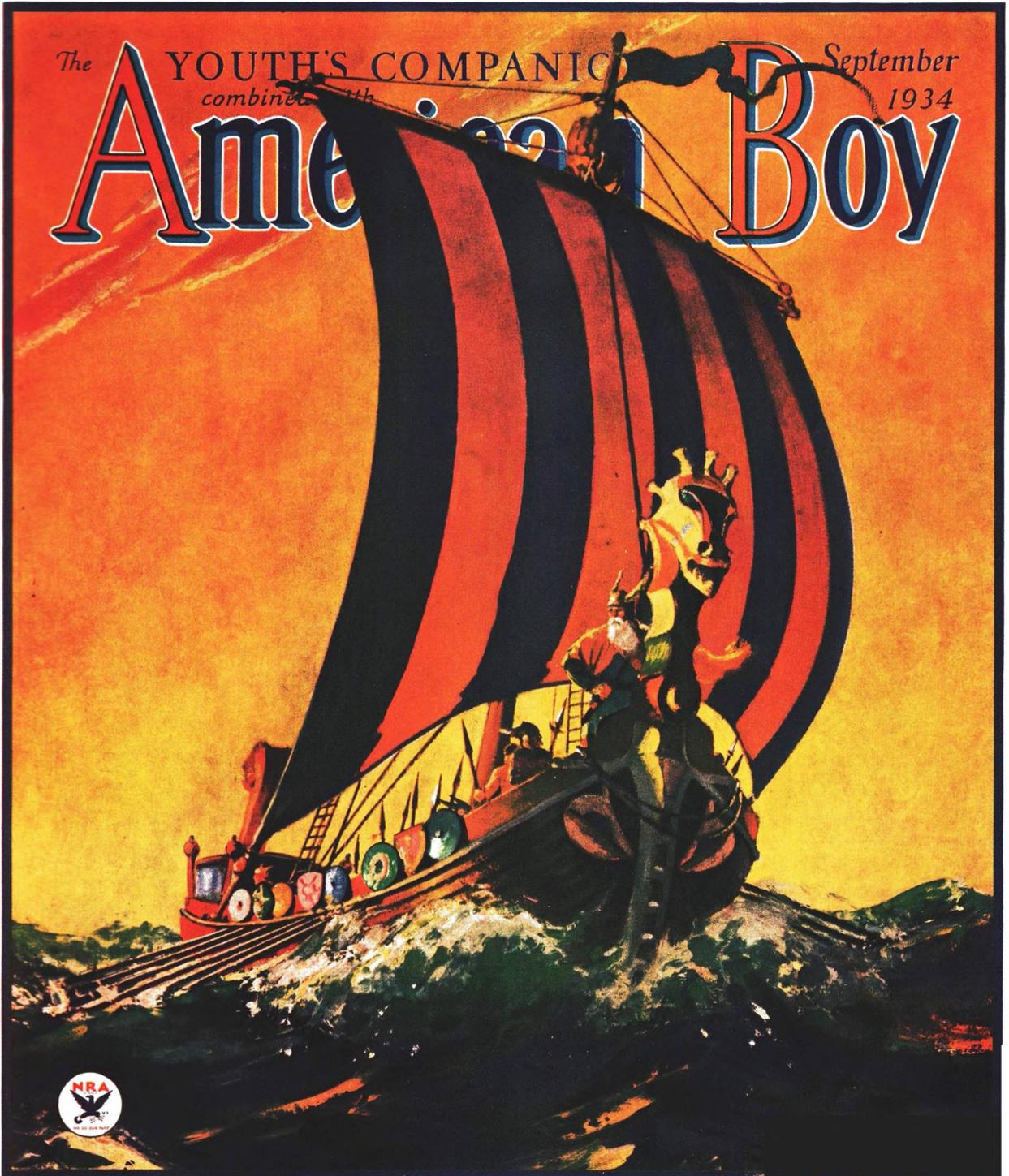


NOW

Adventure --- Mystery --- Sports
Detective --- Western

10c

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with **American Boy** September 1934



One Year \$1.00

COVER PAINTING BY WILLIAM F. SOARE

DREAMS COME TRUE . . . AS YOU SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS TO FIGHT FOR *Pirate Gold!*

Up anchor! The Jolly Roger flies above... adventure walks the sea-sprayed decks below and we're away to "Treasure Island"! Sail the seven seas with Little Jim Hawkins and

Long John Silver. For all boys... Gallant adventures ahead! ... Here's a cruise for every lad with the heart of a man... with Little Jim, the boy that every boy would like to be!

WALLACE
BEERY
JACKIE
COOPER



in ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S

TREASURE ISLAND

See!

The pirates trap Billy Bones in the Admiral Benbow Inn!
 Little Jim escape with the Map of Treasure Island!
 The Mutiny aboard the Hispaniola!
 The Pirates in their attack on the honest folk at the Old Stockade!
 Little Jim in his knife battle with Israel Hands!
 The search for the treasure on Spyglass Hill!

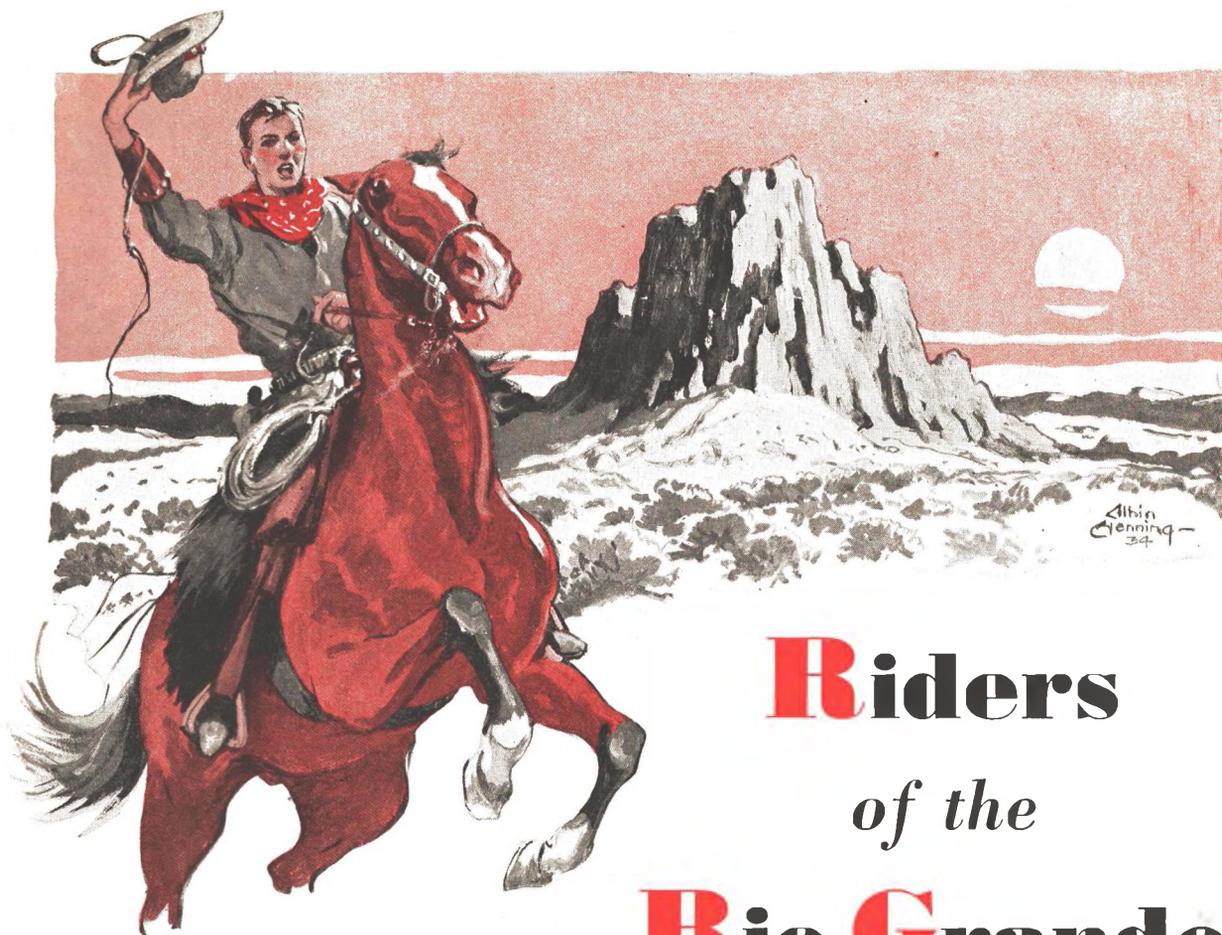


with
Lionel BARRYMORE

Otto KRUGER • Lewis STONE • Charles (Chic) SALE
 WALLACE BEERY as Long John Silver
 JACKIE COOPER as Little Jim Hawkins
 LIONEL BARRYMORE as Billy Bones
 OTTO KRUGER as Dr. Livesey
 LEWIS STONE as Captain Smollett
 "Chic" Sale as Ben Gunn William V. Mong as Old Pew

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
 Directed by Victor Fleming • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN HE WILL SHOW IT!



At the very moment when Tommy thought the horse was going over backwards, the man swept his broad-brimmed hat from his head and waved it.

Riders of the Rio Grande

A Western Serial That Packs a Puncher's Wallop!

by

Glenn Balch

Illustrated by ALBIN HENNING

SOON after the west-bound limited left Fort Worth, the fleeting green landscape of the great Southwest which the blond young man with the annoyed frown could see through the Pullman window began to be freckled with red. Mildly interested, he leaned forward and studied one of these freckles that stood near the track of the speeding train.

The creature was bulky and ponderously powerful, with four short, stocky legs capably supporting its great deep-chested body, a long, agile tail hanging from one end and cruel, stubby horns bristling from the other. The creature's color was a rich crimson, with white trimmings on one front foot, both hind feet, its tail, belly, and head, the last named of which was raised in calm bovine curiosity as the train sped by.

Fort Worth, so some of its loyal citizens had told the young man, was "where the West begins" and he knew the creature to be a cow, although it looked more like the buffalo in the Philadelphia zoo.

"Where the West begins!"

His lips curled in a sardonic smile as he recalled

Fort Worth's pride in this description. Funny, he thought, how people cling to old traditions of romance and adventure, long after the era that produced them has passed. Why, anyone could tell at a glance that Fort Worth was a modern, high-g geared, motorized city, thoroughly up-to-date and civilized.

The blond young man's eyes became cynical. He knew that the West was gone, slipped into unforgettable and unrecalable history. The term no longer stood for danger and excitement in a wild, untamed

country; it now had merely a geographical significance. If people had to tell you when you had arrived, that in itself was a virtual admission that the old West of song and story no longer existed.

Tommy Harris was the sophisticated product of a highly specialized modern civilization. A hick might fall for that stuff; but not Tommy. He had a sound mind and a good body—an athlete's body. The family fortune was secure and a soft berth awaited him in the firm when, after another three years of college and a year or so of travel, he decided to take it. He was Tommy Harris and the world was his oyster, and a very good oyster it was at that.

But just now Tommy was in a bad humor; fate had played him a scurvy trick. He had not desired a summer vacation at his uncle's ranch in the Big Bend country; York Harbor, with its swimming and sailing and tennis and dancing, had been his choice—several of his college chums were going up there on the Maine coast. But Fred Vance, his mother's brother, had been insisting for several years that Tommy pay him a visit and this summer seemed a good time to get it over with.



When Tommy strode out of the little hotel he was definitely looking for trouble. He'd show these hicks that he was no fool.

Fred Vance, he thought quite frankly, was probably a bore and a fool. Why otherwise did he stick to the Big Bend ranch where he and Tommy's mother had been born? Tommy's father, president of Harris Bonds, Incorporated, couldn't understand that either and was always slightly sardonic about his brother-in-law; but Mrs. Harris serenely ignored all criticism of the Big Bend country, and urged Tommy to go down and see it.

"It's glorious down there," she had told him. "I know you'll enjoy it."

And Tommy had smiled dutifully and accepted the inevitable. His mother was a good scout and he would humor her. But he was in for a dull summer. Now he stared moodily through the window and found himself envious of the bunch on their way to Maine. They would have fun.

Just then his idle eyes found another object of interest beyond the glass of the Pullman window. It was a man on a horse. The animal, frightened by the train, reared on its hind feet till Tommy almost gasped; but the man on its back, at the very moment when Tommy thought the horse was going over backwards, swept his big broad-brimmed hat from his head and waved it with a nonchalant grin at the passengers. Craning his neck to see the horse come back safely to all four feet, Tommy was aware of a peculiar little tingle under his scalp. An instant later, however, he was smiling to himself and, turning to a stocky, firm-fleshed man who sat across the aisle, murmured casually, "Mail order cowboy."

The man allowed his frank gray eyes to travel from the soles of Tommy's pebble-grained black oxfords to the top of his carefully groomed blond head, then drawled:

"Yeah."

Somehow, though one couldn't be offended, Tommy sensed a hidden barb of ridicule in the word. With some concern he considered what he was wearing—English zephyr-weight worsted suit of the very latest cut, an expensive broadcloth shirt with a faint blue stripe, a beautiful blue cravat that had cost three-fifty at the college haberdashery. He could

see nothing wrong. Nevertheless, as he settled back and resumed his moody staring through the window, he had an irritating sense of having committed a social error. He detested social errors.

But Tommy's thoughts returned almost immediately to the horseman about whom he had made his unfortunate remark. The picture was yet clear in his mind, a vitally alive picture of action; nervous horse rearing in wide-nostriled alarm; devil-may-care rider waving cheerful arrogance at the train. Undeniably there had been the grace and beauty of perfect balance; and still there had been something more, something that Tommy Harris would never understand until he had thrown his leg over a horse many times, something that can be fully hammered into human appreciation only by the pound of saddle leather against the tail-bone.

Chapter Two

THE NEXT morning, well beyond the final fringes of the cultivated fields but still in the fence country, Tommy Harris had to relinquish his comfortable section in the Pullman and accept coach accommodations on a branch line for the remainder of his journey.

With obvious distaste he selected a green-cushioned seat near the center of the car, deposited his luggage in the rack above, and sat down. A tall, lean man wearing a big white hat came along the aisle and sat down just behind him, noisily unfolding a newspaper.

The next individual to come in was the stocky iron-gray man whom Tommy had addressed concerning the horseman on the previous day. Reaching Tommy's seat, he glanced down and paused. Then, obviously acting on a sudden whim, he quietly swung his bag up into the rack and sat down beside the young Easterner. Tommy, somewhat resenting this, moved as close to the wall as possible, and as the little train bumped and started, occupied himself with gazing out at the green landscape. He soon noticed an increase in the number of cattle and jack

rabbits. Presently he saw a gray doglike animal that excited his curiosity.

"What is that?" he asked his companion, indicating the bounding gray form.

"Wolf," the gray-eyed man said, and the newspaper behind rustled as the occupant of the rear seat glanced casually out to see.

For the next fifty or sixty miles the silence was unbroken save for the rumble and rattle of the old coach; then the man beside Tommy spoke.

"What's yore name, pardner?" he drawled conversationally.

"Tommy Harris."

"Where you goin' to?"

"Big Bend country," Tommy informed him.

"That's quite a sizable chunk of ground," the other observed. "Where'd you come from?"

Tommy suddenly decided that for the time being he would not admit being an Easterner. "Fort Worth," he said casually. "I'm going to Wrango."

"Wrango?" The gray-eyed man showed interest.

"Yes. Fred Vance knows I'm coming; he'll have someone there to meet me."

The man seemed annoyed by the rustling of the paper behind them. "Who'd you say?" he inquired, leaning forward.

"Fred Vance," Tommy said, in a louder voice, although the noise of the paper had ceased.

The man was silent for a little while; then he said, "Of the Quarter-circle 6?"

Tommy Harris was amazed. "You know him?" he asked incredulously.

The other nodded, and Tommy began to reflect that his uncle must be a man of considerable importance out in this country after all. "Fred sent for me," he announced boldly. "He wants me to do a couple of months' riding for him."

He knew that the impression he gave was not literally true; but there could be no harm, he thought, in kidding the natives a little, especially when they asked for it, as this fellow did.

"Steady Job?"

"Not me," Tommy said smartly. "You couldn't



Rope stumbled across the ring and plunged headfirst among the legs of the spectators. When the men moved back they saw that his head had struck the brass footrail.

grass country, reaching back to a distant horizon that danced and shimmered in the noonday heat. A vast and depressing country. Tommy's eyes came back to the cheerless frame houses, and he shuddered inwardly. What if you had to live there in one? What did these people do? No gyms, no clubs, no ball parks, not even a swimming pool.

A man came from the black rectangle of the door under a roughly lettered general merchandise sign, untied one of the horses, and made a smooth, easy swing into the saddle. The horse jogged away—no prancing, no foolishness, no champing or waste motion. Tommy watched idly until the horseman was out of his line of vision; then his eyes came back to the depot windows and inside he saw a tall man with a big white hat, scribbling rapidly on a pad of telegraph blanks. Tommy recognized him as the passenger from the seat behind his. The man tore out a blank, handed it to the station agent, who was also the telegraph operator, and began scribbling again.

"I'm glad," Tommy said seriously, "that I'm not stopping at this place."

The stocky man smiled, a slow, shrewd smile. "Wrango," he said, "isn't as big as this."

The young Easterner groaned inwardly; he hadn't known it could be so bad. Surely his mother must have forgotten what this country was like.

"What can people do in a town like this?" he inquired plaintively, dropping for the minute all pretense.

"Do? Oh, they work an' eat an' sleep."

"I mean, what do they do for amusement and excitement?"

A smile flickered in the man's gray eyes. "Well," he drawled, "they don't have much time for amusement; but the excitement end generally takes care of itself without no help from nobody. Take it all in all, they don't do so bad."

The engineer tooted a warning signal and the man with the white sombrero came swinging back into the train and resumed his seat. Tommy noticed that he wore high-heeled boots, like those of the depot loungers, except that his were bright and shiny and the uppers had inlaid stars of white doekin.

The boy gazed moodily out of the window as the train rambled on through the grass country. Cattle became more numerous and horses and mules were to be seen occasionally. Fences were fewer, but longer and tighter strung, and presently the train entered a low range of choppy, greasewood-covered hills and the fences vanished, leaving no signs of human occupancy to relieve the vast desolation. Here even the cattle disappeared.

They had emerged into grassy, rolling plains country again when, an hour or so later, the train began to lose speed. The man next to Tommy stood up, stretched, and took his battered bag from the rack.

"I'm leavin' you here," he said to the youth. "You get off at the next stop, twenty miles farther down

hire me for that. I'll only be around a couple of months."

The man's eyes wandered to Tommy's pebble-grained oxfords. "Done much ridin'?"

"Only when it's necessary," Tommy said with a laugh. "Riding isn't my regular job."

"What is yore regular job?" the man drawled.

"Oh, findin' out things," Tommy answered airily. The man asked too many questions; and, anyway, it was his job to find out things—that was what he was going to college for.

"About rustlin'?" The man's voice was lower now.

Tommy shot a glance at him and saw that he was serious. Rustling, stealing cattle? Bunk! There weren't any rustlers left in this country. This man must be a fool not to know that; maybe he came from the East himself. But it was a beautiful opening.

"Maybe," Tommy said easily.

Just then the little train buck-jumped to a clanging halt, and Tommy Harris found himself looking out on a straggling little town that seemed to him

appallingly dreary. The train was panting away by a low, rambling depot, old and weathered, with a handful of loungers leaning listlessly against the wall at one end of the platform. Beyond the depot was a single unpaved street, running parallel to the tracks. On the far side was a line of hitching posts and racks, at which a score or more of saddled ponies were drowsing. Here and there a few cars, mostly old and battered, waited before the row of weather-beaten business buildings with high wooden false fronts. In one or two doorways, a man sagged against the jamb, staring at the train. Scattered around the little business center were a number of bleak-looking frame houses, two steepled churches and a schoolhouse, painted red.

To Tommy, the most impressive part of the little town was the sprawl of immense stock pens that covered several acres beside a switch track, with six or seven loading chutes suggesting times of activity. Around the pens stretched broad, smooth holding grounds to take care of the overflow of big herds. Here, occasionally, things happened!

But beyond all this lay gently undulating, green

the line. Good-by, and—" here he bent over and lowered his tone confidentially—"don't try to bluff this country; it can't be done."

Tommy's blue eyes widened, and he flushed a guilty scarlet. Then he smiled, and thrust out his hand. "Good-by," he said simply.

This man was nobody's fool, he reflected as he watched the broad back swing down the aisle. Through the window he saw him reappear at the side of the train and join a man waiting beside the tracks. While they were shaking hands the train drew away; but Tommy, his face still flushed, craned his neck to look back at the man who had been his chance companion for a day. To look back with suddenly acute interest, for when the gray-haired man had stretched for his bag Tommy had plainly seen the pearl-handled butt of a revolver underneath his coat.

Chapter Three

WHEN the train slowed again, Tommy got briskly to his feet and took down his bag. He noticed with some surprise that the man with the white hat had disappeared, apparently having moved to some other part of the train, for his bag was gone.

Descending from the train to Wrango's wooden platform, Tommy made a swift survey of the scrawny little town, and sighed. Then he searched the faces of the lounging knot of boot men for some sign that would indicate which was his Uncle Fred, whom he hadn't seen since he was a small boy. He found all eyes upon him, as if he were something of a curiosity, but none showed any sign of recognition or friendliness.

The proper thing would have been to smile, but Tommy was in no smiling mood. Something about these stares got under his sophisticated hide, and he scowled back. A bunch of gaping loafers. Contemptuously he turned a well-tailored back.

He was even too proud and stubborn to turn when footsteps approached a few seconds later. A hand fell on his shoulder and spun him around. He found himself looking into the red-flecked eyes of a slim, tanned individual whose big hat was pushed back jauntily to the crown of his black hair. The tag of a bag of smoking tobacco hung from a pocket in his blue shirt and a heavy leather belt, studded with cartridge brass, was about his waist. The worn gun holster that swung from the belt was empty; the gun was in the cowboy's hand, pointing at Tommy Harris' feet.

Although he had had a somewhat pampered boyhood, Tommy had not been brought up a coward and after this quick appraisal of his assailant his gaze jumped back to the grim eyes of the cowboy and held there, trading look for look. Presently the man spoke.

"Tenderfoot," he drawled, his voice low and hard and cold, "shuffle yore feet!"

Tommy's eyes wavered only a second; then they blazed. "What's this?" he demanded. "A gag?"

Bang! There was a crashing report from the big bore of the blue gun barrel and the boarding under the soles of Tommy's pebble-grained oxfords trembled with the impact of a heavy slug. Tommy's face blanched; he opened his mouth, then closed it. The acrid odor of powder smoke drifted up to his nostrils. "Shuffle yore feet."

For another long instant Tommy gazed into his tormentor's eyes, finding them relentless; then slowly he began to pick up his feet and set them down, feeling very foolish and very angry. Broad and appreciative grins appeared on the faces of the little knot of spectators.

"Faster!"

The cowboy emphasized the command with another crashing, jarring shot into the thick planks.

Tommy's feet moved faster, up and down, like the feet of a silly mechanical toy. He could hardly believe it; things like this belonged to a long departed past. Still, here he was doing it. Of all the fool things he had ever heard of! But while these thoughts were running through his mind and his feet were moving ludicrously up and down, his blue eyes never left his tormentor's face.

"I'm not going to stand for this," he promised solemnly, the words punctuated by the pumping of his feet.

"Keep it up." The cowboy was unimpressed. There was nothing else to do. Tommy kept it up. Presently the man seemed satisfied.

"That'll do," he growled. "Now put up yore hands." When Tommy's hands were in the air, the cowboy advanced and quickly slapped the Easterner's hips and armpits. He seemed a little disconcerted to find that Tommy carried no gun. Then he stepped back, dropped his own gun into his holster, and said, "Now let that be a lesson to you." With that, he swung on his high heels and strode jauntily away and the little knot of spectators dissolved and drifted after him, leaving Tommy Harris almost beside himself with indignation.

He remained for some time on the platform in the sun, waiting for Fred Vance to come, and while he waited his burning resentment increased. That sort of thing was outrageous, unbelievable, intolerable. Darn it all, he'd show the Big Bend country he was

no fool! They couldn't make a sap of him—not and get away with it!

He glanced angrily at his wrist watch—he'd been waiting over an hour! Obviously his uncle wasn't coming. This was a fine welcome! What kind of people were these out here, anyway?

Tommy grabbed up his bag and strode irately across the sandy, hoof-scarred street to the ramshackly hotel. The little paper-littered, cuspidor-studded lobby was deserted; so he banged belligerently on the bell. Presently, after a wait that added to his irritation, a short bow-legged little man with the stem of a black, stubby pipe clamped between his teeth appeared from the back part of the house and took his place behind the counter.

"A room with a bath, the best you have," Tommy snapped.

The man squinted at Tommy and shook his head. "No got," he said briefly. "Plenty o' room, but no bath. It ain't Saturday night, nowow."

Tommy thumped his bag down with a kind of desperate exasperation. Decent accommodations had of course been too much to expect; he might just as well arrange to get out to his uncle's ranch immediately. Fred Vance's failure to meet him was unexplainable and inexcusable. Such treatment, and after he'd given up a Maine vacation to come!

"Did you ever hear of the Quarter-circle 6 ranch?" The hotel man nodded. "Fred Vance's layout."

"Where is it?" "That-a-way." The man jabbed to the southwest with his pipe. "For'y-five mile; south till ya hit the rim rock, then west."

It sounded like "four or five miles" to Tommy and his conception of distance was that of the habitual motorist. No distance at all. He was on the point of asking for a taxi, but bit back the request—of course there weren't any taxis.

"Can you get me a horse?" he asked.

The little man's eyes narrowed and he gave Tommy a shrewd, searching glance.

"I won't steal your darned old horse," the young Easterner snorted. "I'll pay you well for the use of it. Heck, I'll even buy it!"

The hotel man appeared to be making a decision. At last he said, "I got a hoss that'll carry ya there fer ten bucks. An' ya kin tie the bridle on the horn an' turn him a-loose."

Tommy got out a ten-dollar bill and tossed it across the counter.

"Air ya wearin' them duds?" the hotel man asked critically.

"Certainly," Tommy declared with heat. "Why not? What's the matter with these clothes?"

"Nothin'," the man shrugged. "When air ya leavin'?"

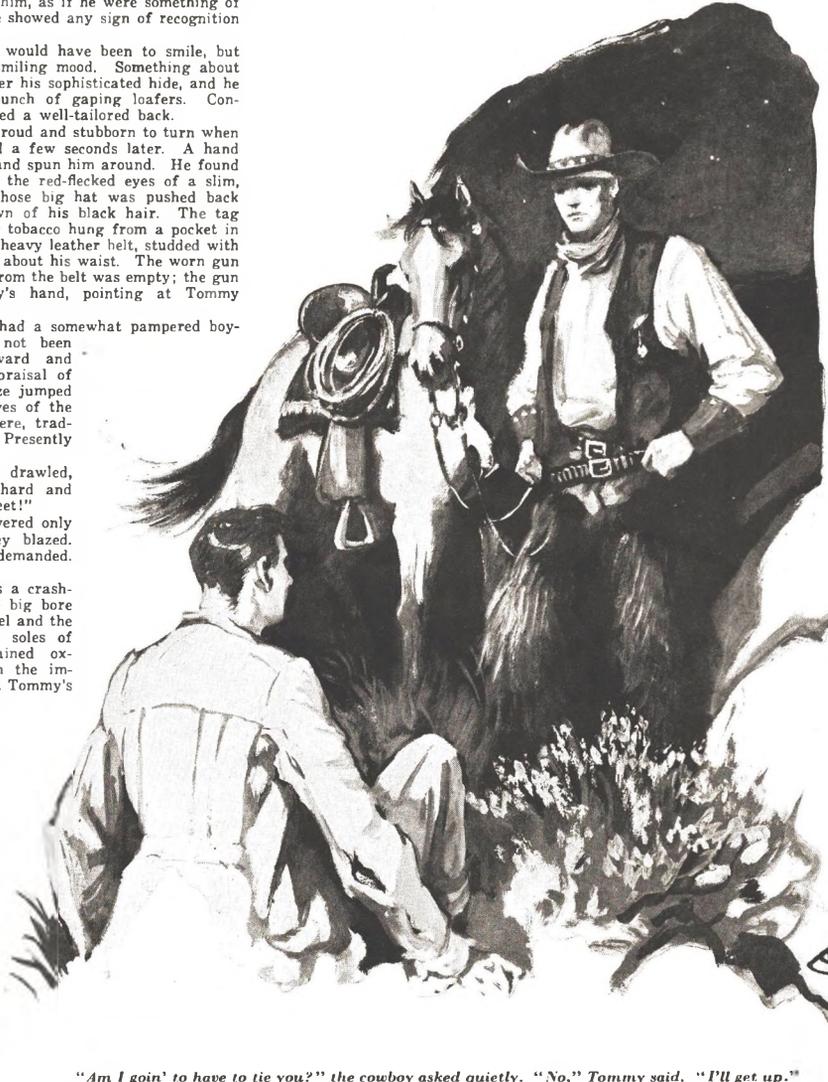
"In about fifteen minutes," Tommy said. "I've a little business to take care of, and then I'll be ready to go. Keep this luggage for me."

"The hoss'll be out in front, ready," the man said.

Chapter Four

WHEN Tommy Harris strode out of the ramshackly little hotel, he was definitely looking for trouble. His reception in the cattle country had added measurably to his original bitterness at having to come there. Brittle pride was driving him. He'd show these country hicks that he was no fool. He wasn't afraid of the Big Bend, and right now he intended to put it in its place.

(Cont. on page 33)



"Am I goin' to have to tie you?" the cowboy asked quietly. "No," Tommy said. "I'll get up."



"Your trick shooting has no place on this Honor Team!" cut in the Goat. "You're no better than cheating!"

Illustrated by
COURTNEY ALLEN

The Honor Team

by

Warren Hastings Miller

ON board the cruiser *Houston*, Wally Radnor and Stanguay Brooke, lieutenants junior grade, went into a huddle of two. They were discussing "Boondi" Brett, all-round athlete, crack rifle shot, and member of the Honor Team. There were five officers on that team, selected from the various ships of Battle Division Six. Of them all, Boondi was without question the best shot. It wasn't Boondi's uncanny marksmanship that disturbed Wally now, but his unorthodox style of shooting. He didn't bother with slings, arm position, or other details of the manual. His rifle leaped to shoulder and—Bang! The result was usually a bull's-eye. Boondi had shot quail on his South Carolina plantation where you point and swing and fire all in one motion, and the mark isn't much larger than a bumblebee and going twice as fast. He fired a rifle the same way, which was all right with Wally, but might not be so satisfactory to the range boss, better known to all Navy men as "the Goat."

In a few days, now, the Honor Team was going to meet the Army. And what if the Goat turned thumbs down on Boondi's frontier style of shooting? "Trouble is, the Goat has never seen Boondi shoot," Wally growled. "Boondi qualified when the *Arizona* was down in Pensacola. And when the Goat sees him toss that rifle to his shoulder like it was a pop-gun—"

Stanguay's long Nordic face cracked in a frosty grin. "He'll chase him to the rookie squad till he learns how to squeeze off a trigger, 'according to the reg-i-lations'," he quoted the Goat.

"That's just it," Wally rumbled rebelliously. "Boondi's a natural phenomenon, like the Mammoth Caves. The Goat won't appreciate that. If every move isn't precisely according to the Small Arms Manual, out he goes and we lose our star."

"The Manual is standing orders," Stanguay reminded him dryly. "You shoot the Goat's way or not at all, in this man's Navy."

"And if he goes, what does that leave me?" Wally mourned. "There's you, gilded bauble. You're rotten, you'll admit, though you did qualify for the Honor Team. There's Morton from the *Pennsylvania*, good for five straight if the weather's all right, but who can say anything about October weather? Burbridge from the *Utah* is likely to get stage fright if anything unexpected happens. And there's—"

"Yeah, you," Stanguay cut in with a grin. "You're team captain, so we can't put you off. Maybe the Goat will."

Wally didn't laugh. The Goat could put anybody off the Honor Team. He was a hard-boiled Marine officer who had charge of the Navy rifle ranges near Cape Henlopen. Once a year the Fleet anchored

inside the Delaware Capes for two weeks of small arms shore drill and shooting. It was a joyous holiday for everybody, marred only by the grim discipline of the Goat.

