash.

Of the pilot there was no sign. Arngren might be crushed in the cockpit; he might be lying dead or unconscious somewhere in the undergrowth. Don stared till his eyes ached and he felt almost too giddy to handle the ship. Then transferring his gaze to the horizon, he devoted himself to getting back his sense of equilibrium, while his mind was busy running over the possibilities.

Suddenly he became aware that Bill Mann in his chute harness was sitting on the edge of the forward cockpit with his legs hanging over the side.

Bill grinned at him, with his right hand gripping the ring of his rip cord. "Throttle down!" he yelled. "I'm going to go get him!"

"Don't jump!" Don shouted against the power of the gusty air. "We're too low! The wind will—"

Bill realized that he would get no assistance from Don to make a chute jump that day. He did not climb back into the cockpit. Instead, instantly, he let himself slide off the fuselage. Don saw his sprawling body below the ship for a moment. Then he was gone—whirled backward under the tail.

With a leaping heart Don swung the ship around. His eyes found his falling partner. Bill had ripped the chute pack open. The big envelope of silk was billowing forth, but he was still dropping. As the parachute opened fully he hit one of the topmost branches of a tall pine.

Then the parachute, caught in the blast of thirty or forty miles of wind, jerked him away. Trailing behind the chute as it sailed down-wind, Bill was dragged back toward the crashed ship. His swinging body hit the top of a sapling; then he was dragged through another tree.

The chute itself then caught on the top of a tall, slender silver birch. It wrapped itself around the swaying top. Bill's body slashed downward; bounced against a thicker branch, and then dropped against the trunk of the birch. He fell a few feet further to the ground and lay in a crumpled heap, unmoving.

Don Saunders, grim-lipped, came out of his tight circle. He headed the ship toward earth near Arngren's wrecked plane. The next instant he pulled the ship out of the dive. Where



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Arngren had failed, he could not hope to succeed. Impulse had injured or killed Bill Mann; it was time for Don Saunders to think, not act.

He must get down to Bill fast; but he must not kill himself; he must live to help two men now instead of one.

As he cast desperate glances about for some place to set down his ship, Don remembered the transcontinental road. It was a wide concrete highway; there might be a chance to get down on it. If it were not too far away! He headed southwest, angling into the wind so that he would hit the road at the point nearest to the crashed ship.

A broad white band showed unexpectedly through the interlaced branches to the right of his ship. With a gasp of hope Don saw that it was the highway. Arngren, then, had probably been making for the road, but had not been able to stretch his glide far enough. If only he could get his ship down, Don thought!

As he swept over the highway Don caught a glimpse of a gasoline station—a mere shack with two red pumps in front of it. If he could land he might get help here. The road itself was quite empty of cars.

The highway, he saw, was broad enough for four automobiles but it was narrow enough for a ship. At this point it swept in a wide curve toward the southeast. That meant that he could not make a direct up-wind landing.

Grimly, after that one quick glance, Don pointed his ship downward. There were telephone poles on the windward side of the road, but on the other there were no obstacles save the tree tops. There was a narrow strip of grass on each side of the concrete. That helped a little.

The ship was jumping nervously in the gale. The road, running like a slot through the woods, disturbed the even course of the windstream. Don felt the plane lifting under him; then settling as a moment of calm succeeded a gust.

"Here goes!" he muttered. He urged the ship to overcome the blasts of air that assailed him. Then with the control stick he raised the windward aileron slightly. The plane slipped over the tree tops as the wing lowered. In another moment the ship was roaring along a course parallel with the road and just above it. Don held his wheels about ten feet over the concrete surface while he felt the strength of the air. As he had reckoned, the wind was not so fierce at this low altitude but it was full of holes. His ship dropped in one soft spot almost to the concrete.

Don gently straightened out his rudder and lowered his windward wing again. He throttled down slowly and brought his stick back. The ship was sidslipping now — sidslipping just enough to balance the wind that was drifting it off the road. If a gust got under that depressed left wing now he was through.

Suddenly the left wheel and tail skid of the ship touched. It bounced; but when the plane touched again Don's quick hand on the stick had leveled it out. The ship hit on three points this time—wheels and tail skid—and rolled on along the road.

TRY as he would, Don could not prevent it from running off the concrete. The left wing tip grazed a telegraph pole; then the wheels rolled onto the soft shoulder of the road, sinking into the grass. The ship hesitated on the verge of a plunge into the shallow ditch; then stopped. The forward edge of the upper wing was not more than ten feet from the next telegraph pole.

Don leaped out, leaving the motor idling. He did not even glance at his ship, but ran across the road and crashed into the bushes. Before he lost sight of the road he noted the direction of the shadows cast by the tree trunks and glanced at the minute hand of his watch. With this as a guide he headed through the woods almost at right an-

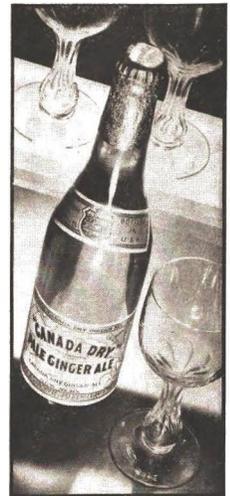


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(Continued from page 55)  
gles to the road. The wrecked mail plane could not be more than a quarter of a mile from the highway. Perhaps it was less. As the trees closed in overhead, the brush underfoot became less dense. He made better time.

At the end of four minutes the woods opened up and he caught sight of smaller trees and bushes ahead. He broke through. The upraised tail of Arngren's ship met his anxious eyes. He ran that way, and sighted the parachute still fluttering from the tree top. Then he saw Bill Mann. Alive!

Bill was on his feet beside the broken remains of Arngren's plane. He was swaying uncertainly and staring at the shattered mail compartment of the ship. His leather jacket was slashed vertically in half a dozen places, as if with a knife. His face and hands were bleeding from deep scratches. But he was alive and apparently had broken no bones.

"He isn't here!" Bill wailed, when he saw Don. "He isn't here!"

Don realized that Bill was still groggy from his experience in the tree tops. He looked about hastily for Arngren, who might be in worse need of help, if he were still alive after that hard crash. Bill Mann watched him dazedly, then slowly began to look, too.

"This ship's been afire!" Don exclaimed, after he had thrashed a way around the plane. "Look at that center section—and the fuselage forward there!"

Had Arngren jumped to save his life high in the air? Or had—Don stumbled over something beside the nose of the ship. It was a fire extinguisher and the plunger had been pulled out. Somebody had used it to put out the flames before the wing blazed up.

"He stuck with the ship," Don said. "Maybe—" He peered into the mail compartment. It was empty.

Just then Bill Mann called to him. The mechanic, coming out of his daze, had been making a wider circle around the plane.

"Here's the mail!" he shouted. "And there's a sort of trail here, too, Don."

Together they stared at several mail sacks that lay about fifty feet from the ship. Then Don sprinted down the trail—a dim, crooked path made by the crushing down of bushes and underbrush.

He had not gone a hundred yards when he stopped abruptly. Another mail sack confronted him. And under it, stretched out face downward on the trail, lay John Arngren, motionless, with one leg strangely askew.

While Don knelt beside the man at the end of the trail, Bill Mann came up. "Bill!" said Don. "He's got a broken leg—maybe other things, too—but he was dragging the mail to the road!"

Bill said nothing for a moment, his head bent over John Arngren. "That's nerve!" he muttered at last.

With Bill's aid, Don got the unconscious mail pilot onto his shoulders and staggered on toward the road. Bill followed. He was dragging the sack behind him.

Fortunately Don's strength held out until he reached the service station that he had seen from the air. The surprised proprietor furnished a blanket to lay John Arngren on.

"Sure, I've got a telephone," he said in answer to Don's question. "I've got a flivver, too, but you'd better just let him lie there. He's breathing all right. Don't fuss with him. I'll have a doctor here in fifteen minutes."

"Right," said Don. He turned to Bill. "How do you feel about carrying a few mail bags, Bill?"

"I guess if Arngren could drag one I can lug one," Bill said, busy over his cuts with a handkerchief.

Without another word they returned to the scattered mail bags. Fortunately, as Chris Stepney had told them, Arngren had had a light load—not more than three or four hundred pounds. They

got the sacks back to the road in two trips.

"He's still unconscious," the gas station man told them. "Do you want my flivver to carry that mail?"

"No," said Don with grim earnestness. "It's going through by air."

Don led Bill to their ship. The motor was still turning over.

"I'll stand by Arngren," Bill Mann said. "Do you think you can get off?"

"I don't know," Don Saunders replied quietly, "but I'm going to try hard."

"I'm cheering for you—and John Arngren," Bill declared. He braced himself against the left wing while Don climbed into the control cockpit and gunned the ship.

Slowly, as Don opened up the motor, the wheels moved forward on the soft shoulder of the road. Then the ship inclined toward the concrete as Bill held back on his wing tip with all his strength. In another moment the wheels were on the hard surface. Together, they piled the mail sacks into the forward compartment.

"Here's hoping," said Don when the ship was loaded.

He opened the throttle wide, and taxied furiously down the road. Breathlessly, with his rudder and ailerons, he fought the tendency of the ship to head into the wind in the gusts. When he had won flying speed, and more, he eased back the stick and lifted the ship off the road. He gave her all the gas she would take—and waited. Everything would be over—one way or another—in about two-fifths of a second.

It seemed to Don that the telegraph poles on the side of the road slashed at his ship as if they were animate things. A gust got under his windward wing before he was ten feet from the ground, and threw the ship into a slip but Don, crouched over his stick, shoved it over before the other wing touched the ground. The next instant the ship regained some altitude and then, in a burst of power, surged up above the level of the wires. He had won.

As rapidly as the heavy-laden ship would climb, Don Saunders sought altitude. Then he turned. Converse Field was only twenty-one miles away—down wind. And John Arngren had been flying an hour ahead of schedule. Again he put the throttle in the last notch.

At four-forty-five that afternoon Don Saunders in the radio office at Converse Field, called on the telephone the service station where John Arngren had been left.

It was Bill Mann's voice that answered the ring at the other end.

"Bill!" Don said. "If Arngren's conscious, tell him his mail made the west-bound connection. Cliff Burke just pulled with it. On time."

"Good!" Bill grunted. "He's conscious all right, but I'm black and blue from trying to sit on his chest. He thought I was kidding him about his confounded mail having gone on. Wait a moment!"

Don, listening acutely, heard Bill shouting to someone.

"All right," said Bill, glumly, after a moment. "He believes it. He's got his chart out to show the doctor and I bet I'm next. Wonder if I can get the doc to feed him a pill? If not, I'll have to put him to sleep with my monkey wrench. G'by."

Don hung up the receiver. Chris Stepney yawned, took off his head phones to rub his ear and then looked at Don.

"Well, you missed the Second Assistant Postmaster General's talk on the air mail," he said.

"So I did," Don answered. "I forgot about that. Did he say anything?"

"No!" the radio man replied, with contempt. "Just a lot of talk about how the air mail goes through. Old stuff!"

"Yeah," Don agreed. "Same old stuff." He listened a moment for the drone of Cliff Burke's receding plane, but the ship was too far away to be heard.



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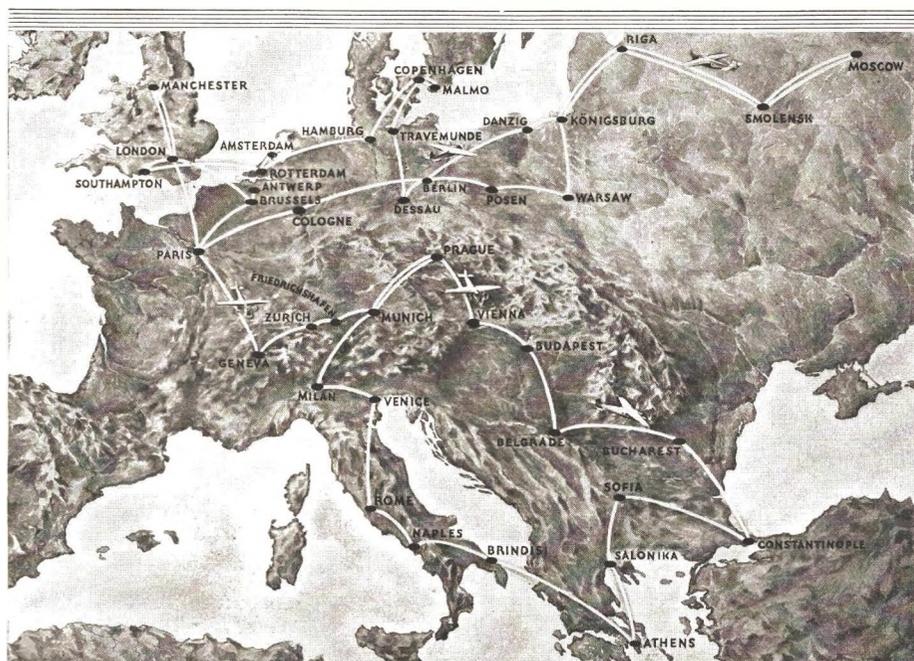
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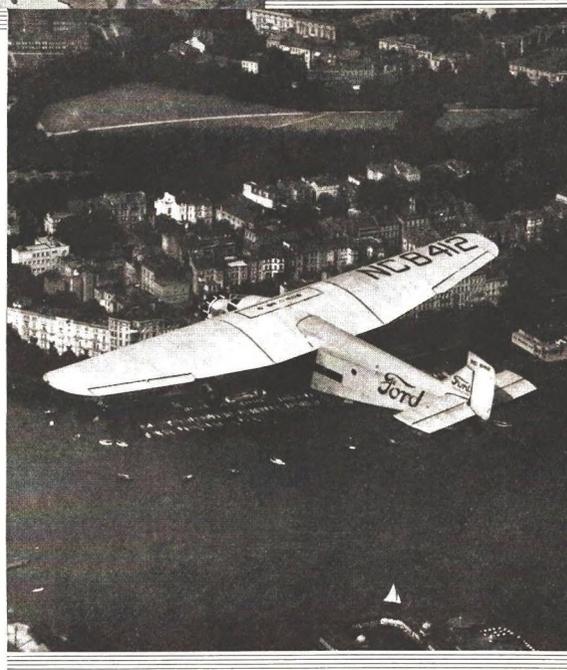
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Full 2½ horse power, producing efficient speeds on canoes, rowboats, tenders. Twin silencers, self-steering, rubber cushioning of power head and many other remarkable features.

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THE Old West lies deep in the hearts of AMERICAN BOY readers.

There's no doubt about it. Willingly they'd trade that auto trip for the smell of saddle leather, the latest radio program for the murmur of the wind in the pines; the electric stove for the fryin' pan!

When THE AMERICAN BOY announced in February and March its contest of the West, readers answered with a flood of longing—a tidal wave of dreams and visions. From every part of the United States and Canada—from Florida to Alaska—boys and girls wrote to the Contest Editor, laying bare their inmost thoughts—talking to him on the subject:

"What a Dude Ranch Vacation Would Mean to Me."

Five thousand and eight entries! Thoughtful, well-expressed, unconsciously poetic entries that have kept the staff of judges busy for two weeks to select the winners!

It was important that the judging be well considered, for the first three would win nothing less than a month in the West. A month of Dude Ranch life, with all expenses paid, including transportation from the winner's doorstep to the ranches, and back!

These three prizes, including the five-hundred dollar saddle outfit for first place, were made possible through the co-operation of the Dude Ranchers' Association, the Burlington and Northern Pacific Railroads, and THE AMERICAN BOY Magazine. There are other fine prizes including six original oil paintings of the West by Frank Schoonover; and in addition to the twenty-five autographed copies each of *SMOKY* by Will James, and *QUESTERS OF THE DESERT*, by James Willard Schultz, contestants will receive through the courtesy of Grosset & Dunlap, New York, twenty-five copies of *LAST OF THE GREAT SCOUTS*, the story of Buffalo Bill by his sister, Helen Cody Wetmore.

The winners were selected regardless of where they came from, or whether they were boys or girls. When the judges' final ballots were in, it was found that first and third places went to boys who live in the heart of New York City!

Archibald T. Gardiner, Jr., New York City, sixteen years old, a sophomore in high school, takes first. Around July 1, he will leave the bustle of Manhattan for the mountain ranges of Montana, north of Yellowstone Park. He will divide his time between three Dude Ranches: the Log K Bar Ranch near Big Timber, Boulder Lodge near Contact, and the Dot S Ranch near Melville. He will be the guest of the Livingston, Montana, Round-up. He will receive a five-hundred-dollar cowboy outfit including saddle, blanket, bridle, chaps, boots, hat, shirts, and spurs!

Second place goes to Kenneth Lovell, Hutchinson, Kansas, a senior in high school, sixteen years old. He'll go to three ranches in Wyoming—the J. Y. Ranch at Wilson, Teton County, White Grass Ranch, Jackson Hole; and the C. M. Ranch, near Dubois. He'll take in the Cody, Wyoming, Stampede, early in July.

