The *Combining*

YOUTH'S COMPANION *And*

COVER DRAWING, "D'ARTAGNAN OF THE MUSKETEERS," BY W. F. SOARE

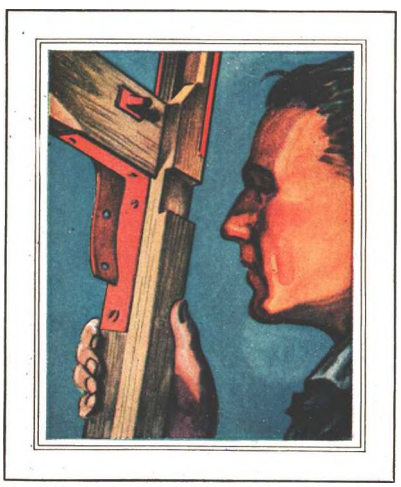
Price 20 Cents

Beginning "Mark Tidd in Paris," By Clarence Budington Kelland

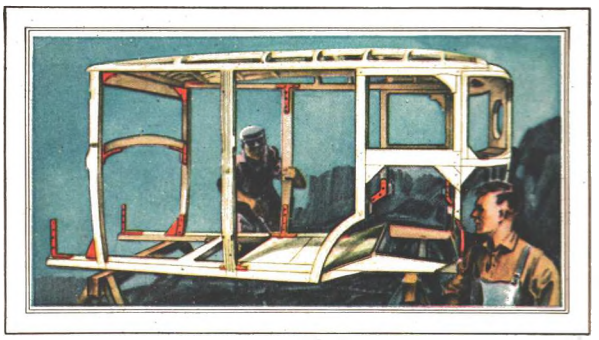
$2.00 a Year

Fisher uses, in *all* General Motors car bodies, the most scientific principle of wood-and-steel construction known to the industry

FISHER is doing a remarkable thing in body manufacturing. In the lower priced car field, Fisher is using wood-and-steel construction — the same basic principle of body construction employed in bodies for cars of the highest price. Not only does Fisher achieve this notable result—but it employs the wood-and-steel principle so scientifically as to place Fisher Bodies definitely apart from and above all other wood-and-steel body construction. Because *all* Fisher Body cars employ the same basic wood-and-steel structural principle and the same basic engineering ideas, you can be absolutely sure of longer body life and greater body satisfaction in every Fisher Body.



STRENGTH . . . This powerful steel brace is one of many which help to make Fisher Bodies unusually strong and durable.



DURABILITY . . . The primary reason for the unexampled durability of every Fisher Body, is the strength of the hardwood framework, which is scientifically reinforced, with steel braces at all points of stress and strain, assuring lifelong solidity.

FACTS ABOUT BODIES

* * *

Why is wood used in building all the expensive car bodies—and why does Fisher use it in every body which it builds?

Wood is the only shock-and-sound absorbing material which combines great strength with resiliency—and resiliency is necessary to good body construction.

What are the factors which lend strength and resiliency to a Fisher Body framework?

The basic structure is wood, to obtain resiliency, to assure absorption of road shock and to eliminate "drumming." This wood framework is heavily reinforced throughout by Fisher's scientific method of steel bracing. The wood pillars, for instance, are faced with steel, the steel reinforcing the wood and the wood reinforcing the steel. This is the strongest construction known to the body-building art. Powerful steel braces are used at the top and the bottom of every pillar and in other locations where great strength is desirable.

How does the wood-and-steel body ordinarily compare in cost with bodies built according to other structural principles?

Wood and steel bodies are ordinarily much more expensive to build because they require much more work and material. The result, however, is longer life and greater owner satisfaction.

Why can Fisher afford to manufacture fine wood-and-steel bodies even for cars in the lower price field?

Fisher is able to achieve remarkable economies in wood-and-steel body construction because of unique production methods; because it owns and harvests its own immense timber tracts; because of its huge production; because of its certainty of market—enabling Fisher to plan its production months in advance; and because its body-building plants are located close to the plants of those of its customers—the car divisions of General Motors. These Fisher advantages help Fisher Body to hold down a car's first cost and to increase its resale value.

CADILLAC · LA SALLE
BUICK · VIKING · OAKLAND
MARQUETTE · OLDSMOBILE
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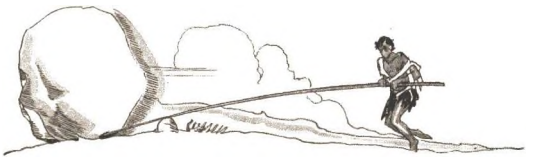
GENERAL MOTORS

LOOK TO THE BODY!

BODY by FISHER



Wilber B. Huston's answer to Question 5 is the basic principle of motor car Transmissions

IF YOU were marooned on a tropical island in the South Pacific without tools, how would you move a 3-ton weight, such as a boulder, 100 feet horizontally and 15 feet vertically?

This is the fifth problem in the questionnaire put to 49 youths who were recently competing to be chosen as the protege of Thomas A. Edison.

You probably remember that the winner in this competition was 16-year old Wilber B. Huston, of Port Madison, Washington, and that his victory assures him a full college course at Mr. Edison's expense and the personal interest and guidance of the Wizard of Menlo Park.

Young Huston's answer was in effect: "I would use a lever and inclined plane."

This is the correct answer. The principles of the lever and inclined plane could be applied without actual tools, and they would be sufficient to do the job.

Wilber Huston's answer reminded us that last April, in these pages, we were discussing with you motor-car transmissions, particularly the Cadillac-La Salle-Fleetwood Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission.

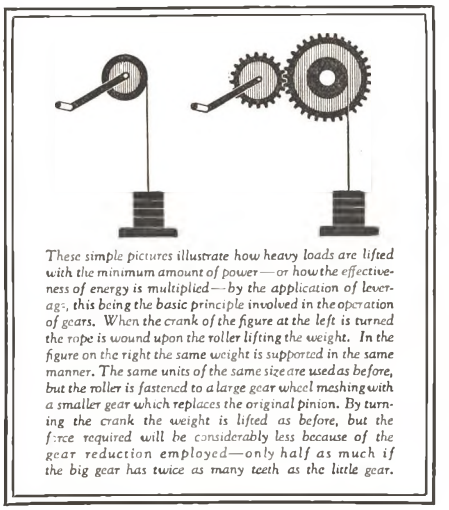
We said, if you remember, that an automobile transmission was really just a box of gears and we traced the development of a gear box back to the lever which illustrates, when in action, one of the six ancient mechanical principles. Most of our modern machinery, including the automobile, would not be possible without the application of these six principles, old as they are.

The application of the lever principle in a box of gears is one of the oldest and most extensively used methods of power transmission for short distances.

But why must the power of a motor-car engine be transmitted through a box of gears, called a transmission? Why not transmit the power directly and uninterruptedly to the rear wheels through the drive shaft?

By the use of gears the force necessary to do a given amount of work can be reduced because the benefit of leverage is provided. The reduction depends upon the number of teeth on the two gears in mesh. Their use also enables the engine to pull a heavy load up a steep grade and it explains why the speed of the machine decreases while the engine continues to run as fast or even faster than before. In "Motor Vehicles, and Their Engines" the authors, Edward S. Fraser and Ralph B. Jones, give this explanation:

"An internal combustion engine does not develop its full power at low speeds, therefore, an automobile engine cannot pull much of a load at low speed and gears must be interposed between the engine and driving wheels. This permits the crankshaft to turn at the speed necessary to produce the desired power while the wheels turn at the speed the road conditions or grades require. To secure flexibility of operation, three and sometimes four speed ratios are provided. To back the car, a set of gears is arranged in the transmission to reverse the direction of the drive transmitted to the wheels." The diagrams on this page give a simple explanation of the principle involved.



These simple pictures illustrate how heavy loads are lifted with the minimum amount of power—or how the effectiveness of energy is multiplied—by the application of leverage, this being the basic principle involved in the operation of gears. When the crank of the figure at the left is turned the rope is wound upon the roller lifting the weight. In the figure on the right the same weight is supported in the same manner. The same units of the same size are used as before, but the roller is fastened to a large gear wheel meshing with a smaller gear which replaces the original pinion. By turning the crank the weight is lifted as before, but the force required will be considerably less because of the gear reduction employed—only half as much if the big gear has twice as many teeth as the little gear.

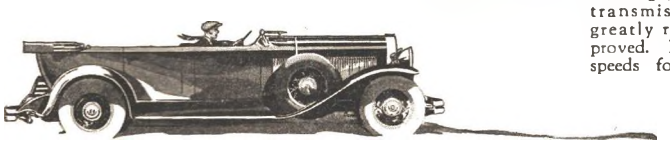
In 1928 Cadillac engineers announced a new development in transmission design which enables gears to be shifted forward and backward without clashing. With this Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission a novice can shift as noiselessly and as easily as an expert and it proved to be one of the most important contributions ever made to the advancement of driving ease, simplicity and control.

In the new Cadillacs, La Salles and Fleetwoods, introduced a few weeks ago, this marvelous transmission has been greatly refined and improved. It provides three speeds forward and one reverse, as in conventional practice, but it differs in that all gears except low and reverse are in constant mesh. The positions of the control lever in the various gear combinations remain unchanged and the method of operation is as heretofore.

With the Syncro-Mesh transmission, it is no longer necessary to hesitate momentarily in neutral, but the lever may be moved in an even and uniform motion. All operations are clashless, silent.

The Syncro-Mesh transmission was designed so as to enable Cadillac cars to meet traffic conditions of today. A few years ago, when there were far fewer automobiles on the street, the problem of get-away in traffic did not exist. Today, however, it is a different story; the motorist who wants to save time in crowded city streets must be able to slide out ahead of the procession when the traffic signal flashes green. The Syncro-Mesh transmission enables him to do so. It permits him to make a quick, silent shift without the slightest bit of effort. No time is lost in neutral; all that needs be done is to disengage the clutch, slide the gear lever into position—and go.

You will surely want to see the latest Cadillacs, La Salles and Fleetwoods for they are, in all probability, the most highly perfected cars in the world today. When you do see them, ask about the perfected Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission.



CADILLAC · LA SALLE

DETROIT, MICHIGAN *Division of General Motors* OSHAWA, CANADA

Announcing a Greater Magazine, Combining The American Boy and The Youth's Companion

WITH THIS ISSUE—the first issue of *The American Boy* with which is combined *The Youth's Companion*—two great families of readers have joined forces. It has become my pleasant task to welcome the newcomers and make the introductions.

To introduce you to each other personally would be one of the world's most formidable undertakings. To gather all the readers of both magazines into one place would require an arena more than five times as large as the greatest football stadium in the country. And merely to pronounce all your names would wear out the voices of two hundred radio announcers and an after-dinner speaker. So we'll introduce you to each other, instead, through the pages of the greater magazine.

First, let me say that every *Youth's Companion* subscriber will receive *The American Boy* for the unexpired period of his subscription. Those of you who are subscribing to both magazines will receive *The American Boy* for the total number of months due on both subscriptions.

During the coming months, each side of the family will grow to know and look forward to the work of authors and artists new to them. *American Boy* subscribers will read the stories of such *Youth's Companion* writers as C. H. Claudy, Harry I. Shumway, C. A. Stephens, Jonathan Brooks, and David William Moore. Readers from the *Youth's Companion* side will become acquainted with Laurie York Erskine, William Heyliger, Clarence Budington Kelland, Ellis Parker Butler, Thomson Burtis, and others. Both of you will welcome the familiar names of Karl Detzer, Ralph Henry Barbour, James Willard Schultz, and Sol Metzger.

TO *Youth's Companion* readers, the greater magazine will bring the colorful illustrations of many famous artists new to them: Frank E. Schoonover, Anton Otto Fischer, R. M. Brinkerhoff, Thomas Fogarty, Albin Henning, Ernest Fuhr, and others. *American Boy* readers will meet such competent *Youth's Companion* illustrators as F. Strothmann and Charles Lassell. Both will tread familiar ground through stories illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers, Courtney Allen, Grattan Condon, and George Avison.

In this issue, we're glad that *American Boy* subscribers will have the opportunity to read the final installment of "Randolph—Secret Agent," the fascinating mystery serial by Keith Kingsbury; and that *Youth's Companion* readers will be able to plunge into the adventures of "Cardigan" and "Mark Tidd in Paris," by two of the best known authors of the present day—Robert W. Chambers and Clarence Budington Kelland.

To *Youth's Companion* readers we commend certain features of *The American Boy* that have proved exceptionally popular. We hope you'll find fun and inspiration in "Friendly Talks With the Editor"; that you'll compete for prizes in the monthly contests; that you'll help the editors make the magazine by sending informal suggestions and constructive criticisms to Pluto, the Office Pup, who conducts the column called "In The Morning Mail"; that you'll tell us which stories you like best through the Best Reading Ballot, printed each month on a page in the back of the magazine.

Youth's Companion stamp collectors will continue to receive the help of Kent B. Stiles, who conducted a stamp department anonymously in *The Youth's Companion* with the permission of *The American Boy*. Mr. Stiles has been *The American Boy's* stamp editor for many years.

WE urge every new reader who has developed his mechanical bent through the Y. C. Lab. to join The Airplane Model League of America, the national organization headed by Commander Richard E. Byrd and organized and sponsored by *The American Boy*. Through the magazine the member will learn flight theories in the building of indoor and outdoor flying models, and big ship design through the construction of accurate scale models of famous types of planes. He'll have a chance to invent new devices, and exchange ideas on mechanics and physics. Every Y. C. Lab. fan, we feel certain, will find outlet for his inventive ability through the airplane model program.

At present, because the combination has made heavy demands on our space, we have been compelled to suspend "The March of Science" department, but we expect soon to resume it.

In general, our editorial policy regarding nonfiction will remain unchanged. While we approve of departments, so many boys and girls have expressed a preference for stories that we will continue to specialize in fiction.

With those of you who regret the passing of *The Companion* as an independent magazine, we are in full sympathy. We were a *Companion* boy ourself, and sentiment and affection entered as much as business into the purchase. We shall try to compensate you by making for you a finer magazine than either *The Companion* or *The American Boy* was before. We believe that your affection for it will grow stronger with every issue.

Griffith Ogden Ellis

Editor.

The YOUTH'S COMPANION *combined with* American Boy *Founded 1827*

Volume 30--103 October, 1929 Number 12

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

"Ma'am, excuse me for speaking to you, but may I ask you a question?" says Tallow.

Mark Tidd in Paris

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

WE GOT OFF the train at the Gare de Lyon, which means the Lyon railroad station, and there we were in Paris. Mark Tidd's father wasn't so het up over coming to Paris, because there weren't many old Romans there, though he did own up that the name of the city used to be Lutetia, or some such thing, and that probably the inhabitants got licked by Julius Caesar. He was quite fond of anybody that had got licked by Caesar; being licked by him was second best to being him, as near as I could make out.

But Mark said nobody was educated complete unless he had been to Paris and seen Notre Dame and the Louvre and Napoleon's Tomb, and where they had the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the guillotine and where the Bastille used to be. So because Mr. Tidd was all for education, we came along to see about it.

We got there in the night and there was a crowd. The porters were running all over, and we had quite a time for a while. Our baggage was registered—that's what they say over there when they mean your trunks are checked. But at last we got everything out of the muddle and went for a taxicab to take us to our hotel. The name of it was the Hotel Continental, and you'd think all you'd have to do would be to say that to a taxi driver and he'd take you there—but not in Paris. Not by a jugful.

We found us a cab, and we says Hotel Continental to the driver. He looked us over as if we'd tried to kick him and says, "*Comment?*" But he didn't say it as you say that word in English. "Commaw?" is what he says, and it means "What?" So we tried again, and says, "Hotel Continental." Now anybody can say "Continental," even Mark Tidd for all he stutters quite a bit over it, but it didn't mean a thing to that driver; so he says "Commaw?" again, and we says "Continental" again, and he says "Commaw?" again and we says, "Continental." Well, it looked as if it might keep up that way all night without anybody's getting anywhere when, all of a sudden, a glimmer of light got through this taxi driver's head and he says, "Ah-hh, Lowtel Con-tee-nen-*tal*," kind of bearing down on the last syllable. So I says, "Call it a Lowtel if you want to. Or call it a Hightel, or any other thing, as long's you get us there."

So we all got in, and I can tell you we had a drive. We didn't see much of Paris on account of its being dark, but if it had been light we wouldn't have seen much either — you should have seen the way that driver drove.

It was exciting. He had two different kinds of horns, and he kept them both tooting all the time, and he never stopped for anything, or even acted as if he'd bother to dodge. But just as you'd think he was going to smack another taxicab in the middle, he'd jump his taxicab to one side, or make it turn a summerset or do some other trick with it, and your heart would be right between your teeth.

WE WENT across a bridge, but I bet you he could have jumped the river, and then we went up a broad street that turned out to be the Rue de Rivoli, and next thing we had stopped at the Continental, where Cook's had reserved rooms for us, and we went in, and it was all filled with Americans talking English. Even the hotel clerk could talk it, and we didn't have any trouble at all.

We went upstairs to our rooms and Mr. Tidd said he was never so glad to get a chance to sit down and breathe free in his life, and where was his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?" We found it for him and he put his feet on the window sill and started in to read the fourth volume. That meant he wouldn't move any more that night. So Tallow Martin says, "Let's us go and look around," and Binney Jenks says, "Let's," and Mark Tidd he says, "S-sure"; so Plunk Smalley, which is me, didn't say anything but just went along to see what would come of it.

Well, we went downstairs and out through the archway and in a minute we were on the Rue de Rivoli across from a kind of a park. We turned to the right and walked along till we were opposite a big square with a lot of statues on it, and Mark says it was the Place de la Concorde where they used to have the guillotine and chop off aristocrats' heads. We walked over to take a look, but there wasn't any sign at all of any guillotine or any heads or any kind of a muss whatever. And then we kept going in a kind of a park with lots of trees that was called the Champs Elysées, but you don't really call it that when you mention it. You say, "Chawn Say-lee-say," which sounds kind of ridiculous, and it means Elysian Fields, Mark Tidd told us. He had read it some place. He knows a lot of things that aren't any good to anybody.

It was a nice night, and we sat down on an iron bench. Pretty soon an old woman came along and started an argument that we couldn't make anything out of, but 'most any time in foreign countries anybody comes and makes a fuss you know they want money for something; so Mark gave her four sous—that's about four cents. It turned out that that was one of her private benches that she owned or rented from the government or something, and she had a right to collect a cent off you if you sat on it. It's a good idea and I guess I'll fix up some private benches in the square at Wicksville, Michigan, where we live. Only nobody in Wicksville would pay a cent to sit on a bench when he could stand up for nothing.

THEN WE WALKED on till we came to a big stone arch they call the Arc de Triomphe, and Mark said Napoleon built it so he could win a victory whenever he wanted to and have something all ready to march under. He said Napoleon needed such an arch because almost every morning he went out and won a battle or a war, and he'd have felt pretty cheap if he'd come home after a hard day's work and hadn't had any arch to march under.

Tallow says, "Where was the war we Americans were in? Was it out this way?"

And Mark he says it was quite a way farther, because the French were particular about Paris and didn't allow anybody to hold wars there if they could help it, but made everybody keep such a racket 'way out in the suburbs some place.

"I'm kind of tired," says I. "Let's go to bed so we can get up early to-morrow and see where this war was and everything."

"And I got to git M-M-Ma a d-d-dress," says Mark. "A woman always w-wants to have a d-dress from Paris. I dunno why a Paris d-dress is better'n any other one, but w-w-wimmin is crazy about 'em; so I guess we all b-b-better buy us one to t-take home to our m-mothers."

"I wouldn't know how to buy a dress," says Binney.

"It's easy," says Mark. "I'll show ye how it's d-done."

"Will they fit?" says I.

"Paris d-dresses allus fit," he says. "They got to. How'd d-dressmakers here make any m-money if their d-dresses didn't fit? Nobuddy'd buy any. No, sir, all we got to do is tell 'em how old our m-mothers be, and they'll fix that up."

"I'll get a pink one," says Tallow.

"I kind of think I'll get a red one with yellow flowers on it," says Binney.

"Streaked for me," says I.

"We b-better wait till we see 'em, and then we k in take our pick," says Mark.

We started back to the hotel, but we didn't go right up to bed when we got there but sat around in the lobby, watching folks come and go. Well, over to one side in a big chair we saw a nice looking old lady who had white hair, and there were diamonds on her and she had a sort of expensive look, but a kind face and sad eyes. Mark says he bet she was an aristocrat, the kind the guillotine cut the heads off of. But Tallow says he bet the guillotine never cuts heads off Americans, because they wouldn't dast because we'd send a warship over and some marines and kick up a row about it.

"What's Americans got to do with it?" says Mark.

"She's American, isn't she?" says Tallow.

"I bet you she's a duchess or s-suthin foreign l-like that."

"I betcha a million dollars she's American," says Tallow.

"How ye g-goin' to f-f-find out?" says Mark.

"I got a tongue in my head, haven't I?"

"Ye d-dassen't ask her," says Mark.

"I betcha a million dollars I dast," says Tallow.

"Then let's see you," says I.

So Tallow he got up and walked across and took off his hat as polite as a book agent, and he says, "Ma'am, excuse me for speaking to you, but may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," she says, and smiles. "What would you like to ask?"

"Well," says Tallow, "Mark Tidd there, he claims you're a duchess or something foreign, and I say you're not. I say you're just a regular American lady, and I've bet him a million dollars I'm right."

"I'm very glad," says she, smiling again, "that I can help you win a million dollars. You're right. I'm an American. May I ask your name?"

"Tallow Martin," says he, "and that fat boy is Marcus Aurelius Fortunatus Tidd."

"Goodness," says the lady. "What a distinguished name!"

"And the little fellow is Binney Jenks, and the other one is Plunk Smalley."

"Good American names," she says. "My name is Mrs. Kent, and I should be delighted if you would bring over your friends and introduce them to me."

SO TALLOW fetched us over and we were all introduced. Then we got invited to sit down, and Mrs. Kent made a little motion with her finger to a waiter and ordered some tea and cakes. It was pretty clever of her, I thought, and we all sat around and talked and got acquainted. We told her about Mark's father and how he was an inventor and so forgetful about other things that it kept all four of us busy seeing he didn't go out in the morning about half dressed.

"A man will go anywhere for the money," says Bulger, "and you look like just the man I need in my business."

And we told her how he was so fond of Romans and was all the time reading Mr. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

"He must be a very charming man," she says, "and I hope I shall meet him also."

"He'd be t-tickled to death," says Mark, "and we're t-tickled to death, on account of m-meetin' you and f-f-findin' out that jest a c-common American l-lady kin look more like a d-duchess than a duchess kin herself."

"That," she says, "is a very nice compliment."

"You're welcome," says Mark. "Be you alone?"

"No," she says, "I am traveling with a young man who is my nephew and with my lawyer."

"Oh," says Mark. "I thought mebby you was with your husband or s-son or something."

"I have no husband," she says kind of quiet, "and I lost my son in the war."

"Oh, ma'am," says Mark, "I'm awful s-sorry. I didn't mean to s-say nothin' to make ye feel s-sad."

"You didn't," she says, and smiles at him. "Would you like to hear about my son?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Mark.

"He was an aviator," she says, "and I was very proud of him; he had done very fine things and his exploits had earned him medals from our government as well as from the English and French. But at last his airplane was forced to come down behind the German lines and he was made a prisoner."

"Gosh," says Mark.

"We know he escaped from a German prison camp—and that is all we know."

"Never heard what b-become of him?"

"Nothing definite," she says, kind of sad.

"That's t-terrible," says Mark.

"So," she said, "I come over every year hoping to be able to find some news. I—I should be so glad," she says, "if I could find where he is buried."

"Yes, ma'am," says Mark. "I wisht we could help you."

"Thank you," she says. "And now I think I'll go to my room. Good night. I hope I'll see you again during your stay."

"I hope so, t-too," says Mark.

Then we all stood up and Mrs. Kent went to bed, and so did we. We felt kind of low in our minds, and awful sorry for her. But there didn't seem to be anything we could do—that just goes to show you can't ever tell.

Chapter Two

EVEN MR. TIDD was up early in the morning. I don't mean that it's surprising Mr. Tidd was up early because he always got up about four o'clock as if he had to milk the cows, but usually he stayed in his room and read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." This morning, though, he was thumping around about eight o'clock because he said he wanted us to get our breakfasts and then we would go to see the Venus of Milo. He said it wasn't Roman but Greek, but he said the Greeks would have been Romans if they could have managed it, and so they got a mark for good intentions.

We fellows weren't interested specially in seeing any statues with their arms broken off. But when you have a man along like Mr. Tidd, why, you have to humor him sometimes. When we were all ready to go Mr. Tidd came along and he had forgotten his necktie and Mark had to go back and get it for him. Then we had breakfast, but not the kind everybody eats in France. No, siree. We wanted food and we got it, only Mr. Tidd wanted eggs scrambled the way Mrs. Tidd does it, and nobody could explain to the waiter just how that was; so he got them boiled.

The French call eggs *oeufs*—you pronounce it something like "oofs." It's no wonder they don't know how to cook them when they call them a name like that. Eggs are eggs and nobody can make anything else of them. You just can't bear to think of a hen's laying an oof. When I get home, all educated in foreign languages, I'm going to say to Ma some morning, "Ma, gimme two boiled oofs for breakfast," and Ma is going to say back to me, "Just you speak to me like that once more and I'm goin' to oof you till you're sick of oofs."

So we got all filled up with oofs and what they call coffee. Then we walked down the Rue de Rivoli to the Louvre, and it wasn't open yet. But Mr. Tidd wasn't going to take any chances; he made us sit right down on the steps till somebody came along with the door key to let us in. He acted as if he thought somebody would carry off the Venus of Milo before we could get in to see it. So we all sat down,

"Until I know for certain," says Mr. Town, "I can't sleep comfortably. Five million dollars is a lot of money, and I want it."

and we fellows played mumblety-peg on the grass to pass away the time.

"I bet," says I, "if the king lived here now he wouldn't let a crowd of kids play mumblety-peg on his grass."

"That's why he g-g-got his head chopped off," says Mark Tidd. "The p-populace wanted to p-play mumblety-peg on his lawn and he wouldn't have it; so they up and had a r-revolution. It's history."

"Gosh," says Tallow, "it was a funny thing to have a revolution over."

"They're openin' up the door," says I. "Let's go in and see this crippled-up statue."

"Well," says Binney.

"All right," says Tallow, sort of limp.

Mark just led the way in.

WE WALKED about forty miles looking at pictures and statues until we almost forgot we'd come in to see the Venus of Milo. But after about eleven hours or so we got into a kind of a basement and looked down a long alley, and at the end of it was a statue.

Well, somehow, right off you got a funny feeling. It kind of startled you and made you blink and get kind of quiet inside, and the nearer you walked to it, the quieter you felt, and when you got right alongside of it and saw it clear, you says to yourself, "Dog-gone if that isn't the dog-gonedest statue I ever saw!" But you didn't say it; you just kept still and felt sort of contented. It was the Venus all right. I don't see why we didn't just come in and look at it and go away again, because after you've seen it you don't care much for the other statues or pictures. It plumb fills the bill.

Mr. Tidd he just sat down there and kept on looking, and we didn't mind; and then along come a couple of men and sat down, too. One of them was young and dressed awful slick. He was a dark fellow with black eyes and a little mustache that I didn't like the looks of, and he wasn't wide enough through the bridge of his nose to suit me. The other man was kind of heavy and older and not dressed so well, and his feet were big. Well, they sat down and commenced to talk, and I was sitting not far away and couldn't help hearing all they said.

"I tell you," says the big man, "you haven't any reason to worry. He's dead. If he weren't dead, doesn't it stand to reason he'd have shown up some place in ten years?"

"She believes he's alive," said the young man. "Every year she comes over here for months and spends thousands of dollars looking for him."

"Listen, Mr. Town, if he could be found, I'd have found him long ago. He's dead, I tell you."

"Until I know that for certain," says Mr. Town, "I can't sleep comfortably. Five million dollars is a lot of money, and I want it. If he bobs up some place what do I get? Not a cent."

"How could he bob up?"

"That," said Mr. Town, "is what I'm hiring you to find out. He could have lost his mind, or be in a hospital, or a dozen things could have happened to him."

"Not for ten years. I tell you you're as safe as a church."

"I'm not safe so long as there's a chance, Bulger—and she thinks there's a chance. She'll stick to hunting for him till she dies. Suppose he had got into some kind of trouble and been put in prison. Suppose that."

"No record," said Bulger.

"Under an assumed name. When he got released he'd come home with some cock-and-bull story, wouldn't he?"

"It's possible, but not probable."

"As long as it's possible at all," said Mr. Town, "I'm in a fine mess. He was only twenty years old—he'd be just thirty now."

"How would it help you if I found him?" asked Bulger. "Upset your applecart, wouldn't it?"

"It would do away with this uncertainty. And maybe we'd find him some way or in some trouble that would make it impossible for him to admit his identity."

"Yeah," says Bulger, "and maybe we could do something to fix it so he wouldn't show up makin' claims."

"What I want," says Town, "is an official record of his death."

"If she couldn't find it, with all her resources, how do you expect me to do better?"

"I expect you to do your best. So far you've done nothing."

"I tell you if I can't find anything there's nothing to find."

"Anyhow, you can keep an eye on her and that old watchdog of hers and keep me posted about what they're up to."

Then they got up and strolled along, and I says to myself that I was glad Mark Tidd hadn't heard what I'd heard. If he'd heard it he'd have got interested, because it was a kind of a mystery and all, and when he sees a mystery hanging around he has to stick his nose into it. Then we get in another mess, and we've been in enough messes to suit anybody. So I was tickled because Mark had been looking at the Venus and hadn't heard.

Pretty soon we all got up and went out of doors, and I kept on being glad Mark hadn't heard, and we turned off to the left and went across a bridge over the Seine River. That isn't any river to brag about. It isn't even as wide as our river at home in Wicksville, Michigan. You see a lot of Frenchmen sitting and fishing in it, but you can watch till your eyes bug and you won't see one of them catch a fish. I bet if a fish was caught there it would cause another revolution in France.

We stopped in the middle of the bridge to look up and down the river at the city. That was kind of interesting, but Mark he came and stood next to me and nudged me.

"Hear them men t-talkin', Plunk?" says he, and you could have knocked me over with a feather.

"I didn't know you did," says I. "And I hoped you didn't."

"Why?" says he.

"Because it was a mystery," says I, "and I don't ever want you to hear any more mysteries going on. Mysteries aren't good for you. You've got the mystery habit, and nothing'll cure it."

"I heard every word of it," says Mark.

"I warrant you," says I. "Darn the luck."

"They was Americans," says Mark.

"To be sure," says I.

"And they're l-l-lookin' for somebuddy that's been lost t-ten years."

"I heard that," says I.

"And so is s-s-somebuddy else—some woman."

"I know it."

"And there's f-f-five m-million dollars in it."

"There isn't that much money," says I.

"And this d-d-dark f-feller gits it if the other one hain't f-found."

"Yes."

(*Continued on page 29*)

Interference

By Franklin M. Reck

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

LUKE APPLEGATE'S face wore an almost comically intent frown. Dog-gone it, when would they quit trying to make him a lineman? For a moment he stood with his long fingers resting lightly on his moleskin-clad hips. Then, suddenly, he seemed to come to a decision of importance. He'd play fullback or nothing.

The decision made, he propelled his lean, hard body toward Coach Thomas, who was standing on the other side of the practice field.

"Seh," said Applegate, stopping respectfully before the coach of the Dixie champions, two years running. He waited for a nod from the erect, slim-waisted man of forty. "I—I played tackle to-day—" He struggled for a diplomatic way to state his case, then gave it up because smoothness was no part of his nature "—and I'm not worth a nickel there. I'm a fullback."

The coach didn't smile. Without seeming to inspect, he took in the sophomore's six feet of hard muscles, the browned, eager face. Coach Thomas knew his sophomores. He knew that Applegate had come to Southern University from a ranch in western Texas, had been tried out at tackle by the freshman coach, and had been changed to fullback at his own request. He experienced a moment of regret. He needed tackles and he liked 'em rangy.

But the coach also knew his men. When a player was as sure of his own mind as Applegate, you had to give him a chance. This lank, tough sophomore had a fire and purpose that gleamed from his eyes and showed in the way he carried his head. Intentness, self-will, purpose—these were qualities that had to be handled with care.

"How do you know you can't play tackle?" he asked, by way of testing his man.

"Because I just pine away there," Applegate replied, with feeling. "But I rejoice when I'm smacking a line—or runnin' interference! You give me a chance and I'll make you a real fullback. If I don't, you can kick me plumb off the squad!"

Inwardly the coach chuckled. "You'll get your chance," he said, and as he observed the joyous fire that glowed in Applegate's eyes, he knew that the chance would be leaped at hungrily.

But there was one standing near who didn't share the coach's understanding. Monty Cass, regular halfback, looked at the black-haired sophomore with an amused grin, and when the coach had gone, he stepped forward tolerantly.

"Hello, Applegate," he smiled. "Pardon me for overhearing."

Luke flushed. "That's all right," he said shortly.

IT was only the third regular practice of the season; Cass was a senior, and Applegate was getting his first taste of varsity practice; but the two players knew each other. Luke, as a freshman, had seen the blocky, hard-running Monty Cass crash squarely into two Jefferson tacklers and obligingly carry them with him five yards to a touchdown. He knew that Cass was a demon in football clothes—a member of the famous Cass-Cornsweet-Bangs backfield that was intact for duty this fall.

Cass knew Applegate as a handsome, slightly awkward firebrand, in need of instruction.

"Better take the coach's tip," he suggested helpfully. "You'll have a better chance at tackle."

"I'm not lookin' for chances," Luke said. "Fullback's my place."

Cass stared at the sophomore. Didn't this guy know he was butting his head against a stone wall? Bangs was the best fullback in the South. And right behind him was Anderson—good enough for any man's team.

"All right," Cass laughed, running a strong hand through his rumpled brown hair. "Sit on a bench then."

The senior didn't understand the temper of the man he was advising; didn't understand that Luke had measured himself against Bangs and Anderson without fear.

Luke saw that his subterfuge had been discovered.

"I don't intend to do any more than my share of bench sittin'," was Luke's remark.

Cass's jaw dropped. They had been moving toward the field house, and by this time they were entering the noisy locker room, crowded with stripping players. Luke moved wordlessly toward his locker, but Cass was highly amused.

"Fellows," he yelped, "meet the coming Southern fullback! Mr. Applegate, from the Bar-X, Texas! He's just informed the grateful coach that Bangs and Anderson can turn in their suits! How about it, Bangs?"

A broad-shouldered, beautifully supple player standing on a bench and rubbing himself with a towel, smiled down at Cass. Luke, with a gasp, had stopped dead.

"The job is his," Bangs said, "when he earns it."

Red spots of anger glowed through the deep tan of Applegate's cheeks. He wasn't tuned to the kidding that went on in the varsity squad, and he didn't relish being made a public joke. Furthermore, it wasn't in him to be in awe of the Cass-Cornsweet-Bangs combination, or anybody else.

"That's just what I'm going to do," he said coldly, "earn it."

An odd remark for a raw sophomore to make! The squad roared. Cass wisecracked. Cornsweet, left halfback, punched Bangs in the ribs joyously. But Bangs, a good judge of men, looked at the sinewy back of the retreating Texan soberly.

Seething inside, Luke hurried through his dressing and walked swiftly to the fraternity house where he waited tables. His anger mounted. They'd laughed at him—all of them. Taken him as a joke. Cass, Cornsweet, and Bangs. Before the season was over, it would be Cass, Cornsweet, and Applegate. And they'd have to like it.

DURING the next month, Luke went at football with a driving intentness that made Coach Thomas open his eyes wide. From the hardest tackle Luke rose unshaken. He went through the most terrific scrimmages without sagging. He reveled in impact. He took punishment with a grin. He shook the tar out of men he smacked on interference.

"There hath arisen one greater than Bangs," paraphrased Coach Thomas to his backfield assistant, drily. "Take off the rough edges, and he'll—"

The coach didn't finish his thought; he was dreaming dreams of a new name written on the football skies.

But Cass and Cornsweet failed to take Luke seriously. Luke was intent; Luke couldn't take a joke; Luke was too ruthless in his ambition. The tall, raw sophomore just couldn't be as good as Bangs or Anderson who'd won honorable names for themselves in two years of great playing.

Yet, against the formidable Jefferson, when Bangs showed disconcerting signs of a Charley horse, in the third quarter, Thomas thought enough of Luke to send him in instead of Anderson. It was a critical spot.

Southern University was leading, 13 to 7, but the next worst thing to being behind is to have only a six-point lead against a strong opponent. The ball was Southern's on her own forty, and she wanted passionately to launch an attack that would make the game sure. Rumors were abroad that the winner of the Dixie conference would go to the Coast for the annual New Year's Day game. It would be Jefferson or Southern.

First down and ten to go—on Southern's forty. The situation was ripe for a telling assault when the limping Bangs went off the field to a thundering tribute from the stands. Monty Cass, sweating and tense, opened his eyes when he saw who was coming in. Applegate! Was the coach crazy?

Luke joined the huddle silently, but his eyes were glowing and every muscle pining for action. On the first two plays he fretted. His jobs on both were minor—covering Cass's rear, and faking a buck to the strong side. His body was crying for a touch assignment.

The two plays had netted a yard apiece, and in a short time out, the backfield panted and chatted.

"We can't kick," Cass said desperately. "If we could only get that eight yards on the next play—"

Howell, the quarterback, shook his head—eight yards!

But to Luke, burning up with bottled energy, that didn't seem hard. He visualized the stocky Cass carrying the ball, and he himself putting the giant opposing tackle where he could do no harm.

"We can do it!" he exploded. He turned to Howell pleadingly. "Let me sock that tackle—just once!"

The sophomore didn't realize that his remark could be misinterpreted. Applegate, playing his first varsity game, telling them that he would carry the ball himself for eight yards! It was like telling the regulars that they were a bunch of scrubs.

"Sure—*we* can do it," said Cass with a short laugh. "Give Applegate the ball—"

Luke flushed. He hadn't wanted to carry the ball, but there was no time to explain.

THE teams lined up. Howell kicked. Jefferson, with her back to the goal, ran two plays and punted back. Southern's ball, again on her forty. Another chance for that telling offensive—a good chance. The light of battle leaped to Luke's eyes when Howell called Cass off tackle. He jumped into position opposite the big Jefferson tackle. He and the end were supposed to put the tackle out of the play. Here was opposition! Here was contact!

The ball snapped. Luke leaped for his man with a joyous grunt. Smack! A surprised tackle found himself flat on his back, gazing at the sky, yards out of play. Cass didn't understand why the hole was so large—he hadn't had time to see Luke's terrific block. His eyes had been on the end—a dangerous man. But Howell had taken care of the end, and Cass twisted and fought his way to Jefferson's thirty before he was dragged down.

In the tumult, Howell quickly called for the same play again. But this time Luke was overeager. He

wanted desperately to prove himself to these men. His cleats failed to take hold and he slipped on his face, squarely in the path of the pounding Cass. Monty tripped over him, lunged forward into the tackle's knees and received a lusty blow on the side of his head. He got up with his ears ringing and his brain on fire. Luke rose, shamed and apologetic.

Cass cut his apology short. "Before you can play football," he said coldly, "you've got to learn to keep your feet."

The apology died out of Luke's eyes and a steely glint replaced it.

The slip-up wasn't fatal to Southern's attack. With the goal just thirty yards away and California in the offing, the Dixie champions were not to be denied. A fast line play and a quick pass that started from the same formation carried the ball over the goal before Jefferson knew what had happened.

With the score 20 to 7, ten men on the Southern team started playing safe. Luke alone, eaten with the desire to retrieve his error and flaming with anger at Cass, fought tigerishly. In the middle of the fourth quarter, Howell gave him the ball on a slant inside tackle. In this play, he followed Cass through the hole. But Cass was tired and Luke tripped over his heels.

"Try running on your own feet," Cass suggested.

Later, Luke got the ball on a reverse. The play went off slowly and Luke found himself caught from the rear because Cass had failed to protect him. Again he got the ball, this time over center. He snaked through, clawed three yards unassisted, and came to rest. And he knew, bitterly, that if Cass had led him more effectively he'd have made ten.

Raging, Luke got to his feet. Cass was at his elbow.

"I know your game," the sophomore said, in a low, biting whisper.

"What do you mean?" the weary senior asked.

"You're trying to make me look bad," Luke said flatly.

"Heaven forbid," retorted Cass. "You look bad enough all by yourself."

"Come on, Applegate," muttered Howell, "play football."

The gun barked two minutes later, and Southern knew that she would be asked to play on the Coast, New Year's day.

IN the weeks that followed, Luke alternated with Bangs at fullback. The sophomore improved steadily under instruction, and Coach Thomas's smile grew broader. At the same time, he was puzzled. When Luke was in the game, something seemed to go out of the team. The attack lost effectiveness. When Bangs went in, plays clicked off with machine-like precision.

"Why is it?" he asked the backfield coach. "Luke hits harder. He's faster, more accurate, and has much more fire! The team ought to be unbeatable with him in there!"

"Dunno," replied the backfield coach, scratching his head. "Ask me something easy."

As the days passed, the coach knew that he had a problem on his hands that would test his ability. He knew that good teams were sometimes wrecked by ludicrously little things. He had to find out what was wrong and correct it—on that might depend victory over Leland University, on New Year's Day.

On December 23, a special train pulled out of Capitol City, Georgia, bearing the stalwart black and gold Bobcats of Southern University to California, where they would meet Leland in the Primrose Stadium for a mythical national title. They were a cool, unafraid lot, confident of their ability and sure in their football knowledge.

On the long trip through Mississippi, Texas and Arizona, they studied Leland plays and chatted of Leland threats. They whispered how they would handle the versatile halfback, Wilkie, who must be stopped if Leland was to be defeated. And the linemen grinned as they thought how they would smack Sprague and Jones, the two formidable tackles.

"*Southern will not gain through Leland's line,*" predicted the papers, "*not with Sprague and Jones at tackle. These two are the best pair we've seen in action this year.*"

"*Sooner or later Wilkie will get loose for a touchdown,*" said others.

But the Southern squad, knowing its own power, grinned skeptically.

Luke, whose own resentment isolated him from the rest, began to wonder if he'd get a chance to play. His hatred of Cass he extended to the entire squad. The memory of their ridicule that first day in the locker room was still fresh in his mind. He felt that they still took him as a joke. To win the right to play on New Year's Day he'd have to fight them all. And, he decided, that's just what he'd do.

In his loneliness, he found only one person for companionship—Professor Clark, one of the faculty members making the trip. But even with Clark, he couldn't bring himself to talk football.

ON December 26, the squad of thirty-five players, the four coaches, trainer, student managers, and faculty fans were installed in cottages along the palm-lined Arroyo Boulevard of Primrose. In the afternoons, under a brilliant and cloudless sky, they practiced down in the Stadium.

Luke pursued his objective relentlessly. He threw himself into the long drill on fundamentals with reckless disregard of personal injury, and when Cass carried the ball for tackling practice, Luke outguessed the stocky halfback and drove him to the ground viciously.

Cass got to his feet, mocking.

"Tough luck," he told the sophomore. "The coach wasn't watching. But keep trying—you'll make the team."

Luke, not versed in retorts, walked away.

"Do you know," Cass told Cornsweet and Bangs that night, as they strolled through the moon-bathed hotel grounds, "I can't stomach Applegate. He tackled me to-day as though I were Wilkie of Leland. The big ox."

Cornsweet laughed, but Bangs, with longing eyes, looked soberly at the ground.

"You ought to give Applegate a chance," Bangs said. "If you co-operated with him like you do with me, he'd be a whirlwind. I'm telling you."

The other two scoffed, but Bangs continued:

"And he'd open holes for you, Monty, that would get you away to touchdowns! I know—I've sat on the bench and watched him."

Cass snorted. "You're feeling low, Bangsy," he said. "When the old whistle blows, you'll be back in position. The old line-up, shoulder to shoulder, for our last big game." (*Continued on page 54*)

As the blue fullback moved to head them off, Luke left his feet. Like a projectile, whizzing sidewise, he hit the fullback across the waist.

"Translate—translate!" The man thrust the letter into his hands. "I must know if I have made a mistake—"

Randolph--Secret Agent

(Beginning Final Installment)

By Keith Kingsbury

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

A Quick Summary of What Has Gone Before

MARK RANDOLPH, barred from the Army by defective eyesight, leaves his home in the Middle West to seek a diplomatic career in Washington. On the train he meets Ellery Holmes, nicknamed "Wings," a young aviator on his way to fly an air-mail route in South America. He saves Holmes's bag from a thief, and in return the young aviator invites him to fly with him from New York to Washington. During the flight Mark receives a first lesson in piloting.

At Washington he meets with no success in his attempts to enter the diplomatic service, but it happens that at his hotel he overhears a conversation in Spanish, which is of such importance that he decides the Secret Service should know about it. He is refused entrance to the office of Willard Slyne, the head of the Service, but breaks past the guard and gives him the information. Slyne, in return, offers him a position.

His first assignment is to wait in a hotel room with the earphones of a dictograph clamped over his ears. He overhears important news about a house used by Natrian conspirators and tries to reach Slyne on the telephone. Failing, he decides to go to the house himself. There he finds the conspirators discussing gun-running, but his presence is betrayed by a cat, and Mark faces the muzzle of an automatic. He manages to escape in the darkness and reaches Slyne's house, pursued by the conspirators. Slyne smuggles him back to his hotel in a police car and the next day calls to tell him that he is too good to waste on a dictograph. He offers him instead a difficult and dangerous job—delivering a certain letter of international importance from the Fiduciary and Guarantee Company to the President of Guayzil, the South American country against which the activities of the Natrian conspirators are directed.

Mark accepts and goes to New York to receive the document from the president of the company. In his hotel room that night, with the letter safely concealed, he wakes suddenly in the dead of night to find the locked door between his room and the next slowly opening. A mysterious figure enters with a tiny flashlight and is about to reach for the dummy letter, which Mark had prepared and placed in the pocket of his coat, when Mark springs at it. He is struck on the head with some hard object and when he comes to himself finds the intruder gone and the door shut and locked.

The next day Mark boards the S. S. *Cleo*, bound for Natria, the country through which Mark must pass to reach Guayzil. At his table at lunch he finds three people—an American dealer in machinery, Senor Estevan, and his sister Carlotta. Carlotta and Mark see much of each other, but one day Mark overhears a conversation that leads him to believe that Carlotta and the mysterious figure which had entered his hotel room in New York are the same person.

No effort is made to molest him, however, until the equator is reached. There the Estevans arrange, in the celebration that generally takes place when the equator is crossed, for Mark to enter a boxing match. This means that he cannot conceal the letter on his person and must hide it elsewhere. He leaves it in care of Nogi, a Japanese steward whom he has befriended, and conceals the dummy in the lining of his bag. When he returns from the match, the dummy is gone. He dresses, goes out on the deck and talks for a time with Carlotta, and when he returns again the dummy has been replaced.

Late that night Carlotta induces him to have a final cup of coffee with her. In the morning he awakes after a night filled with nightmares and weird dreams to find that the letter, which had been returned by Nogi and which he always carries in his money belt, is gone. The coffee had been drugged, and the letter stolen while he slept.

Mark is disgusted with himself for not being more on his guard, but there is nothing for him to do now but set to work to recover his letter. With the help of Nogi, he gains access to Senor Estevan's cabin, finds the letter, and manages to escape with it after a hot but fair fight with Estevan.

On the following day the *Cleo* reaches Asunta and Mark leaves the ship to start on a twenty-four-hour train trip for Guayzil's capital, Lluvia Montana.

He has seen Carlotta only once since his fight with Estevan, and then only to wound her by sharp-edged joking about her various disguises and the tricks she has played on him in trying to get the letter. As his noisy little train climbs up into the mountains toward Guayzil, Mark remembers regretfully the unhappiness in Carlotta's eyes.

THIS fast-moving mystery story, begun in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION *some months ago, is concluded in this issue. See the summary at the start — then you'll have the whole fascinating adventure story in one reading.—The Editors.*

In one of Mark's boot legs is the real letter—placed there on the advice of a seeming stranger in Asunta who had spoken to Mark, using the word *fag*, one of the two sign words, *fag* and *gaff*, of their common service. In his money belt around his waist, is a dummy letter he has elaborately composed to mislead possible thieves.

As the little train puffs on, Mark hears a sudden commotion—shouting and running. The train stops with a jerk. Mark puts his head out of the window—hears cries of "Bandits"—then is stunned by a crashing blow on the back of his head.

Chapter Nine

"THE *CLEO* is rocking so hard; it must be a very great storm. How can so big a storm blow without wind, under so many stars?"

Blue stars, red stars, green stars, one very large and yellow star that wiggled and moved and danced.

"What is the matter with my bed? So many lumps—"

Through endless tunnels and tortuous passageways Mark traveled a long way to complete consciousness. As his mind slowly cleared he knew the storm was wholly in his brain; the stars were the brilliant unknowns of the equator seen through the black silhouettes of trees; his hard bed was rocky ground. The great star was no new planet but a fire.

Mark sat up dizzily, his head reeling in pain. Figures passed and repassed in the firelight in a grove of trees, spectral in the darkness. The railroad car was gone; low words of conversation jumbled in his ears, Spanish words without meaning.

How long had he been unconscious? What had happened? He remembered the cries of "Bandits!—Help!" Then the shattering blow had ended things for a time. He relaxed again upon the ground, trying to clear his ringing head. Suddenly elusive memory returned; the papers! He felt his waist—the money belt was no longer about him!

Mark dragged himself totteringly to his feet only to collapse again. The world spun rapidly around. The blow must have been heavy. He felt tenderly of his head; his fingers came away sticky, dark in the dim radiance of the distant fire. Another thought teased his mind—something to do with boots—ah! Yes, the real paper was still there!

Again he struggled to his feet, rocking uncertainly, but he managed to stand. No rope bound him, no guard stood over him. What to do? Run? Run

where? He drank in the midnight air and longed painfully for water; he staggered stumblingly towards the fire.

A dozen dark-faced men sat around the flames, eating—smiling, chatting, calling to each other in Spanish. They were roughly but serviceably dressed—many firearms were to be seen. Mark stepped uncertainly into the ring.

"Water! I want water!" he gasped, his mouth like cotton.

One of these about the fire jumped to his feet.

"But certainly, Señor!" He gave a rapid order. A man with a rifle brought a tin cup. Mark drank, thankfully; it put new life in him.

"Where—where am I?" he asked.

But the leader paid no more attention to him. Mark sat down in the warmth to think it over. He was a prisoner of bandits. He didn't know where he was. He could not escape without knowing which way to go; he couldn't do anything until his head stopped revolving like a pin wheel. Seeing a mass of blankets lying at one side of the fire, Mark crawled to the pile, pulled one out—the effort took all his strength—and wrapped himself up, as he saw others had done.

With his feet to the fire, Mark tried to sleep. But sleep was long in coming. Pictures danced before his eyes; if they were mostly of a dark girl on a ship who looked at him with reproachful eyes, they were not the less pleasant. He planned vague plans of what he might do to extricate himself from his present situation but a badly aching head is of small service in thinking; it is much better for feeling. Mark's regret concerning Carlotta was for what he had said, not for what he had done. It was a fair contest between them, and he played it fairly. That she had also played fairly he had to admit, although he had not supposed, up to the happening, that guns and drugs would be weapons she would employ. True, she had not used a gun—only a blackjack, if it *was* Carlotta in the hotel in New York. But he could not persuade himself that she knew nothing of the drug.

"Maybe I'd have done it, too, if I'd had the chance." He was honest enough to admit that the viewpoint made all the difference. "I'd rather she'd drug me again than look——than look——"

But that sentence in his mind was not finished. Pain and weariness had their way. Mark went to sleep.

THE SUN woke him, a glorious spectacle. Mark crawled stiffly out of his blanket in the cool morning air to see the Lord of Day rising rosily over a grand and rugged mountain range. No railroad was in sight. His captors were cooking breakfast, talking, cleaning guns, making camp comfortable. "Camp" was only a clearing in the trees apparently on top of one of the lower mountains. A bandit offered Mark a tin dish with a pancake and some meat on it; he thanked the man and tried to eat. But his head ached blindingly; he was dizzily faint—the coarse food turned his stomach. He put the food down and staggered off under the trees, fearing he was going to be very sick indeed.

No one interfered with him. Mark crept around the clearing—perhaps an acre in extent—examining the camp as minutely as eyes that saw double and a brain that refused to think, would permit. A narrow trail led away from the top of the mountain—how had he been brought up it? Carried? Horseback? He saw no evidences of beasts of burden. The forest-covered sides of the mountain seemed quite impenetrable. Mark crept hesitatingly down the trail for perhaps fifty feet; two guards armed with rifles barred his way. They made no gesture, offered no threat. But Mark knew! He climbed wearily back again, so weak he could scarcely stand.

"Ah, the Señor feels better? The Señor walks?" The leader spoke to him. "You would return to your friends?"

Mark nodded; he was past speech.

"But that is well! See, you may return at once—if you will translate this!" He held up Mark's dummy letter. "I read not the English. I will even pay you to read it!" He brought forth a handful of paper money.

"Pay me with my own money!" Mark's voice was scornful. He knit his brows, then winced with the pain of the slight movement. "Why should I translate for you?"

The leader frowned. "Because I tell you so!" he warned. "I am all powerful here! If I say you die, you are dead. I order you to translate, you translate!"

Very suddenly, Mark became fighting mad. The cool effrontery of the fellow's voice and manner, the loss of his money, and the indignity of being told to do a stranger's will all contributed to his wrath.

"Order and be hanged!" he cried, and turned on his heel. He realized instantly that he had been foolish. He was in no condition to fight. If he had been, what could he do against a dozen? But the expected trouble did not develop.

A low laugh answered him. "You are sick, yet—I give a little time! Then you will do as I say, yes?"

Mark made no answer. He wandered uncertainly across the little plateau to the other side; here was no path or opening in the thick trees and underbrush. But he pushed into it a little way. In a few minutes he heard crashing and snapping of branches behind him. One of the bandits strode towards him, his rifle at the point.

"Come back, you! You cannot go away like this! *El Capitan* demands that you return—" His words were loud, commanding.

Mark nodded and turned back. The bandit stepped close to him—and offered him a cigarette, his finger to his lips. *Cigarette—cigarette!* Mark whispered, "Is the fag for me?"

"Gaff, gaff!" came the low answer. "Play sick! Be very sick—your head, tell them." Then, in a loud voice, "Come on, you fool! Can't wait all day."

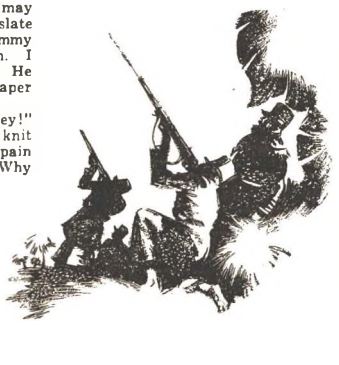
AT THE POINT of his gun the "bandit" drove Mark into the circle again. "I found him face down in the bushes!" he declared.

Mark took the cue and promptly staggered, fell down and "fainted." His thoughts were busy. One of the bandits was an agent of the Fiduciary and Guarantee Company! Then he was not alone now or friendless. And he still had the real letter—Mark blessed the agent who had suggested boots for concealment. But how long could he keep it? Surely the bandits would discover the trick—no! The leader wanted him to "translate" his own dummy! They were not bandits, of course. They were Natrian soldiers, pretending to be bandits! If bandits robbed a Guayzilian, Natria could not be held responsible. The leader did not speak English! But why bother to have him translate the document? Why had his unknown agent friend commanded him to be "very sick"? He wanted him to play for time, of course! Time for what?

But Mark followed instructions. He was "very sick" all day. He roused a little when they threw water on him, moaned, held his head in his hands, and pretended to faint again. The performance brought one comforting result; his captors washed the deep cut on his head and bound it up.

Being "very sick" was not altogether pretense. As the slight strength gained by a night's rest and small breakfast wore off, Mark felt woefully tired and ill. He had no trouble in simulating a greater weakness than he felt. Especially as a new thought came to trouble him. Did Carlotta know of the bandit plan? Was it with her coöperation that her brother had planned this attack? Did he, indeed, mean so little to her that she could think unmoved of his being captured, perhaps killed? Was she ready to sacrifice him for the sake of success?

It was hard to be just; doubly hard to be just and know that it was justice and not his tender feeling for Carlotta that defended her. But in the end he convinced himself that even if she knew of this attempt on his papers, she would have no right either to protest or to try to warn him. "I didn't warn Estevan!" he thought. "And I would have broken his arm if he hadn't given up. I really can't blame Carlotta, even if she knew I was to have a broken head, and of course she didn't know it!"



He hoped all day for more conversation with the man who had offered him a "fag." But no chance came. His captors let him alone after dragging him under a tree and rolling him in a blanket. Twice the leader stood over him to ask how he felt. To both inquiries Mark returned only groans. The second time the leader cursed impatiently.

Carlotta looked frightened for a moment, then a half smile came to her lips. This was no judge who stood before her.

"I give you until to-morrow! You will translate then, or—"

Mark wondered what threat lay behind the unfinished sentence.

Mark dozed during the afternoon. His head ached abominably; strange fancies crowded his mind. In lucid intervals he wondered if he had fever. Towards nightfall the pain decreased somewhat and he was able to choke down a little supper. The "bandit" who brought it was the agent.

As he handed it to Mark he said in a swift whisper: "Inch away from the fire to-night; get outside the circle towards morning—curse you, isn't that good enough for you? Mephisto take you!" The last words were aloud.

They dragged him to the fire at dusk. Mark dozed again, fitfully, for a few hours. Then, wide awake, he crept away from the fire as if it were too hot. Crawling on his back, wrapped up in a blanket, over rough ground was slow and painful. But he need not hurry. His friend had said "towards morning." An inch at a time, noiselessly, unnoticed, Mark worked his way back from the fire. At what he estimated to be two o'clock he was ten feet beyond the circle. He progressed faster after that—at three o'clock he was twenty-five feet from the nearest figure. Something touched him gently on the face and he lay still.

The merest ghost of a whisper came to him; whoever it was speaking must be at full length directly behind him.

"Play for time! Put off reading it as long as you can. This time to-morrow night, here, we escape. Don't speak. If you understand, move your right foot—"

Mark wiggled it violently. Faint sounds came to his ears as of someone crawling carefully away—the sounds ceased. Mark slept in earnest to dream of success, of winning through in spite of difficulty and danger, of bandits on the *Cleo*, of a robber in skirts with a red flower in her hair—

AFTER BREAKFAST Mark was still "very sick!" The leader prodded him with his foot.