His word was law on the range. He had once written a book on small arms, and from it the Navy Manual had been promulgated as standing orders. The Goat enforced the manual down to the

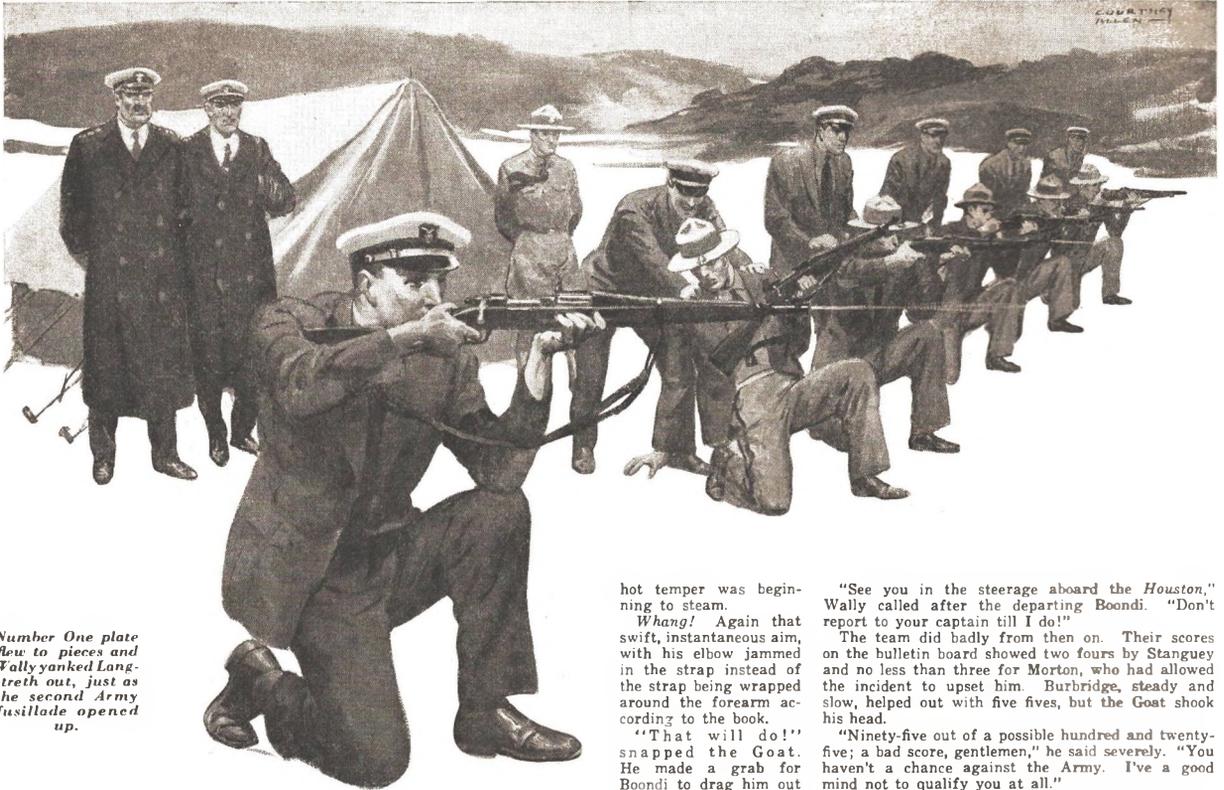
minutest detail of holding and firing. The Honor Team had to go before him for a test score next day, and Wally foresaw fireworks ahead when the Goat and Boondi clashed. The stocky little Southerner was hot-tempered and touchy. He wouldn't take much—not even from a tough Marine range boss.

"Well," Wally shrugged, "we can't beat the Army without Boondi on the team and you know it, Stanguay. We'll just have to wait and see what the Goat does."

The Goat did plenty, and there were fireworks in the doing, as Wally had predicted. The tall, stiff Marine looked extremely uncompromising as the Honor Team reported to him next day for its test. He wore, on a leathery chin, a brown toothbrush, carefully clipped. Another toothbrush grew above the weary, impatient line of his mouth, and his sardonic eyes were goatish.

He nodded curtly to the young officers and stalked like an animated ramrod over to the telephone booth to call up the markers of their particular targets.

"Take your positions, gentlemen. The test will be change-position fire. Number One will commence when ready."



Number One plate flew to pieces and Wally yanked Langstreth out, just as the second Army fusillade opened up.

Wally as team captain was the first to fire, and he was familiar with the special course that had been devised for this Army-Navy test. He wet his finger to determine the wind and estimated the range of the distant target. It was a golden October day, with a mild blue sky and a gentle breeze from the southwest. The vast greensward of the ranges was crackling with noise as lines of bluejackets in shore leggings ran, dropped, and fired. Other squads were firing prone, and two platoons knelt and dropped prone at change-position fire. Over in the bay motor-sailers were coming and going from the dreadnoughts and cruisers at anchor. But Wally wasn't noticing the scene. A feeling of apprehension was making his hand tremble.

"Windage, quarter point right," he announced to his team. "Mirage, allow fifty yards. Range is five hundred and fifty." The Honor Team was given no data. Its captain had to do his own estimating. "Ready, sir."

Whang! Wally fired methodically, taking his full five seconds to each shot. Prone, kneeling, sitting, kneeling, prone. At the end of his string the white marker indicated five straight bull's-eyes.

"Score, twenty-five," said the Goat unemotionally. "Next!"

Boondi was up, and Wally held his breath. The short Carolinian dropped prone, and *Whang!* Instantly his rifle spat flame. It seemed that it had hardly touched his shoulder. The Goat stalked over behind him hurriedly, a frown on his face.

Boondi leaped from prone to kneeling, his sling hanging in a loop under the rifle. Then his elbow had jumped into it and off went his shot, the instant the target appeared.

"Here! You can't fire with your strap like that!" the Goat barked.

Boondi glanced over shoulder as he changed to sitting. "Do leave me alone, suh," he said in annoyance.

Whang! The target had come up again and Boondi had punctured it on sight. He seemed almost not to look at the target.

The Goat was appalled. "This won't do! Not at all! You're doing nothing according to the regulations!"

Boondi shrugged. There was fire in his eyes as he changed to kneeling, and Wally knew that his

hot temper was beginning to steam.

Whang! Again that swift, instantaneous aim, with his elbow jammed in the strap instead of the strap being wrapped around the forearm according to the book.

"That will do!" snapped the Goat. He made a grab for Boondi to drag him out of the firing line. "You can't give circus exhibitions on this range!"

Boondi glared at him, shook him off, and wriggled to prone. He had no time for the Goat just now—not with that target rising!

Whang! An instant after his last shot ripped out, the white marker scored five straight.

"Disallowed!" the Goat rasped. "If you had any sense of honor, young man—"

It was a tactless remark. Boondi dropped his rifle and moved on the Goat, his eyes dangerous. "You mean to insinuate—"

"That your trick shooting has no place on this Honor Team!" cut in the Goat. "You're no better than cheating! No one with any decency in him—"

Boondi's fist shot out and doubled up the tall Goat like a jackknife, a solar plexus blow that knocked every atom of wind out of him. He staggered, eying Boondi venomously.

"No man can talk to me like that!" Boondi burst out passionately. "You'll apologize, or we'll take off our jackets and I'll thrash you to within an inch of your life!"

The Goat couldn't speak. Vainly trying to draw breath he could only glare at the fiery Boondi. Wally looked on, troubled, for the Goat was not altogether wrong in this. For most men, Boondi's type of shooting would never do. Yet there was such a thing as being too insistent upon regulations.

At last the Goat found his voice. "You will report to your commanding officer under arrest," he said in husky anger. "That will be all."

"It's not all!" Boondi stood his ground grimly. "You said something that you'll retract first, suh."

The Goat hesitated before the resolute stare. "I meant that your methods are entirely non-reg, and can't be allowed on this team," he hedged. "Any hasty remarks beyond that—"

"Very good, sir!" Boondi said grimly and his fists relaxed. "See you later, Wally." He picked up his rifle and made to leave. The Goat forced an artificial smile.

"No offense intended, I assure you. Stations, men. I haven't all day here. Number Three up."

The Marine captain went to the telephone booth. The white marker denoting five straight bull's-eyes was still centering Boondi's distant target. Wally clicked his teeth regretfully. To lose a man like that from his team! A man who could outshoot any two men in the Navy!

"See you in the steerage aboard the *Houston*," Wally called after the departing Boondi. "Don't report to your captain till I do!"

The team did badly from then on. Their scores on the bulletin board showed two fours by Stanguay and no less than three for Morton, who had allowed the incident to upset him. Burbridge, steady and slow, helped out with five fives, but the Goat shook his head.

"Ninety-five out of a possible hundred and twenty-five; a bad score, gentlemen," he said severely. "You haven't a chance against the Army. I've a good mind not to qualify you at all."

"Aren't you going to add in Brett's score, sir?" Wally asked, while the others gasped, speechless. "Ninety-five, sir?"

There was an explosion of suppressed anger from the rest of the team. That score would go down on their official service records!

"Certainly not!" the Goat rasped warmly. "You bring me an utterly untrained man with a freak eye, and want him to represent the Navy?"

There was a wrathful silence. Ninety-five, for five expert riflemen! Well, the Goat had lived up to expectations. He couldn't see beyond his manual.

"Permission to leave the firing line, sir?" Wally asked frigidly.

Characteristically the Goat made them open each rifle-bolt and inspected all the magazines, as if they were the rawest of rookies.

"That's well. Squad dismissed," he ordered curtly and turned to telephone the markers at the butts. "Send over a substitute to qualify in Brett's place, Radnor."

The team talked it over on the motor-sailer back to the *Houston*.

"You wait," Wally told them. "Visit a while in our steerage, and we'll send you over to your ships later. Tell Boondi to keep his mouth shut. I'm going to talk to Fighter Dodson about it before we do anything. He'll dig up an idea."

"Who's he—your gunnery officer?" Morton asked. Wally nodded grimly.

"Ninety-five for an official record!" Burbridge moaned. "They'll hoot us off our ships!"

When they got to the *Houston's* bulletin board they found the score already posted. A group of guffawing and grinning senior officers, all eager to kid them, were staring at the indecent figure. The Goat had simply telephoned it over the ship-to-shore wireless without comment.

"What was the matter with you fellows? Stage fright or something?" Lieutenant Bunce of Number One turret asked with twinkling eyes.

"The Goat was on a rampage, that's all," Wally said. "Team's all right."

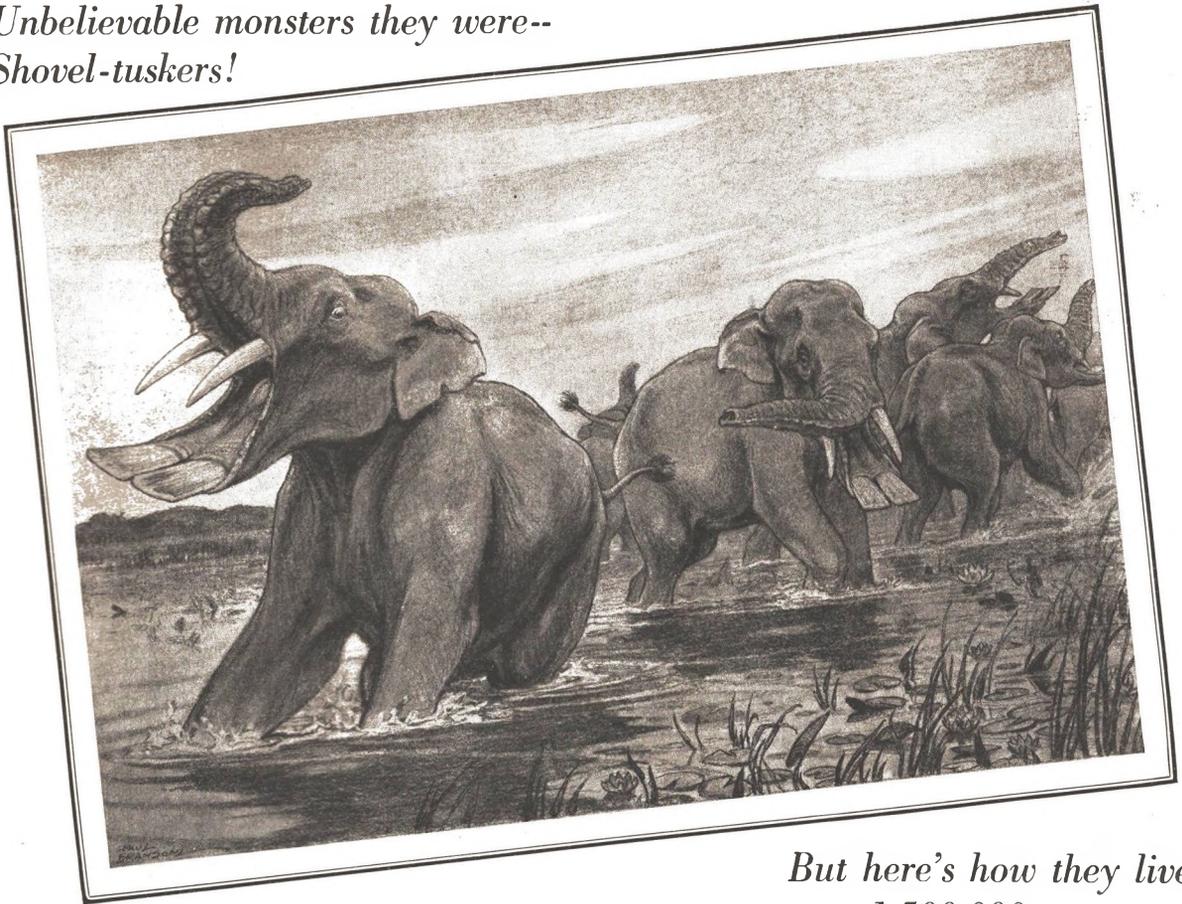
"Sure! You must have hit the target every third shot at least! Not bad!"

"I could resent that," Wally replied. "But why waste time on a guy who couldn't hit a cow with a plank at two yards?"

With that he went forward to seek Commander Dodson in the wardroom country.

The gunnery officer turned (Continued on page 31)

Unbelievable monsters they were--
Shovel-tuskers!



But here's how they lived
1,500,000 years ago!

Illustrator:

PAUL BRANSOM

Time to Eat!

by Franklin M. Reck, interviewing

Roy Chapman Andrews

Scientist and Explorer, Leader of the American Museum of Natural History's Central Asiatic Expeditions, 1921-1930

SHOVEL-TUSK was hungry. With some reluctance—he was inherently lazy—he lifted his clumsy bulk from the fertile meadow in which he was lying. He did it by rising first on his short, thick front legs, then swinging his huge head, and finally pushing himself erect with his rear legs. He was an amazing animal, almost like some incredible vision out of a nightmare. His body, some eight feet high at the shoulders and perhaps twelve feet long, had the thick, hairless hide of an elephant. His stout legs and the upper part of his head were elephantine. From the corners of his mouth, short down-curved ivory tusks projected.

The unbelievable part of him was his lower jaw. Beyond the tusks it widened out and extended forward fully two feet, terminating in two enormous flat teeth. The great jaw, curved to a slight hollow, looked for all the world like a large scoop shovel. Above this outthrust jaw, Shovel-tusk's elongated upper lip, in appearance somewhat like an elephant's trunk, wriggled tentatively in the soft breeze.

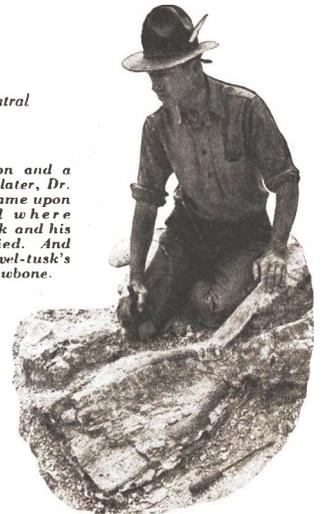
Shovel-tusk's rising was the signal for others to rise. Great, dark shapes began to loom above the tall grass of the meadow. A lumbering cow with her baby. Other great bulls. Husky young males, leaner than Shovel-tusk. Their trumpeting filled the air. They were hungry, and they wanted Shovel-tusk to hurry.

But the great leader was deliberate. He never made haste in his march to the feeding ground. Not because of fear, for there were no other animals of the plains and forests that could threaten his safety. But for the hungry, gray wolves who now and then dragged down and tore apart a straying baby, Shovel-tusk and his kind were supreme in the land. Nor did he bother the antelopes, the small deer, or the rhinoceros who shared his domain. He was a strict vegetarian.

The meadow sloped down to a quiet little estuary, the silver surface of which ran out to join the broad expanse of a great lake to the east. The shore line of the estuary was swamplike, and the surface near the shore was covered with lily pads and bulbs. Toward that spot Shovel-tusk's great, misshapen head hungrily turned. With a trumpeting command he began to amble leisurely toward the feeding ground.

A man watched the scene. He was seated high on a ridge overlooking the meadow, a hardwood forest at his back. His muscular body (Continued on page 41)

One million and a half years later, Dr. Andrews came upon the pool where Shovel-tusk and his friends died. And here's Shovel-tusk's lower jawbone.



Friendly talks

WITH THE EDITOR

Greenberg's Two-Bagger

RECENTLY we watched the Detroit Tigers play the Yankees. Hank Greenberg, the long-legged Detroit first baseman, was at bat. Lefty Gomez threw him a fast one, inside. Greenberg caught it on the handle and the ball shot a mile high, right over first base. Lou Gehrig is a dependable fielder and most players wouldn't have taken their chances very seriously. Not so with Greenberg. The big fellow galloped down the base line like a stampeding dinosaur. The ball was just beginning to come down when he touched first. Gehrig was under it, but Greenberg didn't stop. He pounded toward second, running as though his life depended on it. Then, just as the ball neared Gehrig's outstretched glove, a gust of wind deflected it and it fell at Gehrig's feet. Greenberg got a two-bagger. If he hadn't chosen to run it out, well—draw your own conclusions.

The United States regularly operates 560 air transports and has 10,360 registered private airplanes. This exceeds the combined total for France, Great Britain and Germany, which is 551 transports and 3,612 private planes.

An Airplane on Wheels

WE were thrilled as we read of the marvelous dash of the Burlington Zephyr across one-third of a continent. The silver tinted streamlined train, locomotive and two coaches, rocketed out of Denver in broad daylight on a Saturday morning and pulled into Chicago before sundown that same evening. The Zephyr had covered 1,017 miles in 13 hours. Her average speed was 77.75 miles an hour. At times she traveled 112 miles an hour. In 1928 the Royal Scot, crack British train, established a new world's record by going from London to Glasgow, 401 miles, in 6 hours 57 minutes. The Zephyr, during her Denver-Chicago run, traveled 401 miles in 5 hours 4 minutes! Moreover the Zephyr, despite an oversize passenger list that exceeded 85, burned less than 600 gallons of crude oil. And crude oil, for the Zephyr's 660 horsepower Diesel motor, costs only 4 cents a gallon. One thousand miles in 13 hours, for \$22. Our congratulations to the Burlington.

Frogs are notorious cannibals. Big frogs eat little frogs.

What Do You Say?

LABOR DAY approaches. Right after it comes the opening of school. Which gives us the opportunity to ask you a question. . . . When somebody asks you about the good points of your school, what do you answer? Do you tell about the size of its building, its gymnasium, its swimming pool, its lunchroom? We suspect that many of you do. Yet the soul of your school isn't its physical equipment at all. The soul is its teachers, provided they are good enough to arouse your curiosity and make you think for yourselves.

Buddha and Lincoln Buddha, teaching his kindly philosophy to open-air classes under a bo tree, was conducting a school far more real and important than many we know of that are richer in buildings and tennis courts than in real teachers. The Abraham Lincoln log cabin, with a gangling boy reading books by firelight and a wise mother to guide and inspire him, was a finer school than a whole lot of present day ones

that are long on glistening equipment and short on mental leadership. If there are, in your personal life, a few teachers who can make you want to learn for learning's own sake, who can put in your hands the keys that will unlock the riches of the past, then we call you fortunate indeed.

A New York police horse must be between four and seventeen years of age, and be able to jump a five-foot barrier and to step over small objects without damaging them.

Do You Do This?

LAST WEEK we deliberately shortened our life by two days, and we're ashamed of ourself. Maybe you do the same thing at times. We had a mean job to do—the kind that we especially dislike. Instead of pitching into it, we kept putting it off. It weighed on our mind, so we didn't get to other things, either. We just moved along at half speed, letting a half-hour job that we dreaded spoil one day after another. Finally we spit on our hands, rolled up our sleeves, and pitched into it. It took us 23 minutes, and when we'd finished we felt as proud as a pup with a new collar. But the two days we lost—well, they're gone. We're going to do better, next time.

Watch the Blocker

THE football season is just around the corner, and in a few weeks we'll be engaged in the great American pastime of watching the man with the ball. All the while we'll be laboring under the mistaken idea that we're seeing the game. As a matter of fact we'll not be seeing it. Not so long as we watch the man with the ball. To correct that error we've made a personal resolve. When the ball is snapped and the play sweeps toward right tackle, we're going to *force* our eyes away from the ball carrier. We're going to glue them on the opposing tackle and end. Somebody must block out tackle and end before the play can get through the line. Somebody else must run through

BIG NEWS FOR YOU

TELL all your friends about the year's biggest announcement in the publishing field. *The American Boy*, today and hereafter, will sell at *half* its former price. You'll pay only 10c at your news stand. You may buy a full year's subscription for only \$1, or three years for \$2. We're proud of the reduction. *The American Boy* has retained its circulation leadership throughout the depression, despite the fact that it has cost you *twice* as much as any other boys' magazine. That's just another proof that quality pays. Nevertheless, it has always been our ambition to price *The American Boy* at the lowest attainable figure—to put it within the easiest possible reach of every boy. Today we've found a way to do it. Please help us spread the happy news.

the hole and bump into the line-backer. If these three—tackle, end and line-backer—are eliminated the runner is bound to gain ground. In short we're going to watch the blockers. We may miss a few essential details, but when the lineman is moving his chain forward, we hope to have a clearer picture of the play than the fan who sees only the ball.

Congratulations, Bill Gomon!

WE congratulate young Bill Gomon, of Cooley High School, Detroit. Gomon has started the Junior Army for World Peace. This Army proposes to encourage friendly feeling between the youth of all countries. It proposes to keep youth reminded that war is organized slaughter which does huge damage and very little good, and to encourage discussions that promote peace. How does the Army operate? Unit 1, at Cooley High arranged one Peace mass meeting in its auditorium. It held a joint meeting with the Michigan Peace Council, an adult organization. It arranged for its members to correspond with boys and girls in foreign lands. It planned radio broadcasts. It gathered anti-war cartoons, by students, for the school newspaper. An emblem is soon to be ready. Why not organize a Junior Army unit in your school? Write Bill Gomon for suggestions. Better inclose a self-addressed envelope, with a stamp on it. Bill isn't a millionaire!

One-fourteenth of all the telephones in the United States are installed in New York City.

We Recommend This Book

WE have just reread "My Folks in Maine." It's one of the new memorial series of books by Dr. C. A. Stephens, the brilliant Youth's Companion staff writer who died four years ago, at the age of 84. "My Folks in Maine" is a grand story. It takes you back to the thrilling frontier days of New England—to Indians, to hunting and trapping, to horseback adventures in the wilderness. Dr. Stephens writes with quiet humor and a rich literary flavor. For a free circular describing the new edition of his books, write The Old Squire's Book Store, Norway, Maine. Inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Thirty million Americans are swimmers. They take a billion dips each year.

Battleships and Science

THE Science News Letter points out that Uncle Sam is proposing to spend \$380,000,000 on a bigger and better Navy. Meanwhile, the country is so poor that we have had to institute drastic "economies" in a thousand different directions. The National Bureau of Standards, the Naval Research Laboratory, the national, state, university and private laboratories have had their budgets so reduced that they find it difficult to do effective work. They have postponed buying equipment that they sorely need. They have dismissed thousands of young, eager, resourceful scientists. They have demoralized the older ones by salary cuts that force them below a decent living standard. It sounds a bit silly, doesn't it? Sometimes we begin to despair of our generation. Sometimes we get to long for the time when yours will be ready to take its place.



The Black Box

by

Laurie York Erskine

Illustrator: FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

IT was a still, starlit night in Black River, Alberta, and Renfrew, who had returned to his lodging after a Saturday evening spent among all the lively places of the little cattle town, was reluctant to switch on the electric light in his room and spoil the magic of the scene outside. Instead, he stood at the window and looked out on the silent expanse of Garrick Street.

Against the starry, velvet sky, the small frame houses along the street appeared as flat and artificial as stage scenery set in the white glare of the single, powerful street lamp. It was nearly midnight, and the last visitors from the open country had long since made their way by buckboard, wagon, horseback, or battered auto out through Garrick Street and into the distant foothills where their ranches lay. The houses of Garrick Street stood dark and silent; to Renfrew the scene had the strange effect of an empty stage setting, weirdly lighted, waiting for the actors to appear.

Then the play started! Furtively, without the warning glare of headlights, an automobile rolled out of an alley that ran into Garrick Street some hundred yards away toward the town. The car stopped for a moment and then, with its headlights dark, rolled silently past Renfrew's window and went on up the street.

Renfrew pressed close to the glass, peering after

it. In a moment or two he took his eyes from the street scene long enough to jot down in his notebook the license number he had caught by the light of the street lamp.

"May come in useful," he muttered; and he considered the wisdom of going out to investigate the fact that the mysterious car with a State of Washington license had dropped two men who now loitered at the entrance to the alley. He had just decided to slip out through the rear door of the frame bungalow in which he lodged and come up on the alley loiterers from the rear when his attention was again attracted to the window by the rhythmic sound of hoofs.

He saw a lone horseman loping by serenely—only some belated ranch hand setting out for home, he thought. But suddenly, out from the alley the horseman had just passed, stole a dark form—the black, huddled shape of a man, who, crossing the street, took cover behind some shrubbery.

Even an Empty Box May Hold a Fortune

Renfrew, his eyes narrowing, drew an automatic from his pocket—he might need it. That horseman was trapped! The motor car was waiting for him up the street, and the two loiterers had cut off his retreat.

As Renfrew made for the door, a cry and the sound of shots reached him from the direction of the car; then a thunder of hoofs betrayed the horseman riding back as fast as his animal could come. Renfrew dashed into the hallway and was on the porch in time to see the two men emerge from shrubbery and alley. He saw them hail the rider; saw the horse drawn back upon its haunches by a skillful hand; saw flame leap from a gun as the animal reared and turned to charge up the street again. At that moment Renfrew switched on the porch light, and the rider saw it as the motor car bore down upon him. He halted before the bungalow, flung himself from the horse, and leaped to the porch as Renfrew rushed from beneath the light, automatic in hand, intent on holding the car.

But by this time lights were appearing all along the street, and householders emerging from their doors. The occupants of the car, thoroughly alarmed, slowed down only long enough to pick up their two confederates, and then roared away with the cut-out open and throttle pressed down to the board.

Renfrew made his way back to the porch, where his landlord, a young mechanic, was questioning the boyish horseman, with the aid of his wife and some six or seven neighbors.

From the babel of competing voices, Renfrew gathered that the horseman was Barnet Perry, who lived on a ranch some miles out in the hills; that he had been in town attending to some business and had been held up on his way home, for no reason he could think of. He guessed that the holdup men had just guessed he was carrying money—which was a great mistake—and he guessed that he'd be going on home. But his frightened horse had departed for pastures new. "If Mr. MacKean will lend us his car, I'll run you out," suggested Renfrew.

"Sure," said the young mechanic. "Take the car."

Barnet Perry hesitated, and Renfrew's eyes twinkled.

"Perhaps you'd like to come in and have a chat before we start," he suggested genially.

"I wouldn't mind," said Perry. "I'm not in a hurry."

With the shades drawn and the warm light of a table lamp making cosy the little square room that Renfrew occupied, young Barnet Perry relaxed somewhat. The MacKean and their neighbors had retired, and Renfrew were alone. Perry sat back in his chair and smiled apologetically.

"Guess I'm something of a nuisance," he said. Renfrew studied him. Perry was young—not more than eighteen, guessed Renfrew—but very tall and strong, with a blond, square-jawed manliness that was pleasing.

"No," said Renfrew. "I've been wanting to see you ever since I arrived in Black River."

"Me?" cried the boy. "Why?"

"I wanted to ask you a question," said Renfrew. "But why me? And what's the question?"

"I'll answer the last one first. I wanted to ask you why a Chinese named Tom King, a man who is a tong fighter and a narcotic peddler, should come all the way from Seattle, Washington, to hold you up on the outskirts of Black River, Alberta?"

Young Perry gazed steadily into the equally steady gaze of his questioner.

"I didn't know who it was," he said at last. "But I guess it was because they thought I carried money."

Renfrew shook his head. "You know better than that," he said.

Perry frowned. "But why should I talk to you?" he demanded. "If I've got anything more to say, I'll say it to the police."

"That's why I asked you," said Renfrew mildly. "I'm an officer of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

"But MacKean said you were a cattle buyer."

"He thinks I am. A cattle buyer can move around and make inquiries without causing comment. Perhaps you'd like to look over some credentials."

Renfrew passed the young man his wallet.

"The local police reported to Headquarters the presence in Black River of a suspicious character," he explained while Perry frowned over the documents. "A man who looked like an Italian with the complexion of a Chinese. I was sent here to investigate and found that the strange visitor was Tom King, who had left Vancouver for Seattle when Canada had got too hot for him. I couldn't find the slightest clue to what he was doing here until I saw his car roll up the street tonight."

Perry handed back the wallet. "Now, why did he hold you up?" pressed Renfrew.

"I think," said Perry slowly, "it was because he wanted this." He took from his coat pocket a small square object and held it out.

Renfrew examined it. It was a small, flat box, not more than two inches square and less than an inch deep. Fashioned from heavy cardboard and covered with



"You took it from the black box!" chattered the flat voice, growing shrill. "Where is it?"

black morocco embossed with a conventional design, it had the uninteresting appearance of any container for a coin or medal or ring. Renfrew curiously pressed the spring.

"Why, there's nothing in it!" he cried.

"I know," said Perry.

"But surely Tom King isn't risking murder for the possession of an empty leather box!"

Young Perry gazed at Renfrew very steadily but with a flicker in his eyes that betrayed his nervous tension.

"He is. He's done it!" he cried. "One man has already been killed, and they're after me now. They want that box!"

"But why?" cried Renfrew.

"I don't know." The youngster rose and paced nervously up and down the room. "I thought Uncle Leslie was crazy when he gave it to me so solemnly—but they killed him for it, I guess."

"Who's Uncle Leslie?"

"He was my mother's brother. My father's dead. My mother has a good position in Toronto, with a big store there, but I didn't want to be a burden on her; so I came out here, when I was fifteen, to work on my cousin's ranch until I finished school. My cousin's name is Thatcher, Miles Thatcher—he's been pretty good to me."

"But this Uncle Leslie?" murmured Renfrew firmly.

"He lived down in Seattle, and was supposed to have a good deal of money. He came up here to

visit Miles, and Miles thought I wasn't getting a good enough education here at Black River; so Uncle Leslie asked me to go down and take a year at the Seattle schools. And I went."

"What was his full name? Your Uncle Leslie's?"

"Leslie Dyrenforth Barnet."

"And he gave you this little black box?" Renfrew murmured.

"Yes. Late last winter. All winter I'd noticed that he was worried, and finally he got so he jumped every time the bell rang. He lived in a big house, high up on a hill, and you could hear the automobiles turn into the street and change gears for the hill. He got so he'd hop up and walk around every time a car came along."

"Have you any idea why?"

"Not much, but wait! There was a little fellow who used to come around a lot. His name was Nussbaum, and Uncle Leslie said he was his lawyer. They'd go into conferences together, talking almost in whispers. I didn't like Nussbaum—there was something slimy about him. Well, I noticed that Uncle Leslie was getting rid of things. His paintings and etchings went first—he was something of a collector. And he had a lot of little porcelain dishes, and coins and prints and things. They went too. Then one day I heard him break out and almost yell at Nussbaum. 'They've stripped me clean!' he yelled. 'You've got everything I own, I tell you!' I was studying in the next room, and I heard him clearly. It was soon after that he gave me the black box."

There was a pause.

"You mean he gave it to you right after the conference with Nussbaum?" urged Renfrew gently.

"No. A couple of nights later. He came into my room after I'd gone to bed, and lit the light and closed the window, and pulled down the shades. Then he came over to me and took this box from his pocket. 'I'm going to give you this,' he said, 'to keep for me. I'm trusting you—trusting you with a fortune!' And he said I must hang on to the box and never let it out of my hands for a minute or let any soul know I had it, until he asked for it back."

"Of course I asked if I might open it, and I found there was nothing in it. But he insisted that it contained the secret of a fortune. Then he took a roll of bills from his pocket, and said that he might have to go away in a hurry. In that case I was to use the money for expenses, and wait for him to get in touch with me. I thought he was crazy, but I promised never to let the box out of my hands, and I've kept that promise. . . ."

"And then?"

"Well, about a week later there was the senior hop at the high school. I came home that night pretty late, with the box in my pocket as usual. When I turned into the street at the foot of the hill, I saw a car parked without lights close to some shrubbery. I was just passing it when three men came running down the hill, and they all piled into the car and it shot away! I stood and stared after it, startled. And puzzled too, for under the street light I'd seen that at least two of the men were Chinese."