The third place winner, Ralph A. Allen, seventeen, also from New York City, will go to the T. O. Ranch, Roscoe, Montana; Bear-tooth Ranch, Dean; and Shaw's Camps, Gardiner. He, too, will see the Livingston Round-up.

The first three winners, in addition, will be taken on special trips through Yellowstone and Grand Teton Parks, and they will each receive special gifts of tailor-made cowboy trousers and shirts.

The honorary judges of the contest are: Honorable Frank C. Emerson, Governor of Wyoming; Honorable J. E. Erickson, Governor of Montana; I. Larson, President of the Dude Ranchers' Association; Frank E. Schoonover, artist; Horace M. Albright, Director of the National Park Service; Will James, author-artist; Griffith Ogden Ellis, Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY; James Willard Schultz, writer; T. Joe Cahill, secretary, represented the Dude Ranchers' Association.

Here are the three winning entries:

### What a Dude Ranch Vacation Would Mean to Me

First Prize

By Archibald T. Gardiner, Jr. (16)

I LIVE in the city. In fact I have always lived in the city. And the happiest days of my life were the two months I spent at a boys' camp in the Adirondacks. There were horses! There was fishing! There were mountains—not very tall ones

### The Next American Boy Contest

Want a Dog? A Live Pedigreed Chum? Then Answer This Want Ad

A SWIFT, LITHE, ENERGETIC YOUTHFUL DOG, great stamina of endurance and logic analysis of Larry Trimble's *Common Sense* series. Not an ordinary dog, but a real dog, one that will give you a real dog's life. Looking for something different? Then try this one. Write for more information and a free trial. Address: Live Wire, Box 10.



THERE'S his picture. There's his ad. He's waiting up at Larry Trimble's home on the St. Lawrence River, in Ontario, for the reply to his ad that will send him, express prepaid, to his new home.

"There's nothing I'd like better," says the Pup himself, in his pure Police Dog accent, "than to take over and run some nice home. And I think I can do the job. My master Larry Trimble—he trained my great grandpop Strongheart, you know—has taught me how to boss a family in a gentlemanly way. I've got a bit of growing to do, my hide's a bit loose yet, and I'm pretty strongly inclined to pranks and fun. But I defy any dog to show better blood than mine! So hurry along those replies. My paws are itching to read 'em. I want to pick my new home!"

Address your replies to Live Wire, Box K9, care of THE AMERICAN BOY Magazine, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan. Tell him whatever you think he'll want to know about your home, about yourself, what his duties will be, or how you and he will spend your time. The best reply wins the Pup. And he's worth five hundred dollars!

Try to keep your letters within three hundred words. Get them in by May 15. Put your name, address, age and year in school at the top of each sheet—the contest is limited to readers under twenty-one years old. Typewrite, or write clearly, on one side of the sheet only. Please don't ask us to return your entries—keep a carbon if you wish. (And don't forget to enclose the month's best reading ballot in your envelope.)

Second and third prizes: original charcoal drawings by Diana Thorne, famous ether of dogs! One dollar for every other entry we have space to print.

Write those letters to the Police Pup!

to be sure, but still mountains. And sunsets and birds, and a feeling of space, a feeling of remoteness from all the futile fury of city streets, belching autos, grim-set faces and the endless quest of the Golden Fleece.

Money? Sure, of course I want it. Who doesn't? I want it for the comfort of independence. But surely if man can capture for himself just a few minutes of beauty, of inner peace, the struggle for existence will be a more pleasant thing, and material things will find their proper place. And where can these qualities better be sought and found than in our own great American West? I don't know it by experience, nor yet from having seen it with my eyes, but I feel it so surely that I know it must be true.

I am only sixteen, but for years, when I would see a picture of the West or read books that told of it, I would be filled with such a longing to know it and try to understand its bigness that it would almost be

a physical hurt. To think that while I was walking down an asphalt street, riding in a subway, or trying to find the sky between the close-clinging tops of skyscrapers, there was the West waiting to be seen and known! The West with its purple mountains—they tell me that they really are purple in the evening! Great rolling plains, streams leaping with trout, long hours when nothing exists but the feel of good horse-flesh under you. Clean, unbreathed air, filled with the smell of pines, and a tang from some snow-covered mountain top.

The men who wrote those books—surely they couldn't have just imagined it. I know I'm not fooling myself when I think of the West as a place where life and human beings are normal and strong.

My Dad's rifle and fishing rod I have used and mastered in the hope that some day I might be using them in the WEST.

Somehow, no matter how hard I try, the good old bank account never seems to grow large enough even to pay for a seat on the day coach to Montana or Wyoming, but I'm still plugging along, filling out the waiting time with dreams of campfires, the smell of sizzling bacon, long hours on trails marked out by the feet of Indians and the early trappers and kept distinct by the feet of men who love the West as I do.

To have been hungry, and to have found food; to have worked my body long hours, so that it was strong and hard; to have seen mountains and lakes that it took millions of years to make; all that would send me back to whatever work life gives me stronger, cleaner, more understanding. With courage to meet its difficulties, and humility to meet its successes.

Surely you can see what doors seemed to open for me when I read the contest announcement in February. To think that my dreams might come true has already changed my whole outlook. At least you can't take my dreams from me.

Second Prize

By Kenneth Lovell (16)

SUNRISE in Jackson Hole . . . a glorious coloring of the rugged Rockies . . . a hush . . . then a flash of fire as the sun appears above some jagged old peak . . . and a new day is born.

High noon in the Tetons . . . a friendly sun pouring its rays of warmth on a small string of people and burros mounting ever higher . . . here scrambling up a sun-baked arroyo . . . now skirting a cliff on a trail barely wide enough for a nimble-footed pack horse.

Sundown in some clearing high up in the Big Horn country . . . a coffee pot simmering . . . a skillet of bacon sizzling . . . tired tourists lying about just as they happened to drop . . . a "hand" here and there preparing for the night . . . then in a blaze of glory the sun drops behind the mountains . . . and day is done.

What pictures! I'd give both of my eye teeth, and a few molars besides, if I could be one of those tourists, seeing a living God there in the vastness of that wilderness night.

What would it mean to me to be there? What wouldn't it mean! THERE is life and joy and happiness.

And the days at the ranches, seeing the real West . . . the broncs . . . the cowboys . . . the Indians . . .

Then night . . . stories in front of a great fireplace . . . living again those frontier days of the old West.

Again, what wouldn't that mean to me! There would be life as I have always longed to live it. A care-free, joyous existence which seems so good that it can scarcely be true. But it is true, and if I could only be there, really living in God's great out of doors, then life and all that it holds would be truly complete.

Third Prize

By Ralph A. Allen (17)

WHAT sight is more thrilling than to sit in a saddle and watch the milling cows winding across the range lands; what joy greater than to go racing along the ranges to rope a straying calf? And when the last rays of the setting sun cast their golden darts upon you, with not even the howl of a prowling coyote to disturb the imposing stillness—boy, believe me, that is life!

Then the glorious sunrise! Not the sun that climbs above a city's ordered streets, but a sun that lifts majestically over far-



## Babe Ruth calls this his Home Run underwear for boys

LET your arms, shoulders and body swing free! That's Babe Ruth's advice. The famous Home Run King avoids tightness of clothing by wearing the popular athletic union-suit which he himself designed.

Babe Ruth "Buddies" in boys' sizes (ages 6-18) are made exactly the same as Babe Ruth's own. The fabric is government standard, pre-shrunk, and reinforced at all points of strain for hard wear. Notice the design of the sturdy blouse-back, pictured below. No webbing to break away. Play ball Babe Ruth's way—wear Babe Ruth "Buddies." They're sold everywhere at 75c.

Made only by  
**McLoughlin Manufacturing Co.**  
 Indianapolis, Indiana  
 Sales Offices—366 Broadway, New York



"I can take a full swing in a Babe Ruth union-suit. I put on before the game and then forget I'm wearing underwear."

**Babe Ruth**

**OUR GUARANTEE**  
 The makers of Babe Ruth underwear guarantee every suit to give satisfactory service...A new suit free for any one that rips, tears or shrinks within one year.

# BABE RUTH

BLOUSE-BACK UNDERWEAR

distant hills; when the earth awakens to the splendor of a new-born day. A westerner never tires of watching a sunrise!

There is that delightful hour just before the breakfast call, when you stroll through the dew-drenched underbrush, wander along shady paths and listen to the ground-folk beneath you stirring for their adventurous day. You remember the flapjacks the cook has promised! You quicken your step. In the distance, as you top a rise, you see the range stretched out below you, the ranch house far off to the right; the bunk house nestling in its shadow. There is a wisp of smoke curling lazily over the cook house! It seems ages before you reach the spot—and the flapjacks. You heave to with a will. That is life on a ranch! Nothing has ever rivaled it—and never will.

You saunter into a corral and pick out a hardy cow pony. You throw a creaking saddle over him, jump up into the seat—and gallop along the dusty trails that lead to nowhere!

You squat by a crackling campfire, the red hot embers glowing softly. A slab of juicy beef roasting over the coals! You sit back and watch the twinkling stars above—feeling the cool night-wind fanning your cheek. A picketed horse gives a startled whinny, awakening you from your reverie! This is what life on a ranch means to me. One glorious day after another!

**THE WINNERS OF THE SIX OIL PAINTINGS BY FRANK D. SCHONBERGER ARE:**  
 Fourth Prize—Raymond Denton (10), Washington, D. C.; First Prize—Mary Dorrell (19), Baltimore, Md.; Sixth Prize—Robert Wylie Larson (11), Wausau, Wis.; Seventh Prize—David Long Tully (15), Traver, Tex.; Eighth Prize—Mary Margaret Ellison (12), Andrews, Ind.; Ninth Prize—Lawrence Lead (10), San Diego, Calif.

The following contestants—winners of tenth through eighteenth places—win autographed books. Twenty-one entrants asked for SMUCKS, so we had to pick one in for and give him **QUENTERS OF THE DESERT**. Otherwise, every entrant received the book of his choice.

**WINNERS OF SMUCKS, autographed by WOLF JANSEN (the winner was noted alphabetically in each of the three subsequent lists):**  
 First Prize—Fred (18), San Antonio, Tex.; Betty Bush (15), Yakima, Wash.; Grace Taylor Catterly (17), York, Penn.; Maxine Farley (15), Auburn, Ind.; Margaret Peterson (14), Warrenton, Ore.; Don Gardner, Detroit, Mich.; Leo Hill (17), Red Wing, Minn.; Robert Harris (11), West Hartford, Conn.; Edson Herrick (15), Chicago, Ill.; Tom Jackson (17), Yakima, Wash.; Martha Middleton (14), Eshamton, Pa.; Robert Smith (15), Henry, O.; Leanne, Penn.; Wallace Palmer (19), Independence, Mo.; Jack Pearson (10), Lovell, Wyo.; Paul T. Peterson, Jr. (19), Arcata, Cal.; William Robert Porter (17), Pittsburgh, Penn.; Eddy Small, Kanabek, Ill.; Fudge Ell Stovall (17), Millersburg, O.; Joseph Ross Stone, Jr. (15), Dravos, Penn.; Victor A. Surface (16), Chicago, Ill.; Jack Viorities (16), Omaha, Neb.; Robert Wallace (10), Waukegan, Ill.; Waldron M. Ward, Jr. (16), Andover, Mass.; Elton Willis (17), Goldsboro, N. C.; Bill Wilson (17), Cleveland Heights, O.

**WINNERS OF QUENTERS OF THE DESERT, autographed by James Willard Schultz:**  
 First Prize—Richard Brown (10), Indianapolis, Ind.; Scott Brown (14), Sheridan, Wyo.; Ralph Christian (12), Birmingham, Ala.; George C. Collins, Jr. (14), Nashville, Tenn.; Jack Gory (17), Des Moines, Ia.; John M. Daniels (15), West Somerville, Mass.; Richard Biss (15), Pittsburgh, Penn.; Robert Galt (14), New York, N.Y.; Sherwin Garside (14), Tompoh, Nev.; Mary Jessie Guntz (12), Coffeyville, Mo.; Lawrence Hill (12), Syracuse, N.Y.; Richard E. Jones (11), Minneapolis, Minn.; Arthur C. Lauther (15), Astoria, Wash.; Jack M. Latham (15), Oak Park, Ill.; Vin Mitchell (14), West Pittston, Penn.; Weber Mitchell (15), Chatsworth, Ill.; Eugene Phares (15), Richmond, Ind.; Frank C. Robinson (16), Spokane, Wash.; Duane Rinsler (10), Beaumont, Tex.; Farland Ross (17), Nevada, Tenn.; John S. Bolen (16), Hanover, Mich.; John Pharis (13), Long Island, N.Y.; Robert F. Sizer (14), Minneapolis, Minn.; Steve (18), Western Springs, Ill.; Charles Whitmore (14), Winnie, Minn.

**WINNERS OF LUST OF THE GREAT SCOTTS, autographed by Macz Jester, owner of Buffalo Bill and custodian of the Buffalo Bill Museum:**  
 Jack Benton (11), St. Paul, Minn.; H. Dunn (10), Chicago, Ill.; Paul Arthur Hays (14), Erie, Pa.; Jacob Dress (18), Providence, R. I.; Eugene H. Elliott, Jr. (12), Hartford, Conn.; William W. Hollis (14), New York, N. C.; Milton Hostetler (18), Colmar, Pa.; William M. Hoyt, Jr. (15), Summit, N. J.; S. D. Keenan (16), Baltimore, Md.; Hugh Krown (15), Mount Berry, Ga.; Charles Kilmer (11), El Paso, Tex.; Mark Knorr (14), Troy, O.; Paul S. Kutz (15), Arlington, S. D.; Elizabeth Lewis (14), Orlando, Fla.; Michel Luciano (16), Los Gatos, Calif.; Oliver Martin (16), Falla, Colo.; Buck Persons (14), Tuscarora, Ala.; Ron Pullins (14), Maulwood, N. J.; Karl R. Price (16), Middleburg, Ky.; James L. Remy (18), Stone, Ala.; Carl Reimer Scott (12), Tappanish, Wash.; Teddy Shaw (14), Phoenix, Ariz.; Harwood Bidlow Steiner (14), Husted, Pa.; O. Wilson Saker (15), Petersburg, Va.; George Whitlock, Jr. (17), Springfield, O.

**HONORABLE MENTIONS, listed alphabetically:** David Anderson (14), Cob, Wyo.; Clifton E. Armstrong (14), Carleton, Md.; Robert H. Bailey (15), Goshute, Wash.; Gordon A. Bell (17), Los Angeles, Calif.; Fred Bloom (15), Kewanee, Ill.; Raymond Burdett (14), Ocala, Fla.; Donald V. Clark (16), New Philadelphia, O.; Robert Conner (15), St. Louis, Mo.; Wilbur Dallenbach (18), Beckwith (15), Ia.; Robert Darby, Salem, Utah; Lew Dennis (15), Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Robert Edick (14), Bonanza, N. D.; Miles Farley (16), Hamilton, N. Y.; Nancy Fulton (17), Sioux City, Ia.; Lee K. Henderson (14), Jewett, O.; Maxine Hirth (16), Baker, Minn.; Cecil Hollmann (15), Fort, Mo.; Clarence Kelley (18), Lubbock, Tex.; Hugh Kelle (17), Evans, N. Y.; Thomas Kennedy (16), Chicago, Ill.; Jack Larson (12), Forest Park, Minn.; Paul Linder (15), Greenboro, N. C.; John F. Long (19), Worthington, O.; Gerald W. Myers (15), Owsen, N. Y.; Tom Martin (16), Baymont, Ia.; Jack Matthews (15), Gulfport, Miss.; Maxim Mement (12), Walnut, Ia.; Thomas W. Mitchell (17), Decatur, O.; John Robert Smith, Jr., Kilmadock, Mo.; Donald W. Moss (14), Husbands, Mass.; Daniel McCollan (17), Casport, Wyo.; Dossie H. McFadden (15), Clinton, S. C.; John McIntosh (15), Virginia, Minn.; James Owens, Washington, Mont.; Max Edna Patterson (12), Malta, Mont.; Alexander H. Price (15), Clearmont, Penn.; Donald Richardson (15), San Pedro, Calif.; Leon Ruser (15), Nashville, Ill.; Jerry White Ritchie (14), Colton, Calif.; George Sanford (17), Omaha, Neb.; Richard Schweitzer (16), Rock Island, Ill.; Graciele Simmons (14), Maplewood, Mo.; J. J. Stree (15), Pittsburgh, Penn.; David Simola (14), Baltimore, Md.; William M. Swan (14), Florence, Ala.; Herbert Spencer (16), Ithaca, N. Y.; Harley H. Thomas, Jr. (17), Garden City, N. Y.; Ralph B. Thomson (17), Pleasant Heights, O.; Richard Tins (17), Utica, Ga.; Merrill G. Windberg (16), Buffalo, N. Y.