"You talk now?" he asked. "I would not be discourteous, Señor, but time passes and I must know!"

Mark moaned. "What—you want?" he gasped.

"Translate—translate!" The man thrust the letter into his hands. "I must know if I have made a mistake—"

"I—can't see!"

(*Continued on page 46*)

Build This New Baby R. O. G.

HERE'S the easiest flying airplane model you ever built!

It's the newest Baby R. O. G.—a model that is both an improvement over previous ships of this type and easier for a builder to put together. And it's designed especially for novices at the game—for new members of the Airplane Model League of America, for new readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, for older readers of the *Youth's Companion* who have never tried model building.

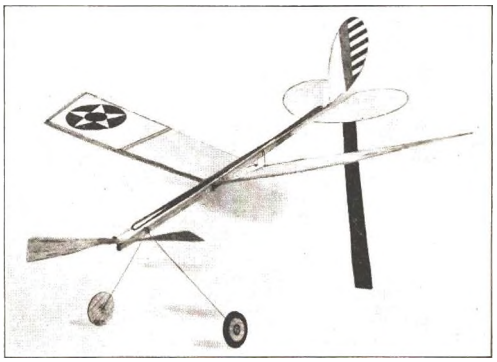
The ship is the first in the new series to be presented by the League through THE AMERICAN BOY during the coming months. It will be followed by more advanced indoor models, by plans for scale models, for flying fuselage ships and outdoor planes—the whole series will amount to an instruction course in airplane model building and in aeronautics. For, as officers of the League say—they include Commander Richard E. Byrd, honorary president; William B. Stout, president; Merrill Hamburg, secretary, and as vice-presidents Frank A. Tichenor, Eddie Rickenbacker, Alvan Macauley, Eddie Stinson, Clarence Chamberlin, Thomson Burtis, Major Thomas G. Lanphier and Griffith Ogden Ellis—there is no better way for a fellow to learn what makes airplanes fly than actually to build and sail these models.

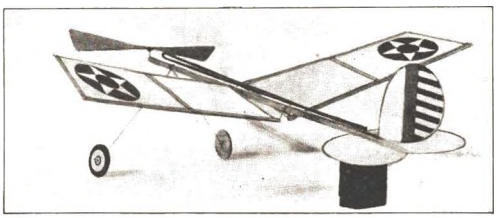
And fun! This first ship and those to follow it are gauged to perform more aeronautical stunts in an hour than the *Graf Zeppelin* does from Lakehurst to the Azores. The new Baby R. O. G. dives and zooms and loops; properly adjusted and wound, it will fly for two minutes or more. The succeeding models, most of them designed by Mr Hamburg, will not only do these things but will be planned as contest models, indoor and outdoor—one of them will be the Culver ship that soared to a new world's indoor record of 8 minutes 33 seconds at the Second National A. M. L. A. Contests. Among the others will be a ship designed specially for outdoor fuselage contests such as the Wakefield international competition.

As in the past, the League has prepared a special kit for the construction of the new Baby R. O. G.—it can be obtained for 50 cents *in check or money order* from the A. M. L. A., American Boy Building, Second and Lafayette Blvds., Detroit, Michigan, or perhaps from your local airplane model dealer. The League handles kits only—no separate parts are available at headquarters. The Number 1 kit (order it or ask for it by number) contains not only all materials for building the little ship, but also a special wire-bending tool, special aids for the builder and a ready-carved propeller.

If you're not obtaining the kit, you'll need the following materials: balsa for wing frames, 1-8 in. x 1-32 in. x 36 in.; balsa motor stick, 1-8 in. x 1-8 in. x 9 in.; Japanese tissue paper, 20 in. x 3 in.; 16 1-4 in. of .014 music wire for rudder and tail surface frames, 6 1-2 in. of .016 wire for landing gear; 2 balsa wheels, 3-4 in. in diameter, 1-16 in. thick; balsa propeller block, 7-16 in. x 9-16 in. x 5 in.; .014 music wire propeller shaft, thrust bearing, can, rear hook, wing clips (2); two brass washers; glue; rubber motor, 16 in. x 1-16 in. x 1-16 in.

Start with the wing. An excellent method, you'll find, is to lay your Japanese tissue on top of a sheet of oiled paper (cement won't stick to oiled paper, though it would to your work-table), pin all smoothly to your work-table or to a plain pine board, and mark out on the paper the exact places where you want the wing spars to lie. You can do this by using the dimensions in Figure 1 as a guide.





Decorate the wings of your R. O. G.

Now, using a razor blade or very sharp knife, cut your wing spars—four of them—to the proper lengths, give them light, even coats of cement or glue, and cement them into position. Do the same thing with the six ribs, and apply a drop of glue to eight of the twelve intersections—don't cement the four center intersections yet. Weight the spars while they're drying, if they don't lie perfectly flat.

YOUR next step is to trim off all excess paper, except the thin strip connecting the two halves of the wing. Fold the wing with the paper sides together. Press the spurs of the wing clips (their shapes are shown in the diagram) into front and rear spars, being sure that the front clip (the smaller) is on the leading edge (Figure V). Note that this clip extends farther from the end of the spar than does the rear clip.

Apply cement liberally to the joints, then let the whole thing dry for at least half an hour. Next, press the remaining wing clip spurs into the spars of the other half of the wing, cement as before, and cut away the strip of paper when the cement is dry (Figure VI). The wing is finished! Easy, wasn't it?

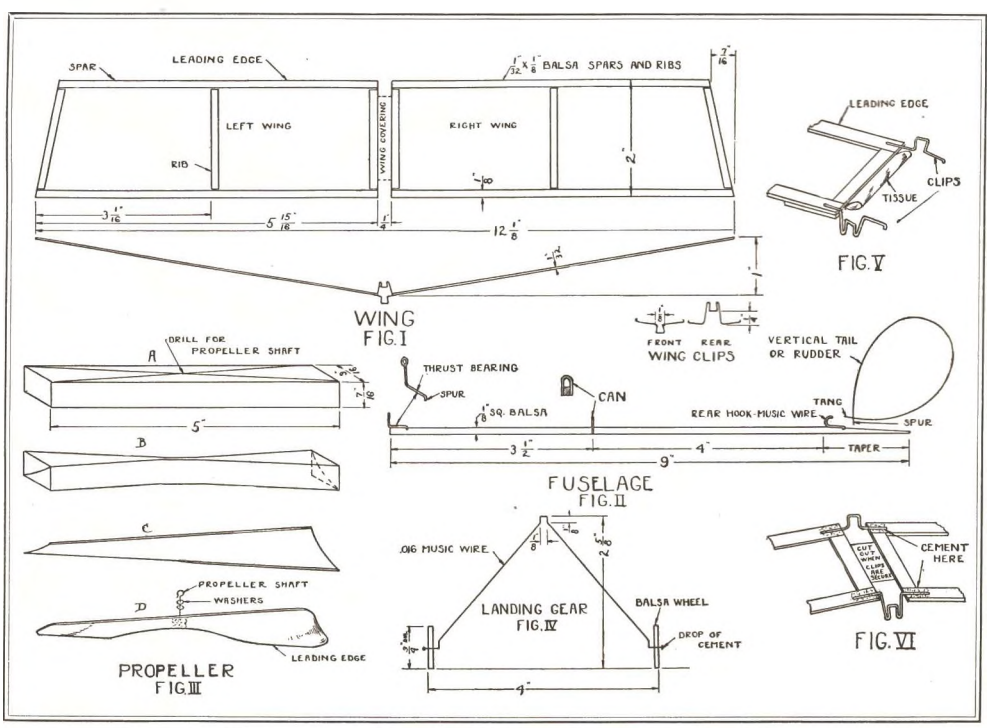
Note that the wing clips are designed so that the two halves of the wing are at a broad, flat angle to each other. This is "dihedral angle." You need this angle in a model plane to gain stability—to keep the center of gravity low, so that the ship will tend to right itself if it's thrown off balance. In this model, the angle will be right if the wing tips are about 1 inch above the center. You can adjust the angle by bending the clips.

For the tail surfaces, follow somewhat the same procedure. Draw (or trace from the exact-size drawings with this article) on the flat tissue the shapes of the rudder and stabilizer. Drive pins into the board as shown. The pin heads should lean slightly toward the center.

Now bend the finer wire—9 3-4 in. for the stabilizer, 6 1-2 in. for the rudder—inside the pins so that they conform to the outlines. Be careful not to kink the wires while you're doing it. See to it that the ends of the wires protrude as the drawings show.

Finally, cement the wires to the paper, placing the glue outside the wire only. The point to remember is to get glue under

(*Continued on page 32*)



Be mighty sure you know all the details in the drawing before you commence construction.

The Heavy End

By Frederic Nelson Litten

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

OUTSIDE in the gym the clock struck two. "Flash" Lassiter, Exeley football captain, looked up from the typed sheet lying on the desk in Coach Norgren's office. He swung, grinning, to the big fellow standing in the doorway.

"Dry your tears; time to crawl into our suits. Joe, why get all steamed up over Mount Hope—a practice game? If your heavy date is in the stands, introduce *me*. I'll tell her how good you are, honest I will."

Joe Lovell, letter man, two years a bulwark of the Exeley line, frowned darkly.

"Flash, I've *got* to play this game. There's a reason. Coach must have pulled a boner to use Dan instead of me. Ask Wade to change it, will you?"

But Lassiter would not take his words in earnest. He said banteringly:

"Your brother's getting mighty good. He mashed our line like it was a straw hat—every scrimmage this week. A comer, that Dan." He added with mock solicitude: "Not slipping are you, big boy?"

"Lassiter, I'm serious," the tackle answered. "Ask Wade, will you?"

Lassiter sobered, and a puzzled look came in his eyes.

"Joe, I don't get this—but you're all wet. I can't change a line-up. If I could, I would—just because it seems to have your goat. But Norgren's out of town scouting the Ardmore game, and he left the line-up with Dan playing in your place. Wade'll follow it. We've a tough schedule this year; Norgren's saving you, that's all."

Lovell's face was stubborn, defiant almost. He turned suddenly.

"All right," he said. "Go ahead. I'll lock the office."

Lassiter went down the hall pondering the ways of temperamental stars. He smiled. Joe was about the last man on the squad he would have picked to pull that stuff. A hard-plugging steady fellow, Joe Lovell. A man-eating tiger on offensive line play—the smartest tackle Exeley had seen in years.

Maybe it was a family row. But Joe had no jealous streak, Lassiter was sure. He'd watched the big fellow working with his brother all through spring practice, teaching Dan Lovell every trick he knew. Dan *was* a comer but, happy day! He had a long road to travel even to see Joe's dust.

LASSITER ran down the gym steps and there was Dan coming up the walk. A dead ringer for his brother, Flash quickly thought. Still, his face was younger, and not quite so set and solid as Joe's. But he had a way about him, made you like him the instant you met him.

"Get in your clothes, young squirt," hailed Lassiter. "Game's called in half an hour. And I see by some fatal error you start with the regulars to-day."

The boy's face, surprisingly, flamed red. He blinked, stuttered in an embarrassed way:

"Wh——where's Joe?"

"Norgren's office," answered Lassiter. "What's wrong, youngster? Scared someone's going to step on your finger?"

Dan recovering, grinned.

"Yeah, I was," he admitted. "Scared that some of those big clumsy ploughboys we've got for ball carriers 'll miss the holes I make and walk right up my back."

The captain laughed.

"When they do, you write me a formal complaint and I'll have 'em shot at sunrise." Lassiter paused. "Let's see you show some stuff to-day, Dan," he concluded.

"You're in the backfield," retorted Dan. "Watch my side of the line. A broom won't sweep it cleaner."

Lassiter smiled again.

"That's the pepper. Say, go pat Joe's head—he's got a peeve."

Dan's face clouded. He stared at the captain. Then, with a troubled nod, he ran up the gym steps and disappeared behind the swinging door.

Just fifteen minutes later, as Lassiter was finishing dressing in the crowded locker room, he received a surprise. Wade, the assistant coach, began to name the starting line-up. Flash was stooping to tie a shoe lace when Wade's voice brought him upstanding.

"Right guard, Torrence. *Right tackle, Lovell, Joe.*"

Lassiter shot a startled glance at the assistant coach, then swung around to the squad. His gaze fell on Joe Lovell. This big tackle was looking squarely at him, and to the captain's puzzled frown he returned a hard uncompromising stare. Lassiter hesitated, took an uncertain forward step, and paused.

As he stood there, he heard Wade's sharp summons:

"All right, Flash, warm 'em up. Five minutes."

The team trotted out upon the field and reluctantly the captain followed, thinking with dismay of the defiant look on Lovell's face in Norgren's office an hour before.

The cheering from the Exeley stands swelled as he worked the squad down the field. The team *was* good this year. Seven letter men and a mob of likely youngsters were fighting for the vacant berths, and that kept every last man on his toes. But Lassiter's mind returned dismayingly to Lovell. Could Joe have changed that line-up in Norgren's office after he had gone? No, Joe wouldn't pull a cheap trick like that. Still, Flash was worried.

The team halted in the safety zone. He said shortly:

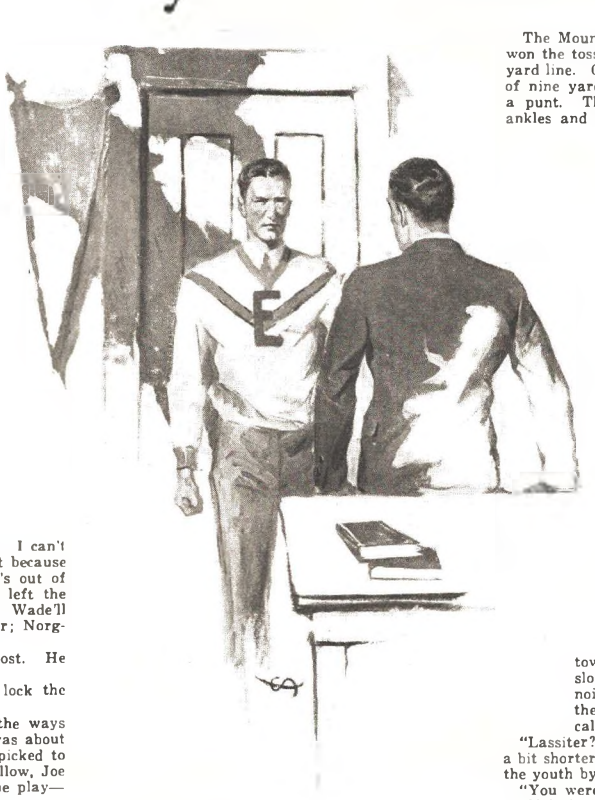
"That's enough." As they started for the benches Lassiter ran up to Lovell and grasped his arm.

"Joe," he said, "tell me, fellow—you didn't monkey with that line-up, did you?"

The big tackle swung. His face was strained and a red flush slowly mounted to his hair.

"No, I—— that is——," he halted.

Lassiter gazed at him. Joe's eyes were an admission of guilt. Lassiter said something explosive, but just then the referee, standing on the forty-yard line, blew his whistle. Flash, with a shrug in which amazement and contempt were mingled, turned away from Lovell and strode out on the field.



"Contract or no contract, you'll stay in the line-up till the season's over," cried Lassiter.

The Mount Hope game was a walk-away. Exeley won the toss and kicked off to Normal's twenty-two-yard line. On the first two plays Normal lost a total of nine yards, and McCrea, her captain, called for a punt. The pass was low, he scooped it at his ankles and kicked hurriedly. The Exeley fullback, Ahlberg, caught the ball on Normal's thirty-yard line, broke through for a touchdown and kicked goal.

After that it was slaughter. The only feature was the line play of Joe Lovell. Even Lassiter, contemptuous of the big tackle's ethics, could not but admire his sparkling game. The score, when the substitutes went in, was 34 to 0. It seemed to Flash, as the first team trotted off the field, that Joe Lovell was reluctant to leave the game.

When Lassiter sat down before his locker, he frowned as he mulled over the problem of Lovell's act. No good telling Norgren. It might mean Joe's dismissal from the squad, and, after all, the changed line-up had been of little consequence. Still, there was a principle involved. Lassiter irritably donned his coat, smoothed back his wet hair, and went out under the stands and across the quadrangle to the open country past the outskirts of Exeley town.

A hazy autumn twilight had fallen when he turned back toward the streets of Exeley. He walked slowly by the Old Blue Cafe crowded with noisy undergrads celebrating victory. At the corner a man stepped from the curb and called his name. Flash halted.

"Lassiter?" asked the stranger, smiling. He was a bit shorter than the Exeley captain but outweighed the youth by a good twenty pounds of solid bulk.

"You were looking for me?" Flash questioned.

"Nobody else," returned the stranger. He drew out a card and Lassiter read a name that was in a vague way familiar: "William Dresser Nesbitt."

Suddenly he exclaimed: "Why, you're Bill Nesbitt, the All-American back!"

Nesbitt laughed. "You've got me." He looked around. "Is there a place where I can talk with you a little while? Something you might be interested in, maybe."

Lassiter's eyes widened. Nesbitt, the ace of college backs, asking for a talk with him!

"Why, there's my room," he said, embarrassed.

"A good place," agreed the other. "Let's get going."

They walked to the quadrangle, Nesbitt chatting pleasantly. He mentioned Exeley's play against Mount Hope. Evidently he had been in the stands that afternoon. But when the two were seated in the dormitory room, his manner changed abruptly.

"This is your last year at Exeley, I understand. Well, what then? College?"

Lassiter nodded. "If I can make it. I'll have to pick up a few nickels extra."

NESBITT was silent, then he asked suddenly: "Did you ever think of football from another angle except sport? Ever realize that you might get in on the heavy end?"

"The heavy end?" repeated Lassiter.

"Yes, the money end. Turn your football knowledge into cash." A sharp note had crept into Nesbitt's voice. He leaned close, waiting for the boy's reply.

Lassiter said thoughtfully: "No, I hadn't thought of that."

Nesbitt laid a hand on his arm.

"Well, listen then. You've been out for football four years. Working like a dog three months every fall—spring practice, too—and what's it got you? A ten-dollar sweater with a letter on it. And you've lost out on all social life." Nesbitt paused. "Isn't that about right?"

To Lassiter came memories; days of grueling practice; nights when dance music from the gym floated in his bedroom window; forbidden pleasures.

"Well, it's not all gravy," he replied.

"You know it!" said the other. "Took me eight years to get wise. Now I'm cashing in. To make

it short, I've bought the Interstate 'pro' league. I've got the money backing. I want likely youngsters who need the jack and will work for it."

Nesbitt stopped, removed a folded paper from his coat, uncapped his pen.

"I came down here to look you over, Lassiter; and one of your men that's playing in the line. I'm offering you both the same: expenses and a guarantee of sixteen hundred dollars for eight games in the next two months. You'll have to quit this season, of course."

He shook out the typed sheet, but Flash didn't seem to see it. The Interstate League, he knew by reputation, was a crooked bunch of black-listed players. So Nesbitt had gone wrong. Suddenly sharp lines marked the captain's forehead. His eyes, fixed on the other, took on a queer hot glitter. But his voice was cool enough.

"One of my men that's playing in the line? Who is it, Nesbitt?"

Nesbitt looked up pleasantly.

"Why, it's——" he broke off, as he read the boy's face. "You're not going to pass this up?" he cried. "I'm offering you a chance to make a stake!"

"You're offering me a chance to play crooked football," answered Lassiter. "Who is the other fellow?"

Nesbitt stared, then laughed jarringly.

"The heavy hero stuff. You're kidding, aren't you, Lassiter?"

The boy repeated:

"Who is the other fellow, Nesbitt?" Stepping to the door, he set his back against it. "You'll have to tell me that."

"You'll make me, eh?" said Nesbitt, sizing up the other. "You, and what company of the National Guard?" He shrugged. "Be sane."

Lassiter, for the third time, said: "Who is the other fellow?"

"You're tough, eh?" Nesbitt's voice had become edged. "Lassiter, I still keep training. I'll outweigh you a lot and I know how to use my hands. Better open that door."

"Not until you answer." Lassiter's broad shoulders lifted. Then, as Nesbitt thrust the contract in his pocket and moved forward, Flash clenched his hands.

SOMEONE knocked softly on the panel of the door. There was an instant of quiet, then a voice—Joe Lovell's voice—said: "Flash, let me in, will you?"

Nesbitt dropped his hands, shrugged his shoulders as though to say, "The game's up." Lassiter, moved by quick dismayed intuition, swung the door wide.

"Come in, Lovell. You know this man, I guess."

The big tackle's jaw dropped as he saw Nesbitt, and his face flamed. Nesbitt, watching Lassiter, interpreted the look of accusation with which the captain regarded Lovell.

"Well met, gentlemen," he exclaimed; glanced meaningly at the newcomer, then doubled up in silent mirth. At length he turned to Lassiter. "Well, I won't have to fight my way out; you guessed the answer."

He slipped by Lassiter and went out. The Exeley captain closed the door and swung round.

"I understand now," he said, "why you changed Norgren's line-up. A show-off, so you could win a place with Nesbitt's crooked 'pros.'"

Lovell twisted miserably. "You're wrong——"

Lassiter, his eyes blazing, cried:

"Wrong? Explain it then. Have you signed his contract? Norgren will——" Suddenly the bitter voice ceased. Flash stared at Lovell ominously. "I won't tell Norgren, Joe. But, contract or no contract, you'll stay in the line-up till the season's over or I'll broadcast the whole rotten mess. How you cheated, used the team, sold us out. No Lovell will be wanted here at Exeley then. Better think of Dan."

The big tackle clenched his fists. Lassiter waited for the battle to begin. Then, slowly, the anger faded from Joe Lovell's face.

"All right, Flash," he muttered. After a long pause, he swung round and quickly left the room.

NORGREN returned from his scouting trip the next day, and before practice started, Flash asked him of Ardmore's showing.

"A smart team," replied the coach. "Big, smashing line; they tore up Mercer. Shot some off-tackle stuff that worries me. I'm going to spend a lot of time with the two Lovells, Dan especially."

Lassiter felt a flush rise to his cheek. He coughed embarrassedly. Norgren went on:

"Joe Lovell played a good game, Wade says. The right side of the line is safe as long as he's in there, and Dan will be as good some day."

The Exeley captain gave a confused nod, wondering that Norgren did not speak of the changed line-up. Unwittingly the coach answered his unspoken question.

"Joe must think Dan's crowding him. Wade tells me he went to him before the game and asked why Dan was slated to start with the varsity. Seems he'd seen the line-up on my desk and read it wrong. But Wade straightened it out; showed him the copy I'd given him."

"You had Joe's name on the starting line-up?"

Norgren caught the strained note in Lassiter's voice.

"Of course." He frowned. "Why, what about it?"

"Nothing," answered Flash. There was a clatter of cleated shoes in the locker room below and the boy rose and left for the field.

In the corridor the Exeley captain paused, his expression deeply troubled. Joe had *not* changed that line-up then, and he had done the big tackle a grave wrong. He wished he could take back his scathing words. But Lovell had not denied that he knew Nesbitt. There was no question in the captain's mind that Lovell was the "other man." A lot remained to be explained. He went slowly down the stairway to the locker room.

That night Flash met Joe Lovell on the quadrangle after chow. The big tackle's nod was distant, but Lassiter stepped squarely in his path.

"Wait, Joe," he said. "I was wrong about the line-up—I'm sorry. But, fellow, don't you listen to Nesbitt. His outfit doesn't play the game. You know, too, how much we want to win from Ardmore. You're the key man and——"

Lovell exclaimed angrily: "I got all your ideas on that last night, didn't I?"

He swung on his heel and walked away. The Exeley captain followed an uncertain step or two, but Lovell's stride was unfaltering. Lassiter turned, went up to his room.

The game with Mercer Tech, played a week later, made Coach Norgren shake his head. The final score was Exeley 21, Mercer 0; but the squad returned from Mercer's stadium in Steel City with a conviction of invincibility. And in football, over-confidence loses more games than injuries.

The coach scourged them through practice the next Monday, but felt the weight of his discipline growing less. Another matter brought concern to Norgren. Joe Lovell was out with a twisted back muscle, a mean injury to cure. He took some consolation in the fact that Dan was going stronger. Dan wasn't as much of a bear for punishment as Joe, but a smart player just the same.

The Blairtown College game took every bit of overconfidence out of Exeley. A tearing, smashing game from whistle to gun that Exeley was lucky to win by one touchdown. The one bright spot was Dan's play at tackle in place of Joe. Dan played like a fiend in moleskins. He nabbed runners behind the line, blocked a punt, broke through and tackled passers before they could let go the ball.

There was a "pep meeting" at the Chapel that night that Lassiter, sore and dog-tired, slipped away from at the earliest possible moment. As he turned the corner of the Chapel building, a car drew in to the curb. Joe Lovell stepped from it. Flash started as he heard a voice—Nesbitt's voice—say:

"You'd better come, too. Think it over. Goodnight."

A surge of anger swept the boy. Nesbitt again. But it was evident that he had not won Lovell yet. Lassiter strode to the steps and as the big tackle limped up, he said quietly:

"Joe, I couldn't help but hear. You turned him down—good work."

Lovell glanced at him. He didn't answer. His face was strained, unhappy, so it seemed to Flash. Then the mob surged from the Chapel and the two were swept apart.

On Monday, the driving schedule of the last two weeks before the Ardmore game began. Signal practice, hours of it, until Lassiter would wake at night to hear the sharp voice of Johnny Ransom cracking out the numbers. Line drill, bumping the bucking rack around the field. Norgren pressed them tirelessly, pointing for the "big red team." When but two days remained until the game, the coach called the squad into the gym. He looked them over as they ranged before him, and said quietly:

"We ease off to-day. You've got all I can give. Whether that's enough to beat Ardmore——" He paused—"Well, I hope it is. You'll do your best to make it seven straight games and a championship. Report at the field house Saturday, two sharp. That's all."

THE SQUAD filed out the doors. No one spoke, but each man felt he knew the others' thoughts. It *would* be seven—and a championship.

Lassiter moved aimlessly down the brick walk to his dormitory. He was mighty tired. He'd skip grub and go to bed. He saw Joe Lovell limp through the trees ahead. That kink in Joe's back had hung on. Dan, though, was going stronger every day. It was tough, for Joe. His last year. Then Lassiter's thoughts returned again to the mystery of the changed line-up, and he frowned.

He had been asleep for hours when a continued pounding on the door brought him stupidly awake.

"Come on in—it's unlocked," he said.

The light clicked on above his head and he saw Johnny Ransom bending over him.

"Flash! Did you or Norgren give Joe Lovell permission to go in to Steel City?"

"Huh?" said Lassiter sleepily. Then, with sudden sharpness, "What you talking about, Johnny? What time is it?"

(*Continued on page 70*)

Six yards, a first down, and that time Flash nearly got away.

Shore Leave

They had Spike trussed with his own rope and bundled him on a horse. In another ten seconds the whole lot was in the saddle and galloping off southward.

By Warren Hastings Miller

Illustrated by Albin Henning

CORPORAL GENE BARR, water camel squad, Foreign Legion, walked to the edge of his camp and gazed speculatively eastward at the Sahara wastes that terminated in the snow-capped peaks of the Anti Atlas. In which bandit den, back there in the desert, were the two Portuguese aviators?

A week ago two fliers had been forced down on the inhospitable shore back of Cape Juby, on the African West Coast. An American destroyer had sighted the wreck of their plane. But of the aviators there hadn't been a sign. Not even bodies. And now a world was moving to their rescue.

The corporal's eyes swept seaward to the blue Atlantic. Far below him was the tiny caravan port of Sidi Ifri. In the harbor was the American destroyer, ready to help in the rescue plans. At any moment an *escadrille* of military planes from Marrakesh would appear in the skies to the north. The Legion had already thrown a cordon of patrols around this region. And Gene, with his water camel squad, had formed a gasoline base for the rescue planes up here on the plateau, fifteen hundred feet above Sidi Ifri.

Gene's speculation was cut short by an apparition that ambled toward his little camp from the north. A gob on a camel. He was an American sailor, dressed in the clean whites of shore leave. Red curls over a sunburned and freckled face were visible under his smart white cap. From the port bow of his long Arab saddle hung a small boat anchor and a coil of rope. Evidently he had been run away with before and proposed to stop his beast hereafter in a seamanlike manner!

Tex, a private in the squad, and Gene grinned widely as they spied the nautical traveler.

"Yea, gob!" yelled Gene. "Come over heah!"

"Hullo, yourself!" shouted back the gob. "Course seventy-two she is!" He delivered several effective kicks at his camel's right ear, adding, "Comin', bo! She'll only do about four knots though!"

"Danged ef he ain't got a compass in his right hand!" exploded Tex, slapping his leg with delight. "Betcha, Gene, he's got one of them whaddyecallem—sextants, too!"

"Anything that's U. S. is good enough for me!" said Gene, experiencing a wave of homesickness at the sight of this fellow countryman.

GENE had come to the Foreign Legion from a Florida fruit ranch. Service in the desert had made him lean and brown and hard. There was a stubborn touch to his jaw and in the flash of his eyes. But deep down inside he nursed an ache for home, and he waited eagerly for the sailor to come up.

The gob carefully steered his brute their way. Gene's six camels raised their long necks and barked, roared, and wheezed their greetings to the strange camel, who trumpeted back at them. When the din was over the gob was alongside, had cast anchor, and was paying out his rope through the camel's nose ring.

"Attaboy," approved Tex. "Picket the critter good."

"Anchor's down, sir!" called the gob, addressing an imaginary captain on the bridge. "That's well, at six fathoms! Belay!"

Gene and Tex chuckled delightedly. Rutli, the Swiss automatic gunner, his two belt men, and Mora, the Spaniard of the squad, gathered around in awe.

"What ship is this?" the gob asked them by way of formal greeting.

"Foreign Legion, Admiral!" came back Gene. "Water camel squad. But we're carrying gasoline this trip."

"How come?" asked the gob, with interest.

"It's those Portuguese aviators," explained Gene. "Everyone's looking for 'em around heah. French *escadrille* comin' down from Marrakesh any time now —" he glanced toward the northern sky "—and we brought 'em their reserve gas supply up from Tindouf. The airmen got pinched by a band of brigands. Look out they don't pinch *you!*" he added with a facetious grin.

"Straight goods?" queried the gob incredulously.

"Sure!" Gene assured him. "All this region's full of bandits. Betanas, Mechems, Hamras. Got a gun on you?"

"Nothing like that, boot!" the gob assured him disdainfully. "I'm no shore police. Liberty man, starboard watch, first division. All I've got is this anchor. Got run away with once, on an elephant in Colombo. Threw out the anchor, but she dragged. Spike Mahaffey from Massachusetts is my handle. Gunner's mate on that spit-kit down there." He pointed to the destroyer lying off Sidi Ifri.

"You're pretty far from home," warned Tex. "You and your camel likely to get run down and boarded, on this cruise."

"Yeah?" retorted Spike composedly. "Let 'em come."

He was eying their uniform insignia of green bomb and chevrons, their visored kepis with neck cloth, their blue sashes on khaki tunics, and their black leggings.

"Foreign Legion, eh? How do you birds like it?" he queried. "From what I've read, the officers treat you like dawgs."

The squad laughed. "Mostly bunk," said Gene, his leathery and freckled face becoming sober. "They don't come any better than Commandant Chavlet. The Legion's no place for sensitive folks, but a fella that does his job can get along."

"Same thing aboard ship," nodded Spike. "If you do your stuff you got nothin' to worry about. Well—I ain't gittin' nowheres with this cruise!" He started to pull in on his anchor rope. "I'll go out and scare up a bandit or two for you fellows. Might even find the gang that's pinched them aviators."

"Watch out they don't find *you!*" laughed Gene. He wished that the sailor had at least a weapon on him. Sailorlike, he was counting on his fists in a row. But he didn't know the Arabs. Against their knives and long guns a man's fists were worth nothing. Yet there was no use trying to scare this sailor. The mere hint that he might find a party of bandits over the next ridge would be enough to send him there, hotfoot.

"Anchor up-and-down! Slow speed ahead! Stand by the break out!" Spike was bawling out orders as he hove his beast up short by hauling in rope through the nose ring. The squad laughed as his camel roared and blubbered its protests. Spike kicked him vigorously.

"Anchor aweigh! Hard right rudder! So long, you guys!"

He waved them a cheerful farewell as his brute began ambling southward in the long, slow gait of the camel.

"Better critter than one of them half-portion donkeys!" called back Spike exuberantly. "Git up to five knots, you four-legged centipede!"

Gene watched him grow smaller in the barren wastes of the plateau, and then looked north. Still no *escadrille*. There was nothing to do but wait in the sun and try to keep cool.

"Good old whiff of home, huh?" grinned Tex, looking up from his camp duty to nod toward the disappearing sailor.

Gene said nothing. His work was here, until his enlistment ran out. The Legion gave a guy plenty of military life, plenty of fighting. And he preferred not to think too much of home until he could pack up and go there. He kept an eye out for the gob, however, because he had a natural fear for the safety of any man who wandered over this part of the Sahara alone. The desert looked peaceful and empty, but it was not. Its shimmering wastes concealed many a wandering band of brigands. Here on the West Coast, where those two Portuguese aviators had been captured before they had hardly got ashore, the bandits were no respecters of persons. Accountable to no authority.

The corporal gazed at the now distant gob. He seemed to be about a mile away. Gene's eyes grew wider and suddenly an exclamation broke from his lips. The sailor's camel seemed to be gathering speed, and suddenly it broke into a gallop. Spike's distant figure could be seen belaboring his beast in vain efforts to stop it. His camel was running away with him—bouncing him all over the desert! Spike wouldn't stay on him long if he didn't succeed in pulling him to a walk!

The rider seemed to be fumbling at his saddle. Suddenly, out soared the anchor. It brought up the camel in full career, threw the beast head over heels, and catapulted Spike twenty feet into the sand. They lay still for several moments, two motionless specks on the desert. And then Spike got up, but his camel did not. Evidently its neck had been broken.

Gene jumped for his rifle, called Tex, hastily unpicketed his own camel. Beyond Spike he had seen an ominous procession—a line of domed heads moving rapidly along the crest on the farther side of the gully!

"Brigands!" he cried. "Come on along, Tex! Rutli, you take charge of the squad while I'm gone. Snap into it, gang!"

The camp got busy. Tex and Gene lambasted their mounts to their feet. Rutli and his belt men unlimbered the automatic rifle. Mora started lugging the equipment into a hollow square, for defense.

From the camel's back Gene could see a long way. The gully was now filled with horsemen galloping down on the sailor. There were six or seven of them, their white burnooses fluttering in the wind, their long Arab guns glinting in the sun. The sailor was standing his ground. He had hastily yanked his anchor out of the sand—his sole weapon—and was swinging it threateningly about his head.

Gene and Tex whacked their brutes with black leather canes, urging them to a jolting gallop. Both were riding in the small leather saddle in front of the hump. Its high pommel and cantle permitted them to

use both hands on their Lebel rifles, and they itched to get within range. Gene felt sure the Arabs wouldn't kill Spike. A live man can be sold for ransom.

SPIKE had cast his odd weapon at the nearest horseman. Gene saw it shoot in a gray flash over the stallion's neck and then jerk back, to hook its fluke in the rider's burnoose. The brigand came off with a crash. Spike pounced on him, grabbed his gun, and turned to fire. Then he was the center of a mill of dismounted Arabs who had flung themselves from their horses and were attacking him on all sides. Spike's fists flew.

Urging on their own camels frantically, Gene and Tex saw two of them go down under Spike's punching and flailing assault.

"Battlin' marine, all right!" gasped Tex. "For cripes sake *shoot*, Gene! Let 'em know we're comin'!"

They both fired high in the air, at the utmost elevation of their rifles. They didn't dare to be accurate for fear of hitting Spike. Evidently the Arabs heard the whistle of the bullets, for they seemed to stop a moment and then attack the sailor with redoubled fury. But Spike, with his swinging anchor, was a veritable whirlwind.

"Good boy, that gob!" panted Gene. "Give 'em another volley!"

The bullets spurted sand to the right of the gully. If Spike could only keep them in play a few minutes more!

But he couldn't. The two Arabs he had battered down came to life again and got holds on his ankles. The rest rushed in a body and overwhelmed the desperate gob. When they arose they had Spike trussed with his own rope and were bundling him on a horse. Tex and Gene fired again. No use. In another ten seconds the whole lot was in the saddle and galloping off southward, while the two Legionaries yelled futile imprecations at them.

Gene pulled up and gazed angrily at the fleeing party. It had been a daring raid—not five miles out of Sidi Ifri!

"They've got hosses. And these camels ain't gaited for speed," growled Tex hopelessly as the raiders vanished around a great rock escarpment of the plateau.

"They're gaited for endurance, though!" retorted Gene grimly. "Let's follow, Tex. They can't lose us, with all the tracks they'll make."

Tex nodded at once. They slowed the camels to their usual long pace. The beasts were good for a hundred and fifty miles without a stop; the horses couldn't do over forty without rest, water, and feed. Slowly but surely the camels would win.

The horsemen were miles ahead and out of sight now. But their plunging beasts had left a broad lane of hoof tracks in the sand. The lane led due south, and Gene, who knew all this region hereabouts, swiftly made up his mind as to their destination.

"They're heading for Tigert, Tex," he said with conviction. "There's not a well within fifty miles of here, except in that village. The chief there ain't too friendly to the French, either."

"They'll stop at the village to water up, anyhow," agreed Tex.

"Better than that," insisted Gene. "They're all in cahoots, these people. The bandits'll split with the village chief if he'll attend to the ransom. That means they'll hide Spike in that village somewhere, or not far from it. Have him handy when the Navy decides to pay up for him."

"More likely the marines'll come an' take the town all apart," retorted Tex. "Can you see the Navy paying anything for anybody?"

"'Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead,'" quoted Gene sardonically. "And what happened? They paid, all right!"

"I'll bet on the Navy," grunted Tex. He had faith in that organization, having seen it anchor a camel!

"Mebbe we can burgle the town, Tex," said Gene. "No use going there as Legionaries. We'll snoop."

"All right by me!" agreed Tex. "Second story work's my middle name!"

THE gully had debouched into a valley. The wide arms of the plateau enclosed it in immense rocky escarpments. Its floor was flat and bare, but it had a dry oued or watercourse in it that was a considerable torrent in the rainy season. The watercourse had given rise to the desert village of Tigert. During most of the year the water flowed underground, to reach the Atlantic some seventy miles farther on. A well in Tigert's citadel, to reach the underground canals, and buckets lowered by long beams kept the town going. The town was about fifty miles from the nearest caravan route—a convenient headquarters for brigands.

Toward sunset they came in sight of the town. Far away, over the horizon, rose the dome of its mosque, one rude square minaret of red mud, and the gray watch tower of the citadel. The horse tracks led directly to it.

Gene halted his grunting and wheezing camel. "That watch tower's not so good," he told Tex. "We'll have to dismount and wait for night."

Guttural snarls of *Kh! Kh!* brought the camels down to parking position with legs doubled under them. The watch tower vanished satisfactorily over the horizon rim as they lowered. The minaret was still in sight. A *muezzin* would be up there now, calling the faithful to prayer, but he would probably be preoccupied with theological matters.

Gene and Tex munched bread and dates, and gulped half a canteen each of water. A fiery sunset was painting the Sahara red. Dusty, soft purples and blues spread over the plateau escarpments to the north. Still no *escadrille* of planes from up there. Gene hoped they wouldn't come till morning. He had a night raid on, and those aviators would simply warn the brigands to hide Spike in a yet more inaccessible dungeon.

Twilight fell. Gene took bearings on the minaret with his compass as the last of the light went. No one would be moving for two hours, now, for the Arab drivers always waited for the North Star to show clear. The road into town was clear.

Night came suddenly. The soft spongy tread of their camels followed the radium bearing of Gene's compass. Barking dogs warned them of encampments of Bedouins, black masses of tents surrounded by thorn brush. An hour of slow plodding; then Gene halted and explained his plan in a low whisper.

"Spike'll be in the citadel, Tex. No use trying any gates; they're all locked at night. How good are you on the climb?"

"I can ride a buckin' cayuse; oughta be able to stick with a corner, or somethin' that don't jump!" Tex grinned.

"Good," nodded Gene. "These walls are built of baked mud. We can dig pockets in 'em with our bayonets and go up a corner like a monkey up a tree."

"We'll have to leave our rifles below," ventured Tex.

"We can carry 'em strapped on our backs."

"Naw. They'll go clanging around, bumpin' our heads, gettin' in the way," retorted Tex stoutly. "I don't want no nine pounds hangin' on my neck when I'm straddlin' a mud corner."

"All right. We'll make out with our bayonets, then," agreed the corporal. "This hadn't ought to be a shooting job anyway. If we have to shoot, we're gone."

They had circled around the town by now. It didn't have a window in its walls—only a row of wooden gutter spouts under its parapets. The place was already asleep, save for a squalling horn and a beating drum in some Arab cafe where the raiders were no doubt celebrating.

GENE and Tex were no longer interested in the raiders. What they wanted was an American gob, who was a prisoner in the citadel. That structure rose on the northeast angle of the town. The two Legionaries circled about on the desert reconnoitering it. A grove of discouraged date palms rose darkly near-by. Around it lay Bedouin encampments that had to be avoided because of barking dogs.

"There's our corner!" said Gene, halting his brute as close as they dared come. "Oh, for a length of rope! We could haul up the rifles after us."

"The gob has rope," replied Tex cheerfully. "He's tied with anchor rope."

"A lot of good that does us," scoffed Gene.

They had reached the foot of the corner. The bare desert at their feet was tracked up by donkey, horse, and camel hoofs, all heading for the gate farther on. They leaned the rifles against the wall, hung their cartridge bandoliers on them, and said good-by to them sorrowfully. Gene patted his long, rapier-bladed French bayonet. He didn't have much of a plan—he'd just get inside and take his chances.

The corner was made of flat clay-and-straw bricks precisely like those of three thousand years ago. You could get four fingers in any of the cracks between them.

"Cinch," muttered Gene, gouging out a toe hold with his bayonet. "You stake one side, Tex, and I the other. Dig deep."

They started upward, Gene slightly above Tex, whose shoulder helped hold the corporal to the wall as he dug the next foothold. They rose two feet at every operation. At twenty Gene began to realize that a fall meant broken bones.

He felt elated when they reached the wall parapet. It was a mere ledge at this point, and above it rose the wall of the citadel still ten feet higher. It was built of stone, but Gene felt that it could be scaled.

He tried its masonry experimentally with his bayonet point.

"Laid in mud mortar, thank goodness," he told Tex cautiously. "If I stand up and drive in the bayonet as high as I can reach we can use it for a step and we'll make it easy. You hold me, Tex."

"That leaves only one bayonet for scrapping," objected Tex.

"I'll throw rocks," grinned Gene. "Come on, let's go."

Tex gripped a rock projection and gave Gene the crook of his arm. The corporal stood up on the ledge and ran his bayonet deep into a crack, as high as he could reach. Then, using it as a peg, he crawled up on the face, found holds higher up, and was soon using the bayonet for a step. In a jiffy he had his hands over the parapet, near the watch tower. There was no one in it. Presently he leaned over and motioned his companion to start up.

Tex made the climb. They had to abandon the bayonet, but Gene pried loose two pieces of wall coping.

"We're plumb idiots, Gene," whispered Tex, shivering with excitement now that they were up. "But we can't get down without the gob's rope. Let's find him."

THEY crept toward the watch tower. Wooden stairs led down from it to the court below, and around the top of these they poked their heads cautiously. At first they could see nothing. Then objects began slowly to appear. The court was a small one, not over twenty feet square, formed by rooms that were leantos against the walls. The tile roofs slanted inward so as to shed whatever rainfall there was into the court, where it drained into a well below. A number of tall, narrow Moorish doors gave on the court. They were all closed but one; all of stout wood with upper and lower halves that could be opened separately. Gene wondered just how large a garrison was sleeping behind those doors.

A single sentry paced the court. They studied him for some time as their eyes grew used to the light in that dim area below. He was a debonair chap, sporting a young beard, a round turban of camel's hair, and belts of rope that held up his powder gourd, his bullet pouch, his yataghan scabbard. He carried a flintlock Arab gun about six feet long, with a curved stock flaring to a wedge-shaped butt. In this country cartridges were too expensive and too scarce.

Once out of ammunition the modern rifle became a useless mechanism of steel. But the Arab long gun simply needed a stock of trader's powder in that gourd, some lead slugs, or else bolts of old iron, in that pouch, and it would function all right. It blew a considerable hole in a body, too, and was surprisingly accurate at long range.

Tex pinched Gene's elbow. "*Door!*" he whispered, so faint that Gene could hardly hear it.

A round white thing had appeared in the gloom of that single open door. It was not two feet above the floor but it looked like Spike's sailor cap. They heard a familiar voice address the sentry. "Hey, guy! Any tabac?"

That was Spike, on all fours.

The sentry growled and went on pacing the court. Spike remained in the doorway, for it was a hot night. He was evidently chained or tied inside so that he could get no farther than the door, but at least his hands were free. He could crawl about.

And presently Gene gave a gasp that was nearly their undoing, for a second head appeared in the door beside Spike's. A military blouse and collar was un-

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The story of Captain Jimmy Byers, Jordan quarterback, who threw down his team; of a long twisting punt that brought to Jimmy the second big crisis of his career; of battering, mad football against odds—

A YOUTH'S COMPANION STORY

By Jonathan Edwards

der it, olive drab. It looked like an aviator's rig, and Gene pinched Tex.

"One of those Portuguese birdmen, by golly!" he whispered in suppressed excitement.

Tex pinched him in the back. His eyes were beaming and he wanted mightily to let out a gloat. Both glanced at the sentry apprehensively. The gloom of the watch tower behind them was all that prevented them from being silhouetted against the sky. They were safe, so long as they made no noise.

But the sentry was a problem.

"He gits one of us with the gun and the other with his sword, and there you are," whispered Tex in Gene's ear. "An' suppose he misses us? Off goes the gun, just the same, an' rouses out the whole garrison."

Gene said nothing. He was studying the movements of the sentry. His beat took him near the foot of the wooden stairs every round. It was almost impossible to get down the steps without noise. And if he heard, he'd be sure to get one of them. Nor could they make a flank attack on him from anywhere else. They would be seen the moment they tried to crawl out on those tile roofs.

"One chance," Gene whispered. "When he cocks his gun, sock him with a rock. It doesn't take much of a jar to knock the priming out of it."

Tex sniffed incredulously. It was staking their all on one throw! Still, Gene had two ragged rocks of about four pounds each.

And there was that little fact about the Arab flintlock. Its priming powder lay in a little slotted tube that turned inward against the rain when the hammer was down. When you cocked it, the tube turned, exposing the priming to the flint. A rock, landing with shattering force when the man was aiming his long piece, would jump all the priming out. There would be a shower of sparks, nothing else. His gun would miss fire.

"Let's pray, men!" murmured Tex. "Pray that them stairs won't creak! We'll git as close to him as we can, fust."

THEY clasped hands silently and began a cautious descent. Gene's foot advanced, came down noiselessly on the step below, took weight. Three steps down. The gloom up here protected them. The sentry went on pacing. He was being annoyed by that aviator, who was also begging tobacco, and Spike was persistently trying to kid some good nature into him. The sentry's eyes were anywhere but up these stairs.

But halfway down, a step creaked. And instantly the sentry stopped, looked up their way intently. His long gun swung down from his shoulder and they heard the smart click of its lock. Both were motionless, breathless, Gene with his rock poised to throw as he never had thrown before, and the other rock ready in his left hand. Tex gripped his bayonet. He was tense to jump and lunge with it should Gene fail.

"*Aiwa?*" grunted the sentry suspiciously. "*Ashe koum?*" He advanced, pointing his gun.

Gene hurled his rock fair and true for the man's head.

There was a metallic clash, a shower of blue flint sparks, then a rapid sputtering as the flying priming grains took fire in mid-air.

Thuck! the second rock went home. And then they both were down the remaining steps and into the court, Gene grabbing for the sentry's throat while Tex yanked the gun out of his hands before it had time to fall. The man was a powerful fellow. Gene felt himself gripped in a bear hug as he clung desperately to his hold. He couldn't let the sentry cry out. Tex deftly frisked him of his sword and a nasty dagger in a hooked sheath. Then the three went down in a heap and the two Legionaries made free of his various pouch and gourd ropes to tie first his hands, then his mouth with a gag of his own turban cloth, and then his feet. They were being cheered on, meanwhile, by excited whispers from the doorway, where three heads now crowded in an enthusiastic but silent gallery.

When they had the Arab satisfactorily trussed up and laid in a corner, Tex and Gene ran over to the doorway.

"Shut up, you birds!" Gene stilled the welcoming chorus. "Where's that anchor, gob?"

"Over there—but frisk him for his keys first, senor!" hissed Spike tensely. "We're all padlocked here!"

There was a rattle of chains on the floor. The chief of the citadel was taking no chances with any of them till he got his money! Gene tiptoed back across the court and felt for the bunch of keys on the sentry's belt. The blank doors around the court looked at him as if urging hurry. So far, the rescue had been accomplished with no more than a short scuffle, but at any moment one of those doors might open and the relief guard or some officer come out.

BACK in the room, Gene felt along the chains to a large ring in the floor where padlocks secured chains that led to each man's ankle. There was nothing to do but carry the chains and make as little noise as possible with them in crossing the court. Gene worked the keys as rapidly as he could.

Tex, meanwhile, had found Spike's anchor. It still had its coil of rope and the combination was just what they wanted. They could hook the anchor in the watch tower and use its rope for a ladder.

"How come they left you that?" asked Tex, to whom such luck was just too much to accept without suspicion.

Spike grinned. "They got everything else I had. But when they started to take that away I told 'em it belonged to the Navy and had to be turned in or the ship herself would come for it! Ransom me—ransom my anchor, I told 'em. They never saw an anchor before, and they were doubtful enough to leave it with me."

"*Shakiah!*" came a surly, sleepy voice next door and a knocking on the mud-and-wattle partition.

A dead, scared silence. Gene had the presence of mind to tiptoe out, pick up the sentry's gun, and pace the court with it. Time to be gone! At least one of the garrison was half awake behind one of those closed doors. Gene cocked the piece, stopped at the sentry to get his priming flash, filled the open tube slot with a dose of its powder. Then he felt better. He had at least one shot. He grinned to think of a Legion sentry pacing this court, all unknown to a whole garrison of tribesmen sleeping just within!

Meanwhile the others had tiptoed one by one quietly across the court, up the stairs, and were gathering in the watch tower. They were busy securing that anchor and lowering its rope. Gene went on pacing, vigilant, watching every door. He had no idea when this sentry's relief was due, but he intended to let go at the first Tigert native that showed up and take his chances with a rush for the rope.

And then Tex waved at him on the skyline above, turned and vanished over the wall. Gene breathed his relief. They had all got away but him. The rest would be a race across the desert to their camels, and then a fast ride back to camp at Sidi Ifri.

Gene started for the steps. He put down the gun and prepared to go up them as softly as any cat—when one of those doors creaked, opened. A dark burnoosed figure stood in it, while Gene stood rooted in the gloom of the stairway.

"Ho! Ho!" yawned the figure, stretching its arms sleepily. "*Fane rahi, ya Ali?*" It was asking lazily where the sentry was keeping himself. Gene picked up the gun noiselessly, mounted the stairs two steps. He dared not try any reply.

"*Yallah! Roumi!*" barked the relief in accents of sudden startled alarm. He had caught the uniformed figure of Gene, kepi and all, now moving swiftly up the stairs. "*Awake, brothers!*" He raised the alarm and his long gun sprang to shoulder.

Gene had a hideous moment. It was his military duty to shoot that man. But somehow he could not. He had been so natural, so human, with his coming on relief, his shock of discovery that there were Legionaries in the *ksar!* In a flash, Gene had decided. It took time to aim that long gun, and more time for it to go off.

"Souvenir!" he laughed grimly at the Arab and hurled the sentry's gun at him like a lance. Both pieces bellowed out together; a bullet smashed wood somewhere near his feet, and Gene was gone in a whirl over the wall. Behind him he heard profane Arabic and the confusion of men bursting pell-mell into the court. He slid down the rope hand over hand, grabbed his Lebel and ran on after the others. Behind him the citadel hummed like a hive, the town awakened. He reached their camels and found the gob already

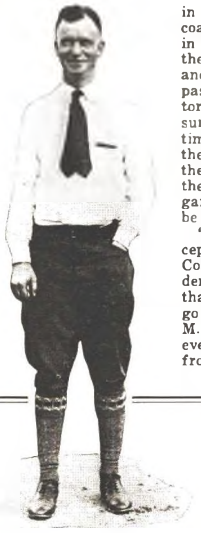
(*Continued on page 61*)

Gene's foot advanced, came down noiselessly. The sentry went on pacing.

"Rock Along!"

Take a Trip With Georgia Tech's Yellow Jackets to the Tournament of Roses Football Game

By Franklin M. Reck



"COACH, some of the fellows want to know if they can have seconds."

Buster Harris, student manager of the Georgia School of Technology football team, is the speaker. He's standing in the aisle of a gray steel Pullman known as "G T 2." Meaning "Georgia Tech Car, Number 2." The car is in the middle of a long train that is clicking off sixty miles an hour through the liveoak swamps of Louisiana.

Aleck sees everything.

Two cars toward the rear is the special diner for the Tech party. The first squad is in there, eating broiled chicken. But it is a well known fact that half a broiled chicken doesn't even raise a goose pimple in the husky frame of a varsity football player. So the hungry healthy crew has ordered the long-suffering manager to interview Coach William A. Alexander on the subject of seconds.

The coach looks up at the slender manager. "Tell 'em to eat what's before 'em," he says briefly.

Harris nods and departs to bear the sad tidings rearward. Coach Alexander turns to you. For you're on the train with the team; going with the Yellow Jackets, champions of the Southern Conference, to Pasadena, California, to see them clash with the Golden Bears of the University of California on New Year's Day. It's the second day of the long four-day trip from Atlanta, Georgia, to the coast.

"Not much chance for exercise on a train," the coach tells you. "Easy for 'em to eat too much and unsettle themselves."

He gazes a moment out at the fields of Louisiana sugar cane and rice. His eyes are of the steady, thoughtful variety, but ready enough to twinkle. If he feels the weight of his responsibility as commander-in-chief of the South's moleskin crusaders, he doesn't reveal it.

"We'll not have any practices along the route," he says, in response to your question—you're eager to learn all you can of how a first-rate team prepares for a big intersectional scrap. "On a trip like this the fellows are distracted, and what you tell them doesn't stick. They're too interested in other things. Besides, if we stopped a day for practice we'd be dragging the trip out a day longer."

You know that Tech's regular season closed December 8, with her 20-6 victory over the University of Georgia, and that in the two weeks since then the squad has had only three days of light signal practice.

"We didn't scrimmage those three days," the coach explains, "because the men would have carried in the back of their heads the thought that if they injured themselves they might not be taken on the trip. They'd have held back—and that's when most injuries occur."

Thirty-one players are on the jaunt—the regulars and substitutes, and a flock of good second-string men to run off California plays. In addition there are, besides Coach Alexander, Line Coach Bill Fincher, Backfield Coach Don Miller, End Coach H. W. Robinson, Dr. Julian Riley, Trainer Hal Barron, Dr. M. L. Brittain, president of Tech, a number of faculty members and newspaper men, and the colored rubber who tells you this is "the most significump trip I ever took."

Faculty, writers, and a number of substitutes are in "G T 2" but the first string squad and coaches sleep forward of the baggage car in "G T 1." The baggage car separates them effectively from the rest of the train and spares them the ordeal of strangers passing through, and of too many visitors. Left by themselves they are pretty sure to forget the game and have a good time. Pestered with well-meaning friends they might be constantly reminded that they're representing a great section of the United States in the biggest football game of the year. And inevitably they'd be on edge.

"Nobody allowed in the team car except the players, student managers, Coaches Barron, Miller, Fincher, Alexander and Dr. Riley," read the team orders that the coach hands you. "The team will go to bed at 10 P. M. and get up at 7 A. M. The team car must be vacated by everyone from 7:30 to 8:30 A. M. and from 9 P. M. to 10 P. M. in order to air the car and fix the berths."

While you're chatting, a dining car porter comes into the Pullman and announces that there are vacant places in the diner. Coach Alexander and one or two others go back to eat. Two Southern newspaper men and you decide to wait a while.

As the tall, erect and rather scant-haired head coach disappears, one of the Atlanta sports writers says:

"I've never seen Aleck the least bit nervous. Before and during a big game he's the most cool and collected man you ever saw."

"Here's what he did in the Alabama game," says the other. "We all thought that Tech would beat Alabama without difficulty, but in the first half of the game Alabama sprung an entirely new offense. Tech had a peck of trouble, the first half, holding her to a 13-13 tie. Between halves, instead of raking the team over the coals or trying to get them worked up to a fighting pitch, he went to the blackboard and, as calmly as if it were a Tuesday morning lecture, drew diagrams illustrating Alabama's surprise offense and showing just how it could be stopped. No emotional outbursts. No exhorting. No die-for-dear-old-Rutgers stuff. In the second half, the team—carefully instructed—stopped Alabama's attack. And in the last quarter Tech put over three touchdowns. The final score was 33 to 13."

"And the team reflects the coach," the first goes on. "In the Georgia game, with the title in the balance, we got into hot water in the first quarter when Georgia picked up a fumble and in short order made a touchdown. It looked for a minute as though we might be upset in the same way we had upset the Georgia team a year ago. But Tech didn't get pan-

Six Thousand Miles—for You!

TO obtain this story for you—the inside story of the year's greatest intersectional game—THE AMERICAN BOY sent a staff writer to join the Georgia Tech football train at New Orleans on December 21, and to stay with the squad until after the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena, on New Year's day.

Through the courtesy of the entire Tech party, the writer was able to attend practices, sit in on discussions, remain in the dressing room at times when other visitors were barred, and sit on the bench during the game. The result is an inside story of how a great team prepares for its biggest game. It's told in two parts—the actual game is described, play for play, next month.

These articles are in line with the magazine's intention to give you the best athletic information that can be obtained. Two years ago, a staff writer witnessed the Yale-Princeton classic. Later he called the two quarterbacks together over the same table in a New York hotel for a thorough discussion of the strategy of the game. A year before that, our writers interviewed every one of the eleven All-Americans to get their how-to-play suggestions.

