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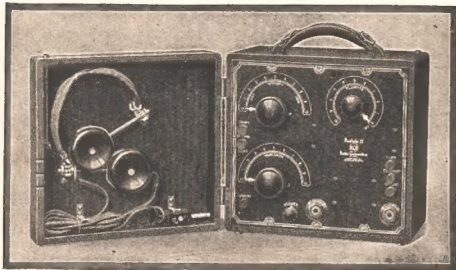
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Friendly Talks With The Editor

Mr. Harding

A KINDLIER fame will attend the name of Warren G. Harding down the years—and who shall not say a finer and better fame—than glows upon the memories of men who have been rated greater than he. So long as men and women can remember he will be known as that President who loved his fellow men, who was a good man and a very perfect gentleman.

The President

THE AMERICAN BOY wishes to the new President success in those tasks which confront him—with a confidence that success will attend his endeavors. He is a known man, sturdy, self-contained, unafraid, who considers much and speaks little. He is one content to allow his actions to stand unadorned and unexplained. It may be he is a man of destiny, for this is a time of great need and such emergencies have a way of providing men to master them. The nation may, with serene confidence, accept the leadership of Calvin Coolidge.

Successors

BY the event of the death of a President we are again reminded that men as well as nations do well to provide for the future by seeing to it there is a man to accept promotion. In this the United States has had great good fortune, rather than fine forethought. Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge have been ready to seat themselves in the presidential chair made vacant by death—and this in face of politicians who would have had it otherwise. It would seem to indicate that men cannot play with great destinies, and that the national welfare is in higher hands than those of a nominating convention. Politicians may plan and scheme but their plans are made futile by a power which they neither understand nor control.

In Your Business

IT is well to see to it there is a successor in your business; that one is ready to accept promotion and take up the work laid down by other hands. You boys, beginning as employees, should see to it you are ready, if the demand comes, to take the step up and to know you are ready to do the more important

work demanded of you. It is not enough to know your own job well and to do it well; it is also essential to know well and be able to perform well the work of the man above you.

Artists

OUR definition of an artist is a man who is always trying to make his work better than it is humanly possible to make it, and who, no matter what his success may be, is never satisfied with what he has done. Querer people may quarrel with this definition, but we stand by it. A butcher, a carpenter, a preacher, an author, a grocery clerk—anybody—is an artist who meets the demands of this definition. We hope you are all artists.

Changes

RECENTLY we visited a number of Boys' Camps on a big inland lake and it came over us how the world has changed since we were a boy. This seems to be an age built for boys, an age which offers more to the boy than any time that has passed. In our day there were no boys' camps. The best we got was a couple of weeks in a tent someplace. We were not taught to swim and box and paddle and play ball by competent instructors. No, we were obliged to learn in the old swimming hole and on the uneven pasture. A thousand things exist for your pleasure and for your education and for the fitting of you for the job of living—a thousand things which did not exist a generation ago. . . . But we shall see. It rather puts it up to you, you know. If you boys, when you become men, do not beat at every angle the boys of thirty years ago who are now men, then something is wrong with you. You won't have realized on your opportunities.

The Future

OUR notion is that one of the defects in the way we grown-ups educate you fellows is that we fail to make the future real to you. That is, we don't manage to impress it on you that, before you know it, you will actually be men and will be worrying about and striving for the things your fathers strive for. Those things seem far away and unreal to you. You are boys and can't get over the feeling you will always be boys. To-day we were talking to a gentleman just returned from a visit to the Holy Land. "Why," he said, "the whole thing seems so different. I have read my Bible. I know it well, but somehow those places and those scenes seemed unreal to me, as if they did not exist in this world. But now I have been there. I have seen the actual spots where great events happened. I have stood on those spots. It has become real to me now." That's the idea, but, we regret to say, there's no way to make you take a trip to manhood, to see how real the country is and to stand on the actual spots. All we can do is to describe the land to you and to hope you will believe what we tell you.

School Again

WHEN you are reading these words you will be in school, or will shortly start to school again. We always have a word to say about starting to school again, and that word is pretty much the same year after year. If we say it often enough maybe we can make you believe it's true. Repetition is a wonderful thing sometimes. But anyway, school isn't just something to take up your time. It isn't for the sake of introducing you to irregular verbs or the binomial theorem or to the multiplication table—though these things are excellent for themselves. No, school is to teach you how to think, and to teach you how to think is to teach you how to live. The business of school and college is to make you an able man, a man who can take up his share of the world's work and do it. Undoubtedly men have done without it and succeeded, but it meant ten times the work for them. They have to learn all school has taught you in a much harder and longer way. When all is said and done, school is a short cut to success. The more you have of it and the better you master and digest what it has to give you, the shorter cut you can take. Our advice to you is not to think of school as a preparation, as a place where you learn lessons, but to think of it as a business, as a job which will increase your wages so long as you live. Stay in school as long as you can, and don't let any of the things it offers escape you.

Contentment

WHY are we always hoping to do away with the old and to possess the new? This seems to go with the ownership of anything we desire. You fellows want bicycles and get them, but hardly has the first polish worn off when you think of swapping them in and getting new ones. Your fathers do the same with motor cars, and people act in that manner with houses and yachts and suits of clothes and horses and chickens. What we have seems less desirable than what we see upon the counter. Far be it from us to say if this be good or bad—we state only the fact. Is contentment with our possessions better than dissatisfaction and new desires? The first works for happiness; the second feeds ambition and stirs energy. It is a thing to ponder over.

Manners vs. Manners

WE'VE been arguing with ourself about manners. We opened fire with these scattering shots: "Some people think too much about manners. Technical manners—dealing with soup-sipping, lid-lifting, and the like—are not of first importance. A good head and a kind heart will usually give a fellow the social cues he needs. We hate a fellow who has manners on the brain, whether they're his manners or ours. Some fellows are too refined to find the work they ought to do. Smooth manners often mark smooth crooks. Fine manners don't make fine men. Ha!" We meditated a little. Then: "Ha, yourself!" we sent back. "Some people think too much about manners, but others think too little. Technical manners aren't of first importance, but they can do a lot to help or hinder a man. A good head can't supply a man with social cues and his best line of talk at the same time; the fellow who turns good manners into habits leaves his head free for real work. The man who has manners on the brain has so little else there that he isn't worth hating. The fellow who is too refined to sift the ashes would dodge work, polish or no polish. Smooth manners may mark the crook; but they don't make him; a yellow streak does that. Fine manners can't make a fine man, but poor manners can unmake him." Now we're right where we were before; we believe all we've said on both sides.

Catty Atkins Comes Again Next Month

CATTY ATKINS returns next month—which is about the biggest news imaginable. He comes, one might say, "just for fun"—for the story in which he reappears is perhaps the most comical one of this comical and very popular series. Mr. Kelland calls it "Catty Atkins, Bandmaster." He has played in a band himself, has Mr. Kelland, and therefore knows how Catty and Wee-Wee feel when they begin to learn to play. Opposition and complications make it an exciting story—one that you will talk about and remember. (There's more about it on Page 10.) "Jibby and the Elsewhere Uncle," Ellis Parker Butler's next story, starts Jibby and George and "The Campcardi kid" off on a search that leads "all over the map" and gives you many a laugh, especially about Jibby's hat, which he starts out without and which he tries everywhere to get or to keep, with bad luck every time. It's laugh-provoking from the beginning, and gets more-so as it goes along.

A football story that is different from any football story you ever read, a thrilling fire story, a story of a comical Central American revolution, another Tierney detective story (about a haunted house), the surprising wind-up of "The Pariahs of Shelby High," an "outcast" bear story, more of the Privaters and Lost Pagoda series—all these come too in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Also, and especially, the second "Masked Story," a great mystery story that we have called "The Hermit of the Marsh" (though that is not the correct title). Another \$100.00 in cash prizes will be awarded to readers of that story; don't miss it.

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The CHOICE of the GODS

By NORMAN J. BONNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

TOSTIG, the Viking, grew old. The weight of seventy winters bowed his head, bent his broad shoulders; his hair and beard were white as snow. Moreover, a strange disease of which no man, however learned, knew the nature, lay hold upon him, numbed his lower limbs, crept slowly up into his body. His men, comrades of a hundred forays, loved him, but looked upon his helpless condition and murmured at his delay in naming a successor to the kingdom. The choice lay between his two sons, Erling and Halfdan, half brothers, between whom there was life-long rivalry.

Since earliest childhood, in every game of skill, in every warlike exercise, Halfdan, the younger, had struggled without success to overcome the natural supremacy of Erling, the first-born. Save for this accident of birth, there was, in the minds of men, little to choose between the sons of Tostig. Both were giants, famed in battle, renowned in the Sagas of Tostig's reign. Warriors both, each had his following. The elder, blue-eyed, with yellow beard and ruddy face like the men of Nordness, Tostig's northern vassals, received their homage, was called by them, Erling the Fair-haired. Halfdan, swarthy, with black eyes like those of his mother Eigl, with hair like the raven's wing, resembled the men of Ringerike, Tostig's southern Vikings, and they adopted him for their leader, giving him the surname of the Black, or Swarthy One.

This division of allegiance between the halves of his kingdom troubled Tostig, made his choosing difficult. Secretly he favored Erling, for the elder son was more wise in council, and his valor in battle, while less spectacular than that of Halfdan, attained as great results. But Tostig, wise with the wisdom of his years of authority, foresaw disaster should he name Erling king. Halfdan, always rebellious, would resent the choice, would appeal it to the court of battle, to force of arms, the chance of axe and sword. On the other hand, Erling, loving his father, would abide by his commands, would stand behind his favored brother, if for no other reason than that such was his father's wish. Tostig knew also that on the borders of his kingdom, petty chieftains, eager to see civil war between Nordness and Ringerike, watched the situation with falcon eyes, watched while they bided his decision, waited for him to die.

In the end, the king, not without shrewdness, left the matter of the succession to the gods.

"Let Odin decide," he said, and in a valley, halfway between the rival villages, he built a great banquet hall and called his Vikings to a feast.

They came, seven hundred of them, filling with song and wassail the barnlike structure that had been built for their reception. For two days, while the strong mead flowed like water, while Olaf, Tostig's Skald, sang Sagas new and old, the matter of the succession rested. Then, gorged to repletion, drunk with wine, the Vikings slept. When they awoke, Tostig, supported on either side by a giant hirdman, was carried to his high-seat, and calling for silence, announced the reason—which all men knew—for the feast.

"The hand of Odin is upon me," he said. "He calls me to Valhalla, but ere I go, I would see one of my sons king in my stead. But my sons are men, mighty in battle, wise in council. Who shall choose between them?"

He paused, and from the horde a murmur rose, mounted to a shout in which the brothers' names blended indistinguishably. Tostig lifted a hand for silence. When it came, he continued:

"I leave the choice to the high gods. Odin shall decide."

"How?" questioned the horde.

"There shall be an 'Idrottir,' a festival of games," announced Tostig. "Ye who shout for Erling shall compete against the champions of Halfdan. The victors shall name their leader king."

A shout of approval greeted the king's words. An "Idrottir" was welcome. Sport and feasting, pleasures of the gods, caught the Viking fancy. They began boisterously to call the names of their favorite champions.

But the king called again for silence.

"Lest in the heat of contest there be strife," he said, "let all men go hence to the temple, and there take oath upon the ring, that as the gods decide, all shall abide by their choice."

At this, there was murmuring. The Viking oath was sacred. No man took it lightly; none broke it without the wrath of the gods and the scorn and hatred of their fellows. The murmur swelled into a clamor, difficult to silence. But in the end, Tostig's will prevailed. Protesting, but complying, the guests quitted the feast hall for the temple, where



Godrod Slipped, Gave an Inch Towards the Menacing Fire.

priests had already prepared the sacrifice.

Erling, as the elder son, was the first to make his vow. He stepped forward to the altar, laid hand upon the sacred ring, newly reddened with the blood of the slaughtered bull. His voice rang out over the assemblage, instilling confidence in his followers' hearts.

"At the ship's side, at the shield's edge, at the horse's hoof, at the sword's edge, I swear on the ring, by Frey, by Njord, and by Odin, that as they decide, so shall I accept their choice."

He stepped down and was followed in turn by Halfdan, who frowned as he touched the sacred ring.

"By the south-slanting sun, by the rock of Sigty, by the ring of Ull, I swear that the choice of the gods shall be my choice; by Frey, by Njord, and by Odin, I swear it."

Then by acclaim the men of Nordness and of Ringerike accepted the oaths of their leaders.

Well pleased, Tostig, carried by the stout arms of his hirdmen, led the way back from the temple, back to the little slope before the feast hall, where his high-seat had been placed on a grassy knoll overlooking the valley and the hills beyond. There he took his station, commanding the games, which, at his order, began at once.

Sven, thrall of Halfdan, displayed his "Idrott" in jumping. Clad in full armor of chain mail, bearing shield of tough bull hide, and brandishing sword and spear, he outleaped all competitors. The shadow of a smile touched Halfdan's swarthy features at this first success. At the feasting that night he seated Sven at his right hand and gave him a goblet of silver.

THEN for three days the contests continued. In swimming, Hrolf, thrall of Erling, displayed a marvelous "Idrott," winning all races, astounding all men by capturing and bringing alive to shore a youngling seal. In wrestling, Gorm, giant hirdman of Nordness, tossed Hakon of Ringerike over his head, breaking his thigh. Ingvar, a stripling of sixteen, racing for Erling, outran Halfdan's fastest champions.

At the close of each day there was more feasting, more singing, more drinking of the heavy mead. And as the games progressed, Halfdan's smile disappeared, was succeeded by a scowl of bitterness. He drank heavily, cursed his men for their lack of success; the men themselves grew sullen. Between the factions ill-feeling increased. Hatred flamed in men's hearts. All Tostig's wisdom was called forth to prevent them from flying at each others' throats.

When, on the fifth day, Sigmund of Nordness won

the archery "Idrott," Halfdan sought the ear of Sigurd Snake-Eye, an old man of Ringerike, famous for his wisdom and infamous for a one-time deed of treachery.

"Thine oath matters not save to the fools who would hate thee for the breaking of it," said the old man, after listening to Halfdan's story of the outcome of the games. "But the fools are many. For their sakes ye must keep it. But before one goes forth all doorways should be looked over. Go

thou to Gyda, the hag who dwells under the cliff, Thorsberg. She makes mighty magic and will, for three bracelets of gold, tell thee how thou mayest become the chosen of the gods. Go thou to Gyda, offer her the three bracelets. She can help thee, and for thy gold will do so gladly."

Fearing vaguely, but trying to be bold, Halfdan sought out Gyda, the witch. He found her in her cave under frowning Thorsberg. He hesitated, trembling, but she reassured him with a toothless grin of welcome.

"Come in, come in," she urged. Grasping the hilt of his sword, Halfdan entered the black and smelly cave. As his eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness of the place, he saw, in one corner, a great falcon, the largest he had ever seen. Even in the darkness the bird was hooded. Its claws, closing and unclosing on the roost, made a rasping sound that raised the goose-flesh on Halfdan's body. The hag's eyes followed his gaze.

"Hobrok! Be still!" Instantly the great bird settled down on its perch, hiding with its wings the terrible talons.

Halfdan told his story, showed his three bracelets of gold.

Gyda's eyes glittered. Without speaking she took the bracelets, began a chant. The words, weird with mystery, were in a dialect unknown. Hobrok stirred again, restlessly. Suddenly the hag turned to the falcon, loosed its hood. The great bird spread its wings; their tips almost touched the sides of the narrow cave. Gyda spoke rapidly. The falcon seemed to listen. Again the goose-flesh quivered on Halfdan's body.

Abruptly the hag turned towards him, breaking the spell.

"Hobrok has seen thee," she said. "When I loose him he will come to thy presence. At sight of Odin's hawk dropping to thee from the skies, all men will know thy standing with the gods. Go now. To-morrow . . ."

Thankful enough, Halfdan quitted the cave, went with lightened step back through the lingering twilight to the feast hall where wassail roared, where the discord of carousal shook the new, but already smoke-blackened rafters. In the center of the hall a fire blazed merrily, its flames reaching upward to the wide opening in the roof. The autumn nights were cold and Halfdan, after the chilling atmosphere of Gyda's cave, welcomed the feast-hall's warmth.

A shout greeted the younger brother's entrance. He responded with a wave of the hand and took his place at the long table across the board from Erling, where, with Viking hunger, he fell to upon the feast.

Boasts, tales, songs, circled the table. Halfdan's hunger appeased, he thought of the bracelets he had given Gyda, planned a scheme to replace them with others.

"I have a man in Ringerike," he declared, leaning across the table



Gyda's Eyes Glittered. Without Speaking She Took the Bracelets, Began a Chant.



The Great Wings Fluttered Before His Face—Then the Bird Struck With Its Terrible Talons.

towards his half brother, "who can pull any champion of Nordness into the fire, and that with ease. On my man I will wager three bracelets of gold."

"Keep your gold," said Erling. "Methinks the stake before us is already large enough. However I will find a champion to pull against the man you name."

"Ever cautious of his gold," sneered Halfdan. "Three bracelets, only, yet he fears to lose them."

Erling's fair face flushed. Quickly he issued an order to the man-at-arms who stood behind him, at the same moment stripping from his forearm three bands of gold.

"There, Halfdan," he cried, flinging the bracelets upon the table where the dull ring of their fall testified of the purity of their metal, "now bring forth thy champion."

Smiling, Halfdan despatched a messenger to the far end of the hall where his hirdmen dined together. Shortly came Helgi, a blacksmith and armorer of Ringerike, at sight of whom Erling's heart stirred in his bosom. Surely no man of Nordness could hope to prevail in strength against Halfdan's man of might. But Erling called for Godrod, strongest man in all his own north country, a warrior famed in the skin-pulling of many a close contested "Idrottir."

"Thinkest thou to hold thine own with Helgi?" whispered Erling in his champion's ear.

Godrod studied his antagonist.

"I have heard men say that Helgi is mighty in the 'Idrott' of the skin-pulling," he answered. "But also have I heard it said that the contest is not always to the mighty."

SWIFTLY, at Tostig's order, a space was cleared in the center of the hall, a narrow trench dug, and a burning log from the fire laid therein. Olaf came, bearing a stout walrus hide. The champions, stripped to the waist, faced each other across the fire. The skin was stretched between them; they took their grips, bare feet shifting slightly for better foothold on the hard-packed earthen floor.

Now, as Godrod said, the "Idrott" of the skin-pulling depends not upon strength alone. The quick tug of one contestant may be met by as quick a relaxation of strain on the part of the other. The first, thrown from his balance by the ease of his success, finds himself quickly drawn to the fire, into which he must either fall or let go his hold, in either event losing the contest.

Wise in the stratagems of the exercise, each champion tried out the mettle of his adversary. Short tugs, jerks, skillful maneuvering began the struggle. Gradually real strength was exerted; the hide tautened across the fire. The adversaries became motionless. Save for their knotted muscles, their stentorian breathing, the two figures seemed carved from stone. Then gradually, Helgi's superior strength began to tell. Godrod slipped, gave an inch towards the menacing fire. He recovered, straining every nerve. Sweat poured from his body. His eyeballs bulged in their sockets.

At the instant the stout walrus hide parted in the middle, like the sail of a longship split by the whirlwind. Godrod and Helgi fell backward, were saved from injury by the arms of their comrades behind them. Swiftly, a new skin, this time a tanned ox hide, was procured, was stretched as before above the fire. After a brief pause the men again took grips.

In the forefront of his followers Halfdan watched the preparations for the renewal of the struggle. In this "Idrott" he had been confident of success. Now, for the first time he began to fear its outcome. A thought took shape in his crafty brain, developed into an evil

scheme. He edged his way around the circle, paused beside Godrod, and, as the contest began, thrust his long sword between the braced feet of Erling's champion. A step now . . . Godrod took that step, stumbled on the sword, caught himself at the fire's edge.

The Viking, roused to a certain pitch of passion, became a maniac. His bodily strength, like that of a madman, increased beyond reason. So it was with Godrod now. Incensed at Halfdan's trick, he went berserk, jerked mightily at the ox hide, pulled Helgi forward into the fire, threw the hide over the prostrate victim and leaped upon his back.

The Vikings shouted. Erling dragged his champion from the body of the unfortunate Helgi; Helgi himself was snatched from the flames. Between the factions passed furious words. Hands were laid to axe-haft and sword-hilt. Tostig's voice, reminding men of their oath, restored a semblance of order. Olaf, standing beside the king, began in his powerful voice, the Saga of Hakon, the Mighty, and silence fell once more upon the horde.

ON the fifth day the games continued. "Knattleik," Viking ball, one of the most skillful and at the same time most dangerous of Viking pastimes, began at noon. A score of champions, ten of Nordness, ten of Ringerike, led in person by the brothers, faced each other at opposite sides of the valley. On the slopes to right and left gathered the horde, each side alternately shouting encouragement to their champions and hurling derision at their rivals. The players themselves swung their wooden clubs, joining in the shouts and jeers of their comrades while they waited eagerly for the signal to strike the wooden ball.

Erling and Halfdan had chosen their champions with care, for the "Knattleik" might decide the choice of the kingdom. Since the previous evening, bitterness between the brothers had increased. Godrod had told Erling of Halfdan's treachery at the skin-pulling. Faced with his brother's accusation that he had thrust his sword between the feet of Godrod, Halfdan coolly admitted the charge, and as coolly asked Erling what he intended to do about it. Only Tostig's authority prevented his sons from coming to blows then and there. Now, facing each other across the valley, the half-brothers scowled their hate. Upon this field, for the first time during the "Idrottir," the rivals would meet face to face. Olaf, looking down upon the floor of the valley, murmured in Tostig's ear:

"In this day's 'Knattleik,' I fear we shall see blood upon the grass."

Tostig, answering nothing, gave the awaited signal. Ingvar of Nordness, fastest runner in the "Idrott" of the foot racing, reached the ball first, struck it with his bat. In his eagerness he struck too hard. Only Erling's leap into the air prevented it from passing into the hands of Halfdan, alert to receive it. As the ball touched the ground, Erling drove it back to Ingvar. The stripling caught it cleverly on the side of his club, juggled it a moment. Two men of Ringerike bore down upon him like eagles. Instantly he struck the ball away to his brother Viglund.

Viglund found himself hemmed in by two of Halfdan's champions. Before he could act, one of them thrust him savagely to the ground. The ball bounded across the grass. Viglund, sprawling, tripped with outstretched hand, one of his adversaries. Krak of Ringerike, the other, a man famed for his skill in the "Idrott" of the "Knattleik," reached the ball, lost it immediately to Stefnir of Nordness. Stefnir struck it back to Erling,

whose bat in turn drove it mightily to the far end of the field where Ingvar had raced. The stripling stopped the ball in its flight, toyed with it, waited almost motionless as a youth of Ringerike bore down upon him, evaded him with a lithe movement, shot the ball back to Erling. Halfdan, covering his brother like a hawk, crashed into him, shoved him sideways. But Erling kept his feet, got the ball away to Viglund who was running up the valley.

The game, savage in roughness, whirlwind in speed, continued without intermission. There were no substitutes to take the place of injured players, no pauses to bind up injuries. And injuries were plentiful. Tripping, body-checking, holding, were all countenanced. Only blows with the fist or foot, bat or ball, were prohibited. Which side could keep possession of the ball the longer, which could handle it with greater skill—on these did victory depend.

Ingvar, speedy as the coursing greyhound, was the bright individual star of the game. Throughout the afternoon he intercepted the flying ball. Goaded through the ranks of his enemies, avoiding their savage shouldering with an ease that was maddening. Krak of Ringerike singled him out, sought to trip him, grew bitter with rage at his ill success.

The sun dropped swiftly towards the western hills. Long shadows stretched their arms across the valley. Defeat hovered over the men of Ringerike. Defeat for Halfdan meant disaster, the loss of the "Knattleik" meant to him the loss of the kingdom.

IN contrast to the jubilant shouts of the men of Nordness, the silence of Halfdan's adherents was significant. Halfdan, himself, glanced from time to time to the southern cliffs and Gyda's cave. His brow was gloomy with defeat; only the hag could save the kingdom for him now.

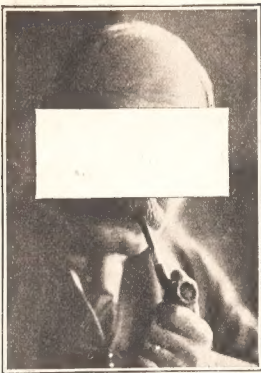
The tired players, anxious for the game to cease, glanced at Tostig with appealing looks. But the king sat immovable, emotionless. Once Olaf whispered in his ear. Tostig shook his head; the game progressed.

Ingvar again had possession of the ball. He juggled it with skill, his eye upon Halfdan, bearing down upon him from the left. Behind him, all unseen, Krak of Ringerike, half berserk with jealousy and disappointment, approached, swinging his club. Erling's shout of warning came too late. Krak's treacherous blow glanced from Ingvar's skull. The lad fell, blood bursting from his nostrils.

The "Knattleik" ceased like magic. Erling leaped on Krak, smote him with heavy hand. Krak dropped as though felled by the hammer of Thor. Halfdan swung his club, rushing upon Erling. The brothers grappled. With wild shouts their followers fled from the hill slopes, poured down into the valley. Olaf, despite his age, came leaping down the hillside, calling vainly upon the Vikings to remember their vows, to lay aside brandished axe and gleaming sword. Tostig, helpless in his chair, shouted futile orders. The day, begun in sport, bade fair to end in blood.

Came from the southern cliffs a cry, louder than the howl of the hungry wolf, more piercing than the eagle's scream. About to close in fraternal strife, the horde paused, sought the source of the cry with superstitious dread.

On the summit of the southern cliffs, outlined by the glow of the swift-dropping sun, the gaunt figure of Gyda stood out against the sky. Her long hair tossed in the wind; her skeleton arms stretched out towards the valley. Above her head a great (Continued on page 41)



The Author.

Who Wrote This Great Story ? What Is the Correct Title of It

A DOG FROM THE BARRACKS

By _____

Illustrated by Fred C. Yohn

ONE night, a very long time ago, I drove to an Indian military cantonment called Mian Mir to see amateur theatricals. At the back of the Infantry barracks a soldier, his cap over one eye, rushed in front of the horses and shouted that he was a dangerous highway robber. As a matter of fact, he was a friend of mine, so I told him to go home before anyone caught him; but he fell under the pole, and I heard voices of a military guard in search of someone.

