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combined with
American Boy
Founded 1827

October 1933

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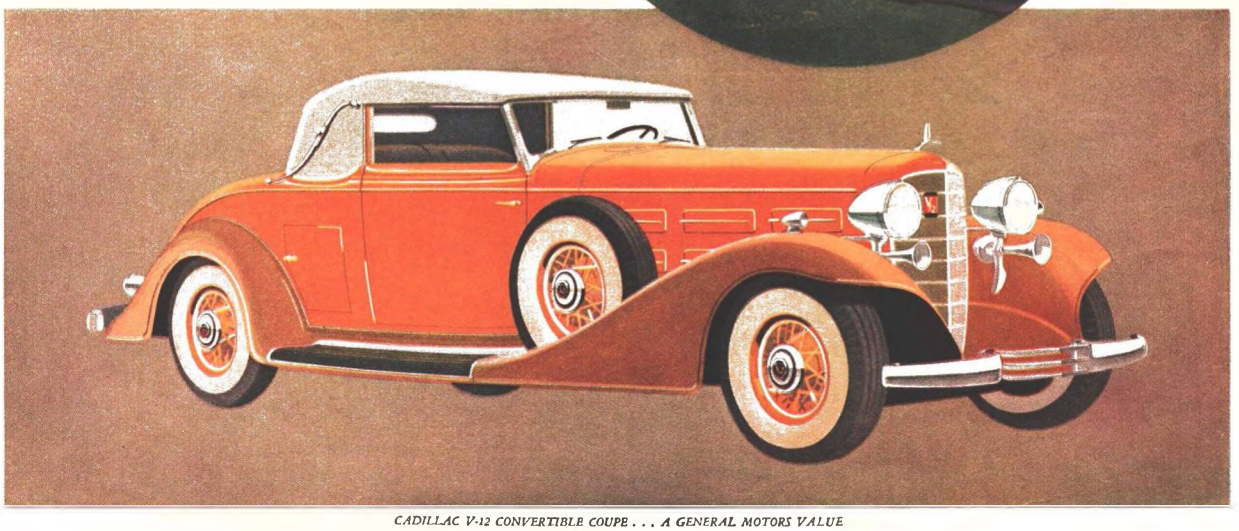

CADILLAC V-12 CONVERTIBLE COUPE . . . A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

OCTOBER, 1933

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Old Jake sat there unblinking. "Who gets the estate?" he asked at last.

Larry Marsh, Packer

He went forth to claim a fortune and discovered a war

by William Heyliger

THE date was November 30—the last day of the sardine herring season along the coastal waters of the cold North Atlantic.

Storm warnings flew from the post office building on Water Street, and the trawler *Quoddy Queen*, usually off at daybreak to drag St. Andrew's Bay, lay safely snug against her wharf with her crew of three warm and cozy in the cabin. The sun was wan in the graying Maine sky, and frozen mist was in the salt, wet air. Weather was making out over the thousand of miles of wild ocean that lay beyond Grand Manan Island, and here in the harbor of the Passamaquoddy, though the wind had not yet come, the tide ran with a sullen swell and chop, and the stringy wharves along the Narrows rose high out of the ugly rips like frozen skeletons standing on stiff, bony legs. A lone black duck, riding high, flew steadily toward the Canadian island of Campobello. In the thickening gray of the morning, the last yellow and blue sardine boat of the Grimmer Packing Company rolled and pitched as it made toward its winter shelter off Deer Island.

Old Jake Grimmer, his heavy bulk buttoned into a pea-jacket, heard the faint blare of the sardine boat's horn as he came along the high, concrete-cracked side of Water Street. The boat, he thought with grim satisfaction, had made good time getting in on its last run from the weirs. But a Jake Grimmer boat always made good time—or else a new man commanded it.

A black-bearded, granite man this Jake Grimmer. He had come through the fish wars with a lot of skin off his knuckles, but with his hard hands still intact. Once twenty factories had packed along the Narrows, and the town had lived in the strong smell of fish and fish fertilizer and hot oil. Now nineteen of those factories gathered rust and dust, and only the Grimmer plant survived. It had been a long and a bitter war. The end had found broken canners

along the Quoddy, and idle men and women from the closed fish factories nursing bitterness in the town. Jake Grimmer stood rocklike and unshaven amidst the wreckage, victor and uncrowned czar, the scarred monarch of a ruined kingdom.

Groups of men, standing in aimless clusters along Water Street, watched him as he passed. He stepped into the Western Union office.

"Anything?" he asked curtly.

The operator, a young woman, fluttered nervously. "Nothing this morning, Mr. Grimmer. If anything comes—"

The door closed abruptly upon the unfinished sentence. The girl, once his back was turned, tossed her head and stuck out her tongue. The messenger boy giggled.

"Some day he'll catch you."

The girl made another face. "I'm not one of his fish men."

Turning abruptly at the corner of a store building, Jake Grimmer left the street behind him and went down a short, sharp alley that dropped to the Grimmer wharf and the long, low Grimmer factory. As he reached the wharf the wind came at last, tearing at him with a rising roar. He faced it as he had faced the fish wars, immovable and disdainful. For a moment he stood there defying the gale; then he climbed the steep, wooden outdoor stairway that led to the office on the second floor.

A bald, dried-up, leathery man sat writing in a ledger. "Mr. Grimmer, you're drenched. I'll get you a towel—"

"Don't be a fool." Jake Grimmer threw his coat into a corner chair, kicked a second chair into place, and planted himself in front of a massive desk.

"Mail."

The bookkeeper laid letters before him. "Caswell Brothers telephoned, sir." Caswell Brothers were the Grimmer Company's New York brokers.

"What did they want?"

"It was Mr. Caswell senior, sir. He said they had a quick market if you'd let go for $2.20. He wanted to know how many cases you had on hand."

The black face of Jake Grimmer grew blacker still. "Why should Caswell worry about cost? He's selling on commission. What did you tell him?"

"Nothing, sir. Your orders were to—"

"I'll tell him." He reached for a pad of telegraph blanks and wrote heavily:

When I decide give away sardines won't need broker. Eighty thousand cases. Price two twenty-five.

The leathery bookkeeper slid his thin body into an enormous greatcoat and pulled on a woolen cap. A voice halted him as he was halfway down the stairs to the wharf.

"Sam'l! Sam'l Hawkes!"

"Yes, sir."

"Send that telegram collect." Jake Grimmer slammed the door against the wind, returned to his desk, and began his grim perusal of the day's mail.

Presently laboring steps came up the outdoor stairway. Sam'l Hawkes was back. The cold had pinched the bookkeeper and shriveled him; he rubbed his red, bony hands, took off his coat, and hung it on a peg.

"There's talk that a four-master's gone ashore off the Wolves, sir."

"What vessel?"

"I didn't hear." The wind whistled at the windows, and wild water thudded against the wharf. The office shook. "She's coming hard out of the southeast, sir."

Old Jake's impassive silence rebuffed the bookkeeper as a chatterer. Dead quiet fell in the office. When the black-bearded man had flung down his last letter, he got up, crossed the office to a door at the far end, opened it, and stepped into the packing room.

It was a long shed of a room filled with a moist warmth and the thick, oily reek of fish. Fish of last year, and fish of this year, and fish of all the years before. Millions of fish! The reek was everywhere. Fish oil was in the clouds of steam that belched out as the doors of the steam boxes were opened. The ceilings sweated reeking drops. Spilled fish were strewn across the floor. Jake Grimmer kicked them aside. Fish, coming up steadily by conveyor from the brine tanks on the floor below, choked the flaker and dropped out in overflowing clumps. Sardines squashed underfoot as one of the flake men moved about the machine.

"Anybody give you the idea we're making sardine rugs?" Old Jake asked coldly.

The flake man, galvanized, bawled down through the conveyor opening in the floor. "Quit crowding, will ye? Ye've got us jammed."

He sidled off the fish. Black judgment still stood beside him.

"I told them twice, Mr. Grimmer—"

"I only tell a man once. I've told you." He moved on.

A moment later, a woman working listlessly at one of the packing tables was aroused by a motionless form at her side and began to pack sardines into a can with feverish haste. Jake Grimmer moved away and met his foreman. A thumb jerked over his shoulder.

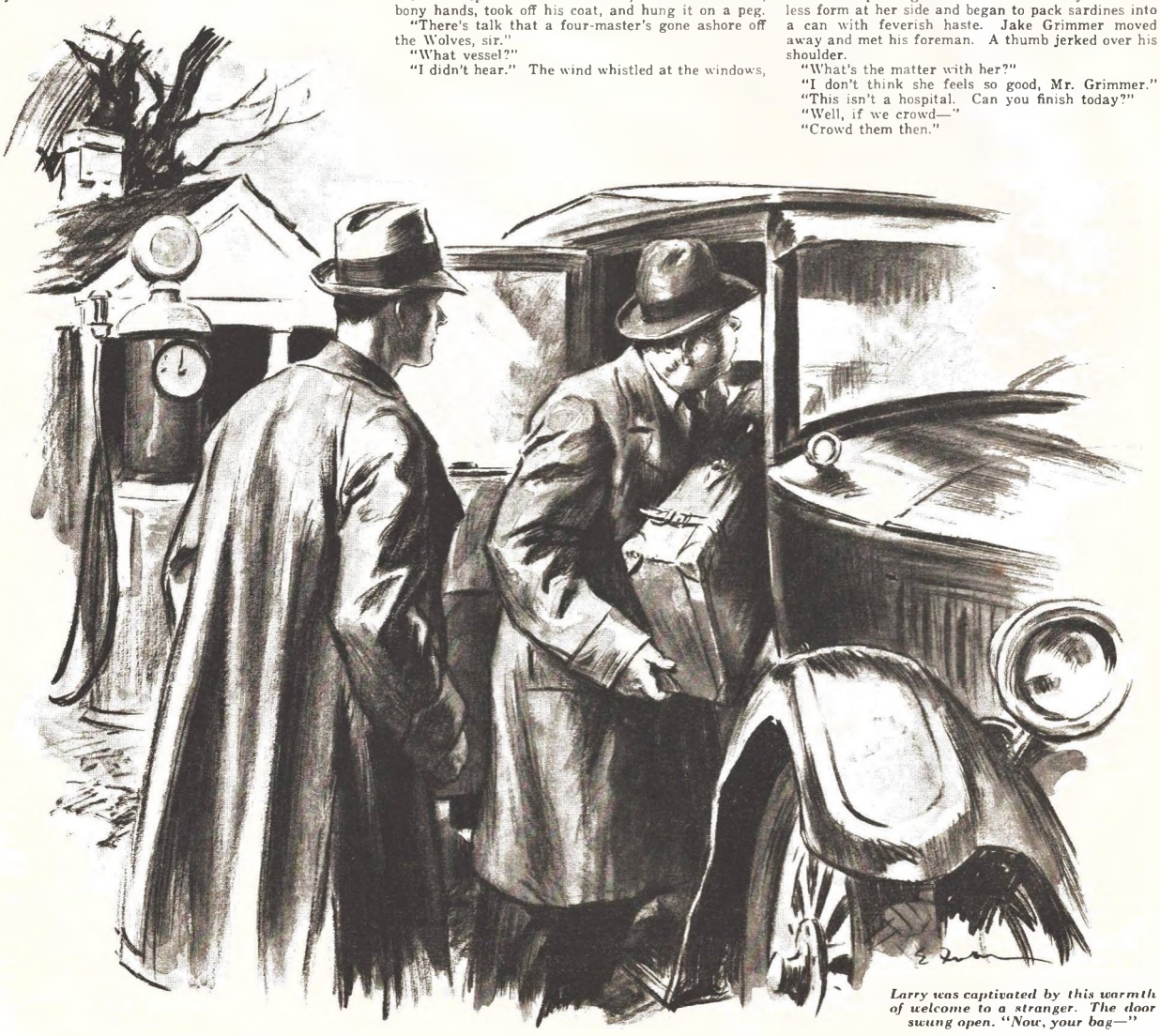
"What's the matter with her?"

"I don't think she feels so good, Mr. Grimmer."

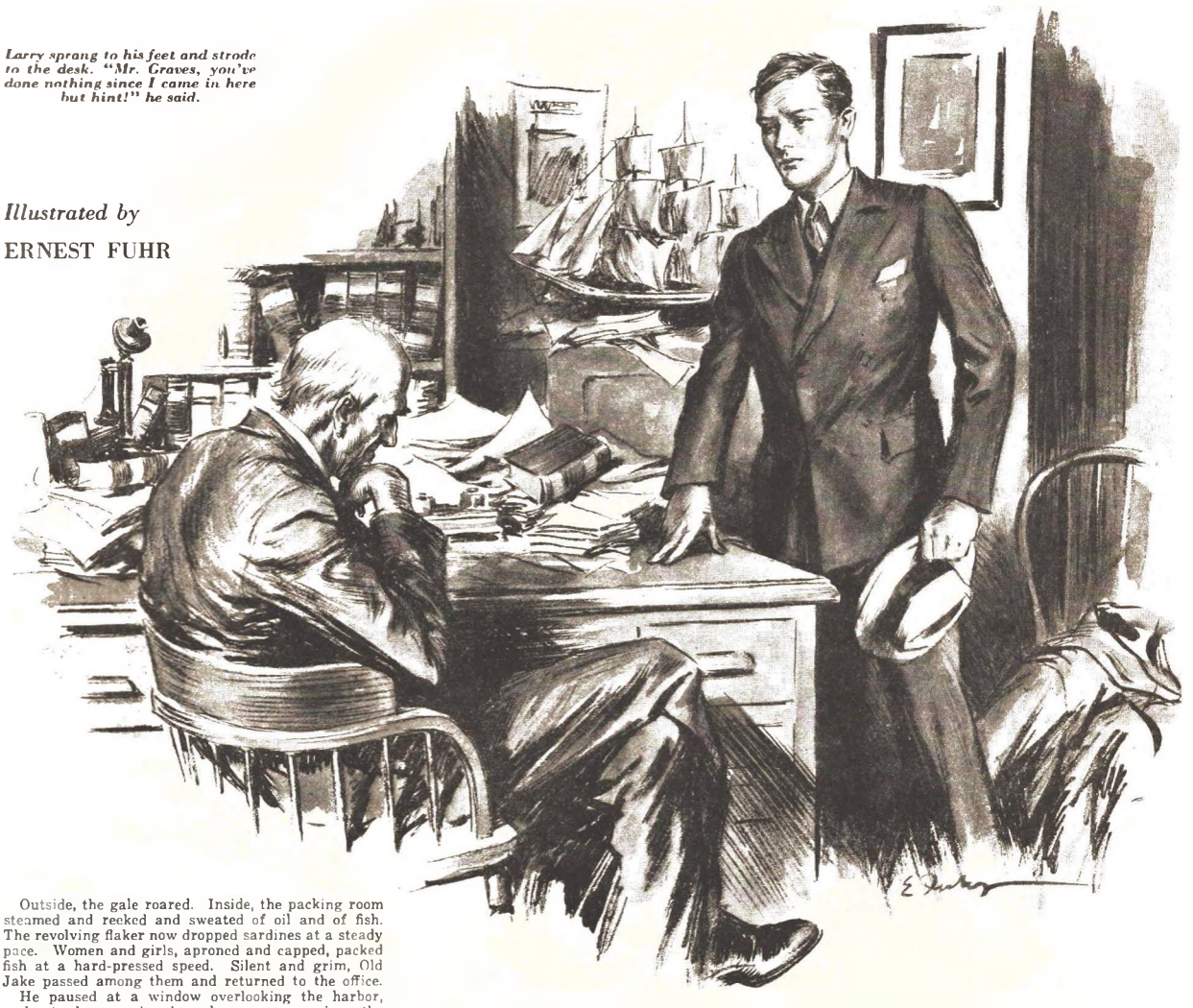
"This isn't a hospital. Can you finish today?"

"Well, if we crowd—"

"Crowd them then."



Larry was captivated by this warmth of welcome to a stranger. The door swung open. "Now, your bag—"



Larry sprang to his feet and strode to the desk. "Mr. Graves, you've done nothing since I came in here but hint!" he said.

Illustrated by
ERNEST FUHR

Outside, the gale roared. Inside, the packing room steamed and reeked and sweated of oil and of fish. The revolving flaker now dropped sardines at a steady pace. Women and girls, aproned and capped, packed fish at a hard-pressed speed. Silent and grim, Old Jake passed among them and returned to the office.

He paused at a window overlooking the harbor, and stood, a grim-visaged czar, surveying the dominion he had seized. The shore line was a stretch of desolation. Whapes rose out of the roaring, white-capped tide on their long, thin piles, and fish factories rose above the level of the wharves. Save for the tackle mast of the *Quoddy Queen* swaying above the top of a factory roof, the gaunt wharves did not show a sign of life, and the factories were as dead as the wharves. The old man looked out upon this graveyard of an industry with a harsh and steady eye.

Abruptly the day darkened. The miles of rolling green water turned leaden, and hail and sleet came out of the dirty sky and hissed against the window.

A sound inside made the old man turn. A short, plump, roly-poly man had entered the office by way of the outdoor stairs, and now he stood shaking the sleet from his felt hat and beaming rosily. He had the roundest and pinkest of cheeks, and a benign and angelic eye. Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he dusted a chair at the side of the desk and sat down.

Jake Grimmer looked at him somberly. "Well?"

"Quite well," Morry Hicks said pleasantly, and raised the handkerchief to his nose.

"You get your dividends from this factory," Old Jake rumbled. "If I can stand the smell of fish from April to December—"

The well-groomed hands made a bland gesture. "You're welcome to it."

Jake Grimmer glowered at the suave, smiling little man.

"John Marsh's will was filed for probate yesterday," Morry said casually.

The old man came slowly to his desk. "What's that to me?"

"A will means an heir."

"Bah! What did Marsh have to leave?"

"A fish factory—maybe some cash."

"The factory isn't running."

"Suppose," Morry said softly, "this heir should decide to try his hand at running it? Has the Grimmer Packing Company had enough of fish wars, or would it like to see another fight break out along the Quoddy? Had you thought of that?"

"No."

"There are so many thoughts that escape you," Morry said gently.

Old Jake sat there, unblinking. "Who gets the estate?" he asked at last.

"A cousin—a Lawrence Marsh."

"Where does he live?"

"New York."

"Who's handling the estate?"

Morry's voice rebuked him lightly. "Do you have to ask? Who but Ralph Graves."

Jake Grimmer grunted. "No chance to get information there. Graves was the lawyer for too many of the men who were sunk in the fish wars."

"Tut, tut!" Morry Hicks said reprovingly, and crossed one well-creased leg over the other.

Old Jake flared. "Never mind your 'tut-tutting.' Do you know anything?"

"Always, Jake—always. If you gad into a lawyer's office, and there is an unmailed letter face up on the desk, are you supposed to go blind because a name and address stare up at you? I found there was a telephone at the address and put through a call. It is a rooming house. I asked if the Mr. Marsh who lived there was a jewelry salesman, and learned he was a bookkeeper for a wholesale grocery house. Bookkeepers, as a rule, are not paid princely salaries; and when they're only twenty-one years old—"

"How did you find that out?"

"I asked. Not directly, Jake; nothing so crude as that. I said the man I was looking for was about forty years old. They told me our Mr. Marsh is twenty-one." The twinkling eyes beamed into the stolid face at the desk. "So you see it was—simple."

Jake Grimmer stared back at him darkly. "Do you pirate things out of my letters?" he asked in a level voice.

"Jake," Morry Hicks told him with unruffled good humor, "it wouldn't be necessary. Bless my soul, you're transparent."

The man in front of the desk continued to glower.

"Let us consider this Lawrence Marsh," Morry went on softly. "He may have $200 or $300 saved. Graves' letter will send him out chasing blue sky. Why not? Isn't he the owner of a cannery? Isn't the owner of a factory a captain of industry? Unless I miss my guess he'll arrive steaming and smoking to go into the sardine business."

Jake Grimmer considered it slowly, and Morry polished his nails with the handkerchief. The moist reek of fish crept in from the packing room and soaked into the office. The storm screamed through the Narrows and the factory trembled.

"Lord save us," Sam'l Hawkes said under his breath.

"What does an outsider know about the fish business?" Old Jake demanded heavily.

"That," Morry said, "is the point."

"Point? What point? Don't sit there like a smirking walrus."

"The point that he may start packing next April and happen to make a little money. Then a lot of men will want to know why, if an outsider is able to nose in and make a go of it, they can't reopen their factories. It's less expensive to crush one man than to crush twenty."

He stood up, shook down his trousers, and walked to the center of the room. There he stood looking at Mr. Hawkes with a mixture of thoughtful deliberation and expansive friendliness. The bookkeeper grew nervous under the scrutiny and blotted the ledger.

"Family all well, Sam'l?"

The bookkeeper started. "Why — er — yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"That's fine. With so many factories closed, and so many men out of work, a man's lucky to keep his family comfortable. Very lucky. Of course, Sam'l, you never repeat things you might hear."

"He'd better not," Old Jake said.

Morry strolled back to his chair. "Some do it with a hint," he mused aloud, "and some gentle souls feel they must use dynamite." He held out his hand. "That New York call cost me $3.60, Jake. You'd better split it with me now. You might forget it."

Old Jake counted out silver in a hard silence, and Morry dropped the coins into a vest pocket.

"Unless I miss my guess," he observed, "Ralph Graves will send Lawrence Marsh to Lem Dill's widow for room and meals. An excellent woman, Mrs. Dill, but talkative. Sooner or later we will know that our Mr. Marsh is on his way. And when he arrives—"

"Well?" Old Jake asked stonily.

"The heavy hand," Morry said blandly. "The well-known Grimmer touch. Dynamite."

"I've done it before," Old Jake said.

The whistle of the American Can Company plant down the shore announced the noon hour. There in the office they heard it above the roaring lash of the hurricane. Jake Grimmer spoke curtly.

"Get your dinner."

In silence the bookkeeper put down his pen and took his coat and woolen cap from the peg. Sleet covered the outdoor stairs, and he clung to the wooden handrail. The tide was at the flood, and swollen combers smashed at the stringpiece. A smother of foaming water washed along the far corner of the factory, and to seaward the world was a blinding murk of spume and sleet.

The alley that pitched down to the Narrows was ice. The man reached the rear of a Water Street building, and hugged the side wall, and struggled up toward the storm-swept thoroughfare. Once there he turned his back against the wind and waited to catch his breath—and while he waited his lips moved.

"God help the young lad," said Sam'l Hawkes.

Chapter Two

ON a day in early December Larry Marsh finished his labors for the Empire Grocery Company, Inc., and put his books away in the safe, took off his alpaca office coat and joined a million other New Yorkers pouring toward ferries, subways, street cars, and Ls. He bought his usual evening newspaper at a subway kiosk, went down the underground stairway with the jostling crowd, pushed through a turnstile, and was herded into a Lexington Avenue subway express. He had to stand, jammed against the knees of the lucky possessor of a seat, and pinned there by a fat man and a bundle wedged against his back. He clung to a strap and took a lively interest in the crowded car. It did not occur to him that he was uncomfortable. He had red hair and a cleft in his chin—and young men with red hair and a cleft in the chin usually find life interesting, or else make it interesting.

He got off in the Bronx, and walked west. Heigh-ho! Nothing to do until tomorrow and the whole evening before him.

He began to make plans. The narrow mirror in the underground car had shown him a splash of ink on his collar. He'd go to his room, change, and have supper in a neighborhood Italian restaurant. After that he might take in a movie, or go down to the Garden to see some hockey.

He crossed to the north side of the street, dodging a speeding automobile. The policeman on post said, "Hello, Larry—how's the pickle business?" and Larry grinned and said, "Full of warts. How's gum-shoeing?"

He leaped up the stoop of his boarding house, ran a key into the lock, and stepped into the hall. There were letters on a table. It had been months since anybody had written to him, but it didn't cost anything to look. He began to run through the pile, and suddenly gave a gulp of surprise. The fourth letter down was for him — from Maine — from a lawyer. Lawyers meant lawsuits, didn't they? He whistled under his breath and climbed soberly to his room on the third floor. Why should anybody want to sue him?

Once in the room he closed the door and ripped open the envelope. His face grew blank as he read:

> My Dear Mr. Marsh: Your cousin, John Marsh, died here two weeks ago and I have offered his last will and testament for probate. This will names you as sole legatee.
>
> The estate consists of a fish factory and some cash. I advise that you come here and decide, once you are on the ground, what you wish to do with the property. As there have been troubles in the sardine industry that would require too great an explanation by letter, I likewise advise that you come quietly and tell your business to no one.
>
> Unless you prefer the more expensive rates of a hotel, I suggest that you take room and board at the home of Mrs. Martha Dill. There you will be assured comfortable quarters and three excellent meals a day. Kindly advise me when I may expect you.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> Ralph Graves

He read it again and then, all at once, its purport dawned upon him. Often, while they were alive, he had heard his father and mother speak of John Marsh. A legendary figure, this Cousin John, whom none of the family had seen in years and around whom legend had built a halo of fabulous wealth. And now all this wealth had fallen into his hands.

He gave a suppressed yelp, ripped off the ink-stained collar, and then read the letter a third time. With a fresh collar on, he read it once more. A factory and some cash in bank! And he was to come secretly! That must mean that there was a lot—a tremendous lot—of money involved. He fought his unruly red hair with stiff military brushes, and stared at his face in the mirror.

"Larry," he said, "you're a millionaire." Well, worth at least a couple of hundred thousand, anyway. His hands began to tremble.

He wanted to whoop, and go tearing through the house with the good news. But, after all, who was there to tell? He didn't know more than two of the roomers by name, and had never done more than speak a greeting as he passed them in the hall. A little dizzy, a little delirious with joy, he went down to the street. Brass buttons and a shining shield proclaimed the policeman leisurely patrolling his post.

"Jim," Larry burst out, "I'm rich."

The patrolman gave him the toleration of a veteran peace officer of a crowded city. "Sure, Larry. Wasn't I young meself once? You've got $10 in your pocket and you own the world."

"I mean real money, Jim. Millions. I've inherited—"

"You'd better get to bed early," Jim said, "and maybe in the morning you'll feel better."

Oh, well, who'd believe it? He scarcely believed it himself. He went around the corner to the Italian restaurant. A crooner sang through the radio, and the place was savory with the aromatic odors of tomatoes, peppers, meat, and garlic. He had intended to order the usual thing—roast beef and spaghetti. You got all you could eat for forty cents. But when one is the possessor of wealth, the owner of a prosperous factory—

"I'm rich tonight," he told the waiter. "Bring me roast chicken and plenty of gravy. I'm a millionaire, Tony."

"You like much stuffing?" Tony asked.

Larry grinned ruefully. Probably he did sound like a tin whistle. Yet neither Tony's apathy nor Jim's skepticism could take away the glow and the fact. The letter was in his pocket—tangible proof. A factory and cash in the bank! Probably he wouldn't sleep tonight. He didn't want to sleep. Why sleep when sleep brought forgetfulness? This was something he wanted to remember through long, waking hours. Every time it seemed like an impossible dream, he'd snap on the light and look at the letter and reassure his soul. And tomorrow, when he told it at the office—

"You no like the chicken?" the waiter asked.

"Tony—" Larry's voice trembled—"I'm too excited to eat."

In the morning, at the office, he tried to hold himself in check and tell it casually. "I'll have to go up and take charge of the business," he said. Mr. Giles, the office manager, shook his hand and wished him well. The other clerks told him he was a lucky stiff, and one of them borrowed $5. Larry lent it with careless magnanimity. What was $5 now? The stenographers whispered, and stared at him. At eleven o'clock Mr. Giles told him, with a certain deference, that Mr. Denby wished to see him upstairs. Mr. Denby was the owner of the business.

Larry had never before been "upstairs." Men who went upstairs usually knew that something serious had gone wrong and that they were in danger of losing their jobs. But Larry walked into that office with no anxious choking of the heart. He was a man of business, too.

"Marsh," Mr. Denby said, "the boys tell me you have inherited a fortune."

"Yes, sir."

"Fine. Now of course it's none of my business and you'll be well within your rights if you tell me to stick to my own line and sell groceries. But I sent for you in the hope that I might be of some help. If anybody had willed me a fortune at your age I shouldn't have known what to do with it. *(Cont. on page 39)*

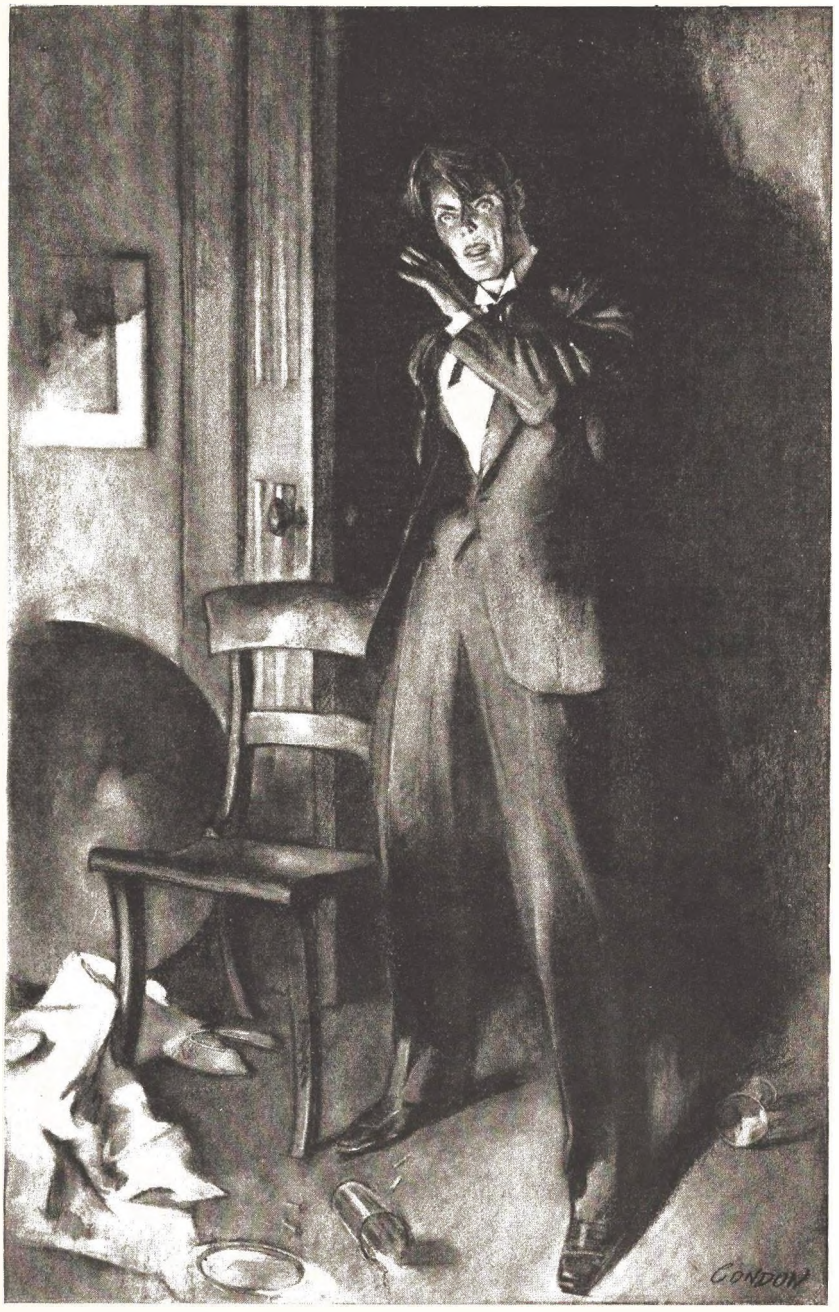
Reaching Water Street, Larry stood still, staring out at the rolling tide. Dark and pitiless it rolled on and on.

Desk Man

by

Robert *and* Hoyt Moore

When You Take Command, Be Ready to Face Trouble!



"Lawrence Corrigan!" ejaculated Hudson, staring. "So that's the way the wind blows, is it, Reno?"

Illustrated by GRATTAN CONDON

"THINK you'll get this desk job, kid?" queried Bailey Hudson, city detective, as he sat at his desk in Winston Police Headquarters.

Phil Carter, *News* reporter, did not answer quickly. He considered the question.

"I don't know," he confessed finally. "Rawlings is a good reporter—maybe better than I am. Big Jim has been alternating us on the desk; so he'll pick one of us. But it may be Rawlings."

"Do you want it?"

Phil flushed. "Yes," he said frankly. "I like this job all right, but I'd like to sit at the desk and handle the news as it comes in. I don't know, though—Rawlings is good."

"You're not so bad," Hudson suggested.

"Don't get me wrong," Phil said earnestly. "I'm not bragging—but I believe I'm better than Rawlings in some ways. He beats me in other ways, but I believe I know news better. That's what it takes for a desk job. You've got to recognize the most important news, and know when to ditch one story for another more important. Rawlings is a whiz at getting news—but sometimes I wonder if he thinks of this angle."

"Well, I hope you get it," Hudson remarked. "But I'll miss you around here."

Phil laughed. "I'll be here for a while longer—perhaps all the time. Can't tell what Big Jim will do. He might—" he broke off as Hudson's telephone rang and waited while the officer took the call.

"Okay," Hudson said. "Right away." He placed the instrument on the desk and turned to Phil.

"Trouble at Reno's road house," he remarked. "Woman shot, highway patrolman knocked in the head, and a young buck running wild on Reno's liquor. That place should have been padlocked long ago."

"You're going out?" Phil questioned.

"With a couple of men. Reno said the young fellow was wanting to fight."

"Who is he?"

"Reno didn't say. Want to make the run?"

"You know I do," Phil laughed.

A few minutes later, with two patrolmen, Phil and Hudson were speeding through the night toward Reno's road house at the western edge of the city.

"Wonder who the young fellow is?" Phil remarked.

"I've no idea," yawned Hudson. "Some fellow who's all tanked up on Reno's hooch, though. We're going to get that bird sometime. Maybe this time."

"Queer you've never been able to land him."

"He stands in," Hudson grunted. "Old Larry Corrigan goes to bat for him every time—and when Corrigan bats for you you'll get along."

"I've never understood that, either," Phil said thoughtfully. "I hear lots about how Corrigan runs the town. I scarcely know him—but everybody says he's the boss in Winston."

"Yes." Hudson spoke shortly. "He runs politics here. That's what keeps Reno running this road house. Corrigan owns the building. Here we are," he finished as the car turned into a driveway leading to a large house set in a grove.

Reno's place was busy, with lights blazing from many windows, and strains of music greeted them as they came to a stop. A figure stepped from the shadows and Hudson turned.

"Well, Reno," he said abruptly, "we're here."

"I see," the man answered in low, even tones. "But we will not need you. The boy has become quiet. I called but you had already started. You need not come in—we have taken care of everything."

Hudson opened the car door. "Lead us in," he said curtly. "You might know that my job is to make an investigation when a crime has been committed."

The slim Reno raised his hand in protest, then

shrugged. "Very well," he agreed, "if you'll follow me," and led the way to a side entrance.

Inside, Phil gazed about curiously. The room was evidently an office, as a desk and safe stood in one corner. From near-by rooms came the sound of music and eager, high-pitched voices. The reporter shot a glance at Reno. He saw a slim, straight figure in evening clothes, black hair plastered down over the sleek head. Reno's eyes, jet-black, glittering, returned Phil's gaze questioningly, then turned toward Hudson.

"The young man," he said smoothly. "I do not have the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"No!" Hudson's tone was curt. "Carter's his name."

"He is connected with your force?"

"Reporter," and Hudson smiled grimly at the sudden consternation on the man's face. "You don't care for reporters, Reno?" he suggested.

Reno eyed Phil silently. "Oh," he said finally, "reporters are all right. But he will not be interested in this affair. It's a story he will not care to write."

"Why not?" Phil demanded.

Reno shrugged and smiled. "Let us see," he said smoothly. "Then you can decide." He motioned them down a long hallway.

Stopping at a closed door, Reno pushed it open. Hudson and his party entered, and Phil caught his breath. The room seemed to have been struck by a cyclone. Chairs and tables were overturned; broken glasses and dishes littered the floor. A disheveled boy sat on an overturned lounge, and as the officers entered he leaped to his feet.

"Lawrence Corrigan!" ejaculated Hudson, staring. "So that's the way the wind blows, is it, Reno?"

"Yes," smiled Reno. "The lad must have become suddenly ill. He has a violent temper and this happened before we could prevent it. But he is all right now."

"Where's the girl?"

"She and the highway patrolman were taken to a hospital. I do not think they are badly hurt."

The young man stood unsteadily near the overturned lounge and then approached Hudson. His eyes, unnaturally bright, fastened themselves on the uniformed men.

"Police," he muttered. "What are they doing here?"

"Sit down, Mr. Corrigan," Reno urged silkily. "Everything is all right."

"Sure," the youth said sullenly. "Police can't bother me. I'm Larry Corrigan's son."

"Is that so?" Hudson cut in grimly. "Well, young man, we're taking you in. You can't get away with a thing like this."

Reno turned to Hudson. "Why be unpleasant?" he urged. "I've taken care of the two others, and I'll see that the boy gets home. We can handle this."

Hudson shrugged massive shoulders. "I'm taking him in. Bring him on," he added to the patrolmen, and they ranged themselves alongside the brilliant-eyed youth.

Reno grew excited and his tone became threatening. The veneer was slipping from the sleek road-house owner.

Phil glanced about the room, recording the scene on his memory. He spoke to Reno.

"Who was the girl?"

"What does it matter?" Reno snarled. "You're not going to write anything."

"You're wrong," Phil said flatly. "This is news. A crime has been committed and an arrest has been made. It's a matter of public record—and the public expects to see such things reported in the *News*. There's nothing personal, Mr. Reno, but I'm going to write this story."

"You'll never print it!" Reno spat at him, a strange pallor on his olive cheeks.

"Yes," Phil said positively. "It will be printed. Big Jim Verity prints news when it's true."

The patrolmen were moving young Corrigan along. He fought briefly, but the officers persisted and he ceased to struggle. Reno halted Hudson again in his office. He had regained his control and spoke quietly.

"Listen, Hudson," he said slowly. "You can't get anywhere with this. Larry Corrigan will have the boy out by morning. Why make a play like this? You know I'll play ball with you."

Hudson laughed harshly. "Play ball? You mean you'll pay, don't you?"

Reno nodded, and Phil saw the tension in the man's face.

Hudson's hard fist knotted itself, and Reno stepped swiftly backward. But Hudson laughed again.

"No use handing you one," he said. "But I'll tell you something, Reno. Your number's up. We're going to land you one of these days—and this may be the time. I know Old Corrigan will get the boy out, but just the same I'm taking him in."

Reno's face darkened. "Go ahead, dumb-bell," he snarled. "But remember, I warned you!"

In the car, Hudson took the wheel, Phil at his side. Young Corrigan, crammed between the officers, had dropped into sodden sleep. Hudson snorted in disgust.

"They'll have him out by morning," he said gloomily. "Put up bond, buy off witnesses, wear the case out before it can be tried. What are you going to do, kid?"

"Write it," Phil said sturdily. "If Big Jim wants to kill it, it'll be up to him. I've got to go to the hospital to wind this up, and then I'm going to write it."

"Will Verity use it?"

"Why not? It's news and it's true."