Kemper Military School Rifle Team

# Winners of 41 Rifle Matches with Western Lubaloy Cartridges

Forty-one victories out of 42 matches fired, and the one match which was lost was by a single point, is the record of the Kemper Military School Rifle Team, Boonville, Mo., in competition with other military schools and Senior R. O. T. C. units. This is another demonstration of the extreme accuracy and super-performance of WESTERN LUBALOY cartridges!

Lubaloy 22's shoot with the same kind of accuracy that has made Lubaloy big game cartridges famous. They hit hard, are clean to handle and clean to shoot. They won't rust your gun. No grease to soil your hands or pockets. Lint and grit won't stick to them and get into your gun. Try them. They will improve your shooting!

The success of the Kemper team this season is a repetition of last year's record, when the team won 99 out of 100 matches with Lubaloy cartridges.

Dealers everywhere sell WESTERN—World's Champion Ammunition. Let us send you an interesting free leaflet describing Lubaloy 22's—and Lt. Col. Townsend Whelan's thrilling booklet, "American Big Game Hunting."

## National Individual Military School Championship Won with Lubaloy 22's

For the second consecutive year this important championship event, sponsored by the National Rifle Association, was won with Lubaloy 22's. Cadet Lieutenant A. J. McGuire, captain of the Kemper team, was the winner this year. Six of the ten high men in this event used Lubaloy cartridges.



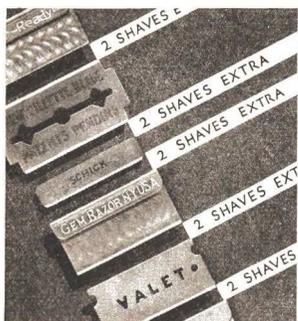
Cadet Lieutenant A. J. McGuire, winner of National Individual Military School Championship.

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# Western Lubaloy

(LUBRICATING ALLOY)

Coated .22's



## ANY BLADE will give you 2 More Shaves

...with Mennen Shaving Cream! (and I mean good ones). That's my money-back guarantee. Mennen shaves are better shaves, too. They'd *have* to be when Mennen lather makes any razor do its stuff well through 2 more shaves.

Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream...Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give that clean, comfortable Mennen shave. Both build up a fine, quick lather in any water. Mennen Without Menthol is smooth and bland. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both Creams are typically Mennen...that's the main point...and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

I hope you doubt that guarantee up there. I'd like to prove it. I'll even send you a trial tube to make the test if you use the coupon.

Have you tried the 6-second massage with Mennen Skin Balm? It prolongs the invigorating freshness of your Mennen Shave...cools and conditions your skin. It's non-greasy...absorbs instantly.

*Jim Henry*  
Mennen Salesman

# MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS



MENTHOL-ICED      WITHOUT MENTHOL

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. D-3, NEWARK, N. J.  
Jim Henry: Send me a free trial tube of Mennen. I'll try it with my razor.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

- Send me Mennen without Menthol
- Send me Mennen Menthol-iced



# In the Morning Mail



IN February, Pluto, the Office Pup, asked fans whether they preferred stories with a historical setting or present-day stories. The Pup received a lot of letters on the subject and the vote was about even. The latest two opinions, however, have been in favor of the historical.

Dallas Shackleton, Collinsville, Oklahoma, says that his choice, with no hesitation whatever, is historical stories. Marvin Bell, Copperas Cove, Texas, agrees, and asks us to get Reginald Wright Kauffman back in the magazine.

These two, and the many other like-minded fans, will look forward to the serial by Kauffman called "Fangs of the Leopard," which starts in August. It deals with the reign of the emperor Maximilian in Mexico.

Bell adds in his letter that of all the artists he likes Frank E. Schoonover best. Edward E. Nelson, Morton Grove, Illinois, who has taken the magazine since 1902, says that his favorite illustrator is Anton Otto Fischer.

Nelson has other interesting things to say.

"I can honestly state," he writes, "that I am just as enthusiastic for THE AMERICAN BOY as I was when I was a kid. What a parade of characters I've seen pass through those pages! My boy is now three and one-half years of age and when he gets big enough to read, I know that I shall have a dandy boy's library for him. I have every issue of the magazine since I started taking it. I can imagine, if I had had over three hundred *American Boys* to look at, how happy I'd have been."

To get back to the subject of artists, now that you've had the preferences of two subscribers, who's your favorite? And why?

A lot of fans, lately, have been asking for thumb-nail sketches of artists. Mr. Manning deV. Lee obliges this month, not only with a short autobiography, but—at Pluto's urgent request—his own picture of himself. Mr. Lee—you've noticed his illustrations for "Pirate's Doom"—writes:

"To the coast country of South Carolina where the alligators grow is accorded the doubtful honor of having been my birthplace. I was four years old when the war with Spain broke out and among my earliest recollections are the scores of blue-coated soldiers tramping endlessly by our front gate. It was a great time for a tot. Our house seemed always full of officers with rattling sabres and jingling spurs and my days seemed just one thrill after another. My father was then a brigadier-general of National Guard cavalry, and there were two regiments encamped just outside the borders of our place. For years after that, in all my youthful attempts at drawings, soldiers were my favorite subject.

"The rest of my boyhood was typical of many another Southern lad. I learned to ride almost before I could walk and when I was not riding or reading or drawing, it was some sort of boat which claimed my affections. Of course there was school (though there wouldn't have been had it been left to me)—Porter Academy in Charleston, among others.

"The family was living in Virginia in 1914 and from there I went to the

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. In 1916 there was trouble with Mexico, and the brush was laid aside for the stout bridle reins of the field artillery. The regiment to which I belonged was ordered to Texas.

"No sooner was border service over than we were called back for the war with Germany. For some reason or other, (it must have been a mistake) they gave me a second lieutenantcy at the Second Training Camp and sent me to France. They sent me to several schools and then to the front with the Anti-aircraft Artillery. It was great fun popping away at

Fritzite with a seventy-five. I don't think we ever hit one—few of the Archies ever did—but we kept him worried. We did bring one down one night with nine holes in his plane, but he was an Englishman! and was he mad? It wasn't our fault; he had forgotten the proper answer to our challenge, but we were beautifully razed just the same.

"After the war was over back I went to the Academy and three years later was awarded a Traveling Scholarship to Europe. Back to France once more, but oh how different it all was! After that was over, came another term or two at school and then I embarked upon the precarious career of a free lance illustrator and I'm still at it."

Horace Thoresen, Providence, Rhode Island, asks for stories with a foreign setting.

"Boys can do a great deal for world peace," he writes. "I have friends in France, Porto Rico, Egypt, and the Hawaiian Islands, who correspond with me. They and THE AMERICAN BOY have given me glimpses of various countries. If everyone could learn about the countries America deals with, perhaps people wouldn't be so hasty in their judgments."

"Thoresen has made a good point," the Pup offers. "If you get to understand other peoples, it's pretty hard to get mad at 'em. That's one reason I won't fight cats, by the way. Cats and I understand each other."

One fan this month, however, while he doesn't dislike stories with foreign settings, makes a plea for the story close to home. C. Paul, Longview, Washington, writes:

"Stories of everyday life help to put a romance into our own lives. They make us feel that similar things could happen to us, and in that way they stimulate us. Stories of foreign lands are very interesting, but we can very seldom go there, and therefore the stories don't seem so real. It's just the difference between the lives we can have a try at, and ones that we can only stand back and gasp at."

Both Paul and Thoresen are correct—and that's why THE AMERICAN BOY carries a variety of stories in its pages.

Robert Russell, Mount Vernon, Illinois, sends in a letter with more suggestions than Pluto has fleas, and one of them is that we reprint some of the old favorite stories in the magazine. Pluto isn't sure that this would be wise, but just for fun, he'd like to know which story more than two years old you'd

like to have reprinted. Send in your selection by May 5!

"It seems to me that your issues are getting thinner and thinner," says Lawrence Conrad, Sun Prairie, Wisconsin. "The last two issues had 60 pages instead of the 80 there used to be."

Just in case there are other fans who are wondering about the same thing, the Pup wishes to offer an explanation. The size of a magazine varies with the amount of advertising it carries. Usually, in January and February, maga-



zines are pretty light. Throughout the year, they gain steadily in size, and the Christmas issue is ordinarily the largest.

The rule of THE AMERICAN BOY is never to carry less than 160 columns—a total of forty pages—of editorial matter (stories and articles). Thus, a magazine of 60 pages will carry about 40 pages of editorial matter and about 20 of advertising. A magazine of 80 pages will carry half editorial matter and half advertising. So you see, Conrad, a 60-page magazine will give you just as much good reading as an 80-page—we'll see to that.

And that brings us down to the month's flock of requests. Margaret Eisenhardt, Kelo, Washington, wants an O'Harra McSnort poem. We've got one coming—McSnort's experiences in the world's densest fog!

Malcolm Horlick, Youngstown, Ohio, asks for another James Willard Schultz Indian story. We have a dandy, "Alder Gulch Gold"—and we plan to start it within a year.

"Aren't there any athletic stories where the home team loses?" asks Ruth Watkins, Coon Rapids, Iowa. "In most of them, the home team wins in the last few seconds of play."

During the next two months, we're carrying the story of a team that loses. We won't tell you the title of it, because we don't want to give away the story. Watch for it.

"I'd like to have a story about farm boys," requests Clarence Schauss, Mandan, North Dakota.

Try "Crooked Arm," next month, Schauss.

"Why don't the ed, staff, and Pluto publish some dog stories?" Mickey Davidson, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, asks.

How about "The Newfoundland" in this issue, Mickey? And the article by Larry Trimble, trainer of Strongheart, on page 28!

"In closing," Pluto says, "let me call your attention to Jack, the civilized collie belonging to Boyd Murrell, Palestine, Texas. Jack was exiled to the country for bringing an end to the careers of too many fowls. Now he has to work for a living—he brings in the cows—and his only diversions are chasing rabbits and being chased by cats."

Address your letters to Pluto, editor of In the Morning Mail, The American Boy Magazine, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

There was no best letter this month, but next month the Pup will select two, awarding each one five bones from his salary.

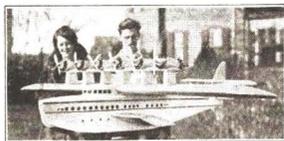


# A. M. L. A. CHAT

About the Activities of the 375,000 Members of the Airplane Model League of America

**O**UT in the great Northwest, where trees grow tall and airplane models have mountains to climb, they build their planes out of grass—believe it or not!

A League member in Colfax, Washington, who signs himself "H.M.," says that "dry, hollow grass stems are unexcelled for such parts as ribs," and sends on a sample to prove it! Moreover, he points out, any model builder has a complete stock of grasses in all sizes at the nearest clump of uncut tall grass at the roadside. . . . Next they'll be making the motor stick from an imaginary line! Robert Bruning, San Leandro, California, came pretty close to it when he made the tail frame for his new Baby R. O. G. from paper-thin sheet aluminum instead of wire. It made a lighter tail than one with a wire frame, Bruning says.



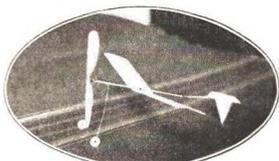
growing his own balsa! He lives in the tropical climate that is necessary for balsa, and seeds he planted a few months ago have already blossomed into "trees" two feet or more in height. Balsa seed cannot be purchased in this country.

Winton Hoose, Atlanta, Illinois, found that his Senior R. O. G. wing attached to his Baby R. O. G. fuselage gave him better results than either standard ship! Hoose uses bamboo skids on his model, in place of wheels. Different design on his Senior R. O. G. wing—12-inch span and a chord of 2 inches at the center tapered to 1 at each end—yielded a 75-second flight to Joseph N. Hettel, Jr., Merchantville, New Jersey.

Reginald Keniston, Littleton, New Hampshire, has skis, wheels and pontoons available for his Baby R. O. G., so that it becomes an R. O. S. or an R. O. W. on occasion.

Five members of the club at Somerset, Massachusetts have exhibited their models in a local hardware store, according to Russell Spindler, one of the builders. Spindler designed and built a successful two-foot model. . . . J. Purcell, Chicago, writes of a racing model, the P-1, of small but heavy design, with both pusher and tractor propellers.

On this page you see a picture of the Senior R. O. G. built and flown by Harold Denison, Marion, Indiana, to a 178-second record. There's also a photo of a scale model of the great Dornier flying boat with its twelve motors. The model was built by Theodore E. Mead, Chicago.



The League's mail this month is bulging with suggestions of unusual model-making stunts. Here are a few of them:

Quan Gue Cheong, San Francisco, colors his Japanese tissue paper with Velox transparent water color dyes. . . .

Edward Moore, Savanna, Illinois, made a 200-second outdoor flight with a Baby R. O. G. constructed entirely of bamboo. . . . Edward Malm, Philadelphia, makes his rudder detachable—he uses a wire clip to hook it to the motor stick. Thus the rudder may come off instead of crushing in a smash-up, and Malm can change the rudder setting at will. . . . Ray Shepherd, Hilo, Hawaii, expert, is

## The Whispering Joss

(Continued from page 53)

your august lord and master, who has joined the spirits of his ancestors, were to behold you now?"

The man did not answer. Crouch persisted with his questions.

"Since when has the servant of Enfo become the slave of the Yellow Death?" he asked.

At that, a strange thing happened. This Yunnan giant, who had the strength of three ordinary men, who stood nearly seven feet in height, burst into tears. Without subtlety or guile, he was but a child in mind; and now distress and shame got the better of him. Weeping almost ludicrously, he confessed all he knew.

But a few minutes before, he said, he had never dreamed for a moment that the Yellow Death had gained access into Whitmore Castle. When Sir Gilbert and his guests were in the dining room, he had heard that piercing shriek from the dungeons. He had at once hastened into the great hall, and there he had waited, frightened to go down the spiral staircase—for all his huge bulk and great strength he was both a physical and a moral coward.

Listening, he had waited for what had seemed to him an interminable time. And then, upon a sudden, Tai-wen's head and shoulders had appeared out of the trap door.

Thinking there was no harm in the old man, he had greeted him in a friendly fashion, anxiously asking him if he knew what had happened. The answer was a knife at his throat, and the words, "Do you not know the Yellow Death?"

That was enough for Lofee, whose strength was as nothing when compared to the fearful reputation of the great pirate of whose atrocities and daring the Yunnanese had heard blood-curdling stories since the days of his infancy.

He had surrendered, without any attempt at resistance, without a word of remonstrance. And more than that, with a dagger at his throat, he had sworn to help Tong-lu.

"All that, my friend, is easily mended," Crouch interrupted. "Set us free now, and we'll forgive you. It's dead easy. Tong-lu's out of the way."

Lofee hesitated. In the dim light that came from the joss house across the passage his great form was but a shadow. Suddenly he brought both hands to his face.

"I dare not!" he cried, in a choking voice. "He will kill me! I have heard it said the Yellow Death is always true to his word. And besides, he told me that if I helped him, he would pay me a hundred taels."

As he uttered the words, he rushed from the room, slamming the door and leaving the two prisoners in utter darkness.

Crouch turned to Eric grimly and explained what he had learned.

"The Yellow Death has things his own way," he said bitterly. "Here we are bound; Nam Yuk is unconscious; Whitmore is helpless. And now I know what Tong-lu's after."

"What?" Eric asked tensely.

"Treasure," said Crouch in an awed voice. "More treasure than you and I will see in a lifetime."

"How do you know?"

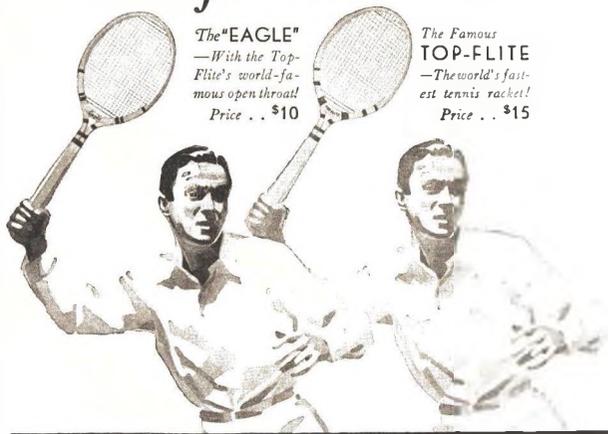
"When Tong-lu read the inscriptions, he rushed out, hissing that the treasure was his. And you yourself saw him dash straight for the Joss."

"The Joss?" Eric was bewildered.

"The Whispering Joss, my lad," Crouch replied. "You may lay to it, that fat belly is chock full of gems and jewels and gold leaf."