"Well, I went on home, feeling queer, and dashed into the library because I saw a light in there. Things were all upset, and my uncle lay sprawled beside an overturned table—dead! He'd been stabbed three times and the library had been completely ransacked."

Again Renfrew broke a pause.

"You told the police, I suppose, about the Chinese and the car?"

"Of course. But they never got anybody. The next day Nussbaum came and said he was my uncle's lawyer. But while he was looking things over in the study, a friend of my uncle, a man named Barnaby, came and Nussbaum was given the name. Mr. Barnaby said there should be a will, but the lawyer he called in couldn't find it. There didn't seem to be anything for me to do; so I packed up and started out for here."

"How about the black box?"

"Well, Uncle Leslie had sworn me to secrecy about that, and I thought I'd wait and talk it over with Miles."

"Is that all?"

"No. I spent two days in Uncle Leslie's house after he was killed, and I know that it was being watched."

"Were you alone?"

"No. A manservant was there, a sort of chauffeur and handy man, and a couple of policemen, but when I told them there were Chinese in the shrubbery, they laughed at me. The day I left I started out for the station in a taxi and when we came to the foot of the hill a car ran out and blocked our road. Right off, another one closed in from behind, and two men jumped out. But just then a police car came shooting into the street on its way to the house and a cop got out to see what was causing the traffic jam. The car that was blocking our way shot ahead, and the men who'd hopped out of the other car hopped right back and that car shot away, but I'd seen that they were Chinese, and I guessed that they'd meant to grab the black box. That's all I know about it, until this holdup tonight."

Renfrew was turning the black leather box over and over.

"Have you tried taking it to pieces?" he asked. "I took out the plush-covered pad on the bottom, but that didn't show anything. The rest of the box is just cardboard covered with leather. It's one of the little boxes my uncle kept coins in. You can see the maker's name under the plush bottom."

Renfrew picked out the plush bottom and read the maker's name. "Barnet and Cutts," he said. "Any relation?"

"No, just an accident, I guess."

With sensitive fingers Renfrew probed and tested the construction of the box. "Guess you're right," he admitted. "Just the usual sort of coin box. But we'll take another look at it when we get back."

"You'll come out to the ranch with me?" The youngster's face lighted up. Renfrew got up, crossed the room, and turned on the water faucet of the little wash basin. He beckoned Perry to his side.

"No one can overhear us with the water running," he explained. "I'm going out with you because I want to talk to your cousin. We'll leave the box behind us in a safe place. Here is the key to MacKean's car. Go out, get in the car, and drive it slowly around a couple blocks, until I join you. And until I tell you to, don't let anyone know that I'm a policeman."

"Where are you going to hide the box?"

"In a safe place. Now I'll see you to the door."

A moment later anyone watching the bungalow would have seen Renfrew say good-night to Perry on the lighted porch, wave a final farewell as Perry started the little car, and then switch off the porch light and go back into the house.

Once more in his room, Renfrew waited long enough to address an envelope, scribble a message on a postal card, and put on his hat; then he left the house through the rear door. He saw the car roll slowly past—with a dark form clinging monkey-like to its rear fender! He darted out but too late to prevent the dark form from slipping off and dashing away behind the houses.

"That chap had a knife for you," said Renfrew, as he slid in beside Perry. "He was probably planning to use it when you got well out into the country. Now drive fast. Down to the post office first."

Perry whisked the little car into the center of the sleeping town and stopped outside the post office, where Renfrew left the car just long enough to drop into the box a postal card and a small package.

"The box!" cried Perry.

"Yes. It'll be there when I call for it, and the postal card will tell the police where to look for us if I don't call," said Renfrew dryly.

With a sense of security and relief in having Renfrew beside him, Perry drove the roadster out to the ranch. They arrived in the chill cold hour preceding

the dawn, and as Perry stepped inside the door his heart fell with the knowledge that something was seriously wrong.

"Miles!" he shouted. "Miles!" And stood, wide-eyed with horror, staring upon the desolation about him. The house had obviously been ransacked from cellar to garret. Floor boards had been torn up and doors smashed open.

In a grim silence Renfrew found a lamp and lit it. From room to room he carried it, Perry close at his heels; and in every room they found chaos, with drawers and cupboards torn open and their contents scattered. In the kitchen they came on the body of Miles Thatcher with a single knife wound directly over his heart.

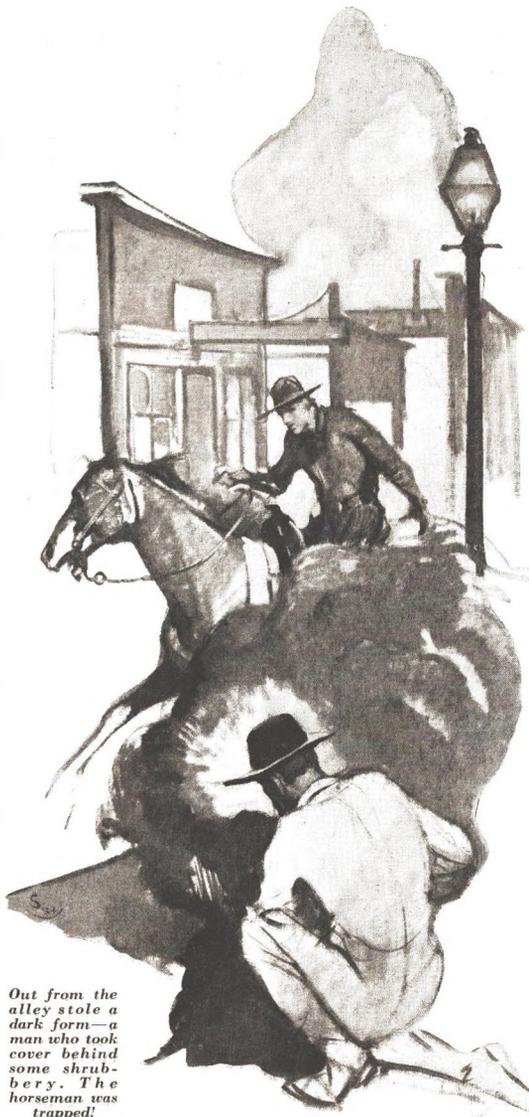
Perry dropped to his knees beside the inert figure of his cousin.

"It's all my fault!" he cried. "Why did I ever bring the box into his house?"

Renfrew was examining the wound. "I'm glad they kept the knife," he said.

"Why?" demanded Perry. "Wouldn't it be useful evidence?"

"It will be," said Renfrew grimly. "The knife was driven home violently, so that the hit bruised the chest, and it's probably a distinctive, Oriental knife, the only one that will fit this wound. The man on whose person we find that knife will be the man who committed the murder."



Out from the alley stole a dark form—a man who took cover behind some shrubbery. The horseman was trapped!

"But first you've got to get your man."

"The man," said Renfrew, "will come to me."

"Surrender himself?" Perry was bewildered.

"No. He'll come for the black box. Come! You've got to run me to town!"

As the car sped toward Black River, Renfrew gave the boy instructions.

"I'll drop you down town," he said, "and take the car back. You go to the police. Frampton, the provincial inspector here, is one of the best criminal investigators in the dominion. Tell him I can't come into the case yet because Tom King mustn't know I'm a policeman. Spend the rest of the night at the hotel and tomorrow morning at nine o'clock go to the post office and get that box—it's addressed to you. I'll be outside the post office. Bring the box out and hand it publicly to me. They'll be watching you, and I want them to know I've got the box. Understand? Then stick around where lots of people are until I call for you. Don't let them catch you alone. They're murderous."

The next morning Renfrew persuaded young MacKean and his wife that a day or two of motor travel in the foothills would be a healthy holiday. Then, after a telephone conversation with Frampton, he walked down town. He stopped to send a telegram and purchase a tube of paste, and strolled on to the post office. Promptly at nine he saw Barnet Perry come striding down the street and enter the building, and at the same time he saw a furtive figure slouch into the shadow of a doorway opposite. Perry came out, and Renfrew approached him.

The boy hesitated.

"Quickly!" said Renfrew. "The box!"

Perry took it from his pocket and held it reluctantly forth. "It's dangerous," he said. "I wouldn't want another man—"

"Good kid," said Renfrew, taking the box, and examining it deliberately enough for an observer to see it unmistakably in his possession.

Then, suddenly thrusting it in his pocket, he turned away from Perry and plunged into a car that was waiting for him, engine running, at the curb. It started off like a shot and Renfrew smiled as he realized that Frampton had given him a good driver. The young man at the wheel sent the car whirling and winding down alleys and around back streets to such good effect that when he straightened out for a swift run into the open country, Renfrew felt safe from pursuit.

Two hours later Renfrew returned to the heart of the town, and after lunching at the hotel walked out to the bungalow on Garrick Street with a devout sense of gratitude for the bright sunlight that streamed down upon him, and for the many householders who worked in their front yards all along the way—for he knew that he was being shadowed.

He stayed in the bungalow only long enough to unlock a bureau drawer, take from it a steel strong box, deposit the black box in the strong box and replace the strong box in the drawer, carefully locking it. While he did this, he was conscious of unseen eyes that watched, of an intruder in the hallway, of someone who trod softly upon the boards of the porch outside the window.

Summoning all his nerve, Renfrew locked the door of the room and walked from the bungalow as if unaware that he passed in the hallway and left in the house behind him men who the night before had committed murder in an effort to gain possession of the thing they had just seen him lock away.

His actions after that were un spectacular. Purchasing a magazine, he seated himself in the hotel lobby and read detective stories and waited for a telegram that he received at about five o'clock. He also watched for a glimpse of Barnet Perry, but got none. Late in the afternoon he called Frampton and learned that Perry hadn't been seen for over an hour. Slightly worried, Renfrew dined alone at the hotel and, late in the evening, warily made his way out to Garrick Street again.

Unlocking the door, he entered the house jauntily and seemed unperturbed by the discovery (Continued on page 32)

WARRING

by

James Willard Schultz

Illustrator:

STOCKTON MULFORD

The Preceding Chapters

THIS was a queerly chilling way to fight, I thought as I waited in Red Horn's lodge to learn what my next move must be.

Against my will I had been drawn into the queer battle that seemed likely to last all that long summer of 1881, but I could not refuse my help. I was a young white trader whom the Blackfeet Indians treated as a brother, and their troubles were my troubles. Moreover, I loved Flying Woman, the slim part-Blackfeet girl over whom this fighting had started—this battle of superstition that at any moment might burst into bloody tribal warfare.

Short Bow, a young Cree hunter, had fallen suddenly in love with Flying Woman, and to win her had stolen an end of her braided hair and used it in making a love charm to draw her to him.

"Short Bow's charm has no real power," I insisted, but though Flying Woman wished to believe me, she could not.

She and Sahtaki, her mother, and Red Horn, her influential uncle, and wise old Frog Woman, her Kutenai grandmother, were all sadly apprehensive of the power of Short Bow's love medicine.

After Flying Woman had nearly lost her life in a desperate flight to the mountain wilds, I was ready to do almost anything to free her from the great power not of the medicine charm but of her belief in it. I had promised Frog Woman that I would do if possible whatever she asked of me. Now, with Eli Guardipe, our good hunter and fine friend, I sat waiting to hear the old medicine woman's plan.

The wait seemed long, for I was dreading an unknown danger. Not so much for myself, but for Flying Woman. I must win, must surely win, against any odds, for I must survive to save her!

Chapter Nine

THE silence in the lodge was becoming unbearable. If only Frog Woman would break it, tell me what I was to do! How grim she was, there across the fireplace from us. Brow furrowed; eyes gleaming; chin outthrust; hands opening, shutting clawlike. Fiercely withdrawn she seemed. But at last, leaning forward, pointing to me with rigid index finger, she began—Red Horn our interpreter, of course:

"Young man, you want my granddaughter. I want you to have her. She wants to be your woman. What prevents this, the desire of all three of us? Short Bow and his Cree love medicine. Those two we have to break, to bring to nothing, in order to gain our end. So is it that I ask you this—and think well before deciding: Will you do your part in it, a part that, as I have told you, will be far from safe?"

"Whatever my part may be, I will attempt it," I quickly answered. With her and Red Horn's



Still holding knife and image aloft she intoned a prayer, perfect in its pauses, its rising and falling inflections.

expectant, eager eyes upon me I could not hesitate or hedge a few whiffs, and still preserve my standing with them. Yet I gave my word with sharp qualms; I felt that I was letting myself in for something that I most decidedly would not want to do. And was I right!

"Good! Good!" the old woman cried, and sank back at ease upon her couch; and Red Horn clapped hands together and gave a smile and nod of satisfaction.

None spoke until Red Horn had lit his pipe, smoked a few whiffs, and passed it to me. Frog Woman then straightened and tersely said to me:

"I have to do much in this, our undertaking, and you but one thing: You are to seek out that worthless Cree, that Short Bow, and bring to me a paring of one of his finger nails."

What a request, a preposterous request was that! I dumbly stared at the old woman; heard Eli gasp, and mutter—in English—"That's too much to ask. You sha'n't do it!"

"A finger nail—cutting of a finger nail! What would you do with it?" I at last managed to ask.

"That you will learn at the right time. And be wise: you are not

MEDICINES

*Cree magic against Kutenai!
Headlong the two forces
sweep to a showdown!*



to speak of this to anyone lest it come to my granddaughter's ears. She must not, must not hear of it lest our work prove to be all for nothing."

I considered that; was more than ever puzzled; and at last said to the old woman, who was sharply eyeing me: "Why not tell me to go straight to Short Bow and kill him? That is what you mean me to do, isn't it?"

"No. You are not to kill him. I want him to live that he may see his medicine prove to be a worthless thing."

"But it seems to me not manlike, taking from him of his finger nail."

"But he took something from my granddaughter, did he not? You know that he did: the cutting of her hair that he wears in that little sack dangling at his breast. Well, then!"

I made no reply to that. The old woman again sank back upon her couch; gazed absently at the dying flickers of a stick in the fireplace. Red Horn told us that we had better go as his mother had finished what she had to say. We went. I with the bear claws again upon my neck.

And when we were seated in the shade of a tree midway between the two camps, Eli burst out with: "Well, this is too much, this that the old woman asks of you. It's witchcraft! I want no hand in it."

I had known that Eli was a believer in signs and omens, but never before had he spoken so openly, so strongly. I realized that he was in deep earnest. But I also realized that in some way I had to comply

with Frog Woman's demand or lose all hope of winning Flying Woman, and forever be in disfavor with the Kutenai and the Blackfeet tribes. And to win out, I simply had to have my good friend's help. So, for a starter, I merely answered:

"I am going to the Cree camp tomorrow, and you are going with me."

He made no reply. His silence gave me to understand that he would go, though most reluctantly.

But what was I to do when we arrived there? How take from my enemy the finger-nail paring that Old Frog Woman demanded? It just could not be done. Or could it, in some miraculous way?

"What is this witchcraft that you mentioned? What will Frog Woman do with the nail paring, provided she gets it?" I asked.

Stern-faced, Eli replied: "Witchcraft is the devil-given power of some persons that enables them to bring trouble, death, to their enemies. The Crees are noted for



When his back was squarely to me, I noiselessly laid aside the branches and with two leaps I was upon him, seizing him by his wrists!

it, but the Kutenai, I have always heard, are in that way even more to be feared. Our Blackfeet tribes, thank God, have never practiced it and never will."

"Well, I want to see an example of it; so tomorrow we're going to seek out Short Bow," I said.

Eli's face grew still sterner. His eyes studied me searchingly; then he shook his head and said nothing.

We passed the greater part of that day loafing in Running Rabbit's lodge, and I hadn't much to say to anyone; kept asking myself how, how was I to overcome Short Bow in the big, Cree camp, and pare off one of his finger nails?

In the late afternoon when, for a few minutes,

Eli and I were alone in the lodge, I noticed a pair of scissors upon the couch of the chief's youngest woman and, darting around the fireplace, I pocketed them. They would be just the thing for my use, far better than my sheath knife, if ever I succeeded in cornering my enemy. And for my use of them, I vowed, the woman should have a handsome present. Eli, as I hurried back to my seat,

gave me a most reproachful look.

In the evening, Red Horn came in to sit and smoke with us. He announced that in the morning he was going down to our post to trade some antelope and deer skins for a few necessities, and that when he returned, on the following day, he hoped I would have good news for him.

I cautioned him to say nothing to Crow Quiver—Kipp—about our troubles with Short Bow; to tell him merely that Eli and I were having a happy time in the lodges of our friends.

When we got up the next morning, Eli was very solemn-faced and thoughtful, and as the women set food before us, he said to me: "My friend, let us not go to the Cree camp today. No, nor at any other time."

"But of course we're going. There's nothing else to do. What would Frog Woman say to me were I to make no attempt to do this that she has demanded of me? Yes, and Red Horn and Sahtaki, too. How they would despise me!"

"But can't you see that it isn't for you, a white

man, to mix up in this Indian witchcraft?" he argued. "It is of the devil; a thing forbidden. I want no part in it!"

"You're not to have any part in it. You're simply going with me, and perhaps do a little interpreting for me."

"Oh, well. We'll go, but I tell you now that our trip will be all for nothing," he said resignedly.

Running Rabbit's herder brought in our horses; we saddled them and were off. I made sure that the scissors I had taken were in my pocket; their owner had not missed them. I said to myself with a grin that here was a sign that I was to have good luck in my undertaking.

How reckless and impetuous I was, setting out so blithely to fulfill the preposterous demand of the old Kutenai woman. How lacking in good sense I must have been!

Sun was not an hour high when we topped the slope up to the plain and headed straight toward the Cree camp. I kept the lead, since Eli, for once, was not eager for it.

As we neared the crest of the second pine ridge that we had to cross, a lone raven, raucously croaking, came fluttering toward us, turned and flew back, then came on again and circled above us, croaking louder than ever.

At that Eli called out to me: "Apikuni! Stop! You know as well as I do what that wise old bird is telling us; that it's useless for us to go on. Worse than useless—dangerous! So that settles it; back we go."

As he spoke, the raven stopped croaking and flew back over the top of the ridge. I laughed, and replied:

"You and your signs! The raven has a nest, young ones, somewhere near, and was trying to toll us away from them."

"No. Ravens' hatchlings of this year are already full grown and scattered. That was a lone old bird, and it was surely telling us to turn back. Don't I know? I could give you many instances of just such ravens' warnings. Warnings that proved always to be true."

"Well, that bird's croakings are not going to turn me back," I answered. And then had no little trouble in inducing Eli to go on with me.

A few miles farther on, we met several parties of Red River and Cree hunters, and politely stopped to exchange greetings. They asked whither we were bound.

"Oh, just riding, going visiting here and there," I had Eli tell them, and at that we caught the understanding smiles and nods of some of the Crees. Well, let them think what they would. What cared I?

It was noon when, from the rim of the plain, we looked down upon the Cree camp in the treeless valley of Crooked Creek, and Eli said to me: "Well, we'll soon be down there; and then what shall we do and say?"

"Why, we'll go straight to Big Bear and say that we are come to visit him."

"Yes, that is the only thing for us to do, but don't think for a moment that he will believe it. He and the whole camp will think that our coming is for one purpose only: something that has to do with your enemy, Short Bow."

"Well, let them; let them think what they will," I muttered.

"And how are you ever to get near him alone, in that big camp, is surely beyond me."

"I must try, must do my possible," I answered. "Come on."

Nearing the camp, we noticed a small lodge pitched near its outer circle, and beside it two two-wheeled carts. And then, when we had come close, out from its doorway stepped one we knew, with whom we were very friendly, John Hudson, an English-Cree Red River. Ha! There at once was the reason for our presence in the camp: we were come to visit him.

Smiling broadly, John greeted us in good plain English and welcomed us to his lodge. His comely, light-haired woman, also an English Cree, was glad that we were come and, chattering happily, hurried to set food before us. She and John were truly good friends. John was a member of a large camp located a couple of miles below our trading post, and had but recently come from there, he said, to put up a lot of dried meat to sell to us.

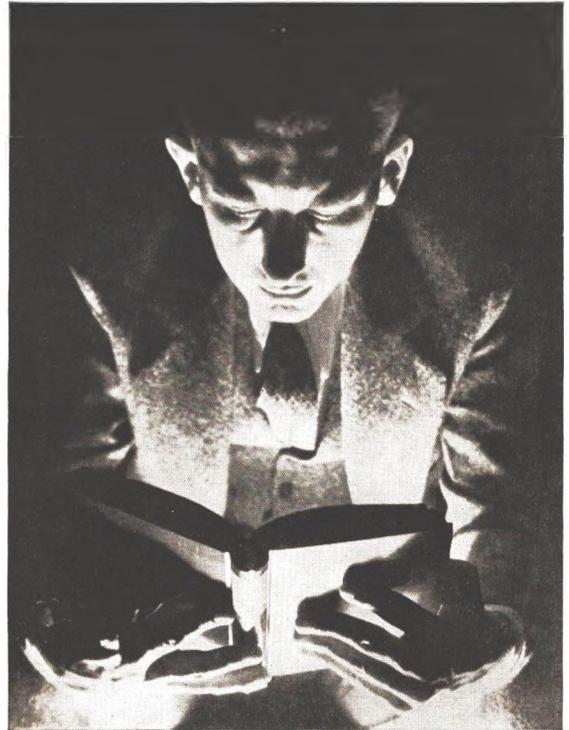
The day was excessively hot, but John's woman had rolled the skin of the lodge up to a height of three or four feet, and there in the shade, upon a soft couch of robes, with a gentle breeze upon us, we were very comfortable. We ate, we sat back and smoked, and I told John and his woman of my troubles with Short Bow. They laughed at some of my experiences, but were sober enough when I had finished. How, how they asked, could I possibly, there in that big camp, (Continued on page 24)

*The campus needed a commons
and we needed cash, so---*

We Started a Restaurant

as told to

Franklin M. Reck



Behind his counter, when he wasn't making change, Lutz studied!



tableware? Would you permit students to carve their initials in the table tops? How much does it cost to start a restaurant?

When Paul Lutz, one-time junior at the Detroit City College, started "The Green and Gold — Coffee Bar," he had those, and a hundred other questions, to decide. On some he guessed right. On others he had to learn by trial and error. So, if you're thinking of starting a restaurant, hark to the experience of one who succeeded at it through three years of depression.

As early as his freshman year, Lutz decided that the Detroit City College needed both an eating place and a spot where students could foregather. Other schools had a Union.

The City College did not. By his sophomore year he had convinced a fellow student, Wesley Lindow, that a campus restaurant would not only be a service to the school but a money earner. And so, contributing \$950 apiece, they started in business. Lutz earned his \$950 selling magazine subscriptions and did well with it. In one summer he took in more than \$50 a week and kept his weekly expenses to \$10. The last two weeks, by covering great stretches of Ontario on a bicycle, he earned \$300!

On opening day, the original \$1900 was mostly

gone. Rent and lease deposit accounted for \$325; first payment on a soda bar, \$150; food, \$200; gas and electricity deposits, \$150; kitchen equipment, picked up second-hand from a church, \$130; furniture, about \$200 down and more owing; linen, fountain equipment, miscellaneous, \$400.

In addition they owed for painting the chairs and walls green and gold. Students and instructors did the decorating and took their pay in credits at the rate of 35 cents an hour, entitling them to future meals.

Lutz and Lindow must have had a sinking feeling in the midsection on opening day. For the first month, in wages, rent, gas and light, laundry, and other expense, they were obligated to the extent of \$750! In addition, they knew that at least half of all they took in they must pay out in food. Where a good restaurant pays only .50 per cent of its total income on food, a wasteful restaurant may pay 60 per cent. What if they flopped?

They didn't. The new restaurant, just across Cass Avenue from the main college building, was conveniently situated. The new sign,

"The Green and Gold," gleamed merrily above the door. The green and gold interior, the polished soda bar, the maple-topped tables, were inviting. The place was crowded all day.

But it was a harrowing day. The help was inexperienced. The kitchen was unable to anticipate the wants of patrons. Waitresses became panicky at the sight of students standing between the tables waiting for a seat. The cash register became jammed with money, and Lutz desperately tossed the surplus into a cigar box. There was noise and banter and confusion.



An attractive fountain, Paul decided, was a good investment.

But when the smoke had cleared away that night, the proprietors found they had taken in \$128. And that spelled success. At the end of the month, each partner drew out \$50 for himself. In addition they declared a profit of \$75 which they banked for the firm.

But Lutz felt that they should have made more. They had taken in a total of more than \$2,000. If they had paid only half of that, or \$1,000, for food, and not more than \$750 for all other expenses, they would have cleared \$250. Instead of which they made only \$175. The \$75 difference represented the added profit to be realized through good management. And so, in the months that followed, they learned the tricks of the trade.

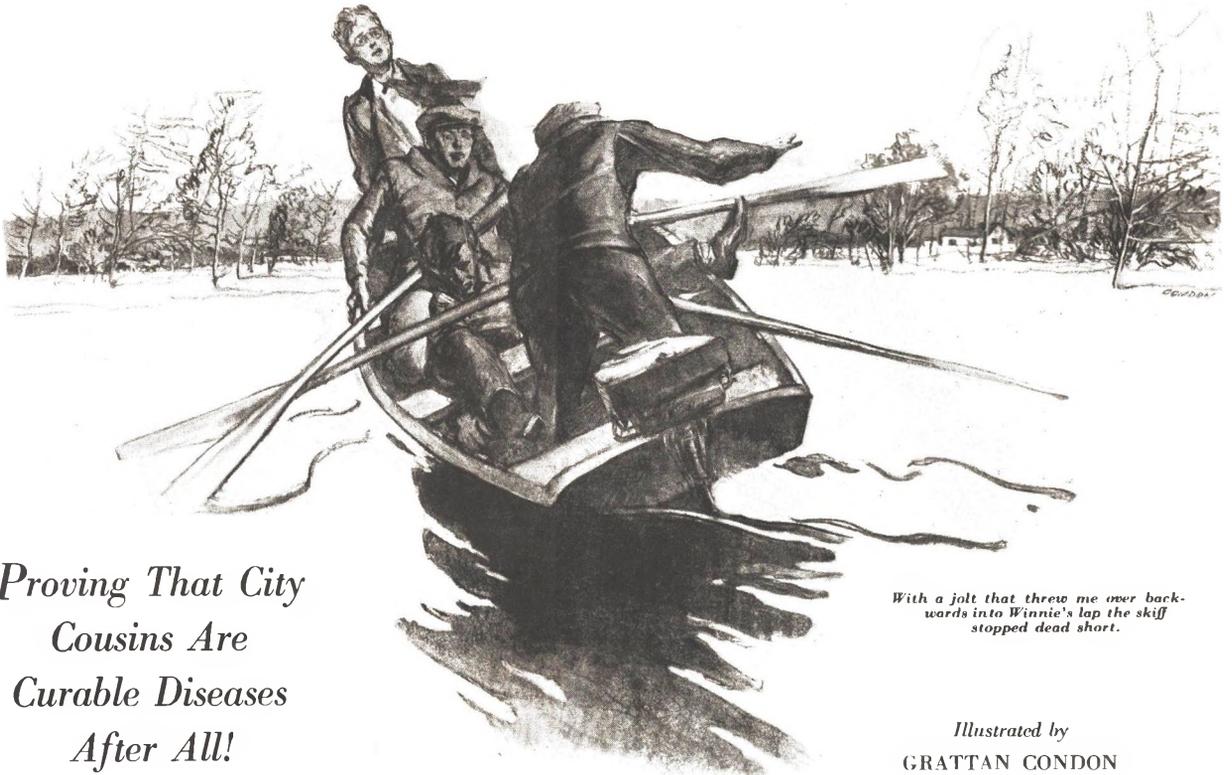
For instance, dish towels. By using a dish towel first to wipe dishes, then for table-wiping and finally for pots and kettles, and by asking waiters to be more careful of aprons and jackets, they were able to save from three to four dollars a week on their laundry bill.

And soap. They used to buy a dollar's worth of chipped soap a week. Instead of that they bought 20 cents worth of lye, saved the meat fat, and let the chef make his own soap. (Continued on page 29)



Each campus group had its own table.

MAROONED



With a jolt that threw me over backwards into Winnie's lap the skiff stopped dead short.

Illustrated by
GRATTAN CONDON

Proving That City Cousins Are Curable Diseases After All!

ABOUT ten o'clock that Saturday morning I was in our side yard playing ball with Winthrop Bates, my cousin from Boston, when Dutch Vollmer and Socker Smith came by, and Dutch had his gas kicker over his shoulder.

"Hey, Stumpy!" he yelled. "Come on with us. I've got to go across the river to Aunt Ella's."

"Aw, gee!" I said. "I can't go, Dutch. I've got to stay here and play catch with my cousin Winnie from Boston."

"Is that him?" Dutch asked, looking at Winnie. "Yes, this is him," I said, and I was ashamed to have to admit that any such sissy-looking boy was a cousin of mine.

"You shouldn't say, 'This is him,' Cousin Augustus," piped up Winnie. "You should say, 'This is he.'"

"Is that so!" I said. "What I ought to say is, 'This is her.'" Because I was just about sick and tired of my cousin from Boston. "And another thing—don't you call me Augustus again unless you want a slap on the face. You call me Gus, or Stumpy, or don't call me anything."

Because I don't let anybody call me Augustus. Except my mother. She named me Augustus and she has a right to call me what she named me, but anybody else that calls me Augustus has to take a licking or lick me. I guess that when Mother named me she was a lot younger and didn't know any better; so I forgive her—she didn't know that kids would call me Aggie.

Right away, when this kid cousin from Boston came to visit us and I asked him what to call him, and he said, "My name is Winthrop but you may call me Winnie if you choose," I knew he was a sissy-boy. So I was ashamed of him, but Dutch Vollmer didn't know that he was a sissy-boy.

"Fetch him along, Stumpy," Dutch said. "If he's from Boston, he won't have many chances to see the river on the rampage."

by

Ellis Parker Butler

Dutch meant the Mississippi River. It was on one of its rip-snorting spring floods, and it was a dandy. The river had spread all over the Illinois bottoms across from town, and was still rising. In two or three places it had cut through the raised road that ran from the bridge to the Illinois hills and nobody could drive from the hills to our town. I wanted to go with Dutch and Socker but I had Winnie Bates on my hands.

"Naw," I said, plumb disgusted. "I wouldn't dast take Winnie on the river; it would scare him to death. What do you have to go over to your aunt's for?"

"Her baby's sick," Dutch said, and went on to tell me how his aunt, who lives on a farm on the Illinois hills, had telephoned to his mother to send Doc Fosbeck over quick because the baby was mighty sick, and if it had what she thought it had it might die unless it got some antitoxin right away. She had to telephone around by Derlington because the wires to our town were down.

Doc Fosbeck hadn't waited a minute. He'd grabbed his antitoxin and scooted for the river and jumped in his canoe and paddled off for Illinois. And now Dutch's mother was sending him with some prescriptions the doc couldn't wait for. So I was crazy to go with Dutch.

"Augustus," Winnie spoke up, "I think I should like to go."

"Don't you call me Augustus," I yelled. "You

call me Augustus one more time and I'll pinch your wrist. And you can't go across the river—it would scare the hair off you."

"I'm quite sure it would not, Aug—I mean, Gus," Winnie said. "Please let me go. I crossed the ocean twice and that didn't frighten me."

Well, I just looked at him and laughed. It's one thing to cross the ocean in a ship as big as forty-seven houses, but it's a different thing to cross the old Mississippi in a skiff with a gas kicker when the river's on the

rampage.

"Please let me go, Cousin Gus," Winnie said again. "If your mother says I may go, may I?"

"All right," I said. "If she says you can it's none of my funeral," because it wasn't, and he scooted for the house and in a minute or so out he came running.

"She says I may!" he panted. "She says she knows I'll be safe with you and Mr. Dutch."

So that settled it and I dashed in and called to Mother to sling some lunch together for us, and ran up to get a sweater and my .22 rifle, because I might get a pop at a rabbit. When there's a flood, the rabbits sometimes get up in a crotch of a tree to be out of the water. In a couple of minutes I was down again, and took the paper bag of lunch, and we four went down to the river.

I guess Winnie was surprised when he saw that river, big and muddy and rushing along, but he didn't let out a peep. Dutch's skiff was just about the safest one on the river, wide and flat-bottomed, even if it was only ten or twelve feet long. We took two pairs of oars for emergencies, and Dutch sat in the stern seat to run the kicker. I got in the bow and Socker sat facing Dutch, and I told Winnie to sit between me and Socker.

"That won't do," Dutch said. "You got to sit so you can use the oars, Stumpy. Put your cousin in the bow."

"He'll be afraid," I said.

"He'll get over it," Dutch said.

And I put Winnie in the bow seat, and he was afraid. When Dutch started the kicker and we backed out into the big muddy river and Winnie saw how close to the water he was he turned white. He didn't say a word but he held on to the skiff with both hands and in a minute or two, when Dutch swung the skiff around, Winnie slipped down off the bow seat and sat on the floor of the boat, and kept his eyes shut. He was sure one scared kid.