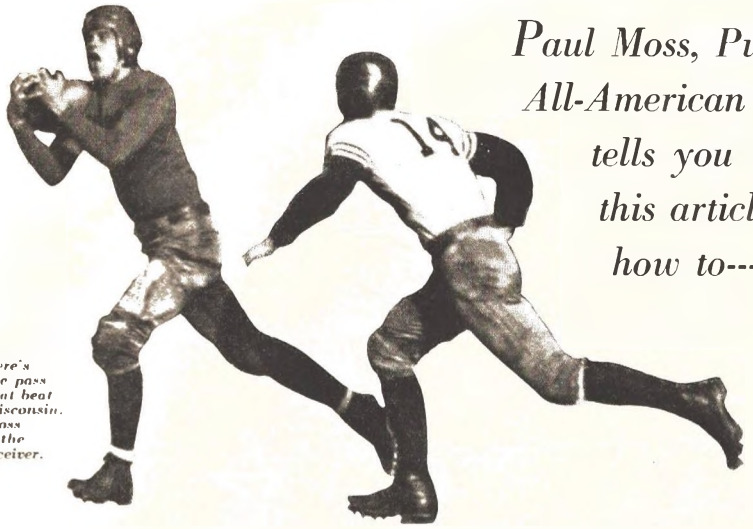
"I hope he does. Even if we can't hold this young squirt, it would be fine to get a story of Reno's place before the public. I've been trying to land him, but it's like trying to hold an eel. Might help if people knew more about the place."

"Drop me at the hospital," Phil requested. "You can go on, and I'll walk in."

At the hospital Phil learned that the wounded girl was sleeping and the surgeon would not allow her to be disturbed. But, following the usual custom in such cases, hospital authorities had taken a sworn statement from her, and Phil knew this would serve perfectly to base his story on.

"She's got a nasty wound," the surgeon said. "We'll pull her through, but it *(Continued on page 35)*

Something stiffened in Phil's spine. "I take orders regarding news stories from only one man—and that man isn't you!"



Here's the pass that beat Wisconsin. Moss is the receiver.

Paul Moss, Purdue's All-American wing, tells you in this article how to---

Catch That Pass!

by Franklin M. Reck

EVERY few years, out of the ranks of intercollegiate football, a great specialist arises. Eight years ago it was Red Grange, master of open-field running. A few years before that it was Harry Kipke, punter. Brickley of Harvard was a great drop kicker. Last year's specialist was Paul Moss, All-American end from Purdue. His specialty was pass receiving, and he raised it to the dignity of an art.

Moss could snag a pass from the air under the toughest conditions imaginable. Take for instance, the Purdue-Northwestern game. In the third quarter, Purdue launched a terrific drive at the Purple goal. It was her fourth attack. The first three had failed just short of their objective.

Purdue's fourth assault started in her own territory, and when the ball reached midfield, Duane Purvis, 195-pound Purdue back, dropped back and flipped a 12-yard pass to Moss. Two running plays failed to gain, and it looked for a moment as if another Purdue drive was about to end. Then Hecker, another Purdue halfback, faded back, and again Paul Moss loped in for what appeared to be a second pass over center.

This time, however, he cut out toward the side lines, and the alert Northwestern defense burst into action. Potter, from his defensive half-back position, headed toward the spot to which the pass was coming. Pug Rentner, tall and fast, came forward from the safety position. Olson pounded over from behind center, right at Moss's heels.

With the ball tucked under his arm, Moss is away!

All four men and the ball arrived at one spot at one time. At least two men leaped into the air. But it was Paul Moss's lank fingers that caressingly found leather and drew the ball to his chest, while three chagrined Northwestern men piled into him and drove him to the ground on the 18-yard line. The pass was good for 28 yards, and the Purdue team, not to be stopped again, slammed through for a touchdown.

In that pass deception didn't help. Northwestern was on the job. It was Moss's receiving ability that made the pass good. Furthermore, similar instances helped bring victory against Indiana, Iowa, New York U., and Chicago, and Wisconsin. Sports experts credit Moss with being the best pass receiver of the year. In fact, his only rival in the last ten years, they state, is the famous Oosterbaan of Michigan.

What is Moss's technique? How does he evade the defense? How does he use his hands? How does the passer help him? Before Moss answers these questions for you, take a quick look at him. He's six-feet-two inches tall, sandy-haired, and rugged looking. He weighs only 175 pounds, although all line-ups listed him at 185 to 190 pounds, to discourage the opposition from bumping him too hard and often.

It was more than pass receiving that made him the universal choice as All-American end. He could kick. Few runners ever turned his end. Pug Rentner of Northwestern tried it 15 times with strong interference and made just 12 yards. Moss was a hard blocker. In the Carnegie Tech game, in 1931, he blocked out three men in one play, and permitted Hecker to make a touchdown.

But at pass receiving he towered above all competitors, and here are his tips to high school players, and to fans who wonder why some receivers drop passes when nobody is near them, and why others can take a ball out of the very arms of the defense.

"The first and most important rule in pass receiving is to relax when you catch the ball," Moss tells you. "The reason so many fellows drop passes is because their fingers are stiff and clutching, their arm muscles tensed. You'll see some men receive a pass and fall to the ground, even though nobody is near. That's because they're so limp they can't stand up. And that's the proper way to be."

Moss's second caution is to pull in your elbows after catching a pass. Glance at the picture of Moss catching a pass in the Wisconsin game. He has just taken the ball high in the air and at the moment the picture is snapped he's pulling it down to his chest, elbows in.

"If you have your elbows out," he says, "they'll tackle your arms and make you drop the ball."

Imagine what would have happened to the ball in the Northwestern game, with four Purple backs hitting Moss, if his arms had been wide!

Moss's third rule is to study the defense. On the first few plays of the game, take a few jaunts into the secondary defense. Watch to see which men follow you—that'll tell you who's assigned to you. Try loafing past your man. See how he reacts. Try dashing past him. Is he more alert? Try a head feint at him—that is, throw your head one way, and dash the other. Does it momentarily fool him?

In the Indiana game Moss head-feinted his man out of step, got into the clear for a precious second, and received the pass that put his team into scoring position.

In the Iowa game, Moss used the loafing technique. A few minutes before, Hecker had received a pass down the middle. On the next pass Hecker again went down the middle, and Moss made himself inconspicuous by loafing down the outside. He caught the pass and made a touchdown.

How does Duane Purvis, passer, help Moss? Purvis is a javelin thrower, and he uses the javelin technique in tossing a football—a straight-line follow-through rather than a side-arm flip. As a result, the football not only goes straight to its mark—it travels like a javelin with the point up in the air.

"That helps in a one-handed catch," Moss says appreciatively. "I know the point of the ball won't strike the palm of my hand."

Decoying, Moss says, is as important as receiving. In the Indiana game, he decoyed one-half the Indiana pass defense out of position. With the snap of the ball he darted forward and bumped the nearest back on his side of the line. Then he dashed for the rear back, and at the moment of passing him he turned and held up his hand for the ball. After that he headed straight for the safety man. As long as Moss was heading for him, that man didn't dare to move. Pardonner, Purdue quarterback, ran into the clear and received the pass.

This pass helped Purdue rout the strong Baylor team.

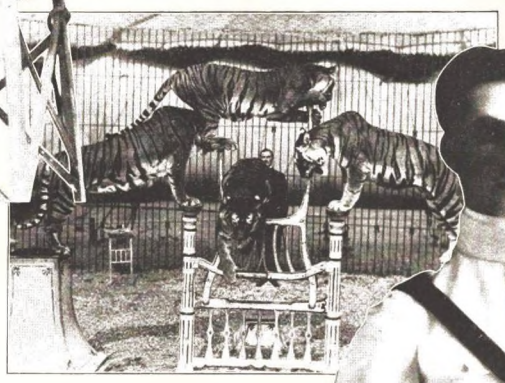
Size up your defense. See how they react when you go into their territory. When the pass comes your way, take it with relaxed wrist and hand. Pull your elbows into your side as you gather in the ball. When tacklers hit you, go limp. To these rules of pass receiving, Moss adds this bit of advice: "If you want to play well you must practice. Good performance on the field is simply the expression of a good habit, cultivated through practice."

"All right, boss! I'll get up here, but I don't like it a bit!"

Peter Taylor, Jungle

A Saga of Danger

Once a lion had him in his mouth---



Sometimes all this performing seems very silly to a tiger.

IT was the biggest cat fight I had ever seen. Lions and tigers, green circus stock from the jungles of Africa and Asia, were snarling and roaring and ripping at each other. That steel-barred, concrete-floored cat house was a perfect Hades of hate.

But dodging about in the thickest of it was a slim, lithe man in khaki. He was armed only with a light whip, a chair, and a pistol loaded with blank cartridges; yet he was in control. He separated combatants, rescued a crazed lioness fighting fearful odds, and finally maneuvered the last angry jungle cat to the chute leading to the cages.

Practice hour was over.

And khaki-clad Peter Taylor, chief trainer for the American Circus Corporation, came walking out of the empty arena, cool, unflushed, not even breathing heavily.

"The animals were tired," he said in his gentle, well-modulated voice. "When they are tired, the absurdity of what we are asking them to do must burst upon them, don't you think? Lions and tigers have their own dignities. We thrust upon them what must seem like indignities—the leaping from stool to stool, the down-to-floor command, the up-to-the-pedestal order immediately after, the hoops—all the complicated and confusing routine of a wild animal act."

"You are looking at the situation through the eyes of the animal?" I asked.

"Certainly. How else could I look at it—and live?"

I realized at that moment, there beside the cat house in the American Circus Corporation's winter quarters near Peru, Indiana, that the genuine friendship Peter Taylor gives the lions and tigers and other jungle cats he trains has done more than anything else to make him a world-recognized success in his perilous profession.

Peter Taylor is a slight, dark man, below the average in height, with a finely chiseled face and a courtly Old World manner. He is of English parentage but has lived in almost every country on earth except his own and speaks seven languages.

That doesn't include lion talk, but he knows it. He began learning it when he was young.

Peter Taylor will tell you that his grandfather, George Wumbell, once had the largest menagerie in England, and that he was the first man in the world to step within a lion's cage. Peter Taylor's father was an animal trainer, too. He died when Peter was six years old, and then the boy went with Carl Hagenbeck. His father had left money for his education in animal work and had specified that he was to be placed under one of the strictest of the Hagenbeck trainers.

"He was strict all right," Peter Taylor tells you with a little smile. "He gave me the hiding of my life after I had been torn by a lioness. Fifteen stitches were taken in the wound. He waited until I got out of the hospital, and then did his duty by me."

But his education was thorough in less painful ways as well. Mr. Hagenbeck saw to it that he was well trained in every respect. He even took him to Africa to see lions captured and to India to see tigers caught in their native jungles.

When Peter Taylor was only nine years old, he appeared in an animal act before the czar of Russia. The slight, dark boy, young though he was, must have made an impressive figure in his long-tailed, well-fitted dark coat, his white trousers, and his high, polished boots.

"In my act I used a lion, a tiger, a leopard, and a hybrid," he tells you. "The arena was set up in the Winter Palace. My trainer had told me to watch for the man with the pointed beard. 'As you lift your head from bowing after your act is over, look straight in the eyes of that man and smile!' he warned me. 'He is the czar of all the Russias.'

"I did just as I was told.

"The czar called me to his side, patted my shoulder, and said, 'My boy, I hope the lions and tigers let you live to be a man!'"

At fourteen, Peter Taylor was conducting an act of his own in a Paris theater. In that act were fifteen full-grown African lions. The great cats were kept outside the theater, and entered the arena by a chute.

The last one was in and the act was well under way when one of the lions—a newcomer in the group—slipped from his pedestal and struck his neighbor. The impact roused the fury always latent in any wild animal. The jolted lion jumped from his stool and hurled himself on the newcomer. Another joined him. Another and another and another leaped into the fray.

The original offender was soon lost sight of in the mêlée. The knot of excited lions began to fight each other. Before the boy could separate the combatants on the floor, every lion in the act was off his stool, and battling every other lion.

In the audience, women fainted. Men shouted foolish and impractical directions. The police were called to stand by with their weapons.

But young Peter Taylor, intent on saving his lions from death, begged them to leave the situation to him and the three assistants stationed outside. Two of the assistants held hooked poles, and the other one took up a position where by means of a lever he could open the door leading from the arena to the outdoor chute.

The boy again and again broke up the dense mass of snarling, fighting cats by thrusting his chair, legs foremost, between the more determined of the belligerents. Whenever he saw a group allied against a single lion, he broke up that group with chair legs and whip.

Peter Taylor

The legs of his chair were soon chewed to kindling wood, and he was left fighting with only the seat and back. The assistants outside threw him another chair. He saved his six blank cartridges for the occasions when the lions, made furious by his interference, turned on him. But most of the time he was able to hold them back with chair legs and whip.

Chair after chair was torn to pieces by the crazed lions, but as each was destroyed another came over the top of the arena to take its place.

Peter Taylor practiced the strategy taught him by his instructor and since imparted by him to practically every trainer working in American arenas today. He broke up the solid mass of free-for-all fight until he had

Friend of the Cats

by Robert Gordon

but Taylor won the fight!

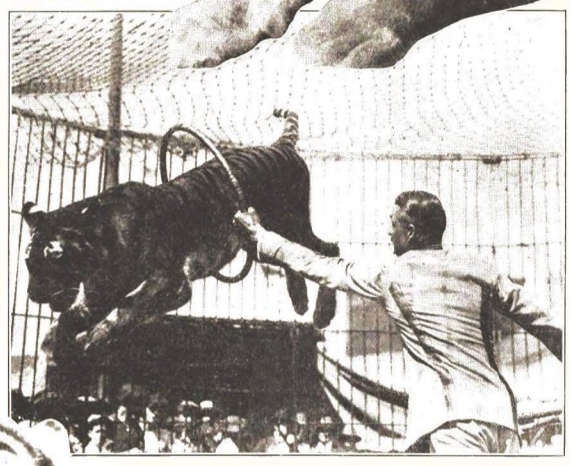
"Scram! Mr. Taylor, scram! I've worked enough today!"

one or two of the great cats separated from the others and moving in the direction of the chute. Then, with chair and whip, he would maneuver them to the opening, where the door was opened and closed on them by the assistant outside.

In this way he had eliminated twelve of the lions from the arena before the audience decided it could stand no more. The roaring fight had lasted for more than an hour. The nerve-strained crowd began shouting a demand for the fire department.

The police had decided by this time that their guns were of no use. The bullets would be just as likely to kill the courageous boy — whose clothes were now torn to ribbons—as to stop one or two lions. And they feared that the almost exhausted youngster couldn't last much longer.

The crowd's shouts won, and men from the fire department came rushing in to drag their hose down the carpeted aisle and turn a high pressure stream upon the struggling lions. Meanwhile the boy, as the cold water drenched the cats' ardor, drove them to the chute door where the assistant opened and closed the door as each wet brute darted away.



Here's one of the difficult tricks of the big cage.

"Make ME roll over? Try it!"

"I have had worse fights in my life, but no other that lasted so long," says Peter Taylor.

He came to the United States in 1910 with Frank Bostock. This time he had a mixed group of twenty-two animals. It included two lions, two lionesses, two tigers, two tigresses, two polar bears, two Siberian wolves, two pumas, two leopards, two hyenas, and some other beasts. It was the largest mixed group that had ever been shown at Dreamland Park, Coney Island.

If you've read Martin Johnson's book called "Safari," the story of his and Mrs. Johnson's adventures while seeking wild animal film material in British East Africa, you'll recall anecdotes telling how the lion resents the hyena. The jackal, popularly supposed by the natives to stalk the lion's game for him, may sit on his haunches a few feet away while his lord gorges himself on zebra or giraffe. When the King of Beasts is satiated, the jackal may approach the remnants of the kill and, if the lion is in good humor, may collect his commission as stalker then and there. But let a hyena — the meanest sneak in the animal kingdom—dare to approach and the lion will drive him off. All this the picture maker has seen from "blinds" beside African water holes.

It is not strange then that trouble developed in a group that included both the lordly lions and the despised hyenas.

"The animals were released from their cages into an alley at the back," Peter Taylor explains. "This alley was some three feet wide and let them directly into the arena, where they were supposed to mount the pedestals reserved for them and wait until I entered with the last animal.

"I always reserved the male polar bear for the last. He was the largest I have ever seen, and his huge size always made an impression on the audience. Then, too, I got along well with him. He was, if I may say so, my friend. Since I had to drive the animals alone down this alleyway I liked to have the polar bear ahead of me for my entrance because all the other beasts, even the lions, gave him a wide berth. Naturally if any cat decided to leave the arena and return to his cage, he was certain to meet the big bear, the dread of them all.

He appeared before the czar at the age of nine.

"To protect myself in the narrow passage, where it was impossible for me to manipulate a chair or whip, I carried a board, cut to the exact width of the passage. This had an opening below for a pole to be used in controlling an animal's movements. Above was another opening for the eyes. This contrivance was known as a 'chill board.'

"I was coming along with my big friend, the polar bear, when a fight started in the arena. It soon got out of control of my assistants outside the bars. Pretty soon I saw coming toward us down the passageway a lion and a tiger fighting furiously.

"The bear reared and growled, striking at the combatants with his huge paws as they brought their battle close to him. But the angry cats paid no attention to anything except each other.

"The tiger must have been getting the worst of it, for suddenly, streaming with blood from many wounds, he turned and leaped over the bear. This brought him next to my chill board. The bear, too large to move easily in such cramped quarters, menaced the pursuing lion. Then the lion, together with a lioness which had come to join him in the attack on the tiger, leaped over the bear after the tiger.

"This brought three animals against me. I manipulated the hooked pole to separate them and made it so uncomfortable for the male lion that he attempted to leap over me. He missed but his impact brought the board down on my head.

"I fell on my back. The chill board pinned me down. My head was turned slightly to one side. Above me the battle broke out with renewed fury. I strained to raise the chill board, but the great cats were fighting on it and I could not lift it and their weight.

"The battle surged farther down the passage. I took advantage of the momentary absence of the weight to raise the board and get to my feet.

"Then I found that the fighting had extended to both sides of me. In front were the polar bear, the leopards, the hyenas, and the Siberian wolves — all fighting hotly.

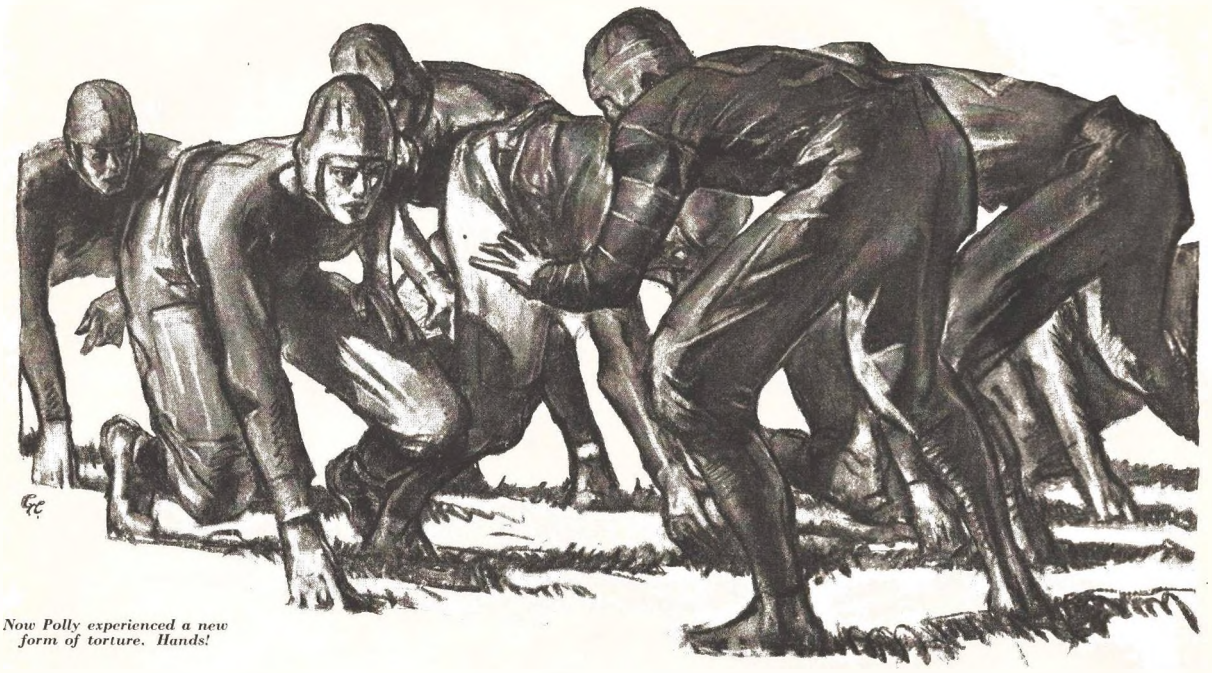
"Behind me, on my totally unprotected side, was the tiger with the lion and lioness bent upon his destruction.

"Again the tiger leaped over me to get away from the two lions. The lioness charged, missed clearing the chill board, and fell on me. Her claws tore open my uniform from the neck down but only grazed my skin. The impact of her body sent me reeling. My chill board collapsed utterly as my head struck the cement floor.

"I don't know how this fight was at last stopped. I woke up in the Coney Island hospital."

Peter Taylor tells with a sympathetic grin how a press photographer once missed the chance of a lifetime.

In the fall of 1911, Peter Taylor had received for Colonel Cody and Pawnee Bill a shipment of jungle stock—lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, and the like, fifteen animals in *(Cont. on page 43)*



Now Polly experienced a new form of torture. Hands!

Under Dog

by Franklin M. Reck

POLLY WALLACE'S spirits soared as he strode alongside the high wall of the stadium on his way to State gym. He had reason to feel good. Football season was well under way, and he had cinched the position of regular fullback.

He passed the open end of the stadium and glimpsed the slightly curved green expanse. His mind pictured a crowd in the stands and two battling teams on the field. He caught a vision of himself, clothed in pads that made his 170 pounds look like 190, breaking through tackle and getting in the clear for a touchdown.

He trotted up the steps of the gym whistling breathlessly, and turned down the short hall to the door marked "Football—J. E. Hendricks." He knocked on the door and heard a voice bidding him enter.

"Want to see me, coach?" he asked cheerfully.

Coach Hendricks, his broad shoulders hunched over a diagram on the desk, looked up and smiled. Dropping his pencil he indicated a chair with a nod of his head. As the fullback sat down he sensed somehow that this conference was to be one of considerable significance. The very way in which the coach dropped his pencil indicated it.

"What did you think of last Saturday's performance?" Hendricks asked.

"Could have been better," Polly replied. "But when we get the right combination we ought to go."

"The right combination," the coach repeated. "That's what I've been figuring on. If we had a good pair of guards we'd have beaten Normal six touchdowns."

Polly nodded doubtfully.

"Woodhull—he's pretty good isn't he?" he asked. Woodhull was left guard.

"Woodhull will do—with a little more work," the coach admitted. "But Meisner's too big and slow. He hasn't got the fight. Normal was getting through Meisner and breaking up our plays before they got under way."

"Any of the subs shaping up?" Polly asked. He was filled with a great desire to be of constructive help to the young, husky coach sitting behind the desk. This was only Hendricks' second year at State and he was still fighting the battle that a new coach always faces.

"The subs are just—subs," Hendricks said slowly. "Polly, I want a good man in there. A fighter."

"How about making over someone?" Polly asked.

"That's just what I've been thinking of doing."

Polly thought over the possibilities. "Rivers could be switched from halfback—or Flack from end—" He paused, conscious that the coach was looking at him. "Have you picked your man?" he asked quickly.

The coach nodded, and a sudden wave of apprehension filled the fullback.

"Who?" he asked.

"I want you to take a crack at it."

For a moment Polly sat still, unable to move. His knees felt cold, his hands nerveless. He cleared his throat.

"But—who've you got for fullback?" he asked in a small voice.

"Dope Simpson."

"But—" Polly paused. Dope Simpson was a transfer from another school. "This is his first year on the squad. He's never—"

"Fullback is his regular position," the coach said. "The truth is we've got an oversupply of good backfield men. But they're not going to get very far without a forward wall."

With an effort Polly checked his reeling mind. He had never expected this. Somehow, he had thought of himself as a fixture at fullback. He had fought as sub all last year, and now, with his scrap won. . . .

"I've never played in the line," he protested. "I don't know the first thing about it."

The coach surveyed him thoughtfully. "I think you can do a whale of a job there," he said heartily.

"But I—" Polly paused and flushed. He had been about to say that he had no desire to do a whale of a job at guard. And the twinkling eyes of the coach indicated that Hendricks had read his thoughts.

"A guard, these days, has to be a versatile man," the coach said warmly. "He's got to be fast. He's got to pull out of the line like a shot, run interference, protect the passer!"

Polly sat with bowed head, gazing intently at the floor.

"We're the under dogs this year," the coach went on. "The experts are doping us for last place in the conference. And that's about where we'll land if we can't find a load of dynamite for our line. Give me a good pair of guards—even one good man who can stiffen up his side of the line—and we'll surprise some of these experts!"

The warmth of the coach's voice passed over Polly unheeded. He seemed to see his three years of backfield training going into the discard.

"I'm thinking of Tech," the coach went on evenly. "Tech has Bancroft at guard — an All-American. Imagine what Bancroft will do to our running attack with nothing but Meisner in front of him! And Locke at full. Can you picture Meisner stopping Locke when that ton of brick comes over guard? With you in there to plug the hole there's a chance." He paused. "Want to try it out?"

Polly felt trapped.

"I—ah—sure," he said. "Sure, I'll try it."

The coach rose from his seat, walked over, and gripped Polly's shoulder.

"I'll have Bill Haines start on you this afternoon," he said. Bill Haines was varsity line coach.

Somewhat dazed, Polly walked out of the office and down the stairs to the locker room. Mechanically he sat down before his locker and undressed. He slipped the bulky pads over his broad, muscled shoulders and took out his jersey with the block figure "41" on the back. Heretofore that number had meant first downs. Now—

The door opened and two men walked in—Tiny Forrest, rangy, shock-headed tackle, and Bob McCall, halfback.

"Look who's here," Tiny boomed out. "None other than four-yard Wallace, the human cannonball! Why so early, Polly?"

Polly, busy buttoning up his moleskins, didn't answer, and Tiny peered more closely at him.

"My goodness," he said with mock concern, "does football affect you that way?"

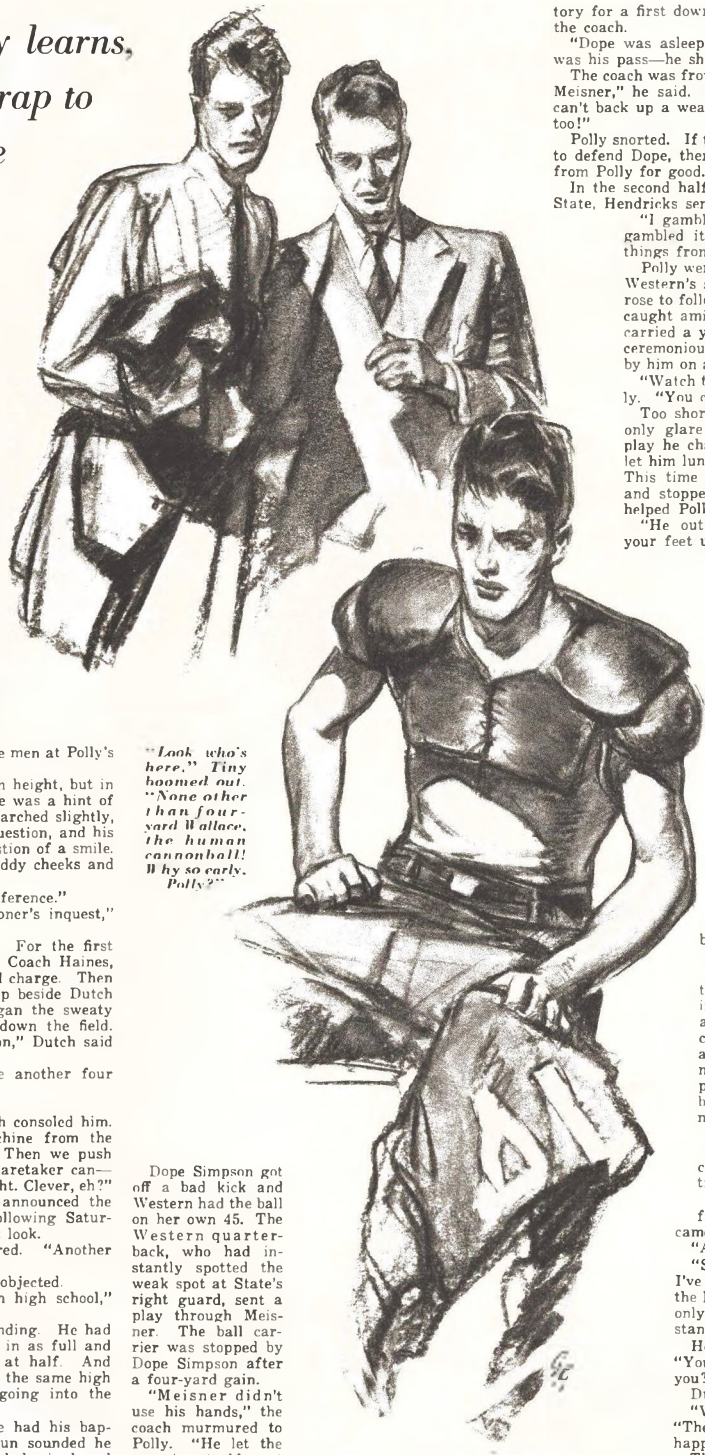
"Maybe it's organic chemistry," Bob McCall suggested. "After battling with esters and ethyls all afternoon, I feel that way myself."

"Esters and Ethels," Tiny sniffed. "You handsome halfbacks *would* spend the afternoon in a sorority house. But what *is* wrong, Polly?"

"Nothing," Polly murmured.

"Don't tell me that, brother. Come clean."

Sometimes, Polly learns, it takes a hard scrap to make you see the joy of football!



"Look who's here," Tiny boomed out. "None other than four-yard Wallace, the human cannonball! Why so early, Polly?"

Polly sat down to draw on his cleats. "If you must know," he said self-consciously, "Hendricks told me just now that I'm to play guard."

The other two stopped in the act of undressing and looked incredulously at the fullback. A low whistle escaped from Tiny's lips. "Well of all the—who's he putting in at fullback?" he asked.

"Dope Simpson."

"Dope Simpson?" Tiny rumbled. "Oh, well. . . . No wonder."

Polly looked up quickly. "Why did you say that?"

"No particular reason," Tiny replied. "Except, well, you know where Dope Simpson played before he came here."

For a moment Polly looked puzzled. Dope had gone to—to Vinton U. And then suddenly he saw what the big tackle was driving at. Hendricks had been assistant coach at Vinton before coming to State.

A stream of players came through the door and one man walked down the aisle toward the three men at Polly's locker. It was Simpson.

The Vinton transfer was of medium height, but in the curve of shoulders and chest there was a hint of springy muscles. His eyebrows were arched slightly, like those of a man about to ask a question, and his lips were half parted in a bare suggestion of a smile. There was a zest for action in the ruddy cheeks and alert eyes. He glanced at Polly.

"Hello," he said. "Looks like a conference."

Tiny shook his head. "Just a coroner's inquest," he said.

That first practice was an ordeal. For the first half hour Polly worked out with Line Coach Haines, learning the proper way to crouch and charge. Then came the charging machine. Lined up beside Dutch Pogenmiller, varsity center, Polly began the sweaty task of bucking the heavy machine down the field.

"Welcome to the day laborer's union," Dutch said sympathetically.

Together they bucked the machine another four feet.

"Yeah," Polly puffed. "Thanks."

"You'll like it after a while," Dutch consoled him. "You see we—umph—push this machine from the south end of the field to the north. Then we push it back to the south end so that the caretaker can—umph—cover it with a tarp for the night. Clever, eh?"

Two days later, Coach Hendricks announced the line-up for Waterville College, the following Saturday. Tiny Forrest gave Polly a quick look.

"Rivers at halfback," he murmured. "Another Hendricks product makes good."

"Rivers didn't go to Vinton," Polly objected.

"But he played under Hendricks in high school," Tiny replied.

Polly's eyes lifted in slow understanding. He had been moved to guard. That let Dope in as full and made room for Rivers, a substitute, at half. And Dana, quarterback! Dana came from the same high school as Rivers! Hendricks men, going into the key positions!

On Saturday against Waterville he had his baptism at guard, and when the final gun sounded he walked off the field, headgear in hand, bruised and sore. State had squeezed out an unsatisfactory victory, 7 to 6.

The following week, against the weak Western team, the coach kept him on the bench and sent in Meisner. Early in the first quarter State tried an off-tackle play that stopped at the line of scrimmage.

"See it?" the coach asked. "Meisner's so slow he backs the play up."

Polly nodded reluctantly.

Dope Simpson got off a bad kick and Western had the ball on her own 45. The Western quarterback, who had instantly spotted the weak spot at State's right guard, sent a play through Meisner. The ball carrier was stopped by Dope Simpson after a four-yard gain.

"Meisner didn't use his hands," the coach murmured to Polly. "He let the opposing tackle get next to him."

Polly felt strangely irked. This business of being converted, by practice, then example, into a guard, so that Hendricks men could carry the ball. . . .

Again Western cracked Meisner, this time for two yards. And then she flipped a pass into Dope's territory for a first down on State's 40. Polly turned to the coach.

"Dope was asleep," he said triumphantly. "That was his pass—he should have stopped it."

The coach was frowning. "Dope was worried about Meisner," he said. "That's just the trouble. Dope can't back up a weak spot and guard against passes too!"

Polly snorted. If the coach would go to any lengths to defend Dope, then the fullback position was gone from Polly for good.

In the second half, with the score 10 to 0 against State, Hendricks sent Polly into the game.

"I gambled that ten points," he said. "I gambled it on you, so that you could see things from the bench. Go to it."

Polly went into the game rebelliously. On Western's second play after the kick-off, he rose to follow the ball with his eyes and was caught amidships by two opposing linemen, carried a yard to one side and dumped unceremoniously on his back. The play swept by him on a cutback for 12 yards.

"Watch that!" Dope Simpson cried sharply. "You can't gawp around that way!"

Too short of breath to reply, Polly could only glare at the fullback. On the next play he charged, but the opposing lineman let him lunge forward and then sat on him. This time Dutch Pogenmiller ranged over and stopped the play after a yard. Dope helped Polly to his feet.

"He outfoxed you," Dope said. "Keep your feet under you."

"If you think you can play the position," Polly said angrily, "you're welcome to it."

"I could play it better than you're playing it!"

Dutch Pogenmiller pushed Polly into his place.

"Don't start a scrap," he growled sympathetically. "Wait'll after the game—then see the coach."

Polly nodded grimly.

Each team made a touchdown in the second half, and the game ended 17 to 7. Coach Hendricks, making his customary round, stopped before Polly in the locker room.

"You can do better than that, Polly," he said quietly.

The guard flushed and bit his lip.

"You'd have stopped that cutback if you'd used your hands."

Polly drew a deep breath.

"On the next play you charged too soon." The coach was talking evenly, not loud enough for anyone to hear, but Polly was conscious of Dope, just a few feet away. "On defense, don't make a move until you know where the play is going. If you get off-balance you're meat for the other man!"

Polly suddenly rose to his feet.

"I couldn't help it!" he said. "I can't do anything in that position!"

Hendricks recovered quickly from his surprise. His eyes became cool.

"Are you sure you've tried?"

"Sure I have! I've given it all I've got!" Polly was unaware that the locker room had grown still. He only knew that he'd had all he could stand. "I'm just no good there!"

Hendricks' voice cut in softly. "You can take instruction, can't you? You can understand English?"

Dumbly Polly half nodded.

"Very well," Hendricks replied. "Then there's hope. We'll see what happens next week."

The coach walked out of the room in dead silence. It was an ultimatum. It meant that Polly would stay at guard and sweat over the charging machine. In the utter stillness Polly sank back on the bench, unaware of the sympathetic glances cast his way. Later, when he was putting on his clothes, he felt a hand on his arm. It was Dope Simpson.

"I want to apologize for getting sore out there,"

Illustrated by GRATTAN CONDON

Simpson said warmly. "I didn't like the idea of us getting licked by Western and I didn't know what I was saying. I spoke out of turn."

Polly smiled warningly. "You said you could play guard better than I could."

Dope turned red.

"But you knew," Polly went on smoothly, "that there was no danger of you having to do it. Not with Hendricks coaching."

Dope's eyes narrowed. "Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Of course," Polly replied quietly.

"For two cents I'd make you eat it."

"Why don't you?" Polly asked.

Dope turned back angrily to his locker. "Because that would only hurt things. And there's Tech—next week."

"With Bancroft at guard," Polly said ironically, "and Locke at full. The coach is trying hard to build me up as a sacrifice to those two."

"You're sure you're not afraid of them?" Dope asked.

Polly grunted angrily and walked out of the room.

Next week, after a particularly ragged scrimmage, Polly turned to Tiny Forrest.

"I'll probably get kicked off the squad," he said wearily.

"If you do," Tiny grunted, "you're not the only one."

When State boarded the train on Thursday night, she was more than a mere under dog. She was a team divided against herself—a team of moody, silent factions going out to take a licking from the best team in the conference.

Polly expected to be benched for Meisner. But when the State team trotted out from the dressing room under the big Tech stadium, he was in the line-up. And something in the coach's iron exterior told Polly that he'd stay in the line-up as long as he could keep on his feet. Very well. . . . He'd do bitter service today for the last time. On Monday he'd turn in his uniform. The season was just half over, but he was through.

A few seconds later the squad came out on the field, and Polly caught sight of the crowd. Curving ramps of humanity sweeping upward on all sides. A gay, exultant crowd, out to see Tech bowl over another opponent on the way to a championship. The very immensity of the crowd was a shock. Polly felt small and suddenly very weak.

His eyes searched the stalwart green jersies of the Tech squad. He located Bancroft, and was vaguely surprised to see that Bancroft seemed neither very large nor very fierce. A smiling face. . . . And there was Locke, the fullback. Locke looked big. His shoulders were broad, and his face under the headgear was rock-carved and intent.

Polly gazed at the scene with mixed emotion. If he were only playing his old position today! How he'd give himself to the job! How he'd crack that line, and squirm and fight his way for every inch of ground!

In the midst of a roar—the roar of a Roman crowd eager for slaughter—State kicked off. Wilcox, Tech half, took the ball and returned it past four State tacklers to the 40.

State ranged herself in defensive position, six men in the line, and Polly found himself standing in front of the crouched Bancroft. Bancroft was looking off to Polly's left, over at Woodhull, and Polly decided with some relief that the play was going to the other side of the line.

And then the cyclone struck. Bancroft gave no warning. Even at the moment of charging he didn't look at his victim. The first Polly knew of it was when a catapult rammed him under his left arm and flung him to earth—and then fell over him.

Polly looked dazedly into Bancroft's face as the latter got to his feet. Bancroft was smiling. There was a great cheer from the stands that did not die. At last Polly gathered his wits and looked back to see where the play had gone.

A few yards away from him he saw Dope Simpson, crimson-faced, getting to his feet. From Dope all the way back to the goal line, players were strung out — crimson-shirted State men and green-clad Tech men.

Locke and Bancroft had lived up to advance notice. With unexpected fierceness they had launched their very first blow at the acknowledged and advertised weak spot in State's line—and Tech had her first six points.

Somebody pulled Polly to his feet and patted him on the back—Dutch Pogenmiller.

"Never mind, boy," he was saying. "Got us by surprise that time. It won't happen again."