(Continued on page 72)

# Only \$10 for the new EAGLE...the twin of the world's fastest racket



The "EAGLE"  
—With the Top-Flite's world-famous open throat!  
Price . . . \$10

The Famous TOP-FLITE  
—The world's fastest tennis racket!  
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## WHAT

tennis player hasn't longed to play the Top-Flite—the famous bat whose speed won 34 major championships in a single year! Even though you've always wanted the split-second speed advantage this lightning fast bat gives to your drives—you may have hesitated over the Top-Flite's \$15 price tag.

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the Eagle—you'll sense the same exquisite balance and perfect "feel" of the Top-Flite. Yet the Eagle costs but \$10!

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Play the Eagle—get the open throat's point-winning extra whip into your game. There's an Eagle that's "just right" for you in balance, weight and feel. Get it at your sporting goods dealer's, or department store, today—it's only \$10!

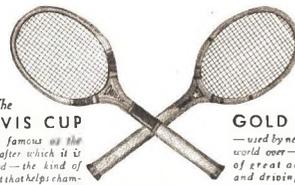


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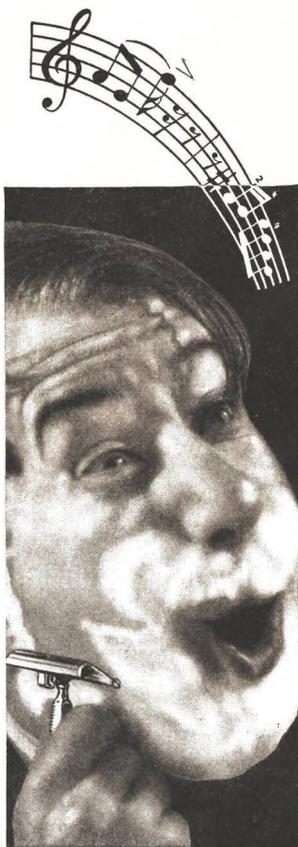
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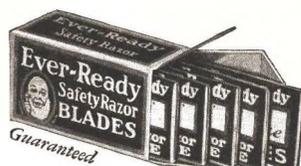
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Product of American Safety Razor Corp.

## Ever-Ready BLADES



## A Championship Rides on One Pitched Ball

(Continued from page 13)

difficult outfield in the league to play on a sunny day in autumn. It is next to impossible to judge a fly ball that rises above the roof of the grandstand and gets into the line of the sun. Wilson was a stranger to this difficult field.

And so, when the fifth game arrived Philadelphia was leading three games to one. The dramatic play of the fourth game and the announcement that President Hoover would attend the fifth game, had stirred up fresh interest in the series. In fact, everybody within traveling distance wanted to attend. The series had developed so many thrills that the public wanted to be on hand. It was a beautiful day with weather as perfect as one can find in October. The skies were cloudless, a balmy breeze was blowing, and the crowd and both teams were on edge.

To continue in the series Joe McCarthy, manager of the Cubs, must depend upon his pitcher. Everything depended upon the pitcher. Connie Mack, with a three-game lead, could afford to gamble; he needed only one more victory.

When it came time for the pitchers to warm up it was Ehmke for Philadelphia and Malone for Chicago. Ehmke, as related, had won a dramatic victory in the first game. Malone had been knocked out of the box, starting the second game, and had not looked effective as relief pitcher in the fourth game, but McCarthy had no choice. Root had pitched two games and Bush had gone the route in the third game. Ehmke, because of the masterful slow-ball pitching he had delivered in the opening game, seemed to have an edge.

Facing Ehmke was precisely the same line-up, with the exception of the pitcher, that he had so completely smothered in the first game. Opposed to Malone was the same Philadelphia line-up that had beaten Root in the opening game. Ehmke took his position on the rubber, McMillan, the Chicago lead-off batter, stepped to the plate, and the game was on.

### Out at First

EHMKE wound up and delivered a slow curve ball. McMillan, reaching out, met the ball ahead, sent an easy grounder to Dykes and was thrown out at first.

English, next up, "took" the first ball, a slow heave over the outside edge of the plate; it was a called strike. Ehmke tried a curve ball next, got it too far outside, and it was a ball, making the count on English one and one. Ehmke tried another curve, this one to the inside. English swung, topped the ball, and it dribbled toward third. Ehmke tried to field the ball, slipped, got his bare hand on it, but couldn't recover his balance for the throw. He lobbed the ball to first, English beating the toss for a scratch single.

Hornsbey was now up. Ehmke had struck him out twice in the first game and kept him off the bases. Hornsbey let the first one go by for a called strike. Ehmke next wasted a fast ball, throwing it high and to the outside. Hornsbey ignored it. The count was one and one. Next came a slow curve. Hornsbey hadn't intended to hit but changed his mind, swung late and under the ball, and popped a fly to Foxx for the second out.

Wilson was next. Ehmke pushed up a slow ball and Wilson ignored it. The umpire called it a strike. Next came a slow curve ball. Wilson refused to offer and it was another called strike. Ehmke immediately tried another slow curve. Wilson swung, hit under the ball and fouled it off. Ehmke then wasted one. Wilson refused to offer and it was called a ball. As Cochrane, the Philadelphia catcher, got the ball in his glove, English

was on his way to second. Cochrane snapped the ball to Bishop who tagged English out, retiring the side.

Bishop led off for Philadelphia. Malone shot a fast ball over the inside corner for a called strike. Then he switched, shooting a fast ball to the outside, but it was too far out and the count was one and one. He tried the outside again. This time the ball was too high as well as too far outside and the batter was ahead of Malone. He evened the count on the next one, breaking a curve ball over the plate for a called strike. He followed with another curve. Bishop ticked the ball foul. Bishop was set for another curve ball but Malone crossed him up with a fast ball that carried the outside corner. Bishop did not swing and was called out on strikes.

Malone gave Haas, the next batter, a low fast ball on the inside and then one on the outside. He got neither over the corner and Haas had the edge, two balls and no strikes. Ordinarily a batter will take the next ball, and thinking that Haas would, Malone tried to shoot a fast ball over. Haas swung but didn't get hold of the ball and sent a high fly to Stephenson in left. The batter had swung a bit late.

### English Smothers It

COCHRANE, up next, ignored a fast ball and heard a strike called. The next one was high and made the count one and one. Cochrane swung on the ball that followed, a curve, and drove toward the left of the infield. English, moving far to his right, made a spectacular pick-up, threw out Cochrane, retired the side, and ended a scoreless inning.

Wilson was the first batter up in the second inning. He, like Hornsbey, had been helpless before Ehmke in the first game and had struck out twice. Thinking that Wilson would wait him out, Ehmke pushed a slow ball through the heart of the plate. Wilson, instead of taking it, swung and sent a sizzling single into left field.

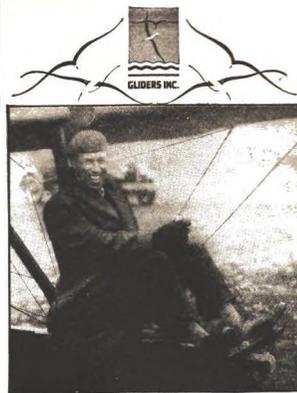
Kiki Cuyler followed Wilson and he, like Wilson, swung on the first ball. He sent a sharp bouncer to Ehmke who tossed to Boley and forced out Wilson at second.

Stephenson up. Ehmke, convinced that the Cubs had switched their tactics and were under instructions to swing on the first one, sent a low and slow curve ball to Stephenson, an unusually hard ball to hit. Stephenson ignored it and the umpire called it a strike. Ehmke then wasted one—a fast ball high and outside. Stephenson ignored it. Ehmke came back with a slow ball. It was a bit too far outside and became ball two.

As Ehmke took the return toss from Cochrane he whirled in the direction of first base and whipped the ball to Foxx. He caught Cuyler flat-footed, leading far off the bag. The infield ran Cuyler down for the second out.

Ehmke turned back to Stephenson and tried another slow ball. Again he got it too far to the outside and Stephenson stood three and one. Ehmke gave him another slow curve and Stephenson ignored it, hoping the ball would be wide of the plate. It was over, making the count three and two. Ehmke came back with a low curve and Stephenson fouled it off. Then he tried another low curve but the ball went too wide and Stephenson walked.

Grimm, the first left-handed batter to face the Philadelphia pitchers that day (and the only one outside of Malone), was up. Ehmke, believing that Grimm would wait him out, sent up a slow ball and Grimm, suspecting a curve, hit the ball well out in front, sending a slow roller to Foxx for the third out. Philadelphia's main batting power



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was coming up in this inning. Simmons led off. He took a curve ball for strike one. He ignored a fast one; it was too high. Another fast one, this to the inside. Simmons cracked it to left field for a single.

The mauling Foxx followed Simmons. He, too, ignored the first one and it was called strike. Malone tried a low curve. It was too low and the count became one and one. Another curve. Foxx swung and the ball shot out on a line toward right field. The crowd started cheering wildly, then suddenly stopped when Hornsby leaped high, his gloved hand outstretched. The ball struck the gloved hand and stuck, and Hornsby tossed to Grimm, who touched first and completed a double play.

Miller was up. He tried to hit the first one, a curve, but fouled it off. A fast one, pitched low, was a ball. Another curve. Miller ignored it, but the ball broke well enough to be called strike two. Miller, in a hole, swung on a bad ball and sent a grounder to McMillan who threw him out, ending another scoreless inning.

Taylor led off the third inning. Ehmke handed him a slow curve and Taylor fouled off the ball for strike one. Ehmke came back with a fast ball on the outside. Ball one. Then a slow one. It was too high. Ball two. Another curve. Taylor swung and topped the ball. It struck in front of the plate. Cochrane grabbed it and tagged Taylor before he could take two steps.

**Malone Gets a Two-Bagger**

**MALONE** up. He swung at a curve ball, got it too low, and the count was one and one. Two more pitches and the count was two and two. Ehmke used another slow one. He got it too high and too much on the inside and the Cub pitcher had a count of three and two. Ehmke had to get the next one over and he took a chance, pitching through the heart of the plate. Malone was set for the pitch, met the ball and drove it past first base. Miller recovered in right-field corner—a two-base hit.

McMillan, following Malone, took the first one, a called strike. A slow curve followed. McMillan swung and missed. Then he got a slow ball and hit a grounder to short. Boley grabbed the ball and threw out McMillan at first, Malone going to third base on the put-out.

English was now up. He swung on the first one and sent a fly to the right field foul lines. Miller got under it and executed a running catch that retired the side, with Malone stranded on third.

Dykes was first up for the Athletics in the third. Malone hooked a ball over the plate and Dykes ignored it. Strike one. Another like it. Dykes swung this time, fouled off the ball, and was two strikes down to Malone. Next came a fast ball, low and outside. Then another curve. Dykes "got part of the ball" and sent a low fly to short left center, English making a spectacular catch over his shoulder.

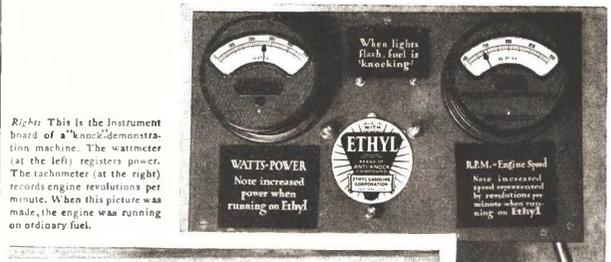
Boley followed. Malone tried a fast one to the outside, got it too far out, and it was a ball. A curve followed for strike one, Boley ignoring it. Boley hit the next one, a fast ball, to English and was thrown out at first.

Ehmke was next. Malone tried to pitch a fast ball by him and Ehmke, expecting just that, swung. He hit a high fly into right field and Cuyler caught the ball without moving a step.

The Cubs again had their heaviest batsmen coming up in the fourth. Hornsby was the lead-off man. He ignored a low slow ball. Next came a slow curve. He also ignored that, but it was called a strike and the count was one and one. Another slow one and Hornsby swung, sending a grounder to Boley who threw him out at first.

Wilson up. He ignored a slow ball

# The proof that Ethyl develops more power



Right: This is the instrument board of "knock" demonstration machine. The wattmeter (at the left) registers power. The tachometer (at the right) records engine revolutions per minute. When this picture was made, the engine was running on ordinary fuel.



Left: When the lower picture was taken, Ethyl had been fed into the carburetor. The wattmeter shows that the power has risen to the maximum; the tachometer shows a corresponding increase in revolutions per minute.

"SEEING is believing." These pictures of a "knock" demonstration machine let you see how Ethyl Gasoline will increase the speed and power of your motor.

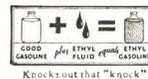
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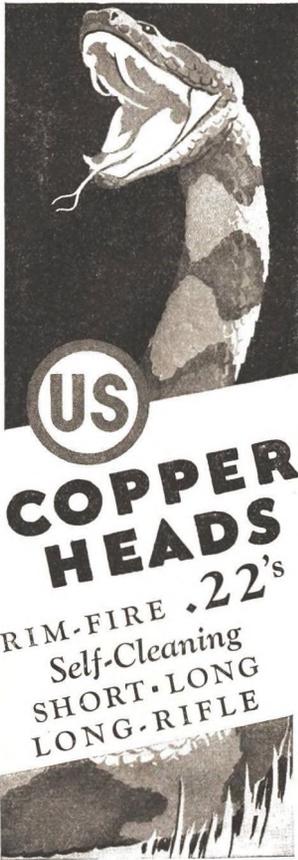
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(Continued from page 63)

pitched to the outside and another slow one pitched to the inside. Two balls and nothing. Ehmke hooked a slow curve over the plate. Wilson fouled it toward the stands and Cochrane caught the ball.

Cuyler was next, and here came an opportunity for Chicago. Cuyler had hit the first ball pitched the first time he'd faced Ehmke. Ehmke figured that Cuyler would wait him out this time, so he pitched a fast ball into the groove. It was his first mistake in the game. Cuyler, set for the pitch, smashed the ball to right center for a two-bagger.

There were two out and only one on, but Ehmke, rattled by his error in judgment, lost his poise. He could not get the ball over for Stephenson, the next batter. He tried a curve ball that missed the plate, a slow one that almost hit the batter, another slow one that was too high, and then another slow one that passed over the handle of the bat for ball four.

Two on, now, and Grimm up. Ehmke tried a slow curve. It was too far inside. Ball one. Another slow curve and Grimm cracked this one to center, Cuyler scoring from second and Stephenson going to third on the hit.

#### Walberg Replaces Ehmke

TAYLOR up. Ehmke tried a curve and Taylor tried to hit it, fouling off the ball for strike one. Ehmke tried a slow one and Taylor rapped it to center, a single on which Stephenson scored. As Malone walked to the plate Ehmke was taken from the box, and Walberg, the big left-hander, substituted. Walberg whipped over a curve for a first strike, a fast ball for a second strike, got another fast ball too high for ball one, and then broke over another curve ball at which Malone struck and missed, retiring the side.

Philadelphia had the head of its batting order leading off in the fourth and the Athletics were now bucking a two-run lead. Malone, protecting the lead, began pitching harder, if anything. Bishop ignored a fast ball that was on the outside and a curve ball that broke over for a strike. Another fast ball, high and on the outside, became ball two. He fouled off a curve for a second strike. A fast ball was too high and the count became three and two. Bishop hit a curve ball to McMillan, who fumbled, but recovered and followed with a rifle throw that got the runner at first.

Haas up. He fouled a curve ball and ignored a high outside fast one that was a ball. Then he fouled another curve. Malone handed him another fast one on the outside, and he sent this one to McMillan and was out at first.

Cochrane was next. He ignored a fast one on the outside and then drove a curve ball to Grimm, who fumbled but recovered in time to beat the runner to the bag and end the inning.

Chicago started the fifth with McMillan, its lead-off man, first up. Walberg whipped over a fast ball on the inside. Then another one, too low, putting him into a hole. Two balls. He broke over a fine curve for the first strike and followed with another one that McMillan fouled to the stands, Cochrane making a fine running catch in front of the screen.

English was now up. He ignored a curve ball that was called a strike, and fouled off another curve for a second strike. Then came a fast ball on the outside. Walberg got it a bit too far out. Then he tried a low one that was too low. The count was two and two. A curve and English fouled it off. Then another curve and English lifted a fly to short right. Bishop caught the ball for the second out.

Hornsby came up. Walberg hooked over a curve for a called strike. Hornsby fouled off the next one, likewise a curve, for strike two. Walberg shot a fast ball on the inside. Hornsby took it,

and the umpire agreed that it was a bad ball. Then Walberg sent a fast one, knee high, over the outside corner. It was called a strike—a close decision—and Hornsby protested strenuously. The strikeout retired the side.

