

The ⁷² YOUTH'S COMPANION ⁷² September
combined with 1930
American Boy
Founded 1827

A FRANK DOLECK
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COVER PAINTING BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

Aviation ~ "Tiger Teaches," by Carl H. Claudy ~ Football

PRICE 20 CENTS

\$2.00 A YEAR

Stories of Stars who were not "Born" but "Made." No. 7

70,000 watched him win this game

yet he never held a football
before he came to college

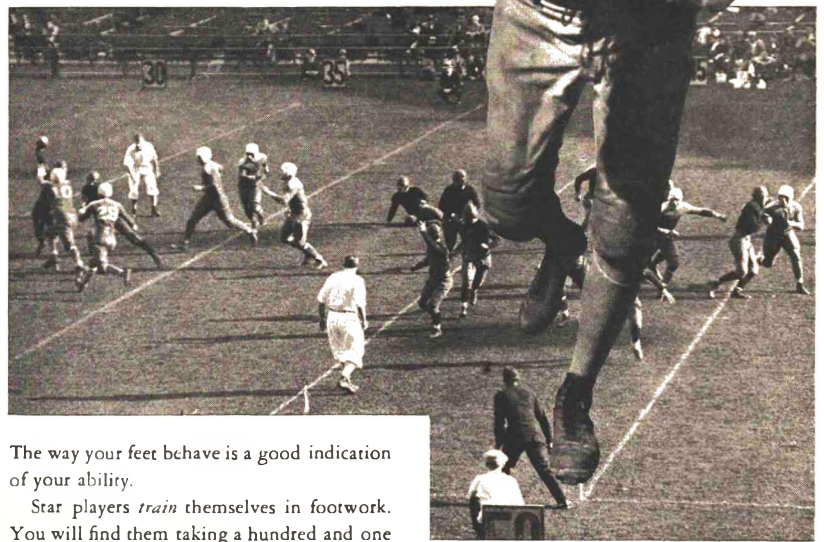
70,000 spectators — fourth down — 60 yards to go — only a few minutes left to play — a championship team six points behind — signals!

The ball is snapped. Suddenly the left end darts out and tears like mad across and down the field . . . ten . . . twenty . . . thirty yards . . . then he turns, and, still on a dead run, gathers in a long pass and dashes across the goal line.

Sounds like story-book stuff, doesn't it? It isn't. It really happened only a few years ago. And the star end who caught that pass had never played football before he came to college.

There are cases like this in every college and in every sport. The sharp eyes of college coaches are constantly on the lookout for men who, though inexperienced, have the makings of star players.

If you "look good" to a coach, it doesn't matter at all what your past record has been. One of the most important secrets of "looking good" is *footwork*. Learn to handle your feet.



The way your feet behave is a good indication of your ability.

Star players *train* themselves in footwork. You will find them taking a hundred and one kinds of exercise that help them develop swift, sure foot-action. And—notice this—more of them wear Keds than any other shoe.

There are three big reasons for Keds' supe-

riority: (1) Keds have a "Feltex" insole that keeps your feet cool and comfortable. (2) Keds have canvas tops that are light but strong. (3) Keds' safety soles are made of especially-compounded rubber. They take hold like four-wheel brakes and absorb all the shocks of sudden stopping and starting.

Keds will help you to "look good."

The best shoe dealers in town carry Keds. Ask for Keds by name. They are not Keds unless the name "Keds" is on the shoe. Choose the style and the price that suit you best.

Footwork builds stars

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Rubber Company

Keds sell for \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and up to \$4.00. The more you pay, the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.



Keds "Gladiator" **Keds "Holdfast"**

Note the strong heel and toe construction of this Keds model. "Gladiator" can be bought in the new popular suntan or in white, brown or gray.

This light Keds model gives excellent service for the price. Comes with white or brown uppers, black trimmings and black corrugated soles.



The Dog Contest Winners!

The names of the 330 winners in the Keds Essay Contest will be announced on posters displayed in Keds stores between Sept. 15 and Oct. 1.

Go to the Keds dealer from whom you secured your entry blank. He will have a complete list of all prize winners and will tell you whether or not you have won one of the 50 pedigreed wire-haired fox terriers or one of the 480 pairs of Keds.

Do not write the Keds Contest Editor. The names of the prize winners will be announced *only on the posters* displayed by Keds dealers. However, on or about Sept. 15, the Keds Contest Editor will send a personal letter of congratulations to every boy and girl who has won a prize.

Boys! Enroll in
Fisher Body
Craftsman's Guild
 with
 CADILLAC-LA SALLE DEALERS



EVERY READER of this magazine should study carefully the announcement of the formation of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, to be found on pages 34 and 35 of this issue of *The American Boy*.

This new movement is of such importance and value that the Cadillac Motor Car Company extends its congratulations to the youth of America in general and to the readers of *The American Boy* in particular, because of the rare opportunity the new Guild offers.

Here is a remarkable chance to test and develop your skill as a craftsman. Every boy joining the Guild will work along creative lines and will express his artistry and develop his craftsmanship in modeling Napoleonic coaches.

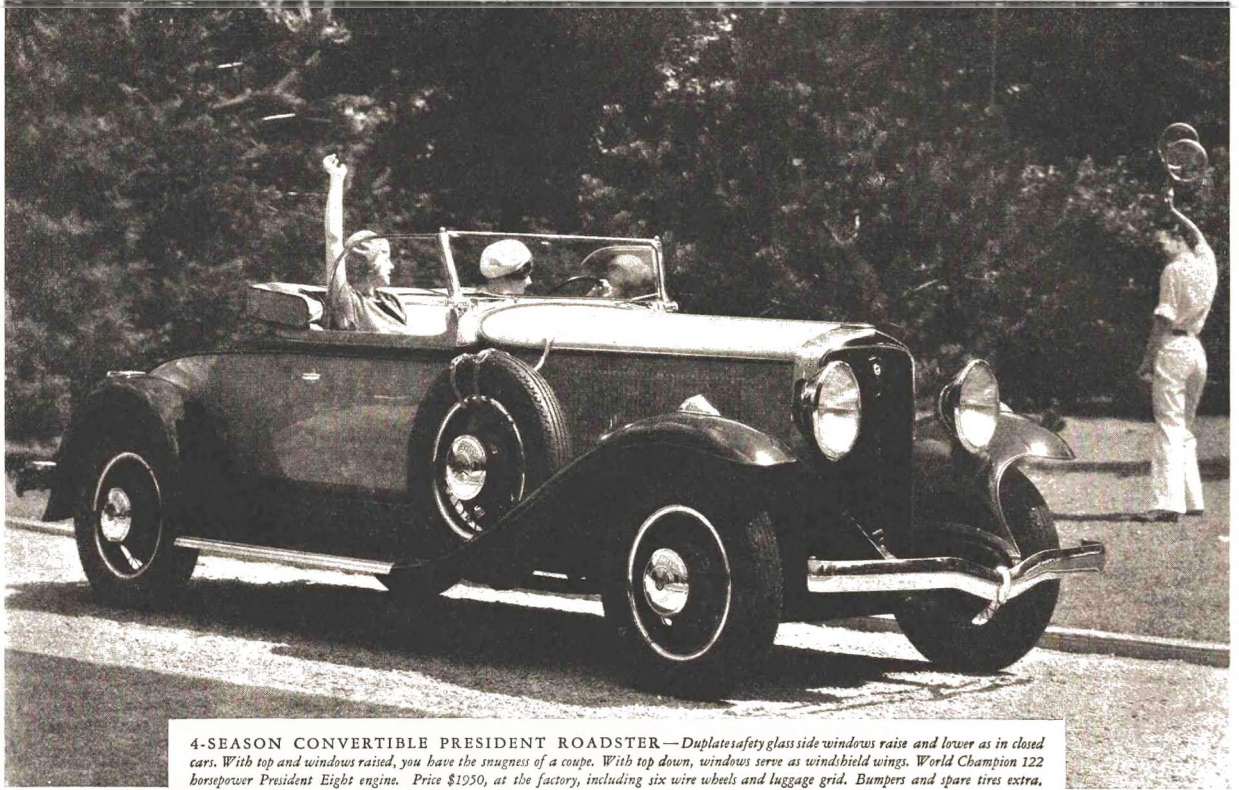
Membership in the Guild offers even greater possi-

bilities than the opportunity to develop individual craftsmanship. Important awards will be granted by the Fisher Body Craftsman's

Guild for the best work selected by the judges. These awards include four 4-year university scholarships worth \$5000 each, 96 valuable state awards, and many general awards for special proficiency. The winners will thus solve the problem of financing their college educations; and it is not too much to predict that many will also find the door wide open for a lifelong career.

Read the announcement carefully and then enroll as a member of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild with the Cadillac-La Salle dealer in your community. These men, representing cars that carry the highest expression of Fisher Body craftsmanship, will furnish you with all the details and extend to you a cordial welcome.

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



4-SEASON CONVERTIBLE PRESIDENT ROADSTER—Duplatesafety glass side windows raise and lower as in closed cars. With top and windows raised, you have the snugness of a coupe. With top down, windows serve as windshield wings. World Champion 122 horsepower President Eight engine. Price \$1950, at the factory, including six wire wheels and luggage grid. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

Actual unretouched photograph

FREE WHEELING! Shift between high and second at *any* speed . . . without touching the clutch

FREE Wheeling has been developed and perfected by Studebaker and is available in America only in Studebaker's new President and Commander Eights.

Free Wheeling permits you to do things which you thought could only be attempted by Ralph Hepburn, Tony Gulotta, Cliff Bergere, Ab Jenkins or any of the other famous race drivers whose pictures are probably pinned on your bedroom wall.

With free wheeling you can shift from high to second—back and forth—even at forty or fifty miles an hour *without touching the clutch*. The car glides along at mile-a-minute speed *with motor idling*. Quiet at every speed as a drifting boat.

The principle of Free Wheeling is just as simple as rowing a boat. You stroke, stroke and stroke, then lift your oars and let her glide along. In effect, you're Free Wheeling. To understand the difference between the new Studebakers and the ordinary car, let's get back to the boat. Take a few swift strokes, then suddenly back water with the oars. Oh, boy! What

happens to the fellow in the stern? In the ordinary car, that "back water" is called reversional strain but the effect on passengers, motor, universal joints, gears, axle and tires is just the same.

Free Wheeling is safer motoring, too. Even though the car glides along silently it is fully in gear, and under full control. Tendency to skid on turns is greatly reduced and the steering gear automatically pilots the car to "straight ahead" after rounding a corner.

Another outstanding feature of Free Wheeling (and one which will particularly interest Dad) is the greater economy of operation. You save 12 per cent on gasoline and 20 per cent on oil—even more in heavy traffic. Further, with intense reversional strains eliminated, the new Free Wheeling President and Commander Eights will still be in the "pink" of performance after many thousands of miles.

There's lots more to be told about these new President and Commander Eights. Greater power and performance refined to silken smoothness. Longer

wheelbases and larger roomier bodies. New design, smart and tacy, which makes these champion cars look as good as they perform.

In short, these new Studebakers are as far ahead of the rank and file of motordom as you would expect from the engineering genius that made Studebaker champion of the world with 5 world records, 18 international records and more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined.

To get the whole story, better wheel Dad and Mother around to the nearest Studebaker showroom and see these cars. Chances are, you'll probably "Free Wheel" home.

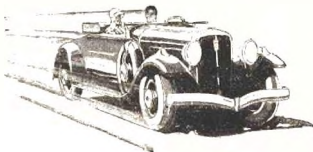
New Series Studebaker Eights

World Champion President Eight . . . \$1850 to \$2600

World Famous Commander Eight . . . \$1585 to \$1785

Other Studebaker Models Now as Low as

\$795 at the factory



*The World
Champion* **President**

NEW SERIES STUDEBAKER EIGHT

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Gordon launched himself into space and his outstretched hands struck the bar—

THE youngest of the "Four Bonelli Brothers, the World's Most Spectacular Aerial Gymnasts"—his name was Gordon Parks and he was a native-born American—hesitated on the stairs leading from his dressing room to the great gymnasium. Halfway up, a small cat industriously washed her face.

Gordon was a victim of that strange mental kink doctors call a feline phobia—a fear of cats—which is as far removed from reason as a woman's fear of a mouse. Gordon didn't mind risking his life in a thirty-foot aerial trapeze leap, but he hated to touch a cat! The lions and tigers had a fearsome fascination for him, but they were safely caged. The little house cats that discouraged mice and rats in the winter quarters of the "World's Greatest Show" were a great trial. Always under foot, jumping on him unexpectedly, or rubbing flowing furry curves against his legs. It was bad enough when he was fully dressed; when he was barelegged for practice, it was awful!

But the little cat had to be passed. Bounding four steps at a time, Gordon cleared the cat and shot through the folding doors into the big gymnasium with a shudder.

Pietro Bonelli, Pietro's real brother Michael, and George Morgan, the third of the "Bonelli Brothers," were adjusting the apparatus. Pietro hauled on a block and fall, stretching the net; George tested the forty-foot ladder-stairs that led to a tiny high "take-off" platform; Michael perched on a steel beam under the lofty peaked skylight, adjusting the far trapeze. The stair-like ladder was narrow, but the "rungs" were real steps, rubber covered; it was a permanent installation for winter-quarter practice. In the act itself, one gained the platform by climbing a rope

Tiger Teaches

By Carl H. Claudy

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

hand over hand, legs hanging straight, easily, gracefully, as if hauling a hundred and fifty pounds of bone and muscle forty feet in the air were recreation!

"The main feature of the Bonelli Brothers' act was 'the blindfold double front somersault aerial pass, most extraordinary, death-defying, and stupendous gymnastic exhibition of all time!'" George on one trapeze, Gordon on the other, both blindfolded, swung, hurtling into the air, turned each a "double front," passing each other like human pinwheels, and caught each the other's trapeze.

It is difficult enough but the danger is not, as the public supposes, in not seeing. Ability to gauge direction and distance is a matter of muscle habit, like ability in touch typewriting or in playing the piano without looking at the keys. Once started, gymnasts can do the pass blindfolded almost as easily as they can with uncovered eyes. The trick is for both performers to start at exactly the right instant. When one gymnast practices alone, the far trapeze is slanted towards him by a thin twine that breaks as he makes his catch; "timing" is then no part of the trick.

The net was small, but "big enough if you don't

miss it," as Pietro said. Gordon *had* missed it! He had been four weeks in the hospital as a result, and three months in getting back to normal. He still woke shuddering with the helpless knowledge that he had missed both catch and net—

If Pietro and Michael were patient with him, Gordon thought, it was because of Andre, the wise old animal trainer, who knew men as well as beasts. Andre had strange powers over the fierce and wild. No one else could control the great cats as he could. Few could control men as he could. Even Ivan, his fiery, envious assistant, was held in check by Andre's simple faith, his gracious gift of understanding.

Gordon owed much to the old trainer. Andre had been every day to see him in the hospital. Andre had comforted and cheered him. It was Andre who had won the Bonelli brothers to patience with Gordon; Andre who said constantly, "Ze accident? Pouf. Wat ces ze broken bone! If ze heart she ees not bust, eet ees no maittaire!"

And this was comfort because sometimes a bad fall forever ends the career in the air. You can't argue yourself out of it. You are afraid or you are not. If you believe you can make it, you can. If you fear you can't, you mustn't stay in the big act. No finished performance is possible without absolute confidence in yourself and sublime faith in the other fellow.

Pietro climbed the ladder-stairs to the high platform, swung off on the trapeze, shot through the air, and just missed the distant bar, held forward motionless and at an angle ready for his grasp by the slender twine.

"Set her six inches nearer, Michael!" called Pietro as he swung himself over the end of the net on which he had landed neatly, sitting.

Michael moved the iron hangers that held the far trapeze, tightening them in their new position with a wrench. Then George climbed to the high platform. He drew the idly swinging trapeze to him with a slender rod, swung off, and did a "back." He missed the stationary trapeze by a foot, and struck the net in a doubled-up ball. A "back" is the easiest of aerial somersaults, because the body follows the curve of the arc of the trapeze swing; in a "front," the body flips over forward with a combination muscular effort of arms, legs and back. But the "back" results in a harder "catch" of the far trapeze; the "front," completed, brings hands and eyes into play for the "catch" more naturally and with more time.

Pietro's face clouded and his voice was stern. "Don't do that any more!" he cried. "Never any more! Do only the double front! You risk your life when you do your trick any way but the one way. Every time you do it, so much easier. Every time you don't, so much harder!"

"All right, Pete, I'm sorry," said George, and ran lightly up the ladder. "Here, watch this!"

He swung down, a human pendulum, rose to the top of his swing, launched himself into space, turned a double front somersault, and caught and held the bar. The twine broke, George swung to and fro, then caught the "climb rope" hanging to one side—a means of getting down less spectacular but much safer than dropping to the net—and slid easily to the floor. He turned to Gordon, interestedly watching.

"You try?" he invited.

Gordon whitened. "I'll try to try—"

HE climbed slowly up the ladder-stairs and hooked the rope trapeze to him while Pietro busied himself, ostensibly tightening a guy rope. George threw the twine ball over the bar and tied it back in position for Gordon to catch. Conditions had been just the same when Gordon had missed the net.

But he had to go on. One more year of circus and he'd have enough to go to college—he would not be balked! Would not be "stopped!" He knew the circus phrase well enough. "He's stopped" meant "He's lost his nerve."

Well, maybe. But he'd soon have himself in hand again.

Gordon's spirit was willing, but his body was chilly with the terrible fear of missing. Three times he tried—and three times he hesitated.

"Sorry!" he called. "I've still got it." He walked

slowly down the steep ladder-stairs, his head hanging.

Pietro shook his head. "How long you expect we wait?" he challenged. The tone was impersonal; it was not meant to be unkind.

"Oh, I say! Be a little patient!" cried George. "A stop often disappears overnight."

"We are patient!" defended Michael from far overhead. "Giordono, he had ver' bad fall. But we mus' get the act ready!"

Gordon flinched. In two months the World's Greatest Show took the road. The act had to be perfected by then. Not much time left.

"There's no sense in being stopped!" he stormed at himself. "I'm as strong as I ever was. Of course I can do it!"

He went hand over hand up the climb rope, slid down, jumped to a hanging ladder, chinned himself twice with his right arm, then twice with his left—it takes real muscle to do it once with either arm alone—then walked all around the gymnasium on his hands. He did a "standing over" and a "standing back" (somersault from the floor) light as thisledown.

Pietro watched, his heavy face worried. Gordon tried not to think it hostile.

"Pete, I'd give an arm not to be stopped—oh!" The exclamation betrayed rasped nerves, and Gordon jumped uncontrollably. "That confounded cat! I'm stopped with them, too, Pete!"

Pietro, unsmiling, picked up the small cat.

"Nice kitty!" he said. "You better try hard, hard! The stop, it passes, sometimes."

Gordon's lips curled, half in disgust at the thought of anyone's holding a cat, half at himself for being "stopped." Downstairs he flung his practice clothes disdainfully on the floor and took his shower in a temper. All through school he had been a successful athlete; nature had given him an unusual body and he had delighted in gaining perfect control of it. Football, baseball, swimming, diving, gymnasium stunts, had all been easy. Fear he had never known. Then family disaster had made college seem impossible. The opportunity to join the Bonnelli Brothers had appeared providential; two years of circus would pay for four years of college! He had been a success from the start and the queer strange life was a delight, spite of its discomforts. Then had come the mishap, the long weeks of waiting for broken bones to mend—and the terrible realization that his fearlessness had left him.

GORDON dressed and went out through the animal house to talk to Andre. He found the old trainer reaching through the bars of a small traveling cage to scratch the head of a huge tiger, which was stretched out full length, purring ecstatically. The great rumble vibrated through the narrow room with its long lines of cat cages. Ivan, a red handkerchief about his neck, was lounging scornfully near-by.

Gordon stopped at a safe distance. A tiger is a cat!

"New pet, Andre?" he asked. "Haven't seen him before, have I?"

"He ces jus' arrive! He ees so scare an' so hongry! Ees he not ze great, ze magnifique beauty? Such size, such stripes—see!"

Gordon saw, stiffening against a shudder.

tion, eet ees not so good. To-morrow, he ees feel bettaire, he eat, he enjoy hees food! To-night—well, nevaire mind, zen!" Andre spoke to the animal. "Zees little cage, not so good! To-morrow you get ze big cage, ze nice meat, so!"

The great cat rubbed his huge head against the bars.

"To-morrow I go in!" Andre went on, nodding toward the cage. "Already he make ze friend!"

"I would not be such a fool," Ivan growled. "That tiger is a man-eater. You go in, and you have no chance—"

Andre made no answer. Gordon, who disliked Ivan, abruptly changed the subject.

"Andre, I'm still stopped!" he reported.

"Be of a patience!" counseled Andre. "Ze las' time ze lion get out, I was stop!"

All the circus knew that twice within a year a great cat had broken loose. The first time an assistant trainer had been seriously mauled; the second time Andre had had an arm badly clawed. No one knew how the cats had got loose; there was talk that Andre was getting old and careless. Ivan had stimulated such talk. Gordon wondered if he hadn't started it.



Always under foot—it was awful!

Ivan was ready to tell anyone who would listen about how good he would be as head animal trainer. As if he could ever compare with old Andre!

"Don't tell me you were ever stopped!" the boy said incredulously to the old trainer.

"But yes, eet ees simple. Ze lion, ze tigare, zey not understand. Zey sink all men w'at you call enemies. Ze trainaire, he mus' teach zem bettaire. Zat cat who got out, she not know me yet. Well, she get out. I get her go back but she ees not yet friend—I get ze mau! W'en I get well, I haf fear in ze cage. All ze men, zey know eet! And ze lion she know eet! So I not go in until one time I mus'. Ze ozzaire trainaire, not Ivan, here—he ees een dangaire. I forget I am scare—an' w'en I am finish, my stop she ees all gone!"

He scratched the tiger's head again; the great beast stretched and rolled.

"But what will I do, Andre?" Gordon asked. "What can I do?"

"Try ze blindfold turn alone!" answered Andre. "Zey all watch; you scare zat zey see you are scare! Alone you do eet!"

"I wonder!" Gordon began hopefully, but stopped short as Ivan broke into a sneering laugh. Gordon's lips tightened. It seemed to him that the laugh could mean only one thing, and it is not pleasant to hear one's courage questioned.

HE said good night calmly, but as he passed out of the building, he touched Ivan on the arm, motioning him to follow.

"What was the joke?" he demanded as soon as they had stepped out of doors.

"You!" answered Ivan, and laughed again. "You and old Andre! You are easy scared, the two of you. You are too young, and Andre he is too old. You will both get the grand bounce."

"And you'll get Andre's job, huh!" countered Gordon fiercely.

"Why not? Andre is old and careless and lets the cats get out."

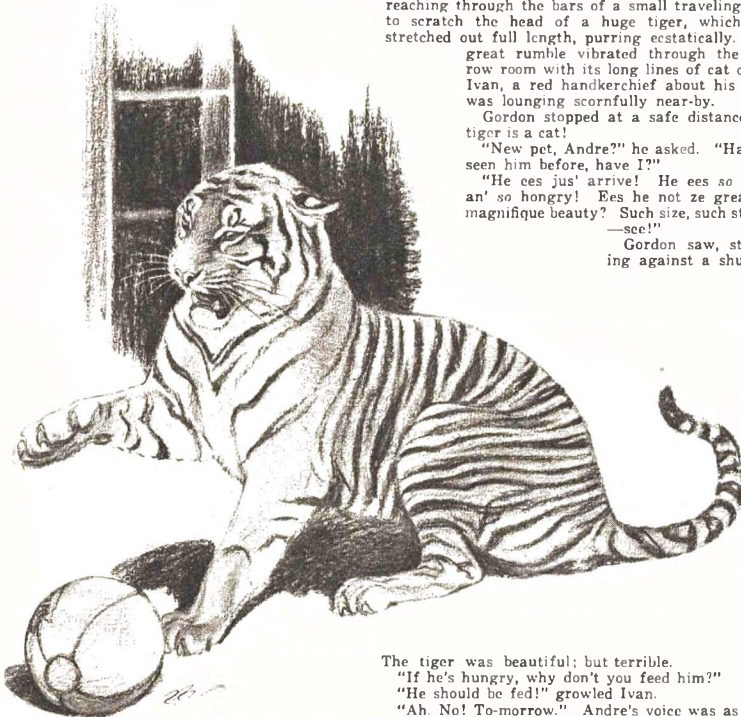
"I wonder." Burning with anger, Gordon forgot discretion and voiced a suspicion that had occurred to him before. "I wonder if Andre lets the cats get out—or if you do!"

Ivan went white. His hand crept to his hip.

"Don't!" said Gordon, more quietly. "You're only confirming my suspicions. I can't prove anything. But I licked you once, and I can do it again! Don't put your hand on that knife! I'm not so easy scared as you think."

For an instant longer, Ivan stood there, half crouched. Then he straightened, shrugged, and grinned. "You are just a fool—you know nothing!" he flung over his shoulder as he turned away.

Gordon also shrugged his shoulders, and then took



The great jungle cat drew back—the medicine ball had the hated human odor.

The tiger was beautiful; but terrible.

"If he's hungry, why don't you feed him?"

"He should be fed!" growled Ivan.

"Ah. No! To-morrow." Andre's voice was as gentle as if he spoke to one of his pets. "He's upset—all ees strange now. Hees w'at you call eet, hees deeges-

himself off to a movie in Greenville, the little town where the World's Greatest Show lived in winter quarters. He was a little comforted because he wasn't "stopped" of an angry man with a knife. That Ivan had been letting the cats loose, he felt sure. Ivan wanted Andre's job, and he'd take long chances to get it. Long chances for other people, that was. But he'd be a lot more cautious about taking chances for himself from now on—with Gordon hotly suspicious on his trail.

"That for Ivan!" Gordon decided and snapped his fingers. "Let's look at the show."

But he saw nothing of the picture. His mind persisted in returning to his own problem. Either he must get his nerve back, or he must give up his job to some athlete who was not "stopped." Four men who risk their lives twice a day all summer to make a circus holiday must become close knit. Mutual trust and understanding must be established. It takes months for a new man to be assimilated in the act, he he ever so good at his work. He can prove his skill in an afternoon's rehearsal, but he cannot prove himself dependable except by the patient work of months. There is no room for a lapse on a high trapeze. Gordon knew he must conquer his fear of missing or go.

"Wonder if old Andre is right? I never thought it was harder because they watch. Any fool should be able to do it with the bar tied, when he doesn't have to time it—I'll try it now!"

Gordon went back to quarters to undress and put on his practice tights and shirt, determined. He would do it!

He went through the animal house; it was the quickest way. The beasts were quiet; even the new tiger was asleep. Only Ivan was awake, sitting in a chair reading. For a moment Gordon hesitated. He had no mind to renew a profitless quarrel. Then he shrugged his shoulders and went on.

Ivan put down his paper. "Say, Gordon!" he said pacifically. "No use fighting, is there? I ask you to excuse me that I laughed, though I do not understand yet how a man can feel stopped."

Gordon paused, his brows knit. Could he have been mistaken about Ivan after all? Had the assistant trainer's sneering attitude led him into doing the man a grave injustice? The boy didn't know. But he did know that he could prove nothing against Ivan.

"I do not wish to be fighting with you," Ivan insisted. "I ask you to excuse me."

"Oh, all right," Gordon answered. "I don't see any use in a row. Haven't time for one. I've got to get rid of my stop." He laughed shortly.

"You are going now to take Andre's advice?" Ivan asked politely.

"Going to try to take it," Gordon flung back as he strode off.

THE talk had made him feel uncomfortable. Confronted Ivan anyway! He didn't trust the man much more when he was polite than when he was surly. But Ivan evidently intended to watch his step after this.

And as Gordon dressed for the midnight practice, he dismissed the conversation. He had more important things to think of than Ivan.

He ran lightly up the stairs to the huge barn-like gymnasium—and in the dimness stumbled over one of the little house cats. He shuddered and fled. But there were no cats in the gym.

A single dim bulb burned high up, making weird shadows and mysterious blackness in the corners. Gordon turned on no others; he did not want to attract attention. He could make his swing and double front—if he could make it at all—as well in the dark as in the light.

He tested the net—second nature to an aerialist. It hung limp. "Of course they've let it loose," Gordon told himself. He walked quickly around to the blocks and falls that drew the net tight; this brought him across the room from the swinging door. The steep ladder-stairs that led to the tiny platform high overhead was at the other end of the room. He swung on the rope, tightening one corner of the net, and then turned for the next one. As he did so the swinging door slowly swung inward.

"Damn!" said Gordon to himself. "I wanted to be alone."

Then suddenly he froze in his tracks. Two yellow gleaming eyes were looking through the half open door. A great striped head came pushing in. The next instant, a huge black and yellow body flowed around the door, like water flowing around a bend. The new tiger!

Gordon thought fast, fast. The ladder was thirty feet from him—the tiger perhaps fifty. The beast had not seen or winded him yet. How had he broken out of his cage? The answer flashed upon Gordon. Ivan! Ivan was getting even with him, and getting ready to grab old Andre's job as well—that was

Ivan's way of watching his step.

"Two birds with one stone! Two men with one tiger!" thought Gordon swiftly. "He's let the beast loose to get me, and Andre, too—"

The sickening cat smell was strong in his nostrils. His mouth went suddenly dry; his heart pounded.

Could he reach the door before the tiger? If he could—but suppose the tiger was quicker! It would ruin Andre. Gordon's thoughts and emotions ran on in a curiously mixed stream; his fear of the great tiger, his shuddering horror of all cats, twisted into his thoughts of his friend, the man who had been as a father to him, an old man to whom discharge would mean exile worse than death.

The great head swung in a semicircle; glaring eyes looked curiously, fearfully, at what they did not understand. Suddenly galvanized to action, Gordon ran, gained the ladder-stairs, and shot up to the platform. The ladder-stairs shook under his frightened feet, vibrating loudly in the empty room, the echoes reverberating from the roof. The crouching beast growled, flattened to the floor, tail lashing from side to side.

GORDON stood on the tiny platform, gasping, trembling, trying to think—what to do? The great jungle cat slunk slowly around the room, sniffing fearfully at the ropes, mats, dumb-bells. He nosed a medicine ball. He drew back; doubtless it had the hated human odor. A swift paw batted, once. The heavy ball ripped under the still claws and spun down the gymnasium. In three lithe bounds, dreadfully silent, beautiful with utter grace, the huge cat caught it. He picked it up in his teeth and tossed it, playing. Terrible play. The leather cover was slashed open; long shreds of its interior were ripped out to hang trailing. Was it thus that a tiger played with a man?

The great cat stopped, sat upon his haunches, and looked up. Gordon stared fascinated into balls of cold fire burning queer green glints, like great emeralds, half concealed.

The tiger turned his head away and again walked slowly about the silent room, his long whiskers delicately working. Andre had said he was not to be fed until the next morning. Doubtless he was looking for something to eat. Ivan had wanted to feed him. Gordon's mouth grew grim—a fine dinner Ivan had planned!

The tiger looked curiously at the loose-hung net, then reared to put a tentative paw on the edge. It gave under the weight and the cat fled, snarling—

Gordon's thoughts were chaotic. Suppose someone should come in? The newcomer would be a dead man in an instant. But if no one came? Could he stay all night on a two-by-four platform forty feet in the air, while a tiger walked the floor below? Would the tiger be content to stay on the floor? The tiger knew where food was! There was meaning in that intent stare upward.

The beast slunk again around the room. Gordon found new terror in his pause by the swinging door. Of course, if the cat put his weight against it and got out, he, Gordon, would be safe. But who else might pay the terrible penalty? And what then of Andre?

The tiger had to stay in the gymnasium! There was only one way to hold him there—keep him interested. Even if shouts could be heard, they would only bring someone unsuspecting to the gymnasium, and that would transfer his own danger to another and not help Andre at all. The problem was to keep the tiger in, and get out himself, to fetch Andre—the only man who might control the savage beast.

The beast smelled the door again. There was no

time to plan—Gordon filled his lungs and let out a wild yell:

"Hi-i-i-i-i!"

The great cat whirled at the sound and looked up. From his throat came a low, evil "gr-r-r-r-r!"

Gordon bit off his cry. The tiger lashed his tail from side to side. He crept silently across the floor to the foot of the ladder-stairs, smelled them delicately, flinched back—then raised a mighty paw and struck. Ladder and platform shook under the blow.

Gordon felt sick inside, less at the danger than at its form. A grizzly bear would have left him cold and calculating. But a cat! The prospect of being ripped open with one blow was not so terrible as the thought of close contact with that terrible, smooth furriness, that slinky, slithering muscular body—

The tiger padded forward, and again uttered that low throaty threat. Gordon stared almost straight down into the glinting eyes. To the tiger he was both enemy and food. And the tiger was hungry!

The beast glared up for a minute, then turned away. Gordon swallowed; he had a sick feeling that he was being played with as a

house cat might play with a mouse.

The tiger again walked the room. Opposite the door the great feline sat down deliberately to wash his face. Gordon could hear the rasp of the red tongue, licking the huge paw that in turn rubbed gracefully over head and ears.

Could he creep down the stairs, spring across the gym and through the door unseen? The tiger's back was to the ladder-stairs—

He began to descend, cat-like as the tiger, every muscle tense. Thirty feet down, he could leap the remaining ten, land running, be through the swinging door before the tiger could start! The tiger could know nothing of swinging doors! True, he had pushed through them to get into the gymnasium, but he must have seen the light shining through the cracks. Gordon had his own idea as to how the tiger had found those doors—the light in the hallway beyond them had been turned out—nothing left beyond the doors to attract the tiger's attention.

Halfway down now. The tiger sat still, his back to him, washing his face. Another step—another—three more, and he would jump. Another—careful now—two more—

It was shadowy, eerie in the dim gymnasium. The striped terror, now close, grew huge in the dim light. Silently, cautiously, Gordon put one foot before another, his muscles tight, his legs flexed for a spring, a jump, a run. One more step—

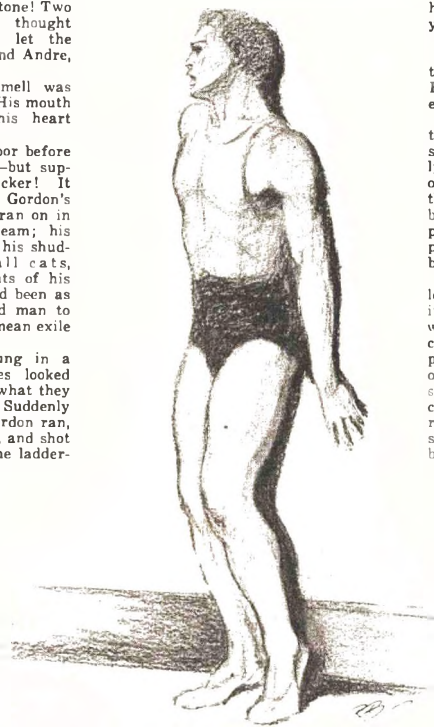
The tiger rose deliberately and walked slowly towards the ladder as if he knew his prey was about to jump. Gordon stood rigid for a moment, then whirled up the ladder to the safety of the platform.

What to do—what to do? He could not play hide and seek with a tiger indefinitely! How get out, warn Andre, save his own and other lives, save Andre's job? He gasped with a sudden idea. The trapeze—of course, the trapeze! Entice the tiger up the stairs, swing to the far trapeze, slide down the rope and out the door before the tiger could—

But the net was not stretched! If he missed— "Well? What if I do? Might as well be smashed by a fall as by a tiger!"

Deliberately, Gordon descended the ladder-stairs until he was within six feet of the floor. The tiger crouched, tail lashing, twenty feet away. Gordon shivered. His breathing was shallow, his mouth hot and cottony. Deathly sure, uncannily silent, the cat waited, saliva dripping from its half open mouth—

Suddenly Gordon gestured, (Continued on page 54)



Gordon stood on the tiny platform, gasping, trembling.

Sun-Up on the Range

By Frederic Nelson Litten

Illustrated by Albin Henning

The Preceding Chapters

"I'VE been thinking Whaley was just a hard-boiled loan shark, out to get the ranch away from us, but I guess he's a good scout after all," young Martin Lane told himself shamefacedly.

Then all at once aware that he needed sleep, he relaxed against the cushions of the *Adventurer*, the crack transcontinental train that was carrying him swiftly eastward to El Paso.

It was little more than ten days since he had been riding the *Adventurer* westward, hastily called home to Arizona from the famous technical institute in Massachusetts where he had been studying aviation. The wire from his older brother Birney telling him to come home had been a complete surprise to Martin. But now he was beginning to feel that nothing in the way of hard luck could surprise him.

He and Birney were alone in the world and Birney, while Martin had been studying aviation, had been running both the Circle ML ranch and the Conquistadore mine left them by their father. But competent as Birney was, things had gone wrong.

In order to sink a discovery shaft in the Conquistadore, Birney had had to borrow money on the Circle ML cattle from Whaley. Then old Henry Galt, the Circle ML foreman, had moved two thousand head of cattle over the Mexican line for the summer grazing, and the cattle had disappeared—probably seized by Algomar's revolutionary forces.

Martin had got home just in time to help Ed Men-

ger, a border officer, rescue Birney from a band of the Mexican insurgents, and had then learned from his brother that they had struck rich ore in the Conquistadore.

"We'll have enough to pay off a dozen Whaleys!" Birney had exultantly told Martin.

But that very evening, Will Stark, foreman of the Conquistadore, sent word that the night shift had struck a gusher and the mine was flooded; and Whaley, bent on getting his money, refused to consider any extension of time. He insisted that Matt Wyatt, the sheriff, serve his summons that same evening.

"But you got ten days to answer before the judgment's confirmed, Birney," friendly Matt Wyatt said, "and then you got thirty more after the seizure till the ranch kin be sold."

A little more than a month in which to save ranch and mine! But the Lane boys tackled the job.

Birney and Ed Menger, who got leave of absence from the border force, set to work to pump the water out of the mine. Martin and Henry Galt started a range count of the remaining Circle ML cattle.

It was after ten days of this work that Johnny Kincaid, one of the cowboys, told Martin that a man named Farnsworth, a geologist who had been over to visit the Conquistadore, had told him Birney was mak-

ing no headway against the water. Martin, seized by the idea of a tunnel that would drain the water away, rode through the night to see Birney.

Stopping at sunrise at the ranch house, he found Joe Duck, their old cook, confusedly fumbling with some papers, and the old Chinese gave Martin a letter from Whaley that began abruptly but promised a renewal of the cattle lien if one of the Lane boys would go to El Paso to make arrangements with Whaley's representative there.

Martin chuckled over Joe Duck's electing himself private secretary and opening the letter—which was an answer to one Birney had written to Whaley offering the mine as security for an extension of time—but the boy failed to notice that the old servant, in his childish desire to help, had deftly cut off the unmerciful beginning of Whaley's letter.

Greatly relieved at the thought of an extension of time, Martin was soon on his way to El Paso, sleeping peacefully as the *Adventurer* swayed eastward.

Chapter Nine

THE Whaley Syndicate was closed for the day when Martin arrived in El Paso. He found a rooming house near the Plaza and soon after dinner turned in to retrieve the sleep he had lost the night before.

He was at Whaley's office early the next morning, feeling fit to battle with an army. Mr. Mold was not down, so said the girl behind the typewriter; and Mar-



They dashed into the sea of interlacing horns, swinging relentless ropes.

tin, finding a hard bench, soothed his impatience with a copy of the *Herald*.

Nine o'clock brought Mr. Mold. He was a thin cavernous-eyed man with clammy hands and a trick of clicking his teeth. He ushered Martin in to his office and closed the door.

"You—ah—wish to sign the preliminary papers. Naturally, you understand your brother's signature is also necessary on a bond and lease."

"A what?" Martin grinned. "You've got me mixed with someone else. This is a cattle lien I came to renew—on the Circle ML herd."

"Quite so," agreed Mold with a businesslike click of

his teeth. "Contingent on your agreeing—with your brother, naturally—to a purchase of your mine known as the Conquistadore for the sum of ten thousand dollars."

Martin gave a gasp. Then on the heels of it he grinned again.

"You don't look like a joker, Mr. Mold, but I'll say you have a funny line."

Mold gazed at him in cadaverous reproof. "Naturally, I would not joke about this matter."

"You wouldn't joke?" The boy whistled. "Say, look this over then, and see if somebody else is joking." He tossed the note Joe Duck had given him on the clean blotter before Mold. The thin man clicked his jaws agitatedly while he read. Then he took the yellow carbon of a letter from a neat pile beside him.

"I am, naturally, amazed at your temerity in attempting to pawn off on me this mutilated letter. Naturally, Mr. Whaley shall hear of it. And I am disposed to believe he will not pursue the negotiations with you—*naturally!*"

Martin stared at Mold. "Mutilated letter—?"

Mold laid a scornful forefinger on Martin's nose. "Mutilated," he rasped. "Cut in two, separated by a sharp edge. With intent to deceive—*naturally!*"

Suddenly Martin remembered the tinkle of a razor blade falling on the ranch house floor—and there flashed on him the solution of the mystery. Joe Duck had tried his wiles again, but this time they had failed.

For an instant, Martin was angry—furious. But only for an instant. Then he saw the humor in the devious workings of Joe Duck's oriental mind. Despite the crisis pending, he laughed outright.

"Let me see that copy." Mold tried to turn away but the boy seized the paper. "As you were," he commanded, "and don't call out the fire department. I only want to read it."

HE ran through the carbon rapidly, his blue eyes narrowing at the contents of the first four lines, those lines Joe Duck had so neatly cut off. Joe had evidently realized that if the Lane boys accepted the offer made in those four lines, they would be selling their mine for a song. But he hadn't realized that even if Whaley himself weren't in El Paso, a complete carbon copy of his letter would be there. Joe had undoubtedly thought that Martin could easily get the cattle lien renewed if he presented the latter half of Whaley's letter to his El Paso representative while Whaley was safely far away.

"Crazy!" Martin ejaculated as he stared at the

carbon of the complete letter. It read:

I have yours February 28th. Give me a Bond and Lease on your property, one year ten thousand dollars, and I will renew the cattle lien for ninety days. If agreeable, see Mr. Mold of my El Paso office immediately, to arrange. Will delay seizure until your reply.

Yours,

A. B. Whaley

To
Birney Lane
Dragoon, Arizona
March 9, 1929

"Clean crazy," Martin muttered.

"Do you mean Mr. Whaley?" Mold demanded.

"Well," said Martin, "I was thinking of a Chinese friend of mine, but I guess they're both crazy, he and Whaley. Does Whaley think Birney's going to pass over the mine for a handful of change? Ten thousand he offers—for a mine that should be worth a million!"

Mold was severely silent; obviously he wasn't discussing prices with a man who had presented to him a trickily defaced letter. Martin, with a half grin, picked up the severed sheet of Whaley's original letter and stood comparing it with the carbon copy. Mold eyed him with the grim severity of a judge regarding a criminal.

Martin finally laid the carbon back on Mold's desk. Then he glanced at the severed sheet in his hand and grinned broadly.

"I guess this ground-loops the deal with Whaley," he said, "but, honestly, it's worth it."

"Naturally, I must advise my principal before proceeding," said Mold with a single severe click. "You admit this act, do you?"

"Well, I didn't cut the note in two," Martin replied. "But I know who did it, though I didn't when I came in here. It was one of my men."

"Such a subordinate should be rewarded," returned Mold sarcastically.

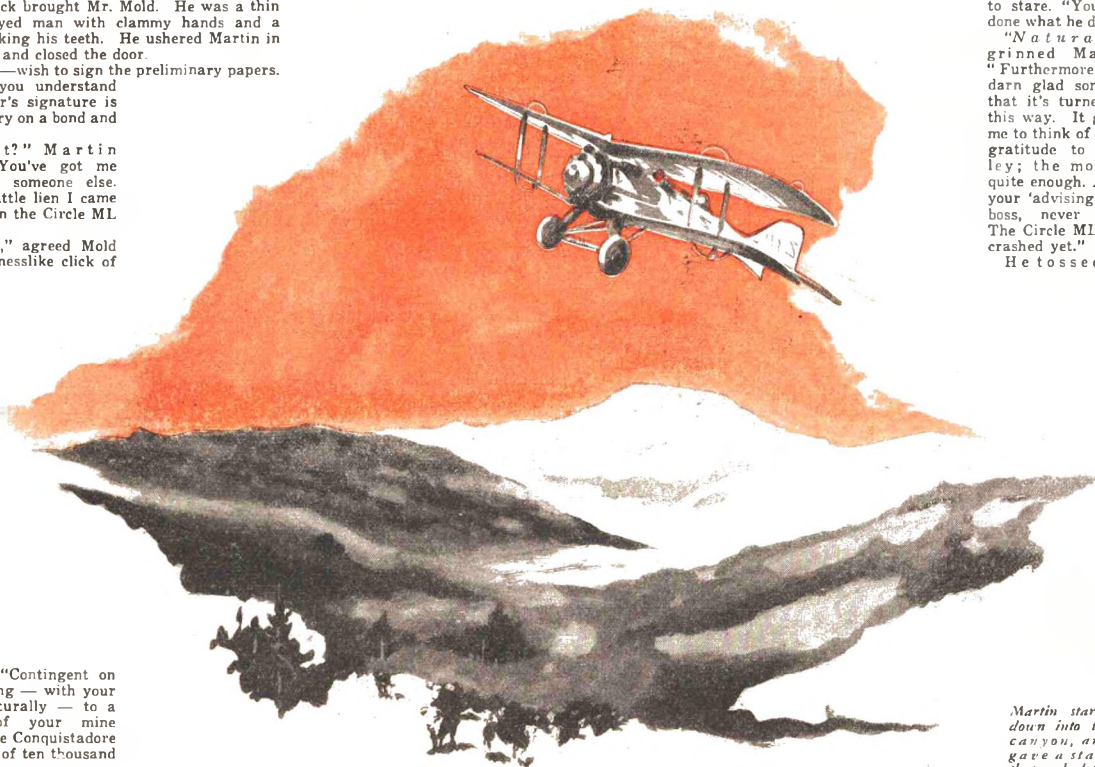
"He will be," promised Martin. "The old man

meant well."

It was Mold's turn to stare. "You condone what he did?"

"Naturally," grinned Martin. "Furthermore, I'm darn glad somehow that it's turned out this way. It griped me to think of owing gratitude to Whaley; the money's quite enough. As for your 'advising' your boss, never mind. The Circle ML's not crashed yet."