A few seconds later the score was 7, and State was lining up to kick off once more. This time Tech ran the kick-off back to the 30, but on the very first play from scrimmage she waded through Tiny Forrest's tackle for six yards. Polly felt that the next play would strike at him and he crouched to meet it.

His guess was correct. With the snap of the ball Bancroft charged at him, but this time Bancroft hit him on his right side and simultaneously another man—Tech's center—struck him on the left. Polly was pinioned between two driving shoulders, lifted out of the play, and dumped to earth. And through the hole came the pounding Locke.

Dope succeeded in dragging Locke down, but the play gained a first down. And then, on the first play of the next series, the Tech quarter flipped a short pass over Dutch's head for another first down.

As the teams lined up again, Bancroft grinned at Polly.

"Coming your way now," he warned. "Watch it."

Polly flushed deep red, set himself, and Bancroft taught him a new lesson in guard play. The Tech man charged high, and as Polly brought up his hands to ward off the charge, ducked low, slipped under Polly's guard, and with short thudding strides pushed Polly back, back, back, squarely into Dope Simpson, two yards to the rear.

The play gained seven yards and Bancroft walked back to his huddle laughing, while Dope Simpson grasped Polly's arm and said anxiously:

"Watch it, Polly!"

Watch it! Bancroft's very words! Furiously humiliated, Polly gritted his teeth and walked back to the line. Watch it! Stand up in front of a human torpedo and get blasted all over the lot so that somebody else could have his position!

The next four minutes were an ordeal. Tech had found her point of attack, and except for occasional off-tackle thrusts, she concentrated on it. The guard faced a taunting, laughing Bancroft who hit him first on one side, then on the other, now alone, and then in combination with the Tech center. His ribs ached and his hips felt sore. His back was numb and his head ringing. And dimly, through the blind fury that robbed him of his senses, he realized that Dope was playing more and more closely behind him to do his job for him. And that fact increased his impotency and his fury.

Then came the logical and crowning disaster. A short pass came spiraling through the air over Polly's head, over Dope's, into the territory vacated by Dope to help Polly. And the receiver, loping toward the side lines behind a diagonal wall of interference, went across the goal line standing up, for Tech's second touchdown.

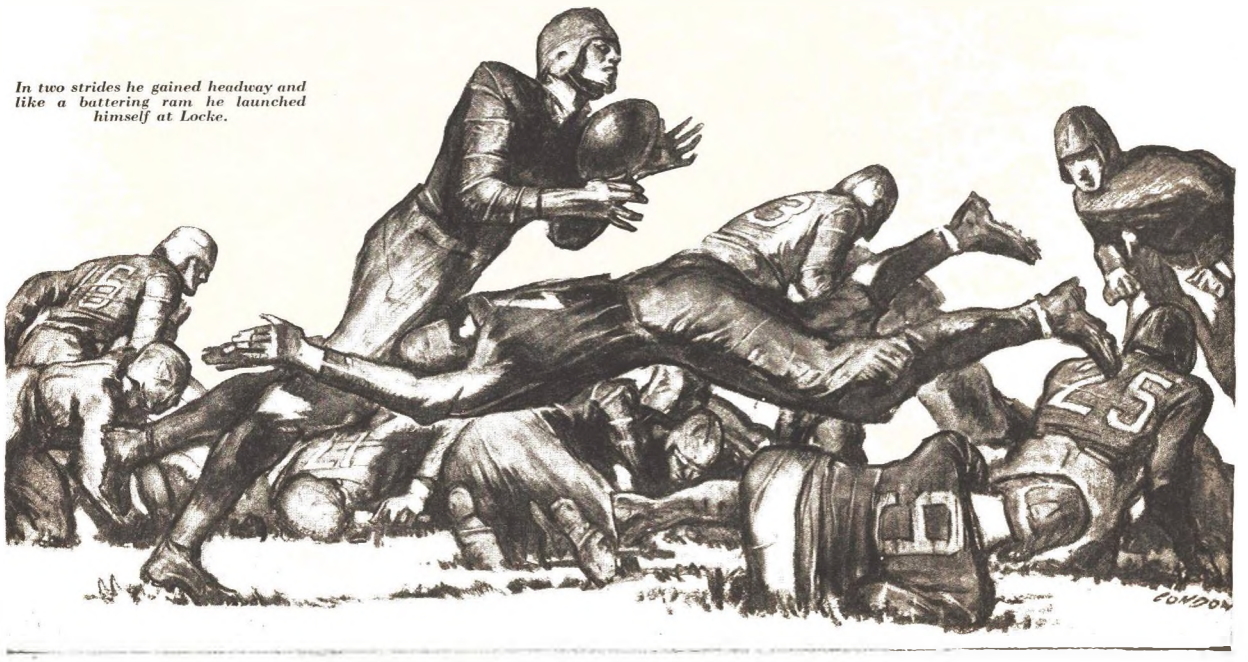
As the team lined up for the point after touchdown, the granite face of Locke broke into a sardonic grin.

"Just a little track meet," he yelled, and the remark so enraged Tiny Forrest that he broke through and blocked the kick.

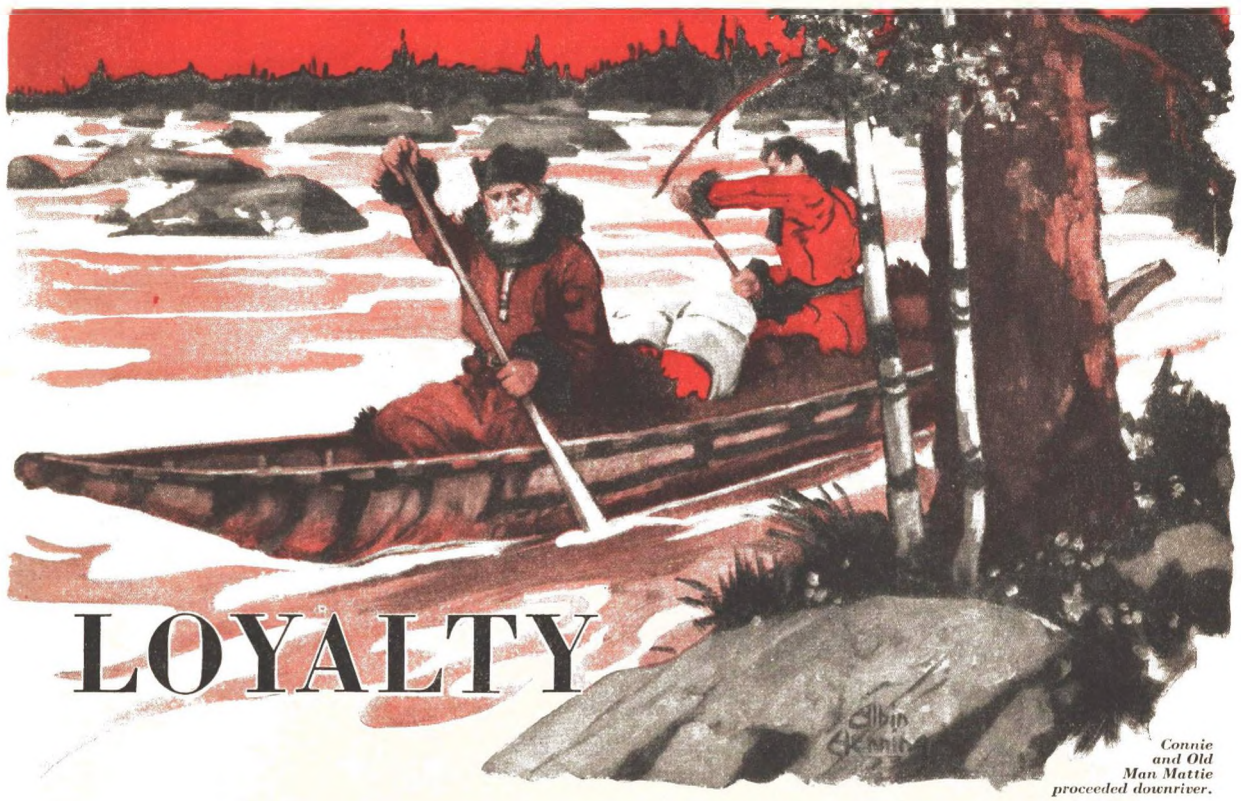
State received, this time, and now Polly experienced a new form of torture. The torture was applied in the form of hands — Bancroft's hands, the Tech center's hands, occasionally the tackle's hands. Hands that jammed at Polly's shoulders and swept him aside. When he charged low, his opponents seemed to possess the uncanny knack of catching him off balance and forcing his face into the turf. When he charged high, those hands beat him back and thrust him away.

It was a relief to pull out of the line for interference, and on one occasion so great was his pleasure at escaping from Bancroft that he cleared out the opposition beyond Tiny Forrest and let Frosty Rivers through for a first down.

And then came a more permanent form of relief. Time was called, and to his amazement Polly saw Bancroft leaving the field. *(Continued on page 49)*



In two strides he gained headway and like a battering ram he launched himself at Locke.



LOYALTY

Connie and Old Man Mattie proceeded downriver.

It started out as a pleasant boat trip to Fort Simpson---and turned into a grim manhunt on the river

by James B. Hendryx

CONNIE MORGAN, special constable for the Mounted, was on his way to Fort Simpson. With him were Inspector Jack Cartwright and Old Man Mattie, the half-cracked prospector who was Connie's inseparable companion. They were going by steamboat across Great Slave Lake and up the Mackenzie to the mouth of the Liard.

"Rickey and Eams are both good men," Cartwright explained as they steamed across the lake, "but there's more work at Simpson than three of us can handle. I'll be mighty glad to take on a sure enough sourdough. You're worth a dozen rookies."

"But," objected Connie, "how about Inspector Dan McKeever? He wanted me to join on when I came through Dawson. He'll be sore when he hears that I turned him down and signed on with you."

"To the dickens with Dan McKeever!" grinned the inspector. "He doesn't need you, and I do. They've got a dozen men at Dawson, now. You just leave it to me. I'll square you with Dan."

They were held up for three days at the mouth of the Slave by huge ice fields driven in by the northeast wind. On the fourth day the wind swung into the west and cleared the channel. Skirting the ice, they forged across the lake and entered the River Du Rocher, which is the upper Mackenzie.

Next day, as the steamer rounded a bend a hundred and fifty miles northwest of Great Slave Lake, the captain called from the pilot house to Inspector Cartwright who stood with Connie at the rail, his eyes on the dozen or more men who stood grouped before a low sheet-iron building set a few feet back from the river bank.

"Somethin' wrong at the Provincial Gas an' Oil!"

"What's wrong?" queried the inspector, as with a long bellow of her whistle, the boat slanted in toward the bank. "They've just knocked off to welcome the first boat of the season."

The captain shook his head. "Somethin' wrong. They're too quiet."

The inspector and Connie leaned on the rail and watched, while eager hands grasped the ropes and made them fast to stout posts set deeply into the ground. A man in oil-smeared cap and overalls hurried up the gangplank, ascended to the upper deck, and halted before the inspector.

"We've got a job here fer the police," he announced.

"What kind of a job?"

"Well, it looks like it's either a murder or a suicide—an' it ain't no suicide."

"Who are you? And who's the victim?" asked the inspector.

"Bleckman's my name. I'm mechanic fer the company. An' the man that's dead is the field manager, Mr. John Dobbs."

"Where's the body?"

"In the office—jest like it laid when we found him. An' the pistol, too. I didn't let nothin' be touched."

"Very good," commended the inspector. "We'll go ashore and look things over."

Bleekman led the way to the office, a little room in a corner of the sheet-iron building, outside of which a group of employees stood in awed silence. Passing through the doorway, Connie and the inspector stood staring at the body of a man sprawled face downward on the floor. Between them and the man, almost at their feet, was a heavy-caliber revolver. The gun lay a good four feet beyond the man's outflung hand.

Stepping to the body, the inspector stooped and turned it upon its side. The front of the shirt was stained red, and the officer pointed to the hole where the bullet had pierced the fabric.

"Drilled through the heart, or so close to it that death was almost instantaneous," he said. He turned to the mechanic, who had paused just outside the doorway. "When did this happen? When did you find him?"

"He must have been shot sometime between breakfast an' noon. When the boss didn't show up at the cookhouse I sent the Bat after him an' he come runnin' back, half scairt to death, yellin' that the boss was layin' on the floor, all bloody."

Two short whistle blasts from the boat drew the inspector to the door.

"Tell the captain to hold up a minute," he ordered, and turned to Connie. "You've got to take this case over, son. I've got to get on to detachment. I'll have your stuff set ashore. Good luck!"

He strode hurriedly to the landing, closely followed by Old Man Mattie. At the foot of the gangplank the old man stopped.

"Come on—hustle aboard!" said the inspector, impatiently.

"Nussir!" replied the oldster. "I ain't agoin' no place. You make them fellers throw off my stuff, too."

"Come—step lively! You'll just be in the way here. Connie will come on up to Simpson when he's through."

"Him an' me both," asserted the old man, stubbornly. "You can't order me around, Jack Cartwright! I ain't in the police. Connie's only a kid—an' I got to look after him. So git aboard an' have 'em throw off my stuff 'fore you git left!"

Grinning broadly, Inspector Jack Cartwright stepped aboard, and a moment later two packs were deposited on the bank, and the steamboat swung out into the current.

"Who's the Bat?" asked Connie, when attention once more centered in the shack. "You said you sent the Bat to call Dobbs for dinner."

"He's a breed kid. Chore boy an' kind of a handy man around the job."

"How long did he take to call Dobbs?"

"Hardly no time at all. There's the cookhouse over there, an' he jest walked from there to here. He run back. He couldn't of done it. It bein' noon, there wasn't no machinery runnin', an' we'd of heard the shot plain in the cookhouse. Besides, we run over there right away an' the blood was all clotted up. He must of been dead quite a while when the Bat found him."

"How did Dobbs get along with the men? Did they like him?"

"Well," answered the man, shifting from one foot

to the other, "I wouldn't say as they liked him so good. Not that none of 'em had no killin' grudge agin' him, y' understand. But he was counted a mean man."

"Did you ever hear anyone threaten to shoot him?"

"Not none of the crew."

"Anyone else?"

"Well, Tom McLaughlin did."

"Who's Tom McLaughlin?"

"He's another oil man. Wild catter. The boss told him if he didn't stay off'n this section of the river he'd kill him. And McLaughlin told him he'd go where he pleased, an' not to fergit that killin' worked both ways."

"Kind of high-handed, wasn't it—Dobbs ordering him off the river?"

"Yeah—the boss was like that. Told a trapper the same thing."

"Who was the trapper? And what was their trouble?"

"Trapper name of Rene Gauthier. That's his cabin there by the derrick. We use it fer a tool house. The boss bought it off'n Gauthier. He didn't pay him right away—prob'ly ain't paid him yet. Gauthier hung around an' pestered him fer his money till at last the boss up an' told him if he ever showed up agin he'd kill him."

"Has either McLaughlin or Gauthier been seen around here lately?"

"Nope. That's the first thing I asked all the crew. But none of 'em's saw 'em. I guess they're both downriver. Leastwise that's the way they headed last winter."

"Did they go together?"

"Yeah. McLaughlin's tryin' to locate him some oil, an' Gauthier's hired out to guide him, bein' as he knows the hull country around the rivers."

"That'll be all, now," said Connie. "I want to look around here a bit. Don't let anyone leave the works. I'll want to question them later."

When the man had gone to join the others who were grouped about the cookhouse, Connie's glance searched the room. The man had been shot from in front as he faced the door, and the position of the pistol was such that it may well have been dropped from the hand of a man who had stood in the doorway. Why had this man shot? Dobbs had evidently been unarmed. And why did the killer drop his pistol instead of making away with it?

Stepping around the body, Connie opened the desk drawer. There lay a nickel-plated pistol, fully loaded and ready to hand. Dobbs evidently was expecting trouble. Several box letter files occupied a shelf directly behind the man, in a line with the body and the door. Examination disclosed a round hole in one of them at about the height of a man's chest. Opening the file, the boy soon recovered the forty-five caliber bullet that had traversed Dobbs' body and imbedded itself in the papers. The top letter caught his eye. He read the neatly penciled lines—and re-read them.

Pocketing the bullet and the letter he stepped to the doorway and called for the Bat. A swarthy youngster of seventeen or eighteen years old detached himself from the group and walked unhesitatingly toward him. Seating himself at the desk, Connie allowed the other to stand in the doorway.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"I'm call' de Bat."

"What kind of work do you do here?"

"I'm git de wood for cook. Git de wataire. Git de tool. Help M'sieu Dobb—help driller—help ever'one."

"What were you doing today? Stop and think—I want to know everything you did since you got up this morning."

The youth knitted his brows in heavy thought: "I'm git oop. I'm buil' de fire for cook. I'm car' wataire—car' wood. Wake de mans. Eat de breakfas'. M'sieu Dobb say for tak' de scraper, scrape de ol' paint off de boat so kin paint some more. I'm git de scraper an' I'm go to de riv' an' scrape de boat. Bimeby M'sieu Dobb com' 'long an' he say tak' de glass an' keep look on de riv' for see Tom McLaughlin com' long. If he com' roun' de ben' you com' tell me queek. I'm lay de glass on de boat an' go on scrape, an' keep de eye on de riv'."

The lad paused, and Connie nodded encouragingly. "Yes—go on. Did you see a canoe?"

"*Non.* Bimeby I'm hear de ingine stop an' I'm go for git de dinner. All de mans is in de cookhouse, an' M'sieu Bleekman say, 'Bat, you go tell de boss dinner ready.' I'm go to de office, an' I'm look een an' I'm see de boss lay on de floor. Den bimeby de boat com' 'long, an' de poliss is on de boat."

"Do you know that gun? Did you ever see it before?" asked Connie, pointing to the weapon that lay on the floor at the half-breed's feet.

Before Connie could prevent him, the youth stooped and picked up the gun by the butt, raised it with his finger on the trigger and examined it carefully.

"*Non*," he answered. "I'm ain' seen dat gon. M'sieu Dobb got de leetle gon."

"That's all," said Connie. "You may go now. Tell Bleekman I want to see him."

Placing the pistol on the table, the lad left, and Connie grinned wryly.

"Whatever finger prints might have been on that gun are spoiled now," he said to himself. "I ought to have made sure of 'em—never figured he'd pick the gun up."

From Bleekman Connie learned that it was unlikely any of the employees had done the killing. They had been on the job all morning. He turned to the question of possible visitors.

"Dobbs expected or feared a visit from Tom McLaughlin today," Connie said. "The Bat said that Dobbs brought him down a pair of glasses and told him to keep an eye on the river, and tell him quick if McLaughlin showed up."

"That's news to me. I ain't seen nor heard tell of McLaughlin since him an' the boss had a row over some leases, or somethin', along in January, or mebbe February. I'll bet McLaughlin shot him, all right. Who else would?"

"How could he have got here without the Bat's seeing him?"

"He could have slipped in through the timber an' snuck around the buildin' here. The Bat couldn't have seen him from the bank, an' I couldn't from the derrick."

"Have you ever seen this gun before?" asked Connie, picking up the forty-five Colt from the desk.

"Well, I couldn't say if I have or haven't. I know Tom McLaughlin generally had one in a holster on his belt, an' it was a black gun. I could swear to that. But I couldn't tell if this is the gun, or not."

"Do you or any other member of the crew own pistols?"

"I don't. But I couldn't say about the others. I never seen none of 'em have one. I can ask 'em—or mebbe you'd ruther do it yourself."

"How many men have you got in the crew?"

"Eighteen all together, not countin' Mr. Dobbs."

"I'll want to question each one separately. Send 'em in, one at a time."

The men appeared, one by one, and answered questions readily enough. Some admitted owning pistols, but all were of either thirty-two or thirty-eight caliber. None expressed any personal sympathy for the deceased, nor any sorrow for his passing. But all resented his killing because it might mean losing their jobs. There was no one left with authority to keep the work going. Most of them unhesitatingly stated their belief that Tom McLaughlin had killed Dobbs. Some even hinted darkly that Tom McLaughlin would receive short shrift should they meet him. Jobs were scarce along the rivers.

Borrowing a company canoe next day, Connie and Old Man Mattie proceeded downriver.

"Did ye find out who done it?" asked the oldster, as the two beached for lunch.

Illustrated by
ALBIN HENNING

"So this is Connie Morgan," smiled the old priest, seizing the boy's hand in a surprisingly strong grip.

"They brought him to the mission, and with his dying words he told the story, while Sister Agatha sat by and took it down."

"No," answered the boy, "I didn't. I've got the bullet that killed him, and I'm almost sure I've got the gun that fired the bullet. But I don't know who owns the gun, nor who fired it. I want to have a talk with a man named Tom McLaughlin."

"What d'you want of Tom?"

"Do you know him?"

"Yup. Know'd Dobbs, too. Don't know no harm of the one nor no good of t'other. If Tom shot him, I'll bet he had a right to."

"What was the matter with Dobbs?"

"He claimed I was crazy, dang him! I was tryin' to sell him a invention fer makin' biscuits out of waste oil to sell to the Eskimos, an' he run me off the place."

"I wonder where we could find Tom now?" mused Connie.

"He'll be somewhere along the river, huntin' oil. We'll stop in an' see Father Giroux?"

"Who's Father Giroux?"

"Oh, he's the nicest old man you ever seen. He's a priest, an' he's been in the country longer'n what I have. He knows everyone that ever was on the rivers. He's got a little mission a couple of miles up Trout River."

Connie instantly liked the tall, spare old man in the long black robe who awaited them as they paddled up to the landing, his long silvery hair waving slightly in the breeze.

"So this is Connie Morgan," smiled the old priest, seizing the boy's hand in a grip surprisingly strong for one of his years and slight build. "I have heard of you from the men of the Mounted Police. Jack Cartwright told me that you were once more in the service. You're investigating the death of the man, Dobbs, at the Provincial camp."

"Yes, Father," answered the boy, "and it's about that case I stopped to see you. Do you know a man named Tom McLaughlin?"

"Yes, I know Tom McLaughlin. But come—we'll sit on the porch where we may enjoy the sunset together as we talk."

On the little screened porch that faced the west, Father Giroux filled his long-stemmed pipe and turned to the boy who was seated close beside him. "And now, son—what is it you would know about Tom McLaughlin?"

"I'd like to know as much as I can about him," answered Connie. "What kind of man is he?"

The priest blew out a cloud of blue smoke, his eyes on the sinking sun. "I would say that he is a very fine man. He has repeatedly befriended the Indians, and when Rene Gauthier was ejected from his cabin by this man Dobbs of the Provincial Company, McLaughlin took compassion on him and hired him as a guide—though I have reason to believe that McLaughlin can ill afford the luxury of a guide. Rene fairly worships the ground McLaughlin walks on."

A shadow clouded the face of the priest. "But I am afraid that some difference may have arisen between them. Rene was seen on the river a few days back without McLaughlin."

"Did you know that McLaughlin has had trouble with Dobbs?"

"Yes, it is so rumored. A matter of oil leases, I believe."

"Where can I find McLaughlin?"

"I do not know. He is somewhere to the northward. Probably along the river."

"And this Gauthier—what sort of man is he?"

"He is a trapper. The son of old Claude Gauthier, a Hudson's Bay Company man who died several years ago. He has a brother called the Bat who works for this man, Dobbs."

"The Bat! This Gauthier, then, is a breed?"

"No, he is all white. His father's first wife was a white woman. After her death the old man married a native. The Bat is a child of this second marriage."

"Half brothers, then. How do they get along?"

"Like father and son. Rene has taken care of the Bat for years and they love each other."

Connie's brows drew into a thoughtful pucker. "You say that Rene was seen on the river within a few days? Where was he seen? And which way was he headed?"

"He was seen," answered the old priest with evident reluctance, "off the mouth of Trout River, headed up the Mackenzie. It has reached my ears that yesterday Rene returned downriver."

A long silence, during which each read the other's thoughts, was broken by the priest. "My heart lies heavy within me, son—for I have known Rene from babyhood—and I know what you are thinking. But one may not compromise with truth. I, myself, did not see Rene upon the river. But I have told you what I heard, and I believe it to be true. Murder can neither be condoned nor justified. But you have been at the scene of this killing. Tell me, could not this man Dobbs have been slain in self-defense?"

Connie shook his head. "No, Father, the man was shot when he was unarmed. I'm sorry, but it looks mighty bad for Rene Gauthier. You see, his brother, the Bat, by his own admission, was acting as lookout that day for Dobbs. The Bat was in a perfect position to act as accomplice."

The priest nodded sadly. "I, too, am sorry. Rene Gauthier and his wife have lived poor and meager lives."

It was two days later, and some thirty miles below the mouth of Trout River, that Connie Morgan and Old Man Mattie landed before a straggling cluster of four or five shanties in front of which several fishermen were drying their nets.

"That's Rene Gauthier," whispered the old man as the canoe approached the shore. "The one with the pipe in his mouth."

The canoe beached and Connie stepped ashore and approached the man with the pipe: "Rene Gauthier?" he asked.

"*Oui*," answered the man, fixing the boy with a steady stare.

"I'm Special Constable Morgan, of the Mounted Police, and I want to ask you a few questions."

At the word "police" the man's four companions drew nearer and stood in a curious but respectful semicircle.

"Whose gun is that?" asked Connie abruptly, drawing the pistol that the Bat had picked up from the floor of Dobbs' office.

The man took the gun and examined it carefully, turning it over and over in his hands. "Zat Tom McLaughlin gun," he announced, exhibiting it to the others, who nodded.

"Now listen to me," said the boy. "A man has been shot—murdered in the office of the Provincial Company—"

"*Oui*," interrupted the man. "I'm know 'bout zat."

"You know about it! Who killed him?"

Gauthier shrugged. "I'm ain' know 'bout zat."

"How did you know a man had been killed?"

"Som' mans in a boat gon downriver say Tom McLaughlin keel M's'u Dobb. Zey gon' fin' Tom McLaughlin an' keel him because he mak' zem loose ze job."

Connie drew in his breath. "Where is Tom McLaughlin?" he asked quickly.

"He in cabin 'bout fifteen *(Continued on page 26)*

The Pathans fell on him, flung him down, and in spite of his struggles succeeded in stripping off his clothes.

The story of a duel in a lonely mountain pass

KHYBER BLADES

by Allan Swinton

IT WAS NOT the season for caravans to Peshawar, and the road winding on the slope of the great, naked valley called the Khyber Pass was almost empty. The heat of the sun, white-burning in a turquoise sky, was savage. Its glare hurt the eyes. The bare brown hills rolled up on either hand through distances of deepening violet to far-off peaks of pristine snow.

Crispin, fair-haired and stocky subaltern of one year's standing in the —th Bengal Lancers, jogging south on a sweat-soaked horse with his trumpeter behind him, was bored, uncomfortable, and weary. He had made seven miles along that aching road, toward the little Fort Parwan, which he commanded, and he had five more to go. His face and bare arms were wet with sweat; his nose was blistered; his seat and knees were chafed raw and his hands and mouth were gritty with the all-pervading dust.

Rounding the next bend came a half dozen heavy-laden camels with two horsemen in the rear and headed by a white-swathed Pathan on a big red Arab. Between the two smart cavalrymen and this solitary pack train, there lay by the roadside a donkey's carcass, with a mob of vultures scuffling upon it, and as the parties met, two of the scavengers began to fight. The huge birds thrashed into the path under the nose of the big red horse, which reared straight up on end indignantly, so that the hood fell from its rider's face; then with a great plunge it bolted with the cursing Pathan past Crispin down the road.

The trumpeter, Ragor Sing, wide-eyed beneath his red and yellow turban, spurred level with his officer, crying excitedly: "*Huzoor!* Did you see his face?"

"I did. What of it?"

"That was Wasif Ali Khan himself!"

"It couldn't be! He wouldn't dare—"

"Sahib, it was he. I was not a horse's length from him the day he cut down Jevons sahib on the slope of Dardan."

Young Rodney Crispin stared at the bearded Rajput. The fair-haired subaltern looked very young and strong and capable, on a handsome chestnut charger, in his well-cut khaki shirt and breeches, his helmet, and his spurred tan riding boots. His big, frank blue eyes grew eager as he realized the possibilities of the situation. If what Ragor Sing said were true, if that man were Wasif Ali Khan, the

Mahsud raider with a price on his head whom all the border troops for years had failed to catch—

Crispin was ambitious. At military college he had distinguished himself greatly, and now that he was a full-fledged soldier he burned for glory and promotion. His heart thumped as he realized the glorious chance that perhaps had come his way. Without hesitation he reined round and started quietly back along the road ahead of the leading camel.

Five hundred yards farther on, the red horse, subdued now, was waiting. But when its rider saw him coming, he turned at once and walked on up the road. Crispin touched his horse with his heels and began to jog. The roan jogged too. Crispin trotted out, and the roan matched his pace. It was clear this Pathan had no mind for closer contact. Gad! Perhaps the trumpeter was right, and the man was Wasif Ali Khan, quietly stealing home from some secret affair across the border. Better find out in a hurry, before the chance was lost forever. Reaching for his revolver, Crispin struck in his spurs and galloped.

Then the roan wheeled, leaped magnificently down the high embankment, and headed at a dead run across the valley toward the shelter of the labyrinthine hills. Small doubt now that Ragor Sing was right. Oh, what a heaven-sent chance! Crispin reined round impetuously and hurled his horse down the steep, soft slope, with Ragor Sing behind him. Then he sat down and rode for all he knew after the stone-spouting cloud of dust that was Wasif Ali Khan and his first chance for glory.

Dust billowed, hoofs rattled, stones flew, salt sweat poured down his face. The stony plain swept past. He must catch his man before he reached the cover, for a Pathan hides in rocks like a rat. Suddenly, with a clatter, behind him Ragor Sing's horse tripped and came down. The beast rolled over and over like a shot rabbit but Ragor Sing lay still, and Crispin tore on alone across the arid valley with, far in the rear, the two horsemen who had been behind the camels.

Crispin was gaining well, but he realized that he could not catch his man before he reached the rocks; so he began to shoot methodically, aiming low at the dust cloud. He was a good pistol shot. But to shoot well afoot was one thing, while to do so from a galloping horse at a man fleeing across rugged country is another, and shot followed shot without effect, till the straining beasts had crossed the valley and the high rocks were close above them.

The roan fled up a *nullah* between sheer cliffs and at once disappeared around a bend. Crispin followed. In the deep gut, after the wide, glaring plain, he felt a graveyard sort of emptiness; there was no dust, no sun. The hoof beats echoed eerily. Clearing the turn, he had a fair shot at his man, who was now but thirty yards ahead. But his pistol answered to his trigger finger only a hollow *click!* He had emptied the thing.

Then the roan passed round another bend and Crispin, rounding it in turn, was confounded to discover the horse being pulled up furiously. The next instant the Pathan had wheeled, and charged his pursuer headlong, a straight Afghan sword flashing in his hand. Dropping his empty pistol, Crispin grabbed for his sword, and had barely achieved the protection of the blade before the roan crashed into him.

The cavalryman was well-framed and muscular and crossed weapons willingly enough with his Mohammedan opponent. But at the first rasp of steel on steel his ardor cooled to apprehension, and after a brief exchange he realized he was as good as dead. The man was a consummate swordsman and strong as a tiger. All Crispin could do was to give ground desperately and interpose his blade between himself and the thirsty

(Cont. on page 32)

Illustrated by
MANNING
deV. LEE

"There is a tangled score between us, starting with a whim of mine, that shall be ended here," Wasif said.

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Around the World in 48 Hours!

THE world is speeding up. Wiley Post, who has just circled the globe in less than eight days, sees no reason why he shouldn't make the same trip in two days or less, flying at a height of seven miles. To travel at from 500 to 800 miles an hour, 35,000 feet in the air, Post says he needs two improvements. One is a powerful super-charger, to keep constant the air mixture in the cylinders despite the high altitude. Another is a prop with a controllable pitch. The higher Post gets, the thinner the air, and the less willing to support a heavy body. He wants, therefore, to increase the pitch as he climbs, so that the propeller can take a stronger bite. In behalf of our million readers, we're glad to know that aviation still is full of challenge. Reading this editorial, at this very minute, are a dozen boys who will go far in aero engineering.

A 110-Mile Train

AIRPLANE manufacturers are not the only people with the speed bee in their bonnets. A certain transcontinental railway has ordered a streamlined, three-car train that will travel 110 miles an hour and give both airplane and highway bus a stiff run for their money. The new train will be extremely light—combined, the three cars will weigh less than a single Pullman car. The thing that is bothering the engineers at the present moment is the matter of brakes. To stop a 110-mile train in quick time, without dumping passengers out of their seats, is something else again. . . . Boatbuilders, too, are looking to their blueprints, for the fastest ships are capturing all the trade. They have come to the conclusion that fully ten per cent of the resistance encountered by the fleetest liners comes from the air. Thus when the German *Bremen* is steaming thirty knots she is more or less wasting about 13,000 horsepower. The result of this new observation is likely to be a more careful rounding of bridges, funnels and projections of all sorts. The world wants speed.

A Splendid Loser

WE have always been a warm admirer of General Robert E. Lee. Recently Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines, president of Washington and Lee University, paid him a tribute to which we heartily subscribe. Said Dr. Gaines: "Lee is justly reckoned as one of the world's noblest losers. The calm acceptance and serene faith which he counseled to his countrymen, he first achieved himself. There was no rationalizing on his part, no labored attempt at justification; no word of blame for any whose better support of him might conceivably have changed the course of history; no phrase of futile regret; not so much as a whispered syllable of bitterness against his successful antagonists. If bravely to bear calamity be among the human virtues, then in this respect Lee is excelling."

Attention, Pessimists!

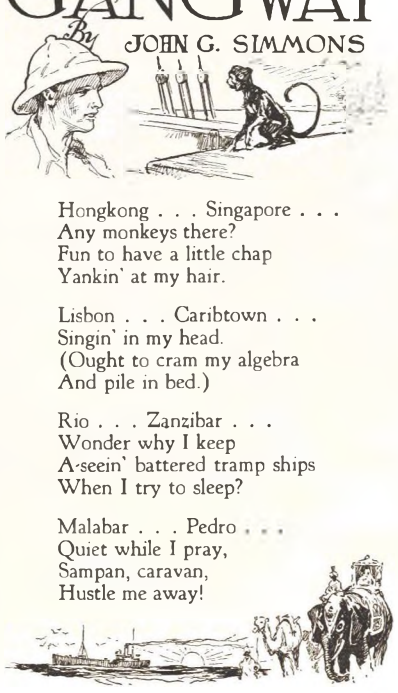
THROUGH all this unsettled period, never lose sight of one underlying fact. You still are fortunate, from the standpoint of making a living, to be born in the United States. While free land is gone, and boom days are (fortunately!) over for awhile, America is still the land of unparalleled opportunity. America, using only half of its available acreage, produces a fifth more wheat than it needs. It produces three-fourths of the world's corn. It has enough coal to last 4,000 years; it has half the world's oil; it has a metal supply that will carry it comfortably into the era when substitute materials will have been discovered for almost everything. The United States has 125,000,000 rugged, intelligent, industrious people; it has, if properly handled, plenty of gold and finance; it has incomparably the finest machinery and equipment in the history of the world. With all these basic factors in our favor, we for one find it hard to be down in the mouth.

New Rivals in the Water

IN a few short years Japan has become the swimming capital of the world. It used to be that the Japanese, averaging scarcely more than five feet in height, were thought too small to swim in competition with Johnny Weissmullers. But the Japanese didn't agree. They studied all the leading strokes, and evolved a new one of their own. They had things their own way at the Los Angeles Olympics last summer, and it looks as though American swimmers must bow to their transpacific brothers for a decade at least. We salute the newcomers. They earned their ascendency by hard work and brains. More power to them.

Mother Nature's Payroll

WE are continually amazed and impressed at the way that Mother Nature runs the world. She has a job for everything and everybody; she is prepared for every emergency. The Sexton beetle, for instance, has as his job the burying of small animals. He isn't anywhere nearly as big as a mouse, but he'll tunnel underneath a dead one until it gradually sinks out of sight. The beetle then lays eggs in the body, which as it decays nourishes the beetle maggots. Thus nature gets rid of the dead animal, and at the same time rewards and perpetuates the little janitors who do her work for her. If human beings managed half as systematically, this world would be far pleasanter, far freer of pain.



Support the NRA

AMERICA is backing up the NRA with a singleness of purpose and an enthusiasm that we haven't seen since the war. It's heartening to sense the general determination to stand shoulder to shoulder and fight a way through the post-depression problems. We believe that the government took a long step forward when it decreed that relief must start at the bottom, and not at the top. That, it seems to us, is the proper theory. If the masses are comfortable, the rest of us will be, too. We hugely prefer that theory to the old one, happily now discredited, that if you pour the country's wealth into the laps of a chosen few, enough will overflow to take care of the rest. The NRA is a great human document, and *The American Boy* is proud to display its emblem. We feel that it deserves everybody's unstinting support.

A New Booklet on Sex

SEX is a subject of absorbing interest to every healthy, normal boy. It has so much to do with growth and muscles and manhood that you can't know too much about it. We strongly recommend, for its common sense and its informativeness, a new booklet called "In Training." It deals entirely with the sex problems of boys of your age. Dr. Thurman B. Rice, of the Indiana University School of Medicine, wrote it. It's straight to the point, and full of facts you ought to know. You can get it, postpaid, by sending 25c to the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago. Remember the title, "In Training." At the same time, ask for the Association's free list of health publications. You'll find booklets on all manner of subjects, at five or ten cents each. They're worth reading and remembering.

Wheat, Rubber, and Then What?

SIXTY-THREE years ago, a little Russian girl, about to come with her family to America, filled a tiny bag with wheat seed. It was Winter wheat, hard and tough, accustomed to fighting for its life among the freezing winds of the steppes. This wheat, planted on Kansas prairies, helped create a new empire. Today 61,000,000 acres are sown to Winter wheat. . . . Fifty years ago the world's rubber supply came from wild latex trees in Brazil. A merchant smuggled a few tiny trees out of Brazil and replanted them in the Malay peninsula. Today that peninsula fairly bristles with latex trees. Rubber has a hundred uses in every home, and British Malaya almost monopolizes the production of it. No doubt at this very moment, somewhere in the world, a boy of your age is doing something that will revolutionize agriculture or industry, or both.

No More Juries

ON the whole, we're about ready to say that we'd like to see the end of trial by jury. In the old days, when predatory kings oppressed the common people, juries were sorely needed. You were much likelier to get justice from twelve of your fellow citizens than from some corrupt hireling of the crown. But in America today, with the people choosing the government and no oppression from above, we see no good reason for juries. They're so little needed, in fact, that our best people, when summoned, figure up all sorts of excuses to keep off them. The juries that we do get, therefore, are often composed of second best citizens. Such juries, undeniably honest but unfit by training or experience to weigh evidence, are easy prey for the spellbinder type of lawyer. So—why not abolish juries altogether? Let the judge, trained to evaluate facts, make the decisions. That method is safe enough. There are plenty of ways to get rid of incompetent judges, and to get relief from incompetent decisions.

The Ship Without a Crew

One day from Papeete, and more mystery aboard the Araby!

by Howard Pease

Illustrated by
ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"See here, Ridley," Tod said, "we're up against something big. But I want you to know I'm with you."

The Preceding Chapters

TOD MORAN, young third mate on the tramp steamer *Araby*, had dreamed of adventure in the South Seas. Now he was in the thick of it!

The *Araby*, commanded by big, tattooed Captain Tom Jarvis, was bound for Papeete, "the worst port in the whole south Pacific," ostensibly with freight but really on a secret mission.