The result has been a series of articles of exceptional interest to players, coaches, and fans. And there'll be more like them, in the future.

"Peter" Pund, All-American center, and Tech's captain. Big, fast, heady.

Warner Mizell, the curly-haired greyhound who gained 425 yards against Alabama and Vanderbilt!

Tech walloped Notre Dame, 13-0.

icky. Didn't vary her style of play. In cool, businesslike fashion Tech made a touchdown and kicked goal—making the score 7-6. In the second half Tech scored two more touchdowns. It was heady, relentless football."

AFTER lunch, Coach Alexander invites you forward to meet the team. You lurch through a half dozen Pullmans and an empty baggage car until you come to a Pullman bearing the card reading "G T 1." Sprawled through the team car, reading, napping, playing cards, most of them wearing their gold sweaters with a white "T," are the husky Yellow Jackets.

"Meet 'Peter' Pund," says the coach.

Six feet of muscle rises from a seat and extends a hand. Two hundred agile pounds. A smiling face and wavy brown hair. Grantland Rice and others selected him for their All-American teams.

Tales of Pund come to mind. How, in the first half of the Alabama game, he had reorganized the defense to check Alabama's surprise attack until half time. How he had intercepted more passes, perhaps, than any other center that year. That he was holding down a number of jobs on the campus and had been elected to Phi Kappa Phi for good scholarship. With all that in a man's favor, you look for evidences of self-esteem. Pund doesn't show any. His greeting is quiet, friendly.

"—and Warner Mizell," the coach is saying.

Mizell! The slender halfback who had gained 425 yards against two of the toughest teams of the South —Vanderbilt and Alabama! The man who did the punting and a large share of the passing. Whose ability to spin had left scores of tacklers on the ground grasping nothing but disappointment. Fast as a whippet. In the spotlight of national publicity, but utterly unaware of it.

Mizell has curly hair, downright good-looking features.

"Stumpy Thomason."

If Atlanta has a favorite athlete, it's Stumpy Thomason. Only five feet eight inches high, but 180 pounds in weight. Solid oak legs, steel midsection, big chest and a heavyweight wrestler's arms. A halfback who gives you more thrills in losing ten yards than others do in gaining twenty. Who might be stopped dead one play and run for a touchdown the next.

"Father" Lumpkin, fullback. Rugged, rangy, eager for combat.

YOU remember how Stumpy caught a pass in the Alabama game just three yards from the goal. How he turned to face three tacklers in front of him. How he looked at 'em, took one step backward, then crashed forward and by sheer impetus drove them back across the goal. A fearsome little giant, given to kicking himself for his mistakes.

"—and Father Lumpkin."

All Tech teams have a "father" —a sort of good-natured, blithe spirit who doesn't care what happens next. Roy Lumpkin, fullback, is only a sophomore, but he's the "father" of the outfit. A rugged pop. Weighing close to two hundred, but so rangy you wouldn't believe it. A neck that leans forward, and an eager, questing look in his face, like a hound on the trail. A Texan who loves combat, who rejoices in cracking a line, and who likes even better to act as interference where a fellow can smack into an opponent without having a ball to bother with.

"—Bob Durant."

A medium-sized player gets up and shakes hands. The quarterback, who throws passes but rarely carries the ball himself. A hard blocker and a cool field general.

Vance Maree, black-haired, giant tackle; Kenneth Thrash, big blond tackle; rangy Tom Jones and square-set Frank Waddey, ends; Raleigh Drennon, Joe Westbrook, medium-sized, fast guards; Earl Dunlap, versatile halfback—these, and others, you meet. And then the coach leads you into the stateroom at the front end of the car.

In response to questions, the coach talks of Tech's offensive formation. (One of the diagrams illustrates it.)

"The quarterback," he says, "stands with his back to the center. When he wants the ball snapped he reaches down between his legs for it. Of the other three backs, Number One is directly in back of the middle of the line, Number Two is to one side and forward a bit, and Number Three is in back of the tackle and a little outside. The line is always balanced—three men on each side of center.

"That's Tech's regular running formation. The quarter takes the ball between his legs and feeds it to the backs who come in on slants and crossbucks. It's varied, now and then, by the quarterback getting in motion so that the center can snap the ball directly back to the runner. Only one or two other teams in the country use a formation like it.

"I got the idea for it when I scouted a game between a deaf and dumb school and V. M. I. in 1914. The deaf and dumb quarter, standing just behind center, first faced the line and gave his signals with his hands. Then he turned around and repeated the signals for the backfield. That left him tail to tail with the center and he simply reached down between his legs and received the ball. It had this advantage—that the quarter was always facing the backfield, to one of whom he'd have to give the ball. He didn't have to turn around. Furthermore, he could conceal from the opposition what man he was giving the ball to.

Stumpy Thomason, built like a battleship—and as hard to stop.

Here's Tech's attack formation. The quarter stands with his back to the line—tail to tail with the center! To get the pass from center, he reaches down between his legs. The ball isn't thrown; it's handed. The other three backs are arranged as the diagram shows. An ideal formation for hidden ball plays, for deceptive bucks, slants, and reverses. The other side doesn't see the ball because the quarter holds it with his back to them!

"I didn't see why the system shouldn't work on any team. I tried it out on a scrub team to see if it increased the danger of fumbling. It didn't. Then a Texas college tried it out and reported that it worked well. Finally, in 1927, the varsity used it."

It's interesting to note that Tech has won eighteen games, tied one, and lost only one, since she started using that formation.

"We have just the two formations—running and punt. Some teams use more, on the theory that variation in attack will deceive the other team. You can follow either idea: use a number of formations, or learn one formation well. Most colleges, you'll find, perfect one formation. As long as you pick a set from which you can run off all plays, you'll get your variation in attack. Freak formations usually limit themselves. Once played, and especially scouted, they puzzle the defense no longer.

"The success of any play depends mostly on getting the jump on the other team.There are two ways of doing this. One is by varying the starting signal. The other is by perfect execution of the play. The latter system is the one Tech uses. If your men are well enough drilled so that they start together the instant the ball is snapped, they're bound to get the jump on the other team.

"Percy Haughton, at Harvard, used to vary the starting signal. He divided the signals into two series. The first series told the play and what number in the second series would be the starter. The ball might be snapped either on 'Two-two!' 'Four-four!' 'Six-six!' or 'Eight-eight!' And he had even developed the signal to a point where the play might start on the third series!

"At Michigan State Harry Kipke, (he's now at Michigan), used a different system. The quarter gives his signal and then

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Vanderbilt stopped Stumpy this time—after twenty-five yards.

The Green Eye

By Benge Atlee

Illustrated by William Heaslip

He rose in the cockpit, waved a hand wildly and shrieked at the top of his lungs.

THE fast little Sopwith made a perfect landing on the tarmac of the Blank Squadron, Royal Air Force, and scudded to a full stop close to the hangars. As her pilot stepped out he remarked after the facetious fashion of young flying gentlemen:

"Here endeth the first lesson!"

But the diminutive Cockney mechanic who ran up eyed the fuselage with some annoyance.

"Them 'Uns 'as stenciled you all up agyne to-day, Mr. Nolan!" he ejaculated, pointing to a dozen or more neat little round holes in the plane's cowling — all close enough to the pilot's cockpit to be too close.

"It's a great life if you don't get in the way of one of 'em, Joudray!" Jimmy Nolan laughed—and set off in the direction of the mess hut.

He had a pleasant laugh, and a pleasant face above the long slim clean-cut body. To-day his face glowed, and his eyes were overbright because of something that swooped triumphantly through his breast. It had been a flaming afternoon for him—in fact it had been one of those days.

Seven young gentlemen—three English, two Canadian, a Scotchman and an Australian—sat around the mess table swatting flies and swopping yarns.

"Hello!" cried Blythe, the long indolent Britisher, in his tired drawl. "Behold our busy Yankee bee! What's doing up in heaven, laddie?"

Jimmy flung himself into a chair and poured a lemonade. No point in being too eager with his news. He took a sip at his glass and put it down on the table with a smart little click.

"There was some aerial activity this afternoon on the Arras front," he said, mimicking the language of officialdom. "First of all I had a little session with that pot-bellied Rumpler that keeps nosing over here spotting our guns. Then one of those new Halberstadts let me get between her and the sun. *Finis! Tous les deux!*"

"You got 'em both?" six voices cried in one breath, six young faces staring in astonishment.

Jimmy found himself blushing. "Both," he answered.

"You lucky swab!"

And then a voice—edged with malice—cut in: "Behold little Jackie, our giant-killer!"

THE MALICE was so obvious, so intentional, that a silence fell around the table. Jimmy's eyes found the speaker. It was Nixon, the Australian, his closest rival for the blue ribbon of the squadron. In Nixon's oddly distorted face the somber eyes seemed to laugh and hate at the same moment.

Funny about Nixon. He was a splendid fighter and as brave as a lion, but pride seemed to have laid a sinister shadow across his soul. Pride! For the last two months he and Jimmy had been fighting it out in the air for the supremacy of the squadron. It had been neck and neck until two weeks ago, when Jimmy had forged ahead with two to spare. Since then Nixon had kept throwing out little barbed remarks. He threw out another one now.

"I suppose they were seen falling?"

It was a shrewd question. A man was not allowed credit for an enemy ship unless a second person saw it crash.

"Must have been," Jimmy replied amiably. "Both of 'em behind our lines."

"It's harder to get credit for 'em when you carry the fight over their own territory. Don't blame you at all, Nolan, for staging your stuff this side of the lines. A fellow loses out only by having the nerve to tackle the Hun in his own home sky."

The assembled gentlemen knew what lay behind Nixon's unpleasant remark, and they remained uncomfortably silent. Nixon had claimed three enemy machines brought down behind the enemy lines. But no one else had seen them. Nixon was sore of heart, and he was taking it out on Jimmy.

"What's the difference," Blythe drawled, a little sharply, "whether we get credit for our planes or not? Are we here to win the war or pick up a chest full of medals?"

An orderly came in, walked up to Jimmy.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "The major wants you in the orderly room. Right away, sir."

Jimmy followed him out, and along to the end hut.

"Word has just come in," Major Hardy said, raising his sharp gray eyes from the papers on his desk, "that two enemy planes have crashed behind our lines in the last hour. I understand you were out this afternoon. Claiming either of 'em?"

"I think they're both mine, sir," Jimmy confessed, and blushed again.

The major grunted. You could see that the major was pleased.

"It's about time I thought up a real job for you," he said.

Jimmy stared at him. A real job! Wasn't this flying business real enough?

"Answer me this, Nolan. As a reasonable human being, would you expect a German airman to drop behind our lines, one of these moonlit nights, and blow up a railway bridge?"

Jimmy laughed. "I certainly wouldn't!" And then, in the next breath, incredulously: "Has one of them tried it?"

"Not as far as I know."

Jimmy's face showed traces of puzzlement. What was the skipper getting at, anyway?

The older man suddenly jabbed a finger at the map in front of him. "See that bridge?"

Jimmy took a look, and saw that it was behind the German lines. Major Hardy continued:

"Railway bridge! That railway is the most important enemy link on this front. I suppose you've noticed the number of new gun emplacements around here lately." Jimmy nodded. New gun emplacements meant that a big attack was coming off—soon. He listened with a quickening pulse to the major's next words: "Day after to-morrow—that's when she starts. It's a general attack. If this bridge is busted in the meantime, our attacking infantry might get quite a distance before the enemy can bring up sufficient reinforcements to hold 'em. Eh?"

"I see!" Jimmy exclaimed. "You want me to bomb it!"

"That's been tried—washout. What I want you to do is go over and blow it up."

"Blow it up! But—"

"Exactly! You go with a pilot in one of the de-Haviland two-seaters. He drops you in the moonlight—takes to the air again—comes back in twenty minutes or so and picks you up. In the meantime you've pulled the job off. Get the idea? It really isn't as grisly as it sounds. Here are pictures of the bridge. You can see it lies absolutely in open pastoral country. That little dot there is the tent of the military guard—probably old men from the *Landsturm*. You land in this field—the trees'll help a lot—make for the river—swim down to the bridge—slip your charge in where you can. They'll never expect you—that's why it's going to be easy. I've offered you the tricky part of the job because you speak German—and because you've done the most to deserve it. If it's a success you get a D.S.O. The general has promised that. Nixon'll be your pilot. Couldn't send a better man with you."

"Nixon?" Jimmy felt an odd tightening in the chest.

"Nixon!" said the major.

Suddenly it all cleared up in Jimmy's mind. If he and the Australian went through this thing together it might mean an end to all the bad feeling and rivalry between them. Nixon would get a D.S.O., too—and equal credit.

"That's fine, sir!" he said, suddenly eager.

"The moon's full to-night," the skipper grunted. "The reports say no clouds. Get hold of Nixon and work out your details—to the last dot! Better take Poynton's de Haviland. It's the best of the two-seater busses. Step to it!"

Jimmy hurried out of the hut.

NORTHWARD, the nervous German searchlights of Bruges fretted the moonlit sky. Allied bombing machines would be out on a night like this.

In the front cockpit of the de Haviland, Jimmy kept glancing from the map in his lap—on which the faint dash lamp spread its illuminating circle—to the winding ribbon of silver below. The River Lys. In the silver moonlight the world was nearly as bright as day. It seemed impossible that enemy eyes below could fail to pick the de Haviland out—and yet neither anti-aircraft fire nor flaming onions made the night treacherous. The blur of darkness that was Menin lost itself behind them. They were getting close to their objective.

Suddenly Jimmy, who had been glancing over the side, drew his head back, and shouted into the speaking tube: "Straight ahead, Nixon! See the black band against the silver?"

A moment's silence—then the curt answer: "O. K.!"

Far ahead a dozen searchlights carved the sky—Ghent, or Brussels. The de Haviland's nose went down, the roar of her engines ceased as the Australian throttled them off. With the wind singing in her wires, the old bus slipped earthward—silent and mysterious—like a nighthawk.

Immediately ahead lay the wide field, shut in on four sides with long lines of tall trees. One side lay along the river. The plane's wheels seemed barely to skim the leafy tops.

His pulse hammering, Jimmy slipped the watertight haversack over his shoulder, loosened his body strap, and got ready. The moment had arrived! In another minute he'd be alone behind the German lines—for better or worse.

The earth rushed up. Bump—bump. He was out on

the lower wing as the big plane slackened speed. He waved a hand to Nixon and let go—hit the earth—went sprawling forward on his hands and knees. Had Nixon grinned, at last, in a friendly way? Too late to make sure now. The de Haviland was roaring off into the safety of the night.

Crouched low, Jimmy started towards the line of trees that flanked the river's bank. The roar of the de Haviland died away eastward. Only a drone now.

Voices! He dropped flat to the grass and listened breathlessly. Voices over there by that faint light! The *Landsturm* guard was coming to investigate the phenomenon of a low-flying airplane.

He lay flat, there in the open, while they walked to the middle of the field. A single movement in that bright moonlight might betray him. He watched the Germans wander about aimlessly for a few minutes and then retire in the direction they had come—the direction of the bridge. Immediately their backs were turned, Jimmy leaped up and dashed towards the trees—their shadow would hide him. He reached the river bank.

The murky tide flowed eastward towards the bridge, which loomed plainly four hundred yards away. He slipped down the reedy bank, and a moment later was swimming with the current. The haversack was heavy and the going was hard. But so far it had been easy—too easy, perhaps. He swept nearer and nearer to the silhouetted structure, every nerve tense, every muscle tingling.

Suddenly he ceased swimming and held his breath. Someone was walking out on the bridge. The moonlight flashed on a steel bayonet. One of the *Landsturm* guards! He waited, grounding his feet on the muddy bottom. The fellow had stopped fair in the middle of the big metal span, and seemed to be brooding over the water like an old owl.

Jimmy cursed under his breath. This was bad. Nixon would be back at the rendezvous in another twenty minutes—and Nixon's orders were not to wait if there were no signal from the ground.

If Jimmy swam closer the German would be sure to see him in this light. The minutes passed—like hours. At last he realized that he dare wait no longer. He must take his life in his hands and go on. He let himself slide slowly into the current and began to float, feet first, towards the bridge. He was trembling so that he could hardly keep his body stiff.

Nearer . . . nearer . . .

SUDDENLY he realized that the sentry was facing the other way! A chuckle bubbled up inside him—a gasp of relief. Turning over, he began to swim silently. A few moments later he touched ground under cover of the long span, close against the high stone column that supported it. Shafts of moonlight filtered down through the steel structural work above. Would the guard see him in their light?

With his penknife he ripped the water-tight covering from his haversack and fastened it up under his chin. He fitted the handle into the entrenching tool he had brought. Carefully, he sought about for the weakest spot in the stone masonry. It was old stonework, held with mortar, and worn by time and water. He found a jutting rock that seemed almost loose, and set to work on it with infinite caution.

Minutes . . . minutes . . . Perhaps already he had been here longer than the allotted time. He worked with feverish care, one ear tense for the first drone of the returning de Haviland.

At last the rock came loose. He lowered it to the water—let it sink—jammed the charge of explosive into the gap. Suddenly, just as he had fastened the fuse in place, he stopped—listened breathlessly. From far away eastward came that faint humming. The de Haviland! He must hurry!

He spun the steel against the flint of the ribbon cigarette lighter, in common use in those days, and blew heavily on the faint glow. When it had reddened sufficiently he stuck it against the fuse end. A tense wait, then a sputter. Dropping haversack and entrenching tool into the water, he threw himself into the stream and began to swim rapidly away. The drone in the eastern sky was clearer now. He had five minutes—not a second more—to get back to the rendezvous.

A sudden shout from the bridge—hoarse, commanding.

He turned his head. The German sentry had turned, and now stood at the edge of the bridge, staring down at him. With another yell, the fellow leveled his rifle.

Bang—ping! . . . bang-ping! Two bullets cut the water close to Jimmy's head. He began to trudgeon wildly. Bang-ping! . . . Bang-ping! Closer!

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he saw other figures at the head of the bridge—and then a veritable fusillade of bullets tore the water about him. He dove under water—swam until his chest was bursting—came up again and shook the water from his eyes. Some of the Germans were running along the bank of the stream to head him off!

He was in for it now!

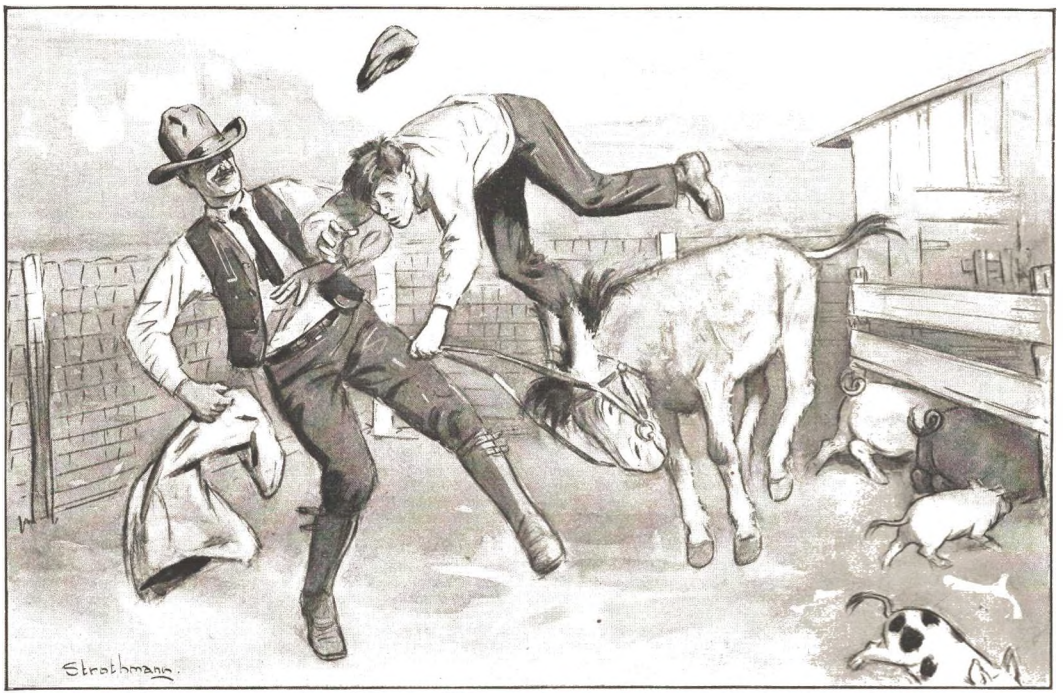
And then suddenly the earth trembled—roared like a behemoth. Where the bridge had been, a great sheet of flame and smoke flung into the sky. Debris began to fall everywhere. Jimmy headed shoreward, waded in hurriedly to the bank. The smoke was clearing. A triumphant laugh tore itself from his throat. The great mass of steel had dropped, buckled and bent, into the stream. The astounded German guard had something to think about, now.

Jimmy hurried through the trees out into the field. That drone was anxiously close. Suddenly he saw the de Haviland come swooping over the line of elms eastward. Nixon hadn't throttled down. Funny! He grabbed his flashlight from under his hat and blinked it aloft. Two shorts and a long—two shorts and a long. On roared the de Haviland—on, and past! Nixon hadn't seen his signal!

Shouts from the direction of the bridge. Why the devil had Nixon made such a racket? The German guard would be here in jig-time. And why wasn't Nixon back again?

Jimmy stared queerly towards the south. The drone of the de Haviland (*Continued on page 58*)

The big German, in spite of his bulk, had dashed to within a couple of yards of the tail.



Bill yielded to the law of gravity and, swooping downward, made a three-point landing square on top of the superintendent.

Dog Biscuit

By Winston Norman

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

WHEN Bill Hawkins got to Phoenix, Arizona, he figured that his tongue must be hanging out a yard, maybe a yard and a half. He had seen hot days back in Pennsylvania, but nothing to compare with this.

Getting down out of the automobile that had brought him over the last five hundred miles of his journey, and bidding good-by to his tourist friends, "Thank you very much," Bill told them. "You've sure been nice to me."

"Forget it," the driver answered. "So long, and good luck."

As he watched the car roll away, the hitch-hiker chuckled to himself. "Bet they didn't understand a word I said. Too much tongue. Feels like a football in my mouth. Like trying to talk under water—"

Water. That was what Bill Hawkins needed, at the moment, more than anything else. Looking up and across the street, he saw a corner drug store, and without any command his feet started walking in that direction. Bill followed his feet up to the soda fountain inside. "May I have a glass of water?" he asked a soda-juggling clerk.

"Sure." The man behind the fountain scooped a handful of ice into a glass and, skidding the glass along the counter toward the thirsty one, pointed with his thumb to the water tap in front of Bill. "Pour your own," he grinned.

Bill Hawkins filled the glass; and then, without waiting for the ice to melt, he set a new world's gulping record. He stowed away a second and a third glassful without coming up for air. He had slowed his Adam's apple to twenty revolutions a minute and was drowning his fourth glass when the soda clerk called a halt.

"Hey—lay off!" said the man behind the fountain. "Any more water in your radiator, and you'll boil over when you get out in the sun. Beat it, before you founder like a goat."

This was good advice and, thanking the clerk, the hitch-hiker stepped out into the noonday sun. "That was just practice," he told himself. "I'm a sponge's twin brother!"

With one hand, as he walked along, Bill Hawkins searched his pocket. Not that he needed to, for he knew very well the total amount of his wealth. Five cents. One buffalo nickel. It was the same nickel he had started with, back in Pennsylvania. That had been less than a month ago, but to Bill it seemed like years since he had slipped away from the orphanage that had always been his home, turning his face westward and heading alone into whatever future might be waiting for him.

Along the way he had earned grub and sleep by doing odd jobs. He had washed cars for friendly tourists, had split kindling, picked fruit, and done a hundred other things. It had been a lot easier than he had expected; people were mighty kind to a young fellow traveling alone. Many of them had offered to give him money to help him along, but Bill would refuse the money unless he had earned it. It was going to be his own funeral, he decided, if he couldn't make the grade working.

Borrowing rides was different. If folks had room for you and you kept your mouth shut except when they talked to you, you wouldn't be any trouble. You would be just that much more weight in the car, and make it easier riding over bumps.

SO HERE was Bill in Arizona, very much alive and no more broke than when he started: five cents wealthy. Somehow he had kept that nickel, because he had a feeling that spending it might change his luck. Bill looked down at the coin. He turned it over, with the Indian side up, and smiled to himself.

"Sitting Bull, old fellow," he said "you look lonesome. What you need is friends—about a dollar's worth of friends. The only way to get you friends is to grab a quick job somewhere. Then we can eat."

The sun, straight overhead, was blazing hot. Bill had drunk too much water in a hurry, and he felt sort of funny. He was passing a doorway—a wide, cool-looking doorway decorated with potted ferns—and for no reason, except that it looked cool inside, Bill turned and walked through the entrance.

He found himself in the lobby of a small hotel. Compared with the noonday sun, and the pavement that scorched your feet through your shoes, it was a mighty cool place. There was a man behind the desk in the rear of the lobby, talking to another man, a tall Westerner, whose back was turned to Bill. "Maybe they've got a job here for me," thought Bill.

He walked over to the desk and, taking off his cap, waited for them to finish their conversation.

The hotel man looked at him. "What do you want, young feller?" he asked.

"I thought maybe you might have some work that I could do." The man behind the desk didn't answer right away; so Bill added, "Carrying trunks or something."

"You live here in town?"

"No, sir. I came from Pennsylvania."

"Who you with?" the man asked.

"Nobody," said Bill. "I'm by myself."

"Hmmm." The hotel man squinted his eyes. "Can't think of any work to give you, son. Nothing right now. Hold on, maybe my friend here can think of something." He turned to the tall man. "Got any use for the kid out at the workings, Jim?"

The tall man was looking down at the work-craver with friendly gray eyes. Bill heard the hotel man's voice again.

"This is Mister Jim Graham, son—superintendent out at Cactus Copper. Maybe he'll hire you on, roping rattlesnakes or the like."

Bill held out his hand and said, "My name is Bill Hawkins, Mr. Graham."

The tall man took the hitch-hiker's hand in a fist that was big and friendly. "Glad to meet you, Bill. What can you do?"

"'Most anything, sir," Bill answered. "At least I can try 'most anything."

"Well, trying is ninety per cent of any deal." Bill's new friend was silent for a moment, thinking. "Maybe I've got a place for you," he said at last. "But it's a steady job—you'd have to stick with it. Were you heading on through to California?"

"Not especially. I wasn't going anywhere in particular. I could just as well tie up here." And all of a sudden Bill Hawkins knew that he wanted to stay there; he wanted that job, whatever it was. He liked Arizona, and he liked this tall mine boss with the friendly gray eyes.

"We're putting on more men out at the mine," Mr. Graham explained, "and Mrs. Riley is yelling for help. Her business is keeping us muckers alive, and she does it with mighty fine grub. She wants a potato artist and dish juggler—a flunky. Think you could handle it?"

"Sure," said Bill, hesitating.

"You don't sound so sure," grinned the mine boss.

"But I am," Bill persisted. "I'm good at potatoes. Only p—"

"Come on," said Mr. Graham.

"Well, I'm good at machinery and things, too. I don't suppose," Bill suggested wistfully, "that you could use me around the mine."

The mine boss shook his head. "Sorry, son. We need 'em bigger and —"

"Bigger and better," Bill finished as the man hesitated. "All right. I'd be

A Long Story Complete in This Issue

glad to tackle those potatoes then. I just thought I'd ask about the other because I'm sort of crazy about machinery and what you can do with it and all."

"Mrs. Riley is an expert mechanic," the mine boss assured him gravely. "You two'd hit it off, I think. She's a wild Irishman, and she'd work you hard at mealtime, but you'd have some free hours to see that part of Arizona and learn the mining game, if you found you really liked it.

"Cactus Copper is a comer—it's going to be a big producer before long. Well, how does it sound?"

Bill Hawkins grinned. "Sounds pretty good. I'd like to try it."

Puting out his hand, "Kid, you're hired," the mine boss announced, and they shook hands to seal the bargain.

TWO MINUTES later, walking toward the big touring car that would take them to Cactus Copper, "Is it always this hot around here?" Bill asked his new friend.

"Hot? Why, son, it's not more'n a hundred right now. Weather like this almost makes my teeth chatter. I've seen it so hot here that you had to run, crossing streets, so as not to sink in the asphalt up to your knees. Out around the mine it gets as high as a hundred and twenty in the shade, and no shade except under jack rabbits, if you can catch a jack rabbit. Column right—here's the car."

Soon they were outside of Phoenix in the big automobile, speeding along a smooth concrete highway that was bordered by an open irrigation ditch.

"Look," said the mine boss, nudging Bill with his elbow. "Water. Worth its weight in gold to Arizona. It's turned a desert into a paradise. Before the Roosevelt Dam was finished back in 1911, Phoenix was just a desert crossroads. Now it's a fine big city. Look." Mr. Graham pointed to a green field. "Cotton. And over there—date palms."

A mile farther along the highway Mr. Graham swung the car to the left, saying, "Here's where the rough going starts," and in half a minute they were in the Arizona desert, as though they had suddenly come upon another world. They bumped over a trail through dry sand and rock, dotted here and there with squat cactus plants and sagebrush.

"Thirty miles through this, to get to Cactus Copper," the mine boss announced. "Hold your breath now—we're crossing Chuckawalla River!"

Surprised, Bill looked about him as the car swung down into a dry gulch. "What river?" he demanded. "Where's the water?"

"No water in it, of course," Mr. Graham replied. "There never is, until it rains. When it rains out here, it rains barrels and barrels, and the water doesn't sink into the ground—it rushes along in floods that toss big bowlders like feathers and cut the geography all to pieces."

"What happens to this road?" Bill asked.

The superintendent smiled. "It just melts away. But it's easy to build a new one—drive a truck over the same route a few times, and you have your road —" at that moment, the car struck a bump that tossed Cactus Copper's new flunky into the air, so that his hair grazed the top of the car "— if you can call it a road," the mine boss added, laughing. "Hang on, son!"

On they went. Ahead, the big, flat-topped hills called mesas rose up from the desert floor, and still farther ahead was a range of gaudy mountains, painted by nature in reds and yellows and purples.

"They're about ten miles away," Bill guessed.

"About ten times that," Mr. Graham told him. "You forget how clear the desert air is."

NEITHER of them spoke for a few minutes. Cactus Copper's new flunky was thinking. This mining country was mighty interesting. He wished he were going to work in the mines. Well, maybe he could work up from spud-peeling. Reflectively eying the desert, Bill noticed a cloud of dust far over to his right.

"Who's that over there?" he asked.

Mr. Graham looked toward where Bill was pointing, and then, "That's not a who, son—that's a them," he answered. "Those are Arizona dog biscuits."

"Huh?" Bill's jaw dropped open. He was being kidded again.

"Dog biscuits—jacks—wild burros," Mr. Graham explained. "They're thick as rabbits around here. There's an outfit in Phoenix that catches 'em and grinds 'em up to flavor dog biscuits with. That's why a pooch likes to gnaw on a dog biscuit—it's full of raw jackass hamburger."

This was hard to believe, but, "Where did all the wild burros come from?" Bill demanded.

"Their granddaddies belonged to desert rats—prospectors—who turned them loose. When a prospector made grubstake and left for San Francisco to spend it, he would just unload his jackass, give him a final kick in the belly, and tell him to get along the best way he could. Well, son, those jacks have got along so well ever since that there are hundreds of 'em, roaming wild around this country. Out at the mine they pester us to death, sneaking into camp after carrot tops and potato peelings. Worse than goats—they'd just as soon eat your last shirt off your back."

"Why don't you put 'em to work?" Bill wanted to know.

"That's a good idea," the superintendent agreed. "But there's just one hitch in the deal—you've got to catch 'em first. Try it in your spare time. If you've never tried to catch a wild jackass, you've got an education before you, son. Look ahead — there's Cactus Copper."

The big touring car had rounded a low ridge, and up ahead Bill Hawkins saw a scattered group of wooden buildings. Mr. Graham pointed to a framework of heavy timbers, supporting pulleys over which steel cables ran downward into the earth.

"That's a gallows frame. That's where Number Four shaft goes into the ground."

On the other side of the buildings was a patch of ground enclosed by a wire fence. "Hogs," the mine boss said. "Mrs. Riley grows her own pork."

Beyond the hogpen, and extending into the distance, was a narrow strip of green shrubbery, dotted with cottonwood trees.

"Must be water there," Bill remarked.

Mr. Graham nodded. "That's the Agua Fria River. *Agua fria* is Spanish for *cold water*. That's just an old Spanish joke, though—you could poach an egg in the Agua Fria if it were deep enough anywhere."

Five minutes later, in the big, clean cook shack, Cactus Copper's new flunky was introduced to his boss. Mrs. Riley was a stout woman with a smiling face and with bare arms that looked as strong as a man's.

"Mrs. Riley," said the superintendent, "this is Bill Hawkins, from Pennsylvania. He's going to help you feed the wolves."

Mrs. Riley folded her arms and looked at Bill. She frowned. "Humph. Pretty skinny-lookin', Mr. Graham. Don't look to me like he'll iver amount to much. Don't look like he could even lift a spud, let alone undressin' six dozen a day."

Bill grinned, seeing (*Continued on page 34*)

Bill Hawkins grinned. "Biscuit, maybe you're a jackass, but I'm the prize jackass of them all."

Cardigan

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Grattan Condon

The Preceding Chapters

IT was in May of 1774 that my kinsman and guardian, Sir William Johnson, Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the Crown, obtained for me—Michael Cardigan, the orphaned son of that Captain Cardigan who fell with Wolfe before Quebec—my commission as cornet of horse in the Royal Border Regiment of irregulars. I was overjoyed.

Kind, often stern, but always understanding Sir William! He had wished to send me to Dartmouth College, but I had so little liking for Latin or the classics that he had finally relinquished the idea.

"It is true, lad," he finally said to me, "that learning lies not always between thumbed leaves. I wish only that you bear yourself modestly and nobly through the world; that you keep faith with men, that your word once given shall never be withdrawn.

"I know you to be brave and honest; I know you to be a very Mohawk in the forest; I believe you to be merciful and tender underneath that boy's thoughtless and cruel hide.

"I ask you to remember, Micky, that you are now a man—a man of eighteen, and that I have to-day treated you as a man, and shall continue."

With that he left me to my glowing dreams of the future.

No longer would I be under the thumb of cold-eyed Captain Butler, Sir William's secretary and, for the time being, our schoolroom tutor. No longer would I be counted among the children. That wildcat thing, Silver Heels, who was also kin to Sir William and made her home with him and Mistress Molly and their half Mohawk brood, could no longer taunt me about my dullness at books. No, surely fifteen-year-old Silver Heels—Felicity Warren, her right name was—would now treat me with respect.

Such dreams I had even before my dashing officer's uniform arrived. That came while Sir William was away at Castle Cumberland, and my delight in it was the greater because it was his gift.

But that day brought also its gathering clouds of trouble. In the late afternoon, came the mysterious Cayuga chief who wished to see Sir William; and that evening three companies of Royal Americans from Albany came marching by; and then in the darkness we saw the beacon fires of the Six Nations—there was to be a big council fire.

Why? I did not know. But I was to learn.

The next morning I sat, in my new uniform, at breakfast with Sir William and officers from the battalion that had arrived the night before. Then, after breakfast, Sir William asked me to stay with him and listen to what the mysterious Cayuga belt-bearer had come to say.

"Listen closely, Michael," said Sir William, "but remain silent about what is said. My honor is at stake, my son. Promise!"

"I promise, sir," said I as the door behind me opened and the Indian stole into the room.

Chapter Four

I NOW for the first time obtained a distinct view of the stranger as he stepped forward, throwing the blanket from him, and stood revealed, stark naked save for clout and pouch, truly a superb figure.

For a space he and Sir William stood face to face in silence; then the belt-bearer, looking warily around at the empty room, asked why Chief Warragh received his brother alone.

"My brother comes alone," replied Sir William, with emphasis. "It is the custom of the Cayuga to send three with each belt. Does my brother bear but a fragment of one belt? Or does he think us of little consequence that he comes without attestants?"

"I bear three belts," said the Indian, haughtily. "Nine of my people started from the Ohio; I alone live."

Sir William bowed gravely; and, motioning me to be seated, drew up an armchair of velvet and sat down, folding his arms in silence.

Then, for the first time in my life, I sat at a figurative council fire and listened to an orator of those masters of oratory, the peoples of the Six Nations.

Dignified, chary of gesture, the Cayuga, facing the baronet, related briefly his name, Quider, which in Iroquois means Peter; his tribe, which was the tribe of the Wolf, the totem being plain on his breast. He spoke of his journey from the Ohio and of the loss of the eight who had started with him; all dying from the smallpox within a week. He spoke respectfully of Sir William as the one man who had protected the Six Nations from unjust laws, from incursions, from white men's violence and deception.

And then he began his brief speech, drawing from his pouch a black belt of wampum:

"*Brother*: With this belt we breathe upon the embers that are asleep, and we cause the council fire to burn in this place and on the Ohio, which are our proper fireplaces."

(*A belt of seven rows.*)

"*Brother*: The unhappy oppression of our brethren by Colonel Cresap's men, near the Ohio carrying place, is the occasion for our coming here. Our nation would not be at rest, nor easy, until they had spoken to you about it. They have now spoken—with this belt!"

(*A black and white belt.*)

"*Brother*: What are we to do? Lord Dunmore will not hear us. Colonel Cresap and his men, to whom we have done no harm, are coming to clear the forest and cross our free path which lies from Saint Sacrement to the Ohio. What shall we do? Instead of polishing our knives we have come to our brother Warragh. Instead of seeking our kin the Mohawk and the Oneida with painted war belts to throw between us and them, we come to our brother and ask him, by this belt, what is left for us to do? Our brothers have taught us there is a God. Teach us He is a just God—by this belt!"

(*A black belt of five rows.*)

DURING this speech Sir William sat as still as death, neither by glance nor gesture betraying the surprise, indignation, and alarm which this exposure of Colonel Cresap's doings caused him.

As for me, I, of course, vaguely understood the breach of faith committed by Colonel Cresap in invading the land of our allies, and the danger we might run should this Cayuga chief go to our Mohawks and Oneidas with war belts and inflammatory appeals for

Swallowing my anger and my shame for our militia yokels, I glared at the head of Colonel Butler's regiment, now passing, and

vengeance on Cresap and his men. That he had instead come to us, most splendidly attested to the power and influence of Sir William among these savages.

It is seldom the custom to reply to a speech before the following day. I was prepared, therefore, when Sir William, holding in his right hand the three belts of wampum, rose and thanked the Cayuga for his talk, praising him and his tribe for resorting to arbitration instead of the hatchet, and promising an answer on the morrow.

The Cayuga listened in silence; then, resuming his blanket, he turned on his heel and passed noiselessly from the room.

Now, for the first time in my life, I saw a trace of physical decline in my guardian. His hand, holding the belts, had fallen atrembling; he made a feeble gesture for me to be seated, and sank into his armchair.

"At sixty," he said, as though to himself, "strong men should be in that mellow prime to which a sober life conducts."

After a moment he went on: "My life has been sober and without excess—but hard! very hard! I am an old man; a tired old man."

Looking up to meet my eyes, he smiled, watching the sympathy that twitched my face.

"All these wars! All these wars! Thirty years of war!" he murmured, caressing the polished belts. "War in the Canadas, war in the Carolinas, war east and west and north and south! And—I am tired."

He let the belts slide to the floor.

"I have worked with my hands," he said. "This land has drunk the sweat of my body. My arms are tired; I have hewn forests away. My limbs ache; I have journeyed far through snow, through heat, from the Canadas to the Gulf—all my life I have journeyed on business for other men—for men I have never seen, and shall never see—men yet to be born!"

There came a flush of earnest color into his face. He leaned towards me, hand outstretched.

"Why, look you, Michael," he said, with childlike eagerness, "I found a wilderness and I leave a garden! Look at the valley! Look at this fair and pretty village! One hundred and eighty families! Three churches, a free school, a courthouse, a jail, barracks—all built by me; stores with red and blue swinging signs, bravely painted; inns with the good green bush a-swing! Might it not be a Devonshire town? Ah—I forgot; you have never seen old England."

Smiling still, kind eyes dreaming, he clasped his hands in his lap.

"Lad," he said softly, "the English hay smells sweet, but not so sweet as the Mohawk Valley hay to me. This is my country. I am too old to change where in my youth I took root among these hills. To transplant me means my end."

THE sunlight stole into the room through leaded diamond-panes and fell across his knees like a golden robe. The music from the robins in the orchard filled my ears; soft winds stirred the lace on Sir William's cuffs and collarette.

Presently he roused, shaking the dream from his eyes.

"Come!" he said, in a voice that held new vigor. "Life has but one meaning—to go on, ever on, lad!"

I bent and picked up the three belts, placing them on the table near him.

"Thank you, Michael," he said heartily. "And I must say that in this matter of the Cayuga, you have conducted admirably. Had you received him with less welcome or more suspicion, I do not doubt that he would have made mischief among my Mohawks."

"He had war sticks painted red in his pouch, sir," I replied.

"No doubt! No doubt! And a red war belt, too, belike! They were meant for my Mohawks had he met with a rebuff here. And a painted war belt flung between that Cayuga and the sachems of my Mohawks would have set the whole Six Nations—save, perhaps, the Oneidas—a-shining up rifle and hatchet for Cresap and his men!"

Sir William struck the mahogany table with clinched fist.

"Curse Cresap!" he barked. "That fatuous fool to go a-meddling with the Cayugas in their own lands! What does the sorry ass want? A border war, with all this trouble betwixt King and colonies hatching?"

He struck the table again.

"Look, Michael! Should war come betwixt King and colonies, neither King nor colonies should forget that our frontiers are crowded with thousands of savages who, if adroitly treated, will remain neutral and inoffensive. Yet here is this madman Cresap turning the savages against the colonies by his crazy pranks on the Ohio!"

"But," said I, "in his blindness and folly, Colonel Cresap is throwing into our arms these very savages as allies!"

Sir William stopped short and stared at me with cold, steady eyes.

"Michael," said he, presently, "when this war comes—as surely it will come—choose which cause you will embrace, and then stand by it to the end. As for me, I cannot believe that God would let me live to see such a war; that He would leave me to choose between the King who has honored me and mine own people in this dear land of mine!"

The playmate I had so often bullied had slipped away from me forever.

He raised his head and passed one hand over his eyes.

"But should He in His wisdom demand that I choose—and if the sorrow kills me not—then, when the time comes, I shall choose."

"Which way, sir?" I said, in a sort of gasp.

But he only answered, "Wait!"

Stupefied, I watched him. It had never entered my head that there could be any course save unquestioned loyalty to the King in all things.

I knew little of the troubles in Massachusetts save that they concerned taxes, and I had little sympathy for people who made such an ado about a shilling or two. Why should Sir William defend them?

PERHAPS he read the question in my face.

"It is not money; it is principle men fight for," he said abruptly.

I was startled, although Sir William sometimes had a way of rounding out my groping thoughts with sudden spoken words that made me fear him.

"Well, well," he said, laughing and rising, "this is enough for one day, Michael. Let the morrow fret for itself, lad. Nay, do not look so sober, Micky. Who knows what will come? Who knows—who knows?"

"I shall stand by you, sir, whatever comes," said I.

But Sir William only smiled, drawing me to him, one arm about me. He held me there for an instant; then released me.

"Get you gone, lad," he said, "out into the sunshine of the day. It might be well if you would take Warlock for a gallop and get the tickle out of his heels."

Kind Sir William! Well he knew that nothing could give me more pleasure than to mount his great horse and gallop off in my new uniform.

Flushing, I uttered fervent stumbling thanks and ten minutes later was mounted on Warlock, who plunged and danced at the slap of my scabbard on his flanks, and well-nigh shook me from my boots.

"Spare spur, lad! Let him sniff the pistols!" called Sir William, who had come out to watch my start. "He will quiet when he smells the priming, Michael."

I drew one of my pistols from the holster so that Warlock might sniff it. This he did, arching his neck and pricking forward two wise ears. He satisfied himself that it was a real officer he bore and no lout pranked out to shame him before other horses; then we were off. For a brief space of time I forgot all perplexing problems. Yet I was to be challenged by still another vexing question on that very day.

Upon my return from my ride, Silver Heels waved to me from the garden, and I strolled out to join her there. She was seated on the stone bench near the beehives, and moved over to make room for me. Presently she spoke of my new honors very respectfully.

"I had not thought that you were so nearly a man to be appointed cornet of horse," said she.

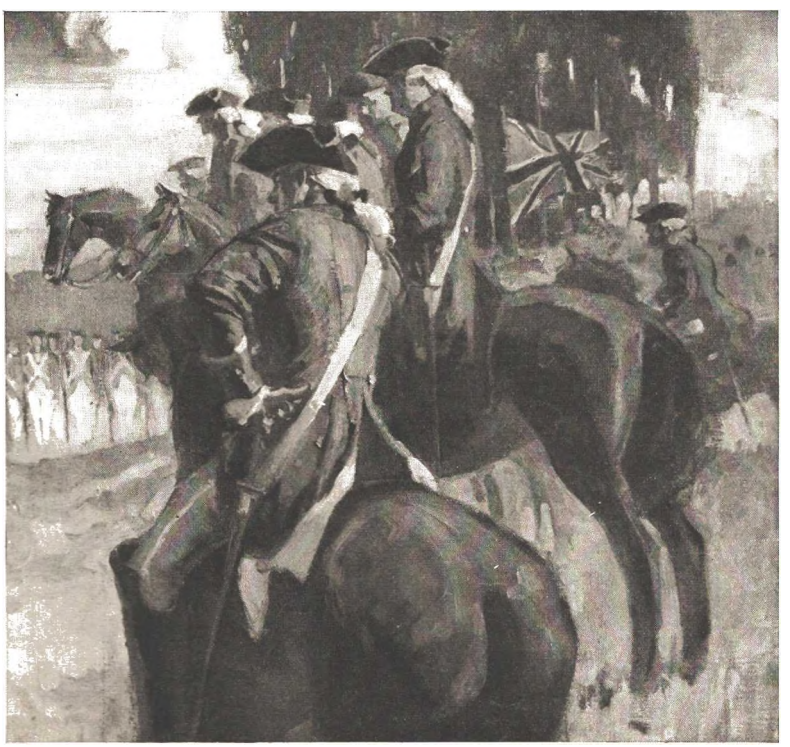
"And you," said I, magnanimously, "are almost a woman." But I said it from courtesy, not because I believed it.

"Yes," she replied indifferently, "maids may wed at sixteen years."

"Wed!" I repeated, laughing outright.

"Ay. Mother was a bride at sixteen."

I was silent in my effort to digest the idea. Silver Heels marry in another year! Absurd!



was comforted, for the clodhoppers marched like regulars.

Not to rebuff her with scorn, I said: "Indeed, you are quite a woman. Perhaps in a year you will be one! Who knows?"

After another silence she said, "Michael, I have a secret."

"Yes?" I returned indifferently.

"Will you promise never, never to tell?" she asked.

I promised with a tolerant smile.

"Well, then," she said, lowering her voice, "I am sure Mr. Butler is in love with me."

"Mr. Butler!" I cried out. "Why, he's an old man! Why, he's nearly thirty!"

Angry incredulity choked me, and I sat scowling at Silver Heels and striving to reconcile her serious mien with such a tomfool speech.

"He keeps me after school hours," she said calmly, "and he certainly does conduct in most romantic manners, declaring that I must love him one day and that he has adored me since I was but twelve."

"How long has this gone on?" I demanded.

"These three months," said Silver Heels.

"And—and you never told me?"

She shook her head.

"No, you were but a lad and could not understand such things."

FOR a moment I could have yelled aloud my vexation. What! I too young to be told the secrets of this chit of a child!

"But now that you are become a man," she continued serenely, "I thought to tell you of this because it tries my patience, yet pleases me, too, sometimes."

Boiling with fury and humiliation, I gave her a piece of my mind. I said that Mr. Butler was a sneak, a bully, and an old fool in his dotage to make love to a baby.

She listened, frowning a little.

"He is not old," she said, firmly. "Thirty years is but a youth's prime, as you will one day comprehend. Mr. Butler is a gentleman of rank and station, and if he chooses to protest his solicitous regard for me, I can but courteously discourage him."

"You little prig!" I exclaimed, grinding my teeth. "I will teach this fellow Butler to abuse Sir William's confidence!"

"I have your promise not to reveal this," said Silver Heels, coolly.

I groaned; then suddenly remembering something, I caught Silver Heels by both hands.

"I also have a secret," said I. "Promise me silence, and you shall share it."

"I promise," she whispered.

Then I told her of my defiance, of the meeting Mr. Butler had half pledged me, and I swore to her that now I would kill him.

"The beast!" I snarled. "That he should come a-suing you without a word to Sir William! Do gentlemen conduct in such a manner towards gentlewomen? Now hear me! Do you swear to me never to stay again after school, never to listen to another word from this fellow until you are sixteen, never to receive his addresses until Sir William speaks to you of him? Swear it! Or I will go straight to Mr. Butler and strike him in the face!"

"Micky, what are you saying? Sir William knows all this."

Taken aback, I dropped her hands, but in a moment seized them again.

"Swear!" I repeated, crushing her hands. "I don't care what Sir William says! Swear it!"

"I swear," she said, faintly. "You are hurting my fingers!"

I scarcely heard her, being occupied with my anger against Mr. Butler. And to think that Sir William approved of his suit!

LITTLE by little, however, the hot anger cooled in my veins, leaving a refreshing youthful confidence that all would come right. And sitting there with Silver Heels, I confided to her that I too had been in love, that the object of my respectful passion was one Marie Livingston who would undoubtedly be mine at some distant date. I then revealed my desire to see Silver Heels suitably plighted, drawing a pleasing portrait of an imaginary suitor.

To this she replied that she found a striking likeness between that portrait and her secret ideal.

It hurt me a little that she did not seem to recognize in me many of the traits I had painted for her so carefully, and presently I disclosed myself as the mysterious original of the portrait.

"You!" she exclaimed. But then she said it was quite true that I did resemble her ideal, and only lacked years and titles and wealth and reputation to make me desirable for her.

"I believe, also," she said, "that Aunt Molly means that we marry. Betty says so."

"Well," said I, "we can't marry, can we, Silver Heels?"

"Why, no," she said, simply. "There's all those things you lack."

"And all those things you lack," said I sharply. "Now, Marie Livingston—"

"She is older than I!" cried Silver Heels.

"And those things I lack come with years!" I retorted.

"That is true," she answered.

"Suppose you wait for me?" I proposed. "If I wed not Marie Livingston, I will wed you, Silver Heels."

I meant to be generous, but she grew very angry and vowed she would rather wed one of the gillies than me.

"I don't care a fig," said I. "I only meant you to be suitably wed one day, and was even willing to wed you myself to save you from Captain Butler."

"A sorry match, *pardieu!*" she snapped, and fell a-laughing. "Michael, I will warn you now that I mean to wed a gentleman of rank and wealth, and wear jewels that will blind you! And I shall wed a gallant gentleman of years, Michael, and scarred with battles, and I shall be 'my lady!'—mark me! Michael, and shall be well patched and powdered as befits my rank! I shall strive to be very kind to you, Michael."

Her cheeks were aflame, her eyes daring and bright. She rose, picked up her skirt, and mocked me in a curtsey, then marched off, nose in the wind, to join Sir William, who was just entering the garden.

I sulkily watched her go. The absurd child! Giving herself such airs of maturity! I wished she could know how fully Sir William had taken me into his confidence—how completely he reckoned me a man among men.

Chapter Five

IT was not yet dawn as Sir William and I set off for the Cayuga's lodge, which stood beyond the town on a rocky knoll. The stars lighted us through the streets of Johnstown. Then the town sank below us as we climbed towards Quider's lodge, knee-deep in dewy thistles.

The spark of a tiny council fire guided us. Coming nearer we smelled black birch burning, and we saw the long thread of aromatic smoke mounting steadily to the paling stars.

We climbed on, and all at once we saw Quider, standing motionless before his lodge.

Sir William drew flint and tinder from his pouch, and sent a spark flying into the dry tobacco of his pipe. He drew it to a long glow, twice, and passed it to Quider.

I saw the Cayuga's face then. It was a strange red; yet it was not painted. He seemed ill; his eyes glittered like the eyes of a lynx.

And now, as the Indian sank down into his blanket before the fire, Sir William produced a belt from the folds of his cloak and held it out. The belt was black with two white figures that clasped hands.

"*Brother,*" he said, slowly: "The clouds that hang over us prevent us from seeing the sun. It is, therefore, our business, with this belt, to clear the sky."

(*Gives the belt.*)

"*Brother*: We have heard what you have said about Colonel Cresap; we believe he has been misled, and we have rekindled the council fire at Johnstown with embers from Onondaga, with embers from the Ohio, with coals from our proper fireplace at Mountain Johnson.

"We uncover these fires to summon our wisest men so that they shall judge what word shall be sent to Colonel Cresap, to secure you in your treaty rights, which I have sworn to protect by these strings!"

(*A bunch of strings.*)

"*Brother*: By this third and last belt I send peace and love to my brethren of the Cayuga; and by this belt I bid them be patient, and remember that I have never broken my word to those within the Long House, nor yet to those who dwell without the doors."

(*A large black belt of seven rows.*)

Then Sir William drew from his girdle a belt of wampum, so white that in the starlight it shimmered like virgin silver.

"Who mourns?" asked Sir William gently, and the Indian rose and answered: "We mourn—we of the Cayuga—we of three clans."

"What clans shall be raised up?" asked Sir William.

"Three clans lie stricken: the Wolf, the Plover, the Eel. Who shall raise them?"

"*Brother,*" said Sir William, gravely: "With this belt I raise three clans; I cleanse their eyes, their ears, their mouths, their bodies with clean water. With this belt I clear their path so that no longer shall the dead stand in your way or in ours."

(*The belt.*)

"*Brother*: With these strings I raise up your head and beg you will no longer sorrow."

(*Three strings.*)

"*Brother*: With this belt I cover the graves."

(*A great white belt.*)

In the dead stillness that followed, the northern hilltops slowly turned to pink and ashes. The day had dawned.

WHEN again we reached the village, cocks were crowing in every yard; the painted weather vanes glowed in the sun; legions of birds sang.

We passed through the cold shadowy street and out into the sun-warmed road again, and came at last to the Hall.

All that day Sir William sat in his library writing with Mr. Butler; so there was no school, and Peter, Esk, Silver Heels and I went a-fishing in the river.

That day was the last of the old days for us. But how could we suspect that, as we waded in the shallows there, laughing, chattering, splashing each other, and then climbing out on the banks at times to lie deep in the daisies?

The late sun was settling in the blue ashes of the western forests when we pulled on our stockings and moccasins and gathered up our strings of silvery fish.

As we came home through the orchard I saw Sir William sitting wearily on the stone seat near the beehives.

He heard us, and turned his head to smile a welcome. But there was that in his eyes which told me to stay there with him after the others had trooped in to be fed, and I waited.

Presently he said: "Quider is sick. Did you discover anything in his face that might betoken—a—fever?"

"His eyes," I said.

"Was he blotched? My sight is dim these years."

"His face was over-red," I answered, wondering.

Sir William said nothing more. After a little while he rose, leaning on his cane, and passed heavily under the fruit trees towards the house.

That night came our doctor, Pierson, galloping from the village with an urgent message for Sir William. In the morning I learned that the smallpox had seized the Cayuga, and that our soldiers patrolled Quider's lodge to warn all men of the black pest.

THE days which followed were busy days for us all—days fraught with bustle and perplexity.

All Sir William's hopes of averting war were now centered in the stricken Cayuga. Rambling by starlight, he and I anxiously watched the candle burning in Quider's lodge door as though it were the (*Continued on page 62*)

On Top of the World

By David William Moore

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

THREE O'CLOCK in the afternoon and a dull day was dragging toward a close in the Hannibal Advertising Agency. Speed Kane, who had finally won a place as junior contact man, had decided that such a day was hardly worth the effort required to tear a sheet from the calendar.

Speed had discovered a very significant difference between his old job as assistant to Herb Rowe, production manager, and this new position in contact work. In the past he had had a hundred things to do every day, none of them very important. Now he had but one or two things to do each day and everything was important.

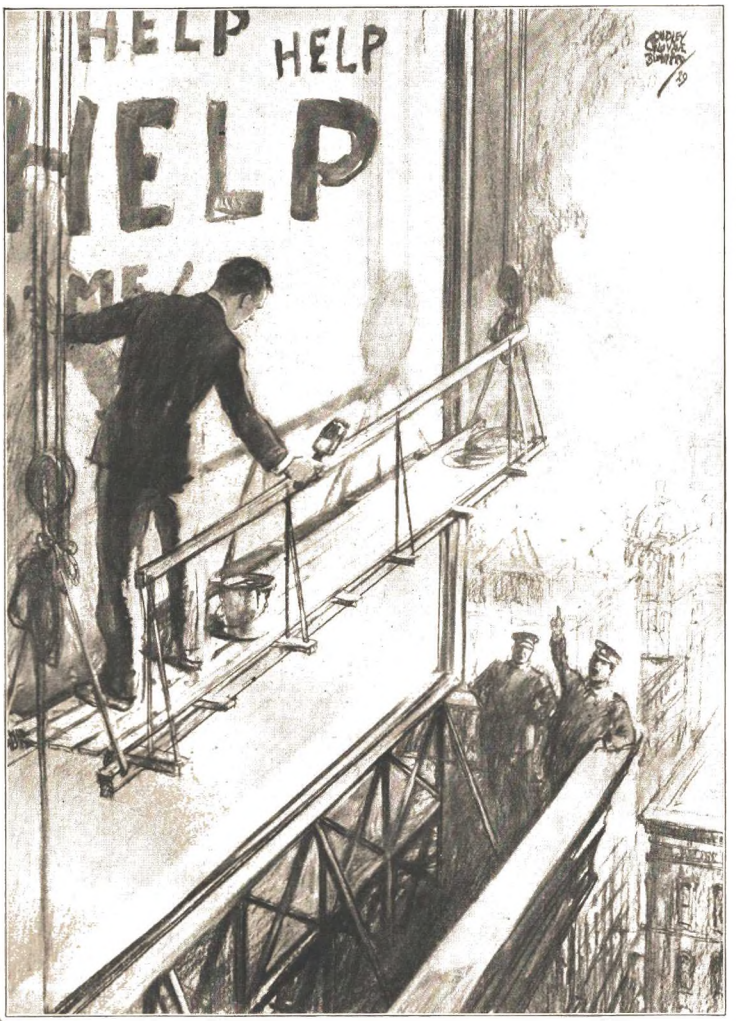
Lots of exercise for the old gray matter, but little action, so he said to his old boss who had sauntered across the hall for a little gossip. "There isn't any excitement at all," Speed said. "Nothing going on, I reckon," and he grinned ruefully, "I'm a first cousin to the well-known Mexican bean."