He tossed the



Martin stared down into the canyon, and gave a start that raked the biplane's wing.

crumpled note into Mold's waste basket, kicked back his chair, and strode out into the street. His impetuous disgust carried him a full city block before a saner impulse brought home realization that the Whaley bridge was now burnt to a cinder, with no other way across the stream in sight. At a street intersection he paused.

Opposite him, stood the Exchange Trust and Savings Bank. Martin's eyes brightened. A hunch. They might have the desire to stake a promising young cattleman—"promising" emphasized. He strode across the street and went in at the revolving door.

A half hour later he emerged, not quite so confidently. Cattle were unsound collateral, a bank officer had told him, with the market soaring. In a cigar store he made a list of banking institutions from the telephone directory, and set out on a systematic canvass of them all.

By closing time Martin had called on his entire list but had no money nor prospects of any.

As he came out of the last bank, he looked at his watch. An hour until the westbound train at six o'clock. No use to stay longer. He was through. It seemed certain that the ranch would go to Whaley. As for the mine—Birney was going to lose his battle too, it seemed. Even if that bright idea about running a tunnel through the sidehill would work, it would cost a lot of money.

Martin, his face grim for once, walked aimlessly through the Plaza. He sat down on a bench under a live oak tree. Through—yes, that was the word. The name of Lane would disappear from Sulphur Springs Valley after forty honored years. For a while the boy sat brooding. Then, suddenly, he straightened his drooping shoulders and clenched his fist.

"We're not through! It's a good proposition—" He stopped. "Proposition? Why, Farnsworth had a proposition—for Birney. Johnny Kincaid had said that. And Farnsworth lived here—in El Paso. Maybe he was at home. Maybe—"

Martin Lane sprang to his feet. Within the next five minutes he had telephoned, found Farnsworth at his office, secured his promise to wait until he could arrive, and had started, half running, down the street. If the mine could be saved, that would be half the battle won. As for the ranch, Martin dared not think what was in prospect there.

But, unreasonably, he clung to a forlorn hope. Perhaps the ranch, too, could somehow be saved.

HE stepped from the elevator on the tenth floor of the Matanzas Building, walked down the hall to a door with *R. L. Farnsworth* lettered on the opaque glass, and went in. The geologist turned from the window as he entered and came forward. He was a tall, spare, stooping man, with sun creases at the corners of his keen gray eyes.

"Lane?" he asked. Then: "I have a special delivery letter here from your brother, I think."

"From Birney!"

"Yes. Enclosing a remarkable sample. Dolomitic limestone which through some queer prank of nature has been endowed with electrical characteristics of great value. Your brother picked it up somewhere in the Dragoons, I understand—but doesn't know where."

"Birney's always picking up rocks," Martin said. "Gets his pockets full of them—picks up anything that looks interesting."

"Well, this one's interesting all right. Very rare stuff, this electrically sensitive dolomite. And it's just what I'm looking for down here. I'm consulting engineer for a big radio concern in the East that's been importing this mineral from Prussia—it's used in connection with tube filament for television. We heard rumors of a deposit of it down here in the Southwest, and so I came down here."

"I see," said Martin politely. He wanted to talk mine, not electrically sensitive dolomite, but it seemed necessary to let Farnsworth work off his enthusiasm about the fragment Birney had picked up somewhere. "How did Birney happen to send you this little chunk?" he asked.

"Had it muddled in with some samples of ore he

submitted to a mining friend of mine in Bisbee," Farnsworth replied, "and Jordan suggested that he get in touch with me. Your brother has asked me to finance him in prospecting a deposit of this dolomitic limestone."

"I see," said Martin again. But he didn't. "Of course," he went on slowly, "we've acres of limestone on our claims in the Dragoons. At Limestone Flats. But—"

"Yes, there's a big but," Farnsworth admitted. "We might go over all those acres and not find any of this dolomitic limestone. It's very rare, and when your brother picked up this sample, he may not have been on your claims at all."

"What I don't see," Martin broke out, "is why Birney wants to go into this prospecting anyhow. We have a mine in the Dragoons. And Birney has his hands full handling it. It's badly watered now, as I guess you know, but I've got hold of an idea for a sidehill tunnel—"

"Your brother got hold of that idea, too," Farnsworth told him. "I don't know how such a tunnel might work out, Lane. But I'm afraid there's a big chance that the mine can't be unwatered. Perhaps your brother has come to realize it."

There was a pause; then Martin, holding his voice level, asked:

"You'd not be interested in the Conquistadore, then, Mr. Farnsworth?"

"As a mine? Hardly," smiled the engineer. "I might finance some trench stripping on those Limestone Flats you speak of."

"But you wouldn't offer to do anything with the mine itself?"

"No. You see I'm a consulting engineer and engaged at present to hunt and find the dolomite." Farnsworth shrugged. "Discovery of this mineral means a fortune."

"Well, then," said the boy desperately, "what's your offer on the prospecting? What would it mean to us?"

Farnsworth smiled again. "Why, my proposition to your brother is already in the mail. Substantially, it's this. If he'll give up his attempt to clear the Conquistadore, and throw his entire force on stripping all the veins on your claims where lime rock and porphyry contact, I'll stand the expense. If he discovers the dolomite, this expense will be deducted from his first shipments. If the pros-

pecting is without result, well, my principals are the losers."

"You expect an interest in the mine? How much?"

"None. We expect a contract though, giving us first option to buy your output at ten dollars per ton below the market price."

MARTIN grinned through his astonishment. Then sobered. This was too good; there must be a back-fire coming.

"What else?" he asked.

"What else?" repeated Farnsworth. "Why, I don't get you. No other stipulations, if that's what you mean. Except that I'll want to act in an advisory way, suggesting prospect locations and so on."

The boy's smile returned again, broader than before. He began to have visions of money coming in from this prospecting, and of a chance to save the Conquistadore, too.

"You're not a hard man to deal with, Mr. Farnsworth," he said. "It's Birney's to say what he will do. But if it were mine, I'd sign on the dotted line *right now* before you change your mind."

The engineer laughed.

"I won't change it. You see I looked over your property a few days ago. It might make you boys wealthy—" he paused—"and it might not contain an ounce of dolomite. But I'm ready to chance it if your brother says the word."

"Wonder if Birney's still in Bisbee," Martin meditated.

"His note said he was leaving for the ranch."

Martin gave a quick glance at the telephone.

"Mind if I call Birney?" he asked impulsively. "I'd like to clinch this thing now."

"Go ahead. Of course a contract will have to be drawn later. But, to be frank, I'd like the matter settled, too. I've had some trouble lately with speculators taking options on the claims I've favored and then holding me up. A mortgage shark who operates in your country has bothered me no end. Man named Whaley. Know him?"

Martin, lifting the receiver from the hook, checked the movement.

"Know him! Better than I know poison ivy."

He put in his call. Waited. Presently his brother's voice answered.

"Birney," cried Martin eagerly. "I've got a proposition for you—from Mr. Farnsworth. It may save the mine!"

"But, Mart," came Birney's voice, "I can't consider any offer from Farnsworth—I've made a deal with Whaley."

"What's that?" Martin cried sharply.

Birney's voice came again.

"I'm tied up with Whaley."

With a furious despairing gesture, Martin crashed the receiver on the hook. He wheeled to the engineer and jerked out an explanation.

"He's—tied up—with Whaley!"

For a moment he stood there breathing unevenly, but before Farnsworth could frame a reply the boy had himself in hand again.

"This changes things," he said. "But there's more than one round to this scrap. Sorry about the prospecting. Good-by."

The next instant, jamming on his Stetson, he was striding down the hall.

Chapter Ten

THE Ides of March, that ill-omened day for imperial Caesar, was no happier in its promise for the partners of the Circle M. Martin, returning from El Paso, had ridden to the ranch on a stove-up pony loaned him by Rothe. The horse was loosed and shied at every movement in the mesquite. Rothe's saddle, an old swallow fork, galled Martin; he was accustomed to the full tree used by all riders of the desert. He kept brooding on his failure too; and on Birney's mysterious, ill-timed deal with Whaley.

So when he dismounted at the ranch corral his mood was dark. Birney, coming out while he unsaddled, mixed a pail of feed for the white-eyed horse, but beyond a tentative, "How are you, Mart?" said nothing.

The two brothers walked in silence to the house.

"Where's Joe Duck?" asked Martin after they got inside.

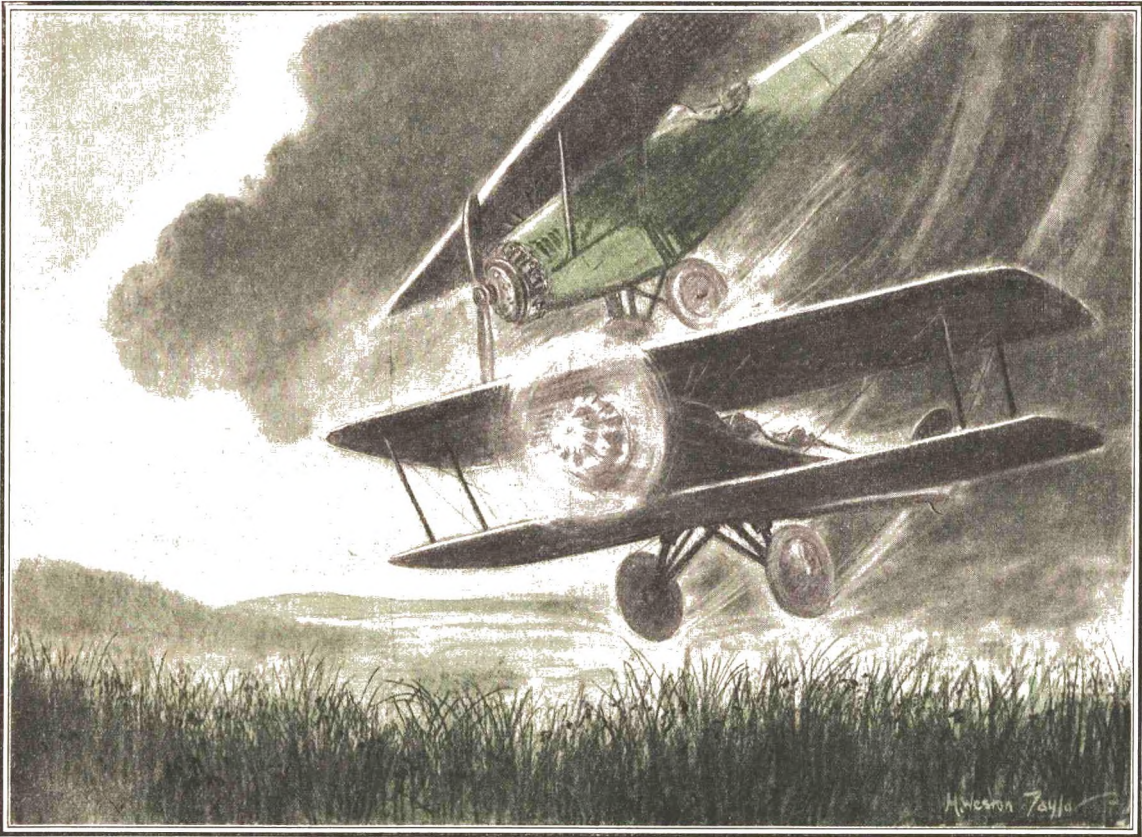
"Gone." Birney's voice was wiped clear of color. "We had a show-down when I got

back from Bisbee, and I raked him over the coals about that note. I'd seen it before I started for Bisbee. That was why I went. To see if I couldn't raise money on the mine

(Continued on page 32)



"Crazy!" Martin ejaculated as he stared at the carbon copy of the letter.



With set teeth Don awaited the crash of the monoplane's wheels on his upper plane.

One Hour More

By Richard Howells Watkins

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

THE trouble started when Don Saunders, assisting the enthusiastic Bill Mann in the task of giving their motor a top overhaul, looked down and found Jake Converse standing in the hangar almost under the propeller of the ship.

The boss of Converse Field was obviously in a determined frame of mind, and all his features seemed to Don to have been specially designed to express that determination. His jaw, solid as a concrete gun emplacement, his wattled red jowls, and his stiff iron gray hair all plainly conveyed to the young pilot that something was up.

"D'you know how much time you've done here?" Jake Converse demanded of him.

Don laid down the tool with which he had been scraping carbon from the combustion chambers of the motor and dropped to the floor. At the same time Bill Mann swiftly shifted his position to get the motor between himself and Jake and made a great show of continuing work.

"I don't remember offhand just how long I've been here at Converse but I've enjoyed every minute of it," Don replied pacifically to the man whose word was the only law on that field.

Bill Mann snickered briefly at this diplomacy. Then, with sudden vigor, he applied himself to the motor as Jake's old, watery-blue eyes suddenly impinged upon him like hot buckshot.

"I mean time in the air—not time playing tinker with that monkey-wrench partner of yours," Jake stated forcefully. "D'you know, Saunders?"

Don nodded. "I make it about fifty hours, sir," he said. "I've been keeping track."

"Fifty hours is right," Jake Converse replied. "I've had 'em check it. Fifty hours! Doesn't sound like much but it means about five thousand miles in the air. And you know, I suppose, that a pilot can get a limited commercial license after he's gone fifty at the stick."

Don Saunders coughed apologetically and wiped his blackened hands on a piece of cotton waste. "It may

not be quite fifty," he amended. "Say forty-nine hours."

Old Converse rumbled internally, as if about to erupt. "You know what I'm driving at," he rasped. "And you're trying to dodge, too! This is a commercial field, not a flying club. Maybe flying clubs are all right, too, but I've been in the commercial end of flying since"—he suddenly raised his left hand, from which three fingers were gone—"a propeller sliced those off in 1911."

Don was about to speak, but Jake Converse wasn't even half through. "I'm running this field as a commercial proposition and I'm running it safely and right." His eyes glinted belligerently. He moved to the door and swept an arm around to indicate the broad field with its cinder runways, hangars, shops, and radio station.

"Look! An A-1-A field, Department of Commerce rating, ships with freight, ships with mail, and ships with passengers coming in and taking off! All licensed ships. And the pilots—all of 'em that work for me—with transport or limited commercial licenses, and flying like it, too. And you—though you're about as good at the stick as any man on the field—are still nothing but a private pilot."

"I know I am, sir," Don conceded, but there was protest in his bearing. "But since I hope to make my living in the flying business I'm going to get a limited commercial license as soon as I can. There are a few things, though, that they examine you on, like the fundamentals of meteorology, that I'm still brushing up on. And there's the physical test, too. How do I know that I'm—"

Jake Converse laughed raucously. "Excuses!" he said succinctly. "I just came over to tell you that a Department of Commerce Inspector, Ollie Lyman, is coming to the field this afternoon to see me. I'm going to turn him loose on you for your license. That's all."

He dropped a hard right hand on Don's shoulder with a hearty thump. Then, unheeding the pilot's protesting voice, he stumped out of the hangar.

Don slumped against the fuselage of the ship. Ordinarily he was a cool young man, but right now even his partner Bill Mann had to admit that he was fussed.

"You've got stage fright," Bill grinned. "Nothing else. What's the idea in getting rattled? You don't have to let Jake Converse rush you."

"This is his field," Don returned.

"Sure. But you're not his pilot. You're a boarder here, not an employee. He can't tell you when to take the exam."

"He's done it, hasn't he?" Don demanded.

"But he hasn't any real right to. Of course, though, you don't want to raise ructions with him. Go ahead and take the exam. You'll pass all right. I don't see what's eating you."

"It's the fundamentals of meteorology, mostly," Don worried.

TO himself, though, he had to admit Bill's charge of stage fright. That was his real trouble. He was just plain rattled by Jake Converse's belligerent precipitancy.

Yet what he had told Jake was entirely true. He had intended to apply for a commercial license as soon as his time in the air made him eligible, and he had counted his accumulating hours as a miser counts his gold. That license was his goal in life.

But Jake's abrupt announcement had thrown him into a panic. Suppose that by some chance he should fail in his examination? Always eager to pick up information at the "ground flying" sessions among

the older men on the field, he had not spent overmuch time on textbooks. He felt at this minute as if he knew nothing about aviation.

"The fundamentals of meteorology!" Bill Mann murmured solemnly. "Is it as stiff on the head as it is on the jaws? Doesn't it just mean weather? We know lots about weather, particularly bad."

"And how do I know that they won't discover that my weight isn't right or my feet are loose or something?" Don Saunders demanded of nobody in particular.

Bill Mann eyed him attentively. "I wouldn't enter you in a beauty contest," he admitted frankly. "But by my count you have just the right number of hands and feet to fly a ship."

Don abruptly abandoned his pose of despair. He whirled around and swung himself up onto the dismantled motor in the high nose of the ship.

"We've got to get this head back on her in a hurry," he declared feverishly. "When Jake Converse's friend Ollie Lyman gets here I'm going to be up collecting my fiftieth hour in the air."

"Jake will love that," Bill Mann remarked noncommittally.

"And if he hangs around I may make it fifty-four," Don said with determination. "I'm not going to let Jake rush me into flunking this thing! I've got to have some time to study air traffic rules, air navigation, commerce regs, meteorology, and the rest of it."

Reluctantly Bill Mann set to work replacing the motor head. He had hoped that this top overhaul might have been developed gradually into something much more intricate, involving the very vitals of the engine. Dearly as Bill liked to assemble motors, he liked taking them apart even better. Nevertheless, he worked manfully.

SOME time later Don Saunders, his hands clean once more, headed purposefully toward the field cafeteria. He was almost there when Bill Mann came peeling around the corner of the radio shack and skidded to a stop in front of him.

"That D. of C. man is here!" he gasped. "Jake met him in the office and nearly shook his hand off. Little dark fat chap with a beard and a bag. If the bag's full of examination questions you're a goner. And I heard Jake bawl out to Tom Haines to find you."

Don Saunders whirled and headed for the line. "No lunch for me, but at least the ship's gassed and hot," he muttered. He broke into a run and Bill ran beside him.

The ship, like a haven of safety, stood with stout white wings outspread, as if welcoming them. Together they lifted the tail around.

Don Saunders strode over to a mechanic who was safety-wiring a turnbuckle on a near-by ship.

"If Jake Converse asks for me, tell him that I've gone up to get my last hour," he said.

"Right!" said the mech. He squinted skyward. "Hope it won't be your last hour, sir."

"Here comes Haines—on the gallop!" Bill Mann warned as Don returned. He snapped the propeller over.

The motor caught and Don revved it up into a powerful sonorous challenge. "Haines has a great future before him as a galler if he can catch me," he muttered. Bill dove into the forward cockpit. The plane waddled and then surged forward.

With great relief Don lifted his ship into the air. He circled the field once without coming too near the low office building where Jake Converse and his friend awaited him. Then, rapidly, he set out for parts unknown to Jake Converse.

The weather, now that he was up in it, did not look too promising for an afternoon in the air. Without calling on his scanty textbook knowledge of the fundamentals of meteorology Don could see that. So, too, could Bill. The young mechanic turned and nodded significantly to a sizable bank of sullen clouds in the southwest.

"Nimbus or storm clouds," Don diagnosed with a grin. "Don't need a book for that. If you don't fly around 'em you'll fly around in 'em—only not the way you want to fly."

He banked around to a southerly course, intending to skirt the storm. He could not let bad weather head him back to Converse until he felt reasonably sure that the inspector had gone.

The sun was in the zenith and as bright as a spring sun can be, but the ragged outriders of the storm clouds were already reaching jealously toward it to dim its brilliance.

The biplane's motor, fresh from its hasty overhaul, snored along, twirling the prop as cheerily as if neither storms nor inspectors existed. Don held the ship at about a thousand feet. The air was smoother than was usual at noon.

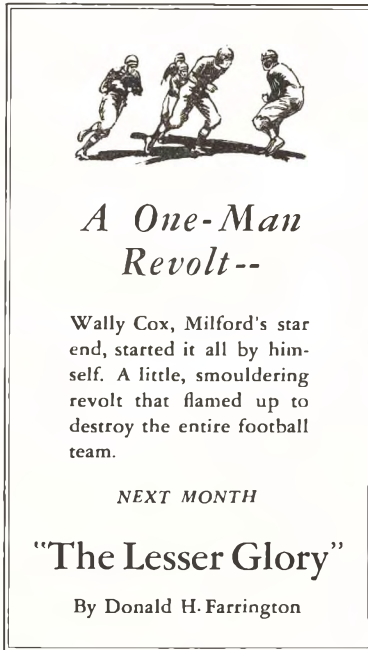
He kept his rudder rigidly amidships and studied intently the cluster of farm buildings that drifted into sight under the lower wing. The ship showed no drift toward one side or the other; nor as far as Don

could judge was it traveling faster or slower than the eighty miles an hour recorded on the dial of the air speed meter. That meant that he was in almost a dead calm.

Below him a railroad floated into sight. A locomotive on one of the tracks was emitting a parti-colored plume from its stack, white steam and black smoke. The tiny cloud spread back over the train behind, like an artful smoke screen, so that Don could not tell whether the engine pulled freight or passengers. Obviously there was a flat calm on the ground, too.

Don opened his throttle wider. Calms are pleasant sometimes, but not when half the sky is deepening in color from gray to black. He had no wish to linger in a storm center. After another look toward the southwest Don put more easting into his southerly course.

UP in the big forward cockpit Bill Mann was sitting still and assuming a poker face. That didn't seem a good sign to Don, either. He considered climbing over the storm, but not for long. His was a ship of moderate power, and it would take something in the



A One-Man Revolt--

Wally Cox, Milford's star end, started it all by himself. A little, smouldering revolt that flamed up to destroy the entire football team.

NEXT MONTH

"The Lesser Glory"

By Donald H. Farrington

three-motor line with a light load to surmount that angry fringe of clouds in time.

When the sun went out amidst a swirl of gray vapor the situation suddenly seemed serious. Don was accustomed to that abrupt dropping of the spirits and gloomy apprehension that comes when the sun is blotted out by an approaching storm, and he knew how to allow for it. The ship's position was no worse than it had been a few minutes before.

"We could land in one of these big fields and tie down the ship in a fence corner, but we're not going to," he informed himself. "If this turned out really bad, we might be taking to the air again with half the fence tagging behind us."

The motor was thoroughly warm, now. With no doubt in his mind Don eased up the throttle to the last notch. Full gun! The ship settled down to work; the windstream on the top of Don's head became almost as solid as a current of water. Bill Mann, up front, discarded his poker face for an instant to give a gratified grin full play. The motor sounded under stress exactly as a good motor should sound. If there was a false note in that powerful symphonic blare then Bill Mann wanted to know where. Things became instantly more tense and more cheery with the throttle wide open. The biplane was up against something and she was answering back.

"She'll soon be out of the dead calm area," Don told himself. He yearned for a light shudder of the wings—something that would tell him there was no longer dead air under him. A bump would be comforting. It seemed to him that the sky was plotting his downfall amid utter stillness. He had confidence in his ship to take what came and he braced himself to be ready.

"I wish the party would start!" he confided to the blaring motor. He glanced aloft an instant, to see how the sun fared. The sky overhead was all a sullen mass of charging clouds. Suddenly his eyes focused on one point several hundred feet above them.

A ship—a monoplane—was diving steeply out of the turbulent heavens and inclining to pass directly ahead of them. His own plane went into a sideslip while he stared at this extraordinary apparition and he lost sight of it as he regained control.

In the forward cockpit Bill Mann suddenly came to life with a waving arm. Don looked in the direction indicated by Bill's excited head and picked up the monoplane again. It was no phantasm of the storm, but a real ship, a new, trimly streamlined plane with a top speed of perhaps 160 miles and a landing speed of fifty or sixty, and it was still diving abruptly.

"Guess he tried to fly over it and never made the top," Don decided. "But what's he doing now? His ship would be safer sticking it out than on the ground."

At their own altitude—a scant thousand feet—the ship ahead suddenly straightened out. It banked sharply around toward them and Don, staring at it, caught sight of the face of the pilot. It was turned toward them.

THE pilot gesticulated downward, then pointed a finger ahead. An instant later his ship was in a quick glide toward earth.

Brief as the gesture was, Don understood. The moment the ship had come out of the dive the propeller, which should have been spinning in swift invisibility, had stopped, after a sluggish turn or two. The man in the monoplane was going down with a dead stick. He had come close so that Don could report his forced landing.

Don suddenly became aware that Bill, in the front cockpit, was shouting madly at him. Startled, he looked ahead.

His partner was shouting something over and over. His finger stabbed downward. Don throttled the motor for a minute. Obviously Bill had something he wanted badly to say.

"Flypaper Flats!" Bill shouted. "Flypaper Flats! Stop him!"

In a flash Don's head was over the side and he was scanning the ground below. Flypaper Flats! His left hand leaped to the throttle; the right thrust the stick forward. The ship went down in a headlong, crazy nose dive.

Flypaper Flats! Don remembered hearing that pilots' nickname for the virescent stretch of country almost beneath them. That lovely greenness, like the greenness of a lush young crop or a lovely greensward, was in reality a morass at this time of year. More than one ship had crashed there; more than one pilot had paid with broken bones for trusting it. At this one season of universal greenness not even the most experienced flyer could distinguish it from firm ground.

This man in the powerless monoplane was going to destruction. If his wheels stuck in that green-blanketed mud at fifty miles an hour the result might well be death for him. The biplane, pursuing, was shrieking as if in agony as the intervening wires cut the air. The motor was revving up far beyond the limits of safety, but Don held it relentlessly to its job.

Though the monoplane below was descending steeply, its speed was not half what the biplane made in its vertical power dive.

Don's eyes jerked from the morass to the monoplane. The plane below grew larger momentarily, but the ground was fairly leaping up at him. It was a matter of split seconds, now.

He made his reckoning and acted instantly. With a swift hand he caught back the stick. For the space of a breath it seemed that the ship's control surfaces would go under the terrific pressure and the ship itself plunge headlong into the treacherous mud below. Then, in a lunge that snapped Don's head forward, the diving ship changed direction—leveled out inches above the green danger. It surged along toward the gliding ship ahead.

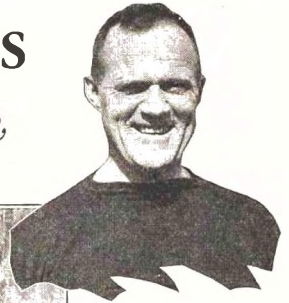
Don did the only thing he could do. He aimed his screaming ship between the morass and the powerless plane. With set teeth he awaited the crash of the monoplane's wheels on his upper plane—perhaps a stunning, annihilating blow on his head. Or, if not that, his own wheels might hook into the soft muck below—a burst of mud, like a shell burst—a ground loop—a crumpled, unrecognizable wreck, half sunk in the morass.

"Room! Room!" he muttered.

The ship knifed in under the monoplane's wheels. The sky darkened for Don; then lightened instantly. The biplane had done it—had cut through the line of the monoplane pilot's vision as a lightning flash might cut across the black sky. Don zoomed; flung the ship sideways in a vertical bank and craned his neck around at the monoplane. (Continued on page 56)

Headwork Wins Games

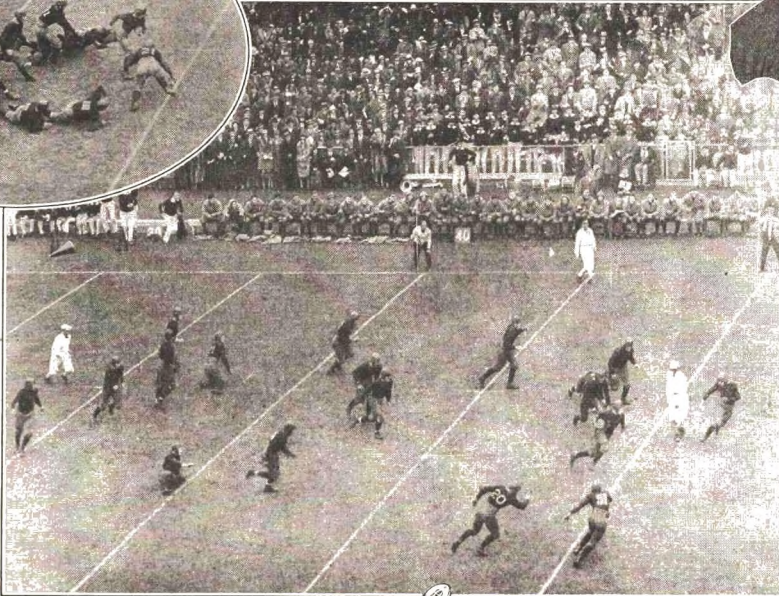
*Bill Roper, Famous Princeton Coach,
Discusses the Quarterback's Job*



Here's Bill Roper's touchdown grin.



Call line plays when the defense is spread.



In midfield, the lid is off!

IN the Princeton-Colgate game, 1925, the score was 0-0 in the middle of the third quarter. The day was wet and the ball slippery. Princeton had the ball in midfield with fourth down and a yard and a half to go. For some unexplainable reason, the quarterback called a line play. It failed by half a yard of gaining the required distance and it was Colgate's ball in midfield. The game was won and lost by this play.

Had Princeton kicked, Colgate would have recovered the ball deep in her own territory and I doubt if she would have ever had a chance to score. As it turned out, Colgate got possession of the ball in midfield and, not being able to gain on fourth down, punted. The ball seewaved back and forth during the rest of this quarter and well into the fourth quarter, with Colgate always retaining the strategic position. Late in the fourth quarter, Princeton punted from deep in her own territory. The kick was blocked—a thing that is always likely to happen on a wet day—and Colgate scored.

In 1919 Princeton was playing Yale at New Haven. Princeton had the ball on her own thirty-yard line. It was third down seven to go and it had been hard going all through the game. The score was 6-6. The Princeton quarterback properly called a punt. The pass was low and the fullback fumbled the ball. He recovered it but didn't have a chance to kick. On the next try he got off a long high one, deep in Yale territory. Had the Princeton quarterback waited until fourth down to punt, we would have lost the game.

These two instances illustrate one of the cardinal rules every quarterback should follow. It's this:

Even though you have high yardage, kick on fourth down always—and even on third—when you're deep in your own territory.

The instances also bring out how much depends on the quarterback. Football teams



When you're ahead, don't call a pass deep in your own territory.

to-day are built around the quarter. Football not only puts a premium on brains but demands them as the first essential. It's no longer possible between teams of approximately equal merit to hatter along a few yards at a play and smash out a touchdown. Physical strength won't gain ten yards in four downs except when the teams are ridiculously ill-matched.

When I'm building a team I pick the quarterback before I do anything else. Because he must be a commander, I prefer a man with a good voice to one with good legs. No man who draws or stammers can play quarterback nowadays. And once I've selected a man, I spend at least a half hour daily

down fixed and unchangeable rules concerning the respective styles of play in these zones. At the same time I try to make the men see what general policy is, in the main, best adapted to each position, without giving the fatal idea that at a certain yard line and on a certain down, a certain play must be used. To do that is to play into the enemy's hands, for any opposing quarter or coach is as capable as I am of laying down in advance the obvious play for those given conditions. Your opponent will be prepared at least for that obvious play whether or not he is prepared for anything else.

Our field, then, is roughly zoned as described and we consider the various general divisions of play best suited to each. For instance it is better to try no running play deep in defensive territory unless it holds out a fair hope of substantial gain. In neutral or midfield territory the lid is off and the quarter may choose any style of attack that his judgment recommends. The one sin for which I find it hard to forgive a quarter is the statement that I told him to use a certain play at a certain territory.

As we approach the enemy territory we can use even a wider variety of plays with safety. Personally I am opposed to smash bang line play at this part of the field. Eleven players on the other side are waiting for it and are in the most advantageous position to stop it. They are keyed up to super-defense. Why not leave them in the dark as to what's coming?

To my mind the place for line attacks is wherever and whenever the defense is

(Continued on page 42)



Getting Even

By Lawrence York
Illustrated by Frank Spradling

SANDY KNOWLTON stood in front of the Opera House Block on the afternoon of his fifteenth birthday and watched the amazing stranger ride down Main Street toward him. Farther down the street a group of cow-punchers from the Triple K outfit, to whom Carl Hartman was no longer a stranger, watched the same dazzling figure.

Along the Rio Grande, dashing horsemen and spirited horses are not uncommon sights, nor is good horsemanship a rarity, but Carl Hartman could always command attention. His pony's coat shone like black satin as she pranced and sidestepped down the street—but she did not outshine her rider. He was tall and slim, and fairly radiated life and fire. He rode with such effortless ease that he seemed all one with the glistening black pony as she danced down the street, and his costume and accoutrement were princely.

His saddle was tooled in intricate designs, and all the metal of it glistened with the sheen of silver; long strands of colored leather fell from his stirrup leathers, and the bright silver of his Spanish spurs shone against the gleaming surface of his hundred-dollar boots. His bridle was silver-mounted, and the cruelty of the great spade bit at his pony's mouth was obscured behind the beauty of its design.

He wore chaps of thick and curly Angora wool, dyed a bright orange. His vest was of deep crimson emblazoned with silver and gold and bound with bright purple braid, and his open-necked shirt was dazzling in its defiant whiteness. Above all this was his sombrero, which was such a sombrero as Burke County had never seen before. Its dove-gray brim swept out beyond its wearer's shoulders; its silver-mounted band of braided leather jingled with innumerable links and spangles; its crown towered to the high heavens.

And then there was the finishing touch, the touch that held the spell-bound gaze of Sandy Knowlton—the pair of pearl-handled, silver-mounted revolvers that protruded from ornate holsters hung from the crossed cartridge belts about the dashing stranger's waist.

Sandy had seen this glorious figure ride into town three other times, before this afternoon. He had exchanged smiles with the splendid rider and secretly had come to worship him. Now, when he saw the horseman dismount where the punchers of the Triple K lounged outside Turnbull's Feed Store, Sandy left his place in front of the Opera House and strolled down for a nearer view.

Carl Hartman could stand a closer examination. His dark eyes, with their dare-devil twinkle, made his brown face seem handsomer than ever; and as he stood rolling his cigarette in the midst of his more dimly clad brethren, his height and his slim-waisted, slim-hipped grace of carriage were splendidly apparent. Sandy, feeling hopelessly young and insignificant, stood and stared at him.

THEN the girls appeared; three of them came strolling down the street arm in arm, chatting and giggling. The brown eyes of Carl Hartman sparkled as he saw the girls approaching. With a little, quick quirk of his lips he turned away from his fellows and strode to his pony with long, elastic strides.

"I must be ridin'," he drawled and, freeing his pony with one hand, he slapped his other hand sharply against the head of the spade bit. The pony reared with the sudden pain, and as it reared in a picture of slashing beauty, Hartman achieved a clean vault to his saddle. The instant he touched the leather, he whipped his quirt off the pommel and slashed the black pony's flank, at the same time roweling deeply with his cruel Spanish spurs and jerking back on the bit.

The pony almost went mad and indulged in wild contortions without moving beyond a circle some eight yards in diameter. And Carl Hartman still rode her as though he were part of the horse.

It was an extraordinary exhibition of sudden, ruth-

less cruelty for a vain and trival purpose, and Sandy felt sweep over him the hot rage that was always aroused by the sight of an ill-treated animal. And now his rage was deepened and made more bitter by the grief and horror of disillusionment. He dashed forward blindly and in a second was hang-



Hartman slapped the pony into action, and Sandy knew that he must go.

ing to the pony's bridle. "Get off that horse!" he was yelling. "Get down and walk if you can't ride like a man!"

In a flash the rider had dismounted and had flung Sandy violently away from the bridle. He glowered down upon the boy with his brown eyes smoldering and his face brick red with anger.

"You—crazy!" cried Hartman thickly. He was obviously stifling a flood of words. Sandy's eyes snapped furiously at the man he had wanted to worship.

"Maybe!" he cried. "But I don't have to hang on to any horse with a pair of meat hooks like you got there! You ought not to be allowed to use horse-flesh!"

"You fool kid! You couldn't even get into the saddle of that there pony. She'd buck you over the roof!"

Without a word Sandy shot a glance of anger and contempt at the gorgeous horseman and, to the man's amazement, walked over to the black pony, which now stood chafing at its bit and pawing restlessly upon the dirt.

The group of punchers, who until now had watched and listened with the discomfort of men who feared the worst, broke into guffaws.

"The kid's callin' yore bluff, Carl!"

"Seems like he ain't no slouch!"

"Guess you'd better talk down after this, Carl."

Hartman's eyes snapped with fire. He turned on his comrades with inarticulate rage while Sandy scrambled to the saddle.

"He'll ride yore pony right out from under you!" jeered Tom Pardee, who was top rider of the Triple K.

At that Hartman lost control of himself. Almost snarling, he darted forward and snapped viciously at his pony's flank with the quirt that hung at his wrist. The black pony screamed and plunged for the blue sky. She twisted as she came down, and landed with her feet spread, her legs stiff. Sandy, who was fortunately not yet firmly in his seat, was shot like a catapult over one glistening black shoulder and sent tumbling over and over in the dirt.

"There!" snapped the gorgeous rider. "That'll learn him." But almost immediately he ran to the boy's side, and was among the first who tried to help him up. Sandy, shaken and bruised, shook off the man's hands.

"You lashed her!" he cried. "You play fair like a skunk!" And he hobbled across the pavement, leaving Hartman standing disconcerted at the curb.

THE men of the Triple K gathered around Sandy and insisted on feeling him over, anxiously, penitently. They grinned at each other in relief when they found that no serious damage had been done. Then they grinned at Sandy in a half chafing, big-brotherly way. They were his own men; Sandy, since his father's death, had been owner of the Triple K.

But Sandy pushed them away from him.

"I'm all right!" he cried, and sprang forward toward the curb, but the magnificent rider had gone. Sandy turned hotly to his men. "He thinks he played a smart game!" he cried. "But I'm going to get even with him if it's the last thing I do."

Their grins faded. They stood and looked at him gravely, and Sandy felt the humiliating feeling that comes over a man when he's conscious of making a fool of himself.

"That's all right!" he persisted. "I will. I'll get even with him some day." Then, impatient at their silent scrutiny: "Where does he work?" he demanded.

Tom Pardee spoke with raised brows, obviously perturbed.

"Why, now, bud, he's Carl Hartman. He's workin' out at the ranch."

"The ranch?" cried Sandy. "You mean our ranch? You mean he's working out at the Triple K?"

They nodded, without words to express what Sandy took for amusement at his anger but what was really a genuine sympathy with him.

"All right!" blurted Sandy. "He's fired!" At that they looked at one another doubtfully. Tom Pardee grunted, and the rest of them echoed his grunt. Sandy suspected that they expressed by that sound a doubt of his authority.

"You see!" he cried, and strode away.

Though he was the owner of the biggest ranch in the country, Sandy lived with his uncle, Judge Knowlton, at the edge of the town so that he could be near the school he attended. When he got home that afternoon, he went immediately up to his uncle's study. His uncle turned from his papers and greeted him cheerfully.

"What's up, Sandy?" he asked. Sandy stood for a moment as though in doubt.

"There's a man out at the ranch," he blurted at last, "named Hartman—Carl Hartman. He doesn't know how to treat a horse, and he can't play fair. I'm going to fire him!"

The fine, clean-shaven face of his uncle broke into a slow smile.

"Then what did you come to me for?" he drawled. Sandy flushed.

"I thought I'd better talk it over with you, Uncle Ned."

"That's better," approved his uncle. "Now tell me the facts. I can guess at your feelings."

Sandy told his story, and the judge listened with grave attention. When Sandy had finished, the judge gazed at him thoughtfully for a moment and then made a single sound.

"Hm!"

Sandy's heart fell. That sound was like a road sign which announced that beyond this point there is no thoroughfare.

"What's the matter, Uncle?" demanded Sandy. "We don't want that kind of a man in the outfit, do we?"

"It depends," said the judge slowly. "He's here for a special purpose, and the kind of man he is will be shown only by the way he does his work. It's a question of a man's living, you know."

"But if he lives like a coyote—"

"Sandy," interrupted his uncle gravely, "no man lives like a coyote who can die like a man. Hartman knows how to do that. And that's why he's out at the ranch. He's filling a job that calls for a man who can face quick death with a cool head, and we can't fire him to ease your feelings."

Sandy flushed. "All right," he said briefly. He wasn't going to argue with his uncle after that remark about feelings.

BUT an hour later, when he was trotting out over the range on his week end visit to the ranch, Sandy was still arguing with himself. Of course, you shouldn't fire a valuable man without good reason. But who was this Carl Hartman, anyway? He'd probably been taken on at the ranch to break bad horses. He dressed like a buckaroo, and rode like one; but, great guns, there was more than one bronco buster in the West. There was no need of keeping a coyote like Hartman just because he could ride. And after what had happened, Hartman was going to have a fine time laughing about a kid boss who couldn't ride. This was a nice position for a ranch owner to find himself in.

Hartman was just plain coyote—a grand-stander, a cheat, and a bully. And he'd made him a laughing stock of the men of his own outfit. Made him eat dirt. All right, he'd get even. They wouldn't let him fire the man, but that didn't matter. He'd get even with him if it was the last thing he did.

If Sandy had been able to think out the bitter emotions that welled up within him as he rode toward the ranch, he would have known that his hatred for Hartman had grown out of something deeper than the humiliation of that fall. Before Hartman had hu-

miliated him, he had won Sandy's admiration and devotion. In his inmost soul, Sandy Knowlton saw Hartman not merely as a triumphant enemy but as a traitorous friend.

While Sandy rode along nursing the unhappiness that hatred and resentment always bring upon the man who harbors them, Carl Hartman sat on the back porch of the bunk house at the Triple K ranch, and stared gloomily into the hazes that dimmed the outline of the distant hills.

He, too, was unhappy, for he was seeing himself not as a dashing, daring horseman but as an ornery, swell-headed buckaroo who'd mistreat his horse, and then act mean to a kid who told him the truth. He "played fair like a skunk." That's what the kid had said; and it was true. A skunk; that's all he was. And his fool temper might have led him to kill that kid. It was just luck the fall hadn't hurt him. . . .

In short the boyish heart of vain, glory-loving Carl Hartman was filled with penitence and self-reproach. He had listened in silence to the criticisms of his hunkies that afternoon, and then had retired to ponder glumly upon his meanness and utter worthlessness. The picture he painted of himself was a black one, leaving little that was desirable. But that little was enough to provide him with an escape from his gloomy self-indictment.

He got to his feet and drew himself up. Clad no longer in the glory of his visiting clothes, he seemed even slimmer and more sinewy than before. The crossed cartridge belts that hung about his hips seemed to have slight support, but when he stood with one hand upon either of the butts that protruded from his twin holsters, his shoulders spread broad above them. There was still one thing left him that he could do far better than any other man, and when he cantered forth, some moments later, on his black pony, with his rifle in its sheath and his light pack behind his back, he rode with a mournful determination that had in it the making of redemption.

A few miles away from the ranch, Hartman saw a lonely horseman approaching him. As he neared the rider, he saw that horseman sight him, throw up his head, and then turn sharply out of the trail and

cut into the brush. Hartman recognized him immediately as the young owner of the Triple K, and he drew in his black pony to give Sandy time to avoid definitely the contact with him that seemed so distasteful to the boy. Then he rode still more mournfully on his way.

SANDY spent a miserable evening at the ranch, for he was morbidly sensitive to every look and word among his men. His attitude made them feel uncomfortable and constrained, but Sandy didn't realize this. He thought he detected in every halting speech and in every quickly averted gaze the contempt and pity of strong men for a kid who had bitten off more than he could chew.

In the morning he went out to the corral to find himself a pony, and picked one which combined beauty with temperament.

"I wouldn't take out that horse, bud," warned Pardee. "She's liable to act up."

It was the perfectly natural advice of an experienced puncher to a youngster whose well being he cherished, but Sandy invested the warning with a doubt of his horsemanship and courage that the words did not possess.

"You leave that to me," he cried hotly, as he dragged the pony over to his saddle peg.

Tom Pardee grinned broadly as he came over to help the boy saddle and bridle the little horse, but he frowned at the brusqueness with which Sandy rejected his assistance.

"Where you ridin', Sandy?" he asked.

"Oh, anywhere," said Sandy. Then he added wick- edly, "Down by the river, maybe."

Pardee rose to the bait.

"Don't you do it," he said. "You know yore uncle wouldn't want for you to go down there. It's dangerous. Besides, we're sort of goin' on the warpath that-a-way."

Sandy scowled. Again that warning tone. Just as if he were a two-year-old. These men would never respect him any more. That play-acting dude had made a joke out of him.

"You leave it to me," he said, and cantered off with



Sandy dashed forward blindly and in a second was hanging to the pony's bridle.

the determination of riding straight away to the river and showing them that he could take care of himself.

He knew that Sade Hemple and his gang of Mexican Indians from over the border had for weeks made the banks of the Rio Grande in those parts unhealthy for anyone who might chance upon them as they pursued their practice of taking Texas cattle over the river and selling them with appropriately altered brands to Mexican ranchers. Sade Hemple's method of greeting all comers with hot lead gave him an undesired privacy about his work, and Sandy had long since been warned away from the field of that renegade gentleman's activities. But Pardee's warning had provided just the right stimulus to Sandy's outraged self-respect; a trip along the river would be something to talk of in the cook house that night. He hoped Hartman would be there.

TWO hours later, Sandy was threading the mazes of a rocky, brush-littered arroyo that had been washed out by the waters which in time past had fed the Rio Grande. There were great adventures in such wild desolate canyons as this, and Sandy multiplied them with an illimitable imagination. His pony helped him, for she was a skittish little mare, and sensed dangers where only jack rabbits were. At one point, however, she seemed to abandon the game of make-believe and sense some presence which was real. She reared and balked. She pricked up her ears and turned her head. She whinnied, and from the depths of the arroyo in front of him, Sandy heard an answering whinny.

His blood froze, and panic urged him to turn and fly, for that whinny, emerging as it did from a point that could be chosen by man only as a hiding place, was instantly associated in his mind with the Hemple gang. Then curiosity got the better of his fears, and he dismounted to make an investigation. When he finally achieved a position that gave him a view of the hidden pony he found it to be Carl Hartman's black hobbled carefully in a thicket of chaparral.

Sandy looked at the black pony for some moments while he tried to figure out why its master had left it there. He finally gave up the problem as unsolvable, but at the same time he observed to himself that the black pony was obviously trained to go home. You never hobbled a pony that was trained to stand waiting for you. Carl's pony was a homing one. And that observation brought to Sandy's mind a wicked thought.

It was twelve miles to the ranch, and no cowboy likes walking. Riding boots are not made for it, and riding legs are not trained for it. If he released that pony, Carl Hartman would make a ludicrous figure as he stumbled home to the ranch after a twelve-mile walk.