The Blakemore Steamship Company had asked Jarvis to investigate their agent in Papeete and find out why so many cargoes had been lost. Tod learned that three men before Jarvis had been sent down to investigate. One had given up the job, one had disappeared, and the third had been found on the Papeete water front with a knife sticking in his back—dead!

But Tom Jarvis would not fail. Tod felt sure of that. Jarvis himself, though cool and determined, was not so sure. Things looked bad.

Moreover, before the *Araby* had left San Francisco they had unwittingly taken on another problem, a slim, dark boy from an Eastern school, wild to get back to his island home in the South Seas. Something—he didn't know what—had happened to his father, a planter and trader; he had disappeared, couldn't be found. The boy, penniless, wanted to work his way home on the *Araby*. Tod got Captain Tom to give him a berth.

And then they learned that the boy's father, Stanhope Ridley, was the agent Jarvis was to investigate. After that, young Stan Ridley himself was suspect. Yet Tod liked him, wanted to help him.

Because he liked him, he yielded to Stan's unspoken plea and chose him for some special work. Down below the equator, the *Araby* sighted a schooner drifting, apparently, without a crew. Captain Jarvis sent Tod to look her over and Tod, yielding to Stan's silent plea, took the boy along in addition to three seasoned seamen.

The schooner, Tod found, was the *Wind-rider* from Tahiti, and she seemed to have been strangely abandoned. Tod, searching while his men waited in the lifeboat, found only a thirsty parrot left aboard her. Yet in her low cabin, a table was set for breakfast, and the breakfast was there, uneaten.

Queer! Tod eagerly picked up the *Wind-rider's* log. Then heard a sound, whirled, and saw young Stan Ridley before him.

"This is my father's pearl trader," the boy said huskily. "And the table's set for my father's breakfast. Where is he? What's happened to him?"

Chapter Five

TOD did not reply, and the shadowed walls gave back no answer. Through the open port came the soft murmur of water around the schooner's hull.

Radio Report

8 p.m., April 17

ARABY—San Francisco for Papeete
194 miles from Papeete

Stan Ridley's shaking voice began again. "I've searched forward and aft. There's no one aboard. And this cabin empty, too! Yet—didn't we hear someone laughing as you called out?"

Tod, with a smile, led the boy to the galley and pointed to the stand in the corner. "There's the fellow who was laughing. Recognize it?"

Stan stared in surprise. "A parrot! Why no. Dad never owned a bird like this." He remained thoughtful for a second. "There are no parrots on these islands, Mr. Moran. It must have been brought over from South America."

"She was left here to starve," Tod declared somewhat bitterly. "No water in her dish, either."

Stan was peering down at the book in the third mate's hand. "Is that the log?" he cried. "Let's read it. It will tell us what happened." His voice took on a note of hope. "I can get a lamp from the locker."

"Good. I'll have the men furl sail while you're getting it. We'll have to hurry, though."

When Tod returned to the cabin he found that Stan had hung a brass oil lamp from a hook in the deck head. The two boys sank down on the bunk, the book before them on the table.

"Here, you open it," Tod urged. "We'll read it together."

In the yellow lamplight Stan flashed him a look of gratitude. His trembling hand threw back the worn cover of the book. Together they bent over the log of the *Wind-rider*.

"Look, sir," Stan Ridley pointed out, "this last bit of record is written in my father's hand. And the last date is April twelfth."

"Only five days ago," cried Tod. "Are you sure?"

"What schooner is that, Moran?" "The Wind-rider of Papeete! No one aboard!" Tod replied.

Stan nodded. "Yes. Listen to this last entry:

"'Tuesday, April 12.

"'No moderation in weather. Danger of being blown on reef imminent. Worked on auxiliary engines all day without result. Can't be fixed without parts from Papeete. Wish Corkery were here. Native crew in a funk. We may have to abandon ship and take to skiff. But what chance have we unless this wind changes! Think we must be off Noa Noa Island. Valuable cargo to lose. Can't stand another loss. If this . . .'"

Stan looked up, his face strained, his dark eyes burning. "That's all." He flicked the blank pages following. "It looks bad."

"I suppose," Tod put in, "the schooner drifted close to one of those reefs. If she hit, what chance would those on board have?"

"Not much," Stan admitted.

"If they took to the skiff, would they have any better luck?"

"They might if the seas weren't too high. But these South Sea squalls are treacherous things. And in a bad sea—"

"But your father must know how to handle a boat around these islands."

Stan nodded. "Yes—but it's not that alone that worries me. Did you notice his last lines in the log? *'Valuable cargo to lose. Can't stand another loss.'* Dad's been having bad luck these last two years." He paused and stared unseeingly at the porthole opposite. "I'm afraid, Mr. Moran—I'm afraid."

As Tod took in Stan Ridley's white, drawn features, he was swept by a wave of compassion for this boy who was fighting in the dark against odds. All his doubts about Stan Ridley vanished. He put out his hand and touched the boy's arm.

"See here, Ridley," he said, "we're up against something big. But I want you to know I'm with you. Anything I can do—any way I can help, I will."

The boy turned and regarded Tod almost unbelievingly. "You mean it, Mr. Moran?"

"Don't call me mister here," Tod returned, and his smile lighted up his keen face. "I'm not much older than you are. When we're on duty together on the *Araby*, we'll carry on as before; but when we're alone, trying to work out this mystery about your father, we'll be friends. How about it?"

Stan Ridley gripped his hand. "Thank you," he said with difficulty. After a moment he went on more steadily. "I can't tell you how much I appreciate this. You see Dad's all I have. My mother died years ago. She was French; she came out to Tahiti from Paris to visit a cousin who was a government official there; and in his home she met Dad. I visited my mother's family in France once years ago, but Dad hasn't any relatives living. We've always been somewhat alone."

"Then we've got to get hold of this father of yours." Tod spoke with determined lightness. "Now to get back to business. Where was this schooner going?"

Stan Ridley turned again to the log. "Here we are. *'Papeete, Wednesday, April 6.'* This is in Corkery's handwriting. He's Dad's assistant—foreman on the plantation and general manager, too. He loaded some cotton dress goods, cases of gasoline, and drums of oil at Papeete, was to take them around the islands, picking up copra in exchange."

"Is that the stuff I smell?" Tod wrinkled his nose in distaste at the acrid odor.

"Yes, it's dried coconut meat. Dad ships it to Bordeaux." He turned another page. "Evidently the *Wind-rider* called at Taiarea, picked up Dad, and then sailed for some of the outlying islands. Corkery must have remained behind on the plantation. That's where Dad begins to keep the log. They were going to Bora Bora. But they never reached there. . . ."

"How far could a schooner like this drift?" Tod pursued.

"I'm not sure just where we are, but there certainly are some good-sized islands off there to the southwest. The *Wind-rider* may have sailed without a crew for a hundred miles."

"But isn't it strange she wasn't picked up by some sloop before this?"

"No." Stan shook his head. "This is miles away from the regular island lanes of travel. There are only two steamers—both British passenger liners—coming this route; and they pass here only once a month. No, this schooner might have drifted around for a couple of weeks before she was sighted." Stan paused abruptly, and then broke out: "I've just realized—this means salvage for the *Araby!*"

"I'm sorry," Tod replied.

"I'm not! Not when I know now that Dad's somewhere about. There hasn't been a hurricane down here lately, has there?"

Tod shook his head. "Sparks would have had a report from Tahiti if there had been."

"Then it must have been just a particularly bad storm." Stan frowned thoughtfully. "Why do you suppose the *Wind-rider* didn't go on the reef?"

"That's just what I've been wondering," Tod admitted. "Maybe the wind changed after the men took to the boat, and the schooner drifted away from shore." Tod rose. "Well, we'd better get on deck."

Stan Ridley did not move. He was still frowning. "Do you know, Moran," he finally brought out, "there is something—something *wrong* about this schooner."

"What do you mean?"

Stan got slowly to his feet and stood looking about him. "I'm not quite sure myself. But I know this *Wind-rider*. And I know something's not right about her now."

"You're imagining things, Ridley."

"Maybe. No—I'm not! I can feel something not right. I can't put my finger on just what's wrong. But it's here—all around us."

At the low words, Tod suddenly felt fear pulling at him. Ever since boarding this deserted schooner he had been fighting down a sense of dread that threatened now to rise and overwhelm him.

"You feel it, too, don't you?" Stan demanded.

Valiantly Tod fought against that smothering dread. He was the officer in command of this boarding party! He couldn't let the men see him in a blue funk. He raised his eyes and met Stan's scrutiny.

"Yes," he admitted, "I think I know what you mean. But it's the—the atmosphere we feel—finding her

here like this without a crew. We mustn't let our imaginations get away from us, Ridley." He rose and reached for the book. "Come on. We'll take this log back with us."

Before they reached the companion steps, a hail sounded far above them. "Ahoy, there, schooner!" It was Captain Jarvis' voice. "What do you fellows think you're doing—attending a tea party in mid-ocean?"

Toppy's querulous tones next greeted them. "I don't like it. She talks, I tell yer—she talks!"

"Aw, stow the gaff." This was Gorilla Smith's deep voice.

"Blimey, not fer the likes o' yer, yer bloomin' goriller! Yer thinks—"

"That'll do, Toppy." Tod emerged from the hatch to find the *Araby* towering in the darkness off their port beam, her portholes ablaze with light. He cupped his hands about his lips. "Hello, *Araby*."

"Oh, there you are!" From the bridge high above floated down the words. "What schooner is that, Moran?"

"The *Wind-rider* of Papeete! No one aboard!"

"A derelict, huh! Found her log? Good. Who's the owner?"

"Stanhope Ridley!"

A startled exclamation came from the bridge of the steamer; the rail, lined by the shadowy figures of men, slid slowly past.

"We'll throw out a line," shouted Jarvis. "Make it fast. We'll tow her to port!"

"Yes, sir."

A scurrying of feet sounded on the *Araby's* deck.

"Food aboard?"

"Yes, sir. Plenty!"

"Don't touch it. We'll send over our own supplies. Leave two men behind and come aboard with her log."

"Very good, sir."

From behind Tod came a shrill wail. "Don't leave me 'ere, Joe Macaroni."

"Wait till you're spoken to. You obey orders, Toppy."

"Yes, sir." Meekly.

"Jorgenson, you and Toppy will remain here." A grin tugged at the corners of Tod's mouth as he spoke. "Watch out! Here comes the hawser. Get it, men!"

Tod was again in command.

Chapter Six

"I CAN'T make head nor tail of it," frowned Jarvis. He sat at the saloon table, facing his third mate. "You say you searched the whole schooner thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir," returned Tod. "I went over her from stem to stern. There was no one on board—except, of course, the parrot."

Jarvis stared thoughtfully at the log of the *Wind-rider* lying open before him, and shook his head. "Sufferin' catfish, there's something mighty queer about all this, Joe Macaroni!"

He rose and in a stride was at the after porthole, gazing into the night, where astern of them rode the schooner *Wind-rider* at the end of a hawser. "Who'd you leave aboard her?"

"Swede Jorgenson and Toppy."

Captain Jarvis turned back to the table and, sinking into his chair, took his tobacco pouch and pipe from his pocket. "I had Sparks send out an inquiry to the government wireless station on Tahiti," he confided. "I asked for information about this *Wind-rider*, but I'm not letting anyone on the island know yet that we've picked her up. We should get a reply tonight." He lighted his pipe, and then suggested, "Let's have that young Ridley in here! I've a feeling he knows more than he's told us about his father's affairs."

"I'll call him, Captain Tom. He's straight, I'm sure. He's as anxious to get at the truth of this as we are."

"All right. Send for him."

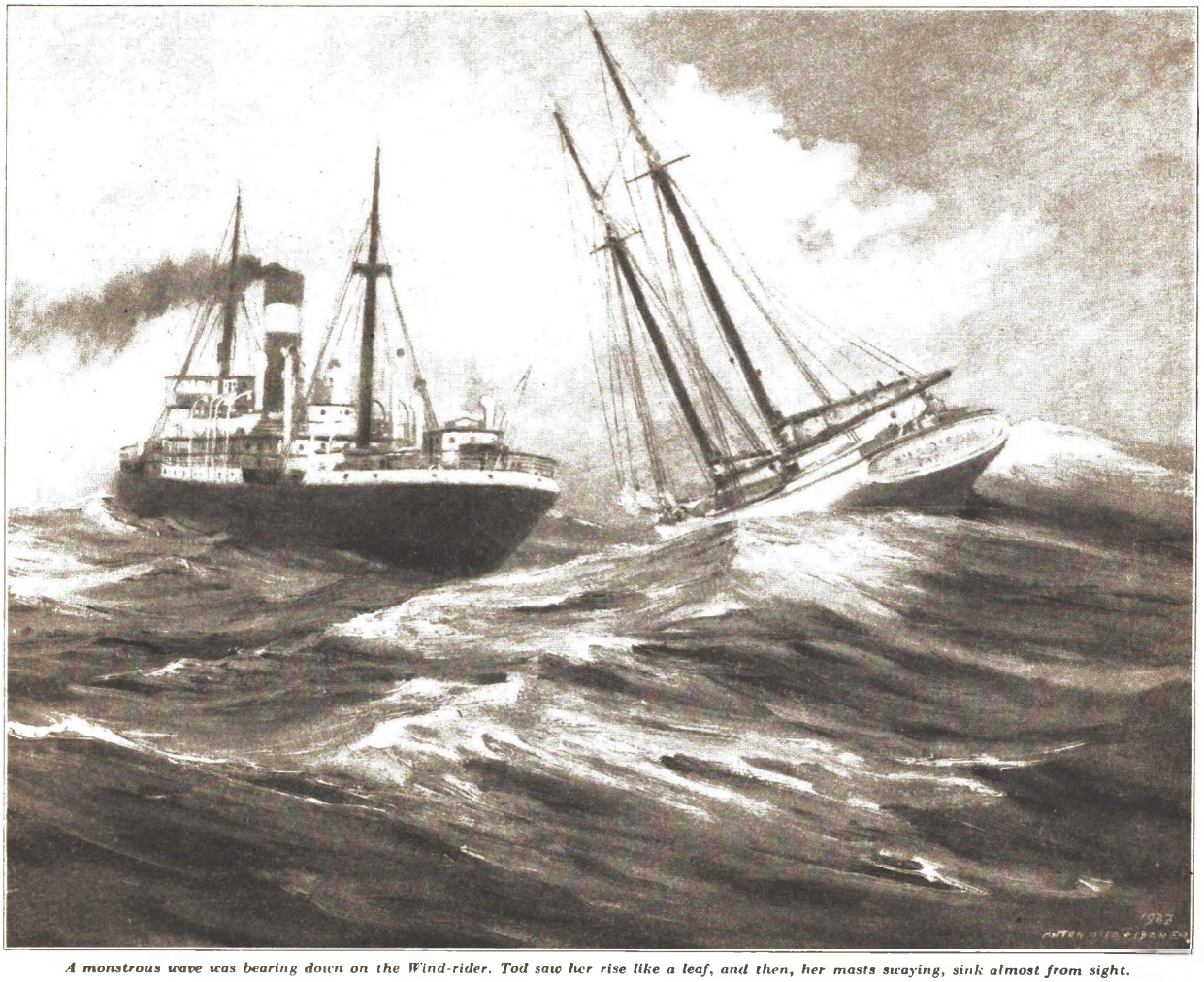
Outside the night was dark though clear, with strange stars swinging overhead. Tod crossed the after deck to a seaman who stood near the rail and sent the man forward to summon Stan Ridley. Then he returned to the officers' saloon.

It was evident that Tom Jarvis had been mulling over the question of the *Wind-rider* and had come to some conclusion. A smile of triumph played about the corners of his mouth. "I think I've got it, Joe Macaroni," he boomed. "Until a minute ago, my thoughts were jumbled, askew. Nothing I knew about this schooner seemed to fit. But now they're falling into a pattern."

Tod understood. He was familiar with Tom Jarvis' method of working out a problem. It was a matter, Jarvis always said, of fitting your known facts together with mathematical precision. These facts were like pieces of colored yarn that you must weave together until you had your complete pattern, just as you saw Oriental rug makers doing in Eastern ports. If the pattern were properly made, the answer should stare you in the face.

"Your pattern's taking shape?" Tod asked, dropping into his chair.

"Yes. But one thread's missing. Has this schooner



A monstrous wave was bearing down on the Wind-rider. Tod saw her rise like a leaf, and then, her masts swaying, sink almost from sight.

been reported lost? If so, who reported it? Stanhope Ridley?"

"I hope so."

"Why?" snapped Jarvis.

"Because then we'd be sure that he was alive, that he wasn't lost in trying to make Noa Noa Island. I'm thinking of Stan Ridley."

Jarvis' eyes narrowed. "Do you think, Joe Macaroni, that young Ridley would rather hear that his father was trying to collect insurance on a vessel that hadn't gone down?"

Tod sat suddenly rigid. "You believe that?" he cried. "You think—"

Jarvis smote the table with his fist. "Think that? Doesn't everything point that way? Wasn't I sent down here because Ridley's been having altogether too many accidents with schooners and cargoes? Too many accidents." Jarvis' mouth grew grimmer. "Boy, that schooner we're towing was supposed to go down—but she didn't."

Tod bit back the hot denial that sprang to his lips. After all, what logical argument could he offer?

When Tod made no comment Jarvis resumed. "Maybe you don't believe it, but you will when you know all the facts." He paused—someone was knocking.

"Come in," the big man called.

Stan Ridley entered. The boy's face was pale yet eager; it wore a curiously mingled look of dread and anticipation. As his eyes met Tod's, his glance brightened.

"Take a seat, Ridley."

The third mate noted with relief that the captain's words had taken on a warm, almost friendly tone. Yet—was that friendliness in Captain Jarvis' stern face? It looked more like pity.

"There are several questions I wanted to ask you," Jarvis announced, when the three were seated round the table. "I thought perhaps you might have overlooked a point or two that may have some bearing on this affair."

"I've told you all I know, sir," Stan rejoined promptly. "I haven't been home for two years."

Jarvis merely shot a sudden question. "What do you know about your father's business affairs?"

Stan Ridley paled; yet his eyes did not waver. "If you think there's something crooked about his dealings, Captain Jarvis, you're wrong—you're wrong!"

"I only want to get at the truth," Tom Jarvis said gently. "Didn't you tell me when you came aboard you wanted to know the truth?"

"And I still do, Captain Jarvis."

"The truth — even if it hurts?"

"Yes, sir," Stan Ridley insisted, white-faced.

In Jarvis' eyes flickered a gleam of admiration. "Very well," he said at length. "We'll be frank with each other. Is that a go?"

Stan nodded; his lips tightened.

"Good. I'd like to get to the bottom of this *Wind-rider* affair before we reach port. You told me, Ridley, that your father had disappeared from Tahiti; yet we find him only five days ago on this schooner. How can you explain that?"

Tod saw Stan Ridley moisten his dry lips before replying.

"I can't, Captain Jarvis," the boy brought out slowly. "If you remember, I told you my father's letters stopped coming about three months ago—and my regular monthly check, too. Finally a line from him did reach me. I wasn't to come home. . . . You see, he'd promised to send me passage money to take me to Tahiti on a visit. I hadn't seen him for two years—I wanted to come back. And when this note arrived, I knew something was wrong. I'd saved enough money to get me to San Francisco. If Dad was in trouble I wanted to be home with him." He paused and looked at them with unhappy, defiant eyes.

"That was natural," Jarvis commented. "But he evidently didn't want you to return. Why? Was he short of money?"

"I don't think so. If funds had been getting scarce, wouldn't he have cautioned me about my spending and cut down my monthly allowance before stopping it altogether? No, I've figured he simply didn't want me to have enough to get home on."

"That's possible," Jarvis agreed. "Have you any theory as to why your father acted in this way?"

"No. Only, of course, I know something is up."

"Isn't it possible your father was really having financial difficulties—like many other people? What about his exporting business?"

"Oh, copra and vanilla. He wasn't selling the copra to the States any longer. They can get it much cheaper from the Philippines. But he still sent it to Bordeaux."

"Didn't your father do some trading in pearls too?" Jarvis asked.

"Yes, but lately there's been no market for them. However, he was shipping tons of pearl shell to France and America — for the button trade, you know."

"Then, with trading curtailed, it appears that your father may have needed money, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so," Stan admitted.

"Now, if he wanted money, would he be likely to find a buyer for his schooners if he wanted to sell?"

"I don't know. He might find it difficult." Stan frowned. "But why should he want to sell?"

"Did it ever strike you, Ridley," Jarvis inquired slowly, "that your father might be going to sell out and then join you in the States—or maybe send for you from—from Paris, say?"

Stan's eyes widened. "He wouldn't do that! He feels as I do about the islands. We wouldn't think of living any other place."

"I wonder," Jarvis mused. Suddenly he turned. "Moran, when you boarded the schooner, did you find any signs of her having been through a gale?"

Tod moved uneasily in his seat. "You mean, sir, that her sails would have been torn, her rigging broken?" He plunged into reflection. "No. She seemed to be shipshape. But then I'm not very familiar with sailing ships."

"And you, Ridley? Did you see any signs that would lead you to believe she'd been in danger?"

Stan's throat moved convulsively. "But would there have to be torn shrouds, sir? If the auxiliary engines failed, the schooner could easily be blown on a leeward reef."

"Are you a sailor?" Jarvis probed.

"I can handle a small schooner, if that's what you mean, Captain Jarvis."

"Would you be driven onto a reef if a good breeze were blowing?"

"No." Stan brought out the word with an effort. "But what if it were calm? With no engines for power, the schooner might have drifted straight toward the reef. I've seen it happen."

Jarvis suddenly pushed the log of the *Wind-rider* across the green baize. "Read that last entry," he commanded. "According to your father's written words a gale was blowing them directly onto the reef."

Stan drew a quick, strangling breath. He had been driven into a corner, with his back to the wall. "You mean my father was faking this wreck?" he challenged.

"Yes." Jarvis' directness was merciful in a way. "The skipper of that schooner wanted his vessel to go down. Only something went wrong with his plans, as sometimes happens. The *Wind-rider* drifted away. We picked her up."

Tod felt his face grow hot with protesting discomfort. Then, glancing at Stan Ridley, he saw in dismay that the boy's head had dropped into his arms on the table.

"You wanted the truth, Ridley," Jarvis went on in low tones that carried a hint of pity. "Everything points to the fact that this is a put-up job. There hasn't been a gale of any dimensions down here for the last week—yet the entry in the *Wind-rider's* log was made only five days ago. There are no signs on her to show she'd been through heavy weather. It looks bad—bad. Insurance money is behind this!"

"I don't believe it!" Stan Ridley abruptly raised his head. His eyes flashed with unquenched fire. "That's not true!" He rose and moved unseeingly across to the little electric fan purring on the wall.

Jarvis rose, too, and his great height bulked almost to the deck ahead. "Now, have you anything else to tell us, Ridley. Is there anything you've been keeping back?"

Slowly the boy swung about and faced them. "I've told you everything I know," he jerked. "Why do you ask that?"

Jarvis instantly shot another question at him, direct, keen, thrusting. "On the first night out from Frisco, Ridley, someone was eavesdropping at the skylight above us here. Was it you?"

"No, sir."

"Where were you that evening? You weren't in the fo'c's'le. None of the men noticed you around the deck for an hour or more."

Stan gave a short, bitter laugh. "They didn't tell you that they'd thrown me out of the fo'c's'le?"

"I can explain it," Tod put in. "Ridley was in my cabin. We were talking about—"

"He was with you?" Jarvis regarded his third mate in surprise. "And you can swear that he stayed in your cabin while we were discussing his father here?"

Tod's glance faltered. "No," he replied briefly. "I can only take Ridley's word for it. But when I got back, he was sitting on the bed reading and—"

A knock interrupted him.

Jarvis called an exasperated, "Come in."

Sparks, in immaculate white from cap to shoes, entered. "A reply to your message, sir."

"Thank you." Jarvis spoke shortly. "That's all for tonight, Sparks."

"Very good, sir." The young radio operator went out, closing the door softly behind him.

The captain's face was inscrutable as he read the typewritten message. Something in the big man's deadly calm struck sudden fear into Tod's heart. What did that note say! Would Jarvis never look up?

Stan Ridley, also watching tensely, was the first to speak. "You have news from Papeete?" he inquired in a strained voice. "Does it concern my father?"

Tom Jarvis met the boy's intent look. "Yes," he answered simply. "It does."

"Has—has he filed a claim for the insurance?"

"No. The government station merely reports that Ridley and Company has posted the name of the *Wind-rider* as overdue in port. Apparently, however, nobody has been alarmed about her."

"Good!" exclaimed Stan thankfully.

Jarvis' smile relieved the severity of his expression. "That's all, Ridley," *(Continued on page 44)*

Jarvis caught the man by the arm and swung him about. "You're lying, blast you!"

Being a hero is risky business when you run into--

Too Many Villains!

Art Young, in hunting clothes, ready for any number of charging bruins!

Bears to left of him!

Told to Martin A. Klaver

by

Art Young

A mountain sheep.

ART YOUNG is the Robin Hood of the Twentieth Century. No man living has done what he has done.

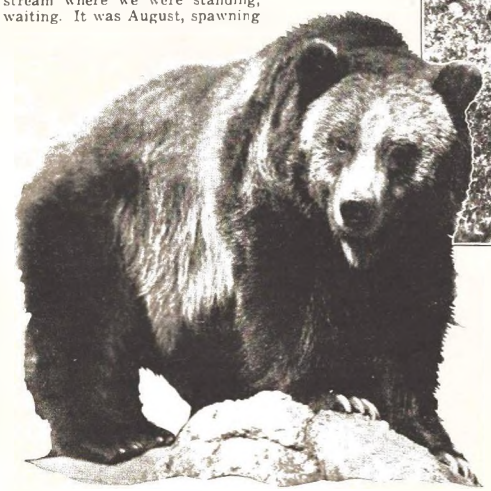
Time and again he has faced death. Grizzlies and Kodiak bears have charged him. Once a walrus sank sharp tusks through the planks of a boat almost beneath his feet. Twenty-three times lions rushed him. Leopards came at him twice, and twice water buffaloes sought to gore him. But he killed only for food, for museums, or to keep down the number of game-slaughtering animals.

In this, the first of two articles, he tells you of some of his adventures.

AS soon as we glimpsed those great brown shapes, looming up huge and distinct against the fresh green of the valley floor, we knew it was our chance. We had come thousands of miles on a mission of danger, and were face to face with it at last.

There were four of them—four tremendous, hulking Kodiak bears. They were big even for their kind, and the Kodiak bear is the largest and most dangerous species of grizzly. He weighs a half-ton, stands eleven feet high on his clawed hind feet. His strength is terrific; the slightest tap from his massive forepaw would send you sprawling to the ground.

They were about 200 yards off, making purposefully down a wide grassy valley for the swift stream where we were standing, waiting. It was August, spawning season, and the hustling little river was alive with leaping, silver-sided salmon. These bears were hungry. They meant to have fish for dinner.



Bears to right of him—

Wiley Kelley, cameraman, and I were on Kodiak Island, off the Alaskan coast, to get a nature picture. We hoped it would help awaken public interest in conservation. The climax was to be a Kodiak bear charging a man armed only with bow and arrow. I was to be the man—the hero of the picture. I came fearfully close to being a dead hero. The plot, not being of our own making, had too many villains.

If I had thought twice I might have waited for a less hazardous opportunity. Three years before, in Wyoming, hunting grizzlies for a California museum, I had learned that the arrow, while it kills more quickly and humanely than the bullet, will not stop a charge as the bullet will. From 25 yards away I had loosed an arrow at a ferocious old female. It had struck her in a vital spot, but she had had enough life left in her to attack.

Furious, she came at me, ears back, eyes flaming with hate, jaws wide. At eight steps another arrow pierced her neck, but still she came on. That avalanche of raging grizzly would have crushed me in another instant if Ned Frost, our guide, had not thrown her into a somersault with a bullet. She died at my feet, still trying to reach me.

Now there was no rifle near. I had to face four famished oversized grizzlies all alone, with only my bow and arrow to depend on.

But don't think the bow and arrow is anything but a deadly weapon. I had made mine myself, and the bow was a five-and-a-half foot osage orange stave weighing 75 pounds—that is, it took a pull of 75 pounds to bend it until the arrow was drawn to the head. My arrows were 28-inch shafts tipped with flat steel points an inch and a quarter wide, razor-edged. An arrow from that bow, traveling 150 feet a second, had gone through a deer at 50 yards.

Still, I knew that it would be perilous to confront this quartet with no rifle to depend on. But we had a contract to fulfill, the soft summer wind blowing from them to us would keep them from scenting us, and the fringe of willows along the valley's edge would let me get close to them unseen. We might never get another such chance.

Without a word Wiley and I got feverishly to work, setting up the camera in a clump of bushes at the upstream side of the valley. I strung my bow, loosened the arrows in my shoulder quiver, and went crouching up the valley behind the screen of willows.

Some 75 yards up, I peeped. To my dismay I saw that they had paired off. Already two were closer to Wiley than I was. I saw, also, that this was a family party — at my left, ambling toward Wiley, were a full-grown cub and another even bigger. To my right, 50 yards away, were the old mother bear and a third strapping cub. I've never seen four larger bears.

If I waited, there would be no picture. Stooping, to keep partly hidden, I pushed aside the willows and stepped through the knee-high grass toward the two gigantic cubs.

Almost at once they saw me, or scented me, and turned. Curious, they moved slowly toward me. Then they stood up on their hind legs — up, and up, and up — until they reached full height at 11 feet.

The arrow rivals the fish-hook as well as the bullet.

I risked a glance at the other pair; noted gratefully that they had not seen me. When I looked back the two at my left were lumbering toward me again. At 45 yards they swung effortlessly up a second time.

Now they sniffed loud, fretful snorts at me, swung their heads like boxers, made exasperated gestures with their forefeet. Who was this tall chap, this man in the buckskin-fringed hunting jacket, to keep them from dinner! What did he mean to do with that long, thick stick he held out in one hand, and that shiny-pointed little stick that crossed it? They'd see about it. Down they went, came on a bit, and stood erect once more.

They were in a nasty humor now. They kept snuffling, swaying, growling deep in their throats. Their ears were back. I could see their eyes, hot with anger, I was so close to them. I could hear their teeth champing, see foam dripping from their jaws. They might turn and shamble off. There was just as good a chance that they would charge—sudden and fast.

Was Wiley focused on me? No time to worry about that. What were the other two doing? That she-bear would be short-tempered! I was afraid to look. A tick of a watch, now, might mean death. It was lucky I didn't look —right then they were charging me. No arrow could have stopped them. I doubt that a rifle could have managed it.

Wiley shouted, to warn me, but I thought he wanted me to get busy. It was time. I drew the arrow to the head. For a long second I held the bow steady. Then my fingers slipped from the string. Straight, true, the slender shaft flew to the mark. The keen steel found the bigger male's chest. The arrow plunged feather-deep. He dropped to his feet. Swung about. Ran. The other followed.

I took a deep breath, whipped around to face the other pair. They were barely 20 yards from me, bearing down at top speed, red murder glaring from their eyes. There was no use running. A few strides and a hairy forepaw would strike me down. I couldn't hope to kill even one with an arrow before they reached me. Then a miracle happened. They saw the panic-stricken male I had shot. So sharply they almost fell, they stopped, whirled, took flight.

The big cub ran a hundred paces and fell dead.

Wiley stopped cranking and came up to me.

"Whew!" he said.

In Alaska, too, I shot two mountain sheep with the bow—a feat many hunters fail to accomplish with the rifle. The mountain sheep is the wariest and wisest of big game animals, and he has the advantage of being especially suited to rugged, mountain country almost impassable to man. He's harder to get than a job during a depression.

It took all my hunting skill and knowledge of animal psychology to take one old fellow. I got him only because he had lived too long and had learned too much.

I saw him first on a ledge, a half mile off. Immediately I started toward him, walking steadily in a direction to pass him about 75 yards away. I didn't try to stalk him. I wanted him to see me—wanted him to think I was just walking through the country.

He saw me, and did just as I wished him to do. A younger sheep probably would have made off at once, but this one knew from experience that I wasn't stalking him. He knew, too, probably, that it's a good plan to keep one's eye on possible danger. He vanished, but came back for another look. I kept on, steadily.

About 300 yards from him I saw him again. He knew exactly where to look for me, I noticed. He had timed my speed to the second. He went out of sight, but at 150 yards he reappeared. I knew I'd see him again. As I passed out of his range of vision—I watched the ledge creep up past his head till only the tips of his horns were visible—I broke into a run.

When he came out, I was waiting. At 80 yards I loosed, and the arrow found the target.

For every ten animals a hunter will kill with the rifle, he can get only one with the bow. The animal really does have a fair chance. And the hunter, to bring down game, must really hunt. He must also think. And when he finally gets within range, he must do something more than pull a trigger. If all hunters would use the bow, many of our conservation problems would be solved.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There'll be another Art Young article soon. Watch for it!*

"Arrows in the Bull's-Eye!"

WANT to learn from Art Young how to shoot with the bow and arrow? How to make a bow? How to feather an arrow? How to make a target—and how to hit it?

All right, do this!

Write the Archery Editor, *American Boy Magazine*, New Center Building, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit. Ask him for Art Young's leaflet called "Arrows in the Bull's-Eye." Send five cents (in coin or stamps) with your letter.

We'll send the leaflet by return mail!

Loyalty

(*Continued from page 17*)

mile oop ze Liard. Hont for oil. Tom McLaughlin, he no lak M's'u Dobb."

"Did you tell these men where he was?"

"*Non.* I'm say I'm ain' know w'ere Tom McLaughlin."

"You went upriver yourself a few days ago, didn't you?"

"*Oui.*"

"Where did you go?"

Once again the man shrugged—and remained silent. Connie repeated the question, but the man stubbornly refused to answer.

"All right," said the boy, "I'll have to take you down to Fort Simpson. I place you under arrest for the murder of John Dobbs, and warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

The man shrugged indifferently and without even turning toward the shanties, strode toward the boy's canoe.

"You arres' Tom McLaughlin, too?" he asked, as he took his place amidship, behind Old Man Mattie.

"Yes," answered the boy. "I'll leave you at Simpson, and go on up the Liard. Why do you ask? Did McLaughlin kill Dobbs?"

Again he received only a shrug as the canoe breasted the current of the Mackenzie.

At Fort Simpson Connie turned his prisoner over to Sergeant Rickey, and reported to Inspector Cartwright.

"It's a murder, all right," he said. "I brought in one suspect, and I'm going out after another. Tom McLaughlin, his name is, and he's supposed to be in a cabin fifteen miles up the Liard."

"Tom McLaughlin!" exclaimed the inspector. "You don't suspect Tom of murdering that man, do you?"

"Do you know him?"

"Sure I know him! I'd as soon suspect you or Rickey of murder as Tom."

"I'm going to bring him in anyway," said the boy. "From what I've found out, he'll have some explaining to do."

Connie was in a hurry. If Rene Gauthier was right, Tom McLaughlin's life wasn't worth a nickel until he was safe in custody.

At noon of the following day, he and Old Man Mattie beached their canoe before a snug cabin on the right bank of the Liard. A man turned from a rude table on which were numerous test tubes, pipes, and bottles, to greet them.

"Hello, neighbors," he smiled. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," answered Connie, walking straight up to him. "You can identify this gun."

The man took the pistol that the boy drew from his shirt and examined it with a puzzled frown. "That's right," he said, regarding the boy with a quizzical smile. "I can. It's mine."

"When did you have it last?"

The man started to answer, caught himself, and stared at Connie. "Who are you?" he asked, abruptly. "And where did you get this gun?"

"I'm Special Constable Morgan of the Mounted Police," answered Connie. "John Dobbs was shot in his office at the Provincial camp. This gun was found on the floor, where the man that shot him had tossed it. And here's another thing that maybe you can identify." Pausing, Connie drew from his pocket the penciled letter he had taken from the oil man's file, and held it for the other to see.

(*Continued on page 28*)

"A Shot in the Barrens"

By James B. Hendryx

In the darkening canyon, something whistled menacingly over Connie Morgan's head—and then he was plunged into an amazing death mystery of the far North.

A NOVEMBER STORY

FLASH

and they're all one piece!

HERE'S one of the most spectacular sights in the building of a Fisher Body — a regular fireworks display.

This machine is called a fusion welder — and it weighs 14 tons.

Watch the workmen place a rear panel and two side panels in it. Stand back now — the switch is about to throw the current on! There's a mighty roar — and a blinding flash of sparks — and those three pieces come out all one.

On down the line, you'll find another arch, high enough for a body to roll beneath. Here there are more fireworks, as the cowl is welded to the header rail.

Now you've seen how a Fisher Body is enclosed in a one-piece overcoat of steel! But it has something *more* than steel to give it strength and comfort. Its steel is solidly buttressed and reinforced with selected hardwood.

And that's why a Body by Fisher is so safe and sturdy and long-lived!

BODY *by* FISHER

(Continued from page 26)

The man glanced at the words:

"Dobbs:

Pay Rene Gauthier what you owe him by May 1st, or I'll go down there and collect it for him.

(Signed) Tom McLaughlin."

"I wrote that note," admitted the man. "And Dobbs was killed on May 1st!"

"Yes," answered Connie. "He was killed on May 1st."

After a long silence the man handed Connie back the gun. "I suppose," he said, "you'll want me to go down to Fort Simpson with you."

The boy nodded. "Yes, and I must warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

McLaughlin smiled. "There doesn't seem to be much to say. I'll just set these test tubes in the shack, and we'll start."

As they turned to the river, another canoe beached and three hard-faced men leaped out. At sight of Connie they halted abruptly and stood awkwardly beside their canoe. The boy recognized them as three of the men he had questioned at the Provincial camp. McLaughlin hardly gave them a glance as he took his place behind Old Man Mattie in Connie's canoe.

"It's a lucky thing fer you the police got here 'fore we did," rasped one of the men, venomously. "Er you'd be where Dobbs is, by now! We'd of learnt you to kill off the boss an' throw us all out of a job!"

"You'll get a new boss," replied McLaughlin quietly. "Dobbs wasn't much good, anyhow."

As the canoe got under way McLaughlin spoke. "How did you locate me?" he asked.

"Rene Gauthier told us where you were," answered the boy. "He identified your gun, too. And he told us that you didn't like Dobbs."

The prisoner sat erect as if he had been struck a blow. During the remainder of the trip he was silent.

THE two prisoners were kept apart, and the next morning Rene Gauthier was brought into the office of Inspector Cartwright for questioning.

"It's your case, son," said the inspector. "You go ahead with it, and I'll sit back and help you out if I'm needed."

Connie faced the prisoner. "Now, Gauthier, suppose you go ahead and tell us all you know about this matter. If you're not guilty, you've got nothing to fear from the police. We want to know who shot Dobbs."

"You got Tom McLaughlin arres'?" asked the man.

"Yes, I brought him in yesterday."

The man eyed the boy sharply. "You ain' lie 'bout zat?"

Connie flushed, slightly. "The police don't lie!" he snapped.

"A'ri'. Zen I'm tell you 'bout zat. I'm shoot M's'u Dobb — me — Rene Gauthier."

"You!" cried the boy, shocked by the unexpected confession.

"*Oui.* Me, I'm gon oop Provincial for git ma money. Dobbs no give. I'm shoot heem."

"What did you shoot him with?"

"Tom McLaughlin gun."

"Where did you get the gun?"