"Yeh," agreed Herb. "On the grasshopper side of the family. What do you want to be hopping about all the time for?"

"It isn't that. But I miss having something to watch every minute. I crave action."

"You expect a business office to be a continuous vaudeville show, Speed. It isn't, and you might as well settle down and try to act like a man."

"Aw!" Speed sniffed. "You birds would find a whole lot more fun in business than you do if you'd put some pep into your work."



"Just a minute," said Speed. "I want to paint on another word or two—"

"If it were too much fun, the chief wouldn't pay money for doing it," Herb retorted serenely and turned to go back to his own office. He hesitated with his hand on the knob. "Just be patient, and maybe something will happen yet to-day. It takes Babe Ruth only about one second to smack a home run over the fence."

With this philosophical gem, Herb vanished, leaving Speed to his monotonous job of "giving some thought" to the design of a new window display for the Cherry account. Gosh! He'd been giving thought to that display for a week now. His brain was jelled on the subject of window displays. If something didn't happen——

Suddenly, Speed smiled brightly to himself. He had thought of the Indian sign. It might help now. He spat through his teeth, winked his right eye, then flicked his left ear with the forefinger of his right hand. Now he listened—one second, two seconds, three seconds—yes, sir, there it was. A motor car horn. Toot-toot!

The old double toot meant action. Any time you ever are in doubt about whether to go ahead or not, so Speed Kane would have told you, just try the sign of the double toot. However, if the first horn or whistle you hear after the ritual is a single toot, then beware. Nothing doing.

ALMOST immediately his telephone bell rang.

"There's a man out here, a Mr. Pavey, who wants some work prepared this afternoon," said the switchboard girl. "Mr. Hannibal said I should send him back to you. He'll be there in a minute."

A jumpy little fellow trotted in. No introductions, or formalities. "Listen, young man, I want you people to work up something for this sign." Never was an order placed more quickly. He spread out a sheet of paper in front of Speed. "This signboard has been built on top of the new Dixie Central Building. Just completed to-day. I want something on it for this evening. Convention of home builders in the city. Want to feature the Pavey Kitchen Cabinet. The painter is down there now, waiting for the copy. How about it? Can I get it by four o'clock?"

"You can, Mr. Pavey," promised Speed. "I'll think up a slogan for you. That'll be enough, won't it?"

"Yes. There isn't time to paint a picture of the cabinet that will do it justice. Just think up a few words—and make them good."

Then Speed was alone again in his office, but with plenty of action in sight now. He must get copy for a signboard in an hour, copy that would be seen by everybody in the city of Cincinnati. On top of the big new thirty-story Dixie Central Building! Hot dog!

He hustled to the copy department. Not a single man was in, except Steve Roberts. The others were out gathering atmosphere and ideas on the Avon Field golf course, probably. So Speed told Roberts that he was elected to turn out the copy for the Pavey signboard. "And if you'll let me have it by four o'clock——" concluded Speed persuasively. "You can hat this out in a jiffy, Steve."

"No doubt I *could*," replied Steve. "But listen, kid, do you think I'd be here at my desk right now if I didn't have something important to do?"

"But this stuff——"

"No difference. I'm working on a choice morsel of copy for none other than Old Man Million-dollar Hanover. If you had an order from the president of our great country himself, I wouldn't give your job a second thought. I reckon you'll have to function alone, son."

"But I'm not a copy man."

"No? Well, this is your golden opportunity. Think of the millions of young men who crave such a chance as this."

"Think of the one who doesn't," groaned Speed. "I'll bet I don't get any hunch for a slogan. I can feel paralysis of the brain coming on."

He proved himself a prophet. At four o'clock, when the copy was due, Speed had no more of an idea than the pink China pup that Judy McGann, the file girl, had given him for a paperweight. And as he gazed into the white crystal eyes of the indifferent hound, Speed felt that the advantage was on the side of the dog, intellectually speaking. The best effort Speed could put forth was to sit there and stare at the dog or at the wall. Not a brain cell working. What could he say? The Pavey Kitchen Cabinet was a good cabinet? Silly. That had been said a million times. It would save work. Silly again. And maybe the fellow would be calling any minute now.

The Pavey Kitchen Cabinet is—is—is—oh, yeh! Fine chance to write copy. *(Continued on page 52)*

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy Founded 1827

FOUNDED 1899

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

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

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

October, 1929 Vol. 30; No. 12

Friendly Talks With the Editor

Double Welcome

WELCOME to you! A double welcome!—from *The American Boy* and *The Youth's Companion*, now proudly making their first united appearance in public. This is their get-together greeting of friends, far and wide, and you're included. Emphatically. Personally. Perhaps you're a long-time *Youth's Companion* reader; perhaps you're a regular *American Boy* reader; perhaps you're both. You're in on this anyway. This is your greater magazine. Make yourself at home—here's our hand in cordial double welcome.

Boasts

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION boasts of 102 years of age and service to Young America. And it can justly boast. But *The American Boy* isn't exactly an infant and many people also think it has rendered service to its generation. We call your attention to the fact that this issue completes thirty years of publication for *The American Boy*.

Joyful

GETTING READY to tackle a big new job is a great and joyful thing. If you've never had that high-and-happy, roll-up-your-sleeves-and-at-it feeling, you still have one of the finest sensations in life coming to you. May it come soon. If we could have just one wish, we'd spend it all wishing for a fine hefty chunk of work well worth doing.

Work

EVEN SO, it's not so easy to work when there's a black bass outside whistling for you. Nothing distracts a fellow's attention so much as a fish making eager noises and whining to play with you. It is a wonderful test of character. Any man with the tremendous will to resist the singing of a fish and go to work is a great man. He deserves to be honored by his country and to have statues erected to him. So if there's a vacant place in your park where there ought to be a statue just bear us in mind, because we're in camp and somebody else will have to provide the fish for breakfast.

Wind

WE WONDER why they keep on having wind. Nobody needs it to sail ships with any more and hardly anybody uses windmills.

Definition

WE JUST HAPPENED to look in a little dictionary and chanced upon the definition of a clock. A clock, it says, is a mechanical timepiece not adapted for the pocket. You could use that in a minstrel show, couldn't you? Following out that idea of defining things, you could say that an ocean liner is a boat not adapted for sailing in the bathtub; that a whale is a fish not adapted for packing in sardine cans, and a redwood tree is a vegetable not adapted for planting in window boxes.

Manners

WE KNOW a fellow with beautiful manners. He is gorgeous to watch and never says or does a thing that wouldn't fit into a book of etiquette. But he's the most unpopular person we know. Because he uses his manners to hide a complete lack of sincerity. You know he doesn't mean his manners but uses them to hide the real self. Manners are slick and etiquette is grand, but they're only wall paper and no good on earth if there isn't a good, solid wall behind.

Diving

THERE'S a heap of difference between wading into cold water and diving into it. If you wade you have about five minutes of suffering but if you dive, there you are with the thing all done and the unpleasantness over. But there are a heap of fellows who have to fuss around for half an hour and feel the water with their toes and shiver before they make a start at all. Our notion is that when you are up against anything that looks disagreeable the thing to do is dive and not paddle in with your toes.

Porcupine

ALMOST NOBODY is friendly to the porcupine. He certainly presents a rough, unpleasant surface to the world. We can't remember anybody who ever made a pet of one. Imagine calling a porcupine Rover and having it sit on your lap! We can think of several fellows we would class as porcupines.

Inventions

WE BECOME accustomed to thinking that the great advances the world has made in the last fifty years are almost wholly due to mechanical inventions and scientific progress. But we are wrong. Mechanical things help a lot, but the inventions and progress made in ordinary business are equally important. There have been just as great inventions in banking as in electricity; there has been as great an advance in merchandising as in electricity. It is always the flashy, striking things that catch the eye and get the glory. To our way of thinking it is just as important and valuable to find a new and better way of handling money or of merchandising carpets or of distributing books as it is to invent a loud speaker or an airplane.

Experience

WHEN YOU'RE well you never know how slick it is to be well; when you're rich you never know how bully it is to have money; when your mind is at ease you never know how great it is to have no worries. The only way to appreciate health or wealth or happiness is to have had the experience of being ill or poor or in trouble. Folks who have everything go right all their lives must have a pretty dull time of it.

Checkers

WE WATCHED a checker game the other night between a fast, brilliant player and a slow plodder. It looked right up to the last minute as if the brilliant fellow were going to walk all over the fellow who thought and thought and thought. But in the end the slow man thought his opponent into a trap and licked him. This isn't an argument in favor of being slow and plodding, or against being quick and brilliant. What we admire most is quickness and brilliancy combined with a snack of deep thinking. But anyway, give us the thinking.

Using It Up

THE OTHER DAY we were talking to a fellow of sixteen who was complaining bitterly that he never had been to Europe. At sixteen! We personally were over thirty before we managed it. Every day we hear some of the young folks speaking of as commonplace, things we looked forward to doing for thirty years and then managed to accomplish only with difficulty. It seems to us the fellows of to-day are in too much of a hurry to do everything and to experience every pleasure and benefit. By the time they get to an age where they really can enjoy they will have used the world up and there won't be anything left. We've advised you a lot of times to save your money; now we advise you to be a little more economical with your pleasures. Keep some for a rainy day.

TEWKESBURY ROAD

By John Masefield

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the foxgloves purple and white;
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the brook to drink
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words;
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple with mirth
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild cry of the birds.

Usefulness

WHAT CONSTITUTES usefulness in this world? We mean what qualities and abilities must a young man have before he can be considered a valuable asset to his town and his state and his country? It gives you a lot to think about and leaves you confused when you are through thinking. If you were president of the United States and wanted to pick out a hundred thousand boys and advise them what to do and how to live to be of greatest value to the land, what would you say? Would they have to be great teachers or speakers or statesmen or financiers? Or would you just pick those fellows who do best and most faithfully the work that comes to their hands every day, who lead modest and decent lives, who hold the love and respect of their neighbors, and who go to bed every night with the knowledge that they have wronged no man, but have benefited some?

Happiness

ALSO, what constitutes happiness? We don't know—we can't define happiness for any other fellow. But we know that you can't get it by going out after it. If you want happiness, better go out and get you a lot of usefulness. We can't guarantee that you'll find any happiness thrown in, but it's likely to be.

Mark Tidd in Paris (*Continued from page 7*)

"I d-didn't like the l-looks of the dark feller by the name of Town. I b-bet 'tother f-feller was one of these private detectives."

"I guess so," says I.

"His name was Bulger. And he's t-to watch this woman and her watchdog. I b-bet it's a two-legged watchdog."

"Huh! You didn't miss much, did you?" says I, kind of disgusted.

"Not after I g-got interested," says he.

"Well," says I, "thank goodness we won't ever see 'em again, and we can't get mixed into it. Paris is a big city, and we couldn't find 'em if we wanted to, which I don't."

"We c-c-could find 'em in an hour," said Mark. "And I got an idea mebby we b-better. It l-looks to me l-like this m-might be more fun 'n lookin' at p-paintin's."

"Aw, shucks," says I. "Leave it be."

"It's got me kind of c-curious," says he.

"Then," says I, "we might's well start now. You won't rest till you get us all busted over the head or something. If you're bound to meddle, why, let's get to whizzing. The sooner we start, the sooner we'll be through with it."

"I knew you was as c-c-curious as me," says he.

"I'm not!" says I.

"Anyhow," says Mark, "it l-l-looks like I was goin' to l-l-like Paris better'n I thought."

Chapter Three

"BOYS," says Mr. Tidd after we'd had our lunch, "we got to tend to important things fust. Then we kin gallivant."

"That's the idee, P-Pa," says Mark. "What's important?"

"Gittin' a dress fur your mother," says Mr. Tidd.

"We've all got to get dresses for our mothers," says Tallow.

"What store'll we go to?" says Mr. Tidd.

"In Paris," says Mark, "you don't b-b-buy d-dresses in stores. You git 'em at *m-modistes'*."

"At who?" says Mr. Tidd.

"*Modistes*," says Mark.

"I cal'late that's the kind your ma 'll want," says Mr. Tidd. "I was kind of afraid, from what I'd seen so far, that there wa'n't no modest dressmakers in Paris. Where'll we find one of 'em?"

"I r-read about some s-swell ones on the Place Vendôme," says Mark.

"Let's go," says I. "I never bought a dress before and I'm bustin' to get at it."

"We kin w-walk," says Mark.

So we put on our hats and walked to the Place Vendôme, and there was a big kind of a monument there with soldiers marching around and around it, and Mark says Napoleon made it out of cannon he captured off his enemies. We stopped and looked at it, and it was all right and I wished we had one like it in the square at Wicksville.

Pretty soon we came to a shop that was a *modiste's*, and we went in and a kind of slick-looking woman about middle age comes along and wants to know what she can do for us.

So Mark says, "How be ye, ma'am, and what we g-got to do is g-git us a j-job lot of dresses, m-mostly red and some s-s-streaked, for our mothers. They got to be s-s-stylish, too. Got any s-stylish ones?"

"Oh, ver' mooch in ze mode," says this woman. "You shall come wiz me and I will show you all."

So we went into a room and there was a kind of a stage at the end of it, and the room was full of women, mostly fat, and they were sitting around jabbering. We edged off into a corner, and the slick-looking woman follows and asks, what about sizes?

"We w-want different sized d-dresses," says Mark. "Our mothers hain't all the same h-heft."

"Ver' well," says she, and rushed off. Pretty soon she comes back and says, "Observe."

We took a long breath and got ready. Well, the curtain of the stage was drawn back and there stood an awfully slim girl in a skin-tight dress, and it was so short with so much legs sticking down below that she looked as if she was walking on stilts. And it wasn't red at all, but kind of gold.

We all looked, and then we all sort of gasped.

"You like thees dress thees mannequin wear to show you?" asked the slick-looking woman.

"Do you mean that's one I could buy for Ma?" says Binney.

"*Certainement*," says the woman.

WELL, Binney almost keeled over. "Say, ma'am," he says, "my mother couldn't crowd into six of them dresses sideways, and as for up and down it just won't do at all. If Ma came out in Wicksville with that dress on, everybody'd think she was going in wading."

"We make the right size," says the woman.

"What's all these f-f-fat women l-lookin' fur?" says Mark.

"They look to see how they will appear in each dress," says the woman.

"You m-mean they look at these here slim g-girls in them dresses and think that's how they're a-goin' to l-look if they buy one?"

"Eet ees so," says the woman.

"Mis' Tidd is better-lookin' 'n any of these here skinny girls," says Mr. Tidd. "There's more substance to her. Now you show us something stylish that's got some color to it, and some size. And that hain't made of mosquiter nettin' with whatnots pasted onto it. Ma likes her dresses made out of cloth."

"Thees material ees exquisite," says the woman.

"Hain't disputin' that," says Mr. Tidd. "But you gimme cloth. Ma wouldn't wear exquisite to a dog fight."

"Ver' well, I weel show you ozzer models."

"Hain't int'rested in models," says Mr. Tidd. "What we come fur is dresses. The kind ye can't see through. And they got to have skirts and waists to 'em. These here things hain't got neither top nor bottom, and not so doggone much middle, neither."

"How much are these dresses?" says I.

"Thees model ees three hundred and fifty dollair," says the woman.

"For how many and including what?" says I.

"For one," says the woman.

"Apiece?" says I.

"And ver', ver' cheap," says the woman.

"Did anybuddy ever buy one at that there figger?" says Mr. Tidd.

"That lady there, she just have ordair eleven."

"You want to watch out, ma'am. They'll be ketchin' her and puttin' her back," says Mr. Tidd.

"What we want," says Binney, "won't be vaudeville show costumes. They're for our mothers to wear, and we'd go as high as fifty dollars apiece, probably. But none of us will pay three or four hundred dollars for a scrap of colored cheesecloth and a bunch of artincial flowers."

"If I took Ma a dress like that one there," says Tallow, "she'd chase me out of the house with a broom."

"And serve you perfectly right, young man," says a pleasant voice, and we looked up and there was the Mrs. Kent we had seen at the hotel, who'd fed us cakes and things the night before. She smiles at us and says, "Are you having difficulties?"

"We hain't h-havin' nothin', ma'am," says Mark. "Not if we kin h-help it."

"You want to select dresses for your mothers?"

"That was the idee," says Mark.

"Perhaps I can help you," says Mrs. Kent. "First, do you know your mothers' sizes?"

"Ma'am," says Mr. Tidd, "we measured all over them wimmin and got wads of dimensions."

"Excellent," says Mrs. Kent. "Now I tell you what. Suppose you give me those dimensions and let me attend to ordering the dresses. I think I will be able to find something that will please them very much."

"Red," says Tallow.

"Streaked," says I.

"And not three hundred and fifty dollars," says Binney.

"Of course not," says Mrs. Kent. "Just run along now, and suppose you all have dinner with me to-night at the Continental, at seven-thirty, and I'll tell you what I've done."

"Ma'am," says Mr. Tidd, "we'll be terribly obleeged," and he almost ran out of the place with us a-following him up as tight as we could till we all got out into the street again.

"Now that we're through with that," says Mark, "we g-g-got some t-time to see the t-town."

"Where'll we go?" says I.

"Let's jest w-w-wander around and go nowheres in p-partic'lar," says Mark.

SO WE set off and kept going and going until we hadn't any idea where we were. All of a sudden we saw a big church sticking up high on a hill and Mark he says he knows what church it is from seeing it in a picture. It was Sacré-Coeur, which means Sacred Heart, and there we were up on Montmartre where artists and other crazy folks hang around.

Mr. Tidd spoke up and says, "That woman says we was to come to dinner at half-past seven. Cal'late I'll get a mite peckish before sich an hour, me bein' used to eatin' at six. What say we git a snack some'eres?"

Well, it didn't need any more than that to start Mark Tidd off looking for food. That fellow could eat every hour of the day and lunch between times. So we mogged along till we saw a kind of restaurant. We went in to look, and I didn't cotton much to the looks of it. It was awful bare looking, and there weren't any cloths on the tables, and the floor was all covered with sawdust. But there we were, inside, and we didn't like to turn around and walk out again. And then a waiter with a dirty apron came up to us and says something in French; so we sat down at a table.

"What'll we eat?" says Mr. Tidd.

"Oofs," says Tallow. "I can't order anything else in the language. By the time I get out of France I'll be so full of oofs I'll cackle and flop my wings."

"I got a kind of a hankerin' for dandelion greens," says Mr. Tidd, "but I don't s'pose they got any."

"We have no dandelion greens today," says the waiter and we all blinked.

"Oh," says Mark, "you s-s-speak English, eh?"

"We have no dandelion greens," he says again.

"You s-s-said that before," says Mark.

"Yes, sir," says the waiter.

"Then I cal'late we g-g-got to have oofs," says Mark.

"I want two oofs fried and some ham and coffee," says Binney.

"B-be you English or American?" says Mark to the waiter.

The man looked at him kind of funny and frightened-like and wet his lips, and says, "Fried eggs for all?"

"Yes," says Mark, "but you d-d-didn't say if you was an American."

"With coffee," says the waiter, and hurried off fast.

Mark kind of stared after him and then looked at us and says, "F-funny actin' feller, hain't he?"

Pretty soon the waiter came back with our orders and Mark says, "How come you to be w-w-workin' in a restaurant here, eh?"

"I don't like questions, sir," says the waiter. "They worry me." He looked around as if he was afraid someone might be listening. "Questions make me afraid, sir. I'd rather nobody asked me questions."

"I swan to man!" says Mark. "I never s-s-see the beat."

"Is that all, sir?" says the waiter.

"It is if ye hain't got apple dumplin's," says Mr. Tidd. "Seems like an apple dumplin' 'd set awful good."

"Apple dumplings," says the waiter kind of slow and queer, and then he says "apple dumplings" over a couple more times and turned his back on us and almost ran back into the kitchen.

"Gosh," says Mark, "now what ails that f-feller, eh?"

"Crazy," says Binney.

"Um. Kind of interests me. Nice l-l-lookin' feller, too. If he wa'n't so kind of drawed out and pale and all. Wonder who he is and how he c-c-come to be here."

"Look here, Mark Tidd," says I, "we got enough mysteries without monkeying with any crazy waiters. Eat your oofs and let's get out in the air."

"All the same," says Mark, "I'd l-l-like to know about him."

Chapter Four

WE GOT Mr. Tidd dressed and went to dinner with Mrs. Kent. She had it served in a small room, and besides her and the five of us there was an old gentleman there by the name of Mr. Renny that we got introduced to, and there was a vacant

chair that Mrs. Kent said was for her nephew.

"But he's always late," she says. "We won't wait for him."

We sat down around the table and Mr. Renny, who was little and wrinkled up, with a stub of paint-brush whiskers on the end of his chin and no mustache, said "H-rr-rrumph!"

Everybody stopped and looked at him because it is the kind of a noise old gentlemen make when they are going to say something. But he didn't say anything. He just glared at all of us as if he didn't care for our looks. Then he says "H-rrr-umph!" again and commenced to eat the pickled eels and sardines and things that was served first. Then, after he had sailed into a couple of fish, he dropped his fork and pointed his finger at Mr. Tidd and says, "Tamerlane was a great man."

Mr. Tidd just blinked and says, "He was a heathen."

"What of it?" says Mr. Renny.

"Well," says Mr. Tidd, kind of thinking it over, "not much, mebby."

"Correct," says Mr. Renny.

"But," says Mr. Tidd, "I kin name a dozen Romans was greater'n him."

"Name one," says Mr. Renny.

"The Emp'ror Marcus Antoninus," says Mr. Tidd.

"He was a pagan," says Mr. Renny.

"What of it?" says Mr. Tidd.

"Nothing," says Mr. Renny.

Mrs. Kent smiled pleasant-like and says, "What's the difference between heathens and pagans?"

"You send missionaries to heathens," says Mr. Tidd, "and pagans is mythology that books get wrote about."

"Excellent distinction," says Mr. Renny. "I prefer heathens to pagans."

"Why?" says Mr. Tidd.

"They're not so fancy," says Mr. Renny.

"Was Julius Caesar fancy?" Mr. Tidd says, beginning to bristle.

"Yes," says Mr. Renny.

"No sich thing," says Mr. Tidd. "Julius Caesar's a friend of mine and nobuddy kin say a word agin his character while I'm around to defend him. It's Tamerlane that's fancy. Look at the kind of pants he wore."

"What's the matter with Tamerlane's pants?" says Mr. Renny, getting red in the face.

"They're jest redic'lous," says Mr. Tidd.

"I do not permit my friends' wearing apparel to be criticized," says Mr. Renny.

"Julius Caesar never wore no redic-'lous pants," says Mr. Tidd.

"He never wore any pants at all," says Mr. Renny.

"You bet he never," says Mr. Tidd. "He wore togas, that's what he wore."

"Nightshirts," say: Mr. Renny.

Mr. Tidd just quivered all over. "I tell ye what them pants of Tamerlane's was," he says. "They was pajama pants. A body that'll wear newfangled things like pajamas hain't fit to be numbered with the ancients."

"I wear pajamas," says Mr. Renny.

"Then you ain't no ancient," says Mr. Tidd. "Now take me—I wear nightshirts. What's good enough for Caesar's good enough for me."

"Gentlemen," says Mrs. Kent, "your food is getting cold."

AT THAT they both stopped talking out loud, though they kept on muttering and mumbling and scowling at each other while the rest of us tried to think up things to talk about. Mrs. Kent had told us all about the dresses for our mothers and we could tell they were going to be all right and stylish.

"I wonder where my nephew can be," says Mrs. Kent, at last, and just then the door opened and in came a young man with a suit of evening clothes on him, and when I saw him I says "Blub!" and like to have scalded myself with a mouthful of coffee. Mark Tidd socked his elbow into me and I says "Ouch!" And Mrs. Kent looked at us and asked if I felt ill.

"He hain't ill, m-m-m-ma'am," says Mark. "He's jest subject to them spells."

"I'm not, either," says I. "I'm not subject to anything. I scalded my mouth."

"Take a drink of water," says Mr. Renny.

So I did, and then Mrs. Kent introduced her nephew, but I was hardly able to say howdy-do because he was the young fellow we had seen down by the Venus of Milo, the one who was talking with the big fellow about a mystery. I might have expected it, though. Mark Tidd attracts that kind of thing just like a puddle attracts hogs. I heard Mark Tidd say "Gosh!" under his breath, and his little eyes were shining as if somebody had set fire to them.

"Shucks," says I.

"I beg your pardon," says Mrs. Kent.

"What I said," says I, "was shucks."

"And when he s-says shucks, ma'am, shucks is what he m-means," says Mark. "He allus s-says shucks when he's enjoyin' his dinner. Lots of f-folks do where we come from. It's a kind of a custom."

She looked kind of funny, but she smiled and says, "A very pleasant custom indeed."

SO I reached over and stamped on Mark Tidd's foot as hard as I could, and he says "Yow!" and I says to Mrs. Kent, "That's another custom and it's very polite and all, and it means he'd like another helping of meat."

This nephew by the name of Town—and we found out his other name was Walter—says to his aunt, "Any news to-day?"

"None," she says, and looked pretty sober. "But there may be news to-morrow, or the next day or the next day. I shall never give up hope."

"A body hadn't ought to ever give up hope," says Mr. Tidd. "Though I was clost to it in that dressmaker's shop. I dunno what we'd 'a' done without ye, Mis' Kent. I was jest wonderin' if there was anything we kin do to return the favor."

"One never knows," she said. And then, "I'm looking for my son."

"Oh," says Mr. Tidd, "how'd he git lost?"

"In the war," says Mrs. Kent. "He was an aviator. We were all so proud of him and what he did. Then almost at the end of the war his plane was forced down behind the enemy lines. We do not believe he was killed. We're sure he wasn't killed, because both sides had the beautiful custom of flying across and dropping a wreath when they had killed a distinguished flyer. I feel it in my heart he was taken prisoner."

"But prisoners were all released when the war was over," says Mr. Tidd.

"He never came back. We never could find any record of him. He was the sort of boy who would try to escape. Mr. Tidd, I don't know what happened. I don't know where he can be or why he never has sent word to me, but something tells me he is alive."

"My aunt comes to Europe every year with Mr. Renny to look for him," says Walter Town.

"And shall continue to do so until I die," she said.

"I don't blame ye a mite," says Mr. Tidd, "and, ma'am, we'll keep our eyes peeled, and if we git a glimpse of him, you kin depend on it, we'll send him home to ye."

She kind of turned the subject then and we talked about a lot of things, and she told us interesting things to see in Paris, and where we'd find the best places to buy different kinds of articles, and about customs of the people, and drives to take and everything. She was a pretty smart woman. Walter Town didn't say much and didn't seem to be enjoying himself. He kept looking at Mr. Tidd and us in a funny way with his nose up in the air, and I says to Mark, "I'd like to bust him one."

Mark says, "H-hush, m-mebby we'll git a chanct. It's kind of f-fate, hain't it—him bein' her n-nephew! I never see the beat."

"You just keep out of it," says I.

"L-l-looks like we was a-goin' to be p-pushed in," says he.

"Quite likely," says I, "with you standing close to the edge asking for a shove."

"You don't l-l-like this feller Town, do ye?"

"No," says I.

"You don't want him to g-g-git four-five m-million dollars he hain't entitled to, do ye?"

"How can he?" says I.

"It's what he's after," says Mark. "Now shet up. We don't want to t-t-talk here. Wait till we get to our r-room."

So that's what we did. It was a nice party, and Mr. Renny and Mr. Tidd quarreled a lot about Tamerlane and the Romans, and Mr. Town went away as soon as he could find an excuse. We didn't stay late, and when we said good night to Mrs. Kent I heard Mark say to her, "Ma'am, you can't n-never tell. You jest s-s-stick to it, and mebby some day you'll git a s'prise."

"Oh, thank you," she said.

"We'll keep our eyes p-peeled," says Mark. "Good night, ma'am."

We went up to our rooms and Mr. Tidd went to bed with a volume of Gibbon to read till he went to sleep. We boys sat up in the room where Mark and I slept.

"F-fellers," says Mark, "Plunk and me kind of happened onto s-s-something int'restin'. You heard what Mrs. Kent says about her son?"

"Sure thing," says Binney.

"Wa-al, if she never finds him, this here Walter Town gits f-f-five m-million dollars."

"How?"

"He's Mrs. Kent's heir," says Mark. "I f-f-figgered that out."

"What of it?" says Tallow.

"He hain't a-goin' to l-lose that money if he kin help it," says Mark.

"Neither would I," says Binney.

"Looks like he'd get it all right," says Tallow. "The war's been over a long time and her son hasn't turned up. Must be he's dead."

"Town's afraid he isn't," says I.

"How d'ye know?" says Binney.

"Because," says Mark, "Plunk 'n me heard him talkin' while we was lookin' at the Venus. Him'n another f-feller that's a private detective or something. They're a-lookin' for Mrs. Kent's son, too."

"Why?" says Tallow.

"Town's scairt," says Mark. "And he wouldn't be scairt unless he had s-s-some reason, would he? I bet he wouldn't. I bet he knows something Mrs. Kent don't know."

"What?" says Binney.

"That," says Mark, "is what we got to f-f-find out."

"Oh," says Binney, "we've got to get into another mess, eh?"

"With private detectives and nobody knows what else," says Tallow.

"You don't have to," says Mark Tidd. "You kin s-s-stand by and see this feller Town, who's a snob, git all that money that b-belongs by rights to a man that was a hero in the war. 'Tain't none of your b-business. No concern of your'n what h-happens."

"Well," says Binney, "if you put it that way."

"All the same," says Tallow, "folks 'll do a heap of mean things to get five million dollars, and I'd rather they wouldn't do 'em to me."

"Besides," says I, "we haven't anything to go on."

"We got this to go on," says Mark. "Walter Town t-t-thinks his cousin's in Paris. We don't know why. We got to n-nose around and f-find out things."

"And get our noses pinched off," says Binney. "Well, I never thought such a sight of my nose anyhow. Likely I wouldn't miss it much. When do we start?"

"In the mornin'," says Mark. "If you got to start a thing, the time to do it is s-s-sooner than you kin. Now l-let's git to bed."

Chapter Five

"WELL," says I when I woke up, "it's morning, and we're going to start unraveling mysteries to-day."

"Don't n-never unravel n-nothin' till your stummick's full," says Mark. "I got to have about six aigs and what goes w-w-with 'em before I kin git to goin'."

"And then," says I, "where'll we start?"

"We'll s-s-start," says Mark, "by wipin' our mouths on our n-napkins."

So I see there wasn't anything to do but wait for him to get himself fed. When Mark Tidd doesn't feel like talking there isn't the least use in the world trying to make him; and if he's hungry he might as well be deaf and dumb. I don't know where he puts all he eats, though there's plenty of room inside him. Even in places where the food was awful bad, like in Palestine, he never got a pound lighter. And he ate just the same. He says there are just two kinds of food, good food and better food. I guess he could eat anything and enjoy it.

We went down to the dining room and had quite a lot of breakfast and when Mark got done eating he settled back in his chair and grinned and says, "Wa-al now! That's s-s-suthin like. A body can't git his brains to movin' till they git fodder. We'll jest let her s-s-settle for a minute and then we'll start out."

"Where'll we go?" says I.

"Nowheres in partic'lar," says he. "Not until this f-feller Town shows up."

"Then what?" says I.

"Foller him," says Mark, "and find out what he's up to."

"He stays right in this hotel," says I.

"I know it," says Mark, "and that l-looks like his back goin' along there n-now."

I looked through the door, and sure enough, young Mr. Town was going past into the street. I guess he must have had breakfast in his room.

We got up and took after him. He turned off west through the Champs Elysées and kept on walking up toward the Arc de Triomphe, and we tagged along behind. When he got to the arch, he turned off to the right on the Avenue de Wagram, which is named after one of Napoleon's battles, and kept on going for a block or so when he stopped before some doors that led into a kind of a courtyard and went in. There wasn't anything for us to do but wait; so we went off a piece and sat down on an iron seat.

"What d'ye s'pose he went in there for?" says I.

"If I was g-guessin'," says Mark, "I'd say it was to see s-somebuddy. You gen'ally go into houses to see f-folks."

"Sometimes," says I, "you go in to buy fish."

"You got up kind of b-bright this mornin', didn't ye?" says Mark. "Mebby you kin guess what f-f-fish he's lookin' fur."

"I betcha," says I, "it's that detective Bulger."

"I betcha you're r-right," says Mark, and it turned out I was because in about ten minutes the two of them came out and walked down the street till they got a taxicab and off they went.

"Now what?" says I.

"There's t-two taxicabs in Paris," says Mark, and he whistled at another one that drove up to the curb and let us in, and Mark says to the driver, "F-foller that cab ahead."

"Commaw?" says the man, which means what are you talking about.

So Mark set in to wiggle his hands and make faces and get the idea of what he wanted to the driver, and pretty soon he grinned and jabbered and pointed, and Mark says, "That's the n-notion, Mister. You're s-smarter'n you look."

AND THEN we piled .n, just the four of us, because Mr. Tidd was back at the hotel in his room writing a letter, and that would take him all day. That cab went pretty fast and didn't act as if it cared who it ran into. All Paris cabs act like that. It scares you 'most to death till you get used to it, and then it keeps right on scaring you to death.

We went so fast we couldn't keep much track of where we were heading, but after a while we stopped and the driver poked his head around and says something, and we saw the other cab ahead of us standing by the curb, and Town and Bulger were getting out of it. They went and sat down on some chairs in front of a café, and we went and stood just around the corner where we could keep an eye on them.

"Say," says I, "we've been here before. There's that cathedral."

"Sacré-Coeur," says Mark.

"Call it whatever you want to," says I. "And we were in that café across the street there."

"Sure," says Mark.

Well, the pair of them sat there quite a while and then they got up and went across the street and looked in at the door of the café where we ate, and they stood there quite a while. All at once Town grabbed the detective by the arm, and it looked as if he'd tumble over. And then he turned and almost ran back across the street to where they had been sitting.

Then they talked with their heads pretty close together, and all at once Town jumped up and waved his arm at a cab and got into it.

"Binney," says Mark, "you and Tallow git a cab and follow him. Plunk and me'll s-stay here and watch Bulger."

So off they went and we kept on staying out of sight but we kept our eyes on the detective. He sat there maybe five minutes and then went across the street and into the café.

"He don't know us," says Mark. "So we kin come out into the open."

"Sure," says I, "where he can get a crack at us if he wants to."

"What would he want to for?" says Mark.

"How should I know?" says I. "But 'most everybody you get us mixed up with does want to take a crack at us."

"Huh," says Mark, "let's s-s-stroll past and see what he's up to."

So we walked past the door kind of lazy and uninterested, and we could see Mr. Bulger sitting at a table and ordering something to eat.

"He's got a good j-job," says Mark. "I wisht I had a job where I had to go into r-r-restaurants and eat."

"Nothing to stop you," says I.

"Well," says he, "I could do with a snack."

So we went in and sat down and ordered some more eggs, and pretty soon the waiter we talked to before came out of the kitchen with a plate of eggs for Mr. Bulger and they kind of talked to each other for a spell.

"I betcha," says I, "that waiter's mixed into the plot."

"Mebby so," says Mark, "and mebby not. We dassen't jump to no conclusions. If he's in it, what made Town come to this door and l-l-look in so careful? And what made him grab at Bulger when he s-s-seen suthin?"

"I dunno," says I.

"Wisht we could hear what they're s-s-sayin'," says Mark.

"Well," says I, "we can't. So that's that."

"Eat your aigs," says he, "and don't be s-s-starin' so. They'll git onto it that we're watchin' 'em."

"How," says I, "are you going to watch anybody if you don't look at him?"

WELL, Bulger kept talking to the waiter, but the waiter didn't say much back to him and just listened and nodded once in a while. I thought maybe Bulger was giving him directions or something like that. You could hear their voices but they talked so low you couldn't make out what they were saying. But pretty soon Bulger got up and then we heard him say, "Well, you think it over. It's a better job than this and more money."

"But I don't want to leave Paris," says the waiter.

"A man'll go anywhere for the money," says Bulger, "and you look like just the man I need in my business."

"How do you know that?" says the waiter.

"I'm a judge of human nature," says Bulger. "So you think it over and I'll come back here at, say, six o'clock, and you have your mind made up. And if you want the job, be ready to come with me then."

Mark kind of blinked when Bulger went out and says, "It don't make no sense."

"Aren't you going to follow Bulger?" I says.

"No," says Mark. "We know where he'll be at s-s-six o'clock. But what's he offerin' this f-f-feller a job for? Is he a-goin' to make him a kind of a assistant detective, or what? And why away from Paris? It's kind of f-f-fishy."

"It's all kind of fishy," says I.

"Well," he says, "you got up this mornin' with f-f-fish on your mind, didn't ye? What I want to do is go s-somewheres where it's quiet and think about things."

"Some place where we can eat?" says I, kind of sarcastic.

"You need to eat m-more," says Mark, "and what you ought to order is b-brain food."

He did quite a lot of thinking and not very much talking till it got kind of monotonous. Then he says, "Well, we know this m-much. Suthin's goin' on. This waiter's m-mixed up in it. And Bulger's offered him s-s-some kind of a job out of t-town. He'll be back here at s-six, and p-prob'ly with a car. If we're a-goin' to s-see this through, we got to be back here at six, and we got to have a car to follow 'em with."

"To where?" says I.

"To the North Pole, if they g-go there," says Mark. "And what we got to do is to find a car we kin r-r-rent that's drove by a driver that kin t-t-talk English."

It wasn't so awful hard to find one like that, because the feller in uniform at the hotel says he could have one for us whenever we wanted it; so we told him to have one there at half-past five.

"Shall we take Binney and Tallow?" says I.

"No," says he, "they got to k-keep on watchin' that feller Town."

The upshot of that was that we went out to our car at half-past five, and it was a nice big limousine with a driver all in a uniform and everything, and Mark says, "Do you t-talk English?" and the driver says, "Sure, Mike. I was born talkin' English."

"You're American," says Mark.

"Born in Michigan," says the driver.

"That's where I come f-f-from," says Mark. "Wicksville."

And then the driver says he come from Ionia, and was in the war and got wounded and all, and kind of decided to stay a while; so he got him a job, and had kept right on having it ever since. He was married, he said, and calculated to live in Paris the rest of his life because he kind of liked it. His name was Tom Doppy.

"Well," says Mark, "we got to go up to Sacré-Coeur, and p-prob'ly there'll be another car that some men 'll git in and we got to f-foller 'em."

"What's up?" says Tom Doppy. "What you kids gettin' mixed into?"

"He's always getting us mixed into something," I says, "but there's no use arguing. He just goes ahead regardless."

"Then," says Tom, "I got to stick around to see you don't come to any harm. Pile in and we'll get started."

We drove up to the café and waited a half block away, and a little after six out came Bulger and the waiter with a suit case and they got into another car and off they went. We trailed right behind them all the way through Paris and out into the Bois de Boulogne and past the race track and out towards Versailles and Malmaison, which belonged to the Josephine who was Napoleon's wife. It looked as if we were in for a long journey.

Then, all of a sudden, the car stopped in a lot of woods and we stopped quite a ways back of them, and pretty soon two men got out and fiddled around, and the next we knew they lugged out a third man who was all tied up so he couldn't walk. And they carried him into the woods.

(To be continued in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Coming Later—

"EUNAMTUCK SLIPS HIS HANDCUFFS"
By George Bruce Marquis

"THE GREASE MONKEY"
By Richard Howells Watkins

"WHAT MAKES IT FLY?" By Alexander Klemin

Because the merger of the Youth's Companion with THE AMERICAN BOY has made heavy demands on our space, we're regretfully postponing these three titles, scheduled originally for this issue. They'll be in the magazine soon.

Watch for 'em!

"Rock Along!" *(Continued from page 19)*

yells, either, 'One hip,' 'Two hips,' or 'Three hips.' Then the team goes into formation, the quarter gives the proper number of 'Hips' and the ball is snapped. There was a question of the legality of this, because it's against the rules to draw the other team offside intentionally. But since the quarterback, early in the game, gave successive plays using each of the three starters, he had warned the other team to expect them all. If he had used one all through the game and then suddenly switched to the other, he might have been guilty of violating the rules.

"But there's a danger in using any of these systems. Suppose, in a crisis, your own team got confused and started at the wrong time—or part of the men stood flat-footed when the ball was snapped. The play might be ruined. Tech believes in one formation and one starting signal. It's safer. And if your team is drilled to execute the play correctly, you'll get the jump on the other fellow."

As the coach talks, the Yellow Jacket begins to take character. A team well taught. A running, smashing team. Not given to passing—only once or twice during the season has she resorted to the air, and then she's been successful. A heady, alert, defensive team—even Alabama's wily deception hadn't fooled her long.

"What have you been able to learn about California?" you ask. You're hopeful of learning just how a team gets its advance information.

The coach smiles a bit ruefully. "Not much," he admits. "We were selected for the Rose Bowl game late in November, after California had finished her season. We weren't able to scout 'em. California scouted us in our game with the University of Georgia, December 8."

He produced a multigraphed pamphlet filled with diagrams.

"This contains our idea of California plays," he says. "I got the information from letters. Hundreds of letters—unsolicited—from Tech friends in California who had seen California play. Most of the information wasn't reliable because the writers weren't trained observers. A lot of it was contradictory. We finally concluded that if three letters agreed on a thing, it was probably so."

The pamphlet reveals some fifteen Golden Bear plays. They show two formations aside from the punt formation. (See diagrams of California formations.) In one there are two linemen on one side of center and four on the other. In the second the line is unbalanced one and five, with the end and tackle on the strong side several places out from the rest. Three backfield men are staggered behind the strong side and one halfback is outside and back of tackle.

The plays showed Lom off tackle, Lom around end, Lom faking runs and passing, Lom back in kicking formation. Benny Lom, the tricky runner, the bullet-passer, the high-and-far punter—the boy who has to be stopped if Tech is to win!

There are variations, with Schmidt, fullback, bucking the line, and Lee Eisan, quarter, and Stan Barr, half, carrying the ball on reverses, or Phillips, All-American end, taking a short pass and tossing a lateral to Barr. The plays look tricky, hard to stop.

Coach Alexander doesn't seem worried.

"You'll be able to see, on New Year's Day, how correct that dope is," he says, pointing to the pamphlet and smiling.

DURING the long trip through Texas and Arizona the squad plays cards, naps and does as it pleases, within the rules. At stops, the men trot up and down platforms, throw desert gourds at each other or gather cactus leaves for dark and sinister reasons. At intervals, they study the multigraphed pamphlets of California plays. There are no skull sessions.

Doctor Riley watches the squad closely for signs of ill health.

"They're not drinking enough water," he decides.

(Continued on page 40B)

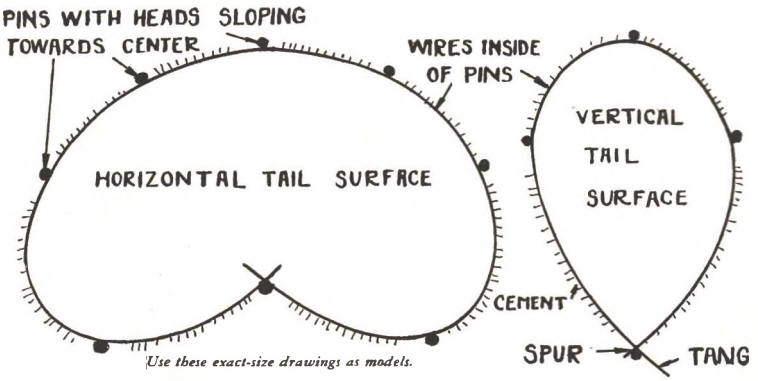
Build This New Baby R. O. G.

(Continued from page 12)

the wires without using so much that it spoils the paper by warping it. The glue should be kept carefully off the surfaces themselves.

When the glue is well dried, remove the pins and cement the spots you were unable to finish because of the pins. Let these spots dry, then trim the surfaces closely outside the wires.

Now, the motor stick or fuselage. Sand down one end of the motor stick as shown in Figure II—the tapered section is 1 1-2 in. long. Locate rear hook, thrust bearing and can as shown, press spurs into the wood, and cement all three. Cement all around the fuselage at the forward end, to gain additional strength.



Use these exact-size drawings as models.

The landing gear (Figure IV) is simple. Take the heavier 6 1-2 in. music wire, bend it according to the drawing and slip the wheels on to the axles. It's a good idea to apply a drop of cement to each side of each wheel first, incidentally, to strengthen it. The hole for the axle can then be punched through cement and balsa with a pin.

Once the wheels are in place, put "hub caps" of cement on the ends of the axles, to hold the wheels on. Cement the whole gear to the fuselage, about one inch behind the thrust bearing. The job's done!

Next, assemble the tail group or empennage. Take the rudder and insert the small spur into the fuselage, 1-8 in. back of the spur of the rear hook. Cement the longer wire-end, marked "tang," to the fuselage—take care that the rudder is in exactly vertical position.

THE stabilizer or horizontal tail is placed on the bottom of the fuselage. Lay the tail on your waxed paper, wire side up. Put drops of cement on the wire at the angle and at the exact center of the opposite edge; lay the fuselage in position, press it firmly in place and allow the glue to dry. *Be sure that the fuselage is exactly centered above the tail surface.*

Now for the propeller. If you're using a kit, you will have a ready-carved "prop," needing only sanding and insertion of the propeller shaft, as directed in the kit. If you want to carve your own propeller, however, here's the way to do it:

On the broad surfaces of the balsa block, 7-16 in. x 9-16 in. x 5 in., draw diagonals as shown in Figure III. At the intersection of the diagonals, push a pin through the block for the propeller shaft hole. Now carve out the center sections of the block as shown in the second drawing, leaving the middle or hub section about 1-8 in. thick.

Next, draw a diagonal across the end of the block as shown in the second drawing. On the other end draw a diagonal in the *opposite direction*. Carve the block away above the two diagonals, as shown in the third drawing.

The next step is to cut away the wood below the diagonals. This is delicate work, and at all times requires a very sharp knife. When the blades are pretty thin—say 1-16 in.—drop the knife and use sandpaper to get them down to 1-32 in. and the hub to about 1-16 in. Round off the ends if you wish.

The final step is to cut away the hub section so that the blades are wider at the tip than at the center—their greatest width should be about two-thirds of the way from the hub to the tip.

The propeller is ready, now, for the shaft. Take the shaft and push it through from the straight edge. Bend the protruding end into a U and pull it back so that the small end of the U is imbedded in the prop, then put cement around the hub to hold the shaft firm and strengthen the hub. Holding the whole thing by the shaft, find out whether the two blades balance exactly; if they don't, sand the heavier blade to the proper weight.

You're ready for the final assembly. Insert the prop shaft through the bearing at the front of the fuselage, having the washers in place as shown. Attach the two-strand rubber motor to the shaft hook and the rear hook, passing it through the can. Clip the wing on about two-thirds of the way from the front of the fuselage—

And your Baby R. O. G.'s ready to start flying!

First, though, you'll need to know something about the things that will make it fly most successfully. One is wash-in and wash-out. This is a twisting of the wings to counteract the torque of the propeller. The unwinding propeller, naturally, tends to bank the plane in the direction opposite to its turning. So you twist the left wing so that its leading edge is slightly higher at the tip than at the center—this is wash-in—and the right wing so that its tip is slightly lower, to give it wash-out. Breathe on the cemented joints of the wing to soften the glue slightly, twisting the wing in the right direction as you breathe. When the glue hardens again in a few seconds, the wing will retain its twist.

Aerodynamically you've thus increased the lift of the left wing and decreased that of the right. Thus you will offset the tendency of the prop to twist the plane to the left; properly done, this will perfectly balance the ship in flight.

Now test the model by gliding it. Twist the rudder slightly to the left, hold the plane shoulder-high with its nose pointing downward at an angle of 30 degrees from the vertical, and let it drop. If the wing is properly adjusted, the model will level off and come to the floor in a nice three-point landing, eight feet or more from you. If the wing is too far forward the ship will level off too soon and start to rise, then settle back in a "stall" and "tail slide." If it's too far back, it will dive directly to the floor. Experiment until it glides smoothly and evenly.

Then, holding the ship in your left hand, propeller toward you, wind the propeller with your right fore-finger—give it about 150 turns in a clockwise direction. To launch it, hold it level, shoulder-high, one hand preventing the propeller from turning; release the propeller so that the motor starts unwinding, then give the whole plane a slight push with the other hand—and off she'll soar!

As you get accustomed to flying the model, you can do all kinds of things with it. By setting the rudder you can make it fly in very small circles—small enough to get good flights in your own parlor. By adjustment of the wing you can make it climb rapidly or slowly; you can make it loop; you can work out other stunts with it. And of course it will take off the ground, or the dining room table, and land as beautifully as a Ford tri-motor!

You're going to have a lot of fun with this model. More than that, you're going to learn the fundamental principles of aerodynamics; and you're going to prepare yourself to build the progressively bigger and longer-flying ships to be described to you by THE AMERICAN BOY. You can get an honor certificate too, for flying the ship more than 45 seconds—send ten cents in stamps to League headquarters together with a statement signed by an adult witness that your Baby R. O. G. has accomplished this, and you'll get the certificate.

JOIN THE LEAGUE!

Invite Your Friends to Join

If you're not already a member of the A. M. L. A., send this coupon in to headquarters, properly filled out, with a two-cent stamp, and you'll get your membership card and button which will entitle you to all League privileges. If you are already a member, it's not necessary to renew the membership—League officers have made special arrangements to extend all old memberships indefinitely.

AIRPLANE MODEL LEAGUE OF AMERICA

....., 192..

AIRPLANE MODEL LEAGUE OF AMERICA
American Boy Building
Second and Lafayette Blvds.
Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:

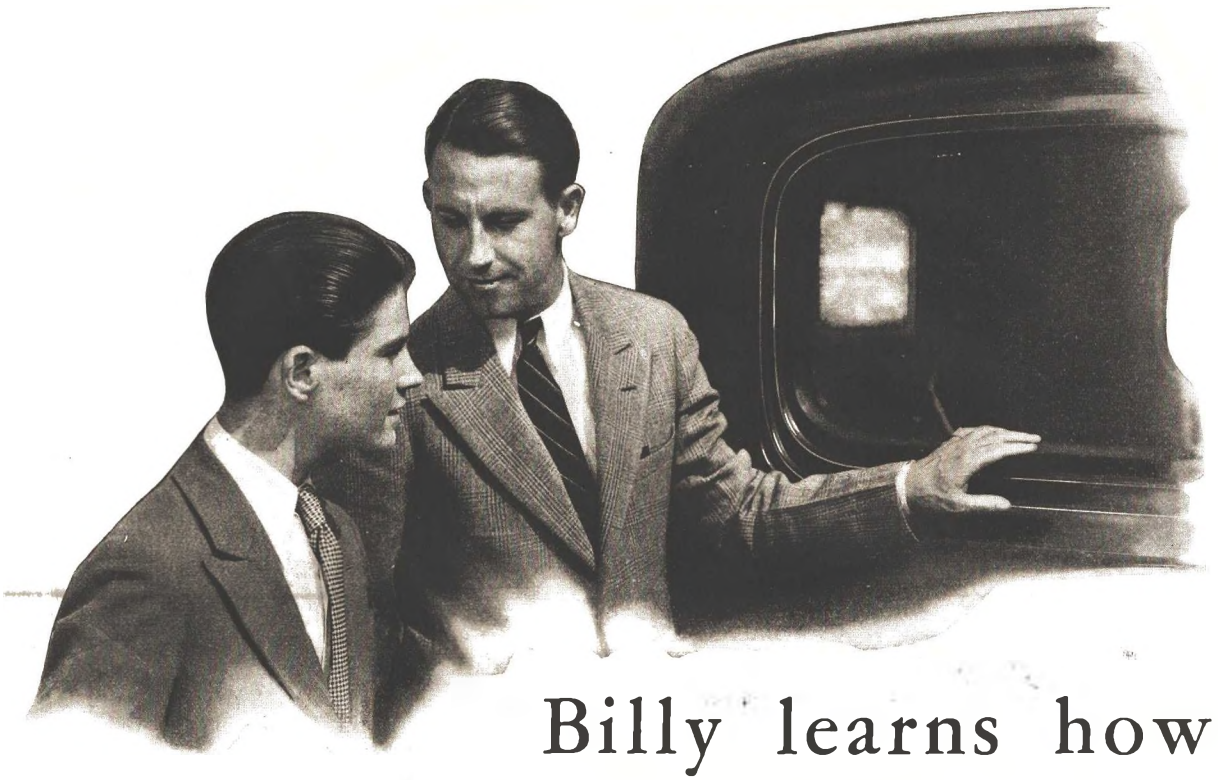
I wish to join the A. M. L. A. in order to have the backing of Commander Byrd and other air-leaders in my airplane model work, to get the help of Merrill Hamburg in building record-smashing models, and to learn about national contests, purchase of kits and other League privileges. Please enroll me as a member. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover postage on my membership card and button.

Full Name .....

Age .....

Street and Number .....

City..... State.....

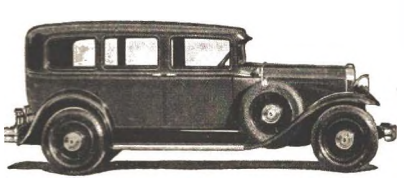


Billy learns how Fisher artisans capture beauty smartness and style

Buick Dealer (strolling over to Billy, who is admiring new 1930 Buick sedan parked at the curb): Well, Billy, what do you think of it?

Billy: Gee! I think it's the smartest looking car I ever saw in my life. And everybody else is saying the same thing! Its looks are every bit as snappy as its performance—and that's saying a heap!

Buick Dealer: Well, after all, there's every reason why they should be, Billy. For no body builder in the world enjoys such advantages as Fisher, who builds these Buick bodies. No other builder controls so completely all its sources of supply; no other maintains such a staff of expert designers and engineers; no other has manufacturing facilities even to compare with Fisher's. Nothing is left to guesswork, either in the design or manufacture of these bodies.



Billy: Still, I don't see how a job like body designing can be entirely free from guesswork. There aren't any hard and fast rules, are there?

Buick Dealer: Rules? I should say there are, Billy! Rules of proportion and color harmony and good taste—rules just as rigid as any rule in arithmetic! And in addition, there are constantly-changing trends in design which have to be studied and considered. All that takes organization. Fisher designers keep in constant touch with design tendencies both here and abroad. What you see in this Buick is the application of their findings to American requirements—always in accordance with very definite rules of design, as you must realize from the way the car has taken hold!

Billy: Well, I guess I see that, after all. Anyhow, they've put *some bodies* on these new Buicks! Just look at all the improvements!

Buick Dealer: Yes, sir! Beautiful new steel paneling—new non-glare windshield—new weatherstripping around the doors—new seals around pedal holes—new wearproof upholstery and luxurious new hardware and fittings. Go beneath the surface and you find steel-reinforced frame joints, coated with non-drying cement or wound with friction tape, to prevent squeaks and rattles. You find the entire frame waterproofed and baked, to insure lasting tightness in all climates. You find new and stronger roof construction, and new padding of fresh wool and cotton in the cushions.

Billy: And besides all that, you get *some chassis* when you buy a Buick!

Buick Dealer: That's what you do, Billy! There's nothing to compare with it. A wonderful new Valve-in-Head engine developing nearly 100 horsepower—marvelous new internal-expanding brakes—new feathertouch steering gear and new Road Shock Eliminator—four new Lovejoy Duodraulic Shock Absorbers with new, longer rear springs . . . all this in addition to such established Buick superiorities as torque tube drive, sealed chassis, and sturdy double-drop frame! Yes, sir, the matchless resources of the Buick and Fisher organizations enable Buick to give more quality for the same money—or the same quality for less money—than any other builder in the business!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont. Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Dog Biscuit

(Continued from page 23)

the twinkle in her eyes.

"Well, try him out, and if he doesn't follow orders you can tan the hide off him," Mr. Graham said as he left the cook shack.

"Niver you worry about that — I'll attind to this young cub," Mrs. Riley replied. Then, to Bill, "By the look av yer face, lad, I can see that you're hungry. Set yerself down, and I'll start ye t'work by gittin' some groceries in yer stummick. Ain't much, but it'll hold ye till supper time."

Cold ham and potato salad. Two gallons, more or less, of iced tea. Half a loaf of bread, paved with plenty of butter. More cold ham and then, to finish off, a slice of watermelon three times bigger than a locomotive wheel. "Whoof!" Bill Hawkins groaned and loosened his belt two notches. If the grub was always like this, mining was certainly the life for him!

WHILE he was eating, Mrs. Riley explained his duties. "When thim muckers gits in here," she was saying, "ye'll have to step lively, lad. Food is their life work—and ye've got to jump and git 'em whatever they yell fer. After the battle, yer job is givin' the dishes a bath and settin' 'em out fer the next meal. And wan more thing—keep thim screen doors shut tight, or you and the flies both gits swatted. Flies is wan thing I—look at that varmint!"

Startled, Bill turned and looked through the back door of the cook shack. There, framed through the screen, he saw a pair of long, furry ears, mounted on a face as solemn and wise-looking as an old antiquarian's. From the fuzzy face dangled a wisp of potato peeling. A wild jackass! A four-legged Arizona dog biscuit!

Mrs. Riley grabbed a broom and shook it at the garbage thief. "Shoo—git!" she exclaimed.

With one frightened snort the jackass kicked up his heels and was out of sight in less than ten seconds.

"Curse thim jacks!" fumed Mrs. Riley. "Ye can't keep 'em away. That's another work fer ye, lad—shooin' thim varmints. First thing ye know they'll be eatin' off the stove."

Bill Hawkins laughed. "I'll keep 'em shooed away, Mrs. Riley," he promised. "Maybe I'll tame a couple of 'em, and give you one for a present."

"If ye do, lad, we'll cook him up fer a rabbit stew."

Within three days, Bill Hawkins was a first-class flunky. At mealtimes thirty hungry men came up out of the earth and swarmed into Mrs. Riley's mess-house to sit at long wooden tables and eat everything in sight except knives, forks, spoons, plates, and each other. Half of them were Mexicans, and Bill soon learned a little Spanish. When one of them called out, "*Muchacho — más café!*" Bill would grab an empty pitcher and fill it with good, steaming coffee. If one of them said, "*Gracias,*" Bill had learned to answer, "*No hay de que* — you're welcome."