The driver and I coaxed him into the carriage, drove home swiftly, undressed him and put him to bed, where he waked next morning with a sore headache, very much ashamed. When his uniform was cleaned and dried, and he had been shaved and washed and made neat, I drove him back to barracks with his arm in a fine white sling, and reported that I had accidentally run over him. I did not tell this story to my friend's sergeant, who was a hostile and unbelieving person, but to his lieutenant, who did not know us quite so well.

Three days later my friend came to call, and at his heels slobbered and fawned one of the finest bull-terriers—of the old-fashioned breed, two parts bull and one terrier—that I had ever set eyes on. He was pure white, with a fawn-colored saddle just behind his neck, and a fawn diamond at the root of his thin whippy tail. I had admired him distantly for more than a year; and Vixen, my own fox-terrier, knew him too, but did not approve.

"E's for you," said my friend; but he did not look as though he liked parting with him.

"Nonsense! That dog's worth more than most men, Stanley," I said.

"E's that and more. Tenton!"

The dog rose on his hind legs, and stood upright for a full minute.

"Eyes right!"

"E's sat on his haunches and turned his head sharp to the right. At a sign he rose and barked thrice. Then he shook hands with his right paw and bounded lightly to my shoulder. Here he made himself into a necktie, limp and lifeless, hanging down on either side of my neck. I was told to pick him up and throw him in the air. He fell with a howl, and held up one leg.

"Part o' the trick," said his

owner. "You're going to die now. Dig yourself your little grave an' shut your little eye."

Still limping, the dog hobbled to the garden-edge, dug a hole and lay down in it. When told that he was cured, he jumped out, wagging his tail, and whining for applause. He was put through half-a-dozen other tricks, such as showing how he would hold a man safe (I was that man, and he sat down before me, his teeth bared, ready to spring), and how he would stop eating at the word of command. I had no more finished praising him when my friend made a gesture that stopped the dog as though he had been shot, took a piece of blue-ruled canteen-paper from his helmet, handed it to me and ran away, while the dog looked after him and howled. I read:

"Sir—I give you the dog because of what you got me out of. He is the best I know, for I made him myself, and he is as good as a man. Please do not give him too much to eat, and please do not give him back to me, for I'm not going to take him, if you will keep him. So please do not try to give him back any more. I have kept his name back, so you can call him anything and he will answer, but please do not give him back. He can kill a man as easy as anything, but please do not give him too much meat. He knows more than a man."

VIXEN sympathetically joined her shrill little yap to the bull-terrier's despairing cry, and I was annoyed, for I knew that a man who cares for dogs is one thing, but a man who loves one dog is quite another. Dogs are at the best no more than verminous vagrants, self-scratchers, foul feeders, and unclean by the law of Moses and Mohammed; but a dog with whom one lives alone for at least six months in the year; a free thing, tied to you so strictly by love that without you he will not stir or exercise; a patient, temperate, humorous, wise soul, who knows your moods before you know them yourself, is not a dog under any ruling.

I had Vixen, who was all my dog to me; and I felt what my friend must have felt, at tearing out his heart in this style and leaving it in my garden. However, the dog understood clearly enough that I was his master, and did not follow the soldier. As soon as he drew breath I made much of him, and Vixen, yelling with jealousy, flew at him. Had she been of his own sex, he might have cheered himself with a fight, but he only looked worried when she nipped his deep iron sides, laid his heavy head on my knee, and howled anew.

I meant to dine at the Club that night, but as darkness drew in, and the dog sniffed through the empty house like a child

trying to recover from a fit of sobbing, I felt that I could not leave him to suffer his first evening alone. So we fed at home, Vixen on one side, and the stranger-dog on the other; she watching his every mouthful, and saying explicitly what she thought of his table manners, which were much better than hers.

It was Vixen's custom, till the weather grew hot, to sleep in my bed, her head on the pillow like a Christian; and when morning came I would always find that the little thing had braced her feet against the wall and pushed me to the very edge of the cot. This night she hurried to bed purposefully, every hair up, one eye on the stranger, who had dropped on a mat in a helpless, hopeless sort of way, all four feet spread out, sighing heavily. She settled her head on the pillow several times, to show her little airs and graces, and struck up her usual wincey sing-song before slumber. The stranger dog softly edged toward me. I put out my hand and he licked it. Instantly my wrist was between Vixen's teeth, and her warning *aaahr!* said as plainly as speech, that if I took any further notice of the stranger she would bite.

I caught her behind her fat neck with my left hand, shook her severely, and said:

"Vixen, if you do that again you'll be put into the verandah. Now, remember!"

She understood perfectly, but the minute I released her she mounded my right wrist once more, and waited with her ears back and all her body flattened, ready to bite. The big dog's tail thumped the floor in a humble and peace-making way.

I grabbed Vixen a second time, lifted her out of bed like a rabbit (she hated that and yelled), and, as I had promised, set her out in the verandah with the bats and the moonlight. At this she howled. Then she used coarse language—not to me, but to the bull-terrier—till she coughed with exhaustion.

Then she ran round the house trying every door. Then she went off to the stables and barked as though someone were stealing the horses, which was an old trick of hers. Last she returned, and her snuffing yelp said, "I'll be good! Let me in and I'll be good!"

She was admitted and flew to her pillow. When she was quieted I whispered to the other dog, "You can lie on the foot of the bed." The bull jumped up at once, and though I felt Vixen quiver with rage, she knew better than to protest. So we slept till morning, and they had early breakfast with me, bite for bite, till the horse came round and we went for a ride. I don't think the bull had ever followed a horse before. He was wild with excitement, and Vixen, as usual, squealed and scuttled and scooted, and took charge of the procession.

THERE was one corner of a village near-by, which we generally passed with caution, because all the yellow pariah-dogs of the place gathered about it. They were half-wild, starving beasts, and though utter cowards, yet where nine or ten of them get together they will mob and kill and eat an English dog. I kept a whip with a long lash for them. That morning they attacked Vixen, who, perhaps of design, had moved from beyond my horse's shadow.

The bull was ploughing along in the dust, fifty yards behind, rolling in his run, and smiling as bull-terriers will. I heard Vixen squeal; half a dozen of the curs closed in on her; a white streak came up behind me; a cloud of dust rose near Vixen, and when it cleared I saw one tall pariah with his neck broken, and the bull wrenching another to earth. Vixen retreated to the protection of my whip, and the bull paddled back smiling more than ever, covered with the blood of his enemies. That decided me to call him "Garm of the Bloody Breast," who was a great person in his time,



"I Can't Have Sick Men Running About All Over the Place. Report Yourself at Eleven—Here!"



"He Can Kill a Man as Easy as Anything," Said the Note, "but Please Don't Give Him Too Much Meat. He Knows More Than a Man."

or "Garm" for short; so, leaning forward, I told him what his temporary name would be. He looked up while I repeated it, and then raced away. I shouted, "Garm!" He stopped, raced back, and came up to ask my will.

Then I saw that my soldier friend was right, and that that dog knew and was worth more than a man. At the end of the ride I gave an order which Vixen knew and hated: "Go away and get washed!" I said. Garm understood some part of it, and Vixen interpreted the rest, and the two trotted off together soberly. When I went back to the verandah Vixen had been washed snowy-white, and was very proud of herself, but the dog-boy would not touch Garm on any account unless I stood by. So I waited while he was being scrubbed, and Garm, with the soap creaming on the top of his broad head, looked at me to make sure that this was what I expected him to endure. He knew perfectly that the dog-boy was only obeying orders.

"Another time," I said to the dog-boy, "you will wash the great dog with Vixen when I send them home."

"Does he know?" said the dog-boy, who understood the ways of dogs.

"Garm," I said, "another time you will be washed with Vixen."

I knew that Garm understood. Indeed, next wash-

ing-day, when Vixen as usual fled under my bed, Garm stared at the doubtful dog-boy in the verandah, stalked to the place where he had been washed last time, and stood rigid in the tub.

But the long days in my office tried him sorely. We three would drive off in the morning at half-past eight and come home at six or later. Vixen, knowing the routine of it, went to sleep under my table; but the confinement ate into Garm's soul. He generally sat on the verandah looking out on the Mall; and well I knew what he expected.

SOMETIMES a company of soldiers would move along on their way to the Fort, and Garm rolled forth to inspect them; or an officer in uniform entered into the office, and it was pitiful to see poor Garm's welcome to the cloth—not the man. He would leap at him, and sniff-and bark joyously, then run to the door and back again. One afternoon I heard him bay with a full throat—a thing I had never heard before—and he disappeared. When I drove into my garden at the end of the day a soldier in white uniform scrambled over the wall at the far end, and the Garm that met me was a joyous dog. This happened twice or thrice a week for a month.

I pretended not to notice, but Garm knew and Vixen knew. He would glide homewards from the office about four o'clock, as though he were only going to look at the scenery, and this he did so quietly that but for Vixen I should not have noticed him. The jealous little dog under the table would give a sniff and a snort, just loud enough to call my attention to the flight. Garm might go out forty times in the day and Vixen would never stir, but when he slunk off to see his true master in my garden she told me in her own tongue. That was the one sign she made to prove that Garm did not altogether belong to the family. They were the best of friends at all times, but Vixen explained that I was never to forget Garm did not love me as she loved me.

I never expected it. The dog was not my dog—could never be my dog—and I knew he was as miserable as his master who tramped eight miles a day to see him. So it seemed to me that the sooner the two were reunited the better for all. One afternoon I sent Vixen home alone in the dog-cart (Garm had gone before), and rode over to cantonments to find another friend of mine, who was an Irish soldier and a great friend of the dog's master.

I explained the whole case, and wound up with: "And now Stanley's in my garden crying over his

dog. Why doesn't he take him back? They're both unhappy."

"Unhappy! There's no sense in the little man any more. But 'tis his fit."

"What is his fit? He travels fifty miles a week to see the brute, and he pretends not to notice me when he sees me on the road; and I'm as unhappy as he is. Make him take the dog back."

"It's his penance he's set himself. I told him by way of a joke, after you'd run over him so convenient that night, when he was drunk—I said if he was a Catholic he'd do penance. Off he went wid that fit in his little head an' a dose of fever, and nothin' would suit but givin' you the dog as a hostage."

"Hostage for what? I don't want hostages from Stanley."

"For his good behavior. He's keepin' straight now, the way it's no pleasure to associate wid him."

"Has he taken the pledge?"

"If 'twas only that I need not care. Ye can take the pledge for three months on an' off. He sez he'll never see the dog again, an' so mark you, he'll keep straight for evermore. Ye know his fits? Well, this is wan of them."

"How's the dog taken it?"

"Like a man. He's the best dog in India. Can't you make Stanley take him back?"

"I can do no more than I have done. But ye know his fits. He's just doin' his penance. What will he do when he goes to the Hills? The doctor's put him on the list."

It is the custom in India to send a certain number of invalids from each regiment up to stations in the Himalayas for the hot weather; and though the men ought to enjoy the cool and the comfort, they miss the society of the barracks down below, and do their best to come back or to avoid going. I felt that this move would bring matters to a head, so I left Terrance hopefully, though he called after me—

"He won't take the dog, sorr. You can lay your month's pay on that. Ye know his fits."

I never pretended to understand Private Orthing's; and so I did the next best thing—I left him alone.

THAT summer the invalids of the regiment to which my friend belonged were ordered off to the Hills early; because the doctors thought marching in the cool of the day would do them good. Their route lay south to a place called Umballa, a hundred and twenty miles or more. There they would turn east and march up into the hills to Kasauli or Durgshai or Subathoo. I dined with the officers the night before they left—they were marching at five in the morning. It was midnight when I drove into my garden, and surprised a white figure flying over the wall.

"That man," said my butler, "has been here since nine making talk to that dog. He is quite mad. I did not tell him to go away because he has been here many times before, and because the dog-boy told me that if I told him to go away, that great dog would immediately slay me. He did not wish to speak to the Protector of the Poor, and he did not ask for anything to eat or drink."

"Kadir Buksh," said I, "that was well done, for the dog would surely have killed thee. But I do not think the white soldier will come any more."

Garm slept ill that night and whimpered in his dreams. Once he sprang up with a clear, ringing bark, and I heard him wag his tail till it waked him and the bark died out in a howl. He had dreamed he was with his master again, and I nearly cried. It was all Stanley's silly fault.

The first half which the detachment of invalids made was some miles from their barracks, on the Amritsar road, and ten miles distant from my house. By a mere chance one of the officers drove back for another good dinner at the Club (cooking on the line of march is always bad), and there I met him. He was a particular friend of mine, and I knew that he knew how to love a dog properly. His pet was a big fat retriever who was going up to the Hills for his health, and, though it was still April, the round, brown brute puffed and panted in the Club verandah as though he would burst.

"It's amazing," said the officer, "what excuses these invalids of mine make to get back to barracks. There's a man in my company now asked me for leave to go back to cantonments to pay a debt he'd forgotten. I was so taken by the idea I let him go, and he jingled off in an *ekka* as pleased as Punch. Ten miles to pay a debt! Wonder what it was really?"

"If you'll drive me home I think I can show you," I said.

So we went over to my house in his dog-cart with the retriever; and on the way I told him the story of Garm.

"I was wondering where that brute had gone to. He's the best dog in the regiment," said my friend. "I offered the little fellow twenty rupees for him a month ago. But he's a hostage, you say, for Stanley's good conduct. Stanley's one of the best men I have—when he chooses."

"That's the reason why," I said. "A second-rate man wouldn't have taken things to heart as he has done."

We drove in quietly at the far end of the garden, and crept round the house. There was a place close to the wall all grown about with tamarisk trees, where I knew Garm kept his bones. Even Vixen was not allowed to sit near it. In the full Indian moonlight I could see a white uniform bending over the dog.

"Good-by, old man," we could not help hearing Stanley's voice. "Por Eving's sake don't get bit and

go mad by any measley pi-dog. But you can look after yourself, old man. You don't get drunk an' run about 'tittin' your friends. You takes your bones an' you eats your biscuit, an' you kills your enemy like a gentleman. I'm goin' away—don't owl—I'm goin' off to Kasauli, where I won't see you no more."

I could hear him holding Garm's nose as the dog threw it up to the stars.

"You'll stay here an' be've, an—an' I'll go away an' try to be've, an' I don't know 'ow to leave you. I don't know—"

"I think this is damn silly," said the officer, patting his foolish fussy old retriever. He called to the private, who leaped to his feet, marched forward, and saluted.

"You here?" said the officer, turning away his head.

"Yes, sir, but I'm just goin' back."

"I shall be leaving at eleven in my cart. You come

slinking away for stolen talks with Stanley. As the weather grew warmer the dogs were forbidden to run beside the cart, but sat at my side on the seat, Vixen with her head under the crook of my left elbow, and Garm hugging the left handrail.

Here Vixen was ever in great form. She had to attend to all the moving traffic, such as bullock-carts that blocked the way, and camels, and led ponies; as well as to keep up her dignity when she passed, low friends running in the dust. She never yapped for rapping's sake, but her shrill high bark was down all along the Mall, and other men's terriers-ki-ved in reply, and bullock-drivers looked over their shoulders and gave us the road with a grin.

But Garm cared for none of these things. His big eyes were on the horizon and his terrible mouth was shut. There was another dog in the office who belonged to my chief. We called him "Bob the Librarian," because he always imagined vain rats behind the bookshelves, and in hunting for them would drag out half the old newspaper-files. Bob was a well-meaning idiot, but Garm did not encourage him. He would slide his head round the door panting, "Rats! Come along, Garm!" and Garm would shift one forepaw over the other, and curl himself round, leaving Bob to whine at a most uninterested bark. The office was nearly as cheerful as a tomb in those days.

Once, and only once, did I see Garm at all contented with his surroundings. He had gone on an unauthorized walk with Vixen early one Sunday morning, and a very young and foolish artilleryman (his battery had just moved to that part of the world) tried to steal them both. Vixen, of course, knew better than to take food from soldiers, and, besides, she had just finished her breakfast. So she trotted back with a large piece of the mutton that they issued to our troops, said it down on my verandah, and looked up to see what I thought. I asked her where Garm was, and she ran in front of the horse to show me the way.

About a mile up the road we came across our artilleryman sitting very stiffly on the edge of a culvert with a greasy handkerchief on his knees. Garm was in front of him, looking rather pleased. When the man moved leg or hand, Garm bared his teeth in silence.

A broken string hung from his collar, and the other half of it lay, warm, in the artilleryman's still hand. He explained to me, keeping his eyes straight in front of him, that he had met the dog (he called him awful names) walking alone, and was going to take him to the Fort to be killed for a masterless pariah.

I said that Garm did not seem to me much of a pariah, but that he had better take him to the Fort if he thought best. He said he did not care to do so. I told him to go to the Fort alone. He said he did not want to go at that hour, but would follow my advice as soon as he had killed the dog. I insisted

and Garm took him to the Fort, and Garm marched him solemnly up to the gate, one mile and a half under a hot sun, and I told the quarter-guard what had happened; but the young artilleryman was more angry than was at all necessary when they began to laugh. Several regiments, he was told, had tried to steal Garm in their time.

THAT month the hot weather shut down in earnest and the dogs slept in the bathroom on the cool wet bricks where the bath is placed. Every morning, as soon as the man filled my bath, the two jumped in, and every morning the man filled the bath a second time. I said to him that he might as well fill a small tub specially for the dogs. "Nay," said he smiling, "it is not their custom. They would not understand. Besides, the big bath gives them more space."

The punkah-coolies who pull the punkahs day and night came to know Garm intimately. He noticed that when the swaying fan stopped I would call to the coolie and bid him pull with a long stroke. If the man still slept I would wake him up. He discovered, too, that it was a good thing to lie in the wave of air under the punkah. Maybe Stanley had taught him all about this in barracks. At any rate, when the punkah stopped, Garm would first growl and cock his eye at the rope, and if that did not wake the man—it nearly always did—he would tiptoe forth and talk in the sleeper's ear. Vixen was a clever little dog, but she would never connect the punkah and the coolie; so Garm gave me grateful hours of cool sleep. But he was utterly wretched—as miserable as a human being; and in his misery he clung so closely to me that other men noticed it, and were envious. If I moved from one room to another Garm followed; if my pen stopped scratching, Garm's head was thrust into my hand; if I turned, half awake, on the pillow, Garm was up and at my side, for he knew that I was his only link with his master, and day and night, and night and day, his eyes asked one question—"When is this going to end?"

Living with the dog as I did, I never noticed that he was more than ordinarily upset by the hot weather, till one day at the Club a man said: "That dog of yours will die in a week or two. He's a shadow." Then I dosed Garm with iron and quinine, which he hated; and I felt very anxious. He lost his appetite, and Vixen was allowed to eat his dinner under his eyes. Even that did not make him swallow, and we held a consultation on him, of the best man-doctor in the place; a lady-doctor, who cured the sick wives of kings; and the Deputy Inspector General of the veterinary service of all India. They pronounced upon his symptoms, and I told them his story, and Garm lay on a sofa kicking my hand.

"He's dying of a broken (Continued on page 46)

Follow These Rules in this "Masked Story" Contest

YOU have a chance to earn fifty dollars in this, the first of THE AMERICAN BOY'S four big "Masked Story" Contests.

"A Dog From the Barracks" (as we have called it) is the first of four of the best stories ever written that we promised to republish for our readers, because so many thousands of boys and men have declared them too good to miss. We have slipped an "eye-shadower" mask on the story by giving it a new title and illustrations that no one has ever seen before, and withholding the name of the author.

Can you give now, or find out, the real title and the name of the author? And can you tell why, you like "A Dog From the Barracks"—tell why so forcefully and persuasively that every fellow who reads what you've said will exclaim, "Say, that story must be a blinger! I want to read it!"

For the best contributions on this story we will give—

\$100 IN CASH PRIZES

First Prize.....	\$50.00
Second Prize.....	10.00
Next FIVE Prizes, each.....	5.00
Next FIFTEEN Prizes, each.....	1.00

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO

Be sure to work out two parts to your contribution, as follows:

- Give these facts about this month's Masked Story: First, our title; second, the real title; third, the name of the author. (You may get help if you wish by hunting in books and magazines in the library by using story lists and indexes and the Readers' Guide, and by consulting your family and friends.)
- Then tell in 200 words or less why you like the story—tell it in a way that will make other fellows keen to read it. (You may discuss the story with others, but do your writing without help.)

Your November number will bring you the second "Masked Story" and another chance at prizes amounting to \$100.

with me. I can't have sick men running about all over the place. Report yourself at eleven, here."

We did not say much when we went indoors, but the officer muttered and pulled his retriever's ears.

He was a disgraceful, overfed dormant of a dog; and when he waddled off to my cookhouse to be fed, I had a brilliant idea.

At eleven o'clock that officer's dog was nowhere to be found, and you never heard such a fuss as his owner made. He called and shouted and grew angry, and hunted through my garden for half an hour.

Then I said:

"He's sure to turn up in the morning. Send a man in by rail, and I'll find the beast and return him."

"Beast?" said the officer. "I value that dog considerably more than I value any man I know. It's all very fine for you to talk—your dog's here."

So she was—under my feet—and, had she been missing, food and wages would have stopped in my house till her return. But some people grow fond of dogs not worth a cut of the whip. My friend had to drive away at last with Stanley in the back seat; and then the dog-boy said to me:

"What kind of animal is Bullen Sahib's dog? Look at him!"

I went to the boy's hut, and the fat old reprobate was lying on a mat carefully chained up. He must have heard his master calling for twenty minutes, but had not even attempted to join him.

"He has no face," said the dog-boy scornfully. "He is a punnier-kooter (a spaniel). He never tried to get that cloth off his jaws when his master called. Now Vixen-baba would have jumped through the window, and that Great Dog would have slain me with his muzzled mouth. It is true that there are many kinds of dogs."

NEXT evening who should turn up but Stanley. The officer had sent him back fourteen miles by rail with a note begging me to return the retriever if I had found him, and, if I had not, to offer huge rewards. The last train to camp left at half-past ten, and Stanley stayed till ten talking to Garm. I argued and entreated, and even threatened to shoot the bull-terrier, but the little man was as firm as a rock, though I gave him a good dinner and talked to him most severely. Garm knew as well as I that this was the last time he could hope to see his man, and followed Stanley like a shadow. The retriever said nothing, but licked his lips after his meal and waddled off without so much as saying "Thank you" to the disgusted dog-boy.

So that last meeting was over, and I felt as wretched as Garm, who moaned in his sleep all night. When we went to the office he found a place under the table close to Vixen, and dropped flat till it was time to go home. There was no more running out into the verandahs, no

THE SHERITON TOREADOR

By GEORGE F. PIERROT

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

THE greatest halfback I ever saw? That's a hard question to answer, but I can tell you about the oddest. The newspapers never *did* get his story straight. Good old Toreador—I recall how a pink gingham handkerchief darn ruined him.

We got our first glimpse of him the second day of football practice. We had gathered around Coach Jump Pells and he was preaching to us on the subject of arm and leg bruises and how to see that you don't get the other fellow's share, when across the gridiron came tripping Brother Toreador. He was all in white—white flannel trousers, white silk shirt, white sport shoes, a white wash tie. He looked like he'd just stepped out of a haberdasher's window. Handsome devil, too—tall and slim, with a peachy pair of shoulders, olive complexion, dark hair and eyes, and a quick, flashing smile. Ten feet from us he stopped and bowed low.

"A fine afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "Where, may I ask, is senior the coach?"

Pells wheeled. "I'm the coach," he said. "What do you want?" "Your game of football, senior," the newcomer answered. "I wish to learn it."

"Oh, you want to turn out?" Coach Pells was all business now. He never overlooks a bet. "Then you'd better get home and doll up in men's clothes. Save those for tea parties. Come out with us to-morrow."

"And say," he added as the visitor, amid titters, started off, "what's your name?"

"Don Hernando Cabezas Miguel de Herrera."

"I didn't ask for your pedigree," snapped Jump. "Your own name, please."

"But that is it," insisted the bewildered Toreador.

Well, that day's practice was ruined. We'd no sooner get under way than somebody'd whisper: "Don Hernando Cabezas Miguel de Herrera" and then there'd be a regular explosion. At that, his name wasn't much worse than mine. Reginald Philander Jones—what a moniker for a varsity right tackle. They call me Fijo for short.

After the turnout, under the showers, we got to discussing Don Hernando; I think it was Speed Ellis, varsity captain, who dubbed him Toreador. Little did we realize how accurately we'd called his number.

Somebody knew where Toreador roomed, and somebody else had a bright idea. We gathered all our worn-out helmets, moth-eaten jerseys and footless socks, tied them in an old undershirt, and Larry Brown sneaked over and left them on his front porch. Thus we welcomed Toreador to the squad.

THE next day he turned out. Green as grass, but boy, he was a scrapper. He wasn't heavy, but fast as lightning and shifty as a jackrabbit. Nerve was his middle name. At first, of course, he didn't savvy the game at all. The ball bounced from his chest like a hailstone off a tin roof. He tackled like a dairymaid picking up eggs.

Within a week, however, he'd won the respect of everybody. Beg pardon, not everybody. There was Roger Gorton—but I'll tell you about Gorton later. Toreador, as I started to say, was a newborn babe so far as football was concerned, but he certainly did break his neck to learn the game. We had small squads then, even though freshmen were allowed to turn out for the big team, so he got to practice with the varsity. Too light for guard or tackle he was, and we had lots of good

end material. So Coach Pells told him, half joking, that perhaps he'd better learn to be a halfback.

Toreador didn't see the joke; he set out, grimly, to make himself a halfback. No matter how dog-tired an afternoon's practice left him, he'd go home, deck himself out in the rotten old equipment we'd showered on him, get a football, and hold a second turnout, all by himself. Usually he'd start it by slamming his football against the shed and then, when it bounced back at him, fall on it. He rigged himself a tackling dummy, painted it white so he could see it after dark, and got busy learning to tackle.

Who wouldn't be interested in an ambitious youngster like that? I was, and I made it a point to get better acquainted with him. Well do I remember that autumn evening when Toreador told me his romantic story.

He was born in Barcelona, Spain, son of a blue-blooded Spanish Don who had married the daughter of an American consul. That accounted for everything—his Spanish look and his grace, his zest for athletics and his American pep and fight. His folks had sent him to a private school in Madrid. There, away from home restraint, he went plumb daffy over bull fighting. He faked up excuses to get away from school so that he could hang around the bull ring.

He got next to the bull promoter, or whoever it is that runs bull fights. He learned to be a sort of second-string picador. That's the bird who pokes the bull with a long stick. He understood Ramon, the great espada, and Ramon took a personal interest in him and taught him a lot of tricks.