"Tom McLaughlin, he leave zat gun to ma shack mooch time. Ze mans at feesh camp know — we shot ze gun mooch tam. See who kin shoot bes'."

"But," questioned the boy, his brow drawing into a frown, "why didn't you tell me this when I arrested you? At that time you seemed to want me to arrest Tom McLaughlin!"

Rene Gauthier smiled: "*Oui, oui!* Tom McLaughlin, ma frien'. Zem mans from Provincial hont Tom McLaughlin for keel heem. If de poliss arres' heem, zey no kin keel. Zey no kin tak' heem 'way from poliss."

"Did you know that McLaughlin had written to Dobbs threatening that if he didn't pay you by the first of May, he'd go down there and collect for you?"

"*Oui,* I'm know 'bout zat. So I'm go for git ze money. But Dobbs no pay."

When the man had been returned to his cell, Inspector Cartwright smiled across the desk at Connie. "Well, son, it looks as though you got your man. Pretty shrewd, his getting Tom arrested to save him from those oil men."

"Darn shrewd," agreed Connie. "If I'd been half an hour later in arresting him, the oil men would have beat me to it."

Doctor: "I always come here because I get such well-balanced meals."

"We'll turn Tom loose and write out a confession for Gauthier to sign. The boat will be going upriver in a few days, and we'll send him to Edmonton."

A few moments later the inspector greeted Tom McLaughlin with a grin. "How do you like being arrested for murder, Tom?" he asked.

McLaughlin regarded the officer gravely: "I guess it saved my life—up the Liard," he answered. "But—"

"So Constable Morgan just told me," interrupted the inspector. "That was Rene Gauthier's idea—and a good one. But you're free now. Gauthier just confessed to the killing of Dobbs."

"*Confessed!*" roared McLaughlin. "What do you mean—confessed?" He paused, abruptly, and scowled into the face of the surprised inspector. "What have you fellows been doing—third degree? Forcing a confession—"

"Hold on, Tom!" interrupted Cartwright. "The Mounted doesn't use the third degree—doesn't even know what it is, except by hearsay. Gauthier confessed of his own free will."

"He did it to save me, then! He couldn't have killed Dobbs!"

"You! Do you mean that you killed Dobbs?"

McLaughlin met Inspector Cartwright's glance with a level stare.

"He was killed with my gun, wasn't he? I'd threatened him!"

"But Gauthier says you'd left your gun with him. Said he could prove it by several witnesses at the fish camp."

"I have left it there from time to time—but when I went upriver in the winter to see Dobbs on a matter of leases, I stopped and took it with me. Gauthier hasn't had that gun since then! What are you going to do about that?"

"There's only one thing I can do, Tom," answered the inspector wearily, "and that is to lock you up until we get this thing worked out."

When McLaughlin was returned to his cell, Connie and the inspector looked at each other dumfounded. Two men, claiming the same murder! Several hours later, while they were still discussing the strange case, the door of the office opened, and Father Giroux stepped in.

The greetings over, the priest turned to Connie. "At the fishing camp I learned that you arrested Rene Gauthier," he said. "And I hurried on that he may be the sooner released." Pausing, he drew from his pocket some closely written sheets, which he laid on the inspector's desk. "I have here the signed confession of the one who killed the man Dobbs."

"What!" cried Inspector Cartwright. "Another!"

"I do not understand," said the good priest.

"Neither do I, Father," smiled the inspector. "A man is killed, and already we have one confession and another threat to confess!"

"The man who confessed to me," said Father Giroux, "is the man who killed Dobbs. He is dead now—crushed between two scows. They brought him to the mission, and with his dying words he told the story, while the good Sister Agatha sat by and took it down. You have it there, signed by his own hand just before he died."

"Who was the man?" asked Connie eagerly.

"Baptiste Gauthier, the half brother of Rene, known along the river as the Bat. You know that on the morning of the first of May, Dobbs set him at scraping a boat on the river bank. Later he brought a glass and told the boy to keep his eye downriver, and that if Tom McLaughlin appeared, to let him know. The boy said that Dobbs had been drinking, that he was in a vile temper, and that he threatened to kill McLaughlin should he show up.

"An hour or so later, Baptiste saw a canoe round the bend, and with the glass he recognized Rene, his half brother who had been to him like a father. He knew that Rene was coming to try and collect money that was owing him, and knew that Dobbs hated him. His first impulse was to run to meet Rene and warn him to go back, as Dobbs was in a killing frame of mind. But he knew that his brother was a brave man, and doubted that he would go without first seeing Dobbs.

"So, procuring a pistol that he had stolen during the winter from Tom McLaughlin when Tom visited the oil camp, he ran to the office, keeping the building between himself and the crew. The machinery was running and it was very noisy. He slipped in the door, and when Dobbs got up from his chair, he shot him and tossed the pistol upon the floor. He said he knew the pistol would be found, and that Tom McLaughlin would be blamed, as he was known as an enemy of Dobbs. He seemed to have no compunction against thus throwing suspicion upon an innocent man. His only thought was to save his brother. He then returned to the river, and when Rene landed, he told him that Dobbs was drunk, and begged him to go back downriver and return some other time. As Rene was unarmed, he accepted the advice, and returned without attempting to see Dobbs."

The old priest paused, and shook his head sorrowfully: "A sorry tale of crime, and of misdirected loyalty. It is too bad—too bad—but in all compassion, we must remember that the boy loved his brother more than life."

Inspector Cartwright nodded thoughtfully. "His motive was loyalty," he said softly. "And Connie and I have just witnessed two mighty fine examples of loyalty."

Watch Those Punts!

GOOD punting and good covering of punts will save many a football game. The next time you go to a game, watch how the kicker and the ends do their jobs.

To begin at the beginning, let Midshipman R. M. Bowstrom, captain of the 1930 Navy team, tell you how to get off a good punt. Bowstrom was conceded to be one of the best punters in the country.

"Stand with your right foot back," Bowstrom says. "When you receive the ball from center, shift it in your hands so that the strings are to the outside. Take a step with the right foot, one with the left, and then swing. Catch the ball with the top of your instep so that the ball will spiral to the outside. In traveling through the air, the nose of the ball should be pointing slightly downward. I've found that the down-pointing spiral adds fifteen yards to the length of my punts."

For protection, Bowstrom has the three backs and one guard. These men take care of the four opposing tackles and ends.

But good punting isn't the whole story. The object of the punt is to let the enemy have the ball as deep in his own territory as possible. To achieve that objective, you must cover the punt properly—and that's where the end comes in. Paul Riblett, captain of the 1931 University of Pennsylvania team, has some good ideas on covering punts.

"First of all," he says, "you should have an agreement with the kicker on where the punt is to go. He'll want, naturally, to direct the ball away from the safety, and if you know at which corner of the field he's going to aim, you'll be able to get down there faster.

"Two men are likely to try to stop you from going down under the kick—the tackle opposite you and the defensive half. You can usually fool the tackle by feinting, but if he does get in close to you, you can get by with a swing of the arm nearest him.

"Then run. Run with all your speed until you hear the thud of the ball. Then—and not until then—look back to see where the ball is going. If it's angling toward you, be sure to stay outside of it. Otherwise the receiver may flank you.

"Don't overrun the receiver. Five yards from him slow down, determine what he's going to do, then drive in.

"But the most important factor in good covering is to agree with the kicker on where the punt's to go. Against Cornell, by good co-operation, I was able to tackle the Cornell safety, Howard Johnson, seven straight times—without permitting him to take a forward step. In the Notre Dame game, I was able to nail Carideo three times without giving him a yard."

Good kicking—good covering. Watch for them, the next time you go to a football game.

The American Boy Contest

Draw a Cartoon and Win a Prize

PEN wielders and crayon artists, attention! Here's your chance to change the world with a few deft strokes! The Office Pup is offering cash prizes for the best cartoons showing how the world would look if you had your way.

Naturally, we don't expect you to picture the whole world. That would be a large order, even though it is a small world. But think of the many little things you could change to advantage! For instance, you might put all teachers in cages at the zoo. Or have a mechanical man take your exams for you. Or issue a free roadster to every boy over 14. A breed of flying trout or pickerel would be a handy thing—then you could fish from your bedroom window. A gun that would shoot around corners would be useful to the police.

Sharpen your pencils, curry your brains for a good idea, and draw us a cartoon showing your changed world. Send your entries to the Cartoon Editor, *The American Boy*, New Center Bldg., Detroit, Mich. The best cartoon wins $5; and the next two $3 and $2; and the next ten $1 apiece.

Mail your drawings flat, and wrap them well so they won't be damaged in the mails. Make your drawings approximately 8 in. x 11 in. See that they reach us by October 15. Be sure to put your name, age, address, and year in school, in the margin of the drawing. Please don't ask us to return drawings or tell the winners in advance—the results will be published in December.

The SHOVEL CLUB

by

R. B. MACFADYEN

Noon on a crisp fall day.

PICTURE to yourself four fellows between the ages of sixteen and eighteen hiking along a desolate beach.

Figure out how hungry they must be. They had breakfast at six in the morning and now it's noon—noon on a crisp fall day, the ideal sort of day for a good hike and a go at outdoor cooking.

Consider, all that this ravenous group has are eight bread-and-butter sandwiches, four hard-boiled eggs, and some pepper and salt in an envelope.

Realize that the next square meal is at home seven hours away.

That was our predicament. We could have brought a more substantial lunch, but we had expected to find the little store down the coast open and doing business. When we got there, it was deserted—boarded up.

"Starvation rations for us," groaned Jack Harmon.

Just then a duck suddenly swooped down on the beach before us and flopped along the sand. Apparently it had been shot by a hunter we had just passed. A rush and a scramble and the duck was caught and killed. We waited a little, but the hunter didn't appear. It was our duck.

Everybody voted for cooking the bird at once. But how? Cooking on the end of a stick seemed risky. So did the idea of wrapping the duck in seaweed and roasting it in hot ashes.

Suddenly Lloyd darted off down the beach.

"Here's your frying pan!" he yelled a second later, waving aloft an old shovel he had seen lying on the sand.

So we took the shovel, scoured it in the sand, and burned it clean in the fire we started. The duck was dressed and cut in small pieces. The pieces were placed on the shovel, which had been laid on the coals. With a small stick each portion was turned as it sizzled until it was cooked to a brown goodness. Of course, our salt and pepper were added.

That was marvelous duck! Not much of it, to be sure, but it helped out the bread and butter. Besides that, the achievement of finding a way to cook that bird gave us a great sense of power.

That was the beginning of the adventures of the Shovel Club. Our skill in cookery increased with every hike we took. Our next experiment was with a real frying pan and a coffee pot. We fried strips of bacon in the pan and baked potatoes in hot ashes. Six tablespoonfuls of cereal coffee were put in the pot with six cups of cold water, and brought to a boil; then after the addition of a dash of cold water and a pinch of salt, the pot was put on a flat rock near the fire to let the grounds settle. The salt, by the way, clarified the liquid. With condensed milk and lump sugar we had a fine hot drink. Plenty of sizzling savory bacon, mealy baked potatoes, then a good hot drink—and everybody was happy.

But we beat that meal a little later. We went down on the beach again and dug some clams and took them out of their shells. We had at least three dozen. Then we put a handful of diced salt pork—fat bacon will do—in a kettle. This kettle, by the way, had come in handy as a pack basket for the stuff we had to bring. After the pork had sizzled a few minutes over a slow fire we took the kettle off and put a layer of thinly sliced potatoes on top of the diced pork, then a layer of thinly sliced onions, then a layer of clams. Salt and pepper were dusted over this and then a layer of crackers followed. Then we repeated the layer system of potatoes, onions, clams, and crackers until the clams were used up. A can of tomato soup was then poured over all and enough water added so it came to the level of our top layer of clams. The kettle was covered and put on stones above the fire so the cooking was not too fast. In a half hour the chowder was ready. In order to be sure, we tested the mixture with a fork to see if the potatoes were soft.

THIS was some chowder, believe me. Hot and tasty, and thick enough so you could eat it with a fork. With ice cold milk in thermos bottles and canned peaches and cookies we felt like million-dollar diners.

If you ever make this chowder, keep your fire low but well sustained. Fast cooking or too much heat will burn the food. Avoid stirring, too. The thing to do is take plenty of time to get a good bed of coals and then enclose it with stones so you can get your kettle several inches above the fire. Of course cooking indoors on a stove is the best bet. With the kettle resting on top of an asbestos mat, which costs ten cents, your chowder is absolutely safe until you're ready to eat it.

One of the tastiest and quickest hot meals we ever prepared out of doors was creamed chipped beef. The ingredients were easy to carry, too. There was the frying pan, fork, and spoon; one *small* can of condensed milk; one-half pound of chipped beef; three slices of fat bacon; three level tablespoonfuls of flour in an envelope.

We got a nice bed of coals, and put the frying pan over them with the bacon, finely cut, in the pan. When the fat was melted out of the bacon, we tossed in the chipped beef, which was in small pieces and had been soaking in cold water. This was heated until it started to sizzle. Then we shook in the flour gradually, stirring the meat rapidly. Immediately after, we poured in slowly a mixture made of the can of milk and twice as much water. A few minutes of steady stirring over the fire and then the mass began to thicken. When it came to a boil, we poured it over slices of bread in our mess pans and fell to. The whole job was done in about ten minutes from the time we put the frying pan on the fire.

Our big adventure in cooking came late one spring. Jack Harmon's aunt said we might have her summer cottage up in the mountains for a week end. Yea, Shovel Club! Its members were called into special session, pronto. Jack was elected to take care of equipment and fuel; Bob—I'm Bob— to assemble the necessary food; Kenneth and Lloyd to do the cooking.

While Jack listed our personal and general needs, I went into conference with the cooks. They planned their menus, and then I bought the food that is listed here. Note that they planned the menus *first*. That saves waste in buying.

Bread and Cereals

1 long loaf French bread
2 loaves whole wheat bread
1 package bran
1 package pancake flour
1 pound flour
1 cup corn meal

General Groceries

Pepper
Salt
Dry mustard
Baking soda
2 pounds sugar
6 baby cans condensed milk
1 jar jam
1 bottle sweet pickles
1 can figs
1 small can sliced pineapple
1 large can peaches
1 package pimiento cheese
1 dozen eggs
1 can cocoa
1 pound cereal beverage or coffee
1 small jar mayonnaise
2 pounds butter
1 can syrup
1 baby can molasses

Meat

1 pound bacon
1 boiled picnic ham (about 6 pounds)
8 lamb chops

Vegetables and Fruit

18 medium-sized potatoes
1 large bunch asparagus
1 dozen apples
2 onions
1 head lettuce
4 oranges

By four o'clock on Friday afternoon we were on our way, in Jack's car. At seven we reached the cottage. Wood was cut, the fires started, and the beds made up. In about an hour supper was ready. We had lamb chops, mashed potatoes, canned figs, and cocoa. The long loaf of French bread was heated in the oven with pieces of butter inserted in slits about an inch apart where the loaf was partially cut through.

Of course we had a great time. Among other things, we went fishing, and actually caught enough trout for a taste all around on Sunday morning. Our lunch on this trip was sandwiches, bar chocolate, and an apple apiece.

Our menus for the four meals we

cooked on Saturday and Sunday may interest you. Notice that we used our food so as to have left-overs for the luncheon on Sunday.

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Oranges

Bacon Fried Eggs

Bran muffins

Jam Coffee

Supper

Baked ham Baked potatoes

Asparagus

Pineapple salad Beverage

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Baked apples

Hot cakes and syrup

Fried trout Coffee

Lunch

Sliced ham Potato salad

Canned Peaches

Bread and Butter

You'll notice that we never had two starchy foods in a meal. It isn't a good idea, for example, to have potatoes and macaroni or beans together. You'll notice, too, that we had a fruit or a raw vegetable at each meal. Here are the recipes for the various things we ate, beginning back at Friday evening.

Lamb Chops: Get loin chops about one-half inch thick. Put them in a hot, dry frying pan. Cook for a minute on one side, then on the other. Then cook slowly, first on one side and then on the other, for about five minutes on each side. The fat in the chops is all the grease you need. Salt and pepper when ready to serve.

Mashed potatoes: Pare and boil six good-sized potatoes. Start in cold water. When they can be easily pierced with a fork, drain off the water, sprinkle a little salt on them, cover and set kettle on the back of the stove. Heat—but don't boil—about ½ cup of milk. Mash the potatoes; then add the hot milk and beat with a spoon. Last, beat in a lump of butter about the size of a walnut.

Cocoa: Follow the directions on the can. Dilute your condensed milk with an equal quantity of water.

Bacon and eggs: Put your bacon, sliced thin, into a cold pan over a slow fire. As the bacon cooks turn off the fat into a dish—*not into your fire.* When the bacon is crisp, put it on a hot plate. It's a good plan to drain it first on a clean brown paper sack to get rid of excess fat. Pour some of the fat in your dish back into the pan and break four eggs carefully into the fat. Cover with a lid and when the whites are firm and puffy put the eggs on the plate with your bacon. Then cook four more eggs the same way. *Don't have too much heat!*

Bran Muffins: You'll need 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 cups of bran, 1¼ cups of milk (use 1 can of your condensed milk, filling up your measure with water), ½ cup of molasses. Mix and sift flour, soda, and salt. Add bran, milk, and molasses—and a well beaten egg, too, if you happen to have one handy. Bake in buttered tins. Four hungry breakfasters will get three muffins apiece out of this recipe.

Baked ham: Boil your six-pound ham slowly about two hours the day before you leave. Let cool in the water. Then remove and trim off rough edges. Wrap in waxed paper and a cloth for carrying. When ready to bake, put in a pan and pat into the top surface about half a cup of sugar in which is mixed a teaspoon of dry mustard. Put ¾ cup of your canned pineapple juice and ½ cup of water in your pan as you place it in the oven. When the ham begins to brown, take a spoon and ladle over the ham some of the hot syrup that has formed. This is called basting. Do this every ten minutes. Forty-five minutes in the oven and your ham is ready.

Baked Potatoes: Put at least 12 potatoes in the oven when you start your ham. They cook in the same time as the meat. Pierce with a fork to be sure they are soft. Save six of the potatoes for salad on Sunday.

Asparagus: Cut off withered ends. Wash, then soak in cold water. You can do this several hours before cooking. Put in a kettle of salted hot water and boil about twenty-five minutes or until the stalks are tender to a fork. Pour off water, put on a plate, and dot the tips with pieces of butter.

Pineapple salad: Put several leaves of lettuce on each plate. Then a slice of pineapple. In the little hole in the center, put a small piece of pimiento cheese. Top with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

Baked apples: Cook these when you bake your ham if you have room in your oven. Take the cores from the apples and fill the holes with sugar and a piece of butter. Put the apples in a pan. Add a cupful of water. Baste the apples as they cook with the syrup in the pan. You can use some of your pancake syrup here to advantage. When the apples are soft set aside to cool.

Hot cakes: Better get a ready-to-mix flour with directions on the carton. Nothing else except water is required, but your cakes will be improved if you add a beaten egg, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and use diluted milk instead of water. Have your batter about as thick as average gravy. Experiment with one cake first and add flour or liquid as needed. Have your pan good and hot before pouring your batter on it.

Fried fish: Roll your trout in cornmeal. Lay some thin strips of bacon in a pie tin or baking pan and then put your fish on top. Put in a hot oven and bake until the bacon is crisp and the fish is tender to the fork. This baking method keeps your frying pan free for hot cakes.

Potato salad: Peel your cold baked potatoes. Cut in slices or in small cubes. Cut five or six sweet pickles in thin slices. Put potatoes and pickles in a dish. Dust a teaspoonful of salt over the mixture. Now mix a cupful of mayonnaise with some of the liquid in the pickle bottle until your mayonnaise is just thick enough to pour. Mix this with your potatoes. A finely chopped onion is a good thing to mix in as you stir.

Now for a few general suggestions.

In making up your list of provisions you can save space, weight, and expense, too, by putting small quantities of pepper, dry mustard, salt, and so on in small paper bags or envelopes. For example, 2 teaspoonfuls of pepper, 2 tablespoonfuls of mustard, 1 teaspoonful of soda, and 1 cupful of salt are all you need for the meals just described.

If your cabin or cottage is near a village where you can get fresh meat, butter, eggs, milk, and vegetables, you won't need to stock these at home.

Upon arriving at camp, stow your food away where you can get at it easily. Get the coolest place for meat, butter, eggs, and milk. It's a good plan to take two yards of fine mesh mosquito netting to cover foods that attract flies.

Just as you sit down to eat build up your fire and put on a big kettle of water so you'll have plenty of hot water for washing the dishes. If part of your gang insists on hanging around while the cooks are at work, draft them into washing dishes used in cooking. Make it a rule to leave your kitchen clean after each meal. Also when you leave camp or cottage, have the garbage buried and other refuse burned *and all fires out.* Designate someone to be responsible for these duties.

Good luck to you—and don't overeat.

Khyber Blades

(*Continued from page 19*)

steel, behind which he saw a butter-colored face above the big jet beard, a hooked nose and an eagle's yellow eyes beneath a pale green turban.

A blow jarred on his weapon savagely, close to the hilt, numbing his wrist, and the next impact struck the weapon from his nerveless grasp. He tried to wheel and run, but a hand snatched his bridle and Wasif Ali Khan's sword glittered up for the kill. He saw death whistling down to him on slender steel inlaid with gold and, with lips drawn back over clenched teeth and blue eyes despairing, braced himself to meet it. But the Pathan turned his hand so that the blow whizzed past his head. The sword went up again and struck, and again was turned, as the fellow tried to make him cringe, playing with his agony as a cat plays with a mouse.

Then Wasif Ali Khan said through white teeth grimly smiling in his full black beard: "A boy! A child, by Allah! A child chases me like a rat to a hole! And I thought it was O'Rourke."

Crispin, blond and disheveled, sweat-soaked and grimed with dust, his mouth dry with the fear of death and his frame limp in reaction from his impassioned effort to meet it gamely, glared at him big-eyed, licking parched lips.

The Pathan thrust at his throat till the point cut the flesh; and though his bowels turned to water and a scream sprang to his lips, he contrived to hold the one and choke the other and glare his defiance like a cornered rat.

"Boy," Wasif Ali said, "thinkest thou I cannot count, that thou emptiest thy pistol behind me? And thou handiest thy sword like a woman a hoe. When I was ten I could have spitted thee like a fowl! But thy mother bred a game-cock, if a clumsy one and stupid!"

Now round the bend galloped the two horsemen who had been in the rear of the camel train. Khuttuck Pathans they were, hairy and fierce and armed to the teeth, on mounts barbarically caparisoned. They clattered up and one of them, who bore a bloody sword, said to Wasif Ali, "Brother, there is one Hindu pig less on earth!" And Crispin knew they had killed the injured Ragor Sing as they passed.

He said to the speaker in his new-learned Pushtu—and the sound of his own voice in that graveyard gully heartened him mightily—"For that you will duly hang; so enjoy life while you may!"

The fellow turned on him with a growl, but Wasif Ali laughed: "See what the *sirkar* sends to keep us from the lands we have plundered these two thousand years! A boy, with yellow hair like a chicken's fluff, who cannot shoot straight nor use his sword—who can only scamper at my tail like a jackal after meat. See, boy with more bowels than brains, because your life does not matter I do not kill you."

He spoke rapidly to the two others, who laughed uproariously at what he said. Then all hands dismounted and seized Crispin's horse.

"Get down!" the brigand ordered, and when Crispin shook his head a man seized his leg and canted him from the saddle into the arms of the other two, whereupon the three burly fellows fell on him, flung him down, and in spite of his raging struggles succeeded at last in stripping him naked. They took the saddle from his horse and hoisted him up again, lashing his ankles underneath the belly with a green silk cummerbund, and they tied his unsheathed sword on a long line to his horse's tail. Wasif Ali set his helmet on his head, back to front, saying:

"This you may have, for all men know a sahib's skull is so thin that the Khyber sun addles his brain. Go now to O'Rourke, and say that Wasif Ali Khan of Sarauli spared thy life as a thing of no account, but that if he had met me as you did, alone in the hills, I would have gutted him like a hen in fifty seconds."

Then Wasif Ali turned loose the horse and stabbed it in the rump with his dagger, so that the beast dashed frantically up the *nullah*, with the sword dragging on the ground ten feet behind him.

Three hours later the *sowar* on sentry duty at the quarter guard of Fort Parwan beheld advancing to the gate the startling sight of his own commander, naked as he was born, filthy with dust and greased with sweat, with a trickle of blood from the wound in his throat, his helmet on back to front, his feet lashed under the belly of his barebacked horse and his sword dragging in the dust behind him.

Crispin's back and arms were a mass of torturing white blisters from the savage sun. As he came near his deliverance he reeled and slowly doubled over his horse's withers, and as the sentry leaped for the bridle he collapsed and rolled sideways into the amazed Rajput's arms.

Seven months had passed since Crispin, and through him his regiment, had been so humiliated by Wasif Ali Khan. The tale had run through the length and breadth of India, how a subaltern of O'Rourke's had been sent home by a Pathan brigand, stark naked on a barebacked horse, with his hat on back to front and his sword dragging in the dirt behind him. Wherever Crispin went, it seemed to him men's eyes must be upon him, amused, disdainful, gloating, curious, or pitying, and the bitterness of it ate like a cancer at his heart. That such a thing could come to him, with his passionate pride, his ambition, and his deep joy in the regiment!

But the matter was not closed while they two lived, he told himself, with deep-burnt anger that the months did not abate, and with all his will he set himself the task of rectifying it. He planned and he watched and he waited, and fervently he practiced swordsmanship.

Daily he fought the *sowars* of his troop, wearing vizors and with blunt-edged swords; he exercised his right arm by the hour, making his servant massage it, suppling and strengthening it with as much care as a violinist gives to his. If a strange *sowar* spent a night with them, he must fence Crispin sahib behind the stable; and sometimes the stocky, blue-eyed officer went through the teeming caravanserai outside the fort, with his orderly carrying the vizor and the blunted swords. There among camels, mules, and squealing stallions, piled bales, dungfires, and the multifarious rank smells, he would offer a hundred rupees to any man who could drive him outside a ten-foot circle. At first he lost much money, but of late he had lost none at all. His sword in his hand was as light as a whip. He could toss up an apple, slice it descending, and slice again one of the pieces before it hit the ground. He could pink a rupee on a wall at full stretch of his lunge, and he had learned the pet tricks of the best men in the regiment.

And in the caravanserai he sought more than swordcraft. A man of means, he did not stint his gold, and bit by bit, through Afghan, Turkoman, and furtive Parsee trader, by bribery, by stealth and inference, he gleaned the things he wished to know.

The day that Wasif Ali raided Ai-safue bazaar, Crispin's plans came to a head. Ai-safue was too far away for O'Rourke's *rissalah* to turn out. There were troops on the spot. O'Rourke from Tofah talked with Crispin on the telephone, and when the young officer had hung up he stood motionless for several moments, lost in thought.

Then he went slowly to his bedroom, took down his sword, and drew the lean blade from the scabbard. The silver hilt was scarred and dented from the impact of the rocks when it had dragged behind his horse. He saw himself as he had been, naked and blistering in the pitiless sun.

Slamming back the blade, he hurried out and sent a man for *Jamadar* Dhuleep Sing, brother of the dead Ragor Sing, who was his confidant and his accomplice, and when the tall Rajput came in and saluted, Crispin said, "*Jamadar*, he raided Ai-safue at noon. Is it not the time he should use this eastern route?"

"So it would seem, *huzoor!*"

"We'll try it, anyway. He can't reach either pass till morning. We shall march at seven o'clock."

He handed over Fort Parwan to his *ressaldar*, and two hours before sunset he and Dhuleep Sing trotted out past the guard and headed for the mountains. Till dark they rode hard and straight, and when the light failed dismounted in good cover, fed themselves and their horses, and sat down to wait moonrise.

Lying on a bed of dry scrub in the thick dark, hushed but for a horse's snort or a jackal's distant yelping, Crispin could see nothing but the dark-blue sky, star-coruscating, cut by the black silhouette of crags. The rocks around him radiated stored-up heat, like an opened oven. All at once he felt lonely and despondent, and a little scared. Probably it was all a wild goose chase. Why should he, working alone, be able to outwit Wasif Ali Khan when all headquarters could not? He was a fool to care—he had done his duty and his best when the thing began. And at once with a rush of blood to his face he was furious. He *did* care, he knew, for his own pride alone, so much that it obsessed him utterly.

"What do you think, *Jamadar?*" he asked Dhuleep Sing. "Shall we see him?"

"Sahib, who can say? Yet we are sure that when they raid they hide the loot and cross the border one by one, making long marches on this side before they turn. I think it is sure that he will use either the Palki, Mandor, or Garundi trail."

"Three to one against us. That's not so bad."

At moonrise they started, trotting and cantering as the ground permitted, under a starlit sapphire vault lit by the moon's green-incandescent orb. The rocks were silver and the shadows inky velvet. Jackals scurried from their path. Before moonset they had reached their destination, a *nullah* through which passed an ancient trail used only by the Persian nomads. In the thick dark they traversed it to the first bend, dismounted, loosened girths, and composed themselves to wait.

They took turns to sleep. At the gray of dawn they ate a little, off-saddled and massaged the horses' backs, and led them to better shelter. Then Dhuleep Sing went to the *nullah* mouth to watch, while Crispin sat behind a bowlder inside the first turn.

The gray in the east turned to jade, grew warm with rose, and blazed to incandescent splendor as the sun came up.

For an hour Crispin waited in the tomblike pass with his sword across his knees, and felt like the only living thing in a burned-out universe. And then Dhuleep Sing came running round the bend between the sheer, fawn-colored cliffs.

"Huzoor, a horseman!"

Crispin's heart thumped as he nodded. The Rajput slipped into hiding and quiet reigned again, till rhythmic hoof beats clacked round the bend and there appeared in the clear morning light Wasif Ali Khan's red horse, coming at a long, easy lope. The reins lay on his neck, and Wasif Ali carried in his arms the body of a young Pathan, whose bare head dangled limply.

As Crispin stood up, pistol in hand, the horse shied violently around, to meet Dhuleep Sing, barring his exit. He reared, wheeled once or twice and then stood, snorting, while his rider glared at the fair young cavalryman with burning eyes who covered him with his weapon.

Suddenly Wasif Ali's face changed and his gaze widened. "By Allah!" he ejaculated. "The boy!"

"Yes," Crispin said. "The boy."

Wasif Ali shrugged and the youth's head dangling from his arm moved limply. There was a fluff of beard on the gold-yellow chin and the clothes were soaked with blood.

"The luck is yours. I bear to his mother this my son, who is near to death, and thus you have taken me. It is Kismet, which no man can balk."

Crispin said meaningly, "There is little of fate in it. I have planned and waited for this many months. There is dirt to be wiped off my sword, Wasif Ali Khan."

The Pathan said bitingly, "When I hang in Peshawar, thou wilt find thy sword the cleaner?"

"No," he replied. "That would not cleanse it. But there is that which would."

Wasif Ali stared. Then understanding dawned and he said incredulously, "You mean you want to *fight?*"

The blood rushed to Crispin's face and he nodded.

The fellow laughed. "Gamecock, as I said before. And if I will not fight?"

"Then you will hang. But if you kill me you go free — till O'Rourke takes you, as he surely will."

"So! Once in Peshawar I should hang, no doubt of that, though why the *sirkar* should spend good men's lives to guard a folk from whom we have levied tribute since time was passes my comprehension. This is to thee, then, a matter of thy private honor, and not of the *sirkar?*"

"Exactly that. There are some things a man may not endure."

"Was it so bitter a thing? I spared thy life when it was mine, and afterward did but jest."

"It would have been easier for me if I had died."

"Yet I *did* spare thee, and it was because thou wert so very young. Listen, young sahib who art so eager to die. We have spoken of honor. Once I gave thee thy life, because thou wert so young. This [illegible] my son, shot in the raid, whom I bear to his mother. Let me then take him home. Give me his life in exchange for that which I gave thee, and by my sword and by Allah's beard I will return here on the third day and kill thee as thou so desirest."

Crispin laughed cynically, and what he thought was plain to see. The Pathan straightened in his saddle and never had Crispin seen such pride, such burning anger as his face displayed.

"Thou doubtest my word, thou Feringhi whelp!"

Then suddenly and inexplicably Crispin felt ashamed. It came to him that the Pathan spoke the truth. His life *had* been spared when he was hunting this man for *his* life and the sword was already falling that would have stretched him dead. And somehow—he never remembered how or why — he heard his own voice say:

"You will return here on the third day if I let you take the boy?"

Wasif Ali Khan gripped the body of his son with his left arm, squirmed

round, and contrived to draw his sword. He took it in his teeth and reversed it, holding it out by the point to Crispin.

"This was my father's father's father's sword and no man but our house has worn it since the blade was forged. Take it. I will go and lay my son in his mother's arms and on the third day I will return."

Crispin took the ancient weapon, gold inlaid, ivory and turquoise hilted, and motioned up the gully. The red horse broke into his lope and the hoof beats died.

Dhuleep Sing, the Hindu, burst out: "Now may I rot if there ever was such madness! The Moslem dog!"

And Crispin bit his lip and felt a fool.

Dawn was just breaking as on the third day they crossed the last valley to the rendezvous. In the bowlders at the slope foot Crispin stopped.

"Wait for me here, Dhuleep Sing. And if I do not return, thou knowest what to tell the regiment."

The tall, regal-looking Rajput pleaded: "*Huzoor*, for the last time, go not alone into that pass. These Moslems are dogs. He will have fifty men with him or he will shoot you down from cover. There was never such madness as this!"

"Wait for me here, *Jemadar!*"

Crispin dismounted and took off his spurs for fear they might trip him in the coming business, then unbuckled his sword from its place on his saddle. Dhuleep Sing handed him the Pathan's sword, which he had carried wrapped in a *puggaree*.

Dhuleep Sing saluted. Crispin returned the salute and with the two weapons under his arm walked round the shoulder of the cliff to the *nullah* mouth. Fifty yards up the narrow gut, the smoke of a fire rose in a calm blue ribbon on the morning air and a burly figure topped by a green silk turban squatting by it rose and came to meet him. Wasif Ali Khan salaamed deeply.

"Salaam, sahib," he said.

"Salaam, Wasif Ali Khan!"

"The boy still lives," the Pathan said, "and there is hope, though the wound festers. His mother prays the King of Paradise reward thee for thy clemency. Now, this account is squared. Go in peace."

Crispin said, "Are you afraid to fight me, Wasif Ali?" He held out the Pathan's sword.

"Allah, thou wilt have it, then? Blood follows on such words in any company!"

He turned and walked to a level space, some thirty yards across between the high rock walls. The sun was up and his first rays, striking the entrance to the gut, filled it with reflected light that was perfect for their purpose.

Crispin followed, with the strange sensation that he was dreaming. He had no fear, no anger, only an uncanny sense of unreality.

Wasif Ali stopped in the center of the open space, unwound the *puggaree* from his sword and tossed the stuff aside. Then he stood quietly waiting.

Crispin drew his sword and threw the scabbard down. His mouth was dry now, and he strove to keep his lips from trembling. He stepped up to Wasif Ali Khan and they crossed swords.

Wasif Ali stood with a most curious and inscrutable expression on his face, and as the steel ground on steel he said: "Fight well, boy with a chicken's hair. It is a long ride to Fort Parwan, and the sun is hot on a naked skin!"

That broke the spell. Rage flowed like a burning stream in Crispin's breast and he was instantly in furious attack.

It was a strange sight the circling kites beheld: the narrow *nullah*, between its sheer rock walls, lit by the first rays of the sun, the bearded big Pathan with his white robes, his green silk *puggaree* and his sash of apricot, standing there stolidly behind his blade while the young Englishman, smart in the tan and drab of uniform, strove with all his mind and sinew to penetrate the flickering barrier of his sword.

For all his anger, Crispin kept his head and used cunningly his skill. He was in splendid condition, his arm strong and lithe from ceaseless training. But though he tried trick after rare and curious trick that had beaten many men, nothing disturbed the imperturbability of Wasif Ali Khan. The Pathan never once attacked, merely standing foursquare and defending himself. And for all Crispin could do he might have been cased in solid steel. Whatever the young cavalryman tried, however swift his pass or cunning his sleight of hand, always there was that bright, slim Kabul blade to catch the stroke or turn the darting point to waste its hate on empty air. Slowly the edge wore off Crispin's freshness. Sweat streamed down his face and his breath came short through parted lips.

And then Wasif Ali Khan attacked, with the ferocity Crispin remembered from that other day. He drove at him with the tireless power of a machine and the fury of a devil. His sword was everywhere, like a streak of light, weaving and darting in most unexpected curves and changes, and at once Crispin was on the defensive, being driven back, back, step by despairing step. For all his pride, his fear of death, his skill and bitter struggle to do better, he was barely able to protect himself from that flickering death. His arm grew leaden and his breath came in great sobs. Twice Wasif Ali lowered his sword and stepped back, looking him up and down, gloating and taunting him, soon to advance with that inexorable and venomous blade, till at last Crispin, wide-eyed and gasping, had his back to the hot stone of the cliff.

Wasif Ali held him there and fenced with him, playing with his broken strength with diabolical dexterity, till his guard grew so weak that the Pathan wrenched it aside and stepped up close with his sword shortened and his point at Crispin's throat.

The Pathan said: "Thou art a good swordsman. Thou art better than I was at your age; and in thirty years, when thou art as old as I, if thou seest as much fighting, thou mayest be as good a swordsman."

His left hand snatched Crispin's wrist and wrung the sword from it. He put his foot on the blade and said: "There is a tangled score between us, starting with a whim of mine, that shall be ended here. Thou hast been shamed in the *rissalah* because I jested with O'Rourke; yet thou gavest my son's life to his mother because I had spared thine. Come with me." He picked up Crispin's sword and led up the *nullah*.

Sweat-soaked and weary, sick with defeat, Crispin followed round the bend to where the big red horse was picketed. Wasif Ali loosed the hobbles and led up the splendid beast, high-crested and quivering, gleaming like copper in the morning sun. It bore a saddle of green velvet and red leather which, with the bridle, was gold-sewn and gemmed with turquoise. Stirrups and bits were massive silver.

"Before, thou wentest from me to Fort Parwan in shame. Go now in pride on this my horse as a fair exchange for my son's life, and tell the *pulton* it is a gift to thee from Wasif Ali Khan of Sarauli, as one brave man to another. And this shall end the score between us. We go our ways—I the wolf, and thou the *sirkar's* hound. And next time we meet, mistake not, it shall be to the death!"

He put the bridle into Crispin's hand and held out his sword by the blade.

Like a man in a dream Crispin stared at him, and his lips shook.

"Up, Brother!" Wasif Ali said.

Crispin took his sword, set foot in the stirrup, and swung up on the splendid horse.

"Forget not," the Pathan said. "Next time, to the death!"

Crispin nodded, and Wasif Ali Khan turned his back and strode off up the *nullah*.

By and by Crispin reined round the red horse and walked out the other way. There was a warmth at his heart, though his lips shook; and he knew that whatever men might say or think, his soul would be at peace.

Roosevelt Explains!

ARRESTED four times in one day! That's the record of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, thirty-second President of the United States. It happened when he was 12 years old, on a bicycle tour of Germany in company with a tutor.

Some German communities have strange and fearsome laws that date back hundreds of years. Here are the charges that were lodged against Franklin: (1) Running over a goose. (2) Picking cherries from trees along the road. (3) Carrying his bicycle through the waiting room of a railroad station. (4) Entering a fortified city on a wheeled vehicle after sundown!