Strangely enough, there was no bitterness in Sandy's mind as he freed the black pony from its hobbles. He was, rather, overcome with a sense of the fun to be had from this practical joke. It could harm no one but Carl and wouldn't harm him seriously. His feet would be sore and his boots worn—that would be all. For the rest, there would be laughter at the ranch that evening.

Sandy slapped the black pony into action and assured the intelligent animal what was expected of her. He stood and watched her as she loped happily away toward the brim of the arroyo and disappeared in the brush. Then he grinned and turned back to his pony.

"That'll teach him," he chuckled to himself, and tried to argue himself out of the sense of meanness that made him feel unhappy.

He had just reached his pony when he heard shots. They brought him up standing, a rigid figure beside the startled mare. The sound of the shots came from farther down the arroyo, around a bend that concealed from Sandy the rock litter of a wide, deep gap. They came in a peculiar arrangement. Two sharp reports in quick succession. Then a scattered volley of more distant fire. Then a series of sharp reports followed by the scattered answers that seemed to spread in a distant circle that widened toward the south. Then silence.

Sandy, in bewilderment and anxiety, tried to decide what part to play. As he stood, divided between flight and investigation, he heard a crashing in the brush, and saw a man coming on a swift, loping run up the arroyo toward him. It was Carl Hartman, who was obviously making for his pony. He reached the boy and spoke without greeting "Get on that horse and ride!" he snapped. "Hemple's closing in!"

Sandy stared at him, voiceless with horror

"Now!" cried Hartman. "They're shootin' regardless."

"I freed your horse!" faltered Sandy, knowing the awful import of his words. "She's gone."

IN an instant there swept over the brown face of Carl Hartman a panorama of emotions. They ended in a smile that combined resignation with understanding and forgiveness.

"It was my fault, buddy," he said quickly, and as he said it he examined Sandy's pony, realized that it could not possibly carry both of them away from Hemple's well mounted bandits, and made his decision.

"I can hold 'em all right," he said cheerfully. "I'm hired to save yore cattle from Hemple. Guess yore as valuable as the cattle are. Now git!"

Sandy, too, had been realizing the situation. From down the arroyo Hemple and his men were closing in. There was little hope for any man who tried to hold them. For Hartman to stay meant that he would die. Sandy couldn't permit it.

"I'll stay," he said.

Instantly he was swung from his feet by a grasp of steel and thrown into his saddle. Hartman gave him one look as he slapped the pony into action, and Sandy, reading that look, knew that he must go. Hartman was pleading with him to go, and Sandy couldn't refuse that plea. He clenched his teeth to suppress an overwhelming passion of despair, and he saw, with a last look backward, Hartman loping with long strides down the arroyo again with his rifle in the crook of his arms.

It seemed to Sandy that he must have ridden miles before he heard the first shots of Hartman's rifle. The sound of them set his thoughts racing madly.

Hartman was evidently that astounding character of the frontiers, a range detective. He was employed to rid the border of a scourge that was raiding the live stock of the Triple K like a pest. He would be a man without fear, and a desperate fighter. And Sandy had crippled him.

Those shots meant that a brave man was fighting for his life without hope of winning—and Sandy knew that Hartman would never give ground until he, who had thrown that man's life away, was safe.

Sandy wanted to turn back, but he knew his helplessness. He had no gun, and Hartman would never use his horse. Still, he could not leave the man to die!



Hello, Blackie Dow!

Greetings, Jim Crangle!

You're two great chaps. Blackie, the Daring. Jim Crangle, the Conservative . . . Meet our readers. Here they are, sitting in the stands—a million hot football fans, eager to follow the great—and bitter—scrap you two put up for the job of piloting the Centerville eleven. Waiting, impatiently, for next month's issue, and the serial—

"QUARTERBACKS"

By William Heyliger

. . . Sandy suddenly faced the awful prospect of living all his life with the knowledge of the thing he had done. . . . And Hartman had said, "It was my fault, buddy!" . . .

At that moment Sandy saw the abandoned railroad tracks. Two shining strands of steel that ran like silver fire through the dust and brush. And the thought came to him that perhaps he could reach Carlotta, only four rail miles away, where there were rangers. But Carlotta was fourteen miles away if you rode around Hammer Canyon. And if you followed the railroad tracks, you must ride the trestle over the yawning canyon! Sandy shuddered.

YET fifteen minutes later he was galloping madly along the wavering lines of the abandoned railway, and directly in front of him lay the Hammer Canyon trestle, bridging the depths of that cruel, rocky gorge.

As his pony made for the long wooden bridge, Sandy's heart thudded, for the rim of the canyon fell away in a breath-taking drop, and the timbers of that unused trestle were not too sound. But there were no two ways before Sandy Knowlton now. No two ways at all. He lashed the pony with his quirt as it reared at the sight of the narrow wooden footpath that skirted the edge of the trestle, and his nerves froze with horror as the animal responded with a leap forward on to that perilous path.

The next moment, they were racing along the edge of oblivion.

At their left the tracks. At their right—nothing. One step off that narrow wooden pathway, and horse and rider would go hurtling down to the rocks far below.

Sandy found himself clinging to the pommel with a tenderfoot's fear of falling. He wanted to shut his eyes and blind himself to that ragged pathway along which the little mare raced; but the narrow line of it, with its frequent broken boards and rotten timbers, fascinated him. He shrieked out once when the mare stumbled, and dropped the reins to cling, faint and sick, to the pommel after she had regained her balance. When the animal's hoofs pounded once more on solid ground, Sandy felt himself as weak as though he had been deathly ill.

HE tore into Carlotta with a face the color of death, and gave his alarm to the rangers. After a moment of incredulity, caused by his unbelievable claim that he had ridden the trestle to reach them, they snapped into action at the sound of Hartman's name; for Hartman had ridden with the rangers, and they had a bond with him.

There was a little motor car that the rangers had modified to fit the railroad tracks for just such work as Sandy now called them to; and they made the arroyo where Hartman fought his battle in a little under seven minutes.

They were greeted by the sound of gunfire ringing in the air; and it was very welcome. Then, as they approached the rugged land that edged the arroyo, two men appeared—men who ran desperately toward the south. Before they could reach the place where their horses were hidden, a ranger who crouched beside Sandy in the car, had dropped them both, with a grunt for each fair hit his barking rifle made. Then others of Hemple's gang came out from the brush like rabbits, but none of them made their horses.

They found Hartman lying, as though at his ease, in a breastwork of his own making; a tiny fortress of rocks and sand that he had built up even as he fought. He was wounded in three places, and did not remain conscious long after Sandy had reached him. But he was conscious long enough to greet his young employer with a humorous smile and give him an astonishingly strong grip of the hand.

"You an' me," he said, "we're partners. Don't know how you got these Carlotta cusses here, but you did it. That makes us partners."

"Did they get you bad?" gasped Sandy. "Not bad. Nothin' that a good night's sleep won't mend." And that was when he fainted. The first remark he made when he came to was also addressed to Sandy, who did not leave his side until the doctor assured him that Hartman would recover.

"It was my fault, buddy," he said. "And that's truth."

"It was mine!" cried Sandy. "I played like a skunk."

Carl smiled philosophically.

"Well," he said, "that makes us even, doesn't it?"



"You cowards!" I half shouted. "Here's a whole villageful of you, and you're afraid of a few brigands!"

Fangs of the Leopard

The Preceding Chapters

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

out to hide him. But I kicked an iron bar and it hurtled into the canyon, making a fearful clatter.

The bandits were near! They descended on the camp again, hunting for us. I heard them say that I was to blame for everything.

The wounded man and I lay hidden behind a board pile on the unfinished end of the bridge while the bandits burned the camp. At last they went away, and I stole out to reconnoiter. All was quiet. I could get my wounded man safely away.

No! There was a man with a rifle in his arm crouk standing at the bridge's mouth. I watched him, breathlessly quiet. Just then my wounded man let out a delirious cry that rang through the night.

"My wallet—my wallet! My wallet's been stolen!"

Chapter Eight

TO that dim figure of a man under the stars, that must have seemed like a sudden cry out of nowhere—wild, startling! It was close to him, too, as he stood there where the bridge began. But he didn't jump back. He came right on—with his gun darting to his shoulder.

"I'm in for it now," I thought, and I gripped my revolver.

Even then I couldn't help admiring the man's courage. He couldn't see his enemies; he was going against he didn't know what—but he was going.

"Who's there?" he sang out. "Answer, or I'll shoot!"

In English—in American! Why—it was Father! I couldn't mistake that voice.

"Father!" I cried. "It's me—don't shoot! It's Michael!"

I slid down from the support and ran to him and grabbed him so hard I almost knocked the breath out of him. And then all of a sudden I went limp, not un-

AS long as my name is Michael Rowntree, I'll never forget how appallingly fast things happened down there in Mexico in that hot June of 1867!

It was the summer I was seventeen, and Father was building a bridge across San Rafael Canyon for the Emperor Maximilian. Only Maximilian wasn't ruling Mexico any more. Napoleon III of France had sent Maximilian over to rule Mexico. But Mexico had revolted again and Maximilian was a prisoner under death sentence at Querétaro, while a good part of his supporting forces, under Marquez, was penned up in Mexico City by General Diaz.

At first, even though Mexico was in such a turmoil, I hadn't thought of Father's having trouble. It seemed as if either side would want that important bridge finished. But trouble turned up. There was a rich rancher, Siliceo, who headed a crowd that wanted to do the bridge building themselves instead of having an American company do it. They didn't have a good engineer, and so they tried to hire Father away from his own company. Then they tried to bribe him to give them a copy of his bridge plans. But Father couldn't be bribed, and he and I were guarding the plans for dear life.

Father had sent Mother and my younger brother and sister home to the States from Vera Cruz. Then he stayed on in Vera Cruz for a few days, to get some supplies through customs, he said. I went back to San Rafael with Jim Sills, our foreman.

The first day after we got back I went out hunting a thieving bear, and saw an American, a stranger on muleback, held up by bandits. The bandit leader was a man in a leopard-skin cape with whom Father had had a row in Vera Cruz. Well, I couldn't let the

stranger be shot down by bandits. I kept out of sight, did some shooting myself, and saved him—after I'd wounded the bandit leader a little. But the stranger had been badly hurt, and I had to bring him in to our camp.

Jim Sills helped me patch him up but was queer about it—crazy to know who the man was. At last Jim and I left old Ramon watching the stranger while we went back to the bridge job.

That evening all the workmen beat me back to camp. When I got there, the camp was deserted except for the almost unconscious stranger, our house had been ransacked, and Ramon had been killed.

In a hurry I figured the thing out. Wasn't that Leopard-Skin Man Leonardo Marquez—called "Leopardo" by the scary natives? Marquez was said to be a ferocious fighter and so slippery he could slide in and out of Mexico City even if he was supposed to be penned up there. Jim Sills must have been in league with him and his bandits, and had got the workmen to join them too.

But why had they been searching our house? What did they want? Not the bridge plans certainly—Jim Sills knew I had them.

I couldn't guess what the bandits wanted. All I knew was that I was all alone with a badly wounded man, and must somehow get help from the little village of Batea-Joyas in the mountains to the west.

I couldn't leave the stranger in the house—the bandits might come back. I cautiously carried the man

conscious but so weak I just sagged against him.

He dropped his rifle as if there weren't a bandit anywhere inside Mexico, and held me tight.

I heard him saying in jerky sentences how the reason he'd sent Mother and the youngsters home was because things were getting so bad; how he'd ordered me to San Rafael ahead of him because Captain Gilman had told him it was Marquez himself he'd fought with, and he thought he'd stay behind in Vera Cruz and square himself; how he'd found out the Leopard had left in this direction a little before Jim and I had; how he had come on then as fast as he could.

"When I saw what had happened to the camp—" his voice broke in the middle—"I thought that—oh, Michael, what could I have said to your mother?"

He hugged me till I thought I was going to smash up the way his voice had, and I felt so safe I didn't want to budge. But I had to.

"There's a wounded man here!" I said, and twisted away. "We must get him." Then I explained, as fast as I could.

Mother was right. Outside of engineering, Father acted first and thought afterwards. Before I'd half finished, he had found my patient and toted him a little way down the canyon face, where I'd planned to go, and we were all hunched together and hidden under a thick clump of dwarf mimosas.

"Though there's no one left to hide from," said Father. "Where are the plans?" After me, they were his first concern. But I patted my pocket, and he heard them crinkle and stopped worrying about them. He set to work with that stranger and managed to get him conscious and sane. Somehow he reassured him, convinced him who we were and what I'd done, and got him to talk about himself.

The wounded man pressed my hand and thanked me till he had me stammering with embarrassment. He was in bad pain, but he was so glad to be among friends that he had to speak out.

"Marshall's my name. Charles S. Marshall, and—"

HE told his story, and it narrowed down to this. A month back, in Washington, he'd been appointed a vice consul, assigned to service under our consul general for this country. He had been sent down with a message from our State Department to the captors of Maximilian, asking them to spare the Emperor's life.

The United States wasn't revengeful and didn't want Maximilian killed, even if Napoleon III had sent him out to Mexico to bring European imperialism and influence right into our back yard. We couldn't allow that sort of thing, but neither could we unprotestingly allow a man like Maximilian to be killed. So Marshall had been sent down to save him if possible.

There the wounded man broke off disjointedly, apparently again light-headed.

"And now I've lost my—even my boots—gone. Maximilian's life—America's honor—perhaps a foreign war. All these things—"

His boots! He was delirious! But somehow he pulled himself together again and went on.

The French troops had left. Maximilian, betrayed by Lopez, had been captured outside the capital after Marquez had left him—the Leopard had said he was going for re-enforcements. The Emperor's Foreign Legion, made up mostly of Austrians from his native land and Belgians from his wife's, were fine fighters, but they couldn't

hold Mexico City long against the big republican army of Diaz.

So it was about all over, that stage empire, and there Maximilian was, under sentence of death, according to the "Black Decree," which said that anybody waging civil war was to be judged as a brigand and shot.

Garibaldi had pleaded for the deposed monarch's life. Victor Hugo, too. And European governments. But Juarez didn't care. He had been Mexican president before Maximilian came; now he had been proclaimed president again, and he wanted to stay president this time without interruptions—he wouldn't take any chances.

Marshall kept on talking. Maybe it eased him a bit.

"But the United States doesn't want to see Maximilian executed," he repeated in his weak voice. "All we want is to keep monarchy out of the Western World. So 'send him back home' is our message, the one Mr. Seward wrote out with his own hand and gave me. We never officially recognized the Empire, and it was we who forced the French out and saved the Mexican Republic. Seward said it would have to do what we say."

The pale starlight filtered through those mimosas and fell on Marshall's face. I could see his eyes shining bright with fever as he talked. His orders had been to connect with Juarez, he said, but Juarez was on the move somewhere west and so, knowing the beaten track was dangerous, he had headed direct for—

There Father interrupted. "You mean you thought you might meet bandits on the main roads?"

I'm bound to say that interruption was responsible for all our later troubles. The question put Marshall off his theme, and he never got back to it till too late.

No, he had been afraid of meeting rabid Liberals, a faction that wouldn't be satisfied with anything less than Maximilian's death:

"My mission wasn't any too secret in Washington—leaked out. These fanatics are determined to stop the message. Perhaps they have! My wallet—"

That reminded me of what I'd done when Jim Sills had come rushing up into Father's bedroom at the camp the afternoon before.

"I've got your wallet," I said, and took it out of my breast pocket.

He gave a great cry, and half rose to grab for it. Then suddenly he fell back and lay very still.

FATHER leaned over him and listened to his heart, tried to rouse him, and finally ended by covering him as warmly as he could.

"Unconscious again," said Father. "He won't be fit for anything for days."

"What can we do about his message?" I asked.

Father looked down the canyon, then up the other side. "Those guerrillas have lost their game, whatever it was. They won't be back again. We'll get new workmen from Vera Cruz—afterward. I'll send you help from the village, and you have them carry Marshall to Batea-Joyas. I can't go slow myself; I must hurry."

I knew what he was planning before he reached

for the wallet I was still holding. He was going to deliver Secretary Seward's message himself!

I begged to go along. But somebody had to stay with Marshall, Father said. I knew he was right, and I knew he was choosing the dangerous job for himself. Well, anyway, he was familiar with the route to Mexico City; he'd resurveyed it when he first came out, checking the original survey.

"My pony collapsed two miles back," he told me, "but if I can get a mule at Batea-Joyas, I'll still have this letter in Diaz's hands in time."

He caught me by the shoulders and held me fast for a moment.

"Good-by," he said. "Good-by, Michael! If anything should happen to me—not that it can—but if anything should, I know you can look after Mother and Barbara and Jack. Take good care of the bridge plans. I'm proud of you, Michael. Good-by—and God bless you!"

I couldn't answer. I just watched him go without a word—watched till he disappeared among the black shadows.

I listened till I thought I could hear, above the river's roar, a stone fall down the other side of the canyon as he climbed up it. Then, for a long time, I just sat still.

Presently the sky overhead began to get pale grey. It would be morning soon. I wondered how long it would take for that help to come from Batea-Joyas—

"My—my wallet—my letter—"

Marshall was coming to. He was tossing some and fretting. I was afraid he might roll over and tumble down into the canyon; so I put an arm around him.

"It's all right," I said. "Don't worry any more. That letter's in safe hands. Father has it."

Marshall's eyes widened, and he rose on one elbow. "Where is he?" he asked wildly.

"On his way to Mexico City," I hurried to tell him. "He'll take the letter to the Republican army's camp, just as safely as you could have."

Marshall sat bolt upright. I held him down by main force, but he nearly toppled us both over into the canyon trying to get to his feet. He had me in the grip of a crazy man, and his hands burnt like hot irons.

"Your father's on his way to Mexico City? To Diaz? Didn't your father understand—or are you two trying to trick me? Don't you know the date set for the Emperor's execution?"

I didn't know, and Father didn't, either. If the American State Department did, they had got it through the Secret Service, for the Mexican Liberals hadn't given it out. We'd all just assumed it would be a good way ahead because nobody's in a hurry in Mexico, and nobody's in a hurry anywhere to execute an emperor. But, we'd been wrong.

"And to-day's the fourteenth. Mexico City! Southeast! Do you mean to tell me Maximilian's been transferred from where he was captured—Querétaro, miles northwest of here?"

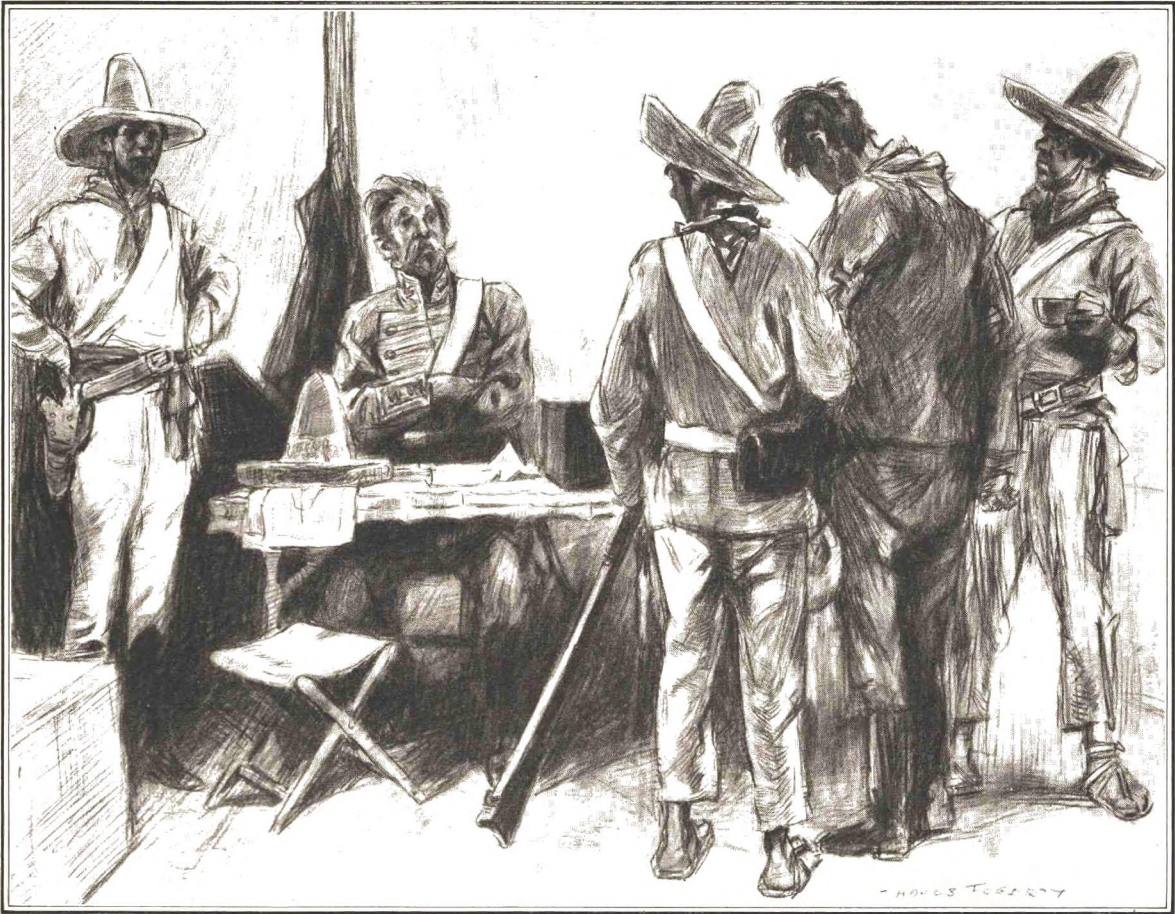
"No," I said, "he hasn't been, but we didn't know the date was so—"

All of a sudden Marshall let go of me and slumped down in my arms. The rest of what he told me was just gasped out, but I knew well enough now what he was driving at.

Suppose Father got that message direct to Diaz without any delay, there still wouldn't be time for Diaz to send it on to Querétaro before the firing squad there had done its bloody work. The only chance of saving Maximilian's life was to have Secretary



Those glittering eyes drove me into action.



I was glad of my guides' support—I wasn't too late but it was worse than if I had been!

Seward's letter carried straight to the prison.

"Escobedo's in command there—decent man—personally opposes execution. If he got—message—sure to postpone till—till he communicated with President Juarez! I've got to go! If I only had my boots—"

He was off again—raving about his boots having been burned up in our house!

"You couldn't go even if you had your boots," I said soothingly. "You couldn't walk two yards." He didn't pay any attention to that. He began to beat at me with his frantic weak hands.

"Escobedo—it's the only chance!" He clutched me again. "Stop your father! Start after him this instant. Never mind me. Find your father. Turn him—north—to Escobedo—Querétaro. Hurry—hurry—hurry!"

Chapter Nine

THAT was easier said than done. Father had a long start of me, and he wasn't losing any time. "Try!" groaned Marshall.

I wanted to, but there was the danger to the sick man if I left him alone. The bandits probably wouldn't come back, but Marshall was in a bad way—he'd been delirious and unconscious, and now he was half delirious again.

"You can tie me to one of these saplings."

Even so, my orders were to stay.

"If your father's what he pretends to be, he'd tell you the important thing was to do what your country wants done!" Marshall blazed.

It came over me that he was right. Help would come from Batea-Joyas for Marshall, but right now I was Maximilian's only chance of help.

Reluctantly, I began to lash Marshall to the biggest mimosa. I had to use part of his blanket to do it, leaving him half naked. I wondered what the mosquitoes and the flies would do to him if he did lose consciousness before help could come!

He didn't care. He only kept fretting at me for being so slow.

"Good-by," I said, when I got my boots on, and started to climb up toward the bridge.

"Where are you going? That's not the way!"

"I'm going to take the regular trail that crosses the canyon higher up."

"And waste time! Oh, you—"

"It's longer, but I can't lose my way on it."

If he hadn't been tied up, he'd have tried to get hold of me. I was out of reach, though. "Good-by," I said again. The last I saw of him, he was leaning with his head against the tree and his eyes, in the grey of the morning, looked anything except satisfied.

I was over the cliff edge in a minute and struck up toward what was left of the camp.

It wasn't much. The bandits had done a good job. I saw only smouldering ashes and charred beams. After one look, I hurried around the place into the Batea-Joyas trail.

That was just a trail and nothing more. Often, if I hadn't known the route, I'd have lost it among the vines and bushes that sprawled across it. In and out it went among the trees of that endless forest, while the sun climbed up and the temperature climbed up with it. Sometimes I'd hear the squawk of a macaw or the sleepy grumble of some jungle cat, but most of the time the only noise I heard as I hurried through that thick forest was what I was making myself.

In about an hour, I struck the crossing. The trail zigzagged down one bare canyon-side, forded the noisy river at the bottom by a lot of igneous rocks pretty badly eroded, and scaled the other side almost direct. The woods got sparser up there, and when I reached the summit of the long rise I could see the whole Vera Cruz range.

Somewhere along here, I figured, Father must have connected with the trail. But I didn't find any trace of his track; so I pushed ahead. At about seven o'clock, to judge by the sun, I tramped into Batea-Joyas—a village of about twenty adobe huts, three *cantinas*, and a big old church.

The street was empty except for the dogs. A little way on, though, I heard voices from behind the best-looking *cantina*, and back of that I found spectacled Don Eulalio Allende, the village notary, in the middle of a little crowd of men and horses. They were harnessing one of the horses to a cart.

SEÑOR ALLENDE drew his glasses down on his long nose and looked over them at me.

"He is not dead as yet, your wounded man?"

"Oh," I said with relief, "Father's got here, then? He told you? Where is he?"

"He has gone on."

Everybody was elbowing around me to hear my news. A wounded stranger is big news in a backwoods Mexican village.

"That wounded man, surely he has not died?"

I guessed that Father hadn't told any more than he had to, because these fellows wouldn't be in a hurry to go to San Rafael if they thought there'd been bandits there. So I just said no, Marshall wasn't dead—and wasn't likely to be, if they got to him soon enough. Why had I left him? Because I had a message from him to Father.

"What message?"

"How could the young señor be so pitiless as to leave a man so sick?"

"Wherefore did not the ill one tell Señor Rowntree before he came away whatever this was that was to be told?"

Those were only a few of the questions they fired at me. I just said over and over I hadn't time to answer. All I wanted was the loan of a horse.

"Are you sure, señor," Don Eulalio wanted to know then, "that this stranger's disease is not contagious? Yellow fever, now? Your good father said it was a wound, but then he was in so great a speed that perhaps he had made a mistake. The eyes are not ferrety, no? The tongue not scarlet? We cannot have a man suffering from the yellow fever brought into Batea-Joyas."

(Continued on page 46)

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Dignity

WE hear a lot about dignity and mostly it seems to apply to folks who are old and important, but there is no reason why it shouldn't apply to boys as well. What is dignity, anyhow? It isn't stiffness or offishness or anything disagreeable. It should be fine and pleasing to see. Our idea is that to be dignified means only to behave in all circumstances with a decent self-respect. And boys can do that as well as grandfathers.

Satisfied

EVERY little while you hear somebody ask, "Well, are you satisfied now?" And it seems to us to be a foolish question. Nobody worth a tinker's hoot is ever satisfied. You may be more or less contented and pleased, but you can't be satisfied. Especially with something you have done. We don't believe anyone ever did anything he couldn't have done a little better; or anyhow that he didn't believe he could have done a little better. We ought to be dissatisfied with ourselves because if we aren't we never do things better next time. Show us a satisfied boy and we will show you a boy who will stick around about where he is until his hairs are gray.

John Brown

WE mean the old fellow that the song is about, and not just any John Brown. You know—"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave." He did a crazy thing, and he did even that very poorly, but his name will live a great many years because people who should have known better made a hero of him. But the thing we were wanting to mention is that great event—the raid on Harper's Ferry was, after all, a great event—seem to attract great men around them. Guess who was in command of the troops that captured John Brown, and who was his second in command. Why, the first was Robert E. Lee and the second was Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart.

Why?

WHY can some fellows always be at their best when they need to be, in emergencies or times of necessity? And why are other fellows always at their worst? We know fellows who are wizards at football in practice games but don't amount to a hill of beans in the big game of the year; and then there are those who look pretty poor all through the year, but play like champions in the big game. There must be a reason.

Cat and Character

EVERY little while you hear somebody say that he was born thus and so and he can't change. That's bunk. We have a Persian cat who is twelve years old. We always liked him because he was a gentlemanly sort of cat and minded his own business and was all full of dignity and such-like. But he was sort of distant. He didn't like to be petted, and if you tried to hold him he just got up and went away from there. But for the last few months he has been a different cat. If you come into a room where he is he wants to

talk to you. He always speaks and if you come near he starts to sing. He insists on being petted and he comes over and lies on our desk all day while we work. In short, he is as different a cat as you can imagine. And if a cat can work such a pleasant revolution in his character, we believe a boy can do even better.

Hard Times

EVERYBODY is talking about hard times. They say business is bad and they are down in the mouth. It seems to us that sort of thing only makes times worse and business poorer. Times may not be so good for some reason or another, but that is no cause for getting down in the mouth. Usually by the time folks get to the point of hollering everything is better, and before they know it business is booming. The worst yelping generally comes quite a while after things are on the mend.

Enemies

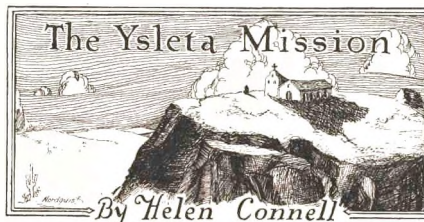
WE venture to say that not one person in a hundred really has an enemy. In fact there are almost no enemies. Naturally with so many different sorts of folks there are some who don't care for us and whom we don't care for. There will be some we quarrel with and some we will dislike quite heartily. But as for enemies, they hardly exist. And there are friends by the dozen. That's luck, isn't it, that friends are so easy to make and enemies so hard?

After a Mistake

ANYBODY may be excused for making a mistake, but deliver us from the fellow who refuses to rectify it after it is made.

Destroy

ALL through the history of the world there have been people who thought they were doing good by destroying something. They fancied there was virtue in destruction. And because of this the world has lost many things it can ill spare. The destroyers mostly are fanatics. They are inspired by a hatred of what they can neither understand nor appreciate. Six or seven hundred years ago beautiful Grecian and Roman statues were being dug up in Italy. Because they represented Pagan gods and goddesses hundreds of them were broken up with hammers. Precious parchment books were found, books that contained the learning and poetry of the ancients. The letters were erased with pumice from the parchment and monks printed on the pages something they thought was better. We shall never know what has been destroyed by these fanatical good resolutions.



Cruel sun upon the mesa's rim,
And molten air.
The desert-land lies stifling in
Its white-hot glare.

Yet in this ancient church are peace,
Scarf-shadows on the sod,
Vague memories of Jesuit priests,
Coolness—and God.

This poem, written by a secondary school student, won high recognition in the Writer, Dyer, Poet, Contest conducted by "The Scholastic."

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The idea we are trying to get over is that nobody should destroy anything unless he understands pretty thoroughly what he is about.

Ahead of Time

WE needed a rather difficult job done not long ago, and it had to be done inside of two days. We asked a young red-headed friend to do it—it happened to be right in his line—and he promised. He was working on a regular job from nine to five-thirty, and the job required some eight hours of his spare time; we feared that he might be delayed. But he arrived in the office two hours early with the job completed. We like that red-head!

Accomodate

WE have discovered that it is fun to be accommodating. There are things we do not like to do, but we experimented a little with doing them because somebody else wanted us to. And they've turned out pretty well. We enjoyed doing them, maybe not because we enjoyed the things themselves but because it was a pleasure to put ourself on the back for our self-sacrifice. But really, doing something to please somebody else is a very real form of amusement. Try it.

Small Towns

SOMETIMES you hear a fellow who lives in a small town grumbling because somebody else has the "luck" to have his home in a big city. We got word the other day of the success of two boys at a junior fair in the tiny California town where they live. These two boys—both of them Airplane Model League of America members—put up an airplane model booth at the fair. They displayed their models and exhibits they had gathered telling of the things American boys are doing in model aviation, and their booth won first prize. . . . You don't find those fellows grumbling because they live in a little place. Their big city brothers wouldn't have had an opportunity like theirs—nor a lot of other opportunities that come their way, day in and day out. True, the city feller has some advantages. But it all balances out pretty well. We don't have too much sympathy with the grumbler, if he's failing to make use of the advantages that his own situation offers him.

School

ABOUT this time of year every year a lot of papers are printing cartoons showing how much Skeeter Bennet—or write in your own name—hates to be starting back to school. These cartoons always take us back to the days when we were starting back to school every September, and they always make us doubt that the cartoonists ever had vacations. The theory behind vacation is that it gives a fellow a chance to get rested up, to clear cobwebs out of his head and get set for a flying start on a new job, or a continuation of the old one. And that's just what summer always did for us. We got as much of a kick out of swimming, and baseball, and maybe a trip or so, as anybody; but by the end of August we were more or less fed up with vacation. The idea of tackling a new year, of making a new school team or digging into a new subject, always had a lot of fascination for us, and we think that pretty nearly all the Skeeter Bennets in the United States of America feel the same way about it. Certainly a fellow wouldn't want to go to school all year round; but having vacation all year round would be twice as deadly. We've got a pretty good imaginer, but we could work eight hours a day at it and not imagine anything worse than having to sit around week after week with nothing to do. How about you?

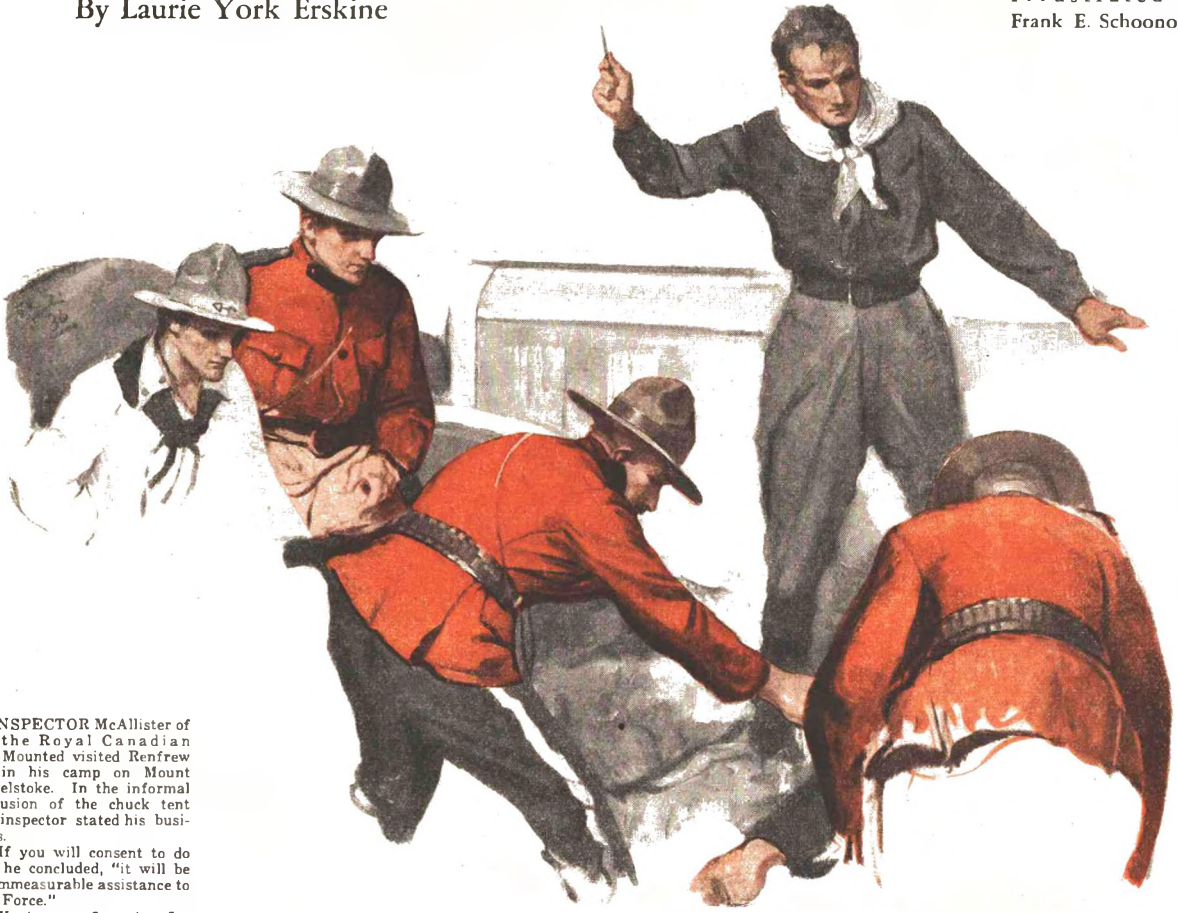
Not Hard to Take

SEEMING the old faces again, and meeting new ones; taking up old threads where they were dropped in June; finding out that there are new lockers in the shower room, a new teacher in the English department, new courses in physics or new languages or new lab equipment to help you in your school job of getting ready for your life job—there's a lot of fun in all that. It makes school opening in September not at all hard to take.

Renfrew Does Kitchen Police

By Laurie York Erskine

Illustrated by
Frank E. Schoonover



INSPECTOR McAllister of the Royal Canadian Mounted visited Renfrew in his camp on Mount Revelstoke. In the informal seclusion of the chuck tent the inspector stated his business.

"If you will consent to do it," he concluded, "it will be of immeasurable assistance to the Force."

"You're very flattering, Inspector," said Renfrew. "But I can't see why one of your own trained men can't do the job."

"I guess I haven't made myself clear," deliberated Inspector McAllister. "To begin with, we have no reason to believe that the business of Mr. Kahn is in any way illegal. He came to the Battle Mountain Lodge as any tourist might come, and his conduct has been exemplary. We are merely anxious to find out why he employs a private detective as a bodyguard, and what his relations are with the few characters of the Vancouver underworld who visit him from time to time. We don't wish to place him officially under the observation of the police. These underworld characters I have spoken of are fairly well acquainted with the only members of the force I have at my immediate disposal. They'd recognize my men."

"So you'd like me to go and stay at the Battle Mountain Lodge and find out for you all I can about this mysterious Mr. Kahn?"

"Exactly. I seriously suspect that a situation may be developing there that will lead to the perpetration of a crime, and we want to be prepared."

"Tell me what you know about Mr. Kahn."

"He registers from Seattle. Mr. Davenport, the manager of the lodge, tells me that Mr. Kahn is a merchant and importer with large interests in the Orient. That's all I can tell you. As I've said, we are treating the matter delicately, and want to find out what we can without letting him know he is under police observation."

"And the underworld characters you speak of?"

"That's what drew our attention to Mr. Kahn. At different times three men who are known to have police records in Vancouver were seen loitering about the lodge by constables of the Battle Mountain de-

tachment. On my men's investigating their presence, we learned that they had come to visit Mr. Kahn. We warned Mr. Kahn against them, and found out what we could regarding his own movements."

"And the private detective part of it?"

"The private detective is named Breede. He is employed by a Seattle firm that has an unsavory reputation for hiring out disreputable agents to do work of a questionable nature for their clients. But Breede's own record seems to be clean enough. He was a Seattle police detective for some years and has taken up private bodyguard work since retiring on pension. He occupies a room opposite Mr. Kahn's at the lodge, and the assumption would seem to be that he is there either to guard something of value that Mr. Kahn possesses or to protect him from anticipated violence."

"It sounds interesting."

"Will you go?"

"I should be glad to. But I have a responsibility here. I must stay with these boys until their trip is over, and see them safely returned to their homes."

Inspector McAllister arose and carried his firm, heavy body up and down the tent in a series of quick strides. He knew that Renfrew was conducting a party of boys on a camping trip. Halting, he turned to Renfrew with the calm determination of a man accustomed to having his way.

"Where is your baggage, Mr. Renfrew?" he asked.

"We left our trunks at Calgary."

"Very well. If you will proceed immediately to Calgary by train, get your trunk and come back to Battle Mountain, register at the lodge there as a tourist and take up this work of investigation for the Force, I will personally stay here with your boys until

two of my men come to relieve me. They will then escort the party to Battle Mountain, and I will arrange to have the boys camp at the pastures adjoining the police barracks until you rejoin them. They will be under the care of the Force. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Decidedly," said Renfrew. "What train can I make for Calgary?"

"If you ride hard for Revelstoke you should get the 9:27 this evening. But you'll need a stout animal."

Renfrew left the tent and called to Alan McNeil, one of the older boys of his party.

"Alan!" he cried. "See if you can get me Biscay, and put a saddle on him for me. Sandal, I want you to ride down to Revelstoke with me and lead Biscay back."

TWO days later when Renfrew entered the lobby of the Battle Mountain Lodge, he at once sensed a subdued undertone of excitement. The Battle Mountain Lodge is built of granite in the likeness of an ancient Scottish castle. The stone of its walls came from the mountainside that is its site. And it is the boast of the great company operating it that there, in the heart of the Rockies, is to be had all the luxurious accommodation of the most complete summer resort.

When Renfrew approached the desk, therefore, he expected the cool, impersonal attitude of any large hotel. Instead of that he found the clerk staring at him as though a ghost had signed its name upon the register.

"Yes," whispered the clerk. "Mr. Renfrew." And he forthwith disappeared into the manager's office as though to give an alarm.

"More evidence," said Renfrew, and he waved in his hand a glistening instrument.

Renfrew, waiting his return, scanned the lobby. Only then did he realize that something really exciting had occurred in the big hotel. Every bellboy and porter moved about as though he were in a hospital ward, and everywhere among the employees was an appearance of vague guiltiness, as though they harbored some obscure and unmentionable secret. Near the elevators stood two constables of the Royal Mounted, gorgeous spots of color in their gay uniforms. The few guests who trod the lobby were obviously devoured with a furtive curiosity.

While Renfrew was still pondering these things, the agitated clerk fluttered back to the desk and with extraordinary nonchalance allotted to Renfrew his room. Ten minutes later Renfrew was in a large and comfortable apartment, one side of which was almost completely open, in a huge window, to an exquisite view of the Rockies. He was engaged in unpacking his bag when a young man entered his room after knocking, and introduced himself as Davenport, the manager.

"I've been asked to make it possible for Inspector McAllister to enter your room through here," said Mr. Davenport in a hushed whisper.

Hastily crossing the room, he unlocked a door that led apparently into an adjoining room. Almost immediately that door was opened from the opposite side to admit Inspector McAllister.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Renfrew," said the inspector. "Had to get to you in this informal way to avoid any appearance of collusion between us. You understand?"

Renfrew noticed immediately that the inspector was concealing, beneath an outward coldness, a considerable agitation.

"You mean that I mustn't appear to know or recognize any officer of the police?"

"Exactly. It has become more important than ever that you remain a stranger to us."

"Mr. Kahn, I suppose, is still in the hotel?"

The inspector frowned. Davenport stared at Renfrew in shocked surprise.

"Mr. Kahn," said Inspector McAllister, "is dead. He was murdered last night in his room at this hotel." There was a moment of silence.

"Is the murderer known?" asked Renfrew finally.

"No," the inspector admitted. "We're holding two employees of the hotel whose actions have placed them under suspicion, but I don't think there's anything to it."

Again there was a silence.

"Well," said Renfrew. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want to ask you if you will be kind enough to hear all the evidence we have gathered, and use your position as one outside the police to get what further information you can. Until we can bring in some under-cover men from outside, we can make no inquiries without putting everyone we question on his guard."

"I'll do my best. May I see the room where the murder was committed?"

"Of course. I must ask you to come with me through a number of connecting rooms, and ascend the back stairs to the sixth floor. We have that cleared and guarded, so that as long as you reach it without being observed no suspicion can attach to your presence there. I think you'll find it an interesting case. Come."

THE three men began what might have been a tour of inspection through a number of luxurious rooms. "Who are the employees you have arrested?" asked Renfrew.

"The head waiter and one of his men."

Renfrew was surprised. "A waiter!" he exclaimed. They ascended a little-used fire stairway and turned into a wide corridor. At every turn of the corridor a uniformed man of the Mounted stood. McAllister addressed one of them, a corporal.

"Have Breede, Ricciardi, and Gunderson brought to Number Twenty-one," he ordered. "We want to question them."

At the extreme end of the corridor were three doors, one facing the corridor's length, the other two opposite one another on either side of it. It was apparent that the three rooms into which the three doors led could form a suite. The door at the end of the corridor was numbered 21, the doors on either side, 20 and 22 respectively. Into Number 20, closely guarded by two uniformed men, Inspector McAllister walked as though entering church. Renfrew, following him, found himself abruptly in the presence of death.

The room in which he stood was a large, square apartment, with a many-paned leaded glass window such as lighted his own room. Its furniture was distinguished from the usual hotel equipment by its carved-oak dignity and its paneled walls. Besides the door through which Renfrew had entered, the room had three other doors. One of these entered a bathroom, one a closet, and one led into the adjoining room, Number 21, which Mr. Kahn had occupied as a part of his suite. All these doors Ren-

frew opened and investigated immediately on entering the room. He then turned his attention to the room's contents.

On a heavy oaken table, which had obviously been used as a writing table, an accumulation of correspondence and papers had been pushed aside to make way for a tray of food. On the paneled bed lay the body of a man. To this Renfrew turned first, standing above the recumbent form and regarding it with a grave and penetrating gaze.

The body was that of a man of more than middle age. It was clad in a pajama suit of rich and lustrous silk over which was a dressing gown intricately embroidered in orange, gold, and blue. The man's face was dark with a light, tan darkness that gave distinction to the Oriental strangeness of its features. That strangeness was emphasized by a neatly trimmed beard of startlingly black and curly hair.

"He was a Hindu," explained McAllister. "He had changed the spelling of his name from K-h-a-n, to K-a-h-n, possibly for business reasons. He was stabbed."

With that information McAllister drew back the silken clothing that adorned the body and revealed in the center of the brown chest the wound that had caused death.

"An exceedingly expert job," remarked the inspector. "It was done by a man who knew how to handle a knife."

"Is the room exactly as it was found after the murder?" questioned Renfrew.

McAllister nodded. Renfrew walked over to the table and gazed at the papers, tray, and other litter that occupied it.

"He had finished his meal?" asked Renfrew, staring at the used plates and remnants of a light supper that the tray contained. McAllister shrugged his shoulders.

"I'd like you to hear Breede's story," he said. "He's the private detective. He discovered the crime."

He walked to the door leading to the next room.

"Mr. Breede," he called.