One fatal day Toreador's father visited Madrid unexpectedly, met him coming out of the bull ring in toreador togs, and hustled him right back home. It was then that his folks decided to send him to America. His mother's third cousin recommended Sheriton, and here he was.

HOLY SMOKE! A real bull fighter! No wonder he was shifty, fast, nervy. No wonder he was a streak of lightning in a broken field. I looked at him with awe and new respect.

"But Toreador," I said, when I received my breath, "bull fighting is brutal, it's no game for a good sport. There's no skill in it." . . . That remark struck fire.



It Was a Magnificent Pose, Like a Greek Statue.

"No, no, no!" Toreador cried, springing to his feet. "Skill, it's all skill!" His eyes flashed.

"See, Fijo," he exclaimed. "The bull ring. Tier on tier of people—acres of people—chatting, cheering, waving hats. Music, pretty women. The picadors, dressed so gaily. Horses, blindfolded and nervous. Matadors in bull and gold. Then a trumpet, *Caramba!* A black bull, Andalusian bred. He stamps and shakes his horns.

"Red cloaks wave. The bull plunges his way and that. The people cry out. Crash! He hurls down horse and rider. Crash! Another. A *pauillero* slips up behind him, thrusts a dart in his neck.

"Then, the espada." Toreador threw back his shoulders, hummed a lilting tune, and marched back and forth with long, graceful steps. "The espada," he repeated. "You call him the 'toreador!'"

He crouched. His eyes were fixed on something that seemed to be approaching—the bull. His right hand grasped an imaginary rapier. He braced himself, half facing to the left. He crooked his left arm behind him, hand up and fingers together. His right arm he stiffened and thrust straight ahead. It was a magnificent pose,



As We Swung Toward the Players' Bench the Band Crashed Out the Opening Bars of the Stirring "Toreador Song."

like a Greek statue. Toreador was ready for the bull, all right. He was well enough braced to stop a dozen bulls.

All at once Toreador came to—seemed to recall where he was. He laughed sheepishly, "That life is over, behind me," he said. "I shall never go back to it—not I. Cruel? Yes, perhaps, but never say it is not skillful!"

PELLS knew grit when he saw it, and he went out of his way to help Toreador. He had him come to the gym each morning for "skull practice." That's a chalk talk, with Pells diagramming the plays on a blackboard.

Lefty McGuire, our quarterback, and I happened past the gym one morning just as Toreador finished one of these skull practices. We saw Toreador skip jauntily down the steps, doff his hat and bow elegantly to a smallish coed who happened along. Then he took her books and walked down the path with her.

"Well, what do you know about that—it's Mary Girl!" I exclaimed. "Didn't know Toreador knew her."

"Some bow, that was," snickered Lefty. "I thought sure he'd bust himself in two." Mary Jenks was the world's most unsophisticated young lady. About nineteen she must have been, and in her sophomore year. Did I mention that Sheriton was co-eduational?

She hailed from a little jerkwater hamlet in Wyoming; I think she called it Bucking Bend. She was a wee, shy, smiling thing, a blonde with blue eyes and a complexion clear as a summer sky. She'd have been a campus belle if she'd wanted to. Instead, she stuck pretty close to her books and didn't encourage the fellows overmuch. Leastways she never encouraged me. She and Toreador got acquainted in a Roman History class; they fell for each other hard. They took walks together—even went canoeing now and then. Br-r-r! When a fellow and a girl go canoeing in autumn, that's a sign they like each other mighty well.

She was mighty tickled, we could see that, when Toreador's fighting spirit won him left halfback's job on the third varsity. He was spectacular. His long suit was a broken field. He could zigzag better than any man I ever saw, and at full speed he could dodge as deftly as if standing still.

He pulled lots of comical stuff, too. Sometimes he'd let a tackler get right up close, get him to start a dive. Then Toreador would jerk himself out of the way and the tackler would flop all over himself on the ground. Toreador did this particular stunt so often that we came to expect it and enjoy it hugely. It tickled Coach Pells, too.

Toreador's bag of surprises was inexhaustible. Once he took the ball, got past a couple of tacklers, then fell flat and writhed and wiggled like a sick baby. We yelled for the trainer. But before the trainer could get there Toreador had squirmed into the clear, jumped up, and run thirty yards for the first and last touchdown the thirds ever made against us. It was legal, it seems, because the ball hadn't stopped going forward. Toreador called that his "dead man" trick. Learned it in the bull ring, he told me afterwards. Seems that if you lie still enough the old bull thinks you're dead and he won't gore you. Me, I'd hate to take the chance. The bull might not appreciate a good imitation when he saw it.

You've glimpsed the oddest football player, now treat yourself to an eyeeful of the meanest. His name was Roger Gorton, and he was a sophomore and Sheriton's first-string left halfback. He came to Sheriton with a prep school record as long as a comet's tail, and boy, he never forgot it. He let everybody see that, so far as he was concerned, there was only one player in the world, that player being Roger Gorton. Naturally, he was about as popular as a buck rattlesnake. Pells put up with him because he was a hard plunger and we hadn't a left halfback anywhere near as good.

Right off the bat Gorton took a hearty dislike to Toreador. Goodness only knows why. The big, overgrown lumxix went out of his way to crash Toreador to earth. Toreador took it in good spirit at first. But later, when he saw that there was ill will behind Gorton's tactics, he set his jaw and fought. Now and then he gave Gorton as good as Gorton gave him. The difference was that Toreador never forgot he was a gentleman.

WE had, if I do say it, a cracking good football team. In our first two practice games we piled up overwhelming scores. We followed by winning the third one 69 to 0. That third game set the sporting writers to telling the world about us. They even talked of matching us in a post-season game with the Pacific Coast champions. Then we took Turlock down the line, 42 to 0.

The Turlock victory was the last straw, for Turlock always plays good football. They dubbed us the "Invincibles" and we, alas, accepted the title as our due. Our practices, in spite of Coach Pells' efforts, got less strenuous. We laughed a bit louder at the Toreador's pranks. We let the third team make yardage against us a bit oftener. Coach Pells railed and stormed and warned Toreador to "cut out that stuff."

Then Jennett pretty near tied us. We finally pulled out to a 10-10 tie, mighty tough going. The sport writers dipped their pens in acid after that. They pointed out how Ashford, our ancient but not honored Thanksgiving Day rival, had beaten Jennett 16 to 3. Coach Pells, too, sailed into us proper. But somehow we just couldn't forget that we were the "Invincibles."

Poor Toreador became the innocent storm center. He was on the job every second, all right, but he couldn't help his uncanny, picturesque running, his tendency to pose a bit, his unexpected, astounding acrobatic stunts. And we couldn't seem to help laughing at him. Naturally Pells was peeved, and, naturally, he razed Toreador. Toreador looked so comically meek after one of these callings-down that we laughed twice as hard at him. Gorton detected this with elation and helped it along. He was the one to laugh longest and loudest when Toreador pulled something, and he took pains to let Pells see him do it.

Well, Keefer Institute showed us an awful battle up to the last five minutes. We won, of course, 10 to 0. Keefer Institute has 300 students and is noted for other things than football. . . . Even the students panned us. Coach Pells came out to practice the following Monday raging mad. He looked ready to pull up the goal posts with his teeth. He hollered "scrimmage" right off, and you could tell that the first man to pull

That was rotten advice of mine. For on the evening of the next day I met Mary Girl going to the library, and as usual I talked football. Heretofore she'd been all ears, hungry for bits of football gossip, and always winding up, shyly eager, with questions about Toreador. . . . This time she was different. Finally I mentioned him.

"Don't," she interrupted. Her little head tilted upward. "I know. He was put off the squad for good. After he'd made trouble all fall. It was his fault, our poor showing against Jennett and Keefer. And you—and everybody—led me to believe he was so fine. I think he's just—just—despicable!" She flung out the word as though she were casting away a loathsome snake, then swallowed a pathetic little sob.

"Why, I saw him this morning and he kept it from me," she said. "If it hadn't been for Mr. Gorton I wouldn't have known about it at all. Mr. Gorton tried to shield him, too. He didn't want to tell me."

"No," I burst out. "Gorton didn't want to tell you any more than a six-year-old boy looks forward to Christmas. He didn't—"

Mary Girl left me and ran into Philosophy Hall. I guess she didn't want me to see her cry.

I didn't go to the library after all. I went right back to Toreador's room. There he was, all hunched in a chair, his face chalky white. He had talked to Mary Girl, I judged, and she had broken off with him. I never saw such misery in anybody's face. I tried to cheer him up, but he wouldn't look at me, or say a word. I guess he couldn't. Pretty soon I left him.

FOOTBALL practice went on. Pells put a lot of the old light back into us. We walked over the second and third varsities once more; the team moved like the fighting machine it ought to be. We smothered Mercer, 54 to 0, and we knocked the tar out of Berkeley with a score nearly as bad.

Ashford, our Turkey Day opponent, was winning all her games too, by small, sometimes close, scores. One or two of them she was lucky to get, the papers said. Her trump card was Big Bill Downey, and one bearcat of a football man he was, too. He could kick marvelously—fifty yards at a clip and still high enough to let his ends get down under the ball. He could do anything—run, kick, or pass. He was the man we'd have to stop.

And we could stop him. Everybody who saw our defense said that.

Toreador? Oh he lived along. He studied hard, for one thing. He recovered in a measure, his spirits, and his flashing smile. He and I never discussed football, but fellows told me they'd seen him now and then, maul the stuffings out of his backyard tackling dummy. As for Mary Girl, she simply dropped out of his life. Toreador, I learned, walked home way around by the gym, moons, so as not to embarrass her by a chance meeting. That was like him. . . . Gorton, meanwhile, was taking full advantage of the Toreador's misfortune. He "rushed" Mary Girl for all he was worth.

It hurt me to see Mary Girl and Toreador mad at each other. Both were such dandy good kids. After football season ends, I said to myself, I'll see that those youngsters make up.

Then, right on the eve of the Ashford game, came the blow that knocked yours truly for a row of Chinese pagodas. In a practice scrimmage I tore a bunch of ligaments in my shoulder. The trainer pronounced me out of the game for the rest of the season. I pretty near bawled.

Remember your football days, how a big game stirred up things? How the very atmosphere seemed to crackle with excitement? That's the kind of a day

Thanksgiving was—clear and crisp, with a biting wind that sent the autumn leaves scurrying across the campus. I do believe everybody in the state turned out. The railroad ran three special trains from the city, and autos choked the roads for miles and miles. Ashford alone brought a thousand rooters and nearly as many alumni.

I nearly ran over Mary Girl as I elbowed my way toward the dressing room. She smiled at me, but her eyes were sad. As she turned away her handkerchief dropped from her bag. She was gone before I could rescue it, so I thrust it in the sleeve of my jersey.

My, but that was a cocky bunch in the dressing room. Everybody grinning like Chessy cats. Larry Brown was shooting craps with the cleats he'd cut off some old football shoes. Speed Ellis was thumbing a movie magazine, and in a far corner Sheriton's illustrious backfield was striving to get together on "Sweet Adeline."

There was less monkey business when Pells stamped in. He was the same Pells—nervous, eyes jumping here and there—but even he couldn't make himself look terribly worried.

"I'm letting you birds get away with this," he announced, "because you look like you've got the old gift in you. You ought to have—you haven't done anything all season to get rid of any of it. Remember, there's only one way you can redeem yourself in the eyes of old Sheriton—thirty points each half!"

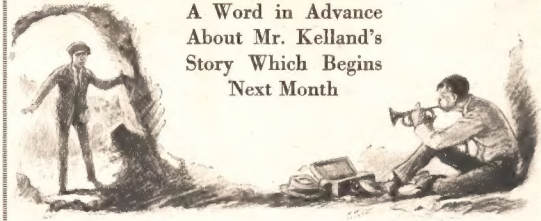
"Ye, coach!" we bellowed, joyfully. There's a special players' tunnel, a sort of subterranean passage, right from our dressing room through the concrete heart of the stadium onto the field. Promptly at one o'clock we tore on through it. Captain Speed Ellis, a new ball under his arm, led the lead.

How those Sheriton rooters yelled! Cast iron throats wouldn't have been in it; they'd have cracked under the strain. Then the old "S" men, letter winners of the past, started a parade around the

(Continued on page 38)

Catty Atkins, Bandmaster!

A Word in Advance
About Mr. Kelland's
Story Which Begins
Next Month



WAS CATTY going crazy? He certainly acted that way, and Wee-Wee Moore was mighty worried about him. As Wee-Wee explained:

"Catty'd make silly looking motions with his lips—like he was going to kiss somebody, and puff out his cheeks like he was going to blow them away when the kissing was done. And he wagged his fingers. Twiddle, twiddle, twiddle. He was at it all the time, so I began to suspect St. Vitus' Dance. That would be an awful combination, I said to myself, if he came down with insanity and St. Vitus' Dance all at once. Nothing could make it worse unless he added in the hives and had to scratch between-whiles."

So when Wee-Wee heard horrible noises coming out of Catty's cave in the woods—noises like fifty sheep in awful agony—he rushed in—and learned the truth. . . . Catty was trying to play a cornet!

Then Catty, fessed up. He wanted to organize a boys' band, with red uniforms and gold trimming and a drum major and everything. An Italian named Hans Knudson had promised to train it and maybe the band would win the \$500 prize at the state capital five months later.

Then came word that Millionaire Withey, in near-by Sunfield, had got up a boys' band, and bought them shiny new instruments and spiffy uniforms, and hired a city chap to train 'em—all so his son could be the bandmaster. If they won that \$500 prize Mr. Withey had promised to buy his boy an automobile and take the whole band to Washington to play for the President.

So that was the kind of an outfit Catty and Wee-Wee had to buck. How they got their fellows together, and scraped up enough instruments to start rehearsing, and what happens afterward—well, the story's a scream from beginning to end. Unless you've got a lot of good laughs in your system, and can hold your breath where the story gets thrilling, better leave it alone.

It Starts Next Month

a boner would catch Hail Columbia.

Right away something happened. It was the varsity against the third team that night, with Gorton, for some reason or other, calling signals instead of Lefty McGuire. Gorton—he pretended afterwards he didn't know the coach was around—used Toreador's name instead of numbers.

"Hernando!" he shouted. "Cabezos! Miguel! Herrera!" At the "Herrera" the center shot him the ball and he tried left end for a big loss. The first thing the wrathful Pells saw, as he hotfooted it for the scrimmage line, was poor Toreador, all doubled up with laughing.

"Get off the field," Pells screeched. "Beat it! Turn in your suit! What do you think this is, a three-ring circus? Don't let me ever see you around here again!" The Toreador made as if to speak, then turned and walked off the field. That night he turned in his uniform.

We felt rotten, all of us, as though we'd betrayed a brother. Larry Brown, our big center, gave Gorton a piece of his mind, but what good was that? It was too late to help Toreador.

I'm ashamed to say we played better football after that. We were sobered; the loss of the popular, spunky Toreador sort of took the horseplay out of us. We bucked up so noticeably that Pells, though he apologized to Toreador afterwards for his rough talk, stuck to it that the youngster had better stay away from practice for the rest of the season.

I hunted up Toreador the night he was kicked off the squad. He was close to tears.

"It isn't so much not making the team, Fijo," he confided. "Football is a game of science; I did not expect to make the team this first year, anyhow. But to be dismissed, that is what pains! Mary Girl. What shall—how can I tell her?"

"Don't, for a day or two," I soothed. "Buck up, old man. We'll figure a way out of this."



"Boys, It's Them Two Riders. An' They're Bringin' In Old Eval!"

THE TWO WHO WOULD RIDE

Another Connie Morgan Story

By JAMES B. HENDRYX

Illustrated by Frank Spradling

CONNIE, and Tex, and Dick Grey returned to the Round Seven ranch to find the riders already beginning to assemble for the beef round-up. Some there were who had ridden the spring round-up, for Tex had only held over a few of his best men. But there were new faces, also, riders who had never before worked for the Round Seven. Campbell and Samuels were on hand, glad of the chance to earn a little money, and at the same time gather their own beef for shipment with the Round Seven stuff, an opportunity that had never been accorded them under Harmon's management.

After supper as Connie and Tex were seated upon the edge of the porch planning the round-up, Tombstone joined them, the inevitable spear of hay dangling loosely from between his lips.

"How they comin', Tombstone?" asked Tex. "Got the hay all up, yet?"

Tombstone regarded the range foreman with a glance of pity. "That 'ud be you, settin' there with more men on yer hands than you know what to do with, askin' me if the hay's all up, which I'm workin' practically, what you might say, short-handed. Things is runnin' behind. I don't know what we're all a-comin' to. But I got two good weeks hayin' still onto my hands, an' besides which, they's them two eighty rod stretches of fencin' to do if we don't want them new ditches all tromped flat. Then on top of that they's the plowin' an' seedin' the field down to hay. They ain't nobody, without it's a wagon boss, that's ever ketchup with his work."

Tex laughed. "For a first-class, right an' left-handed pessimist I'll back you agin' the world! But you spoke a true word when you said I've got more men on my hands than I know what to do with. I won't be ready to pull the wagons fer a week yet on account of havin' to catch up a few more horses off the range fer the *remuda*. I only need two or three boys with me, an' that'll leave a dozen or so, countin' a few that ain't showed up yet, with nothin' to do but hang around the ranch. Suppose I was to turn 'em all over to you, would it help you out any?"

Tombstone shifted the stalk of hay to the opposite corner of his mouth and nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, if I had ten or a dozen good men fer a week I could clean up the hay, an' the heft of the fencin' to boot. But them there cowboys ain't goin' to jump in an' tackle no hayin' an' fencin' job. They think they're too good fer to do ranch hands' work."

"Well, maybe," admitted Tex. "Sometimes, though, it depends on who wants 'em to, an' an' how you go at 'em. Layin' around doin' nothin' fer a week gets kind of monotonous, an' besides if they go to work their pay starts now, instead of when the wagons pull. I'll slip down to the bunk house an' see how it strikes 'em."

"Chances is, 'twon't do no good," forboded Tombstone. "Them cowboys is top of. Though why they caud's rather set in a saddle on top of one of them cayuses

from sun-up till dark, than work in the hay field is more'n what I know. Personal, I'd as lief someone was to turn me over a wagon tongue an' pound me with a post maul. Ranch work is easy an' it's safe, both of which ridin' ain't neither one. They ain't none of them cowboys knows what minute he's goin' to git his neck broke, or git landed into a prickly pear patch, on account his horse-steps into a dog-hole an' breaks his leg. An' besides that they got to live off alkali water, an' crawl out to stand guard nights, an' sleep, rain or shine, with their beds on the hard ground. It's plumb redic'us fer a job—but, at that, I bet they won't none of 'em do ranch work, even fer a week."

"We'll give 'em a chance," grinned Tex, and, rising abruptly, walked to the bunk house in front of which four cowboys were pitching horseshoes, while others sprawled about, or busied themselves with repairing their gear.

THE foreman plunged directly into his subject: "When I told you-all to show up here around this time I expected we'd be ready to pull the wagons pronto. But, the facts is, we won't be ready to pull for a week yet. We would of be'n if the big boss hadn't dropped his own business to step out of his way an' do a good turn to a common cow-puncher. You-all know Dick Grey, there, an' you-all know how Major Hogan had him outlawed. The whole thing was a frame-up to git Dick's claim fer the P. U. It would of worked, too, if the big boss hadn't happened onto Dick down in the bad lands when he was huntin' horses. When he heard the facts, horse-huntin' stopped on the Round Seven long enough for the boss to go after Hogan. He got him, too. Hogan's gone. He's headed somewhere's, travelin' light, an' travelin' fast. An' Dick Grey ain't outlawed no longer, an' his claim's safe. Hogan was the last one to make the mistake of playin' the big boss for a kid, 'cause he looks like one. It took the boss jest two days to git the man that's bluffed the whole country fer twenty years. He's got more brains in a minute than Hogan know'd there was. Ask Bob Harmon, an' his gang of rustlers. Ask Curry, which he claimed his name was Wadell an' undertook to horn the big boss out of six-thousand dollars by sellin' him some of his own land. An' ask a lot of the other fake nesters that tried to slip one over on him. The nesters is gone. The rustlers is gone. An' now, Hogan's gone."

"But, I didn't come down here jest to brag up the big boss. He don't need no braggin' up from me. What I'm gettin' at is this: They was a little trouble with the hay crew, which the boss handled a bunch of them here I. W. Ws, jest like he handled the rest of the crooks, but it set him back a little with his hayin', an' some fence buildin'. You-all could help him out a whole lot if you'd start in from now till when the wagons pull, an' work on the ranch. I ain't askin' any rider to do a ranch hand's work that don't want to. Them that does, their pay starts to-morrow mornin'. Them that don't is

welcome to stay here jest the same till the wagons pull. You can take yer pick, only I'd like to know how many of you-all we can count on for the work."

"Talkin' about me," spoke up Dick Grey, "I'm a cow hand, an' I ain't never done no ranch work fer any man. But if it'll help out the big boss any, I'll shovel hay from now till Chris'mus."

"Me, too," agreed Campbell. "Before now, the Round Seven has always scattered my stuff as fer as they could all over the range. But now the orders is to shove it back, even if the boys has to go out of their way to do it."

"Same here," seconded Samuels. "It's costin' Morgan money to turn us nester's stock back fer us, an' any big owner that'll do that don't need to go beggin' fer hands while I'm around."

"Show us the hay!" exclaimed a lean cow-puncher whose bowed legs indicated that he had been a rider almost from infancy. "I don't reckon they's none of us here that's so delycate that a week's hayin' an' post-hole diggin' is goin' to hurt him none. If a bird's right, no matter if he's the owner of a big outfit, er who he is, I'm willin' to go out of my way to help him out—an' I reckon we all feel about the same way."

The others agreed to a man, and Tex returned to the house and resumed his seat where Connie and Tombstone awaited him.

"All right, Tombstone," he announced. "You can spread out yer thinkin' apparatus to cover a double crew. The boys figure they'd all like to do ranch work till the wagons pull."

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!" cried Tombstone, for once in his life deigning to show surprise. "First time I ever know'd cowboys that was willin' to freeze onto a fork handle or a post-hole auger. Must be the world's comin' to an end, or somethin'. Chances is they'll be so many of 'em, they'll be gittin' in each other's road, or it'll haul off an' rain or somethin'."

"But if they don't get in each other's road, an' it don't rain you'll get quite a lot of work done, won't you?"

"Yes, that is if somethin' else don't come along. When things looks good then's when you got to look out. I remember how it was with my Uncle Joe. He was ailin' fer a good long spell. The doctors claimed they wasn't nothin' the matter of him, but Uncle Joe, he know'd different. One mornin' he gets up an' eats his breakfast an' when he'd got through he says: 'Seems like I kind of feel a little better to-day than what I've felt since, it's eleven year an' four month, come day after to-morrow,' he says, jest like that. 'Guess I'll hitch up an' drive to town,' he says. So he hitch up the old mare an' driv to town, an' when he got there, along come a train an' hit the rig an' killed him dead, an' her, both. An' that's what a man gits fer claimin' he feels good."

"Who's her?" asked Tex. "Why the old mare, of course. Course everyone know'd that Uncle Joe's misery wasn't nothin' but laziness. He'd been livin' off his relatives fer years—an' folks claimed he seen the train comin' an' was jest natch'ly too lazy to reach out an' hit the old mare an' extry lick to git her off'n the track. But we sood'd the railroad an' got a thousand dollars fer Uncle Joe, an' a hundred fer the mare, which she was spavined an' had the heavens an' better'n twenty years of age onto her, an' fifty dollars fer the buggy, an' fifty fer the harness, which it was mostly clothes-line an' bairin' wire anyhow—so we kind of figgered we got a long price fer the whole outfit—but, that's what a man gits."

Tex laughed. "Well, Tombstone, if you stick to the hay fields between now an' round-up I'll guarantee they won't be no railroad train come down here an' git you."

"Huh," grunted Tombstone, lugubriously. "They's other things besides railroad trains." He stood up, and mousing his straw, started for the bunk house muttering something about not having teams enough to keep such a big crew busy.

Connie and Tex laughed heartily when the doleful one had passed out of hearing. "Poor Tombstone," said Connie. "Don't he ever get any enjoyment out of livin'?"

"Sure he does," answered Tex. "That's where he gets his enjoyment. He gets pleasure out of lookin' on the dark' side of things, same as we do out of lookin' on the bright side. It's an idiosyncrasy in his mental complex—how's that fer a wagon boss? But you recollect I told you that I was once educated out of a couple years' growth. If you walk through the mud with a pair of new boots on, fer a long time afterwards you'll be findin' chunks of dry mud still stickin' to 'em—that mental complex stuff's the of the chunks. Ben' interpreted into English it means, there's a kink in his works that's throw'd his imagination around, hind side to. It's like crossin' the bridge reins an' tryin' to drive a horse. See what I mean? Neither do I. But anyway, he's a blame good ranch foreman, long as you don't have to listen to him talk. Guess I'll roll in now. Want to pull out by daylight. You better stay here an' kind of keep an eye on things. The boys all like you—even them that don't know you, an' it might be you could kind of smooth things over if Tombstone gits on their nerves—they don't savvy him, much—cowboys favorin' lightheartedness more'n what he does. Good-night. Be

back in three or four days with a bunch of broncs to bust."

Soon after dinner the following day two riders, their bedrolls on the back of a pack-horse, drew up and dismounted near the blacksmith shop of the Round Seven, where Samuels and Red Carney were busy repairing the grub wagon.

"Where's Tex?" asked one.

"Huntin' horses," answered Samuels.

"Which my name's Tom King, an' his'n Leander Stot," introduced the cow-puncher. "We rode the calf round-up fer Y Bar Pierson over agin' the High-woods. Which they don't only shove you three meals a day on the round-up—hot beans, cold beans, an' sour beans—"

"An' the cook's a breed, an' the bread ain't done in the middle, an' they feed you tea to drink," interrupted Stot, with disgust.

"An' their horses is so tall you got to have a ladder to fork 'em, an' you wear kidney sores onto 'em where yer spurs comes."

"An' they roust you out so early in the mornin' you got to light matches to tell what you're gittin' hold of in the horse corral. Tex he hires us fer to ride the beef round-up on the Round Seven."

"Wagon'll pull in about a week," informed Samuels.

"Where's the rest of the riders? Ain't they no one showed up yet?"

"Oh, yes, 'bout fifteen or so. Me an' Red, here's, two of 'em. The rest of the boys is in the hay field, or buildin' fence."