In their half the Athletics challenged for the first time. Simmons, the hard-hitting star of the Philadelphia offense, fouled off a curve ball, ignored a low fast ball on the outside, and then met a curve ball and drove it to deep right. The crowd stood up as the long drive threatened to hit or clear the right-field fence, but it wasn't high enough and Cuyler made a splendid leaping catch in front of the boards.

#### Safe on Hornsby's Fumble

FOXX followed. A curve ball became a strike one. A fast ball was too far out. Another curve. Foxx swung and missed. A second ball, low and outside. Then another curve. Foxx sent a sizzling grounder to Hornsby, who fumbled and failed to recover in time to throw out the runner. It was the second time in the game that Philadelphia got a man to first.

Miller up. A high fast one was ball one. A curve that Miller ignored was a strike. He fouled off another curve for strike two. On the next one, a fast ball, Miller singled to left and Foxx reached second on the hit.

Dykes was up. He let a high ball go by but swung on the next one and sent a fly into right. Cuyler caught the ball without effort and whipped it to the infield in time to prevent either runner making an attempt to advance.

Roley was up. Two were on the bases and two were out. Malone broke over a curve. Roley took it and heard a strike called. The next pitch was a low ball. Another curve followed. Roley hit under the ball and lifted a pop fly toward third. McMillan caught it for the third out.

The sixth inning started with the Chicago two-run lead looking bigger than ever. Malone was keeping his stuff and Walberg also had plenty. It was doubtful if either side could score again.

Wilson was leading off. He took a curve ball for strike one and then lined to Miller on a fast one. Cuyler up. He ignored a ball on the inside. He also ignored a curve that was called strike one. Another curve; Cuyler swung hard and missed. A high, fast ball became ball two, and Cuyler then tapped a fast ball to Walberg for an easy assist.

Stephenson up. A curve was the first strike. An inside ball evened the count. Another curve was fouled off. Still another one. Walberg repeated with a curve and Stephenson swung hard and missed for a third strike, retiring the side.

Walberg was first up for the Athletics in the sixth. Malone mixed a curve with a fast one and then handed Walberg another curve. He sent a lazy fly to short center and English made the catch. Bishop was up. Malone shot a fast ball low and beyond the outside corner. Then two fast curves. One was called a strike, the other a foul strike. Bishop hit the next one to Hornsby and was tossed out at first. Haas was up. A high fast ball on the outside was ignored. A curve ball was a called strike. Another curve was fouled off and then came still another curve. Haas swung and missed and the inning was over.

#### Haas Lies in Wait

CHICAGO had not had a man on first since Walberg started pitching. He was using plenty of speed and he was pitching fast curves. Grimm was up. Haas shifted to left center. Walberg pitched a fast ball and Grimm hit a fly directly to Haas. It was a good example of the outfielder setting himself for the batter. Taylor up. Walberg gave him a fast curve and he sent a fly to Miller. Malone followed. He

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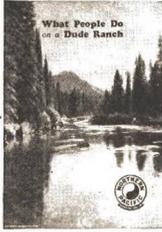


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fouled off a curve ball to Cochrane, behind the plate, and the side was retired on three pitched balls.

Cochrane led off for the Athletics. A fast ball, low and inside. A curve ball that was called a strike. Another fast ball, low and outside. Then a fast ball on the inside, making the count three balls and one strike. Malone tried another but it was too far inside and Cochrane walked.

Simmons up. Malone used a curve for a called strike. Another curve and Simmons swung and missed. Then he popped a fly to McMillan at third. Foxx was up. He hit the first ball pitched, sending a fast grounder to English. The shortstop tossed to Hornsby and he relayed the ball to Grimm, completing a double play and ending the inning.

McMillan led off in the eighth again. Walberg tried a fast ball over the outside corner and McMillan lined it toward right. Bishop jumped for the ball, got his finger tips on it but could not hold it, and the ball landed in right center for a single. It was the first hit off Walberg.

English up. A curve ball was called strike. A fast one on the outside was a ball. English ignored a curve and it was called a strike. Walberg came back with another fast curve and English swung and missed.

Hornsby, following English, swung on the first ball Walberg pitched and lifted a fly to Miller in deep right, McMillan holding first. Wilson up. A high fast one was ball one. Two curves followed. Wilson swung at each curve and missed. Then a fast one on the inside. McMillan, with a big lead, went down on this ball, beating Cochrane's throw and being credited with a stolen base. Walberg broke over another fast curve and Wilson, swinging for a third time, missed for the third time.

### Malone Tames Three

MILLER was first up for the Athletics. A high fast one was ball one. Then a fast one over the inside corner, for a called strike. A curve ball was fouled off for strike two. Miller then hit a fly to English at short, swinging badly on a perfectly pitched ball. Dykes was up. Malone cracked over two curves for strikes. He tried to get over another one. The ball failed to break properly and Dykes sent a fly to Wilson. The center fielder momentarily lost the ball in the sun but recovered just in time to make the catch. Roley was up. A low curve ball failed to find the plate. Another one was fouled. A fast one took the corner for a called strike two. Then came another fast curve and Roley swung and missed by a wide margin.

The ninth inning was at hand. Chicago was holding to its two-run lead, and inning after inning indicated that the two-run lead was good enough to win this game. But the crowd, having seen the Athletics overcome an eight-run lead in the previous game, waited expectantly and hopefully.

Walberg had been pitching masterful ball and so had Malone—just about as fine pitching as a world series will produce. Against Malone, only one man had gone as far as second and none beyond. Against Walberg only one had reached first.

Cuylar started the ninth. He swung at a curve and missed, then hit an outside fast ball to Foxx and was out at first. Stephenson was up. Walberg wasted a fast one. He followed with a curve that Stephenson fouled. Another curve and Stephenson swung and missed. Walberg tried to cross him with a fast one and he hit it to center for a single, the second hit off Walberg. Grimm followed. Walberg pitched him three fast curves. The first was a called strike. Grimm swung at the second and missed, and he took the third for another called strike. Taylor was up. He ignored a high fast one but hit the next one into right, a short fly that Miller caught. The side was retired.

# CHIEF LONG LANCE tells about speed in the Sign Language



RUN...

Bring both hands in front of chest, index fingers extended, right index finger nearer to body and parallel with left index finger; then with wrist action, cross right index finger over left and left over right several times in quick succession, reversing position in circular motion.



FAST

Bring left hand in front of chest, pointing forward, palm facing right. Bring right hand behind left hand and right shoulder, fingers pointing downward. With quick movement carry right hand downward and upward, ending movement with right hand in front of left.

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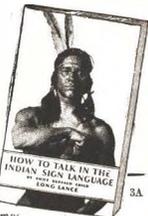
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MEET "CRUSHY"  
—he identifies  
Thirst Aid Stations  
where Orange-Crush  
is sold, icy-cold.



# Orange -Crush

Made From FRESH Oranges

(Continued from page 65)

Philadelphia's last chance was at hand. The Athletics were still two runs behind and Malone looked as invincible as Gibraltar. In eight innings they had managed to get no more than two singles off his delivery. He had heaps of stuff and control and he had been pitching to the right spot. There didn't seem much chance.

It was Walberg's turn to lead off, but in his place came French, a substitute. Malone pitched four balls to French. He swung at three of them. He fouled off one and missed the other two and was a strikeout victim.

With one out Bishop, the head of the Philadelphia batting order, was up. In his previous three times up he had failed to hit the ball out of the infield and had struck out once. Malone started on him with a high, fast ball that Bishop let go by. Next a curve. It was a called strike. Another one. Bishop swung and missed. Malone now had the batter down, with two strikes and one ball. He tried another curve but didn't get the break he wanted and Bishop, swinging hard, sent a smashing drive into left field. Fast fielding by Stephenson held the hit to a single.

Haas was next. He had been as easy as Bishop in the preceding innings. Malone tried a bit of strategy here. Every ball player has a groove, as it is called in baseball. A groove means a spot where a ball player likes to see a ball pitched, a spot where he finds it easier to hit than any other. Some players like low balls, others high balls. Some like them on the outside and some on the inside. Haas' groove is a fast ball, pitched, inside and belt high. He is what ball players call a "pull" hitter.

### Malone Decides to Groove It

ALL through the game Malone had kept the ball away from Haas' groove. Haas had never received a ball at the spot he wanted it. The situation now was delicate. Malone was protecting a two-run lead with one man out and a runner on first. As he prepared to start working on Haas he decided to give him a ball in the groove; in other words, a fast ball on the inside. Smart pitchers sometimes do this. It is a clever move at certain times. The batter expects to see a ball pitched anywhere except in his groove. Malone had stayed away from the groove and Haas would naturally never expect to see an inside fast ball pitched at this particular time.

So Malone figured, and nine times out of ten his reasoning would have been correct. However, he did not study Haas' position before he pitched. Haas was set to swing and when a batter is set to swing he means business. Haas showed by his position that he intended swinging on the first ball, whatever it was, and in this situation Malone should

have forced him to swing at a bad ball. But Malone, apparently not noting Haas' set attitude, went through with his plan. He shot up a fast ball on the inside. Haas timed the pitched ball perfectly, met it squarely, and smashed it high and far over the right field fence. Bishop trotted home ahead of Haas and the score was tied at two.

The storm broke. As the ball that Haas hit sailed over the distant fence, players poured from the Philadelphia dugout. They met Haas as he touched the plate and carried him on their shoulders. Thirty thousand people in the stands seemed to go mad. The noise was deafening. It was minutes before order was restored and the game resumed.

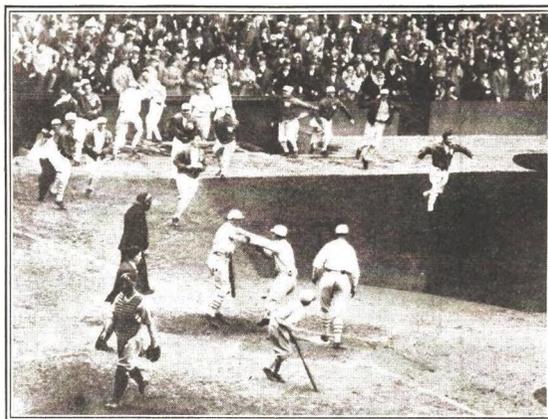
Cochrane was up. Malone pitched him two fast balls on the outside. Then he got over a curve. Cochrane fouled the next two and then sent a rolling grounder to Hornsby and was out at first.

With two out and the bases empty and the score tied Malone still had a chance. But only for a few moments. Simmons was up. Malone wasted a fast ball on him. Then he tried a curve. It failed to break and Simmons sent the ball into center field. It bounded against the scoreboard and Simmons loped to second.

Now came Foxx. He hadn't been troublesome this day but Malone was taking no chances. First base was empty so he decided to fill it with Foxx and take his chances on Miller. He pitched four balls far to the outside and gave Foxx an intentional base on balls.

Miller was the last man who batted in the world series of 1929. He ignored a high fast one and then he failed to swing on two curve balls that were called strikes. With one ball and two strikes on the batter the situation was highly in favor of the pitcher. He tried a low curve ball and Miller refused to offer. It was called a ball. The count was now two and two. Miller swung on the next one. He met the ball squarely, ahead of him. He had his full shoulder power behind the swing and he hit with perfect rhythm. The ball sailed into right center. Wilson cut over from center and Cuyler from right but neither could get near the ball. It passed between them and bounded out to the fence. Neither Wilson nor Cuyler followed it, for the cause was lost. Simmons had already rounded third and was sprinting for the plate with the run that decided the baseball championship of the United States.

The late Hughie Jennings at one time remarked that pennants are often won or lost on a single pitched ball, a ball pitched to the wrong spot. And in this story of the final game of the World Series of 1929 the break came on that kind of a ball.



The winning run and the end of the 1929 World Series.



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**Bristol**  
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## Glory Be to Nuisance

(Continued from page 19)

of a pain in whatever part of me it is that contains my pride. When I finally did drop off I dreamt that a great awkward St. Bernard, tail wagging and friendly, came sidling up to me as though he wanted to play. When he got close, however, he suddenly turned into a tall, skinny chap with glasses and a sharp, eager face, and before I could put myself in an attitude of defense he socked me smack in the face with a gooey, gravy covered chicken.

The next afternoon, as I sat gloomily in my room and wrestled unsuccessfully with a calculus assignment, in came Rusty, his face longer than the Great Wall of China. In his hand was a newspaper, the *Sheriton Daily*. Across the top of it ran a great black banner:

### GROVER CURTIS FOILS THIEF

Dismally I reached for it. "I suppose they make him out to be Napoleon Bonaparte?" I said sadly.

"And how!" "And how," was right. In addition to telling the facts of the story, someone had collected a lot of statements from student leaders about it. Intrepid, and courageous, and lion-hearted—that *Daily* story contained every glowing adjective in the dictionary.

"The best story Nuisance ever wrote," Rusty commented, sarcastically.

Which turned out to be right. Nuisance had done the story himself. "Terry" McGovern, varsity wrestling captain, told me later that Nuisance had come around to him for a statement.

"I gave him a conservative one," Terry said with a grin, "but when it came out in the *Daily* it read like a Thanksgiving proclamation."

The story ended with the statement that there would be a student assembly two days hence, at which Professor Meany, in behalf of the *Sheriton* faculty, would formally thank Nuisance for his courage.

"They ought to thank you," Rusty reminded me, with a derisive snicker. "It was your idea."

Just as I was framing a dirty reply my telephone rang. It was Scotty McDougall, *Daily* editor.

"A big story has broken at the Museum," he jabbered excitedly, "and I want to make amends for Nuisance's busting in on your beat by assigning you to handle it."

"They've recovered the joss." "It was my turn to get excited."

"Who has?" "The Lamberton Detective Agency. They cover the campus, you know. The joss had been sold to a fence for \$4,000. They've got the man who stole it, too. I want you to get all the facts from the Lamberton's, and a statement from Prexy and from Abercrombie."

Once in a while the old bean works as though there were something in it besides atmosphere. This, praise be, was one of the times.

"Look here, Scotty," I said, "how many people know that the joss has been recovered?"

"Just yourself, and Bursar Condon, the Lamberton people, and I. Bursar Condon told me."

"What about saving the story," I asked, half holding my breath, "for two days?"

"What's the idea?" Scotty's voice was soaked with disappointment. No born newspaper man likes to keep a story past the very next edition of his newspaper.

"Because you'll make it bigger, that way. Why not let Abercrombie announce it at the student assembly? Then, knowing what was going to happen, you could write the story in advance, set it and print it, and have an extra all ready to distribute on the auditorium stairs as the students are coming out."

It sounded good to Scotty. He promised to get in touch with Condon at once and ask him to keep things under his hat, told me to go ahead with the writing, and hung up.

I turned away from the telephone to find myself confronted by a perfectly livid Rusty.

"Why you sawed-off, spindle legged hunk of boloney," he shouted, "here you are thinking up more ways of getting publicity for Nuisance. Come to me, and let me massage your head with this chair."

"Listen, infant," I answered, pityingly, "children should trust their papas and not get mad. I've a plan—"

"You had one before, and look what it did for Nuisance. Just made him the most famous person on the campus, that's all."

"All right," I said, loftily. "If you won't let me talk I won't try." And I turned back to my calculus.

Rusty is too impatient for much watchful waiting, and within two minutes he was pestering me for information. When I'd reduced him to the proper degree of humility I explained what I had in mind. As I talked I saw the wrinkles between his eyes soften and disappear, saw his eye grow bright, saw, finally, a grin start at the corners of his mouth and engulf his whole face.

"Let's get going," he said eagerly, as I finished. "I've got a flivver outside."

In the vicinity of the King Street railroad station there's quite a Chinese section, and to this we took ourselves as fast as the flivver would go. The first three curio shops yielded nothing interesting, but in the fourth we found a joss that would pass, if a fellow wasn't familiar with the original, as the very one that Mr. Wang had presented to the Museum.

The proprietor of the shop, a cadaverous Chinaman who shuffled about with an immense dignity, would have to be in on the plot. I looked him over appraisingly. He was a sour apple in appearance, to be sure. Still, there was a certain twinkle in his eye—

I decided to try it.

Swiftly I told him about Nuisance—how his conceit and general disregard of other people's rights had become a matter of concern to a lot of students. I told him about the joss, and its theft. Lastly I described Nuisance carefully, so that he'd be recognized when he came. That is, if he came.

All through my recital the Chinaman kept nodding gravely. Now and then what looked like a smile would flicker about his lips. When I'd finished, and stood there looking at him with my heart in my mouth—

"I understand." That was all he said, but there was something in his manner that made me feel perfectly safe about this angle of the scheme. I gave him \$10, which was what I'd offered, and we set out in high spirits to find Nuisance. Even before we left the shop, the Chinaman had, in accordance with our agreement, begun to hide the joss.

"What if we can't put it over on him?"

"Rats!" I snorted. "You can sell Nuisance anything, if it promises a lot of publicity. Besides, he ought to trust us. Haven't we made him pretty nearly a state-wide reputation?"