A middle-aged man, grey of hair, mustached, entered the room. He seemed somewhat defiant. McAllister closed the door carefully behind him.

"Mr. Renfrew has a special interest in this case," said the inspector, after introducing him. "I wish you would tell him your story of what happened here last night."

THE man frowned ponderously and plunged into his narrative with a trained policeman's regard for detail and accuracy in his statements.

"I was using the room across the hall," he said. "Number 22. Mr. Kahn had employed me to inspect and question everyone who came to see him. He seemed to be afraid of unexpectedly running up against the wrong man. We arranged with the hotel always to send Mr. Kahn's visitors to Number 22 so

that I could interview them first. To make sure that no one got into Number 20 or 21 direct, I generally always kept my door open a little bit so that I could hear anybody who came down to our end of the corridor."

"Was Mr. Kahn afraid of violence?" Renfrew asked.

"He never told me so. Once he asked me if I carried a gun, and when I told him yes, he said it was a good thing. But that's the only hint I ever got that he was afraid."

"Go on," said Renfrew.

"WELL, last night, I came back from supper and Manning, that's Mr. Kahn's valet, went out to eat as soon as I got back. So I was the only man on the job, and I left my door about halfway open, as usual, and sat down for a smoke and a little reading. It must have been about ten minutes after I got back when I heard the phone ring in Mr. Kahn's room, and then I heard his voice speaking into the phone. He was ordering a meal—"

"What was he ordering?" interrupted Renfrew.

"Some curried chicken, black coffee, and Roquefort cheese," answered Breede quickly. "That was ten minutes after seven. I remember it because I was surprised that he hadn't eaten, and looked at my watch. Then it occurred to me that the head waiter must have called up and taken the order. That is, Mr. Kahn hadn't put his order in without being asked for it. I thought about that for a while and then went on reading."

"Later on it struck me that Mr. Kahn's dinner hadn't arrived yet, and I looked at the time again. It was nearly eight o'clock, and I'd hardly put my watch back in my pocket when I heard footsteps outside in the hall. So I got up just as the person was knocking at Kahn's door, and I looked out and saw that it was the waiter with a tray full of food—"

"Why do you say 'the' waiter?" demanded Renfrew. "Did you recognize him?"

"No. I didn't see his face particularly. I mean it was just a waiter, and when Mr. Kahn asked who it was, he said, 'Your supper, sir.' And I heard Mr. Kahn unlock the door from the inside."

"How is it you didn't observe what the waiter looked like?"

"Just because he was a waiter, I guess. You sort of take a waiter for granted, like a cop or a bellhop. This fellow was tall, but there didn't seem to be anything very unusual about him."

"Go on with your story."

"Well, the waiter went inside Mr. Kahn's room, and I went on with my reading. While I was reading I heard the waiter come out again, and just looked up to see him go down the hall. The next thing I heard was Manning, coming back from supper. He stopped for a minute and talked with me. I remember telling him that nobody had come while he was away. Then he went into room 21, and from there, I guess, he went through into Number 20. He came out like a shell from a gun. Just exploded into my room and said that Mr. Kahn was murdered. He was scared to death."

"Where is he now?"

"Downstairs," said Davenport. "He belongs to the hotel. Just as Breede says, he was scared to death. Just walked in and saw Kahn lying on the floor, stooped over him, saw the wound, and shot out of the room like a cannon ball."

"He doesn't know anything about Kahn, eh?"

"No. Never saw him until he was sent up to his room two days ago."

Renfrew turned again to Breede.

"Then you went into the room?"

"Yes. There was Mr. Kahn, on the floor by this table."

He indicated a spot on the side of the table where the tray was.

"He was dead as a door nail, and I knew better than to touch him. I served on the police at Seattle, and I knew what to do. I just locked up the room and phoned the manager. That's all I had to do with it."

RENFREW gazed from the indicated spot on the floor to the table and back again. Then he again became engaged in a profound study of the tray with the dirty dishes it contained.

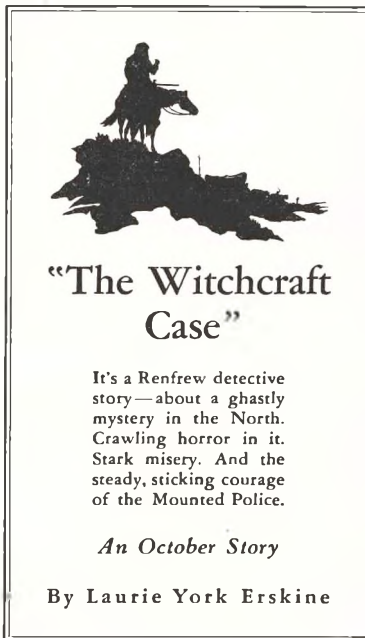
"Thank you, Mr. Breede," he said at last.

"Is that all?" questioned Breede, and stood staring from Renfrew to the inspector and back.

"Wait in your room, please," said the inspector.

"Now about these waiters?" asked Renfrew, after the private detective had left. "Why are you holding them?"

"Ricciardi is the head waiter. As soon as we heard Breede's story we questioned him, of course. To our surprise he flatly denied that Mr. Kahn had put in any order for a meal or that any meal was delivered to his room. We brought him up and showed him the tray with the remains of curry and Roquefort cheese



"The Witchcraft Case"

It's a Renfrew detective story—about a ghastly mystery in the North. Crawling horror in it. Stark misery. And the steady, sticking courage of the Mounted Police.

An October Story

By Laurie York Erskine



The car dare not hit the horse at high speed, or it might wreck itself.

and coffee on it, as you see it now, but he swore up and down that he had never taken the order and that it had never been sent up."

"Well, what if he were right?"

"How could he be?"

"Any waiter who desired to commit such a crime would hardly make up his tray through the usual channels. It seems to me the waiter must have been at least an accomplice."

"Yes, but listen to this. We made a very thorough investigation of Ricciardi's past and found that he had been discharged from two previous positions for collusion with his waiter to cheat the management."

"How?"

"By selling meals to customers without registering them on his records, collecting payment in cash and pocketing the proceeds. So we investigated his work here and we found that there are no less than sixteen guests at this hotel about whom he'd have to tell the same story."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that he would have to deny he had taken their orders or served them, because he had failed to turn in proceeds to the cashier. Gunderson, the waiter we are holding, has been his tool. Ricciardi calls up the guests and takes their orders. Calls them in person, mind you, so that he alone knows of the order. He then sends Gunderson up with the tray, and Gunderson collects the bill for the meal. Then they split. If the guest wants to sign his check, Ricciardi calmly makes the proper records downstairs. Gunderson has confessed, and we have a long list of instances where they would have to deny that they ever served meals."

"But they won't confess having served this one to Kahn?"

"No. They hold firm on that."

"Where are they?"

"In the next room, if you want to question them."

"I do. But let me question them alone. Do you mind?"

"No, I think it would be best. They're too scared of the police."

Very quietly Renfrew arose from his place by the table and left the room through the door that led into Number 21.

FIFTEEN minutes later Renfrew returned. When he re-entered the room where McAllister and Davenport awaited him, he wore a subdued air of elation, and he walked almost immediately to the table. There he bent very carefully over the tray and examined closely the dishes on it. He didn't touch a single article that reposed upon the tray, but, taking out a pocket knife, he opened a blade and with it tasted a morsel of the food that remained on the largest plate. With the tip of the blade he then lifted the silver cover of a dish and probed with his knife the food that lay there. He examined it carefully. Then, seemingly satisfied, he turned to the two men who watched him.

"I've talked with your waiters," he said, "and I've promised them that you'll free them from arrest if they'll do a little spying for me in the kitchen. There's no doubt they have nothing whatever to do with the crime."

"You're sure?" asked the inspector.

"Absolutely sure," said Renfrew promptly. "I'd like them to be freed immediately."

"All right," said McAllister reluctantly, and rising, he passed into the adjacent room.

Renfrew took from his pocket a large envelope on which was inscribed what seemed to be a list of some sort. From another pocket he produced a pencil.

"Mr. Davenport," he said, "Have any of your guests checked out since this murder?"

"Yes," said Davenport. "Several left last night and this morning."

"Could you tell me who they are?"

"Certainly." Davenport took from his pocket a typewritten sheet. "Here is a record I have made up for the inspector," he said. "It describes each person who has left."

Renfrew took the sheet and eagerly scanned it.

"Good," he said. "Good." And he kept repeating his gratification as he ran down the list.

"Here's an interesting item," he said at last. "Lawton Corbett. You've got him down as an 'Indian, known to police.' What does that mean?"

"Oh, Corbett's a well-known resident of Battle Mountain."

"But his name doesn't sound Oriental. Is he a Hindu?"

"No. American Indian. More than half Cree. He runs an Indian trading post and curio shop down in the village and the tourists have made his fortune for him. He now owns a string of stores in Vancouver, Seattle and through the mountains on the railroad. He always stops here at the lodge for the summer so that he can meet tourists. He checked out this morning, just before you came in."

"Why?"

"He said he had to leave for Vancouver in a few days, and plans to go out to the reservation first."

"Talking about Lawton Corbett?" questioned McAllister, returning.

"Yes," said Renfrew shortly. "Has his room been fixed up since he left?"

"Why, no," said Davenport. "It's on this floor, and the police have kept it cleared since the crime."

"You seem to be interested in Corbett," suggested McAllister.

"I am," said Renfrew sharply.

"Why?"

"Because of his peculiar choice of foods," said Renfrew. "At ten minutes after seven last night somebody called up Mr. Kahn and asked him what he'd like for supper. Mr. Kahn ordered some curried chicken, black coffee, and Roquefort cheese. And at fifteen minutes after seven one of your guests called up the head waiter and ordered a meal sent to his room. He ordered curried rice, cold chicken, French pastry, Roquefort cheese and iced coffee. That guest

(Continued on page 51)

Gooky's Granny

By Ralph Henry Barbour
Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff



SEATED on the edge of his bed, Gooky drew the letter from his pocket and read it again. He had already perused it surreptitiously in Latin class, and now he was hoping that in his hurry he had read it wrong.

But he hadn't, and his usually placid countenance screwed itself into puckers and furrows. Grandmother Winthrop's letter was characteristically brief and to the point, and it meant just one thing; that unless a merciful Fate intervened she would arrive at Overlook Academy at noon on Saturday for a visit to Gooky.

Of course "Gooky" wasn't his real name. No one could have a name like that. His full legal appellation was James Gooksel Winthrop, but three years before, on his arrival at school, some fellow had discovered that middle name, and ever after he had been Gooky. It somehow fitted him, for it suggested someone a trifle stout, good-natured, placidly unconcerned with the more strenuous and exciting pursuits of life. And that was James Gooksel Winthrop. Just now, though, he was distinctly out of character, for he was neither placid nor unconcerned. In fact he was deeply troubled.

Gooky liked his Grandmother Winthrop immensely and was extremely proud of her, but there was a reason why her appearance at school two days later would be very embarrassing to him. For three years he had lived in dread of her appearance at Overlook. Now the blow was about to descend, and Gooky, thrusting the letter back into a pocket, tried desperately to think of a way out of his difficulty. He was still thinking when the lunch gong rang.

He was much too worried to enjoy the repast, even declined the offer of Joe Landon's rice pudding. And later on he incurred the displeasure of "Bully" North, the math instructor, because of his inattention. But just after class was dismissed an idea came to him—an idea so promising that he stopped short and exclaimed "Got it!" in a tone so loud that a passing junior shied in alarm. Gooky deposited his burden of books on a shelf in the corridor and turned brisk and determined steps toward Bingham Hall, the abode of Stiles Dawson.

Stiles was this year's football captain and consequently important and difficult of approach. Gooky's courage faltered as he climbed the slate stairs to Number 26 and his brilliant idea began to pale. Yet he carried on, prodded by necessity, and luck was with him. Stiles bade him enter, recognized him without apparent pleasure, and said rather coldly:

"Oh, hello, Gooky. What's on your mind?"

Gooky swallowed hard, wrested the now crumpled letter from his pocket, and held it forth.

"This," he said.

Stiles accepted it with uplifted brows and read it through. He looked puzzled.

"Well, what about it," he asked a bit impatiently.

"Your grandmother's going to Westfield to look at a hunter some man wants to sell her and she's going to stop here on the way back, about noon. What the

Sam Hill does your grandmother want with a hunter?"

"To ride," answered Gooky apologetically.

STILES stared hard. "To ride? What do you mean? How old is your grandmother?"

"She's about fifty-four, I think," Gooky seated himself unbidden on the edge of a chair. "She's Sallie Winthrop."

"Sallie— You don't mean the old dame that's in the picture supplements every Sunday? Not that Sallie Winthrop!"

Gooky nodded. "She isn't an old dame, though," he remonstrated. "That is, she doesn't look old. You see she doesn't believe in it; getting old I mean. She says it's just not living a healthful, active, outdoor life that makes women age. You wouldn't think she was a grandmother to look at her. You'd think she was about—well, maybe thirty-five or forty at the most, Stiles. She's doing something all the time. She's just nuts on the outdoor, athletic stuff. Rides. Hunts, too, though not like she used to. Sails. Swims like a fish and can still do a pretty fair jackknife. Runs a motor boat. Skates. Plays corking good golf and shakes a mean racket. She used to rank Number Eight in tennis. And she only gave up polo about six years ago!"

"For the love of Pete!" breathed Stiles. "Say, I want to meet her, old chap. Be here Saturday, eh? That's great! Does she like football? We play Hempston High that day."

"Yes, she likes football," replied Gooky sadly. "Baseball, too. She goes to most of the big games. I wish she didn't."

"Huh? What do you care? Why shouldn't she like football? Wish we had a better game for her. Hempston's just a set-up."

"That's what I wanted to see you about. You see, it's like this." Gooky took a long breath and laid his cards on the table. "Like I say, Stiles, she's goofy about games and sports; nuts on the outdoor, he-man stuff; and she just can't understand how a fellow mightn't—well, mightn't care such an awful lot about those things or be much good at them. Well, I think a lot of Grandmother and I—I didn't like to disappoint her." Gooky's gaze wandered. "That's why I never told her that I wasn't bugs on athletics. So—so she

thinks that I'm into all sorts of doings here—football and baseball and just about the whole works."

"Oh!" Stiles nodded and regarded the visitor with disdain. "So that's it, eh? You've been lying to your granny and now you're afraid she'll find it out. Well, all I can say—"

"I haven't, really!" Gooky protested. "I never told her I played football or baseball on the teams. I told her I'd gone out for them, and then, when I wrote to her, I—I just said how the teams were getting along. You know darn' well I have tried like the dickens to be—be athletic, Stiles. I've been out for about everything there is. You know that!"

"Yes, I'll say that much for you, Gooky."

"But I never can make it. I suppose it's because I don't really like the stuff; don't put my heart into it. Now you take chess and that's different. I made the team the first year and this fall they elected me president of the Chess Club. But you don't play chess on horseback or get your ribs broken doing it, and Grandmother would think it was silly."

"Well," began Stiles judiciously.

"She's due here Saturday," Gooky said in a low voice.

"Serves you right," Stiles chuckled. "You ought to be ashamed to deceive your poor old granny like that."

"Well—but, honest, Stiles, it wasn't my fault. Not altogether, anyhow. She just started off taking it for granted that I was like the rest of the family. All the Winthrops have been athletes except me. She—she thought I was sporting, too, and—and I just let her go on thinking so. I never once lied about it."

"What of it? You knew what she thought and you didn't tell her different. That comes pretty close to lying, doesn't it? It's acting a lie, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," muttered Gooky unhappily. "But, gee, what was I to do? I just couldn't bear to have Grandmother disappointed!"

"Yeah? Well, she's going to be disappointed Saturday, and that's a cinch. You'd better sit down and write her to-day and shoot the works, Gooky."

GOOKY squirmed. "Gosh, Stiles, I can't do that! Look here. I've got a better scheme. I know football pretty well, even if I've never made a team. So—well, why don't you let me play a little while Saturday? Just one period would do. Then I could get hurt, or something, and you could take me out. I'd put up a good bluff, Stiles, and Grandmother wouldn't suspect a thing."

"Say, are you crazy?"

"Wait a minute. That's not all of it."

"It's enough. Beat it. I've got to get over to the field. You and your grandmother!"

"Aw, listen a minute, won't you? How about the new grandstand?"

Stiles grunted. "Last I heard we had about a hundred and ninety dollars collected. Why?"

"How much is it going to cost?"

"Eight hundred and sixty. What are you getting at?"

"How'd you like to have it ready for the big game this year, like we were aiming to do?"

"I'd like it," answered Stiles emphatically. "How?"

"Grandmother."

"Grandmother?"

You mean—"

"Yes. She's got

piles of money,

and she's awfully

generous. Always

giving things to

places. She gave a

whole golf course

to a town down

South last year

and she gave the

money for the

new stables at the

Watercress Hunt Club—"

"Well, but how—"

"If she heard how much the new grandstand is

needed and if she had a nice visit here and wasn't—

wasn't disappointed in me—"

"So that's your game?" broke in Stiles indignantly.

"Not me! Besides, she'd never shell out six hundred

dollars!"

"She'd do it in a minute if she wanted to. We'd

just see that she met the right fellows while she was

here; fellows who—er—have the interests of the

school at heart and who could bring up the subject

of the grandstand in a nice way. Then if she

enjoyed her visit and wasn't disappointed—"

"You said that before," said Stiles coldly.

"Well, I don't know, Gooky. Of course it might be possible



to play you for a while—long enough to save your face. Coach is going over to scout Randall on Saturday. I'll think about it. I guess it would be a shame to disappoint your granny. Drop around later and maybe—well, we'll see. Only," he added sternly, "you keep it under your hat!"

The result of the later conference must have been encouraging to Gooky, for he appeared in the room of the Chess Club in the best of spirits and won a game from Toby Finkinwall, his foremost rival, in fourteen moves, using the famous Bittelsdorp Gambit with telling effect.

GRANDMOTHER WINTHROP arrived shortly after noon on Saturday in a long blue roadster. Some two-thirds of the student body, occupying advantageous positions in the front windows of the three dormitories, doubted that the lady would negotiate the turns leading from the school gate without encroaching on the lawn or overriding the shrubbery, but she did it with perfect ease and at twenty-five miles an hour, and when she brought the big car to a stop in front of the brick portico of Academy Hall a spontaneous cheer rewarded her. An impassive chauffeur descended from the rumble, opened a door, and Grandmother Winthrop jumped spryly out.

A hand-picked reception committee, composed of some of the Best Minds and most athletic citizens of Overlook Academy, stood at attention while Gooky greeted his grandmother. Mrs. Winthrop permitted Gooky to kiss her on one smoothly tanned cheek, but her own demonstration was restricted to a handclasp and a pat on the shoulder followed by a critical survey from a pair of very keen brown eyes. "Jimmy, you're much too fat!" she said flatly.

Gooky gulped and made the introductions: Stiles Dawson; Carruthers, captain of the nine; Warnot, president of D. K. D.; Crosby, of the crew; Winterbottom, of the hockey club. Each received a crushing handclasp and a smile and each vowed allegiance to Gooky's granny.

She was fairly tall, slim, and straight. Slightly grizzled brown hair showed from under a close hat, her cheeks were scarcely wrinkled and her features were agreeable. There was nothing of roses-and-cream about Grandmother Winthrop's complexion, but sun and wind had dealt kindly enough with it, presenting an excellent argument in favor of Outdoor Exercise for Grandmothers.

If she had a somewhat autocratic manner and a decisive speech, her smile was pleasant and her voice kindly. She wore a long tweed coat of brown, a small hat of the same color, woolen stockings, flat-soled sport shoes and half-gloves. And when the last of the introductions had been performed she said briskly: "Well, now we know each other. What's next?"

The program for the entertainment of the visitor had been very carefully arranged beforehand and it went without a hitch and according to schedule—up to a point.

First the visitors' room, where Grandmother laid aside her wraps and used a compact to excellent effect. Then polite conversation with the principal and the assistant principal. If Grandmother found this a bit dull she made no sign. Then she and Gooky departed in the big car to the Inn and ate luncheon.

Gooky wanted to refer carelessly to the matter of his participation in the afternoon's football contest, but he had no chance. Probably she took that for granted. Anyway she did practically all of the talking, recounting her visit to the neighboring stock farm and describing in detail the appearance, antecedents, past history, and future expectations of the horse she had purchased.

Gooky hearkened politely and did full justice to a meal which, if not particularly toothsome, was at least different. Back at school the committee was waiting. With Sid Crosby—who had very polished manners—acting as master of ceremonies the round of the buildings was begun.

Grandmother was courteously interested in all she saw. She read every tablet aloud, stared admiringly at the memorial windows, asked a number of questions sniffed at the dining hall—which happened to be still redolent of roast beef hash with onions—and became very enthusiastic in the gymnasium. She insisted that Warnot should chin himself on a trapeze and watched approvingly until, at the sixth not very expert attempt, his collar came loose at the back and he retired for repairs.

In the crew room Sid Crosby had to illustrate the mechanism of a rowing machine and worked his necktie around under his left ear with rakish effect. In the fencing room she donned mask and plastron and jabbed Carruthers with the button of her foil four times before he knew what was happening.

Downstairs again, Gooky was invited to do some stunts with a thirty-pound dumb-bell but was spared humiliation through the quick thinking of Stiles. Stiles politely but firmly reminded Gooky that he was due to play football in about an hour. However, Grandmother certainly did enjoy the gymnasium. For their part the committee were heartily relieved when Crosby diverted the guest from the basement stairs. The swimming pool was



"Listen a minute, won't you? How about the new grandstand?"

down there, and none of the committee was suitably attired for diving.

From the gymnasium to the playing field was but a short walk, and presently Sid was apologizing for the disreputable old wooden grandstand and begging Mrs. Winthrop to disregard it, meanwhile absent-mindedly leading her straight to it. Carruthers alluded disgustedly to the tottering structure and Warnot glumly drew attention to the dangerous condition of the framework.

Somehow the project of the new concrete stand was disclosed, and, one thing leading to another, Grandmother Winthrop found herself in possession of the information that the sum of six hundred and sixty-odd dollars still stood in the way of the successful termination of the undertaking. Grandmother agreed that a new stand might be an improvement and asked Sid if he did much riding. After that the committee urned rather dubiously back toward the campus.

At the entrance of the Academy, Gooky and Stiles made their excuses and took themselves away to prepare for the game. The others parted from Grandmother in the visitors' room, pledging themselves to return in a half hour and conduct her to the field, and went off to a much-needed rest and a discussion as to whether or not a new grandstand was a probability.

Meanwhile the Hempston High School warriors arrived, dormitories began to empty their denizens onto the campus, and the school band assembled in front of Hollins and started to experiment in doleful toots and bams.

After a while Grandmother grew tired of staring at the painting of the former principal, which was about all there was to look at in the visitors' room, and got up and started a little exploration of her own. She peered into two or three class rooms that still smelled of chalk, saw a stone stairway and climbed it. The second floor was no more interesting than the first and so she went on to the third. This, too, seemed as silent and empty as the others until she noted that a door halfway down the dim corridor was ajar and that from it slight, vague sounds emerged.

The ground-glass upper panel of the door bore the inscription "Whist Club—Members Only." She pushed the door farther inward and spied a pale, determined-looking youth in goggles seated at a table on which was a much-worn chessboard and a number of nicked and sometimes decapitated chessmen. At intervals he pulled his hair, at intervals he groaned. At intervals he studied the

(Continued on page 43)



Gooky dashed gallantly onto the field.

Again They Set New Records!

America's 1930 Model Champions Smash Former Marks in Third A. M. L. A. Contests



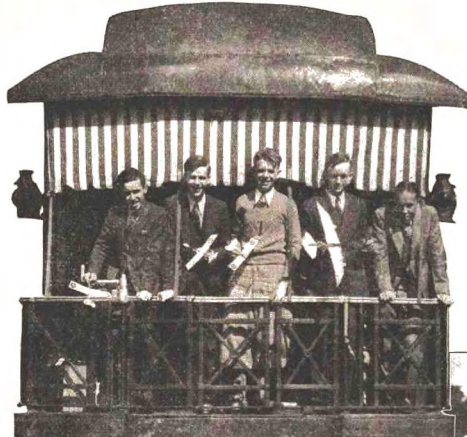
Griffith Ogden Ellis
American Boy Editor
Contest Chairman.

HOW high will next year's records rise? That is the question that the more than 400 model builders who took part in the Third National Airplane League of America Contests in Detroit June 30-July 1, and the more than 400,000 League members they represent, are asking. And there's good reason.

For the skillful young model fliers at the contests—conducted this year as in 1928 and 1929 by THE AMERICAN BOY—shattered official N. A. A. records right and left, and in a manner that left no doubt that the League's model builders are getting better and better. Here's what happened:

Ray Thompson, Detroit, flew his indoor model for the amazing time of 11 minutes 47 seconds—194 seconds longer than the 1929 mark of Joe Culver.

Joseph Ehrhardt, St. Louis, kept his outdoor twin pusher—a weighted model, as required by the new N. A. A. rules—aloft for 6 minutes 25 seconds, more than four minutes longer than the

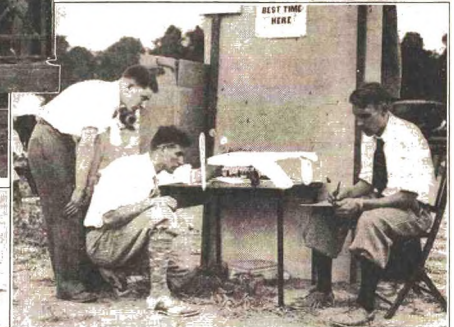


Left to right—Thompson, Chaffee and Ehrhardt, the champions; Schairer, who went with them; and Mr. Haas, chaperon—their grins mean the train is starting their Europe-ward!

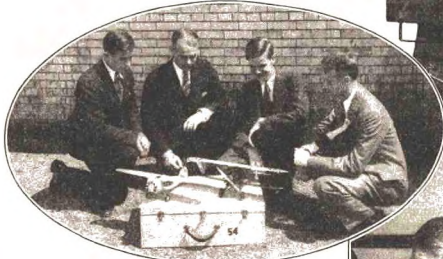
Charles Tong Nap, Chinese boy, came all the way from Hawaii for the contests.



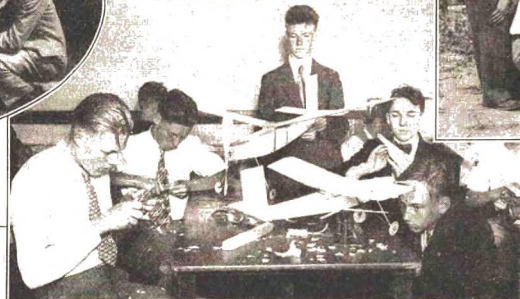
Below, one of the outdoor judges' squads weighing fuselage models.



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Mudie and Chaffee, junior and senior scale model winners, showed their Lockheed and Boeing to Mr. Pierrot and Mr. Charnley, of the American Boy staff, on the Statler roof. (Left to right—Mudie, Pierrot, Chaffee, Charnley).



© THE DETROIT TIMES

The workroom was open 18 hours a day!



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Lunch was a welcome interlude.

best previously reported time under the new rules.

This same Ehrhardt flew his outdoor fuselage monoplane, also a weighted job, for 2 minutes 4 seconds, a record 54 seconds above the winning time in last year's Wakefield Cup Contest in Great Britain.

And William Chaffee, Dayton, Ohio, scored 97 points with his near-perfect scale model of the Boeing P-12B Fighter—four points ahead of Proctor's 1929 score.

But all of that is ahead of the story. For the contests really began early in June, when scale models started arriving at THE AMERICAN BOY office. And what models they were!

There were Boeing Fighters, Stinson monoplanes, Ford tri-motors. There were the familiar Curtiss Hawks, Vought Corsairs, Fokkers, Lockheeds, Ryans. There were sea-planes and land planes; there were

for entry in the contest, the preliminary judging was under way. Every properly entered model (some unfortunately arrived too late) was scored on nearly one hundred individual points; each one was gone over with calipers, ruler and a fine-tooth comb!

Right on the heels of the first scale models, two weeks before the actual contest dates, arrived the first contestants. They were Ted Jacques and Jack Sanderson, and they came all the way from Portland,

Oregon, in a 1918 Ford! They came early to have a chance to put final touches on their models—and what touches they put! Their best records indoors, before they left Portland, had been less than five minutes. Read on to learn of their contest records.

Contestants began to arrive in quantity during the week before June 30. By plane, by train, by auto and boat and road they came. And they brought tales of records that made new marks a certainty.

There were more than 400 contestants by Sunday, June 29, when contest registration opened at the Hotel Statler. The workroom on the fourteenth floor was busy from early morning until 1 a. m. There were whisperings over mystery ships, there were hundreds of test flights at the Michigan State Fair Coliseum, there were furious preparations for the outdoor contests the next day.

And there were speculations: "Will Don Burnham, outdoor champion, be able to repeat?" "Who's going to win the indoor event?" "Who's going to enter?" "What will the weight rules do to the outdoor contest?" and "Who will be the new scale model champion?"

That last question was the first answered. Early Monday morning judges had completed final tabulations, and Chaffee, second to Proctor in



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Jacques and Sanderson rode from Portland, Oregon, in this iron steed.

(Cont. on page 58)

A Trial for Two

By Frank Richardson Pierce

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

PAT!
The woman's voice rang with authority—the tone of one who had come to an unpleasant decision after considerable thought.

The youth, playing with a setter dog, started nervously, as if a gun had been unexpectedly discharged behind him. He was almost rigid as he looked toward the back door of the ramshackle building that was home. His mother was framed there, holding the door open.

The dog licked Pat's fingers, and unconsciously the boy rubbed the silken ears. His face was pale with apprehension. He had dreaded this moment.

"Pat!" The tone was softer.

"Yes—Mother!" He hurried toward the house, the dog at his heels.

Mrs. Shelton waited until the youth had entered the kitchen, then shut the door with a dismal creaking of rusty hinges. She picked up her worn, leather handbag from the oilcloth covering, opened it and handed him a twenty dollar bill and five silver dollars. There remained but a single dollar and some small change—mostly nickels and pennies.

"I'm sorry, Pat," the woman said, after a moment of silence, "but we'll have to enter Sandy in the Northwest Open Field Trials. The entries close within an hour, so—you'll have to hurry."

At the mention of his name, the setter looked from the woman to his youthful master. Perhaps he sensed how dark was this moment in the life of the son.

"The Northwest Open," Pat Shelton muttered.

It was one of the classics of the country. Here were gathered the best hunting dogs and the wealthiest sportsmen. There were dogs entered whose education had cost five thousand dollars. Men offered large sums for dogs that struck their fancy.

But it was no sporting proposition with the Sheltons. The twenty-five dollar entry fee had been gathered a bit at a time. It was needed for other things, but Mrs. Shelton was hoping that Sandy would place high, and someone would make a good offer for him.

Pat was afraid of that—and he couldn't bear the thought of parting with Sandy. Bullard might make an irresistible offer. Bullard, who was said to be cold and hard, driver of sharp bargains, and a man who knew men, dogs and horses.

The great Valdimer would be there. With this noted setter would come Parker, his owner, and Pringle, his trainer. Pringle's school was a hard one for dogs, but he got results.

"What've we to gain, Mother," he asked bitterly, "entering a dog trained by a kid? It'd make me sick to have Sandy shown up. He's just as good as any of 'em, but we haven't had the money for training him."

The woman smiled softly. She knew this son of hers. Sandy would do well. Young Pat was like his father. He had that same uncanny ability to get the most out of a dog. And Sandy was the last of the line of Shelton thoroughbreds—son of old Queen. Sandy would do well—and now that old Pat was dead, they needed money badly.

Pat pocketed the entrance fee reluctantly, pulled on his cap, and without a word left the house. Sandy started to follow.

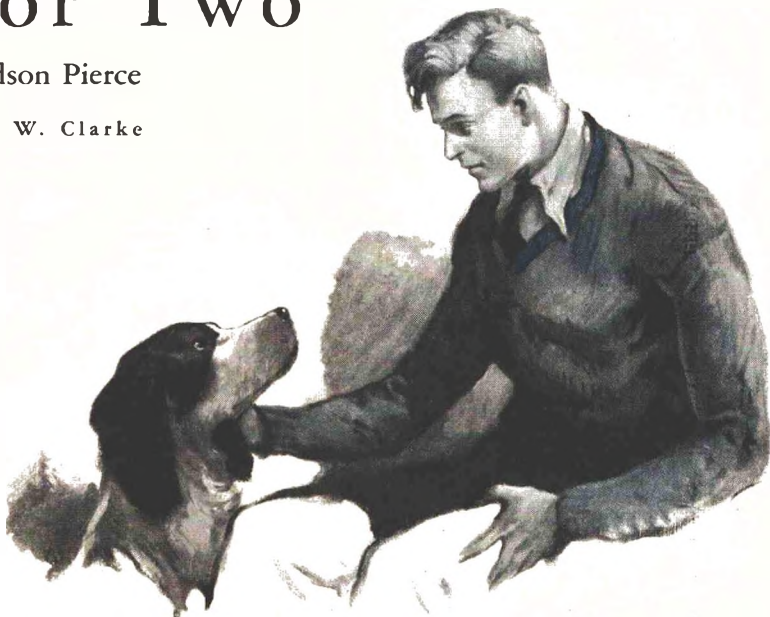
"No, not this time, boy," Pat whispered. "They'll see you soon enough, and, anyway, we might as well get used to being separated. It's only a little while now."

A lump came to his throat. He swallowed hard and hurried down the street that led to the car line.

Mrs. Shelton sat down in the nearest chair. The decision had cost her much. She had postponed action to the very last, hoping against hope that "something would turn up." But "something" didn't. She nodded her head wisely as she reflected: "Sandy will win, and Sandy is Pat's first dog. He trained him from a puppy. He'll be proud of Sandy. But—it'll hurt."

A mother, she would have preferred to carry the burden herself. She wiped her eyes and set about finishing up the housework. Poverty was no excuse for dirt.

THE grounds surrounding the Northwest Club were imposing. The clubhouse was a rambling structure constructed of fir logs. Within were trophies of the hunt donated by various members. A fire burned in the massive fireplace. On the broad veranda the wives of the members played bridge. The golf course



"If you win, Sandy," whispered the boy, "somebody else will own you."

was something visitors talked about. Beyond that were rolling hills.

Some of the area was as the loggers had left it—a tangle of culled logs and stumps, overgrown with brush and blackberry bushes. Elsewhere were wooded slopes and square fields of grain in which lurked Chinese pheasants, Hungarian partridges, and quail. The huns were a hardy lot and wild; the pheasants wary and at times defiant, particularly during the closed season. The quail were tamer, but alert.

In this hunter's paradise the finest dogs competed against each other in the Northwest Open. The gallery following the field resembled a golf match when some famous professional is playing.

As a lad trailing his father, young Pat had witnessed many of the trials. He had seen Bullard pay three thousand dollars for a dog that struck his fancy. He had seen dogs his father had trained win cups and ribbons.

"Too bad," men said. "Shelton passed on just when he was about to reap a real reward for his life's work."

As Pat walked briskly up the familiar path and entered the building, men glanced twice—a boy can grow a lot in a year—and then said, "Oh, hello, Pat!"

Grim old John McLellan greeted him. "Shooting up fast, lad. You must weigh a hundred and fifty. You'll be a hundred and eighty by the time you enter the university. Turn out for football?"

"Yes, Mr. McLellan, if I get that far. I'm here to enter Sandy in the trials." Pat swallowed hard. "Whom do I see?"

John McLellan knew the story. The fact Pat was entering Sandy told it all.

"You see me, son," he said kindly. "This is one thing I try to run myself. Fill out this blank."

John McLellan demanded more than a fine showing from the dogs entering his competition. Intelligence, beauty, and poise all counted. Furthermore, they had to be good to shoot over. It was McLellan's contention that a dog was trained to shoot over, and other qualities were secondary. He made his own rules, and as sportsmen found them practical, the scope of the trials widened.

McLellan noticed that the hand signing the entry blank trembled slightly, but he said nothing until Pat was ready to go.

"I guess there's no need of me telling you the rules, Pat. You've been here for years now. Same old rules govern. We're going to shoot over the dogs down in the south eighty acres. Blank shells. If any dog is gun-shy I want to know it."

Years before a gun-shy dog had won and it was not until the hunting season that the committee learned of the fault. It was a dog Pringle had trained.

Except to spend more time with Sandy, after he had returned home, Pat gave no hint of his inner feelings.

"Got to make the most of you, Sandy," he whispered, "because after the trials, if you win, somebody else will own you. If—you win!"

A thought came to Pat Shelton's mind. He could prevent Sandy from winning—easily. If a youth could make a dog, why couldn't he break him? Permit him—help him—to make one or two bad errors!

Furiously he rejected the idea, but it came back to him again and again. Somehow he could make sufficient money to keep the house going. Sandy would be happier here.

The struggle that went on inside him made him morose, and Mrs. Shelton, sensing it, knew Pat must fight it to the finish alone.

THE day of the trial, Pat was up early, fussing around the dog, doing things that were not necessary, seeking excuses to be near him. But to the mother it was apparent the fight had not been settled.

McLellan telephoned he would be driving that way and would pick up Pat and the dog. Despite his gruff manner McLellan was always happening to be doing something that needed to be done.

Mrs. Shelton watched Pat and Sandy leap into the car. The boy looked back. His face was pale from the tenseness of the scrap that was going on inside him.

The grounds swarmed with blooded dogs and sportsmen. There was Valdimer with Pringle, the trainer, and Parker, the owner. The dog that won this trial would have to beat Valdimer. And there was Bullard, grim and ponderous, studying the dogs with a keen eye. He came abruptly on Sandy.

"Who the deuce are you?" he inquired of the dog. Sandy surveyed him with interest and gave a brief flap of his tail.

"Rather like you, boy," Bullard said, and then noticed Pat. "Old Pat's son, eh? Fine dog! Any chance?"

Through Pat's mind flashed the sentence so often spoken of the big man. "Bullard believes money can buy anything!" His manner became defensive, even defiant.

"He's a lot to learn," Pat said.

The diplomacy was not lost on Bullard. Pat was not belittling his dog; neither was he praising him in a way to arrest interest. Bullard moved on, but Sandy and his master were on his mind.

"I'm going to watch that dog," he said to himself. "Hope the kid hasn't ruined him. Nice dog!"

Sunlit fields of brown wheat stubble and green alfalfa spread out before men and dogs. A great gallery of men and women were ranged in a semi-

circle, farther back. Somewhere on a neighboring butte a Chinese pheasant cock crackled defiance, as if to say, "You can't do this—the season's closed." The Northwest Open had begun.

"What dog's that?" a voice inquired, pointing down-field to where Sandy was quartering a field of alfalfa.

"Just a scrub that some kid entered," Pringle took it upon himself to answer.

"That dog," Pat said, facing his father's old enemy, "is not a scrub. That's Sandy, my dog, and he's a thoroughbred. Don't take my word for him—just watch him."

MORE than one spectator was watching Sandy. Among all the other dogs out in front, Sandy was conspicuous. With each upward leap to clear the high growth, his ears floated outward and dropped down. He was a bit of poetry, black and white, that lived.

But now, abruptly, he became marble—black and white marble—as though someone had placed a statue in that field as a memorial. His paw was lifted clear and he had come to a perfect point as he caught a scent. His body was slightly bent. Men turned their eyes towards the sight, and a man with a motion picture camera stopped and shot twenty-five feet of film.

A dog had to hold this position until his master ordered him forward to scare up the birds he'd found. If he broke, an error was charged against him. Sandy held, beautifully.

"Put 'em up, Sandy!"

Pat's voice rang out clearly. The gallery grew silent and tense. Pat held his gun lightly. The dog moved, and the next instant a covey of huns roared from a thicket and sped away. Pat's gun cracked.

Sandy seemed slightly disappointed that nothing dropped. Pat ordered him on. And as the trials progressed, the field narrowed down. Valdimer, Parker's great dog, seemed to realize that this newcomer was threatening his position in dogdom, and his leaps became a challenge. When Pringle called to his dog, there was a note of sharpness and worry in his voice.

Bullard was walking close by Pat now. His eyes

were more on Sandy than on Valdimer.

Pat Shelton clenched his fists. "Money can't buy everything. It can't buy Sandy," he whispered.

A word would insure that—a word ever on Pat's lips, that, spoken in a low tone to the dog, would cause an error to be marked against him.

"I can't let Bullard or Parker have you. I can't let you go. The next time you point I'll tell you to put 'em up—tell you so the rest can't hear—and they'll think you broke."

The field moved onward. Somewhere an indignant Chink rooster was startled from concealment. He sailed before the whole field; fingers itched to pepper him with real shot.

"Confound 'em!" McLellan snorted. "They seem to know they're protected. You couldn't get within a mile of that cuss during the open season."

The Chink disappeared over a butte, wings set, tail straight behind, so that he seemed to be several feet long.

PRINGLE held up a barbed wire to let Valdimer through, and stopped for a moment. His eyes were on Sandy, who was working swiftly back and forth, his lateral movements becoming shorter and shorter as the scent grew stronger.

Pat was a few yards away, with Bullard close behind. Swiftly Pat moved nearer to his dog, looking back darkly at Bullard whose face was now alight with admiration. Bullard wanted Sandy. But he wouldn't be so eager if Sandy broke a few times. Now was the moment for Pat to take steps to keep his dog. Sandy was frozen to a point. Pat moved closer. The judges were well behind. Just the soft words "Put 'em up," and Sandy would break—and the judges would think he broke too soon. Pat started to whisper the words, but before they left his lips a barbed wire squeaked behind him.

Pat looked back, his face flushed, to see Pringle and Valdimer coming through. Pringle looked at Pat and grinned.

"I used to tell your father, Pat, that he didn't know how to train dogs," he said. "Now I'm going to prove it. Get in there, Val, and show this mongrel up!"

With a wave of his arm Pringle sent his dog into the field.

"I'll take that challenge," Pat growled, "as soon as Sandy puts up that bird!"

"If there's a bird there!" Pringle scoffed.

Forgotten, now, was Pat's intention to save his dog for himself.

Pat looked back at the judges. Sandy had held his bird long enough, and at a nod from the judges, Pat called:

"Put 'em up!"

A moment later a lone hun, hiding in almost no cover, whirred away.

"Now go to it, boy," Pat softly cried. "Get in there and win."

It was an event that kept the gallery on its toes. Pat Shelton didn't know who was ahead on points, but he did know he was getting all he could from Sandy and that Sandy was performing perfectly.

The two dogs had swung together for several yards, and then Valdimer took the lead. He trotted towards a butte, then abruptly changed his course. Sandy, about to follow, suddenly froze.

A cry of exultation came from Pringle's throat. Parker smiled. Bullard looked disappointed.

"Val just covered that ground without stopping. Sandy comes to a point." Bullard shook his head.

"Guess that settles it—Sandy's come to a false point." The words reached Pat's ears. He whirled, defiantly.

"If Sandy points, there's a bird there," he said confidently. "It was Valdimer that fell down. He missed the bird!"

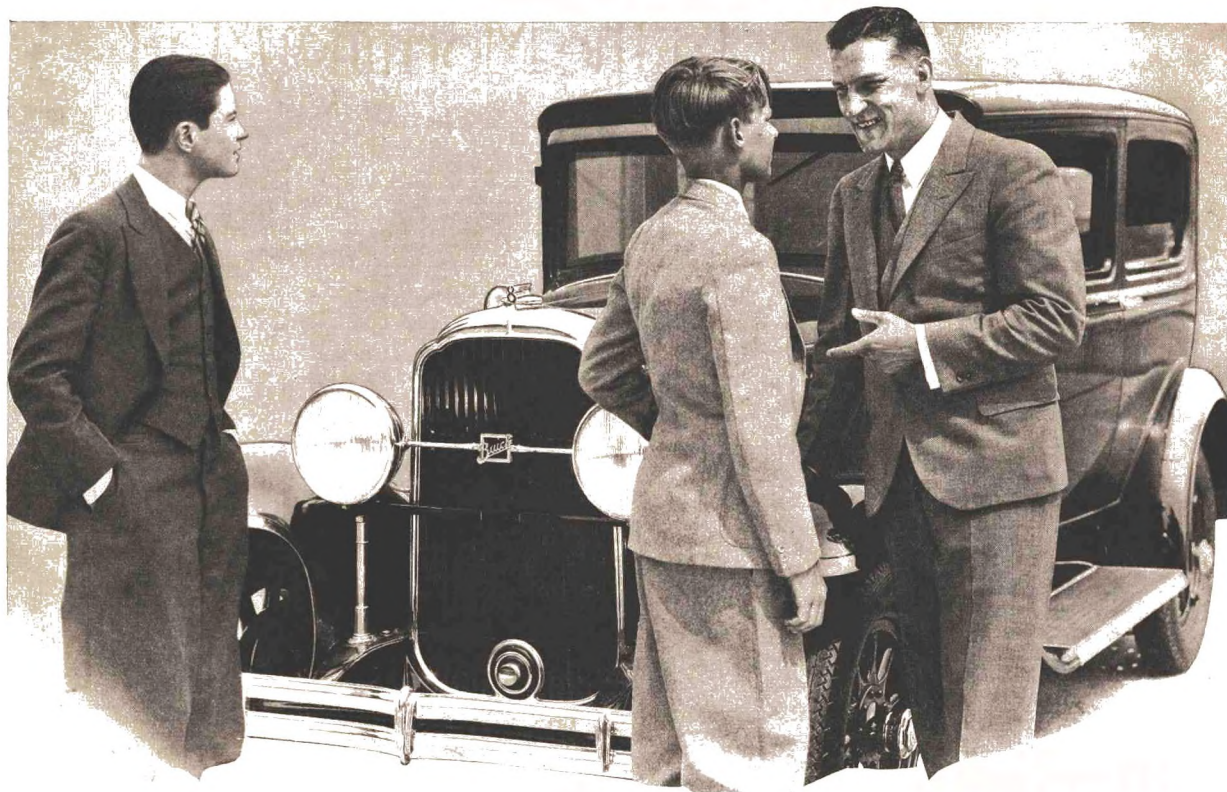
This was treason. Smiles of derision flashed for a moment. Parker flushed. He resented the imputation that his dog would miss something another dog could scent.

All eyes were on Sandy. He was still holding his point. Then he broke, moved a few feet, and stopped. Again this maneuver was repeated. Instead of remaining in one spot while the bird was moving beyond gunshot, Sandy was keeping close—but not too close. He had had many drills on this. Doubt began to creep over Pringle's face.