Cactus Copper's flunky did his work well, except for one thing. Mrs. Riley had told him to keep the wild burros away from the cook shack, but Bill Hawkins had a scheme. Every once in a while he would sneak a carrot or a handful of raw spinach out of the kitchen and put it on the ground nearby. Attracted by this new item on their menu, the long-eared visitors became more numerous.

"Hivvin be praised," said Mrs. Riley one day, "thim burros is gittin' thicker'n flies!"

Bill noticed that one young burro, bolder than the rest, usually got the vegetable prize. He was nearly always in sight, with one eye on the cook shack, and whenever Bill stepped outside the jackass would start walking slowly toward him, sniffing with his nostrils and waggling his long, idiotic ears. But he would not come and eat the food until Bill went back into the cook shack.

Remembering what Mr. Graham had said about the fate that lay in store for wild burros in Phoenix, Bill named his cautious four-legged friend "Dog Biscuit." And to fend off the depression that often came upon him when he had time to reflect upon how much he'd prefer mining to spud-peeling, he devoted many spare moments to getting acquainted with Dog Biscuit.

AFTER A WHILE the burro would come up to within twenty feet of Cactus Copper's flunky, curling back his upper lip to show that he liked green vegetables, but snorting quietly at the same time to express his distrust of two-legged folks. "Come on, Dog Biscuit," Bill would coax him. "Here's a lettuce salad for you. Come on—don't be a jackass."

And then one day, happening to look at the wire fence that surrounded Mrs. Riley's pork factory, not very far from the cook shack, Bill Hawkins got the big scheme. That fence was nearly as high as his head, and it had been made strong so that, when rubbing against it to scratch their lazy backs, the hogs would not break it down.

Bill chuckled to himself. He spoke to half a dozen hams-on-the-hoof, who were lying about in the pen, complaining to each other in grunt language, about the Arizona heat. "Hogs," said Bill, "maybe you're going to have company. If this idea works out, you're going to have a guest!"

After that, Bill put Dog Biscuit's breakfast, lunch, and dinner just outside the fence around the pork factory, and the burro continued to be right on time for meals. Banquets were banquets, wherever served, and Dog Biscuit wasn't afraid of hogs. In fact, he had a poor opinion of hogs. They were clumsy, useless animals, not half so smart as burros.

"That proves you're a jackass," Bill announced the first time Dog Biscuit ate his supper close to the hogpen. "If you knew the plans I've got for you, old fellow, you'd go on a diet. You'd give up vegetables and go back to eating scenery like you used to."

Dog Biscuit paid no attention. He merely looked thoughtful and continued his task of putting a head of lettuce where it would do the most good. He was getting fatter and fatter, and less afraid of two-legged folks.

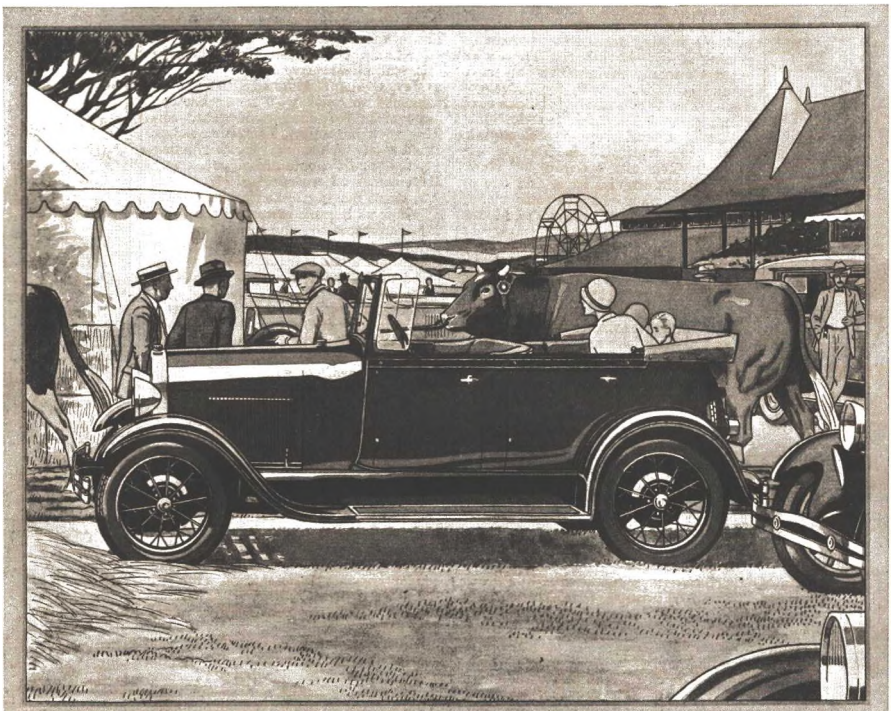
Meanwhile, Bill Hawkins' yearning to be a mining engineer was growing steadily stronger. One night after supper he talked with Mr. Graham about it.

"Well, son," the superintendent said, "mining is a great game, and it's brought the world a lot of wealth. It's not an easy life, Bill, and maybe you wouldn't ever make much money at it. But it's an honest life, just like farming is. The farmer and the miner both get their living out of the ground, and both of 'em have to sweat to get it. Both of 'em have to take a chance, too. The farmer's crop may be ruined by floods or drought or wind—and the miner may lose out by digging in the wrong place." Mr. Graham took a couple of puffs on his pipe. "One thing about mining—it keeps you in God's out-of-doors most of the time. You're not cooped up in a city, like a goldfish in a bowl. And another thing—you meet a lot of big, fine men in this game. Men like President Hoover. He started as a mining engineer. You're set on being one too, eh?"

(Continued on page 36)

CONSIDER THE UNSEEN VALUES

when you buy a motor car



THE NEW FORD PHAETON

Unusual number of ball and roller bearings in new Ford contributes to smoothness, reliability, economy and long life

IN MANNER of manufacture, as in performance, there is much that is distinctive about the new Ford. Principally it concerns the unseen values which have such a great bearing on economy, reliability and long life. Fundamentally it is an expression of the Ford policy and the Ford method of building a motor car.

In designing the new Ford, we decided first on the kind of car we wanted to make. Many months were then devoted to the designing of new machines and new manufacturing methods which would enable us to sell it at a price within reach of all the people. The production of such a car at such a low price is even more unusual than the car itself.

Not in exterior things only, but throughout the new Ford you find the same high quality of materials and exact, careful workmanship. Prominent among its unseen values is the extensive use of ball and roller bearings.

There are more than twenty of these in the new Ford—an unusually large number. In type and kind they are carefully selected for the work they have to do and are as adequate in size as in number.

Being comparable to the jewels of a fine watch, they prevent unnecessary friction and wear, contribute to smoothness and quiet, reduce up-keep costs and add thousands of miles to the life of the car.

Studying the operation of these bearings you can see their value to every Ford owner. Steering is made easier and safer because of the roller bearings in the steering gear and because the weight of the car is carried on roller bearings in the front wheels and front axle king pins. The uniformly good performance of the Ford rear axle is due largely to the roller bearings on the rear axle pinion and the differential. These are held to such close limits that adjustment is unnecessary.

From the engine-to-the-road, in fact, the entire drive of the Ford on all forward speeds is wholly on anti-friction ball and roller bearings. In addition to smoother operation, this saves gasoline, gives the car more speed and power in first and second speeds, decreases noise, and increases the durability and efficiency of the transmission gears.

Similar good results are apparent also in the drive shaft, the generator—wherever ball and roller bearings are used.

There are definite reasons, therefore, for the smooth-running, alert performance of the Ford, and for its unusual economy, reliability and long life. Throughout it has been built to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

(*Continued from page 34*)

"I sure am, Mr. Graham. I'd—I'd like to get some sort of mine job as soon as I can. Could you use me somewhere now?"

Mr. Graham shook his head with a kindly laugh. "You stick to Mrs. Riley for a while yet. The mine's no place for a spindling kid, Bill."

"I'm weighing quite a lot these days," Bill persisted. "And aging quite a lot, too," he added with a grin.

"Fine," chuckled the mine boss. "It's age and weight you need before you tackle a mining job. But you can be getting ready. Look here. There's an extra cot in my cabin. You can move in and bunk there with me. I've got some books on mining that you can read at night, and I'll show you the blueprints of Cactus Copper and explain what we're trying to do down underground. You can learn a lot about mining right around here, and one of these days, when you get some money saved up, you can hit college and learn the rest of it. But just remember one thing; if you bunk with me, you keep your half of the cabin clean or I'll throw your pants out while you're wearing 'em. What do you say?"

For a couple of seconds Bill was too pleased to say anything. "That would be great," he finally answered. "You're might kind to me."

"Forget it," the mine boss returned gruffly. "Go get your gear and rig it up in my shack. Some day soon we'll take time to go down and look over this mine you're so crazy about."

BILL HAWKINS' first trip into the workings of Cactus Copper was an education in the romance of mining. First of all he put on a pair of heavy "jumpers" and a waterproof fisherman's hat. Then he was given a small lamp.

"These lamps are filled with calcium carbide, saturated with water," Mr. Graham explained. "The moisture gives off a gas that burns like a small acetylene torch."

Soon they were in the "cage," being lowered down the shaft into the earth. The patch of blue sky overhead grew smaller and smaller until it was only a tiny speck that gave no light in the shaft. The smell of wet rock and sulphur came to Bill's nostrils. Then, out of the inky darkness through which they were descending, there appeared a lighted cavern. The cage stopped.

"We're down eight hundred feet. This is where the first crosscut starts," the superintendent said. "This tunnel goes in three hundred feet to the ore body."

He pulled the signal cord, and the cage started down again. Four hundred feet below the first crosscut opening they passed another, and finally, two hundred feet lower still, the cage came to a stop in a third big tunnel opening.

"All out!" Mr. Graham ordered. "Fourteen-hundred level."

Fourteen hundred feet underground! A quarter of a mile in the earth. Bill felt a little shaky as he stepped out of the cage to the floor of the tunnel. Most of the ground was covered with water six inches deep or more. Water dripped from the rock ceiling of the tunnel. It was hot and wet down there, like a Turkish bath. The sweat ran down Bill's face and got into his eyes.

"What's that big engine?" Bill shouted. You had to shout; the machinery was making so much noise.

"The pumps!" Mr. Graham yelled back. "Pumping water out of the mine—nine hundred gallons a minute. Water flows into these tunnels all the time from cracks in the rock, and if we didn't keep pumping it out it would drown the mine—fill it clear up to the surface with water. But all the water in the mine comes down the tunnel slopes, on down right here into that sump." The superintendent pointed to a big well beside the pumping machinery. "And then we force it up to the surface and out into the Agua Fria. Come along—we're heading into the tunnel."

Bill Hawkins followed his guide into the darkness ahead. They had to stoop low to keep from bumping the rock overhead. The light from their carbide lamps cast long shadows on the wet walls. A little way into the tunnel there was a turn to the left, and when they had passed it Bill discovered that the noise of the pumps was gone and that it was quieter than a graveyard.

"What would happen," Bill asked, "if this rock should cave in?"

Mr. Graham laughed. "We'd be squashed so quick we'd never know it happened. No danger of that, son. This rock is tough. You learn not to think about such things, working underground, or it would drive you crazy. Here comes an ore car."

A faint moving light up ahead grew brighter as it came toward them. Two Mexicans were shoving a small car that ran on narrow-gauge steel tracks along the tunnel floor. Bill and the mine boss stood aside to let them pass, and then walked on.

Soon the tunnel widened into another big cavern. Mr. Graham turned his carbide lamp so that its light fell on rock that glistened like gold.

"Copper ore," he said to Bill. "This is the vein. This is what we're digging for. The ore body is thirty feet wide, and it runs all the way up to the surface, but we don't know how deep it goes, and that's what we're trying to find out."

THEY PLUNGED into the tunnel again and sloshed along on the wet rock floor. Pretty soon Bill heard a steady tat - tat - tat - tat, coming from somewhere up ahead and growing louder as they advanced. "That's a diamond drill you hear," Bill's guide explained. "We're near the face of the tunnel."

Half a minute later they reached the end of the underground trail. By the light of a big carbide lamp two men were working with a diamond drill. The noise was deafening, louder than that of a machine gun. Seeing Mr. Graham, the man who was holding the drill shut it off, and everything was so quiet that you could hear your heart beating.

"How's it going, Karl?" the superintendent asked.

"Everyt'ing iss fine, Mister Graham. Der drill iss cutting like cheese, und purty soon ve setting der charges und blowing away anodder twenty foot."

The Swede put his shoulder to the drill and started it again. Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat! It shook like a tiger with a chill as it shoved a one-inch hole deep into the solid rock.

"Say—" Bill shouted into the superintendent's ear. "That's the job I'd like to have!"

"You're crazy—that's too much for you, son," the tall man shouted. "Five minutes of that, and your teeth would be jarred down into your shoes. Come on, let's get out. You're sweating off about two pounds every minute."

By the time they stepped out of the cage into the blinding Arizona sunlight once more, it seemed to Bill Hawkins that half of him had melted away in the workings of Cactus Copper, but the remaining half was more than ever determined to become a mining man.

Back in the cook shack, manicuring spuds, Bill Hawkins thought less than ever of the flunky job. Anybody could be a flunky. Surely, skinny though he was, he could do something a little tougher than that. Maybe he couldn't buck a drill yet, but he could drive the supply truck in to Phoenix every day.

He had mentioned this idea to Mr. Graham on the way back from the mine, but the superintendent had only smiled and said, "Wait till you get some

more beef on that skeleton of yours, son. Wrestling that truck through the desert would be more than you could handle. You stick to what you're doing for a while yet—that's an important job. If you and Mrs. Riley didn't keep everybody's stomach happy, Cactus Copper would have to shut down."

Well, that was that. Bill speared another potato with his paring knife, and was working on it when a slight noise made him look up. Outside the screen door he saw a pair of long gray ears, standing at attention and turned toward the inside of the cook shack.

"Howdy, jackass," said the potato artist. *"Buenas noches.* Your supper isn't ready yet, but hang around if you crave to. You look just about ripe to me—maybe we'll have a party to-night."

THAT EVENING, when the golden desert sunset had faded to gray and when stars had begun to blink here and there, Mr. Graham sat at a table in his cabin, working at a column of figures. Bill Hawkins was usually in the cabin at this time, too, studying a book on geology that the boss had loaned him; but to-night Bill was missing.

Mr. Graham had just about figured the total cost of each foot of Cactus Copper tunnel when his arithmetic was scattered forty ways by a chorus of screams, squeals, grunts, and shouts, coming from somewhere near the cook shack, louder than three sawmills gone crazy.

"Holy smoke—something has sure busted loose!" The superintendent grabbed his hat and started on a run toward the riot.

As he ran he heard Bill Hawkins' voice: "Hoopla! Hooray—it worked!"

Close to the hogpen, Mr. Graham skidded to a stop in front of Bill Hawkins, who was doing an eccentric Indian dance and wearing a grin that hid his face.

Inside the fence a four-legged cyclone was at work, scattering Mrs. Riley's pet hams right and left and squealing louder than the loudest hog!

Mr. Graham's mouth dropped open and his eyes bulged with amazement. "Well, I'll be a second son of a last year's bird's nest!" he exclaimed. "Pluck me for a grapefruit if the kid hasn't caught a jack! Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun! How'd you do it, kid?"

The burro-tamer quit grinning for a minute and explained: "I've been baiting him with vegetables for a long time now. A little while ago I started setting 'em out by the hogpen here. To-night I left the gate open and put the Biscuit's supper inside the pen. While he was inside, eating, I sneaked up and slammed the gate shut—and there he is!"

Bill Hawkins' face beamed with a hunter's pride.

"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" the superintendent repeated. "What're you goin' to do with him now?"

"Ride him," said Bill.

"Ride him!" Mr. Graham started to laugh. He laughed harder and harder, until he had to sit down on the ground and hold his stomach. "Ride that jackass? That's a good one! Did you ever try riding a wild jackass? Did you ever sit on a keg of dynamite? Boy, your troubles have only begun!"

Just then Mrs. Riley appeared on the scene, looking worried and puffing like a porpoise. "Name o' hivven, Mister Graham, phwat's went wrong? Phwat's that runnin' around inside—git that varmint out av my hogpen! How the divvil did he git in there?"

Bill Hawkins felt himself shrinking like a pair of woolen socks. He hadn't thought about Mrs. Riley!

The superintendent smiled. "He flew in, Mrs. Riley. That's a flying jackass. Very rare."

Mrs. Riley frowned. "Well, wan av you better fly him right out agin! The nerve av you two lads—puttin' on a three-ring circus in my hogpen!"

"Aw, come now, Mrs. Riley," the mine boss coaxed. "Be a good girl—let us keep him there for a while. Bill and I are goin' to make a race horse out of him. He won't bother your hogs. See—he's quieted down already."

Dog Biscuit was standing still now, breathing hard and trembling with fright.

Mrs. Riley surrendered. She turned and walked back toward the messhouse. "Saints be praised," she mumbled, shaking her head, "this here camp is gittin' crazier and crazier. Tamin' burros, mind ye! Thim poor hogs'll git thin as rails, worryin'."

Bill and the mine boss looked at each other and grinned. "Well, we won that battle," Mr. Graham announced. "We tamed the wild Irishman. Wait here till I get back."

He disappeared in the direction of the cabin, and came back two minutes later with a blanket and a long rope. "Come on inside the pen," he directed. "We'll hobble that overgrown jack rabbit to make sure he doesn't get away. Here—take this blanket. When I get him roped, throw the blanket over his head."

THE SUPERINTENDENT tied a bight in the end of the rope, and pulled the rope through it to form a crude lariat. He walked toward Dog Biscuit, who hacked into a corner of the hogpen. Mr. Graham swung the loop around his head a couple of times, and then let go of it. Swish!—it fell over the burro's ears and tightened around his neck.

Dog Biscuit screamed a long, loud scream of fright and leaped around like a hooked trout until Bill got the blanket over his head. Then the Biscuit stood still, quivering, wondering what would happen next.

With the other end of the rope the mine boss hobbled the burro's front feet with a few quick turns around his fetlocks. While he was cutting away the rest of the rope with his pocket knife, Bill pulled the blanket and the noose off the captive's head.

Dog Biscuit started to run—and almost fell on his nose.

"Take it easy, old-timer," Mr. Graham laughed. "You aren't going any place. Take your time." He turned to Bill. "To-morrow you can have Jake get a bridle for him in Phoenix, and we'll put a load on him so he'll get used to a weight on his back. Tell Jake to get you a parachute, too, so you can wear it when you try riding that whirlwind. Just try and stay on that jackass! Come on, burro-buster, time to turn in."

After they had gone, Dog Biscuit's ears drooped under a sudden weight of sorrow as he remembered how often his parents had warned him to beware of bipeds. He leaned against the hogpen fence and wept a jackass tear.

The following morning Bill Hawkins gave his order to the driver of the supply truck for a bridle and a couple of bales of hay. The driver looked disgusted.

"Next thing," he grunted, "you'll be wantin' to put that pet of yours on the pay roll. What's this layout gittin' to be, anyhow—a mine or a menagerie?"

The way to a burro's heart is a detour through his stomach. After a few days in Mrs. Riley's hogpen, Dog Biscuit began to bulge with hay and vegetables, and the more he bulged the more contented he became. He didn't approve of the fence that forced him to mingle with hogs and kept him from roaming as he had always done, but on the other hand meals were served right on time. The grub was good, and plenty of it.

After a while, when he saw Bill Hawkins coming toward the hogpen with an armload of burro fuel, the captive would trot over to the gate and greet him with a call very much like the last note from a dying trombone. He liked being scratched between the ears, and having his face rubbed, and he learned to poke his nose into Bill's shirt pocket, trying to get at the lump sugar there.

Cactus Copper began to joke about Bill Hawkins and his four-legged friend. "Him and that jackass is together so much av th' time ye can't hardly tell 'em apart," Mrs. Riley would say. "Look at the lad's ears—gittin' long an' furry."

Dog Biscuit got so he didn't mind the bridle and the pack on his back. Bill and Mr. Graham had loaded him with two sacks of sand, and when they had turned him loose he went crazy for a while, bucking and kicking and twisting in six different directions. But the mine boss had cinched the load with a good diamond hitch. It wouldn't shake off, and Dog Biscuit had to get used to it.

They started breaking him in. First they would put a gunny sack over the burro's head, to blindfold him. Then Bill would straddle him and Mr. Graham would lead him around the corral. With the blindfold on, Dog Biscuit was gentle as a kitten.

And then one evening, "Well, kid, how would you like to take up aviation?" the superintendent inquired. "Do you want to try him without the gunny sack this time?"

"Sure," Bill answered.

When Dog Biscuit had been blindfolded as usual, Bill Hawkins climbed aboard and took the bridle.

"All set for the take-off?" Mr. Graham asked.

"All set," the burro-buster echoed. Somehow he felt nervous.

"Contact!" Mr. Graham called out, pulling the gunny sack off the burro's head. "Let me hear from you when you come down, son—drop me a post card."

DOG BISCUIT just stood there, blinking his eyes in the daylight. Looking around over his shoulder and seeing Bill Hawkins astride of him, he laid his long ears back and sneered, jackass style. But nothing happened, and Bill smiled to himself. This was a cinch!

"Go on—move," he said, digging his heels lightly into the burro's flanks.

Dog Biscuit followed orders. He moved. All at once he seemed to collapse, and Bill found himself dropping like a fast elevator. But only for an instant—Dog Biscuit's legs bunched together and he shot into the air like a giant steel spring. Coming up, he met the seat of Bill's pants.

Missing a new world's altitude record by only a few inches, Bill Hawkins yielded to the law of gravity and, swooping downward, made a three-point landing square on top of the superintendent.

"Ooomph!" remarked Mr. Graham, collapsing into the dust of the hogpen with the aviator sprawled across his chest.

For two minutes the mine boss lay on his back and laughed until he wept, too weak to get up. At last, when he could speak, "Great stuff, kid!" he gasped. "You rode him like a cowpuncher, for all of half a second! You're goin' to have a rough time, son, taming that cyclone!"

Dog Biscuit, standing near-by and munching calmly on a wisp of hay, waggled his ears to show that he felt the same way about it.

True to Mr. Graham's prophecy, Bill Hawkins had a rough time, and during the next few days he did almost enough flying to qualify him for a pilot's license. He was bruised and battered and sprained, with most of the skin off his face from making forced landings—but he stuck to it. And the longer he stuck to it, the better he stuck to his cyclone; until at last, when every trick known to a leaping jackass could not shake Cactus Copper's flunky off his back, Dog Biscuit gave up the game.

He stood still and bowed his head in defeat, a busted burro.

Bill Hawkins taught his desert flivver to stop, to start, to turn left or right, to walk and to trot around Mrs. Riley's pork factory. Then he took him, for the first time, out into the open.

The burro-buster rode through the middle of camp, grinning and waving to the miners who were sprawled around outside the bunk houses. "Hooray for the kid!" they yelled, cheering the one-man parade.

A Mexican pointed at Bill with the stem of his pipe and called out, *"Mira—un burro con seis patas!"* and everybody laughed.

"What did he say about me?" Bill Hawkins wanted to know.

Mr. Graham quit laughing and translated. "The Mex said, 'Look—a six-legged jackass!'"

After that, Cactus Copper's six-legged jackass made many a long trip into the desert that surrounded the camp. Astride of Dog Biscuit, Bill traveled many miles over sandy wastes dotted with sahuaro, prickly pear, and a hundred other kinds of cactus. This was part of the country that Geronimo, last and fiercest of Apache chiefs, had once ruled; but now the desert was

(*Continued from page 36A*)

peaceful, holding no danger other than lazy rattlers that sunned themselves on rocks and buzzed a warning at Dog Biscuit when his feet trod too near. It was any man's land, and Bill was boss wherever he chose to go.

Back in camp it was different. Bill Hawkins was still a flunky. He had peeled five thousand spuds and swept ten miles of mess-house floor in the past three months, and more than ever he wanted a bigger job. Those days in Pennsylvania seemed far away now; he felt a lot older; but to Cactus Copper he was still "the kid."

"I sure wish the boss would put me underground," he often said to himself, "—bucking a drill or helping with the pumps. Or else give me Jake's job—running the truck to Phoenix. I could handle it easy enough if they'd let me."

WITH FALL coming, the days were growing cooler—never more than a hundred and ten. Mrs. Riley's rheumatism began to trouble her.

"There's rain comin', lad," she predicted. "I can always tell it, sure as Judgment Day, when my knees gits knotted up so I can't hardly walk."

On the evening following the day of Mrs. Riley's forecast, black clouds hid the sunset, and it grew dark early. The mine boss looked up from his blueprints and squinted at the sky.

"We're due for a storm, kid," he told Bill Hawkins. "Looks like it'll break mighty—"

The growl of distant thunder broke in on Mr. Graham's weather report.

"— mighty sudden. It's coming this way from Phoenix, and coming at a gallop."

A long, jagged flash of lightning leaped out of the black sky south of camp. Mr. Graham started counting the seconds.

"One—two—three—four—"

Crash! The thunder hit their eardrums like the noise of a thousand pounds of dynamite exploding.

"Four seconds for the thunder to get here," the superintendent reported. "That one was less than a mile away. Man the lifeboats, sailor, we're goin' to get wet!"

He had scarcely spoken before another blinding flash of fire leaped at them out of the sky directly above Cactus Copper, and with it, at the same instant, came crashing thunder. The lights in the cabin flickered and went out.

Bill Hawkins jumped to his feet and blinked his eyes. "Good night!" he exclaimed. "That one was right on top of us!"

Then, as if the explosion had blasted the bottom out of an ocean overhead, the heavens poured a deluge of water on the camp.

The mine boss struck a match to find his hat, and was pulling on a heavy waterproof jacket when the door of the cabin opened and Bill heard the electrician's voice.

"Hades has busted loose, Mr. Graham! That last flash hit the generators! Everything is stopped dead!"

Without a word Mr. Graham left the cabin with the electrician, and Bill followed them through the blinding cloudburst to the building in which twin dynamos ran night and day, generating the current that not only lighted the camp but, most important, kept the pumps and compressors working.

But now the dynamos were silent. The electrician held a carbide lamp and pointed to one of them. "Look," he said. "See those coils? Melted down like cheese! This one's a total loss. Come over here." Bill and the mine boss followed him to the other generating unit. "The flash didn't get this one so bad," the electrician went on. "The commutator is all shot, and so is the outside wiring, but the field coils are still good, I think. We might get her patched up so she'll run."

Mr. Graham shook his head and whistled softly. This meant that the pumps, down underground a quarter of a mile, were idle. With the pumps idle, water would begin to stand in the tunnel at the fourteen-hundred level.

"Caesar's ghost!" the mine boss whispered. "Water can cover the pumps in something like ten hours, and when the pumps are flooded Cactus Copper is finished! The mine would be drowned. All our work shot to pieces. Half a million dollars' worth of development! . . . How long will it take you to get this generator going?"

"Maybe half a day, if I had the materials. But I need fuses, and wiring, and a lot of wire to rewind these coils. We haven't got enough here," the electrician answered.

"Find out what you need," Mr. Graham ordered. "Write it down, and we'll start Jake and another man for Phoenix in the truck right away. We'll build dams, close to the shaft, in the tunnels on the eight-hundred and twelve-hundred levels. We'll throw a big dam around the pumps on the fourteen-hundred. That will pen up the water and keep the pumps free for maybe twenty-four hours. If the pumps are running by then, we can keep the mine from flooding. If they aren't—we're sunk! It all depends on whether Jake can get the truck through this storm to Phoenix soon enough." He turned to Bill. "Rouse out everybody! Tell 'em to get ready for an all-night shift. We start now!"

Five minutes later Bill Hawkins had delivered Mr. Graham's orders to all the bunk houses and cabins. As he started back through the rain toward the machine house the truck roared past him, with Jake at the wheel, heading for Phoenix.

Soon every man in camp was ready to go underground, and then began a strange drama. Ore cars that had always been used to bring loose rock out of the mine to the dumps were now loaded with that same rock and lowered to the eight-hundred level, where sweating Mexicans were throwing up the first dam in a fight to save the pumps.

The mine boss found Bill. "Get Mrs. Riley on the job," he said. "The outfit will need coffee. You'll have to take it down to them. They can't come out till the barricades are built."

As Bill was starting for the cook shack Jake, the driver, came running up.

"The truck's stalled, Mr. Graham!" he panted. "About five hundred yards out. Water hit us and buried her in sand clean up to the floor boards. We can't make Phoenix till this storm quits."

"You've got to, somehow!" the superintendent snapped. "Come along—we'll get a dozen men and dig it out. If it won't run we'll push it to Phoenix!"

When they had gone, Bill stood there for a minute in the rain. He had forgotten about Mrs. Riley and the coffee. Then he turned and stumbled through the darkness to the dynamo shed.

"They need another copy of that paper you gave Jake," he told the electrician. "The one saying what supplies you want from town. No, I don't know where the first one went. You'd better write another one—I'll see that it's kept safe."

Cursing, the electrician scribbled for a minute on another sheet of paper. Bill Hawkins took it without speaking and ran out of the shed. As he ran he folded the paper and put it in the watch pocket of his pants.

Outside the cook shack he stopped for a moment to look for something in the darkness, and then he groped his way to Mrs. Riley's hogpen. Going through the gate, "Dog Biscuit!" he shouted. His hand touched the burro's wet nose. "Stand still!" he ordered. "Here—swallow this bit. Biscuit, you and I are going places!"

A minute later, through the blinding rain, Cactus Copper's six-legged jackass passed the last building of the camp and headed into the desert. Over to the left Bill Hawkins saw lanterns swinging. That would be the superintendent and the crew, trying to rescue the truck from its sandy grave. Bill swung the burro to the right; he didn't want them to see him.

At the bottom of a little slope, Dog Biscuit began plodding through a swift flood that ran as deeply as his belly, washing away the ground so fast that once or twice the burro's legs almost went out from under him. He held his nose high to keep it clear of the water.

The flood grew more shallow, and finally they came to a slope and were out of it. "Good boy!" Bill exclaimed, slapping the burro's back. "Jackass, I'll race you against fifty trucks in weather like this! Here—over this way—get that nose pointed toward Phoenix and follow it thirty miles."

The rain was not so heavy now, and they made better time. The burro trotted for fifteen minutes, unable to see through the downpour and darkness, choosing his route solely by sense of hearing. With long, sensitive ears turned forward he listened constantly, and the changing patter of the raindrops in front of him enabled the burro to "see" obstacles and to turn aside from them.

Of one danger, though, his ears could not give warning. They came to a slope that had been cut away by swift water underneath until only a thin crust of earth remained.

This crust gave way under the burro's feet and he pitched forward, throwing Bill Hawkins over his head. Still holding the bridle, Bill landed heavily on his back. He felt a pain like red-hot flame in his chest, and then, when his head cleared, he realized that Dog Biscuit had fallen on top of him.

THE BURRO was quickly on his feet again, but Bill lay there for half a minute, biting his lip to keep from crying out with pain. "Help me up," he said, leaning on the burro's neck as he got to his feet. "Something's busted, sure enough. O. K.—let's get going!"

Bill didn't remember exactly how he got astride of Dog Biscuit again, but he knew that he had because they were once more headed toward Phoenix. He felt dizzy, and each time he breathed, each time the jackass took a step, there came that sharp pain in his chest, like being stabbed with long knives.

"Forget it—you aren't hurt!" he growled to himself; but saying so didn't make it so. The pain was still there, jabbing into him with every move the burro made.

Bill gritted his teeth. The words of the mine boss came back to him: "When the pumps are flooded, Cactus Copper is finished!" He straightened up, then, and kicked Dog Biscuit in the belly with his heels. "Get going, partner. If we make it, you eat a ton of sugar

(*Continued on page 38*)

Broadcast Your Best Reading Choices!

(Ballot idea by James C. Maher, Ogden, Utah)

THE announcer is YOU. In the magazine office sits Pluto, all tuned in and waiting. Waiting to hear his master's voice—YOUR voice. So get in front of your microphone and announce the best four stories in this issue. Then, just in case of static, write the stories on the dotted lines, clip the cartoon, and send it to the Best Reading Editor, The American Boy Magazine, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan. We'll then get busy, and buy more of what you like best. (The Best Reading Editor wants especially to hear from lots of Youth's Companion readers, too.)

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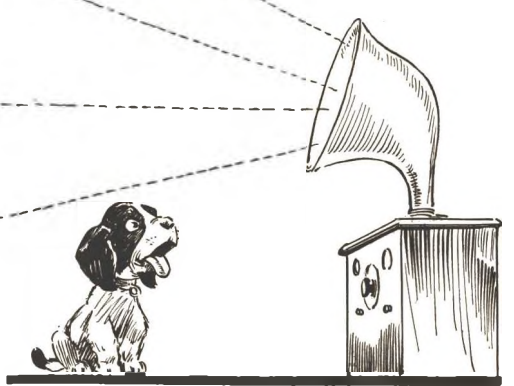

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Exploring the uncharted seas of science

THE same spirit that impelled Christopher Columbus, who 437 years ago this month first sighted America from the deck of the sturdy Santa Maria, motivates the men who are today making history in the automotive industry. Since the map of the world has been completed and there remain no lands to discover, our modern explorers are seeking new processes instead of new countries; new materials instead of new peoples.

Chrysler Motors devotes a generous percentage of its resources and personnel to exploration on the uncharted seas of science. Important discoveries are constantly rewarding the efforts of Chrysler Motors engineers and designers, and from each fresh discovery they push on, never satisfied, to ever-widening horizons.

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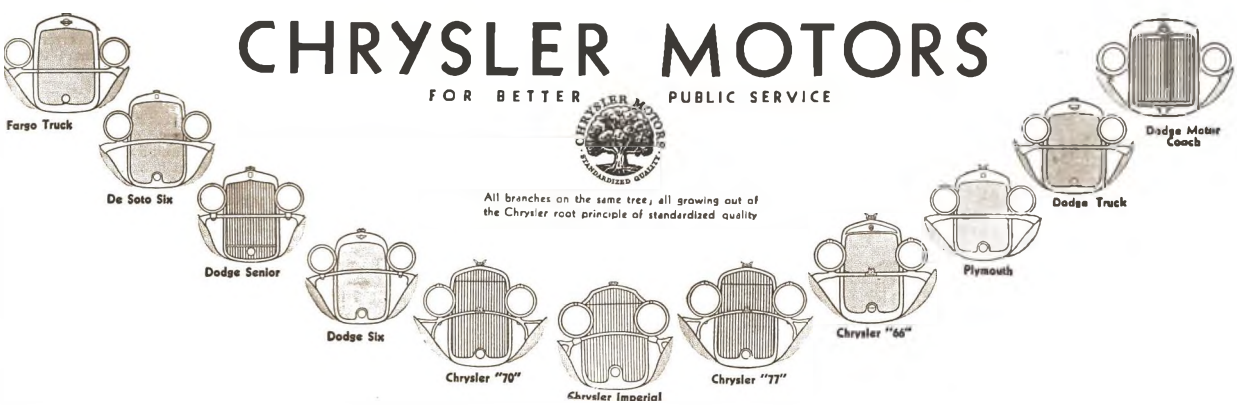
All branches on the same tree, all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality



(*Continued from page 36B*)

and sixteen bales of hay for breakfast!"

Dog Biscuit got going. He shook the water out of his ears and trotted along in the rain and darkness, stumbling over mesquite bushes and brushing past cactus plants whose spines ripped Bill's clothes and scratched his legs and arms until they bled in a dozen places. One minute Dog Biscuit would be trotting over fairly good ground, and the next minute he would be floundering belly-deep in a water hole.

There were no trails to follow. The floods had swept them away. Even if there had been a path, Bill Hawkins couldn't have seen it. He couldn't even see the burro that he was riding, and he had to trust to Dog Biscuit to choose the way, only turning him now and then toward where he thought Phoenix would be.

He had read about how people lost in forests often wander in a big circle, coming back to the place where they started. Bill prayed that he wouldn't suddenly find himself back in camp. He made a guess at how long they had been traveling. It seemed like two months, but he figured that it could not have been more than two hours. There was only a light rain now. Looking ahead, Bill Hawkins saw a patch of star-dotted sky. The clouds had parted!

As the rift in the clouds grew wider Bill's heart began to beat double time. He yelled a war whoop. "Biscuit, we dog-gone near guessed it! We're headed right!"

Far in the distance, low on the horizon, was a patch of sky brighter than the rest. That, Bill knew, would be the lights of Phoenix, reflected from clouds overhead. They had gone far to the left, but in the general direction of town nevertheless.

Half the sky, now, was free of clouds. There was no moon, but the starlight was all Dog Biscuit needed to see his way. His hoofs beat a rhythm on the ground, and Bill sang a tune in time with the burro's feet. The words of the tune were, "Ouch—ouch—ouch—ouch!" because of that steady, stabbing pain. Mile after mile the burro plodded along, and slowly the patch of bright sky got bigger. As the hours went by Bill's eyelids grew heavy, and he felt weak from the pain in his chest. He would have given a year of his life to stretch out on the ground and rest for ten minutes, but he was afraid that if he tried it, he would fall asleep.

Bill saw a picture, in his mind, of water growing deeper and deeper around the pumps down underground in Cactus Copper. He straightened up and slapped the burro's flank. "Speed up, fuzzy-face—get into high!"

AN inky curtain was moving across the open sky, blotting out the stars. It moved swiftly, hiding the light patch that showed where Phoenix was. Inside of two minutes the last star was gone, and Dog Biscuit once more groped and stumbled over ground that his eyes could not see.

Bill Hawkins had scarcely time to say, "We're in for it again," when the cloud-burst struck. Water came pouring down so hard and fast that it was difficult to breathe. "You could almost swim in this!" Bill muttered, fighting for air.

It was no use going on until the cloud-burst eased up. He halted the burro and got down off his back. They had stopped on low ground, in a pool that covered Bill's ankles.

Dog Biscuit was nervous. He pulled at the bridle, trying to get away. Bill jerked him back. "Hold still! What's eating you?"

A low, rumbling sound came from somewhere in the distance. "More thunder," he said to himself. The rumbling sound grew louder until it was a steady roar, and all at once Bill Hawkins realized what that roar was. Dog Biscuit had been wiser than he. They were down in a gully, and that roar was the noise of a rushing flood!

"Quick—this way!" Bill yelled, starting to run, but even as he spoke swift water was swirling past his knees. Then a black, curling wall loomed up beside him and smashed into the boy and the burro with terrific force.

As he fell backwards, Bill's head struck something hard. He felt the water closing over him, and that was all he remembered. . . .

It seemed that somebody was blowing air into his face with a pair of bellows. Bill frowned and turned his head aside. The bellows blew into his ear for a while, and then nudged him in the ribs. "Quit that," said Bill, putting up his hand and trying to push the bellows away. His hand felt something soft and furry.

He opened his eyes—and looked up straight into a face as solemn as an old antiquarian's, a face with long, idiotic ears. Dog Biscuit. It was Dog Biscuit's breathing that had felt like bellows blowing on him.

Bill Hawkins grinned. "Howdy," he said; and then he remembered what had happened. "Biscuit, maybe you're a jackass, but I'm the prize jackass of them all!"

He sat up and looked around, rubbing a bump on the back of his head and wondering how long he had been there. The sky was studded with stars again, the rain had stopped, and the ground was almost dry. "Things sure happen fast in the desert," he thought to himself, "—or did I sleep through till the middle of next week?"

Bill stood up and, climbing back into the driver's seat of his Arizona flivver, aimed the burro's nose at the patch of lighted sky that showed, once more, where Phoenix lay.

Three hours later, Dog Biscuit's hoofs were clacking along the paved streets of Phoenix, between silent rows of buildings that loomed up like cliffs in the gray light just before dawn. Bill Hawkins talked to himself, to make sure that riding through the sleeping city wasn't a dream.

Dog Biscuit's head drooped wearily as he stumbled along. Bill looked at a sign on a building to his left. The sign read, MACHINERY. "Whoa, Biscuit," he said, "we'll try this place," and when the burro stopped he got down and walked toward the door beneath the sign.

The door was locked. Bill pounded on it with his fist. He waited. Nobody came. He pounded again, louder this time.

"Hey!" growled a voice. Bill jumped and turned around. A policeman was standing behind him. "What's this?" demanded the policeman. "What's goin' on here?"

Bill found his voice. He started talking. He talked steadily for three minutes, until finally the policeman quit frowning and nodded. "All right, young feller," he said. "I guess you're on the level. Come along to headquarters and we'll start the phone buzzin'. Gimme that piece of paper."

AN hour later, Bill Hawkins watched a powerful truck roar away toward the thirty miles of desert that lay between Phoenix and the mine.

Then he went back to the police station, outside of which, tethered to a lamp post, Dog Biscuit sagged wearily, with his eyes shut, fast asleep. A doctor was waiting inside, not too pleased about having been awakened at sunrise. The doctor stripped Bill to the waist. He poked him in the side.

"Ow!" said Bill.

"Ribs," said the doctor. "Fractured. Two or three of 'em." He poked around some more. "Does that hurt?"

"I'll—say—it does!" gasped the owner of the ribs.

(*Continued on page 40*)

On the ground as well as in the air

CAPTAIN HAWKS

wants something that will really go

—*so he bought a Marmon 68*

NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES AND RETURN IN 36 HOURS, 48 MINUTES

That's an average of 152 miles per hour—and the great record set by Captain Hawks on June 13th to 14th last.

THIS Marmon 68 will give Captain Hawks all the action he's looking for on the ground . . . Furthermore, he found in it all the new advances of automobile engineering . . . It was but natural that Captain Hawks would select a straight-eight—knowing as he does what multiple cylinders mean in aircraft. Every time you leave it to the mechanically informed, Marmon will inevitably win out. Possibly your family does not think in terms of cylinders and things mechanical, but certainly they want these greater results. Marmon invites every family to try one or all of its new straight-eights confidently feeling that no place else in the world can so fine an automobile be had at just the price you want to pay.

Prices: Marmon 68, $1465; Marmon 78, $1965; Roosevelt, $995. Prices at factory. Equipment extra. Marmon Motor Car Co., *Indianapolis*

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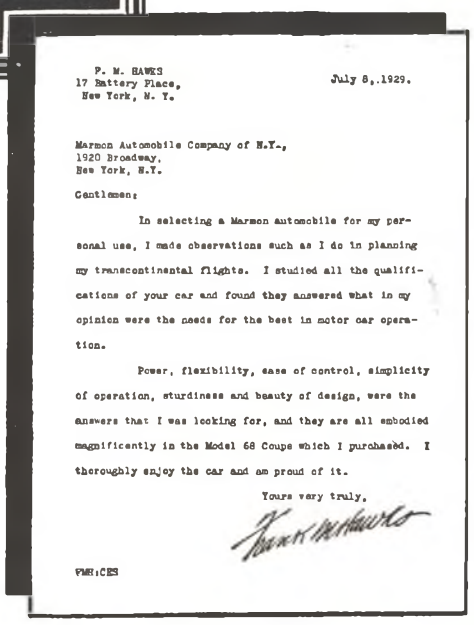

F. M. HAWKS
17 Battery Place,
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July 8,.1929.

Marmon Automobile Company of N.Y.,
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Gentlemen:

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Power, flexibility, ease of control, simplicity of operation, sturdiness and beauty of design, were the answers that I was looking for, and they are all embodied magnificently in the Model 68 Coupe which I purchased. I thoroughly enjoy the car and am proud of it.

Yours very truly,

Frank M. Hawks

FMH:CES

HOW CAPTAIN HAWKS ATTAINED FAME AS AN AVIATOR

Captain Frank Monroe Hawks is known among brother aviators as a "speed pilot" for the records he holds, and much of his fame is due to his realizing the importance of this branch of flying. His first national victory, in fact, was a speed victory when he won first in speed in *The Detroit News* Air Transport Race at the National Air Races held in Spokane in 1927.

Transcontinental Record

The most impressive of Captain Hawks' feats are his record-breaking transcontinental round-trip flights. He set a record early this year when he flew from New York to Los Angeles and back faster than any other man ever had. Then, a few months later, he lowered this record by flying his Lockheed-Vega from Roosevelt Field to Los Angeles, resting a short while and returning in a total elapsed time of 36 hours, 48 minutes and 48 seconds.

Flew Payrolls in Mexico

One of Captain Hawks' most interesting flying experiences was his five years in Mexico flying the payrolls of several oil companies. Knowing the condition of the country, these oil companies employed this means of transferring money, finding an aeroplane much safer transportation than train or automobile in bandit-infested Mexico.

Early Aviation Training

Before he entered commercial aviation in Mexico, Captain Hawks had received complete training as an aviator in the government's service. He first finished a course at the U. S. School of Military Aeronautics, Berkeley, California, in 1917. Then, in rapid succession, he was stationed at Love Field, Dallas, where he did his primary flying, later training at the Aerial Gunnery School, Fort Worth, the Pursuit School, Lake Charles, and then to the Brooks Field Instructors School, where he remained until he entered commercial aviation in May, 1919.

(Continued from page 38)

The doctor started plastering Bill's anatomy with yards of adhesive tape, and pretty soon his chest felt better. The tape bound him tightly and kept the ribs from biting him. "Now, young man," said the doctor as Bill pulled on what had once been a shirt, "get to bed."

But Bill Hawkins didn't go to bed. Outside the police station, in the early morning sun, he hoisted himself onto Dog Biscuit's hurricane deck. He had remembered suddenly about Mrs. Riley and six dozen unpeeled spuds.

"Get going, fuzzy-face," he ordered. "Cactus Copper is our next stop."

Out in the desert the surface of the ground was dry, and only a few water holes, here and there, gave proof that nature had gone crazy a few hours before. The desert was marked by the fresh trail of a heavy truck, and Bill followed this trail for a while. Then he found that the burro knew the way to home and hay. He let go of the bridle. Dog Biscuit's four feet trudged slowly toward the mine.

Bill's head nodded drowsily as he rode along and he lost all sense of time. Slowly the sun crawled across the clear sky, overhead and downward again toward the west. Bill's chin sagged until it touched his chest. He slept sitting up. . . .

A voice was speaking somewhere. Bill Hawkins woke up and, blinking his eyes, saw the familiar buildings of the mine. He slid off the burro's back and stood facing Mr. Graham.

"Where have you been?" demanded Mr. Graham's voice. The voice was sharp. Bill Hawkins looked up into a pair of stern gray eyes. "Where did you disappear to last night?"

"I went to Phoenix," he answered. "I went to get the materials to fix the generator. Didn't the truck from town get here?" As he spoke, Cactus Copper's flunky saw the truck that had roared away from Phoenix that morning. It was standing near the machine shed.

"Nobody told you to go to Phoenix," the mine boss answered. "You were told to help Mrs. Riley with emergency rations for the crew. But you went off on your own. In the army, they would shoot you for that. Mrs. Riley can't shoot you, but she can fire you—and she did. You're through!"

Bill Hawkins felt mighty tired. Too tired to talk or argue just then. He turned away.

"Wait a minute," said the superintendent. "There's one thing more. We hire a new flunky to-morrow, and we get two other men besides. One to run the hoisting engine, and one to drive the new truck we're going to put on the Phoenix run. I'd advise you to take charge of the hoisting engine."

Bill turned and looked up. The superintendent's eyes were smiling, and a big, friendly fist grabbed the potato artist's hand. "Put 'er there, son—we're mighty proud of you!"

Bill tried to say something, but the words got tangled up in his tonsils. He just grinned. The mine boss was talking again. "You did a man's job, Bill. A brave man's job, and Cactus Copper won't forget it."

The ex-flunky found that his larynx would work again. "It wasn't me," he protested. "It was Dog Biscuit. He's the one that got to Phoenix. All I did was sit on him."

Mr. Graham smiled. "Well, both of you, then. Fifty-fifty. We'll give the burro a new job, too—eating a stack of alfalfa six times his size. The joke's on me and the rest of the outfit. Thirty men jumping around, trying to save the layout with a lot of rock and a busted-down truck, when all the time a kid and a long-eared, sea-going hay-burner were doing the big work!" Mr. Graham looked at the sleeping Dog Biscuit, and then he looked at Bill. "A kid and a jackass," he repeated. "Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!"

In the Morning Mail

PLUTO and the editor sat at their desks rapidly reading letters. Suddenly the Office Pup leaped off his chair and began striding up and down the office, paws behind his back and brow wrinkled. He paused—began speaking:

"My name is Pluto through no fault of mine. My ancestry could be traced to some of the oldest breeds on earth—perhaps all of them—if anybody could trace it. In spite of my lowly birth and mongrel tendencies, I have risen—by sheer grit and an occasional boot from the editor—to an important position on THE AMERICAN BOY.

"This department, which I conduct, is one of the most pup-ular sections of the magazine. Each month, I invite readers to send in their comments, criticisms, and personal experiences. I can't promise to quote from each letter, because there isn't enough space, but I do guarantee to acknowledge every letter with a pup-card. Furthermore, I give five bones each month to the writer of the month's most interesting letter. I give it with a smile, and who shall criticize if I shed a few tears in private——"

"For cat's sake!" exclaimed the editor. "What's the idea?"

Pluto's nose went into the air and wrinkled delicately.

"I'm just introducing myself to the new members of our family — the thousands of YOUTH'S COMPANION readers who are now subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY."

"Introduce yourself to a little work," said the editor unfeelingly, "and pick out the month's best letter—the winner of your five bones."

"I have," the Pup barked promptly. "Here's the letter. It's from Harry Barton, Winfield, Iowa, and I've selected it because it tells our new readers something of the close bond that ties together the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY."

And here's Barton's letter:

"I believe that one reason THE AMERICAN BOY is so heartily endorsed and approved by boys all over the world is that the magazine carries with it a spirit of friendship, and makes you feel as if you were helping to edit it. I'll explain myself:

"I was playing in a neighboring town with an orchestra, and as rainy weather had made the road impassable, we were forced to stay at private homes all night. The family with which I stayed consisted of the father, mother, a boy and a girl. The boy was a little older than I, and as I was merely staying the one night at his house and as he did not know me or I him, there was no need of his having to entertain me. However, he came into the room where I was, and noticing an AMERICAN BOY on the table handed it to me with: 'Here's a good magazine if you want to read.' My face lighted up and I said, 'Do you take THE AMERICAN BOY, too?' At once we fell to discussing the various articles and stories published in the magazine. After a few moments we were talking like old acquaintances, and to this day that boy is one of my close friends.

"When you ask a boy if he takes THE AMERICAN BOY and he says he doesn't, you feel that he's sort of missing something, and that you don't have as much in common as you would otherwise. I think THE AMERICAN BOY binds its subscribers into an invisible club that has a fraternity-brother comradeship."

"'THE AMERICAN BOY club'," muses the editor. "That's really what it is. And now, with the combining of THE AMERICAN BOY and THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, there are more than a half million members in the club. I like Barton's letter because it points out a sure way to develop strong friendships—through the discussion of magazines and books."

Many correspondents have read in newspapers of the merger of the two magazines. One of them, Edwin McEvoy, New Britain, Connecticut, says:

"I hope you eds will not make too many changes in the policy now existing, because THE AMERICAN BOY is fine the way it is."

Read the statement of the Editor on page four, McEvoy. That will reassure you as to the policy of the greater magazine. We feel sure it will satisfy just about everybody—new readers as well as old.

Arthur P. Silliman, Jr., Hibbing, Minnesota, is a subscriber to both magazines and mentions certain YOUTH'S COMPANION stories he hopes we will carry. There are two in this issue—stories we're publishing in addition to the regular line-up. They are: the final installment of "Randolph —Secret Agent," by Keith Kingsbury, and "On Top of the World," by David William Moore. We're also carrying out the YOUTH'S COMPANION plan of publishing a long story complete in one issue. The one this month is the chuckle generator, "Dog Biscuit," by Winston Norman.

Two girl readers whisper into Pluto's ear their opinion of the magazine, this month. Eleanor F. Peterson, Andover, Massachusetts, who likes particularly the tempestuous hero of the Thomson Burtis air stories, Russ Farrell, says: "You're the finest, most companionable magazine I've ever read, bar none."

"I'm going to college this fall," writes Mary Ruth Bantum, Warsaw, Ohio, "and I'm going to sign for the A. B. so as not to miss any of the stories."

"Perhaps, if Mary Ruth and Eleanor F. like the magazine," comments Pluto, "the thousands of new girl readers who come to us from THE YOUTH'S COMPANION will be strong for us too."

"More comic stories!" pleads Karl R. Price. "More stories like 'The Island of Flooey,' and 'Bill and the Billiken'."

There's a comic story coming next month, Price. It's called "Me, the People," the latest of the Cap'n Pen series—a series that has been running in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. It's by Harry Irving Shumway. As soon as you've read the story, you'll want to know more about him, so we'll introduce him to you now, through a thumbnail sketch that he consented to write at Pluto's earnest request. Here it is:

"Well, a sketch about a body is somethin' like a ship, so we'll begin up for'ard as is right and proper. I was born in Naugatuck, Connecticut, October 26, 1883—although all my forbears for over 250 years were Massachusetts fellers. And I, too, pulled up stakes when I was two and beat it back where I belonged, in the old Bay State.

"Attended Boston Public Schools and after that, wishing to be an artist and eat sausages and starve in a garret, I went to New York City and entered the Art Students' League. But somehow the sausage and garret idea began to pall; they're terrible on the digestion.

"Tried various businesses. I even tried to sell bonds to people who were entire strangers to me. I can't look a bond in the face to this day.

"But finally, one bright, snappy morning while walking along (I remember it was under the very shadow of Bunker Hill Monument), I had an idea for a little poem. Came to me like a bolt from the blue. I wrote it, and illustrated it, and took it to the office of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

"And Great Jumpin' Jupiter, they bought it!

"Well, from then on I've done nothing much but write. I've written everything except patent medicine testimonials. And I'd write one of those if I knew which pills to take.

"It hasn't all been guiding a pen over acres of yellow copy paper, though. Once I was camping editor for an outdoor magazine. I had to camp all over the country, drink in the ozone and live the simple life. I guess I got enough ozone to last me quite a spell.

"And then one day the editor of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION prevailed upon me to build a laboratory and sort of start a society for boys, telling them how to make things. I went out in my own back yard (which is a decent-sized one) and did such. Got some boys from the neighborhood and we pitched in and started the Y. C. Lab.

"If there is anything we didn't make, I don't know what it is. For two years we pounded our thumbs and sawed off pieces of our anatomies and had a gorgeous time generally. We built racing cars, sailing skiffs, toys and airplane models, made life masks and many other things — including some fancy boomerangs that nearly decapitated some innocent bystanders.

"I like all the sports I've ever tried from Duck On the Rock up — except fishing through the ice. Fishing through the ice is an endurance test against freezing to death.

Perhaps my favorite sport is yelling maledictions from the navigatin' bridge of my automobile at other drivers who don't behave on the road as I'd like to have them. So far none of those I've maledicted have caught me—which is the boon of owning a fast automobile.

"And I guess that's all about me."

But it isn't all about him. Wait until you read his rib-tickling "Me, the People," next month.

In August, Robert V. Voorhees, Holmdel, New Jersey, suggested that we run an illustrated review next January of the most important happenings during the past twelve months. So we called for a vote, asking you what other feature you'd leave out, to make room for the review.

The early vote is all for the review. Fifteen want it; only one doesn't. Franklin L. Shultes, Berne, New York, is strong for the review and suggests we leave out Funnybone Ticklers. Frank Blackwell, Newton, Mississippi, says we should leave out both Ticklers and "What Makes It Fly?"

Three fellows—Anthony Siminski, Leavenworth, Kansas; Vance Gaafe, Laporte, Indiana, and James Harrison, Martin, Tennessee—favor leaving out the stamp section. Fred Norwood, Delaware, Ohio, says to leave out any other non-fiction feature.

A. C. Schutzer, Mount Vernon, New York, says we should leave out nothing. "Make the January issue a supplement," he finishes. The rest of the favorable voters agree with Schutzer that the magazine should be made larger in order to include the review.

Next month, we'll report the rest of the votes—they're coming in fast.

"West Point or U. S. Army stories," pleads William Hill, St. Louis, Missouri. "Make the hero a commissioned officer so that he can 'Bawl out' someone now and then!"

"I have at my side two copies of THE AMERICAN BOYS one for June, 1925, and one for June, 1929. Only four years difference, but what an improvement!" This from Glenn Critton, Chicago, Illinois. The main improvements he notices are the more attractive art, the increase in the number of color illustrations, the more readable type, and the improved quality of the stories.

Thanks, Critton. We like to think we're improving right alone, but it helps to get somebody else's testimony.

Not all letters are complimentary, though. Take this one from Ben Bell, Brownwood, Texas. "I'm writing to say that THE AMERICAN BOY is the worst magazine on the market since you do not publish any more Tierney stories," he says. "I don't read the magazine any more."

Just the same, we hope Bell reads this department, because we want to tell him that there are Tierney stories coming in November and December, and that John A. Moroso is planning others for future issues. And we hope he doesn't miss "The House by the Cliff" by Ray Cummings, scheduled for December. It's a hair raising mystery.

We're glad to get frank letters like Bell's. The critical kind, if they're constructive and sincere, help us just as much as the complimentary ones.

There are plenty of requests this month. Russell Richardson, Malta, Ohio, Dick Hutchinson, Lansing, Michigan, and several other correspondents want a science department. We're going to have one. As soon as possible, we're going to resume the excellent department that thousands of readers have followed in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION: "The March of Science."

Kenneth Bates, Tuolumne, California, wants a reporter's contest. See page 61. John Elmer Diament, Bridgeton, New Jersey, says that Thomson Burtis has been absent from the magazine too long. Burtis is coming back next month with an air serial of the future called: "Haunted Airways."

But space is running out. In closing, Pluto acknowledges a greeting from the pedigreed police dog of Garnet, West Virginia, Herr Fritz Von Albert Ki Yi.

"By golly," the Pup exclaims. "I ought to have a pedigreed name, too. Hereafter I'll call myself, 'Herr Pluto Von Hamburger Woof Woof'."

Bring on those letters!

"Rock Along!"

(Continued from page 31)

To increase water consumption, he has the chef put chipped beef, creamed and salty, on the bill of fare for breakfast. It does the work better than words or orders. You know, because you eat the same fare as the team!

All the time, the train pounds steadily through desert and mountain toward the battlefield called Rose Bowl.

"ON the ground! On your backs! Over! Up!"