But even at the age of 12, the President showed public speaking ability. He talked himself out of every charge! When he was released after the last one, however, he was advised to go with his tutor a mile out of town and come in on the train!

Try This Party Stunt

By HELEN COMBES

HERE'S one to spring at the next gang party. It's a mind-reading act that will give you the reputation of Thurston, Sir Oliver Lodge, and a Hindu, all rolled into one.

The gang is seated in the living room. With Bill's help you pass out pencils and slips of paper all folded uniformly, once across the middle. Then you order each guest to write a short question on his slip of paper, refold it, and put it in Bill's hat. After that, you seat yourself impressively in a chair, wait for silence, and say:

"I will now undertake to answer the questions on the slips of paper. Pardon me for a moment while I consult the guiding spirits that are hovering over my chair."

While you are consulting the guiding spirits, Bill collects all the slips and brings you the hat. Out of it you draw a folded slip and pass it across your forehead to stimulate the thought cells. Then your eyes brighten, your breath comes quickly, and you say solemnly:

"This person asks whether ice cream will be served tonight.

"What a question for a guest to ask! Does the person who wrote it always ask his host what there is to eat? Of course there'll be ice cream. Did I read the question correctly?"

Whereupon Arch, over by the library table, blushes and nods. Then, just to verify your mind-reading accuracy, you open the slip in your hand, read it, crumple it up and drop it on the floor.

Bill hands you another slip. You hold this to your forehead, and in a moment your eye again brightens, your chest heaves slightly, and to the astonishment of someone in the room you repeat the question. This goes on until you've repeated every question written.

The secret is simple. Arch, you see, was your confederate. He didn't actually drop his slip of paper in Bill's hat. The ice cream question was a product of your own imagination, and Arch's blush and nod were merely bits of good acting.

When you looked at the slip of paper in your hand—presumably Arch's—you were really reading and memorizing the next question! Of course, at the end, you had to have an extra slip to make up for the one Arch failed to drop in the hat. But that was easy. You simply had one palmed and ready.

Try it! If your line is snappy, you'll fool all of the people all of the time!

Desk Man

(Continued from page 8)

will take time. By the way, Larry Corrigan has assumed all expense."

Trouble ahead! The powerful hand of Larry Corrigan was already outstretched. Phil realized it—but there was nothing to do but go ahead.

He inquired for the highway patrolman and found he was not badly hurt. He was ready to resume his duty and talked briefly.

"I'd stopped at Reno's place," he explained. "I look in there now and then, and tonight I heard a quarrel going on in a private room. A girl screamed for help. Before I got there a shot was fired and Corrigan biffed me over the head as I smashed the lock. He was drunk—guess he didn't know what he was doing."

"Has he ever been in trouble before?"

"Lots of little, mean stuff," the officer answered. "Old Corrigan always gets him out, and he thinks the law can't touch him."

As Phil walked toward the office he kept thinking of Reno's warning. He felt quick relief in knowing that when he turned in his story his responsibility would end.

Then, suddenly, a new thought came. Suppose he had the desk job? Then he would have to decide such questions. When Verity put responsibility on an employee, he let that man carry the burden. Acutely, Phil realized the desk job would not be easy. He was glad that Big Jim would pass judgment on this story.

Entering the city room, Phil shot a glance at Verity's desk. Rawlings was there and rose as Phil approached.

"You're on the desk tonight, Carter," he stated.

"What's wrong?" Phil's voice tightened.

"The chief was called to Memphis an hour ago. A good friend of his is in a hospital there and wanted Big Jim to drive down. He told me to hold the desk until you came in, and left this note for you." Rawlings extended a sealed envelope and walked away.

Phil ripped open the envelope. A single typed line met his gaze.

"Take the desk for the rest of the night."

Phil sat down in the worn chair. The automatic printer clicked at his elbow, and from the rear came the clatter of linotypes. Joe, the copy boy, laid a pile of proof sheets on the desk. Typewriters clattered as Phil sat there and with sober eyes he stared around the busy room.

But he did not see that room at all. Rather, he saw the wrecked room in Bert Reno's place, saw again the pallor on Reno's face as he snarled his warning against printing the story.

Now the decision was his. Big Jim was not here to shoulder the load. It was his job to write the story and take full responsibility for its publication. The decision was not easy when full responsibility rested upon him. There were good reasons for his forgetting the story. It wasn't his newspaper—it belonged to Big Jim Verity. If he did anything that damaged the newspaper, the loss must fall on Verity. And Phil knew Corrigan was powerful enough to cause trouble.

Yet he knew the story should be printed. It was legitimate news. Phil knew it was his duty to write the story fairly, impartially, giving the facts as they were. The *News* owed that much to its readers.

A sudden idea came. He could locate Verity and ask his advice — the chief could be found in one of the Memphis hospitals. He put his hand on the telephone and then slowly withdrew it. Big Jim had told him to take the desk.

Four years with Verity had taught Phil that when the chief delegated authority he meant it. He was depending on Phil to handle the job tonight and he wouldn't be pleased if the reporter called for advice. No, Phil knew he must decide—and there was only one fair decision possible.

He'd run the story.

Calling Rawlings, he asked him to handle the desk while he wrote the story. Rawlings took the chair, Phil going to his own desk. He slid the sheets under Rawlings' hand as he came back.

"Read that and tell me what you think," he said earnestly.

Rawlings raced through the typed lines and whistled. "Writing for practice?" he laughed. "You're not going to run that?"

"Exactly as written."

Rawlings faced Phil soberly. "Perhaps you don't know how big Larry Corrigan is," he said. "I can tell you—he's the big flash of the neighborhood."

"I know," Phil answered seriously. "But this thing happened. Young Corrigan is locked up; the girl's in the hospital with a bad wound. I've checked it, and those are the facts."

"They'll have the young cub out tomorrow," Rawlings remarked. "Old Corrigan knows his way about. He'll beat the case in court — buy off the girl, cover up everything. I'll bet he's got Gumshoe Jerry Field, the lawyer, working right now. If you interfere, he'll smash you. I'd call the chief before I ran the story."

"No," and Phil spoke steadily. "I'm on the desk, and I'm going to run it." He slipped the copy into the tube and sent it back to the composing room.

Rawlings rose. "I warned you," he said soberly. "You're playing with high explosive, and you're likely to get hurt. I know it's news and should be printed, but I wouldn't take the responsibility. You'll hear more about it before the night's over."

Phil turned back to work, making no reply. For an hour he dug steadily at the tasks of the desk job. The Corrigan story slipped from his mind, but came back when it leaped up to meet his gaze from a fresh galley proof. Carefully Phil read through the printed lines. The story was written fairly and impartially. From head to final paragraph it was true, and it was news. He sent the proof back.

Another period of steady work, and Phil glanced at the clock. Deadline was nearing. In an hour the paper would be out, and apparently Corrigan and Reno planned to raise no protests. Perhaps he'd better call police headquarters and see if any developments had come. In a moment he was talking with Hudson.

"What about Corrigan?" Phil asked.

Hudson laughed. "We've still got him," he answered. "He's under charges of being drunk and disorderly, assault with intent to kill, carrying concealed deadly weapons, and resisting an officer. I'm throwing the book at him—but it won't do any good."

"Are you sure?"

"Practically. Gumshoe Jerry Field has already been down. He's one slick lawyer. He asked about charges, told me he was going to see old Larry, and assured me I couldn't hold the boy. I've an idea that they're headed for a call on Big Jim. Is he going to back you up?"

Phil drew in a sharp breath. Corrigan was coming to bat, after all! "Big Jim isn't here," he explained to Hudson. "Called away while I was out, and left me to handle the desk."

"It's up to you then," Hudson commented. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm running the story."

"'Attaboy," came back the cheerful voice. "But you can expect to see Corrigan and Field. I'm certain they're coming there. Don't let 'em scare you."

"I'm ready for them," was Phil's steady reply, as he broke the connection.

Almost immediately Phil saw the two men enter. Field came first, glancing about uncertainly, then motioned Corrigan to follow. Rawlings started toward the desk, but Phil motioned him back. He'd handle this himself.

Jerry Field had a sleekness similar to Reno's, but there was nothing sleek about the bulky Corrigan. He was a big, upstanding figure, carelessly dressed, with hard blue eyes, and a mass of graying hair. He stared at Phil, and for a moment there was silence. Then Field spoke.

"We wish to see Mr. Verity," he said, in a low voice.

"He's out of town," Phil explained. "Perhaps I—"

"No," interrupted the lawyer, "we must see the managing editor."

"Then you can take the matter up with me," Phil said smoothly. "Mr. Verity left me in charge."

The lawyer glanced at Corrigan, and started to speak, but the older man pushed him aside.

"No use stalling, Field," he growled. "This young man knows what we're after."

Phil eyed the old man for a moment before replying. He saw the ruthlessness, the power, the cruelty, in the hard, wrinkled face, with its thin-lipped mouth under the beaklike nose. The reporter spoke slowly.

"I presume you're going to ask me not to use the story about your son, Mr. Corrigan."

"No, not ask!" snarled Corrigan. "Larry Corrigan never asks—he orders!"

Something stiffened in Phil Carter's spine. A gust of temper swept through him, but four years under Verity had taught him to control that temper. He spoke clearly, evenly:

"I take orders regarding news stories from only one man—and that man is not you!"

Corrigan's eyes flamed in anger, and unconsciously he knotted his fist as it pressed against the desk. Field stepped forward.

"Perhaps you don't fully understand," he said suavely to Phil.

"I've checked my information," Phil answered steadily. "There's nothing personal, understand, but I can't suppress the story of a crime because you wish it. The story must run."

"The lad is very young," Field said smoothly. "He's Mr. Corrigan's only child. You might consider his feelings as a father. He is taking care of all the expense at the hospital."

"I know," Phil nodded. "That is in the story. But I'm not trying the case—I'm only reporting it."

"Rubbish," snorted Corrigan. "No use wasting time. If you want money to forget, name the amount. I'll pay."

Phil flushed. "There's no question of money, Mr. Corrigan," he said flatly. "We don't do business that way."

Corrigan sneered. "I sized you up as a fool," he said roughly. "Do you like this job?"

"Very much."

"Then you'd better get right. If you don't I'll have you bounced out of here by tomorrow night. And I'll make the town too hot for you."

Something cold gripped Phil from inside. Corrigan was in the open. Phil wondered if he would be satisfied with merely having him thrown out. Or would he continue his fight and take vengeance on the *News?* If he did, the heaviest damage must fall on Big Jim Verity. A tremor shook Phil. Losing his own place was his personal choice. He had a right to gamble on that. But did he have a right to gamble with Verity's newspaper?

Yet that stiffening of the spine persisted. Some inner driving force told him to run the story. Resolutely he faced the old man.

"That is something that must be met when it comes," he said quietly. "You may have me fired. You may have me run out of town. You may make a fight on the *News*—but while I'm in charge of this

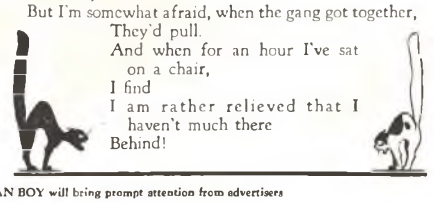
By CLOTILDE GRUNSKY

We once had a tail that was useful and handy,
Says Science;
And I think for myself it would still make a dandy
Appliance.
With a tail like a monkey's, just think of the stunts
I could do;
I'd grow fat, for I'd manage three ladles at once
In the stew.

Yet sometimes I think I should really prefer
One that's brushy;
I could sweep under sofas or use it for fur
When it's slushy.
But when I grow angry and want to throw china
And smash it,
I feel that a cat's tail would almost be finer—
I'd lash it!

For dress-up occasions a tail like a bird's
Would be pretty,
Although I'm afraid that it might look absurd
In the city.
Besides, when you're happy, it isn't much sport
Just to drag it;
So I'll choose me a tail that is stubby and short
And I'll wag it.

I shouldn't much care if 'twere made out of feather
Or wool,
But I'm somewhat afraid, when the gang got together,
They'd pull.
And when for an hour I've sat
on a chair,
I find
I am rather relieved that I
haven't much there
Behind!



desk I won't suppress news because you demand it. That's final."

Larry Corrigan glared at the reporter. Then he turned to Field.

"Well," he snapped, "what can you do? I pay you to handle these things."

Field shrugged. "Nothing," he confessed. "There's no law to keep this young cub from being a fool. But we can make him regret it."

Phil made no answer. That inner coldness was still upon him. He knew he was setting powerful forces against his newspaper, but an even more powerful force made him hold to his determination. The two men turned away, and with sober eyes Phil watched them pass into the night. Then he sank down slowly in his chair.

The clatter of the linotypes ceased, and Phil knew the paper was being put to bed. Soon Joe laid a fresh copy before him. Staring up from the first page was the Corrigan story and again Phil went through it carefully. Again he realized it was fair, impartial, truthful news.

Soberly, Phil reflected that it would be easier to kill the story. He could order it killed and the composing room force would rip it out in a few minutes. Then he could go on with Verity—perhaps be given the desk job. It was the easiest way. Phil knew that.

But it was not the easiest way that he sought. That inner driving force, that stiffening of the spine he had felt when he faced Corrigan's cruel eyes, persisted. Approval of the paper meant the parting of the ways—but with steady fingers he scrawled an okay on the sheet, and soon he heard the throb of the press. Then he rose abruptly and started home. The issue was completed. Right or wrong, his decision had been carried out.

THE telephone woke Phil shortly after noon, and he answered sleepily. It was Norris, *News* advertising man.

"Kid," Pat said guardedly, "you're in a bushel of trouble, and storm flags are flying in every direction."

"What's up?" Phil questioned.

"That Corrigan yarn. Old Corrigan and Reno are here now and have been hammering at Big Jim for the past hour. They're waiting for you, and I thought I'd tip you off if you don't want to see them."

"Thanks—but I'll be down," Phil answered slowly.

"Better bring your traveling bag," Pat advised.

Walking downtown, Phil dropped in at police headquarters to see Hudson. The officer greeted him enthusiastically.

"Phil," he said, "that Corrigan story started something. The district attorney's already been down to dig into the case and promises to give Field a sweet battle. The young cub's out—old Corrigan put up bail this morning—but the D. A. and the federal officers are fashioning a padlock for Reno's."

The news brought a glow to the young reporter. This faded, however, as he remembered the coming interview. But he smiled at Hudson as he went out.

Phil's heart beat nervously as he entered the city room and saw Verity at the desk. On either side sat Reno and Corrigan, and there was a flash of malevolence in Corrigan's hard eyes as he recognized the reporter. Verity's shaggy head was bent over the desk, but it snapped up as Phil approached. The gray eyes were devoid of expression, the lips set and straight. His finger indicated the Corrigan story.

"This your work, Carter?" he asked curtly.

"Yes, sir."

"You covered it completely—checked the facts?"

"Yes, sir." Phil braced himself and spoke steadily. Reno and Corrigan eyed him intently and Phil gave back look for look.

"You know these men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did they ask you not to run this story?"

"They ordered me not to, and threatened to have me fired if it appeared. Mr. Corrigan also said he would have me run out of town."

Verity shifted his attack. "You knew you could have called me in Memphis?"

"Yes, I knew that. But you left me in charge."

"Anybody in the office give you any advice?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

Phil flushed. "That doesn't matter, does it, Chief?" he asked soberly. "You think I made a mess of the thing, but I've been taught that news should be published if it's true. I'm willing to be fired. That's all those men are waiting for. Let's get it over with."

Big Jim faced Corrigan. "That's what you want, isn't it, Corrigan?" he asked.

"Yes—right now," Corrigan snarled, bleak eyes fixed on the reporter. "I told him last night I'd get him fired, and I want it done."

Verity rose and pushed his chair aside. He walked around the desk and laid a hand on Phil's shoulder.

"Carter," he said slowly, "you've been taught that news should be published. And, by thunder, you seem to have learned the lesson! If you'd knuckled down last night I'd know you hadn't. But you've learned it—the greatest lesson a newspaper man has to learn. Perhaps we'll lose something because we refused to meet Corrigan's demand. If so, we can get it back in time. But if you'd done what he demanded we'd have lost something we couldn't have regained. Integrity, fairness to the reading public, is what any newspaper must have. You've made me proud of you, kid!"

Corrigan lumbered to his feet. "You mean you're not going to throw him out?" he demanded. "You know what I can do to you—I can take the city advertising away from you, and I will! Now are you going to kick him out?"

"No," Verity answered curtly. "I'm backing him up. If you start anything, I'm going to finish it. I've an idea I can break you. You'll hurt us some, perhaps, but I'm ready to fight. Now—get out!"

In vitriolic quiet, Corrigan and his henchman departed.

"Thanks, Chief," Phil said, a little shakily. Then he grinned. "Gosh, but you had me scared for a minute. I should have known, though, that you always stand behind your reporters."

"Yes," Big Jim nodded, and a deeper gleam came into his eyes. "I stand behind my reporters—and my desk men. You go on the desk tonight. For keeps."

Phil looked back at him in a radiant silence that fairly shouted.

Big Jim chuckled. "There's your chair." He jerked a thumb at the shabby chair, and then eyed it reflectively. "I've about worn it out," he admitted. "Perhaps you'd like to get a new one."

"No," and again Phil's voice was shaky. "If you don't mind I'd like to sit in the same chair for a while anyhow."

JIMMIE RHODES RETURNS!

"You're detailed to Haiti. Flight instructor." With those brief words, the colonel starts the black-haired Army airman on the path to his newest adventures! Soaring adventures over the green jungles of Haiti! The first story, next month:

"THE GHOST SHIP CARRIES ON"

By **Frederic Nelson Litten**

In the Morning Mail

Conducted by Pluto, the Office Pup

YEP, the Morning Mail department is back. The boss said to me, "Plute, you procrastinating, peripatetic purp—" big words, even for him— "sit down in front of your water-cooled typewriter and bat out a Morning Mail."

And I replied, "All right, you egocentric, enervated ed, I'll do it."

We went on that way for some time, which proves that we're the same old pals we used to be. Furthermore we're going to organize a club.

kennel club is born!

Hereafter, every reader who gets a contribution printed in the Morning Mail becomes a chatter member of *The American Boy* Kennel Club and receives my autographed portrait. It's going to be a unique club because there'll be nothing but chatter members in it, and the livelier the chatter the better. For the time being I'll act as president and the ed will do the janitor work.

You'll want to know what kinds of contributions are most likely to get in. Here are some suggestions:

Comments on the magazine that have a point to make.

Personal experiences that will be helpful or interesting to other Kennel Clubbers — unique vacations, money-earning stunts, interesting hobbies, books you've read and why you like them.

Wise cracks about anything.

What *American Boy* authors and artists you prefer, and why.

So if you want to become a Kennel Clubber, just write Pluto, The Kennel Club, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Every contribution I can print will be rewarded with an autographed portrait.

Here's a suggestion for Joe Simpson, Birmingham, Ala., who collects the tops of soft drink bottles. Nail a layer of them upside down to a board and use the result for a foot scraper. It makes a good one.

pluto's personal service

One of the features of the Kennel Club will be Pluto's Personal Service for the Puzzled. In it I'll try to answer your questions on sports, study, vacations, hobbies, and practically everything else. I won't promise to answer all questions that come in, or to acknowledge them—there won't be the time and space. But the service will be unique in one way—the advice will be completely useless. It won't even make sense. So don't hesitate to write me about your problems. Just address your letters to Pluto's Personal Service for the Puzzled, and when you read the answers in this column, I'll guarantee that you'll be more puzzled than ever.

about harold keith

Did you like "The Crestwood Feud" in the September issue? It's Harold Keith's second story for *The American Boy*. His first story for us—or for any magazine—was "Toss-up," the January basketball story. Keith is director of sports publicity for the University of Oklahoma. As an undergrad at Oklahoma, he won letters in track and cross country, and in 1928 he won the indoor mile and two mile at the Missouri Valley Conference meet, won the 3,000 meter steeplechase at the Penn Relays, and ran anchor on a medley relay team that set new records at the Texas, Rice, and Kansas Relays. He's a specialist in track, but he has an expert knowledge of all sports.

Howard A. Stofel, Kirksville, Mo., has a good hobby. It's trees. He doesn't collect 'em; he goes walking with a notebook. When he comes to an interesting tree he sits down and writes up every distinguishing mark he can observe. For each trip he averages five miles of walking, two trees, and two hours' time.

what does college cost?

For the first Kennel Clubber I'm going to select Keller A. Higbee, who kept records of the expense of his first year at the University of South Dakota. Those of you who are wondering what college costs, glance at this:

Board	$ 10.25
Room	28.00
Tuition	70.00
Dues and Fees	49.50
Clothes	16.00
Books and Supplies	15.25
Stationery and Stamps	3.00
Laundry	1.13
Spending Money	36.00
Transportation	3.10
Toilet Articles	3.20
Hair Cuts	3.00
Total	$238.43

Don't take this as a guide. Every college differs, and Higbee was more fortunate in getting jobs than you may be. He explains that one job provided board after September and another job gave him his room during the first semester. He mailed his laundry home every two weeks, and hair cuts in Vermillion cost only 25 cents. He had time to work on the staff of the year book, sing in the university chorus, and take part in dramatics.

You hear a lot these days about there being too many boys in college. But what are the facts? Out of every 1,000 grown-up Americans, only 23 are college graduates. Only 125 out of every 1,000 are high school graduates. It's easy to see that a high school diploma puts you in the preferred group of 12½ per cent, and a college degree puts you in the upper 2.3 per cent! So it's worthwhile figuring on college and making some sacrifices for a degree.

flying cockroaches!

How does an author gather material? Well—behind "The Ship Without a Crew," which started in the September issue, lies a whole summer in the South Seas. Howard Pease and his wife rented a house on stilts, just outside of Papeete, on the shore of a coral-fringed lagoon. There they lived like royalty on $100 a month—house, coal-oil stove, maid, ice, food, mosquitoes, and flying cockroaches included. Pease learned that sharks really do eat people. One hungry maneater even attacked the propeller of his friend's boat! And one of his native friends went diving for an octopus, brought it up, boiled it, and offered Pease a slice, dipped in cocoanut sauce. He politely refused, turning a pale green around the gills. But he did learn to eat taro, yams, breadfruit, raw fish, and pasty banana POI. You'll learn more about Papeete in "The Ship Without a Crew."

he's coming back!

Two readers ask for Jimmie Rhodes stories—Erwin Heckroth, Oakfield, N. Y., and Max Walker, Jackson, Ohio. The lanky, black-haired, quick-tempered Army airman is returning this winter with some hot flying over the jungles of Haiti. Mr. Litten, the author, has just returned from a month in the island where, as guest of the government, he gathered a load of exciting material for his new series of stories. Did you know, by the way, that Mr. Litten's latest book, "Rhodes of the 94th," has been selected by the Junior Literary Guild as the September book for older boys? We approve heartily of the selection.

Raymond Jackson, Ocean Springs, Miss., collects golf tees, but we'll bet he never collected one behind a gentleman we saw last week. This man had two tees joined by a length of string. He put both tees in the ground and the golf ball on one of them. Then, even though he knocked the tee out of the ground, it couldn't get away. It was tethered.

let's get after him!

Chatter member No. 2 is Merle Sherman, Ithaca, Nebraska, who wants a Mark Tidd story. "Does Mr. Kelland need some help on the Mark Tidd story or has he just forgot to mail it to you?" he asks. Mr. Kelland needs more than help. He needs a bombardment of letters. I suggest that you write him care of this office, and we'll forward the letters. A few sackloads of mail should get action!

want to earn money?

Then write the National Committee on Wood Utilization, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., and inclose five cents each, for any of the following three booklets: "You Can Make It," "You Can Make It for Camp and Cottage," "You Can Make It for Profit." These three booklets will tell you how to make 300 useful articles, and the last-named booklet suggests markets for your products.

and now he writes

Glenn Balch, who writes about the red-gold collie Hide-rack (Hide-rack returns next month), lives in Boise, Idaho. "Since college," he says, "I've taught school, worked in a bank, worked in a cotton gin and as a day laborer on construction jobs, fought forest fires, ridden the range in Texas and reported for newspapers. For recreation, I like best hunting, fishing and polo."

That's all for this time. We're starting out with seven chatter members. Autographed portraits are going to them. Address your letters to Pluto, The Kennel Club, The American Boy, New Center Building, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

How Pluto Licked the Shark

'Twas in the South Sea Islands on a sparkling blue lagoon
That Plute, the Office Pup, engaged a shark.
The shore was jammed with people, on that merry day in June,
Who looked upon the battle as a lark.

The shark, whose name was Oscar, weighed exactly half a ton,
And measured forty feet from snout to tail,
While Pluto weighed but twenty pounds and measured two feet one—
Small wonder that his jowls were slightly pale!

He placed a knife between his teeth and grabbed a trusty bat,
Then bristled with experimental skill,
And growled a bit until he had his growler working pat,
Then leaped into the pool to make his kill.

They fought until the water rose in foamy, bubbling seas,
Resembling Jersey milk, bought fresh today.
They fought until the milk became a high-grade cottage cheese,
And through the curds they made their struggling whey.

They swished the cottage cheese about until the cheese was Swish—
Swiss cheese is almost wholly holes, you know—
And that's where Plute, the Office Pup, achieved his fondest wish;
He knew which way the battle now would go!

For Oscar stopped to eat the holes until he had his fill,
And eating holes induces awful pains.
If all the holes that Oscar ate were hammered through a hill,
They'd make a tunnel large enough for trains.

And that's how Pluto licked the shark; the jib at last was up.
Poor Oscar soon was hole from head to tail—
And if the ending puzzles you, just tell the Office Pup
Who wrote this ballad for the Morning Mail.

Larry Marsh, Packer

(Continued from page 6)

It isn't the easiest thing in the world to keep your head when riches come with a sudden leap. Understand?"

Larry was sure of two things. First, that he understood. Second, that this wasn't going to knock him off his pins.

"The boys say you've inherited a business. Do you mind telling me what kind of business?"

"A sardine factory, sir."

"Oh!" For some reason Mr. Denby seemed disturbed. "It's not my line, Marsh; but I sell them and so I try to keep posted. Sardines have gone through a bad period. The money rate of exchange gives Norwegian packers an edge, and they've played the mischief with the native product. We used to pay $3.25 for Maine sardines; now we can buy all we want for $2.25 a case. To a factory that puts out 100,000 cases, that means $100,000."

Larry tried to look as if he were accustomed to figuring in hundred-thousand-dollar terms. But the thought that ran through his mind had to do with the casual manner in which Mr. Denby had mentioned a hundred-thousand-case pack. If that was the sardine business, he had a gold mine.

"If I were in your place," Mr. Denby said, "I'd feel around and keep my feet on bottom. Don't try swimming too soon. Many a man has lost his eyeteeth in a venture he didn't understand. Every business has its own particular hazards. Caution. That's the word, Marsh—caution."

Larry nodded gravely, but he didn't feel grave. Older men always preached caution. If there weren't any money in the sardine business, how come there were still sardine packers? Besides, he wasn't going into a new business. He was taking over an established plant. His exultation surged up, and the ghost of a grin played around his mouth.

Mr. Denby stood up. "Usually we ask men for two weeks' notice when they're leaving. I'm not going to hold you to that. I know you're anxious to get to Maine. Next week you wouldn't be worth a rap to us; your mind would be on something else. So you can quit Saturday. And now, Marsh, good luck."

"Thank you," said Larry, and gripped the offered hand. "Perhaps you'll be selling our sardines next year, Mr. Denby."

There was a moment of silence. "Perhaps," said Mr. Denby.

At noon Larry bolted a sandwich and a slab of pie, and went to a bank near the office and drew out his savings. Two hundred and three dollars and thirty cents. He already had two serviceable suits; but when you're on your way to claim a fortune the thing to do is to arrive in state. He bought a new suit; the suit led, by a natural process, to a hat; and then the suit and the hat demanded shoes. He thought of his old suitcase, worn and dented, and purchased a new leather one. And then, $45 poorer in cash, he ran for the office in time to punch in on the minute of one o'clock.

Money—wealth—was already beginning to weave its hypnotic spell.

The week ran to a glamorous end. He went to the theater and sat in a $2 seat; and twice he had dinner down town. He gave notice at the rooming house that he intended to leave—"to go to Maine to claim an inheritance," he explained. He had wired Mr. Graves that he would arrive Monday. And on Saturday he gave a farewell dinner to four men of the office.

It was a gay meal, and the check came to $18. Larry had a momentary qualm as he computed how much of the $203 was gone; but, then, a fortune didn't fall out of the sky every day of the week. After the dinner, he went up Broadway, past Times Square, through a night aflame with flaring, colorful electric signs. Perhaps some day he'd have a sign up there in the dark sky advertising his own brand of sardines! . . .

Sunday night found him in Bangor. The last train for Eastport had gone. He went to a hotel near the station, picked up an automobile map of Maine in the lobby, and followed a bell-hop to his room. Eastport, Eastport. His finger traced the coast and found it. There it lay, at the far eastern end of the state. The most easterly city in the United States! The jumping-off place, one of the men back in the office had called it. Well, that was as you looked at it. So far as Mr. Lawrence Marsh was concerned, it was the jumping-on place.

Next day a slow accommodation train carried him at a leisurely pace across the state. Chafing, impatient, he watched long stretches of forests and an occasional town, and low stretches of mountains. By and by, with the mountains gone, the air changed. Salt crept into it—brine, and the rush of tides, and the heavy moisture of the depths. Through the winter-naked trees he saw a far stretch of green water. The sea! An eager tremor crawled through his blood, and he thrust a hand into his pocket and drew out the well-thumbed letter.

Phrases came to life upon the page. "Troubles in the sardine industry," and "come quietly and tell your business to no one." Why, Mr. Denby had said something about sardines having had a bad time. He put the letter away and whistled under his breath. What did they mean, trouble? Didn't he own a factory and plenty of cash? He leaned back in the seat, and slowly the old grin mocked the letter with disbelief. If that was trouble, feed it to him and watch him grow fat.

He looked at his watch. Half an hour to Eastport—and fortune. Once he caught a glimpse of the sea piling up on a stretch of white sand. And then it was fifteen minutes, ten minutes, five. He pulled his bag down from the rack. The train rolled slowly over a long bridge spanning a wide, rushing inlet, and instinctively he knew that here was a tide like no other tide he had ever seen. It frothed at a sand bar, boiled around a jutting ledge, and rolled forward with a heavy, swollen, irresistible pressure. A log, caught in the current, twisted and rushed toward the trestle. Larry gripped the bag and, for the first time, felt the touch of a nameless apprehension.

The train slowed, clattered and jerked, stopped. He swung to the ground. The sea was gone. The land ran with drab flatness — north, south, east, and west. There was a garage across the tracks, a house here and a house there. A plump and rosy gentleman wiped the windshield of an automobile. Nothing more.

And yet the unseen sea was in every breath he drew. It saturated the air, and filled it with a damp, cold freshness. The gentleman had finished with the windshield and stood watching him with friendly interest. He went forward.

"Good morning, sir. This is Eastport, but—" he gave a puzzled grin and a helpless gesture.

"But where is Eastport?" The plump little man chuckled. "My boy, we hide our charms. Any particular part of Eastport?"

"Why, the business part, I guess."

"That might be Water Street or the fish factories. When you get to one, you're a hawser's length from the other. Any particular person?"

"A Mr. Ralph Graves."

If possible, the rosy gentleman became even rosier. "My boy," he cried heartily, "this is luck. Bless my soul, if it isn't. I'm going right down that way; drop you off at Ralph's door. Hop in." He went around the car on short, nimble legs, and Larry was captivated by this warmth of welcome to a stranger. The door swung open. "Now, your bag—" he reached in with it to lay it on the floor behind the driving seat. The end that faced him was blank. Deftly he swung the bag around. There, on the leather, was a silver "L. M."

Larry climbed in. "You're mighty kind, sir."

"Tut, tut! I find my dinner sets better if I've been a little helpful to a neighbor. It's a small town, my boy, and we're all neighbors. If you and I weren't neighbors this morning we are now, though it gave me a start to see you standing there when the train pulled out."

"You were expecting somebody?" Larry asked, sorry that this fine old gentleman should be disappointed.

"Bless you, no. It was the surprise of seeing a stranger. Not that we don't have our share of visitors—you should see Eastport in the summer. But once winter sets in, we're a little too far out of the way. New faces become an event. Before tomorrow night, if you remain over that long, all Water Street will be wondering who you are and why you're here."

Larry, remembering the letter in his pocket, said nothing.

"A curious people," the old gentleman confessed, with a delightful air of confidence. "After all, can you blame them? Winter shuts them off a bit from the outside world. I'll even own up to a share of curiosity myself." He laughed softly; and Larry, for no apparent reason, found himself laughing, too.

"Certainly," the man went on judicially, "you aren't a drummer, for drummers come by automobile. Our trains are few, and without a car a man couldn't cover the territory. Then there was the possibility that you might have come to visit a kinsman—"

"I haven't a relative in the world," Larry said soberly.

A sympathetic hand patted his knee. "Forgive me, my boy." A moment later the plump face was beaming again as if here were a font of good humor too deep and full to be long subdued. "Then there was the other possibility that you might actually have come on business; though now that the sardine season is ended and the pack closed—"

Larry, conscious of the keenest of eyes surveying him with a jovial, disarming interrogation, grew uncomfortable in his seat. It seemed ungracious to reward this open-hearted, unconcealed interest with tight-lipped reserve. But there was the letter in his pocket and its plain-spoken warning.

The old gentleman took the rebuff cheerfully. "My boy, you are right. It is your own affair, and you do well to put me in my place." He twinkled and chuckled, and slid the car into gear, and they moved off.

At once Larry's eyes were hot upon the road. What would he find, here where he had come to live, and work, and carve out his future? A window was down, and the air that blew in his face carried the brine of a thousand tides. The houses came closer together—houses built solidly against a long winter, with great piles of cordwood stacked in the yards and here and there a fisherman's pants and coat of faded blue denim blowing on a line. In one of the yards an overturned dory lay across two logs; a pair of oars stood upright on a small porch. They passed a church, a small house with a home-

made sign reading "Rooms — Meals," and a discouraged-looking hotel. And then the road topped a rise and pitched down toward Water Street and the sea.

Larry sat motionless. His eyes drank it in — an alley between the Water Street buildings, a stretch of picturesque wharf, one corner of a paint-peeled, frame structure, and then the long, jeweled reach of Passamaquoddy Bay.

A dingy freighter, low in the water, went down the Narrows sluggishly and rolled black soot from her funnel. A schooner, sails down, decks black from the coal in her hold, lay thirty fathoms off the wharf and waited for a tug to nose her into her berth. The rolling tide ripped past her bow and carried foam in its wake.

And again the boy knew that touch of apprehension. Now he gave it a name—it was the tide. It overshadowed the cold and the damp breath of the sea. It made the wharves and the buildings upon them seem fragile and precarious. He did not know its depth; yet he knew it was dark and sullen and deep. He did not understand its force; yet he could sense its irresistible power. He did not know its mood; yet instinct told him that it was pitiless and unrelenting.

"My boy," the genial voice beside him said, "you should see it in the summer. Then the Canadian islands are green, and the sky is blue and warm, and it laughs in the sun."

"I shall see it in the summer," said Larry. The spell was still on him. "What's that building on the wharf?"

"That's a fish factory." The old gentleman spoke with a caressing, jubilant softness.

Larry got out of the car. That building a factory? Why, it looked as if a wind might knock it down. But then it was probably one of the smaller establishments. He reached in for his bag.

"I'm mighty grateful to you, sir," he said with boyish sincerity.

"Tut, tut." A hand patted his arm with the gentleness of a benediction. "We live only once, and if we can make the road a little smoother—" the old gentleman beamed and shook hands heartily. "It was a pleasure, my boy—a very real pleasure."

The car was gone. Ralph Graves' name was on a tin plate beside a door. Larry pushed open the door and faced a flight of dark stairs. He reset his hat and pulled down his overcoat. Well, he had followed the lawyer's instructions. Nobody knew he was in town, nobody knew who he was, nobody knew the nature of his business.

Around the corner, in a Water Street store, Morry Hicks stood with a telephone receiver against his ear and talked dreamily into a transmitter.

"Jake? He's here. Never saw a fish factory before, but he plans to pack fish. Brass knuckles for the heavy hand. You may need them. He has red hair and a cleft chin."

Chapter Three

TO Larry Marsh, accustomed to neatness, discipline, and systematic order at the Empire Grocery Co., Inc., the office of Ralph Graves was a cyclonic snarl of disordered, misplaced odds and ends. The desk was a churn of papers, pipes, pens, and scattered ink bottles. Law books were piled everywhere—on the floor, on chairs, and even on the open glass doors of the bookcases. A model of a square-rigged schooner, one mast broken and hanging drunkenly, emerged from the litter on top of the iron safe. A pair of rubbers had been kicked into a corner and stood beside an umbrella. There was a stained tin cuspidor, a cracked green globe hanging from a cord, and a badly worn, threadbare lap in the rug as if the lawyer were given to pacing round and round the desk in moments of mental stress.

Ralph Graves himself was as untidy, as haphazard, as the office. His clothing, rumpled and bagged, looked as if he had slept in it. He was a long, loose, ungainly man, with long, fleshless fingers, and a long, pallid, cadaverous face. With the exception of one scrubby tuft of sparse hair, he was bald. A bulging forehead came down to meet bulging eyebrows; a thin, hawklike nose ran down to meet the lips, and the lips themselves were drawn in tightly toward the teeth as if their owner were set to spring at you and bite. Larry, watching this tufted, stringy man, could think only of a tough, timeworn eagle perched upon the dead limb of a blasted pine.

The lawyer's elbows were on the arms of his chair and his chin rested, sphinx-like, on his clasped hands. Larry grew uncomfortable under the slow, tight-lipped scrutiny. The lips moved, and the words that came from them had a dry, arid twang.

"So you're Lawrence Marsh?"

"Yes, sir."

"John Marsh's cousin?"

"Yes."

"Humph! You don't look it."

Larry was nettled. "What am I supposed to have? Three legs or just two heads?"

"Temper," the lawyer said, unmoved. "You're a Marsh. John had it, too. Didn't do him much good. Stood up to Jake Grimmer the longest; was the last to quit. Almost cost him his shirt."

Whatever Larry had expected on his arrival, it had not been tart criticism. By contrast with the chubby Santa Claus who had driven him from the station, the lawyer was irritating acid. His temper grew warmer.

"At least I inherit the shirt, Mr. Graves."

"Minus a few buttons," the lawyer said without emotion.

The boy's chin stiffened. Something was wrong here, and he groped for the answer. Hadn't the letter said a fish factory and some cash in the bank? Presently, after a silent moment, he ran a relieved hand through the red hair. He saw it now. The man was an iceberg, a gloomy croaker of dirges, a wet blanket.

"Perhaps we'll sew on a few buttons, Mr. Graves."

The pale face, with its sunken cheeks, continued to survey him from over the clasped hands. "Know anything about sewing?"

Larry grinned. "Anybody can sew."

"Depends upon the buttons," the man rasped dryly. And before Larry could speak the voice twanged again. "Age?"

"Twenty-one."

"Humph! You wouldn't even make bait for Old Jake. Ever see sardines packed?"

"No."

"Planning to pack them?"

"Yes."

The lawyer made a sound in his throat. "Had a job?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Bookkeeper."

"Salary?"

"Twenty-four dollars a week. There isn't anything else you want to know, Mr. Graves, is there?"

"If there is, I'll ask. Chucked the job, I suppose?"

"What if I did?"