Dutch headed the skiff two-thirds upstream because that's what you have to do to get across the river in floods if you don't want to land miles below where you start from. We went pretty slow because the kicker could only do just so much, and when we got out toward the middle Dutch said we'd never get anywhere that way, and Socker and I took our oars.

"Is it dangerous?" Winnie asked. "Are we going to upset?"
"Now, listen, you!" I said between tugs at my oars. "You wanted to come and I don't want any talk from you. You keep still."

So he kept still. I guess I was pretty cross; I never knew the old river to fight so hard to sweep us downstream. It took all Socker and I and the kicker could do to make any headway at all, but the Illinois shore came nearer and nearer, inch by inch, and at last we reached it.

But of course there wasn't any shore. There were thousands of trees marking where the shore line was but the water was high up around their trunks, and here was where Dutch had to be careful. Somewhere he had to nose in among the trees and find a way through them—four or five miles—to the hills.

Socker and I drew in our oars, keeping them in the oarlocks ready to use quick if the kicker propeller got tangled in anything. There was a stiff current among the trees there and the skiff might be swept sideways against a tree and get capsized. And I'll tell you something—none of us knew how to swim.

Maybe you think that's funny, but when the big river is in flood there's too much water and too swift.

And when the river is low the sandbars stretch for miles with almost no water deep enough to swim in. That's why a lot of river boys can't swim.

Anyway, Dutch looked for a good opening between the trees and found one and nosed the skiff in through it, and pretty soon we were in quieter water. But there were millions of trees, all with water high up around the trunks, because that's all forest over there.

"There's quite a lot of trees, aren't there?" Winnie chattered. "Are—aren't you afraid you'll get lost?"

"Can't get lost, Winnie," Dutch said good-naturedly. "With the current hitting the upstream side of the boat, we're bound to reach the hills if we keep going long enough."

"Oh! Yes, I understand," Winnie said, and we kept on worming along through the trees till all of a sudden Winnie said, "Oh, my! Look at the lake!"

Well, I turned and looked and for half a minute I felt scared myself. For half a mile up and for what looked like miles down, and half a mile wide over to the hills was a huge big lake I'd never seen before, muddy-colored but smooth as glass al-

most, and not a thing to break the surface but two trees standing in it a half mile or so downstream. It gave me a sort of lost feeling.

"Gee-minny! Look at the water!" Socker exclaimed. "Cornfields," said Dutch. "Bottom-land cornfields, flooded."

And right off my scared feeling went away. I understood the big stretch of water then and it wasn't mysterious any more. But just then we heard someone shouting.

"Hello! Hello!" the voice came. "Help! Help!" Dutch didn't hear it because of the noise the kicker was making close behind him.

"Stop the kicker," I said. "I hear someone yelling," and Dutch killed the kicker.

The voice still called. "Hello! Help!" it came, and kept on—"Help! Help! Help!"—without stopping. Winnie was the first to speak. "It's somebody in one of those trees in the lake," he said, and we all turned our ears that way and knew he was right. "Augus—Stumpy, it's somebody marooned in a tree."

He was so excited he was standing up in the skiff. "You sit down," I yelled at him. "You'll upset the skiff next and we'll all be drowned," and he sat down so quick he almost bounced.

Dutch was already starting the kicker, and he swung the skiff in a quarter circle and headed for the trees, and when the man in the tree saw us coming he stopped shouting. I guess he was glad to rest. When we got near we saw he was Doc Fosbeck.

He was about played out. He was a-straddle of a small limb—the lowest one—and hugging the trunk of the tree, holding his little black medicine case in one hand, and down below the water was rushing by, and his canoe was doubled around the tree, all crushed. And up above him was a big fat raccoon that had climbed the tree for safety.

I grabbed the trunk of the tree and held on and the skiff swung around with the current and Dutch stopped the kicker.

"You're just in time, boys," Doc Fosbeck said, all hoarse from shouting. "I couldn't hold on here much longer. My canoe hit a snag and sunk under me; I just managed to get to this tree."

Dutch looked up. He saw what was the trouble—Doc Fosbeck couldn't hang onto the tree trunk properly because he was holding onto his black medicine case.

"Let that case drop, Doctor," he said. "We'll catch it."

"Be sure you do," Doc Fosbeck said. "It has my antitoxin in it. It's precious. I've got to get it to your aunt's baby."

"Let it drop," said Dutch.

He stepped over Winnie and reached up and Doc Fosbeck dropped the case and Dutch caught it. He put it snug in the skiff.

"Now help me down," Doc Fosbeck said. "Slide the skiff around to this side."

But Dutch shook his head. "We can't do it that way, Doctor," he said. "This skiff won't hold you and the rest of us. She'd sink—too big a load for her."

"Can't a couple of you climb up here?" Doc Fosbeck asked.

"No way to do it," Dutch said. "We could climb up if you weren't there, but we can't get out around you."

"But he's got to get the antitoxin to the baby," Winnie said, almost crying. "I was sick once and I'd have died if the doctor hadn't used the antitoxin in time."

"Well, don't get excited," I told him. "We'll manage it all right. Just run us over to the hill, Dutch, and three of us can get out and you can come back for Doc and then pick us up."

Dutch nodded—he would have done it anyway because it was the only thing to do.

"Hurry up then," Doc Fosbeck said, and Dutch started the old kicker again, and Socker and I took our oars and we made for the hills.

"Listen, Dutch," I said, "we'll dump Winnie and Socker on shore, and you and I'll go back for Doc. It'll take two of us to get him off that limb and into the boat. We'll have to steady him and steer his feet into the boat when he comes down."

"That's (Cont. on page 41)



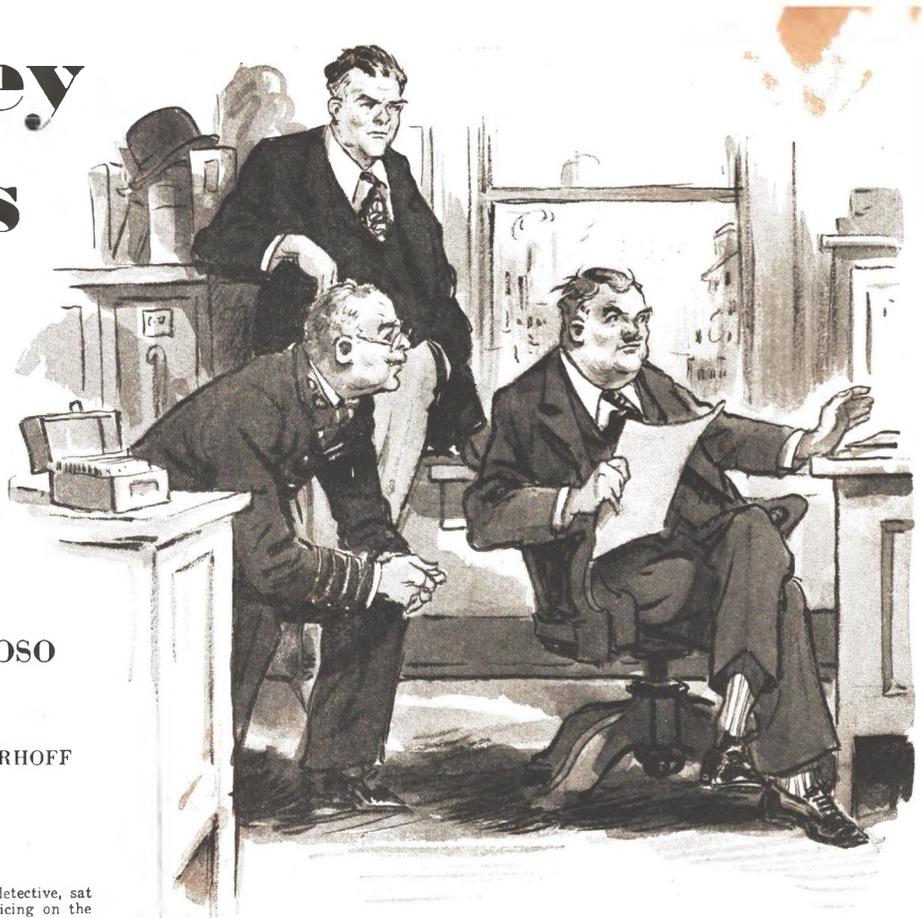
Doc Fosbeck was about played out. He was a-straddle of a small limb, black medicine case in hand.

Tierney Reads the Stars

by

John A. Moroso

Illustrated by R. M. BRINKERHOFF



Meany was on his feet, his eyes popping out of his head with awe. "Am I right?" asked Tierney.

BONEHEAD Jim Tierney, retired detective, sat in his New Jersey cottage, practicing on the piccolo. His little blue eyes were popping and the veins on his neck stood out as he battled with the intricacies of "Let Us Sing as the Birdies Sing." He piped grimly through to the finish, held the last dulcet note lovingly, then looked proudly around for approval.

But Maggie Murphy, his housekeeper, widow of a cop killed in line of duty, was on one of her rare trips to New York. There was no one to hear but Rover, and Rover was asleep under the sofa.

Jim looked with affection at the big brass horns resting against the walls.

"If I can lick this piccolo," he said longingly, "I'll be a whole band."

On the table was a teletype connecting him with New York police headquarters on Centre Street. Inspector Sweeney had installed the teletype because he needed Jim's help in rounding up as bold and merciless a gang of racketeers as ever operated in a great city. Jim's eyes rested on the teletype.

"The crooks are probably using that, too!" he growled.

Crooks were nothing if not up-to-date. No sooner had the police adopted short-wave radio than the crooks took it up. The acetylene torch was perfected for industrial use and crooks used it to burn through iron bars. Tear gas bombs, machine guns, the airplane—modern bandits used them all.

"I wonder how this new gang is operating," Jim mused.

One thing was certain—they were using a finger man. The finger man would scout for a victim, get information on him, and study the avenues of approach and escape. The gang would then mail a demand for money with a threat. If it wasn't paid the victim was presented with an "Italian football," a bomb, his property destroyed and perhaps members of his family maimed or killed. Kidnaping of children and grown people was a part of the game.

"Jim," Sweeney had said, "as soon as I locate their finger man I want you to tail him for me. Through him we can trace back to the chief of this mob and the mob's headquarters and arsenal. I'll give you a good man for relief and we'll keep that bird covered night and day. Will you help?"

"Sure, Chief. Lemme know when you spot him

and I'll hang to that bozo until my hair grows in."

Jim took his eyes off the teletype and went back grimly to his piccolo. Toward evening, in blew Mrs. Murphy, her hat over one eye, her large feet aching, and her broad face flaming—tired as a dog.

"Jim," she asked, as she threw her bundles on the sofa, "what do you know about astro—astro—astrolology?"

"Who is he, a Greek?"

"It ain't a he at all," she replied. "It's a science. It's reading the stars."

"Oh, I get you. You been to a fortune teller, huh? How much did he charge you for the bunk, Maggie?"

"Five bucks. But if I go every week, he'll only charge two per visit."

"Great!" Jim lifted his round bulk, pulled a bulky file from his desk, and fished out a report on swindlers.

"And he told me," continued Maggie, "that if I was married just to tell my husband I'd dreamed everything—not tell him I'd spent money for it because he might get mad."

"He doesn't want husbands to know that women go to him, huh?"

"No."

"Great. Now listen, Maggie. Here's a survey of this game made for the police. There are 100,000 fortune tellers working in this country and they take from the suckers \$125,000,000 a year, hard-earned money. Even big business men fall for it and there's an astrologer in Chicago confines himself to 100 of these wise birds, each of whom pays him a retainer of \$1,000 a year to tell him what the stars say he shall do. That's \$100,000 a year. And there's a supply house in Chicago that prints dream books for three cents apiece and the star gazer sells 'em to the suckers for from one to four dollars. What did this bird give you for your five dollars?"

"He cast my horror scope."

"Yeh?"

"Said I was going to live a long time and inherit a lot of money from my uncle Dan."

"You got an uncle Dan, Maggie?"

"Sure, but I don't know where he is."

"Well, that's easy. One look at your map would make him guess your uncle was named Mike or Dan and if he'd guessed wrong he'd of blamed it on star dust, or somep'n."

"Well, I'll be getting you something to eat."

"Okay. I gotta watch this teletype for something important and I'm learnin' the piccolo. The spring has come again and with this little instrument I'll be talking with the birdies before you know it."

The warmed-up cabbage wasn't so bad and the cold corned beef was fine. The pie was open-face cherry pie and the coffee strong.

"Thanks, Maggie," sighed Jim as he pushed back his chair. "If you want me to I'll go by that astrologer and get your five back next time I'm in town."

Coming downstairs at sunrise the next morning to get busy with the chores of his fifty-foot front farm, Tierney found typed and ready for him this message from headquarters:

"Located the finger. Come in and bring enough clothes to last you some time. You may be on the job indefinitely. Have a good man to work with you. Hope you and Maggie are well and the crops are all in. Sweeney."

Jim tightened up the shoulder straps of his overalls and carried a bucket of water out to the chicken run where his ancient rooster, George, was showing off before his six girl friends by challenging the rising sun in a cracked voice.

"Atta boy, George," he encouraged. "You tell 'em!"

He peked into the nests in the hen house. There were no eggs. "You big stiff," he shouted at George. "Where's my breakfast?"

Jim would have made a few passes at the ground



ever was one. He has used the passenger planes a number of times, but we've always seen him off and have telegraphed all landings ahead of him. It's possible that he drops weighted messages out of airplane windows. That's all, Jim."

Sweeney summoned his uniformed secretary and had him bring \$500 expense money for the two shadows.

"It's up to you and Mac, Jim," he said. "There's only one thing more I'd like to say. This mob has a wealthy woman, a good woman who has given a lot to charity, living in terror. She has only one child, a lovely little girl, a cripple, and you can imagine how much she loves the youngster. This gang wants \$200,000 under threat of taking her."

The round blue eyes of Tierney suddenly became hard and his face whitened. Despite his long years of dealing with every variety of thug and crook, there were certain crimes that aroused his rage.

Heaving up from the chair, he placed the old lid squarely on his dome, pulled down his vest, waved a fat hand in a disgraceful excuse for a salute, and said as he departed:

"Listen, Chief, with the help of

church every Sunday and holy day, to confession once a month and to communion—just plain Irish, like myself."

"What do they do for amusement?"

"The mother is very particular. The kids never see the inside of a movie without her and it's got to be a good picture. On bright Sundays Meany takes them all out to the country for a picnic. He has a car. Then there are trips to Coney and entertainments at the parochial school. Meany doesn't 'work' at night and he doesn't go out bumming with the gang. He's crazy about his two boys and two girls and, Jim, they're fine."

"When the children are at school, doesn't the mother ever go out, Agnes?"

"Oh, yes. Runs in on her Irish friends in the neighborhood for a little talk perhaps. Chelsea is the only American ward in the city you know."

"Sure—all Irish. You keeping track of every place she goes, Agnes?"

"I remember pretty well."

"Remember me eye, Agnes. From now on I want you to keep a regular chart, giving hour and minute of departure, the place visited, and length of stay, even to her marketing. And the same for Meany and the children. Get me?"

"Yes."

"Who is Mrs. Meany's best friend in the neighborhood?"

"Mrs. Maggie Cassidy, who lives in the same building, floor below. Mrs. Meany goes with her once a week to the fortune teller."

"Who's the fortune teller?"

"Madame Zigbaum, the astrologist and palmist, around the corner on Eighth Avenue."

"Madame Zigbaum, Madame Zigbaum," mused Jim. "Foreigner?"

"Austrian."

"Coining money?"

"Plenty."

"How long's she been in the neighborhood?"

"About a year."

"Okay, Agnes. Run along now and keep that chart up to the minute. Glad to meetcha. I'll pay the bill."

With Agnes Fallon relieving them of the night watch, and Meany's domestic traits making it easy for her, Tierney and McCarty were able to use the double shadow on their man in the daytime. It is a favorite and efficient trick of the Secret Service. If the tailer immediately behind the quarry thinks that the man ahead is suspicious, he just casually drops out of the chase and the second shadow closes up.

Changes in appearance, but not exactly disguise, were easily made. The derby could be put aside for a felt hat, the felt hat for a cap, business suit for overalls with a little lime smeared on them to suggest a plasterer going to work. Coal dust on face and neck and hands suggested a stoker or coal yard worker.

Meany's finger work was simplicity itself. If the greedy eyes of the big shot were fastened on a business concern Meany took count of the patrons, the number of deliveries of goods, the amounts of collections sent to the bank. By changing a bill at the cashier's window he could often get a glance at the deposit slip.

Meany noted the time of closing, the number of employees, the time when the patrolman was farthest away from the store, the red lights timed to the second for the getaway after the bomb was set.

After their quarry was safely home with his wife and children, Jim and McCarty drifted to



"Are you really the famous Bonehead Tierney?"

with a hoe to keep up the fond delusion of being a farmer, but the farm lay flat and innocent of growing things. He hurried into the house, got into his street clothes, and ate his breakfast with his iron derby cocked on the right side of his round head at the angle denoting confidence.

"Now, Jim," said Inspector Sweeney, an hour later, "I think we're going to get a break. This finger bird is married and has four young children. He is, of course, an out-and-out crook and a slick one, but the worst of crooks love their kids. They just can't help it. It's human nature. That gives us an advantage. If we can get him cornered where he'll realize that he must tell them good-by for about twenty years, he might weaken, spill the beans and let the big shot take the rap. That's our strategy. I'm leaving the tactics to you and this bull, Pat McCarty, who is to be your relief man. Pat has been given me by the Department of Justice in Washington and as far as we know none of our enterprising kidnapers and bomb tossers has ever laid eyes on him. Meet Pat McCarty, Jim."

They shook hands.

"This finger man," Sweeney went on, "lives in the lower west side, in the Chelsea section. His name is Frank Meany. As a boy he traveled with the old Gopher gang—you remember that bunch?"

"Sure."

"We're trying to find out how he passes along the information to the big shot. We have a woman detective living in the next flat to his family and she has shadowed the wife and even the children without results. Of course, he could pass along his information in a subway crowd with the deaf and dumb language, or by tapping it out in code with his fingers on the newspaper he's reading. He never uses the telephone or the mail. He's a fox if there

Mac here I'll be seeing you and we'll bring you back sump'n."

Contact with Agnes Fallon, the woman detective, was easily made. As a supposed hosiery and notion saleswoman she could come and go with her little bag of samples at any hour without creating suspicion in the Meany household.

"What you got, Agnes?" asked Jim at a remote table in a little uptown restaurant.

"Not much. Are you really the famous Bonehead Tierney?"

"Can that Bonehead. I'm Ex-detective James Tierney, retired to his farm in New Jersey, musician and cultivator of the soil—also poultry fancier. I got one rooster."

"Can I call you Jim?"

"That's my name."

"Well, this job is pretty soft for me but I'm not getting very far, Jim. Meany's wife thinks her husband an honest working man. She's a good woman and raises her children right, takes them to

*It's a tough case,
calling for a bit
of fast mind-
reading by
Bonehead Tierney*

headquarters and made up their charts. On maps of the various sections of the city traversed by the finger man, Tierney marked with a red line his wanderings each day, a circle showing each stop, and a footnote describing the place and giving details of the man's work.

As a side issue Tierney conducted a careful investigation of "Madame Zigbaum, Astrologer and Palmist Extraordinary, Crystal Gazer, Interpreter of Dreams. Strictest Confidence."

As Tierney inspected the madame's record, he laughed. Her citizenship papers had been forged and she had been chased from city to city for the five years of her life in the United States.

"When are you going to close in, Jim?" asked Sweeney at the end of three weeks.

"Pretty soon, I hope. I can't get the line of communication between this fox and the big guy; so I guess we'll have to crack down on Meany any minute now. Listen, Chief—"

Sweeney looked inquiringly at his friend.

"Meany's in the kidnaping racket—" The inspector nodded attentively; he could see that Tierney had an idea.

"Mind if I stage a little act to show Meany just how bad kidnaping is?"

"Go ahead," Sweeney said. "Remember, our first job is to protect a crippled child and her mother."

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when Jim and McCarty brought Frank Meany to headquarters and into the office of Inspector Sweeney. They had nothing on him and Meany knew it. "I won't answer any questions," he announced, "without my lawyer."

"Who's your lawyer?" demanded Sweeney.

"I'm not answering that either. If you'll let me telephone my wife she'll get counsel for me."

"Here's the telephone. Go to it."

The finger man picked up the instrument and called his home. His face grew chalky as he listened to a torrent of words. When it ceased he gasped

out, "I'm at headquarters now. Stay home until you hear from me." He turned to Sweeney, perspiration forming in heavy beads on his brow. "My youngest child Katie is lost," he said.

"I hope she isn't kidnaped," quietly remarked the inspector. "Have you received any threats, Meany?"

"Threats? Me? Who'd steal my little one? Who would?"

"There's been a lot of that happening. We've got men on duty night and day watching a poor little crippled girl of a rich family. You know about that?"

"Could you—would you—send out an alarm for my little Katie, Chief?"

"Why, sure. I'll get it right on the teletype to all stations this very minute." He picked up his phone and gave the order to the telegraph department.

"That's all we can do right now. If we don't hear from her by night, things will look serious."

Meany was trembling. Tierney hunched his chair beside the man.

"Listen, feller," he began. "You're going to tell us a few things before you get out of this place. Meet McCarty of the Department of Justice, the gentleman on my left. We've been tailing you for three weeks."

"What's that got to do with my Katie?" Meany moaned.

"It's got a lot to do with her. You've been working for the worst crook that ever hit New York. He's worse than a murderer. He's a snatcher. And maybe some other snatcher is turning the tables on you. How about that?"

Sweeney leaned back in his chair, his firm under-jaw set, his white, sawed-off mustache bristling. His blue eyes showed that he was satisfied with the start of Tierney's inquisition. The first blow had crumpled the victim.

"You've got nothing on me," insisted Meany. "You don't know anything about me. I've never been arrested."

Tierney produced his charts and laid No. 1 on the desk before the finger man. "Take a look, feller. Here's where you live. Here's the date, May 1. Here's the hour you left home.

Here's where you stopped for cigarettes, and the hour and minute. Here's where you had lunch, hour and minute. Here's where you priced a suit of clothes, hour and minute. Here's where you bought a pair of shoes, number nine, paying six dollars and a half—hour and minute. Here's where you got the dope on the receipts of Morgan Brothers up in the Bronx, and the next day Morgan Brothers get a demand for five thousand dollars. They turn it down and the front of the shop was blown out. And here are the names and addresses of witnesses who saw you hanging around the place, putting the finger on it. How about us not knowing anything about you?"

Meany looked around, frightened.

"Here's chart No. 2. May 2. Left home nine o'clock, subway to South Brooklyn. Followed cashier of big macaroni manufacturing plant to the bank. Got a twenty changed, glimpsed the deposit slip. Came to \$3500. Am I right? Pizetti and Company get a demand for ten thousand. Paid it. Your share one thousand."

Tierney shoved the chart into the man's shaking hands. "Check up on me," he said. "Look at these other charts. Take a look at this night chart, feller. May 15. Got out of bed eleven-thirty, hunted for cigarettes; couldn't find any; dressed and went to the corner and bought two packs."

He handed over another chart made by Agnes Fallon: "May 16, midnight. Little Katie sick. Telephone for Dr. Rogers. Went to drug store, Eighth Avenue, and got prescription filled."

"You see, Meany," said the inspector very quietly, "we have plenty on you. You've got a good wife and fine chil-

dren but you've been doing some of the dirtiest work a man ever did in order to get important money. And let me tell you this thing. The big shot is going to let you take the rap. He isn't going to provide a lawyer for you for fear that we'll uncover him. As far as he and his mob are concerned, you can kiss your family good-by for twenty years."

"Yeh," added Tierney, "and we've got your safe deposit box spotted and covered and your family won't have a cent of the dirty money you collected. Turn that over in your mind, if any."

"Gentlemen, for heaven's sake," stammered the finger man, "can't I get a line on my Katie? I'm afraid a taxi will hit her or some dope has picked her up. Can't you telephone upstairs and ask for me? Can't you, please?"

"They'll let me know when, and if, they find the child," replied Sweeney. "The Bureau of Missing Persons takes care of those things automatically. What we're interested in right now is whether you're going to let the mob rat you. They want you in jail, Meany, because you know too much and we know what you know."

"I've told you nothing," snapped Meany, suddenly on the defensive.

"You don't have to," said Tierney. "We've got everything but the hide-out of your boss. Slip us that and you go home to wait for your little one. We'll drop you." Tierney moved a little closer.

"Now listen," Tierney said, lowering his voice, "you don't realize you're not dealing with a lot of human statuary graduated from the Police College. Why, I can tell you what your wife dreamed last night, if you wish."



"And he told me," continued Maggie, "that if I was married just to tell my husband I'd dreamed everything."

"You can tell me what my wife dreamed last night?" gasped Meany, getting to his feet and staring about him, bewildered. "You fool, you. No man can tell me that!"

"Oh, well," grunted Tierney. "Just ask me."

"Jim," said Sweeney doubtfully, "that sounds rather tall to me."

"Let him ask me!"

"You tell me what she dreamed last night and I'll come across and I hope to die if I don't."

"Then listen, Meany. When the two of you got up this morning your wife was worried and crying. She told you she had dreamed that you had been followed for a long time, either by detectives or crooks. And she dreamed that you were in trouble and wanted to telephone her to get a lawyer for you. Then she dreamed that the baby of the family was missing. And then she dreamed that you were on trial for something and got twenty years in Sing Sing, and that she and the children were penniless and she had to go out scrubbing and washing. She dreamed—"

Meany was again on his feet, his eyes popping out of his head with awe. "Am I right?" asked Tierney.

"She told me that terrible dream. Say, am I hypnotized? Am I? Are you people mind readers?"

"Nothing like that."

"I'll come across. Mike Diletto of Chicago is the big shot and his headquarters is across the Hudson."

Tierney jotted down the address while Sweeney got the Telegraph Bureau. "Thanks," he said abruptly. "Notify the other stations." He turned to Meany. "Katie wasn't lost. A woman in the flat adjoining yours had her in for a plate of ice cream and cakes, being very fond of her. She kept her a little too long."

"Maybe we'd better hold him until we land Diletto," suggested McCarty.

"Right. Take him back, Mac. I'll notify your wife, Meany, not to worry if we have to keep you overnight." The inspector turned to the Bonehead when they had departed.

"Say, Jim," he said. "I don't believe in miracles, and I'm sure you're no hypnotist or mind reader. Did you have a talk with Mrs. Meany this morning?"

"Never met the lady."

"Did Agnes get it out of her?"

"Nix. Agnes sleeps in the morning."

"Then how in the name of Pete did you get this?"

"By reading the stars, Chief."

"Reading the stars, Jim? Don't try to kid me at my time of life."

"Honest. Maggie put me wise to it. You see these fortune tellers know the married women can't keep their mouths shut, so they tell the wives to tell the husbands that they dreamed the stuff. Husbands don't want their money spent on astrologers, see?"

"I see."

"So I pays a visit to Madame Zigbaum and explains to the old girl that we've got the goods on her and are going to ship her back to Australia unless she lends us a hand."

"I'm getting it, Jim. Go on."

"So I tells her to give all this dope to Mrs. Meany when she came in last night for her weekly reading of the stars, see?"

"Sure I see."

"Then this morning Mrs. Meany tells her husband she dreamed all this stuff. And see how the dream comes true, Chief! Here's her husband right in this room trying to get her on the phone to get counsel for him. The little girl is kidnaped—only she ain't, but is with Agnes safe and sound and eating ice cream and cake in the next flat."

"That broke him. It would break anybody, Jim. Thanks, Old-timer."

"Don't thank me, Chief. Thank Maggie. So long."

PHOTOCRAFT for BOYS

Published for Boy Photographers by the Eastman Kodak Company



A REAL DARKROOM right at home!

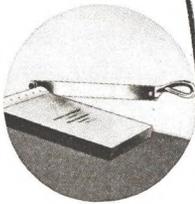
Speaking of thrills, you ought to see my darkroom. Dad let me use a corner of the basement and I shut it off with wallboard, built a bench, and installed my equipment so it would be handy.

I've just finished my first batch of snapshots down there. And they turned out swell. Tonight, I'm going to enlarge the best ones.

This darkroom outfit of mine just seemed to grow. I started out with a Kodak Darkroom Outfit No. 1—then I added a Home Enlarger. My latest addition is a print trimmer—and it is useful. It gives the prints a finished look.

I'm saving up for a Kodak Film Tank—but, more about that later.

Denny

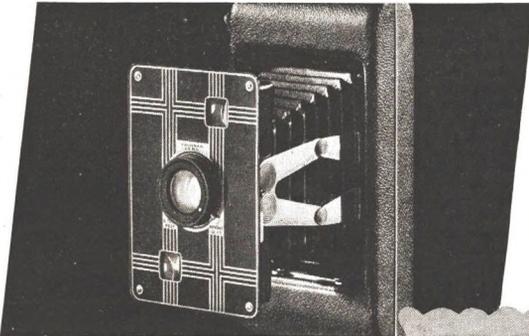


KODAK TRIMMING BOARD
... a sturdy cutting board. Fine-quality steel blade—plainly marked rule. Comes in two sizes: 5 x 5 inches—\$1.00, 7 x 7 inches—\$1.25.



KODAK HOME ENLARGER
... inexpensive—easy to use. Ground-glass focusing increases sharpness. Takes all negatives up to 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches—enlarges to 11 x 14 inches. With lens—\$16.50.

KODAK DARKROOM OUTFIT NO. 1
... contains everything you need to do your own developing and printing. Packed complete in a handy fiber case—\$8.75.



Scouts . . . Attention The Official Boy Scout Brownie

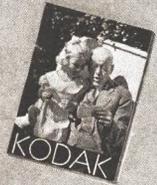
A reliable Brownie—in Scout uniform. Covered in olive drab, with the official emblem on its metal front. For 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inch pictures—\$2.50.

FAST-ACTING . . . that's the Jiffy

Simplest folding camera ever devised. Press a button—"Pop," it opens . . . Press another—"Click," it gets the picture. That's all there is to it. Trimly finished in metals and enamels. Jiffy Six-16, for 2 1/2 x 4 1/4 inch pictures—\$9.00 . . . the Six-20, for 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inch pictures—\$8.00.

FREE

For complete information on darkroom equipment and cameras, send for the latest Kodak Catalog. Address Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

A. B. 9-34

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK

Mentions of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

He "Reminded"
Dad that He
Needed a New
BICYCLE



And Dad could see that a boy and a bicycle are inseparable—and that if he has any real fun going places, he just has to own one.

So this lad got his new bicycle, and you can probably do likewise if you have a little heart-to-heart talk with your Dad tonight.

There's a bicycle store near you with the latest models.



Write for the Boys' Book on Bicycling— to Cycle Trades of America, Inc., Bristol, Conn. Sent free on request.

It's fun
TO KEEP FIT
ON A BICYCLE

Warring Medicines (Continued from page 16)

do that which old Frog Woman demanded of me?

Said I: "As I see it, the one thing for me to do is to trail Short Bow when he goes out to hunt, and force him to hand me what I want."

Eli and John shook their heads, and John answered: "He doesn't go out alone to hunt."

Said John's woman, pertly: "I will give you a paring of one of my finger nails to hand to the old Kutenai woman."

"No. I must give her the real thing or nothing at all," I answered. And it came to me that I had, indeed, undertaken a task impossible to accomplish.

Just then Eli nudged me and exclaimed: "Look! Look! See who comes!"

It was Short Bow himself, leisurely, nonchalantly strolling out from the circle of the camp and lightly singing a song of his tribe. But a different Short Bow, clad now in new and spotless leather leggings and shirt, and new red capote. And in place of his old single-shot fuke he carried a Henry repeating rifle, and had a full cartridge belt around his waist, and another one across his breast, but so low slung that it did not conceal the little medicine sack attached to his neck. On he came, lightly, mincingly, looking this way, that way, and at a distance of about twenty paces, stopped and looked in at us—at me, of course, with haughty stare and lifting of his chin. Oh, how I fairly ached to go out and give him some good swift kicks!

"What does he mean by this?" I asked.

"He is as much as saying that he is powerful; that he does not fear you," John replied.

I had all along felt that it would be a low thing to do, the seizing of Short Bow, forcing him to part with that which I wanted of him. But now that feeling was gone: I longed to rush out and end his strutting by hurling him down and ruthlessly taking what I wanted.

He suddenly began another song, and putting hand to his medicine sack, outflipped it in time with the song. I did not need Eli's hurried words of explanation to know that he was singing a victory song; was telling me that, with his love-medicine sack, he was going to get the best of me, attain his heart's desire. And I had to sit there and quietly take his taunts!

At last he ended his song; for a few moments stood motionless, staring at me; then with a laugh turned and strolled back the way he had come. To cheer me, my friends made some caustic comments upon his little performance. I said nothing.