WE found Nuisance clad in a gorgeous bathrobe and seated in a big chair, chewing down chocolates. He greeted us airily.

"I'm relieved to see that you're not reporters," he said, managing to concoct an impatient frown. "Those fellows on the downtown papers just won't let me alone."

"I can well imagine what a trial it must be," said Rusty, drily.

## How Telephone Lines make big Radio "Hook-Ups" possible

⌘ A Bell System Advertisement

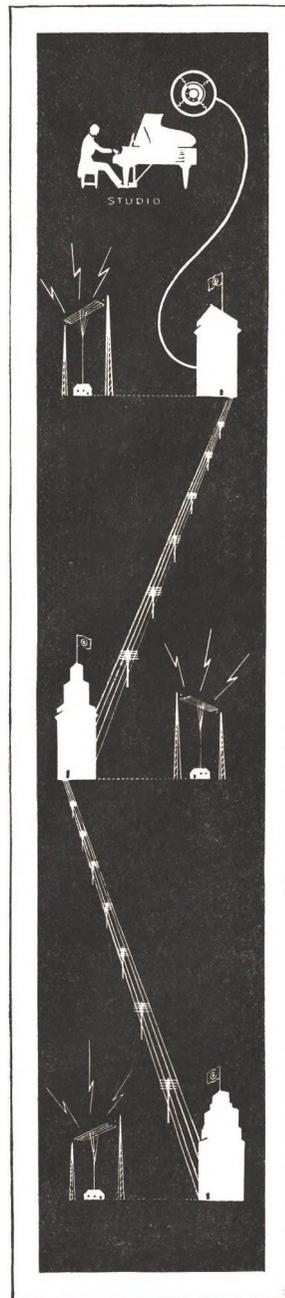
RADIO programs or broadcasts of national events can be heard in New York, Chicago, San Francisco or wherever you happen to be by simply tuning in on the nearest broadcasting station connected with the network carrying that program. But it is interesting to know how the "hook-up" of telephone circuits is specially arranged so as to connect the point where the program is in progress with the various stations broadcasting it.

The original sounds are directed at a special telephone transmitter called a microphone. This instrument receives the sound waves and turns them into ripples of electric current. From the "mike" these ripples or sound currents, passing through a vacuum tube amplifier which strengthens them, are carried over wires to the telephone office. From here they are sent out over the country over the long distance lines.

These lines have additional circuits branching off at points along their route, and these branches lead to the individual broadcasting stations. At various points along the lines the sound currents are strengthened by amplifiers.

Special care must be taken that trouble occurring in one part of the circuit will not affect the rest of the network. This is done by separating the branch line from the rest of the network by means of a one-way amplifier at the junction point. This piece of apparatus prevents any short circuit or other trouble on the branch line from interfering with the program going along the main line to the other stations.

The long distance telephone lines of the Bell System have made big hook-ups possible, thus enabling a speech or musical program to reach more people at one time than had ever been dreamed of a few years ago. It has been estimated that a fifth of the entire population of the country sometimes listens in on a single program.



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A File for  
Every Purpose

(Continued from page 67)

"Yep, it's just that. Just because a fellow happens to catch a thief. Why, either of you might have done just as well."

"You're generous." It was Rusty again. But the sarcasm passed unnoticed.

"If you're sick of notoriety," I said, "we might as well go. We had an idea for you, but I'm afraid it would involve some more space in the newspapers, so of course you wouldn't be interested."

I stood up. Hiding a grin with a broad hand, Rusty rose also.

"Wait a minute," Nuisance objected. "Sit down. Have a chocolate. Have two chocolates. Tell me what's on your mind. Maybe I'd go into it, just as a favor to you fellows."

"It isn't a favor to us," I assured him, still doubtful. "Just a little idea that would bring you a lot more public attention. And of course you don't want that."

Nuisance tried to act blase, but his eyes were bright and eager. Rusty winked broadly.

"Tell you what," Nuisance said at last, as he leaned forward. "I'm not a guy to back out of a disagreeable situation. Just to show you that I'm a sport, I'll promise to go in on the thing, even before you tell it to me."

"We are deeply moved by your confidence," Rusty told him. And then I explained.

"There's a Chinese curio shop on King Street, opposite the depot, that has in its stock a joss that looks amazingly like the one that was stolen."

"Gosh!" breathed Nuisance. "If it's the real one, I could get it and bring it to the assembly!"

"Mind reader!" exclaimed Rusty, in deepest admiration. "That's just what we thought you might care to do."

"But the joss has had a lot of space in the papers," objected Nuisance, suspiciously. "Everybody knows about it. No dealer would dare to offer it for sale, so soon after the theft."

"I didn't say he was offering it for sale. I'm told he's got it hidden in a back room."

"How do you know it's there?"

"A couple of fellows I know, one of them a reporter, say they caught a glimpse of it."

Nuisance gulped. The fish was about to swallow hook, line and sinker.

"The Chinaman probably won't admit he's got it."

"Be yourself!" I reproved. "You'll outsmart him. Walk briskly in, look him in the eye, and tell him you want to see the joss that's in the back room. He won't dare refuse you. Tell him that if the joss cost him any money you feel sure the Sheriton authorities will make things right with him. Put on a bold front, tell him who you are, call a taxi, and bring the joss right home with you."

"But be sure not to say a word in advance of the assembly," Rusty cautioned. "That's going to be your assembly, and you'll get a whole lot more space then."

"Don't be young, Rusty," I chided. "Don't you realize that Curtis doesn't want newspaper space? The more I think of it, the more it seems an imposition. Let's tell the Lamberton Detective Agency—"

"No, don't do that," Nuisance cut in, hastily. "After all, I guess there isn't any way for me to avoid publicity, considering the assembly."

"Why don't you refuse to go to the assembly, and then they'd have to call it off?" inquired the artless Rusty.

"Wish I could," Nuisance answered, complacently, "but it would just simply break old Abercrombie's heart. Guess I've got to go through with it."

"Tough!" murmured Rusty.

By this time Nuisance had his hat and coat on.

"Where are you going?" Rusty demanded.

"To Chinatown. I'll be coming home with that joss."

"There's just one caution I have for you," I said. "Make sure that joss isn't a fake."

Nuisance threw me a disdainful look. "I wasn't born yesterday."

We watched out the window, and just as soon as we saw him striding eagerly down the street we burst into peals of laughter.

My next move was to corner Scotty McDougall, tell him, mysteriously, that something surprising was likely to happen at the assembly, and persuade him not to issue the extra. He was stubborn at first, but I finally convinced him that the full story was worth waiting for, and he arranged to cover the affair with eight reporters. And so matters rested, until the great bell in the Denny Hall Tower summoned us to the Nuisance Curtis assembly.

Meany Hall was a gay place that morning. The Sheriton band, resplendent in new uniforms, blared

out "Bow Down to Sheriton" as thousands poured into the auditorium. The balcony and gallery was choked full when a door at the side of the stage opened and Prexy Pierce entered.

Right behind him came Abercrombie, then Professor Meany, then Nuisance.

"Thank Lucifer," Rusty whispered, "that Prof Meany's between Abercrombie and Nuisance. We don't want the two of them to get to chatting."

"Right," I agreed. "But look."

Behind Abercrombie's chair was a squat, bulky object, covered with canvas.

"That's one joss," I whispered, uneasily, "but where's the other? Do you suppose they've got together and fixed it up, after all?"

Rusty bent a ferocious look at me, and I'm sorry to say that in it was not the tiniest promise of charity or mercy.

"I suppose Nuisance will come out of this as president of the United States," he snorted, "and if he does, boy, they'll find your dismembered body on the bottom of Lake Sheriton."

"Everything's all right," I assured him, confidently, but I felt my heart drop to the general vicinity of my left ankle.

It was a ticklish moment. Suppose the Chinaman hadn't done his part? Suppose Nuisance had discovered that the joss was a fake? What if Abercrombie and Nuisance had compared notes before the assembly? What if—but there had been so many chances for our plan to go on the rocks that I just sat there and shivered.

Professor Meany, tall and straight and statuesque, interrupted my reverie by rising to thank Nuisance in behalf of the faculty. The florid adjectives that had made the tributes in the *Daily* so extravagant were conspicuously lacking in this speech. Professor Meany evidently knew the boy, and was deter-

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mined to contribute no iota of circumference to his already bulging head.

In fact, the theme of his talk was that Nuisance, like everybody else, should be grateful for the chance to serve. He felt that any Sheritonian would have done the same, had he been there.

"I wish some other Sheritonian had been in my place," whispered Rusty, with feeling. "It cost me two bucks to get the gravy off that suit."

I watched Nuisance's face as Professor Meany's very temperate eulogy was going on. It didn't seem to please him much. He fidgeted quite a bit, and now and then he frowned.

"This is no way to treat the campus hero," he seemed to be saying.

PRESENTLY Professor Meany's talk was over, and every eye turned to Nuisance. He rose slowly to his feet and sauntered, with elaborate unconcern, to the center of the stage.

"Showing off, as usual." This from Rusty.

Nuisance's speech didn't get off to a very auspicious start, however, for just as he opened his mouth to begin a small, beaming, round-faced Chinese gentleman hurried on the stage, shook hands cordially with Mr. Abercrombie, and sat down by him.

"Mr. Wang," I informed Rusty.

"Nuisance doesn't seem to appreciate the interruption," Rusty snickered. Nuisance didn't. He was actually glaring at the newcomer. Prexy Pierce noticed the look, too, and frowned.

I wish you could have heard Nuisance's speech. Crust? Why, I bet he could look the Sphinx in the eye and make it hang its head. He just bragged all over the landscape. In the first place, he had the bad taste to criticize the Museum staff for not guarding its treasures more carefully. That was most unfair, for the Museum does mighty well with a small appropriation. Moreover, he gave the impression that he spent all the hours of darkness patrolling the campus, just to keep thieves from walking off with the stadium, or something.

Rusty nudged me.

"Look at Abercrombie."

That gentleman was a study of concentrated wrath. He was sitting very straight in his chair, and gripping the arms as though he was about to have a tooth pulled. His cheeks were fiery and bulging.

"No wonder," I whispered back. "Think of giving Mr. Wang the idea that his joss didn't get proper care."

Before he was through—he talked longer than Professor Meany had—Nuisance had pretty thoroughly disseminated the idea that he and Lindbergh were about on a par, except that Lindbergh mightn't have handled that robber quite as skillfully as he had.

"The boy certainly hates himself," somebody behind me said, audibly. Titters were sweeping the auditorium like a breeze.

Then, impressively, Nuisance stopped. He stared at the audience so intently, so importantly, that everything quieted in an instant. Rusty gripped my arm. We dared not look at each other. It was the Big Moment.

Two students appeared from the wings, carrying a bulky, muffled object. Nuisance whipped off its covering, revealed a paunchy, grinning joss.

"The wrong one," exclaimed Rusty, gleefully, and stuck his elbow halfway through me.

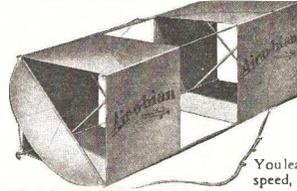
"Fellow students," Nuisance resumed, very loudly, "I felt sure that just as nobody seemed to be able to stop the stealing of the joss, nobody would find it. So I decided to become a detective myself. Here—"

With a grand sweep of his arm he pointed at the fake idol.

The hall was pandemonium. There was a mighty shifting in chairs, a shuffling of feet, a raising of excited voices, the beginnings of applause.

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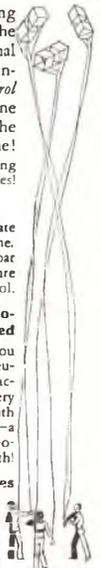
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And like the other great time savers, advertisements save money and energy, as well. The reading of them is a genuinc human economy.

(Continued from page 69)  
Then Professor Abercrombie jumped up. He pointed a skinny, accusing finger at Nuisance.

"You—you!" he spluttered, too angry to tell just what Nuisance was. Then he turned to the audience.

"This thing here is a fake." He pointed disdainfully at Nuisance's idol, which squatted there with a cheerful grin on its face. "The real one, the only one, was recovered by the Lamberton Detective Agency, and I take pleasure in returning it to the school."

He unveiled the genuine joss. Mr. Wang, who had been regarding Nuisance with a puzzled expression, nodded his head in delight. Once more the students, who were somewhat mystified but still enjoying themselves hugely, began their clapping.

Then Nuisance drove the last long nail in his own coffin.

"I don't believe that one is real," he shouted, angrily. "And, anyhow, what's the idea of a big fuss over a gaudy hunk of porcelain?"

Abercrombie turned apoplectic, Prexy Pierce jumped to his feet with a wrathful exclamation, Mr. Wang, speechless, rose in outraged dignity and stalked off the stage. It remained for Professor Meany to grasp young Nuisance by the collar and thrust him into the wings.

That's about all there is to the story. Mr. Wang's joss was returned in triumph to his throne in the Museum. The *Daily* gave the assembly big space, but the recovery of Mr. Wang's gift occupied about all of it, with Nuisance coming in for the scantiest sort of a paragraph at the end. He also drew an editorial—of the sort I hope nobody ever writes about me.

Conscience is a funny thing. It has a habit of rising up and smiting you, just when you're beginning to feel thoroughly satisfied with yourself.

Now, there wasn't any doubt but that Nuisance deserved a stiff jolt. For years he'd been feeding his ego at everybody's expense. He needed just this sort of a wallop, for his own good.

Yet as we returned from downtown, where we'd taken back the bogus joss and given the Chinaman an extra five bucks for playing his part so convincingly, Rusty and I felt sort of blue. For fifteen minutes, as our flivver banged and snorted along North Broadway, we were silent. Then Rusty remarked, soberly:

"They tell me Nuisance is simply crushed. Didn't leave his room once, yesterday afternoon and evening. Thinks life's not worth living, and all that. I wonder—"

It was pretty close to mind reading, for I'd been wrestling with the same uncomfortable thought.

"It won't be so smart," I said reflectively, "if we've wrecked his college career. Let's go call on him."  
"Right."

So for the third time within a week we started for Nuisance's boarding house.

As we swung up University Way and turned right on Fiftieth Street Rusty gasped, then stopped at the curb. For from the front door of the boarding

(Continued on page 71)



Sparrow: "That's a religious old hen. Before she gets on the nest she always repeats her 'Now I lay me's!'"



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(Continued from page 70)

house was emerging a strange figure. It was tall and skinny, and it bent forward a bit. Hanging loosely about it was a track suit. A track suit that was gorgeously and noisily trimmed with red. A track suit that would be visible thirty miles on a foggy day.

"Nuisance!" we exclaimed together. The figure turned our way, and broke into a jerky trot. Presently he saw us, and came loping over.

I braced myself for the ordeal. But as I gasped for words Rusty spoke up.

"We're sorry—" he began. Nuisance waved his arm jauntily. "It was nothing, nothing at all," he assured us, cheerfully. "Just a little joke. Really helped me. Introduced me to a lot of new people, and all that."

I couldn't restrain my curiosity any longer.

"What's the meaning of the circus togs?" I inquired. "Going to take up bullfighting?"

"Nope. Track." Nuisance's voice was complacent. "Paul Clyde, the varsity miler, has a sprained ankle."

Paul Clyde, the varsity track captain! The conference champ! And Nuisance planned to substitute for him! It was too much.

"Ever run the mile before?" Rusty asked, weakly.

"No, but the folks at home always said I'd make a swell athlete if I put my mind to it. I'm going down now, to see the coach about it. Tootle-oo!" He ambled away.

For a long minute we sat and looked at each other. Then:

"My gosh!" Rusty groaned.

More silence.

"Rusty," I spoke up. "Do you realize that Nuisance has some mighty strong qualities? That you can't down him? That he's energetic, and aggressive, and resourceful? That we've cured him of his chief fault, and that as a result he's going to turn out to be a big man, in the real sense, on the campus?"

Rusty thought that over. Then the corners of his eyes crinkled, and a grin threatened his face.

"Just the same, when I think about Mr. Wang's idol and that Nuisance assembly," he drawled, "I reckon we've evened the score."

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By Armstrong Perry



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# The Whispering Joss

(Continued from page 61)

"Is it treasure he was after when he attacked En-fo's yamen, in China?"  
 "You're getting bright, son," Crouch replied.

"That explains a lot," Eric breathed. He puzzled for a moment, then continued: "But there's something more than treasure to it. I can't believe that the Yellow Death would pursue Nam Yuk and Sir Gilbert halfway across the world just for money. In his killing of En-fo and his attempt to kill En-chi-yuan, there was viciousness—hated. Where did the treasure come from?"