Tech is having its second practice at Rose Bowl. All the players, clad in gold jerseys, moleskins, and white stockings, form a giant circle against the green turf of the gridiron. To the east of the bowl rises a range of mountains. To the west, on a hill, the palm-lined streets of Pasadena.

They're going through grass drill, made famous at Notre Dame, and in the center of the circle is Don Miller, former Notre Dame player—one of the "Four Horsemen"—giving the orders.

At his barking commands the players drop to the ground, flop onto their stomachs, then onto their backs, and leap to their feet. More strenuous calisthenics and then they squat low, let their arms hang to the ground, and walk slowly in that position. "The Duck's Waddle," it's called.

After the drill, the squad starts in on fundamentals. Sweating under the warm sun, they go through their paces. They've been allowed to forget football for a week. They've had no hard practices for over two weeks. Now their one job is to get into top condition, mental and physical, for that New Year's day battle. Sitting high up in the empty concrete bowl, you watch how Tech does it.

First, tackling. Eight or ten paces apart, the men form a long file. At the head of it, ball in the crook of his arm, Bob Parham, tall substitute, starts running toward the first tackler. The first one socks him to earth. The second one misses him and has to try again.

Then another runner, Harold Faisst, came down.

"Here comes the fast, wiry boy!" shouts Don Miller. "Get him."

But Faisst is hard to get.

"Try again," Miller calls. "And don't start in either direction until the runner starts that way. Let *him* tell *you* which way he's going to dodge! Get to his legs and keep driving!"

A tip here, for open field tackling. If the runner is coming at you, let him make the first side move. If you move first, he'll fox you every time. But when you do go after him, keep going after you've hit him! Drive him off his feet! The drive is what gets you through a runner's stiff arm and helps you nail the shifty man who otherwise might get loose with that one extra sidestep.

Work on fundamentals continues. The backfield practice receiving the ball from center and starting off Earl Dunlap, substitute half, Mizell, and Durant, take turns lobbing short and long passes to end and backs. Bob Parham and Mizell take turns lifting long punts to Stumpy Thomason, Izzy Schulman, and Dunlap, safety man, while ends run down under the kicks.

"There's one iron-bound rule for the ends going down," Coach Alexander tells you. "They must stay outside and not allow the runner to flank them. The ends don't have to run down the middle because the linemen are coming along there. If an end can't make the tackle, the least he must do is chase the runner in."

COACH ROBINSON calls aside the ends for a session. He has them start with the snap of the ball, moving sideways with a hopping sidestep as though they were following a play, and keeping their hands out as if they were fighting off interference.

"Watch the ball," he cautions them before the snap back. "If you watch the backfield, you may be fooled. If you start with the snap of the ball, you know you won't be offside."

Down near the goal posts, Coach Bill Fincher is putting the linemen through their paces. He has them crouching close to the ground, with feet wide apart and one foot farther back than the other. In that position they can not be pushed off their feet sideways or backward. He has them shift their weight from one foot to the other to bring back those leg muscles into condition.

Then two lines face each other, and the offensive line starts charging from that low crouch.

"They mustn't charge too low," Fincher explains, "or their opponents will shove 'em to the ground. They can't charge too high or they'll not be able to drive. The ideal way is to start low, get your shoulder into the opponent's middle, and *drive upwards*. Charging machines should be designed to permit linemen to charge upward instead of horizontally. The pads on our machine slant backward from the top edge to the bottom."

He starts the linemen on a new exercise. He has the offensive men charge, then watch the way their opponents moved, then roll their bodies in that direction and throw up one leg.

"The rolling block may never stop an opponent," Fincher explains, "but it may halt him long enough to give the play a chance. Sometimes a fraction of a second is all you need."

For the defensive linemen, Fincher has an exercise that he calls "taking the leg away." As the opponent hits the lineman's leg, he draws it back, out of the way, and then swings it forward as though to knife through the line.

To strengthen thigh muscles, Fincher has his men crouch down low, side by side. Then he has each one lift a leg against the downward pressure of another's hand. Try it! It takes muscle.

At the other end of the field, backfield men are practicing dodging, under Miller's direction.

"There are three ways to dodge," Miller tells you. "One is to veer away from the tackler by crossing a leg over, at the same time giving him your stiff arm. The second is to go up to the tackler and pivot. This gives him a twisting body to tackle—a body with one leg swinging wide. The third method is to leap to the side, holding out an arm to balance yourself."

In all three methods, Tech runners use a long stride, so that the tackler can get only one leg at a time.

Fundamentals! Here are the champions of the South, after a season of play, still working on the very first principles of football! One of the differences between good teams and poor teams is that the good team is never finished perfecting itself in the fundamentals. Good teams know how to tackle, charge, block, run! And that knowledge helps win games.

Practice ends with twenty minutes of signal drill. But the team doesn't run signals without an opposing team lined up against it.

"One trouble with many high school teams," Coach Alexander says, later, "is that they spend too much time running signals up and down the field. In time the linemen and backs get into the habit of charging carelessly, without any thought of their individual jobs. Football gets to be a matter of simply running with the ball.

"There should always be a line in

(Continued on page 42)

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS *in the Burroughs $1000 Essay Contest*

RALPH GARDNER

WINDHAM HIGH SCHOOL
WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

First Prize, Group No. 1

$100

Other Group 1 Leaders

Barney Leroy Rickenbacker, Atlanta, Ga., $50.00
Lynn Hatch, Tomah, Wis., $30.00
Edward Propopp, Detroit, Mich., $20.00
Francis J. Wiegand, New Haven, Conn., $15.00
Richard A. Liebes, San Francisco, Calif., $10.00

ROBERT WINTER

THOMAS EDISON SCHOOL
DETROIT, MICH.

First Prize, Group No. 2

$100

Other Group 2 Leaders

John Stinson Cook, Atlanta, Ga., $50.00
Duane C. Peterson, Postville, Iowa, $30.00
Carlyle Bryant, Fountain Inn, S. C., $20.00
Wm. Bowen, Jr., Dallas, Tex., $15.00
Fred Kent, Fort William, Ont., $10.00

Hearty congratulations are due to the one hundred and twenty-two winners who, in their essays, showed that they clearly grasped the idea that any business, large or small, buys and sells goods or services, receives and pays out money—that it must be guided in these fundamental activities by accurate, up-to-the-minute records—that it can obtain these records easily and quickly, at a minimum cost, by using the type of Burroughs adding, bookkeeping, calculating or billing machines best adapted to the individual needs of the business. Each of these boys found in the Burroughs advertisements appearing in the American Boy the key words that express the reasons for the dominant success of Burroughs Machines, namely: *Speed*, *Neatness*, *Accuracy*, *Easy to Operate*, *Labor-Saving*.

The high standard of the essays and the great number submitted made it difficult for the judges to select the winners. The boys who did not capture one of the awards should not feel the least bit discouraged. Thousands of essays were received from all parts of the United States and Canada.

In closing this contest, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company wishes to thank those who submitted essays—and the parents and teachers whose interest in the event was no less keen than that of the contestants themselves.

These Schools Awarded Burroughs Portable Adding Machines

Through the efforts of the winners of the first prize in each group, the Windham High School of Willimantic, Conn., and the Thomas Edison School of Detroit, Mich., will each be presented with a Burroughs Portable Adding Machine bearing a plate on which will be inscribed the name of the student who brought this honor upon the school.

The judges of this contest were Joseph Boyer, Chairman of the Board, Burroughs Adding Machine Company; Louis C. Karpinski, Professor of Mathematics, University of Michigan; G. Ogden Ellis, Editor of the American Boy.

Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

COMPLETE LIST OF WINNERS

Group No. 1

Ralph Gardner, Willimantic, Conn., $100.00; Barney Leroy Rickenbacker, Atlanta, Ga., $50.00; Lynn Hatch, Tomah, Wis., $30.00; Edward Propopp, Detroit, Mich., $20.00; Francis J. Wiegand, New Haven, Conn., $15.00; Richard A. Liebes, San Francisco, Calif., $10.00; and $5.00 each to Jack Bannon, Oil City, Pa.; Peter Bronecki, Chester, Pa.; Lawrence Wilson Bowers, Woodland, Maine; Geo. Beardshear, Homer, Nebr.; Harry Beaman, Jr., Birmingham, Ala.; Bruce Berry, Seymour, Texas; Floyd Coulter, Onoville, N. Y.; Tom Cousar, Jr., Fayetteville, N. C.; Nelson C. Cameron, Wyandotte, Mich.; Weldon Carter, Washington, D. C.; Wesley Cobb, Lockport, N. Y.; John M. Downs, Melmore, Ohio; Wm. Degnan, Bethlehem, Pa.; Charles J. Daly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edward J. Draus, Philadelphia, Pa.; Erwin Erkfitz, Detroit, Mich.; Henry Eide, Milltown, Mont.; Geo. English, Quitman, Ga., Alexander Ferguson, Toronto, Kansas; Geo. Fionin, Lodi, Calif.; J. Paul Fogel, Carnegie, Pa.; Melvin Fuller, Portland, Ore.; Duke Hickman, Celina, Tex.; C. C. Hamlet, Mesilla Park, N. M.; Charles Hibbeler, Cincinnati, Ohio; Edward J. Hesse, Wethersfield, Conn.; John H. Harwood, Mount Clemens, Mich.; Arthur Hemmings, Goulds, Fla.; Sidney Halpern, Cincinnati, Ohio; Gilbert Hooper, Alameda, Calif.; Edward Jefferies, Gaffney, S. C.; John Lucas, Jr., Rock Springs, Wyo.; Paul T. Leonard, Sedgwick, Kansas; Russell LeFevre, Shelbyville, Mo.; Clyde Lay, Sycamore, Kans.; Laurel H. Merwin, Elbow Lake, Minn.; Raymond Markert, Kilbourne, Ill.; Raymond Olmstead, Humboldt, Iowa; Morton S. Pratt, N. Plymouth, Mass.; Eric Rittenhouse, San Diego, Calif.; Joseph Redline, Green Bay, Wis.; R. P. Sowers, Jr., Richmond, Va.; Reel Simonds, So. Braintree, Mass.; James Randolph Steed, Esmont, Va.; Oscar Svendsen, Froid, Mont.; Constantine Stavropoulos, Highland Park, Mich.; Robert W. Shisler, Cleveland, Ohio; Raymond Singer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Clayton W. Smith, Jr., De Ruyter, N. Y.; Ilmari Salminen, Hubbardston, Mass.; Wm. K. Unverzagt, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wilfred Wiles, Lonestar, S. C.; Howard Williams, Warrensburg, Ill.; Richard Wetzel, Pearl, Ill.; Mark Byrd Williams, Hampden Sidney, Va.

Group No. 2

Robert Winter, Detroit, Mich., $100.00; John Stinson Cook, Atlanta, Ga., $50.00; Duane C. Peterson, Postville, Iowa, $30.00; Carlyle Bryant, Fountain Inn., S. C., $20.00; Wm. Bowen, Jr., Dallas, Tex., $15.00; Fred Kent, Fort William, Ont., $10.00; and $5.00 each to Emerson Aldrich, St. Joe, Indiana; Philip C. Bradley, Greenview, Ill.; Paul Buckley, Somerville, Mass.; Robert G. Bard, Omaha, Nebr.; Frank Beeco, Cleveland, Ohio; Irving Brenholdt, Cushing, Wis.; Ralph E. Colburn, Emmett, Idaho; Francis E. Clark, Rumson, N. J.; Robert Cornforth, Knoxville, Tenn.; Howard S. Cady, Middlebury, Vt.; Donald M. Dafoe, New Rockford, N. D.; Louis Davis, Longview, Tex.; Wilbert E. Dunmire, Latrobe, Pa.; Duff Durack, Fort William, Ont.; Charles Emmerich, Cincinnati, Ohio; Bernard R. Feick, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dale Fuller, Clark, S. D.; Jack Fletcher, Bogota, N. J.; Joseph T. Gay, Jr., Quitman, Ga.; Raymond H. George, Wrenthan, Mass.; Geo. N. Gafford, Cleveland, Ohio; Glen Gross, Russell, Kans.; Leonard Greenup, Norma, N. D.; Everett Hopkins, Duluth, Minn.; Claude Hansen, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Montford Jewell, Ft. William, Ont.; Gerard Kidd, Ft. William, Ont.; Lawrence E. Kegerreis, Palmyra, Pa.; Cyril Kramer, Altura, Minn.; David Kreider, Lanham, Md.; Robert Kinggo, Detroit, Mich.; Warren B. Ludeke, San Antonio, Tex.; Robert Lovell, Wolf Point, Mont.; Elmer B. Mau, West Salem, Wis.; Henry Meitz, Elmhurst, Ill.; Geo. Maliszewski, Lowell, Mass.; Maurice Martin, Paris, Tenn.; James Muldoon, Ft. William, Ont.; Frank C. McClure, Jr., Indiana, Pa.; John Ong, Moores, Pa.; Harold Reiher, Macoupin, Ill.; Jerome N. Rogers, St. Paul, Minn.; Gabriel Russel Saxe, Atlantic City, N. J.; Lester A. Sugerman, Chicago, Ill.; Wayne Strasbaugh, Keedysville, Md.; Thomas Sullivan, San Francisco; Louis Solomon, New York, N.Y.; Frank G. Stuart, Regina, Sask.; Patrick Syvitski, Ft. William, Ont.; David F. Tuttle, Jr., Tarrytown, N. Y.; Kenneth Tjoflat, Ettrick, Wis.; Owen Tweiten, Grand Forks, N. D.; J. Stuart Wilson, Jr., Floral Park, N. Y.; Charlmer Wherry, Columbia City, Ind.; Henry Ziesenhenne, Long Beach, Calif.

(*Continued from page 40B*)

front of the team running signals. This line shouldn't resist. The defensive end or half should permit himself to be taken out. But he should be there, so that the offensive man won't forget his assignment."

After two hours of work, the players trot once around the long track circling the field and go to the showers. The second day of practice, held on Christmas day under cloudless skies and a hot sun, is finished.

BUSY days follow. During the mornings, there's sightseeing in the two big special busses: To the top of Mount Lowe, a mile in the air, where you can look down upon valleys that run out to Long Beach, Santa Monica, and Venice, on the coast line; to Hollywood, where the squad helps shoot a scene in a coming feature picture; down to Los Angeles; out to San Pedro, to visit the battleship *Tennessee* and the airplane carrier *Saratoga*.

In the afternoon, hard workouts. Two-hour sessions, either in the Rose Bowl, or, when California takes the Bowl, at Occidental College. On the field, Coach Alexander grows more intent.

"You! Randolph!" he calls sharply, on a forward pass play. "Your job is to go straight down! Don't cut left!"

Every man to his job! Frequently the coach strides into the middle of the mix-up to pull out a man and call him to task for missing his assignment. On the field, he becomes a concentrated, driving force. After practice he is friendly, unworried, calm.

New Year's Eve brings the final practice. Again, the grass drill. Then a short practice in kick-offs. The receivers form a seven-man interference before the runner and charge down the field like a spearhead. (This interference, oft-used by Tech, is diagramed with this article.)

"Rock along!" Peter Pund yelps.

That's the battle cry of Georgia Tech. It's suggestive of a locomotive thundering through the country, of a dreadnought plowing through waves—of any force that can't be stopped.

The team practices charging down under the soaring pigskin.

"Rock along!" Kenneth Thrash, rock-ribbed tackle, sings out.

Stumpy Thomason, the little giant with the flailing right arm, runs back kick-offs. So does the greyhound, Mizell. So does the stone-crusher, Father Lumpkin.

"Rock along!"

Then, suddenly, practice is over. The coach gathers the men in a tight group on the turf and issues a few brief instructions. "From now until game time, keep to your rooms, except for meals. Don't receive visitors. Every man, to-morrow, must do his particular job on every play. On returning kick-offs, get into your proper place! If Tech wins the toss, kick off."

That, plus an expression of confidence, is all.

Then Bill Fincher, himself an All-American tackle, slowly and deliberately tells the men what kind of play is expected of them the next day. He calls to their attention some of the weaknesses they must guard against.

The South and the West concentrate upon Pasadena the next morning. Around the Vista del Arroyo Hotel you mingle with hundreds of Tech well-wishers: Mayor I. N. Ragsdale of Atlanta, Major John S. Cohen, editor of the Atlanta *Journal*, Bill Munday, the South's favorite radio announcer, who is to give part of the game that afternoon, Chip Roberts, former Tech player, scores of writers and experts.

Overhead, in the blue sky, Ed Meadow, former Vanderbilt student, but now an Army aviator at San Diego, is dipping and twisting his *Hawk* as a gesture of good-will to the Yellow Jackets.

From ten to one, the hotel is nearly deserted while the crowds line the streets to watch the Tournament of Roses parade. Huge floats, built of roses, chrysanthemums, violets, and poppies—floats built up into castles, landscapes, mountains, thrones—roll slowly by. One float that quickens your pulse is a giant Yellow Jacket, constructed of chrysanthemums! From another float, although the temperature is 75 and the sun is bright, boys are throwing snowballs of real snow—snow brought down from Camp Baldy, high in the mountains.

Miles of flowers and dozens of bands!

But the Tech squad stays in its cottage across from the hotel. In a couple of hours they have a job to perform, down in the Rose Bowl. A job they've come across the continent to finish.

AT the Huntington Hotel, across the city, the California squad is resting. A young man known as Benny Lom, who can run, pass, and kick; two six-foot ends, Avery and Phillips, who are rated as good as any pair in the country; two tackles—Bancroft and Fitz—that coast papers say are better than Tech's best. Other grid warriors, who generally outweigh Tech.

Dope has it that Tech's running attack is superior to California's. But Lom will outkick Mizell by ten yards. Lom will shoot passes to her rangy ends that the shorter Tech men won't be able to bat down. Nibs Price, California coach, who has been working on a new attack especially for this game, will out-fox Coach Alexander, who has been sticking to the style of play he has used all season.

In some coast papers you read that Mizell, Tech's running hope, is too frail to stand the pounding California's heavy line will give him.

So runs the comment. But the Tech players, sitting around in rooms or loafing on the lawn under the lacelike foliage of the pepper trees, reflect the unworried confidence of their coach.

Yet, underneath their composure, tension is growing. As you sit around with them, waiting to go to the Bowl, you see faces become thoughtful—then set. And it's to their relief that the order comes, at one o'clock, to climb into the two busses for that last ride down through the Arroyo Sec.

By this time, the streets in front of the hotel are jammed with traffic and for ten minutes the busses can't move. Players fret under their breaths.

"Rock along," murmurs Joe Westbrook, gripping the back of the seat.

Finally the bus, led by a motorcycle cop, manages to bull its way into the middle of the street and starts honking toward the stadium. At one-twenty you and the team are safely inside the dressing rooms under the south end of the concrete bowl.

Action at last! Familiar action. Getting out of street clothes and into uniform. Hal Barron, trainer, is busy handing out rolls of tape. Westbrook, sitting stripped on a bench, is binding the hand that was broken earlier in the season. He pounds the finished job with his other fist and looks at it with satisfaction. Others lean over, binding ankles.

Hip pads and shoulder pads, to prevent bones from being bruised, go onto husky, muscled frames. There's a little chatter. Faces look almost blank. Outside, 68,000 people are gathering to see a contest between two undefeated teams—between the West and the South. In a few minutes these fellows, busily and silently getting into their armor, will face the biggest moment of their football careers.

Captain Peter Pund, about to play his last game for Georgia Tech, finishes dressing first and sits on a bench with his head in his hands. Substitute End Von Weller, who may not get into the game, looks up from lacing his shoes and forces a smile to his tense face.

(*Continued on page 44*)

HAVE MORE FUN IN HOODS

4 *Reasons why you should wear* HOODS

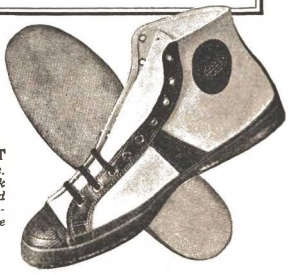
For Comfort. Hoods have outside seams that prevent chafing; instep straps and narrow shanks that support the arches; some Hoods have sponge cushion heels that protect against bruises.

For Wear. Hoods have the Smokrepe or Tire Tread soles that stand the wear and tear of active feet.

For Health. Hoods have the Hygeen insole that is non-absorbing and which prevents unpleasant perspiration odor.

For Style. Hoods are smart and snappy in design. White, brown and patterned uppers. Handsome nickel eyelets.

Whose Ball on the Tip-off?



THE WHIPPET
A great gym shoe. Long wearing duck upper. Heavy buffed Smokrepe sole. Hygeen insole. Sponge cushion heel.

Make a record for the classes of '30, '31, '32, '33. Go out for the team. Get onto it and make it a good one. And remember you can do more tricks on the floor any day—in Hoods.

With athletic-built Hoods on your feet you can make better gym records all around, running, jumping, pole vaulting, wrestling. Hoods are nothing like old fashioned flimsy sneakers. Hoods are made to do what the feet do. They bend where they should bend. Narrow shanks support the arches at all times against any strain. Cushion heels prevent bruises. Special Hygeen insoles minimize sweat odor, and this also keeps shoes in better condition and adds to their life. Smokrepe, Tire Tread and rugged cut-out soles withstand the longest and hardest kind of use.

Hoods are real athletic shoes for beginners or champions. Best of all, you can buy them in all styles, and at the price you want to pay. Ask for Hoods by name.

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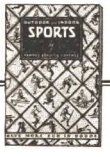
THE GREYHOUND
Popular basket ball shoe. New buffed Smokrepe sole. Ribbed, reinforced comfort toe. Improved arch and instep strap. Sponge cushion heel.



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Ask your dealer for the Hood Book on Indoor and Outdoor Sports. It's free. *If he cannot supply you, write to Hood Rubber Co., Watertown Mass.*

Please send me a copy of your book on Indoor and Outdoor Sports.
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(*Continued from page 42*)

Barron opens a box of chewing gum and places it on a bench. Some of the men take sticks.

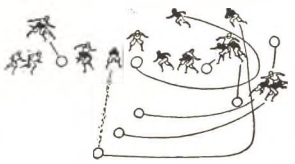
"What time is it?" asks the coach.

"Twenty of two," answers Robinson.

"Let me know when it's ten of."

The men finish dressing. At exactly ten of two the coach calls them quietly to their feet. Bulky in their armor, the warriors clatter out the door and trot down the wooden steps, under the bowl, to the cinder path that leads to the field. Under the arch they hesitate a moment until the rear men close up. Out on the green turf the American Legion bugle corps, in blue uniforms and bright silver helmets, is marching and playing.

THE Tech team trots out from under the arch. The brilliant sun hits their gold jerseys. A roar shatters the air. Thomason, Durant, Schulman, and Smith run to the middle of the field. Mizell and Parham go to the goal line.



Ben Lom off tackle! This is a California play that unofficial scouts said would cause Tech a lot of trouble. It shows an unusual formation. The black jerseys are California. The line is unbalanced—two men on the left of center and four men on the right. Lom stands back of center. He takes the pass and runs right. Two halfbacks run over and block the end. One back co-operates with a lineman to take out the tackle. (The solid lines show this.) Lom goes through the hole behind a guard who has come out for interference. Tech players studied this play on the long train trip to Pasadena.

The rest line up in two parallel files. Pund gets down over the ball and passes it back. Mizell kicks and a short punting practice, with the ends going down, is on.

The California band, in blue capes and white duck trousers, marches out, playing with volume and exactness. The Pasadena band, all in white, marches to Tech's side of the bowl.

On the east bank is a small square of California students wearing white shirts—the famous rooting section that forms instantaneous pictures with squares of colored cards.

At two o'clock the California team, big and powerful looking, streaks onto the field and begins tossing the ball about. They wear blue jerseys with circular gold strips around the arms—a special uniform for this game, since both teams ordinarily wear all-gold.

After a short limbering up, Tech trots back under the arch, up the wooden steps to her dressing room. Nobody but players and coaches are allowed in. Coach Alexander's words are few.

"California writers," he says, "have been telling people out here that the Tech team has spirit and fight. It would be a shame if we disappoint 'em."

And that is all.

Outside, the Legion bugle corps plays "The Colors" while the flag goes up. The California band crashes out "The Star Spangled Banner" in measured blows of sound, and on the last note a bomb sails into the air. Hundreds of feet high, it bursts, releasing an American flag that flutters from a parachute.

In the giant shout that follows, Tech returns to the field. This time, the substitutes walk to the bench. Peter Pund, All-American center, strides out to meet the referee and the opposing captain, Phillips, All-American end. California wins the toss and Phillips chooses to receive.

The two teams take the field, Tech defending the north goal, California the south. Tech lines up to kick. California spreads out to receive. The biggest football game of the year is about to start. You find a seat on the bench near the coach and look over the two teams.

On one side, the arm-flailing terror, Stumpy Thomason, and the greyhound, Mizell. On the other, Benny Lom, bullet-passer, runner and kicker. A running attack against an assault by air and by land.

Tech faces an unknown threat. She hasn't been able to scout California. She knows that Price has planned special surprises for her. She knows that California is credited with a ten-yard superiority in punting, a big margin in passing, with better ends and tackles.

Here's a California formation—reported by Tech fans on the West Coast—with one man on the left of center and five on the right. The linemen on the strong side are divided; three and two, with a wide gap between them. Two backs are stationed behind the gap and these two dash in to cross-block the defensive linemen. That's the surprise element! The ball carrier goes through the hole preceded by another back. Watch out for this one—Tech!

Against this, she is pitting her running attack led by Stumpy and the greyhound Mizell. Against the surprises she is pitting her regular style of play and her football alertness.

Yellow Jacket against Golden Bear!

Pund and Phillips hold up their hands, the referee blows his whistle, Frank Waddey, Tech end, swings his foot, and Tech sweeps down the field under the tumbling ball.

The battle is on.

(In this article you've learned the fundamentals of play as taught by Tech. You've learned Tech's formation. You've met her players. Next month tells you of the game—one of the most surprising football games ever played. You'll learn why critical plays succeeded or failed. You'll see the game from the Tech bench. Diagrams of the most effective plays of both teams will give you a gold mine of football information.)

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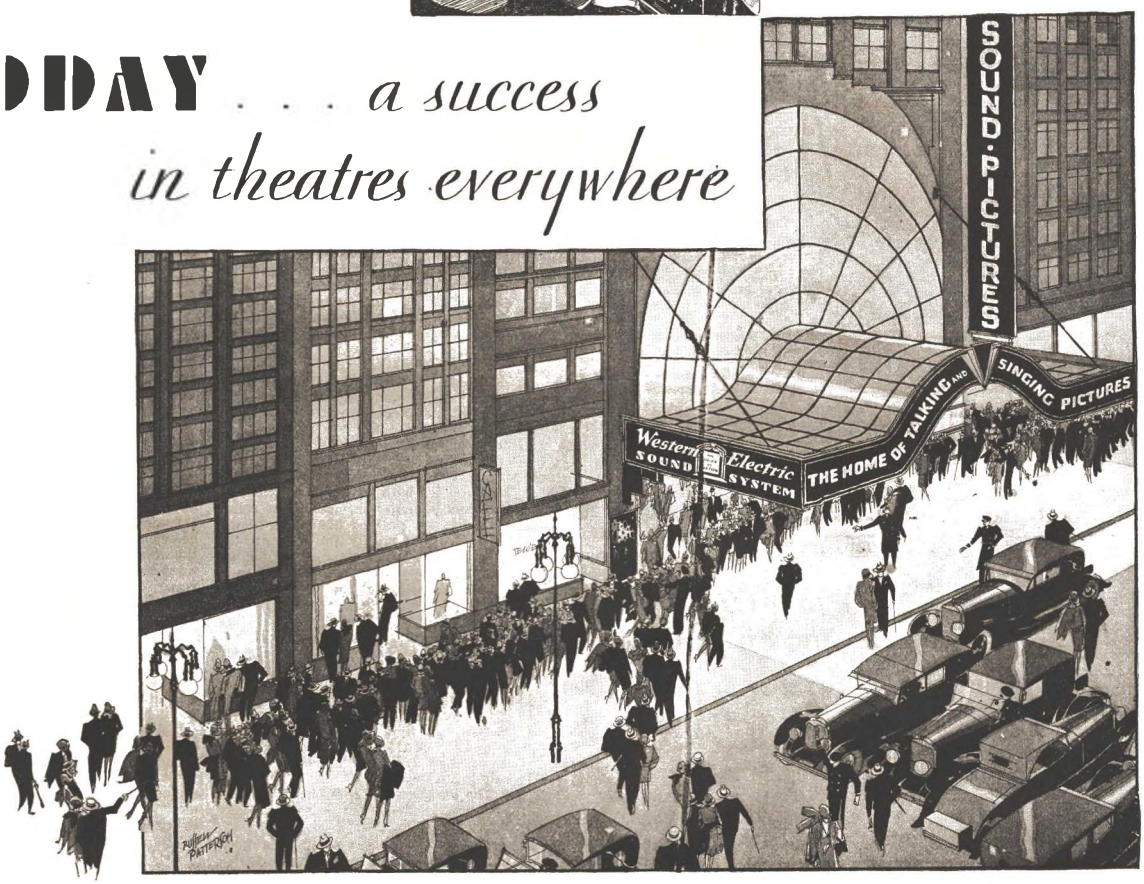

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Western Electric SOUND SYSTEM

THE VOICE OF ACTION

Randolph--Secret Agent

(Continued from page 11)

complained Mark, weakly. "I'm—I'm—so sick!"

Mark closed his eyes. But he watched narrowly through the fingers he put over his face. The leader, a short stocky man, was evidently accustomed to command. His bearded face grew black with anger. He kicked Mark in the side, viciously.

"You better see soon!" he cried. "Sergeant—" He bit his lip. "*Comrade* Perera! Nail me a cross!" Then to Mark, with a rough laugh: "We have ways of curing blind eyes!"

Sounds of hammering; men talking; more laughter. But nothing happened. Mark could see little; whatever they were doing was on the far side of the clearing. For two hours no one molested him. Then he heard voices and opened his eyes on the leader and two followers. They pulled him to his feet and half led, half carried him to a tree on which a crosspiece was nailed. Ropes hung from the ends of the cross.

"You see?" asked the leader. "You will be tied to that. Once you are tied to it, you will receive ten lashes with this!" He pulled his hand from behind his back; in it was a long, ugly looking whip. "If you can see now, there will be no necessity to tie you." With his other hand he held forth the dummy letter.

Mark considered rapidly; he had no desire to be whipped. But for some reason delay was essential; not until to-night was escape promised. Perhaps if he translated for a while, he could faint again—

"I'll—I'll try." He stretched forth his hand for the document, then stumbled and fell with it. No hand was outstretched to help him. Slowly he rolled over, sat up, pressed his hands across his eyes and weakly pulled open the envelope. With trembling hands he withdrew his own closely written pages.

"His Excellency the President of Guayzil," began Mark, reading first in English and then haltingly translating into Spanish. "In accordance with our agreement, we have placed to your credit—"

Very slowly, with many pauses and much apparent difficulty in seeing, Mark bent to his task. The leader first stood beside him, then sat down on the ground. Mark mumbled, swayed, groaned, making his translation difficult to understand.

The leader urged him on: "Yes, yes—that is good—do not be so slow—say that again—ah, yes!"

He seemed to be getting in a good humor. Mark allowed his voice to become fainter; he stuttered over his words. Then he began to use phrases that obviously could not be in the document—"the percentage—of blind eyes—payments—to be made in—so sore a head—" Finally he fell forward on the ground and lay still.

"*Caramba!*" The Captain jumped to his feet and snatched the papers. "Throw water on this fool! If I could speak the cursed English I would lash him to the cross and leave him!"

Mark did not move as a bucket of water sloshed over him. Would they leave him alone, or—

"Ah, well, *mañana!*" The Captain shrugged and put the papers in his pocket.

For once Mark thanked his fates that in South America to-morrow is always as good as to-day, if not a little better!

IN THE DIM starlight, Mark followed his companion silently down the trail. They moved with infinite caution for the first hundred feet, using half an hour to traverse the clearing and steal through the trees. Mark's heart beat hard from excitement. The broken head that had served so well as an excuse no longer rang like a bell but had subsided to a dull ache. Step by step they progressed with care and deliberation lest some stone rattle and warn of their escape. No guard had been placed; another blessing to be laid to the head which was "so sick" that its owner was not considered able to run away.

In an hour they had begun to walk more rapidly, being less fearful of faint noises, and Mark's companion spoke.

"We're in luck! I didn't think it would be so easy."

"What's your name?" asked Mark.

"Pete Swift, at your service!"

"You sure are!" grinned Mark. "Where are we going?"

"Little town of Camida!" answered Swift. "We are only three miles from the Guayzil border. The railroad is ten miles to your left. If we can get to Camida—"

He said no more. Mark, too, saved his breath. The climb down the mountain was difficult; the path but a slender thread, the starlight faint. But soon the grade flattened and Mark knew they were off the heights and in the valley.

"Tell me!" he begged. "How come you to be here, so pat?"

"Hunch!" was the answer. "We knew they'd try something like this. Officially, Natria doesn't dare interfere with a messenger, but 'bandits' can do anything. They called for volunteers! I'm a Natrian soldier—sometimes!"

"This document must be very important!" answered Mark. "They stick at nothing—burglary, drugs, bandits, torture."

"Of course it's important! If it gets through, Natria will have to form an alliance with Guayzil! It will be the only course left for her if she isn't to be economically left behind! Naturally the administration of Natria doesn't want to come before the people and reverse everything they've ever said! But they will; some of these South American countries can change their minds and the complexion of their thoughts overnight!"

"And what would become of Señor Estevan, then?" Mark asked, but he was thinking more about Carlotta than about her brother.

"Oh, they'd probably make him ambassador to Washington!" grinned Pete. "What do you know of Estevan?"

"Why—he's the man who has been trying to get these papers away from me!" Mark turned to his companion in surprise.

"Didn't you know?"

Pete smiled. "I'm only a pawn in the game. I know very little. But everyone in Natria knows of Estevan and his pretty sister; they are poor but very prominent and of a fine old family. You did a good job of that translation, didn't you?"

"Did I? I don't understand yet why the fellow wanted it, why he didn't just carry the paper to—to whoever wanted it—"

"To Estevan, probably!" answered Pete. "He wanted it translated because he was afraid he'd pulled the wrong man off the train. He'd never dare go back to Natria if he had! Better not talk—hurry! Dawn, soon."

THEY HURRIED. The country was partly cultivated; they passed through fields, across small streams, occasionally saw a farmer's sod hut. But to these his guide gave wide berth. Once they traveled on a road; in the coming dawn Mark saw it was overrun with weeds and grass. He shivered a little; to be in the middle of a strange land, possibly pursued by vengeful soldiers, going forward to an unknown destination, is not a happy experience.

(Continued on page 48)

"My buddy every time"

says

Kenneth Haycraft

ALL-AMERICAN end, star of the powerful Minnesota eleven, wearing his Albert Richard "Iroquois."

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Holmer

Harpster

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Naturally, this great end feels that way about his Albert Richard coat. Every red-blooded fellow does. It's the best pal he has on hikes, or when driving the old flivver, or in the stands at the big game—for any sort of sport, play, or work, where he wants protection from the wind.

You see, Albert Richard makes coats that are *coats*. Of the finest horsehide, soft and easy-fitting, but as tough when it comes to wear as an All-American tackle. There are some of cloth, too—moleskin, tweederoy, and blanket cloths—with sheep-skin lining. And a few of fancy leathers. All told, everything from colored leather jackets for the "kid" sister to sporty golf blouses for Dad, or the heaviest coats for outdoor workers.

Drop in at your favorite store and look them over. See why Ken Strong, Cagle, Harpster, and other All-Americans get so "steamed up" over *their* Albert Richard coats. You'll be just as keen for them yourself—that's a safe bet . . . If your store can't show you the real Albert Richard, write us!

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THE SAM BROWNE—dark brown mahogany horsehide, light weight, fine quality lining, adjustable shoulder and waist belt, brass buttons and trim.

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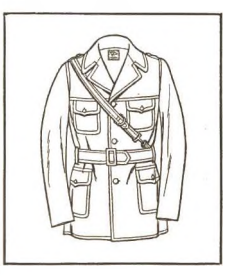

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(*Continued from page 46*)

They rounded the curve of a hill. "Look!" cried Swift to Mark. In a distant flat field gleamed a spot of white; a blob of peculiar shape. It wasn't, it couldn't be—it was!

"Why, it's a plane!" Mark cried. "A plane, here—"

"You bet! It's the new Guayzilian mail plane. It landed at Camida last night. That's why we had to wait. It transfers its mail to the train! New service just started last week. American aviator. You're going the rest of the way by air! If you got on the train, same thing over again—*what's that?*"

Shouts came from behind. Mark looked over his shoulder. In the distance were men, running, rifles in their hands.

"Beat it!" cried Swift.

Both took to their heels. It was hard going, across fields, through long grass, over fences, rocks, felled trees. A shot sounded behind them. Mark thought he heard the whine of a bullet. The plane was at least half a mile distant. The men behind drew closer. Their shouts were very plain, now. Mark heard curses, yells, commands. More shots; more whining noises close to his ear.

Ahead loomed the plane. With a thrill Mark saw men tugging at the propeller; the engine started with a roar. Mark ran panting, Pete Swift a step in front. The pursuers were very close, now. Could they make it? Would the aviator understand if they did make it? Was he trying to get away? No, he was waiting—standing by his plane—there was something familiar in the headdress, Mark thought. He had seen that figure before!

"Wings!" he cried. "Wings! Wait—wait—it's Mark—"

Doubtless in the roar his words could not be heard. But the figure beckoned. Mark put forth his last strength; his breath was gone, his head ached—the men behind were close, close.

The plane was new, modern; a cabin monoplane, its little door invitingly open. Wings sprang in. Mark jumped with a gasp—fell over the aviator's legs. No matter! Swift tumbled in after, the door closed with a snap, the plane leaped forward with a roar! A cloud of dust, dim whispers of shouts from behind—they were in the air, climbing, climbing.

Mark banged a friendly hand on the familiar shoulder. "Wings!" he yelled, to be heard above the motor's explosive howl.

"So this is your South American job! How did you—good lord!—Wings!"

A spot of red had appeared on Wings' head; he slumped forward on the stick. As the plane dipped alarmingly Wings' head dropped over sidewise, his face ghastly white under the red streak that ran down his temple and cheek.

As in a dream Mark caught the stick from Wings' nerveless fingers and pulled it back. The plane righted. He pushed Wings aside and slipped into his seat. As he felt for the rudder bar, he had a glimpse of Swift's horrified face.

Then the three of them were speeding on precariously toward the distant mountains, Guayzil bound, in a plane that had lost its pilot—shot as they left the ground.

Chapter Ten

MARK'S ACTIONS were swifter than thought; instinct or memory of his one lesson in the air taught him what to do with the unfamiliar controls. Subconsciously he expected momentarily to be dashed to death. But the steady drone of the motor did not falter, the plane rode on an even keel, the landscape slithered by a few hundred feet below as if an experienced hand held the stick and skilled feet pressed upon the rudder bar.

Mark glanced sidewise. The little seat in the tiny cabin was barely large enough for three, sitting close, and one was unconscious and helpless. Swift held Wings in his arms, sopping with a dirty handkerchief at the blood on the pale face.

"Can you run this thing?" Swift yelled at the top of his lungs, but it was more by the motion of his lips than by the sound that Mark understood. Even in a closed cabin, airplane noise is terrific; the roar of the propeller, the Gatling gun which is engine, the shriek of the wind, the rattle and vibration all combine in a cacophony that makes speech and understanding difficult.

Mark shook his head doubtfully. "I can keep her up—until something happens!" he gasped, lungs still panting with the effort of that final run. "Had one air lesson!—he gave it to me!" Mark jerked his head at the unconscious figure, still amazed at finding Wings, of all people, when he was most needed! Yet Wings had said he was leaving the army to pilot a mail plane in South America; he must have journeyed on a ship immediately preceding the *Cleo*.

Mark puzzled over the instrument board. That thing was a compass, of course; the needle that pointed at six hundred was probably the altitude. But which was the gas gauge and which the oil, which was barometer and which was something else, he did not know. He wouldn't know what to read from them if he did!

A new problem confronted him: where was he going? Should he steer north, or west—if, indeed, he could keep the plane in the air and go anywhere. The small map on a roller to his right might help if he could study it. But he could not stop! All his objective attention was concentrated on the plane, the stick, the rudder bar. He looked out of the window at his left; almost beneath him a slender line of black crossed the landscape—the railroad! He had only to follow it and he would eventually reach Lluvia Montana! What to do when he arrived—if they arrived—well, that was a problem to be solved later.

Very tentatively Mark experimented. He recalled the instructions Wings had given him in that never-to-be-forgotten ride from New York to Washington. He had piloted the plane alone for an hour or more, if holding the stick and quivering with excitement while Wings protected him from inexperienced and too sudden movements could be considered piloting. The double controls had been in his hands while Wings banked and turned, dove and climbed—could he do it alone?

"It's not a case of 'can I'—I've got to! Three lives depend on me—unless Wings is already dead!"

"Is he alive?" he shrieked to Swift.

The one-time "bandit" nodded yes. Renewed hope! Wings might regain consciousness; take the stick, make the landing when the time came—

"How badly is he hurt?" Mark yelled.

"Don't know! Bad—gash—head. Bullet—didn't—go in!"

MARK'S spirits rose. No bullet in his head; of course Wings would come to his senses! Mark looked down. "Too close to the ground; safety increases with height!" Slowly, tenderly Mark pulled the stick back. He dared only a little; what did he know of how steeply a plane should climb? Wings had said something about a stall; of course there was some elevation beyond which a plane would not climb. Somewhere Mark had heard of a plane "hanging on its prop."

Five minutes passed before he was sure it really was rising, so little did he point the plane up. But rise it did and Mark sighed in relief. Dead ahead loomed a range of mountains. The railroad must go through a pass but how wide? How high should he climb for safety? If the engine failed, could he glide to safety? To what did one glide, anyway? A field, of course—Mark looked down again. All the country was smooth! Some was green and some was brown; darker patches, of course, were trees, but all looked flat and smooth and easy to land on—

The sun shone brightly; luckily, thought Mark, it was behind him. According to the compass they were flying northwest. The slender line of railroad was his guide, not the instruments or sun. Ah! The rails curved to the left; perhaps they ran up the valley, seeking the pass. Then he, too, must turn to the left.

"Stick and rudder!" he admonished himself. "Stick alone, lose altitude; rudder alone, sideslip—and lose altitude. It's too hard to get to lose—"

Again with a fearful hand and foot, Mark experimented; as the plane responded he grinned with satisfaction. He followed the track as if he had piloted for years instead of minutes. But if his heart beat high with hope and his face flushed with excitement, inside was terror. Mark did not deceive himself or minimize the seriousness of their situation, the terrible consequences of the least mistake. He thought it through calmly, trying to face the emergency in advance that he might be prepared to do his best for their lives, however inefficient that best might be.

"This thing runs like a watch! Enough gas and oil, or Wings wouldn't have been ready to start. Fine weather! I can go up and down and right and left, although I don't know enough to do it quickly. Perhaps I can follow the rails to Lluvia Montana. Must be a landing field there. Will I know it when I see it? If I do, then what? How do I make a landing?"

Mark recalled vividly the easy and graceful circle Wings had flown about the air station in Washington; he had

(*Continued on page 50*)

Outboard Motor Skippers!

IN June and July, the *Youth's Companion* offered two silver trophies, one to go to the boy or girl between the ages of fifteen and eighteen who accumulates the greatest number of points in the sanctioned and approved outboard-motor regattas held between June 16 and October 15; the other to be awarded to the winner of the special Y. C. class race in the National Outboard Motor Regatta to be held in New England in October.

Competitors in these two events will be interested to know that the trophies are now in the hands of the National Outboard Association, 330 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. This association will handle the contests and make the awards. For information as to your standing, or other details of the competition, write Mr. Bill T. Cuddy, at the above address.

Announcement of the winners will be made in a later issue.

MAGIC TRICKS -

SAY, LISTEN TO THIS !

THIS stunt will keep your friends guessing. By means of two simple wands you apparently have the power to draw electricity out of the air . . . you mysteriously light flashlight bulbs lying on the table unconnected to any battery, and other tricks! . . . Yet when your audience examines the "Magic Wands," they can discover nothing.

The blueprint above explains it. The magic wands are metal rods about two feet long. When you do the trick, hold wands with hands *palms down*, slipping wand ends unseen by audience into shirt cuffs and making contact with the links which are secretly connected with two Eveready Flashlight Batteries.

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Do electroplating, construct secret locks, microphones — and nearly 50 *other things with batteries, in our new free* Dry Battery Handy Book. *Write for it today.*

(Continued from page 48)

drifted lazily down and leveled off to drop like a feather on two wheels and a tail skid. It had looked extremely simple but Wings had said it was difficult to learn. Well, he could do only the best he could. But Wings had cut off the engine when he had landed—

MARK examined the instrument board again. A closed switch near his hand—"Probably that's it! No need to try now—yes! I've got to know!" He yanked the switch open and as swiftly closed it. A sudden skip in the steady roar of the motor, a slight jerk of the plane—"That's it!" cried Mark. Another difficulty surmounted.

Mark looked again at his companions. Swift had pulled Wings onto his chest and lap, the better to hold the red handkerchief to the wounded head. As Mark glanced, Swift smiled.

"Stopped—bleeding!" he shrieked.

Mark nodded, then turned his attention to the terrain. The railroad line curved to the right a mile—or was it five miles — ahead. His judgment of distance from the unusual elevation was probably faulty. The mountains were sensibly closer, higher, more forbidding. Mark shivered with cold although on the ground the air had been unpleasantly hot. Wings was heavily dressed; Mark and Swift lightly. It couldn't be helped. It was only for—for—well, for how long was it? The train schedule from Asunta to Lluvia Montana was twenty-four hours, but it was three hundred and fifty miles from capital to capital. How far was Camida from the coast?

"If we are making a hundred miles an hour, it will take three hours or less. How long have we been going?" Mark did not know. He turned again to the huddled figures behind him.

"How long?" he yelled.

With his free hand Swift pointed to the instrument board. The little clock hands said 8:13. "Forty-five minutes!" cried Swift.

Two hours more then, if his calculations were anywhere near right. Could he, inexperienced, knowing of a plane only what he had learned in one lesson, keep this strange marvel in the air for two hours, follow the railroad through the pass, find an unknown city, distinguish a landing field from the rest of the terrain, and then land without killing them all?

Mark's spine became goose flesh. But he tightened his lips and threw back his head. He'd never succeed by being frightened. It was no worse than a loaded gun, or a blow on the head that might have killed him! It was on the knees of the gods. Either he succeeded —or they died.

The common human fear of death was Mark's, but there are worse terrors; death for those dependent upon his efforts pressed more heavily on his heart than the thought of his own. And a piquant face would come before him; there were unshed tears in its eyes and a reproachful droop to its mouth. "I don't want to die and not have her know . . . " He did not say, even to himself, what it was he wanted her to know.

"If we die it won't be for lack of trying to keep us up, dear!" He spoke under his breath to an unseen listener.

Wings stirred at his side. Oh, if he would but come to himself, even if unable to do anything but instruct—Mark looked down at him hopefully. He moved in Swift's arms. The pale eyelids fluttered, opened.

"Wings!" shrieked Mark. "Good old Wings! Snap out of it, man. You're needed—"

Wings' eyes were blank, uncomprehending. He turned his gaze to the face so close above. His brows knit as if puzzled. He struggled a little; Swift helped him to sit upright. He looked wildly at Mark, out of the window, then at the instrument board. A flash of intelligence gleamed in his distended pupils; then a spasm of pain twisted the drawn face.

"More—altitude!" he gasped. "More —more—"

He collapsed again in Swift's arms. Swift shook him, smoothed his face with his free hand, slapped the flaccid fingers—no result. Mark too looked out the window. They seemed very high—why more altitude? Was the anxiety in Wings' voice merely from pain and lack of understanding? Or from real fear of something Mark didn't know? He pulled the stick back a little more than before. A change in the note of the engine, a feel of climbing—they began to rise. How much "more altitude?" And why, why?

Mark answered his own question. "The pass, idiot! Fly over the pass, not through it—"

MARK NOSED the plane to rise well above the mountains before they reached them. The more he thought of it, the more important it seemed. What subconscious knowledge of danger had driven Wings back to life long enough to warn him? Perhaps the air currents in the pass were dangerous.

Half an hour later Mark knew what the warning had meant; his blood ran cold at what might have happened had he not received it or responded. Flying only two hundred feet above the tops of the mountains, he followed the railroad line with difficulty, so narrow and high-walled was the pass through which it wound. Had he tried to fly through the narrow pass they must have been dashed to death in that bottle-neck cleft in the mountains through which the railway crawled.

The view beyond was lovely, but Mark was in no mood to appreciate beauty. The altimeter hand stood at six thousand feet—Mark didn't know if it meant sea level, or the level of the plain from which they rose. As the mountains dropped away behind him, the elevation seemed greater and greater.

"And I've got to get down!" Memory of Wings' fearless dive from the great height, his feeling of falling, of exhilaration, of splendid recklessness, came back to him. Nothing like that now! He'd drift down as he had crawled up; a little, very little, at a time—if only that pale limp figure would regain consciousness again.

"Any signs of life?" he called. Swift shook his head. Mark paid him the tribute of an honest admiration. He had made no complaint, asked but one question, expressed no fear. "But he must be frightened inside," Mark thought. "Yet he's left it to me—poor reed to lean on, but all he had—"

Mark frowned in concentrated attention but his fear had left him. The plane ran steadily, the motor roared uninterruptedly, the mechanism responded placidly to his cautious touch on the controls. It was difficult to believe they were in deadly danger.

"It's like steering a racing automobile on a straightaway beach for the first time!" thought Mark. "You are all right as long as the beach lasts and you hold her straight."

How long could he "hold her straight?" How much further was Lluvia Montana? And why wait? Why not now attempt to pick out a landing field and dare that which must be dared, sooner or later?

"But why anticipate? Landing fields every few miles on this route, I suppose, if I knew where they were. Yet I don't even know this is the route Wings flies. But there must be a field at Lluvia Montana."

A yell from the seat beside him; Swift was pointing out of the window. In the distance Mark saw a tiny line of white, a bit of smoke.

"Lluvia Montana!" bellowed Swift. "Can you land?"

"Don't know. Never have. Do best I can!" Mark yelled in answer.

The city sprang up before them with terrifying speed. Mark pointed the nose of the plane down—a long slant. Wings would have dived comfortably and at ease; Mark eased himself down the air line with his heart in his mouth. Only a few miles now; a matter of minutes. His hair bristled; his mouth became suddenly dry. He shook his head, impatiently.

"No time to be spared, now!" he admonished himself. "There! That open place—landing field! I can see the hangars!"

"You've been a good sport!" Mark cried loudly. Swift made no answer. He looked, a little wistfully, Mark thought, at the pale expressionless face in his arms.

Wings had circled his landing field gracefully before landing. Mark began to slant down two miles away. Had he but once made a landing alone; but once learned the "feel" of it. He went over the theory desperately. "Get low, level off close to ground, cut motor so she stalls and touches at the same time—level, level—"

Now for it! He pushed the stick. "Too steep — back again. Sensitive we are! Two hundred—hundred feet—tiny bugs standing, watching—men! They'll be surprised!" Mark's thoughts were grim. Lower, lower—fifty feet, almost to the field—twenty-five feet—"Good lord, how fast! Down, down—pull the switch!"

THE SUDDEN silence was deafening; only the rush of air and the quiver of the plane—down, down—too much, too much!

Mark pulled back on the stick, but not enough speed was left for lift. The plane struck with a sickening jar, bounced up, struck again, tilted sidewise—then she turned over, and the earth rolled on them. The sky knotted itself into a huge twisted curtain that shut out vision. Mark hurtled over and over; he was banged, struck, beaten —everything revolved, swiftly, more swiftly—something turned off the sun. The night came and the stars and the sea and music, and Carlotta; she was very sweet, and there was no reproach in her eyes—only—only—what was it? —only . . .

Mark opened his eyes in a blue and white heaven. A black-haired angel in blue and white flew softly around the room. A strange odor was in the air and his left arm was oddly confined.

He turned his head; in an adjacent bed Swift grinned at him, his head a mass of white. Mark looked to the other side; Wings reclined among pillows, his head also swathed in white. He also grinned.

"Well, old experienced aviator, you made a lovely Chinese landing! I'll have to give you some more lessons!"

Lessons? To be sure, lessons. Lessons from Wings. But Wings was dead. Swift was dead. They were all dead. Did dead people talk?

"Are you alive?" asked Mark, puzzled.

"Very much alive! Thanks to you. How did you do it, boy?"

"Do what?" asked Mark. Where was he? He ought to remember—remember what?

The blue and white angel laid her fingers on Mark's lips. "Mustn't talk too much!" she warned. "His Excellency the President will be here in half an hour—"

"What excellency?" asked Mark, pushing the fingers aside.

"President Achilles y Montehar, President of Guayzil, you nut!" cried Wings.

Mark's memory returned with a rush. Somehow he had landed without killing them all—but why? Something he had to do—"My letter!" he cried. "Where is my letter? It was in my boot—"

The blue and white angel swung open the door of a closet.

"Is this that which you wish?" she asked, holding up a familiar document, soiled and crumpled now, but its seals and ribbons still intact. Mark reached the one arm that would respond. The other was in a plaster cast; its dull ache told him it was broken. The blue and white angel put the precious paper in his fingers. Mark closed his eyes; it was all over but the shouting. He was in Lluvia Montana. The President was coming to see him. It was not thus he had envisioned the delivery of his trust, but anyway — *he was going to deliver it!*

A knock; a white-clad man entered to lay a gentle hand on three faces, receiving three smiles in return. He strode back to the door and swung it open.

A tall, dark, bearded man entered. That was as it should be. "All South Americans in general and Natrians and Guayzilians in particular should be tall and dark and bearded!" thought Mark. This one had a red ribbon across his breast and a blazing golden star on the lapel of his frock coat. Four soldiers, resplendent in military gold braid and red-trimmed uniforms, formed an appropriate background. "Why, it's like a play!" thought Mark.

The tall man with the decoration stepped to Mark's bedside. Mark saluted with the one good hand, the letter tightly clutched in it.

"His Excellency Señor Achilles y Montebar?" asked Mark.

"*Si*, Señor!"

"I deliver to you a letter from the Honorable Thomas V. Fiske!" stated Mark. "I told him I would put it in your hands!" He handed it over and relaxed in his pillows, his mission accomplished.

THREE WEEKS crawled by on laden feet. Mark loathed inaction, especially after so much of it! But all three were "all crashed up!" as Wings put it, and none would leave until all could go. The blue and white angel was very nice, even if not nearly so pretty as Carlotta. Eager Guayzilians were untiring in attentions, the hospital was well run, the care given them was excellent—but it was a hard, long wait to a young man who wanted, now that he was a free agent, to find a certain lady and wipe away forever a look of reproach—

Telegrams were dispatched and answers received. Mark had more pleasure in the second than the first. From New York came:

"*Five thousand to your credit. Congratulations. Job waiting. Fiske.*"

From Washington, only:

"*Well done, soldier! Slyne.*"

But the pleasure they gave was incomplete and would be, until he could show them to someone—

Natrian papers provided exciting reading and Mark laughed at the Guayzilian sheets' triumphant editorials. Reading them interestedly he translated much for Wings' benefit. As soon as it was announced, guardedly and carefully, that great financial interests would undertake the development of certain resources of Guayzil, overtures for a "final and irrevocable settlement" of the boundary dispute were made by Natria. This led to a *rapprochement* in which two nations, geographically one if politically two, might find a common commercial meeting ground, to their mutual advantage.

South American diplomacy moves swiftly; on the day the three left the hospital, an invitation was placed in Mark's hands. The President of Guayzil requested the honor of his presence as a temporary member of his official staff, with the title of Messenger to the President, to attend a reception to be given in the capital of Natria!

Mark chuckled. "First I am welcomed by Natria's bandits and now I am to be entertained by Natria's president!"

"You won't bother to go, will you?" asked Wings.

"*Bother!*" cried Mark. "I'll say it's no bother!" But he did not explain that there, at last, he might find Carlotta.

THE RECEPTION was as colorful as a South American function of state always is. Magnificent uniforms, beautiful women, lovely clothes, gold lace in quantities, elaborate bows, all mixed with true hospitality — mercurial Natrians would not do by halves the thing that had to be done—all made a wonderful picture. But Mark searched in vain for the flash of dark eyes he had last seen dimmed with tears. Finally he spied the Señor Estevan.

His heart in his mouth, Mark stood in front of him, smiling a little, hoping he had not misread the character of the dark and distinguished gentleman he had bested in fair fight.

Estevan's face lighted up and he put out his hand. "It is peace between us, as between our countries?" he asked, smiling.

Mark blushed. "Alas, Señor Estevan, I must confess to a deception—I am American, not Guayzilian!"

"So! Well, I thought so, all along, but I would not embarrass you, and so I called you native of the country you so well served."

"And Senorita Carlotta?"

"Ah, Carlotta! No, she is not here; she complained of a headache." Señor Estevan smiled a little. "We return to the States day after to-morrow, on the *Cleo*, oddly; she has made her round trip."

Mark looked him straight in the eyes, no smile on his lips.

"I thank you so much!" he stated. "I am truly glad to find so able an antagonist and so distinguished a Natrian to be also so—so—"

"Yes?" Estevan tried to help him, evidently puzzled.

"What we call in my land a good sport!" finished Mark.

That night at the hotel he gave orders for flowers to be sent to a certain stateroom on the *Cleo*, and bought ticket and berth for his return.

Nogi welcomed him on board shyly, almost with a smile. But Mark was not content; he grabbed the little man's hand and shook it vigorously.

Carlotta avoided him for a day—with a wisdom beyond his years, Mark bided his time. On the evening of the second day out, he caught her fairly at the rail near the stern. The moon was just coming up, paling the stars. The sea was calm; the air warm.

Mark wasted no time. He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her around, facing him. She looked frightened for a moment, then a half smile came to her lips; this was no judge who stood before her—

"Will you give it to me, or must I take it?" he whispered.

Carlotta did not answer—in words.

Nogi stood before them as six bells sounded.

"Dark mister make coffee drink. Says you come, both!" he stated, carefully not looking at two figures sitting very close together, watching the moonlight—or were they watching the moonlight make a road on the water?

"Nogi!" said Mark, sternly.

The Japanese turned fully to him, inquiringly.