"Hayin' an' fencin'!" cried King, in surprise. "Say what kind of an outfit is this here? Makin' riders do ranch hands' work. Well, here's two that won't freeze onto no fork handle, nor punch no post-holes in the ground, neither, nor likewise string no wire! Even Y Bar Pierson never tried that game. Where's the big boss? I ain't afraid to tell it to him same as I've told it to you."

Samuels jerked his thumb toward Connie, who was turning his horse into the corral after a ride through the hay fields: "He's over yonder."

"What! You don't mean that kid?"

"Well," replied Samuels, picking up his hammer, and drawing a piece of glowing iron from the forge, "some might call him that. Other folks has kind of learnt to think of him in bigger figgers."

"They ain't no man kin make me pitch hay or do fencin'—let alone a kid."

"Mebbe," admitted Samuels, and a shower of sparks flew about as his hammer descended upon the iron.

The two cow-punchers strolled over to the horse corral from which Connie was emerging, bridle in hand

"Morning, boys," he greeted. "Just turn your horses into the corral and we'll go up to the house and see if we can't rustle something to eat."

"You the big boss?"

"Yes. You can roll your beds off at the bunk house."

"I ain't so sure about rollin' off them beds. We mightn't be goin' to stop."

"Oh, I thought you were to ride for the Round Seven. We were expectin' a few more men to show up. The wagons won't pull for about a week."

"That's what we thought we come here fer. King's my name, an' this here's Leander Stot, which we're cow hands an' ain't ranch hands. The party that's blacksmithin' over there says how all the riders is fightin' hay, er jobbin' post-holes through the sod. Where we come from ranch hands does such like, an' riders rides. We don't figger to pitch no hay, nor neither we don't do no fencin'."

"That's all right," smiled Connie. "Just put up your horses. Nobody works around this outfit unless they want to. Just come up to the house when you get through and I'll see if I can rustle a cold bite."

The boy turned away. King looked at Stot, and Stot looked at King. "How about it?" asked Stot. "Me— I'm hungry."

"If we throw off them beds, they ain't no law we can't throw 'em on again. Bite of hay won't hurt the cayuses none, neither."

"He says they don't no one work around this outfit unless they want to."

"First time I ever seen a place where they didn't no one work but them that wanted to—an' everyone workin', even riders. Must be a bunch of pilgrims."

"That there Tex ain't no pilgrim—not what you'd notice, he ain't. An' that bird that's blacksmithin', he ain't neither by the looks of him."

King grinned: "Mebbe he 'beter hadn't go up an' eat nothin'. Mebbe he slips somethin' into the grub that makes folks want to work."

"I'll take a chance," laughed Stot, as he swung his saddle to the ground. "I've got the first time yet to hear myself hollerin' fer work to do, outside of ridin'."

AFTER the lunch which Walt Jones placed upon the table had disappeared, Connie waved his hand toward the bunk house: "Just make yourselves at home," he smiled. "Spread your beds in any of the empty bunks that suit you. The rest of the boys are all workin'. They figured they would rather have their pay start now instead of waiting till the wagons pull out. But it's all the same to me if you boys would rather rest up for a few days. We've got plenty of grub here, and you'll find cards, and dominoes, and checkers, and horseshoes down at the bunkhouse."

They had stepped out onto the porch, and King hitched at his chaps: "Two-handed cards ain't no fun, an' dominoes is fer Greasers, an' we don't savvy checkers, an' pitchin' horseshoes gits tiresome for an all-day job."

"Well, you can sleep, or do anything else you want to."

"Man can't sleep fer a week," commented Stot. "I wouldn't mind havin' my pay start in now, neither. I'm broke. Say, boss, ain't you got a job of ridin' to do? Anythin' jest so it's handlin' stock of some kind. Ain't you got nothin' to throw in, or throw out? Or no broncs to bust? Or nothin' a cow-hand kin do to fill in the time?"

"Rather do any kind of a riding job than work in the hay fields, or help with the fencin'?" asked the boy.

"I'll tell a hand, we would."

"Well," reflected Connie. "I ran onto an old cow this mornin', a couple of miles up the creek, that don't look like she's doing well. You might catch up a couple of saddle horses and bring her down and throw her on water just this side of the hay field gate. The feed's good in there, and she may pick up."

Connie grinned to himself as both men started for the corral with alacrity. "Better take it kind of easy with her, boys," he cautioned. "She isn't in very good shape."

"We savvy the doggies, all right," replied King. "We'll fetch her in."

And a few minutes later, as the two riders dashed past the house with a whoop on their way up the creek, Connie Morgan grinned again.

That evening the men in the fields, after much noisy splashing at the wash bench, trooped in to supper. When the meal was half over Samuels glanced up and down the table: "They was a couple of *hombres* drifted in this afternoon fer to ride the round-up. They allowed they didn't have no appetite fer ranch work. Guess they must of drifted on."

"They's a couple of extra beds layin' down by the bunk house, an' a pack horse, an' couple of strange ridin' horses in the corral," ventured Dick Grey.

"I guess they'll be along soon," explained Connie. "You see, I wanted to hold them for the round-up, and they didn't want to do anything but ride, so I sent them on a little job up the creek."

Down by the bunk house, as darkness settled, one of the cowboys who had been working in the hay field, voiced the thought that had been in many minds: "We're riders, same as them two is. Looks like if hayin' an' fencin' was good enough fer us, it's good enough fer them, too. We git here first, an' then them two comes along an' gits a ridin' job an' we shove hay."

Dick Grey bristled. (Continued on page 33)



He Had Two Witnesses Who Swore That Phil Had Turned on Him and Had Shouted: "If You Don't Stop Pesterin' Me I'll Burn You Alive."

PHIL DOOLEY was a great overgrown boy with fuzz on his chin and trousers that seemed to be trying to climb backwards to his knees all the time instead of growing straight down, toward his brogans as trousers should. The less thoughtful people of the village called him "Boob" Dooley. He was an orphan and without brothers or sisters.

The more kindly people called Phil "Odd Jobs" Dooley and when there were lawns to be mowed, trees to be pruned and wood to split they were mighty glad to get his help. He never set a price on his labor but took what was given him. He wasn't cheated often for he worked for his friends or those he thought friendly to him. Phil did make one bad blunder in judgment when he put in a hard week with old Jim Lasker at his place about two miles out of the village, just beyond where Cap Fallon, the retired New York fireman, lived with his adopted son, Bud Fallon. Phil was cleaning

up the cellar of Lasker's two-story house when two Federal officers raided the place and took away a large still, two barrels of mash and about fifty gallons of distilled poison. Of course he was summoned as a witness and when he was sworn to tell the truth Phil told it. Lasker got sixty days in jail, was fined five hundred dollars and his still was smashed. He had thought that Phil would lie to save him but Phil was not a liar and so Jim Lasker did his time in prison, paid his fine and blamed all his troubles on "Odd Jobs."

About six months after Lasker got out of jail his house burned down and he had Phil arrested on the charge of arson. He swore that just after sunset on the evening of July twenty-third he saw Phil running away from his place toward the woods just beyond his clearing. Lasker had been picking on Phil every time he passed him after his sixty days in the jail house, as he called his place of imprisonment, and he had two witnesses, reliable and law-abiding people, who swore that Phil, getting tired of the nagging, had turned on him and had shouted: "If you don't stop pestering me I'll burn you alive."

"And he pretty near done it," said Lasker when he swore out the warrant for Phil's arrest. "If he'd waited about an hour to set fire to my place I'd been burned in my bed."

Mr. Townsend, the only insurance agent in the village, put through Lasker's claim for six thousand dollars none too cheerfully. "I was certainly one dog-goned jackass to give him that much insurance," he admitted

to Cap Fallon. "As long as Jim Lasker was moonshining, his place was worth all of that and more, but when the Federal officers cleaned him out and put him in jail his old shack wasn't worth the kerosene to pour on it."

Cap and all the people around had tried to save the house but a high gale was blowing that evening and about all they could save was the foundation.

"What do you think of it, Bud?" Cap asked his boy.

"What I think is this, Dad," the boy replied. "If Phil doesn't get some help at his trial he's going to prison for a long term. Lasker burned down his place for the insurance money. He wanted to get even with Phil for that sixty days in jail, and when Phil threatened to burn him alive he saw the chance to do two jobs at once, trim the insurance company and make poor Phil sweat."

"Maybe," said Cap Fallon, "I could get my fat brother, Paddy, to take a few days off. He's a good detective, although he is a bit lazy. He started in the New York police department the same year I started in the fire department. Now I'm retired and living out here on the farm with you and the dog Danny and Molly, my old fire horse, and he's still gum-shoering around New York. Your Uncle Paddy is too lazy to retire. We'll call him on the phone and see what he says about helping Phil get a square deal."

Cap got his brother on the wire.

"I can't get out to your place," he said. "I got a job on my hands but there's an old friend of mine, Jim Tierney, who's hunting for a little farm. He's retired and wants to get out in the country. If you could show him around your neighborhood Jim would appreciate it and would help you out. Jim is all right. Don't call



Tierney leaped backward like a cat and grabbed Lasker as he was about to make a dash for the door.

him Mr Tierney. He gets suspicious of being called Mister. We call him B. H. Tierney, the Detective.
 Cap laughed. "I thought you said his name was Jim Tierney."

"Sure," said Paddy Fallon. "That's the way he was christened, but the gang call him B. H. Tierney, the Detective. The 'B. H.' stands for Bone Head. He's a scream but he gets away with the job. B. H. never read a detective story in his life. He don't know a thing about the way detectives do things in stories. All he knows is how a New York bull goes about the job. Be down at the depot for the ten-twelve train to-morrow morning to meet him. He's liable to get lost if he sees as many as four or five trees growing within a mile of each other. B. H. ain't country broke. All the scenery he's used to is what the subway gives him."
 "I'll be there," said Cap with a chuckle.

"You can't make a mistake," his brother assured him. "He has a little round stomach, a little round hat, hard-boiled, two large feet and two little round gray eyes bored into solid ivory. You just sing out: 'Hello, Bone,' and he'll sing out: 'At me!'"

When Cap hung up the receiver and managed to stop laughing at the fun of his brother he said to his adopted son: "Bud, I think our friend Phil Dooley is in luck. B. H. Tierney, the Detective, is just the sort of man for his case. If I get your Uncle Paddy right, Jim Tierney is strong on common sense and if Phil is innocent of that crime he'll get him acquitted."

"SAY, I like this place!"

B. H. Tierney, the Detective, removed his little derby and mopped his narrow red brow as the train pulled away from the station. Cap Fallon shook his hand and Bud did likewise. Almost every boy in the village was present for the occasion, for poor "Odd Jobs" Dooley was liked by the youngsters.

"You don't have to be hunting for a place, Mr. Tierney," said Cap. "I've got a little farmhouse and you're welcome to it as long as you care to stay."

"Say," exclaimed Tierney, "you're Paddy Fallon's brother, ain't you?"

"Sure," replied Cap.
 "Well, would you can that Mister junk? I'm Jim Tierney and I don't mind being called B. H. Tierney either. It don't mean anything calling sarcastic names. Not to me, it don't. Are these all your kids?"

"Sure they are. At least they don't belong to me. I kind of belong to them. They adopted me."

"I like kids," B. H. looked them over. "Boys," he said, and his little eyes twinkled with fun, "suppose you adopt me, too. I'm your Uncle Jim. Does that go?"

"Did it? Every one of his new nephews shook hands on it and gave his name."

"But I'll bet your hat Cap's brother is just as good a detective as any living," said Bill Larned.

"You win, Bill," said B. H. "There's the hat. Take it out to the woods and lose it. I never yet learned why detectives always wear little round derbies. They don't

mean anything in their lives. But, of course, if they wore caps they might be taken for burglars and if they wore soft hats they might be taken for detectives."

The boys laughed but Bill declined the hat. Tierney put it on sorrowfully. "Anyhow," he chuckled, "the hat don't count much. It's what's under the old skimmer that counts."

"Paddy told you about our friend Phil Dooley, didn't he?"

"Sure he told me, and he said that as long as you and your friends believe in him it's a sure thing he's innocent although he might have been caught red-handed in any crime."

"Paddy is always making fun," said Cap. "In a serious way, Paddy Fallon can make more fun than any bull that ever lived."

"Suppose we go and see Phil?"

"Sure. Where's the lad?"

"In jail. We tried to go bail for him but the prosecuting attorney wants a little more money than we can put up."

"That's good. We'll let him stay in jail."

Cap and his young friends did not like that, and B. H. saw that they did not.

"The idea is," added Tierney, "that we'll get the jury's sympathy. If we can't dig up much evidence to help him we've got to have a lot of that sympathy stuff. Am I wising you up?"

"We have a good lawyer," suggested Cap.

"Is that so?" B. H. stared at him a lone time. "Who's paying him?"

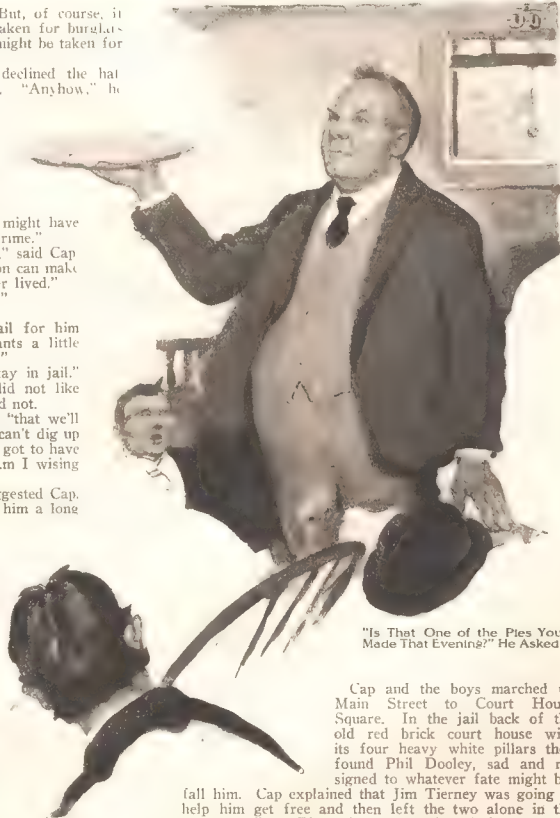
"I am," said Cap.

"Well, if he's a real good lawyer, you just ask him to step out of the case, Cap Fallon. The better lawyer a man on trial has the more the jury is inclined to think the defendant guilty. Is there anything in that? Am I wising you up good and tight this time?"

"I think you are," said Cap. "Will you bounce the lawyer?"

"If you think I should."

"Then lead me to the coop and let me talk to this lad who's in trouble. I guess it will take all of five minutes and then you and the bunch can guide me through the trees to a ham sandwich. I don't want to get lost out here. In New York there's a cop every time you look up. As soon as a taxi knocks you down there's a harp in blue to pick you up. It's much safer. Where's the jail?"



"Is That One of the Pies You Made That Events?" He Asked.

Cap and the boys marched up Main Street to Court House Square. In the jail back of the old red brick court house with its four heavy white pillars they found Phil Dooley, sad and resigned to whatever fate might befall him. Cap explained that Jim Tierney was going to help him get free and then left the two alone in the sheriff's office. Five minutes passed, and then ten and twenty, but B. H. Tierney, the Detective, still remained in conference. "It's a good sign, boys," Cap said to his young friends. "He's interested in the case, and when a New York gum-shoe gets (Continued on page 50)

THE LOST PAGODA

By WARREN HASTINGS MILLER

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty



The Curator Lay Within the Spread of Two Roots of the Lagerstromia.

IN the little Shan village of Mong Hkun, Nicky and the curator stood bareheaded before a statue of the Buddha, seated in a shrine in front of its principal pagoda. Two fantastic leogryphs, those odd lion-like carvings that guard from evil spirits every entrance to Buddhist sacred places, rose on each side of the steps of the shrine. The Buddha within sat in his characteristic attitude, the Lawgiver, the Light of Asia, with legs tightly crossed, his right hand over his knee, his left hand palm upward across his lap. The face bore his usual Asiatic calm, the calm of unshakable serenity, but it had, too, that faint inscrutable smile, which one sees on all the older images of the Buddha, as unreadable as the smile of the Mona Lisa.

The enigma of it filled Nicky with strange forebodings. All this was so very old; this great country once populous with industrious peoples, forgotten kings, marching armies brilliant in the panoply of brass armor, jewels, silks, trains of elephants, chariots that rolled when Ninevah and Assyria flourished. All the western peoples were utter barbarians, cave men, in that far period when the Buddha lived and taught and died. This very statue sat here in its shrine before Christ himself was born! Erected by some pious prince in memory of the great Teacher, it smiled down on forgotten devotees as it now smiled down on these American scientists. The age-wise all-knowing spirit of old, old Asia! Nicky felt that the curator and his expedition, prying with the curiosity of children into the nature lore of this Asia, appeared jejune and childish before that inscrutable smile of the All-wise. He felt that they all were somehow intruders who would soon be punished for their temerity, and he could not but wonder if in that enigmatic smile something of their own fates and their futures were already known to the Buddha. He seemed so sure of himself; the smile was so faint yet somehow sardonic that it seemed to hint of the triumph of Asia and her wild beasts and wilder men over these audacious Westerners, a triumph already known to the Buddha.

Indeed, when you went into these hills, where not thirty white men in all the world had ever penetrated, you laid the chances of life and death on the knees of the gods! Dwight had set out early that morning tracking a black panther. Nicky had come here with the curator, intending later to branch out on a snake-collecting expedition. His was really the most dangerous of all their work, for people who died from the bite of Burma's serpents "seldom recovered," as the facetious Nicky was wont to put it, and the curator had come to Mong Hkun to meet La'hu who was to guide Gyi Pyo and them to a salt lick where seladangs, the wild buffalo of Burma and the Malay States, lurked in the thick cane. It was all mighty dangerous work; no wonder the Buddha smiled down on them both enigmatically!

MONG HKUN was little more than a cluster of pagodas and two monasteries filled with busy pupils learning to read and write. Burmese and Shan boys came here from all over the hills to get their educations, and so thoroughly is this done by the *pongyis* that practically all the male population of Burma is literate, a thing that cannot in the least be said of India and Malaya.

Under a grove of huge trees of the fig family which shaded all the grounds around the monastery, a procession of Shin-Pyus, boys about to take the Yellow Robe, passed. They were hardly fourteen years old, little fellows, nearly buried under their huge floppy Shan hats which bent down over their turbans like straw sunbonnets. Their people had dressed them in extravagant finery, gorgeously embroidered skirts, jewelled jackets. Once within the monastery these gay garments would be taken off and the coarse yellow robe, dyed in the bark of the cutch tree, would be their sole raiment. Attending the *pongyis* they would carry the begging bowl and go through the village humbly accepting alms from the pious villagers. Until the Burmese boy puts on the Yellow

Robe he is no man—nothing but an animal. All must go through with it; the minimum term in the monastery is three weeks. After that, farming, poppy-raising, rice, or cattle—or one can stay in the monastery and by study and good deeds rise to the rank of *pongyi* or priest.

Gyi Pyo presently returned from a visit to the collection of thatched huts that the influx of workers for the Teak Corporation had built around the ancient settlement of Mong Hkun. With him came a wild La'hu, bearing a stout crossbow, dressed like a Shan except that all his garments, even to his turban, were dyed blue with indigo. With these crossbows they shot tiger, bear and deer, the curator knew, for they were very accurate up to a hundred yards and the bolts were poisoned with aconite. Just what he expected to do with such a weapon against the tough hide and formidable front of a seladang the curator was at a loss to know. It was the La'hu hunter's only shooting-iron, doubtless.

"Ho, Sahib!" said Gyi Pyo in his foghorn voice, striding up with his wild retainer in tow. "Here is a stout shikari, one Bo Ng. A villainous La'hu, and unworthy to so much as be seen in the Sahib's presence, but he knows this salt lick where there are seladangs for the Sahib's rifle. Lead on, child of sin, for the White Man loves not indolence!" he roared, turning on the impassive Bo. The La'hu hunter grinned. He knew Gyi Pyo of old, and that his bark was very much worse than his bite. Also, if it came to a trial of weapons—he with his crossbow was not afraid of Gyi Pyo and his *da!*

The four set out up a trail that led into a wide basin surrounded on every side by high jungly mountains. There were bear up on those slopes, both the Himalayan and the Malay sun bear. Also no end of tiger and leopard, but the great hoofed animals would be found along the course of the stream that wound its bamboo-hung way here in the valley, where elephant grass and cane grew thick and rank. At first there were padi fields—most of the rice raised for wine in these regions. Then the jungle regained sway entirely and the path became a mere tangle, winding muddily under arches of dense cane. It climbed at a gentle gradient. During cloudbursts the whole valley was inundated, as the driftwood caught in the cane stalks showed. As they penetrated deeper Nicky began to realize what a terribly dangerous place it really was and to wish himself well out of it. You could see nothing; but crashes that broke the bamboos, snorts, grunts, the snappings of stout canes, trappings, the thump of hoofs—all of invisible animals—told him that even their silent passage along that trail was alarming innumerable wild creatures. Most of these were brow-antlered deer, wild ox, wild pig—all bent on running away at the first hint of man-scent—but there were three which would not, the rhino, the elephant and the seladang. These three would charge upward at the first smell of man. What chance you had, Nicky could conjecture from his surroundings. Great circular tracts of blue and yellow bamboos dotted the whole valley, their nodding fronds of delicate foliage just visible over the cane. All around them, like a green sea, this fertile flat between the knees of the mountains was thickly grown with canes, and through it all threaded a green labyrinth of paths and game trails. You could not see five yards to shoot.

However, you had your ears, and both Gyi Pyo and Bo Ng (Nicky was totally at loss how to pronounce this gentleman's last name) were masters in interpreting jungle noises. The wind was blowing strongly down the mountain valley, as usual, so they had the advantage of approaching the salt lick against it.

A multitude of canes snapping and a huge snort that was half a sigh halted the whole party to listen intently. It came from some big animal in the cane, off to the right. He too was on his feet and listening, they knew,

and for a few minutes there was a tense silence on both sides, while the curator and Nicky stood with rifles poised. It would not do to pass this fellow by without investigation for the seladang has a nasty habit of letting you pass him in the cane and then charging from behind. It might be one of these, they conjectured, but Gyi Pyo, after a moment's further listening, whispered:

"Kyan-shaw-rhino, sahib!" That one little sound had been enough to catch the long pig-like ears of the rhino, for at once he charged. Squealing like a hog, the ponderous onset of him crashing through the cane came straight for them, and almost immediately the dense black bulk of him became visible in the forest of slender green shoots. An ugly and wrinkled snout with two fringed ears sticking straight out burst through—two long horns one behind the other lowered so as to jut out straight in front. The curator laughed as he jumped to one side. There is something irresistibly funny in that expression of stupid ire on the rhino's ugly mug as he charges, so terribly in earnest about clearing the path before him!

Bo Ng, the La'hu, simply vanished. Where he went to Nicky could not imagine, as he himself squeezed a way in the cane out of the trail. It was their intention to give the rhino free path and let him go, for *Rhinoceros Sumatensis* is an old story in all museums—but Gyi Pyo changed all that, for, as the rhino thundered into the trail among them, he flashed out his long *da-sye* and plunged its keen-pointed blade deep into the rhino's side.

"Ho—Thus do the Hengs stick pigs, sahib!" he roared, leaping into the cane. The curator cursed him roundly, but the mischief was done. With a terrific bellow of rage the rhino rose up on his hind legs and whirled ponderously around. Ordinarily he would have gone on charging down the trail until his stupid nose told him that there was no longer any man scent, whereupon he would have set to grazing again and forgotten what it was all about. But now, with that *da-sye* deep in his vitals, he was enraged and seeking the man who did it. His little pig eyes singled out Nicky, who had by now run straight into a thorn bamboo and could by no means get further. The rhino lowered his long horns at him and drove ponderously through the cane. Gyi Pyo laughed shortly and helped himself to his *da-sye* as the rhino went by him, but the curator felt reluctantly that it was time to fire. Nicky had swarmed up the bamboo and a second later the rhino crashed into it, sending Nicky sailing off over the canes like an apple hurled from the end of a slender stick. The curator's Holland belched out both barrels like a cannon, the shots aimed into the crack behind the huge pad which guards a rhino's shoulders. Like an enormous hillock of flesh he dropped in a heap, sighed once or twice and lay still.

"Here's one specimen we didn't want!" snorted the curator angrily. "Listen!" The echoes of his big rifle were still rolling and thundering in the hills. From the salt lick ahead came the sounds of a veritable stampede; barks, bleats, grunts, the sucking of hoofs in the soft soil, and then, hair-raising to listen to, the wild screech of alarmed elephants.

"Listen to me, you Gyi Pyo!" barked the curator in a white heat of rage. "Never, you swine, presume to kill unless the white sahib shoots first! We part, right off, the next time you dare to do such a thing! Have not the English sahibs taught you better? This shall be reported, and it will go evil with you." "But—did not the sahib want the rhino?" retorted the astonished Gyi. "Twas I that did well, for I risked my *da-sye*, which has slain many in its day and is very dear to me. The *Kyan* might have carried it off in him, sahib," he wheedled, a persuasive grin cracking his russet features.

The curator's face mollified. "No doubt you did well—according to your lights, Gyi. Not every beast in the jungle is wanted by the sahibs. It is for us to fire first. Nay—let it be forgotten, and there's my hand on it!" he smiled, clapping the crestfallen Shan on the back.

Gyi Pyo shook hands but there was a sardonic grin on his face that said he meditated revenge. The La'hu (with the grunt for a last name) came back down the trail, his shoulder "Yander lies much good meat," he remarked, pointing at the dead rhino. "There will be no more, for the salt lick is empty. Shall the sahib now send to the village for skinners and meat bearers?"

"Might as well," said the curator wearily. "Still, I'm not going back without a look at that lick. It will be a valuable collecting ground for us in future. Gyi, send the La'hu back to the village. We can find the salt lick ourselves now."

"That will I, sahib!" said Gyi with alacrity. "Be off, eater of offal!" he yelled in Shan at the La'hu. "Fetch quickly the villagers, for my sahib is a man prone to wrath!"

The curator led on, once the La'hu had departed back down the trail. Nicky, saw now how he had vanished so swiftly during the rhino charge. He had just bolted down the leafy tunnel into the first game trail that offered itself. Nicky made notes on the jungle method of beating Trouble, for his sail through the air into the canes had been undignified, not to mention a number of

cuts from the broken-off canes that had pierced him.