Though we were not to stop with Big Bear, good form required that we should call on him without too much delay. But the day was so hot that we did not go into the camp until late afternoon, John then accompanying us. We found the chief within his small, weathered lodge. He motioned us to seats, filled his big pipe for us. We gave him what news we could of the Blood and the Kutenai camps, and he in turn spoke of his, and then talked at some length of Riel's disappointment at the outcome of the council they had held up there.

We had seen nothing of Short Bow when upon our way to call on Big Bear, and upon leaving his lodge we again failed to find my enemy among the many Crees in the circle of the big camp. John pointed out the lodge in which Short Bow lived, a small, smoke-stained one in the east part of the circle. A woman was standing just outside it, watching us. John said she was Short Bow's sister, married to one of not much worth, named Fish Eyes.

She turned suddenly, thrust aside the curtain of the doorway, and apparently spoke to someone within; then, after another look at us, herself went in. I expected then that Short Bow would appear to taunt me before the whole camp. But the curtain of the doorway remained in place as we crossed the circle.

Came fluttering to us, like a wounded bird, an old and wrinkled woman and spoke to John, whereupon he turned to me and said: "This old one is Duck Head's woman; she says that he wants to say something to you."

"And who is Duck Head?" I asked.

"A medicine man. The big medicine man of these Crees."

"Don't pay any attention to him," Eli advised.

"But I'm curious to know what he wants of me," I answered. "We'll listen to him."

Duck Head, tall and thin and weasenfaced and unkempt of hair, grunted greeting to us when we entered his mean and poorly furnished lodge. He motioned us to seats on his left, but made no move to offer us a pipe. Instead, he leaned out and glowered at me and said, John interpreting:

"Young white man, because you are not wise, because I pity you, I invited you here to give you warning that if you would live, if you would prosper, you must cease interfering with one of my kind to whom I have given of my powerful medicine—"

More he was saying, but before John could turn it into English, I replied: "You mean Short Bow, of course. Well, I tell you this—he, a Cree, has no right to try to make a Blood girl his woman."

"Much more right than you have, you a white man, they both Indians."

"Her mother, her other relatives, look to me to protect her, to save her from him. I shall do so."

At that, the old man drew in a long breath that visibly swelled him. He glared at me, thrust out at me a rigid, pointing finger, and all but roared: "You think that I don't know where you got that bear-claws necklace you wear? I do know. That Kutenai medicine woman gave it to you. She told you that it would keep you safe from all dangers. I tell you that it is worthless. I tell you that my medicine, the sack of it that Short Bow wears, makes of her medicine a nothing thing. Young man, I have warned you. I have nothing more to say."

"Don't answer him," Eli said to me. I had no desire to do so. We fled out of the lodge, and returned to John's lodge. We talked little, but I was doing a lot of thinking.

I said to myself that I, a white man, had got myself into a fine mix-up of Indian superstitions. And I was minded to tell Eli that this was the end of it. For to gain my purpose with Short Bow, there in that big camp, was something that simply could not be done. Yet I hesitated; and at last decided that I would say nothing about it until morning, and then propose that we go home.

We smoked, there on our comfortable couches, and presently fell to chatting of various things. The day cooled, and John's woman let down the lodge skin into place, prepared a warm meal for us, and went out to visit with some friends. But soon came hurrying back to say:

"That Short Bow, he left a little while ago. Dressed all in his best he was, and upon his white horse heading west."

"Ha! Heading for the Kutenai camp and Flying Woman. Come, we'll saddle up and follow him," I said to Eli.

"Oh, no," he protested.

"But yes," I insisted. And ten minutes later we were on our way.

Chapter Ten

SOON after leaving the Cree camp we met party after party of returning hunters and their women, singing, chatting, upon their homeward way. No wonder they were happy. Their carts creaked shrilly under their heavy loads of buffalo meat and hides!

I proposed to Eli that we question some of the parties, ask them if they had seen anything of Short Bow. But he was against it. Better, he said, not to let these people know that we were trailing Short Bow. Why not? Well, because there was no knowing what might happen when I should overtake him.

"But I haven't the least intention of killing him," I said.

"You may have to do just that or yourself be killed," Eli answered.

No. I would not kill Short Bow. But my feeling about him had changed. I no longer felt it beneath me, a white man, to interfere with him and his desires. I now longed to lay hands upon him, give him the rough treatment that he deserved, and in the end make Flying Woman my woman.

We were some ten miles from our camp when the sun went down, but a full moon appeared to light us upon our way. We rode fast, hoping to overtake Short Bow. Buffalo we saw, small bands of them and lone old bulls; antelope, ghostly white in the moonlight, running from us; but naught of him. It was, we thought, about ten o'clock when, from the rim of the plain, we looked down upon the Blood camp, directly under us, and the Kutenai camp, a half mile or more below it. Both were pitched at the edge of the grove of timber bordering the creek, and some of the lodges of the Bloods were still illuminated with the little fires within them, proof enough that the night was not far gone.

We rode down the steep slope, avoiding the Blood camp, and made quickly and quietly for the lower camp, since if Short Bow were already there, I wanted to take him by surprise. We paused several times there in the timber to look ahead to listen; surely, if the Cree were in the camp, he would be singing his love song there before Red Horn's lodge. But we could hear nothing; even the dogs of the camp were silent. My heart went down; we had made our hurried ride for nothing; Short Bow was right then at home, out there in the camp of his tribe.

At last we drew up side by side and peered out through the timber at the camp, its nearest lodges not fifty yards away. All of them were dark; the

Your Ballot

WHICH stories and articles in this issue do you like best? Help the editor by writing the titles in order on the lines below, and mailing the ballot to the Best Reading Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. (If you don't want to clip the magazine, we'll appreciate your making out a ballot on a sheet of writing paper. Thank you.)

1.....
2.....
3.....
4.....
NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....
STATE..... AGE.....

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

people slept. That did settle it, I thought. And said to Eli:
 "Let's not disturb them!"
 "Ah!" he grunted. And then: "Ha! There he is!"—pointing just to the left of the circle of the camp.

Yes, there he was, my enemy, getting down from his white horse! My heart began to pound.

Short Bow tethered the horse to a bunch of sagebrush and came on. When he was hidden from us by some of the lodges, we slipped from our horses and hurried out to the shelter of the nearest lodge just as Short Bow began his love song.

Crouching upon our hands and knees, we peered past the lodge and saw him singing, dancing around Red Horn's lodge, the third one from us. None came from it, for of course Red Horn was not at home, and the other men of the camp would not even show themselves. So, when Short Bow in his circling was hidden from us as he pranced around the outer side of Red Horn's lodge, we quickly sped to the shelter of the next lodge; and at the right time, on to the rear of the next one.

Some freshly cut, heavily leafed tree branches were piled against this lodge for protection from the sun, and the sight of them gave me an idea. I handed my rifle to Eli, snatched up two branches and, at the right time, ran on to the left side of the lodge and crouched down with them in front of me!

Came Short Bow again, dancing slowly around it, singing lightly his love song, head up as if he were gazing at the stars. In the crook of his left arm was his Henry rifle. With his right hand he fingered his love-medicine sack, outthrusting it in time with his song.

Around he came, and so high held was his head, so intent was he upon his performance, I doubt that he would have seen me even if I had not been screened by the leafy branches. On he came, ever facing the lodge, and when his back was squarely to me, I noiselessly laid aside the branches and with two leaps was upon him, reaching around and seizing him by his wrists!

He gave a shrill yell of surprise and terror. His rifle clattered to the ground; he went down upon it too, face down upon it, I on top of him, straddling him, drawing his arms around at his back and so securely holding them that he could not move. Then I shouted to Sahtaki:

"Tell Frog Woman to come out—to come quickly!" And then to Eli: "Take the scissors from my left coat pocket."

In no time Frog Woman came running around the lodge; Sahtaki too, but not Flying Woman, as I had hoped. "Sahtaki!" I cried. "Here are scissors. Tell Frog Woman to take them and cut the Cree's finger nail."

Eli handed the scissors to the old woman. She knelt beside me, mumbling something in her Kutenai tongue; a prayer, I thought. She seized Short Bow's left hand, extending its forefinger, and he flinched and tried to close it. In vain! The finger nail was long and grimed; around it went the scissors and pared it with a final and loud snip. And then the old woman spoke to Sahtaki, and said Sahtaki to me:

"Still hold him, for Frog Woman wants more finger nails; she wants them all."

By that time there was a crowd of Kutenai around us; men and women and children too were crowding one another to get a good view of the strange scene—talking to one another in low, awed tones.

Short Bow's wrist muscles were tense within my grip; they twitched from his attempts to prevent Frog Woman's straightening out his fingers one by one. She presently sprang up—told

Sahtaki to tell me that she was finished. The crowd sighed, gasped, became silent. I told Eli to be ready with my rifle, and sprang up and took it from him, and Short Bow, as I released him, rolled stiffly over, got upon his feet, and stood motionless, glaring at me. I said to Eli:

"Tell him to take up his rifle and, if he will, shoot me with it."

Short Bow listened to Eli, looked for the weapon, and snatched it up. Yet he made no attempt to use it; stood and glared at me for a moment, then turned to go. But Frog Woman grasped his arm, brought him to a stand, and spoke to Sahtaki; and she in turn said to Eli, in Blackfeet:

"She, there, asks you to say to the Cree for her: 'You think that your medicine is powerful. Come then, you and he who gave it to you, and learn if it is more powerful than my medicine. If it proves to be the stronger, you take my granddaughter to be your woman. Come four nights from now, soon after set of Sun, and if your medicine wins, you take the girl.'"

As Eli finished interpreting that, Short Bow straightened up, glowered at the old woman, and all but shouted: "I will be here! My medicine man, too! I will take the girl. For the medicine I have is more powerful than the medicine of any other people!"

With that, he turned to go, and the crowd made way for him. But he had not finished; he turned again and with outstretched arm and pointing finger said to me: "You, white man, you are going to cry—the girl is to be my woman!"

Eli interpreted, and the Cree waited for my reply. But I only shook my head. Short Bow gave a long, derisive laugh; then he turned and went his way. We all watched him go to his horse, mount it, and ride up the slope of the valley. Slowly, then, the crowd dispersed, and Sahtaki said to me: "You and Takes Gun First, come in. I will make a fire, give you food."

We were glad enough to accept the invitation. We groped our way to Red Horn's couch and tiredly sat down upon it. Sahtaki quickly started a blaze in the fireplace, and it revealed Flying Woman sitting demurely upon her couch; and as the light strengthened I saw that she was looking at me with smiling eyes. I said to her:

"You were outside? You saw Short Bow?"

"No. I sat here. I listened. I heard all that was said out there," she answered.

"What think you about it? Which medicine will be the stronger, your grandmother's or the Cree's?"

"My grandmother's. It is of terrible power."

"And when it wins, what then?" I asked.

"You know. So why ask?" she answered—and I thought I saw in her eyes the look I had longed to see.

"You mean that you will be my woman?"

She did not reply in words; she slightly nodded, cast down her eyes. Said her mother, for her:

"Of course she will; she wants to be your woman."

Again, briefly, Flying Woman raised her head, and I thought her eyes held the look that meant so much to me. Never, never had I been so happy!

The night was far gone when, having been fed, we made our way to the Blood camp and Running Rabbit's lodge and, after caring for our horses, crept in to our couch and slept.

In the morning, after we had bathed, and were eating the good food the women set before us, we told Running Rabbit of our experiences of the previous day. He became so interested and excited that he sent for Three Bears, owner of the Elk Tongue medicine pipe, believed the most powerful of all the medicines of the Blood tribe,

A "TRAINING TABLE" in your own dining-room



Eggs, lean meat, bread, cereals and milk will help build strength without hurting your wind. Fresh vegetables or fruit should be eaten every day. And for energy, Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk or cream make an ideal breakfast or luncheon dish. Kellogg's are not only crisp and appetizing but nourishing and easy to digest. They're on the football menu at many famous colleges.

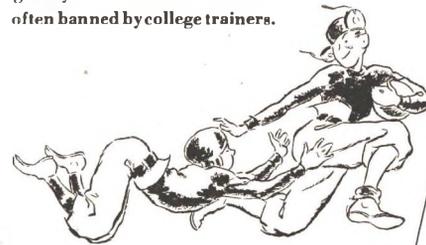
EVERY boy who plays football — whether it's with the Sixth Grade Middlets or the High School Varsity — will play a better game if he keeps fit. Start your football training right now. Be ready to show the other fellows some speed when practice gets under way.

Here are three simple rules for keeping in condition: Get plenty of sleep. Eat the right foods at the right hours. Exercise hard, but don't overdo it on any one day.

It's hard to improve your speed and stamina on a heavy, greasy diet. Fried foods are often banned by college trainers.

Eat at regular hours, and stay away from sweets between meals. If you're hungry at bedtime, have a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and milk. It's a scientific fact that they'll help you sleep more soundly.

Kellogg's are sold by all grocers. Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

and cast it into the fire!"

He did not reply. She waited. And waited. Then, taking up the obsidian knife in her right hand, she said:

"So is it, Short Bow, that you prefer to die. Die you shall. As I begin to cut this, your finger nail—" she tapped the one on the image's right forefinger with the knife—"you will sicken. As I keep on cutting it, you will sicken more and more, and with my last cutting of it, you will die!"

Then, still holding image and knife aloft, she rapidly intoned a prayer, perfect in its pauses, its rising and falling inflections.

Said Red Horn, shuddering: "It was a terrible prayer; I will not interpret it."

Eli turned that into Cree, and Duck Head snorted. But in Short Bow's eyes I caught a worried look.

Followed another pause on the part of the old woman. She then began a song, "Ha ha huya! Ha ha huya! Ha ha huya!" Over and over again, she sang it, and in time with it three times lowered the image and the knife to the flat piece of wood in front of her—three times, three being the sacred number of the Kutenai, instead of four as with the Blackfeet tribes.

Then, with the image flat upon its stomach, she snipped off a minute piece of the finger nail; looked across at Short Bow, and said—pointing with the ancient knife:

"Already you begin to sicken. There in your stomach you have pain."

We were all of us staring at Short Bow. I could hardly believe that I saw him clap a hand to his abdomen and look across at Frog Woman with

eyes of fear. All around me I heard gasps. Short Bow seemed doubled up with pain. I scarcely knew what to make of it—truly, I thought, a man's mind can do queer things to his stomach!

Again the old woman was pointing to Short Bow with her knife. Long she held it rigidly at him, and at last said:

"Yes. You know that you are sick. Well, keep your medicine sack and become more sick, more sick and die."

With that, she made as if to snip off more of the nail paring—but with a yell Short Bow stayed her hand!

He tore at his necktie as if to cast it from him. Duck Head seized his wrists, tried to stop him. No use! Frantically, violently, Short Bow freed himself and, breaking the cord of the necktie, tossed it and its attached sack of treasured love medicine into the fire!

Then, snatching up his rifle, he sprang to his feet and fled. Close after him followed the two Crees of his age, hurrying out in shame, their faces half hidden in their blanket wraps. But old Duck Head stalked angrily from the lodge, head high, muttering Cree curses upon us all!

Little I cared, for there across the fire from me was Flying Woman, freed forever from Cree charms. Shy-eyed, flushing, she smiled at me and, regardless of all those wise ones present, I signed to her: "Will you be my woman?"

"Yes!" she answered, and so ended, there in the great, quiet lodge, that strange battle of warring medicines.

THE END.

Watch Those Passes and Punts!

Football Rule Changes Will Open Up the Game

by FRANKLIN M. RECK

MAKE way for the offense! You're going to see more action on the gridirons this fall. You'll see more forward passes, more scoring, and a new kind of quick kick.

The National Football Rules Committee, this year, has made three changes that will open up the game. First and most important is the rule stating that the first incompleting forward pass into the end zone shall be counted merely another down.



Formerly such a pass was called a touchback, the ball going to your opponent on the 20-yard line. As a result few teams dared to try it. The risk was too great. Suppose, for example, your team was on the enemy 5-yard line. Third down and goal to go. You're the quarterback and your eye runs over the defense. You notice the drawn-in defense and you say to yourself, "An ideal spot for a pass."

But you've got to figure the cost. If the play fails your opponent will kick on first down from the 20. If he gets off a 40-yard kick, you've handed him 55 yards on a platter, and you face another long march to get into scoring position. Better to try line plays and turn over the ball to the enemy on his own 2 or 3-yard line. There's always the chance that you can block his punt and score that way. At best, he'll be lucky to kick out to his own 35-yard line, and you'll be in position for another scoring thrust.

With the new rule, the defense, in the shadow of its own goal, won't dare to draw up its backs to stop running plays. Men will have to stay back to

guard against the pass threat. Goal line strategy will open up and there'll be more touchdowns.

If you try a second pass over the goal, however, and it is incomplete, the touchback rule holds. It also holds if your pass is on fourth down.

Second in importance is the elimination of the five-yard penalty for the second incompleting forward pass in a series of downs. Air-minded teams will welcome that change!

A third change redefines a punt to permit one man to hold the ball and another to kick it. Here's how it will work:

Picture the quarterback receiving a pass from center. He pivots and hands the ball to the tail back who slashes right or left into the line. The play makes four yards.

The next play starts out just the same. The quarterback gets the ball and the tail back starts forward. But this time the quarter holds the ball between his outstretched hands a couple of feet off the ground. Instead of taking it, the tail back kicks it. The defense, expecting another line play, is fooled completely, and the punt goes over the safety's head.

Watch for this new quick kick. Coaches say it will be more powerful, more accurate, and better screened than the quick kick of the past.

To decrease injuries, the committee has forbidden the use of shoe cleats made of materials that are likely to chip or fracture.

There'll be fireworks this fall if coaches make full use of the new pass and punting freedom!

Your Gun for Hunting Is No Stranger To Such Men



WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
Model 42 .410 Bore
Repeating Shotgun

Model 42 for Hunting

Standard Grade as shown has 26-inch barrel, bored full choke, the most effective bore for hunting. (Or if you prefer may be had in modified choke, Skeet choke or cylinder bore; or 28 inches with same choice in boring.) Magazine holds five 3-inch or six 2½-inch shells. With one in chamber shoots six or seven shots. Regula Winchester "pump gun" slide action. Hammerless, with frame closed at top and rear, just like the famous Winchester Model 12 Shotgun. Also has same superior cross-gun safety and handy take-down. Weight 5 1/8 lbs.

"You see what I'm shooting, don't you? Big brother Model 12."

IN making your start as a hunter with a Winchester Model 42 .410-bore repeating shotgun, you have the gun which thousands of veteran sportsmen would pick out for you instantly. No stranger to them. They know this remarkable gun.

Your gun handles exactly like the famous Winchester Model 12 "pump gun." It is built of the very same materials, has the same superior workmanship. It shoots the extraordinary 3-inch shells (with double the usual shot charge) which Winchester originated along with it. Over a pound lighter than the lightest Model 12—a 26-inch barrel 20 gauge. The report and recoil are correspondingly lighter. Yet a real man's shotgun, with a remarkable hunting record.

And How You Can Handle It!

Before getting your Model 42 you may have tried larger shotguns. What a difference now! You can handle this gun. Light. Fast. No effort. Instead of pokey, wabbly striving to aim—constantly failing to swing fast and accurately enough to hit swift flying or running game—failing to brace yourself against the sharp recoil of a gun too big for you—what an improvement! You aim and shoot the Winchester Model 42 instinctively. Countless hunters have had exactly this experience, who never before had shot well. Now you can shoot. Now you are ready to enjoy hunting.

Shells? Winchester Super Speed, of course. Selected with shot of best size for the game you hunt. See them at your Dealer's, TODAY.



WINCHESTER MODEL 68 RIFLE

In a .22 rim fire rifle, you will find the new Winchester Model 68 gives you remarkable value for very low cost. Full man's size. New safety military bolt action with four safety features. Single shot. 27-inch barrel. Genuine American walnut stock of shotgun type with full pistol grip; semi-beavertail forearm with thumb-and-finger grooves. Non-tarnishable bead front sight on non-glare ramp base, with slip-over cover. New Winchester rear peep sight, with finger-control graduated click adjustments for both elevation and windage. Removable eye disc provides both target and hunting peeps. Chromium plated bolt, handle and trigger. Handsomely finished. Weight about 5 lbs.

Forty-four pictures—60 pages—Devoted to Winchester Guns

Here is the Pocket Catalog of Winchester Shotguns and Rifles—full of interesting information. Gives all styles and sizes of guns and rifles, with lists of game. Shows 11 different .22 rim fire rifles. Your copy mailed on request, with or without special folder on Model 68 Rifle, according to your wishes. Both are FREE. Write TODAY.



WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
Dept. 1-C NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.

WINCHESTER

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

FUN!



... now cover those shoe scrapes this way

IT'S GREAT to have fun! But so many games are hard on shoes—scuffs and scrapes come no matter how careful you are. And that often means trouble at home! So be sure to keep your shoes always neat and clean—it's easy with the Home Shine Kit. There's a real bristle dauber, a genuine lamb's wool polisher, and a big tin of fine paste polish—all for only 25 cents! Worth much more. So right now clip the coupon below and send it in for your Home Shine Kit.



2 in 1 - SHINOLA-BIXBY CORP., Dept. X-9
88 Lexington Ave., New York City
Enclosed is 25¢ (stamps or coin). Please send me the Home Shine Kit.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

2 in 1 - SHINOLA - BIXBY'S SHOE POLISHES

BOWS & ARROWS
LE STEINLEER CO. QUEENS VILLAGE L.I.N.Y.

U.S. Government Jobs

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS START Year
List of positions for men—ages 18 to 50 and full particulars, FREE.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. G179, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN \$40 A MONTH AT HOME!
You can easily earn up to \$40 each month at home. This is a new and exciting business opportunity. No experience necessary. Complete training and materials furnished. Write for details to: **W. A. SICKEL, 608 W. Madison, Dept. 23-96, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

BIG MONEY Assembling NEW MEAD KI-YAK Home!
MEAD GLIDERS
12 S. Market Dept. W-9 CHICAGO

FREE FALL CATALOG
Just Off the Press
Showing Hunting Shoes, Duck Hunting Boots, Sleeping Bags and other Leather and Canvas Specialties for hunters and campers.
L. L. BEAN, Mr. 403 Main St. FREETPORT, MAINE.



Here's a new lighting improvement—your left lamp throws a short beam, your right a long one.

Be Careful at Night!

by Dr. Alexander Klemin

Director, Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, New York University

YOU'RE driving along the highway during the rush hour of early evening. It's dark. There's lots of traffic on the road. What has the automobile designer done to prevent you from being one of the 9,700 fatal accidents that occur annually during the evening rush hours? For one thing, he has improved headlights.

If your father drove a car in 1911, he can tell you about the oil or gas lamps that he had to light with a match—lamps that didn't come with the car, but cost extra. He can tell you how the single filament electric light, placed in front of a parabolic reflector, replaced the gas and oil lamps. He can tell you about the dimmers that came next, then the two-filament bulbs, one for short-range and the other for long-range lighting.

Now comes a new form of lighting called the multi-beam. Press a button and you have two long-range beams, lighting the road evenly for 500 feet. You see a car whizzing toward you down the concrete highway. Press another button and the left head lamp drops down to short range to prevent glare while the right lamp stays at long range to light the side of the road for you. As you enter town traffic, you press another button and both lamps drop to short range.

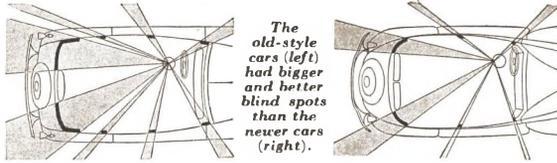
Manufacturers are constantly experimenting to give you improved lights—to help you reduce the evening rush-hour casualty list, which is about three times as large as the morning rush-hour total.

They're also reducing the blind spots in your car by making the body frame with narrow supporting members. By placing you farther forward—closer to the windshield—they are increasing your vertical range of vision. By slanting the windshield they are elimin-

inating reflections that might blind you. There are still blind spots in your car, but not as many as formerly. They're using safety glass that doesn't discolor with age, and giving



Parabolic reflectors give almost-parallel light beams.



The old-style cars (left) had bigger and better blind spots than the newer cars (right).

you windshield wipers that automatically flip out of the way when you turn them off.

Designers are improving the lighting on the dashboard so that you can instantly read your speed, oil pressure, water heat, and gasoline level. This is important, when you consider that in the three seconds it takes you to read your dashboard your car—at 60 miles an hour—can travel 264 feet!

Your car is equipped with a stop light at the rear. When you press your foot on the brake, this light flashes red. Did you ever check to see if this light was working? All you have to do is put your foot on the brake and glance back at the curb—or, before you leave the garage, look for the red reflection on the wall.

To safeguard you if the tail light goes out, some manufacturers put on their cars a special reflecting lens that will show up plainly under the headlights of the car that approaches you from the rear.

To co-operate with the automobile manufacturer, highway commissions are improving the lighting of streets and roads. Before many years they will probably be using the sodium vapor lamp which is three times as powerful as the incandescent bulb for the same electrical input.

This lamp, used on many of the suburban and country roads near big cities, gives an orange yellow light exactly the same as that created when salt is burned in a flame. This type of road lighting will some day help reduce accident totals. It will tend to make night driving nearly as safe as daylight driving.

Road builders and car builders are doing their part to make night driving safe. But no car can be safer than its driver. Are you doing your part?

How Quickly Can You Stop?

IT'S a part of good driving to know how quickly you can stop under all sorts of conditions. Here are some facts that will help you to determine the stopping distances of YOUR car. They were based on exhaustive tests and therefore represent the average automobile. Yours may be better than the average—or worse.

At 20 miles an hour, the stopping distance for the average car is 38 feet. Of this distance, 24 feet is the "braking distance." That is, once you've applied pressure your car will stop in 24 feet. Drivers, however, don't apply their brakes instantly an obstruction appears. It takes the average person one-half a second to telegraph the danger signal to his foot and go into action. And in one-half a second, a car going 20 miles an hour will travel 14 feet. The average stopping distance at 20 miles an hour is 77 feet. At 40, 126 feet. At 50, 188 feet. At 60, 263 feet.

These figures are worth thinking about. If you're traveling along a country highway at 60, you've got to allow yourself nearly one hundred yards in which to stop. You can visualize that distance better if you think of a hundred-yard dash straightaway on your school athletic field.

Think of your car, at 30 miles an hour, as a train 80 feet long. At 50, as a train 190 feet long. Make up your mind that you're personally responsible for that much roadway. Then, when a cow ambles across the road, or a youngster darts across it, you'll be prepared.

Suppose, however, that you react more slowly to what you see than other people. If it takes you a full second to go into action after seeing an obstacle, add the following to your stopping distance: at 20, 14 feet; at 30, 22 feet; at 40, 30 feet; at 50, 37 feet; at 60, 44 feet.

Road conditions may vary. If you're going 20 and the concrete is muddy, allow yourself 48 feet in which to stop. If the road is icy, give yourself 80 feet.

Remember, too, that you need more stopping distance on asphalt, still more on macadam, and still more on gravel.

When you take your car out in the morning, try out your brakes and horn in the first block of operation. Before going on a trip, test your tires, windshield wiper, and headlights. In Pennsylvania the State Highway Department tested a million and one-half automobiles and found only one-fifth of them with satisfactory tires, wipers, horns, brakes, and headlights. All others were defective in some respect.

In designing bridges and buildings and autos, engineers allow a "factor of safety." For instance they may build a bridge to carry ten times the load it will ever hold. By introducing even a small factor of safety into your driving, you can help reduce the yearly toll of 850,000 automobile accidents.

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

We Started a Restaurant

(Continued from page 17)

And breakage. The ten-cent store crockery was breaking at such a great rate that Lutzeier reluctantly came to the conclusion that more expensive ware would be an economy. So he bought more durable China and saved money on breakage.

Then Lutzeier found that his small icebox was costing him money. If he had a larger icebox he could buy perishable food in larger quantity and save money. So he got a larger icebox.

He learned that it didn't pay to buy continuously from the same grocer. So he changed grocers, and shortly afterwards the original grocer came back with special bargain offers.

In these and other ways, Lutzeier cut corners. It was fortunate that he did, for the seasonal nature of their business kept them on the ragged edge of bankruptcy. During Christmas holidays the trade fell off to almost nothing while rent remained the same and wages almost the same. In fact the Christmas lull ate up the November profits.

Then the mid-term vacation arrived to eat up the January profits. And spring vacation wiped out the February and March surplus! Throughout summer school they took in less than \$500 a month and found themselves gradually piling up deficits. By midsummer the creditors were loping down the trail, noses to the ground, getting hot!

So, to tide over the period, they dressed in shorts and marched around the city on an advertising stunt for the *Daily Mirror*, for \$25 a week apiece. Their German professor caught them bare-legged and shamed, and complimented them on their dress. He thought they were courageously defying convention to make the heat more endurable. They weren't. They were dressing in shorts to save a restaurant.

The days passed, school started again, and Lutzeier bought out his partner. And he continued to learn the tricks of the trade.

He hired a new chef—a man with Continental experience—and decided to carry a full line of steaks and chops. The venture was costly. Students won't pay the prices that must be charged for steaks and chops, and the expensive meat remained in the icebox until Lutzeier sadly converted it into stew.

The top charge for meals to students, he discovered, was about 40 cents. Boost the price and they'd quit coming around. So he served standard hamburger and steak or stew dinners at that price.

Then he worked on the problem of converting the 15-cent eater into a 25-cent eater. He did it by offering a 25-cent sandwich-fountain combination, in which the diner could have soup, his choice of 10-cent sandwiches, his choice of 10-cent desserts, and a 5-cent beverage. This combination, he soon discovered, was his most popular seller.

He had to charge too much for tomato juice. An individual bottle cost him 11 cents and he couldn't sell it for less than 15. About ten people a day ordered it at that price and his profit was 40 cents. So he shopped around until he discovered that he could

buy 128-ounce cans of tomato juice for 35 cents. He offered a 6-ounce glass for 5 cents that cost him less than 2 cents. Orders jumped to fifty a day and his profit to \$1.50.

An important attraction in restaurants is "atmosphere." Lutzeier has achieved a campus atmosphere in a number of ways. There's his green and gold color scheme. There's the picture of a griffon on one wall, a clawed and feathered and ferocious beast. The griffon is the name of the college year book and a symbol of the school.

The walls are covered with caricatures of sorority crests. One crest, for instance, shows a picture of two cats on a back fence, yowling.

But the biggest contribution to atmosphere is in the maple table tops. Lutzeier doesn't mind students carving their initials on the tables. He invites it. Shortly after opening his restaurant, he reserved tables for leading fraternities and sororities and told them to bring on their knives. Now, after three years, you can read in the neatly carved initials and crests the story of campus life and athletic achievement.

For part-time student help, Lutzeier pays 35 cents an hour in food, and has had working for him a president of the Association of the Woman Students, an editor of *The Collegian*, two student council presidents, and a year book editor.

Lutzeier extends credit. Where you meet your customers every day and know them personally, he says, you must extend credit. In three years of doing business, only two or three people have failed to pay their bills—a negligible percentage.

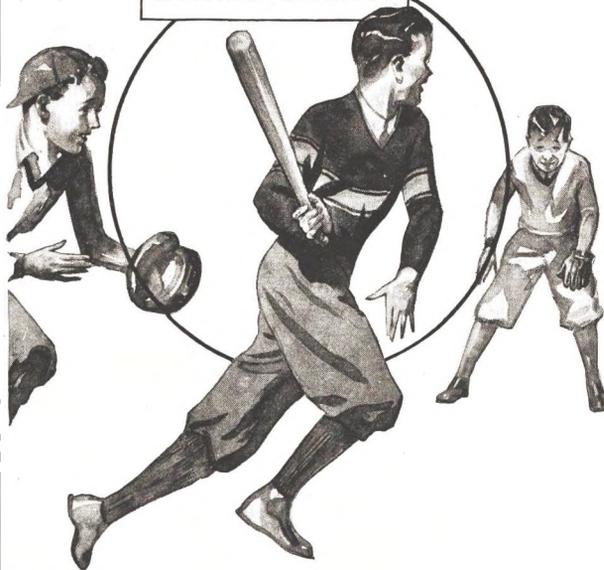
Furthermore, the students have appreciated his unquestioning confidence in them. Before Christmas vacation, 1933, his regular patrons decided to throw a party. So, after dinner, they moved aside the tables and danced. At the end of the party, a spokesman presented Lutzeier with an envelope containing part of his rent money for the month! They knew he would get little trade during the three-weeks' vacation. And the Green and Gold had become so valuable to them as a center of campus activity that they felt it their duty to help the restaurant over its bad period!

During the first year, Lutzeier served about 450 orders a day. Now, in spite of the bad times, he is serving 250 orders a day and still making money. If he closed "The Green and Gold" tomorrow he would owe it many thanks, for it has paid his way through two years of school and conducted him past the depression.