"I don't know."  
 Eric felt that the answer to that question would solve the mystery. He recalled that Nam Yuk had once been a henchman of the pirate, but had come back to the priesthood after being spared from death by En-fo. He remembered how Nam Yuk had led them to the rescue of Sir Gilbert from the pirate's cave, and how, after the rescue, old En-fo and Nam Yuk had emerged from the cave smiling and rubbing their hands. What had made them so pleased? It must have been the knowledge of some personal triumph over Tong-lu—something more than just money, or the rescue of an Englishman.

"What was in the letter you carried from En-fo to his son, En-chi-yuan?" Eric asked.

"A warning from the old man that Tong-lu knew of his attempt to transfer the treasure to England."

"And these tattoo marks?"  
 "Instructions on how to open the Joss. That's why the bandit was so gleeful just now. And here we lie, helpless, while that devil is gathering up the spoils. By Jane, it's humiliating!"

"But now that the pirate has the secret, why hasn't he done away with us?"

"I reckon he wants to make sure he can open the Joss," the captain said soberly. "When he gets his hands on the money, well, I guess it's a kind of motto with Tong-lu that dead men tell no tales. Eric—we've been through one thing and another together and somehow managed to come out on top; but it's an armored cruiser to a catamaran, my lad, against us now."

The two lay bitterly silent. They were too disheartened to say a word. Suddenly they became again alert. A door was opening—not the door to the corridor, but the other one, connecting with the dungeon into which Eric had been dragged and chloroformed.

The heavy door opened slowly, creaking on its hinges. Within the rounded Norman archway, the two tense prisoners could see a dim light. Framed in the archway, the figure of a man was visible.

There was not light enough for them to be certain who it was, but in their hearts they thought they knew. In Eric's mind, at least, there was never a doubt. The Yellow Death had returned—though why the man had come back that way, instead of through the unlocked door into the passage, he could not think. And he wondered, also, how Tong-lu had got possession of the key.

It mattered little—their last hour had come. The Yellow Death had seized the treasure from the Joss, and had now returned into the room—that dead men might tell no tales.

As the newcomer approached, his form became lost in the greater darkness of the lumber room. He advanced without a sound. Monkhouse didn't dream how near he was, until the light of a torch was flashed into his face.

Blinded by the sudden glare, he could see nothing. Helpless as he was, he waited breathlessly for the blow of the

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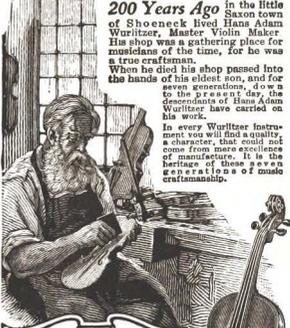
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(Continued from page 73)

stone. The two Chinese, speaking in undertones. And now Sir Gilbert, his scanty hair all ruffled, suddenly becoming excited.

"He's down there!" he shouted, pointing to the floor. "The Yellow Death! And there's no way up, but this!"

Leaving Lofee upon his knees, Nam Yuk turned to Crouch.

"I congratulate you muchly," said he. "It makes me plenty glad to see you and your so honorable companion still alive."

Crouch's finger tips played with his tuft of a beard. His face was bloody and his hair matted.

"Perhaps you can tell us what all this business means?" he said to the priest. "I've got hold of half the truth; and I reckon you can tell us the rest, if anyone can. The trouble started with a shriek we heard when we were in the dining room."

"That was myself," said Nam Yuk. "I cried out for help, when my soul was plenty sick."

"You!" said Crouch. "But you came into the dining room once when we were at dinner, and had a look around. You were all right then."

"I look see for Tai-wen," said the other. "That man give me some suspicion, and I not find him in the small-size room across the hall. Because I fear for the Joss, I go down into the dungeons, and there he make attack me. I think he not wish to kill, because I know too much. But he strike me when I not expect, and with a knife at my heart, he make me tell him how he can get into the joss house. I speak him of the panel in the torture room. If I have not do that, I die. Then he take from my pocket my so-small bottle of too-strong Chinese medicine. With this and my own sash, he soon make me all the same as dead."

The man had spoken calmly and slowly. In view of the fact that the Yellow Death was still within the castle, his self-assurance was surprising. Even the habitual nonchalance of a Chinese could not account for it.

"We found you in the dungeon," said Eric. "Did Tong-lu attack you there?"

"In the passage," Nam Yuk answered. "I go look see that he not find our secret joss house. I think, maybe, he hear you coming, and drag me into that room where he wait for you more safe."

Crouch snapped a finger and thumb. "I see it all now!" he cried. "It's plain as a pikestaff! The three of us went down the passage in the dark. Sir Gilbert, who was first, went through the picture without telling me. I passed the door of the dungeon without knowing the picture was there, and got as far as the grating at the end. But, before I had got there, Monkhouse had been all but done in."

"With Nam Yuk's drugged sash," said Eric. "I suppose the fumes had evaporated to some extent; and that's why I didn't completely lose consciousness. Thank goodness you came back and found me, Crouch."

THE captain turned again to the Taoist priest. "I've learnt a lot to-night from Tong-lu himself. That Joss is a treasure chest."

Nam Yuk bowed low, with such dignity that he might have been performing a religious rite.

"You have guess," he said.

Crouch waited for him to say more. "What treasure?" he said, exasperated.

"Nam Yuk!" Crouch burst out.

"When En-fo wanted to take us into his confidence, you prevented him. Now, by Jane, we've got to know! We've carried messages to En-chi-yuan, traveled half across the world, risked our lives. And you've got to come across. There's more than just treasure in this business."

The priest considered a moment. "I tell you," he said finally. "That treasure belong ten thousand Chinamen."

"You hear En-fo speak Paper Mountain Society. Many years ago, En-fo and Tong-lu head of this Society."

CROUCH whistled. He knew that the Paper Mountain Society was a combination religious and loan organization. But a notorious pirate at the head of it? Nam Yuk answered the questions in his eyes.

"Tong-lu no pirate then. Him treasurer of Society. For many years he steal small money. En-fo find out, make him return money, put him out of Society."

Crouch nodded. A Chinese caught in a dishonest act was forever disgraced. No longer could he do business with any honest man. The captain understood. Tong-lu, banned from society and hating all civilization, had turned pirate. What then?

"One day Tong-lu—" the priest was continuing—"come with his band and rob all treasure of Paper Mountain Society. So he get his revenge on En-fo. The money is in En-fo's care—it is more than he can replace."

"Were you with the pirate then?" Eric asked curiously.

Nam Yuk shook his head. "I priest. I know En-fo well. I turn pirate—for two years I work alone, then join Tong-lu."

"You did it to find the lost treasure of the Society and get it back for En-fo?" Eric exclaimed.

The priest smiled faintly and nodded. "Pretty soon you two come help En-fo. I work for pirate; so I capture captain. Then Lofee capture me. One day we rescue Sir Gilbert. On that day—after two years of search—I find where treasure of Society is. In cave behind secret rock. Nighttime we go out with cart and get; put in Joss."

"That's why you and En-fo came out smiling and happy?" Eric said, beginning at last to understand. "But why did you drug us that night in the yamen?"

"White man talk too much. Maybe Yellow Death have servants to hear. Me no wish you to know that treasure is in Joss."

Eric and Crouch looked at him in amazement. But no longer did he look sinister. He had risked his life and reputation to recover the treasure of the Paper Mountain Society. No one but En-fo knew of the terrible risk he had been running. If others had known—if Tong-lu had learned—it would have meant instant death to Nam Yuk. No wonder he hadn't wanted En-fo to take two whites into his confidence.

And now Crouch and Eric also understood Tong-lu's undying hatred of En-fo. The old mandarin had discovered his infamy and had sent him into exile. The pirate had defended himself, and rather than lose the fruits of his revenge, he would have traveled twice around the world.

"Nam Yuk," Crouch said humbly. "I reckon we've done you an injustice. Until I saw you below, stretched out and chloroformed, I was sure you were an ally of the Yellow Death—or that you were working for yourself. Only for a short while did I think you were on our side—that night the pirate attacked our *wu-pan*. But when you pushed off into the river with the Joss and Sir Gilbert and Lofee aboard, I felt certain that you were no good."

"I want to get Joss away from yamen. Treasure must go to Tong-lu—to En-chi-yuan—away from Tong-lu."

Which reminded Eric that Tong-lu was in this very castle, under their feet and alive. This adventure wasn't over yet!

"Tong-lu has read a tattooed message on our arms and has learned the combination to the Joss," he said, nervously. "Are you sure he's safe?"

"Give me a revolver," said Crouch. "He's caught in a trap—unless there's some other way out of the dungeon." He turned to Sir Gilbert.

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"None," said the baronet, as Nam Yuk passed between them.

The priest went straight to the tap door, where he stood with his forearms thrust to the elbows in the sleeves of his yellow robe.

"You not remember," he asked, "that his Excellency, the venerable and august En-fu, have appointed me guardian of the Joss? Come now with me. I show you I not belong the only guardian of the Joss. There is another, more plenty watchful than a humble Taoist priest, one who not fail us, I think."

He asked Sir Gilbert for the torch, and with this he went down first into the passage.

He led the way past the open door of the torture room, as far as the broken picture. There he mounted to the platform at the top of the steps where he waited for the others to join him.

The atmosphere was heavy with the unpleasant scent of Chinese incense. Facing them, the scarlet Joss, Tai-yang-shen, the Sun-god, squatted imperturbable, with unwrinkled, unclouded brow. And right in the middle of the fat round wooden paunch of the idol, a small round shutter had been opened, leaving an aperture wide enough for a man to thrust in an arm as far as the shoulder.

AND there upon the floor, at the foot of the image, his body all twisted, and his face hidden in the crumpled praying mat upon which Sir Gilbert had knelt to say his heathen prayers, lay the great body of Tong-lu, the Yellow Death.

One of the sleeves of his robe had been pulled up to above the elbow, disclosing a mighty forearm, innocent of hair, upon which the muscles were like strands of whipcord.

Crouch turned him over with a foot, so that his face caught the light from the lanterns above.

It was a face terrible to see. His teeth were clenched; his lips contorted and blue; his eyes wide and staring.

"Dead!" Crouch muttered. "Stone dead."

Nam Yuk knelt down and ran the torch along that naked forearm, bringing it to rest upon a point an inch or so above the wrist. There were two small red marks, one of them immediately above a vein.

"The number two guardian of the Joss," said he. "Have much care how you walk. It is somewhere in this room."

It was Crouch who saw the thing, and who for the first time that night shouted at the top of his voice.

"It's there!" he cried. "Look there!" He pointed to a small speckled snake, coiled at the foot of the platform upon which stood the Joss.

All but Nam Yuk drew back in horror.

The priest, with the calmness that never once had deserted him, pointed to the serpent.

"My muchly trusted and so faithful friend," said he. "The friend that I have feed for all these plenty weeks. Tai-yang-shen him swallow down his throat many mice that I make catch in traps. My small-size speckled friend I think him love me plenty."

"Your small-size friend is better dead than alive," said Crouch, picking up a great bronze candlestick that lay upon the floor—the very weapon with which Tong-lu had knocked him out.

With one blow he killed the snake, breaking its back, and then he crushed its head beneath the heel of his boot.

That done, he turned to Eric Monkhouse, his comrade in adventure. With a gesture like a showman's, he pointed to the serene painted countenance of the Sun-god.

"The Whispering Joss," he said laughing. "Eric, my lad, we've escaped death more than one lucky time. But if we'd investigated the source of that whisper we never would have escaped."

THE END.



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What SPEED? Say—just wear Firestone TROOPERS when you want to cover ground in a hurry. Whether it's a game of "Run, Sheep, Run" or a race to the swimming hole—this speedy Athletes shoe gets you there first.

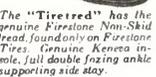
TROOPERS are light, but tough. They permit you to run like a barefoot boy yet protect your feet from stones and bruises.

Whales for wear, too! Soles are extra thick—of durable, springy, molded-effect rubber. Uppers are heavy duck backed with drill. Large red toe-bumper is of knurl design. Trimmings are all double stitched.

It takes a real shoe to deliver sure-footedness, speed, comfort and snappy appearance—for months of steady wear. That's why you want to ask for Firestone TROOPERS when you buy your next pair of Athletic shoes.

**FIRESTONE FOOTWEAR COMPANY**  
Boston, Mass.

**BRANCHES**  
New York: 107 Duane Street  
Boston: 141 Brookline Avenue  
Philadelphia: 23rd and Wood Sts.  
Chicago: 501 So. Franklin St.  
Cleveland: 1276-1280 W. 6th St.  
Minneapolis: 444 Sisson Bldg.



The "Tires" has the genuine Firestone Non-Skid tread, found only on Firestone Tires. Genuine Kenda insole. Full double foxing ankle supporting side stay.



The "Commander" has the exclusive self-cleaning sole with "Tractor" cleats. Uppers are made of heavy Duck backed with drill.



The Yachting Oxford—the fine, light weight, durable shoe preferred by tennis players and yachtmen. Keneas insole. Springs cushion heel pad. A dressy looking shoe.



Listen to "The Voice of Firestone" Every Monday Night—69 Stations—NBC Network

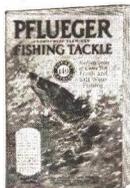
# Firestone

ATHLETES' SHOES



## Better Fishing this Year

—if you read this FREE BOOK



Know the secrets three generations of Pfluegers have learned about fish and how to catch them. Pflueger's new Pocket Catalog tells all about fresh and salt water fish—where they are, their habits, food value, etc.—best tackle to use and how to use it. This big booklet, packed with pictures, will be sent you FREE.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO.  
ARON FISHING TACKLE WORKS  
P. O. "Thruway", Piquette  
Dept. AB-5 Akron, Ohio

## PFLUEGER FISHING TACKLE

Leaders Since 1868

### Leedawl COMPASS

INTO the woods with a reliable Taylor Leedawl Compass in your pocket! No fear of lost trails or missing landmarks. The Leedawl will guide you safely home. If you are a "hiker" or "camper" this Leedawl should be included in your equipment. Price \$1.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you one upon receipt of price, plus 10c postage.

Taylor Instrument Companies  
4065 STREET, ROOMS 722, N. Y.  
There's a Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

### ZIP-ZIP SHOOTER

THOUSANDS of boys are made happy with this wonderful Zip-Zip shooter, which is built and practically made; if you like hunting and outdoor sports get a Zip-Zip shooter with plenty of pep and force. If your dealer does not have one, order from us. Price \$1.00; send stamps, coin or money order.

Automatic Rubber Co., Columbia, S. C.

Forms to Cast Lead Soldiers  
Indians, Hunters, Wild and Farm Animals,  
222 Kinds. Send 50 stamp for Illustrated Catalogue.  
Henry C. T. Schreke  
1084 72nd St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

## CAILLE REDHEADS

Newest Thing in Outboards!



### Electric Starting . . . Multi-Flexible Control

Simply touch a button and your motor starts! The same dependable starting you enjoy in your automobile, combined with three speeds forward, neutral and slow reverse. Load your boat with motor running. . . back away from the dock by a simple move of a hand on the control lever. . . go forward on trolling speed or shift into high in a HIF, with all the ease and maneuverability of a modern motor car. This is brought to you in the 1930 Caille REDHEADS. Get the complete story.

Mail Coupon at once for NEW CAILLE CATALOG  
CAILLE MOTOR COMPANY  
6495 Second Blvd. Detroit, Mich.

Please mail complete information on the New 1930 Caille Redheads.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

the Greece of 1930 is on one denomination; a view of a group proclaiming liberty is on another; and the highest value pictures the sortie from Missolonghi, an outstanding episode of the war.

John Capo d'Istria was the first President of the Greek republic. Prince Alexander Ypsilanti was the first leader of the *Hetaeria Philike*, organized in 1814 to unite all Hellenes in the insurrection against the rule of Turkey. Gregorios, Patriarch of Constantinople, was the civil and religious head of the Greek nation; he was hanged at the will of the Turkish sultan and his body cast into the sea. Athanasios Diakos, leading troops in northern Greece, was captured and executed. Constantine Kanaris commanded a Greek fire-ship that thrust its bowsprit into the porthole of a Turkish flagship off Chios, burning an enemy flagship with nearly 3,000 officers and men on board. Theodore Kolokotronis was a notable brigand who captured Karytaena. Karaiskakis, another ex-brigand, at one time supreme commander of the Greeks, died in battle. Marko Botzaris was a hero of an attack at Karpensisi in which he fell. Andreas Miaoulis commanded part of the Greek fleet and won notable victories against the Turks and the Egyptians. Konduriottes served as a Greek President. Petros Mavromicholes was a prince who rallied his clan to the Greek cause. Adamantios Coraes was a patriot and scholar who, residing in Paris, awakened European interest against Turkish oppression. Dionysios Solomos was one of Greece's greatest poets; his "Ode to Liberty" was his most celebrated lyric. Rigas Ferresos has been called "the bard of Greek freedom."