The salt lick turned out to be a grassy plain completely surrounded by large shade trees, padauks, wild mangoes, banyans, which seized on the abundant sunlight to usurp all the edges of the clearings. Nothing was in it, and no canes grew, for the soil was impregnated with salts brought down by some mountain stream. All over it were muddy paths and great spaces of root-ings where the animals had pawed in the earth to turn up the salty mud and lick it rapturously with their tongues. While it was a gathering place for every creature in the jungle at night, it was deserted now, for the curator's shots had scared out everything.

Beyond it a deep ravine led up between the mountains. "There'll be game in there, Mr. Baldwin," said Nicky, pushing on eagerly; "let's give it a look."

"I think we might as well put in the day collecting in our own departments, too, Nick. We'll get a seladang some later visit," said the curator, whose eyes had been wandering up into the tree tops on the lookout for birds. "There's a drongo—beauty, isn't he!—the raquet-tailed species!—I'm off!"

He had opened the double rifle as he spoke to make sure that a twenty-gauge shell was in the third barrel under the big rifled ones.

"Me too!" laughed Nicky. "I saw something dart around those banyan roots that looked very much in my line!"

They parted, Gyi Pyo going with the curator. Nicky penetrated into the dense shade under the banyan, examining its roots with keen eyesight. Slowly his gaze traveled up along each stem-root, searching it for lizards and tree snakes. Then they stopped, fixed, for up and down one of them waved an irregular line of triangular teeth, greenish in color. Two small clawed arms that stuck around the root confirmed his suspicion that it was a large iguana, or monitor, which had dodged around the trunk to hide, as is the way of all lizards. It was perfectly motionless, and Nicky cautiously worked around so as to bring his iguana in profile. Presently it stood out clear, that odd and monstrous lizard, with the round-scale mottled skin, the curious saw-teeth of horny yet flexible hide along the crest of its back—put there for what purpose Science knows not—and the equally curious dewlap or pouch under its chin. Its black and beady eye saw him, Nicky knew. Anything within the rays of vision of that eye was noted by the queer brain of the lizard, no matter which way his head was pointed, so it behoved him to be very slow and cautious in his movements lest the monitor make another sudden turn around the root-stem, this time to climb rapidly and disappear up into the branches.

Nicky was ready for just such small game as this. The big cartridge of the .35 would blow him all to pieces, but in a pocket he always carried a steel supplementary shell with a .380 Colt pistol cartridge gripped in the steel clips of it. The combination was of the same size and shape as the long rimmed .35. All you had to do was to throw down the lever and catch the big cartridge as it came out. Then, pushing the supplementary into the chamber, you closed the breech and had a low-power shell that would not make much noise, at your disposal. This Nicky attended to as quietly as possible. The monitor had not yet moved. When he would do so was a pure enigma. All lizards and many snakes progress by lightning-like darts between long intervals of absolute immobility. Barring any sudden alarm, just when they see fit to make their quick movements is beyond the conception of man. Nicky slowly raised the rifle and fired the instant the sights showed on the creature's neck. It fell off as if stunned—but at once the little crack of the cartridge had awakened all that silent

What Has Been Told

THREE Americans, Curator Baldwin of a big city museum and his young assistants, Jean Dwight Kershaw and stocky Nicky Dale, start on a scientific expedition in the far-away wilds of Burma. Object: To get a representative collection of insects, reptiles, and animals. (Native helpers: Gyi Pyo, a huge Shan with a leathery, hard-bitten face; Sasok, a tattooed Dyak, and Baderoon, a tall, black Papuan, costumed in loin cloth and spear.

The expedition reaches the Nam Hong region of the Salween river in safety, though "Stripes," the tiger terror, pads out of the jungle in singles and doubles, bent on a bite of scientist or pack pony. A keen young Briton named Burton, Assistant Manager-Sahib of a big teak lumber-camp, welcomes the Americans and assures them of good hunting.

On the very first night, Dwight gets a glimpse of a rare black panther. And the next morning, he and the Dyak get the panther with a leathery, hard-bitten face; Sasok, a tattooed Dyak, and Baderoon, a tall, black Papuan, costumed in loin cloth and spear. In the meantime, Nicky and the curator are busy elsewhere.

jungle to sudden life and movement. Birds fluttered and shrilled out alarm cries overhead; there were runnings of small feet and the sound of hoofs all over the hill-sides. But there was more, for with a shrill rattle and a huge flutter of wings a pheasant took flight out of a dense patch of brush right near where he had last seen the curator.

"Whoops! Good Lord!—A peacock pheasant, Nick!

"I'll stay with him all day!" came the exultant shout of a man's voice. Then followed the crash of both him and Gyi Pyo making their way up into the jungle at full speed.

"Good luck to you!" called out Nicky, happily. He well knew what eagerness that chance scare had awakened in their leader's breast. The peacock pheasant is the rarest of all that numerous family, a treasure for which men have given months of toil and effort, even their lives, to obtain. They occur in the Shan Hills, indeed throughout the Himalayas, but are not met with once in a blue moon. Nicky proceeded to skin out his iguana, making himself comfortable in the shade and wondering—characteristically—when Baderoon would come along bringing their lunch. This spot would suit him very well for the whole day. There would be multitudes of small reptiles and snakes to bag without moving a rod from where he sat, and along the brook there would be frogs. Such ferocious "swine" as seladangs seemed very far away and to be placidly put out of mind for the present.

And then Nicky heard a shot. He stopped, with a small elbow of the iguana half out of its skin, and listened. That was not the bark of a twenty-gauge but the whip of a rifle. And the heavy ring to it told him that it could be no other than the curator's Holland. Before the echoes of it had done growling in the mountains the rifle spoke again.

Nicky jumped to his feet, for succeeding the shots a series of ferocious snorts and the crash of some large animal charging home came to his ears from not very far off up the ravine. Then a battle shout—Gyi Pyo's—and a savage English expletive, while a bellow of rage rang out long and prolonged. There were cracking sounds as of something being rammed and butted, and then "Oh—Oooh!"—like a gasp of intense pain.

The big rifle thudded again. Nicky tore along, his rifle in both hands warding off the innumerable branches and canes that slapped at him, forcing his way upward to all speed toward the sounds of combat. The crashing in the jungle became more distinct. He could now see

some large black animal busily at work, apparently leaping up and down, now stabbing with both fore hoofs at something on the ground, now butting with a pair of very large and white horns which jutted horizontally out of an immense bony body. Its breath came in labored and stertorous snorts, in hot puffs from widely distended pink nostrils.

Nicky raised his rifle and fired the next time the animal's head rose up above the jungle bush. The effect was instantaneous. It must have been a neck shot, for instantly the seladang—Nicky knew now that the creature was none other than the pugnacious wild buffalo of Malaya and Burma—fell in a crashing heap and its hoofs thrashed around wildly. The stout youth at once pushed and tore his way up through to the scene. His breath pumped in great sobs of anxiety. He wiped tears from his eyes and fought off thorny vines with angry epithet and impatient gesture. He fought frenziedly through obstinate bushes that kept him from a goal not thirty feet further in the jungle.

And when he broke through at last his worst fears were realized. A great ribbed-trunked *Lagerstromia* rose out of the forest here, and across the bulging roots of it lay the black bulk of the seladang—with a putteed pair of legs jutting out from under it. Gyi Pyo sat near-by, jammed partly upright into a clump of cane, his head nodding at Nicky drunkenly, his eyes staring and vacant. His long *da* lay stretched out, still grasped in a hairy fist, its slender razor blade bright red from hilt to tip. Of the curator nothing was to be seen save his boots.

NICKY gasped with dismay and leaped at once to the head of the buffalo—grasped its long horns and swung it around with all his strength. His one idea was to get the huge weight of the beast off the curator before it should be altogether too late. A smothered groan came from the man underneath as Nicky heaved. That head alone of the seladang weighed over a hundred pounds! Nicky felt a shiver of horror as it came around without the body following it. A great bloody gash made by Gyi's *da* clear across the dewlap gaped open, raw and sickening. The neck bones seemed without continuity. Nicky realized in a flash that his shot had parted the spinal vertebrae and that at some last moment of the fight Gyi Pyo had slashed the seladang's neck open with his formidable *da*. There was but one thing to do now, and that quickly—to risk rolling the beast off the curator by using the seladang's forelegs as a lever.

He gathered the immense bony legs in his arms and heaved and pried. Another groan came from the curator, but an instant later the whole body of the beast had turned completely and rolled down the roots. Nicky peered down, his heart beating wildly with forebodings. What terrible attack had the man endured, and would his wounds prove fatal when examined? These questions he hardly dared to attempt to answer!

The curator lay within the spread of two roots of the *Lagerstromia*, or *pyinma*, to give its more-used Burmese name. His head, with one arm shielding it, was jammed tight into the crotch between the roots. It is a peculiarity of the *pyinma* that those ribbed striae of wood, making its trunk resemble a huge column of pulled molasses candy, each terminate in a pronounced knee, jutting out star-like all around the trunk into the soil. It was to these knees that the curator owed what life he had left, for the seladang could neither butt him nor get his head under to toss him with the man prone between the stout knees of the tree. He had resorted to that hoof-plunging attack when Nicky came up. The root ribs were torn and barked and chipped where his



Dwight Looking Up From His Work Was Surprised to See a Yellow-robed *Pongyi* Standing Near Them.

sharp hoofs had come down, and there was a bloody rent through the curator's jacket made by the chisel stroke of some unlucky blow.

Nicky dragged the animal clear, in one more back-straining heave, and then leapt to lift up the curator, most tenderly, to a sitting position. The man's head hung forward over his chest loosely and Nicky, more alarmed than ever, felt him rapidly all over, moving all his limbs to see if no bones were broken. Then he dug for the curator's flask and applied the brandy to his lips.

At that the man sighed, nodded unconsciously once or twice, stared about vacantly, and finally a look of consciousness, or recognition, came into his eyes.

"Just in time, Nicky!" he murmured feebly, and again relapsed.

Nicky held in the big shoulders close, overjoyed that the curator was reviving. He could think of nothing else to do but wait, now. The curator sighed again, drew a deep breath and looked at Nicky steadfastly once more.

"Knocked us both out!" he smiled faintly. "Where's Gyi?"

"Over yonder, sir—I haven't had time to attend to him yet."

"Put me down and go to him, Nick. I'll come around—pretty soon," ordered the curator.

Nicky laid him out and went over to where Gyi still sat propped up in the canes. His eyes were mere slits and the whites alone of them showed through the lids. He too needed brandy if he ever was to come to. Nicky rushed back to get the flask. When Gyi's black pupils showed again and his eyelids began to flutter he left him to minister to the curator. The man sat up almost without help this time.

"Nicky, were you ever hit by a pile driver?" the curator inquired, smiling wanly through his pallor.

Nicky shook his head.

"Well—that's it! Hit by a pile driver. . . . Both of us. . . . He's a swine!"

"Seems to be an amiable creature!" said Nicky encouragingly. "You and Gyi did well with him, though."

"Yah!—A poisonous swine!" ejaculated the curator, gaining strength. "He rushed us without warning—from behind—from ambush—usual trick. I was following that peacock pheasant. Had marked him down up on the hillside and was hustling along a trail just above here—when this swine charged us out of the bush. Watched us as we went by, I guess. I heard a ferocious snort and a crash, and I had just time to whirl and fire when he was upon us. We dove into the bush. I knew

that the seladang had singled out me, for I could hear him bellowing and plunging through the cane close behind me. Guessed I'd chance the other barrel at close range. Fired. He knocked me about twenty feet—my chest is sure stove in—and I landed near this tree and scrambled for the roots. He was there quick as I was, and he about knocked the roots to pieces over my head. Gyi jumped in to help about then, for I heard him roar like a bull and then the bright flash of his *da* whirled over me and it sang like a whip as it slashed the brute across the throat. Gyi got knocked where you see him, for his pains, but it was his cut that ended the fight. I could feel the seladang's blows becoming feebler when you fired. That shot knocked him in a heap. Look after Gyi, now, boy—I want to rest a bit."

THE curator lay back between the roots again. Nicky went over to Gyi, who was grinning broadly and a good deal of the pallor had left his face, returning to its normal color of old sole leather. The big Shan was looking at the long, slender blade of his *da* and fondling its edge lovingly with his thumb. Then his eyes traveled over to where the seladang lay with that enormous gash in its throat.

"Ho!—Me square with the sahib now!" he laughed hollily. "Is he much hurt, little man?"

"No, I think not. No bones broken. Knocked out, Gyi," said Nicky. "I'm thinking of starting a hospital!" he grinned. "Neither of you can move or be moved."

He went over to examine the seladang more carefully now, to find out how and where he had been hit. The curator's first bullet had caught him full in the chest but it had missed the heart apparently, for the beast had charged on with no diminished vitality. His second shot had gone high, cutting a long gash through above the shoulder and passed on out. It was really Gyi Pyo's stroke and his own bullet that had finished him. That *da* must have a blade of the finest steel and he sharpened to the keenest edge to have penetrated such a hide, thick and tough as sole leather, thought Nicky. He looked at his own bullet hole with some pride. It had been a pure snap-shot—the only one that counts in real big game hunting—but by luck it had struck square on a neck vertebrae and smashed it, carrying away the spinal nerve, and paralyzing the great buffalo instantly.

"He wanted a lot of killing," said the curator from his armchair between the roots of the pyinma. "You'd better fire a signal, Nick, for Baderoon must be somewhere back down the trail by now."

Nicky stood off and fired three shots quick from his

repeater. It means Trouble!—need of assistance—all over the world. Presently three calls of the red lory answered him, their old private signal of Borneo and New Guinea days.

"Hi, Baderoon—*blakang tana!*" called Nicky in Malay, telling the black boy to come on up into the jungle. After a time Baderoon appeared carrying a long basket of lunch on his woolly mop of hair. It was to Nicky's eyes the finest sight in all Burma! Even the curator looked at it interestedly. Baderoon glanced at the seladang, did a handspring or two upon learning that the curator was all right, only badly shaken up, went over and kicked Gyi Pyo a time or two by way of friendly greeting, and then opened up the lunch basket. Out of it popped roasted jungle fowl, a cold joint of mutton, bread, butter and cheese, a variety of fruits and a bottle of "fizzy" sent over that morning to camp by Mrs. Johns.

"Your idea of a hospital's not bad, Nick," said the curator as he lay munching at a fowl in vast content. "We oughtn't to leave the rhino or the seladang until both are properly skinned out. Also, I don't want the fuss of being carried back to camp on litters, or the ragging the English are sure to give us for our first go at a seladang, either! This place will be a perfect menagerie to-night. You'd better have our light outing kits brought here by Baderoon and Sadok, and you all can move Gyi and me up on the hill, where our wind will at least be above elephants and the like. Nick, suppose you leave us here to rest, while you go back to superintend the skinning of the rhino. Bring all the villagers to the seladang later. Baderoon, you-fella go chatch'm Tuan Dwight and Sadok. Tell'm come 'long with litty tents."

Baderoon grinned and set off back to camp. Nicky made both of the invalids comfortable, set the curator's rifle near his hand, and then went back to where the rhino lay in the cane. He found a party of natives headed by the La'hu hunter already at work on the carcass. It was late in the afternoon when they were through and had followed him to attend to the seladang.

"Take us out of this!" exclaimed the curator as they arrived and set to work. "It will be a shambles in ten minutes more! Help me up the hill, Nick, and have the La'hu do the same for Gyi."

He tried to rise but stumbled over weakly at the first attempt. Nicky found that he had to support most of the big man's weight himself. Ahead of them Shans drew their *das*, cutting jungle to where there was a little promontory of limestone. (Continued on page 44)

THE PARIAHS OF SHELBY HIGH

By ESCA G. RODGER

Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman



"Almost He, Perseus! Me! Hal Gave an Ecstasie Pirouette."

"BUT you'll be outcasts!" After thirty minutes of fruitless argument, Larry Irish of the newly organized Common Council flung the words in exasperation at the three juniors who sat facing the Council in the big study hall, empty on that late February afternoon except for the two small groups.

"Easy, Larry," remonstrated Dean Adams, but the mischief was done.

The three juniors smiled blandly up at the seven men on the platform, then picked up the verbal gauntlet that the irritated senior had hurled at them and tossed it lightly back with a display of the team work for which they were famous at Shelby High.

"How come outcasts?" inquired Hal Satterlee, plaintively.

"Who chucks us out?" Tubby Sloan's round face was shadowed with anxiety.

"Won't you tell us just what an outcast is, Councilman Irish? Please be accurate," Churchill entreated. Larry Irish glared. The other six councilmen

grinned. Ordinarily Larry would have joined in the grin, but the unexpected hitch in the carefully laid plans of the Committee on Organization had hit him especially hard. That every man in Room M should pledge himself to loyal co-operation in all study hall affairs by signing the new constitution was his pet idea.

"An outcast, Wes Churchill," he flamed, "is a cocky bonehead who's so blamed fond of himself and the little crowd he runs with that he thinks he can get along without doing any co-operating with the rest of the people around him. When you and Sloan and Satterlee hold out on signing a constitution that every other fellow in Room M has signed, you just naturally make yourselves outcasts. You're some Triple Alliance, you are—a gabby bookworm, and a fat clown, and a nutty lightweight. And it won't be long until you'll get good and plenty tired of being with no one but your fool selves!"

"Thanks awfully," Wesley Churchill acknowledged Larry's definition with unuffled courtesy. "It's good of you to give us so many details. But you're going too far. All I asked was what an outcast is. I'm not interested in his future state of mind. Please be accurate."

Larry, on the verge of a hot reply, caught Dean Adams' warning glance and grimly subsided.

No one spoke for a minute. Then Hal Satterlee asked engagingly, "Why the sizzling silence?"

Again a grin swept the Council with one exception. "Does sizzle some, doesn't it?" admitted Dean. As newly elected president of the Council, he felt keen responsibility for the state of affairs.

"See here, you fellows," he said, a mixture of authority and entreaty in his voice. "You can't blame Larry for being sore. You know as well as I do how hard he's been working to get things in shape ever since the school board and faculty said they were willing to extend the plans for co-operative government by letting Room M organize as a self-governed study hall—and here you've turned everything he's said for the last half hour into something foolish."

"Oh, no," remonstrated Wesley.

"We didn't have to," explained Tubby solemnly.

"Larry always does little things like that for himself," Hal insisted.

Dean ignored the interruptions and went on persuasively: "Let's forget this outcast business. Of course, we want you fellows in with us. If we all pull together, Room M can make a big thing for the school out of

this chance to show that students can run a study hall by themselves. Mr. Andrews says that if we juniors and seniors make a go of it, then the sophs and freshmen are to have a chance to try it, too, next fall. It's up to us to swing Shelby High in line on a dandy thing for any high school we have, this practice in government business. And we'll get a lot of fun out of it, and a lot of freedom."

"Will we?" asked Hal darkly.

Dean stared at him, amazed at his injured tone. "Will we get such a fat lot of fun out of it?" Tubby's uncertain bass rumbled in. "Ain't we got fun the old way—more fun and less work? What's the matter with the teachers keeping order in the study hall, same as always?"

"I don't suppose anyone could beat it into your head that a teacher's worth a lot more to you as a teacher than as a cop," Larry said witheringly. "But it does seem as though you'd fall for the freedom we'll have in M."

"But will we get real freedom, Mr. President?" urged Wesley Churchill, calmly ignoring Larry. "Just consider the limitations placed on the actions of the individual who signs this constitution—no cutting classes, no unprepared lessons, no cheerful conversation during study hours, no tardiness, no taking or giving of neighborly help in examinations—"

"No nothing," broke in Hal, "except fifty-seven different varieties of virtue—and just three or four kinds cramp my style something fierce."

"They're off again," muttered Gregory Clay to big Ben Seaman. "That's the same circle they've been traveling in ever since this started."

DEAN clipped short his answer: "The constitution doesn't go into such details, fellows; when you sign it, all you pledge yourselves to do is to play square. You don't need some teacher watching you in order to do that, do you?"

"You're right in saying your constitution is inaccurate with respect to details, Mr. President. But your blanket proviso covers a multitude of strictly personal virtues."

"No more virtues than you need in a bunch of fellows who are going to get anywhere in school," Dean's voice was even but decided.

"I'm afraid you don't comprehend our attitude," Wesley was wearily patient. "We stand for individual rights, for personal freedom. We stand for liberty of will. We stand for—"

"And we stand for an awful lot of nonsense," snapped Larry Irish.

"You're right, Larry," Dean's voice rang with sudden decision. "We're not going on with this, fellows. We're through urging you to sign. And this is Friday. Just remember that Room M starts on the new co-operative plan on Monday."

"Meaning we'd better hunt us another happy home?" grinned Hal.

"That's a question for the principal to settle. I'll take it up with Mr. Andrews to-night. Monday morning you'd better come here to M as usual, and find out where to go."

"Right-o, old dear."

"Some bean on Dean."

"An accurate outline of procedure."

The three rose as one man, beamed on the disturbed

Council, bowed, and made for the door.

"Just a minute!" Dean's detaining words caught the three at the door. They whirled about with military precision.

"You needn't consider to-night's decision final, you know. Whenever you decide you want to sign the constitution, it will be ready for you." Dean turned to the Council: "That's right, isn't it, fellows?"

The other six on the platform nodded assent, though two or three—Larry among them—did so rather reluctantly.

"Then we're not cast out for life? Great!" Hal beamed joyously. "You know I'm awfully fond of some of you, Irish especially. I like to think that some day he'll smile on me again."

Larry's flare had burned itself low, and he grinned, although somewhat unwillingly.

"Fine!" Hal approved. "But I take it that's only a temporary contraction of the facial muscles."

"I'll make it permanent just as soon as you get some sense," growled Larry.

"Meaning that the day I sign the constitution life turns into one long Irish smile? Hot dog!" And Hal gave an ecstatic pirouette. "Almost he persuaded me. And yet—What say, Brothers? Will we?"

"We will not," announced Tubby. "We're just as fresh as ever. Nothing doing."

"We stand for the high and holy and unhampered freedom of the individual." Wesley fairly chanted the words. "Therefore, we must become outcasts—pariahs!"

"All right," said Dean. "Go to it. But just remember it's your own choice."

"We'll remember," they chorused, nodding solemnly as they backed out, leaving behind them a Council divided between chuckles and exasperation.

IT was Gregory Clay who voiced the question uppermost in the minds of all: "Well, what do we do now, Dean?"

Before Dean could answer, Kirke Taylor broke in. "Say, what's the big idea back of all this standing out? Do they really mean all that stuff about freedom of will and so on?"

Dean frowned thoughtfully. "I don't know; but I half think Wes does. You know he roots out some awfully half-baked ideas in his everlasting reading of anything and everything. And Hal and Tubby would follow his lead just to be doing some fool thing. They look to me like three boneheads bent on a rumpus." From his informal seat on the corner of the desk, Dean smiled down ruefully at the other councilmen.

"If old Larry here hadn't spilled—Ouch!" Gregory broke off at a kick from Kirke Taylor, a peace-loving junior.

The latter hurried to ask, "Then you think they'll stick it out?"

"For a while, anyway," Dean said slowly. "But I hope they'll see fit to come in before long. You know the other fifty-odd fellows in Room M are keen for the co-operative plan, and they're going to blow pretty cold on stand-outers that try to queer things."

"Just the same, I'll bet our three pretty little pariahs will take their own good time about getting in," Gregory said dryly. "And I wouldn't give much for their signature in the end as far as any genuine, all-wool co-operation goes."

"You're off, Greg," said big Ben Seaman gravely. "If they sign up, they'll play the game."

To the surprise of the others, Larry agreed. "Ben's right," he said. "They're foolish in the head, but they play straight when they say they will."

"And until they do, look out for fireworks," grinned Jim Brennan.

"What do we do, Dean?" persisted Greg. "Sit tight, and let the pariahs do the worrying." Dean gave Greg a friendly slap on the back as he slid off the desk. "Come on, fellows. It's time to go."

The little group groped their way down the dark stairs to the lower hall.

"Going home now?" Larry Irish asked Dean.

"Got to see Mr. Andrews first," returned Dean, heading for the principal's office. "Good-night, fellows—see you Monday morning! And, say, make it about eight o'clock, will you? The council may have to pass on what Mr. Andrews suggests doing with our pariahs."

"All right!" And the crowd was off, leaving the new president of Room M to his conference with the ruddy-checked, gray-haired principal.

Half an hour later in the principal's office, Dean rose and slipped on his overcoat again. His face was sober, but there was something of elation in it, too.

"I'm glad you're willing to let us try it, Mr. Andrews," he said. "I'll put it up to the Council Monday morning—I'm sure they'll agree."

"You realize, don't you, that your plan may make things a lot harder, particularly for you seven fellows who hold the heavy end? You needn't feel forced to work out this pariah problem, you know." There was inquiring keenness behind Mr. Andrews' smile.

"But isn't it our problem as much as it is yours, sir? Of course, I understand that you have the real responsibility for everything in high school, but one person can't take first-hand care of everything—and if we can work



"Not a Man on the Team Speaks an Unnecessary Word to Wes. Reed Dresses Right Beside Him and Never Lets a Peep Out at Him."

this out up in Room M, why, I know the fellows will want to do their share. That's what co-operative government means, doesn't it?" Dean stopped, rather flushed.

Mr. Andrews nodded. "That's what it means to me, Dean. And I'll be glad to have you boys take care of this if you really want to. Go ahead."

SOMETHING in his tone sent Dean out of the building in a warm glow. On the steps, a dark figure silently joined him.

"Why, hello, Larry," Dean exclaimed. "Been waiting all this time?"

No answer as the two started down the snowy walk. "Pretty cold waiting outside, wasn't it?"

"Some." They tramped on in silence until they neared Dean's home.

"Serve me right to freeze," Larry suddenly volunteered. "Balled everything up by losing my temper. I'm sorry as the dickens, Dean."

"Forget it," the other said. "The boys were bent on staying out anyway. You didn't ball the thing up—though maybe you did make them keener about being outcasts," he added, honestly.

"Maybe I did," Larry rejoined. "Well, I hope you'll soak me with some extra Council work to make up for it. Night," and he was half a block away before Dean could answer.

In the meantime, no one was doing less worrying than the three who stood for high and holy and unhampered freedom. Once out of the building, they had cheerfully forgotten the tangle left behind.