(Continued on page 44)



"I used to tell your father, Pat, that he didn't know how to train dogs," Pringle said. "Now I'm going to prove it."



Billy Jones and his Pal Inspect the new Buick Straight Eight!

Buick Dealer (as Billy's pal, Jack Harris—better known as "Red"—enters Buick showroom): Hello, Jack! You're just in time. Billy and I are going over some of the most important features of the new Buick. Perhaps I'd better begin with the engine again, Billy, for Jack's benefit?

Billy: That suits me to a "T." Just let Red see a real power plant. Look, Red! There's more'n a hundred horsepower in this new straight eight engine just rarin' to go.

Red: Gee—it looks about twice as big and powerful as the engine in our car. I'll bet it's got a whole lot more besides just more power, too.

Buick Dealer: Indeed it has, Jack. The new Buick Eight engine combines tremendous power with matchless smoothness—an achievement that has long been sought in the eight-cylinder field.

Billy: And look, Red! This device keeps the oil at the best temperature the year 'round.

Buick Dealer: That's the new Engine-Oil Temperature Regulator. As I explained to Billy, all

the oil passes through this water jacketed core which warms it immediately in cold weather and keeps it at just the right temperature in hot weather. Proper oil temperature under all driving conditions means fewer oil changes and less wear on vital engine parts.

Red (busily engaged at the wheel of new Buick): Say, Billy—come here and shift these gears. Gosh, you can shift with one finger, easy as pie.

Buick Dealer: With the new Syncro-Mesh Transmission anyone can shift gears quickly at any speed and without clashing. Buick is the only straight eight to employ this costly, fine-car feature.

Billy (admiring interior): And—gee—are these Fisher bodies rich! Just feel this upholstery. Look how neat all the controls are grouped on the dash. Leave it to Fisher to build the classiest bodies.

Buick Dealer: The "Bodies by Fisher" are thoroughly insulated like fine homes against heat, cold and noise and are offered in a wide choice

of colors and upholstery. They're stronger and roomier than ever. The increased size and strength of each unit—engine, chassis and body—make possible still greater roadability and steadiness at still greater speeds.

Red: Buick builds nothing but eights and leads the field in sales by over two to one. No wonder these new Buick Eights are such humdingers!

Billy (longing for a ride): I claim you can't begin to know what they're like 'til you drive 'em. You've got to feel what they've got plenty of—as well as see it!

Buick Dealer (smiling): Something tells me a couple of boys wouldn't like to drive a new Buick Eight—much! All right—there's a model at the curb waiting—come on—let's go!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario

CASH PRIZES FOR BOYS

Every boy is invited to join the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild and to participate in its annual cash awards. Read the announcement published elsewhere in this magazine by the Fisher Body Corporation, maker of Buick bodies. Then visit your neighborhood Buick Dealer for further information.

THE EIGHT AS **BUICK** BUILDS IT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



Teeth do a lot more than chew your food

MOST of us just take our teeth for granted. They're put where they are to take bites out of breakfast, we think. Yes, but they mean a lot more than that. If they're healthy teeth, they help make us healthy people. If they're sick teeth, they make us sick all over.

You fellows who want to be strong and athletic must be mighty careful of your teeth. The best friend they can have is a tube of Colgate's. Know why? Because it cleans as no other toothpaste can. And only *clean* teeth can be healthy.

Colgate's bubbling foam gets right down into the little crevices that your toothbrush may be neglecting. It loosens hidden bits of food and actively swirls 'em away in a pleasant tasting wave.

And how fresh your mouth feels . . . how white your teeth look! Get the Colgate habit. Any Scout Master or team coach will tell you what a mighty good habit it is.

Want to try a tube on our say-so? We'll be glad to pay for it. All you have to do is send us the coupon below.



Try Colgate's one week—FREE
 Colgate, Dept. M-667
 P. O. Box 375
 Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.
 Gentlemen:
 Please send me, free, a generous trial tube of Colgate's—the dentifrice coaches advise.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

In the Morning Mail

"HERE'S a letter," grunts the Office Pup, "that's brief and to the point. It's from Malcolm Anderson, Abbeville, Mississippi. He says: 'If you're an editor, Pluto, I designed the Alps.' And that's all he says."
 "It's enough," replies the ed. "I think he's right."
 "Don't get funny, Palisades," the Pup replies calmly.
 "What's that you called me?"
 "Palisades—because you're all bluff." The Pup chuckles. "Dale Johnson, Corpus Christi, Texas, tipped me off to that one."

"I hope," retorts the editor, "that all your children are centipedes and have corns. I got that one from Courts Ferris, Robinson, Illinois. Now let's stop fooling and get to work. Where's that prize-winning letter?"
 Whereat the Pup sniffs through the pile and finally digs out the letter of Robert Riedel, Covington, Kentucky. Riedel summarizes the lesson he learned from his high school commencement address. Here's what he says:

"We had a college president as a speaker. He said something that sank home, probably because it presented my sort of ideal. He didn't urge us to strive for success. Instead he told us that we should try to mould ourselves into men of strong character. In other words, he wanted us to concentrate our efforts on self-improvement rather than on the position we might attain in life."
 "Now, Pluto, getting down to brass tacks, you must admit that only a few can perch on the top rung of the ladder. When everybody becomes great then nobody will be great. Therefore, why not have more emphasis on this thing called character? Then, no matter what rung we reach in the social and economic ladder, we can all develop into the kind of men who are worth their earth space."
 "In our graduating class there were five honor students. Two of them I admired. They were made of straight-from-the-shoulder, square-shooting stuff. The other three were too proud of their achievements. One had dropped the subjects that were hard for her in order to have the coveted high average. Another had developed into a 'yes-man' in his climb up. He was afraid to air his own opinions in class lest they clash with the teacher's views. The third worked with one thought only—to show how 'good' he was. Pluto, I didn't envy these three."

"Somehow, after I've lived a long time, I'd rather feel that I had been the best, rather than the biggest, man I was capable of being."
 There's food for thought in Riedel's letter. If a fellow tries continually to be the best man he's capable of being, he needn't worry about success. Whatever success he deserves will come, and when it comes his head won't be turned by it.



"Here are my favorite artists," writes

Arthur Silliman, Hibbing, Minnesota. "For air stories: William Heaslip, F. C. Yohn, Ernest Fuhr, H. Weston Taylor. Sea stories: Anton Otto Fischer. War stories: Albin Henning. Animal stories: Paul Bransom, Charles Livingston Bull. Humorous stories: R. M. Brinkerhoff. Mystery stories: Albin Henning. Other kinds: Dudley Gloyne Summers."

One thing Silliman forgot to mention—the cover artists he likes best. We think he would have ranked high Lynn Bogue Hunt, who painted the tiger picture on this month's cover. Herewith is Mr. Hunt's thumb-nail autobiography, illustrated by a picture of himself that he drew especially for AMERICAN BOY readers.

"I was born in a little town in western New York State.

"I think the migration of north-bound birds must have been in full swing at the moment. At any rate, something must have infected me, because I've never since been good for anything but drawing and painting the romantic drama of wild creatures about their daily business of living.

"My first artistic efforts were cut-out silhouettes of animals and I began mass production of these at about the age of four. At eleven I clamored for a gun, but the grown-ups barred it. So in great secrecy I created a gun out of a gas pipe barrel, plugged at one end with lead, mounted on a whittled stock and fired by a piece of corset steel, (now you know about where to place me, chronologically) by way of a paper pistol cap, held over the priming hole by a couple of pins.

"I built my first boat in the cellar one winter and when the ice was out of the mill pond and launching time arrived, the boat proved too big to get through the cellar door. I think I came nearer a broken heart then than I've ever come since.

"In the midst of feverish drawing, hunting and fishing, I was seized, at the age of twelve, by Taxidermy in its most virulent form and the ancestral home (Albion, Michigan, at this time) rapidly became a museum that supplied moths in enormous numbers and free of charge to all the neighbors for miles around.

"After college I had three years on the art staff of the *Detroit Free Press*. Then to New York to free lance for the rest of my days. Oh, yes! Studied a few months at the Art Students' League in New York, but was discovered and captured by the Remington Arms Company to do advertising drawing. Sporting goods manufacturers of all sorts have kept me there ever since. I do magazine covers, illustrations, murals and paintings now, while I rest.

"Gunning, fishing and boating still hold their thrall, and to these sports I have recently added the motion picture camera. Boy! you ought to see some of my slow motion shots of leaping sailfish taken in the Gulf Stream off the coast of southern Florida!"

There are some good letters, this month, from long-time subscribers.

"I've been a reader of THE AMERICAN BOY for nine years," writes Paul R. Marrs, Spottsville, Kentucky. "Of all the stories I've read in that time, it's hard to choose the best, but I must men-

tion 'The Big Row at Ranger's,' 'The Blushing Camel,' and 'The Whispering Joss.'"

"Our family has been taking the magazine at least since 1910," writes Joseph Ruker of Nashua, New Hampshire. "Very often I dig up old copies and re-read the stories in them." Ruker goes on to tell about Nashua's recent five million dollar fire, and how his scout troop had to direct traffic for a week afterwards.

"My dad took THE AMERICAN BOY when he was a kid," states Walter Keller, Honolulu, Hawaii. "Now I'm taking it, and when I get older I want my son to take it."

"My parents have taken the magazine for twenty-two years," says Bernard Perkins, Corydon, Iowa. "Not bad, eh?"

Of all the serials he's read, Perkins gives first place to "Shanghai Passage," by Howard Pease. He'll be glad to know that we're planning to carry another Pease story, "Secret Cargo," some time next year.

"I am probably the oldest boy subscriber on your list," Ernest H. Ramsdill, Saratoga Springs, New York, writes. "I am sixty-five years old and have just retired after forty-five years of business!"

The Pup was also delighted, this month, by a number of letters from girl subscribers. Ruth Butcher, Bayard, Nebraska, believes that more girls should read stories like "Whizzer's Trade-Mark," by William Heyliger, "Big Medicine," by Allen Field, and "Crooked Arm," by Stephen Meader. These stories, she believes, have taught her valuable lessons of sportsmanship.

"I was a reader of the *Youth's Companion* for eight years," writes Sara McGhee, Toney, Alabama. "and I hope to read THE AMERICAN BOY six times eight years."

"I'll have to start with an apology," Elizabeth Baker, Drumright, Oklahoma, writes. "I took the *Youth's Companion*

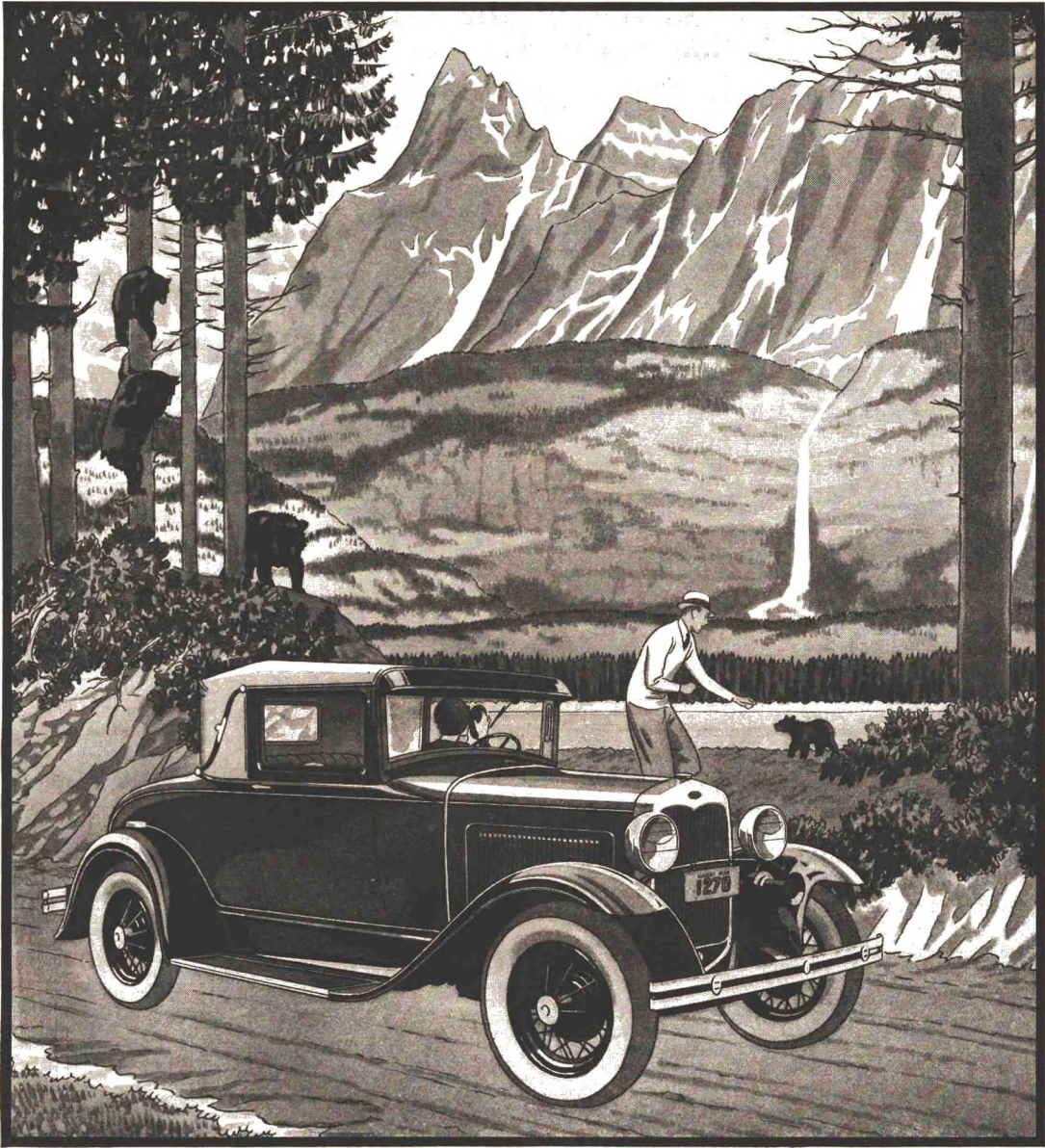
before the two combined and liked it. When the combination was announced I simply did not approve. What did I want with a boy's magazine? That wasn't what I had subscribed to. But—it took about two copies to show me that I *did* want a boy's magazine. I recommend THE AMERICAN BOY to any girl who is tired of the usual girl stories!"

Another girl who likes the sports stories is Celeste Mullen, St. Louis. She particularly liked "Big Medicine"—remember that it tells the story of a boy who wore his dad's track shoes—because her own dad has a track shirt that he wore in college. He never lost a race while wearing that shirt, and later Celeste's brother wore it and kept the record clean.

The Pup received, this month, pictures from two prize-winners in AMERICAN BOY Contests. The chap leaning against a stone pillar is Ralph L. Allen, New York City, third prize winner in the Dude Ranch contest, who spent July

(Continued on page 65)





THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

After the First Twenty-five Thousand Miles THE value of sound design, good materials, and careful construction is especially apparent in the new Ford after the first twenty-five thousand miles. Long, continuous service emphasizes its mechanical reliability, and economy of operation and up-keep. Throughout the car you will find many reasons for its alert, capable performance and many instances of value far above the price you pay. “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “

Prominent among these are the four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers, Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield, fully enclosed four-wheel brakes, five steel-spoke wheels, aluminum pistons, chrome silicon alloy valves, chrome alloy transmission gears and shafts, torque-tube drive, three-quarter floating rear axle, more than twenty ball and roller bearings, and bright, enduring Rustless Steel for many exterior parts. Unusual accuracy in manufacturing is another feature of the Ford car. “ “ “ “ “



"RIGHT!"



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Pocket Ben is built right . . . runs right, stays right . . . and is strictly up-to-date in size and design, too. Rich metal dial . . . pierced hands . . . artistic numerals . . . antique bow and crown, convenient pull-out set . . . a modern and attractive watch in every way. And fully guaranteed. Priced at \$1.50 . . . or with luminous dial that tells you the time in the dark . . . \$2.25.

Westclox
Country Club \$2.50

Same size as Pocket Ben. Chromium plated. Silvered metal dial, raised gold numerals. Beautifully engraved back with deeply embossed border, inlaid in black to harmonize with bezel. An attractive, dependable watch that suggests value far beyond the price.



Built by the makers of
Big Ben

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois

Sun-Up on the Range

(Continued from page 10)

so we wouldn't have to sell it to Whaley. I told Joe Duck all about everything, and I gave him a note for you that told you to sign up with Whaley if you didn't hear from me by the 13th. We could have worked it that way since either of us has power of attorney to sign for the other. But Joe never gave you my note—he'd hit on that crazy scheme of sending you to El Paso to fool Whaley's office."

Birney paused. "Well?" Martin demanded. Surely Birn hadn't fired devoted Joe Duck just for that crazy idea.

"Well, when I got back—with no money," Birney went on, "I asked about you and Joe told me what he'd done, as tickled as you please. And I blew up!" Birney's voice was suddenly bitter with self-reproach. "I lit on the poor old duffer hard. He left that night. For Mexico."

"Mexico!" "To hunt the lost herd," Birney explained. "He said he'd find the cattle to make up for the mischief he'd done. I told him not to go—I didn't think he would—but when I woke up in the morning he was gone."

"Poor old Joe," Martin muttered. He could fairly see the old man wandering around in the desert on his hopeless quest. Wandering on and on, stumbling in weariness, falling—

"I sent Stark and Ed Menger to the border last night to look for him," Birney said drearily.

Martin wanted to pat his shoulder and say something comforting. But there didn't seem to be anything comforting to say.

Birney was tramping around the big living room. Martin half sat on the edge of the center table, staring at the opposite wall.

Presently Birney stopped in front of him. He had evidently braced himself to see this talk through.

"I—I'm pretty sick about Joe Duck, Mart," he forced out. "I hope you know that."

"I know," Martin spoke quickly. "And I know you've done all you can, Birn. Let's not worry."

"All right," Birney's acquiescence was not a promise, merely a recognition of the futility of worry. "Now about my deal with Whaley. You're sore about it, aren't you?"

"Not sore. It's your say about the mine. About the ranch too, for that matter. What you do goes double all ways—you know that. But, boy, it looks like we're whipped. Not thirty days left yet until the sale! Our only chance, Birn, is to get those cattle out of Mexico." He shook his head. "We have less than thirty days."

"We have five months, Mart," corrected Birney, smiling, faintly apologetic.

"Huh? What's that?" Martin snapped to a standing position and stared at his brother.

"Whaley gave us an extension yesterday. A little more than five months—until September 1st. Perhaps when you finish up your tally of the cattle, you'll find a lot of short yearlings that will come to a fair weight by late summer. Then you could bunch them up and sell before September, and so pay off the lien." He added, "I sure hope so, anyway."

MARTIN still stared. "What's happened?" Has Whaley turned big-hearted? It doesn't seem—

"We made a deal, as I told you," Birney answered. "Whaley took a mortgage on the mine, with the Limestone Flats thrown in."

"Sa-ay!" exploded Martin. "I'll bet he knows about that electrically sensitive dolomite Farnsworth hopes to find."

"Probably," Birney's smile was grim. "I had to sign an agreement—and it's air-tight, so Whaley says—that I'd start work on the sidehill tunnel in ten days, and that I wouldn't do any mining work except on the tunnel. No prospecting. If I do any or hire any done, the agreement's void and Whaley forecloses."

"Sweet little Shylock! You give him a mortgage on the mine and agree to all that, and he'll give us a five-month extension on the cattle lien and let us live on our ranch a little longer. Well, well. Is that all he wants?"

"Not quite," Birney answered reluctantly. "I'm to pay him something each month for the extension on the cattle lien."

"You are! How much?"

BIRNEY shifted uncomfortably. "How much?" Martin's eyes bored in. "Come now, Birn, how much—each month?"

"Five hundred," Birney's answer was a guilty murmur.

"Five hundred!" Martin cried, and made the room echo to the words. "Why, you never took that cutthroat offer! Five hundred! Why, Whaley can't hold you to anything like that. It's usury."

"Whaley claimed he's ducked that charge with the way he'd drawn up his agreement," Birney answered. "Anyhow, I've given my word."

"But twenty-five hundred for the five months!" protested Martin. "What's your balance in the bank?"

"Thirty-two hundred," Birney said defiantly. "And Rothe will give me credit for fuse, caps, and powder. I can drive a tunnel at sixty dollars a day for labor, and make at least four feet per day."

"Sixty dollars. That means you'll run about twelve days on your bank roll after taking out the twenty-five hundred for that foul ball, Whaley."

Birney nodded. "You always were a shark at figures. But Whaley doesn't get some of the money for a long time. Meanwhile—"

"How long a tunnel will it take?" interrupted Martin.

"My guess is five to six hundred feet. Haven't surveyed it yet. And we can drive a hundred twenty feet a month," Birney reflected. "If that won't be fast enough—" he grinned—"well, then we'll break down a hundred fifty feet a month."

"You're doing a quick job—on paper," said his younger brother. "But if you don't get that tunnel through, you lose the mine. And all this grief for you—so that I get a chance to hang on to the Circle ML!"

"You old croaker," Birney scoffed. "I'm not doing it for you; it's for all of us. We're in this together. You get the herd in shape, and I'll do my darnedest at the mine. That's that." He paused. "And somehow I'll get Joe Duck back too!"

Martin's big hands gripped Birney's shoulders.

"Darn you, Birn, you've always been this way. Taking the heavy end of the load. This time I'll do some of the lifting. Don't you worry about Joe Duck. I'll get him, and the lost herd too, or else—"

Birney sprang up. He had heard the chug-chug of a car approaching.

"It's Ed and Stark," he exclaimed. "Maybe they've found Joe!"

"The two ran out on the veranda. As the car swung closer Birney stood still and Martin's heart sank. Menger and the mine foreman were alone. Martin leaped down to the sand and ran out to the car.

"What news, Ed?" he called.

Menger shook his head.

(Continued on page 36)



ALWAYS
AT THE TOP

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

When you buy an Iver Johnson, you're getting the best bike that money and experience can build. It's safer, faster, easier riding, and will give you years of trouble-free service. Ride one and see for yourself.

Many snappy models in handsome color combinations, priced from \$32.50 up . . . and worth it!

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22 CALIBER SAFETY RIFLE
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Send for copy of folders "B" in colors, showing Bicycles and Rifles.

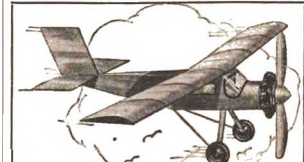
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Wing Span, 24 in.; Weight 2½ lbs. A beautiful "job" and a wonderful flier. Dependable, adjustable wings, built-in propeller. Large landing wheels, dummy motor, tremendous power for size. Fast flight, construction is easy. \$3.95. Complete. Ask your Dealer, or order direct from us.

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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS CORRECTLY

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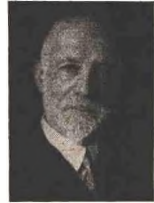
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When your enrollment is registered by the Guild, you will receive the official emblem of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, certificate of membership, and full particulars about the Coach Modeling Competition, with complete working drawings of the model you are to reproduce.

Enroll today with any General Motors Dealer in your Community. They will welcome you.

Watch future issues of this magazine for further comment and news of the Guild.

FISHER BODY CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD

Sponsored by

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
Division of General Motors

. . . AWARDS . . . valued at \$50,000

Four Grand National Awards—Two 4-year University Scholarships, valued at \$5,000 each, are established in the name of the Guild, and will be the grand national awards for the two winning Guild members in the Senior group.

Winners in the Senior group may choose their colleges and courses of study as soon as the awards are made.

Two 4-year University Scholarships, valued at \$5,000 each, are established in the name of the Guild, and will be the grand national awards for the two winning Guild members in the Junior group.

Winning members in the Junior group will have their scholarships held in trust for them, by the Guild, until graduation or otherwise ready to enter college.

96 State Awards—48 Senior Awards and 48 Junior Awards—which include a trip to Detroit as guests of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild.

Many Other General Awards—These awards will be made on the basis of excellence in various phases of craftsmanship, such as decorating, upholstery, metal work, wood work, etc.

Sending a Typed Message Over a Wire

A Bell System Advertisement

Most of us think of a typewriter as a machine used by stenographers for typing letters. Did you know that there is such a thing as a telephone typewriter?

The telephone typewriter is a machine by which a message typed in one place is typed at practically the same instant on another machine in a far distant city. In other words, the typewritten message is sent over telephone wires from one point to another.

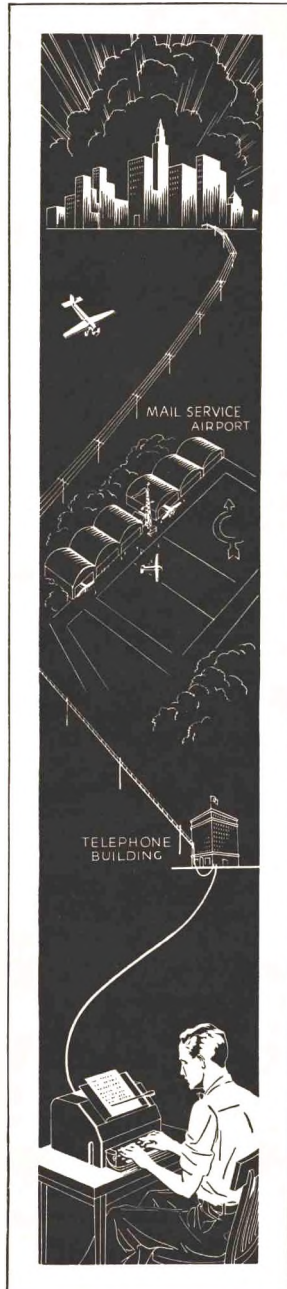
The machine on which the message is typed first, puts the letters of the alphabet and other characters of the keyboard into code signals which are similar to the dots and dashes used in the Morse code. These signals are sent over wires to other machines in other cities, or other places in the same city. These machines act in the opposite way and change the signals back to print.

The telephone typewriter is useful for any business that must send printed orders and instructions to one or many points at the same time, and send them quickly. As an example, all the airports along an air transport route generally have telephone typewriters so that information about weather conditions, movements of planes, and so on, can be sent from one airport to all others at the same instant.

The telephone typewriter is used by some automobile manufacturers to tell the different departments in their factories of orders received for different types of automobiles.

It is also employed by police departments in large cities for broadcasting, quickly and simultaneously to all police stations, news useful in capturing law breakers.

This valuable service is one of many new facilities that have been offered to the public by the Bell Telephone System in the last few years. It represents years of study by a small army of Bell scientists, who are always trying to make your telephone service better and better.



(Continued from page 32)

"Ward, who's at the Customs gate at Agua Prieta, says an old Chinese went through afoot on Thursday. Had a stick bundle. Nothing in it but old clothes and some kodak snaps—pictures of two American kids on a burro."

"Snapshots of Mart and me—Dad took them fifteen years ago," said Birney in low tones, and there was a pause.

"We'll go in after him!" Martin broke out. "Packing iron!"

"You won't go in at all," Menger contradicted him flatly. "The gate's closed. No one has gone across since Friday."

This time the silence continued for long moments.

Finally Menger went on: "Ward will notify the border patrol at Naco, Nogales, and all ports of entry to watch for Joe Duck. But it's no good. He's inside. At that, a Chinese is safer there than we'd be, and the old man's nobody's fool. But with a revolution going on—"

"We'll have to hope he'll somehow make his way out," said Martin soberly, "if you're sure we can't follow his trail. I'd hoped to go into Sonora."

"Fer what?" asked Menger.

"The lost herd," answered Martin. Menger gave him a withering glance. Will Stark blinked, then turned to Birney.

"What about the mine? The men's wantin' to know. Do we quit her?"

"We start a sidehill tunnel, Stark, to-morrow. Let's leave for the Dragoons right now."

Stark whistled joyfully, but the next instant he had started on his usual objections.

"Tunnelin' won't be no fun in that hard ground," he said sourly. "And that ain't the worst; the cost'll be tur'ble too. Well, let's go. Come on, Ed."

"Comin'," replied Menger. But he delayed to say to Martin in a low voice: "Now don't try no fool jauntin' into Mexico. It's war there, boy. Remember."

Martin nodded. "I'll remember. Good-by, Birn. Thanks for those five months! It's like being let out of jail. I'll check count the yearlings as you said. How about making a million apiece before September 1st?"

"Good idea," Birney agreed solemnly. "Good luck to you in your tally, fellow. Adios!"

Martin watched the car until it vanished; then he turned to the corral. Whirlwind thrust her satiny muzzle in between the poles, nibbling his sleeve gently.

"O. K., old girl. We'll ride north and join Henry. We've got to move fast."

Chapter Eleven

APRIL with its meager rains and tempest winds had come and gone in Sulphur Springs Valley. May had arrived, and had brought a Valley-wide calf round-up.

Martin Lane, after thirty days of hard riding, thirty disheartening days spent in scouring foothills and arroyos, had found himself facing the fact that his brand was badly scattered; and Henry Galt had been certain a range count would not, with accuracy, give the number of Circle ML short yearlings. So Martin had urged his neighbors to come in with him on a joint gathering of the Valley stock. Jackson Carmody, a power among the cattlemen, had immediately backed up Martin's urging, and the round-up had been arranged.

Five big ranches of the Valley—the C Cross, which was Carmody's brand, the C.C.C., the J Bar 2, the Gibbs, whose brands were three, and the Circle ML—had agreed to join in this spring inventory of four-footed wealth. Sixty riders had met at the Circle ML ranch house in early May, elected Jackson Carmody round-up boss, made Henry Galt a tally man, and set the date when the drive was to begin.

On the day before the round-up, horsemen rode in from miles around. With strings of saddle stock and rat-

ting cook wagons, they drifted to the level desert northward of the Circle ML, made camp, and discussed plans for the drive at dawn. Martin did more listening than talking, and then turned in to sleep as soundly as though Whaley and his mortgages didn't exist.

He woke next morning in chilly blackness to hear Carmody's voice shouting: "Roll out! R-o-l-l out!"

Martin struggled out of his blankets by the Circle ML wagons and stumbled through the darkness to the cook fire where steaming coffee waited in tin cups that burned the fingers. The fire crackling in its trench felt comforting in the sharp chill of early morning, but the boy and the other three score riders ate in haste, for a grueling day's work was in prospect.

The early meal was soon over, and the sturdy cow horses were bridled and saddled in short order. Then the horsemen scattered north to scour arroyo, draw, and water hole, and gather the cattle into one vast herd from which the cows with calf could be cut out so that the young offspring could be branded.

Each man had his place in the big drive, and Martin, with four older cowmen, was assigned to scout the far western boundary of the Valley, the foothills of the Dragoons.

All the hot morning they rode, up the rims, plunging into valleys, their mounts slithering along the steep slopes and pushing the wild cattle out into the plain. By noon, all across the valley hands of trotting cattle urged by other groups of riders, could be seen converging toward a central meeting place.

Soon after noon, Martin dropped back to the cook wagons and horse herd for a snack and a fresh mount. Carmody was at the wagon.

"Goin' good, boy. Reckon we'll clean up in four days. Or in five, at most. We'll begin to cut an' brand right off."

By the time Martin got back to his troop, a big herd had massed, two thousand strong, to be held milling by a half dozen slowly circling riders; and to Martin fell the duty of tending fire.

DUST hung, a brown suffocating pall, above the desert. The loud bawling of the cattle, the clatter of their horns, the clump of hoofs, the shrill "Yippee!" of the cowboys, all made a medley of exciting sound. In crackling fires of cottonwood, nestled the branding irons, red hot, glowing.

Riders dashed into the solid herd and from that sea of interlacing horns, each cut out a gaunt frightened cow with a wild-eyed calf.

A swift sting of the rope, and the calf, bawling raucously, was thrown and dragged to the branding fire. There other cowboys seized it, held it, clapped on the searing iron—regardless of the nauseating stench—and last of all, with a sharp trimming knife, carved the ears to "Crop" or "Swallowfork." Then the tally man sang out his count and the calf, released, staggered dizzily to its wide spread legs and rejoined its mother who moaned and licked it comfortingly.

In each case, everything was done in record time. Martin, long absent from the range, marveled as the afternoon wore on. The main herd miraculously thinned and the branded calves and grieving mother cows scattered again on the wide desert. Order was emerging out of chaos.

At last the sun dipped under mountain rims of indigo and jade, the embers of the fires began to break and crumble into gray, and the horsemen paused to rest their heaving sweat-caked ponies.

"We'll call it a day," said Carmody. At the Circle ML wagons, Martin found Henry Galt checking his tally book.

"Two hundred Circle ML short yearlings, Mart," he reported. "Purdy good fer the first day's count."

Martin grinned. "Whaley wouldn't be so tickled over that as I am," he remarked.

(Continued on page 38)

There's solid
 Truth
 In the statement that
 Youth
 Knows motor cars.
 Hasn't youth
 Grown up with them?
 What red-blooded boy
 Doesn't know
 The feel
 Of a sensitive wheel,
 The smooth, faultless croon
 Of a motor in tune,
 The thrill of power,
 The "kick" in speed
 With a long
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 Safe
 Road ahead.
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 Or the
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(Continued from page 36)

There was beef that night for chow, rare juicy steaks, pan-broiled, from the fattest of the herd. Canned tomatoes, which never before had appealed to Martin, he downed ravenously. He and his fellow diners engulfed astonishing quantities of food. The valley was all shadows long before they had finished.

Martin turned in early. But by the time he had spread his blankets on the sand, the night wind was cutting chillingly through the desert. More yucca trunks were heaped on the leaping fire and the cowboys gathered round it, sitting cross-legged in the ring of light. Four of the punchers from the J Bar 2 had made up a quartet, and they sang "Suzanna," "Nellie was a Lady," and the old favorite "Saddle Leather."

Martin, wrapped in his blankets, there under the starry sky, listened in weary content and fell asleep to dream that riding all by himself he had rounded up thousands of short yearlings and saved the Circle ML.

But dreams are inaccurate things. The count at the end of the second day showed only twenty Circle ML yearlings. The third day and the fourth passed. The Circle ML count was meager. Martin didn't realize that he had grown silent and haggard, but he knew that Henry Galt had.

A short bunch of Hereford stock headed on the flat country east of Willcox, near Alkali Lake, completed the gathering of the scattered herd. The branding fires were quenched at noon. Soon after the cowboys began to drift; the round-up was over.

HENRY GALT sagged in his saddle as the Circle ML riders headed home.

"Less'n three hundred yearlin'," he reflected bitterly. "Cain't figger hit no ways. We must a' missed a lot—with Whaley waitin' like a cat."

"A polecat," murmured Johnny Kincaid. "Only most polecats don't wait." Martin rode in silence.

"Say, Henry!" he broke out suddenly. "Where are all the black cattle? Birney brought a hundred Polled Angus two years ago—remember? Paid for them with his own money. But I didn't see a black cow in the round-up, Henry."

"Nope, nor you won't, never. Hit's like I told you. Them cows is dead, I reckon. Too heavy, those Angus cattle. Can't climb—can't stand mountain grazin'."

"Jim Costello told me," broke in Johnny, "that he seen a bunch of wild blacks in Middlemarch Canyon in April, when we was ridin' line on the west slope of the Dragoons."

"Well, might be a few left," Galt admitted doubtfully. "But that country round Middlemarch is bad lands, broke-up schist an' quicksand—arroyos. It'd kill a hoss. You'd need an airplane to find them cattle."

Martin looked up quickly, but said nothing.

"We could bring 'em out all right," Johnny Kincaid drawled. "Findin' 'em is where the saddle rubs. An' Birney paid sixty a head fer them nigger cows."

"Six thousand dollars." Martin frowned. "Henry, those cattle represent too darned much money to lose. We've got to make a try at saving them. How about Johnny and me taking off for Middlemarch to-morrow?"

"Fair enough, boss," Johnny chimed in.

Henry Galt shrugged dubiously. "You kin try it, Martin."

And so the next afternoon found Martin and the curly-headed cowboy riding into the east pass of Middlemarch Canyon. Deeply disappointed in the herd count, Martin felt the press of time. The black cattle were a forlorn hope.

The forest ranger of the Coronados had cut and signed a wagon road up to the summit of China Peak, but there was no trail going down the west slope—only close grown timber, piñon, oak

and mountain cypress, and spiny tangled underbrush.

Martin pulled up in the canyon where an icy spring trickled from a crevice above a jumbled mass of huge rocks.

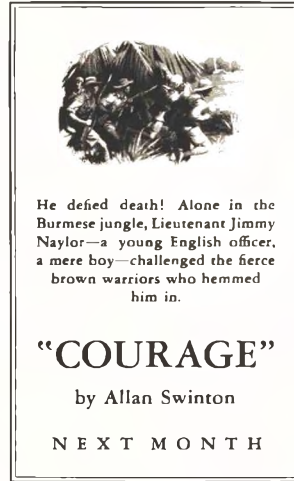
"Let's make camp here, Curly. It's late, and it'd be pitch dark long before we could get out of this canyon."

"Suits me. We've done considerable more'n twenty mile since sun-up, an' I never was one to crowd my luck."

The two unsaddled. Soon a fire of fat oily piñon sent a drift of pungent clean smoke through the canyon. Johnny pushed the coffee pot into the coals, and a sooty cloud arose.

"Nice an' black, ain't it? That's what the Cochise used fer his smoke signals, they say. Green piñon. With an old cowhide an' a few pine knots he could rattle his Injuns thirty mile across the valley in the Chiricahuas to git busy sharpenin' their scalpin' knives."

"Hold on," interrupted Martin, rub-



He defied death! Alone in the Burmese jungle, Lieutenant Jimmy Naylor—a young English officer, a mere boy—challenged the fierce brown warriors who hemmed him in.

"COURAGE"

by Allan Swinton

NEXT MONTH

bing bacon rind on the skillet in the gathering dusk. "Apaches didn't take scalps."

"Didn't, hey?" scoffed Johnny. "How come? Sometime you run up to the Huachucas an' ask Uncle Billy Firth about it. Course they'd ruther stake you down 'longside an ant heap with some honey smeared across your mouth. Or with a sidewinder on a thong in strikin' distance."

"You sure do think the happiest thoughts, cowboy," returned Martin. "I hope you don't bust forth into ghost stories as soon as these shadows get a little thicker."

"I won't need to tell no stories about ghosts. They'll likely come a-creepin' up on us." Johnny lowered his voice.

"It was right here in Skeleton Canyon that outlaws cleaned out a Mexican pack train one night 'bout this here time. Drilled nineteen of 'em an' left 'em fer the coyotes. The mules was all belled an' the Greasers packin' lanterns." His voice grew sepulchral. "They say this canyon's haunted—no Mexican'll make a night ride through her. They say that after it gets good an' dark, you kin hear them dyin' 'hombres groan an' moan an' see their lanterns flickerin'." An' they keep creepin' closer—an' closer—

JOHNNY'S voice trailed off in a quaver, but Martin only grinned at him across the firelight.

"Fine! I can see 'em closin' in. Johnny. I'm all shivering and shaking and—"

His voice broke off. Faintly, from far away, yet strangely carried to them on the night wind sweeping down the canyon, came a sound, a droning sob. It faded—swelled—once more grew faint.

And where the notched walls opened out into the valley of the San Pedro, appeared a distant eerie point of light. Pale green, and flickering like an ominous will-o'-the-wisp above a marsh.

Martin heard Johnny draw a long breath, heard the scrape of his six-shooter as it left the holster. Then beside the green, a red light ranged in, and the droning sound became a battering roar.

"A plane!" cried Martin. "The east-bound air mail from Tucson!"

KINCAID laughed jerkily, sheathed his weapon, and turned the bacon in the frying pan.

"I'm goin' to take a shot o' cattle serum 'fore I go tellin' ghost stories again," he declared. "Seems like this one back-tracked."

"Well," Martin grinned, "I felt a leetle hollow too, until that pilot gunned his ship."

"Scary things, airplanes," said Johnny. "You was tellin' us one night 'bout flyin' six hundred hours. Not fer me. Reckon no cowboy's got any business tryin' to gentile a sky buggy, anyway."

Martin, still grinning, poured the tin cups full of steaming fragrant coffee.

"Just the same, it's been done," he remarked. "There's a story in the latest Stockman's Gazette about how a big ranch in New Mexico has been using an airplane to locate scattered stock."

"Not fer me," insisted Johnny. "Scattered stock is better than scattered cowboy."

"Rats," retorted Martin. "One of these days you'll wake up and find yourself ridin' line with a nifty little crate."

"No, suh! When I fall, it'll be from nothin' higher'n a stock saddle. I don't crave that night herd's job, and Johnny shook his head as he pointed at the fast disappearing wing-tip lights of the mail plane. "Me, I'm ridin' slow and safe down here in the brush."

"Riding slow is right," Martin argued. "How long do you think we'll be on this stray hunt?"

"If we find any of them black cattle in a week, we'll be doin' fine."

"A week? All right," pursued Martin. "Well, Johnny, with a plane I could scout the whole San Pedro valley in half a day at most."

Johnny whistled. He applied himself again to frizzled bacon and punk-bread. Then after long deliberation he asked:

"What's the livery charge fer airplane hire?"

"Oh, ten or fifteen dollars an hour," replied Martin.

"That all? Say, boss, you'd better hire one fer this job."

Martin stared at him. Impetuously he laid down his half-eaten biscuit.

"Johnny, that's a great idea! Listen—to-morrow we trek in to Tombstone, catch the Tucson stage, and fly these bad lands Henry talks about."

"We? We?" Johnny shook his head violently. "No, suh! You're doin' this sky ridin', Martin. I'll see the rodeo from down below."

"But I'll need you to help spot the cattle. Come on, Johnny. The ship I pick is safe, or I don't go up. And I've got a transport's license—I'm no tender-foot in the air."

"Yeah, but if a cinch busts or the saddle starts turnin' up there about a mile—then what? No, suh! I'm hostile on that notion. I want to die from some sickness."

And he held to that. Supper done, they rolled into blankets. Martin still pleading, Johnny still stubborn in refusal.

Yet next morning when the ten o'clock auto stage rolled out on the highway for Tucson, a curly-headed, desperate looking cowboy and a triumphantly grinning young man were among the passengers. At two o'clock the stage halted by the Tucson airport and Martin Lane sprang down. Johnny Kincaid followed on reluctant feet, and

(Continued on page 40)



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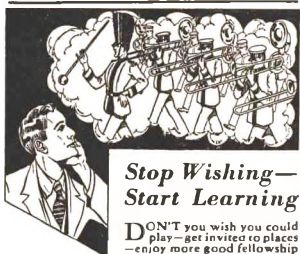
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(Continued from page 38)
they headed for the airdrome.
"What's all them big buildin's?" Johnny asked, pointing.
"War Veterans' Hospital," answered Martin, absorbed in his study of a white two-place biplane idling on the deadline at the hangars.
"Reckon they'd take an injured cowboy?"
"Nobody's going to injure one," laughed Martin.

HIS pin of the Aero Club proved a passport. McQuaid, the airport manager, accepted his verbal statement of proficiency in flight, the terms of rental were agreed on, and insurance was taken out by phone. Then with Martin and the piteous Kincaid, McQuaid went over to the ship.

"She's a sweet bus. You can hardly spin her, and with that radial motor in the nose, she'll climb up like a fly on a window pane. Fuel's O. K.—hop in."

Martin, with a nod at Johnny, pointed to the rear cockpit. The cowboy climbed in awkwardly, his face grimly rueful. He pulled on helmet and goggles as though they were the hangman's cap.

"Tell Henry I left him my saddle and my love," he said plaintively.

"Fasten that belt. If you sight the black cattle, give me a punch," directed Martin, grinning.

"How'm I gonna hold on while I'm punchin' you? Anyhow, I ain't figgerin' to see no black cattle. My stomach's all roily now."

"When we take off, you'll be O. K." Martin tried the motor with a burst or two. The ship was already warmed. After a careful glance at the board, he waved the chocks away and sent the biplane with an open gun across the field. She rose like a swallow at his back-touch on the stick. Below the wings the yellow earth fell rapidly away. He climbed her at a gentle angle to a thousand feet; then, leveling off, circled the airdrome twice, and swung northeast for Middlemarch.

From his altitude the rough terrain, deceptively, seemed smooth. Deep gashes camouflaged themselves and were only darker shadows on the ground; hills flattened. Martin dropped the biplane's nose until the altimeter said five hundred. At this height the bad lands' contour was more bold and rugged. He passed over a forest of saguaro cactus; the thick naked trunks stood twenty feet in height with perhaps a single branch jutting at right angles—like a horde of desert giants with uplifted warning arms. Mesquite and chaparral grew in sparse clumps on saffron hill slopes and the conglomerate floors of intersecting canyons were like veins in an enormous yellow hand. Terrifying, awesome; a grandeur that had somewhat of the supernatural about it.

Suddenly Martin felt Johnny Kincaid's hand gripping his shoulder. He turned his head to see the cowboy pointing left over the fuselage. And on a hillcrest where the mesquite hid the shattered rock, Martin saw—**black cattle!**

There were a round dozen of them. Along the canyon floor below, numbers more of the strayed Angus herd were grazing. Perhaps all that had been lost. The boy, his pulses hammering, banked in a tight off-power spiral overhead and cut gun. The Angus herd—a break had come!

"Count 'em, Johnny," he shouted over the whistle of the rigging. "Be sure your safety's latched."

"You bet it's latched! Can't count—too dizzy!" howled the curly-headed one. But Martin soon caught snatches of the cowboy's sonorous chanting of the count.

The canyon fanned out a quarter mile ahead into a gravelly dry wash that ended its snake-like meanders only at the edge of the San Pedro valley six miles down. Martin's blue eyes lighted. He gave an impulsive start that rocked the biplane's wing and made Johnny Kincaid yowl a protest. If he could only

work that herd into the wash and along it to the valley!

A quick reckless smile crossed Martin's face. Suddenly, shoving his throttle to the quadrant stop, he dived, full gun, at the hilltop.

With the ship but fifty feet above terrain, the black cattle, tails up and heads lowered, thundered down the slope into the canyon. Martin zoomed, rolled out and dived again, coming up behind, this time from the north. Southward the wild herd galloped and on into the dry wash. Again Martin zoomed; and dived again, swinging them westward for the San Pedro. They were stampeding now, hidden in a cloud of white dust rising from the shale and gravel. The boy drew off. Not too much of this aerial spur or the black herd might pile up in disaster at some twist of the stream bed.

Slowly he circled over them like a vigilant eagle. With only enough gun to hold his air speed, he watched closely, on the alert to dive and turn them should they try to make a dash up one of the narrow gulches emptying into the broad wash.