Going to start a restaurant? Lutzeier says you can make a go of it, because he believes that man, by intelligent effort, can get anything he wants out of life. Anything within reason, at least. But if you do start a restaurant, heed the tips that have saved Lutzeier many dollars.

And, he adds with heartfelt emphasis, keep one-third of your original capital in a reserve fund for rainy days, holiday seasons, and unforeseen expenses. He wishes he had.

THE TEACHER SAID THIS BOY LACKED ENERGY



He's a husky, active youngster now — and at the head of his class!

Look at him swing that bat and send the ball far out over the center fielder's head! See how he flashes down the baseline . . . his sturdy legs go like pistons. What a runner! What a sturdy, husky youngster!

And yet it wasn't so long ago that his teacher said he lacked energy. He had no wind . . . no endurance. His legs felt as heavy as lead after running fifty or sixty yards.

One day he asked his Gym teacher how he could build up his strength and stamina. The teacher said, "If you want to build up your strength and energy you must be sure that the foods you eat contain plenty of carbohydrates, proteins and minerals. And here's a tip—drink Cocomalt in milk regularly. It contains essential food nutrients you need for developing a husky physique."

That very day he began to drink Cocomalt mixed with milk. He drank it at every meal and within a month he felt and looked like a new boy. He was stronger and sturdier. His wind was better; his muscles firmer. Not only that, but his school marks improved—and today he's a husky, active boy—and at the head of his class.

The way to sturdy development

When you mix Cocomalt with milk as directed, you actually add 70% more food-

energy to it—almost doubling the energy value of every glass you drink.

Cocomalt supplies extra carbohydrates that give you pep, energy, endurance. It supplies extra proteins that build up strength—put pounds of solid flesh and muscle on your body.

Cocomalt provides extra minerals—phosphorus and calcium. Furthermore, it is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D, which helps the body convert the food-calcium and food-phosphorus into strong bones, sound teeth, a husky chest.

You see, Cocomalt supplies essential food nutrients you need for building the physical structure which is your right and heritage.

Fellows, for strong, sturdy development—take the advice of leading athletic coaches and physical training teachers throughout the country—drink Cocomalt at every meal. It has a delicious chocolate flavor and you'll like it a lot served hot or cold. It's sold at all good grocery stores. Be sure you get the genuine Cocomalt and not a misleading substitute. For trial can, send name and address, with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 14J, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control. Cocomalt is composed of suetose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (From irradiated ergosterol).

Cocomalt
Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

Announcing

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR ! TEN CENTS/A COPY !

HERE is the year's biggest news for every boy in America. Beginning with this issue, *The American Boy* has cut its price in two. You now may buy a one-year subscription for one dollar. You may buy a single copy at your news stand for only ten cents. You make your biggest saving on a three-year subscription which now costs only \$2.

If you are already a regular subscriber, we will extend the unexpired portion of your subscription in proportion to these new rates for the proper number of additional months so as to give you full advantage of this reduction. Please do not write us about your unexpired subscription. We will see that it is properly extended, and we will notify you when it is about to run out.

It has always been our ambition to sell *The American Boy* at the lowest possible price. Heretofore, however, the high cost of maintaining an adult-quality magazine in the young men's field has prevented any reduction. Now, at last, we see our way to making a drastic cut in the price to you. We shall do it without impairing in any way the uncompromising and expensive editorial standards which have kept *The American Boy* the undisputed leader, in circulation and quality, among all junior magazines.

THE AMERICAN BOY will continue its upward march. We shall continue to publish stories by men who are the acknowledged leaders in the adult as well as the junior field. We shall continue to employ the best adult-magazine illustrators. We shall continue to send our staff writers to all parts of the United States and the world, gathering exclusive material and interviews for you alone. We shall continue to seek advice and counsel for you from world-famous coaches, athletes, explorers, educators.

We insist that *The American Boy* shall continue to improve—in reading matter, in illustrations, in typography, in color. The new price will do pleasant things to your pocketbook, but nothing to the high quality of *American Boy* editorial pages.

We believe we are making the year's most important announcement in the publishing field. Please help us spread the good news by telling your friends of the new and lower price.

Griffith Owen Ellis
EDITOR

The Honor Team (Continued from page 8)

in his swivel chair to greet Wally's troubled and serious face with sparkling blue eyes and a toothy grin.

"What's up, cub?" he asked. "I hear you broke the boob record with ninety-five, over ashore. Couldn't you get your sea legs off?"

"It's the Goat, sir. He fired Boondi Brett off the team and cancelled his score of five straight smackers."

"Did, did he?" said the commander cheerfully. "What for?"

"Well, he's a freak, sir," Wally explained. "He shoots a rifle just the way he knocks down quail on the plantation. It's all wrong according to the Goat's manual, but it's Brett's style of shooting."

"Hum!" said Fighter Dodson and said no more. Elbow on desk and chin in hand, he listened attentively to Wally.

"That's not the worst of it, sir," Wally went on. "The Goat kept interfering with Boondi's shooting, so that only that chain-lightning aim of his let him get his bull's-eyes at all. Finally the Goat makes a crack about an honorable guy doing any such trick shooting and—you know these Southern boys, sir. Boondi shakes him off, flings himself prone, and gets his last bull's-eye by a hair. Then the Goat goes out of his way to insult him and Boondi hauls off and hits 'im."

"Did, hey?" Commander Dodson interrupted, eyes lighting up.

"You never saw anything like Boondi's shooting! Dan'l Boone stuff. But the Goat orders him to report under arrest to Captain Stacey of the Arizona, for striking a superior officer. Then he wipes out Boondi's whole score and gives us a ninety-five."

"Hum. Something will have to be done about the Goat!" Dodson exposed two white upper teeth in that tight smile of his. His eyes twinkled some more.

"It's more than that," Wally went on. "I think the Goat is a liability. He's so full of his rules he can't see a genius. It's impossible for him to make exceptions."

"And?" Dodson said good-humoredly. "I'd like to see either a new range boss or—a lesson that'll teach the Goat sense."

Dodson looked thoughtful a moment. Then he said: "Is Brett aboard? If so, send him to me. You pick a substitute for him, Wally. Any ship but us and the Arizona. Send the man over to the Goat this afternoon to qualify."

Wally left, a bit disappointed. He had hoped Dodson would put up a scrap to keep Boondi on the team, but a little reflection showed him that this couldn't be. He was under arrest for insubordination, and that settled it as far as the Navy was concerned. So Wally picked Opydke, from Destroyer 107, as Boondi's substitute.

The next day, the day of the Army-Navy shoot, was what Fighter Dodson called "war weather." In other words the weather never asked you what kind you wanted on the day of battle but generally handed you the worst in the shop. A vile nor'easter broke during the night. A whipping fish-tail gale swept over the ranges, and the miserable bluejackets fired and skirmished with fingers numb on the rifle bolt.

The wind played hob with all wind-estimate and did queer things to trajectories. The visibility was tricky and exasperating. Wally glanced at the score boards as he and his team passed along behind the firing line. He noted with deep satisfaction that the Goat's system of sticking to rules was being shown up today. You needed more than blind obedience in this weather. You had to have judgment, adaptability, and quick thinking. With a gusty wind you had to make sudden shifts in calculation that the manual didn't cover.

The Goat himself was flustered and profane as he stalked from squad to squad to admonish and berate their petty officers. He nodded to Wally.

"Second booth from the extreme right, Lieutenant. You'll find Lieutenant Langstreth of the Army waiting for you. The Admiral's fixing up some sort of experiment on the range you used yesterday."

Wally pricked up his ears. An experiment! By the Admiral? It sounded suspiciously like Fighter Dodson's doings, and it probably had to do with Boondi. He hadn't seen Fighter Dodson since the gunnery officer had left the ship with Boondi in a motor-sailer the day before. That they had gone aboard the Flagship, the mighty Pennsylvania, was all he had been able to note. Wally chirruped a joyful rat squeak. Something was in the air!

Lieutenant Langstreth stepped out of the waiting Army group to greet Wally courteously. He was as tall as either Wally or Stanguey and huskily built. The best of the West Point shots were behind him. "Fine day for it, Lieutenant!" he said, waving at the curling mist that blew across the range. "But what's the weather got to do with it anyhow?"

The Army seemed cheerful and confident. They were used to squally breezes up in the mountains of West Point. But for his own team Wally felt a sudden fear. The Goat's manual wasn't so helpful now. What use estimating the windage when the breeze changed every minute? Each man would have to use his own independent judgment. They were enemies out there, those distant targets. You had to smack them down, regardless of what the weather was doing, or get smacked yourself. Those would be the conditions in actual war.

During the preliminaries of tossing up for position, and estimating range, Wally glanced curiously at the next range. He saw a lonely wall tent pitched behind the firing line and a row of ten white china plates on sticks about two hundred yards out on the green. The tent seemed unoccupied—at least there were no voices coming from it.

The umpires from both the Army and Navy took stations at the telephone booth and signaled, "Ready!" Wally's five lay prone on the right; the Army beyond them in a line of khaki.

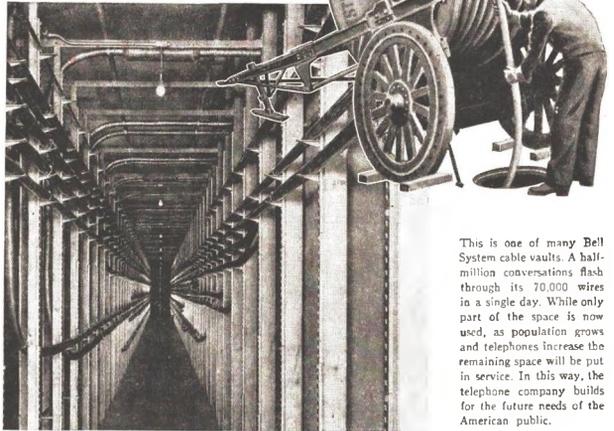
"Commence firing!" yelled the umpires simultaneously.

The Battle of Gettysburg opened up with the rapid spang of ten rifles. Wally called his shots to himself. They were all bull's-eyes, as far as sighting went, but he was worried over his



The tall, stiff marine looked uncomfiting.

VOICES in the Earth



This is one of many Bell System cable vaults. A half-million conversations flash through its 70,000 wires in a single day. While only part of the space is now used, as population grows and telephones increase the remaining space will be put in service. In this way, the telephone company builds for the future needs of the American public.

LIKE giant tentacles, the underground cables of the Bell System are threaded through the earth. From a central office, in a vault far below the surface, scores of lead-covered cables stretch out to all points of the compass... diving beneath subway train tracks... reaching through rock, mud, and sand... hugging river bottoms... connecting thousands of telephone subscribers with the central office switchboard.

Of the telephone company's 80 million miles of wire, more than 50 million miles are carried in underground cables. In order to reach any section of these millions of miles of wire, easily and quickly—to make repairs or connect new subscribers—the telephone company maintains thousands of manholes along city streets

and highways. Inside, some manholes are no bigger than a small box—others are as large as a good-sized room.

Telephone engineers had to solve many mechanical difficulties before underground cables reached their present high state of development. It is the responsibility of the Bell System to care for the telephone needs of future generations, as well as those of today. As a city or section grows, telephone service must be extended and increased—smoothly, quickly, and adequately. Carefully planned underground systems—built today, but capable of expansion—make that possible.

Such far-sighted, public-spirited work gives the American people the most trustworthy telephone service in the world.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Be a PHOTOGRAPHER!

Complete equipment for taking, developing and printing real photographs now costs only \$2.00.

It's Fun! • It's Easy!

Each picture costs only a few cents.

Photo-Kit is not a toy. All materials are just like those used by professional photographers. The Norton Camera takes clear, perfect photographs. Here's a list of the material Photo-Kit contains—



Get Photo-Kit at leading stores or send \$2.00, money order or check, to Dept. A-3, Cook Specialties, Inc., 35 W. 35th Street, New York City and we'll pay postage. Or write to Miss C. O. D. and you pay postman \$2.00 plus few cents carrying charges.



EASY to Play

Write for Free Book
 Ask to see the marvelous new models now being displayed by Conn dealers. Home trial. Easy payments. Write us for free book on whichever instrument interests you most. Mention instrument.
C. G. CONN, Ltd.
 502 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.



World's Largest
 MANUFACTURERS
 BAND INSTRUMENTS

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

windage and elevation. The Goat's whole system was based on holding and sight-seeing according to normal conditions. Today conditions were anything but normal. The firing stopped abruptly as each contestant reached the end of his magazine clip. Then the scores began to come in and the umpires were chalking them up. Wally's heart sank as he watched his. Five, three, five, zero (*Ou!*), four. Stanguey did worse. Morton was pretty good, with three fives and two fours. Burbridge must have been 'way off on his windage, one zero, three fours, one five. Opydke had an erratic string of two fives, a three, and two misses.

When the totals were announced, the Army had won by eighteen points. That was that—the worst drubbing the Navy had received in years. With Boondi in there, the score at least would have been close. The Goat, Wally decided, had outlived his usefulness.

And it turned out that he had. From the near-by tent, three men emerged. First Fighter Dodson, with Boondi's stubby arm in his grip and Boondi carrying his pet rifle in the other hand. Behind them loomed the enormous Admiral of Division Six, Rear Admiral Haley Houghton. At sight of the broad bands on his greatcoat both teams sprang to salute.

The Admiral returned the salute, and Commander Dodson, escorting Boondi, advanced on Langstreth, smiling.

"The Navy has been holding back a champion on you, Lieutenant," he said.

"Let me introduce Ensign Calhoun Brett, who has a little challenge to offer your victorious team."

But Brett and Langstreth knew each other—they had shot quail on neighboring plantations.

"Hello, Cal!" Langstreth whooped, pumping Boondi's arm. "Thought I'd find you on this team! Where were you in the fracas just finished?"

Boondi grinned. "We didn't want to lick you flat, Jimmy. They've held me oveh' for something the Admiral wants to try out. I'm challenging your whole team single-handed. You-all shoot together against me alone."

"You alone—great day, Cal!" Langstreth breathed. "Some challenge!" He turned with a grin to his team. "Watch out for this lad," he warned them. "He's fast and smart!"

They nodded gleefully. The click of cartridge clips being shoved into magazines followed the *clock!-clock!* of opening rifle bolts.

"At your service," Langstreth announced to Fighter Dodson.

The Commander pointed out the plates. They were in two rows of five, with an interval between.

"Brett takes One to Five," Dodson explained. "Your team, Lieutenant, fires at Six to Ten. You'll have to knock out all your plates before Boondi is down. Each plate he hits, the corresponding man in your line is yanked out, dead. That all clear? All right. Take any position, save standing."

Wally grinned understandingly. It

was just like Fighter Dodson to get to the heart of the matter. Dodson had arranged this demonstration of what Boondi could do with a rifle so that the Admiral could see for himself. If Boondi could win, then there was no need for him to follow the minute details of a manual.

The Army grinned eagerly and went to their stations with yips of "Let us at him!" Boondi knelt all alone, some distance beyond them and facing his five plates. Each plate he broke meant one less man in the other line. If he could knock down his whole five while one of the Army's still stood, he would have shot down the five best shots in either service.

"Stand by! Commence firing!" barked Fighter Dodson.

Brackety-bang-bang-bang! Off went the Army team in a furious fusillade. They had to get all five plates representing Boondi down before he could be counted officially dead. Wally crouched over Langstreth, ready to yank him out by the shoulders the moment plate Number One over there opposite Boondi flew to finders. Stanguey, Morton, Burbridge, and Opydke stood behind the other Army men, their eyes watching Boondi's plates, their hands poised over Army shoulders. Then they all roared gleefully—for the Army had emptied its magazines and three plates still stood!

Wally glanced over at Boondi during the frantic interval of reloading. Boondi was firing methodically at Num-

ber One. He could be seen rapidly adjusting his sights by the streaks of torn turf around that one target. Then Number One flew to pieces and Wally yanked Langstreth out, just as the second Army fusillade opened up.

Wally held his breath. Number Seven plate went to pieces under an Army shot. Only two left before Boondi was out! There were still four Army men firing, and they were slowing up to adjust sights, too.

But by this time Boondi had the range, and there followed an amazing spectacle. Calmly he went down the line. *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!* Four plates in quick succession flew to finders and their corresponding numbers were dragged out, dead, by the hilarious Navy team. It was all over.

"Licked the lot!" Wally whooped. "Come on, Stanguey! Wear him out!"

But they didn't get a chance at him, for the entire Army team had jumped for Boondi as one man. Langstreth got a leg, Hines another, and they hoisted him up on their shoulders.

The Admiral laughed at Commander Dodson. "You were right, Dodson," he passed judgment on the experiment. "I don't think anything like that shooting has been seen on this continent since Boone's day. But he proves it can be done. We'll have to revise that manual somewhat to make allowances for the exceptional man."

They went out to escort Boondi back to sea, victor over the five best shots the old system could produce.

The Black Box (Continued from page 13)

that the door of his room had been forced, the bureau broken open, and the strong box stolen. He merely smiled philosophically and set about arranging in a strange manner to write a report. He laboriously shoved the heavy writing table from the window to a far corner of the room. Here he could sit at his writing and at the same time command a view of the door and window while the desk, shoved into the corner at an angle, placed his chair in a fortress formed by the angle of the walls behind him and the desk.

He had not been writing long, however, before he was disturbed by a barely audible whisper.

"Renfrew!" sounded the whisper. With a little smile Renfrew, who had been writing with one hand apparently in his lap, addressed the world at large. "I am covering that closet door from beneath the table," he said quietly. "Come out."

Whereupon there stepped from the coat closet at Renfrew's right the figure of Barnett Perry! The boy came over to the desk with a revolver in one hand and a nervous glitter in his eyes that told of high tension.

"Do you realize," he whispered in a voice hardly audible, "that the outside door has been forced? That the window has been forced too, and that there are several men hidden in this house?"

"Yes," murmured Renfrew. "I told you they would come for me. But what are you doing here?"

"I couldn't leave you alone with the cursed box. I came in through the window. That's how I knew it was forced. What are you going to do?"

"If you'll pop back in your closet and not interfere, you'll have a grandstand seat. Snap back! Quick!"

Despite the almost inaudible quietness of Renfrew's voice, the order was unmistakable. Perry slipped back into the closet. Renfrew wrote. . . .

The man in the baggy black suit with the black hat pulled down over his eyes entered the room so stealthily that Perry, hidden in the narrow closet, knew nothing of his entrance until Renfrew's voice commanded sharply: "Throw up your hands and stand still!"

The next instant there was a tinkle of broken glass and a very flat, thin voice spoke from the window: "Drop that gun!"

There was a little pause. Then the flat voice spoke again:

"That is good. Very sensible. Now where is it?"

"Where is what?" asked Renfrew.

"You took it from the black box!" chattered the flat voice, growing shrill; and Perry heard a sound as of a hard, hollow object being thrown on the desk. "See, it is gone. Where is it?"

"I thought that box was in the keeping of my friend Thatcher," said Renfrew calmly, "out at his ranch."

"Do not play with me," said the thin, flat voice. "You know what we have done to your Thatcher. Give us the thing you took from the box."

The voice sank in such chilling menace that Perry, mouth set, opened the closet door a few quiet inches. He saw a thin, huddled figure that leaned over Renfrew's desk and unwaveringly held an automatic pistol in front of Renfrew's heart. He saw two others clad in baggy black standing there gazing fixedly at Renfrew.

"So," said Renfrew thoughtfully, "you have killed Miles Thatcher."

"It was unfortunate," said the flat, even voice. "But necessary."

Renfrew straightened himself, staring directly into the other's eyes.

"I don't think you are fool enough to kill another man," he said.

"Have you forgotten Mr. Leslie Barnett?" inquired the other.

Renfrew sank back as if appalled. "You did that, too?" he murmured.

"You are dealing with a man who does what is necessary."

"That's all I wanted to know," said Renfrew with a sudden smile, and from beneath the desk crashed the sound of an automatic fired repeatedly. With the sound of the shots one of the black-clad men whipped up one hand with a knife in his fingers. Perry fired upon him point blank, and he dropped. But at the same instant Renfrew had disappeared behind the desk and through the door and window half a dozen armed men tumbled into the room.

As Renfrew crawled out, smiling,

from beneath the desk and Perry emerged from the closet, Tom King and his surviving henchman were gathered into the arms of Frampton and his squad of policemen. Renfrew frowned thoughtfully upon his impulsive assistant.

"You shouldn't have interfered," he said. "It is never desirable to fire upon criminals who can be taken alive."

"But you were firing!" cried Perry.

"But quite harmlessly," said Renfrew. "I just had the gun fastened rigidly to the desk with a string on the trigger that I could pull with one foot. It was improbable that anyone would be in the line of fire."

"And these are the men who were in the house," muttered Perry.

"Yes. Inspector Frampton kindly fell in with my plan to have some men concealed where they could hear a confession and interrupt any violence. I knew Tom King would come back."

"But why?"

"He came back because I had taken from the black box the only thing that made it valuable. Then I let him have the box. I knew he'd return."

"But what was it? What was in it?" Renfrew grinned. "A postage stamp."

He took from his wallet a small slip of magenta-colored paper, dark with age and octagonal in shape.

"This," he explained, "is a duplicate of what has always been believed to be the only existing specimen of the rare British Guiana one-cent stamp of the issue of 1856. In 1915, the only other copy of this stamp was sold at auction for the price of \$32,500, and it will probably bring even more today. I advise you to be careful of it, Perry."

It was not until several days later, after the examination of Tom King, that Barnett Perry learned how Renfrew had solved the mystery of the little black box.

"You see," he explained, as Perry sat again in the easy chair of the room on Garrick Street, "there were so few things that could possibly be concealed in that small box. And when I ran my fingers over the top of it the night you gave it to me, I noticed the outline of something octagonal extending beyond the limits of the little square

decoration on the lid, and that, I felt, was a clue to the mystery. I didn't decide to take the box apart, though, until I'd thought over what you'd told me about your uncle's collecting all sorts of things."

"Then you guessed it was a stamp?"

"Oh, no. But I decided to see what might be under the box's covering."

"But supposing they'd seen you doing it?"

"I thought of that. I had one of Frampton's men drive me out to a place in the country where he lived. Out there I steamed the box, peeled the leather off, and found the stamp. Then I pasted down the leather again and left it where Tom King could find it. The rest was a matter of waiting for King to come for the stamp."

"But how did he know the stamp was in the box?"

Renfrew smiled slowly.

"Your uncle," he said, "was one of the most prominent stamp collectors in the world. A wire to his friend Burnaby brought me that information. But he financed his collections in odd ways. He'd been deep in the drug traffic with Tom King; he'd made his fortune out of that and other odd deals, and he'd decided to retire into respectability. That's when you came into the picture, but a good while before that, Tom King had started to make him pay for his silence. Your uncle paid until he came to the end of his ready resources. Then Tom King raided his various collections. He had heard rumors about this rare stamp, and presently he demanded that your uncle turn over the stamp collection. Your uncle turned it over, but kept the only stamp that was worth a fortune. He concealed that stamp in the black box and gave it to you. When Tom King ransacked the house and murdered your uncle for it, it was beyond his immediate reach."

"Of course!" cried Perry. "He found nothing."

"Oh, no," grinned Renfrew. "He found among your uncle's papers the directions he'd prepared to tell you how to find the fortune in the little black box. Tom King has informed us that these were in the form of a will making you sole heir!"

Riders of the Rio Grande

(Continued from page 6)

He'd slap it right in the face, and see what it thought about that!

A quick glance along the short street told him that it was deserted except for horses standing at the hitching racks and a woman carrying groceries and leading a child. Tommy took a deep breath and strode into the first open doorway.

Several men lounged there; two were behind counters. Tommy's eyes swept the interior belligerently. It was a general store, with shelves loaded with canned goods, ready-made clothing, and bolts of cloth. One of the clerks approached Tommy and waited expectantly.

"I'm looking for a guy," Tommy said, his eyes going from face to face. "I don't see him here."

With that he turned insolently and walked out. What did he care what they thought!

The next doorway led into a cold drink place, unoccupied now save for a young woman polishing glasses at the fountain. Her eyes opened wide at the sight of this immaculately dressed, scowling visitor, but Tommy, after a quick glance about the room, departed without speaking.

A man looking for trouble generally finds it, and in a Texas cow town he frequently gets more than he's looking for.

At the fourth doorway Tommy waded through a haze of tobacco smoke into a poorly illuminated room presided over by a pale-faced man standing behind a cigar counter with a stogy clinched between his teeth and a white apron about his bulging middle. Loafers were plentiful here. Grins came to their tanned faces when they saw Tommy's clothes; left them when they saw the look in his eyes. Two or three shifted their positions uncomfortably. One among them Tommy recognized as a spectator of the encounter at the depot. None, however, was the object of his search.

As Tommy stood there, scowling reflectively, the man whom he had recognized left his chair and disappeared through a door that evidently led to a back room.

Common sense told Tommy to stay out of there; but he was in no mood for common sense. He barged through the door, heard it bang shut behind him. Quickly his eyes swept the hazily lighted room. There were four card tables, each with its little group of players and scattering of interested watchers. A short bar stood at one side and there was a heavy odor of liquor in the air. A negro man with a broom opened a rear door and Tommy caught a glimpse of the alley.

At the third table Tommy saw a big tan hat pushed far back on curly black hair. From where he stood he could see the dangling of a tobacco tag from the pocket of a blue shirt. He noted with supreme satisfaction that the heavy gun belt was missing from about the cowboy's waist.

Tommy crossed the room in swift strides; his hand fell heavily on the blue-shirted shoulder.

"Stand up and fight, you bullying coward!" he cried angrily, jerking the cowboy out of his chair.

"Look out, Rope!" a bystander shouted.

The warning was not needed, for Rope, with surprising readiness, had already started to swing. Addressing him in that manner could have but one result. The cowboy's fist whipped up and landed in Tommy's left eye with a sharp smack, rocking the Easterner back on his heels.

The explosion of stars that followed would have discouraged Tommy if he hadn't had considerable experience in the amateur ring. Naturally fast and strong, he had learned to punch and parry in Philadelphia gymnasiums and had been able to weather two amateur tournaments to their finals. So, despite the prelude of stars, Tommy felt certain that it was only a matter of a few minutes until sweet revenge would be his.

He kicked over the table behind him to make room for action, tucked his chin into the hollow of his left shoulder and landed a light but stinging blow on the cowboy's nose with his left fist. So eager was he to follow this up that he left his ribs unprotected and a set of hard knuckles drove into them. "Don't lose your head! Don't lose your head!" an old instructor had continually warned him. "Keep cool." And Tommy slipped back out of range. By this time the occupants of the room had formed an excited circle about

the two antagonists.

For the next few minutes it required all of Tommy's skill and his very best footwork to keep out of the charging cowboy's way. Rope brought the fight to him with such grim ferocity and natural agility that he was obliged to retreat about the little circle as rapidly as possible. In these maneuvers he was hampered somewhat by the uncertain footing and the blurred vision of his left eye. Soon he realized that he had made at least one mistake; Rope was no coward. That was certain.

The encircling spectators were howling their approval of Rope's handling of the situation, and refused to let the proprietor interfere. The tenderfoot had asked for it; and he was getting it, good and plenty.

It did appear that Tommy was taking a lot of punishment. His blue cravat was hanging awry; one coat sleeve was ripped out; three buttons had left his shirt; his wrist watch was smashed; his hair had lost all semblance of its former careful grooming; and his left eye was practically lost in swelling flesh. Moreover, he was continually retreating and covering up, dodging and ducking away from the cowboy's powerful wide-swinging blows.

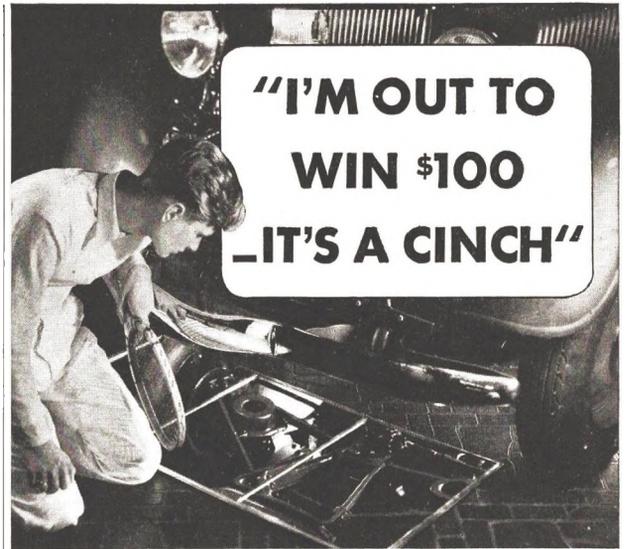
But a knowing boxing fan would have seen that the Easterner was taking on his arms and shoulders most of the blows that didn't miss entirely; and that he was skillfully conserving his strength while the cowboy was dissipating his in the sheer ferocity of his attack. Presently the cowboy's wind was coming in short gasps and his terrific pace began to slacken. Now Tommy retreated less rapidly; now he frequently stabbed his ready stinging left into his opponent's face and ribs. Triumphant satisfaction came to him—the battle was virtually won!

"Go after him, Rope. Give it to the danged tenderfoot!"

"The Polo Ghost Rides!"

Pascal N. Strong's story of pounding polo and keen-edged rivalry was originally scheduled for this issue. Space conditions compel us to postpone it until—

NEXT MONTH



DO YOU WANT an easy chance to win \$100? Just change places with that fellow in the picture.

He's taking a squint at those big coil springs under the front end of a Plymouth. Then he's going to write a short essay on "Why I Think Plymouth Front Wheel Springing is Best."

And that's all you have to do to put yourself in line for one of the big cash prizes listed in the panel. If you write the best essay, the \$100 is yours. But even if your essay isn't picked as the best, you still have thirty-two other chances of winning a worth-while amount.

Your nearby Plymouth dealer will gladly help you. Go see him at once. This contest closes September 28.

CONTEST RULES

- 1 This contest is open to all boys more than 12 and less than 18 years of age.
- 2 Essays must not be longer than 250 words and should be written in ink, or typewritten on plain white paper. Use one side of paper only.
- 3 Winning essays will not be published and no entries will be returned. Nor will the Plymouth Motor Corporation correspond about them with contestants.

- 4 All entries must be received by Plymouth Motor Corporation not later than September 28, 1934.
- 5 The prizes will be forwarded to those Plymouth dealers named on the prize-winners' coupons. These dealers will make the final presentations of the prizes to the prize-winners.

33 PRIZES

Grand Prize \$100.00
2 prizes \$50.00 each 10 prizes \$10.00 each
5 prizes 25.00 each 15 prizes 5.00 each

And you can win one

Clip this coupon and attach to your essay

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION, DIV. AB2, DETROIT, MICH.
GENTLEMEN: I am attaching my essay entitled—"Why I Think Plymouth Front Wheel Springing is Best."

NAME _____ AGE _____
NO. & STREET _____ STATE _____
CITY _____ The Plymouth dealer who helped me with this essay is:
NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

Here's How to Earn Money!

Thousands of boys and young men all over the United States are earning money as American Boy representatives. You can do likewise. No experience required. Write today for The American Boy Agents Plan.

THE AMERICAN BOY

180 North Michigan Boulevard
Chicago, Ill.

7430 Second Boulevard
Detroit, Mich.

The spectators were yelling themselves hoarse; but there was concern in their voices now. For the young Easterner was no longer retreating but was slugging with their faltering champion toe to toe, bringing his right fist into action with repeated hooking blows to the cowboy's ribs. Blood trickled from Rope's nose and mingled with the sweat that beaded out on his face.

But the cowboy was still game, still coming, taking two blows for the opportunity of delivering one and displaying occasional bursts of ferocity that forced Tommy to seek temporary safety in flight, much to the delight of the jeering crowd. Tommy began to wonder at his opponent's endurance. Rope could certainly take it!

Tommy's own breath was getting short, his left eye was useless, and doubts of the outcome were creeping over him. This lean young cowpuncher must be made of iron. Would he never quit? Would he never go down? Tommy's right landed on Rope's jaw; it should have been a knockout, but Rope merely shook his head and bored in for more. And a half-spent blow landed on Tommy's already closed eye.

But just then, with the finish desperately uncertain, the fight was suddenly stopped! Rope, while making a desperate swing at that bobbing blond head, lost his balance, stumbled across the ring, and finally plunged headfirst in among the legs of the spectators. His body went limp, and when the men moved back they saw that his head had struck the brass foot rail of the bar. Bright red blood welled from a gash over his ear. Someone opened the alley door and the sunlight streamed through to rest on Rope's face.

And then young Tommy Harris, standing there staring, with his fists still doubled, made an astounding discovery. Horrified, he bent closer to the fallen foe. No doubt about it—Rope was not the cowboy who had made him dance to the tune of a six-gun on the station platform!

Chapter Five

TOMMY felt the strength ebb from his body. He had made a terrible mistake; he had unjustly attacked and perhaps seriously injured an innocent man. The cowboy called Rope hadn't known what it was all about; hadn't known why he had been so abruptly assaulted by a total stranger; hadn't even known why he was fighting. Yet what a fight he had put up!