Tramping home, arms over each other's shoulders, they gave their entire attention to a discussion of the immediate basketball future. The Triple Alliance took a deep interest in basketball that winter; Wes, the bookworm, from a lukewarm enthusiasm left over from unexpected success on a grammar grade team, had suddenly flared into a spectacular center, so good that he had made the Varsity.

That night they discussed chiefly Shelby's chances of beating Bairdstown High at the coming game at Bairdstown, still some six weeks distant. Rumor had said that the Bairdstown quintette was invincible, but Hal and Tubby were confident that Shelby, with Wes as center, could "mop up Bairdstown's court with her own little men." Wes, inwardly burning with pride in a basketball career as surprising to him as to everyone else, was outwardly cool and fittingly modest.

Not once did any one of the three mention Room M problems. Tacitly, they agreed to let the Council do the worrying.

On Monday morning, at eight-thirty, the three slipped meekly into the front seats in Room M and looked up at Dean Adams with faces of inquiring innocence.

The president of the Council found their gaze disconcerting.

During the fifteen or twenty minutes while Room M had been filling with orderly though somewhat excited juniors and seniors, gathering for the first time under the new regime, Dean had felt an urge to say something that should pull them all close together on this opening day. He wanted to tell them how proud and how humble he felt because they had chosen him as their first president; and how hard he was going to work to make co-operative government mean all that it could mean to a crowd of fellows; and how well he knew that the real success of the new plan rested with them, and that they would put things through right.

All this had been in Dean's mind. Then at eight-thirty he had crossed the room to push the button of the bell that gave the signal for quiet, and, returning stepped up on the platform—and faced the pariahs gazing up at him in rapt admiration. Whereupon Dean Adams found that he could no more say to the room the warm glowing things that were in his heart than you

could talk confidentially to your family with three grinning street gamins listening in.

What he said by way of presidential greeting was stiff, awkward, almost cold. Yet something in his face must have carried the message he longed to give, for a hush fell upon the room, broken only by the burst of applause that came when he paused.

THE feeling that the room was with him helped Dean to find words for the difficult announcement he must make next. With a certain sternness puzzling to the majority, he said:

"You fellows understand the new conditions in here. Each man is responsible for himself—sets down the time of his arrival and of his going on the day's record sheet on the little table over there by the door, is free to do any moving around the room or the building that is necessary in his work, takes up with some member of the Council any point he has doubts about, and so on. I won't go over all those things again. You know as much about them as I do. They're the things we discussed in open meeting and agreed we'd try out. If we can carry them through, it's going to mean more liberty of action for all of us, and at the same time it's going to mean more responsibility. Guess the two usually go together."

The school board and the faculty have delegated to us the job of looking after ourselves, to have and to hold as long as we make a go of it. Every fellow who has agreed to co-operate on putting the job through is entitled to the special privileges in liberty and responsibility that go with it. That means most of you in here."

There was a questioning stir in the room. "Most of you?" What did Adams mean? Hadn't every fellow in Room M signed the new constitution?

Dean's next words answered the question. "Three of the juniors didn't sign up Friday night. They say they like the old supervised study hall better, and don't care to co-operate in the new plan."

Accusing glances searched the room, and came to rest upon the three in the front seats. Tubby grinned tacit acknowledgment; the other two were serenely unconcerned.

"Those three fellows naturally belong in Room M," Dean continued. "Of course, they can't stay in here under the new plan, but arrangements have been made so that they can stay under the old. With the approval of Mr. Andrews, the members of the Council agreed this morning to take over the work of study hall supervision previously done by teachers, just for those three fellows, you understand—not for any of the rest of you."

"One of us will be here at the desk during every period of the day, ready to give those fellows permission for any necessary talking or moving about. We'll see that their attendance record goes on the sheet. For them, the conditions in here will be just like they were when a teacher was in charge. I'm telling all you fellows so that you'll understand what might look kind of queer to you otherwise."

There Dean paused. He wished that he knew the best way to say one more thing that ought to be said. "Of course," he began—"Of course—" He stopped again. Then Hal, catching Dean's eye, leaned a little forward and smiled up at him with an air of benevolent encouragement.

That smile ended Dean's hesitation. His mouth tightened grimly, and he shot his words straight at an audience that felt and approved the scorch in them:

"Just remember, fellows, every one of us in here who signed the constitution is pledged to do the right thing for Room M. We can, and we will, have good order in here—under any circumstances. Are we together on that?"

His keen look swept the room. Everywhere he found comprehending assent in the faces before him. Suddenly he raised his hand.

(Continued on page 32)

PRIVATEERS of '76

By RALPH D. PAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

A SMALL BOAT, even a fisherman's skiff, will sometimes drift for a long time on the open sea in spite of wind and weather.

Forlornly floating out of Plymouth Sound with the night tide, Stephen Claghorn had been too drugged with sleep to care what might befall him. Even the spirit of youth, so splendidly hopeful and defiant, has to learn the bitterness of defeat.

It was at the break of dawn that the boy rubbed his eyes and discovered that he was not in a hammock when his knee banged against a thwart. Bewildered he sat up and put a hand to an aching back. The only sound was the soft lap-lap of water, like little voices whispering to him out of an immense solitude. Their message was not friendly but sinister.

He was frightened. For some time he sat hunched in the bottom of the skiff and stared at the paling stars. There was no hurry and every muscle felt stiff and sore. The damp wind made his teeth chatter. The discomfort aroused him. His mind became active. He called himself a fool for taking such a voyage as this instead of rowing ashore after the Dutch galliot had sailed away from him.

However, crying over spilt milk had never been Stephen's habit. He gnawed a crust and reflected that he was alive and out of prison. Exploring the skiff he found a firkin for baling and a small sprit sail. This was of no present use because the wind still blew from the land but the heavy dew had wetted it and by chewing the canvas he squeezed a trickle of moisture to wash down the bread crumbs. As the sun came up he saw the coast a few miles distant but the skiff was steadily bearing out into the English Channel.

"In these crowded waters I am sure to be picked up before another night," the lad said to himself. "Or with a shift of wind I can set this sprit and make some kind of landfall. In some little fishing port of Cornwall I might find good Christian folks to take pity on me."

Entertained by such fancies as these, sanguine young Stephen began to flatter himself that his lonely voyage was not so stupid after all. It was merely another gamble with fortune as befitted a bold patriot. And this was easier on the bones than falling from tiled roofs or sliding down rotten water pipes. There would be thumping yarns to tell the lads in Salem. He would make their eyes stare out. No more calling him "Fatty" Claghorn. "Dare-devil Steve," more likely.

By now he was so far out from the lee of the land that the seas were choppy and broken and the breeze whipped them into foam. Water was flying into the skiff. Stephen baled with the firkin or used the oars to keep the boat out of the trough of it but the exertion exhausted him. Reluctantly he stepped the mast and stretched the little sprit sail. To steady the boat and keep her free of water he must needs run before the wind which meant steering down Channel and out into the stormy Atlantic.

At this kind of seamanship he was no novice, having sailed his own dory in many a rough blow off Salem harbor and Marblehead Bay. And he read the weather signs to mean that the sea would grow no worse. But it was a racking ordeal to cling to a steering oar hour after hour, drenched and cold, and continually watch the skiff for fear she might drive her bows under and capsize. The boyish ardor had dimmed. Even a British prison offered shelter and food and rest.

ALL that day the little craft went careering before the wind and there was no water to drink and only soggy bits of bread to eat. These were treasured like a miser with his gold. The lad was faint and giddy, handling the steering oar with a sort of instinct, his head drooping, his eyes half closed. When a wave broke over the gunwale and set the floor awash, he stooped to scoop it out with the firkin. The approach of darkness appalled him. The night would be the end of it.

But his courage was hard to quench and the love of life compelled him to struggle as long as he could. Before dusk the wind lost its rude force and the sea was less confused. It was still perilous for a skiff but Stephen lowered sail and tried the expedient of a sea anchor. Lashing the oars and mast together, he wrapped the canvas around them and secured this unwieldy bundle to one end of the sheet rope. Letting it pay out, he tied the other end to a ring bolt in the bow. Floating as a drag, the contrivance pulled the boat around to ride head on to the seas.

Satisfied that he ran no great risk of drowning during the night, Stephen tumbled into the bottom to drowse by fits and starts. He was not yet frantic for fresh water but his tongue felt too big for his mouth and when he swallowed it was like having a red-hot poker rammed down his throat. The sense of weakness was not painful but he doubted whether he could haul in the sea anchor and hoist sail again on the morrow if



Stephen's One Desire Was That the Dense Fog Might Turn to Rain so That He Could Wet His Salty Lips and Ease His Aching Throat.

the wind should shift to waft him back to the coast. Prison life had sapped his normal vigor. He was the more apt to break under hardships such as these.

Before morning the gray Channel fog came rolling down to envelop the skiff in a dripping blanket. Stephen awoke to find the stars blotted out and the air thick with pearly vapor. He would be denied all hope of rescue until the fog should blow away. Sometimes this dense fog shrouded these waters for several days on end. It smothered all sense of direction. There was nothing to steer by, neither the coast nor the north star.

When the sun rose it could not brighten the sad, gray day in which the sea was visible only a few yards away. Stephen made no effort to use sail or oars. He sat on a thwart, his chin in his hands, and felt only one desire, that the fog might turn to rain so that he might catch a little in the firkin, enough to wet his salty lips and ease his aching throat. The pangs of hunger did not hurt as much as this.

The skiff wallowed in the swell, hour after hour, and once the castaway imagined he heard a horn blow quite near, and the slatting of canvas, and sailors shouting. He tried to yell but his voice was feeble and if a vessel was actually passing he went unheard and unseen. Yes, he would have welcomed the sight of an English ship, staunch young rebel though he was.

A long, long interval of misery and again he thought his ear had caught the sounds of a vessel in motion. Faintly through the fog they came, the swash of breaking water, the creaking of spars, and the trill of a boatswain's pipe. Stephen heaved himself to his feet and stood inert, nerves taut like fiddle strings, while the invisible ship moved nearer in the light air. Presently he discerned an arching bowsprit and the blurred image of a figurehead poised above the tall cutwater.

WITH an oar over the stern of the skiff he was given strength to scull into the path of the oncoming vessel. They would miss finding him in the fog unless he went close alongside. He was about to cry out with what voice he could muster when a succession of louder sounds, sudden, abrupt, startled him. They were thrillingly familiar, oaken gun ports swinging open on their great hinges, the clang of iron-shod rammers, the rattle of handspikes. The ship was ready for action.

But what ship? These warlike sounds had not come from the vague shape of the vessel which loomed almost over Stephen's head but from somewhere off beyond her. Were two ships wrapped in this fog? The mystified lad let the skiff drift. His dazed wits were all askew. Was it a choice between friend and foe, and which was which? The bow of the overhanging vessel forged slowly past him. He heard commands called out and men running in haste to their stations.

The skiff floated as far as the stern of the ship where Stephen caught sight of a small boat trailing from a line belayed to the taffrail. He sculled close enough to grasp the line, deciding that he had best snatch this chance of salvation. From the quarterdeck he heard a strong voice shout through a trumpet:

"This is His Majesty's sloop-of-war *Vixen*. What ship is that? Answer or I shall fire into you."

Desperate as was the need of rescue, Stephen let go the line astern as though the touch had scorched him. On second thought he clutched for it again and held on while he waited for the response to the challenge in the fog. And now he saw another ship come surging through the blinding vapor, the hull obscured but the tall sails lifting in nebulous glimpses. There was a brief delay and then the answer came, calm, deliberate, but vibrant like a bell.

"This is an American frigate, sir. Strike your colors or I'll sink you with a broadside. Blow your matches, boys!"

This appeared to astonish the king's ship. It was ever so much more than she had bargained for. A silence

thought himself near dead with exhaustion but this was an error. Like the invalid who springs out of bed when an earthquake rocks the house, he was suddenly cured. With a yelp of terror he bounded up and pulled his boat toward the stern of the American ship, expecting to hear the crash of the enemy's guns. Caught between two fires was a mild word for it. Let one cannon ball be aimed too low and he might vanish in a cloud of spray and splinters.

Out of the fog he emerged to astonish the Yankee crew, in its turn. Pausing to wave an arm in earnest appeal, he lay back on the oars again and drove the skiff under the ship's counter and hung fast to one of the rudder chains. Here he found a refuge and a breathing spell. From the sight of those on deck he had vanished as strangely as he had come. But they had no time to investigate. And so Stephen made fast to the rudder chain with a bit of rope and flopped over to rest.

By now the British ship was firing. The reeking smoke blended with the fog to curtain the antagonists from each other. They were banging away at random for lack of a target. A few minutes and the din of cannonading ceased. The skiff swerved in the eddies which gurgled past the rudder-post and Stephen realized that the ship was moving with increased headway. He would have been undiscovered if a farewell British round shot had not lodged plump in the stern timbers a few feet above his head. A carpenter's mate lowered himself in the light of a rope to inspect the damage and saw the little boat smuggled close to the rudder.

STEPHEN could not have told you how they hoisted him aboard. His next clear impression was of being wrapped in blankets and having hot drink poured down his throat. Tingling to his very toes, he perceived that he was in a bunk of a large and comfortable cabin. A man of serene and kindly features was smiling down at him, a man whom Stephen had known all his life. It was like a pleasant dream of home.

"Is it—I it really you, Captain Jonathan Haraden?" huskily muttered the lad in the bunk. "My father's old friend and our good neighbor?"

"Jonathan Haraden it is," answered the Salem shipmaster. "And you are Polly Claghorn's boy, though shrunk in size. True enough so far, Steve, but this is no frigate. Our country has yet to build them. It was a trick of mine to startle the Britishers. I blundered into him in the fog and he carried too many guns for close quarters. After my hail he seemed as anxious to melt away in the fog as I was. Feel strong enough to talk? We'll breakfast together presently."

"Breakfast, Captain Haraden? Is this to-morrow or yesterday? I was hauled aboard your ship in the afternoon."

"And you swallowed soup and brandy and logged fourteen hours sleep, Steve. This vessel is steering into the Bay of Biscay with a fine breeze and bright weather."

"Heigh-ho, I must get on deck," cried Stephen, regaining his voice, "but, ouch, I am all warped and kinked."

"And bruised besides. You are docked for repairs. Adrift in a cockle-shell of a boat! Where are the rest of them? I mean the crew of your ship. She was wrecked, I take it. You sailed with Spencer Colt in his brig *Atlantic*."

"That was a million years ago," sighed Stephen. "Spencer Colt struck his colors to a Liverpool privateer that was no more than a fair match for him. He is in prison with his men. Ben Gerrish and I escaped but lost each other in Plymouth. A queer tale, all topsyturvy, and it can be better told after breakfast."

Jonathan Haraden smiled in his grave, unhurried manner and took a turn across the cabin. He was dressed like a seaman, rough pea-jacket, oilskin trousers stuffed into top boots, a sou-wester for a hat, but he could be mistaken for nothing else than the commander. The true master of men never has to proclaim it with a swagger. This fine dignity of face and manner reminded Stephen of General George Washington whom he had heard address the officers of his army in Cambridge town. The boy's admiration was not misplaced.

After his mishaps and miseries it was his shining fortune to be shipmates with this Captain Jonathan Haraden whose career as a fighting seaman was to be second only to that of John Paul Jones in the salty annals of the Revolution.

His descendants of this generation boast of him as the man who captured a thousand British cannon on the high seas.

Still pacing the cabin, Captain Haraden said, as if thinking aloud: "Poor Spencer Colt! Pride goeth before a fall. He would take the disaster hard—losing his ship, stripped of his finery—and the worst of it, losing the respect of his men."

"My dear mother thought him a hero," sighed Stephen. "And you have seen her since I sailed, sir, and was she well?"

"As lovely as ever, but pining for you. Hoping for news of victories and a brave return. Well, we shall have to give you a better cruise, Steve, in this *General Pickering* privateer of mine, if the enemy doesn't scupper us. Only sixteen guns and fifty men and boys but luck has been with us thus far."

"Have you been cruising in the Channel, Captain Haraden?"

"Off and on, hoping to snatch a fat prize out of a convoy. But they huddle too close, with the men-of-war guarding 'em like mastiffs and no stiff gales to scatter the flock. We shall try a long slant to the southward, as far as the coast of Spain."

They had breakfast with Stephen tucked in a big armchair. He felt a sense of importance in unfolding his own adventures as man to man. Both touched and amused, Captain Haraden paid him a compliment by remarking that the ship had gained an able seaman.

"I was afraid you would rate me as a boy, sir, and sign me on as such. You see—well, Captain Spencer Colt favored me because, er—it is a delicate matter, although everybody has seen him going to our house—and you can't call it a secret—"

"You earned all you got," bluntly declared Jonathan Haraden.

"Your father was a second mate at seventeen and had his own ship at twenty. 'Tis only the other day, it seems, that I was chasing you off my ship at Derby Wharf as a roly-poly urchin always under foot. Well, as soon as you feel fit to turn to, you can find a ham-mock and report to the chief gunner. You are welcome to sail as a guest, but it may make you unhappy. And no Claghorn was ever a shirker."

STEPHEN beamed and chuckled and was quite like himself. Before night he had found his way to the waist of the ship, too shaky for duty but anxious to look for old Salem friends among the crew. And lo and behold, here was young Jerry McNabb, tough as whipcord and pugnacious as a terrier, who had punched Stephen's head times without number. Theirs had been a chronic feud. Stephen always undaunted and renewing the fray but too clumsy to withstand the nimble McNabb. For once they shook hands and the greetings ran:

"Hullo, Jerry! And I thought I was clear of bad luck. Who let you on board? Stowed away?"

"Hullo, Steve Claghorn. I didn't sneak over the side in a fog. What have you done to yourself? You don't look like a tub of lard at all."

"Call me that a week from now and I'll black your eye, Jerry."

"And get a whole of a licking, same as usual," scoffed the untamed McNabb. "Sit down on a gun carriage and tell me your lies."

But Stephen was too keenly interested in the ship to talk about himself. He plied young Jerry with eager questions. What engagements had they fought? Was it a good crew? Did they feel confidence in Captain Haraden? Here Jerry doubled his fists as though insulted and threatened to chastise the upstart then and there. Why here was the kind of man he was, this

easy-spoken, pleasant skipper of theirs. Early in this same cruise, while off the New England coast they had sighted three armed ships sailing in company, merchantmen from Halifax to New York as it turned out.

A squadron, said Jerry, a brig of fourteen guns, a ship of sixteen guns and a sloop of twelve guns. They exchanged signals and formed in line to give battle. Did Jonathan Haraden run from them? No, by gravy, though most of the men expected him to. He made a little speech from the poop and told them that if they did their duty he would capture the three vessels. And this he did by going alongside them one after the other.

"Glory!" cried Stephen. "How could he do that?"

"Sailed around 'em and betwixt 'em. Handled this *General Pickering* so as to make each one fight a single ship action. Hammered away or hauled off, as seemed best, and watched the chance to run close and knock 'em groggy with a final punch. Then we sent the three prizes in and went back to Salem ourselves to refit and get more men. And away we went again."

"That's what they call strategy, Jerry."

"Brains, Steve, which is something you know of by hearsay. Take this *Vicen* sloop-of-war that we almost fouled in that vile Channel fog. There was men of us a-grumblin' that Captain Haraden didn't clinch with her, big as she was and jammed full of men. All he had to do was crook his thumb at us and we'd ha' romped into it. But he knew he couldn't maneuver blind-folded,

was like a family ruled by a just and merciful parent. And their faith in him was something superb. This *General Pickering* was a small vessel, even in that era of great hearts in little ships. Of two hundred tons burden, she was no larger than a coasting schooner of to-day and yet these sea rovers of Salem had been ranging the English Channel in defiance of the enemy's fleet.

"If he looks at a sail through his glass and tells the helmsman to steer for her," the boatswain told Stephen, "we don't have no worries whatever. He don't fret, so why should we? The hotter the action the calmer he stands and says what's to be done. And these hearties do it on the run. No floggin' 'em to their stations, not in this lively packet."

THREE days Stephen idled as a passenger in the captain's cabin and then begged to be assigned to duty. And so he busied himself with odd jobs in the everlasting task of keeping a ship clean and taut, and was as happy as a lark. It was stormy weather in the wild Bay of Biscay and the *General Pickering* wallowed under reefed topsails with her decks flooded. But she was steadily working to the southward, out of the gales and fogs.

There came, at length, a day of sunshine with a breeze as sweet as springtime. The men pattered about in bare feet and hung their mildewed clothes in the rigging to dry. Some of them paused to

glaze at a distant sail and then glanced at the quarterdeck. Proudly Captain Haraden paced to and fro, chatted with his first officer, and took the spyglass from the rack. The distant ship was on a course to approach the privateer. There was no need of spreading more canvases in chase.

"She looms tall and shows no fear of us," said Captain Haraden. "A frigate, perhaps. We shall soon find out. Call the men to quarters."

Stephen Claghorn felt uneasy and tried to hide it. It seemed ridiculous not to turn in flight before they came closer. Frigate or not, this towering stranger was at least thrice the size of the *General Pickering*. Captain Haraden was glowering at the stately ship, which appeared to regard the small privateer with disdain, when Jerry McNabb sauntered up to say:

"The old man just now went below to shift into his blue coat and white breeches. He always dresses like a gentleman, if he intends to meet the enemy."

"He means to fight yonder big bruiser of a ship, Jerry?"

"Aye, and take her, Steve. You'll learn what privateerin' is before the sun goes down."

CHAPTER TEN.

Captain Haraden and the Tall East Indianman.

FIFTY Salem men and boys, they stood in groups and passed the careless jest while the deck rolled gently and the soft wind sighed aloft. It may have occurred to them that their little ship was attempting too much but they showed no alarm. A man could die only once and there was no better way to go to glory than along with Captain Jonathan Haraden. If he chose to fight the tallest man-of-war afloat, that was his affair. They would lay the guns on the mark and burn the powder for him.

After a while he strolled down among them, very neat in his fresh clothes, and halted to say:

"I have made her out to be an East Indianman, boys. A richer prize than you dreamed of taking this voyage."

"She still looks to me like a frigate, sir," spoke up a veteran seaman.

"No wonder, my man," was the tranquil response. "A thousand tons burden, at the least. They are the most powerful ships afloat, outside the Royal Navy."

"Captain, if you please, (Continued on page 29)



Running Close Under the Enemy's Guns, the Little Yankee Privateer Sent a Smashing Broadside Into the Great East Indianman

and he lacked the guns to settle it like two bulldogs at each other's throats."

Other seamen drew near to renew acquaintance with the Claghorn lad from Salem and to ask news of old friends and shipmates in the war prison at Plymouth. They made a hero of him but he laughed it off and begged them to tell him more about the ship and her master. What vividly impressed him was the untroubled temper of the whole company. They obeyed without grumbling. Brutal treatment had not cowed them. It

FOOTBALL STRATEGY

By H. G. SALSINGER

Inside Facts About Offense, Defense and Tactics That Every Fellow—Player or Spectator—Needs to Know

FOOTBALL is an organized effort on the part of one eleven to carry the ball across the enemy's goal-line or to kick it over the enemy's crossbar. Understanding football, therefore, is a problem of understanding offense and defense.

First let us take the offense. Consider rushing, the main feature of football.

When a team tries to gain ground by running with the ball the play goes in one of three directions. It is either a plunge, a slant or a sweep.

On a plunge the runner goes straight ahead—"through center," the newspapers say. A plunge may be through center, between guard and center, through a guard position or just inside tackle. The three men in the center of the line, the center and the two guards, are expected to make the hole for this play.

The slant is an "off tackle" play through a tackle position or just outside. The sweep is around the end, sometimes just inside end. It occurs when the defensive end is carried far out on the play and taken out by the interference; the runner thereupon cuts inside and goes ahead.

Whenever a team tries to advance the ball by running with it, one of these plays will be tried. Now, there are any number of trick formations that can be used to mask the beginning of one of these plays. Also, the formation may indicate an entirely different play. Here enters deception and deception is one of the most valuable assets of the attack. The team on the offense strives always to cover up its intentions, to keep the other team, the one on defense, in absolute ignorance of its plans. To accomplish this the offensive team often resorts to fake passes, fake runs and fake formations. A runner will start toward one tackle position with another back ahead of him as interference, and then the interferer will suddenly whirl, grab the ball and dash off the opposite tackle. Or, the team will start with a lateral pass, and switch to an off-tackle slant or sweeping end run. A fake forward pass often develops into a plunge or sweep.

How Teams Mask Their Plays

COACHES pay particular attention to deception. Linemen and backs are taught to hide the nature and direction of plays by misleading actions before the ball is passed. If the play is to be directed at left tackle, for instance, the linemen on the opposite side would pretend they were going to make way for the runners. Backfield men are expected to stand in such position that the defending team cannot guess which way the play is going or what player will take the ball.

If the opposing team, by watching its opponents' actions, can diagnose a play, they cut down its effectiveness. Earl Martineau of Minnesota, one of the greatest backs the West has produced in recent years, had an unconscious habit of leaning quickly forward whenever his signal was called. Opposing teams soon discovered this telltale mannerism. Still, Martineau was a difficult man to stop. He would have been even better had he curbed this revealing habit.

Many linemen unwittingly help the enemy by their actions. A large number of tackles shift the feet whenever they are going to make the opening for a play; some centers will spring into an entirely different position when the signal for a plunge is called—guards often do the same thing. Ends sometimes move a step inward whenever a sweep is to come behind them; a back often will move a step or two nearer the scrimmage line when his signal is called or, if he is slow in reaching his top speed, he may move back a few steps in order to get better starts. Every coach warns his players against these and similar signs; he tries to drill his players so the other fellow never knows just what is coming.

Having considered the rushing plays, let us take up the forward pass. There are several kinds of forward passes but they are broadly divided as the long and short pass. Either of the two players on the end of the line and any player a yard behind the scrimmage line is at the time the ball was snapped eligible to receive the pass.

The short pass barely clears the scrimmage line and is caught somewhere within 10 or 12 yards ahead of the scrimmagers. The long pass, on the other hand, carries the ball behind the secondary defense. These long passes cover 25 yards or more.

The Forward Pass—A Dangerous Weapon

THE forward pass has as many variations as the plunges, slants and sweeps. It is thrown from various deceptive formations. You hear of the screen pass, in which the two guards fall back and protect the passer while the tackles and center rush forward and jostle the defense. The two ends and backs spread through the defensive zone as eligible receivers. Then there is the running pass that starts out as a sweeping end run and finishes with the runner passing while in motion; the crisscross pass, launched from a crisscross play; the side pass, a low pass thrown outside end, the passer using the side arm motion which has made



Upper—Nesale of Yale Gaining Three Yards Around the Army's Right End, 1922. Final Score, 7-7. Left—University of Southern California Beats Penn State 14-3 in '23 Last Season's Annual East-West Game at Pasadena.