"Any chance to get it back?"

The overcoat slid from Larry's lap and lay unheeded upon the floor. He sprang to his feet and strode to the desk. The pallid, inscrutable face continued to regard him above the clasped hands.

"Mr. Graves, you've done nothing since I came in here but hint. If those hints mean what they seem to mean, I've come all the way to Maine to claim an empty bag. You said there was a factory and cash. Who's this Jake Grimmer? Isn't there any cash?"

"About $2600. After the funeral's paid for, it will be down to $2200. I didn't say there was a lot of cash. I was careful to say there was some cash."

The boy wet his lips. "How about the factory?"

"It hasn't packed a case of fish in almost two years."

Twenty-two hundred dollars and an abandoned plant! Bankrupt, maybe. And his imagination had soared to at least a hundred-thousand-case pack and thousands upon thousands in the bank. The lawyer had not changed his position. Larry asked unsteadily:

"Why did my cousin stop packing?"

"Jake Grimmer."

"Who is this Jake Grimmer?"

"He's the man who won out in the fish wars along the Quoddy. He ran up the price at the weirs, cut the selling price, and froze men out of the market. One by one they quit. John Marsh was the last man to shake down his fire and lock his doors. He paid for it. Nobody packs now but Old Jake."

Larry moved, and stepped on the overcoat. Mechanically he picked it up and laid it across a chair. He had babbled to a policeman and to a waiter that he was wealthy, and the policeman had advised him to go home and sleep it off. . . . He wanted to laugh; and then something tightened in his throat and he swallowed twice.

"I could have written you that you had inherited a bubble," the dry voice went on. "Would you have believed it? You'd have broken speed records getting here to learn who was trying to skin you out of your factory. So I let you come—you'd have come anyway. I didn't tell you to chuck your job. I didn't tell you to roll up your sleeves and go in the sardine business. I advised you to come up here and make up your mind what you wanted to do. That was a mistake. I forgot one thing—that you might be a Marsh. The instant you walked in the door I knew you had arrived with all sails set. It was too late then. I saw one Marsh break his heart out there above the Quoddy tides. I don't want to see it happen to another."

A change had come over Ralph Graves. Somehow he was no longer a ghoulish specter of disaster, no longer the eagle on a blasted pine.

"You — you liked my cousin, Mr. Graves?"

The long thin fingers tightened. "I loved him like a brother. Because you were his cousin I gave you the bad news between the eyes. Sometimes it's more merciful to hurl a man overboard than to ease him in and drown him by inches."

Drown! The word was filled with a stark finality, and Larry drew a sighing breath. The heat went out of his temper and left him cold. Was it only an hour ago he had stepped off a train with the breath of the sea in his face and had planned great things? Well—he worried one hand through the red hair, stiffened himself, and tried to throw off the blow.

"Mr. Graves, I—I didn't expect this. I'm lost. I don't know what it's all about. When somebody leaves you a business and cash in the bank. . . . This man Grimmer—did he start all this trouble?"

The hands came down from the tightly drawn lips. "No. I'll give Old Jake his due. I don't give him credit for much, but I'll give him credit for that. He didn't start it; he finished it."

"But—"

Ralph Graves stood up. In the chair his face had seemed emaciated; standing, his whole body was a gaunt rack. His shoulders stooped, his legs were abnormal pipes, and his arms were bones on which his hands were hung. He came round the desk in a single, gigantic stride.

"Trouble?" he rasped. "When hasn't there been trouble in the sardine industry? Fish wars, exhausted peace, a new war—and in every war somebody smashed. There was money in packing fish, and somebody always tried to hog it. Wild bidding for fish at the weirs to keep other packers from getting sardines. Wild smashing of prices to keep the packer who bought fish from selling them. Each war a little worse than the last. Weirs smashed, sardine boats sunk, factories crippled by sabotage so that they couldn't run." The ungainly body swung about and a claw of a finger poked at the boy's chest. "That's what you've inherited."

Larry's eyes were hot.

"Then—" the lawyer's voice had become dry and flat—"then Jake Grimmer came along. By that time the price of sardines had dropped in the market. The Norwegian pack was making itself felt, and the big profits were gone. A sardine war is like another kind of war—it takes money. The other packers, drained by the earlier wars, didn't have the money. Jake did. He put on the screws. He kept them there. He offered more for fish at the weirs. Other packers had to meet his bid. He cut the case price of the pack. They had to meet that, too. It bled them, and it bled Old Jake. The old wars had been rough and furious; this was a steady, cold-blooded bleeding. One by one packers saw the handwriting on the wall and quit while they had something to quit with. John Marsh fought to the end. When he shut down, it was the end."

A whistle came from the Narrows. Thoughtfully, almost absently, Larry walked to a window. A tug had taken the schooner, and men waited on the wharf to make her fast. From the window he could see a wider vista down the alley between the Water Street buildings, more of the paint-peeled structure that the merry old gentleman had told him was a factory. His eyes, searching, picked out faded letters. M—A—R—

"Is that the plant?" he asked steadily.

"Yes."

"What's it worth?"

"As it stands—nothing."

"What would it be worth if it were running—making money?"

"Thirty to thirty-five thousand dollars."

The tide caught the schooner and, despite the tug, swung her stern. Larry

watched the rips and the foaming swirls with a stiffening mind. It was hard, relentless water, and it bred a hard business and hard, relentless men. If you feared you were whipped. The thing that had been symbolic became real. You fought this mighty sea tide and you fought Jake Grimmer. You fought them both for sardines. The prospect seemed hopeless. Yet—

"Is there any debt on the factory?"

"No."

"Can I raise a mortgage?"

"Where?"

"At the banks."

"Try it," the lawyer rasped with dry sarcasm. "Up here a closed fish factory's a corpse. No sane bank would lend a dime on a dozen of them. What do you want a mortgage for?"

Larry turned from the window. "To raise money."

Ralph Graves glared. "Naturally. But why? What for?"

"To pack fish."

"Jehoshaphat!" The man's thin legs carried him round and round the desk in agitation. "Mad," he croaked. "Mad as a cracked pot." Suddenly he was across the room, a bristling finger pounding into the boy's chest with every word. "You can't pack fish. Get that through your skull, even if it is a Marsh skull. You—can't—pack—fish."

"Why not?"

The lawyer groaned. "I've told you. Jake Grimmer."

"Suppose," Larry said slowly, "I do pack fish?"

"You won't sell them."

"Why not?"

"Jake Grimmer. Do you want me to spell it?" The finger ceased to poke his chest; a hand clutched his arm. A surprising show of strength dragged him back to his chair and sat him in it. "I tried to talk to one Marsh and wore out my throat. Now, by the eternal, you'll listen to me. You're going to Mrs. Dill's—straight down Water Street to the library and then a block to the right. White house with a rooster weather vane on the roof. You're going to tie up there and lie snug. I'll do the talking—and I'll talk to Grimmer. There's the factory, and two boats—"

"Oh!" Larry sat up. "I didn't know there were boats."

"How do you think a factory gets fish in from the weirs?"

"What are they worth?"

"There's a million dollars' worth of sardine boats over at Deer Island rotting in Richardson's Cove. Now ask me what a sardine boat's worth!"

Larry was silent.

"Beginning to get a glimmer, are you? As I said, I'll talk to Old Jake. Maybe I'll be able to get him to buy you out. Maybe he'll pay $7,000 or $8,000—maybe I'll be able to squeeze him for $9,000."

"I thought you said the factory was worthless."

"Nine cents less than that," Ralph Graves snapped. "But you're a Marsh. He bit into one Marsh and it was tough chewing. Old Jake would take the last hair off your head in a fish war, but he's no fool. There's a lot of sardine money soaked away here and there, but the men who own the factories are afraid to try to come back. So long as those factories stay closed, Jake Grimmer is king. Let one of them open, and he's a king with a revolution on his hands. I think I can make him see the wisdom of paying you to turn over the Marsh plant and go home."

There was silence in the office.

"Well?" the lawyer snarled, exasperated.

"Suppose I won't sell him the plant?" Larry asked.

"Good lord." The man pulled at his long fingers and the bones cracked. "You sell out to him if you get the chance or you'll find yourself with nothing to sell."

"In other words, if I'll be a good little mouse and crawl in my hole, he'll throw me a piece of cheese."

"Blunt, aren't you? Well, I'll be blunt too. Yes."

"I don't like cheese," Larry drawled.

Now, there is the drawl of indifference, the drawl of laziness, the insulting drawl of contempt. This was a fighting drawl. The lawyer, after one tight-lipped glare, took his ungainly body to his chair and sank into it.

"John Marsh's hair was as black as yours is red," he said bitterly, "and yet you're two bees from the same hive. You've never seen the inside of a factory, you don't know any more about the sardine industry than a baby does about liver and bacon, and yet with your twenty-one-year-old wisdom you've solved the whole problem. Do you mind opening your valuable mind and letting fall a few pearls of wisdom? Do you mind informing me what you think you intend to do?"

"I *know* what I intend to do."

"That's even better. That's spoken like a real Marsh. Just what do you intend to do?"

"Pack fish."

"On what?"

"I'll have about $2200, won't I?"

The man laughed hollowly. "How many cases do you think you'll pack with $2200?"

"I'll tell you," Larry flared, "after I get them packed."

They were both glaring now — the twenty-one-year-old redhead and the gaunt, rumpled skeleton who had seen his best friend break under Old Jake's heel.

"Where can I find a man who knows this fish game?" Larry demanded.

"You mean to go through with this, don't you?"

"Yes."

The lawyer sagged in the chair, and one bony arm lay half across the desk. Weariness was in the pose; but the lips were still tight, the hollow eyes still blazed.

"So you're looking for trouble, are you?" he sighed. "All right; go get it. You won't be the first rooster who crowed in the morning and went into the soup pot that afternoon. Bannister's your man—Pete Bannister. He was the Marsh Company's foreman; I'll get word to him. If I had an ounce of sense I'd wash my hands of you, but you happen to be John Marsh's cousin. If you find yourself running without a compass come to me. I'll give you my best advice—not that I expect it to do any good." The hand on the desk moved and waved a dismissal. "Tell Mrs. Dill she's housing a man who's in a fair way to be the biggest fool in Eastport."

In the hall Larry wiped his forehead. A couple of thousand in cash, and a factory worth nothing—unless he could make it worth something. The bright dreams that had filled those final days in New York were gone. What a fool he'd been! And level-headed, acid-tongued Ralph Graves had told him clearly what a fool he promised to be. Perhaps he *was* planning the impossible. Slowly, with indecision dragging at him, he plodded down the dimly lit flight of steps.

Reaching Water Street, he stood still, staring out beyond the coal-burdened schooner, out at the rolling tide. Dark and powerful and pitiless, it rolled on and on—the tide, sweeping everything along in its relentless current. . . .

"You can't buck the tide," Larry muttered, his shoulders sagging. And yet—

Suddenly he straightened, and grinned. "But I'm just fool enough to try it!" he declared.

With that, he swung briskly down the street toward Mrs. Dill's. Ralph Graves had said he should tie up there and lie snug. Well, he'd tie up there — and fight!

(To be continued in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

IF! That's an Important Word, When You're Exploring a Thousand Miles of Desert!

Told to Franklin M. Reck

by ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Famous Explorer and Vice-Director of the American Museum of Natural History

Triceratops, the great three-horned dinosaur, once roamed through Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. In the Gobi, Dr. Andrews searched for bones of this dinosaur's ancestor, Protoceratops.

Protoceratops--*Say It, It's Easy!*

There's a word that keeps your mouth well occupied when you're saying it. When you bring it out from behind its scientific hiding it means, roughly, "one of the earliest-known dinosaurs," the dinosaurs being reptiles with legs which roamed the earth millions of years ago. This article tells you where *Protoceratops* was discovered, how he linked up two continents, and a lot of other fascinating facts uncovered by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, famous explorer and naturalist, on his memorable expeditions into the Gobi Desert.

FOR a mere two-letter word, "If" packs a punch. If you don't believe it, let me tell you how important a word it was on our Gobi Desert Expedition. How a combination of mere chances and lucky coincidences, in fact, accounted for some of our most important discoveries!

You already know how the American Museum of Natural History sent a great expedition into the Central Asian Plateau to prospect for fossilized bones. We started that expedition because Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, head of the museum, believed that certain dinosaurs and mammals discovered in Europe and Western America had come over from Asia. That many forms of life, in fact, had originated in the Gobi region and from there had migrated eastward to this country and westward to Europe.

We did a number of unusual things on that expedition. We used autos for transportation when advisers told us that autos couldn't be used. We carried fuel and supplies in a great camel train. We went looking for fossils although we were told that we wouldn't find any.

We did find them in great numbers, and we had just finished a profitable summer in the heart of the Gobi badlands and were striking a new route homeward to Peking when Chance uncovered for us the richest find of them all.

Shackelford, the expedition's photographer, and I were in the first car, well ahead of the rest. For a hundred miles we had traveled through desert and badland without seeing a Mongol. It was September, snow had fallen in the Altai Mountains behind us, and we were eager to get home. We were even more eager to find a Mongol who could tell us where the nearest water was, and when at last we saw two felt-covered tents—Mongols call them *yurts*—to the south of us, we were gleeful.

I dropped Shackelford on the trail, so that he could halt the rest of the cars when they came up. Then I drove south the two miles to the *yurts*. As I came closer, I saw several men rush out of their tents, mount their ponies, and take to the hills. The women came out terrified, holding up their hands in supplication, and begging me not to kill them.

There was nothing for me to do but calm their fears and wait until their courageous husbands had returned from hiding. After the men came riding back, I learned that there was a well not far to the north.

In the Gobi Dr. Andrews (right) discovered the first known dinosaur eggs.

Meanwhile, Shackelford, who has the questing nose of a hunting dog on a trail, couldn't resist exploring a bit to the north. At first glance it all looked like flat desert, but Shackelford's keen eye perceived that the desert seemed to fall away imperceptibly. The farther he walked, the more apparent it became that the land on which the car had been traveling was higher land. And suddenly he came to the edge of a bank and below him was a great basin filled with spires and battlements of weathered rock.

An instant's glance told him that the basin was splendid fossil hunting ground.

"I'll just drop down there for five minutes," he said, "and see what I can find."

He climbed down and walked up to a pinnacle that had eroded, leaving a bone exposed at the very top. He picked it up and walked back to the car, and when the others came along he showed it to them. It was something new, and obviously important. Dr. Granger was only able to say that it was some unknown type of reptile.

Since the well was in the bottom of the very basin Shackelford had been exploring, we camped there for two days. We found all sorts of bones. We picked up bits of shell. And we knew that we would have to return next year and give the spot a thorough prospecting.

Next year we discovered how significant our discovery had been. The skull was identified as the ancestor of a horned dinosaur that had been previously found only in America. America and Asia were definitely linked.

The bits of shell were dinosaur eggs—the first dinosaur eggs ever discovered. Later we found whole dinosaur eggs, and cracked eggs inside of which could be definitely traced the bones of the embryo!

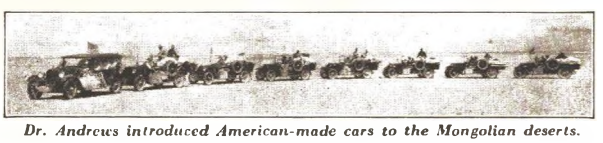
Now dinosaurs are reptiles and they existed in the Age of Reptiles before mammals came upon the scene. But in this selfsame basin we found the bones of tiny mammals in the same rock layers as the dinosaurs. In other words we had located mammals that existed in the Age of Reptiles. Nature's first effort to produce the mammals that now rule the world! Here was a big, new discovery!

And that isn't all we found in this spot. We located flints and stone tools that told us of a race of Dune Dwellers who lived here approximately 20,000 years ago! We named the basin the Flaming Cliffs and out of there we took 75 skulls, 14 complete skeletons, literally thousands of flints and stone tools belonging to a hitherto unknown race of men, dozens of dinosaur eggs, and the bones of the earliest known mammals, 100 millions of years old! An ancient race, dinosaurs, early mammals! Our discoveries linked up two continents and added tremendously to our knowledge of the earth's history.

For two million years this rhinoceros skeleton lay in the sands.

Now, *if* we hadn't taken a new trail back home, *if* those two Mongol *yurts* hadn't been just where they were, *if* the Mongol husbands hadn't been scared off and delayed me, and *if* Shackelford hadn't been a restless, inquisitive searcher, and *if* his keen eyes hadn't detected something unusual about the deceptively level desert, and *if* he had picked up some other, already known skull instead of the one he did, these new important pages of history might still be unwritten.

But as I said before, that little word packs an extremely heavy punch.



Dr. Andrews introduced American-made cars to the Mongolian deserts.

Peter Taylor, Friend of the Jungle Cats

(*Continued from page 11*)

all. A sea voyage is rather hard on tropical animals; so he got permission to keep the group in Hillside Park, Newark, New Jersey, until the following spring. During the winter months he let them get accustomed to their surroundings and to him. Then toward the first of the year he started breaking them.

"One lion gave me a great deal more trouble than any other animal there," he says. "That cat couldn't get along with the other animals and didn't seem particularly anxious to get along with me.

"I decided to take him out of the group and work with him alone. This would get him more used to me and I felt I could convince him in the end that though I was asking him to do things he wasn't accustomed to doing I wasn't going to hurt him. Fear rather than fury is the motivation of most attacks on man by wild animals.

"A newspaper photographer had been watching my indoor work during the winter. When I announced that on the first pleasant spring day I was going to take this particular lion outside he said, 'I want to be perched up somewhere, and catch a picture of you and that big fellow getting better acquainted.' So he got a stepladder and was on the top of it with his camera during all that later happened.

"The lion charged me without warning as soon as I entered the arena. It is all nonsense to say that every lion crouches, or switches his tail, or otherwise gives advance notice of attack. Each lion has his own individual technique of battle.

"I warded off the lion's charge with the chair. Then rushed him with it just as aggressively as he had rushed me.

"He was full of fight, and came back at me with battle royal. I knew I had to break him then and there, or surrender him to a dealer in outlaw animals. So I buckled into the job for all I was worth.

"I fought until the legs of the chair were chewed to kindling wood. Perhaps fifty people stood outside but there were no more chairs, as there had been that time in Paris, to send over the top of the bars. I had a wise old assistant, however, holding a hooked stick that he knew how to manipulate.

"When my chair seat went the way of the legs, and I had only the back to hold, I rushed the lion with that. I cracked my whip — symbol of human authority—until it, too, was worn down to ribbons from the cat's teeth.

"In the melee I had fired all my blank cartridges except one. It was well I saved that one, for in one last terrific charge the lion threw me off my feet and in a jiffy had me in his mouth, my pistol arm pinioned in his mane!

"The people watching breathlessly outside said later that the lion held me up proudly and lashed his tail as he trotted three times with me round the arena. They said he was exactly like a cat, pleased with herself for having captured a mouse.

"My assistant was no tenderfoot. He held his hook poised, ready to strike, but had horse sense enough to realize that while the lion was parading with me he was holding his jaws loosely—as lions do when they hold their young—and that my real danger would come when he laid me down.

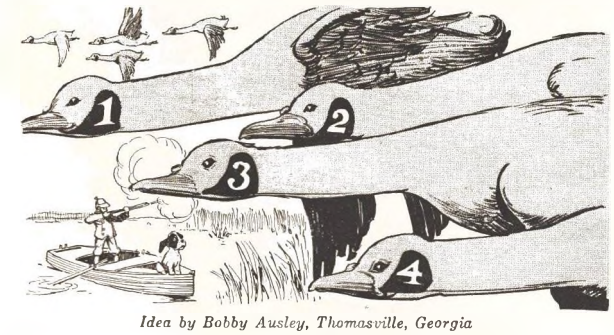
"After three circuits of the arena the lion backed to the center of the ring where, growling, he laid me upon his paws.

"This released my arm, and I fired the blank so close to his eyes that it almost blinded him!

"At the same moment my assistant gave him a vigorous punch with his hooked stick—provoking a roar of pain and rage.

"I got to the door of the safety cage and, to emphasize the fact that I was not licked, slammed it in the lion's face. Some demonstration like this was necessary to refocus the animal's attention on me as the probable cause of his troubles. He had won the momentary triumph of carrying me about in his mouth. Then the flash of the cartridge in his face and the terrific punch of the stick in his ribs happened together.

RIGHT ON THE NECK!



Idea by Bobby Ausley, Thomasville, Georgia

BRAND these geese with the titles of the four best stories in this issue. Right on the neck! No. 1 gets the story you like best—No. 2 second best, etc. Then mail the ballot with your name and address to the Best Reading Editor, American Boy, New Center Bldg., 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. The Pup says he'll retrieve more of the stories you like best.

Your Name..... Age.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

The slam of the cage door gathered up these impressions and connected them, in the dark animal brain, with me.

"'How about your pictures?' I asked the press photographer after it was all over—thinking what a fine chance he had had to get perhaps the only authentic picture in the world of a man being carried around an arena in the mouth of an angry lion.

"'I didn't get any,' he answered sheepishly. 'I forgot to take them!'"

That lion who carried Peter Taylor around developed later into an excellent performer. He went on the road with the Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill show — and the slight, dark gentle trainer he had tried so hard to destroy saved him from a horrible death. Once I succeeded in getting modest Peter Taylor to tell me this story.

"It is my custom," he finally began, "to go to the cars after the evening performance to see that my animals have been comfortably bedded for the night. No animal that is left without water or is in any way uncomfortable can be happy. And I want only happy animals in my acts.

"The animal cages are put up an incline to the railroad car. Beside the track is a long line of torches. Some straw must have been sticking out from the bottom of the cage as it went up the incline beside the torch. But nobody had noticed anything wrong. The wagon had been chalked as put away.

"When I came along I noticed a thin wreath of smoke issuing from the top of the car. I called immediately for water, unbuckled my keys, climbed into the car, and entered the cage.

"The six big male lions inside were milling round, pawing the bars and whimpering, but they were too far gone with the stifling smoke to do more than lurch against me as I gathered the burning straw together with my foot and hurled it through the space left open at the bottom for feeding. Part of the wood of the cage was on fire, and this I controlled with my coat until the men came with the water.

"The lions' manes were terribly singed, but otherwise they were unharmed. Yes, I have a medal from my employers that bears the inscription: *For Saving Six Lions From Death by Fire.* But I really deserved no medal for doing what I did. I had broken all those lions myself, and the call to save them was as imperative as if they had been my children."

In Mexico Peter Taylor traveled "on his own" with twelve lions he had imported from Africa. The lions had been on board ship eight days before the first performance in Tampico. They were not so well acquainted as the trainer likes to have them. A fight broke out just before he was to enter the arena.

For nearly an hour he stood in the safety cage, a kind of barred annex to the arena, but could not push open the door against the heavy, clawing bodies of the lions.

"They say the Mexicans are bloodthirsty," he will tell you, "but when the audience finally realized I was really trying to enter the cage, they called to me from all over the house to stay out —that I was only throwing my life away. But I had to save my lions!

"When I finally got inside, I never stopped so bad a fight so quickly.

"It was simply a case of using the chair and the whip to maneuver the lions, one by one, away from the clawing, fighting group, and then force them to mount their pedestals.

"When I got the first bloodstained lion on his stool — still snarling but acknowledging my authority—the audience broke into a mad storm of applause.

"As the second, and the third, and the fourth, and the fifth lions were mounted and made to behave, the crowd grew even more enthusiastic and demonstrative. Of course, sometimes as I was getting one lion up, two would slink down to leap back into the battle, and I would have that much work to do over again.

"But finally I got the twelfth bloody belligerent on his stool. Then pandemonium broke loose in that theater! I could not go on with the act for twenty minutes. It seemed as if the house would break with the cheering, stamping, and general hysteria. People often take rather simple feats very seriously!"

Well, doubtless to slim, calm Peter Taylor, the understanding, unafraid friend of the jungle cats, that *was* a simple feat. But any time I walk in on a roaring combat to tell twelve enraged lions it's time to stop fighting, I hope everyone takes it very seriously.

The Ship Without a Crew

(*Continued from page 24*)

he said. "Thank you for your help."

"But I'm afraid, sir, I haven't helped you any."

"You've told me more than you realize."

Stan looked at him a moment; then, without a word, he turned to the door and went out into the night.

Tod leaned across the table and spoke abruptly: "You didn't tell Stan the truth about your message from Papeete?"

"Yes, Joe Macaroni, I did. I merely failed to mention that a hurricane is swinging southeast toward these islands. It's too late in the season to amount to much."

"A hurricane!"

"Yes. The barometer's been falling all evening. But we should be safe inside the great reef before it swings by. It's lucky for us that we picked up this schooner before the storm reached these waters."

"But what I don't understand," Tod pursued, "is why the owner hasn't already filed a claim with the insurance company."

"Because the owner isn't sure yet that he's waited long enough before placing the claim."

Tod ran his fingers through his sandy hair. "Isn't there a possibility, Captain Tom, that Stan Ridley's father lost his life trying to make this island of Noa Noa?"

"Bilge!" Captain Jarvis shook his head. "Can't you see that this log is merely a blind? It was placed there in case she sank in the shallows and the insurance company sent down a diver to investigate. The first thing he'd go after would be the log."

With a sigh of misgiving Tod leaned back. "Maybe you're right."

"I think," said his captain slowly, "I'll radio the authorities in Papeete to report that we've found wreckage from the *Wind-rider*. That's nicking the truth, but this is war in a way and we've got to resort to war-time strategies. If I'm correct in my surmise, that message will bring action." He nodded, frowning. "Yes, it will be interesting to see what happens by the time we make port."

Chapter Seven

AT six bells the next morning Tod Moran reluctantly rose after a sleep that was all too brief. His boarding the *Wind-rider* the previous evening had made it necessary for Mr. Miller, the first mate, to take over his watch on the bridge; so Tod had stood the graveyard watch from midnight to four a. m. It was a rather sleepy third mate, therefore, who came on deck after breakfast. His weariness soon vanished, however, as he scanned the broad expanse of heaving ocean.

Oily swells were rolling toward them from the northwest. Overhead a misty sky obscured the sun. Yet, in spite of this, the atmosphere was already oppressively hot and close. Hurricane weather! Tod told himself. He was standing by the bulwarks, gazing thoughtfully out across those swells, when the short, stocky boatswain limped up beside him.

"Seen the cap'n, sir?" the man asked.

"Not yet, bo'sun." Tod glanced at the man and saw with surprise that the dark weather-beaten face was worried. "Thinking of the hurricane that's rolling down from the Line?" Tod asked.

The boatswain shook his head. "It's not that, sir. You see, Sparks—but I'd better call the skipper." Turning on his heel, he limped aft toward the officers' saloon.

Tod watched him, vaguely wondering what accident of the past had lamed the boatswain. He wondered, too, what had upset the man. Shortly afterward he saw Captain Jarvis emerge from the cabin aft with the boatswain close behind him. In rapid strides they came his way.

"Come on up to the wireless shack, Third," Jarvis directed as he passed. "Something's up."

Tod joined the two men as they swung on up to the open boat deck. On the after edge rose the wireless shack, and peering in at the doorway stood Gorilla Smith. He drew aside at their approach, and they stepped in, Jarvis ahead.

On a narrow bunk opposite the wireless outfit sat Sparks, one hand supporting his head. His face was pale, and Tod gave a start as he saw a smear of blood extending over the young man's cheek from the dark hair to the point of his jaw.

"What's happened, Sparks?" questioned Captain Jarvis. "That's all right —don't get up."

Sparks sank back on his bed again. He had lost his alert, immaculate look. His coat was off, and his trousers and shirt were rumpled and creased as if he had slept in them all night.

"I don't know, sir, just what's happened," he said, with a poor attempt at a smile. "Someone slugged me last night—hit me on the head with a marlinespike, or some blamed thing. I was knocked out completely. Anyway, whoever it was trussed me up and gagged me. This morning when I heard the men washing down the deck I managed to call out. The bo'sun and one of the seamen heard me."

Jarvis stepped to the bed and scrutinized the wound on the radio operator's head, where the hair was matted with dried blood. "Moran," he said quickly, tossing a bunch of keys Tod's way, "get some iodine from the sick bay. Bo'sun, send the steward with some hot water—a cup of coffee, too. Until Sparks is fixed up, we'll have to wait to hear his story."

"Yes, sir." Tod hurried out.

Some fifteen minutes had passed before the wound was dressed by Jarvis' expert fingers, Sparks had sipped his steaming coffee, and the steward been dismissed.

"I feel better now," the radio operator finally announced.

"Good," Captain Jarvis nodded. "Bo'sun, you wait outside with Smith. I'll want to question you both. Moran, close the door." Jarvis sank into the radio operator's chair and swung about facing the bed. "Now, Sparks," he went on, "what time did this happen?"

Tod, his back against the door, waited eagerly for Sparks' answer.

"It must have been just a little after midnight, sir," the radio operator said thoughtfully. "I had been in touch with the *Nakura*—she's left Raratonga on her way to Tahiti. I was trying to get some more information about the course of that hurricane, sir. Just as I was taking the receivers from my ears, the lights went off. I'd heard a click; so I turned around in my chair, thinking one of the officers was playing a trick on me and had switched off my lights. But before I could move, something hit me a glancing blow on the side of my head. I guess I passed out. When I came to I was lying on my bed, tied up like a mummy."

"Have you looked over your dunnage, Sparks?" Jarvis asked. "Anything been taken?"

Sparks shook his head. "There's nothing missing, sir. I've looked. Queer, isn't it? And, Captain Jarvis—" his voice sank to a barely audible whisper —"when I came to, the man was still in my cabin."

"Then you saw him?"

"No. The lights were still out. But he must have been sitting right in that chair, sir. *He was sending out a message.*"

"A message! . . . Could you hear what he was sending?"

"Just vaguely, sir. It was all hazy to me, but I tried desperately to get those taps. He was using the regular code, sir, but slowly, as if not too sure of it. And I'd swear that the message said something about the wind. But there wasn't any wind last night! It was still as death."

"Wind!" Jarvis sprang up, his eyes ablaze with sudden understanding. "Think, Sparks, was it the word *Wind-rider* you heard?"

Tod caught his breath, his thoughts racing.

"Why, I believe it was, sir," replied Sparks, looking up. "That's the name of that schooner we picked up! By golly, that must have been it — something about this *Wind-rider*."

"Did you catch any other word?"

Sparks shook his head. "That was all, sir. You see, I was still woozy from that blow. I'm sorry."

"That's all right. You've given me the one clue that's important. But what happened then?"

"I must have moved, for I heard this unknown person get up from the chair, stop a minute as if listening, then cross to the door and go out. I was sure glad when I heard the door close!"

"Have you searched your cabin thoroughly?"

"No, sir. Just looked around a bit. But the bo'sun found something. He came over to me with a fountain pen and asked if it were mine. He said he found it under the table. It isn't mine, and it wasn't there yesterday, I'm sure."

"A fountain pen, eh? Where is it?"

Sparks rose somewhat unsteadily and crossed to the wireless table. "Here, sir." He held out a crimson pen.

Jarvis took it thoughtfully. Then he flashed a glance at Tod. "Moran, ever seen this pen before?"

Tod looked at the object. "No, sir," he replied.

For a moment Captain Jarvis turned it over in his hand. "It shouldn't be difficult to trace the owner. I can't picture many seamen using a red fountain pen like this, can you, Joe Macaroni?"

"No, sir." Tod drew closer. What was Jarvis getting at?

"Sit down, Sparks," the captain resumed. "Take it easy. Now, just who discovered you?"

"It was a seaman working just outside my door. Smith, I think his name is."

"Good. Moran, will you have Smith come in."

"Yes, sir." Tod went to the door and summoned the seaman.

Gorilla Smith entered the cabin in a confident manner, undaunted by his bare feet wet from his job of washing down the boat deck; his blue dungarees were rolled to the knees, his singlet taut across his shaggy, powerful chest. Pausing near the door, he asked, "You wanted me, sir?"

"Yes." Jarvis covered him with a penetrating glance. "Tell us how you happened to discover Sparks this morning."

"Well, it was this way, sir," Smith began. "I had the hose right near that port there when I heard a peculiar sound coming from this shack. Like somebody trying to shout but couldn't. You understand? That's funny, I said to myself; so I cocked my ear in that direction. Then I heard a kind of smothered cry. You understand?"

"Go on," said the captain.

"So I went to the door, sir, and looked in. Then I saw Sparks tied up on the bed with the end of a sheet in his mouth. Yes, sir. It gave me a bad start, it did. But I called the bo'sun, who was over by the steps to the bridge, and together we untied him."

Jarvis held up the crimson fountain pen. "Ever seen this before?"

"Yes, sir."

"When was that?"

"When the bo'sun picked it up, sir, from under the table."

Jarvis remained thoughtful for a moment. "That's all, Smith. Call the bo'sun, Moran."

The boatswain appeared visibly elated at being called in on this mysterious affair. His dark eyes shone with suppressed fire as he planted his husky little figure squarely before the captain.

Captain Jarvis spoke in a calm tone that Tod knew masked grim excitement. "Tell me, Bo'sun, just what you know about this affair."

"Yes, sir. It happened like this, sir. I was standing near the bridge, watching Gorilla Smith and that new lubber, Chapman, washing down the deck—"

"Then there were two seamen here besides yourself?" Captain Jarvis interposed.

The boatswain looked slightly surprised. "Yes, sir. Smith had the hose and Chapman the brush. I saw Smith go to the door of this cabin and look in; then Chapman followed him. That was a lubberly way to work, I said to myself, and started after them. When I got to this door, I saw they both looked kinda scared and startled, and then I sew Sparks, sir, a-laying on the bed wrapped up like a regular Arab." He paused dramatically.

"Go on," urged the captain.

"Yes, sir. Well, we unwound the sheet and then Sparks sat up."

"Just a minute," interrupted Jarvis. "Who unwound the sheet?"

"Why, me and Gorilla Smith, sir."

"But where was Chapman?"

A look of perplexity spread over the boatswain's face. "Now, whadda you think of that!" he exclaimed. "I musta forgot him. Yes, sir, what with this and that, I never gave a thought to Chapman. Wait till I lay hands on him!"

"Well, never mind him now, Bo'sun. Go on with your story."

"Yes, sir. Sparks sat up and said something about getting hit over the head with a marlinespike. Robbery, I said right off. I advised him to look around and see if anything's missing. He did, but he said—"

"What about this fountain pen?" Jarvis snapped.

"Oh, that! Yes, sir. While Sparks was a-looking round I saw this pen under his table. I picked it up and looked at it and said there's something the blamed thief left behind. And—"

"What made you think that, Bo'sun?"

"Well, sir, Sparks he'd said right off it didn't belong to him; so I thought—"

"Just a minute." Jarvis turned to the radio operator. "Sparks, have you ever seen this pen before?"

"No, sir."

"You're sure it wasn't on the floor before this attack last night?"

"Yes, sir. Absolutely."

Jarvis swung round in his chair. "Bo'sun, have you ever seen this pen before this morning?"

The boatswain's eyes shifted craftily. "Well, you see, sir," he began, swallowing, "a person don't like to say—but yes, sir. I think I have."

Over Tod crept apprehension; intuitively he knew where the boatswain's words were leading.

"Are you sure?" went on the captain.

"Well, sir, I did see one of the men writing with a pen that color when I went to the fo'c's'le one evening to drag out Toppy."

Jarvis leaned forward, intent. "Oh, you did see someone using a pen like this, eh? Who was it?"

"I don't like to say, sir," the boatswain hesitated, "but since you ask—well, it was that young fellow we took aboard just before we shoved off."

Tod, listening tensely, suddenly relaxed. At last the thing he had dreaded had come to the surface. It was actually with a sense of relief that he heard the man finally fling out the name.

"Yes, sir," declared the boatswain, "it was that schoolboy—Ridley."

Chapter Eight

INTO the silence that followed, there drifted down from the bridge the sounding of eight bells: *one, two—three, four—five, six—seven, eight.*

"My watch," Tod murmured. He slipped out the door.

As he crossed the boat deck he gazed up with a frown, and temporarily forgot the fountain pen. Through the thick atmosphere the sun was dimly visible, with a ghostly halo encircling it. Off to starboard a low, rugged cloud bank appeared on the far horizon. Breaking away from it and coming directly toward the *Araby* was a squall; the fine curtain of rain approached across the low swells. The air was moist, heavy, and oppressively hot.

With a shrug Tod sprang up the iron steps to the wheelhouse, where the second mate was waiting to be relieved. He saw with surprise that Stan Ridley was taking over the wheel. Then he realized that the boy was taking Toppy's place. Quickly Tod read over and initialed the captain's order book, received the course, and then took his position before the engine-room telegraph.

"Is that little breeze coming our way?" he asked the second mate.

"Can't tell yet," the man answered. He paused with his hand on the knob of the door leading aft, and grinned. "But we'll probably get enough of it to satisfy any lubbers aboard. So long."

He disappeared aft; Tod was alone with Stan at the wheel.

"Well, Quartermaster," Tod remarked with a smile, "the skipper thinks we'll make Papeete harbor before the storm crosses our wake. If the gale's too strong, though, we'll have to lie outside the reef."

"Yes, sir. Those coral beds in the lagoon are dangerous in a high wind."

The third mate looked at Stan Ridley as he stood at the wheel, feet braced, hands gripping the spokes. "Ever stood a trick before?" he inquired.

"This is the first time on a steamer, Mr. Moran; but I've often steered my father's pearl traders among the islands."

"Good. You ought to do." Tod opened his shirt at the neck to give his throat the benefit of the faint breeze that stirred as the *Araby* plowed ahead through the sluggish atmosphere. "Ridley," he blurted out, coming to a sudden decision, "do you own a fountain pen?"

Stan shot him a glance of surprise. "Why, yes, sir."

"What color is it?"

"Red." Unconcernedly the boy looked down at the swaying compass card, gave a spoke, then gazed straight ahead again.

Tod regarded that clean-cut profile with thoughtful interest. Certainly here was no effort to avoid questions. Could it be, Tod wondered, that Stan was unaware that he had dropped his pen in the wireless shack? Dropped it? . . . Tod frowned at himself. Here he was judging the boy guilty without first giving him a chance to explain! And yet—was there an explanation to give?

He looked over his shoulder as he heard the door to the boat deck open. Captain Jarvis came in, his eyes narrowing as he took in the boy at the wheel.

"Moran," he said, for the moment ignoring Stan Ridley's presence, "we'll be getting a heavy sea before long, and I'm wondering whether we can still tow that schooner then. This hurricane seems to be swinging farther south than I anticipated. We may have to loose the hawser and let her ride through alone."

Tod's mind settled upon the two men alone on the *Wind-rider*. "Can Jorgenson and Toppy make port without help, sir?"

"That's just the point. They can't. Three more seamen should be aboard her. I'll send the second mate with a couple of square-rigger sailors to man her in case we have to drop the line. Now, that cargo—"

"Oil, gas, and copra," Tod assured him.

Jarvis nodded thoughtfully. "But is there anything else! I'm wondering, that's all. . . . We're not more than a hundred miles from Tahiti. No, it shouldn't be difficult to sail her to port with enough men aboard her." He took a step toward the open door that led to the starboard wing. "How is she logging?"

"Forty-five miles since four a. m."

"Good. We'll be lying inside the reef at Papeete this evening — unless this twister behind us cuts up capers."

Stan Ridley spoke eagerly. "Captain Jarvis—let me go on the *Wind-rider*, too."

The big captain whirled and scrutinized the boy's tense features. "No—it's too dangerous, Ridley. But why do you want to go?"