In that moment Tommy bitterly cursed his headstrong pride. A smart boy from a big town! What a fool he had made of himself. He hadn't been hurt at the depot; why couldn't he have let well enough alone? But no, he had had to go hunting trouble. Well, he'd found it!

He looked down at Rope's tanned still face, smeared with blood, and he ached with regret. When the cowboy came to, he'd explain and tell him how sick and sorry he felt.

But as he stood there, he suddenly became aware that the men about him were casting black looks at him and murmuring to each other in menacing undertones. They had witnessed an unprovoked assault on a well-liked comrade, who now lay bleeding and unconscious on the floor, and they were sore about it. They had forgotten that it had been a fair fight, and that Rope's injury had been accidental. Out of the murmur rose a sharp snarl:

"We'd ought to string him up!"

Tommy heard, and all that was left of his cocksureness deserted him. He suddenly felt that he was a very young and foolish youth in a strange, stern, unforgiving country. Panic seized him—he had to get away from there!

His eyes fell on the open alley door.

Unobtrusively he backed out of the grim little circle, now intent for the moment upon the fallen cowboy, who had stirred a little. Tommy made for the door and slipped out. Gaining the alley, he ran swiftly around to the hotel. A bay horse dozed at the long hitching rack, reins thrown carelessly over the rail.

Tommy glanced into the little lobby; it was vacant. Well, he couldn't wait. Without pausing to look for his bag, he turned to the hitching rack.

He knew all about riding a horse; he had seen it done in the movies many times. He gathered the reins, put his foot in the brass-bound stirrup, pulled up and pushed his leg across like a hurdlers going over a bar. Safely

Tommy began to get some idea of the rhythm of the gait and found that by relaxing his body he could measurably lessen the painful jarring. Likewise he learned that if he kept his head up and looked ahead, instead of down at the ground flowing back beneath the pounding hoofs, it was less difficult to maintain a balance. Fortunately for Tommy, the bay was perfectly broken and gentled and didn't bolt or run away, as many horses, finding themselves unrestrained and so abominably ridden, would have.

It was some time before Tommy could screw up his courage for another glance over his shoulder; when he did, he was relieved to find that the little cluster of weathered frame buildings

leather that within a few minutes Tommy was certain no skin whatever remained on the affected parts. And the agony grew steadily, until each movement of the horse became a thing to be dreaded. Tommy felt as if a thousand red-hot needles were being jabbed into him from below.

"Stop!" he cried. "Halt! Whoa, who-a-a-a-h!"

The horse slowed a little, but almost immediately resumed his former speed. It suited him quite well and if his rider didn't like it, he should tighten the reins.

Once more Tommy began looking desperately for a soft place to land; anything was preferable to remaining longer in that excruciating saddle. He'd fall off. Yes—fall off. But when? And where? And how?

Suddenly Tommy realized that he couldn't fall off! Only a short time before he had been afraid he would; and now he couldn't. He just couldn't break the frozen grip of his hands about that strong leather anchor of safety. Did anybody ever hear of anything so ridiculous? He, Tommy Harris, the bright young athlete, the daring chance-taker, was too scared to let go. But he'd got to let go—in desperation he loosened from the saddle horn the hand that held the reins and managed to give them a quick jerk.

The result was a shocking surprise. The bit in the horse's mouth was a heavy Mexican spade affair that demanded instant obedience. The animal stopped so quickly that he seemed to be backing up and Tommy, despite his frantic grip on the horn, sailed out of the saddle, turned a somersault in the air, and landed flat on his back on the green grass a few scant feet in front of the horse.

For several seconds he lay there on the ground, breathless but vastly relieved that he had achieved a landing at last. He was down! What bliss it was to lie there motionless, looking up into the blue of a limitless sky and listening to the soft song of the wind in the mesquite! But it had to be perfectly motionless—one tentative wiggle convinced Tommy that any movement would for several days be a source of keen regret.

Yet something had to be done, and he began a tentative investigation to determine the extent of his injuries, finding one by one that his limbs were capable of motion, after a painful fashion. Thus reassured, Tommy slowly raised himself to a sitting position and took stock of his surroundings. The horse, standing quietly to trailing reins as a good cow pony should, was regarding him with mild reproval, and a magpie chattered saucy derision from a near-by perch. Otherwise, as much of the world as Tommy could see was green and blue and disturbingly unoccupied.

The young Easterner realized presently that it would be necessary for him to proceed to his uncle's ranch, and so struggled to his feet. He approached the horse with misgivings; remounting was unthinkable but he couldn't leave the animal alone in the brush. He was successful in securing the reins, hooked them over his arm, and turned in the direction he believed to be south.

The first few strides were agony, but he kept manfully at it and was relieved to find that the pain in his protesting muscles diminished with exercise. The horse followed readily; in fact, too readily, for Tommy had to stretch his stride to maintain a margin of untrod safety.

Proceeding in this manner, he kept his eyes peeled for the "rim rock" mentioned by the hotel man. This, he reasoned, would be some sort of cliff. But the flat green world rolled on and on unbroken—it began to be disturbing. He must be near his uncle's ranch, for he'd certainly come four or five



"Fer Pete's sake, Mom! Can't Poppa read?"

mounted, he cast a glance along the street, fearing to see a wrathful mob boiling out of the card room; but the street was still deserted. He gazed at the reins with one in either hand until the perplexed bay was facing south and then urged the animal with an assortment of clucking sounds straight into the wide rolling sea of green grass and mesquite thickets. That there was a road or trail somewhere never occurred to him.

The horse moved forward quietly, but Tommy felt very insecure. It was a long way to the ground; he had had no idea horses were so tall.

Presently he glanced back over his shoulder. His progress seemed impossibly slow. There was the little town, barely behind him, and now a man was running excitedly in front of the buildings. This would never do. Where was the dashing speed of the movie horsemen? Where was the accelerator? Tommy clucked experimentally and the bay horse responded with a jog trot that almost jolted his teeth loose. He grabbed for the saddle horn with both hands and the pony, feeling the pressure of the reins slacken, broke into a long swinging gallop.

Tommy nearly tumbled out of the saddle. He closed his eyes and clung with both hands for dear life. Then he opened his eyes and tried to pick out a soft place to fall.

"Goodness, oh, goodness!" he groaned, unable to think of anything more adequate.

It had never occurred to him before that riding a horse could be such a tooth-loosening, hair-raising experience; it had always looked so easy on the screen. He wobbled from side to side in a desperate effort to maintain his balance. Oh, what a sap he had been to come to this country! If his mother could only know the grief and trouble she had wished upon him! Was it absolutely necessary for horses to bounce so much?

But presently, as the horse swung along over the green springy turf,

he had completely disappeared. He hoped he'd never see them again! He'd ask his uncle to have someone take the horse back to the man and get his bag. Of course, though, if Rope had been seriously hurt, he'd have to go back and face the music. But he wanted a trial—not a noose.

The horse had now settled into that swinging, ground-covering lope which Western ponies often maintain for miles at a time and, unguided by his rider, he headed contentedly southwest.

Tommy had just begun to develop a small degree of saddle equilibrium when there loomed up in front of them an area of broken ground, radiating in shallow ditches from the head of the small ravine. The sight of it, directly in the galloping horse's path, brought Tommy's heart into his throat.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried tremulously, at the same time squeezing the saddle horn desperately with both hands. How, he wondered, did you stop these things?

But the agile little pony, accustomed to such a command's being accompanied by a lifting of the reins, didn't even falter in his stride. And a second later they were at the rough area. Tommy closed his eyes, expecting to be catapulted from the saddle as the horse went down. The saddle tipped slightly and Tommy mentally prepared himself for a fall; but it didn't come and when he opened his eyes again only rolling green turf, studded with mesquite trees and thickets, stretched before them.

And at that moment, while his heart was full of tremulous thanks, a new regard for the horse as compared with the automobile came to him. He was forced to admit that the little orange-colored beast between his knees undeniably had points in its favor.

Not long after this Tommy began to be conscious of the existence of certain parts of his anatomy, principally the insides of his knees and thighs. They were, it seemed, beginning to wear. These wearing pains developed so rapidly under the steady pound of the

miles from town; and yet in all the vast area before him there wasn't a sign of human habitation. The fool country was deserted.

Nevertheless Tommy plodded steadily southward; under no conditions did he propose to return to the little town. It wasn't, he explained to himself, that he was afraid to; he just didn't care to—he didn't have any business there.

Chapter Six

FOR an hour Tommy maintained a steady southward progress without seeing anything which indicated to him that this particular section of the Big Bend had ever before been visited by a human being. Then he saw, off to the right, the upper half of a towerlike structure that he finally recognized as a windmill; and he knew in a superficial way that windmills are a device to provide water for people who live beyond the mains of the city systems.

With a great feeling of relief he turned to the right; at last he was arriving somewhere. This was probably the Quarter-circle 6 but, if not, at least it would be a place where he could get something to eat, leave the horse, and obtain more explicit directions for reaching his uncle's ranch. Just to see and speak to a person would help Gee, it seemed as if he'd been in this forsaken country for days!

But as Tommy hurried onward and the lower half of the tower became visible above the mesquite he was astounded and grieved to see that there were no buildings about it.

"Well, for the love of Pete!" he groaned.

Stopping short, he stared about. What in the world was this windmill doing way out here by itself? Where were the people? The horse pushed forward somewhat impatiently and Tommy went on and permitted the animal to sink his muzzle deep into the big wooden trough that the mill kept filled with clear, cool water. He himself drank from the length of short pipe that emptied into the trough. He climbed halfway up the tower and searched the brush far and near; but nowhere could he see anything that indicated the presence of man.

Presently, with a snort of perplexed disgust, he climbed down, wondering why anybody should go to the trouble of setting up a perfectly good windmill way out here in the brush, and his city-trained intelligence was such that the ankle-deep stock trails all about the place gave him no enlightenment.

Again, chagrined and disappointed, Tommy headed south, and as he plodded along there came to him persistently the mental picture of a slim, dark-haired cowboy lying unconscious with blood running from an ugly gash in his head. Of all the crazy things he had ever done, this, Tommy reflected, was the worst. If he and Rope ever met again, Rope would certainly be keen to avenge that unprovoked assault. It was a sweet prospect!

But there was a worse one. Suppose—suppose Rope didn't regain consciousness. What then? The very thought so sickened Tommy that he sought to drive the entire matter from his mind by turning his active attention to things close at hand, and it was high time he did, for only a hundred

yards away the yellowish eyes of a sour-tempered old range bull were fastened evilly upon him.

Range cattle of the Big Bend country recognize the horse-and-rider unit as a symbol of authority and accord it respect, but a dismounted man has about the same social standing among them as a coyote. Cowboys, therefore, never make unavoidable excursions into the herds on foot; in fact, at all times when on the ground they try to avoid any attention from range cattle.

Tommy was unaware of this, of course; but as he advanced innocently in the direction of the bull he required no interpreter when the animal gave a low, rumbling bellow and began throwing chunks of turf over its back with pawing front feet. Convinced that the bull's intentions were strictly dishonorable, he immediately made a right angle turn and went away from there as fast as he could and still retain the dignity of a walk. The bull, now openly aggressive, began to follow, stopping every now and then to pump deep, angry rumblings from his great chest and rend the unoffending turf with truculent backward strokes of his big split front feet.

Tommy forgot his dignity and broke into an unashamed trot, taking short cuts through brush and thickets that added materially to the already considerable wreckage of his once impressive clothing.

He hoped the brush and thorns would stop the pursuit but the great red bull barged through them like a tugboat splitting harbor scum. The animal stopped again to paw and bellow, then came on at a faster gait. The bay pony began to show signs of great uneasiness, and Tommy grew panicky. Great guns, did they cross their cattle with tigers? He looked about frantically for a tree he could climb or a hole into which he could crawl. But that particular vicinity boasted no trees worthy the name and no holes large enough to accommodate a 160-pound husky who had hoped to make a varsity end the coming fall.

A hasty glance behind him showed the bull bursting through the light mesquite brush at a long, loose-jointed trot, a great crimson, white-nosed dreadnought bearing down upon him. It was clear even to the inexperienced Tommy that in the bull's small warped brain a savage blood lust was beginning to flame. Obviously the animal was rapidly approaching the point where discretion would give away entirely to a mad impulse to butt and gore, trample and tear.

Despairingly Tommy realized that fight held no further hope. He halted and faced the animal; men did fight bulls, he reflected—but with strong misgivings.

This bold front, had it been assumed at the very beginning, might have balked the bull; now however it only made him pause and renew the bellowing and pawing by which he teased himself into a mighty rage. The signs were unmistakable, and the wise cowboy snorted his alarm and circled at the length of the reins until he was as far as possible from the source of threatening disaster.

The tug of the reins against Tommy's arm acted as a stimulus on his mind. He looked at the horse as if he were seeing it for the very first time. "Well, I'll be dog-goned!" he exclaimed



Are YOUR Skates FREE-WHEELING?

IT'S the newest, easiest kind of skating. You glide along much more smoothly, with much less effort, less ankle strain. You get it with WINCHESTER Roller Skates.

You and your dad know what the name Winchester means in rifles—better mechanical design;

long, trustworthy service. Winchester Skates are built like that, too. Their frames are made stronger because they have *re-inforced steel chassis* construction—real BACKBONE! They have live-rubber shock-absorbers. Their free-wheeling rolls have double-row ball bearings—roll much easier, don't stick, bind or rattle. The rolls or "tires" have double treads and are extra wide so they don't wear out quickly, and they give you more surface to stand and skate on. That's why they let you skate *straighter* and balance yourself better.

Ask to look at a pair of Winchester Roller Skates at the store. Four styles to choose from—ALL with Free-Wheeling.

FREE-SKATING SECRETS

Write for this folder that will tip you off on how to skate faster and better. Send postcard to Dept. 1-C.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY
NEW HAVEN CONN., U. S. A.

WINCHESTER

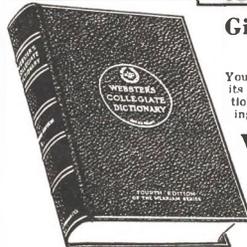
TRADE MARK,

FREE WHEELING ROLLER SKATES



Cut open Winchester Roll showing double row ball bearings and wider, double tread. Used regularly on all Winchester Roller Skates.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY



Give Your Child the Advantage Of This Helpful Companion

Your boy or girl needs this convenient question-answer, with its wealth of useful, easily-found, easily understood information. It will be a treasured guide book in school work, reading, and play.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE

A Merriam-Webster

The best abridged dictionary. The largest of the Merriam-Webster abridgments. 100,000 entries, 1200 illustrations, 1268 pages. Thin-Paper. Indexed. Cloth \$2.50; Paperback \$5.00; Leather \$7.00; Pleain, dark blue or natural, \$8.50. Purchase of your book, or send order and remittance direct to the publishers, or write for free information. G. & C. Merriam Co., 423 Broadway, Springfield, Mass.



WIN THIS BICYCLE!

IT'S EASY! Earn your own SPENDING MONEY! Get this speedy motorbike—and your choice of 300 other prizes—without a cent of cost. Bike comes to you fully equipped with coaster brake, headlight, and other big features. Built for easy riding, long wear, and speed.

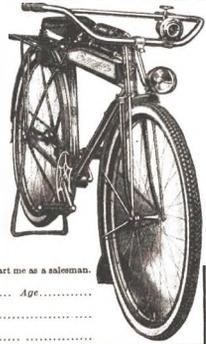
MONEY and PRIZES can be yours for delivering 3 well-known magazines to customers in your neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or play. Mail the coupon—and we'll start you.

Mail This Coupon at Once!

MR. JIM TRAYER, Dept. 410
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio.

Dear Jim: I want to win MONEY and PRIZES. Start me as a salesman.

Name..... Age.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

Private, Preparatory Schools

SOUTHERN STATES

RIVERSIDE



6 Months in Blue Ridge Mountains

3 Winter Months in Florida

A distinguished military preparatory school, with two complete and modern school plants. Assures health, added interest and rapid advancement by spending the winter at Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Florida (between Palm Beach and Miami); the remainder of the year in the invigorating climate of the Blue Ridge Mountains—a sound educational plan confirmed by successful experience.

Boys like Riverside because of its friendly instructors, 250 acre campus, new academic buildings, largest Southern gymnasium, heated tiled swimming pool, ocean sports, and its wide and varied activities interestingly coordinated with school duties. Unusual facilities and large coaching staff for every sport. Aviation at no extra cost.

Parents prefer Riverside because of its economy, unsurpassed equipment, distinguished faculty, small classes, and individual attention that enable it to guarantee correct academic placement and progress.

Separate Junior Department for younger boys with house mother.

Boys covers every possible expense—board, tuition, uniforms, laundry, books and even spending money—for school year in both Georgia and Florida.

Address: Col. Sandy Beaver, President, Box B, Gainesville, Ga.

A man's development in dependability, initiative, personal character depends on the school he attends. Boys 12-18.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited. 42nd U. S. Cadet Preparatory and Junior College. Modern buildings. Fully equipped. For information write to: Col. W. R. Nelson, Supt., Box 234, Sweetwater, Tennessee.

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited. 42nd U. S. Cadet Preparatory and Junior College. Modern buildings. Fully equipped. For information write to: Col. W. R. Nelson, Supt., Box 234, Millersburg, Ky.

STANTON MILITARY ACADEMY

One of America's distinguished preparatory schools. Complete training of boys 11-18. Write for literature.

Registrar, Box E-9
Kable P. O., Stanton, Va.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

A School with a Winter Home in Florida

OLDEST private military school in America. Fully accredited. Special junior department. Prepares for college or business.

Fall and spring sessions on beautiful estate near Louisville. Winter session in fine, modern buildings at Venice, Florida—"in the land of perpetual sunshine." Boys enjoy beautiful land and water sports all year with no interruption to studies.

For catalog, address
Col. Chas. B. Richmond, Pres., Box B, Lyndon, Kentucky.

GREENBRIER A MILITARY SCHOOL NEAR WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

School of Achievement—Record:

- (1) Graduates excel in college and Business.
- (2) Athletics ranked at the Top. Riding.
- (3) Military—"Highest Rating" by Government.
- (4) Band—5 First Prizes in last 7 contests.
- (5) Rifle team—National Champions last 3 years.
- (6) Annual and School Paper—Class A by National Scholastic Trade Association. Debate Winners.
- (7) Fully Accredited High School; Lower School; and Post Graduates. New successful "Low-to-Start" Plan.

Visit, or write for Catalog—COL. H. B. MOORE, Pres., Box B, LEWISBURG, W. VIRGINIA.

Florida Military Institute

A real school for real boys. 90% success in College. Modern equipment. All rooms with bath. Land and water sports all year. Junior school. Total cost (less 1930). For catalog, address: Col. W. Eugene Jones, Pres., 34-2nd Ave., Gainesville, Fla.

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE

High Schools and Junior College Every Boy Rides R. O. T. C.

Col. E. Pearson, Superintendent
Box N, Roswell, New Mexico

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL OF MINES

ONE of the Nation's outstanding mining schools... Courses in Mining, Metallurgy, Petroleum and Mining Geology, and General... Practical instruction, small classes, fine equipment, strong faculty... Splendid climate year round... All expenses unusually low... Send for Catalog No. 42

B. A. REED, REGISTRAR, SOCORRO, N. M.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited. Prepares for college or business. Able faculty. Small classes. Supervised study. Lower School for small boys in new separate building. Housemother. R. O. T. C. Fireproof buildings. Heated swimming pool. All athletics. Best health record. Catalog 35th year. Dr. J. J. Wicker, Pres., Col. N. J. Perkins, H. M., Box A, Fork Union, Virginia.

Randolph-Macon ACADEMY

FRONT ROYAL, VA.

Military Accredited 42nd year

Prepares boys for college or business. New improved dormitory includes chess rooms and swimming pool. Gymnasium. 25-acre campus.

All athletics under expert coaching. Military drill 3 hours weekly. Not conducted for profit. Reasonably low rate. 10 miles from Washington, D. C.

For catalog address
Col. John C. Buggs, Principal, Box B.

with a mixture of relief and self-distrust. All the while he had been longing for a tree or a hole, the perfect refuge had been at his elbow. "Gee, but I'm dumb!"

He had thought that never again would he mount a horse but now, with a broad grin of relief, he clambered awkwardly into the saddle on the bay's strong back. The horse at once lost its nervousness and stood quietly while Tommy watched the big bull give a final bellow of disappointment, turn, and amble reluctantly off through the brush.

And for the second time that day Tommy knew a deeply thankful feeling of respect for a horse. Really they were handy things to have around, and he gave the bay an appreciative pat on the neck.

Chapter Seven

TOMMY HARRIS was not easily baffled, but when the shadows of the mesquite and cacti began to lengthen in the Big Bend country and the sun was slipping down into Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, he was forced to admit to himself that he was thoroughly lost.

All the long afternoon after the 'scurly' bull had remounted him, Tommy had ridden steadily in what he believed to be a southerly direction, but nothing except miles and miles of green waving grass and mesquite and jack rabbits and prairie dogs and coyotes and cattle had come within range of his vision. If the vast country harbored human beings, his city-trained eyes had seen no signs of them.

Every bone and muscle in Tommy's body ached, his left eye was practically useless, his tongue was parched with thirst, and he was so hungry he could have eaten the label from a sardine can. Yet never for a single instant did he

consider turning back to Wrango. He was too proud and stubborn for that.

He twisted in the saddle to ease the torture of a sore spot, grimaced, and raised himself in the stirrups. What did they make saddles of, anyway—concrete? The sturdy bay pony was rolling along at a fast running walk, happily indifferent to the discomfort of his rider, who by now had achieved sufficient horsemanship to keep undue weight off the bit. An experienced horseman would have known after one look at the animal that a definite destination was in the brain cavity between his trim ears and that his rider, whether he liked it or not, would eventually find himself there—barring complications over which the pony had no control.

But of all this Tommy was woefully ignorant. He could zip a high-powered roadster through Philadelphia's heaviest traffic with perfect ease; but he couldn't steer a straight course in this baffling flat green country so sadly bare of traffic cops and stoplights.

For hours Tommy's one good eye had searched yearningly for the rim rock the hotel man had mentioned, the place where a westward turn would lead him to the Quarter-circle 6 ranch. But in that particular region of the Big Bend country the soil was sandy and rocks of any kind were few and far between, and never did Tommy sight one that could possibly be elevated to the rank of landmark. Finally, discouraged and disgusted, he gave it up as a hopeless task and quit looking.

So it was that when eventually the rim rock was reached, the saddle-tortured Tommy neither noticed nor recognized it. But the bay horse knew it was there. He dropped unguided into a dry, grassy arroyo, threaded his

(Continued on page 37)

At the Fraternity House

From "The Correct Thing," the Boys' Book of Etiquette by Dr. William O. Stevens, Headmaster, Cranbrook School. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

WHEN you go to college you will probably be rushed by a fraternity. Most colleges designate one week during which fraternities may entertain freshmen with a view to inviting them to join.

Whether you will want to join or not depends on a number of considerations. Fraternity life is more pleasant than life in a boarding house or dormitory. Also it's more expensive. Most fraternities own or are buying the house in which they live, and your monthly house bill includes a charge for mortgage and upkeep as well as food, servant's salary, and running expenses. Furthermore, after you graduate, you'll receive pleas for donations.

On the other hand, fraternity life gives you a chance to acquire social graces, to act as host at parties, to receive aid from upper classmen and extend help to lower classmen.

Which fraternity you will join depends first on which ones extend invitations. If you don't receive a bid from the fraternity you prefer, it might be wise for you to wait. Under any circumstances, don't join a certain fraternity just because your father or brother belongs. The same fraternity will be good at one school and poor at another. It may be strong today and weak four years from now. Select a house in which the leadership stands for study and achievement, and whose members represent many campus in-



terests. Don't pick a group that runs mainly to one activity—athletics, for instance.

When you're invited to a fraternity for lunch or dinner during rushing week, you're on trial. Frankly, the brothers have invited you there to look you over.

Don't let that fact embarrass you. You'll make a good impression if you act naturally.

Don't discuss fraternities. Your hosts may think you're trying to ingratiate yourself, or to discover in advance whether you will be invited to join.

Don't discuss yourself beyond answering questions put to you by your hosts. They may think you're trying too hard to parade your own virtues.

Don't be stampeded into pledging. Take your time to size up the groups. Unless you find the crowd congenial, your fraternity life will be a failure.

Remember that in joining a fraternity you assume an obligation to do all in your power to contribute to the honor and well-being of that group.

If you "make" the fraternity of your choice, don't permit yourself to become snobbish. The mere fact that you wear a certain pin doesn't make you a better man. The only basis for self-esteem is self-improvement.

As a member of a fraternity, obey the rules of the house, pay your bills promptly, and be considerate of others.

(School advertising continued on page 37)

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

(Continued from page 36)

way along a sandy watercourse, scrambled down a steep declivity, and swung along between two steadily rising walls. Half an hour later he emerged from the mouth of a deep ravine into a lower plain of grass and mesquite and cactus that stretched on, flat and rolling, to the south and west.

Here, had Tommy turned and looked behind him, he would have seen the rim rock and possibly, despite his woe-ful ignorance of such things, recognized it, for it jutted up against the sky for miles and miles, a great rising segment of broken strata that pushed outward from the plain above until it fell of its own weight, gouged by innumerable twisting canyons, ravines, and arroyos—a haven for range cattle, especially when the northers came, but always a trial for the cross-country riders.

Tommy didn't look back, however; he was concentrating all his faculties on minimizing saddle punishment. He wouldn't have seen the small band of cattle that was being driven through the mesquite by two riders if the bay hadn't raised his head and whinnied in friendly fashion. A horse from the cow herd answered.

"Thank goodness!" Tommy exclaimed with a huge sigh of relief. Here at last was help. Never in all his life had he been so thankful just to see a human being. These men knew where he could get food and water, and a bed. Oh, boy! A bed! Preferably a soft, downy feather bed, but any bed would do. He just had to get off that horse; he was reaching the limit of his endurance.

With a heart vastly relieved, Tommy pulled the bay towards the herd; and the horse seemed eager too, for he broke into a jog trot.

But Tommy's action had a peculiar effect on the two horsemen driving the little herd of cattle. At the exchange of greetings between the two horses the men had ridden together, and now they sat, talking and watching the approach of the young Easterner while the unheeded cattle began to scatter and feed. For a long minute they conferred in this manner while Tommy continued to draw nearer; then suddenly they turned their horses and rode into the waist-high brush.

Tommy raised himself in his stirrups and viewed this move with much concern. "Hey, you fellows!" he shouted.

The men did not answer, but continued to ride away, watching him over their shoulders. Tommy's anxiety increased and presently, in sheer desperation, he urged the bay into a gallop.

This seemed to be the signal for which the two men were waiting. Instantly they struck spurs to their mounts and the distance between them and the bay began to widen.

"Hey!" Tommy shouted again, but the men up in front showed no signs of hearing. Tommy couldn't understand it. Why were they fleeing from him? Or were they? And what was their hurry?

His horse apparently was also anxious to catch up with those in front, for he lengthened his stride and soon Tommy was sweeping along at a pace that made him hold his breath and cling to the saddle horn. It developed into a race and the staunch little bay, despite the handicap of a rider like a lump of lead, was holding his own. A few seconds later Tommy saw one of the men in front turn in his saddle and a puff of blue vapor appeared in the air. He heard an angry whine in the air above his head, but a noise like the popping of a firecracker was needed to bring him to the astounding realization of what was happening. He was being shot at! Any doubt that might have remained was expelled when a second bullet whined over his head.

PRIVATE, PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

SOUTHERN

(Continued from page 36)

* FLORIDA MILITARY ACADEMY *



Unusual educational advantages at moderate cost. Golf course, open air swimming pool fed from artesian well flowing continuously, surf bathing. Beautiful, modern plant. Strict attention to preparing boys adequately for college. Inclusive rate for school year \$800. Booklet on request. Address:

ST. PETERSBURG FLORIDA

HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY

MAKING MEN - NOT MONEY
 Accredited - In Piedmont Section - offering all preparatory school advantages at minimum cost. Separate Junior School. For catalog address Col. A. N. Camden, Pres., Box D, Chatham, Va.

Columbia Military Academy

Plans built by U. S. Government. Graduates admitted on credit to college and Government academies. 8 to 12. U. S. Post-graduate and Junior schools. Great variety in school, golf and horsemanship. Dept. B, Columbia, Tennessee.



YOUR EDUCATION

will be made the addition of special instructions on an independent organization. Accredited preparatory school. Catalogue address: George L. Hodge, Battle Ground Academy, Franklin, Tennessee.

FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL

In famous Shenandoah Valley - convenient Washington. Accredited. Classes average 7. Individual attention. Teaches the boys the book. Admittance all certificate colleges without exam. College Board preparation. All sports. New swimming pool. 5th year. Col. M. N. Higgins, Box F, Waynesboro, Va.

School Catalogs

WRITE for them, if you are thinking of attending a private "prep" school. The schools advertised on this page will be glad to answer all inquiries regarding tuition fees, courses offered, equipment, etc. Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY when writing will insure prompt handling of your inquiries.

MIDDLE-WESTERN STATES

PILLSBURY ACADEMY

He's easy! You'll be safe too if you choose Pillsbury for your preparatory school. Here you'll receive a well-rounded education, ample opportunity for sports, and extra-curricular activities. Under the modified military training you'll learn to command as well as to obey. College preparatory and general cultural courses. Gym, pool, 5th year. Catalog: DELMAR F. SIBSON, Headmaster, Box 54, Owatonna, Minn.



WENTWORTH Military Academy and Junior College

5th year Fully accredited 41 miles from Kansas City, Mo. Col. S. Sellers - 424 Washington Place, Leavenworth, Mo.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

High School and Junior College. Small Classes. Individual attention. Complete buildings. Superior equipment. 96 acres. 9th year. Catalog and view book: Lt. Col. A. W. M. Nich, Superintendent, 884 Third St., Booneville, Mo.

WESTERN Military Academy

Winlow Athletic, Horseback Riding, New Study Help Plan. 10th year. Success. Accredited. Ages 10 to 19. Character First. 5th year. CATALOG.

Clean Mind HOWE In a Sound Body

Write for prospectus for colleges or business you will be glad to accept. Military. Sports for every boy. Junior school. 9th year. Charges moderate. Dr. R. T. Creedy, Director. THE ADAPTIVE, News, Indiana.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Progressive preparatory school located in Chicago suburb. Pupils enjoy the city's culture. Individual attention. Small classes. All sports. Separate lower school. 5th year. Catalog: COL. H. D. ABELLY, BOX 194, MORGAN PARK, ILLINOIS

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY

AN OUTSTANDING CATHOLIC SCHOOL
 Effective college preparation under Brothers of the Christian School. Small classes. Beautiful, well-equipped buildings on 187-acre Long Island estate. All sports—fresh and salt water swimming. Nine-hole golf course. R. O. T. C. 2nd year. Junior Dept. Moderate rates. Catalogues: Registrar, Box D, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

IRVING SCHOOL

2 1/2 miles from New York. Thorough preparation for College Board Examination. Certificate privileges. Accredited N. Y. State Regents. Experienced faculty. Athletics. Junior school. 9th year. Limited to 100. Catalog: C. Waller Olson, Headmaster, Box 928, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

GETTYSBURG ACADEMY

Prepares boys for college. Accredited. Modern buildings—comfortable, homelike. Beautiful location on Gettysburg Battlefield. Near mountains. All athletes. Gym. Swimming pool. \$500.000. Not for profit. 10th year. Catalog: Dr. Charles H. Huber, Headmaster, Box N, Gettysburg, Pa.

CARSON LONG INSTITUTE

Best Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to learn, how to live. Prepares for college or business. Moderate rates. Booklet on request. Base 8th year. Catalog: Box 20, New Bloomfield, Pa.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

Half a century of accomplishment. Accredited. Small classes. Sixth grade through college preparatory. Graduates in 40 colleges. Business studies. Summer training. Near Trenton. Athletics. Riding. Catalog: Box 819, Gen. T. D. Landon, Box 187, Bordentown, N. J.

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Write preparation for college. Faculty of "top specialists" in all sports. Large 18 buildings. Catalog: 394 DeKoven Hall, Davenport, Wis.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Certifies to colleges. Lower school for younger boys. New athletic field in heart of wooded estate. Col. A. M. Manshaw, Box B, College Hill, Cincinnati, O.