Grover Cleveland Alexander a famous pitcher; the over-center, over-tackle, over-end passes, all short throws. But they all in general come under the head of long or short passes, the short generally made from five yards behind the line of scrimmage and the long ones from a fullback position.

Running and passing are two weapons of attack. A third is the kick. The punt is used to get the ball out of danger, the kicker usually stands from 10 to 12 yards behind the line of scrimmage. The drop kick is only used in an attempt to score. The placement, likewise a scoring kick, is performed by two players. One takes the center's pass and holds the ball in position for the other to boot it. The placement is surer than the drop kick.

The quarterback shoulders the responsibility on attack. He calls the plays and he is expected to call them rightly. The quarterback is guided by certain definite instructions. He knows his plays and he knows his signals for each play. He knows his players and their capabilities. Also, he must watch the other team and size up the ability and defense formations of his opponents.

Picking the Enemy's Weak Spot

ONE of the cardinal rules a quarterback must learn is this: Never call a play before looking over the defensive team. The reason for this rule is obvious. For instance, if the other team is playing a close defense, meaning that the backs are playing close behind the linemen, the quarterback should call for a forward pass or end run and if the defense happens to be open, or spread out, then the quarterback should call for a plunge or slant. It would not be wise to try a plunge or slant against a team that was set for one; neither would it be football wisdom to call for a forward pass when the defense was scattered to guard against one.

How the Sun Beat One Team

THE quarterback must take into consideration the sun, the wind and the condition of the playing field. Certain plays do not move well on a soggy field. Sun and wind play a great part in the kicking and forward passing game. We once saw an important game lost because the quarterback did not reckon with the sun and sent his forward passes to the wrong side of the field. It so happened that the sun shone in the eyes of the eligible receivers and not a pass was caught.

In the same way the quarterback can punt the ball to his opponents when the receiver has the sun in his eyes. With the wind against him the quarterback should not order punts unless he absolutely has to, but when the wind is with him he should make the punt one of his chief weapons. And the kick should always be sent as far as possible out of reach of the waiting defensive back.

Before calling a play the quarterback, having sun, wind, and footing in mind, must also consider what down it is, how many yards his team must gain, the position of the ball relative to the side line and goal line, the score and how much time is left in the half, and the position of the players on defense. These things must all be taken into consideration, quickly and accurately. Then the quarterback must choose his play.

If the quarterback has a good punter with him in the backfield he should use him constantly—many games have been won on kicking. By kicking on first or second down early in the game the kicking team not alone stands the good chance of gaining ten and more yards on an exchange of punts but also it will probably have an opportunity of recovering a fumbled punt. By con-

tinuing to kick on first and second down the quarterback is playing for the break; also, he is saving his team.

In his own territory the quarterback is expected to rely upon end runs although he should use plunges and slants to vary the monotony and add deception to the attack. If he uses nothing but end runs the opposing team will play for them and stop them.

Quarterbacks are instructed, as a rule, never to use forward passes in their own territory, lest the ball be intercepted and the opposing team either score or find itself in a splendid scoring position.

Plays to Use in Enemy's Territory

FROM midfield to the opposing 30-yard line the quarterback is expected to use slants, sweeps and plunges, also forward passes. Here he must mix his attack. Before he reaches midway he could hold down his choice of plays and always rely on the kick but now he draws near the goal-line and he is expected to keep possession of the ball. He must smash, slant, run, pass, but not kick unless he absolutely has to on a fourth down.

When he reaches the 30-yard line he is on the brink of the scoring zone and now he must use his best plays. He has discovered by this time what plays are most successful and he must call on these. If the opposing team holds then he has the choice of two things, either try a trick play or attempt a field goal, either by drop-kicking or placement-kicking.

These are the accepted principles of the attack, taught by nearly all coaches and used by nearly all quarterbacks. Each line of endeavor has its extensions, its details and variations.

If a team has the ball inside its opponents' 20-yard line and has failed to make more than a few yards in two tries along the side line and the quarterback feels that there is little chance of making a first down, then he will call for a wide end run to carry the ball to the center and give his kicker a favorable opportunity for a try at a field goal.

If a team is rushing the ball just inside the side line, no matter near what yard line, it is customary for the quarterback to call a play that will carry the runner across the side line and outside. He will lose a down but the ball will be brought toward the center of the field where, had he tried to rush from his original position, he could launch an attack against but one side of the defense and his attack would be reduced more than 50 per cent in value.

Not infrequently a quarterback will break all the accepted rules of football and triple his gain as a result. One of the greatest surprise plays of recent seasons was the forward pass from behind the goal line. A team customarily will not use the forward pass inside its own 40-yard line, much less from behind its goal. Forward passing over your own goal line was regarded as unthinkable three years ago and yet in the last two years several important games have been won just because a team did this.

A Darling New Forward Pass Play

IF a team gets possession of the ball in front of its goal line then that team naturally is expected to try to kick the ball out of danger on the first play. To make this kick the punter probably will be ten yards behind his own goal line. A forward pass tried from this point, if intercepted, would almost certainly result in a touchdown for the other team.

That such an attempt carries the element of surprise is readily apparent but that such an attempt, when you analyze it, carries a greater chance for success also becomes apparent. If your kicker is also able to forward pass the attempt is simplified. As soon as the ball is passed back at least eight men on the defensive team tear through the line to hurry the kicker and, if possible, block the kick. The other three are down the field to receive the kick (Continued on page 40)

JIBBY JONES and the WHANGDOODLE

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

WELL, I'll tell you how our feelings were hurt. The five of us, Wampus and Skippy and Tad and Jibby Jones and I, were down by the riprap at the edge of the river, up there on Birch Island in the Mississippi, and all of us but Jibby Jones had been going there for years, and we thought the old island, with the cottages on stilts, and the fishing and everything, was just about right. We thought it was the best place anybody could be. One of the cottages was empty, the one called "Easy Hours," and that cottage was, any way you looked at it, the best cottage on the island. So one day when we were all fooling around down by the ripraps, like I said, here comes a motor boat that was a beauty, and she noses in right where we were standing. Tad reached out when the boat nosed up, and took ahold of the painter rope, and held the boat's nose on the rocks until the boy and his father and mother got out. Then he showed the boy how to hitch the painter rope around a riprap rock.

The boy's father and mother had started up the ripraps, and the boy started to follow them, but the man turned.

"Edward," he said, "you stay there and watch the boat."

"The boat's all right, mister," I said. "We fixed it fast."

"You stay there and watch the boat," the man said to his son, and I guess maybe we did look sort of respectable, the lot of us, in our old clothes and everything. I don't know what there was in the boat that the man thought we might steal—maybe the boat itself—but that was how we took it. We thought he meant there was danger we might steal something.

The boy's mother was hanging onto the boy's father's arm, going up the riprap rocks and she had on shoes with high heels, and you know what ripraps are made of—broken limestone rocks, all points and edges.

"Henry," she said, "this is terrible. It's cutting my shoes to shreds. I told you this would be no place for us; it isn't even half civilized. I know we won't like it."

She was a stoutish lady and dressed like a million dollars, and we knew who she was. She was Mrs. Campcardi, and the man was Mr. Campcardi, the new millionaire down at Riverbank, who had bought eight pearl button factories and the big house the Binner's used to own. And this boy was their son—the only one they had. We'd heard the folks talking about them, and that they were thinking of taking the Easy Hours cottage, if they liked it. So the boy, who was about as old as I am, looked at us and said, "I bet you have a lot of fun up here."

We said, "Pretty good," and looked at him. He was a smallish boy and his hair was as black as coal, and glossy, and his face and hands yellow-white, like ivory or something. He was plumpish but he did not look as if he had much muscle. His eyes were dark brown, the kind that are nice for a girl to have, and he was all washed and combed and brushed off and had a white collar. He looked the way I look when I go to Sunday School—not every Sunday but, maybe, on Christmas or when I have to speak a poem or something.

"Where do you swim?" he asked, and Tad said, "Anywhere. Why?" and the boy said, "I wouldn't dare to swim in the river; I don't swim well enough; how many strokes can you swim?"

"We don't swim by strokes." Wampus said. "We just swim."

"I can swim a hundred strokes, in smooth water," the boy said, "but I don't often. It makes me too tired."

So then we didn't say anything. We didn't feel like it. When a boy's mother begins by kicking about things the minute she lands on our island, and his father talks as if we might steal the paint off his boat, a fellow don't feel like saying much—not too much anyway. But this boy didn't seem to know we felt that way. He acted just as if he thought everybody in the world ought to like him.

"I hope Father and Mother take the cottage here," he said, "I bet you have just about the best time in the world up here. What were you doing when we came? You were throwing, weren't you?"

"We were skipping stones," I said.

"I know!" he said eagerly. "I've done that. Flat ones. You see how many times you can make them skip on the water. How many times can you?"

"I did it twelve times," Tad said, "but Jibby Jones skipped one fourteen times."

SO this Edward boy looked at Jibby Jones. He looked up at Jibby's face, and took in his big, thin, long nose, and his shell-rimmed spectacles and everything.

"My, that's a lot!" he said. "Fourteen times. But you've got long arms; that ought to help. Could you skip one fourteen times again?"

Well, the first thing we knew we were all skipping stones again, trying to show the Edward boy how good we were at it, and he had his coat off and was doing it, too. We were piling all up and down the rocks, looking for good flat stones to skip, and going to the edge and skipping them, and the first thing we knew, this Edward boy had ripped his forefinger pretty bad. To skip a stone right you've got to take it between your forefinger and your thumb and throw it underhand, keeping it flat with the water, so it'll smack on the water and jump. The best this Edward boy could do was eight skips, and Jibby did a sixteen time skipper. So when the Edward boy cut his finger skipping a sharp one he looked at it and sucked it a minute, and then he pulled out a handkerchief and ripped a piece off it and asked Jibby to tie up the finger. And then he went right on skipping rocks, with his forefinger sticking out straight and with the rocks between his thumb and his second finger.

Well, that was pretty good. He wasn't a sissy-boy, anyway. And I never saw a fellow so eager and crazy to get onto the way to do a thing. In about five minutes we forgot that he looked neat and Sunday-schoolish, and we were talking about everything, and he was telling us that his father was a Spaniard and his mother from Ireland and that he had been born in the Argentine. So Jibby Jones said he had been in the Argentine, when his father was studying the Parana River there, and from that he got to talking about bolo throwing, which is what the cowboys do down there instead of



"We Don't Care About the Motor Boat," Jibby Said. "If We Like Him, We'll Like Him."

lassoing cattle. So in a couple of minutes more we were talking about throwing things, and how far things could be thrown, and about Washington throwing a dollar across a river, and Roman catapults, and bows and arrows, and we were making mud balls and jabbing them on the ends of sticks and seeing how far out into the river we could throw a mud ball by swishing it off the end of a stick.

So we were all in cahoots, and were good chums and everything, and having a good lot of fun throwing mud balls and betting a million dollars that nobody could ever throw a rock across the good old Mississippi, catapult or no catapult, when here came Mr. and Mrs. Campcardi.

"A disgusting place," she was saying. "No real grass, nothing but noxious weeds and mosquitoes and houses that are only shacks under another name. And boys that look like wild savages. It's no place for us, Henry. No civilized person could live here a week."

So then they saw precious Edward rolling a mud ball between the palms of his hands with his white collar wilted and mud marked.

"Edward, come here! What are you doing with those boys?" his mother called. "I will not have you associating with—"

WELL, he went like a little lamb, which I suppose is all right, and she lowered her voice, but that settled the Campcardis for us! Their precious little Edward waved his hand to us, but we did not wave back. We sat and stared at him and his swell motor boat, and let him go.

"He's a swell-headed stuck-up," Wampus said. "No, I don't think so," Jibby Jones said. "I think he is a little young for his age, and small for his size, and dressy for a mud-ball thrower, but I liked him. I thought he was keen and friendly. I thought he was a very nice boy. I did not think he was stand-offish at all. When Wampus bet a million dollars that a crossbow could shoot further than a catapult could throw, he came right out and bet two million dollars that a catapult could throw further than a crossbow could shoot. He didn't hesitate at all. I'd say he was a million dollars less stand-offish than Wampus was."

Well, we all laughed at that, because it was a joke. None of us had a million, or half a million; lots of times we didn't have fifty cents. But we were always saying, "Aw, I'll bet you a million dollars you can't jump across it!" or something like that. But this was the first time that all the million dollars we ever said we'd bet ever amounted to anything, or did anybody any good. But this time it was to mean something.

"That's all right," Wampus said, "but if he had meant it he would have lost his two million dollars. Because no catapult ever made by the Romans or by anybody else can shoot as far as a good old English crossbow. I know it can't. I bet I can make a crossbow that will shoot across the river, and no catapult can do that."

"How would you make it?" Jibby asked. "If you made a crossbow with a bow strong enough to shoot an arrow across the river the bow would be so stiff you couldn't pull the string back far enough to shoot the arrow anywhere."

"I'd have a sort of winder, back at the end of the crossbow gun, to pull the string, and a sort of trigger to let go with," Wampus said. "Maybe I'd make a crossbow that I wouldn't have to hold—one that would be built solid to the ground."

Well, that set Jibby Jones going, and he talked for about half an hour about catapults, and crossbows, and ballistas, and trebuchets, and (Continued on page 26)



We Were Good Chums and Everything and Having a Good Lot of Fun Throwing Mud Balls.

THE COMEBACK

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

YOUNG RUFÉ MANSON'S first inclination was to refuse passage down the Cumberland River to the stranger who came aboard his shell-tonging shantyboat at Pog's Landing. But Rufé was so happy in the great secret that ended his last job for the pearl button shell factory that he had no mind to be unneighborly to anybody on earth.

"All right." Then he looked the lanky, tobacco-chewing mountain man over casually. "Anyhow, I think I saw you before. Up at Champ's Cove last summer with the Frazier boys."

"Yes—" mumbled the man. "Todd's my name. I was tongin' a while up there. All I want is to get down to Hersey's store. It's forty miles over the ridge, and the roads is pow'ful bad. I heard o' yeh, boy!"

Rufé wondered just what he had heard? Nobody around Pog's where Rufé poled his scow boat in to buy a snack of groceries could know why he had cut loose for the drift down river, or that he never expected to go button shell tonging again since that morning up at Champ's Cove when Rufé had suddenly dropped down on his knees on the heap of wet, black mussel shells in the hold of his scow and stared weakly at what lay in his dirty palm.

Twice before in his button shell tonging Rufé had come upon tiny seed pearls and sold them for a month's grub supply, but this!

There it was—the dream of every button shell tonger, a wondrous lustrous sphere of soft glowing iridescence—a fresh water pearl such as set the farmers of the inland river bottoms crazy thirty years ago and up and down the Mississippi valley. Rufé had seen enough and learned enough in the three years since he left an Iowa farm to go cruising for the shell buyers to know what this beautiful gem must be worth. Ceylon and the warm seas have no such variety of colors in their oyster pearls as have the fresh water mussels in their rare product. Not the usual misshapen, flawed nacreous globule where the black mussel has tried to entomb the dead parasitic worm with layers of rich secretion, but a big round sphere with a perfect skin and unmarred "orient."

Rufé had come dodging up through his tiny galley and bunk-room to the deck with a shout that brought the other tongers of the shantyboat fleet over to the *Lottie B.*, the stubby-bowed boat named after Rufé's mother up in Iowa.

"Take 'em away, boys!" Rufé whooped. "Grub, duds, tongs and everything! I'm through with the river—I got mine!"

And his envious friends gathered about. There was no doubt about this black mussel pearl. Old Man Slingem had found and sold one six years ago not half so big as this, and a "pear" pearl, too, while Rufé's had unflawed roundness. Slingem got one thousand dollars for his at St. Louis and drank the money up in a year.



And Then He Turned Cold at the Sight of a Face in the Window.

"Don't you consider less'n two thousand, Rufé—maybe more. You go mighty cautious sellin' it. The shell buyers will be around you thick as thieves and runnin' your pearl down, tryin' to get it for nothin' much."

"Fat chance!" Rufé yelled. "I know what I'm doin'. Boys, I pull out and drift down. I'll turn in my batch of button shell to the first buyer at Hersey's and grab a train for Keokuk—and Mother. Then we'll talk business, Mother and me. Clean out what's owed on the farm, and—"

But Rufé had been too confusedly happy to think further. He pulled out the next day. The rest of the crowd agreed to say nothing about his discovery right away. Indeed every man of them went back to tonging and opening the fresh water mussels to see if the cove wouldn't turn out another little fortune for some lucky shell fisher.

Rufé had drifted up and down the Tennessee rivers and creeks of the Illinois and Iowa bottoms; first with one crowd and then another on the shell tonging business. At Keokuk were the principal factories where more than three million dollars' worth of mother-of-pearl are worked up each year into buttons, fancy cutlery handles, and inlay for ornamental uses. The tongers drift all summer long from one bar to another dredging the inedible black mussel into their scows, opening and cleaning the mollusks for the shell market. But of late years it is a rarity to find a fresh water pearl, although a generation ago there was a great excitement over "pearling" for the pearls themselves, a tradition now that kept many a lad at the hard and meagre work of button shell fishing.

RUFÉ MANSON had just been tonging shells so long that he almost forgot keeping an eye out for pearls in the reeking, dirty mussels he earned his living from. But here it was and discovered in the last week of the season, for the tongers quit work in October.

He was alone and happy two days on the slow drift between the autumn-clad hills enclosing the river. His pearl was cleaned, wrapped in tissue paper and secreted in his tin document box. Not that Rufé had any legal papers worth a mussel shell, but it held letters and odds and ends such as a fellow will accumulate on a shantyboat cruise.

So he pulled away from Pog's Landing, yelled a cheery good-by to the storekeeper and idlers without telling any of them that this was the last they would see of him up the Cumberland. The scow would make the easy drift to Hersey's in thirty hours. All that Rufé and the man he had taken on board had to do was to keep her in midstream and off the points with the long pushpoles, and idle in the warm October sunshine. On the upstream voyage the shantyboat clamblers were wont to form a pool, hire a launch and be towed to the head-water bars for the summer's work. Some of them had power boats which would give a fellow the up-haul, but Rufé was saving his money for that Iowa homestead.

"They tell me clammin' ain't what it was," said the lone passenger sprawled on the canvas roof of the cabin and watching the yellow-brown hills downstream. "The bars are gettin' worked out, ain't they, boy? Comin' back next spring?"

"No—" Rufé answered. "Not up here anyhow. I ain't cleaned much this trip."

That was true as to marketable shell. But Rufé's mind hung to that query about his future tonging operations. He just wondered why the lanky, grinning mountain man should hit on it. Rufé wasn't coming back because of this great pearl find. And yet none but half-a-dozen of his friends up at Champ's Cove knew of this. He looked on the stranger with a moment's suspicion, and then forgot it in half an hour, for Todd proved himself to be an amiable, willing assistant on the shantyboat. He went into the galley while Rufé watched the snaggy points, and in no time had supper ready for them. Eggs and country-fresh pork chops and store bread and coffee. They ate at the long table in the cabin which was separated by a bulkhead from the noisome, dirty mussel shell hold, two thirds filled with Rufé's last fortnight's tonging.

And in the hold, just past the little sliding hatch, was Rufé's tin box containing the fresh water treasure. He had thrown an old overcoat over it carelessly, for this was the best concealment. There was no place in the cabin where one could have locked up valuables, or hardly concealed them for that matter among the simple furnishings.

Todd talked of mussels, mountain farming and timber cruisings while he smoked his old black pipe after supper. Now and then the travelers had cast an eye out the little windows to mark the driftway but the *Lottie B.* had struck a long straight stretch of easy water and was lurching on midstream.

"Guess we can drift to-night as long as the moon holds—" Rufé remarked leisurely. "Might as well. Good gone again after we work the mile of water at Green Gap. We'll poke through that before dark and let her ride."

"Well, I dunno." Todd eyed the silent hills. "Might hang up on a snag. Got nothin' but your little skiff to work off with if we did. And gettin' a block-and-tackle ashore to 'cordell' this big tub off a snag in the dark, wouldn't be no fun."

That was about all that could happen to a drifting happy-go-lucky mussel tonger. Sliding the heavy plank bottom over a snag and—with the falling river

having a day's work careening it off again. Rufé had had it happen like all other shantyboaters.

An hour later, with the sun lower over the mountain "balds," Todd again thought they ought to tie up for the night.

"Shucks, no!" laughed Rufé. "We can drift 'til dark anyhow, and then see what the goin' is. But I know every foot of it to Hersey's and beyond."

The *Lottie B.* was eased around another wooded bend, with Rufé out on the square bow shoving on the fifteen-foot ash pole. He happened to glance down in the cabin hatch. Todd was standing in the middle of the room, stirring a cup of coffee, but his eyes were roving intently over every foot of the walls, the few lithographed pictures tacked there; the board shelves and Rufé's clothes hung to the nails. A close stealthy study of every foot of space, then the table, the chairs and the open tool box against the forward bulkhead. Todd walked forward and looked at this and then at the square little door leading to the mussel shell hold.

Rufé had turned his attention to a projecting tree on the point. When he had steered the boat off this, he



Rufé Arose to the Fore Deck, Shining With Water and Blood.

found Todd at his back still stirring his coffee and grinning amiably.

"Well, I guess she's good for a mile without another pole. I'll take the next trick. Hello!" Todd stared down the shore of overhanging brush. "Guess they want us to pick up!"

A clumsy old skiff was wobbling out amidstream. Two men were in it, and one hailed the *Lottie B.*

"You-all goin' to make Hersey's store?" "Sure—" answered Rufe. "Pushin' right along—"

"Mebbe you wouldn't mind stoppin' at my clearin' down a piece and throwin' on some household stuff I want to take down. Some beddin' and stuff." The man had his hand to the *Lottie B.* and stood upright looking at the young master. "We been cuttin' ties up the mountain, and we want to get down afore a cool spell. Got all cut out up there."

"Sure thing—" Rufe had hesitated just a moment. But no shantyboat ever refuses any request of that sort on the rivers. Everybody gave everyone else a lift.

"Can't get all our household stuff in the skiff—" the elder man went on. Then he turned to the other in the boat. "Pass up the stern rope, Jim. We'll help these boys in to our landin' when we round the bend."

"Have some coffee?" sang out Rufe, cheerily. "Todd, get it off the stove. We just ate, boys."

"Thanky—" the stranger seemed embarrassed. "My name's Wilson. This is my boy, Jim. Reckon you-all is clammers. I smell them old shells somewhere!"

They all laughed. "You hit it. That is—I *was* clammin'. Todd, here, he's just makin' the drift with me to Hersey's. Climb on, boys, and be at home."

THEY all lounged about the foredeck and swapped river gossip. But a curious constraint seemed to exist between Todd and the swarthy tugs and ticeutter. Their eyes seemed to rove restlessly about from Rufe to his cabin fixings, and out to the forested shore. Wilson said presently they had better get out the big stern sweep oar and work the boat a bit cross current for his camp.

Rufe and the younger Wilson went forward to judge the drift so as to clear the sandy point on the left bank and bring the craft on an easy drift in the back water shoals below it. Right in there, said Wilson, was the spot.

"We'll have to put an oar to her all right," grunted Rufe, tugging at the lashings on the cabin top. The big sweep was fast so he trotted across the cabin, hopped down on the stern deck and pulled at the lashing knot.

And then Rufe stopped. He heard an unusual sound. A sharp clank of metal, and it seemed just under his feet in the mussel hold. And instantly he slipped back to the open hatch above the heap of black, wet shells, knelt and peered over the deck coaming. He could see that the little door to the bulkhead was open and that Todd was in the aperture.

Wilson was behind him in the cabin. And Todd had jerked the coat off the tin box, the noise of this as it rattled on the shells being what Rufe had heard above.

"The pearl—" breathy. Rufe said. "They know I got it. They're makin' a search. They've gone through everything in the cabin while Jim kept me on deck!"

Jim Wilson couldn't see Rufe, because the superstructure of the cabin concealed him from the bow deck. And Rufe stared silently. His mind was swiftly alert to the fact that he was alone in mid-river with three men, who knew of his treasure and were after it. Stealth first, and then violence, he at once guessed. They had waylaid him here and pretended to be strangers to each other; and Todd, the first arrival, had failed to locate the pearl's hiding place to-day. Todd must have found out about it from some of the boys around Champ's and of the exultant young discoverer's start down river on his last shantyboat drift.

Rufe was too cautious to make an outcry of robbery now. He would have no chance. Killed and his body secreted along the uninhabited banks, he would just disappear and it would be months before anything was heard of it. His mother at home, folks down at Hersey's, didn't even know he was on his return from Champ's Cove. Nothing could ever be proved as to his finish.

But Rufe didn't intend to have any finish. He slowly stood upright and then dropped over the coaming, his feet coming down on the shells with a smash. Then he whistled carelessly to Jim Wilson and gave the sweep a jerk.

"Well—got more old shell here than I thought. Must be four tons, hey—Todd?"

He bent and looked under the decking into the cabin. Todd must have hastily backed out of the bulkhead door. And the tin box, half-uncovered, lay by it on the reeking mussel heap. Rufe pretended not

(Continued on page 37)



Bring Along a Brownie

Ask your father how much he would give for pictures of the things he did when he was a boy — his pets, and sports and chums.

Then tell him that the prices of Brownie cameras, made in Kodak shops by Kodak workmen, and easily worked, thoroughly capable picture-makers, begin at \$2.00.

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Voices in the Orchestra

By C. H. CLAUDY

WHAT'S that long thin thing the chap on the left is tooting?"

"Why do they have so many fiddles of so many different sizes?"

"How do those horn things work?"

"It's easy to be a drummer, isn't it?"

"How many notes will a trombone play?"

The boy wanted to know all about the orchestra. If you had been sitting beside him in the big movie house, how many of his questions could you have answered? Did you ever find out why there are so many different instruments in an orchestra or band, or how each sings its own song?

Take a long tightly stretched string, draw it back, then let it go and listen to the note it makes as it vibrates. That is how music is produced—the rhythmic vibration of something which sets up sound waves in the air. But in addition to the vibration of its center, back and forth, various parts of the string will also vibrate between various places upon it, called "nodes." These fainter, smaller, always higher tones give the note its particular "quality." They are known as "overtones" or "harmonics;" it is these which give the different instruments different "voices" when they play the same note. The pitch is determined by the number of sound waves; that is, the greater the number of sound waves per second, the higher the note.