#### Other Commemoratives

IN 1669 there died in Amsterdam one of the greatest of all painters—Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn. The 260th anniversary of his death was to have been postally commemorated by Netherlands last year, but the stamps have only now appeared. In values of 6 cent green, 6c sepia, and 12c blue, their uniform design is a portrait of the artist superimposed against one of his paintings. These are semi-postal memorial adhesives, as each sells in excess of face value; the extra revenue will be used by Holland's Rembrandt Society to preserve and augment the country's famous art treasures.

A long list of other commemoratives is foreshadowed, and some new ones have already appeared. In Belgium, portraits of Rubens, the artist, and Gramme, inventor of the dynamo, will be on Antwerp and Liege exhibition 35-centime values; while a 4-franc plus 2fr semi-postal will mark the holding of a philatelic exposition at Antwerp. Chili will issue four, in denominations of 25, 50, and 70 centavos, and 1 peso 40c, to recall first exportation of Chilean nitrates to Europe a century ago. At Havana in March and April the Central American Olympic Games were held, and there were 1-centavo, 2c, 5c and 10c stamps. The 125th anniversary of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen, novelist and writer of fairy tales, may be postally recalled by Denmark this year, as will be the sixtieth birthday of King Christian next September. In Lithuania the 500th anniversary of the rule of King Vytautas, about 1410-1430, when Lithuania was a powerful state, has been recalled with stamps which, bearing either his portrait or a statue of him, are in fourteen values ranging from 2 centu to 25 litai; some are in two, three, or four colors.

#### Soviet Industry

SIX fantastic stamps have come from the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—issued in part to raise money to finance the stimulation of industry. Inscriptions are in Russian. That on the 20-kopec green means "More Metal, More Machines," and the design is an iron foundry. That on the 28k grayish-purple alludes to the output of pig iron in 1908, 1918, 1928, and (estimated) 1933, and pictures a blast furnace. On the 6k brown appears a worker at his lathe. The 10k olive presents tractors at work. A Moscow telegraph office is presented on the 1 ruble value, and a hydro-electrical plant on the 3r.

#### Other Newcomers

AIR MAIL stamps are being issued for the first time in the Bahamas, Belgium, British Honduras, Iraq, Papua, and Salvador. In Panama, definitives have appeared with a map of the Isthmus as the design. Saar has put forth *Volkshilfe* ("Help the Folks") semi-postal adhesives with designs showing a poverty-stricken man and two children on a bench; a Sister of Mercy extending water to wayfarers; and a poor mother and child. They are in values of 40 and 50 centimes and 1, 1.50, 2, 3, and 10 francs, each selling for more than face value. Egypt is issuing newspaper stamps for the first time—in denominations of 1, 2, 3, and 10 milliemmes.

## Shoes all scarred and dirty?



### Clip coupon for quick, easy shine

The coupon below brings you a quick, easy way to keep shoes bright and shiny. Clip it now.

—2 IN 1, Shinola or Bixby's—from the nearest dealer.

The cost of the kit is only 25c (manufacturer's cost)! That's a special price, of course, and we make this offer for a short time only. It's a genuine bargain!

And remember that it makes it easy for you to keep your own shoes neatly polished. You'll have no worries about a lecture on sloppy-looking shoes.

Right now, before you forget it, sit down and fill out the coupon below. Then let the folks see what a wise step you are taking. Don't delay until it is too late. Clip the coupon now.

HERE'S news about a quick, new way to keep shoes spick and span with scarcely any effort. A way that hundreds of boys all over the country are using.

These boys no longer worry about scarred and dirty shoes. And they have no fusses with their families about why their shoes are kept.

You, too, can keep shoes neat and clean if you'll just clip the coupon as so many boys have done. It brings you the handy Shinola Home Kit that makes shining shoes a real pleasure.

#### How to make money

Many boys are now making as much as 50c a week with their handy Shinola Home Kits just by shining the family shoes. You can do it easily, too.

This kit contains a bristle dauber and a lamb's wool polisher.

You can always get your favorite polish



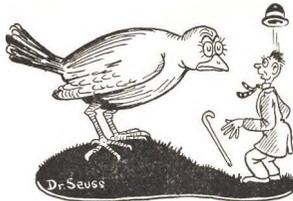
This advertisement is published by the makers of  
2 IN 1, SHINOLA AND BIXBY'S SHOE POLISHES  
to encourage boys to have cleaner, neater shoes

2 IN 1—SHINOLA—BIXBY CORP., 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Gentlemen: Please send me your Shinola Home Kit.  
I enclose 25c (stamps or cash).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**\$ 500<sup>00</sup>  
REWARD**



**WANTED  
John Sparrow**  
(alias "Nuisance," alias "English")

John Sparrow—one of the most brazen of outlaws—is sought on two major offenses.

He roosts on housetops, defaces gables, ledges, windows and awnings, and nests in drain pipes.

This culprit's open hostility drives away welcome songbirds, replacing their musical notes with his "cheep, cheep, cheep."

John Sparrow should be tarred as well as feathered. Or, better still, he should be shot with a CROSMAN SILENT .22—the most amazing gun ever invented for shooting targets and killing small game, furred or feathered. Hence the

**\$ 500<sup>00</sup>  
REWARD**

for making such criminals, now at large, as silent as the Crosmen Silent .22 itself, the rifle that has six features found in no .22 firearm. For full information on the Crosmen Ragues' Gallery and the valuable rewards for the capture of the outlaws, write us now or see your CROSMAN dealer.



Crosmen Silent .22 Repeater

Crosmen Pellet

**CROSMAN ARMS COMPANY  
402 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.**

**CROSMAN RIFLES  
SILENT .22**  
"POWER WITHOUT POWER"



**Hist**



The strong man, knife in hand, gazed at the smooth white body in the water. "I cannot do it," he groaned. "It is not a man's work!" and the tears streamed from his eyes.

The woman, with a look of utter scorn on her face, took the knife and . . . finished peeling the onion.

**Acorn Salve**

Don't worry if your job is small  
And your rewards are few,  
Remember that the mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you.

**Good to the Last Sniff**

A Scotch optimist is the fellow who deliberately catches a cold to use up a nearly wornout handkerchief.

**Seismo-Watch**

A scientist has invented an earthquake annunciator that goes off like an alarm clock. There is much more general need for an alarm clock that goes off like an earthquake.

**Entranced Buddha**



Farmer Hays: "That Jones boy who used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?"  
Farmer Seeds: "Well, if he was any steadier, he'd be motionless."

**A Problem**

"What's worrying you?"  
"I was just wondering how many legs you gotta pull out of a centipede to make him limp."

**In Days of Old**

Squire: "Did you send for me, my lord?"  
Launcelot: "Yes, make haste, bring the can opener. I've got a flea in my knight clothes."

**Where He Got 'Em**

Senior: "You rotund, decangular, eolithic, ferruginous, neuropathic, cassowary, you—!"  
FRESHMAN: "Would you listen to the language of him since he's been working crossword puzzles!"

**High, Wide and Handsome**

Plebe: "Do you make life-size enlargements from snapshots?"  
Photographer: "That's our speciality."  
"Fine; here's a picture I took of the Grand Canyon."

**Universal Goat**

Caller: "Who's the responsible man here?"  
Office Boy: "If you mean the fellow that always gets the blame, it's me."

**No Danger**

"Hey! Don't strike that match there; that tank is full of gas."  
"Think nothing of it. This is a safety match."

**Not a Cat Boar**

James' reading lesson was about ships. He came to a word he could not pronounce.  
"Barque," prompted the teacher. James snickered.  
"Barque," exclaimed the teacher harshly. James, obediently: "Bow-wow."

**A Cooker With a Kick**

"Where'd you get that beautiful black eye?"  
"The fireless cooker."  
"Nonsense — impossible!"  
"That's just what I thought until I tried to fire her this morning."

**Double-Deckers**

A friend of ours who is interested in politics says, "Politics makes strange bed fellows, but they soon get accustomed to the same bunk."

**Where Does Charity Begin?**

When a man is generous to a fault it is usually his own fault he is generous to.

**Literal**

My idea of a man truly going down in defeat is one with falling arches.

**Experienced**

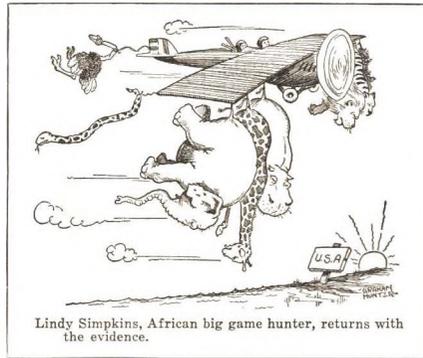


She: "Yes, I know that they torture the freshmen's souls at the fraternities."  
Freshman: "Lady, I was just initiated and believe me, it wasn't my soul that was hurt."

**A New Angle**

Teacher: "Who originated the first geometrical proposition?"  
Student: "Noah."  
Teacher: "How is that?"  
Student: "He constructed an arc."  
Some Runner!  
"Yes, sir," panted the new shepherd, "I got all the sheep in, but I had to run some to get those lambs."  
"Lambs? I have no lambs. Let's see what you got," was the answer.  
Looking into the shed, the astonished owner saw fourteen panting jack-rabbits.

**FUNNYBONE TICKLERS**



Lindy Simpkins, African big game hunter, returns with the evidence.

**Punch the Mailman**

Boxing Instructor (after first lesson): "Now, have you any questions to ask?"  
Beginner (dazed): "Yes; how much is your correspondence course?"

**By the Light of the Moon**

Teacher: "When was Rome built?"  
Percy: "At night."  
Teacher: "Who told you that?"  
Percy: "You did. You said Rome wasn't built in a day."

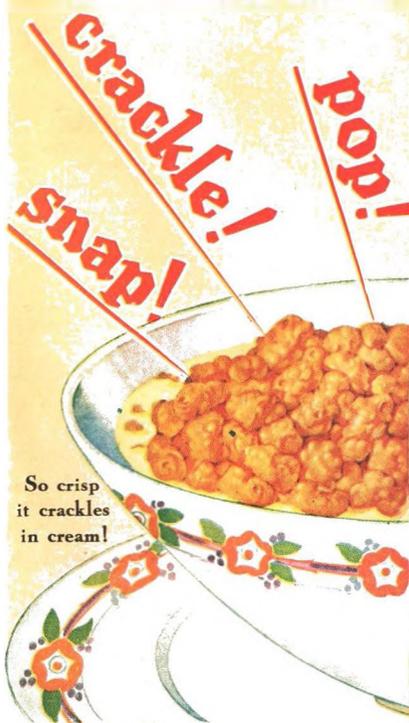
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Cover Painting by Russell Sambrook

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DELIVERED AT YOUR DOOR—To have the magazine delivered at your home by mail, simply send your name and complete address together with proper remittance to THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION, 559 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Michigan, giving the issue with which you wish your subscription started. Subscription prices are \$2.00 for one year and \$3.00 for three years. (Canada 25c a year extra; foreign 50c a year extra). AN AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION subscription is the ideal gift for boys—every month, something new, instructive and interesting.

It pops!  
It snaps!  
It crackles!  
And how  
good  
it tastes!



YOU can't imagine a more fascinating cereal! So crisp it actually crackles when you pour on milk or cream. No wonder Rice Krispies were a sensation from the start—and are now one of the very largest-selling cereals!

How good those nourishing rice bubbles do taste! Crisp with crunchiness, rich with flavor. Appetites just sing when Rice Krispies come to the table.

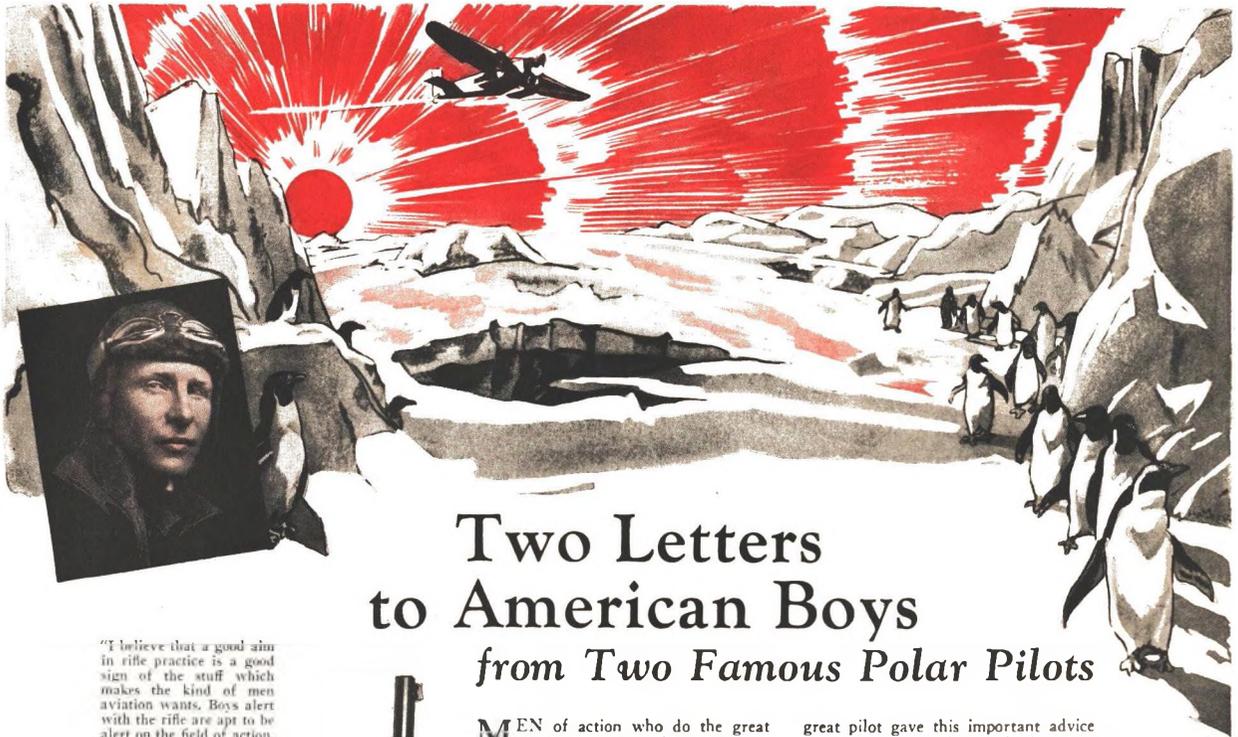
Take this tempting cereal on picnics and camping trips. Delicious with sliced fruits or honey. A treat for breakfast, lunch or dinner. Serve either with fresh milk or cream or canned milk.

Good to munch right out of the package. Handy for camp cookery. Sprinkle into soups. Use in candies, macaroons, in place of nutmeats.

Rice Krispies are served by hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, on dining-cars. Sold by all grocers. Always in the red-and-green package. Always so crisp they crackle in cream! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

**Kellogg's** RICE KRISPIES





## Two Letters to American Boys from Two Famous Polar Pilots

"I believe that a good aim in rifle practice is a good sign of the stuff which makes the kind of men aviation wants. Boys alert with the rifle are apt to be alert on the field of action, whether it be in sports or in business or in commercial aviation."

BERNT BALCHEN

**M**EN of action who do the great deeds that win world applause are almost invariably trained in marksmanship, and place a high value on expertness with a rifle to train hand and eye to work together like a flash when the test comes.

Among the famous men who have written us letters expressing this belief in rifle practice as a means of training for success in sports, aviation, or other forms of achievement are the two brave-hearted air pilots who have won lasting fame by flying with Admiral Byrd across the South and North Poles. At the head of this page we print the letter sent us by Bernt Balchen, who was a member of both expeditions and piloted the plane that carried Admiral Byrd to the South Pole.

The late lamented Floyd Bennett, who piloted the plane that flew over the North Pole, wrote us his letter just before his tragic death following his gallant rescue of the German transatlantic flyers. In his letter this

great pilot gave this important advice to the growing boys of America: "Straight shooting, like straight flying, means that your mind is awake at the controls." Consider the advice of both these famous conquerors of the air and make up your mind today to become a crack shot with the rifle.

A fast trigger finger, a quick eye along the sights, are signs that a boy's mind and muscles all click together. The best way for a boy to get this training is with a Daisy Air Rifle.

Ask your hardware or sporting goods dealer to show you the different Daisy models, especially the new Improved Daisy Pump Gun, a 50-shot repeater

that has the same appearance and action as the high-powered magazine rifles used by explorers and big-game hunters. The illustration gives you only an idea of its fine finish and sportsmanlike appearance. Safe and accurate, it is a gun you can be proud to own. \$5.00 at all dealers. Other Daisy models, \$1.00 to \$5.00. If your dealer does not carry them in stock, any model sent prepaid from factory on receipt of price.

### 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.



The kind the boys prefer. We recommend the use of Bulls Eye Steel Shot with Daisy Air Rifles.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN



# DAISY



# AIR RIFLES