"Because I *know* that schooner, sir. And then, too, I'd like to look her over. There's something — well, queer about her. I've been thinking over that last entry in her log. It puzzles me."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not sure yet. I'd like to read it over again."

"Look here, Ridley." Jarvis' voice hardened. "Are you sure you're playing straight with me?"

The boy remained perfectly motionless, but his dark eyes took on the look of a hunted animal's. "Then," he returned at last, "you don't trust me—even yet?"

For a moment the *Araby's* master paced the confined space of the wheelhouse; then he turned quickly and shot a question at the boy. "Do you own a crimson fountain pen, Ridley?"

"Yes, sir. But what's that—"

"Where is it?"

"Why, in my suitcase, sir. Wait. No, I remember now—I lent it to one of the men last night. He wanted to write a letter home so he could mail it at Papeete."

"So you lent it to someone, eh? Who was it?"

"A fellow named Chapman, sir. He bunks just below me in the fo'c's'le. But why are you asking about this fountain pen, sir?"

Jarvis smiled — with relief, Tod thought. "I think, Ridley," the captain replied, "you've a right to know why I asked. You see, Sparks was slugged in the wireless shack last night some time between twelve and one o'clock. This morning we found this pen under the table. Is it yours?" He held out the crimson pen he drew from his pocket.

Tod moved to the wheel and grasped a spoke securely. "Here, let me relieve you for a second," he suggested.

"Bombus," the Bumblebee

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

YOU know Bombus. He's a fine little animal until he sits down. When he sits on you it feels like ten thousand volts. But he never picks on anybody so long as he is allowed to go about his business without interference. Watch him, but if you touch him, don't bear down too hard.

Fat as he is, he can't stand winter weather. Spring finds almost the whole tribe dead except the queen, who starts a nest underground or in a surface depression as soon as it is warm enough.

First, she builds some globular wax cells, without any regular arrangement, and lays some eggs in them. From these eggs come workers, who build more cells and gather food to store in them. The queen quits work and lays eggs and in this way the population grows rapidly. If a bee bird gets the queen or anything else happens to her the workers sometimes are able to keep things going without her.

It's a "hen party" all summer. The women bees don't seem to have time to bother with the men. But in the autumn males as well as queens are hatched. Then comes winter and all the males and workers perish. The young queens find snug places for their long snooze, put on their nighties and are seen no more until the weather is warm again.

Bombus has a poor relative called *Psithyrus*—that's easy for a bee to pronounce—who builds his house on the same lot but can't feed his own children. The trouble is that he has no pollen sacks on his legs so he cannot carry anything with him. He is worse off than a boy with a hole in his pocket. Bombus feeds the kids honey and keeps sweet about it.

Queen Bess, who had her sister Mary's head cut off in Merrie England some years ago had nothing on Queen *Bombus Terrestris*, (whom we hope stung her on the nose every day thereafter, though history does not tell us of it).

Queen Bomb, deliberately walks into Queen *Lucorum's* palace and kills poor li'l Luco, personally, with her own dagger. Then she orders Luco's workers to bring up her children, just as though she and they belonged there—and they do it.

Various beetles graft on the Bombus family for a living. The drone-fly maggot is also a poor friend, but he is honest at least. He runs the street cleaning and garbage disposal department in return for his board.

Stan Ridley dazedly stepped to one side. Then he took the pen and frowningly examined it.

"Yes, sir," he finally conceded. "This is my pen."

"You admit it?"

"Yes, there's no doubt about it. Look—there's a little nick out of the edge of the cap. Yes, it's my pen all right."

"Do you know how it got into the wireless shack?"

"No, Captain Jarvis."

"You still maintain that this man Chapman had your pen?"

"Yes, sir. When I turned in last night, he was still writing at the table."

"Well, that's that." Captain Jarvis took a deep breath. "All right, Ridley; I believe you."

"Thank you, sir."

"And to prove it," Jarvis continued, "I'm going to send you below with a message. Have the bo'sun send this fellow Chapman up at once. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Tod, gripping the spokes of the wheel and staring out across the long swells, heard behind him Stan Ridley's receding footsteps.

Captain Jarvis moved up beside him. "I don't understand what this man Chapman has to do with that message to Papeete, Joe Macaroni," he confessed, leaning on the sill of the open window. "I looked up the fellow's record on the ship's articles a minute ago and everything seems to be shipshape."

Tod glanced down at the binnacle, then took a spoke. "You're going to confront him with the pen?"

Jarvis shook his head. "No. I'm going to make a little experiment. . . . We'll see what happens."

Chapter Nine

"HELLO. That you, Mac?" Captain Jarvis stood at the engine-room telegraph, calling down to the chief engineer. "How many revolutions is she making? Good. Give her ten more. . . . What? The steam? Sufferin' cat's meat, chief, haven't we got our bunkers full of coal? Sure, she'll stand it. Good."

He crossed to the open door giving on the starboard wing of the bridge. "I'll be outside, Moran. When Chapman comes, have him take over the wheel. Let young Ridley wait on the boat deck. Give me ten minutes and I'll know all I want about Chapman."

"Yes, sir." Tod's puzzled gaze followed the tall figure as it crossed to the far end of the open bridge and leaned on the rail. Why was Jarvis so eager to watch this Chapman for ten minutes instead of confronting him with the evidence of the pen? And who was Chapman?

Still mulling over the question Tod braced himself before the wheel, for he was conscious of a heavy cross swell that was already making the old tramp plunge slightly and roll. Misty rain, like a thick fog, blurred his view of the mainmast.

Presently Stan Ridley returned and walked over to Tod at the wheel. "You wait on the boat deck, Ridley," the third mate directed.

"Yes, sir." The door closed after him.

A moment later Tod heard the scuff of shoes on the ladder of the port wing. A man's lean body appeared in the opening. "You want me, sir?" came a thin, timorous voice.

"Yes. Take over the wheel, Chapman."

"Very good, sir."

"Southwest by west," Tod said, giving him the course. "Keep her steady, Chapman. There's a bad cross swell."

Tod stepped to the telegraph dial, then fixed his eyes upon the man at the wheel. Chapman was a tall, slender seaman of middle age, gaunt-faced, gray-haired. Certainly there was nothing striking about him. Could he be the man who had slipped into the wireless shack, tied and gagged Sparks, and then boldly sent a message to Papeete? It seemed wholly improbable. And what could Jarvis hope to learn by merely watching this man?

Tod glanced out at the captain. He was now leaning over the after rail, apparently looking reflectively at the *Wind-rider*. Moving to the small door aft, Tod opened it, making it fast with the catch. Across the poop deck he could see the schooner riding at the end of her hawser, with either Toppy or Jorgenson—he couldn't make out which—standing on her jib boom.

A sudden lurch of the deck sent Tod sliding against the wall. "Here, watch out, Chapman," he called. "Hold her steady!"

"Yes, sir." The man gave him a brief glance. Was there fear in it?

He studied the helmsman more closely. If this man were a seaman, Tod told himself, he hardly looked the part. His face was not tanned and roughened by wind and rain; neither were his hands those of an A. B. The long, slender fingers would have looked more in place holding a pen.

A pen? . . . A half-formed thought was tapping at the walls of Tod's consciousness. Could Chapman have purposely left the pen in the wireless shack to point suspicion at Stan Ridley?

Tod's reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Captain Jarvis. He stopped in the doorway and spoke casually. "Oh, Chapman, have you ever been in the tropics before?"

The seaman started, his face twitching. "Why—not for a long time, sir."

"Never crossed the Line before?"

"No, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Why, yes, sir. The morning we crossed the equator, sir, the men put me and Smith through an initiation." He smiled wryly. "Just their idea of fun, sir."

Captain Jarvis, Tod saw, was regarding the man with hard eyes. "I've just looked up your record, Chapman."

Nervously the man took a spoke. "Yes?"

"Your last discharge was from the steamer *Santa Clara*."

"Yes, sir. That was the ship."

Captain Jarvis' jaw tightened. "Did you know she plies out of Frisco for Valparaiso? The voyage down the west coast of South America usually makes it necessary to cross the Line."

The man seemed to grow taut. He stared straight ahead, saying nothing.

"How long have you been at sea?" Jarvis pressed.

"Five years." The man's Adam's apple jerked convulsively.

"Of course you've stood a trick at the wheel before? Your card lists you as an A.B."

"Yes, sir."

"Then look behind you!" Jarvis strode to the after door and pointed out across the boat deck. "Look at the line of our wake—like a snake trying to cross a pond." His voice suddenly boomed out. "You're lying, Chapman!"

The man cast a frightened glance out the door. His hands trembled on the spokes. "It's been a long time since I've been to sea, sir. I've—I've forgotten about all I knew."

"Oh, is that so!" Jarvis strode toward him, towering above him. "And yet your discharge papers with which you got this job say you signed off the *Santa Clara* on March fifteenth. She had just arrived in port from Valparaiso."

The man clutched the wheel. "I know, sir. But I didn't stand any watches on the bridge, sir."

"You're lying, blast you! Moran, take over the wheel." Jarvis caught the man by the arm and swung him about until they faced each other. "Now lie to me again, Chapman, and I'll knock you to the deck. Gut me if I won't! I suppose you bought some seaman's discharge in San Francisco. How much did you pay for it?"

"Three dollars, sir." The words came, stifled, as the man's tortured gaze dropped.

"Hm. Why did you want to get a job on this tramp so badly?"

"It wasn't this ship, sir; it was any ship. I wanted to get away."

"And why?"

"I can't tell you that, sir." There was a new note of courage in the thin voice. The man raised a pair of pale eyes to meet Jarvis' accusing gaze.

"Of course your name isn't Chapman, then. You simply took the name you found on this discharge, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

Jarvis took from his pocket a crimson object. "Ever seen this before? Look carefully at it."

Tod, glancing sidewise, saw a puzzled frown on the thin, tired face. "Why, yes, I think I have."

"Where?"

"That pen belongs to young Ridley. He bunks just over me."

"And have you ever used it?"

The man looked up. "Yes. I borrowed it last night to write a letter."

"Did you give it back to him?"

"No, sir. When I finished writing, the lad was asleep. So I thought I'd wait till today to return it."

"And did you?"

"No, sir."

Jarvis drew a deep breath. He lowered his voice. *"How did this pen get into the wireless shack?"*

The man stared. "The wireless shack! Why, it couldn't have done that."

"Do you swear you never entered that shack?"

"I do. I looked in the door this morning, but I didn't go in. Anyway, the pen wasn't on me."

"What time did you turn in last night?"

The man thought for a second. "I guess it must have been about two o'clock. It was so hot I couldn't sleep; so I wrote a long letter home. I remember looking at my watch at one-thirty."

"At one-thirty! Do you mean to say you were still writing with this pen at one-thirty?" Jarvis demanded.

Tod gripped the spokes tightly. By thunder, something was wrong! Sparks had said he'd been knocked out sometime after twelve — perhaps twelve-thirty. If that statement were true, then how could the pen still have been in the forecastle?

"Yes, sir," the man called Chapman was saying. "I wrote a long letter and didn't finish until nearly two o'clock. I'm certain. Why, when I turned in I remember hearing the watch strike four bells on the fo'c's'le head."

Jarvis did not reply, and Tod knew that the big man had once more found himself up against a blank wall. "What's your real name?" the captain asked at last.

"I—I'd rather not say, sir."

Jarvis waved his hand in a gesture of exasperation. "Get out of here! I'll see you later about this. I suppose you're aware that I can radio to San Francisco and get a line on you."

"Yes. I suppose you can." There was a defiant note in the reply.

"All right. Beat it!" Jarvis crossed to the rear door to watch the lean figure disappear unsteadily down the companionway. "Gut me, if I can make out what's happened, Joe Macaroni."

"Do you think he told the truth?"

"Sufferin' catfish! We can't be sure. If he did, where are we? Deeper than before."

"It looks to me," Tod commented, "as if our little pattern had gone askew. We'll have to start over again."

"You're right." Jarvis frowned. "We've too many threads—that's what." He paused in reflection for a second. "This finding of the *Wind-rider*, now—did it ever strike you that there was something unreal about that?"

Tod looked up quickly. "Just what do you mean, sir, by that?"

"Simply that it appears to be a coincidence—and I don't believe in them." He suddenly swung about and faced his third mate. "Listen, Joe Macaroni," he said with emphasis, "I've known all along that this was a tough case. But now I'm convinced we're up against a mind so deep and subtle, so devilish, too, that for once I don't know where to turn."

Tod looked up with gleaming eyes. "But you won't fail, Captain Tom," he cried. "You never have!"

"Haven't I?" Tom Jarvis spoke slowly, deliberately. "You don't know, Joe Macaroni, the failures in my wake. But not lately. You're right — not lately. Still, I'm beginning to wonder." With dejected step he moved to the door. "Come in, Ridley," he called. "Take over the wheel."

Tod's thoughts were in a whirl when he gave up the helm to Stan Ridley. Still pondering he gazed absent-mindedly out the after door, past the wireless shack, past the steamer's taffrail to the schooner astern of them. Of a sudden his eyes widened. A monstrous wave was bearing down upon the *Wind-rider*. He saw her rise like a leaf, lie poised on the crest for an instant, then, her masts swaying drunkenly, sink almost from sight. Instantly he sprang to the wheel.

"Hold fast!" he cried in warning.

(To be continued in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

"The Smartest Play I Ever Saw"

IT happened in the 1932 Purdue-Iowa football game. Iowa was gaining ground with a shuffle pass, a play in which the backfield man who receives the ball from center lobs it in a short, underhand pass to a man going through the line. It's really a short forward pass completed behind the line of scrimmage.

Paul Moss, Purdue's All-American left end, found the play hard to stop. By the time he had got around behind the Iowa line, the shuffle pass would be completed and the play would be past him. So he found a way to combat it. Instead of driving into the Iowa backfield merely to be left high and dry, he cut in behind his own line and met the runner coming through the hole. Three times he stopped the play without gain. And then occurred what he calls the smartest play he's ever seen.

"I don't know whether the play was planned in practice, or whether the quarterback doped it out on the field," Moss says, "but it was good. The Iowa quarterback called another play and I knew it was the shuffle. The ball went back and was lobbed forward to the runner. I was behind our own line, waiting for him. But instead of coming through the hole, he tossed the ball right back, and the rear man started wide around my end!

"There I was, way out of position! Well—I headed on a diagonal for the side line, hoping to cut the man down before he got in the clear. I didn't get him. Beanie Craig did, after the play had made 12 yards. If the Iowa quarter had only pulled a guard out to lead the runner, the play would have scored a touchdown."

Fast thinking! Doping out a play that took advantage of the fact that Moss was leaving his flank unprotected!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

"No, I'm not going to marry Helen. I've found out about her past."

"Past? What's wrong with her past?"

"Too long."

ESCAPED HIM

Patron: "I haven't come to any ham in this sandwich yet."

Waiter: "Try another bite."

Patron (taking huge mouthful): "Nope, not yet."

Waiter: "Darn it! You must have gone right past it."

"STORMY WEATHER"

The graduate of the college course in the apprehension of criminals was starting at the bottom. In his new patrolman's uniform he approached the organ-grinder.

"Have you a license to play?" he asked. "If not you must accompany me."

"Sure," said the modern minstrel. "What will you sing?"

HAPPY LITTLE PEST

"I admire cheerfulness. I'm for anyone who sings at his work."

"Say! You must love a mosquito!"

HE'D CO-OPERATE

Boss: "Sorry, but I'm afraid I can't give you a job. I haven't enough work to keep my own men busy!"

Applicant: "Aw, take me on, Mister. I won't work hard."

LONG AND MERRY

Here's the biography of a joke:

1. Sent to *American Boy* by a reader.
2. Published in *American Boy.*
3. Appears in a newspaper.
4. Re-appears in an almanac.
5. Bobs up in a theater program.
6. Gets a laugh in vaudeville.
7. After-dinner speaker tells it.
8. Appears, translated, in foreign papers.
9. Translated back into English and makes round again.
10. Sent to *American Boy* by reader.

HELPED HIMSELF TO HEALTH

Housewife: "Look here, my man, why do you always come to my house to beg?"

Tramp: "Doctor's orders, Ma'am."

Housewife: "Doctor's orders!"

Tramp: "Yes'm. He told me, when I found the food that agreed with me, to continue it."

THE BALD FACT

First Business Man: "Have any of your childish hopes been realized?"

Second Business Man: "One. When my mother combed my hair I used to wish I didn't have any."

SONG HIT

Do you know the Soup Song? It goes, "The coat and pants do all the work, but the vest gets all the gravy."

GET A MUFFLER

First Camper: "You woke me out of a sound sleep."

Fellow Camper: "I had to. The sound was too loud."

IT WASN'T BLISS

Sophomore (arrested for speeding): "But officer, I'm a high school student."

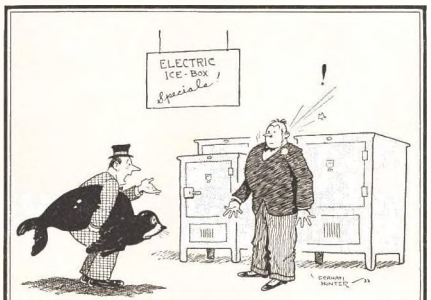
Cop: "Ignorance is no excuse."

UNTRUTHFUL ADVERTISING

"Can you beat it?"

"What now?"

"I bought this suit on a 'pay-as-you-can' plan, and now they insist that I pay when I can't."



Vaudeville Artist: "Haven't you something a little wider? It's for Oscar here."

THE LATIN FOR IT

The examination question read: "Give the principal parts of any Latin verb."

One none-too-bright student, unable to give a correct answer, wrote:

"Slippo, slippere, falli, bumptus."

The paper came back, corrected, with these words:

"Failo, failere, fluncto, suspendum."

TOO BAD

Little mark in Latin,
Little mark in French
Put a football player
Back upon the bench.

HE'D STICK TO IT

"Johnnie," asked his mother, "what is all that noise on the back porch?"

"Mother, there's a thousand cats out there, fighting," said Johnnie, after a survey.

"Johnnie, you shouldn't exaggerate so. Now how many are there?"

"There's five hundred, anyway."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, there's fifty."

"Johnnie, did you count them?"

"Well, there's our cat, and Thompsons', and I won't come down another cat."

PRETTY THIN

"Poor man," said the kind housewife, "you look as though you haven't eaten for a week, you're that thin."

"Thin!" said the tramp. "I am thin. Why, Mum, I'm so thin that when I have a pain in my middle I can't tell whether it's a stomach-ache or a backache."

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN

Teacher: "Albert, use the word 'conscience-stricken' in a sentence."

Albert: "Never conscience-stricken until they're hatched."

QUITE ANOTHER TUNE

Collegiate: "I understand you bought this car for a song."

Collegiate: "Not quite. I gave a flock of notes for it."

ON THE JOB

He slipped on the banana peel, worked out several novel variations of the usual fall before he hit ground, but he was unhurt except for his dignity. Struggling to his feet a moment later he found a friend holding his hat and a circle of faces about him.

"What do these idlers want?" he snarled.

"These aren't idlers," said his friend soothingly. "Here's a doctor who wants to look you over, a lawyer ready to bring suit for you, and a movie producer who wants to sign you up."

INVISIBLE HUMOR

He thought of himself as a humorist. He sent a dozen of his jokes to a newspaper. One day a letter arrived with the newspaper's address in the corner. Confidently, but with excitement thrilling through him, he opened it. The letter said:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."

SIMPLE!

A man approached a stranger on the street and smirkingly said to him:

"If a train averaging 50 miles an hour starts from New York and meets a train from Chicago going 60 miles an hour, how old am I?"

The stranger looked the joker over a moment. "Why, you're 38," he said.

"That's right," said the man in surprise. "How did you know?"

"Easy," said the stranger. "My cousin is half crazy, and he's 19."

DO COME BACK!

"Don't you hate being a bill collector? It must be awful being unwelcome wherever you go."

B. C.: "Oh, no. You see, almost everyone asks me to call again."

ROOSEVELT KNOWS THIS

Diplomacy is letting someone else have your way.

RIDDLE US THERE

What's the difference between a horse's mane and a pirate with a cold?

Answer: One is coarse horse hair and the other's a hoarse corsair.

A ROUGH RETORT

First Golf Partner: "Golfing is pie for me."

Second Golf Partner: "I've noticed you take plenty of slices."

Stamps in the Day's News

By KENT B. STILES

ADD four varieties to our country's philatelic output—a 5-cent blue honoring the Polish soldier and statesman, Tadeusz Andrzej Bonawentura Kosciuszko; a 3-cent purple in support of the national industrial recovery plan; and a 1-cent green and a 3-cent purple, each ungummed and without perforation, in connection with the Century of Progress International Exposition at Chicago. Here are some details:

The fabled stag on Hungary's "Jamboree" stamp.

The Kosciuszko 5c commemorates the 150th anniversary "of the admission to American citizenship" of the Polish patriot, on October 13, 1783, as one of the rewards the Continental Congress voted in return for his services under General Washington in the War for Independence. This newcomer goes on sale first on October 13 at Chicago, Detroit, and Boston and thereafter at post offices elsewhere.

Postmaster General Farley announced the 5c in a telegram to the Polish Alliance of America on the occasion of the observance of Polish Day at the Chicago fair late in July. "The name of Kosciuszko," he said, "will be forever perpetuated in the hearts of the American people. His work on the old West Point fortifications was one of the most important labors in the American cause and is rightly associated with the memory of this great Polish engineer."

Rumania recalls Trajan's famous bridge over the Danube.

Thus does our Government return a gracious postal gesture Poland made last year when it placed a likeness of George Washington on a Polish stamp issued to commemorate the bicentennial of our first President's birth. Our 5c will illustrate the Kosciuszko monument in Lafayette Park opposite the White House in Washington; the statue was a gift to the United States from Polish-Americans.

The National Industrial Recovery Act 3c appeared in August about two weeks after Mr. Farley made a surprise announcement of its coming. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing worked overtime to fill the Postmaster General's order for 400,000,000 copies and broke all precedent on a rush job after President Roosevelt had approved the model just before leaving Washington for the "summer White House" at Hyde Park, N. Y.

This stamp is not a commemorative. The President, himself a collector, properly recognizes the potential propaganda value of postal paper. The 3c was, frankly, issued purposely to help direct the people's attention to the Government's effort to raise labor's wages and shorten labor's weekly working period in order to increase purchasing power and employment and thus restore prosperity—a move the newspapers have been telling you about.

Since 833 this church has stood at Nitra, Czechoslovakia.

The design reflects this great industrial scheme. We find pictured on the stamp a farmer, a business man, a worker, and a feminine figure, and the letters NRA—all symbolizing American industry co-operating in support of the President's plan.

The Exposition commemoratives imperforate and without gum were placed on sale on August 25 at the Chicago fair only, except that copies may be obtained by addressing the Government's Philatelic Agency, Division of Stamps, Post Office Department, Washington, D. C. They are not available at post offices generally. You may buy them at the Agency only in complete sheets of 25 each—that is, 25 cents for a sheet of the 1c, and 75 cents for a sheet of the 3c. The Agency will not supply any part of one sheet. Send your remittance by postal money order, or by cash sent by registered mail, plus return postage. You may not order other stamps at the same time.

The Philippines have a new air mail set.

The Post Office Department has informed all postmasters that it "recognizes that the activities of the thousands of stamp collectors provide a profitable source of revenue," and that, since "the number of persons becoming interested in collecting stamps is constantly increasing, this business is of proportions worth seeking." Accordingly, postal employees whose job it is to deface stamps have been instructed to be "constantly on the alert for letters and parcels appearing to have a philatelic value" and not to use "heavy daubers or rubber cancelers that obliterate the stamp and render the stamp unfit for collection purpose." In other words, such mail hereafter must be given "clear and distinct cancellations." This is a service that philately will appreciate!

Meanwhile the Maryland Tercentenary Commission is campaigning for a 1934 stamp to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the founding of Maryland, while at Washington the Post Office Department has turned down a request for a stamp to recall the 250th anniversary of the founding of White Plains, N. Y.

Jamboree

SOME 30,000 Boy Scouts from fifty-three countries including the United States assembled in a town near Budapest in August to attend the Fourth World Boy Scout Jamboree. Possibly you heard two American Eagle scouts, William L. Smith of Newton, Massachusetts, and Joseph Summers of Jefferson City, Missouri, tell over an international radio hook-up what Uncle Sam's 400 representatives were experiencing so far from home.

Philatelic interest in the gathering was threefold: first, Hungary issued commemorative stamps; second, the boys were greeted by Admiral Nicholas Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, whose portrait is on his country's 1930 series (Scott's A32 type); and third, the speakers included General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout movement, whose likeness may be found on a Cape of Good Hope 1900 set (Scott's M2 type). Also, a congratulatory telegram reached Sir Robert from the Prince of Wales, whose picture is on stamps of Canada and Newfoundland.

Hungary's commemoratives, inscribed "Jamboree, 1933," are in values of 10 filler green, 16f claret, 20f carmine, 32f orange-yellow, and 40f blue. The design is a leaping white stag, of Magyar legend. There is a popular version that the stag, in early times, led the Magyars to their present homeland, Hungary. A British stamp journal, however, says the animal has a different meaning—that St. Catherine of Sweden was making a pilgrimage to Rome to confirm certain vows and that as she crossed the Danube she was about to be ambushed by ruffians when a white stag appeared. The ruffians gave chase and she continued unmolested. The stag, accordingly, symbolizes purity. In this connection it was perhaps significant that the notables who attended the 1933 jamboree included Crown Prince Gustav Adolf and Princess Sybill of Sweden.

In Other Lands

THE first vessel to cross the Atlantic wholly under steam was the S. S. *Royal William*, which left Pictou, Nova Scotia, on August 17, 1833, for Great Britain. On August 17 of this year Canada issued a centenary 5c pictorial.

The first Catholic church erected in what is now Czechoslovakia was built eleven centuries ago in Nitra—on some maps, Neutra. A picture of the church, which is still standing, is on Czechoslovakian commemoratives inscribed "Nitra" and the dates 833 and 1933.

STAMPS CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

When Boyd and Lyon, Yankee aviators, made a recent flight from Port-au-Prince to New York they carried letters franked with a special stamp issued by Haiti. Haiti's 20 de g. violet-blue map stamp of 1924 received an overprint including the airmen's names, "Columbia" (name of their plane), and "60cts."

Rumania has issued four commemoratives of historical significance. They recall the incorporation of the Roman city Drobetae, later called Turris Severi (Tower of Severus), and now Rumania's city Turnu Severin, into Wallachia, now part of Rumania. The 25 bani green pictures the city's coat-of-arms and the remains of the celebrated Trajan's Bridge built across the Danube in A. D. 103 by Apollodorus of Damascus. The inauguration of that span, the longest in the Roman Empire—the Danube is 4,000 feet wide at that point—is illustrated on the 50b blue, which has corner medallions containing pictures of Trajan and the bridge. A scene on the 1 leu olive-black recalls the opening of Turnu Severin's present bridge, in 1866; and this present span is illustrated on the 2L olive-green.

Sierra Leone's set commemorating the death of William Wilberforce, British agitator against slavery, and the abolition of slavery in the British colonies in 1833, is in 13 values from ½ penny to 1 pound. Native scenes, a symbolic representation of a freed slave, a map of Sierra Leone, Freetown Harbor, and a portrait of King George are among the designs.

Under Dog

(*Continued from page 14*)

And Locke! Inside of two minutes, Tech had her entire second team in the field. And the first quarter not yet over!

Polly felt a wave of thankfulness. And then as he realized that his joy was due to Bancroft's departure he became choleric, and he wanted Bancroft in front of him so that he could pay Bancroft back, bruise for bruise.

The second quarter was scoreless, but at one time the Tech seconds reached State's five-yard line, and at no time did State penetrate beyond midfield.

In the locker room between halves, an exhausted State team slumped down on benches and tables for retaping, adjusting of equipment, and a few minutes' blessed rest. Hendricks quietly moved among the players, passing out words of caution and suggestions for stopping Tech's powerful line attack. At last he came to Polly.

The bruised and exhausted ex-fullback felt the hand on his shoulder and anticipated glumly what was coming. That first touchdown had gone right through him. And indirectly he had been the cause of the second score. But the coach said only three words:

"Keep fighting, Polly." In the words there was a depth of understanding that made Polly gulp. No suggestion that Polly hadn't done his best. No hint of the futile, clumsy efforts he had made. Just, "Keep fighting." Hot tears leaped to Polly's eyes.

"Easy enough to say," he growled to himself as the coach passed on, "but *you* haven't been up against Bancroft!"

In the third quarter, State again faced the Tech second team, and the Tech seconds immediately staged a drive that went to State's 15 before the ball went over on downs.

And now, for the first time in the game, State's attack began to function. Woodhull and Tiny Forrest did the heavy labor. Teaming together, they opened holes through which Dope Simpson, running wide and then cutting back, bounced and squirmed and dug his way for three successive first downs. Then followed a pass, from Quarterback Dana to Anderson, for a first down on Tech's 25. And on top of that, another smashing drive through Woodhull and Tiny for a first down on Tech's 12, while the big Tech crowd sat silent and surprised—and a little anxious.

Polly realized, bitterly, that in all that advance, not a single yard had been gained through him, except insofar as he had prevented his opponent from getting through and wrecking the play from behind. The team wasn't counting on him—except for minor assignments.

Dana was barking signals, and Polly awoke to the realization that it was the off-tackle play—the one in which he was to come out for interference, lead the play to the left, and take out the opposing full.

The ball snapped back to Simpson. Polly pulled out, circled around beyond Tiny Forrest, and ran through the hole. He saw the Green fullback moving over. Viciously Polly drove his shoulder into the fullback and tumbled him to the ground. The play swept by him, and he turned to see Simpson, ten yards farther on, diving for the last white line.

A touchdown! Incredibly a touchdown! Tiny and Dutch and Bob McCall were pulling Simpson this way and that, patting him on the back, crowing in his ear. And Simpson was grinning.

Polly knew how he felt. Polly knew exactly how it felt to make a touchdown. And he knew how it felt to have Tiny and Dutch and Bob rough one up. But it was an experience he would never have again—not in college football. He walked slowly to his position for the point after touchdown, feeling strangely out of things and alone.

State made the point good, and score was 13 to 7. The possibility of victory gave State a moment of sheer exaltation. Tech kicked off, and Rivers ran the ball back all the way to midfield. Tiny, Dutch, Woody, and Bob shook their fists in the air and babbled. Dope Simpson went over Woody's guard, cut to the left, and made 14 yards, and Tiny Forrest slung an arm around Dope and crooned at him. Polly smiled a hidden, ironic grin.

A thrust at Polly's hole failed to gain, and a reverse through Tiny made only a yard. Dana called a pass, and with it came a sudden end to State's great attack. The pass went right into the arms of a Tech halfback who dodged and galloped all the way to State's 40 before he was pulled down.

It was a disheartening break. Tiny's shoulders sagged. Bob McCall's face grew long with disappointment. Dutch walked in an aimless circle, looking blankly at the ground.

And then, on top of it all, came the worst blow. As the teams walked to the other half of the field for the last quarter, eight green-clad men trotted briskly out from the side lines. Bancroft, Locke—the Tech first team! Tech was calling a halt on all State advances—rushing in her regulars for a fourth quarter chastisement!

Polly looked over the line of State faces and read the blank dismay in them. Defeat was written all over the huge, round face of Dutch. Sudden weariness had stricken the great bulk of Tiny Forrest. Utter dejection lined the mouth of Bob McCall. Of them all, only Dope Simpson seemed to have any spirit left—and Dope's mouth was set in a straight hard line.

"Look at 'em," said Bob bleakly, as the fresh Tech regulars gathered in a knot. "Look at 'em, will you?"

Polly grunted. He had had little part in their great advance and now he was unable to share their despair.

"Why did this have to happen?" Dutch said, tears in his voice. "Just two more minutes and we'd have had another score."

Polly turned on him savagely. "What of it?" he barked.

Amazed, eyes turned toward Polly.

"You heard me!" Polly repeated. "What of it?" And turning on his heel he walked to his position opposite Bancroft, aware that the team was looking after him, dumfounded. A tingle of anticipation rippled through Polly.

Polly and Bancroft smiled at each other across the line of scrimmage like old friends—Polly, because a strange, new exultation was filling his veins.

"My old pal," Bancroft's expression said sweetly. "Now for some more fun." Bancroft couldn't talk until after the first play was run off.

But Polly could, and aloud he said: "I was afraid you wouldn't get back in, Banny, old man."

The very first Tech play was directed at Polly's guard, and Polly was expecting it. He saw the far-away look in Bancroft's eyes, and knew by this sign that Bancroft would lunge straight for him. When the lunge came Polly danced aside, drove his hands down on Bancroft's shoulders and vaulted over him into Tech's secondary. Bancroft had taught him that! In two strides he gained headway and like a battering ram he launched himself at the oncoming Locke. The force of the tackle drove Locke backward into the ground, and Polly's driving shoulder dislodged the ball. It tumbled crazily out to the flank, and in a race Anderson, State's end, fell on it.

State's ball in midfield! Polly walked back to the huddle to find surprised faces looking at him.

"Try my hole," he said to Dana.

But Dana shook his head and called the cutback over Woodhull. The play gained just two yards, and Polly again walked back to the huddle.

"Send the play through me," he insisted savagely, and this time Dana nodded.

Polly strode to the line, walking on springs. How much he owed this man Bancroft! And only fifteen minutes to pay it in! He set himself on the line of scrimmage, thinking hard. He must get under Bancroft's hands. He must raise Bancroft's guard. Bancroft had taught him that, too!

When the ball was snapped Polly started to straighten up. He saw Bancroft's hands come up, and in that instant, like a cat, he ducked low and dived forward. Digging his feet in, he shoved. He felt Bancroft give way, and he pushed harder.

Dope Simpson swept through and careened off Locke for eight yards.

The team began to come to life. Dutch gripped Polly by the shoulder.

"You handled him alone!" he yelped.

Polly grunted. He had put everything into that charge, and Bancroft had only given a little. This was going to be work!

The next play was through Woodhull, but for good measure Polly once more dumped Bancroft on the ground.

"You taught me that," he grinned as Bancroft lifted himself to his feet.

The next play was through Polly, and as Polly took his position he spoke to Bancroft.

"Coming your way this time," he warned, with Bancroft's own words. "Watch it!"

Red danger signals flared in Bancroft's cheeks. "Let 'er come," he growled.

Bancroft's momentary anger was his undoing, and Polly was burning with a fire that lifted him into superplay. He leaped at Bancroft like a tiger, and rolling his head to shed Bancroft's hands, found the guard's body with his shoulder, and bounced him a yard out of the play.

First down on Tech's 35! Polly lost his queer feeling of aloofness. He ran back to the huddle shouting.

"What's Tech's first team to us?" he barked. "Just eleven more men! Who's Locke? Who's Bancroft? Rock along!"

It became a cry. Dutch ran to the ball yelling, "Rock along!" And Bob McCall wiggled his way over center for five yards. In successive smashes at tackle and guard they marched the ball to Tech's 15.

Dana called the next play over Polly, and Polly came to grips with an aroused, fighting Bancroft, and Rivers squeezed out a bare two yards. Dana called the play off left tackle, and Polly left his hole to run interference. Over-eager, he lunged at fullback Locke and got side-stepped. Locke leaped viciously at Dope Simpson and pounded him to the ground.

Time out for Simpson. Polly, looking down at the prone fullback, realized for the first time that Dope was utterly played out. The trainer trotted out, mopped Dope's face, and lifted him to his feet. Polly helped the trainer walk Dope around.

"Dope," Polly choked. "I'm sorry. I missed Locke. He was my man, and I missed him. I'll get him the next time."

"'M all right," Dope gasped. "Just my wind."

The fullback got his breath, disengaged himself from the trainer and looked at Polly with widened eyes.

"Never mind missing Locke," he said. "Polly—what—what happened to you, anyhow?"

The two exchanged a look, and a warm glow swept over the guard. Dope's look had been one of pure admiration. Polly bit his lip. If he'd only started earlier! If he'd only known *how*, earlier! If he'd only listened to what Line Coach Bill Haines had tried to teach him in the last two weeks!

It was fourth down. The ball was squarely before the goal posts on Tech's 15. From that position Tiny Forrest neatly sent a dropkick through the bars that brought the score to 13 to 10.

Tech kicked off over the goal line, and the ball came out to the 20. Four minutes to play, and 80 yards to go. But instead of passing frantically, State started to crack the line. Polly teamed with an infuriated Dutch to open wide gaps through which Dope and Frosty slid and dived four yards at a crack.

Dana's eyes, super-alert, saw Locke drawing up behind a panting, grim Bancroft to stop those disastrous line plunges, and Dana flipped a pass into Locke's territory for a first down in midfield.

"You taught us that one, too," Polly grinned at Bancroft.

With Locke again backing up, Dana resumed his cracks at the line. One crack off tackle. Two over Polly. A cutback over Woodhull. Another over Polly.

Tech was gripped with sheer fright. A great, continuous roaring sound that Polly didn't hear at all poured and volleyed down from the stands. And State cracked her way, a few yards at a time, down the field.

"What time is it?" Dana yelled at the referee. And the referee held up one finger.

Time only for a couple of plays. Maybe just one. Ball on Tech's 10, third down. Dana barked Dope's signal over Polly's guard. The ball snapped, and Polly battered his way into Bancroft's mid-section. Bancroft refused to give an inch. There was no hole—and yet somehow Dope smashed his way through for four yards.

There was no time to huddle. Polly leaped into position. Same play again. This time Bancroft *would* give way. And then Polly, crouched in place, looked around, puzzled. Bancroft was standing erect, grinning, and putting out his hand. Players were rising all about, and the referee was over the ball.

Over? The game over? Polly couldn't believe it. There was a great roar from the stands—a tribute to an unbelievably spectacular, circus finish.

"What happened to you?" Bancroft was yelling. "Did somebody give you a shot of oxygen, or what? Man alive! Am I sore!"

Suddenly Polly's knees felt weak. He sat down, two yards from the goal, and covered his face with his hands. Dope Simpson bent over him—a weary, but smiling Dope.

"C'mon, Polly," he said. "Game's over."

"Did we—did we lose?" Polly asked.

Dope nodded wordlessly. Together they walked to the side lines where the coach pounced on Polly, his face radiant.

"Polly!" he said exultantly. "That was *great.*"

And suddenly Polly knew that the defeat didn't count—that nothing counted but the sheer joy of doing his part.

Contents for October

Cover Painting by *Orson Lowell*

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SEVEN boys out of 750,000 members of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild — seven upstanding representatives of North American Youth — received the highest award for skill and devotion to fine craftsmanship. Each one of the seven pictured here is the winner of a $5,000 University Scholarship in the Third Annual Guild competition.

Their well-earned honors were bestowed on them at the Third Annual Scholarship Award Dinner, held this year in Chicago, the night of August 16th, in the presence of their 105 closest competitors for the grand awards and a distinguished company of special guests.

Chicago was chosen for the Guild convention this year because of A Century of Progress being not only a special attraction for any youthful visitor but also fitting in as an exposition of science and workmanship with the interests and purposes of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild.

This year, too, an unusual feature developed, in that two competitors tied for the Canadian senior scholarship awards. The judges could not give one the palm over the other. *The Guild thereupon awarded each of the two a full $5,000 scholarship.*

Announcement of the Fourth Annual Competition will be made soon from headquarters of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild.

FISHER BODY CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD

Guild Headquarters: General Motors Building, Detroit, Michigan. Canadian Section: Oshawa, Ontario, Canada