Business College Training

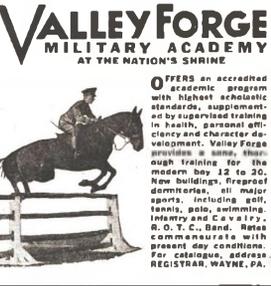
Use part of your spare time to get ready for one of the better positions in business. You can obtain necessary training at home in 6 to 18 months, depending on position you want. Low Rates—\$5 Monthly Payments. Your choice of — Business Administration — Cost Accounting — Bookkeeping — Shorthand and Typewriting — Accounting — Private Secretary — Salesmanship. All texts furnished. Employment service included. Check X before course that interests you and mail TODAY for free Bulletin. No obligation. American School, Dept. BC64, Drexel at 58, Chicago

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY

EASTERN STATES

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

AT THE NATION'S SHRINE
 OFFERS an accredited program with highest academic standards, equipment by superior training in health, personal efficiency and character development. Valley Forge provides a unique, strenuous training for modern boys 12 to 20. New buildings, frequent dormitories, all major sports, including golf, tennis, polo, swimming, infantry and cavalry. R. O. T. C. Band. Races commensurate with present day conditions. For catalogue, address: REGISTRAR, WAYNE, PA.



ALVIENE SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

6th year. Graduates: Fred Astaire, Lee Tracy, Una Merkel, Mary Pickford, Peggy Shannon, Zita Johann, Bob Green, Radio. Stock theatre training. New York Theatre. Write: Lucy Lums, for catalog - 68 WEST 80TH STREET, NEW YORK

PEDDIE

Specializes in preparing boys for college. 356 graduates in last five years have entered such colleges as Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Harvard, 100 credits. 15 modern buildings. Junior school. All sports—riding, golf. Summer session. 9th year. Catalog: R. W. Sweetland, L. I. O. Box 9-2, Nightstown, N. J.

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

Write preparation for college. Faculty of "top specialists" in all sports. Large 18 buildings. Catalog: 394 DeKoven Hall, Davenport, Wis.

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

Write preparation for college. Faculty of "top specialists" in all sports. Large 18 buildings. Catalog: 394 DeKoven Hall, Davenport, Wis.

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers



HERE'S THE BEST CAMPER IN THE WORLD!

WHEN you camp out this summer, be sure you take along a Remington Official Scout Knife. It's the best camper you ever saw! Strong and sturdy, and it will come to your rescue whenever you want anything done—cut sticks and firewood, open cans and bottles, tighten screws, and the "leather punch" alone will bore wood to start screws, punch leather, other hides and fabrics, and clean spark plugs!

Well-equipped Boy Scouts have carried Remington Official Knives for many years—and many men still use the Remington they had as a boy. That shows how long they last!

And the Remington Official Sheath Knives are as popular as the famous folding knives—and you'll find how sturdy they are when you put them to work!

HAVE YOU SEEN IT? Learn to whittle and carve wood! Call Remington now on page book called "Things To Do With A Pocket Knife" show you how! Send 3c stamp to Remington Arms Co., Inc., Cutlery Division, Dept. AL, Bridgeport, Conn., with your name and address.



GET THE NEW REMINGTON REPEATER WITH BOLT ACTION—PRICE \$7.50 IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL REPEATER IN AIR GUN HISTORY. Best name, address, send kind of gun you now have, if you want a copy of BB MAGIC. Also send \$2.50 and our SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Write NOW! REMINGTON AIR RIFLE CO., 531 E. Broadway, ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

For rashes, burns and cuts
Cuticura
Ointment
Is soothing and healing
Price 25c. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 29K, Malden, Mass.

YES, BOB, MOUNTING BIRDS AND ANIMALS IS A GRAND HOBBY! THE DOUBLE M.V. FUN FROM HUNTING—AND AVERAGE \$14 PER WEEK, SPARE TIME, MOUNTING FOR HUNTERS—WHY DON'T YOU WRITE TO THE N.W. SCHOOL FOR THEIR FREE BOOK?

FREE BOOK!
Write for this 62-page FREE BOOK TODAY. This book, YOU can become a Taxidermist. I earn more than \$1000 a year. Mount common and domestic specimens into splendid groups. Big game, not necessary. Also learn secrets of BOMB TRAINING. Taxidermy, make real birds.

MAKE MONEY from the money-making hobby. Have a little time to spare? Write for our FREE BOOK TODAY. State your name, address, and send 3c stamp to N.W. School of Taxidermy, Inc., Elmwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY
We need reliable men and women to act as agents for the new MEMORIAL EDITION of the books by
C. A. STEPHENS
Former editor of Youth's Companion and one of America's most popular story writers.

A big chance to earn substantial commissions in your spare time by introducing these books to the thousands of old friends and to the rising generation who have yet to become acquainted with this beloved author. Only persons with the best of references, and ability to represent the very character and spirit in which the author's books were written, should apply. For full particulars and please write to

THE OLD SQUIRE'S BOOKSTORE
NORWAY, MAINE

For an instant Tommy was so dumfounded that he could do nothing but sit helplessly in the saddle and gasp while the bay swept onward. Then he suddenly came to life.

"Whoa, who-o-o-a!" he cried, at the same time pulling gently on the reins. Obediently but somewhat reluctantly the pony slackened his pace and shortly came to a halt.

"Well, I'll be darned!" Tommy ejaculated in righteous indignation, wiping cold beads of perspiration from his forehead. "I'll be darned. They shot at me. They tried to kill me!"

The two unfriendly riders sped on at undiminished pace and soon were lost in the vast rolling sea of shadowy mesquite. Tommy watched, wide-eyed and somewhat pale, until they had disappeared.

"This is certainly a fine, hospitable country," he declared to himself presently, in a voice that dripped sarcasm. "They shoot at a stranger before he even gets within speaking distance. Those guys acted as if they'd never seen a human being before. And didn't want to see him again. So this is the country Mother was so certain I'd like. Why, you couldn't hire me to stay out here! These people aren't civilized."

And then young Tommy Harris began to wonder if he hadn't misjudged the West. Certainly it wasn't behaving like a country that had grown old and slow and tame. The most unexplainable things were happening with amazing rapidity and shocking unexpectedness. His head was all in a whirl from it. He had been made to dance to the tune of a six-gun, his horse had nearly killed him, a mad bull had tried to kill him, and now these riders had shot at him. For crying out loud! Here he was, in the midst of a desolate country that seemed to have no limits, hungry and thirsty, ragged and scratched and bruised, so tired and weary and sore that the thought of a good soft bed was maddening—and how did they treat him!

"Get up," he said bitterly. Tommy admitted to himself that he was at the end of his rope; he didn't know which way to turn, and he didn't much care. But hope was still strong in the hosom of the bay horse, for he started forward immediately and, left to his own dictates, was soon moving through the mesquite in a bee line at a surprisingly fast running walk, whither bound only he himself knew.

Chapter Eight

TWILIGHT came to the Big Bend country. The bright sun buried itself in the green of the western horizon and the black angular shadows of the mesquite and cactus gradually merged into the general darkness that slipped up out of the arroyos and ravines and spread magically over the landscape. A cool dusky haze gathered in the thickets, rapidly blending the distance into a mass of indistinguishable darkness. Nocturnal life emerged from its daytime dreams; a badger waddled clumsily out of the bay's path. Bull-bats fed on gnats and invisible insects in swooping dives, squalling their success at what seemed to Tommy to be within a few inches of his head. Owls came forth from prairie dog holes for their nightly hunting. Cows bedded their calves in protecting thickets. A coyote galloped by on the scent of a covey of blue quail. The children of the darkness were welcoming the night.

But to young Tommy Harris, miserably hunched over the horn of a torturing saddle, stupid with pain and fatigue, the coming of the night merely brought new troubles. It surrounded him with a strangely still yet noisily alive darkness that he feared and mistrusted; it destroyed the confidence he had come to have in his horse, for he could not understand what prevented the animal from stepping into some

hole or going over a ravine bank or bluff. And with the coming of the night the last meager hope that he would be able to find the Quarter-circle 6, or for that matter any other human habitation, vanished, sweeping away the last reserves of his courage and confidence. He felt that nineteen was really a very boyish age and, for the first time in several years, yearned for some kind of superior protection, such as a father could give.

Tommy's tongue was swollen with thirst and his stomach was clamoring for food; but worst of all was the pain

"MIGHTY MAN!"

The story of three explosive sophomores who crashed out football history at Delawarean U! Wear hip pads when you read William Hieyiger's driving gridiron story.

NEXT MONTH

and torture in his body. Every muscle cried aloud for relief; every bone seemed to have its own particular agonizing ache. All points of saddle contact were hotbeds of misery. And his left eye was only a narrow slit in puffed, discolored flesh.

Could his mother have but seen him then, she would certainly have regretted urging him to take his vacation in the Big Bend country. But it was characteristic of Tommy that, suffering though he was, not one thought of reproach for his mother entered his mind. Unhesitatingly he accepted all blame for his unpleasant predicament, and unerringly he traced much of it back to his own foolhardiness in precipitating the fight in the card room. Of all the absurd and insane things to do, that took the blue ribbon!

But Tommy did not linger long on the cause of his troubles; the present insisted on attention. He was at the end of his endurance. Mad bulls, wolves, panthers, snakes, and whatever notwithstanding, he would remain no longer in that torturing saddle.

Arriving at this decision, he pulled his mount to a halt and climbed stiffly down. When his foot struck the ground, he stumbled and fell. The grass-covered turf was good; no feather bed ever felt better. Tommy turned slowly until his face was towards the starry sky; then stretched his aching limbs full length in every direction, stretched them until it seemed that the stiff muscles must crack. Boy, what a relief! Above him the head and ears of the faithful bay were outlined against the stars, true to years of training never to leave his rider aloft. And Tommy, just before he fell into the heavy slumber of sheer exhaustion, found time to murmur with heartfelt appreciation: "Old fellow, you're one swell little horse!"

How long he slept, Tommy had no means of knowing, but it seemed to him that he had hardly closed his eyes before he became vaguely aware that something was trying to call him back across the great void to consciousness. By dint of a mighty struggle he finally made the passage and found that he was being shaken by a rough hand.

"Wha—what is it?" he murmured drowsily, opening his good right eye tentatively.

A match flared in his face and then out of the starry night a hard, cold voice said, "Sit up, you hoss thief!"

Tommy merely groaned, and began to drift back into the beckoning arms of slumber. What did it matter if he were called a horse thief? But now two hands reached down out of the dark and grabbed him, one by either shoul-

der. He was yanked roughly into a sitting position.

"Sit up, you mangy coyote!" the hard voice said again, and a sharp, stinging slap landed on Tommy's cheek.

The youth raised his arms in a feeble, half-hearted attempt to defend himself. Consciousness returned and he recalled his predicament. But now two horses' heads were visible against the stars and just in front of him squatted a dark figure, chiefly discernible by the silhouette of the high-crowned, broad-rimmed hat typical of the cow country.

"What is it? What do you want?" Tommy inquired, his wits still on the borderland of slumber.

For a long instant the other did not answer, and when he did it was to ask a question that had little meaning for the Eastern youth. "Do you know what we do with hoss thieves on the Rio Grande?" The voice was low and deliberate, but hard and biting.

"No, I don't," Tommy said stupidly. Then, suddenly becoming immensely irritated at this rude interruption of his sleep, he added spitefully, "And what's more, I don't give a hoot!"

"You'd better," the voice went on, "for sometimes we stretch their necks from a cottonwood limb."

By now Tommy was fully awake. He shrugged the other's hands from his shoulders angrily. "What's that to me?" he demanded crossly. "What do I care about horse thieves?"

"Pardner," the newcomer said tersely, "it's about time you started carin'."

"Say, what's all this about? Are you crazy? Who are you anyway?" Tommy was becoming highly indignant.

There was a little rustle of cigarette papers in the dark before the man replied. "I'm the guy," he said presently, "that owns the hoss."

"For crying out loud! What horse?" "The hoss you stole."

"You're crazy. I didn't steal any horse; I never stole a horse in my life!"

"That's him standin' there," the man drawled impatiently. "You didn't buy him an' I don't recollect givin' him to you."

"That horse, that horse standing there? Why, I hired him. I hired him from the hotel keeper."

The man laughed, unpleasantly and disbelievingly, and Tommy saw the pale blur of his hands move to his face as he brought his tongue into play in the manufacture of his smoke.

"But I did, I tell you," the young Easterner insisted. "I hired him from the hotel man; I paid him ten dollars."

"That'll do good as any," the other said. "But one of the rulin's down in this neck of the woods is you can't hire a hoss from a guy unless that guy owns it."

"How was I to know?" Tommy demanded righteously. "He said he did."

But the man shrugged all additional argument aside and stood up, his lean, slim figure looming tall under the wide hat against the stars. "Get on yore feet," he ordered. "We're ridin'!"

"Where to? I won't. I won't do it!" "Get up an' get on, or I'll tie you on like a sack of oats," the man said sternly.

"I won't do it," Tommy asserted. Before the other replied he struck a light and held it to his cigaret, puffing slowly and steadily. The little stick of pine zinged as he flipped it into the dark.

"Am I goin' to have to tie you?" he asked quietly.

"No," Tommy said. "I'll get up." And he said it humbly, for in the flare of the match he had seen something that had given him quite a shock. It was a lean, bronzed, youthful face topped by a red-stained bandage—the face of the cowboy called Rode.

(To be continued in the October number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

The Brake that Stops Smoother and Quicker



90% MORE
BRAKING SURFACE
in the New MODEL "D"
NEW DEPARTURE
 COASTER BRAKE

The Coaster Brake built of chrome nickel and vanadium steels for greatest strength. Completely enclosed to keep dirt out and lubricant in.

Write for descriptive booklet and a set of Magic Cards to Dept. A.

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO, BRISTOL, CONN.

...id
 ...tter

THERE
 Professor drove up
 ...oked inside, and
 ... back into his car
 ... the police station.

QUESTION
 ...LY COMEBACK

...ere enough nourishment in a
 ...ater for two people?
 ... A No, a frankfurter is a one-man dog.

"I told him not to wear those spurs!"



WILLING
 Employer: "Want a job, eh? Ever tell lies?"
 Applicant: "Why—er—I can learn, sir."

UNMOVED
 Mary: "So he tried to win you by an invitation to ride in that old flivver of his!"
 Jane: "Yes, but I refused to be shaken."

GLOBE-TROTTER
 "Has Harry traveled much?"
 "Boy, has he! He's been to half the places on his suitcase labels."

TRUTH AND FRIKSHUN
 He struck her, but she uttered no word. Again he struck her, but no sound escaped her lips. Once more he hit her on the head, but brave thing that she wuz, she did not whimper. Then, enraged beyond awl reason at her purty littl hed, even scratching her in his madnus. Even thru this she held her peece. But at length, her feelings at the blazing point, she gave a reluctant sputter and burst into flain.
 For yu see she wuz only a match.

THEY GET THE HABIT
 Many a father who worked his way through college is now working his son's way through.

MADE WORK OF IT
 "We'll leave no stone unturned to find your purse," the police inspector assured the young man from the country.
 "Golly," exclaimed the young man as he passed one CWA project after another the next morning. "They certainly haven't lost much time."

FAITHFUL SERVICE
 Young Man: "Sir, I have courted your daughter for three years."
 Father: "Well, what do you want?"
 Young Man: "I want to marry her."
 Father: "Oh, is that all! I thought you wanted a pension or something."

AND IS THAT PORK!
 Fraternity House Manager: "We're having guests at the house tonight. Got any good pork?"
 Butcher: "Good pork! Say, I've got some pork that will make better chicken salad than any veal you can buy!"

THEY'RE LIKE THAT
 Motorist: "You don't mean to tell me the main road is open all the way to Junction Center?"
 Highway Patrol: "Yes, sir. The state engineers had to open it so they could get the detour fixed."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS
 "Wonder if it's loaded? I'll look down the barrel and see."
 "Oh, there's the train whistle! Step on it and we'll get across the tracks before it comes."
 "They say these things can't possibly explode no matter how much you throw them around."
 "I wonder whether this rope will hold my weight."
 "The one way to manage a mule is to walk right up in back of him and surprise him."
 "That firecracker must have gone out. I'll light it again."

Latest Christmas Catalogs
EXQUISITE NEW DESIGNS
BIG Cash Profit Daily
 Our Exclusive CHRISTMAS BOX ASSORTMENT contains 24 Christmas Folders in an attractive Gift Box—Featuring Parchment and latest Paperills—Costs you only \$1.00—\$1.00—A handsome profit for you every day you show them. ALSO other Christmas items to increase your sales and profits. Start making money at once. For particulars Writeham Art Publishers, Dept. 2, 7 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

1934-35 Edition Now Ready
 40 pages of School Magazine
 Bargains, Special Subscription
 Rates, Short-stories
 —Lowest Prices! Mail to Free
 to School and Teachers only. Send for
 for first-class postage. Agents wanted
 everywhere. Write for information. Post 16.

DELONG SUB AGY LAFAYETTE IND.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR BIKE WITH 3-IN-ONE

3-in-One Oil gives more speed; keeps bearings cleaner and free of rust; prevents rust on frame and handlebars, too. Start using it now. Handy cans and bottles.

"No old style 22 for me" says Bill

He's a crack shot and "got that way" shooting the new and wonderfully accurate

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY RIFLE
 BOLT ACTION - SINGLE SHOT

An AUTOMATICALLY SELF-COCKING .22 Caliber rifle. Loaded, Cocked and put on Safe with one simple motion—quick too. The automatic safety is an exclusive and patented Iver Johnson feature which makes this the SAFEST of all twenty-two.

A distinctly new type and 100 Per Cent Iver Johnson in Quality, Beauty of Design and Finish.

Rifle folder 2: A tells all about it; send for your free copy.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
 17 RIVER ST., FITCHBURG, MASS.
 New York, 88 Chambers St. Chicago, 106 W. Lake St. San Francisco, 731 Market St. Montreal, Christine Blug.

Price \$5.50

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

I'll get off in a minute. Pull on your left oars, boys."

So he pushed his rudder over and we pulled on our left oars, but the skiff only swung around in a circle. So we tried turning it the other way, pulling on our right oars, and again nothing happened except that we swung around. "We're on pretty bad, Stumpy," Dutch said. "Take an oar and see if you can push the log down and out from under us."

I unshipped an oar and poked it down in the water but I couldn't touch any log on that side; so I tried the other side. No log. By that time Socker was poking around in the water too, but he couldn't touch anything solid. Dutch swung his rudder—or the propeller—from side to side, making the skiff turn this way or that, but we stuck fast.

"Well, I've been stuck a lot of times," Dutch said, "but I've never been stuck like this before. You ought to find that log down there somewhere. Give me one of those oars."

So Dutch tried it. He rolled up his sleeve and tried the water at the stern, sticking his arm away down under, and then he tried both sides and the bow, but he couldn't touch any log.

"I'll tell you what it might be," he said. "It might be a log that got water-logged and sank, with one prong pointing upward, and we're on that prong. We'll try the kicker and the oars again."

"We've got to get off," Winnie said. "We've got to get the doctor to the baby."

"We'll get off if there's any way to get off, kid," Dutch said. "I've never got stuck yet that I couldn't get off. Are you ready to pull, boys? Now try it all together."

I'll say I never pulled harder on a pair of oars than I did then. I pulled until my eyes stuck out, and Socker pulled his hardest, too. And we stuck where we were!

We tried everything. We tried to pole with an oar but the water was too deep—the oar wouldn't touch bottom. And there we were!

"I'll tell you what," Socker said. "This doesn't look so good to me. I don't mean only that Doc Fosbeck can't get to Dutch's aunt's if we stick here, but what about us? What if we stick here for a long time—for days or weeks maybe? What are we going to eat?"

"We've got our lunches," I told him. "I didn't bring any lunch," Dutch said. "And neither did Socker. I thought we'd have lunch at Aunt Ella's."

"What have you got?" Socker asked me, and I looked in the paper bag. "I've got four sandwiches," I said, "and two pieces of cake, and two bananas."

"What kind of cake?" Socker asked. "Chocolate."

"I can't eat chocolate cake; it makes me sick," Socker said. "What kind of sandwiches?"

"Ham," I told him, looking into one of them.

"Well, I can eat that," Socker said. "But look here—we can catch fish, can't we?"

"What with?" I asked. "Fish won't bite on ham—I've tried it. And they won't bite on banana."

"And they won't bite on anything here," said Dutch, "because there aren't any fish. There hasn't been water here long enough for any fish to get here."

"Do they have carp in this river?" Winnie asked.

"Yes. Sure they have carp. What of it?"

"Carp will take bread," Winnie said. "They love bread. You could use bread for bait—the bread from the sandwiches."

"Yes," I said. "And I'll bet there are carp in this water right now. Carp eat grass and stuff, and they make for

the shore edges when there is a flood."

"All right," said Dutch. "And where are your lines and hooks?"

"I've got my watch with me," said Winnie. "Perhaps we could make hooks out of the spring."

"What I ought to have done," I said, "was to shoot that coon that's in the tree Doc Fosbeck was in. I never ate coon but I'd rather eat it than starve to death."

"Raw?" Dutch asked. "How would you cook anything in this boat?"

Well, all the time we were talking we were trying to get the skiff loose, rocking it from side to side, trying to force it forward, but it stuck where it was. And now Doc Fosbeck began to yell at us again.

"Hurry up," his voice came.

"Hurry up!"

"Yes! Yes!" Dutch shouted back.

We tried putting a lot of weight in the bow then, as many of us as dared

crowding up in there until the bow began to let in water, but still the skiff stuck where she was. Then we crowded into the stern till the water began to run in there, and the skiff still stuck.

"Hurry! Hurry!" shouted Doc Fosbeck—he probably thought the kicker had gone dead and that we were a dumb bunch not to use the oars.

Well, I was getting frightened in earnest. It began to look as if we'd never get loose until the river rose enough—or fell enough to float the boat off or let it tip off. We might be marooned there for days!

I said this, and Socker agreed it was so, but Dutch said, no, we wouldn't be. "We don't need to worry about that," he said. "Because if we're not back home by tomorrow morning our folks'll get scared and start all the boats in town over here looking for us."

"Maybe they won't," Socker said. "Maybe they'll think we found the river so hard to cross that we're staying at your Aunt Ella's."

That was so, too, but Dutch had an answer for it.

"No, they won't think that," he said. "I promised Mother that if we had to stay at Aunt Ella's I'd phone her."

"They'll think we're drowned," Socker said.

"All right—as soon as they think anybody's drowned they send out searchers for them, don't they?" Dutch asked. "We don't care whether they are trying to find us dead or alive as long as they try to find us."

Then Winnie piped up.

"But we've got to get the doctor to the baby," he said. "We've got to get off right away. It won't do any good if we get off tomorrow, Cousin Stumpy. Can't you think of some way?"

"Listen, you," I said. "If there was any way to get off, don't you think I'd say so? You stop your squawking now; it's had enough without any noise from you."

So he shut up, and we went on trying to wiggle the skiff loose, with Doc Fosbeck yelling at us and Dutch starting and stopping the kicker, and Socker and me pulling and backing at the oars

—and the skiff sticking right where she was in the middle of that big lake!

"It's no use," Dutch said at last. "I'm not going to burn any more gas; we may need it later on. You come back here, Socker, and let me try your oars."

But before they could change seats, that cousin of mine from Boston piped up again.

"Cousin August—Stumpy," he said, "may I say just one thing more?"

"Well, what is it?" I asked him.

"Why, I think perhaps I know what we're on," he said. "I think we're on a fence post."

"Don't talk foolish," I said, turning to give him a look that would settle him.

But then I looked where he was pointing and, sure enough, over on the hillsides was a barb-wire fence that ran down into the water, and it was aimed straight at where we were. Winnie was right.

"Well, what of it?" I asked him. "If it's a post, it's a post, and what good does that do us?"

"Why, if it's part of that fence," Winnie said, "there would be barb-wire on it, wouldn't there be? Look, Cousin August—Cousin Gus, I mean—if you poke an oar down right there, you'd see whether there was barb-wire or not, wouldn't you?"

Socker was already poking an oar down. He missed the wire the first jab but he hit it the second, and he gave a yell of joy and braced the blade of his oar against the wire and pushed. But nothing happened; the skiff tipped a little and that was all.

"No good," he said. "We're stuck too tight."

But Winnie was already peeling off his coat, and his pants next.

"I can do it, Cousin August—Stumpy," he said, all excited. "I can get out and stand on the wire. Then the boat will float. May I try it, please. Please, Cousin Augustus!"

Well, I was so surprised that I hardly noticed that he'd called me Augustus. I saw right away that the kid had the right idea—lighten the load and the boat would float—but I hadn't thought Winnie had the nerve to get out into that cold water and balance on a barb-wire. But Dutch was peeling off his own coat and kicking his legs out of his pants.

"You take that side, kid, and I'll take this," he said, and he changed places with Socker and lay on his stomach on the seat, and felt for the wire with his feet, and found it and stood on it, and Winnie took the other side, and he found the wire and stood on it, holding onto the skiff, and up the skiff came, floating loose.

We pulled Winnie into the skiff, and then helped Dutch to scramble in, and by that time the skiff was floating down with the current. Winnie was crying now—the excitement and the cold water and all, I guess—and his teeth were chattering as he got into his clothes, but I didn't mind that. I began slapping his back and chest to warm him up.

"You're a great kid," I said. "I'm for you from now on, boy!"

"D—don't waste t-time, Gus," he stammered. "I'll b-be all right in a m-minute. T-take the oars, Gug-Gug; g-get the doctor to the s-s-sick b-b-baby."

So I took the oars and Socker took his and Dutch started the kicker, and the long and short of it is that we dumped me and Winnie on the hill shore, and Dutch and Socker got Doc Fosbeck to the sick baby, and the anti-toxin did the job.

And that's all except one thing—I got the coon. We went to the tree on the way home and I got the coon with my .22, and what's more I stretched the skin on our garage door and dried it. And I gave it to a kid I was glad to have for a cousin. I gave it to my cousin Winthrop Bates of Boston.



"You can't go across the river. It would scare your head off."

The YOUTH'S COMPANION Founded 1876
American Boy

September 1934 Vol. 108 No. 9

Cover Painting by William F. Soars

<p>Friendly Talks With the Editor... 10</p> <p style="text-align: center;">FICTION</p> <p>Riders of the Rio Grande (Cont.) 3 <i>by Glenn Balch</i></p> <p>The Honor Team... 7 <i>by Warren Hastings Miller</i></p> <p>The Black Box... 11 <i>by Laurie York Erskine</i></p> <p>Warring Medicines (Concluded)... 14 <i>by James Willard Schultz</i></p> <p>Marooned... 18 <i>by Ellis Parker Butler</i></p> <p>Tierney Reads the Stars... 20 <i>by John A. Moroso</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FEATURES</p> <p>Time to Eat!... 9 <i>by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews</i></p> <p>We Started a Restaurant... 17 <i>by Franklin M. Reck</i></p> <p>Watch Those Passes and Punts!... 27 <i>by Franklin M. Reck</i></p> <p>Be Careful at Night... 28 <i>by Dr. Alexander Klemm</i></p> <p>At the Fraternity House... 36 <i>by Dr. William O. Stevens</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">DEPARTMENTS</p> <p>Funnybone Ticklers... 39</p> <p>Stamps... 40 <i>by Kent B. Stiles</i></p>
--	---

Published Monthly by
THE SPRAGUE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Editor ELMER P. GRIERSON, General Manager
GEORGE F. PIERROT, Managing Editor
FRANKLIN M. RECK, Asst. Managing Editor ESCA G. RODGER, Fiction Editor
MARTIN A. KLAVER, Asst. Editor MARK L. HAAS, Art Editor

IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS—

Don't leave the job to your local post office. Notify us AT ONCE or, if possible, IN ADVANCE. Otherwise you'll get your magazine late or miss it entirely. Help us to serve you promptly. Notify Circulation Manager, American Boy Magazine, 180 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, or 7430 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

DELIVERED AT YOUR DOOR—To have the magazine delivered at your home by mail, simply send your name and complete address together with proper remittance to THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION, 180 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill., or 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Michigan, giving the issue with which you wish your subscription started. Subscription prices are \$1.00 for one year and \$2.00 for three years. (Outside the U. S. and its possessions \$36 a year extra.) An AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION subscription is the ideal gift for boys—every month, something new, instructive and entertaining.

BIKE KEDS—Dressy enough for school, sturdy enough for roller skating.

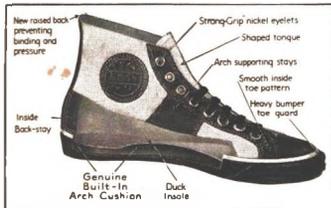


GENUINE BUILT-IN ARCH CUSHION

The United States Rubber Company has put 90 years' experience behind this SCHOOL EQUIPMENT



KEDS SHORT-STOP—All-around Keds for gymnasium or play.



KEDS SPRING-STEP—One of the basketball shoes preferred by leading collegiate players and coaches.

"U. S." Achievements of 1934

The new Scientific Last which grips the foot and establishes that dependable sure-footedness necessary for quick action. And the Shock-proof Insole which absorbs jolts and jars of ordinary foot action.

THAT'S why Keds lead in design, workmanship and quality of materials. That's why Keds fit better, feel better and wear longer.

Wherever fast footwork is essential you will find this superior canvas footwear. Throughout America Keds are the preferred shoe for gymnasium and playground use and a sensible kind of footwear for those restless first days of school as well as for active sports.

Keds



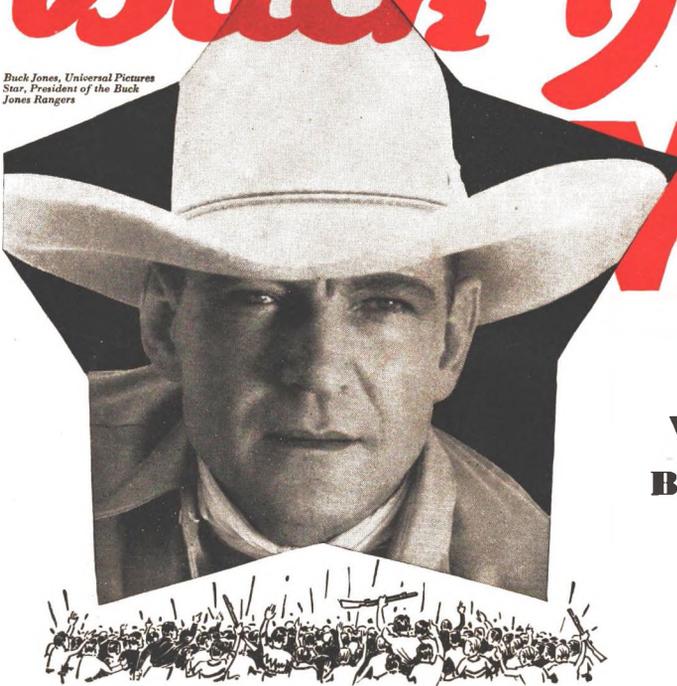
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

United States Rubber Company

THE AMERICAN BOY--YOUTH'S COMPANION

Buck Jones WINNS

Buck Jones, Universal Pictures
Star, President of the Buck
Jones Rangers



**COAST TO COAST
VOTE PROVES NEW
BUCK JONES SPECIAL
DAISY CHOICE OF
THOUSANDS**

WHAT a scrap—from start to finish!! and what a smashing victory for Universal's great star, Buck Jones. Congratulations Buck—your NEW Daisy sure is a winner, deserving of all these honors and more too. There's plenty more to an air rifle than just its appearance—thousands of you fellows found that out when you gave this NEW Daisy the once-over and stacked it up against the others.

To be a real winner, it's got to have the stuff—a straight shooting—hard hitting—smoothly operating mechanism, built for tough handling—of the finest materials, by master craftsmen—priced so you won't have to break the bank to get one too.

That's the Buck Jones Special Daisy—a thoroughbred plus. Buck Jones' name on every beautifully engraved jacket, just like the finest big game rifles, and a sensitive, precision built compass inlaid in the polished hardwood stock, right beside the easy reading sundial brand.

Boy!! more extra features than you've ever seen on any air rifle before.

YOUR Daisy Dealer has the NEW Buck Jones Special NOW—Go see it—Test it any way you please—THEN YOU'LL KNOW WHY THOUSANDS PICKED IT FOR THE WINNER—Buy yourself a Buck Jones Special—the FINEST Daisy ever built.

* While we were able to finish counting the votes in *
* this contest before this magazine went to press, we *
* were not able to pick out the Prize Winning Letters. *
* THE PRIZE WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED *
* IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE. *



**LISTEN, YOU
SHARP
SHOOTERS**

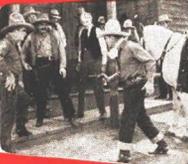
295

"I've done plenty of shooting, with all kinds of guns and I've learned that no matter how good a gun you are using, you just can't plug those bullseyes regularly unless you are mighty particular about the ammunition you use. If you want REAL ACCURACY from YOUR air rifle be sure you get BULLSEYE 'Copprotect' shot—it's built for accuracy. **INSIST ON BULLSEYE.**" *Buck-jones*



BUCK JONES AT HIS BEST!!

See him ride, rope, shoot as only Buck can—in Universal's new serial "THE RED RIDER". It's packed with action from start to finish. Make sure YOUR theatre manager has it booked—if he hasn't tell him not to miss it.



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY - 240 UNION ST. - PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

DAISY AIR RIFLES