"You put your hands in mine and said you were my man!" accused Mark, his brows knit in a frown.

The little man nodded, vigorously.

"How'd you like to leave the *Cleo* and be a sort of combination cook, valet, and housemaid for—for us?"

Over the Oriental's features chased the thin ghost of the shadow of a smile. His eyes danced, but his voice was as impassive as usual.

"Can do!" said Nogi.

THE END.

On Top of the World

(*Continued from page 27*)

Then the telephone rang and Speed heard the expectant voice of Mr. Pavey. Was the copy ready?

Speed stammered and stumbled and finally managed to get out: "I need about ten more minutes, Mr. Pavey. How about it? I'll see that you get something good. That's why I haven't hurried."

"Humph!" Mr. Pavey remarked. He obviously wasn't pleased. "I don't know about that. It's twenty minutes after four now. The sign painter will wait for the copy until five o'clock. No longer. I've a committee meeting on now, and I have to be there. I'll leave it this way. You know what I want. You prepare the copy and have it up there on the roof, in that painter's hands, not later than five o'clock. Please don't fail, young man, for the sign must be ready and lighted by eight o'clock to-night. Just tell the painter I sent you. I've arranged with him to work over-time. If you aren't there by five, though, he won't wait. I'm leaving this in your hands, now, and if you want further business from me you'll see that this matter is put through in good shape. Good-by."

SPEED limply hung up the receiver. It was all simple enough, to be sure. He had forty minutes to deliver copy for that signboard. He was to deliver it at the top of the big Dixie Central Building. All he needed was the copy.

But his brains had gone back on him. He was floundering, panic-stricken, in mental fog and blankness.

The Pavey Kitchen Cabinet is—is—is—and the answer was nothing but cold sweat!

After an eternity of frenzied groping for an idea, Speed looked at his watch and saw, appalled, that it was fourteen minutes of five. In fourteen minutes more, that bird waiting up there on the Dixie Central Building would be starting home to get a good hot supper. In fourteen minutes more, it would be all over for Speed Kane—he would have fallen down, flat as a pancake, on an easy little job. Why *couldn't* he get an idea?

Well, one thing was certain. It was time for him to get to that building. Two blocks to walk, and then the elevator. Not a second to lose. No matter if he didn't have even a glimmering of an idea, he would have to get up there before the painter left. He might snag a bright thought on the way. Might think of one after he got up there. If he didn't get up there at all, then it didn't make any difference about anything else. Oh, yes, it was time for action.

Speed promptly became a gray streak from the Hannibal office to the entrance of the Dixie Central Building. If he had been wearing a blue suit he would have made a blue streak. But he had on a gray suit. A thousand red traffic lights wouldn't have caused him to falter. At the door of the Dixie Central Building he found a great crowd milling out. Shoving and pushing. Not one cared a rap whether Speed had an idea for the signboard or not. Not one cared whether Speed was on earth or not.

Finally, Speed wormed his way into the foyer. But the elevators all seemed to be busy emitting their human cargoes from the upper stories. Over here, young man. Going up? And Speed was in an elevator, at last. But it seemed that the operator was telling Artie in the next car about the Moonlight the next evening on the *Island Queen*. "Meet you at eight bells, foot of Sycamore, Artie," and so on. At last, though, the elevator was on its way.

Stop. "Want out here, did yuh say?"

No, Speed hadn't said. Going clear to the roof. "And hurry, fellow," grumbled Speed. "I've got to be up there by five o'clock."

The elevator continued its even gait. The operator looked at a listless watch. "No use hurryin', bud. You ain't ever goin' to be anywhere else at five o'clock this day. It's five-two right now."

But Speed always played out the full nine innings. He jumped out of the elevator on a run, and started for a door that he thought would take him out on to the roof. He discovered that it led to a flight of stairs. The elevator, it seemed, didn't go clear to the top. Another door, and another flight. Finally, however, Speed reached the roof. He stepped out and was greeted by a sharp, cooling breeze—on top of the whole world!

But the sign painter had gone home. There was the big sign, begging for paint. There was a bucket of paint. There was a brush. Here was Speed Kane, the cause of all of this failure—alone—and still without an idea.

"What a hot advertising man you've turned out to be," he sighed to himself and slumped down on a ledge to think it over.

A far-off clock told him tauntingly that it was now 5:07. And the painter had gone. And Mr. Pavey was in a committee meeting.

"Well, boys, the old signboard won't ring to-night!" Speed jauntily informed the paint brush and the bucket. He tried to smile and restore his spirits. But he simply couldn't. He'd been in close places before, but never had he so completely flunked. He hadn't done a single thing right. He hadn't functioned at all.

Slumped forlornly on the ledge, Speed sat and stared at the back of the signboard that was to have shouted *his* message to the whole community. Slowly, admiration crept over him. The signboard was a gigantic affair, bigger than the side of any barn Speed had seen. Yes, and there were the ropes holding the scaffold on the front. Now, just how were they fastened?

Speed got up and walked over to the signboard. He leaned out and looked at the front. Why did they build them so close to the edge of the roof? Gosh, but this was high! Just to peek over the edge made his stomach crawl up the inside of his backbone. As an advertising man, he was a good sign painter, perhaps, but as a sign painter he'd be a smear on the pavement thirty stories below.

Bang!

Funny noise, Speed thought. What would make such a noise as that up here on this tall building? But what difference did it make? What did he care about noises? He might as well go home now. He'd muffed his chances. He walked across the roof to the door, the door he had left standing open.

But it wasn't open! It was closed! Locked!

SHAKING it frantically, Speed realized what that bang had been. The watchman had slammed the door shut—closing up for the night. The watchman hadn't known that Speed was out there, of course.

"Hey! Wait a minute! Come back here!" Speed yelled.

No answer. The watchman might as well have been in San Francisco. Speed rattled the door. Kicked it. Pounded on it. Still his only answer was silence, even more silence than before.

He peered over the edge of the roof again. Below was the seething street. Thousands of busy people were heading home after the day's work.

"Hey! You, down there! Hey!" Speed entreated.

His yells were about as effective as a gnat's breath in a Kansas cyclone. No doubt about it. He was alone on the roof of the Dixie Central Building. True, he might climb down the side of the building, if he were a monkey. Probably have to climb clear to the ground, what with all the offices closed up for the day. Yeh, that would be a smart idea. Almost as good as his idea for the Pavey Kitchen Cabinet.

Speed sat down on his ledge again and tried to do some more thinking. And this was the day when he had complained to Herb Rowe that nothing was happening!

He smiled a little wanly. Good joke. Good laugh in it. Great stuff to sit on top of a thirty-story office building, all alone, through a dark night. What if a storm came up? What if lightning should strike the thing? Speed felt creepy, as he thought of the far distance to the ground, sitting there listening to the low, steady hum of traffic. He was on top of the world, all right.

No chance of his getting in touch with anybody. No telephone. No gun to shoot. No radio. Not even a piece of paper in his pocket. No pen or pencil. Usually he carried a fountain pen, one that he had bought at a drug store for one-ninety-eight. But in his agonizing effort to create an idea he had left it on his desk.

But one thing sure. He wasn't going to stay up here on this roof all night. Not much. Why, the guard might not open the door again for several days. That painter might be huffy and never come back.

"There may be nothing I can do," Speed heatedly told the paint brush and the bucket, "but I'm going to do something. I'm not going to stay up here."

HE STARED defiantly at the big signboard. It was the source of all his trouble. If he could only have got an idea for it.

Then—hot dog! Right then and there, he got an idea *from* it!

That signboard would deliver a message for him. It would tell somebody, cops or firemen, maybe, that he was locked here on the roof. It would call for help.

Speed grabbed for the paint brush and the bucket. He'd have to hurry while it was light. The sun was almost down. Speed realized that it would soon be dark. His signboard wouldn't do much shouting if folks couldn't see it.

But Mr. Pavey had said the lights were all ready, and could be turned on this evening. A sudden thought came to Speed. If they had just finished the lights and had been testing them, then probably the switch down inside the building was turned on, and all he would have to do would be to discover a switch out here on the roof.

For fifteen minutes Speed searched the foundation of the board, finally coming on a contraption that seemed to be a switch. Breathlessly, he moved a lever. On the instant a great flood of light flashed across the board. The big signboard was ready to shout his message!

Grinning with delight, Speed stepped onto the scaffold. Then his grin faded. Unexpectedly and instantly, something drastic happened to him. His legs shook and let go. His eyes swam. His hands clutched at the unsympathetic sign. He had thought he had got accustomed to the height. But, gosh! he hadn't known before what dizziness was. His stomach played hide and seek up and down his spine now. His blood jelled. His heart flip-flopped. He just couldn't do it, that was all. He stepped back.

Cold sweat trickled down him. He stood there, weak and shaking. He couldn't get out on that scaffold. But he'd got to. Was he going to be a flop at everything? Gosh, other men could go out on a scaffold and use a paint-

brush. He could do it, too. Move, you legs!

He stepped onto the scaffold. Held on with the clutch of a drowning man. Finally made a sitting position, with his feet inside next to the signboard. Not so bad. This scaffold wouldn't fall. Of course not. These babies who paint high places won't risk their lives.

He pulled a rope. You had to lift the thing. He pulled the rope very, very gently, but firmly—with both hands on it, ready for any emergency.

The scaffold creaked and groaned, hardly moving at all. And Speed's fear came back to overwhelm him, to shrivel him down into a mere shell of a human being. He lay there clutching the floor boards of the scaffold. For perhaps half an hour he lay there. Now and then he'd lift his head, peer over the edge, and draw back, shuddering and sweating clammily. But finally——

"You fool," he told himself with twisted lips, "you're going to get up and paint this sign. Hustle!"

And get up, he did. With many creaks and groans, he managed to pull the scaffold up toward the top of the great board.

The whole universe seemed to be floating and gliding underneath him. Surely this was high enough. It was certainly far enough up above the roof to make a fellow good and dizzy. Enough was enough. Let's paint!

But only one word came to mind. That word was HELP. He had to think slowly and as calmly as possible in order to remember how it was spelled. He reached up as high as he dared, dripping paint on his coat because he was crowding so close to the signboard, and printed out the word H-E-L-P. When he had finished, he waited a moment to see whether there was any result, whether a rescue party was coming.

But only stillness, broken by the faint droning of traffic, came from below. Then Speed realized he had lettered the word so small that it probably couldn't be seen.

He tried again, his teeth chattering, his arms and legs shaking. Below him, thousands of people were going about their evening's fun, going to moving picture theatres, to concerts and restaurants—a gay, happy world at play. And there, up in the sky, cringed Speed Kane, laboriously lettering his cry for help.

His second word was larger. Maybe it could be read. But there was no response.

He painted on a third one. Help—HELP—H E L P!

Still there was no rescue party. The city below wasn't interested in young advertising men who had foozled their chances and were caught out on roofs.

The far-off clock, now lighted up, too, told Speed that it was seven. He had printed the word H-E-L-P over the whole upper half of the great board, and he had lost much of his terrible dizziness. He was wielding the brush with a reasonable degree of assurance. A peek over the edge still made his blood run cold, and caused his head to seem to float off into the far regions of the sky. But when he kept his mind on his work and his eyes on his brush, he got along all right.

He had written H-E-L-P something like ten times, and no aid had come. He decided to put some pep into his "copy." He lowered the scaffold, with many qualms and upheavals of his nervous system, so he could start on a new line. This one had to bring escape.

"Come—and—rescue—me—" he lettered fairly evenly now, and the letters were almost as tall as himself. They must have cut sharply through the evening darkness, for Speed heard footsteps before he had finished the "me." There stood two policemen.

"Well, young man. You want to come down, eh?"

"Yes, sir," grinned Speed, balancing carefully on his scaffold. "Just a minute, and I'll be right with you."

So it was that Speed's great catastrophe was made to fade into sheer nothingness. And as it faded, only one thought came to Speed, perched there on the scaffold. He was rescued, but he wasn't worth rescuing. He was a failure. He was a joke. He had been saved from an embarrassing situation, only to be kidded and scorned. He was sunk. Plain sunk. Mr. Pavey would surely raise Cain when he came up to the office the next day.

Speed's eyes happened on the far-off clock. Seven-thirty. Say! It was half an hour yet until he was really a failure. He had until eight o'clock to have the sign up, didn't he? But even now there was no idea. And the board was covered with his silly "Helps." But yet—there was still a chance.

"Are you comin'?" called the cops.

"Yeh, just a minute. I want to paint on another word or two——" and Speed was all action again. His perspiration was gone. He had forgotten about being rescued. He was playing to win. Half an hour was plenty of time.

The cops were growling, but Speed didn't hear. His brush moved swiftly, surely. He didn't even think about how far down it was to the top of that clanging East End Avenue street car. Thousands watching from below that evening—their attention finally caught—saw a strange thing take place on the signboard on top of the thirty-story Dixie Central Building.

There was a cheer from the crowd far below when Speed finally stepped down from his scaffold and joined the cops. He turned and looked around the edge of the signboard to what he had lettered. It read this way:

"Help-help-help-help!
HELP—HELP—HELP!
H E L P — H E L P !
Come and rescue me——" says the housewife.
Save her from drudgery with a Pavey Kitchen Cabinet!

"I call that a pretty fair sign," sighed Speed as he went down the stairs with the cops.

They didn't say anything. Just grinned. It was all in the day's work.

BUT the whole city was talking next day about the Pavey Kitchen Cabinet, oh-ing and ah-ing about the smart sign that had been put up on the Dixie Central Building the evening before.

"Did you see the kid up there painting?"

"Mighty good stunt, wasn't it?"

Mr. Pavey closed with a hundred dealers that day. Came up to tell Mr. Hannibal personally. "Smartest advertising idea I ever saw," he declared.

The chief smiled his enjoyment of the good words and promptly escorted Mr. Pavey out to Speed's office. He was the type of executive who believed in completing deliveries of earned praise. Mr. Pavey repeated his statement, and added, "I want you people to do all of my advertising after this. How did you happen to think up that stunt anyhow?"

"Oh, that's all in our business," grinned Speed.

The chief laid a hand on Speed's shoulder. "I think, Mr. Pavey," he said, "that this young man has plenty of ideas just as good, and some that are better. He'll give you his best, I know." Then as he started to leave the room he gave Speed's ear a little tweak. A friendly tweak, it was, but understanding.

Which just about finishes up our narrative, unless we should mention what Judy McGann, file girl extraordinary, had to say. "I think it was the cutest idea I ever heard about, Speed, I do, really," was her comment.

"Yeh?" and Speed didn't even look up from his desk.

Interference

(*Continued from page 9*)

Bangs stared into the darkness, wondering.

On the third day of practice, Coach Thomas made his decision. He had talked to scouts and friendly observers and he knew now what he must do to beat Leland. Wilkie was not the major threat; his ends and secondary could hold Wilkie down. Sprague and Jones, the two giant tackles—they were the keystones of Leland's strength. They must be taken care of, or Southern's attack would batter itself out uselessly. And to take out Sprague and Jones, he needed a smashing interference. He needed Luke.

From the third day on, he started building his attack around Luke. He framed a special Cass-Applegate play. A cross block. He unbalanced his line—put two on the left and four on the right of center. The end and tackle he moved out three paces from the rest of the line. Opposite this gap would be the opposing tackle—Sprague or Jones. The coach posted Luke close to the line, back of the guard. From this position, Luke would slant diagonally through the hole and smash the opposing tackle eternally out of the play. The tackle wouldn't be looking for him because he'd been attacking from an unexpected quarter. Through the resulting hole Cass would gallop, behind a one-man interference.

An uncannily neat play. It could be used on either side of the line. It couldn't be called often because the opposing tackles would get on to it, but if it went through at a critical moment it might swing the victory to Southern.

On this play, and others in which Luke's job was to help the end block the tackle, the coach drilled his team. Drilled it until every man was sweaty, tired, and on edge.

CASS, standing on the side line, watched a second set of backs try the special play. Luke was still in there. Two sets of backs, working on that play, and Luke was still in.

Cass knew what that meant. The big sophomore was going to play on New Year's Day. Their last big game, and Bangs would be out of it, except, perhaps, for a perfunctory quarter.

The halfback felt bitter. He'd anticipated a different end to his football career; he had visualized the old combination sweeping down the field. And it wasn't to be. Through smouldering eyes, he watched the man who had spoiled his dream. He saw Applegate crouch, straighten, launch himself at the dummy opposition, and found himself hating the very curve of Luke's back and uncompromising set of Luke's head.

The coach called a halt, and a flushed and happy Applegate trotted off the field. Luke was bursting with the possibilities of the cross block play, and for a moment he felt one with the team—one with Cass. He trotted up to the halfback.

"That play's got it!" he burst out, and then, half incoherently: "Boy—I wish we were playin' 'em to-morrow!"

His tense body expressed graphically what he was going to do to Sprague and Jones.

"Yeh," replied Cass sourly. "Luke versus Leland. . . . Luke versus Leland." And he laughed softly as he turned his back and walked away.

Luke's face went white. Dazedly he walked to the dressing room underneath the great bank of seats. He scarcely heard the coach talking to the squad.

"You all," the coach was saying, "have been invited to attend a dance given by Mayor Ellsworth of Primrose at his home to-night. I refused—for the entire squad," he added drily. "Remember, for these last two days you're to entertain no visitors. Stick by yourselves. You can have your fun after the game. One more thing—"

His voice became edged with warning. "I have a feeling that the team isn't pulling together. I don't know what's wrong, but whatever it is, forget it. To beat Leland, we've got to scrap with one spirit, one heart, one mind. Remember that."

Luke left the hotel right after dinner that night, evading his mates, and sought a bench on the bluff overlooking the valley known as the Arroyo. Down there, in the middle of the valley, the Primrose Stadium gleamed in the moonlight, a great white bowl. Three days from now there would be seventy thousand people in that bowl, watching two great teams fight it out for a national title.

But the light of fierce anticipation had died out of Luke's eyes. Through his aching head, like tiny pounding hammers, drummed the words, "Luke versus Leland." In other words, Luke thought himself the whole team; Luke was a self-seeker, an insufferable egotist.

Before his unhappy mind rose the vision of Monty Cass. And Cornsweet—and Howell—and the rest. Their grins, their indifference, their frank dislike. He wished, now, that he hadn't been so intent, so self-assertive, so quick to anger. He wished passionately that he had it to do over again, so that he could gain their friendship. It had been pretty much his fault; he hadn't known how to take kidding.

He choked back a sob, impatiently. He couldn't play in that game! The coach was planning to start him; might keep him in for most of the game. And that would be fatal to Southern's chances. The others would try to work with him, but it would take more than *trying* to beat Leland. Ability alone didn't win football games. It took a sort of shoulder-to-shoulder, one-for-all battle cry like the Three Musketeers had. The coach had expressed it: "We've got to scrap with one spirit, one heart, one mind."

And with Bangs in there, they'd do it. Bangs was great. The team would literally die for Bangs. It would do great things. Even Anderson would be better than—Applegate.

Luke brushed away an angry tear. His lank, hard body suddenly bent forward and he buried his head in his arms.

IN a moment, he was self-possessed and dry-eyed. How should he get out of playing? He thought for a moment.

Tell the coach he was sick? No. He couldn't make that stick.

Tell the coach just how things stood between him and the team? No. The coach was just bull-headed enough to disregard what the fellows thought and start him anyway. The coach was like that.

The coach had mentioned some dance—a dance—given by Mayor Ellsworth, to-night. He looked at his watch; it was eight-thirty. He went to the hotel, learned from the room clerk that the mayor's house was just a few blocks down Arroyo Boulevard. He went outside and walked in that direction.

The mayor's white Colonial home was set far back from the street. The lawn was dotted with lacelike pepper trees, tall palms, and orange trees, and through the foliage he could see brilliantly lighted windows.

He walked across the boulevard and stood in shadow where he could watch the broad walk that led to the house. If the coach or any of the staff went to the dance, they'd have to go down that walk. For a full hour, tirelessly, he watched.

Then, satisfied that none of the Southern football party had accepted the mayor's invitation, he went back to the top of the cliff overlooking the

Primrose Stadium and threw himself on the grass.

Late the next morning, Coach Thomas sat in his hotel room, a crease in his forehead and his lips pressed tightly together. The door opened and closed. Before him stood Luke Applegate, his face a bit gray, his shoulders defiantly square.

"Where were you last night, Luke?" the coach asked, without ceremony.

Luke looked at the carpet.

"I'm not in the habit of checking up on my men," the coach said, drily. "But last night at ten-thirty one of the assistant coaches went into your room and found your bed vacant. You knew the rules—bed at ten o'clock."

Luke cleared his throat, hesitated. "I—I went to—" He stumbled along slowly "—thought it wouldn't do any harm to go to the mayor's dance. I— left early."

The coach's jaw dropped. He looked searchingly at Luke and Luke continued to look at the carpet.

"I don't understand it," the coach murmured. His shoulders slumped wearily. "You're the last man I'd have expected it of. Falling for this entertainment stuff. You know what this means, don't you? You know that you can't play, now?"

Luke nodded miserably.

"You know that you've wrecked the offensive I've built up—knifed our chances to win—"

"I thought you mightn't care—"

The coach's eyes flamed dangerously, then grew veiled.

"Men who don't obey rules forfeit their chance to play for Southern," he said shortly. "It isn't fair to the rest. You can get into your suit—sit on the bench. That's all."

Back in his room, Luke sank wearily into a chair. His plan had worked. The Cass - Cornsweet - Bangs combination could now go ahead. He rose suddenly and threw himself face down on his bed.

A COOL breeze stirred the topmost rows of the giant Primrose Stadium. Its sides were lined with summer-dressed humanity. No less than six bands filled their special sections along the lower rim of the bowl: the silver-helmeted Legion band, the blue-and-white Leland band; the city band, and lesser ones.

The college coaches of the entire country—they were meeting in Queen City that week to discuss next year's rule changes—were there in a body. The sporting writers of the nation were in the press section. On the east bank sat the famous Leland rooter section, forming with blue and white cards the figure of a panther with a waving tail.

On the field, the two teams were lining up. Monty Cass, with gold stockings and a gold jersey, was pounding Bangs on the back.

"This is *your* game, old boy," he was saying. "Watch us go!"

Bangs, looking down the field at the heralded Wilkie of Leland, lifted a foot nervously.

On the bench, sitting with the subs, was Luke, gripping his knees so tightly that his knuckles were white.

The game started, and in the first three minutes, disaster—blue-clad disaster—befell Southern. The disaster's name was Wilkie, and his vehicle, a queer forward pass—a toss of not five feet behind the line of scrimmage that left Southern tacklers grasping the wrong man and Wilkie legging it down the side lines for seventy yards and a touchdown.

7 to 0!

The Southern subs gazed at the miracle amazed, white, speechless under the roaring cataclysm of sound from the Leland section. The gold team, visibly shaken, walked uncertainly into position for the second kick-off of the game. Luke, strained to the bursting point, bit his lip until blood came.

Before the end of the quarter, Leland launched another vicious assault. Smash—through her rangy tackle Sprague. Crack—through Jones on the other side. Irresistibly she plowed down the field while the frantic Southern substitutes rose to their feet imploring.

Then, in the shadow of her own goal posts, the gold team came to herself and stopped four rushes dead. From behind her goal line she kicked.

There followed another Leland attack—victorious and shattering—and when it was halted on the fifteen, Wilkie dropped back and booted a perfect kick between the posts.

10 to 0!

Up in the press box, the announcer and the telegraphers were telling the nation of an astounding walkaway.

But Cass-Cornsweet-Bangs hadn't had a chance. Not one of them had had his hands on the ball. They had got over their fright and now they were mad—hopping mad.

Cass received the kick-off and returned it to the Leland forty before three Leland keepers subdued him. On the first play, Bangs ripped straight over center for twelve yards.

On the second play, Cornsweet left a trail of tacklers all the way to the Leland ten. Then a long pass that settled into Cornsweet's arms for a touchdown.

10 to 7! In fifteen minutes, more mad action than in an average game!

On the Southern bench substitutes fell over each other; up in the press box, an incoherent announcer tried to tell the world what had happened; in the Leland stand, the square of rooters sat silent. And seated next to the backfield coach, Luke experienced a flame of pride that he was a comrade of such men—and a bitter feeling of misery that he had failed to win their hearts.

AFTER that, the game settled into hard, midfield football, while seventy thousand people sank weakly back in their seats, mopping that many brows with that many handkerchiefs.

The battle grew less spectacular, but more grim and tense. The coach watched it narrowly. Leland had sprung her trump in the first three minutes. She'd gained the advantage. Could she hold it?

The second quarter wore on. Time after time, Cass, Cornsweet and Bangs hurled themselves at the line, trying to duplicate their flaming performance of the first quarter. Vainly they battered themselves at the rock wall of Sprague and Jones. There was nothing soft about those two tackles; nothing nice.

The coach saw that their vicious defensive play was bruising and wearying his backfield. Bangs, particularly, playing like a demon, was feeling the shock of it. Bangs was limping. Nothing but a break could give Southern the victory. With Applegate in there to blast out Sprague and Jones, the team would have a chance. . . .

The half ended. Panting players ran off the field. The subs and coaches joined them at the trot. At the door of the dressing room, the coach stopped for a moment to chat with Professor Clark and several other faculty members while the team got its breath.

"Tough opposition," he said with a smile. "I'd be just as glad if that pair of tackles had to leave town."

"Wait till they meet young Applegate," said the professor, the light of anticipation in his eyes.

The coach looked at Clark thoughtfully. Should he tell the professor? He decided to. There might be questions later.

"I'm not playing Applegate," he said quietly.

"Why?" The word was a gasp.

"He broke training rules. Went to the mayor's dance."

The professor looked blankly at the coach. After a long moment, he said, puzzled: "There must be some mistake. I was there; I didn't see Applegate."

(*Continued from page 55*)

Thomas's head snapped up. "What?" he said, incredulously.

The professor repeated his statement.

"Just a minute," the coach said. He went to the door of the dressing room: "Applegate!"

The tall, dark-haired player stepped outside. "Yes, seh," he said.

"Where were you the night of the mayor's dance?"

Luke looked up, startled. "Why, I—"

"You weren't at the dance."

Luke saw that his subterfuge had been discovered. "I was—outside the mayor's house for an hour," he said defensively.

The coach thought hard. Why hadn't Luke wanted to play?

"Come in here," he said quickly. He led Luke through the main dressing room to a small side room. Then he called in the regular backfield. Luke sat on a stool. Cass, Cornsweet, Bangs and Howell stretched out on mats.

"Luke didn't play the first half," the coach said, "because he let me believe that he had broken a training rule. Something tells me the situation needs clearing up. I'll let Luke speak first. Why did you try to get out of playing to-day?"

THE little room was utterly quiet. The players lying on the floor looked blankly at each other. Luke, red-faced, fumbled with the top of his moleskins.

"I figured the team would have a better chance with Bangs," he muttered.

"Why didn't you leave that up to me?" the coach asked.

"I've been pretty dumb, I guess," Luke said slowly. "I couldn't get along with Cass and the rest. I couldn't help but see that they played better when Bangs was in. My own fault—I've been hot-headed—" He forced himself on—"I guess I've been just a plain, ordinary, Texas jackass."

Nobody laughed. A dropped pin would have sounded as loud as a bombshell. For a full minute there was silence. Then Cass, lying at full length, with an arm thrown over his eyes, cleared his throat.

"Luke isn't the only jackass in this room," he said. Cass had done a lot of thinking in that minute.

The coach smiled with relief. "A team of jackasses," he observed, "ought to do some pretty good pulling for Southern."

The teams lined up for the second half. Cass ran over to the nervous, black-haired Luke and gripped his arm.

"Bangs has been telling me all along that you've got the stuff," he whispered. "Down in my heart I've known it, too. Shake?"

Wordlessly Luke stuck out his hand. His eyes were shining.

Cass grinned happily. He understood Luke, now.

Wilkie noted with satisfaction as he followed his kick-off down the field that Bangs was out of the game and a raw newcomer in his place. His kick settled in Cass's arms on the Southern 20 and Cass took it to the thirty.

Howell barked his signals—Cornsweet off-tackle. Luke lined up opposite the towering, competent Sprague. The next instant something hit Sprague, and for the first time that afternoon, the big tackle found himself flat on his back, his head reeling. Luke, with one glance at him, jumped to his feet and saw that Cornsweet had made first down.

They lined up again. This time it was Cass through the hole, led by Luke. They sped through, cut in, and as the blue fullback moved to head them off, Luke left his feet. Like a projectile, whizzing sidewise, he hit the fullback across the waist.

Ooof! The fullback skidded to earth, shocked and amazed.

Cass was dragged down at midfield.

Howell tried a pass for strategy, but it was grounded. Then Luke dived over center, and with digging cleats he shoved the massed opposition in front of him for five yards.

"Got to make five yards more," panted Howell.

"We can do it," Luke said. "Let me sock that tackle."

Howell, grinning, called the signal. Again Luke smacked Sprague, and the enraged tackle once more had the pleasure of watching the play go over him.

"Try that again," Sprague spat at Luke venomously.

"Yes, seh," said Luke, grinning. His headgear was cocked to one side, his deceptively lean body was radiating energy, and in his eyes was the reckless joy of battle.

Sprague looked at him uncertainly, wondering if he had been diplomatic.

WITH the ball on her thirty-five, Leland girded her loins. This advance had to be stopped!

She stopped Cornsweet around end. By mad, inspired playing she stopped Howell on a clawing, tearing sneak over center. There was a pause. Third down and ten to go. Just thirty-five yards to Leland's goal. It was the critical point of the game. The spot for the Cass-Applegate cross block.

Howell leaped to his feet calling the signal. Luke gave a grunt of joy and crouched low behind his guard. From that unexpected position he'd launch himself at Sprague.

The ball went back. Luke shot from his position like a battering ram. Low to the ground he scooted, straight at Sprague, rising upward as he sped. His shoulder caught the big tackle in the middle, lifted him high, carried him two yards and shed him off like a sack of meal.

Panting, Luke looked around. Cass had cut into the secondary and now was racing out to the side lines. The safety man and two halfbacks were angling toward him swiftly. They would meet at the side lines. Luke cut straight across to the point of action.

Cass, pounding desperately along, saw that he was boxed. If he turned in, he'd run into the arms of two men. If he kept on along the side lines he'd meet Wilkie. And Wilkie was a sure tackler. He *had* to reach that goal. *Had* to. There might never be another chance like this.

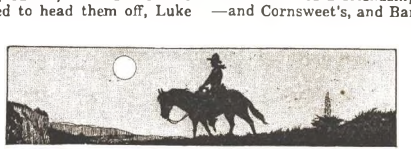
He slowed up. Wilkie came at him on the dead run. Just then a body whizzed between them, hit Wilkie at the knees and slammed him to the ground out of bounds. Cass speeded up, trotted across the goal and looked back dumfounded. Who had taken out Wilkie?

Back on the side lines, he saw a lean, lank player helping Wilkie to his feet. Luke! Luke had taken out Sprague and then angled over and socked the safety! The wild Texas nut!

Before the final gun, a mad, yelling crowd saw Southern, tearing through gaps opened by the line-shattering Luke, make a third touchdown and win the national title 20 to 13. Up in the dressing room, two sweaty, heaving players undressed side by side.

"For a couple of jackasses," chuckled Cass, "we didn't do so bad."

Luke nodded wordlessly. He was too happy to talk—too busy marveling at the warmth of a friendship like Cass's—and Cornsweet's, and Bangs'.



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The Green Eye

(Continued from page 21)

was growing steadily fainter. Nixon wasn't coming back!

For a single instant the horrible suspicion shot through his brain that Nixon had left him purposely, that Nixon had come back making such a racket in order to attract the German guard to the field. He dismissed it as unworthy. Somehow, the Australian must have failed to see his signal, and had simply carried out his orders.

Those shouts behind were getting closer. As he dashed back towards the river, Jimmy saw a squad of figures hurrying out to the field, the light flashing on their bayonets. He hurried on. Reaching the stream again, he slipped down into it to let the current carry him where it would.

FAR past the wrecked bridge he dragged himself out of the river and took to the towpath. He knew enough of Belgian geography to realize that if he hugged the Lys long enough he would reach Ghent. From Ghent it wasn't so far to the Dutch border. Holland was his one hope. There was no chance whatsoever of picking a way through the maze of trenches southwards.

All through the night he plugged on. The first gray of dawn found him on the edge of a town. He moved back a little into the less settled country, and made breakfast off a half dozen eggs he had lifted from a near-by henhouse. He was sucking at the last of these when, turning a bend in the river, past a clump of trees he found himself face to face with a familiar sight. An airdrome. The first glinting rays of the red sun slanted across its sleeping canvas canopies. It still lay asleep. No—it had wakened! From a hangar a quarter of a mile away, mechanics were trundling a scout plane.

A wild thought tugged painfully at his breast. To be in that plane! To go winging south in it!

Following the shelter of the trees, he came to a point opposite the nearest of the canvas hangars—the one next to the one from which the scout plane had been drawn. It lay perhaps a couple of hundred feet from the edge of the wood. As he crouched behind a tree, its door was flung open. A little red plane was shoved out—chocks were put against its wheels—its engine started. Warming up, probably, for the German dawn patrol.

That wild thought tugged at him again, insistently. If, by some miracle, he could leap aboard that nearest plane, he could get back to the Squadron flying field in half an hour. His troubles would be over. The distance between him and that miracle was so short. Should he take his life in his hand—or stick to the longer peril of trying to make the Dutch border?

He realized, now, that only one mechanic was standing beside the German plane. The other had returned to the hangar. Suddenly he gathered himself together, leaped out into the open, and dashed wildly towards the canvas structure. He found himself grasping tightly a stave of wood that instinctively he had picked up. The breath tore at his throat. His heart thumped like some giant engine.

He pressed close against the flapping canvas side—shivering like a leaf. He was about to creep forward when he heard a voice—harsh and heavy—bawl from just outside the front of the hangar, in German:

"Why are you delaying? It is almost time, and Number Six is not out yet!"

An N.C.O. probably. Then the voice rumbled from inside the canvas walls.

It was his moment. Now—he had to act now. He made a dash forward, past the front of the hangar, into the open again. Eighty feet away lay the German plane, the mechanic leaning against the fuselage, staring off to the south, shaking his head from time to time like a master hearing with satisfaction his own orchestra.

Fifty feet to go—thirty—twenty. A sudden yell from the hangar! They had seen him. But the mechanic—taken up entirely with his music—hadn't heard. Again the raucous voice bawled out. This time the mechanic did hear—turned—opened his eyes wide—and stared for the startled, blank second that was his undoing. The stave crashed against his skull. He went down in a heap.

KICKING the chocks from under the two wheels Jimmy leaped into the ship. Out of one eye he saw the big N.C.O., followed by two other mechanics, dashing out of the hangar. He shot the throttle home. The Fokker's engine roared into a vast and beautiful crescendo. She trembled . . . moved . . .

He turned. The big German, in spite of his bulk, had dashed to within a couple of yards of the tail. The Fokker seemed to creep. A fat hand reached out—touched the elevating plane—lost it—touched it again—lost it.

There came a blessed and swiftly widening gap between the airplane's tail and a panting, cursing German N.C.O. Then the swift bird was swooping full speed across the wide field. Jimmy pulled the stick slowly back—felt that indescribable sensation of the air.

Glancing back a minute later, he saw six other red specks leaving the ground. A mile behind. They'd never catch him! His foot struck something on the cockpit floor. A flying helmet. He jammed it on his head.

Roubaix below. Lille ahead—and the line. Only a few miles to friendly territory. He glanced back again, and laughed. He had shaken off the pursuing Fokkers finally and definitely; there was no sign of them against the morning haze. He kept climbing higher—out of trouble. An exultant song lilted through his heart as the smoke of Bethune rose far southward. He had taken his chance—and won!

He found himself staring suddenly, stunned, at the cowling ahead. One—two—three little round holes—written there while he stared. Instinctively he kicked the rudder over and went into a sharp bank. Something roared past—a British plane!

He had forgotten! Forgotten that he was a Hun in that morning sky! He should have climbed higher!

And then he saw something plastered on the side of the banking Sopwith—a silhouetted black cat. Nixon's plane! Nixon out for a morning strafe! Why—why Nixon might shoot him down!

The other plane had turned, was coming at him again. He edged off a little. In some way he must show Nixon whom he was. The Sopwith's guns rattled out. He dove sharply—swooped up. He had managed it! As the two planes swept past one another absolutely abreast, he rose in the cockpit, waved a hand wildly and shrieked at the top of his lungs. Surely Nixon would recognize him.

He saw the sudden start of surprise behind the goggled eyes that swept by not forty feet away. Or did he imagine it? No, Nixon *must* have recognized him. He saw the Sopwith swing around on his tail. And then he saw flames shoot from the muzzles of her twin Vickers.

He jammed the stick forward with a gasp. Nixon had certainly seen him—what did it mean? Suddenly, as he crouched low behind the wind shield to save his unprotected eyelids from the

sweep of the wind into which he was diving, suspicion tugged at him again. Had Nixon deserted him purposely last night? Was Nixon now, out of bitterness, trying to destroy him?

He leveled off and glanced back. The Sopwith was still on his tail. Above the motor's roar he could hear the faint rat-tat-tat of her guns. For an instant anger welled up inside him. Banking sharply, he slipped his finger on the trigger of the Fokker's Maxim. If it was to be to the death, let it be to the death—and let the best man win!

But this thought died away as the Sopwith flashed by—a white streak of hate. A grim laugh gurgled from Jimmy Nolan's throat. He'd outwit Nixon! Without firing a single shot he'd outfly the other man—show him that he, Jimmy Nolan, was the better airman!

The Sopwith came streaking back—nose up—guns chattering. Jimmy zoomed out of it, still laughing. Nixon was too anxious—he was shooting off his ammunition before getting in proper range.

AND then for five minutes, while Jimmy maneuvered steadily southward, the game of cat and dog continued. Nixon was fighting with grim desperation. But the smile clung to Jimmy's face. Time after time he flung his stunt in the face of the Australian and came out, grinning. Tail-spin—Immelmann—vertical bank—all the tricks.

And then suddenly something happened. The Fokker's engine went into a crazy racketing that almost shook it out of its bed. She lost flying speed. Prop gone! One of Nixon's strays had found a blade!

He throttled the heaving engine and put his nose down. A bad mess he was in now. Nothing for it but to make earth—and make it quick—with Nixon on his tail spitting hate through the muzzles of those two Vickers.

And Nixon was on his tail. The fabric of the Fokker's left wing ribboned under the Australian's improving fire. Crouched low behind the wind screen, Jimmy put her into an almost vertical dive, and held her there until the wind roared through wires and struts ominously and he was forced to level out. But Nixon had followed.

In vain Jimmy banked and corkscrewed. The necessity of keeping on down hampered his acrobatics completely, put him at the other man's mercy. He daren't even attempt another steep dive—one of his wing struts had just splintered under the Vicker's relentless fire. He must reach earth without a crash! He must show Nixon who was the better man!

Where were they now? He glanced over the side, then laughed hysterically. One thousand feet above the squadron's flying field! No wonder the other man was at him like a wasp—stinging—stinging. Suddenly, he found the Sopwith directly on his tail again. If he dived his wings would buckle; if he zoomed he'd stall and go into a tail spin. The glass of his oil gauge splintered. Something struck him a shocking blow in the left shoulder. Hit! He put the Fokker's nose skyward, held it there for a moment. The Sopwith swept underneath and zoomed into a renversement.

Just before the Fokker reached the stalling point, Jimmy shot the stick forward. Gradually the nose went down. The swift little plane gathered speed.

The Sopwith had turned over on her belly to dive at him for the last vicious sting. But she was several hundred feet higher in the air now. She was still almost that same distance higher when the propless Fokker came scudding to rest.

A crowd swept forward. Here was something to see! An enemy plane brought down at their very front door! The Sopwith was landing too—in considerable of a hurry.

Suddenly Major Hardy, who led the little group of sightseers, stopped dead in his tracks.

"Nolan! What—how—but, boy, you're wounded!"

Blood was dripping from the fingers of Jimmy's left hand, which hung useless at his side. But, however palely, Jimmy was grinning.

The Sopwith had landed. Nixon came rushing up. Nixon had a frantic look in his eyes. Jimmy grinned at him.

"Nice work, Nixon," Jimmy chuckled. "I tried every way to tell you I wasn't a Hun, but you were going so hot I couldn't get my love message across."

He watched Nixon's face closely as he spoke. The Australian was abject—stunned. Jimmy's mind flew back to the night before, when Nixon had roared down upon that German field and had ignored his signal. He saw the questions in the eyes about him. Should he accuse Nixon, here and now, of treachery? No—Nixon had learned his lesson. The Australian's slumped body said plainer than words that the life had gone utterly out of him—and he was a splendid flyer.

"You know by now that the bridge went up," Jimmy said to Major Hardy. "Only trouble was, I got into a sweet mess with a squad of *Landsturms* and couldn't get back to the field for Nix to take me away. Had to beat it back on my own—"

He saw Nixon's eyes lift in surprise—saw his lips part. With a warning glance he told his rival to be quiet. He tried to laugh casually. Somehow, he wasn't able to manage it. A queer sensation was coming over him. He was—falling—

Nixon came to him in the hospital at Arras. Jimmy watched him soberly as he walked awkwardly up to the bed and sat down beside it. For a moment they looked at each other in silence.

"Why did you do it, Nix?" Jimmy asked softly.

The Australian's head dropped in his hands. Between his fingers he said, in a choked voice: "I was—mad. Clean off. But—" He lifted his head passionately—"I swear I didn't wish you anything worse than a German prison camp. I deserted you—figured you'd be captured."

Jimmy nodded. "That's what I thought. But why did you try to shoot me down? Didn't you see me wave my hand—stand up in the Fokker when we were flying side by side?"

"I saw *somebody* wave—and I thought it was a challenge. I—I knew it couldn't be you."

"Why not?"

"You had on a Hun helmet—jammed to the eyes."

"A Hun helmet—" Jimmy's eyes widened and he whistled softly. He remembered jamming the thing on his head; remembered how the sight of it always inflamed him, when he saw it on another man's head. Of course Nixon hadn't recognized him!

Jimmy rose up on one elbow. He had been an ass not to tear the thing off. He looked sympathetically at the distracted Nixon and grinned.

"The Nixon-Nolan war is over—isn't it?" he said casually.

Somehow, Nixon couldn't say anything. He just grabbed the hand that was held out to him, and hung onto it fervently, gratefully.

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Winners will be announced in the December issue.

THOSE CASH PRIZES: For the best story, $10. For the second best, $5. For the third, $3. For each additional story that we publish, a special prize of $1. Ready—go!

Shore Leave

(*Continued from page 17*)

on his and the two aviators up with Tex.

"Circle, fellows! Full gallop!" Gene ordered and flung a leg over his brute's neck.

THEY went out of there at a long shuffling pace, the camels' necks straight out. Dogs from every Bedouin encampment cheered them on furiously.

They swept around Tigert in a wide arc, straightened out north for the long run back to Sidi Ifri. A mile, two miles; then back there Tigert's gate opened and horsemen, torches, poured out. They scattered like fireflies, scouring the surrounding country. Gene laughed joyously.

"Can't beat a night raid for getting away, eh, Tex? They'll never find us in a thousand years!" he predicted confidently.

They didn't. A few persistent torches followed for some distance in a general northerly direction; then gave it up with the reflection, evidently, that the Roumi — Legionaries — might be too many for them.

Then Spike eased his mind: "Sorry I didn't get even one paste at 'em! They've got my anchor. The quartermaster'll dock it out of my next month's pay!"

Tex whooped. "That anchor'll puzzle 'em to death! They'll figger out it's a thing to climb walls with. But they'll get brain fag tryin' to figure how you were able to get loose and let it down for us to climb!"

However that might be, they met the Navy some time later—two displeased Shore Police who were looking for Spike. They laid gruff hands on that hero and carted him off to the brig for being absent without leave. Gene, too, encountered an exceedingly gruff lieutenant of *escadrille* at his camp, who proposed to report him for leaving his station on a wild-goose chase after a sailor when there were Portuguese aviators to hunt. Gene saluted and cut in before the lieutenant could get too hot:

"Reporting with the missing aviators, sir!"

And he waved a hand toward Tex's camel.

Whereat there was an explosion of Latin joy, and fervent embraces. Gene and Tex grinned and departed to open a can of chow.

"It's a great life," commented Tex, for no particular reason.

Do you know what "the punishment of the salt" means? You'll read about it in next month's Foreign Legion story.

Cardigan (*Continued from page 26*)

flame of life, now flaring, now sinking in its socket.

Once, however, when from the sentinels we learned that Quider might live, we were almost gay, and we walked to a little moonlit hill, and rested on a rock.

"Black Care rides behind the horseman, but—I have dismounted," Sir William said, lightly. "Quider will live, I warrant you, barring those arrows of outrageous fortune of which you have doubtless heard, Michael."

"What may those same arrows be marked with?" I asked, innocently.

"With the totem of Kismet, my boy."

I did not know that totem, and said so, whereupon he fell a-laughing and demanded, "Michael, what will the world outside think of one like you?"

"I shall say to the world I come from Ko-lan-e-ka, and that I am kin to you, sir," said I.

"The world will say: 'He comes from Da-o-sa-no-geh, the place without a name; let him return to The-ya-o-guin, the Gray-haired, who sent him out so ignorant.'"

"Do you say that, sir, because I am ignorant of the poets?" I asked.

"Even women know the poets in these days," he said, smiling. "You would not wish to know less than your own wife, would you?"

"My wife!" I exclaimed scornfully.

"Why, yes," said Sir William, much amused. "You will marry one day, I suppose."

After a moment I asked:

"Is Silver Heels going to marry Mr. Butler?"

"I hope so," replied Sir William, a little surprised. "Mr. Butler is a gentleman of culture and wealth. Felicity has no large dower, and I can leave but little if I provide for all my children. I deem it most fortunate that Captain Butler has spoken to me."

"If," said I slowly, "Silver Heels and I are obliged to marry somebody, why can we not marry each other?"

Sir William stared at me.

"Are you in love with Felicity?" he asked.

"Oh, no, sir!" I cried resentfully.

"Is she—does she fancy she is in love with you?" insisted Sir William, in growing astonishment.

"No! no!" I said. "I only don't want her to marry Mr. Butler; I'd even be willing to marry her myself, though I once saw a maid in Albany—"

"What the devil is all this nonsense?" cried Sir William testily. "What d'ye mean by this idiot's babble? Eh?"

The expression of my face at this outburst first disconcerted, then sent him into a roar of laughter. Such startled and injured innocence softened his impatience; he carefully explained to me that, as Felicity had no fortune, and I barely sufficient to sustain me, such a match could but prove a sorry one for us both.

"If you were older," he said, "and if you loved each other, I should, perhaps, be weak enough not to interfere. But it is best that Felicity should wed Mr. Butler, and that as soon as may be, for I am growing old very fast. This I say to you, Michael; but you must never hint to others that I complain of age or feebleness. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, soberly.

"Besides," said Sir William, with a forced smile, "I have much to do yet; I mean to accomplish a deal of labor before I—well, before many weeks. Come, lad, we must not grope out here seeking unhappiness under these pretty stars. We are much to each other; we shall be much more—eh? Come, then; Quider will live, spite of those same slings and arrows of which you know not the totem marks."

So we went home, comforted and hopeful; but the morrow brought gravest tidings from Quider's lodge, for the Cayuga had fallen a-raving in his fever, and it was necessary to tie him down lest he break away.

Weighed down with anxiety concerning what Colonel Cresap might be doing on the Ohio, dreading an outbreak that must surely come if the Cayuga belts remained unanswered, Sir William, in his sore perplexity, turned once more to me and opened his brave heart.

"I know not what intrigues may be afoot. But I know this, that should Cresap's colonials in their blindness attack my Cayugas, the people of the Long House will never sit idle when these colonies and England draw the sword!"

Again that cold, despairing amazement crept into my heart, for I could no longer misunderstand Sir William that his sympathies were not with our King, but with the provinces.

"I cannot understand, sir," I broke out, "why we should warn Colonel Cresap. Is it loyalty for us to do so?"

Sir William turned his sunken eyes on me.

"It is loyalty to God," he said.

The solemn peace in his eyes awed me; the ravage that care had left in his visage frightened me.

He spoke again:

"I may have to answer to Him soon, my boy. I have searched my heart; there is no dishonor in it."

And so it went on, Sir William and I walking sometimes alone together on the hillsides, speaking soberly of that future which concerned our land and kin, I listening in silence with apprehension ever growing.

Yet always his love and confidence made me proud. Was I not the only person in the world who knew his sentiments and his desire to stop Colonel Cresap on the Ohio, lest, in ignorance, he should turn the entire Six Nations against the colonies?

Had he not told me, sadly, that he could not speak of this plan even to his own son, Sir John Johnson, lest his son, placing loyalty to the King before obedience to his father, should thwart Sir William, and even aid Colonel Cresap to anger the Cayugas?

He told me, too, that he could not confide in Mr. Butler or in his father, Colonel John Butler; neither dared he trust his sons-in-law, Colonel Claus or Colonel Guy Johnson, although they served as his deputies in Indian affairs.

All of these gentlemen were, first of all, loyal to our King, and none of them would raise a finger to prevent Colonel Cresap from driving the Six Nations as allies into the King's arms.

"What I am striving for," said Sir William to me, again and again, "is to so conduct that these Indians on our frontiers shall take neither one side nor the other, but remain passive while the storm rages. To work openly for this is not possible. If it were possible to work openly, and if Quider should die, I would send such a message to my Lord Dunmore of Virginia as would make his bloodless ears burn! And they may burn yet!"

At my expression of horrified surprise Sir William hesitated, then struck his fist into the open palm of his left hand.

"Why should you not know it?" he cried. "You are the only one of all I can trust!"

He paused, eying me intently.

"Can I not trust you, dear lad?" he said gently.

"Yes, sir," I cried, in an overwhelming rush of pity and love. "You are first in my heart, sir—and then the King."

Sir William smiled and thought awhile. Then he continued:

"You are to know, Michael, that Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, is, in my opinion, at the bottom of this. He it is who has sent the deluded Cresap to pick a quarrel with my Cayugas, knowing that he is making future allies for England. It is vile! It is a monstrous thing! It is not loyalty; it is treason!"

He struck his pinched forehead and strode up and down.

"Can Dunmore know what he is doing? God! The horror of it!—the horror of border war! Has Dunmore ever seen how savages fight? Has he seen raw scalps ripped from babies? Has he seen naked prisoners writhing at the stake, drenched in blood, eyeless sockets raised to the skies?"

He stood still in the middle of the room. There was a sweat on his cheek bones.

"If we must fight, let us fight like men," he muttered, "without fear or favor, without treachery! But, Michael, woe to the side that calls on these savages for aid! Woe to them! Woe! Woe!"

This outburst left me stunned. Save for Sir William, I knew not where to anchor my faith.

Chapter Six

NOW the dark pages turning in the book of fate were flying fast. First to the Hall came Joseph Brant, called Thayendanegea, brother to Mistress Molly, and embraced us all. He was a frank, affectionate youth, though a blooded Mohawk.

Clothed like an English gentleman, bearing himself like a baronet, he conducted to the admiration and respect of all, and this though he was the great war chief of the Mohawks, and already an honored leader in the council of the Six Nations.

I noticed, however, that though Sir William had hitherto trusted Brant in all things, he spoke not to him of Quider's mission.

That week there were three council fires at the Lower Castle, which Brant and Mr. Butler attended in company with a certain sullen little Seneca chief called Red Jacket, who was, perhaps, a great orator, but all the world knew him for a glutton and a coward.

Our house had now been thronged with Indians for a week. Eleven hundred Mohawks, Cayugas, Senecas, Onondagas, and a few Tuscaroras lay encamped around us. Suddenly Sir John Johnson arrived at the Hall, and with

That Shipwrecked Sailor

He was "the People"—all of 'em! Everybody else was royal.

He was Army, cook, and cornerstone carrier, cheer leader and big parade.

Watch for next month's side-splitter—

"Me, The People"

By Harry I. Shumway

him Colonel Daniel Claus and his lady from Albany. Then, day by day, new guests arrived. Johnson Hall, Colonel Guy Johnson's house, and the house of Colonel John Butler were soon crowded to overflowing. Sachems and chiefs of the Oneidas arrived, officers from the Royal Americans and from the three regiments of militia which Tryon County maintained, officers from my own troop of irregular horse quartered at Albany; and finally, in prodigious state, came our Governor Tryon from New York, with a troop of horse.

The house rang with laughter and the tinkle of glasses from morning until night; on the stairs there swept a continuous rush and rustle of ladies' petticoats. There were maids and lackeys and footmen and chair-bearers and slaves thronging porch and hallway.

As by a magic touch the old homely life had vanished.

And now, piling confusion on confusion, comes from the south my Lord Dunmore from Virginia, satin-coated, foppish, all powder and frill, and scented like a French lady. But, oh, the gallant company he brought to Johnson Hall—those courtly Virginians with their low bows and noiseless movements, elegant as panthers, suave as the Jesuits of old, and proud as heirs to kingdoms all.

For two days, however, I saw little of the company, for by Sir William's orders I lodged at the blockhouse with Mr. Duncan, keeping an eye on the pesthut where lay the stricken Cayuga, barely alive.

As for Silver Heels, I saw her but twice, and then she disappeared entirely. I was sorry for her, believing she had been cooped within the limits of nursery and play room; but I had my pity for my pains, as it turned out.

It came about in this way: I had been relieved of duties at the blockhouse and ordered to dress in my new uniform, to accompany Sir William to a review of our honest Tryon County militia, now assembling at Johnstown and Schenectady.

It was early morning, with the fields all dewy, when I left my chamber, booted, hair powdered in a club and tied with black, and my new silver gorget shining like the sun on my breast. I was in dress uniform, scarlet coat, buff smalls, sash and sword glittering, and I meant to cut a figure that day. But, lord! Even on the staircase I found myself in a crowd of officers all laces and sashes and gold brocade. My uniform was but a spark in the fire.

I made my way into the hall, but found it packed with ladies a-fanning and a-rustling, with maids tying on sun masks and pinning plumes to rolls of hair that towered like the Adirondacks.

Hat under arm, hand on hilt, I did bow and smile and tread my way through until I stood at last in the portico.

THEN I perceived Sir William, attended by Sir John and Colonel Claus, inspecting the guard at the north blockhouse, and I made haste to join them, running fast, to the danger of my powdered hair, which scattered a small snowy cloud in the wind.

"Gad! The lad's powdered like a Virginian!" said Sir William, laughing. He dusted the powder from my shoulders and turned me around, muttering, "Gad, a proper officer! A well groomed lad, eh, Jack?"

"Yes," said Sir John indifferently. He gave me a damp finger to press; then his gaze wandered to the meadows below, where the brown and yellow uniforms of Colonel Butler's militia regiment spread out like furrows of autumn leaves.

I paid my respects to Colonel Claus, who honored me with a careless nod, and passed before me to greet Colonel John Butler and his son, Captain Walter Butler.

I stood behind Sir William, observing the officers as they came up to join the staff and stand and watch the two remaining regiments marching into the meadow below.

They had built a gaily painted wooden pavilion in the meadow for the ladies and Governor Tryon and my Lord Dunmore, and now came the coaches and calashes burdened with beauty, and the Virginians all a-horse, caracoling beside the vehicles, a brave, bright company, by heaven!

The grooms brought up our mounts, and in a trice we were into our saddles and off. As we entered the meadow at a trot I caught a quick picture of the pavilion with its flags, its rows of ladies unmasking, fluttering gay kerchiefs and fans and scarfs; and my Lord Dunmore all over gold and blue, blinking like a cat in the sun. Then we broke into a swift gallop across the clover, but as I flew past the pavilion I thought I saw a face up there that I knew well yet did not know. Surely it was not Silver Heels.

There was no time for speculation. Rub-a-dub-dub! Bang! Bang! Our brigade band was marching past with our head groom playing a French horn very badly, and old Norman McLeod a-fifing it, wrong foot foremost. Sir William cursed under his breath.

"Hay-foot!- Straw-foot!" simpered a cornet of dragoons behind me, and I turned on him, and gave him a look.

"Did you say you were hungry?" I whispered, backing my horse gently against his.

"Hungry?" he stammered.

"You mentioned hay, sir," I said fiercely.

He turned red as a pippin but did not reply.

Swallowing my anger and my shame for our militia yokels, I glared at the head of Colonel Butler's regiment, now passing, and was comforted, for the clodhoppers marched by like regulars.

After them came a regiment of green-coated varlets. Then followed our three companies of Royal Americans. And after them marched a regiment in yellow and red.

THERE was a sham battle of the troops; and all in all, it was a fine pageant, and pleased everyone. I was sorry when the last cartridge was spent and the brigade band played, "God Save the King."

We followed Sir William to the pavilion, dismounting there to ascend the stairs and pay our respects to the Governor and to Lord Dunmore.

"Come with me, Michael," said Sir William, and I followed the baronet into the enclosure.

Lord Dunmore was tricked out like a painted actor, and his fingers were like white bird's claws loaded with jewels.

When he saw Sir William he fell a-tapping his snuffbox and bobbing and smiling.

"Lud! Lud!" he said, a-simpering. "Lud! Lud! Sir William! A gallant *fête!* A brave *defilé!* Militia, not regulars, you say! *Vive Dieu*, Sir William, a most creditable entraining!"

"My aide-de-camp, Lord Dunmore," said Sir William bluntly. "Your Lordship will remember Captain Cardigan who died before Quebec? His son, my Lord!—and my dear kinsman, Michael Cardigan, cornet in the Borderers."

"Strike me!" simpered Lord Dunmore. "Strike me, now, Sir William! He has his father's eyes—*Vrai Dieu!* Curse me, if he has not his father's eyes, Sir William!"

At this remarkable discovery I bowed and said it was an honor to be considered like my father in any particular.

"Burn me!" murmured his Lordship. "Burn me, Sir William, what a wit he has, now!" And he peeped at me, squeezing his eyes into two weak slits.

Apparently surfeited with admiration, he invited Sir William to take snuff with him; then turning to Gov-

(*Continued from page 63*)

ernor Tryon, who had just come into the stall, he fell to smirking and exclaiming and vaporing until I, weary and cloyed, turned my attention to the crowd.

It was not long before my Lord Dunmore's boudoir on wheels drove up, and his purring Lordship minced off in the midst of his flame-colored Virginians.