For an hour he circled over them. For a second hour. For a third. He fairly ached with his tense desire to hold that herd. This might be the turning point for Birney and him. Gradually, the cattle calmed down.

"You've got 'em, boss," Johnny Kincaid howled exultantly at the end of the third hour. The cattle had slowed to a jogging trot. Martin followed cautiously. Almost at sunset they came out on the San Pedro valley. In the brush along the river bank the boy saw two riders following a wagon. Riding line. He revved up the biplane and speeded toward them, scanning the terrain for level ground. A ploughed field appeared under the fuselage. Martin sideslipped down and landed parallel to the furrows.

Leaving Johnny still tugging feebly at his belt, Martin tore across the soft earth and waved his helmet. The riders pivoted and loped his way.

"Can you men do a piece of cattle work for me?" Martin called, and pointed to the herd. "Can you bring those blacks in to Tucson? I'll make it worth while."

One of the riders turned to his companion.

"What you reckon, Thomas?" The cowman addressed, a broad-shouldered, pleasant-seeming fellow, shrugged.

"What brand, son?" he asked, smiling at Martin's tense oil-spattered countenance.

"Circle ML from Sulphur Springs Valley. The Lane outfit."

The man smiled.

"Reckon we kin. You Martin Lane's boy? Wal, I knew yore pop. Him an' me stood night herd many a round-up in the free grass days. Stray stock, eh? Where you want we should head 'em? An' about how long 'fore yore boy'll pick 'em up? How about comin' in to the Lazy J with us to-night? I'm range boss fer 'em. Admire to hev yuh."

But Martin shook his head. The plane must be taken back to Tucson before dark, and he was eager to get in touch with Birney—to tell him the good news.

Thomas refused a check. "Work's slack now. You don't owe me a cent. Figger you'd do the same fer the Lazy J."

SO just at sunset the little biplane glided in above the hangar at the Tucson airport. Martin paid McQuaid: four hours, sixty dollars; plus gas and "lube," fifteen more.

Then, clapping Johnny Kincaid jubilantly on the shoulder, Martin said:

"Cost us only seventy-five dollars to round up ninety odd head. These are Birney's cattle, but I'm going to sell 'em in Tucson without asking by your leave. No more Angus for the Circle ML." Suddenly Martin was seized by a new thought. "Johnny, keep this dark, and warn Henry and the boys to do the

same. I'm not going to tell Birn. I'll flash a big check on him when I sell. Boy, it'll be great! You get a month's pay for thinking of this stunt, Mr. J. Kincaid."

He turned to the airport manager. "You should get some publicity out of this. But wait till I say the word, will you?"

"Sure," McQuaid nodded. "The publicity's pretty doubtful anyway. People around here think airplanes are death traps."

"Johnny used to feel that way," Martin grinned.

"Johnny, he ain't changed none," drawled the curly-headed cowboy. "We got down safe this time, but it don't prove nothin'. An' my liver an' tonsils is all confused up together, an' my ears is a-singin' like a huzztail snake."

McQuaid and Martin threw back their heads and laughed.

"Come on, Johnny," Martin said soothingly, "let's get the Tombstone bus. That's about your speed."

"An' I ain't ashamed of it, neither," doggedly declared the cowboy as he led the way to the road to wait for the passing of the bus.

They got the last seat in the back of the bus, and all the way home Martin sang triumphantly under his breath.

"You won't make enough out o' them black cattle to pay off Whaley's lien," Johnny felt obliged to warn him.

"No, but I'll make enough to finance Birn's tunneling—he's been afraid his bill would get so big that Rothe wouldn't give him any more credit, and then he'd have to stop work. Now he can drive his tunnel right through. And if the tunnel's a success, we'll be sitting pretty—we'll keep both the mine and the ranch. Whoopee!"

Chapter Twelve

"HOWDY, miner! Got time to chin a minute with a cattleman?" Martin demanded.

It was a July morning, and Martin was making one of his rare visits to the Conquistadore. He stood in the doorway of the hoisting shed, grinning down at Birney, who sat on an empty powder box in front of a rough plank table going over a pile of invoices.

"You bet," Birney said, and shoved aside the invoices.

"What they for?" Martin jerked a thumb at them.

"Oh, powder and fuse and sundries. Lots of sundries." Birney frowned. "Pay roll piles up too. Mart, do you know that I owe Rothe over seven thousand dollars? It worries me and I should think it would worry him. Not many storekeepers would let you have that much credit on a tunneling gamble like this."

"Rothe's a good scout," Martin returned easily.

But he felt a pang of self-reproach. Probably he should have told Birney that Rothe wasn't risking anything—that he'd had ample security all along in the black Angus cattle. Maybe he'd pulled a little-kid trick not telling Birn earlier in the summer about having found the black herd. But somehow he'd wanted to be able to haul out a big fat check and lay it in Birney's hand when he told him.

"I'm just a-honin' to make a grand gesture at Birn," he had explained to Jackson Carmody. "I want to spill the news about the blacks with a big check instead of big words."

Jackson Carmody had smiled tolerantly. "Guess it don't make much difference to Birney long as he's gittin' the credit from Rothe so he kin keep drivin' ahead with his tunnel," he had reflected.

But that had been early in June. It had taken longer to get the big check than Martin had anticipated. Cattle buyers had been wary; they had talked about its being a bad season and had offered as little as possible.

"You hold them blacks till you git a

good price, boy," Jackson Carmody had said more than once, and Martin had followed his advice.

THE delay had bothered him but now, with a good buyer ready to write out a check for ten thousand dollars or so whenever he reached Tucson, Martin felt happy. As he stood there leaning lazily against the door jamb of the hoisting shed, he wanted to burst forth with the good news right then and there. But since he'd waited that long, he'd wait a little longer and then have the fun of shoving at Birney both Rothe's receipt for seven thousand odd and a check for nearly three thousand.

Good old Birn. How he had crowded that tunnel along. Ed Menger and even sad Will Stark vowed that Birney was a regular engineering wizard.

"The way we're chawin' through that sidehill is jest inhuman," Ed Menger had chuckled to Martin when the boy had ridden over to the mine for a fleeting call some ten days before. "I'm be-ginnin' to feel sorry for Whaley. That fat polecat thinks he's goin' to get a mine an' a ranch on September 1st, an' he's ridin' for a fall. Birney's goin' to get that mine onflooded an' be able to borra a wad o' money on it—a wad big enough to choke Whaley anyways."

"Let's not be too sure of it," Martin had returned cautiously, but he had loped off on Whirlwind singing "Saddle Leather" at the top of his voice.

Now he asked quite confidently, "How are things going, Birn?"

"Pretty good." The words were calm, but Birney's face lit up. "We're getting mighty near the shaft if my figures are right, and I'm sure they are. Two more days' work at most, and we'll break into it, I think."

Will Stark, coming up behind Martin, had heard both question and answer.

"Shouldn't wonder if we broke in tomorrow," he contributed with unwonted optimism. Then, with a return to his usual dolefulness: "That is, if we don't have hard luck. If we are close to the shaft, this here tunnel's a dangerous place to be workin' in. We're takin' a chanct with every blast we make. One leetle slip an'—"

"You dog-gone crape-hanger!" Martin howled. "Get out of here!"

Stark permitted himself a small sour grin, asked Birney a necessary question or two, and went back to the tunnel.

"Farnsworth been around again?" Martin wanted to know.

"He was here just yesterday. He's prospecting around Limestone Flats right now—thinks maybe that's where I picked up that piece of dolomite I sent him."

"You think so?"

Birney shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know. But Farnsworth thinks the Flats look probable, and he knows twice as much as most men about every angle of mining and engineering."

"He's a mighty fine guy," Martin reflected.

"I told him to go ahead if he wanted to and prospect the Flats," Birney continued. "Can't see that giving him permission to do that is breaking my agreement with Whaley. I'm not doing the prospecting myself and I'm not hiring it done."

"Birn, do you suppose Whaley's found dolomite on the Flats?"

"Maybe. But, anyhow, if we get the tunnel through and get the water out of the mine, we've got Whaley stopped."

"You bet!"

"And if the tunnel turns out a flop, we're busted. But," Birney went on doggedly, "I think I could get a job under Farnsworth then and earn enough to pay Rothe his interest regularly and keep you at Tech till you finish."

"No, you couldn't!" Martin yelled. Then he calmed down. "I'm sure you'd work hard, Birn, to support me in the style to which I'm accustomed, but the idea doesn't appeal to me."



"Go as far as you like, Dad... you can't hurt those Giant Chain tires. Why they'd easily hold two like you. Those are the U. S. tires I asked you for... anti-skid, anti-wear, and it has everything that makes a good tire. All the fellows have them now."

For boys who know their tires, nothing but U. S. Giant Chain Tires will do. The special chain tread gives maximum protection against skidding, wear, and discomfort. The Giant Chain ought to be good... it is made by the world's largest producer of rubber.



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A "point winner" in every meet

...yet last year Dick was just an "also ran"

How a simple health rule helped him get in perfect physical condition

ALL SET for the 100-yard dash. Crack goes the starter's pistol. They're off like a flash—pounding down the track at a 10-second clip. Dick and his rival running neck and neck—head of the pack. But in the last ten yards Dick has just enough extra drive to win out. Another "first place" for his school.

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FOR FACE HANDS-BATH



PROTECTS HEALTH STOPS BODY ODOR

(Continued from page 41)
"Guess we'll have to get the tunnel through then." Birney's quirkish smile admitted that he understood Martin's point of view. But he sobered abruptly. "Heard anything about Joe Duck?" he asked.

"Not a word." Martin turned sober too. After a pause, he shook himself. "Well, I've got to move along. Going to Tucson. See you when I get back, Birn."

With an upward fling of his hand, he hurried off. He hoped Birney was too busy to wonder much about his going to Tucson. He'd take the ranch car and be back the next day with Rothe's receipt and a sizable check. He'd hurry, too, for in spite of Birney's and Will Stark's prophecies, it might be three or four days yet before they got the tunnel blasted through to the shaft. It would ease the strain of these last days for Birney if he had that receipt and check.

MARTIN found the cattle buyer waiting for him in Tucson. The black herd brought a few hundred more than he had dared hope he could get, and he headed for home feeling exultant.

On his way back, he stopped at Tierce to pay off Rothe.

"You couldn't write that receipt on sunny yellow paper, could you?" he wheedled the old storkeeper.

"This receipt'll look sunny enough to Birney just as it is," Rothe chuckled as he completed his laborious signature.

Martin still had enough left from the sale of the black herd so that he could write out a three-thousand-dollar check against the Tucson bank where he had deposited the amount he had received from the buyer.

Leaving Tierce at dusk the evening after his visit to the mine, he sent the car rattling triumphantly over the trail to the ranch. Every now and then he felt in the inside pocket of his coat to make sure the receipt and the check were still safe.

He brought the car to a stop in front of the house, jumped out, and dashed up the veranda steps. Just as he reached the door it opened and Will Stark's wife appeared, white-faced and anxious in the lamplight.

"Sh!" she whispered. "He's just gone to sleep."

Martin looked at her blankly. "What—what's happened?" he stammered. "Is—where's Birney?"

In a flash all his high exultation had left him. Seized by a sudden premonition, he began to shake.

Will Stark appeared behind his wife.

He shoved her unceremoniously to one side and drew Martin out of the doorway and on off the veranda.

"Don't get scared—Birney's goin' to be all right, I guess," he said huskily. "What's happened?" Martin gulped again.

"It was yest'day—late afternoon—the last blast," Stark began incoherently. "We'd seen the water a-tricklin' down the breast of the tunnel and we knowed one more blast would put her through. We saw a bad fuse in the bunch but—well—"

"Go on!" groaned Martin.

"Well, that fuse didn't look too bad. An' Birney an' I couldn't wait. So we sent out all the men an' thought we'd spit the shot ourselves. We didn't hardly think she'd jump, but she did. The explosion come before we could get clear. We'd just headed for the tunnel mouth when things began rippin' loose. We'd a-made it safe even then, but like a fool I tripped an' hit my head—it knocked me clean out. Birney had to stop an' lug me out, an' then a big rock slugged him in the head right at the mouth of the tunnel. The men found us there with the water from back in the shaft flowin' down on us. I come to all right, but Birney—"

Martin made an inarticulate sound, and Will Stark plunged on hurriedly:

"We got the doctor from Tombstone, an' he looked Birney all over careful an' said he wa'n't hurt in no vital organs and would likely be all right after he'd come to. He said jest to keep him quiet. So we been doin' it. Birney's been more'n half conscious all day but not talkin' at all, an' jes' now he dropped off to sleep. He's sleepin' sound and healthy, seems like."

Martin let out a sigh of relief. "Everything's fine then," he said jerkily.

For a moment Will Stark didn't answer. Then he reached out in the darkness and took hold of the boy's arm.

"Gosh, Martin," he blurted, "you've gotta know. Everything's gone, I guess. The mine—the water from the shaft's been flowin' a steady stream through the tunnel all this time an' the seventh level's still flooded same as before. Farnsworth's been around an' watchin' things. He says it looks like the water's comin' from a deep artesian vein. I guess the mine can't never be unwatered, boy."

(To be concluded in the October number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Next month: The storm that ripped and tore and shrieked through the valley—and the apparition that stumbled in out of the storm.

Headwork Wins Games

(Continued from page 13)

clearly unprepared to defend against them both by its position on the field and—more important—by its mental attitude.

I lay down very few iron-clad rules. One of them is the rule I mentioned first, on punting. A second is concerned with the forward pass. It's this:

When you're ahead, don't forward pass near the end of either half.

In the Yale game in 1926, there were two plays that illustrated when to forward pass and when not to forward pass better than any I have ever seen.

In the first half, Princeton had the ball on Yale's four-yard line with fourth down and a yard to go. The Yale team properly was massed in the center of the line, expecting a drive at this point for the yard that stood between the Tigers and first down. The Princeton quarterback called a short forward pass and nobody was near the receiver. He scored a touchdown. It seems to me this was the ideal spot for a forward pass because everyone on the field was anticipating a line play.

Later in the game, with the score 10-0 in Princeton's favor, Princeton had the ball on her own three-yard line. There were two minutes to play until the end of the half. Here, for some unexplainable reason, the Princeton quarterback called a forward pass. The pass was intercepted by the Yale wing back, who ran to Princeton's three-yard line. Yale scored a minute or so later. The half ended 10-7.

Princeton had everything to lose and nothing to win by making a pass at this point in the game. She was ahead with only a few minutes to play. Strategy clearly called for a conservative play. Had the pass been recovered by a Princeton man, I doubt whether it would have meant much.

The first illustration—the pass on fourth down with one yard to go—was a perfect piece of strategy and one of the best plays I have ever seen on the football field.

The second illustration seems to me a perfect instance of when not to forward pass.

Gooky's Granny

(Continued from page 25)

page of an open magazine beside him. "Who," said Grandmother, "are you, and what are you doing?"

"My name," replied the youth rather impatiently, "is Tobias Finkinwall and I'm trying to do a chess problem and if you're looking for anyone he ain't here."

With that Grandmother eased briskly into the room, drew up a chair, and sat down.

Some twenty minutes later the four remaining members of the committee began an amazed and hurried search for the guest. She had mysteriously disappeared and none had seen her go.

The chauffeur, awakened from a doze in the blue roadster, denied all knowledge of the lady and refused to be concerned. Crosby ranged hither and Warton thither. Carruthers loped off to the gymnasium and Winterbottom searched the dormitories. The band sent martial music from the field and the cheering section broke into action.

At about that moment Grandmother Winthrop was discovered standing in the entrance of Academy Hall. With a sigh of relief the committee pounced courteously upon her. On the way to the field Sid diplomatically elicited the information that she had been talking to a nice boy named Binkelbaum, but further revelations were prevented by their arrival at the stand. As she was escorted to a front-row, middle-section seat by the committee, she received an enthusiastic ovation.

And then the game started.

The fact that Gooky was not in the line-up, but sat on the players' bench, appeared unnoted by Grandmother Winthrop, and so Sid drew her attention to it.

"Gooky isn't in," he remarked in a loud voice to Carruthers.

Carruthers frowned and shook his head.

"Can't understand that," he replied, evidently concerned. "What's Stiles want to do? Lose the game?"

It was then Winterbottom's cue to say reassuringly: "Oh, that's all right. Stiles is just saving him."

All of which should have interested and impressed Grandmother and yet apparently failed to do so. She cast a casual glance at Gooky's blanketed back and offered the unsolicited opinion that if the Overlook left end played farther in he might be of some assistance to his team when an off-tackle play was tried.

Overlook scored in the first six minutes on an intercepted pass and three smashes at a not very stout Hempston line, and band and cheering section did their stuff and Grandmother Winthrop clapped politely.

At that juncture a Lower Middler named Popperdyke, planted directly behind her and carefully coached beforehand, dug a toe sharply into her back. The plan called for a profuse apology on the part of Popperdyke and mention of the lack of space between rows, but you can't apologize very effectively when your offense passes unnoticed. Grandmother just eased away a little and went right on watching McCreedy's futile effort to boot the pigskin over the bar. Winterbottom frowned and formed the word "Harder!" with his lips, and Popperdyke, with strained countenance, let drive again. Grandmother moved the other way.

"I'm afraid the seat isn't very comfortable, Mrs. Winthrop," Sid said solicitously. "You see—"

"Oh, quite comfortable," said Grandmother. "I've sat on a paddock rail too often to mind this!"

Popperdyke discouragedly pulled his feet under him, thrust his hands into his pockets, and avoided Winterbottom's baleful glare. The first period ended, the teams changed goals, and the second

quarter began. After the third play young Gaskins, a second-string back, remained on the turf and gave a startling imitation of a person in extreme agony—a fact which puzzled the uninitiated since he had kept a good five yards from the play. Grandmother said it looked to her very much as if he were stalling.

Sponged on and on his feet again, Gaskins swayed feebly, and Captain Dawson raised a hand and shouted, "Winthrop!"

GOOKY leaped to his feet, tore off his blanket, seized a headgear, tripped over the water bucket, and dashed gallantly onto the field. Overlook cheered as one man, and if the cheering was largely ironic no one need have suspected it, least of all Gooky's granny. The base drummer thumped loudly on his instrument and the cheering section wailed "A-a-ay, Winthrop!"

On the whole the incident went off quite as stirringly as intended, and the committee, shouting loyally, watched Grandmother Winthrop's reaction and wondered at her calm. All she said was: "If he doesn't bust through those pants it'll be a marvel!"

They put Gooky at left half, and if we take into consideration that he hadn't played football for three weeks, and then only long enough to demonstrate his inability, and that the borrowed togs belonged to a taller and thinner youth, he didn't, on the whole, do so badly. Of course he wasn't allowed to carry the ball very often, but he jumped around a lot, talked a good deal and was very inspiring.

It was unfortunate that when the quarterback designated him to take the pigskin inside his own right tackle he should have dropped it, for it was that miscue that ultimately resulted in Hempston's lone touchdown. The committee promptly exonerated him, but the guest proved herself a Spartan grandmother.

"Piffle," she said. "Jimmy dropped it. I saw him do it. Why do they let him play?"

Not wishing to give a truthful answer to the question, Sid murmured inarticulately and grew red about the ears.

Why Hempston should have taken an apparent dislike to Gooky is not readily explained. Perhaps they resented his loquacity. Whatever the reason, the enemy set out to make Gooky's life unpleasant—even miserable. In short, they laid for him.

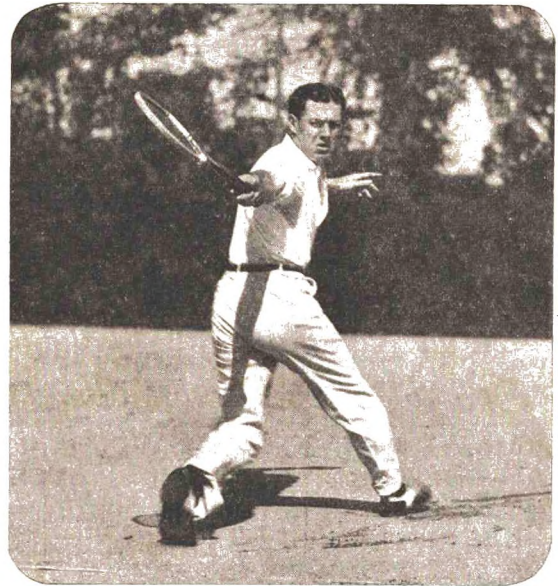
Gooky emerged from one pile-up with an ensanguined nose, from another with a contused cheek, and subsequently he acquired a black eye and a decided limp. But long before that he expressed himself to Stiles as satisfied. He would, he suggested, stay down after the next play and Stiles could invalid him off.

"Yeah?" answered the captain. "Listen, Gooky. You'll play this quarter through if you have to do it on your hands and knees. Get it? You don't want your grandmother disappointed, do you? Besides, from what I hear she hasn't fallen for the new grandstand yet, and we can't take any chances."

"Aw," said Gooky and hobbled unhappily back to position.

Thereafter if he tried his very best to remain well outside the circle of activity. When the whistle blew he sighed with vast relief, tried to smile with fortitude at Grandmother Winthrop as he limped off, and, not being able to see very well out of his left eye, collided with the wheelbarrow.

* During the intermission, which was devoted to music by the Academy band and singing by the devoted occupants of the cheering section, the committee managed to reintroduce the subject of the grandstand. Directly questioned,



The vigor of sun and summer days sparkles forth from its crystal depths

AGAINST green turf their bodies flash across the court . . . and cheering stands applaud a brilliant volley at the net, while when the set is finished they find new vigor and refreshment in this fine old ginger ale. These are sportsmen, sun-tanned, lithe and active, who find a matching quality of excellence in the crystal depths of "Canada Dry."

No wonder! This fine old ginger ale has basic excellence. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality.

No wonder countless homes in this country serve "Canada Dry"! And, like the aristocrat it is, this fine old ginger ale will grace your table, will bring the vigor of sun and summer days to your household, just as it does to many others. Order it today in the Hostess Package of 12 bottles.



HAVE YOU TRIED — ?

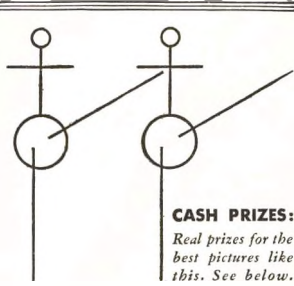
Canada Dry's new Golden Ginger Ale. Never before have you tasted a golden ginger ale with such a marvelous flavor.

Canada Dry's new Sparkling Lime. This wonderfully refreshing leverage brings you the lure and romance of the tropics.

"CANADA DRY"

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The Champagne of Ginger Ales



CASH PRIZES:
Real prizes for the best pictures like this. See below.

FEELINGS of two fellows

after they've shaved with the 2 Mennen Shaving Creams

Fellow on the right has just had a smooth, clean, easy shave with Mennen Original... Fellow on the left used Mennen Menthol-iced. Got the same fine shave, cooled by the tingle of menthol... Or maybe it's the other way around. It doesn't make any difference. For both Mennen creams give you equally good, equally comfortable shaves. From both creams you get at least 2 more good shaves per blade. I guarantee it. Money back if you think I'm wrong... I'm safe making this guarantee because Mennen lather so thoroughly softens whiskers that the razor actually has less work to do. Result: More and better shaves per blade.

Get a tube today and try out my guarantee. Or send for a free trial tube. Just drop a note to me c. o. The Mennen Co., Newark, New Jersey.

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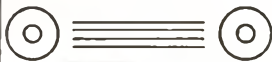
MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

2 KINDS: ORIGINAL—MENTHOL-ICED

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

We Repeat the July Contest!
Another Chance for Everybody!

That picture up there is made of 4 circles and 8 lines. I'll give \$10 for the best picture I receive made up of the same number of lines and circles of the same size as those above. I will also give \$5 for every picture I can use in an advertisement, and, in addition, \$5 more if the picture is accompanied by a usable headline. Headlines must "fit" the picture. If you send in the best picture and a headline to go with it, you get \$15. One person may submit more than one drawing—but only one prize will be awarded to a person. Contest open to everybody. Closes September 30th. Awards announced as soon after as possible. Remember, you must use 8 straight lines: 4 lines 1 inch long and 4 lines ½ inch long—and 4 circles (2 large and 2 small) same size as below.



(Continued from page 43)
Grandmother Winthrop agreed that the present structure was a disgrace to the school, adding, to the delight of her audience, that she hoped they'd get the new one. And then the teams traipsed back, and Gooky, again swathed in a blanket and looking extremely noble in a chastened way, sank onto the bench.

Then it was that Grandmother Winthrop summoned Stiles Dawson. "Aren't you going to let Jimmy play any more?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered Stiles. "He's done his share, Mrs. Winthrop. Put up a great game, Gooky did. He's pretty badly banged up now, and—"

"Piffle," said Grandmother. "A Winthrop doesn't give up because of a few scratches. Why, his grandfather played through two chukkers at Green Plains with three ribs broken! You tell Jimmy to get back in there and show something."

Gooky lasted about five minutes of the third period. Then they carried him out and dropped him back on the bench. Grandmother Winthrop shook her head. "I told him he was too fat," she said. "Pat and soft. He'll never be a true Winthrop!"

THAT night a disfigured Gooky limped into Toby Finkinwall's room, eased himself into a chair, and impaled Toby with a dreadful look. Gooky had just come from an unpleasant interview with Stiles. Grandmother Winthrop had departed from the scene without declaring herself on the matter of the grandstand, and Stiles had been pessimistic and grouchy and generally disagreeable. Gooky, who didn't feel any too cheerful himself and who had heard a rumor, spoke harshly.

"Say," he demanded, "did you see my grandmother this afternoon?"

"Your grandmother?" Toby shook his head. "No, was she here?"

"Yes, you did, too," shouted Gooky through puffed lips. "Sid Crosby says you did. Wasn't she talking to you?"

Toby looked surprised and a little resentful.

"Wasn't no one talking to me except an old party who butted in while I was doing that problem in the Chess Journal I was telling you about. Say, it's a lulu, Gooky, but I got it. Look, you got to—"

"Oh, shut up! A tallish lady with a brown hat and—"

"Yeah, that was her. Was she your grandmother? Well, she didn't let on to me. She just butted in and sat down and we got talking—"

"What about?" Gooky fixed Toby with his one good eye.

"Oh, chess and one thing n' another. She was right interested in chess."

"What else did you talk about?"

"Huh? Oh, about you, some. She wanted to know what games you played and—well, she was right curious about you, but it never occurred to me she was your grandmother. You never told me you had a grand—"

"Well, what did you tell her?" demanded Gooky anxiously.

"Tell her? Why, I told her you were a darn' good chess player, of course. What else could I tell her?"

Three days later the letter came. Grandmother Winthrop said that she had enjoyed her visit and that Jimmy's friends were very nice lads, especially a boy named Crinklebauser. She said he would notice that the enclosed check for one hundred dollars was made out to the Chess Club because it was very evident that it needed new tables and chessmen. She said that chess seemed a most interesting game and she was going to take it up seriously in a few years.

"I recall that your Great-grandfather Winthrop played it a good deal in his later life and I dare say I shall enjoy it when I'm older. Having watched you play football, Jimmy, I am sure you show good judgment in going in for chess."

"P. S. If there's any money left give it to that nice Crosby boy for his grandstand."

A Trial for Two

(Continued from page 28)

Suddenly a canny old Chink rooster, crouched and running low, emerged from a furrow. He was taking his time, for he had been hunted before. No fluttering and squawking for him—merely a slow change of position, always keeping to cover. But now he was in the open. The game was up. With a cackle that floated back to the field he was off—to swoop behind the nearest butte.

"Who'd have thought there was a Chink hidden in that place?" somebody groaned.

"Sandy did," Pat answered.

"Yes, Sandy did," McLellan added. "The two dogs were even up to this point. Val missed his bird, Sandy got it. Knowing Chinks as I do I had my doubts a bird could be there, but—"

"Luck!" Pringle cried angrily.

"Not in a thousand years," McLellan said calmly. "A thoroughbred dog trained by a trainer who knew his business. Call him in, Pat, and we'll hang a blue ribbon on him."

THE Northwest Open was over. Sandy was champion. And as the nearing crowd murmured over the beautiful exhibition, McLellan turned to Pat.

"Bullard's got his eye on Sandy, Pat. Remember, not a cent less than a thousand dollars. He can afford it and—"

Pat swallowed hard again. "And we need it," he finished.

McLellan was silent a moment. "Sandy's wasn't the only victory there today, lad!" he said.

Pat Shelton gave him a quick, searching look. Did this shrewd old man know what had taken place in his mind?

"Yes," he said, preferring to read an

obvious meaning into the judge's words. "Some of the pups made a great showing in their class."

McLellan smiled. "Listen, son," he said. "I know the struggle you went through. I went through it myself once. If you'd given in and thrown the dog down just to keep him, it'd have prodded you as long as you live. You've learned what most of us either learn or should learn—self-sacrifice." He dropped his hand on the youth's shoulder. "She's a hard old world, at times, but a good old world at that."

Dozens of men were crowding around Pat. Photographers were trying to get close-ups and special writers were asking questions. At last Pat rescued his dog and started for McLellan's car. Bullard was coming toward him. Pat hurried around the building, then broke into a run. He couldn't talk to Bullard now. He had gone through too much. Sandy meant too much to him just then. It was like selling one of the family.

But Bullard usually got what he wanted, they said, and he overtook Pat eventually. For several moments the man said nothing, merely scowling first at the boy, then at the dog. Finally he spoke, his voice cold as it always was in business matters—for he was a hard man.

"You're under age, Pat, so I can't very well talk business with you. Suppose I come over to-night and talk to you and your mother? In the meantime you'll accept any offers until you hear from me. I can pay as much as any other man for what I want—and a little more."

"Yes, sir," Pat answered. Bullard

What! A Pen by Parker for \$3.50

Maker of the Famous Duofold Guaranteed-for-Life Pen Offers Boys a Splendid Value in the "True Blue"

Every boy knows the famous Parker Duofold Pen that has been dropped from airplanes, high in the sky, without damage. That has been run over by 10-ton motor buses, without harm—the Pen that Geo. S. Parker gives an unqualified Guarantee for Life.

Now, boys may own a fine Parker Pen—the True Blue—for a very low price. Just the thing to start off right at school. It has many of the features of the standard Parker Duofolds.

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See the Parker True Blue at any fountain pen counter \$3.50. Lovely True-Blue Pencil to match, \$3.25. Both together in a fine Duette Box—\$6.75. Your True Blue Parkers will give true blue service for many years to come. See them today.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
Janesville, Wisconsin



PARKER PRESSURELESS WRITING

Parker TRUE BLUE Duette

\$6.75

probably could pay a little more, but that didn't mean that he would.

"Will eight o'clock be about right? I've an appointment at nine o'clock."

"That'll be about right, sir."
"By the way, Pat, you're your old man's son. I can't pay you a higher compliment than that. Good-by—I'll see you to-night."

A moment later McLellan drove up. "Hop in, son. I suppose the worst has happened?"

"Yes, he's coming over to-night. But he won't take Sandy home with him. I'm going to keep him a few days, anyway. Then—well . . . a thousand dollars is a lot of money. It'll put us in the clear. Let's not think about it."



As Pat got out at his home, McLellan dropped a final note of warning. "Don't let him beat you down, Pat. Remember he wants Sandy, and Sandy's worth big money."

"I won't forget—not for a minute," Pat promised.

MRS. SHELTON was watching from the front window. She wanted to observe her boy so that she would know how to act.

It was a pathetic sort of conqueror who came up the path with the setter at his heels. No one seemed to be observing, and so Pat had let down a bit. His heels dragged and he hesitated a moment at the door.

"Well," he said as he entered, "Sandy won't."

"I expected he would, Pat. Sit down. Dinner's ready, such as it is."

It was well cooked and Pat noticed she had added a luxury or two that the table had not known in some time. This was for him, he understood, to make him forget. He wasn't hungry, but he crammed everything down, and wondered apprehensively if she noticed how the food stuck in his throat.

His eyes wandered to the clock. Time was flying—it would soon be eight o'clock.

"Mr. Bullard's coming to-night," he observed, "at eight o'clock. He's got a proposition."

"Oh yes!" Mrs. Shelton felt a sinking sensation now that she realized the man was actually coming. She wondered if there weren't some way out. But she had gone over that in her mind scores of times. The result was the same—they had to have money.

She washed the dishes and Pat examined Sandy's feet to assure himself there were no cuts and bruises needing attention. The setter had come through the trials in fine shape.

In the street outside, a brake squeaked. A car came to a stop. The driver leaped out and opened the door. Bullard stepped out, strode to the door, and knocked.

Mrs. Shelton shook hands with him. She had met him before. He seated himself and then Pat entered the room—

prisoner facing a judge about to pronounce a life sentence.

"Can you use a thousand dollars?" Bullard said bluntly.

"I guess we can," the woman answered. It seemed to her he could have approached the subject a little more gently. But then she recalled his reputation. He was a blunt, hard man, but honest. They all added that. "He's honest."

"Sandy is one of the most nearly perfectly trained dogs I've ever watched," Bullard said, and somehow his harsh voice seemed gentle.

"Pat has well remembered the lessons his father taught him. To enter a young dog in that field of veterans and win is something to shout about. But for some reason Pat isn't shouting. I think I know why, Pat. But—I've waited about long enough for a winner. Next year I want the winner's blue ribbon and I'm willing to pay well for it."

Bullard paused, looked straight at Pat, and seemed almost to smile.

"Pat," he said, "if you can arrange it so as to not interfere with your school work, I want you to take over my kennels. You'll have an assistant, but you'll be in charge. For part time I'll pay you a hundred dollars a month. Next summer I'll boost that considerably for full time. I've got some fine setters and I want them trained as you trained Sandy. You keep Sandy—but train me a winner. I want results, and I'll pay for them. Think it over."

Pat drew a deep breath and his eyes widened. Trembling slightly he sat down and knew the feeling of a condemned man who is given back his life. His lips moved. Bullard waited silently for the boy to speak and Mrs. Shelton looked at her shoes so that nobody would see the wetness in her eyes. Finally Pat spoke.

"I've thought it over," he said huskily. "I'll accept that offer. I'll turn you out a dog as well trained as Sandy, if I can, and the way I feel now I think I can."

Bullard bowed his way out a few moments later. He paused halfway down the path to pat Sandy's head.

"Boy," he said softly, "nobody will know how badly I wanted you. And I could have had you, too. But . . . huh! They needed money like sin, and yet Pat ran away from me this afternoon. And to-night, from the expression in Mrs. Shelton's eyes, you'd have thought I was the landlord come to throw them out. Kids have enough trouble later on in life without it beginning too soon."

He scowled at the driver as he opened the door. He wondered if the man suspected that he had a sentimental streak in the matter of boys and dogs.

"Home!" he growled, his face clouded in a dark frown.

He was a very cold-blooded man who always got what he wanted—as his business rivals could testify.

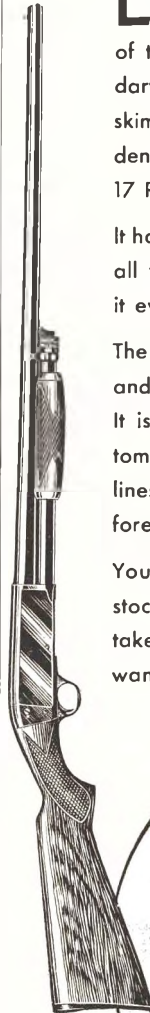
Built for Speed

LIKE the ruffed grouse, this gun is built for speed. There's nothing like it to stop one of these booming balls of feathers before he darts behind a sheltering tree. For quail that skim into thickets, for the woodcock in his damp, dense haunts, for all brush shooting, the Model 17 Remington is the ideal gun.

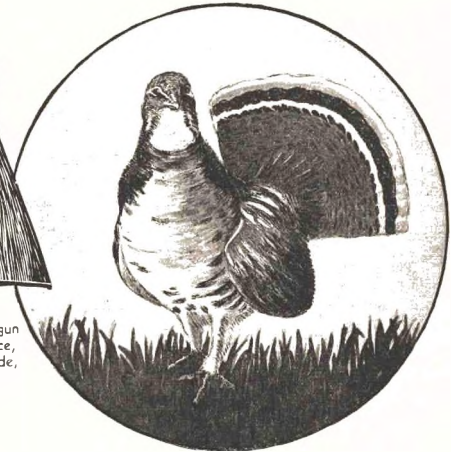
It has won many sportsmen to the 20 gauge for all types of upland shooting; and some prefer it even for ducks.

The Model 17 Remington has the smoothest and fastest action of any repeating shotgun. It is hammerless, has a solid breech and bottom ejection, is beautifully balanced, has trim lines, and dark American walnut stock and fore-end.

Your dealer probably has the Model 17 in stock. If not, write for a descriptive circular, take this to your dealer, show him the gun you want and he can get it for you quickly.



Model 17 Repeating Shotgun 20 gauge. Price, Standard Grade, \$49.30



What Makes the Lion Leap?



"NOW listen, Leo . . . You too, Queen. When the hero gets safely up in the tree, leap after him. Make it real—get me?"

Leo yawns. "All right," he purrs lazily. "Conceal a chicken in the lower branches and we'll jump all day for you. I haven't had a good meal of chicken for a long time."

Yep—that's how the treed-hero scene is taken for the animal movie thriller. The hero cowers in the higher branches. The lions spring upward, snarling and eager, from the ground. And midway between, a cackling hen, just out of reach.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originals of Kleanbore Ammunition
25 Broadway New York City

Remington



Kaynee
Broadcloth Shirts
for
Young Men

After all, what most fellows want is a soft white shirt that fits easily and gracefully across the shoulders . . . one that's snug at the collar with just the proper amount of opening for a smart tie—collars of the new approved length—That is the Kaynee Shirt. The center pleat is full generous width, buttons are fine quality. Cuffs are the popular button type and are reinforced to keep trim and neat in appearance all day long. Tails are full cut with plenty of material to insure comfort and allow plenty of action without their slipping out. These shirts are custom tailored of richly finished broadcloth, white or colors, woven from yarns specially selected for their silk-like appearance and long wear.

You'll find Kaynee Shirts far different from the ordinary, both in style and quality, and yet the price you pay is one that appeals to the young fellow and to Dad, too! At your outfitter

THE KAYNEE COMPANY,
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Approved by the Boys
Kaynee
SHIRTS ...PAJAMAS

Fangs of the Leopard (Continued from page 19)

He was a simple soul, this Señor Allende, for all he was a sort of sub-lawyer, and his simplicity gave me an idea. After I'd reassured him that Marshall was really wounded and not a yellow fever patient, and after I'd got a mule to ride—they had no extra pony, and a mule, it turned out, was what they'd given Father—why, I pulled Don Eulalio to one side.

"I've never been far west of here. Is the trail pretty bad?"
Why, yes, he said, it was. I'd have been surprised to hear anything else.

"Any animals?"
"Any animals?"
"Are there any man-eaters?"

"Yes," Don Eulalio admitted, "I have heard of some puma now and then."

"So had I! On our side of the canyon, too. But no villager ever wants to own up there's anything unpleasant near his village."

"Well," I said, "it isn't likely they'll attack me. But just in case I did get into trouble and not get back by the time Father shows up again, perhaps you'd better keep these for me. They're something he'll maybe want."

So I hauled the bridge plans out of my shirt and handed them to him. I knew he was an honest man, and I knew that Father wouldn't want those precious drawings carried into any more danger. Don Eulalio was bewildered when I thrust them on him, but he finally took them.

A-mulchback now, I started out again, on into the wilderness that came right up to the village.

After a slight dip, the trail mounted, and the whole look of the country changed. The underbrush and woods on both hands were as thick as ever, but there were more oaks and pines and fewer of the special lowland trees. Whole companies of parakeets flitted their long tails and cawed at me. I almost enjoyed myself, if I did keep a weather eye out for arboreal snakes.

That was how it was for a ride of about two miles, when I came to a place where you couldn't see more than a few yards ahead. I was watching an enormous-headed toucan that had just flattered away into the jungle on my right when all at once my mule shied, and I nearly went over his head into a spinning cloud of flies.

The next second, I was out of the saddle and stumbling forward, suddenly cold and faint.

Lying straight across the trail was a dead mule, a bullet hole in its head, blood congealed in the clay beside it. Close by was a man's hat—Father's! And near it lay his rifle.

Chapter Ten

FATHER'S hat and rifle! I recognized them at the very first glance.

Yet I tried proving myself wrong. But I knew the Philadelphia hat label, and I couldn't be mistaken in that familiar rifle.

As I stared at them, though, hope began to glimmer a little. The gun hadn't been discharged—there hadn't been any fight. That blood was around the dead mule's head; there was none anywhere else. If the Leopard—for this must somehow be the Leopard's work—if he'd killed Father, why wouldn't he have left him lying here?

Perhaps Father was only a prisoner! It was then I noticed a broken place in the jungle there beside the trail. It was barely noticeable, but you could tell that something bulky had crowded through there.

I crowded through myself and found a sort of trail half covered over, that led away from the main trail on through the bush. Then, along the half hidden trail, I spotted the marks of ponies and men afoot, coming and go-

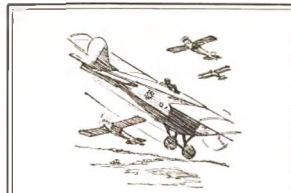
ing—coming and going. There were perhaps six in the party, I judged.

I got on my mule and urged him on along that side trail. It headed north, not at all in the direction of the capital. It might turn later; but I kept wondering why when the Leopard's main force was defending Mexico City, he didn't stick to the main trail to get there.

But I didn't care where the Leopard was going; all I wanted was to catch up with him and rescue Father. I gripped my pistol and urged the mule along—until finally it came over me how crazy I was, tackling the job alone. One boy couldn't hope to do much against half a dozen men. The sane thing for me to do was to go back to Batea-Joyas for help—and for a horse instead of a balky mule. I had to make time! Every hush sign said the bandits had a big start.

I turned my mule and sent him back to the main trail—on back to Batea-Joyas!

I don't believe that mule had ever before been prodded into going so fast. Along the main trail we pelted, between



No Stunting
No, Sir!

Craig Lee had been a World War flyer, but he vowed he wouldn't stunt in the movies. Watch his vow crack up next month in

"THE GALLOPING
TINTYPES"

By Thomson Burtis

those walls of tangled jungle, under the oaks, on through a steady volley of questions from the surprised parakeets. I was sweating from head to foot and the mule was in a lather of foam when we clattered down the only street in Batea-Joyas and drew up in front of that biggest *cantina*.

I called for Don Eulalio Allende, and he came at a trot out of his shack, polishing his steel spectacles as he came. My noise brought out all of the barefooted women and naked children in the place, too—and it sent the dogs snapping and scurrying. I blurted out what I'd found.

Don Eulalio threw up his hands and exclaimed. But he was too used to kidnappings to get really excited.

"The poor Señor Rowntree!" he lamented, and then went on: "Without doubt his employers in America of the North have much money with which to ransom him."

I was furious, but there was no use in shouting it.

Yes, he said, an old trail did run out from the point I mentioned, only nobody had used it since the civil war closed the Centro Distrito mines.

That Centro district lay up around Querétaro, but that didn't mean much

to me just then. I told Don Eulalio what I wanted.

"Alas, there are no ponies," he puffed, "and there are no men. What men and beasts are not out at the plantations, they have gone to fetch your wounded stranger."

Just as he said it, though, the party that had been sent for Marshall swung into the other end of the street. I'd lost time in the jungle, and these fellows had ridden over the San Rafael trail that I'd covered on foot.

IN the cart was Marshall blanketed and bandaged, but sitting up and looking a lot better. As soon as he saw me, he sang out:

"Did you find him? Where's your father?"

At first, I could only shake my head for a "No."

"What's that?"

The cart jerked up beside Don Eulalio and me. Marshall's escort edged around us, full of a suspicious curiosity that made me uneasy. But Marshall had only one thought—his message from Seward, his mission. He had to know at once what had happened. He leaned over the edge of the cart and almost shouted at me, only his voice was too weak for a real shout.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Why aren't you on your way? You ought to have overhauled your father long ago!"

I gave a side glance at the men who had gone for Marshall. They had crowded closer and were listening for my answer with staring eyes. I was dead sure then what was the matter with them—they'd begun to suspect that the Leopard had something to do with all the trouble. I knew they wouldn't go with me to rescue Father if they got any more suspicious. I had to tell as much as I'd told Don Eulalio, but I didn't want them to know any more than that.

"I found my father's mule shot on the trail out here," I said, "and my father's been captured by some bandits, I guess. I want a horse for myself, a good, fast one, and I want men and guns to go with me after him and bring him safe back!"

I tried to wink at Marshall, so that he'd realize he must be careful, but he was getting all worked up and feverish again and didn't understand me. And to make matters worse, in his sick confusion he spoke in Spanish.

"What?" he said. "You mean that guerrilla in the leopard-skin cape has got hold of my letter?"

He might as well have been a cannon pouring grapeshot into that crowd. They went wild and all commenced to talk at once.

"Dios!"

"That was it—it was he, then!"

"It was he whom we guessed when we saw how complete the ruin of the bridge camp!"

"The Leopard!—the Leopard!"

The fat was in the fire, sure enough. Everyone fell away from me as if I had the cholera.

The women even went down on their knees. Some of them called their children to them and began to drag the youngsters toward the church.

I was sure it wouldn't do any good, but I asked calmly:

"Well, who's going with me?"

Go with me? They wouldn't budge! Worse than that, they began to wave me off.

"Away from here! Be gone!"

They calculated that Father and I were the ones the Leopard was after, and that I'd be a danger to Batea-Joyas every minute I stayed there. I turned to Don Eulalio, but even he was shaking so that his spectacles nearly fell off.

"If this be true," he began—"if it was indeed Leonardo Marquez—"

"What of it?" asked Marshall, weak and puzzled. "What difference does it make?"

"Shut up!" I told him in English. "You've made enough trouble already."

THEN I argued and pleaded with those villagers. But they only got more frightened. I offered them money—"dineiro!" I hadn't any, but I knew the company would gladly pay.

They all muttered with one voice, "No lo quicero"—they didn't want any. It would even bring them bad luck.

"Where's Father Andres?" I asked, for I knew the fat little priest of Batea-Joyas, a bitter enemy of the Leopard, would somehow scold them into helping me.

They said the padre had gone to hold a service up Santa Catarina way. So that was no good!

Then, just about crazy with the hopelessness of it all, I stood up and shook my fist at them.

"You cowards!" I half shouted. "Here's a whole villageful of you, and you're afraid of a few brigands! You aren't as brave as your mangy dogs! There isn't a man among you!"

They didn't mind. These timid villagers weren't the breed that make Mexico's armies the good fighters they proved themselves to be. Don Eulalio looked at them and then at me, and tried to defend them.

"You speak bravely," he said, "only because you do not know whereof you do speak. When there is any question of the vengeance of the Leopard, a law-abiding citizen takes no shame if he trembles."

But all I could think of was Father—tramping through that jungle, hands tied behind him, sun overhead, snakes underfoot, beside him the Leopard or some of the Leopard's men, gloating over him—perhaps abusing him, torturing him.

"I don't tremble!" I said to Don Eulalio, and I said to that crowd: "Lend me a horse so that I can go fast. That's all I'd take from you now—a horse and some cartridges!"

I stood glaring at them, and I must have looked wild. My clothes were caked with dirt, my face was all sweat, and I knew my eyes were burning into them.

"Stay here and play safe!" I snarled at them, without any reason or understanding left in me. "I'll go after my father alone—and bring him back!"

Chapter Eleven

I FELT Marshall pat me on the shoulder—heard him say something about wishing he could go. But those villagers didn't even want to let me have the little I'd asked for! They thought Marquez would sure capture me and find out that they'd helped me, and come back and burn their miserable houses over their heads for it.

All they'd do was take care of Marshall, and they didn't want to do that. He tried to talk to them, more guardedly now, but they'd heard all they wanted to, and they slunk away. The whole lot. One after another, all except the notary. In no time, Marshall in his cart, Don Eulalio, and I were alone together.

Don Eulalio looked at me sidelong, around the corners of his spectacles.

"You must not blame us too much, young señor. You are young—it is easy to blame when you are young without cares and fears. We understand these things here, and the good God, in His unsearchable wisdom, He has made us what we are."

"Yes?" I returned scornfully. There was certainly no use in arguing.

He began to polish his glasses with a red bandana. "I suppose I cannot dissuade you?"

"You can't!"

"I do not approve the risk—not at all; and you will have no success." He shook his head. "But I admire your courage. I have seen you before, you know, and I am well acquainted with

your father. I should expect your father's son to go—"

"Thank you," I said, feeling a little better toward him.

"—and so," he wound up in a quick guilty way as if he were taking part in a crime, "you shall have my horse—only, if the Leopard does get you, swear you will not say I lent it you."

BEFORE I could thank him, he had trotted away toward his little place to get his horse. He wasn't any lion, but he had a kind heart.

"Young fellow!" whispered Marshall.

He was leaning out of the cart and trying to reach my sleeve and pull me to him. "What was up now?"

"Yes?"

"Young fellow, what are these villagers' politics?"

"Why, I don't know," I said. "Liberal, I guess—if they have any."

Marshall nodded. "I thought so. They're probably pretty rabid Liberals too—the kind that want Maximilian's blood, the kind that are trying to stop his rescue. Now, listen." He dropped his voice still lower. "I don't know much about your Leopard—if I'd known more I'd have kept still and saved you some trouble. But I'm sure of this—no matter what you think, and no matter what he used to be, the Leopard's not on the side of the Emperor any more."

"Why, you're crazy!" I said. "Marquez has sneaked out of Mexico City for some reason or other, but everyone knows his troops are helping the Foreign Legion defend it against Diaz and the Republicans."

"On the surface," Marshall admitted. "Not underneath. Didn't he really desert Maximilian by leaving Querétaro, pretending to go for re-enforcements? He let himself be shut up in Mexico City! And the Emperor realizes that now, and so Marquez wants the Emperor to die."

"You're just guessing!"

"Am I? I came down on the Shawnee. Marquez looked for me aboard her, and if Captain Gilman hadn't hidden me in his own cabin, I'd have been stopped right there."

So that was the explanation of the boat incident!

"Well," Marshall went on, "why was I wanted? And what else is all this chase about—first after me, then after your father when he comes from where I disappeared and starts away on some mission. What's it all about if it isn't to stop my message?"

Counter-plotting like this was something I hadn't suspected. And yet, now I thought over all that had happened, it did seem just possible.

Marshall went right on:

"Who else especially wants the execution to take place? Who's the loudest of the blood-hungry faction of the Liberals? Another traitor, of course, the man who sold his Emperor outright—your Leopard is in secret cahoots with Lopez."

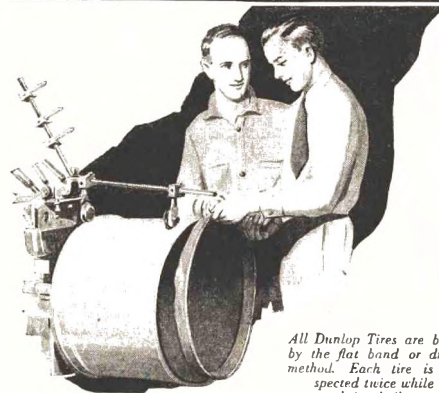
Lopez! For low-down meanness, no man's name in Mexico smelled worse than Lopez's!

He had headed the troops that met Maximilian and his Empress right after their landing in Mexico, and conducted them to the capital. When the French had to go back home, Lopez had been given command of one of the best of the mixed regiments forming the imperial army, "the Empress's Own Dragons." Maximilian had decorated him for valor. He became the chief favorite at court. Soon—what?

With the main part of the federal forces, he found himself and his sovereign hemmed in at the old convent of Querétaro; and Lopez was afraid because he saw the enemy had every advantage.

The Emperor planned a sortie. The besieged would stake everything on an endeavor to cut their way through the besiegers. Lopez knew every detail of the plans. He was so close to the Em-

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT TIRES . . . No. 5



All Dunlop Tires are built by the flat band or drum method. Each tire is inspected twice while being built.

Do you know . . . how Dunlop Tires are built?

IT takes much more than the best rubber in the world, and the finest cotton grown, to make good tires. It takes long experience, expert workmanship, and the most modern equipment.

Dunlop has the experience . . . over forty-two years of it. And Dunlop's men and methods are second to none in the industry. Advantage is taken of every modern development in manufacturing methods and equipment. Take, for example, the flat band, or drum, method of tire building used by Dunlop.

In the tire building shop, each operator works at a machine with a broad wheel, that looks much like a drum on end, and that revolves when he steps on a pedal. First, he puts one end of a strip of cord fabric on

the drum. Then the operator steps on the pedal, the drum turns, and takes up the entire strip of fabric. Other strips are added the same way, put on so that the rubber insulated cords criss-cross. Then the beads are added, and finally the rubber tread and sidewalls. . . and the tire, looking like a barrel with the ends knocked out, is slipped off the drum, ready to be shaped and vulcanized.

All Dunlop tires are built by skilled, experienced craftsmen. Each tire is inspected twice while it is being built. In that way, Dunlop makes sure that all the extra service in the long staple cotton base and the fine plantation rubber, is turned into the long road service which Dunlop users expect.

DUNLOP

BUFFALO, N. Y.



10 stories about tires

This is the fifth of ten advertisements Dunlop is publishing in the American Boy. Each tells an interesting story about the tire business. The next will tell how Dunlop Tires are vulcanized. Watch for it in an early issue. If you missed the other four, write for reprints to: The Dunlop Tire and Rubber Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

FIRST down the hill with a Morrow!

You can coast farther and faster on any bicycle that has the Morrow Coaster Brake.

The ball bearings and instant release make the Morrow a winner.

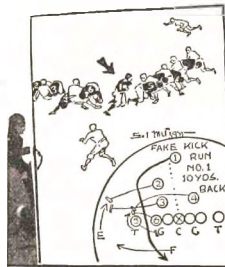
When you buy your bicycle tell the man it must have the Morrow.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY
Elmira, New York
(Division of Bendix Aviation Corporation)



Morrow
STURDY, SURE
COASTER BRAKE
With the Slotted Sprocket

This Play Won the Game



It's in the new D & M Rule Book.. Sent FREE

EVERY team needs a scoring play like this—a surprise play that catches your opponents off guard, frees the man with the ball and sends him over for a touchdown.

In the new D & M Official Rule Book you will find SIXTEEN such plays—the favorite tricks of leading college coaches. Get this book now and start learning the plays that win the big games. It's FREE at any store which sells the famous D & M Lucky Dog Athletic Goods. Or send us the coupon promptly and we will mail you a copy of the Rule Book and Scoring Plays at once.



"The Lucky Dog Kind"

ALL-AMERICA

Speed up your game with D & M All-America Footballs, Helmets, Pants—just like the big fellows use. They are ready for you now at the nearest D & M store; ask also about the annual D & M All-America Football Team Prize Contest—bigger and better this year than ever. \$100.00 1st prize, \$35.00 2nd prize, and 10 additional prizes.

DRAPER-MAYNARD COMPANY
Plymouth, N. H.

THE DRAPER-MAYNARD COMPANY
Plymouth, N. H., Dept. B 9

Please send me the new D & M Official Rule Book with 16 Football Scoring Plays used by leading college coaches.

My name is _____
I live at _____ Street
Town _____ State _____

D & M

FOOTBALL . . BASKETBALL . . HOCKEY . . BASEBALL . . GOLF

(Continued from page 47)
peror that Maximilian said to him:
"Faithful Lopez, if I am wounded, I must not be taken. It shall be your duty to blow out my brains."

But Lopez twice postponed the sally while he made underground negotiations with the Liberals. At dead of night, he let them into the convent on the pretense that they were the re-enforcements Marquez had gone to get—he betrayed his Emperor.

Yes, those re-enforcements the Leopard had conveniently gone to get—the whole thing hung together!

"But in that case," I burst out, "why, Father—"

"He's being taken to the nearest safe place—safe for them—and that's to Lopez."

"At Querétaro?"

"Yes. The Leopard isn't showing himself as a Republican till the Emperor's safe under the sod; so he'll keep out of the way, but your father'll be sent on."

"General Escobedo's in command there, and General Escobedo doesn't want to execute the Emperor. If Father gets to him—"

"He won't. Not till too late. You can be sure of that. He won't see even Lopez. That shrewd fox will have your father kept somewhere outside the lines for a week or so, then let him 'escape' from these 'robbers' after Maximilian has faced a firing squad. Simple isn't it? I see it all plain enough now. No complications with the United States—none with Escobedo—no one to blame except a roving gang of 'bandits' who just wanted a ransom for a rich Yankee company's chief engineer."

My heart felt a lot lighter. "Then Father'll be safe after all?"

Marshall didn't even hear me. He was fumbling around in the bottom of the cart and pretty soon he brought up what looked like an odd-shaped piece of coal.

"This'll save our State Department's plan," he said.

He glanced quickly up and down the street. There was no one in sight. There wasn't even a face at a window.

"Give me a knife," Marshall said, under his breath.

I got mine out and handed it over. Marshall snatched it, crouched down a little so he could work under cover, and got to work on that odd-shaped charred chunk.

"It's part of a boot!" I said.

It was, too—a little of the upper and all of the sole of a left boot.

"Yes," said he, working away to split that charred sole. "and I don't think the thing inside's been damaged. Not liking to leave traces of my business behind me, I made those villagers rake the site of your house—and here's the important part of what I'd left there."

With one jerk he ripped the sole and brought out a piece of uninjured paper. His hands were shaking but his eyes glowed.

"Seward is wise," he said. "He makes two copies of any important document. After the Leopard had hunted for me on the *Shavonee*, I did a little cobbling. Here's Seward's message—the second copy—still safe!"

I stared at it. "Then—then there's still a chance to save Maximilian."

Marshall's face twisted. Then his eyes looked straight into mine.

"Yes!—if you can get this message through to Escobedo in time, young fellow. Will you try it? You'll have to keep out of the way of the Leopard's men, and out of the way of Lopez—Lopez above all. But it won't be so hard. They think they've stopped the message, and besides they won't suspect a boy as they would a man. You were going anyhow. Will you go now that you know your father probably isn't in much real danger? Will you go?" Marshall had sagged down in the cart once more, so white I thought he was going to faint. But he held his

voice steady. "Will you go," he urged again, "and take this along?"

"What else could I do? It seemed to be my job. Besides—I wasn't any too easy about Father."

"Of course I'm going," I said.

Chapter Twelve

IT was still early forenoon on that fourteenth of June when I rode back alone to where the old Centro mines' trail left the main Capital Trail. There, picking up Father's rifle, I struck into the jungle and, except for that faint trail underfoot, it closed around me, threatening and stubborn.

Marshall, after cross-examining Don Eulalio, had figured I should get through in a day and a half, making Querétaro soon after the guerrillas did on the evening of the fifteenth. Once there, I could pretend to be a refugee till I got to General Escobedo, in plenty of time to postpone the Emperor's execution set for the next sunrise. Marshall hadn't mentioned Father again, but I had him on my mind just as much as Maximilian. I couldn't keep down a feeling that he might be needing help pretty bad. So I was on a double mission.

Don Eulalio had followed me a way out of Bateala-Joyas and sneaked me my supplies. He had given me a pocketful of cartridges of the right bore for Father's gun, a bag of rations, and a couple of those double-headed Mexican water gourds; then he had thoughtfully brought me some very useful extra things—a compass, a hammock, some netting to keep out the insects at night, and his own leather *chaparajos*, which fitted my long legs near enough and would protect them against the prickly cacti.

As things turned out, a mule would have done almost as well as the sore-limbed pony he lent me. No animal could make much speed on that trail. It was badly overgrown and full of sharp turns, and at first it led down to some old water course, too steep for any running. Still, the bandits' tracks kept fresh; so I wasn't losing, anyhow.

The parakeets cawed at me again; squirrels scolded; what looked like the very same toucan I'd seen a while ago sat on a low branch and winked while I rode by, as if he were warning me to turn around. I saw a furry brown coati or two and one bear.

Down by the water, things got almost tropical once more, the undergrowth greener and lusher. The trail ran up the west bank of a shallow creek, muddy and scummy, with some sort of brightly colored heron wading along its shores. Moss hung down from the trees and brushed clammily against my face. Twenty different kinds of lizards darted into sight and out again, and I thought once I saw a boa hanging from a branch that about bridged the stream. It got hotter and hotter, and at noon I had to stop and rest, but I didn't rest long.

My idea was to get on as fast as possible. I thought that if I saw by the tracks that I was catching up with the bandits, I'd look out for a chance to rescue Father when his captors were off guard. Then he and I could go on to Querétaro together. I was set on saving Maximilian, but I was even more set on saving Father. Anything might happen to him at any moment as long as he was with those bandits. The thing I was most afraid of was that he'd try to escape, and they'd make an end of him right there.

I pushed on as fast as I could in the heat of the afternoon, hurrying even more when I saw only hoof prints ahead. The brigands must have got hold of mules enough to mount everyone, and they were making pretty fast time. Well, so was I.

But the minute the sun went down I had to lie up; I couldn't see a yard ahead of me. I tethered my pony after seeing to his wants, got myself some jerked beef and black beans out of Don

Eulio's ration bag, slung my hammock between a couple of guaiacum trees, draped my netting over it, and climbed in.

But I didn't sleep. Though I was dog tired, I couldn't forget Father—I kept lying there wondering and worrying. And then that jungle was a regular bedlam at night.

THE dark came as if someone had blown out a candle, and that whole wilderness woke up with a racket reminding me of a menagerie the minute before mealtime. Screams, hoots, roars, and bellows out of the trees and the bush; out of the river, the cries of alligators and the chorus of the frogs.

I lay there and shivered. I grabbed my gun and tried to see—and couldn't. It kept going till the late moon rose. At the first light of that, everything stopped short, and for a while that silence, full of little padding sounds, was worse than the hullabaloo that had gone before. The air didn't freshen, either, the way it does in open spaces; it thickened. When I did sleep, it was a downright stupor.

This must have been why the accident that was the beginning of my new troubles didn't wake me. . . .

I was up with the sun, and the first thing I realized was the rush, close over my head, of a couple of foul-smelling buzzards I'd disturbed.

I stared at the place where they had been feeding—and saw what was left of my pony. Nothing much except a pile of bones!

I might have known enough to build a fire to keep wild animals away; the bandits weren't near enough to get sight or scent of it. But I hadn't done it, and now something, probably a puma, had killed my pony.

There I was, alone, on foot in an unknown jungle, with the Emperor condemned to die next day at dawn at a spot still a long way off, Father captive of a mounted party riding somewhere far ahead, and the forest full of carnivorous animals.

But there was nothing for it but to go ahead. I made a pack of the outfit in the hammock and swung that over my shoulders. Soon I was in the very heart of the forest.

It was stifling, poisonous. The heat was worse than it had been the day before, and the trail was awful. At times I was in mud to my knees, and at other times I sank almost as deep into moss that sent up a cloud of choking dust. Insects buzzed and stung. There was only one comfort; even with their mules and horses, the bandits couldn't have made much better time than I was making.

I slept a bit at noon, but a tree porcupine woke me with a shower of quills; perhaps I had snored and disturbed him. By sundown I had given up all hope for Maximilian; I could never get to Querétaro in time to save him. I had failed him—failed Marshall—failed my country. The thought was like a twisting stab. But I had to go on and get to Father, had to do what I could for him.

I ate my evening ration and slung my hammock. In the night I dreamed that Colonel Lopez, a three-hundred-pounder, was waddling toward me with a howitzer in his hands, pointed at my head—and woke up to see a white-striped, long-nosed monster of a tapir running away on his clumsy short legs! I could see him because of my fire—I had one that night.

EARLY next morning the second accident happened.

The trail ran down to the stream again—ran right into the shore mud and stopped short. The water was too yellow to show bottom, but I knew there must be a ford there. I cut a stick to feel my way with, and stepped out.

The water was shallow a good third of the way. Then I got in pretty far and my stick didn't touch. I drew back,

noticed what looked like a black rock upstream and scrambled for that.

I gave it a poke—and it moved! It raised its head. It opened its glassy eyes. Opened its mouth, too: a cayman alligator!

I fell with a splash, found myself over my depth and swam for dear life. Whether I was chased or not I don't know. But at any rate, at last I got to firm ground on the other side, dived far into the thicket, and dropped down to recover my wind—and then I realized that my gun must have sunk; and that my pack, with my compass and food and water gourd in it, must be floating somewhere down that creek. I'd lost all my supplies! I'd lost my way!

You'd think I could find the stream. Well, I could; and I had one piece of luck—I got my pack back. The current had brought it in close to shore. But I couldn't find where I'd landed or a sign of the trail. That's the way a Mexican jungle is. Get off the track for a dozen paces, and you might as well be a hundred miles off. What's more, you lose your head, and I lost mine. I tried to judge by the sun and struck into the bush until soon it was so thick there wasn't any sun to go by.

North, east, south, west, in a circle—that was how I went. The treacherous wilderness kept luring me farther and farther in. There was nothing stirring but monkeys and those screaming parakeets. I could have screamed, too. Almost crazy, I wormed through tangled places, crawled over hillocks, circled stagnant ponds—just with the mad idea that if I only kept on going long enough, I'd come out somewhere in the open.

But toward night I calmed down. I had to. I couldn't go mad and leave Father to face things all alone—I must get out of the jungle.

I made myself stop and eat. I slung my hammock between two trees and slept because I was too tired to stay awake. It was lucky I could sleep, for I was going to need all my strength.

The next day, the seventeenth, went just about as the sixteenth had gone except that I was calmer. But I didn't sleep so well that night, and late in the morning of the eighteenth I began to get crazy again. I knew I was trying to go too fast, and that at least part of the time I was plunging in circles—just going round and round in that thick jungle. But I kept on and on, driving myself through the interminable day. Through hours and hours of it—on into the black night.

It wasn't common sense that made me stop. No, it was just exhaustion that stopped me at last. My throat was swollen for want of water, and all of a sudden my legs gave out. I slid down into some moss, with my head against a crumbling log, and just lay there, so nearly dead I thought I didn't care what happened.

I opened my eyes once. Gray dawn was just breaking. Somewhere, not far off, a jaguar had let out that queer sharp cough he gives when he's on the hunt for food.

What did it matter? But then I noticed something very near me, and I began to come alive again, alive and yet shuddery cold.

Right there on the moss within arm's reach, so close I could see it even in that dim light, a brown snake was curling up its five-foot length to strike and looking at me out of its scaly head with hard glittering eyes. Probably I had disturbed it, roused it. I saw its spiked tail—and knew it was the sort old Ramon had once warned me against—"a very evil snake, young señor, and its bite is certain death."

I had thought that nothing mattered. But those glittering eyes drove me into action.

I still had my pistol, and I snatched for it. If I'd thought at all, I'd have thought it spoiled by the creek water, but I didn't think. Acting upon sheer instinct I whipped it out of my belt and

"This lucky shot started with good footwork"



LAST week the coach let me play in my first regular basketball game. I was nervous at first, but the game was so fast I soon forgot everything but where the ball was. "We worked some good passes and got down toward the opponent's goal and before long I had the ball. "There wasn't a fraction of a second to spare. I couldn't aim and I couldn't dribble for position. I just shot! The ball hit the rim, rolled all around it and then slid into the basket. Boy, what a kick I got out of that!"

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(Continued from page 49)
pulled the trigger. It went off.
Perhaps I hit the snake. I don't know. Just the explosion made a kind of climax—and one too many for me. I sagged back in the moss.
Before the echoes had stopped, the parakeets were shrieking with a new note in their clamor. I thought hazily how I'd heard the natives call the parakeets the jungle police; how they'd said the birds would go on like this whenever anything unusual happened, and pass the information on from neighbor to neighbor till the whole wilderness knew.
I shouldn't lie out there in the open, I thought—I must get under cover. I tried to get up. Then everything went black and whirling, and I fell back.

THE next I knew I—it couldn't have been much later, for it was still gray dawn—a sombreroed Mexican, his pony's bridle over his arm, was leaning above me and talking to another sombreroed Mexican.
"Didn't I tell you we would find a forest trespasser?" he was saying. "The parakeets never lie."
A few drops of fiery tequila were being forced between my lips—
I was being lifted onto a pony—
I was being taken along a trail, a trail that in all my frenzied hunting I'd somehow missed—
They gave me water. It revived me more than the liquor had; that had just scorched. They began to ask me questions.

My throat was so swollen that at first I couldn't answer, and the next minute I felt almost glad of it. My rescuers, two little dark, mustached men, weren't in uniform but they wore the white bandoleers that were the badge of the uniformless Liberal army. Something made me pretend that I didn't understand Spanish.

I shook my head. I shut my eyes. Anyhow, I was dead tired. . . .
In my wanderings I must have headed in the right direction part of the time after all, for when I opened my eyes again, I saw the fringe of the forest—tents—a sentry challenging us—beyond the tents, a town.
I looked my question.
My grinning guides answered it in a duet: "Querétaro."

At last! But I was much too late to save Maximilian. What about Father? I was too tired to be sensible. If anything had happened to Father—
Everything went black and whirling again. . . .

"MORE water, but not too much!" It was a commanding military voice speaking. "And a drop more of that tequila!"
I was in an officer's tent. The men

that had found me were supporting me. Behind a bamboo-legged table the officer sat.

He was a tall, portly man, impressive-looking in his gray uniform. He had a blond complexion and with his bluish eyes and fair mustache and short imperial, he didn't look much like a Mexican. But as soon as he began to talk, I saw that he had the fine manners and flowing talk of the Mexicans of the higher classes.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked. "Then perhaps you can give an explanation of yourself."

My voice was husky and queer, but I managed to put my question. "Are you General Escobedo?"

One of the soldiers laughed, but stopped in the middle of it—the officer had given him a fierce look. But when he turned his bluish eyes back to me again they had lost their fierceness, and he spoke with a kind of formal courtesy.

"No, but I represent him. You want to see General Escobedo? Very well. Where are you from?"

I was still so weak, and he put his questions so fast, and it was so good to hear English that—well, my answer just plumped out before I thought.

"San Rafael," I said.

The next minute I could have bitten out my foolish tongue. For somebody came quickly into the tent—another bearded officer—and saluted my big officer and said:

"The postponed execution's to take place very soon, Colonel Lopez."
I saw it all then, in a flash. I wasn't too late after all—and yet it was worse than if I had been!

The Emperor must have been reprieved for three days, but now in a very short time he was to be executed. And this dapper officer was Lopez!—the very man Marshall had told me to avoid above all others.

I was really his prisoner, and probably Father was too, for the bandits would have turned him over to Lopez.

Yes, both Father and I were in the power of Lopez, the man who was at the head of the plot to stop the letter from Washington, the double traitor who must know all about what had happened at San Rafael, the ruthless plotter who wouldn't hesitate to kill both of us to keep Secretary Seward's message from getting to General Escobedo!

I felt queer and sick as I stood there, holding myself rigid so that Lopez shouldn't see me tremble.

(To be continued in the October number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Next month: Michael, watching helplessly from behind the bars of an old stone cell, witnesses a grim tragedy.

You and the Dog Friend

In Next Month's Letter From Larry Trimble

It's the best yet!—the helpful letter that Larry Trimble, trainer of the famous Strongheart, wrote Phil Patton, the Idaho boy who won that pure-bred pup Geri, grandson of Strongheart, in the recent American Boy contest.

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"THE PRIZE PUP LEAVES THE ISLAND"

A Priceless Training Talk

Do You Know That--

SHORTLY after the World War, two shundred orphan boys of Armenia showed the initiative and independence to build themselves a village of sturdy, clay-walled houses to replace their homes that had been destroyed by the war, and in addition established a charcoal burning industry?
The United States Coast Guard re-

ords cases where men have been drowned and under water thirty minutes, and have been fully restored by artificial respiration?

The average person has two and one-third miles of sweat-secreting tubes in his skin and that on a hot day he may evaporate as much as three pints of water in an hour?

Renfrew Does Kitchen Police

(Continued from page 23)

was Mr. Lawton Corbett. At seventy-three his order was delivered to his room, and at nearly eight o'clock somebody came to Mr. Kahn's room with a tray that held some dirty dishes with remains of curried rice and chicken on them, some remnants of Roquefort cheese and a pot of black coffee. I'd like to see Mr. Corbett's room."

"But wait a minute!" cried McAllister. "I checked up on that meal business when I questioned the waiters. I didn't pay any attention to what Corbett ordered, but I do know that his tray, with empty dishes on it, was brought back to the kitchen by one of the waiters!"

"I know," said Renfrew. "That's why I want to see his room."

"Come in!" cried McAllister, as a knock sounded on the door.

A constable entered, leading a slim young man who stared at the three occupants of the room with dark and somber eyes.

"He came up the back stairs, sir," said the constable.

"Says he wants to see Mr. Kahn."

"We don't want him here," snapped McAllister. "Take him down to the station and hold him for questioning."

"Wait," cried Renfrew, turning to the newcomer. "What did you want to see Mr. Kahn for?"

"He said to come here!" cried the somber young man.

FOR a moment he stood staring at Renfrew with peculiar fixity, and while he did so he gently rubbed his arms with his finger tips, running them up his sleeves. This exercise he varied by occasional sudden clutches at his throat.

"I didn't know anything had happened!" he said nervously.

"Hold him at the station," said Renfrew suddenly. "And now let me see that room."

He turned to the inspector. "Do you mind if I look it over alone?" he requested.

"Just as you like," assented McAllister.

"Have you a finger-print expert here?" asked Renfrew.

"He's coming from Ottawa," the inspector said.

"Well, see that that tray isn't disturbed. And, lest I forget it, see that he gets a print of Mr. Kahn's fingers, will you?"

It was the middle of the afternoon before Renfrew saw the inspector again. He found McAllister waiting him in his room.

"Where have you been?" cried McAllister, who seemed to have been waiting for a long time.

"Down in the kitchen mostly," said Renfrew. "Here, I wish you'd keep this." He took from his pocket a long envelope and handed it gingerly to the inspector. "It's a celluloid blotter I found in Corbett's room," he explained. "Finger prints."

"Any news?" questioned McAllister gloomily.

"Not much, but we're on the trail. I'm going out now and do some scouting. I want you to do one thing for me. In ten minutes I want you to telephone the station and tell them to release immediately the young man who blundered into our conference this morning. And he's not to be followed. Will you do that?"

"Certainly. I suppose you wish to follow him yourself?"

"Exactly. And I'd better get on the job. So long."

It was late that evening before Renfrew returned to his room at the lodge, and his first act was to order a saddle horse for his immediate use. He then sat in his room and wrote assiduously

until a late hour, when he changed into riding clothes, tucked an automatic pistol in his pocket, turned out his light and left the lodge to ride away into the night.

EARLY the following morning, Alan McNeil, at the camp in the pasture where the boys awaited Renfrew's return, was told that a bellboy from the lodge was seeking for the "kid who's nineteen years old, and the tallest in the bunch."

Alan found the messenger and received a large and bulky envelope. Opening it, Alan found that it contained in addition to a letter for him, a smaller envelope that contained a fairly thick document.

"Dear Alan," read the letter. "I am leaving now on a mission for the Mounted Police. I shall ride out to the Cree Reservation at Badger Falls, following the pack trail—motoring by road would be too public a gesture. I wish you would go to my room at the lodge and stay there until I return. Talk with everybody who comes there and be prepared to report on each one. If I do not return to Battle Mountain by Thursday morning, or if anything should occur to convince you that I am in serious danger, turn over the enclosed manuscript to the Mounted Police."

The letter was signed with Renfrew's familiar scrawl.

"Thursday morning," reflected Alan, as he made his way toward the lodge. "That's to-morrow. Shucks. I wish he'd let a fellow go with him."

At the lodge he disdained the elevators and ascended the stairs two at a time to Renfrew's floor. As he bounded up the last few steps he nearly catapulted into a man who was descending. Alan glimpsed the man in passing, and the sight was enough to cause him to look back from the top of the stairs to see the man again.

It was an unusually tall man he saw, but a man so thickset as to appear of startling size. The man's face had interested him most. It was the face of a savage, intelligent and forceful, but without a suggestion of human kindness. It was the cruellest face Alan had ever seen, and the two smoldering eyes glowing from the bronzed expanse of hard flesh had added a suggestion of savage brutality that made Alan shudder almost instinctively. He had just had a glimpse of those eyes as they glanced back at him, and then the man was gone down the stairs, leaving Alan with the impression of having been face to face with a grizzly bear.

Grinning at himself for the little prickle of uneasiness the experience had given him, Alan made his way to Renfrew's room and was surprised to find it unlocked. Then he found himself standing in front of a bureau staring at a sheet of hotel paper that was set up against the mirror.

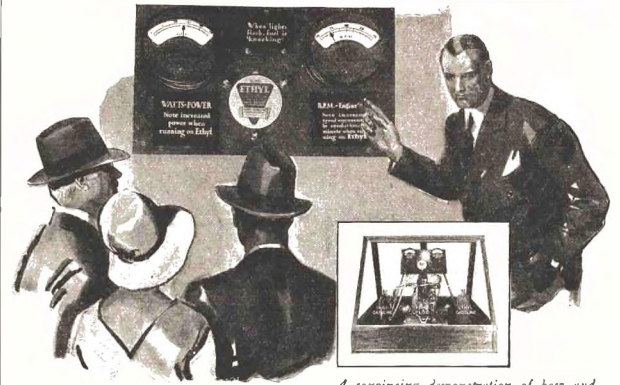
RENFREW, KEEP OUT. YOU HAVE FOUND OUT THAT I DON'T STOP AT MURDER. THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH.

The message was printed out in big capitals, clumsily. To the startled gaze of Alan it seemed filled with dark menace for the man to whom it was addressed. So he took Renfrew's envelope to Inspector McAllister.

"In the event of any misfortune befalling me," Renfrew had written, "I desire to leave this record of evidence that leads me to believe that without doubt Lawton Corbett is the murderer of Kahn. I suspected Corbett as soon as I discovered the singular coincidence of his ordering a meal so nearly like the one Kahn had ordered just before his death. I later learned from Ricciardi that Corbett was familiar with the head

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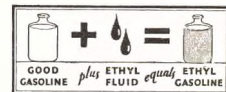
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(Continued from page 51)
waiter's custom of calling up the guests and taking their orders; also that small articles of tableware such as sugar bowls, cream pitchers, silver, napkins, etc., had frequently been kept by Corbett when his own trays were returned, and that on the afternoon preceding the murder he had borrowed a serving tray through one of the kitchen employees. From this information I was able to make up a fairly perfect picture of the crime.

"Corbett had assembled in his room an almost complete set of plates, knives, forks, and table equipment. The tray, he borrowed and never returned. At seven-ten on the evening of the crime he took advantage of his knowledge of Breede's custom of watching and listening, and Ricciardi's habit of calling up his customers, to call up Kahn and take his order for supper. He then called up Ricciardi and ordered for himself a meal comprising the same ingredients as Kahn's order called for. On that meal being delivered to his room he made up a tray for Kahn, putting only the remnants of a meal upon it, and carried it to Kahn's room. Breede, as he had foreseen, paid no attention to the entrance of a waiter, and Kahn never questioned his coming.

"He took the tray in, took Kahn by surprise and stabbed him to death with the skill and precision of a trained hunter. He then came out, leaving the tray and body behind him, and finished his own meal, returning the tray to the kitchen. All this I gather by the testimony of his preparations, and I have no doubt that an expert examination of the finger prints on the tableware in Kahn's room will show no other finger prints but Corbett's.

"Having come to this conclusion I was at a loss for a motive for the crime until a young man came to Kahn's room, seeking the murdered man. I was immediately attracted by the fact that this young man displayed all the symptoms of a confirmed opium smoker. I wondered then if Kahn had been employed in the distribution of opium, and, remembering the many cases of savage competition between the vendors of this drug, I saw immediately how it fitted in with Kahn's whole story—his commerce with Vancouver criminals and his employment of an armed guard. It was only logical then that I should suspect Corbett of slaying Kahn as a rival for a trade he had built up for himself. And I find every evidence that this is the truth!

"Shadowing the young man who came to Kahn for a supply of opium, I followed him to the trading post of Lawton Corbett. He came out, obviously elated, having no doubt obtained a much-needed supply of the drug. I then went into the post myself, and, simulating the behavior of an addict, obtained an interview with one Sung Long, a Chinese who seems to act as Corbett's agent in the traffic. He told me that I must first see Tom Lamb, who is Corbett's head man at the Cree Reservation and a Cree himself. I have therefore departed for the reservation, and expect to gather there all the evi-

dence necessary to make a successful case against this inveterate and dangerous criminal."

The manuscript ended with Renfrew's signature.

McALLISTER crushed the paper in his hand with a harsh cry.

"We've got to find Corbett!" he roared. "Can he have gone to the reservation?"

But Alan had an idea. "What does he look like?" he asked. "You can't miss him. He is six-foot-four tall and so broad he looks square. He's got a copper-colored face that looks like an Indian in a movie!"

"That's the one!" cried Alan. "I saw him at the hotel just before I came over. Good gosh!" His face flushed at the realization. "He must have just left this on the bureau!"

Alan waved the warning and McAllister read it.

With the agility of a boy the inspector was up and running down the station steps. In less than a minute he was at the wheel of a roadster that stood waiting, and he started off with Alan at his side and two constables scrambling into the rumble.

A t b r e a k n e c k speed they swung into the main street toward Corbett's trading post, and met Corbett speeding up the street toward them in a touring car. He swerved out to avoid hitting them, and then pressed the accelerator home. McAllister swore as he shifted to back and turn. He executed the maneuver masterfully, but Corbett had gained a considerable start before McAllister was straightened out in pursuit.

The little town of Battle Mountain fell behind as the car followed a wagon track through the moun-

tains. They lurched and swayed through pine woods, barely grazing trees, and along mountain sides, with one running board hanging over space.

Alan was hardly conscious of the perils they escaped. His eyes were fixed either on the fleeing car or the coming turn around which it had disappeared. Sometimes it seemed to gain upon them, at other times Alan was amazed at its proximity as they swept about some curve to rediscover it. And then things suddenly ended.

They swept about a shoulder of rock and saw the touring car in front of them speeding along a track that crossed a wide meadow. Suddenly, at a distance in front of the touring car a rider burst from the woods, and the black horse he rode stretched itself out in a magnificent effort to cut the pathway of the car. It was Renfrew.

Alan cheered as he saw the effort Renfrew made, but as he cheered he realized how hopeless—and how perilous—that effort was. If he cut Corbett off, he would surely be run down.

But Renfrew seemed to have overlooked that. And he did not fail. Alan saw him closing into the road just ahead of the car.

Then Alan shouted with exultation as he understood Renfrew's move. The car could not get off the track, or it might get stuck in the soft meadow. It dare not hit the horse at high speed, or it might wreck itself.



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It was a magnificent bluff and Renfrew won. The car slowed to perhaps twenty-five miles an hour. Then it accelerated slightly and veered for the horse—Corbett was trying to bluff, too. Alan saw the car swerve viciously toward the horse.

Under the hand of a master horseman, the black animal leaped sideways. As it made that leap the car was for an instant beside it, and in that instant Renfrew left the saddle and plunged headforemost at the slowed-up car. To Alan's amazement he saw Renfrew's head disappear into the touring car, while his legs waved for a moment outside. Then the legs, too, disappeared, and Alan remembered vividly the vast proportions of the man he had met on the stairs.

As Alan remembered, he saw the touring car swerve from the trail and slow down. Then the wheels of it sank to the hubs and it stopped with a lurch. As McAllister's roadster ran up the inert body of a huge and manacled man was catapulted from the driver's seat of the touring car. It was Corbett, who lay unconscious at Renfrew's feet while Renfrew himself was greeting them with an air of irresistible triumph.

"I've got it!" he cried. "All you want of it!"

"What?" cried McAllister. "Evidence!"

"What have you done to Corbett?"

McAllister was pondering upon the fact that Corbett showed no wound.

"More evidence," said Renfrew, and he waved in his hand a glistening instrument. "Got it out at the reservation. It's a hypodermic syringe loaded with morphine. Jabbed it in his neck while he was reaching for his gun." Renfrew grinned. "I've got opium, too. That sells better than morphine to the Indians because they're afraid of the needle. But they've got a very complete stock, and I brought samples of everything!"

"Who has?" demanded McAllister. "Who's got a complete stock?"

"Corbett and Kahn as well. Corbett, it seems, discovered a brand new outlet for the sale of narcotics among the Indians, and he was creating quite a trade out there when Kahn broke into the game. Corbett couldn't stand competition, so he dispensed with Kahn in the most direct manner. Lost his temper, I guess. But both of them were making an awful mistake—they were sure to be discovered some time or other."

"Why?"

"Because the red man can't realize that it's wrong to eat opium. If you get friendly with them out there they'll invite you in to have a bite and get quite chatty about it. I had to be quite firm about insisting on paying for the samples I brought away. They wanted me to take 'em along as a gift."

Do You Know That--

IN 1894, at least twenty scientists including the famous Lumiere of France, and Thomas A. Edison, were working to produce the first motion picture, and that a red-headed young man of Richmond, Indiana, named C. Francis Jenkins, beat them to it?

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THE Pup, sitting atop the Best Reading Totem, thinks he's a Thunder Bird. Notice the intent gaze on his sober face? That's because he's waiting to see what stories you're going to carve on the pole—the best story in this issue goes into the top space, and the next three in order. And the Pup knows that the editors' selection of future stories will depend on the kind of stories you vote for now. So send in those totem poles to the Best Reading Editor, The American Boy, 550 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan! We want a lot of them.

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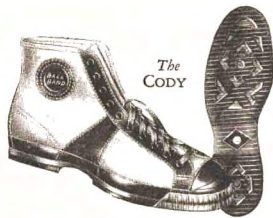


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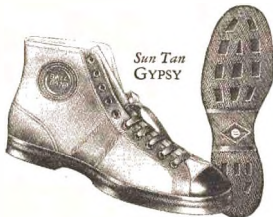
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Tiger Teaches

(Continued from page 7)

yelled, stamped. The tiger flattened for a spring. Gordon waited one more second then flew back up the stairs—and felt them tremble under the impact of the heavy body as the tiger sprang. The boy made himself look down. Snarling at having missed his spring, the tiger was pulling himself up on his hind legs, beginning to mount the ladder-stairs!

Exultant at the success of this part of his plan, Gordon pulled the trapeze to him with the slender reach pole, then stood tense, waiting.

STEP by step the animal climbed, wary of possible pitfalls. One padded foot deliberately before another, each well planted before the next one moved. He snarled when the ladder-stairs swayed; yet he came on, as precisely, as evenly, and as surely as if mounting forty-foot stair-ladders to high take-off platforms were his regular exercise. The enormous head with its glaring eyes drew slowly nearer, nearer—

Gordon's attention was sharpened to microscopic keenness. He noted the huge curving claws, outspread for a better grip on the narrow rubber-covered steps. Those steel hooks could rip through flesh as a knife through a paper-covered circus hoop! Flowing muscles crawled and slithered under the sleek coarse fur, vivid in startling stripes of yellow and blue black. From some forgotten book came a phrase, "Tiger, tiger, burning bright." That was what the great beast was—an upward flowing flame of destruction!

The great mouth, pink and slobbering with desire, hung half open. From the throat came that rumbling snarl, increasing in menace.

Gordon stared down into inhuman eyes. The yellow orbs, framed in white whiskers, glared back. Gordon felt powerless, hypnotized, helpless. Then suddenly his mind cleared. With the imminence of danger came self-possession. Not for himself alone must he think. There were others whose safety was in his hands. There was one to whom a terrible accident would mean discharge, disgrace—the end of everything!

There must be no mistake. The tiger must be at the top before he swung off, and there must be no miss of that far trapeze! To take a preliminary swing would be to return, a human pendulum, helpless victim for mighty paws ready for instant action. Fifteen feet—twelve feet—ten feet! Gordon watched the saliva drop from the pink tongue, smelled the fetid breath, shuddered uncontrollably at the remorseless power of those great jaws—

"Andre! I must think of Andre—I must wait until—until—"

But it was hard to think of his friend and wait—he grew rigid with fear. Yet he forced himself to count; there were still six steps. He glanced across the gymnasium to the far trapeze, still tied by its little twine. If he caught it, would he be safe? Not even a tiger could make that purposeful leap—the

return swing of the far trapeze would not bring him anywhere near the tiger's reach—but could he beat the tiger down?

Five steps—four steps—he smelled the warmth of the great cat's breath. Body poised, hands gripping the slight strong bar of the trapeze with an iron clasp, Gordon shivered convulsively. He told himself he had but to spring into space to be as utterly beyond the tiger's reach as if the beast were caged. But behind this comforting knowledge was a still, small thought—"If I don't miss!" The animal pawed the next step to the top. Gordon could see him reaching aimlessly with one hind paw.

A second, two seconds—Gordon felt bound and helpless as in a nightmare. Thoughts raced through his mind. He pictured in advance his swing into space

away from danger. The net was loose—he sickened at the memory of that crash to the floor, heard again the snap of broken bones. And if he missed his catch this time there would be the swift, leaping pounce, the merciless mauling of the big cat. And worse than that, perhaps.

Time stood still. Swift movements seemed to crawl. Inch by inch the great head came closer; the hot breath grew more sickening; the menacing eyes became more dreadful. Tiny details forced themselves into Gordon's brain; a broken white whisker, a blob of dirt in the corner of one awful eye, a single blackened tooth among the many yellow and white ones—the boy felt nauseated. How could Andre fearlessly face this terror!

Andre—good old Andre—

A huge paw clutched at the platform. The dread head was on a level with his feet. Gordon poised tensely, then swung off into space! The down swoop was an exhilaration: the air cut his face. In his ears was a roar as of many waters. Down, down, down! The great muscles of chest and arms drew together for the leap.

Hesitation and fear left him. He knew he could make it; knew that the far trapeze bar would be between his hands when he finished the aerial journey. Bottom. Now the rise. "Andre—ah, Andre—"

Up, up, up—Now!

Every muscle co-ordinating, Gordon launched himself into space, revolved like a pinwheel—once, twice, his outstretched hands struck the bar, gripped, held! The slender twine broke and Gordon swung at arm's length from the far trapeze, pulled himself up upon it, and sat. He swung back, but not within fifty feet of the tiny high platform on which the tiger stood, four feet bunched together, to Gordon's excited imagination looking mightily surprised.

The boy wasted no time gazing, however. To catch the down rope on the return swing required only a bit of instantaneous action; Gordon slipped to the floor with a rasp of rope that burst



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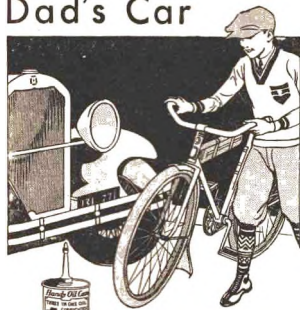
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hands to the quick—no matter. He gave one backward glance as he shot through the swinging door—the tiger stood on the high platform, feeling with prehensile hind feet, getting ready to come down—

Halfway down the hall someone vanished around a corner. In a swift glance as he sped by, Gordon saw a red handkerchief about a neck—Ivan! Ivan had been there, watching, waiting—

"You cowardly cur!" Gordon yelled, but he did not stop. Andre must be called at once!

Gordon projected himself through the door of Andre's little bedroom like a bullet. He dragged at the old man with frenzied hands.

"The tiger's loose! Come, quick—tiger loose!" he cried incoherently.

Those who live with lions and tigers sleep as the cats, with one eye open. Andre sprang from his cot instantly and followed Gordon out without a question. Though it took an effort of will, Gordon led Andre back to the gymnasium. But in the door he paused.

"He's in there—loose! Be careful—"

Andre smiled and pushed the door open as unconcernedly as if entering rooms where savage tigers roam at will, angry and hungry, tricked and disappointed, were a matter of pleasant amusement.

"So! Come zen, great eat! Was he a hungry pussy? Andre should not starve him so!" Andre advanced into the room, his voice a purr, almost like a cat's.

Gordon climbed ten feet up a rope, hand over hand; from that perch he saw a queer sight. The man who knew the hearts of beasts advanced across the floor and met the tiger as he backed off the last step of the ladder-stairs. Andre drew the tiger after him, as if he led a dog by a leash. He talked to the big cat as if to a pet; little cries, scarcely intelligible words. As they passed through the swinging doors, Gordon heard the tiger's rumbling purr!

Gordon waited five minutes—he had had enough of loose tigers for one night. Then he slid down the rope to start a hunt for Ivan.

But Ivan had disappeared. Gordon waked the "brothers" to ask their help in hunting the traitor—but they could not find him. He never came back to the circus.

In the gymnasium, brilliantly lighted now, Gordon told the other three "Bonnelli Brothers" his story, with Andre also an interested listener.