The ladies were rising, tying on sun masks, and one lady there was, in a mask and silvery cloak, who looked at me so long through the eyeholes that I felt my heart begin a-beating. Another, in mask and rose mantle, lifted the linen a trifle, displaying a fresh, sweet, smiling mouth. This one in rose turned twice to look at me, and it amused me to feel my heart go a-bumping at my ribs so loud, for she did truly resemble Marie Livingston.

Sir William and Colonel Claus had joined Lord Dunmore in his coach. I rode back to the Hall with a company of Virginians and dragoons.

COMING to the Hall, I met Sir William, whose smiling face grew haggard at sight of me, and he drew me apart, asking of news from Quider.

"He still lives, sir," I replied, my heart aching for Sir William.

For a moment he stood staring at the ground; then, bidding me report to Mr. Duncan at the blockhouse, he walked away to disguise his anxious visage again with the oldest mask in the world —a smile.

That night Sir William provided two great banquets for our guests, one at the courthouse in Johnstown, the other at Johnson Hall.

The splendid banquet at the courthouse was given to all the visiting officers except Lord Dunmore, Governor Tryon, and their particular aides.

Colonel Claus and his lady presided as host and hostess, representing Sir William and Mistress Molly.

The other banquet was given at the same hour in our house, to honor Lord Dunmore and Governor Tryon.

There were gathered in the hallway and on the stairs a vast company of ladies and gentlemen when I came down from my little chamber to wait on Sir William. Here was the great Earl of Dunmore in a ring of fluttering ladies, and there was our Governor Tryon in purple silk from head to foot. There also was my kinsman, Sir John Johnson, with his ungracious carriage, and old Colonel Butler with his eyes of a hawk. I caught sight, too, of my impudent dragoon lad who had offended at the pavilion, and I will not deny he appeared to be an elegant and handsome officer.

Making my way carefully amid rustling petticoats and a forest of waving fans, I passed Mistress Molly on the arm of Sir William, touching my lips to her pretty fingers, which she held out to me behind her back.

People passed me and repassed with laughter and whisper, and the scented wind from their fans swept my cheek.

Suddenly it seemed as though the voice of Silver Heels sounded in my ears. Turning, I saw that the voice came from a young girl standing behind me. She was very delicate and pretty in her powder and patches, with a pair of great hazel eyes like Silver Heels'. Certainly she had Silver Heels' voice, and her trick of widening her eyes, too, for now she perceived me, and—

"Why, Micky!" she cried.

"Silver Heels!" I stammered, striving to believe my eyes.

I stared almost piteously at her, trying to find my own familiar comrade in this delicate stranger, smiling breathlessly at me with sparkling teeth set on the edge of her painted fan.

In her triumph she laughed that laugh of silver which sounded ever of woodlands and birds.

"Silly," she whispered, "I told you so. And it has come true; my gown is silk, my stockings silk, my shoes are Paddington's make and silken to the soles!"

"How did you grow?" I gasped.

"Have I grown? Oh, my gown and shoes help. And see my egrets! Are they straight, Micky?"

ERE I could attempt to compose my thoughts, comes mincing my impudent dragoon, who seemed to know her, for he brought her a ribbon to tie above her elbow, explaining it was a new conceit from New York.

"It's this way," he explained, utterly ignoring my presence; "I tie this bow of blue above your elbow, so!—with your gracious consent. Now for a partner to lead you to the table I seek some gentleman and tie a blue bow to his sword hilt."

"Pray tie it to Mr. Cardigan's," said Silver Heels mischievously. "I have much to say to him for his peace of mind."

The dragoon and I regarded each other with menacing composure.

"To deprive you of such an honor, sir," said he coolly, "I protest reduces me to despair; but the light blue bows have already been awarded, Mr. Cardigan."

Instinctively I glanced at his own sword hit, and there fluttered a light blue ribbon. At the same moment I perceived that Silver Heels had been perfectly aware of this.

Mortified as I was, I controlled myself sufficiently to congratulate the dragoon and courteously deplore my own ill fortune.

"Let not your lady hear that!" said Silver Heels. "How do you know, sir, which partner fate and Mr. Bevan may allot you?"

Mr. Bevan and I regarded each other in solemn hostility.

"May I have the honor of attaching this ribbon to your hilt, sir?" he asked, stiffly.

"You may, sir," said I, still more stiffly, "if it is necessary."

HE TIED a red bowknot to my hilt; we bowed to each other; then with a smile for Silver Heels, he saluted us again and strolled off with his nose in the air and his hands full of ribbons of every hue—the fop!

"Who is that pitiful ass?" I said, turning to Silver Heels.

"Why, Michael!" she protested.

"Oh, if he's one of your friends, I ask indulgence," said I, mad enough to pluck the blue knot from her arm.

"Truly, Michael," she sniffed, "you are still very young."

She seated herself by the big clock; I sat beside her, sullenly, and glanced at her sideways. Her self-possession and obvious indifference to me completed my growing discomfort. The playmate I had so often bullied had slipped away from me forever, leaving in her place a dainty thing of airs and laces to flout me. At moments, as I sat there, I could have yelled aloud in my vexation.

Lord! how they all ogled her, gentlemen and ladies, old and young, and I heard whispers around me that she was a beauty and would be rich one day. My Lord Dunmore, too, came a-dancing pitpat! till I thought to hear his bones creak inside his white silk.

Her admirers came crowding round, pressing closer and closer until she was shut from my sight by a circle of coat-skirts, tilted swords, and muscular calves in silken stockings.

Presently our fiddlers and bassoons started the "Huron"; there was a flutter to find ribbons that matched, and a world of bustle and laughter.

I had now been crowded up against our tall clock in the hall, and doubtless I should have remained there, gnawing my lip, till doomsday, had not Silver Heels espied me and come fluttering through the crowd with:

"Oh, Micky! Have you seen your lady —with her knot of scarlet ribbon? It's

your old friend Marie Livingston! But she is wedded now; she is that pretty Mrs. Hamilton from Saint Sacrement. Oh, you lucky boy! All the officers are raving over her! But I asked her if she remembered you, and she said she didn't, so there!"

"Silver Heels," I began, with the first appealing glance I had ever bestowed on a woman, "Silver Heels, I want to tell you something."

But she cried: "You must not detain me, Michael. Mr. Bevan is waiting for me."

And with that she was gone, leaving me furious over I knew not what. For truly I myself did not know what it was I had been about to say to Silver Heels. As for this Mrs. Hamilton, it madded me to hear of her. If Marie Livingston had wedded another, what cared I about her?

Mrs. Hamilton, forsooth! With that ape of a New Yorker setting himself in my rightful place beside Silver Heels! And what stabbed deepest was that Silver Heels plainly preferred him to me—the ungrateful minx!

Sulking there under the tall clock, I happened to lift my eyes and perceived on the stairs that same lady who had half raised her sun mask at the review—I mean the one in the rose mantle, not the other in the silvery cloak, whom I now knew had been Silver Heels.

Down the stairs rustled my lady of the rose mantle.

Now she was looking straight at me, and I perceived that she wore my colors. Marie Livingston! I should never have known her; so we were quits, the affected minx! And this was Mrs. Hamilton!—this bright-eyed girl with her rose-petal skin! I pressed through the throng to the stairway. Now at last I could pay Silver Heels in her own wampum, and I meant to do it.

I met Mrs. Hamilton at the foot of the stairs, and made her an impressive bow. But she insisted on matching ribbons very carefully. When she could no longer doubt that our ribbons matched, she made me a whimsical reverence, and took my arm with a smile, and a cool: "Oh, I faintly recall you now, Mr. Cardigan. How you have grown!"

Out into the wilderness of silver and candlelight we passed, stood behind our chairs while my Lord Dunmore chattered a blessing, and then seated ourselves amid a gale of whispers.

THROUGH the flare of the candles I saw Brant and Sir John Johnson near us, and also that filthy Indian, Red Jacket, both hands already in a dish of jelly, a gobbling and grunting to himself. Presently I perceived Silver Heels and Mr. Bevan, nearly opposite to us, and strove to catch her eye. But Silver Heels took small notice of me; she sat there smiling and silent, head a little lowered, while that insufferable coxcomb whispered into her ear and smirked.

Stung to the quick by her indifference, I resolved to show her that I cared not a whit. So I loosened my tongue and set it wagging so smartly that I think I astonished Mrs. Hamilton, who had been observing Mr. Bevan with her fixed smile. At any rate, she gave me a long, pleasant stare, and presently her smile became very sweet and pretty, although I thought a trifle mocking.

"Is it not amusing?" she said, coolly. "Here you sit with me, when you would give your tow head to be prattling into Mistress Warren's ears; and here sit I at twiddle-thumbs, devising vengeance on Mr. Bevan, who belongs to me!"

Amazed, perplexed, and disconcerted I blurted out, "I thought you had a husband."

She colored up like fire for a moment, but the next instant she was laughing at me as though I were a ninny.

"Please tell me your Christian name," she said sweetly. "I really do desire to recall it."

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"My name is Michael," said I suspiciously.

"Was it not Saint Michael who so soundly spanked the devil?" she asked. "Truly, Mr. Cardigan, you were well named to chastise the wicked with such sturdy innocence!"

I fumed inwardly, for I had no mind to be considered a gaby among women.

"I am perfectly aware, madam, that it is the fashion for charming women to turn boys' heads," said I, "and I wish you might turn Mr. Bevan's head till you twist it off his neck!"

"I'd rather twist yours," she said.

"Twist it off?" I asked curiously.

"I—I don't know. Look at me, Mr. Cardigan."

I met her pretty eyes.

"No, not quite off," she said, thoughtfully. "You are a nice boy, but not very bright. If you were you would pay me compliments instead of admonition. You might even make love to me."

"That would be a privilege," said I. "You are certainly the prettiest woman in Johnson Hall to-night, and if you've a mind for vengeance on your faithless dragoon yonder, pray take me for the instrument, Mrs. Hamilton."

"Hush!" she said, with a startled smile. "I may take you at your word."

"I am taking you at yours," said I recklessly.

In the dull din of voices around us I heard Silver Heels' laugh, but the laugh was strained, and I knew she was looking at me and listening.

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Hamilton, reddening, "but I know you to be a somewhat indiscreet young man who handles a woman as he would a club to beat his rival to the earth."

"I mean," said I, in a low voice, "to make love to you and so serve us both. Look at me, Mrs. Hamilton."

"I will not," she said, between her teeth.

"Tell me," I pleaded, "what is your Christian name? I do really wish to know, Mrs. Hamilton."

Spite of the angry red in her cheeks she laughed outright.

"My name is Marie Hamilton, of Saint Sacrement, please you, kind sir," she lisped, with an affected simper that set us a-laughing together.

"If you ever had your heart stormed you had best prepare for no quarter now!" I said coolly.

"Insolent!" she murmured, covering her bright cheeks with her hands, and giving me a glance in which amusement, contempt, curiosity, and invitation were not inharmoniously blended.

So amid the low tumult, the laughter, and the crystal tinkle of silver and glass, I made reckless love to Mistress Marie Hamilton, charging the citadel of her heart with insincere and gay abandon.

"In what school have you been taught to make love, sir?" she said, at last, breathless, amused, yet exasperated.

"In the school of necessity, madam," I replied.

"I pray you teach something of your art to Mr. Bevan," said she, spitefully.

"I am teaching him now," said I.

It was true. The dragoon was staring at Mrs. Hamilton in undisguised displeasure. As for Silver Heels, she observed us with a scornful amazement that roused all the cruelty in me. So that I slackened not in my seeming devotion to another.

Soon the healths flew thick and fast from Sir William and Lord Dunmore, the titled toastmasters, and we drank his Majesty George the Third in bumpers that set the Indians a-howling like timber wolves at Candlemas.

Toast followed toast in a tempest of cheers, through which the yelps of the Indians sounded faintly.

Mistress Molly we pledged with a shout, and she returned our courtesy with gentle gravity, but her eyes were for Sir William alone.

Then Lord Dunmore gave:

"Our lovely heiress, Mistress Warren!" ending in a drunken hiccough, and poor Silver Heels half rose from her seat as though to fly to Mistress Molly.

Red Jacket was on his feet now, very drunk, slavering and mouthing, and Brant and I dragged him out into the garden where his squaw took charge, leading him lurching and howling down the hill. Before I returned, the ladies were in the hallway and the card room, the gentlemen following in groups.

But Sir William had disappeared, and I hunted vainly for him until I encountered Mrs. Hamilton, who directed me to the library, whither, she averred, Sir William, Governor Tryon, and Lord Dunmore had retired.

"State secrets, Master Michael," she added, saucily. "You had best find Mr. Bevan and start those same lessons we have discussed."

"Let me instruct him by proxy," said I, drawing her under the stairs, and ere she could escape, I kissed her lips three separate times.

She was in tears in an instant, something I had not counted on, and it needed my most earnest acting to subdue her indignation.

I had my arm around her, and my coat was all powder and rouge, when something made me look around. There was Silver Heels going towards the pantry with Betty, doubtless to pouch some sweets for her black nurse. Her head was steadily lowered, but face and neck were glowing, and I knew she had perceived us and despised us.

Stunned with the conviction that I had gone too far, I made out to play my miserable farce to an end and led Mrs. Hamilton out where Mr. Bevan could pounce upon her—as he did with an insolence that I had little spirit to resent.

Then I hastened to the pantry where Silver Heels stood before the rifled dishes, hands to her face, and black Betty a-petting her. But at sight of me she turned scarlet and shrank back, nor would she listen to one word.

"What yoh done to mah li'l Miss Honey-bee?" exclaimed Betty wrathfully. "I done 'spec' yoh, Mars Ca'digan, suh! Yaas, I 'spec' yoh is lak all de young gemmen!"

Then the old witch began a-crooning: "Doan yoh cyah, li'l Miss Honey-bee, doan yoh mind nuff'n. Huh! Had mah s'picions 'bout dat young Mars Ca'digan. Doan yoh mind him no moh'n a blue-tail fly!"

"Very well," said I, angrily, "you may do as you choose, and think what you like. As for your fool of a dragoon, Mrs. Hamilton will settle him, and if she doesn't I will."

My foolish outburst seemed to rouse a panther in Silver Heels, and for a moment I believe she meant to strike me. But the storm swept over, leaving her with eyes wet.

"You have spoiled my first pleasure," she said, in a low, trembling voice. "You have conducted like a clown and all beheld you making shameful love to Mrs. Hamilton! Oh, Betty, Betty, send him away!" she sobbed.

"Silver Heels," I said, choking, "can you not understand that it is I who wish to wed you?"

Again the panther blazed in her gray eyes, but her lips were bloodless as she gasped: "Oh, the insult! Betty—do you hear? He would marry me out of pity! That is twice he has said it!"

"I said it before because I would not have you marry Mr. Butler," said I, wincing. "But I say it now because—because—I love you, Silver Heels."

All her hot scorn of me was in her eyes. I saw it and set my teeth hard, hopeless now forever, even of her careless affection.

And so I left her there, with Betty's arms around her. But as I went away, chilled with self-contempt and mortification, heedless, utterly careless what I

did to degrade myself further in her eyes, came black Betty a-waddling to pluck me by the sleeve and whisper:

"Doan yoh go to wed wif nobody, Mars Ca'digan, suh! Doan yoh go foh to co't nobody. Mah li'l Miss Honey-bee ain't done growed up yet, suh. Bime-by she'll know moh'n she 'specs 'bout gemmens, suh."

But my evil nature was uppermost, and I laughed and bade Betty mind her own affairs, leaving her there grumbling and mumbling about "fool boys" and "li'l fool Honey-bees," till the clatter from the card room shut her voice from my ear.

Chapter Seven

WHEN I came to the library, I could see a party of gentlemen lounging within over their wine and filberts; so, thinking no harm to enter, I walked in and sat down on the arm of a leather chair by the window.

Nobody had observed me, however, and I was on the point of respectfully making known my presence to Sir William, when I saw Walter Butler rise and shut the door. Turning to rejoin the company around the table, he saw me, and stood still.

"Well?" inquired Sir William, testily, looking up at Mr. Butler. "When you are seated, sir, I will continue."

"If Mr. Cardigan has been here all this time, I, for one, was not aware of it," observed Mr. Butler coldly.

I began to explain to Sir William that I had but that moment come in, when he interrupted querulously.

"Tush! tush! Let be, let be, Captain Butler! My young kinsman has my confidence, and it is time he should know something of what passes in his own country."

"At eighteen," observed my Lord Dunmore, with a maudlin chuckle, "I knew a thing or two, I'll warrant you—curse me, if I didn't, Sir William!"

"Doubtless, my Lord," said Sir William, dryly. "And now, gentlemen, concerning our show of force here, I have only to say—with all respect to Governor Tryon—that I do not believe it will produce that salutary effect on the discontented in New York and Boston which Governor Tryon expects."

"Gad! I do expect it!" said Tryon, briskly. "Look you, Sir William, you and your militia dominate the country, and these rascals must be brought to understand it. Trust me, the Yankees will know of this militia display before the post rides into Boston!"

"Add our Mohawks to the militia," observed Walter Butler, in a colorless voice.

Sir William's jaw was set hard, but he said nothing.

"Add the whole Six Nations," hiccoughed Lord Dunmore, leering at Sir William. "Come, now! curse me blind! but we shall have the whole Six Nations." And he winked his weak eyes at Walter Butler.

Not for a moment now did I doubt that Lord Dunmore had set Colonel Cresap to drive the Cayugas into a hatred for the colonies, nor did I doubt that Walter Butler knew all about this plan.

There came a brief silence, broken by the clear sarcastic tones of Sir William.

"I beg permission to submit to Governor Tryon the opinion of a country baronet—for what that opinion may be worth."

"With pleasure," said Governor Tryon cordially.

"And this is my opinion," continued Sir William, "that, firstly, the disaffected classes in Boston and New York will not care a fig for our show of militia; that, secondly, if they should once entertain a suspicion that England, in the event of war, proposed to employ savages as allies to subdue rebellion, we should have to-morrow the thirteen colonies swarming like thirteen hives to sting us all to death."

As he paused, Walter Butler spoke in his passionless voice:

"It is fast coming to the point where either the rebels against the King are to win over the Indians, or where we must take measures to secure their services. I beg Sir William to make it clear to us what chances we have to win the support of the Six Nations."

The cat had sprung from the bag. Yet nobody by glance or word or gesture appeared to be aware of it.

SIR WILLIAM'S manner was perfectly composed as he spoke, eyes fixed on his wineglass.

"Captain Butler believes that it has come to this: that either those in authority or the disaffected must seek allies among these savage hordes along our frontiers. Gentlemen, I am not of that opinion. If war must come between England and these colonies, let it be a white man's war; in mercy, let it be a war between two civilized peoples, and not a butchery of demons!

"I do solemnly believe that it is possible to so conduct that these savages will remain neutral if war must come."

He lifted his eyes and, looking straight at Lord Dunmore, continued.

"And, gentlemen, as I am his Majesty's intendant of Indian affairs in North America, I shall now do all that I can to pacify my wards, to keep them calm and orderly in the event of war. Were I to do otherwise, I must account to my King for a trust betrayed, and I must answer also to Him whom King and subject alike account to."

On Walter Butler's lips a sneer twitched; my Lord Dunmore wiped his bleared eyes with a rag of lace and stared at everybody with drunken gravity.

"I know not," said Sir William, slowly, "what true loyalty may be if it be not to save the honor of our King. And if there are now those among his counselors who urge him to seek these savages as allies, I say it is a monstrous thing and an inspiration from hell itself."

He swung on his elbow and fixed his eyes on Walter Butler.

"You, sir, know something of border war. How then can you propose to let loose these Indians on the people of our colonies?"

"Lest they let loose these same sav-

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ages on us," replied Mr. Butler, calmly.

Sir William frowned.

"You do not know the colonists, Mr. Butler," he said. "What marvel then that my Lord North should misunderstand them, and think to buy their loyalty with tuppence worth o' tea?"

"Come, come, Sir William!" cried Governor Tryon, laughing, and plainly anxious to break the tension. "Did I not know you to the bone, sir, I should deem it my duty to catechise you concerning the six articles of loyalty!"

"I, too, i' faith!" squeaked Lord Dunmore. "Skewer me! Sir William, but you talk like a Boston preacher—ay—"

"Have done, sir!" cut in Sir William, with such bitter contempt that the faces of all present sobered quickly. But Lord Dunmore only blinked stupidly and sucked his thin lips, too drunk to understand how like a lackey he had been silenced.

"There is one more matter," said Sir William, "that I may be pardoned for introducing here; it is a matter touching on my own stewardship, and as that concerns my King, I deem it necessary to broach it."

He turned again deliberately on Lord Dunmore.

"It has come to my knowledge that certain unauthorized people are tampering with a distant tribe of my Cayuga Indians. I know not what the motives of these men may be, but I protest against it, and I shall do all in my power to protect my Cayugas from unlawful aggression!"

"Damme!" gurgled Lord Dunmore. "Damme, Sir William, d'ye mean to accuse me? Curse me! Skewer me! Claw me raw! but it is not fair," he sniveled. "No, it is not fair! Take your hands off my sleeve and be done a-twitching it, Captain Butler! Damme! I never set Cresap on. Will ye have done a-pinching my arm, Captain Butler?"

THE ghastly humor of the exposure, the ludicrous self-conviction of his tipsy Lordship—for nobody had mentioned Cresap—the startling disclosure, too, of Walter Butler's interest in the plot, cast a gloom over the company.

Then Sir William's sarcastic voice pierced the silence.

"I trust your Lordship would not believe that any gentleman present could harbor suspicions of a foul conspiracy between your Lordship and Captain Butler, to incite my Cayugas to attack white men!"

Walter Butler's slow eye rested on Lord Dunmore, on Sir William, and then on me. But his bloodless visage never changed.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, let us have harmony here," protested Governor Tryon. "Nobody believes that my Lord Dunmore is seeking trouble with your tame Indians, Sir William. If this fellow Cresap be imposing on the Cayugas, I doubt not that my Lord Dunmore will recall him and deal with him severely."

"No, I won't! Claw my vitals if I do!" snapped his Lordship, in the drunken sulks, and straightway fell a-squabbling with Walter Butler, who had again laid a hand on his arm.

For Captain Butler knew his treachery had been discovered, and his shameless impudence in openly attempting to muzzle his noble partner in conspiracy passed all bounds of decency.

I saw the angry light glimmer in Sir William's eyes, and I knew it boded no good to Walter Butler as far as his hope of Silver Heels was concerned. A fierce happiness filled me. So now, at last, Sir William was discovering the fangs in his pet snake!

Lord Dunmore had succeeded in reversing a decanter of port over himself and Colonel Claus, and the latter, mad as a wet cat, left the room swearing audibly, while his playful Lordship threw a few glasses after him and then collapsed in a soiled heap of silk and jewels.

Sir William was steadily staring at Walter Butler; I, too, had my eye on him. When he left the table to saunter towards the door, Sir William rose immediately to follow him, and I after Sir William.

He saw us coming as he opened the door, and surveyed us with cool effrontery as we joined him in the hallway.

"I shall not require your services hereafter as my secretary, Captain Butler," said Sir William. "Will you kindly hand your keys to me?"

"At your command, Sir William," replied Mr. Butler, drawing the keys from his pocket and presenting them with an ironical inclination.

"Mr. Butler," continued Sir William, with reddening face, "I consider myself released from my consent to your union with my kinswoman, Miss Warren!"

"As to that, sir," observed Captain Butler, cynically, "I shall take my chances."

I heard what he said, but Sir William misunderstood him.

"It is your mischance, sir, to put no harsher interpretation on it. But my decision is irrevocable, Mr. Butler, for I have destined Miss Warren to a loyal man, my kinsman, Michael Cardigan!"

"I'll take that chance, too," said Mr. Butler, bowing.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Sir William.

But Walter Butler only replied with such a glare at me that Sir William involuntarily turned to find me, rigid, behind him. The next moment Captain Butler passed noiselessly out into the starlight, wrapping his black cloak around him.

SIR WILLIAM followed him mechanically to the door, and I at his heels, burning for a quarrel with Walter Butler, and waiting only until Sir William should return to the library, and leave me free to follow the treacherous villain.

But Sir William, seeing me slinking out, laid a hand on my shoulder and spun me sharply round on my heels to look into my eyes.

"Now wnat the devil are you up to?" he broke out, half devining the truth. "Michael! Michael! Don't be a fool! Are there not fools enough here tonight?"

"No, sir," I answered, sheepishly.

"That is not the way to serve me, lad," said Sir William roughly. "Have I not sorrow enough without seeing you carried in here with a hole in your breast, you meddlesome ass?"

"I have a certain score to clean off," I muttered.

"Oh," observed Sir William, coldly, "a selfish quarrel—eh? I was a fond old fool to think I might count on you."

Tears started to my eyes; I could have bitten my tongue off.

"You can count on me, sir," I choked out. "I meant no harm. I am not selfish, sir; I care only for you."

"I know it, lad," he said kindly. "And mind, I do not rebuke your spirit; I only ask you to learn discretion. This is no time to settle private matters. No man in America has that right now, because every man's life belongs to the country!"

"On which side, sir?" I faltered.

Sir William was silent for a while. Presently he took my arm and we walked out under the stars.

"My boy," he said sadly, "I cannot decide for you. The decision must remain with yourself. But consider it well."

"Am I to decide to-night, sir?"

"God forbid!" he said solemnly.

At that moment there came running out of the darkness an officer with naked claymore shining in the starlight, and when he drew near we saw it was Mr. Duncan.

"The Indian is gone!" he panted. "Gone away crazed with fever! The doctor lies in the hut with a broken shoulder; Quider crushed it in his madness!"

Sir William swayed as though struck.

"The sentries chased him to the woods," continued poor Duncan, out of breath, "but he ran like a panther and —we had your orders not to fire. He will die, anyhow; the doctor says he will seek some creek or pond and die in the water like a poisoned rat. They are bringing the doctor now."

Up out of the shadow loomed two soldiers, forming a litter with their muskets, on which sat our doctor, Pierson, head hanging. And when Sir William came to him he looked up with a sick grimace and shook his head feebly.

"He broke those ropes as though they had been worsted," he said. "I tried to hold him down, but he had the strength of delirium, Sir William. I want that fat surgeon of the Royal Americans to set this bone," he added weakly, and fell a-groaning.

Mr. Duncan started on a run for the barracks; the soldiers and the injured man passed on towards the guardhouse, and Sir William stood staring after them.

Presently he said aloud, "God's will be done on my poor country!"

WE walked back to the house together. Some of the guests were leaving, but the card room was still crowded.

Sir William entered the hallway and looked around. In a corner of one window sat Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. Bevan, somewhat close together; in another window were gathered Colonel Claus and his lady and Sir John Johnson, whispering. Brant, surrounded by a bevy of fine ladies, was answering questions in polite monosyllables.

"And out of all my house," murmured Sir William, in a bitter voice, "not one whom I can trust—not one!—not one!"

After a moment I plucked at his sleeve reproachfully.

"Yes—I know—I know, my boy. But I need a man now—a man of experience, a man in bodily vigor, a man in devotion."

"You need a man to go to Colonel Cresap," I whispered. For the first and only time in my life I saw that I had startled Sir William.

"Let me go, sir?" I entreated, eagerly. "If I am keen enough to read your purpose, I am not too stupid to carry it out. I know what you wish. I know you cannot trust your message to paper, nor to a living soul except me. I know what to say to Colonel Cresap. Let me serve you, sir, for I do long so to help you."

We had fallen back to the porch again while I was speaking, Sir William holding me so tightly by the elbow that his clutch numbed my arm.

"I cannot," he muttered. "To-morrow Dunmore will set his spies to see that Cresap remains undisturbed. The Ohio trails will be watched for a messenger from me. Who knows what Dunmore's and Butler's men might do?"

"Dare they attack an officer in uniform?" I asked, astonished.

"What is there to prevent a shot in ambush? And are there no renegades in Johnstown to hire?" replied Sir William, bitterly. "Why, the town's full of them, lad; men as desperate as Jack Mount himself."

"But I know the woods! You, yourself, sir, say I am a very Mohawk in the woods!" I pleaded. "I fear no ambush though the highwayman Jack Mount himself were after me. Have I not been twice to the Virginia line with Brant? I could first go with belts to the Cayugas, and tell the truth about Quider and his party. Then I would deliver the belts as you delivered them to Quider. Then I would find Cresap and show him what a fool he is."

"And so serve the enemies of the King?" said Sir William, looking keenly at me.

"And so serve you, sir," I retorted. "Are you an enemy to the King?"

"But, my boy," said Sir William, hus-

kily, "do you understand that you must go alone on this mission?"

I sprang forward and threw my arms around him with a hug like a young bear's.

"Then I'm going! I'm going!" I whispered, enchanted, while he murmured brokenly that he could not spare me and that I was all he had on earth.

But I would not be denied; I coaxed him to my bedroom, lighted the candle, and made him sit down on my cot. Then I explained excitedly my purpose, and to prove that I knew the trails, I made a drawing for him, noting every ford and carrying place.

Also, in pantomime and whispers, I rehearsed the part I meant to play before the Cayugas, making the speeches that Sir William had made to Quider, as nearly as I could remember.

Together, then, we went over the trail, mile by mile, computing the circles I should be obliged to take to avoid the carrying places, where spies were most to be feared.

"Dunmore rides South in a week," said Sir William. "But he will not wait till he reaches Virginia before he sends out his emissaries to urge Cresap on. You must beat them, lad."

AND so we sat there together on the bed, planning and suggesting precautions, till my candle sank into a lake of wax, trailing a long, flaring flame.

"There is one thing I have thought of," said I, soberly. "It is this: if I am going out as an enemy to the King, I cannot for shame aid me by wearing the King's uniform. Therefore, with your approval, sir, I will go in my buckskins, unless you believe that by this journey of mine I will benefit our King."

"Then," said Sir William, slowly, "you must go in your buckskins, lad."

The moment had come; I was face to face with it now.

"Am—am I to resign my commission in the Border Horse, sir?" I faltered.

Sir William considered me in silence, then broke out: "No, no! Not yet. Who knows but what this war may never break over us! No, no, my boy! Your errand is an errand of justice and mercy. I send you as my own messenger. It is my duty to protect my Cayugas, and it is yours to obey me. You may, for the present at least, retain your commission and your sword with honor. It is Dunmore and Butler we are fighting now, not our King."

"I shall go in my buckskins, anyhow," I said, cheerfully, and thankful that the evil moment had been put off—that evil moment which I now understood was surely coming for us both. He knew it too; his face was gray and haggard.

As we sat there, I heard Silver Heels come running up the stairs and stop at my door, calling out to Sir William.

When I opened the door she drew back scornfully but, catching a glimpse of Sir William within, she marched past me and perched herself on Sir William's knees, both arms around his neck.

What she whispered to him I could not hear, but he promptly shook his head in refusal, and presently it came out that she was teasing to be allowed to go with a certain fat dame, Lady Shelton, and make a month's stay with her at Pittsburgh.

"I do so long to go," pleaded Silver Heels. "We are to have such rare pleasures at the June running races, with dancing every evening and a dinner given for me! Oh, dear! I want to go so much! I truly do, sir, and I should be so happy and so thankful to you—"

"In heaven's name, stop your chatter, Felicity!" cried Sir William, striving to undo her arms from his neck, but she only kissed him and clung so tightly and reproachfully that he gave up in sheer fatigue.

"Oh, go, then! Go, you little witch! And mind you take Betty with you! And mind that Aunt Mary provides for you ere you go!"

Silver Heels embraced him rapturously with a little shout of delight, and sped away to the nursery without a glance at me. What did I care? I had begun to dislike her cordially; I could afford to, now that she in turn disliked Mr. Bevan.

I had also the savage satisfaction of remembering that she was free of Walter Butler forever, and I observed her departure grimly.

Presently Sir William rose and walked out into the hallway, saying, with affected carelessness: "Then you will start before dawn, Michael?"

"Yes, sir," said I, cheerfully.

"I shall be in the library when you go. Stop there a moment."

His voice was quivering, but he did not flinch.

BACK in my room, I lighted another candle and began making feverish preparations for departure. I gave little thought to Silver Heels. Excitement proved a lively antidote for sorrow.

I was off for glory and the green delight of the woodlands that I loved!

I made up my pack on the bed: a blanket, four pairs of Mohawk moccasins, a change of flannels, a spare shirt, and three pairs of knitted socks. Down in the storeroom I found corn meal, salt, and pork, and tied each in its sack. Powder and ball were to be had in the guardhouse; so I ran across to the blockhouse for a supply. While I was there, I found Wraxall, our Scottish Johnstown barber, still up and had him shear off my queue and cut my hair *á la coureur-de-bois*.

Then I gathered up my ammunition and provisions and hastened back to the house. The place was dark save for a light in the library. I felt my way up the stairs and into my chamber, where I rolled my spare ammunition and provisions into my pack and buckled the load tightly.

I changed rapidly to my forest runner's garb, buckled my money belt under my shirt, then hoisted my pack to my shoulders, blew out the candle, and stole into the hallway, trailing my rifle.

I crept down the stairs, went softly through the lower hall, through the card room, and tapped at the library door. It was opened without a sound.

Sir William and I gazed silently at each other for a long time. I, for one, could not trust myself to speak. My heart was suddenly heavy; all the exhilaration of adventure had left me.

He seemed so old, so tired, so gray. Where was that ruddy glow, that full swell of muscle as he moved, that clear-eyed, full-fronted presence I knew so well? How old his hands appeared under the cuff's limp lace; how old his careworn face, all in ashy seams; how old his slow eyes—how old, old, old!

Together, without a word, we passed through the dark house and out to the porch. Dawn silvered the east, but the moon in its first quarter lay afloat in the western clouds, and a few stars looked down through a sky caked with frosted fleece.

He embraced me in silence, holding me a long time to his breast; yet never a word was said, and never a sound fell on the night air save my desperate gulps to crush back the sob that strained in my throat.

Presently I was conscious that I had left him, and was running fast through the darkness, blind as a bat for the tears. When I finally halted and looked back, far away against the dawn I saw our house as a black mass, with a single candle twinkling in the basement. So I knew Sir William still kept his vigil in the library.

Dashing my sleeve across my eyes, I turned and ran on toward the misty wilderness. It was well that I could not know then how dark the days before me, or how bitter the conditions of my return to Johnson Hall.

(To be continued in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

The Heavy End

(Continued from page 14)

"He got aboard the night train; had a suit case. It's after ten; I thought you ought to know."

Lassiter was throwing on his clothes. A sure sense of disaster had followed Ransom's words. He sprang up, thinking hard. Joe's twisted back muscle would keep him out of the game; perhaps that explained Joe's forgetting the rules. But instantly he knew that the explanation didn't satisfy.

"Come on, we'll see Dan," he said. "He'll know about it."

With Ransom at his heels, he ran through the hall and sped across the hard frozen quad. But the Lovell room was empty. Ransom, moving to the dresser, cried out, snatched up a yellow sheet.

"Listen to this!" Then he read: "'Final offer twelve hundred for four games. Report Steel City Friday. Nesbitt'." Turning to the captain, Ransom cried: "This telegram's addressed to Dan."

Lassiter took the message. He remembered Nesbitt's words to Joe Lovell—that night of the school rally, "You'd better come *too*." Flash understood those words now. Nesbitt had gained two men instead of one. *That's* why Joe had been unhappy. *That's* why he had evaded Flash's advances! Sold out—both of 'em! And Exeley, with a crippled line, would lose her game to Ardmore. He folded the message grimly.

"It's a tough break, but there's McDonald; he'll try hard. We'll see Norgren in the morning. Let's get to bed."

Lassiter slept little that night. He lay tossing in the darkness with bitter thoughts for company. In the morning came his talk with Norgren, but the coach's attitude was far too philosophical and tolerant for Lassiter.

"With the Ardmore game two days away it was most unfair of them to leave. And Nesbitt's professionals have a bad name for throwing games. That I don't like. But if it's cleanly handled, 'pro' sport is a better way to make a living than many others. To want 'the heavy end,' as Nesbitt calls it, is no crime." He tapped the table with his pencil as he thought of Exeley's chances now. "McDonald's not a Lovell. Still, we're strong enough to win."

THE ARDMORE Special pulled in early the next day. Six coaches, draped with crimson bunting, disgorged a mass of Ardmore students. They cheered as the "big red team" climbed in a motor bus and swept on toward the stadium.

At half past one, when Lassiter stepped in the field house, the stands were already filling. Manning, Ardmore's captain, was standing in the door of the visitor's locker room. He asked quizzically:

"They tell me Joe Lovell's turned 'pro.' Is that right?"

"Lovell?" returned Lassiter. "Oh, I believe he has. We're just lousy this year with good linemen. It's hard to find places for them all."

Manning laughed and slapped him on the back.

"Yeah? You never missed him. But there might be a little hole now at right tackle we could squeeze through, mightn't there?"

"Try it, my boy, try it!" answered Lassiter, but inwardly he groaned. They'd hammer poor McDonald from the start. He would crack and then——

Flash began to dress. Sharp bursts of cheering carried through the long room. Ardmore had taken the field. Flash knocked the mud from his cleats, laced them carefully. His face was set.

Then Norgren called the Exeley squad and Lassiter trotted out at their head. There were massed crimson colors in the south stands, and across the white-lined field, the vivid blue of Exeley. Lassiter snapped the squad quickly through a dozen plays. They trotted to the benches. The noise of cheers and the brassy blaring of the bands was a confused storm of sound.

Someone touched his arm and he stood up. He walked to the center of the field. A coin spun glittering in the sun and the referee said:

"Your choice, Exeley."

"We'll kick," Flash replied.

The team spread in a long front. The captain waited with a numb paralysis while Ahlberg fiddled with the ball, and then walked back, measuring his strides. Flash glanced at the referee and raised his arm. The shrilling whistle sent a shiver down his spine. He ran slowly forward, swung his foot, saw the ball rise end over end; and suddenly he was charging fiercely down the field.

The crimson quarterback caught the ball on Ardmore's twenty yard line and went down in his tracks. The red team was lining up with the first blast of the whistle. Lassiter saw the backs shift, poise, and come tearing at the right side of his line. McDonald dived beneath the play. The head linesman moved his marker up a yard.

Ardmore leaped into position and again the play came driving at McDonald. With Lassiter to back him up, he stopped it dead. Manning of Ardmore, grinning as he pulled the Exeley captain from the pile, said: "Remember General Grant? We're trying out his stuff to-day."

And a half minute later, the third play hammered Exeley's right tackle. This time for nine long yards. The referee waved the chain ahead for a first down.

A fake drew the Exeley secondary to the left. The play came slithering back and battered at McDonald. Four yards this time. Lassiter abandoned his position and drew in. Manning sent a short pass over center. The Exeley captain, with a desperate effort, knocked it down—but it had nearly been complete. He fell back to his zone.

Ardmore hammered out play after play, with McDonald as the target of nearly every one. The Ardmore backs were breaking past him now consistently. Fifty-five yards down the field they pushed the ball before the quarter ended.

Through the short intermission, McDonald lay stretched out on the ground. As Lassiter bent over him, he shook his head.

"Call me when the steam roller starts," he groaned.

"Mac, you're fighting 'em," said Lassiter. "Stay in there, fellow."

McDONALD dragged himself up as the whistle blew, but he was done. The let-down in the intermission had finished him. And Manning began once more to hurl a deadly round of smashing plays at the worn lineman. Flash had to bring down the ball carrier, now, after gains of three or four yards on every plunge. On his own ten-yard marker, he switched McDonald to the secondary and went in the line himself. Manning at once tried a pass, but Ransom spoiled it. The play came at Lassiter. It failed. Another gained two yards. On the last down, Ardmore's long pass was incomplete over the goal, and it was Exeley's ball on the twenty.

Lassiter gave a quick sigh as Ahlberg sent a long twisting punt sixty-five yards down the field to safety. Then the gun cracked for the half.

The blue team, under blankets, trotted to the field house. Norgren said little as the squad stretched on the floor. Flash knew the coach, without Joe or Dan, entertained little hope of winning.

The captain went to the window and looked out, helplessly. From beneath the shadow of the stands two figures hurried toward the field house, and suddenly Lassiter barked to Norgren. They were the Lovells. The jerky lameness in Joe's stride was strikingly apparent. Tensely Flash followed Norgren to the door.

Dan Lovell led his brother. His face was white, his clothing wrinkled, dirty. He took the deep breath of a swimmer plunging into icy water.

"Flash—I changed that line-up," he said miserably.

The timekeeper was coming toward them from the field.

"Second half!" he called.

Dan Lovell clenched his hands.

"You changed it!" echoed Lassiter's harsh voice. He watched the boy a moment, "Why, fellow?" he asked more gently.

"Nesbitt was down that day," began Dan, halting with each phrase, "to look over tackles. He talked to Joe first, and failed. Then he came to me. So I changed the line-up, to show my stuff. Joe knew—and tried to make me stick." The knuckles of his clenched hands whitened.

"Well?" said Lassiter.

"After the Blairtown game Nesbitt saw me again—gave me a good story—and I told him I'd play for him to-day. Then this morning I found that Nesbitt had fixed the game. He's a crook——"

"Dan hadn't signed anything," broke in Joe, eagerly. "And he hadn't played. I got there——"

Dan's shoulders quivered. "I didn't have the money to get back—till Joe came." He stopped.

The squad filed by with curious glances at the four. Joe Lovell spoke then.

"Flash," he said, choosing his words carefully, "I'm asking for another chance. You said you'd make it hard for any Lovell who went wrong—but Dan's just a kid. It was Nesbitt—he kept talking about the money. Toward the last it was all the kid could see. *The heavy end*—he wanted that."

Lassiter's glance turned on Norgren, but what the coach was thinking Flash could only guess. Out on the gridiron a whistle shrilled. Lassiter sprang forward. He knew that Joe's injury wouldn't let him play. But Dan——

"Dan—get in your suit," he snapped. "I keep my promises. *I'm going to make it hard for you.*"

THIS IS the story of that second half and the story of Dan Lovell's play. Ardmore kicked off and downed the Exeley quarter, Ransom, in his tracks. The Blue lined up. Ransom cracked out the signal for a straight buck aimed through Dan. Ahlberg leaped for the hole desperately, expecting the stone wall of Ardmore's line to stop him. But the wall had strangely crumbled. He found a gap through which he stumbled on for five yards till a red back viciously threw him. Ardmore's left tackle picked himself up and blinked. Someone had been fooling with him.

Ransom shot Flash in between right guard and tackle. Flash saw Dan Lovell charge, carry aside the opposing tackle, and clear a path that would have let a hook and ladder through. Five yards, and a first down. Then Murray, Exeley's left half, on a cross-buck over Dan, whirled through for eight. Manning, Ardmore's captain, stepped up to his linemen, barked out angry words.

Flash, passing the captain, grinned. "Remember General Grant?" he said gently. "We're trying his stuff to-day."

The Ardmore captain's head snapped up; he looked at Flash, worried and tense.

Again the signal for a buck inside tackle; Lassiter once more, through Lovell. Six yards, a first down, and that time Flash nearly got away.

(*Continued on page 73*)

Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

FOR THE PAST fifteen years the "Stamps in the Day's News" editor has been answering questions asked by AMERICAN BOY readers. He's delighted to welcome, this month, the thousands of philatelists, perhaps new to this department, who have started their stamp-collecting careers with The Youth's Companion.

You may guess that some of the queries propounded during the past years have required considerable research. So the editor decided to compile between two covers the information he had acquired.

Therefore it has come about that Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33d Street, New York, is publishing a book called "Stamps—An Outline of Philately," by THE AMERICAN BOY'S stamp editor.

This volume, containing upwards of 60,000 words and with some 200 illustrations, presents answers to the literally thousands of questions that have been placed before the author by boys and girls and adults. The price is $3.

As these lines are being written, in August, announcement is made at Washington that the design for a 2-cent stamp commemorating the Battle of Fallen Timbers has been selected. This adhesive may be on sale by the time the current AMERICAN BOY is in the mails. The color chosen is red, and the design illustrates a monument, near Toledo, Ohio, erected in honor of Anthony Wayne, Revolutionary War general (1745-1796). The monument includes figures of Wayne, an American scout, and an Indian scout.

Enter, Rhodes

HERE IS a philatelic newcomer—Rhodes, the administrative center of the Aegean Islands. Italy's king and queen, the latter a stamp collector, recently visited these tiny colonies in the Mediterranean and the journey was commemorated postally, and so Rhodes, inscribed "Rodi" on the stamps, will have a place in future albums and catalogs.

On the 5 centesimi lake, is pictured a windmill dating back to the days of the Hospitallers of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who captured Rhodes from the Saracens in 1310 and remained in possession until driven out by the Turks in 1523. On the 10c sepia is a galley of those times; on its sail is emblazoned the cross of St. John. A Knight Hospitaller defending the city gate is the design of the 20c scarlet and 25c green. A crusader at prayer is depicted on the 30c indigo, 5 lire magenta and 10 lire sepia. On the 50c brown and the 1.25 lire blue is pictured a crusader's tomb.

Other Recent Issues

NEWSPAPER dispatches have told how Abdullah lost his throne in Afghanistan and fled from the country. Habib Ullah came into power and proclaimed himself king. Afghan stamps overprinted with an inscription meaning "The priest of the Prophet of God, Amir Habib Ullah" mark this transition in government.

In the Canal Zone the United States stamps overprinted "Canal Zone" were discontinued on Sept. 30 and the unsold remainders were ordered destroyed. In their places are the Zone's new adhesives—Gorgas on the 1-cent green, Goethals on the 2c red, a view of the Gaillard cut during construction days on the 5c blue, Col. D. D. Gaillard, a former member of the Isthmiam Canal Commission, on the 12c purple-brown, and J. C. S. Blackburn, once a Zone governor, on the 50c lilac.

The Heavy End

(Continued from page 71)

Desperate, the Ardmore secondary moved up. Ransom turned the tables by calling a wide play that went around end for fifteen yards.

Down the field the Blue team battered, rolling onward to the red goal like a Juggernaut. Three plays at Dan—then a pass. Then, when the Ardmore defense was spread, back at Dan. The younger brother was a catapulting tiger—a tearing, cool-headed fiend.

At the five-yard marker, Ardmore braced. They shoved in a man behind the left side of their line and Ahlberg's drive hit a wall. Exeley huddled.

"Going to try you, Dan, again," came Lassiter's grim voice.

Dan nodded. Ransom called his signals. Dan crouched down and saw before him a desperate tackle with a half-back right behind. He grinned and dug in his toes. The ball was snapped. Dan leaped under his opponent's hands, shoved upward, took him off his feet, shed him, and leaped for the halfback with a grunt. Murray went through the gap for a touchdown, and the two men who had faced Dan picked themselves up dizzily.

Then Exeley kicked off and Manning, the Red captain, smiled. *His* inning now. That fellow Lovell was burnt out—he *must* be. Manning sent a spin play into Dan. The younger brother waited, refusing to be tricked, pounced on the ball carrier, and whanged him down. Manning bit his lips and tried a straight buck. It bounced off Lovell like a baseball off a bat. Manning shot another—and as the referee pulled him from the pile, he heard a voice call:

"Fourth down; twelve to go!"

THEN Ardmore kicked—and Exeley's grueling march toward Ardmore's goal began once more, with Lovell as storm center. And Dan took the brutal hammering shock of play on play with a hungry grin. Ahlberg made the second touchdown on a forward pass because the Ardmore defense was centering on Dan. Then Lassiter said:

"Dan, we'll ease up on you now." But the tackle, panting, with a hurt look in his eyes, shook his head and begged for more.

So Lassiter acceded. And when the gun closed the game, the score was Exeley 19, Ardmore 0. Twenty-six plays in the last two quarters had been fired at Dan Lovell's back by the Blue team. Line plunges, for a total of a hundred and thirty yards. Manning of Ardmore shook his head in wonder as he parted from the Exeley captain.

"They said he'd gone, 'pro.' Gone wild, is what they meant."

Someone told Lassiter Norgren wanted him. He found both the Lovells in the office with the coach.

"Dan has a confession, Lassiter," said Norgren as the captain closed the door. "And it seems that you're the one to hear it." He nodded to the tackle: "Go on, Dan."

The boy cleared his throat.

"I—pulled a crooked stunt," he began slowly.

"A crooked stunt!" said Lassiter. "What, another?" He couldn't help but grin.

Lovell nodded.

"Joe's not so lame—he could have played. But I thought—maybe—it would square things—if I went in. Don't blame Joe. He didn't want me to—I talked him into it."

"Talked him into it——" repeated Lassiter. He gazed in wonder at Dan's scraped and battered face. Suddenly he smiled and thrust out his hand.

"Dan," he cried, "Nesbitt was right. You proved it out there on the field to-day. *You want the heavy end!*"

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

William's Specialty

Johnnie had a billie goat
That made folks flit and flutter;
He was not much on milk or cream,
Yet made a classy butter.

Traffic Speeded Up

Says a contemporary, the youth of former years was expected to say to every temptation, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Nowadays the word is "One side, Nick, you're blocking the road."

Might Beat the 100-yard Dash Record

Man—Able-bodied man of strong will power wanted to take care of large, savage lion; must be fond of animals and a good runner.—*Ad in the Washington Star, a yellowed clipping of uncertain age.*

Kicking Over the Hourglass

Father Time was rebuffed here in the annual Father-Son race when Dr. O. R. Austin, veteran physician, met the challenge of youth and defeated his 244-year-old son, Harold, in the 50-yard sprint race. —*Meridan (Miss.) paper.*

Divots to Spare

An English magazine is relieved to note that the crust of the earth is two thousand miles thick. "So in spite of the savage attacks of the golfers, geologically speaking they do little harm."

Hero by Proxy

Two little boys came into the dentist's office. One said to the dentist, "I want a tooth took out and I don't want no gas because I'm in a hurry."

Dentist: "That's a brave little boy. Which tooth is it?"

Little Boy: "Show him your tooth, Albert."

Knows His Ribs

"Which do you like better, balloon tires or high-pressure tires?"

"I like balloon tires better."

"What kind of a car do you have?"

"I don't have any, I'm a pedestrian."

Telephone Him

Lady passenger (to conductor)—"Let me off at Lamar, please."

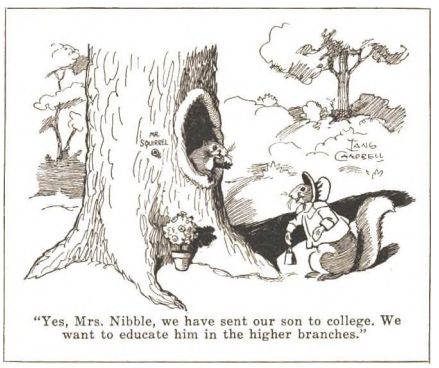
Conductor—"We don't stop at Lamar, ma'am. This is an express."

Lady—"Well, can't you stop long enough for me to tell my husband I'm being carried through?"

Infant Martyr

Tommy—"Did you have influenza as bad as I did? I had to stay away from school for three weeks."

John—"I had it much worse than that—I had it in the holidays."



"Yes, Mrs. Nibble, we have sent our son to college. We want to educate him in the higher branches."

Try This on Your Saxophone

City ambulance surgeon called to city ambulance surgeon at 7 o'clock this morning to treat a man who smashed a nose after practically demolishing his car by ramming it in the rear end while in a drowsy condition after driving all night from New Hampshire in broad daylight on Fairfield avenue.
—*Bridgeport Post.*

At Last

"I've been trying to think of the right word for two weeks."

"What about fortnight?"

A Good Sign

"How do your broken ribs feel today?"

The patient took a breath before he replied. "Fine, doctor, fine; but I've had such a stitch in my side."

"Excellent! That shows that the bones are knitting!"

Genuine Antiques

A certain small restaurant was kept by a man who prided himself on his cooking. He was amazed to hear a young salesman criticize a pie, one day.

"Pie, young feller? Why, I made pies before you were born."

"O. K. But why sell 'em now?"

Infighting

The squad of recruits had been taken out to the rifle range for their first try at marksmanship. They knelt at 250 yards and fired. Not a hit. They were moved up to 200 yards. Not a hit. They tried it at 100. Not a hit.

"'Tenshun!" the sergeant bawled. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance."

Saving Mama's Muscles

Mother (indolently): "Willie, you've been a naughty boy. Go to the vibrator and give yourself a good shaking."

Safety First

"Yes," said the timid passenger to the airplane pilot. "I understand I'm to sit still and not be afraid and all that; but tell me, if something happens and we fall, what do I do?"

"Oh, that's easy," said the pilot. "Just grab anything that we're passing and hang on."

His Level Best

Knight of the Road: "Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle."

Boy: "Well, that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like that to bite you on the neck, would you?"

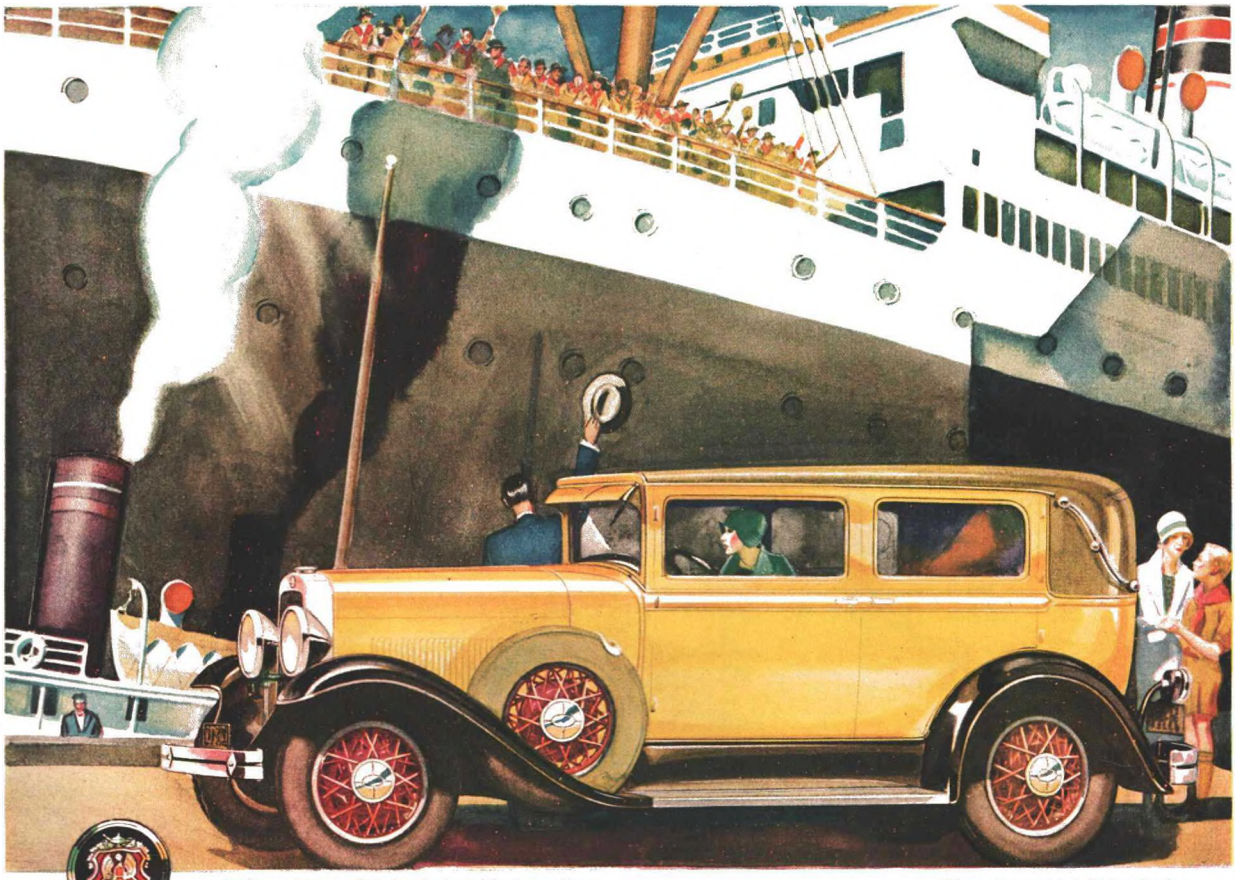
All Aboard the Lullaby Limited

Doctor: "I will give you a local anesthetic if you think it is necessary."

Railroad Man: "Well, Doc, if it's going to hurt I reckon you had better cut out the local and run me through on a sleeper."

Contents for October

Cover Drawing by *W. F. Soare*



Boy Scouts of America Embarking for Annual Jamboree in Europe

The car illustrated is the De Luxe Landau

PREPARED TO SERVE ITS OWNERS WELL IN EVERY WAY

As soon as you experience Oldsmobile's quick acceleration and thrilling speed, you feel certain that this car has been soundly built and painstakingly designed. You're sure that the workmen who made its parts and put them together did their work with honest pride, that they put forth their best efforts in order that this car might serve you dependably.

You notice, too, a definite feeling of security when you drive an Oldsmobile. You know that its chassis is well built. You know that its big, husky frame will stand the twists and jolts that rough roads give a motor car. You know that its staunchly built Fisher Body will give comfortable, quiet service for years.

Everything about Oldsmobile is of fine car quality because Oldsmobile has the vast resources of General Motors back of it. Thousands upon thousands of test miles over the long winding roads, steep hills, and splendid speedways of the great General Motors Proving Ground have prepared this car for the hardest demands of everyday service.

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Back flashed a thrilling memory as his watch . . . *a quarter of a century old* . . . began to tick!

"A flying hurdle—then impact. Power, momentum—that would not be denied until the last white line was crossed. A shrill, thrilling whistle. But it was a touchdown—and victory!"

Breathless—as they crouched over the attic trunk—the boy listened to his father. Each play, each manoeuver of those "thundering herds" the older man re-lived. For the steady tick, tick, tick of the Ingersoll, found—after twenty-six years—in the attic trunk, had recalled the breathless tenseness of the closing seconds of the game this watch had timed.

Two weeks later Mr.———* wrote us: "I want you to know that while my boy is taking a new Ingersoll to college this fall, I've polished the old one to brilliance and am using it. Day by day as a desk clock it is serving me as dependably as it served me in college—those twenty-six years ago!"

*Name on request

and here's a watch that's All-American its first year out . .

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(PLAIN DIAL)
RADIOLITE $5.50

Here's the new Ingersoll Mite—small, sturdy and dependable. Strap it to your wrist and expect *service* from it—for service is what it gives you. The Mite "stands up." For school use or for sports use, there is no more faithful or dependable timepiece. We worked years to give you this kind of a small wrist watch—a watch that combined style with rugged sturdiness and serviceability.

And it looks simply great on your wrist. Chromium finish case — will not tarnish or discolor the wrist. Either plain or engraved design. Plain dial, $5.00; Radiolite, $5.50.

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