When he had finished, Michael asked:

"How did you get to the far trapeze?"

"I—why, I swung there!" answered Gordon, surprised.

"But how?"

"I—why—great guns! Why, I did the double front—same as I always do. It's the only way Pietro ever let me do it—I wasn't stopped!"

Gordon looked from Pietro to Michael, from Michael to George, from George to Andre, then up to the trapeze again.

"Tie that back for me," he cried.

George nodded and swarmed up the rope. Gordon ran lightly up the ladder-stairs—what terror had trod them last! He pulled the bar to him.

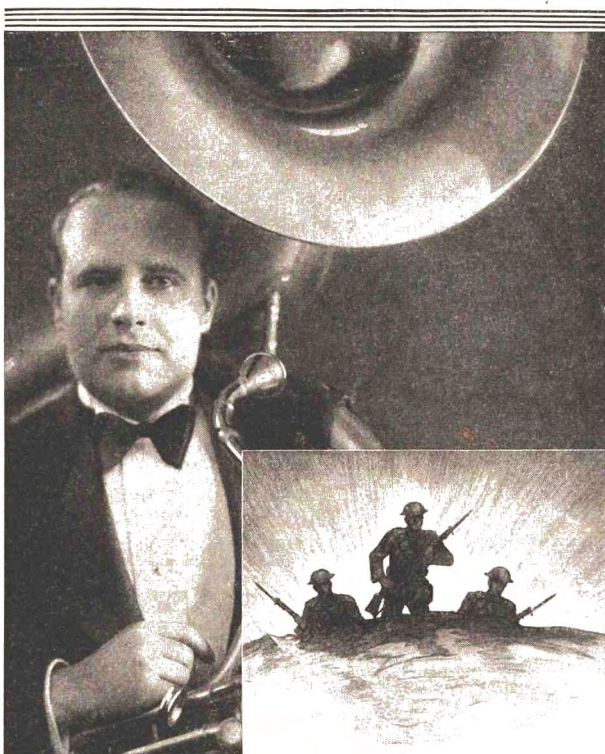
"No—no!" cried Pietro. "No! Wait! The net is not stretched."

"It wasn't stretched then, either!" laughed Gordon and swung off into space. Down, down, down—bottom. "Andre—ah, Andre!" Up, up, up—now! Again the muscular effort, the quick turn, once, twice—Gordon did the double front and caught the far trapeze.

"I am not stopped any more!" he cried. "I didn't remember I was afraid to do it, when I did it—"

"I tell you, you sink you do eet, you can. Andre, he ver' good teacheire of ze gymnast!"

Too happy to care, Gordon left the credit with Andre. But in his nightmares it is not Andre who gives him a lesson on the high trapeze—not Andre, but a snarling terror mounting on padded feet.



Over the Top!

WHEN the great war raged and the old world called to the new, Joe Park—then a mere lad of sixteen—was among the first to go overseas. He went as a member of the famous band of the 222nd Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Forces. His father was director. After returning to Canada in 1919 his real career began and Park has gone "over the top" in music as determinedly as his old battalion did in the war.

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Every Purpose

One Hour More

(Continued from page 12)

The startled monoplane pilot was a quick thinking man. His eyes had involuntarily followed the biplane for an instant; then had dropped to the ground again for an explanation of that death-daring maneuver. His eyes must have distinguished then the treacherous nature of the landing place he had picked, for he flattened out his glide instantly.

The ship, steadily losing speed, swept on over the marsh. Don, completing his turn and coming alongside, motioned encouragingly ahead, toward a fence that protected cattle or horses from the mire. Beyond that fence was firm ground.

"Come on!" he muttered in helpless encouragement.

Desperately the man at the monoplane's stick stretched his glide. The air was still motionless, for the lull before the storm continued. His ship seemed to hang in the dead air as he nursed it on toward the fence but Don knew that he was going at least fifty miles an hour. Below that speed the monoplane could not fly.

The fence was too far away. Almost imperceptibly the ship lost its altitude as it slid ahead. The pilot realized that he could not make it. A few feet above the marsh he leveled off his ship. With imperturbable coolness he killed his flying speed and still, with back-thrust stick, held the ship up. The forward speed that would smash his machine over into the mud dwindled rapidly. His skill in stalling it seemed to defy gravity.

Suddenly the plane dropped flatly out of the air. A shower of green muck splashed high as the ship pancaked on its wheels. The nose of the ship whipped over, burying the propeller and motor in the lush morass. That was all there was to it.

Don Saunders treated himself to a deep breath. "Neat work!" he muttered. "That's a pilot!"

He cut his motor and slipped on over the fence. His ship landed easily at thirty-five miles an hour. With rudder and ailerons he spun it around and taxied toward the fence. There he and Bill Mann hit the ground simultaneously. They gazed at the mired monoplane only two or three score feet on the other side of the fence. There was no sign of movement in it.

"He's hurt!" Bill Mann muttered. Don was already over the fence and floundering in the green mud. "Come on!" he called.

Together, plunging with dropping hearts into deep places and scrambling hastily on to higher ground, they pushed through the marsh grass. Don reached the pilot's cockpit first and peered in.

The motionless man within was crumpled up against the instrument board. The front of his flying helmet was gashed and from the cut came a steady drip of blood. One of his hands still lay upon the catch of his safety belt.

"Hard luck—after such a fine landing!" Bill muttered.

Without another word they released him from the ship and, holding him between them, struggled desperately toward the dry ground. Panting, with drumming hearts, they got him to the edge of the mire and over the fence. Then they laid him on the grass and stripped off the helmet.

He was an older man than they had expected to see. His hair above his ears was grizzled. There was an ugly wound upon his head just above his forehead. How deep a wound or how serious, whether a fractured skull lay beneath it, they could not tell. His heart was beating.

They stared at each other. "An old-timer," Bill said soberly. "His stick work showed it."

"We've got to get him to a doctor, fast," Don muttered. "And there's no town around here—nothing but scattered farms."

Bill Mann assented. He got to his feet. No road—no house was anywhere in sight.

"If somebody don't sit on the tail of our ship she's going to leave us in a minute," he said suddenly. He had turned his head and was looking westward at the oily sable western horizon. "D'you see that line of white coming up?"

"I see it," replied Don, surveying the livid streak that was sweeping up from the horizon between them and the black clouds. "That's a squall—the first of this storm. I'd rather take it in the air than on the ground. This old-timer's got to have help. How about heading for Converse right now?"

Bill Mann turned from the ominous threat of the sky to face his partner. Then he bent to grip the legs of the unconscious pilot.

"Let's be going," he said mildly. "We'll be getting our feet all damp here if we don't."

WITH as quick care as they could manage they lifted the man into the forward cockpit of the ship. Bill climbed in beside him and cinched on safety belts. Don sprang hastily into his own compartment. Already the dead air around him was beginning to stir and a distant murmur came from the broad stretches of farm land to westward. The squall was very close.

Don Saunders closed his jaws, heaved his ship toward trouble, and gave the motor all the gas its hungry cylinders would take. The ship leaped ahead toward the squall as if answering a challenge, and the squall came sweeping down on the ship.

The ship stormed off the ground with more than flying speed. Don did not attempt to climb, then; he devoted himself only to gaining speed and to watching the grass ahead for warning of the squall. And suddenly the grass flattened out as if beaten down by a gigantic spade.

The squall hit. It hit a ship whose elevator Don had just raised with a darting hand into a position that called for an impossibly steep zoom. Impossibly steep, that is, for a medium-powered ship like Don's biplane. But the squall had power and to spare. It was the power of the wind, not the power of the motor that sent the ship rocketing skyward. It soared as if catapulted from earth.

The thing was not a take-off; it was like a moving picture film of a crash shown in reverse. It was as if gravity had suddenly become negative and hurled them off the face of the world.

Not even Don's sensitive hand and quick brain could do much toward controlling the ship. But control was not necessary since the wind was bent upon raising, not dropping them. When he could, he gunned the ship and climbed; when he could not, he waited. No wind could maintain that force for long, he knew, and the van of the blast was past now. Rain sluiced down upon them, but they hardly felt it beating upon their faces.

Gradually, as the ship climbed, the gusts and erratic puffs became less urgent and the ship's inherent stability exerted its influence. Don found himself in a pitching, tossing, but controllable ship, fighting a westerly gale. Bill's face, rain-battered, popped up out of the forward cockpit, wearing his inextinguishable grin.

Don pointed the ship due west. Converse Field lay to the north, but he held the nose of the plane rigidly to westward. Bill's head turned backward



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again, puzzled and slightly anxious, but Don held his course.

Minute after minute passed and still Don did not turn the ship toward his destination. But with the greatest keenness he studied the clouds above him and with his compass checked the direction in which they thundered along. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the wind that had been due west backed to north of west.

Just as gradually Don changed his course to west by north. Always he was heading directly into the wind and always he made poor progress in consequence. The wind slowly shifted to northwest and then to north. Bill, manifestly impatient, spent part of his time in bathing his patient's wound with a handkerchief wet with rain, and part of his time studying his pilot and the distance they made good over the ground. The rain stopped and the sky gave grudging signs of clearing. Don flew on.

ALL things end. After what seemed to Bill the establishment of a new duration record he caught a glimpse of the lake ahead. They were far to westward of Converse Field. Nevertheless, Don studied the clouds at length before he finally altered his course to fly directly to the 'drome.

As Don cut the motor and glided down for a landing near the hangars he caught sight of Jake Converse striding up and down the line. It was manifest that Jake was stirred up about something.

Vividly that sight brought back Don's reason for making this flight. But a more vital reason existed now for their return to the field—medical attention for the unfortunate pilot in the cockpit ahead with Bill. Don must take his chance with the inspector if he was still there.

Don leveled off and set his wheels and tail skid on the runway. In a minute more he was switching off at the line. He bent forward toward Bill and the unconscious man.

"In that case the longest way round was the shortest way home, Bill," he said. "We skirted the edge of a nasty little low—a cyclonic depression, as they call 'em—instead of cutting back into trouble. It was safer for—this poor chap and for us, too."

"Sh!" muttered Bill, staring open-mouthed at the man in the cockpit with him. Undoubtedly the unconscious pilot had stirred. It was as if the sudden silence of the motor had disturbed a deep sleep. He groaned and opened his eyes.

"Cyclonic depression—moving north-eastward," he muttered. "Motor quit—gas line probably choked—have to land."

"What have you got there?" demanded a curt voice beside the ship. It was Jake Converse. He had been standing there with a baleful eye upon Don since the ship had stopped.

"A pilot who crashed in Flypaper Flats, sir," Don reported. "I was afraid his skull was fractured but I guess—we had to swing around northwesterly to dodge the storm center and so we haven't made much speed."

"Good thing you did fly around," Jake muttered grimly. "It looked like a bad one from here."

He put a foot in the foot plate and raised himself above the level of the compartment. For an instant, staring at the haggard white face of the injured pilot, he almost lost his grip on the leather padding of the cockpit.

"Ollie! Ollie Lyman!" Jake exclaimed. "I've been waiting for you all afternoon! Where've you been?"

"Ollie Lyman!" Don Saunders dropped back into the seat in his own compartment. "The D. of C. inspector!"

The old-timer raised himself up rather gingerly, one hand caressing his damaged head. "I remember," he

said, with a weak smile. "Heading for Converse in a ship I was testing, I dodged a bad crash and a bad storm—thanks to these two. I—I nearly set down that ship in a swamp at sixty miles an hour but—"

He turned to Don Saunders and extended a shaky hand. "Thanks!" he said. "You're some pilot—and a high grade meteorologist!"

BILL MANN uttered a little grunt as if someone had punctured him. "Something wrong somewhere," he mumbled. "Who was the little dark fat man with the beard and the bag?"

"That? That was the doctor I had out to go over Don," Jake Converse answered. "I wasn't overlooking any bets about that license. D'you mean to tell me you thought that little ground gripper was Ollie Lyman? Ollie Lyman, who was flying ships before I'd ever seen one?"

Bill Mann was silent, but not for long. "Well, I guess you've passed," he confided privately to Don. "They certainly can't kick on that fundamentals of meteorology stuff."

But Ollie Lyman had heard the young mechanic's remark.

"Fundamentals of meteorology?" he repeated with a chuckle. "That is a subject on which a man taking the limited commercial test isn't questioned. It comes only in the transport pilot's examination."

"Great Guns!" muttered Don, and Bill's jaw sagged open to the limit. Only Don and Bill knew what a fright Don had had.

As to passing the test, Bill Mann was right. There was no trouble for Don about his limited license. He speedily found himself privileged to carry passengers for hire in specified areas; in other words, to earn his living as an airman.

There were still great heights to scale, of course, one being the acquisition of a transport license after two hundred hours in the air. But Don had now arrived at the goal at which he had aimed when first he came to Converse Field a hopeful but not a very experienced fledgling.

He was a real pilot at last, qualified to play his modest part in the great new adventurous age that was opening before the world.

"It's good-by to Jake Converse and Converse Field for a while, Bill," he told his partner. "I'm heading East to show my family what a real commercial pilot looks like. Bill, do I have to fly with the forward cockpit empty?"

Bill Mann considered the matter. He even went so far as to rub his ear with a piece of cotton waste.

"No, I guess I'll be in the forward cockpit, as usual," he decided. "I'll go along to let your family see who keeps a real commercial pilot in the air. Then they won't be worried about you!"

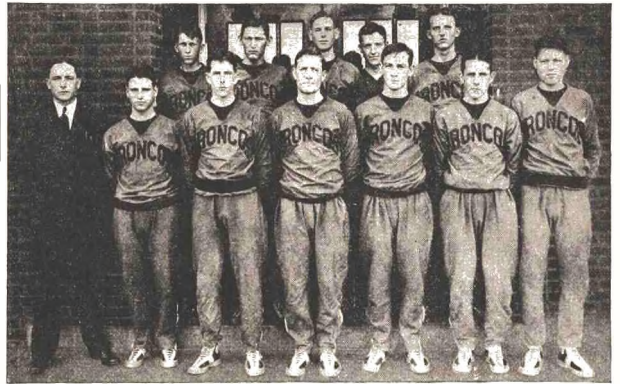
Try This on Your Adding Machine!

WHEN Oscar Jones, the farmer, died, he had a herd of seventeen cows. In his will he provided that his wife should get one-half the herd, his daughter one-third, and his son one-ninth.

The administrators were puzzled. How could they possibly divide the herd according to the will? One of the men—a shark at mathematics—finally hit upon the following plan:

From a neighboring farmer he borrowed one cow. That made the herd eighteen. Then he gave one-half, or nine, to the widow; one-third, or six, to the daughter; and one-ninth, or two, to the son. The total was seventeen, which left one cow in the herd. He returned this cow to the neighbor, and everyone was happy.

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GRIP SURE—The shoe with the famous patented suction cup sole that lifts the speed limit on fast feet. Cuts seconds off your indoor track work.

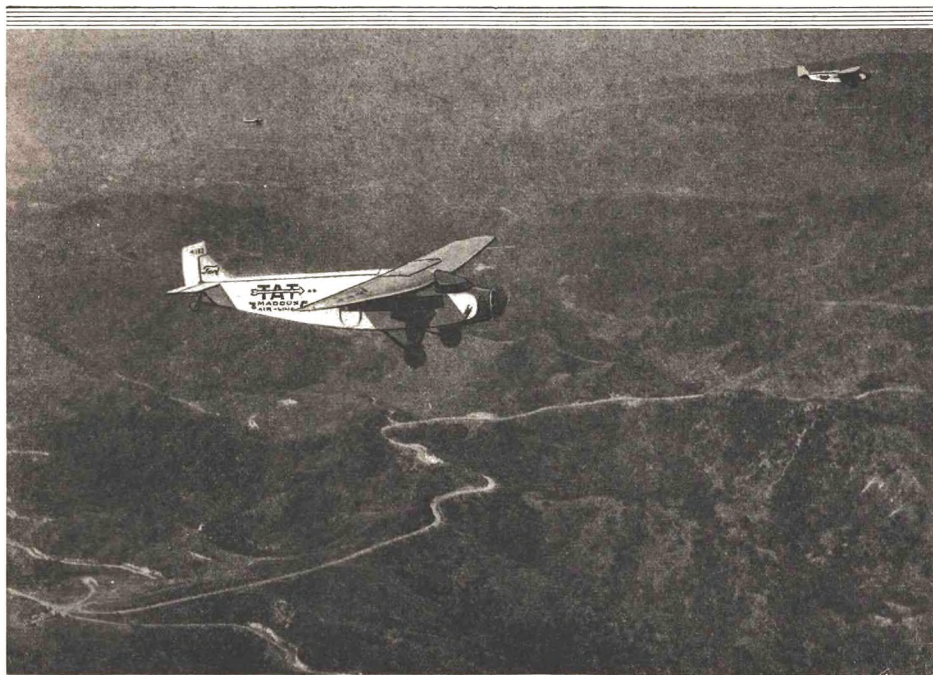
ASBURY—An all-around gym shoe with a lightweight sole. A good, inexpensive gym shoe, used and recommended by athletic directors.

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The capacity of these planes is 9 to 15 passengers and a crew of two (pilot and assistant). Planes can be equipped with a buffet, toilet, running water, electric lights, adjustable chairs.

The price of the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane is exceptionally low—\$40,000 to \$50,000 at Dearborn.

Ford branches will be glad to give you information on all Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes.

The crowd travels where Ford planes fly

WHEN the secretary of The Philadelphia Club of Advertising Women recently sent out notice to members that reservations were being made to attend a convention in Washington by airplane, her return mail brought 33 definite reservations from women. This appeared to be startling news to conservative old Philadelphia!

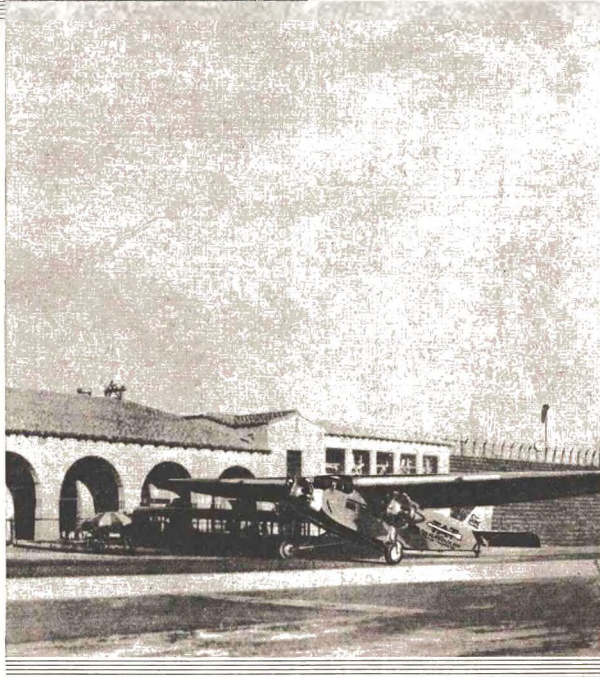
Comparison with other cities and other places brought forth the astounding fact that now the cost of air travel on most of the established passenger lines is no more on the average than train travel, suddenly the crowd has turned skyward.

Since the reduction in Air-Rail rates by T. A. T.-Maddux between New York and St. Louis, from \$97.43 to \$68, planes have been carrying capacity loads. On the Colonial Air Lines between New York and Boston, where the rates went from \$34.85 to \$17.43, extra planes have been put in service. . . . Accommodation must now be ordered in advance for space on the popular transport planes of the Southwest Air Fast Express. . . . Up to February, the Oakland-San Francisco ferry plane, flying at fifteen-minute intervals, carried 18,000 passengers at \$1.50 fare. . . . The Stout Air Lines have been flying from Detroit with the regularity and dependability of trains, crowded. . . . Almost every transport line reports the same extraordinary upward trend in air travel!


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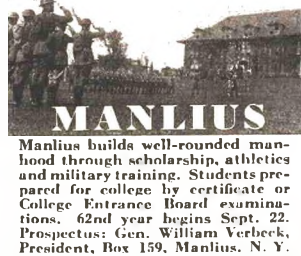
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(Continued from page 58)
Calif.—conqueror of Culver in the Oakland preliminaries—flew 647 seconds. Jacques and Sanderson, the Portland boys whose best times at home were under five minutes, made records of 635 and 634.4 seconds! Henry Rainey, New Hudson, Mich., won the junior championship with 588.5 seconds.

But nobody quite reached Thompson's mark. Goldberg made 683 on his last attempt. And Thompson was declared the indoor champion and the winner of the Stout trophy.

THAT evening came the closing banquet given by THE AMERICAN BOY at the Statler—a banquet at which prizes were awarded. Major Norman A. Imrie of Culver Military Academy spoke and members of THE AMERICAN BOY staff entertained with a dozen varieties of stunts. Franklin M. Reck and Gurney Williams did a humorous waiter act and a skit in which Reck impersonated Peter Pellingham von Pratt, the world's greatest riddle guesser; a special award, consisting of a giant two-foot hamburger sandwich prepared in the Statler kitchens, was made to Merrill Hamburg; Laurie York Erskine and Fredrick Nelson Litten autographed and presented to lucky-number holders copies of their books of Renfrew and Jimmie Rhodes air stories, familiar to all AMERICAN BOY readers. Mr. Stout told a Swedish story, and Mr. Ellis talked of the League. Reck and Williams, in their now-familiar characters as the blackface Flying Crows, presented a skit detailing the sad state of the business of the Black Hawk Non-Crash Aerial Navigation Incorporation; they were assisted by Mark L. Haas, Mitchell V. Charney and John D. Morse. George F. Pierrot, managing editor, presided over things.

Through Charles Tong Nap, contestant from Hawaii, the Honolulu Star-Bulletin passed out brilliant orange leis to the crowd. At one time the room was darkened and luminous Baby R. O. G.'s and a big model with a shining A. M. L. A. insignia were flown overhead. Don Gardner and Ernest McCoy, Detroit A. M. L. A. members, prepared this stunt.

That ended the program. But it wasn't ended for Chaffee, Thompson and Ehrhardt. These three had won the trips to Europe—the last two as guests of THE AMERICAN BOY—and on Thursday, July 8, they left for Montreal. With them went Mark L. Haas as chaperon. George Schairer, Summit, N. J., boy whose Fleet took second place in the scale model event, was sent with the party by his father.

And so, on Sunday, July 6, they sailed aboard the Canadian Pacific liner *Montcalm*, headed for London, Brussels, Paris. Through the courtesy of William Baird, general passenger traffic manager of the steamship company, they were provided with special staterooms and a special workroom in which to build fuselage models to enter in the Wakefield Cup Contest in Great Britain.

The complete list of prize winners follows:

(NOTE)—In the senior and junior divisions of Stout Indoor, Mulvihill outdoor and scale model contests, prizes for the first 33 places were as follows: First eight, silver cups and cash prizes of \$200, \$100, \$75, \$50, \$30, \$20, \$15, and \$10; next twenty-five, bronze medals. The three champions won trips to Europe; the three senior second place winners received scholarships in the Aviation Institute of the U. S. A. The winner of the Stout outdoor fuselage event received \$100; second, \$50; third, \$25; fourth, fifth and sixth, Westfield "American Bly" wrist watches; seventh, eighth and ninth, Perry compressed air motors and tanks. The winner of the Berry Brothers paint prize in the scale model contest received \$25; second and third, framed sets of airplane pictures; next 25, special aviation calendars.

Thompson received the Stout indoor trophy to keep for one year and Ehrhardt the Mulvihill and new Stout outdoor fuselage trophies for one year.

STOUT INDOOR CONTEST
Senior Division

1st. Ray Thompson, Detroit, 707 seconds; 2nd. Carl Goldberg, New York, 683; 3rd. Fay Stroud, Detroit, 664; 4th. Herbert Overdie, Oakland, Calif., 647; 5th. Ted Jacques, Portland, Ore., 635; 6th. Jack Sanderson, Portland, Ore., 634.4; (Continued on page 65)

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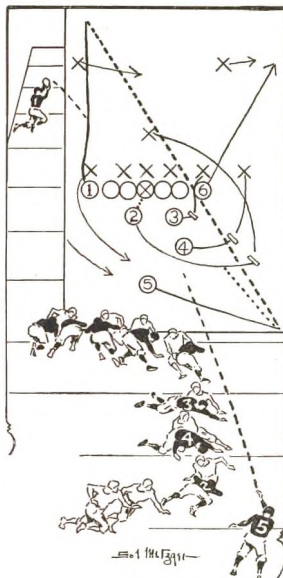
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By Sol Metzger



HERE'S a pedigreed forward pass, if ever there was one. It has won games for Pennsylvania (where it was invented in 1908), California, Oregon State College, South Carolina, West Virginia, and Washington and Jefferson. When the late coach Andy Smith used it at California it resulted in a record—the longest forward pass ever completed, one of 70 yards.

The play starts from a punt formation, the two ends (Nos. 1 and 6 in diagram) playing close in near the tackles. It is used only when the team is near the left side line. The ball is snapped to the quarterback (No. 2), who starts on a wide run around the opposing left end, giving ground to the rear. The No. 3 and 4 backs cut down the opposing left tackle and left end respectively. The right end, No. 6, goes down deep to the right at forty-five degrees as if for a pass. The fullback, No. 5, starts at snap of ball and runs to a spot fifteen yards to his right and five yards farther back. He leaps to this spot, turning to face the downfield. Immediately the quarterback, No. 2, throws him the ball and turns to block any opposing linemen and backs who are rushing through. The fullback now makes a forward pass to the left end, No. 1, who runs straight down the left side line.

The play of the No. 1 end is important. He engages himself for six full seconds with the opposing right tackle. To make his count correct he counts each second as follows, "One-thousand-and-one, one-thousand-and-two, one-thousand-and-three, one-thousand-and-four, one-thousand-and-five, one-thousand-and-six." Then he is off. The fake end run, the rush down to the deep right by the right end and the fact that no player is apparently going down the left side line cause the opposing backs in all the aforementioned plays to run over either to stop the fake end run or the apparent pass to the right end. The left end was never covered.

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IN the band or orchestra the drummer is often the featured player... you have plenty of chances for fun and popularity. With easy-playing Ludwig drums you develop a fine roll quickly. Brilliant tone that snaps out, with instant accommodation. Leading professional use Ludwig. Think of it, complete outfit from \$39.50 up.

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Ever-Ready BLADES



last month. There are four varieties, in the following values, colors, and designs: 50 centimes blue, plane above Ostend; 1 franc 50c black-brown, plane above St. Hubert; 2fr orange, plane above Namur; and 5fr brown-lake, plane above Brussels.

Bolivia's "Zepp" stamps are yet to be chronicled.

Other Newcomers

The first of Canada's revised series, of which the higher values are to be pictorials, is the 2 cents, in green. The figure of King George is in a more modern military dress, and the familiar maple leaves have been restored.

Under a recent treaty Britain will terminate its mandate over Iraq in 1932, and Iraq will attain complete independence and enter the League of Nations—a develop-

ment that is certain to have philatelic results. Meanwhile Iraq has issued a new series—fourteen denominations ranging from a half-anna to 26 rupees—with a likeness of King Feisal in European garb as the uniform design. "Iraq Postage" is inscribed in both Arabic and English.

Societe des Nations (League of Nations) and S. d. N. Bureau international du Travail (International Labor Bureau of the League of Nations) are each being overprinted on some of Switzerland's stamps for official use by representatives of the League, which has its headquarters at Geneva.

Another development destined to bring new postal paper is the return of Carol to the throne of Rumania. The coronation is set for October, and the likeness of the boy ruler, Michael, will be banished from Rumania's stamps.

A. M. L. A. Chat

DON BURNHAM, 1929 outdoor champion, not only re-established himself as winner of the junior outdoor division at the 1930 National A. M. L. A. Contests. He produced the most interesting outlay of new-type models, and in so doing showed himself one of the League's leading experimenters.

Burnham, whose home is in West Lafayette, Ind., brought to the outdoor contest held by THE AMERICAN BOY in Detroit this year a two-wing, four-propeller pusher-tractor model that obtained a flight of 202 seconds and might have done better, had it not been for a bad break. The ship had two motor sticks of about 40 inches, and two wings of 4-inch chord, one with a 37½-inch span, the other with 31½. Thus his wing loading, (one ounce for each 50 square inches of wing area) was approximately 5½

How It Soars!

Next month, in The American Boy, you will read how to build a

Balsa-Basswood Glider

modeled on the style of German soaring gliders. It's a dandy model, and it will introduce you to the corking new series of airplane model articles to come in the magazine. They're written by

MERRILL HAMBURG,
A. M. L. A. Secretary

ounces, and he obtained the weight by heavy construction, heavy motor sticks and four rubber motors.

His first flight was 90 seconds; his second 20. On his third the model, away for a good mark, unfortunately flew into the propeller-wash of one of the Army planes stunting over the field, and one of the wings folded back on itself. He was unable to repair it in time for another attempt.

His indoor model, though unusual, was not so successful. It also was a pusher-tractor, with two wings, one smaller than the other. The smaller rear wing bore two vertical fins, near the wing tips. The motor stick carried two motors. Other experts said that its wing-loading was too heavy; its best flight was 273 seconds, which was below the prize-time in the junior division.

Ernest McCoy, Detroit—the model builder who first used the cambered wing successfully brought out the most advanced indoor model. McCoy used aluminum paper—one-half the weight of Japanese tissue—on a more conventional type of model. Thus he reduced his wing-loading considerably. On two occasions the model flew for more than 7 minutes, but both times it was caught in the hangar girders, and the difficulty of repairing the extra-fragile paper prevented McCoy from getting further flights. The builder who discovers how to build and fly this model so that it will stay just under the rafters, however, is likely to smash Ray Thompson's record.

The 12-year-old entry from Hawaii, Charles Tong Nap, learned for the first time on June 30, during his trials in the outdoor contest, that indoor models must fly in a circle! Nap's home is on the Island of Maui, and there is no hall big enough for indoor models there; so Maui boys have been building models intended for straight-line flights, and all Nap's indoor planes were constructed on that principle. He had to have a new indoor plane, he decided.

"No Ford Banquet for me!" he told Earl Welty, his sponsor. "I'm going to build a model!"



Ross Farquharson, Vancouver, B. C. won the Model Aircraft League of Canada championship at Ottawa, July 5. Gen. J. H. MacBrien presented him his trophies, to which was added a trip to England. He made five minutes indoors and 16 minutes (under the old rules) outdoors.

So direct to the Staller he went, after the contest, and sat up most of the night building a new plane that would circle.

Every contestant shared in the sorrow felt by the Chicago party when news arrived, early June 29, that Ernest Marcouiller and Eugene Lewandowski, two Chicago entries, had been killed in an automobile accident on the way to Detroit. Marcouiller was national playgrounds champion and generally considered one of the most likely winners of the indoor event; Lewandowski was a model builder well known in Chicago for his skill. The League, through Griffith Ogden Ellis, AMERICAN BOY editor and League vice-president, sent messages of sorrow and sympathy to the boys' parents for the contestants.

Scale model builders, reveling in the beautiful workmanship of the planes built by Chaffee, Schairer, Szewczyk, Chang and the others, are going to be doubly interested in the new type of scale model announced in THE AMERICAN BOY this month by the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild. The contest calls for as much skill as building a model airplane, and the prizes are extra-good for fellows who want to study aeronautical engineering.

Renewed interest in the outdoor twin tractor and the outdoor fuselage model described in THE AMERICAN BOY by Mr. Hamburg in the last two years became apparent as a result of the new weight rules for outdoor contests. The League can furnish kits for these two models, at \$2.25 and \$2.00.

Join the League—invite your friends to join. It's this coupon.

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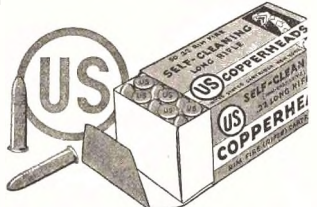
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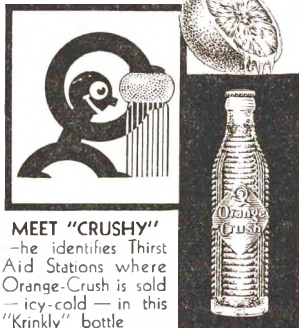
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TELL DAD

IT'S MADE FROM FRESH ORANGES

SOME parents still have funny ideas about bottled drinks. When dad hesitates to buy you one, tell him you want Orange-Crush. Tell him Orange-Crush isn't a "pop"; that it is a real fresh fruit drink, made from whole fresh ripe oranges. That it contains rich golden orange juice . . . juicy particles of fruit . . . a hint of peel and lemon juice acid . . . and nothing else, except a dash of sugar and pure food color. That it is charged with sparkling bubbling water to make it doubly peppy and refreshing. Then, give him a taste—and he'll be an Orange-Crush fan, too.



MEET "CRUSHY"
—he identifies Thirst Aid Stations where Orange-Crush is sold —icy-cold—in this "Krinkly" bottle

Orange-Crush

Made From FRESH Oranges



Foolish Question!



Lost balloonist (as his ship swings low over a farmhouse): "Aho! Where am I?"

Farmer: "Heh. Heh. Can't fool me. You're up there in that fool basket. Giddap, Bess."

Dear, Dear

"Yes, she was hanged in China."
"Shanghai?"
"No. Not very."

Here's One

If a hen laid an orange, what would her chickens say?
"See the orange marmalade."

Mmmm!

Rastus: "You say anything to me, big boy, an' I'll make you eat 'yo' words!"

Mose: "Chicken dumplin', hot biscuits, watumelon!"

Do Tell

Bright: "He cleaned up a fortune in crooked dough."
Dull: "Counterfeiter?"
Bright: "No, pretzel manufacturer."

Serves Him Right

"Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream!"
"Let him freeze, and teach him a lesson. The little rascal was in the soup last night."

Nothing Like Frankness

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with a direct object."
Pupil: "You are pretty."
Teacher: "What's the object?"
Pupil: "A good mark."

At Last It's Out!

Kind Friend: "So you've got one o' them ear horns for your deafness at last! That's what I've been telling you to get for five years!"
Deaf Person: "Oh! So that's what you've been telling me for five years, is it?"

Yes, Sir, Lieutenant



A rookie in the cavalry was told to report to the lieutenant.
"Private Rooney," said the officer, "take my horse down and have him shod."
For three hours the lieutenant waited for his horse. Then, impatiently, he sent for Rooney.

"Private Rooney," he said, "where is that horse I told you to have shod?"
"Omigosh!" gasped the private, growing pale around the gills. "Omigosh! Did you say SHOD?"

Lucky He Didn't Order Snails

Customer: "Waiter, it's almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup!"

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are."

Anybody See a Tuna Wearing a Coat?

A steward, going into a stateroom to help dress a man who had been seasick, asked him where he had put his clothes.
"I tossed 'em in that closet, up there. The one with a round door in it."
"Hevings!" cried the steward. "That's a port hole!"

And Who Hasn't?

Of all the sad surprises, there are none that can compare
With treading in the darkness on a step that isn't there.



"I wonder what the new Fall styles are?"

Well, That's Something

"I'm going to double my salary," remarked the office boy as he folded a five-dollar bill.

White Meat, Please

Shipwrecked Sailor: "Why does that cannibal look at us so intently?"
Second Sailor: "He's the food inspector."

There Was No Reply

"That will be enough out of you," said the doctor, as he stitched the patient together.

Reason Enough

Diner: "Why does that dog sit and look at me all the time?"
Waiter: "You have the plate he usually eats from, sir."

True Sportsmen, All

Dad: "Where have you been, James?"
James: "Fishin'."
Dad: "Come into the woodshed and we'll have a whaling expedition."

Here's a Sticker!

A haughty lady had just purchased a postage stamp at a substation.
"Must I stick it on myself?" she asked.
"Positively not, madam," replied the postal clerk. "It will accomplish more if you stick it on the letter."

And Now He's on the Rocks

Coatus: "Say, didn't you work in a marble quarry?"
Pantus: "Yeah, but they fired me."
Coatus: "What for?"
Pantus: "They said I took too much for granite."

Boo Hoo Books

Senior: "My, that's a sad looking library."
Junior: "Because it has panes in the windows?"
Senior: "No, because the books are in tiers."

Try This on Your Uke

A pupil was asked to write a short verse using the words analyze and anatomy. Here's what he produced:
My analyze over the ocean,
My analyze over the sea,
My analyze over the ocean—
O, bring back my anatomy!

Score One for John

"There is no such word as fale," wrote Johnny on the blackboard.
"Why don't you correct him?" asked the visitor of the teacher.
"His statement is perfectly correct," replied the teacher calmly.

Gabby Things!

Him: "Scientists have discovered that insects talk."
He: "Ridiculous."
Him: "Fact. A scientist came upon two moths chewing the rag."

My, My!

Rubb: "My fiancee has gone to the West Indies."
Dubb: "Jamaica?"
Rubb: "No, she went of her own accord."

Rough on the Son

"Here, here!" said the golf fiend, to his son, who was ignoring the spinach on his plate. "Get back on the green!"

There Are Smiles—



Some men smile in the evening;
Some men smile at dawn;
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When his two front teeth are gone.

Hello, Andy!

Did you hear about the Slav woman who named her twin sons "Czech" and "Double Czech"?

Encore!

Manager: "What's the idea of sitting out here absolutely silent for five minutes?"

Saxophonist: "That was a request number."

He Combined Fun and Work

By Armstrong Perry

training he broke almost every law of business. His employer, facing heavy losses, criticized him harshly.

"I was so scared I dreamed of my boss and had nightmares," Grant says. "My family was dependent on my salary. My employer started altercations and compelled me to carry dirt on my back from an excavation under the store to the street, in order to make me break my year's contract."

Grant stuck to his job and won his employer's respect. He was given another chance as manager of a shoe department. He did well and was transferred to a city where there were many French Canadians. Early in the morning hours, he peddled circulars printed in French and English. He waited on customers, painted signs, worked day and night. He sold more shoes in two weeks than the store had sold in the preceding nine months.



William T. Grant

He was transferred to Maine, in winter. All the heat in the store came from one parlor stove. Rubbers froze so hard that they cracked if he bent them. He warmed them at the stove before showing them to customers. He was so successful that his employer provided a few thousand dollars to start a store in a near-by town. Grant managed both successfully.

Another merchant was watching him. He died before offering Grant a position, but an offer came from a partner. Grant was given a group of other departments to manage. He discovered that the bulk of the store's profits came from low-priced staple articles. He developed a plan for a store that would handle only such articles.

He presented these plans to men who had money to invest. His facts were convincing and his record was good, but his ideals were more compelling than either. He pointed out the law of life that there's an adequate return for every real service to people. He showed how antiquated, wasteful methods compelled poor people to pay much of the cost of higher-priced goods that well-to-do people used. He demonstrated how stores could sell more and better goods for less money. At last he had the chance that he had dreamed of and worked for. Backed by men with money he started a business of his own and found it fun.

His first store succeeded. Others were added. Now there are more than a hundred. Mr. Grant has houses, automobiles, boats, everything that wealth can buy. But he enjoys service more than wealth and he does more good turns than a Boy Scout. It's not wise to work during every waking hour; it's not wise to stick so close to your job that you fail to look around you and see how broad and varied life is. But it is wise to have a goal and keep plugging toward it.

And if you can find it fun, as Mr. Grant did, your battle is more than half won.



"Look 'Em Over Closely Before You Buy"

BOYS, it's very easy to recognize LOBDELL Chromium-Plated Rims. They sparkle like burnished silver. They are springy and "give" with a resiliency that insures greatest riding comfort, top speed, safety and long life. They are standard equipment on the best bikes.

But, to be safe, always ask for "LOBDELLES." They are the Original Chromium-Plated Rims. Their bright, light-weight steel casings enclose wood cores of hard-rim, straight-grained maple. They absolutely cannot warp, swell or crack. If your present bike needs new rims, buy "LOBDELLES" at your repair shop.

For a birthday gift there is nothing like a new bicycle. Suggest to mother and dad that they can please you best by giving you a bicycle on your next birthday.

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WILLIAM T. Grant received three cents a day on his first job. This year his stores will sell over forty million dollars' worth of goods.

There's a story behind it, of course. An interesting story, too. Interesting, not because Mr. Grant now does a business of forty millions, but because all his life he's been going along, doing his job, and getting fun out of it.

Here goes— Grant sold flower seeds when he was nine. On Memorial Day he sold flowers at the cemeteries. He gathered and sold junk, ran errands, peddled bills, shoveled paths. One day he found a bushel of onions that someone threw away beside a road in the woods; he sold them from house to house.

"I wanted to earn money and make a success," he says. "I also wanted fun and adventure and found it in everything I did."

He got fun out of selling those onions and he got fun, at fourteen, out of clerking in a drug store during vacations, making pills, sweeping floors, jerking soda. His worst job was siphoning lime water from a barrel, which required sucking a rubber pipe to start the siphon. It was awful tasting stuff and he always got a mouthful.

In icing the soda fountain he let the marble cover fall. That wasn't so much fun. It split and it took several weeks to pay for it. After that he tried to avoid accidents.

His next part-time job was in a retail shoe store. He sold shoes, cobbled old ones, and ran errands. He went into a lawyer's office during summer vacations, copying letters on a hand press and doing many things that the telephone, typewriter and other inventions make easier to-day. Often after office hours he was taken on his employer's yacht and given all the privileges of the yacht club. He liked the job, but he quit because he wanted to succeed in business and not have that opportunity interfered with by an over-indulgent employer. He wanted fun and adventure but business success was his idea of fun and adventure.

He found a place in a wholesale shoe house. During the winter's rush on rubbers he worked so hard lifting cases out of the cellar onto the sidewalk that he caught pneumonia. When he recovered, he took a position in New Hampshire as entry clerk in a factory.

He recovered his health and entered another wholesale shoe house. There the best fellow was the one who could balance the tallest pile of boxes on his hands and carry them through the street. Grant soon won that distinction. His wages now were up to \$5 a week.

A retail shoe merchant employed him at \$6 a week. He worked from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. every day except Saturday, when he worked until 11 p. m. Next he went to a wholesale rubber wear department, earning extra money in a retail store Saturday nights. He was offered

five cents for every dollar he could steal from a customer by selling, for example, a \$2 pair of shoes for \$3. Grant decided that if he ever had a business of his own he would run it honestly.

A Boston department store employed him at \$8 a week in its shoe department. The head clerk was removed and Grant applied for his job. He says there were others in the department better qualified, but he secured the place because he asked for it. He tried hard to think of something to please his employers. He moved some 49-cent slippers from the back to the front and doubled the sales.

In those days employees received little instruction and less encouragement, but the man who was over Grant told him that he had done well. Mr. Grant says that those friendly words gave him one of his biggest boosts from the outside that he had ever received. He resolved that if he ever had a business of his own he would help and encourage his men.

Grant began spending his spare time as trainer, sparring partner, second and manager for a boxer. The pugilist almost punched the stuffing out of him but every time he jabbed him he yelled: "Don't you quit!"

GRANT took the punishment. It hardened him for fights at the box offices to collect the money due him. But he decided soon that a man who wants to succeed in a business of his own should keep away from the prize-fight crowd.

He was handling a shoe department business of \$300,000 a year and receiving \$11 a week. Always dreaming of a business of his own, he answered ads in the paper. A year passed before the first answer came, but it offered him \$20 weekly. This seemed like a fortune; he wondered if it weren't some kind of a fake. But the man who made the offer was among the richest in Boston. He placed Grant in charge of a new shoe store and told him to make a success of it.

Instead, Grant fizzled! He bought so many shoes that there was hardly room for customers. For lack of thorough

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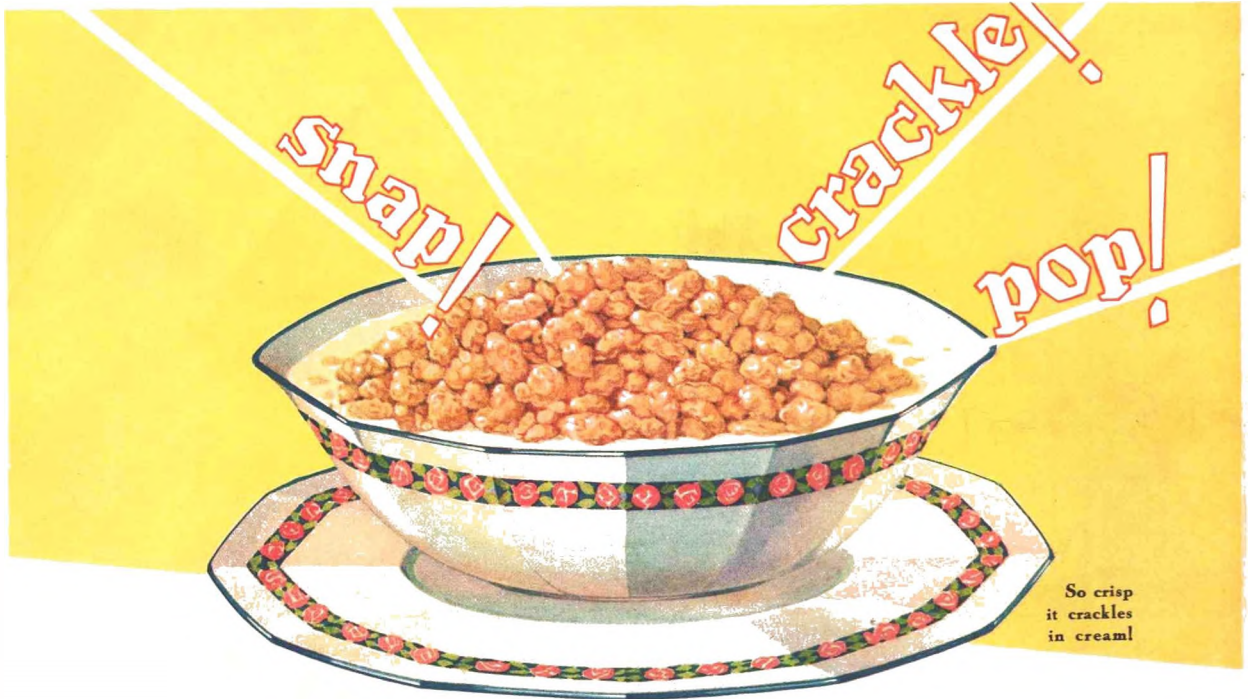
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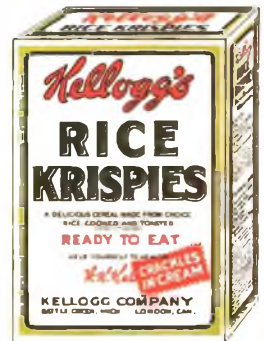


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