It does not have to be a string that vibrates. It may be a reed, or just a column of air, or the membrane of a drum. From these differences come the various "families" of musical instruments, which are the strings, the wood wind, the brass and the timpani.

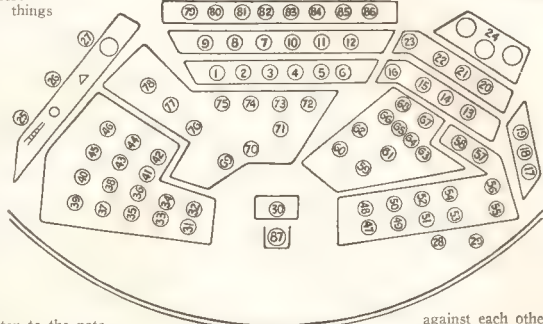
The String Family

In any orchestra, even a little one, you will find two members of the string family—the familiar violin and a big brother of the family, the bass viol. In larger orchestras will be two other members of the string family, the viola (a larger violin) and the cello, commonly called "cello," (pronounced "chello") which is a size or so smaller than the bass viol, but much bigger than a violin. In still larger orchestras will be found the harp and the piano, but these, strangely enough, although stringed instruments, are not strictly speaking of the string family; they belong to the percussion type of instrument, since their strings are struck or plucked.

All the "strings" in the orchestra are played with a bow—horse-hair stretched and rosined, which, drawn over the strings, starts and keeps it vibrating. The tone is produced by the vibration of the string, but amplified, echoed, enlarged and sent forth by the body of the instrument, which is nothing but a mirror for sound. You have seen the odd curls and twists to a violin, and have perhaps thought you could invent a much prettier shape. But that odd shape, unchanged for centuries, cannot be improved upon—at least, generations of workmen have not been able to improve it. The curves must be just so, and the back and belly just so, and the little sound post (which you can't see, but which holds back and belly apart) must be most exactly and precisely and particularly placed just so, or the whole instrument is a failure and instead of producing round, singing, heart-searching, beautiful tones, it screams and squawks and is sold for about five dollars!

The Versatile French Horn.

The strings are the most penetrating



How Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Famous Conductor, Arranges the "Voices" in the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Wood Wind Instruments—1, Piccolo; 2-3, Flutes; 4-5, Clarinet; 6-8, Clarinets; 9, Bass Clarinet; 10-11, Bassoons; 12, Contra Bassoon. Brass Instruments—13-16, French Horns; 17-19, Trumpets; 20-22, Trombones; 23, Tuba. Percussion Instruments—24, Kettle Drums, (Timpani); 25-27, Xylophone; Glockenspiel, Bells, Snare Drum, Triangle, Tambourine, Cymbals, Tom-tom, Bass Drum, etc.; 28-29, Harps; 30, Celesta. Stringed Instruments—31-46, First Violins; 47-58, Second Violins; 59-68, Violas; 69-78, Violoncellos; 79-86, Bases; 87, Conductor.

voices in the orchestra, with the single exception of the littlest of all musical instruments, the piccolo. They are also the most delicately soft. The violin is the most agile of all the instruments. Its breadth and strength of tone, softness or keenness and ability to do anything, its "singing" qualities, make it the leading instrument, the backbone, of the orchestra.

The Wood Winds

THE wood wind instruments are four in number, with a few offshoots. The flute, the clarinet, the oboe and the bassoon are the usual instruments found, but sometimes you will see a peculiar instrument called a Cor Anglais, or English horn, (which is a big oboe), and often you hear the piccolo, which is a little flute.

Although the flute is of the wood wind family, it is often made of silver, which metal gives it a peculiarly bright and sparkling tone. The flute music is produced in exactly the same way that one gets a note from blowing across the top of a bottle. The player blows not into, but across the hole at the mouthpiece, and by so doing sets into vibration the column of air contained in the body of the flute. The effective length of this column of air is altered by the use of the keys which open and close holes along the length of the tube. The flute is extremely agile, and can play runs and trills and cadenzas and arpeggios with wonderful speed. It has a soft sweet little voice, which only becomes shrill in the higher notes. One can always know the flute player from the other wood wind masters, because he alone of all the players holds his instrument crosswise of his body and plays it extending horizontally to his right. When the flute becomes the piccolo, it masters even the great horns in the orchestra and keeps its way through the greatest crashes of sound with notes higher and shriller than any bird or any instrument made by man can encompass.

No such distinction exists between the clarinet and the oboe. Both are played extending straight in front and at an angle, downward. Both are about the same size, both are usually black and inlaid with a complicated mechanism of keys. Both are "reed" instruments. That is, the sound is produced by a slender reed of cane, fast at one end, free at the other, the loose extremity being in the mouth. There are two great differences between the two. First, the oboe has a double reed (two reeds working

against each other) while the clarinet has a single reed; second, the clarinet is a cylindrical instrument and the oboe a conical one. This conical shaping is in the inside bore, and has a great deal to do with the character of the sound and the way the instrument is fingered.

The oboe, like the flute and saxophone, fingers the second octave like the first, while the clarinet "overblows," as it is called, not to the octave or the eighth note but to the twelfth note, which makes the fingering of all its octaves different, one reason why the instrument is difficult to master. The tone of the oboe is thin, reedy, often penetratingly sweet, delicate. It is sometimes funny, often sad, and can express a quiet gaiety very effectively. The clarinet has a long range and a great variety of tone from its low to its high register. It combines most happily with either the flute or the oboe, and you can always say of a good clarinet player that he has worked hard and long to attain his skill, for the clarinet parts are often as difficult, if not more difficult than the violin parts.

You will notice, at times, that clarinet players have two instruments, and that they sometimes change from one to the other. The reason is that these two instruments are pitched in different keys—usually a sharp key, the other a flat key. Generally speaking, the greater number of sharps or flats in a key, the more difficult it is to play with a keyed instrument. Consequently, when the music being played is in a flat key, the clarinet player prefers a flat clarinet, and when it is in a sharp key, he chooses a sharp instrument so as to facilitate his fingering.

The oboe player has troubles of his own, one of them being to keep his little reeds moist (wherefore he often sits with them in his mouth even when not playing) and the other, to get rid of his breath. The oboe requires but little breath pressure to play, and the player often suffers from holding his breath too long, instead of not having enough breath.

The Bassoon and Saxophone

THE bassoon is the long instrument with a funny little crooked tube leading off to one side to the player's mouth. It has a very reedy voice indeed, and always plays the very ridiculous and make you laugh without trouble; when serious, it adds a full body of solid reed tones to orchestration, which you would miss if it were not there even though you may not distinguish it. The bassoon, like all the reed instruments, is hard to learn to play well, but a great delight when once mastered. It is seldom heard as a solo instrument except in little passages in large orchestra work. While considering wind instruments of the wood wind family, mention must be made of the saxophone. You see no



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CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

saxophones in most orchestras because they are only about seventy years old and the masters of music couldn't write parts for an instrument not yet invented. But you find no band without several saxophones, where they add to the power of the brass, something of the agility of the clarinet.

The saxophone has been "jazzed" so much in dance and comic orchestras that many do not realize the power and beauty of its tones. Like the clarinet it has a single reed, and like the oboe it has a conical bore. It is fairly agile, has a very human quality to its upper register in the soprano, alto, melody and tenor models, and a great satisfying, hearty, booming voice for its low notes, in the baritone and bass models. It sometimes takes the place of a cello in an orchestra and its friends predict that the orchestra of the future must have at least two sizes of saxophones.

The Brass Winds

THE brass wind has its upper, middle register and bass members. They are all important, but the French horn, the trumpet (in a band the trumpet becomes the cornet) and the trombone are the vital members, with the large bass horns, which have several names and varieties, a close second.

The brass instruments are all played with keys, (except the slide trombone), using the lips as a reed. The trumpet has power, breadth and a staccato note of great beauty. The French horn can wail, can soothe softly, as if heavily muffled, or can blare forth with great power. The trombone has depth and solidity to its tone and a rich quality which cannot be described. One can tell them apart easily—the trumpet (or cornet) is the smallest of the brass instruments and is played straight out from the face. The French horn is a circular instrument, into the mouth or bell of which the player sticks his hand to control the tone. The trombone is the instrument which the player makes longer or shorter at will, and the larger brass—tuba, double bass, and alto horn are easily recognized from their size.

Drums, Traps and the Harp

THE drummers in an orchestra have their timpani, or kettle drums, (which they "tune") by tightening or slackening the heads), the bass drum, the cymbals, the snare drum, and all the "traps," such as bells, zylphone, triangle, tambourine, etc. The drummer spends years mastering his art—to learn merely to "roll" requires steady practice for a year.

The harp is in a class by itself, and while indispensable for some work, is less often used than the other instruments, partly because it has so soft a voice as to be drowned in heavy ensemble playing, partly because it is so difficult to transport that its players are relatively few.

The harp has by no means as many strings as it plays notes. The player uses not only his hands but his feet, which depress and lock and unlock little pedals. The pedals operate a delicate mechanism which shortens particular strings by an amount sufficient to raise them half a tone, thus enabling the harpist to play in any key, without having more strings beneath his hands than he could control.

A Story of a Great Conductor

AND finally, do not forget the conductor—the man who stands and waves his wand and produces music. It looks easy, of course, and yet he is probably the most competent musician before you. For all the rest play each but one instrument, while he plays upon them all—plays with a nod of his head, a look in his eye, a wave of his hand, and puts into the combinations of sounds, the life, the fire, the verve, the swing, the sadness or the gladness of the music which you hear.

A pretty story of the great Thomas, one of the most famous of orchestral conductors, has become a legend. Thomas had an almost uncanny control of his musicians and one day showed a vast audience how fine that control was by rebuking some rude people who were talking and laughing loudly in a stage box. The music had swelled forth to a climax, a mighty Niagara of sound. Thomas held his baton motionless. The music stopped as if cut off with a knife, and the talkers and laughers in the box, making much noise against the rush of the sound, projected their disturbance suddenly into a dead silence. The effect was electric, and the audience broke into a storm of cheers, during which the noisy box party faded from sight in confusion.

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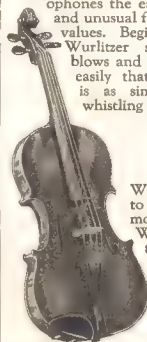
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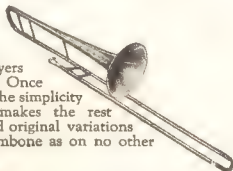


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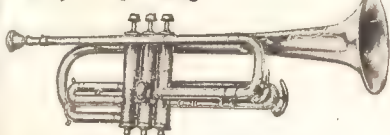
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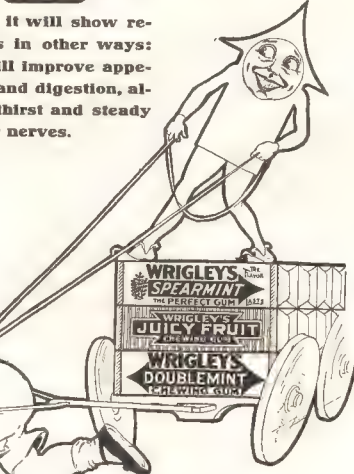
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Jibby and the Whangdoodle

(Continued from page 21)

petronels, and perriers, and arbalists and all kinds of old war machines that were used to throw arrows and bolts and rocks and Greek fire. They're all in the dictionaries and encyclopedias, I guess, but old Jibby seemed to know all about them. And when he had got through talking about them he began to talk of the throwing things he had seen on the pampas and in Africa and wherever he had been. But what he ended up with was that all the arrow-throwing things sent the projectile with a snap, while the sort of catapult he meant there it was a sort of overhand sweep, a good deal the same as we had been throwing the mud balls from the ends of our sticks. And Jibby thought that sort of overhand throw carried further than the snappy sort of throw. He said a ball player might pitch underhand when he wanted to pitch hard and straight, but if he wanted to throw hard and far he threw overhand. So it ended with Jibby betting Wampus two million nothings that he could build a catapult that would throw a rock further than any bow Wampus could build would throw an arrow or a bolt.

"And I'd not be surprised," Jibby said, "if I built one that could throw a rock clear across the river."

Well, when we said "river" we didn't mean river. The main channel of the Mississippi River does run in front of our island, but it is not the whole river. Part of the river runs behind our island, and another part runs on the other side of Buffalo Island, which is across from in front of our island. The part in front of our island is called a "chute," and it is about 900 yards wide—2700 feet. That's enough river to throw anything across.

THE next day we all got at building the crossbow and the catapult. We sort of split into two sets; Tad was helping Jibby and Skippy was helping Wampus; but I helped anybody that wanted help. Wampus and Skippy set about making the crossbow by hunting for a good sound well-seasoned hickory fence rail, and they found one over on the Illinois side, and set about shaping it into a bow, with an old adze and draw knife. It was some job! I guess that old adze was worn down past the hard steel that had been its cutting edge, for every half hour or so Wampus or Skippy would yell for me, and I'd be turning the old grindstone to sharpen the adze. And that gave Wampus his idea for winding up the bow. He used the grindstone handle and axle and frame, with the grindstone off.

Jibby Jones did not go at his job so directly. He wouldn't. That would not be like Jibby. He took a cigar box and some small pieces of wood and wire and one thing and another, and made a model first. I guess he changed that model sixty times, trying the throwing arms one way and then another way, trying two throwing arms and then one and then two again. And, if you talk about a million, he had about a million pebbles on his porch, to test the model with. He would shoot a few pebbles and then he would tighten a string or loosen a wire, and then he would shoot a few more pebbles. And although at first the model would only throw a pebble half way from the porch steps to the river old Jibby worked on it until he could throw a pebble into the river, and then even further than that. And then he kept on changing the model, but it would not throw as far as before, so he went back to the style that had been best. And the best style was the one with two arms and with a sort of nest between them to put the pebble in. The nest was at the upper ends of the arms, and a winder drew them back and let them go suddenly, and the pebble went shooting! It made a big arc up in the air and it did seem to go as far as anything could possibly go when thrown by such a small model.

"How big are you going to build it?" I asked Jibby Jones.

"Big," Jibby said. He had to build it big, too. We saw that, as soon as Wampus began to get the bow of his crossbow any sort of shape. With a hickory bow the size Wampus and Skippy were making that crossbow was going to throw an arrow a long distance and no mistake. Of course, when Wampus got it done and ready to use he would have to try out a lot of different sized and shaped and weighted arrows and bolts. He did not know and we did not know, and nobody could know, what it would shoot best. It might be a long slim light arrow, or a long slim heavy arrow, or an iron bolt. He might have to try for a week or two, testing one projectile and then another, before he was ready for the final contest. But Jibby's was meant to shoot only one sort of projectile. It was meant to shoot a big heavy round rock. That's the best thing in

the world to throw overhand. Wampus and Skippy got the hickory bow shaped to suit Wampus, and then they began making what you'd call the barrel of the crossbow and it was just about then that Jibby had his model to suit him. He showed it to all of us, and Wampus—when he saw it—almost laughed his head off.

"Caesar's ghost!" he said. "That's the funniest catapult I ever did see! You don't mean to call that a catapult, do you?"

Jibby Jones put his head on one side and looked at his model.

"Don't you think it looks like a catapult, Wampus?" he asked.

"No, I don't," Wampus said. "Well, perhaps it does not look exactly like a catapult," Jibby admitted. "Not like the one in the dictionary. But if it don't look like a catapult, I don't know what it does look like."

"It looks like a whangdoodle to me," Wampus said. "And there is no such thing as a whangdoodle. That's what I'd say it looks like."

So after that we did call it the whangdoodle. And when Jibby and Tad and I began to build it, it looked more like a whangdoodle than ever. It was all well enough to make a neat little model with a cigar box and a pocket knife and bits of string and wire, but when you begin to build a full sized affair, with ropes and chains and planks you have to cut with an axe, it looks different. Cruder, you might say. More like something you would call a whangdoodle.

And it was quite some work, I'll tell you! In the first place this wasn't going to be any shooter that you could wind up with a grindstone handle. This took a real winder, for Jibby said it was necessary, to be able to throw a thing far, that the thing should be solid and heavy. He meant to be able to throw a rock that weighed a hundred pounds, if he had to. His idea was that you can throw a chunk of lead further than you can throw a handful of feathers. And that seems reasonable. But when he took us up the island and showed us where the winder of the whangdoodle was to be, and what he was going to use as the two throwing arms, we just about fell over backwards.

ALL he was going to use as the throwing arms were a couple of trees. That's all; only a couple of trees! Hickory trees.

Jibby had hunted along the shore until he found two hickory trees standing fairly close together, and all we had to do was trim off the branches and leave them standing as two hickory sticks, forty feet high. Back from these were two other trees, one a small maple and one a big elm, standing close together, and they were to be the uprights for the winder—the winch, Jibby called it. All Jibby planned to do was hitch ropes and chains well up toward the tops of the two hickory trees, hitch his dad's hammock between the two, run the ropes back to the winch, and there was his whangdoodle!

We went to work on the winch first, because Jibby wanted to rig up his trigger arrangement while we were getting the two hickory trees in shape to be the arms of the whangdoodle. Then, when the winch was ready, we set at trimming the sides of the hickory trees that were toward the winch, trimming more off the larger of the two than off the other, so that they would have about equal "throw." Then, when Jibby had rigged his trigger to suit him, so that when the arm-trees were drawn back just so far the trigger would release them, he set to work building a platform of driftwood, with a ladder up to it. This was so he could load the whangdoodle. The idea was that the ammunition rocks would be hoisted onto the platform, the throwing arms drawn back, the rock dumped into the hammock, and then—whang!—the trigger would snap and off would go the rock, up into the air, making a dandy curve and falling in the river away far out, if it didn't carry clear across to the other side of the chute and land on Buffalo Island.

Long before we had the whangdoodle half done Wampus had his crossbow all complete and was trying out different arrows and bolts. He had to do quite a little more work, then. He had made the barrel of his crossbow immovable, and when he began trying out different arrows he found he had it aimed too high, and he went to work and changed it, and fixed it with a hinge, so it could be raised or lowered. Then he had to make all kinds of arrows, to try out. Jibby had the best of him there, for a rock is a rock, and the whangdoodle was only meant to shoot rocks. So, before Wampus was ready, we were ready, and we began hunting for the best sort of rocks to use. We got them up from the creeks, over on the Iowa shore,

mostly, and we got all sizes, from some about twenty-five pounds heavy to some four or five times as big

We were rowing back to our island with a hundred and twenty-five pounder, about, in my skiff one afternoon. It was a Tuesday, and we were planning to have the Whangdoodle Long Distance Crossbow-Whangdoodle Shooting Match the next Saturday afternoon, when our folks would be up—our fathers—and all of a sudden the big round rock gave a heave and rolled over, and crack went the side of the skiff. In two seconds all three of us were spilled into the river, and we had a great old time swimming after the oars and our hats and getting them to shore, and steam-boating the old skiff to land, for it had turned bottom-side up and was as heavy as iron when it came to pushing it that way. It was a good thing we could all swim like a fish. But we did not mind it much—the water was warm.

We got the old skiff up on the ripraps and looked her over, and we were saying this and that—I wanted to get to work and mend the skiff before we fooled with the whangdoodle, but Jibby and Tad wanted to let the skiff wait and give the whangdoodle its first try.

We were going on that way when somebody stopped, just up above us.

"Well, young men," he said, "you seem to have had a wreck."

WE looked up, and there was Mr. Campcardi, looking down at us and smiling, as pleasant as you please. He had an oval ivory face, like Edward's, and the same eyes and hair, and when he smiled he looked kind and friendly.

"I've been looking at this contraption of yours back here," he said. "It seems an elevated location for a hammock. Is it to be presumed that the idea is to repose above the mosquito zone?"

"No, sir," Jibby Jones said. "That's a whangdoodle."

"It's a sort of catapult," I said. "To throw rocks."

"Indeed? Quite interesting. How far does it throw rocks?"

"We have not tried it yet," Jibby said, and he climbed the ripraps and walked with Mr. Campcardi toward the whangdoodle. We followed after him.

"I shall be interested to have you explain the interesting instrument," Mr. Campcardi said. "Everything on the island interests me now. I have taken a cottage; the cottage called Easy Hours."

"Well, we thought that was funny, because Mrs. Campcardi had not seemed to like the island much.

"My dear wife did not care for your island," Mr. Campcardi went on, "nor was I eminently impressed by it at the first seeing, but I was too recently from more metropolitan centers, I dare say. I have heard everyone declare what happy times your lads have here. And my dear wife has gone to a sick sister in Japan. My own sister will be here. My own sister is more used to roofing it."

"We did not understand what he meant at first, but he meant 'roofing it.'" He missed some words by an inch or two that way, because he was Spanish, I guess.

"And I hope, young gentlemen, you will like the young son and heir of the Campcardis," Mr. Campcardi said quite seriously. "He is truly not such an unpleasant young fellow. No!"

"I guess we'll like him all right," Jibby said. "We did like him well enough."

"And you must pardon my wife and myself," said Mr. Campcardi. "My dear wife and myself may have seemed rude. We hope you will forgive us. My son will have a motor boat—"

"We don't care about the motor boat," Jibby said. "If we like him we'll like him. Did he come to the island to-day?"

"He came," said Mr. Campcardi.

"Well, tell him to come on up here, then," Jibby said. "Unless Wampus and Skippy have got him. We'll show him how the whangdoodle works. We'll let him help work it."

"Alas!" said Mr. Campcardi. "The young Edward feared you might not welcome him with open arms so soon after our arrival. He suggested that it might be well for me to make my own peace with him before he made himself conspicuous by his presence. See! He is there!"

Mr. Campcardi pointed to the river and sure enough, there was Edward chasing upstream in the swell motor boat, and letting her out for all she was worth, too. "Too fast! Too rapid!" Mr. Campcardi said with a frown, and then he turned and examined the whangdoodle, while Jibby Jones explained how it worked. Even our own fathers could not have been more interested than he was. He asked which boy had invented it, and then he asked us to wind it up and then he threw a rock. "Well, we haven't worked it yet," Jibby said doubtfully. "A whangdoodle like this may not work very well the first time.

But I'll try it, if you say so."

"Oh, please!" said Mr. Campcardi.

He sat down on one of the boxes we had ropes in, and Jibby climbed the ladder to the ammunition platform, and Tad and I went to the winch and began to wind up. We had taken about ten turns of the winch and the turning was beginning to get mighty hard, when all at once Jibby Jones cried:

"Your boat! Your boat!"

THE next moment there came a dull "thung!" sound from the river, and Mr. Campcardi was on his feet, and we had let the winch unwind with a rush, for the Campcardi motor boat was drifting down the chute, and it was all one mass of flames, and Edward Campcardi was standing at the very stern, with the flames blowing toward him. We saw him slap at the light coat he had on, beating out the fire where it was catching, and then Mr. Campcardi cried, without taking his eyes from the boat:

"My boy! My boy! He cannot swim!"

"And then Eddie Campcardi jumped into the river.

I started to run toward the cottages, but anyone ought to have known that was no use.

"George! Come back here!" Jibby shouted and I stopped. Jibby was climbing the ladder to the whangdoodle's ammunition platform. "Wind her up, Tad! Wind her up, George! Help them, quick, Mr. Campcardi!" he shouted, and he began slucking off his shoes and throwing off his coat and pants. The two tree-arms of the whangdoodle came lower and lower, bending like two willow wands, and the three of us strained and pulled at the handles of the winch, and just as the hammock-sling reached the platform level Jibby Jones stepped in and crouched down with his head against his knees and his arms wrapped around them, and the next instant there was a whale of a "whang!" and the two tree-arms of the whangdoodle snapped up. Jibby Jones shot out and up, high in the air, far out over the river, and away out near the burning motor boat he hit the water with a big splash. For a second or two that seemed like a couple of years we waited and then we saw him swimming hand over hand.

He carried Edward up the rocks and by that time everyone was there, and they got that time everyone was there, and Edward sitting up and looking around, and nobody was dead or drowned or anything.

And the next thing we knew, Mr. Campcardi was down on his knees kissing Jibby's bare feet.

Well, that was all right. If a man wants to show his feelings by kissing feet I don't know any better feet to kiss than some that have been kicking in the river for a mile or so. But from then on there wasn't a thing in the world that Jibby could have asked for that Mr. Campcardi wouldn't have done for him. Foot kissing was the very least; just a sort of fancy work thrown in for good measure.

He thought Jibby was the greatest person in the world.

So, a couple of days later, we were talking about how Jibby had fired himself out of the whangdoodle, and I guess Jibby was getting sick enough of hearing about it. He wasn't interested in the whangdoodle any longer, because it had thrown Jibby himself about twice as far as Wampus had been able to make his crossbow shoot an arrow or a bolt or anything else.

"Well, it's all right to be a hero," Wampus said, "but I think a man is crazy to let himself be shot out of a whangdoodle. It's all right to go scooting through the air, but you might have hit the water with an awful whop. If you had smashed out flat on the water—"

"I wouldn't," Jibby said.

"I'd like to know how you could know you wouldn't," Wampus asked with a lot of scorn in his voice. "I've dived as much as anybody has, and I couldn't be sure I'd cut into the water clean and sharp. Not when a whangdoodle had slung me that far."

"That's where I have the best of you, Wampus," Jibby said. "That's one advantage of having a nose like mine. It cuts into the water like the prow of a yacht. I'm a safe whangdoodle diver as long as I can keep my nose aimed in the right direction."

But I noticed he did not do any more whangdoodle diving! Once was enough.



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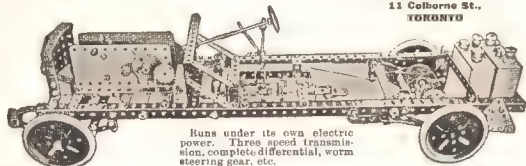
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Grooming the Cub

GOOD eats for a girls' place, don't you think?

The Cub's manner was a cheerful mixture of deference and independence. The deference was that which a newly pledged college freshman naturally shows two prominent upperclassmen of his prospective fraternity; the independence—well, that was what the Cub naturally showed any man. "Good enough!" King, assistant editor on the *Daily*, bit off the words with a snap that brought an astonished gasp from the Cub and an amused snort from Goddard, the big senior who was swinging down North University Avenue between the husky young Cub and the lean, well-groomed junior.

"What the ding-ding is the matter, King?" demanded the Cub, omitting all deference. That omission unleashed the restraint King had been keeping on himself ever since the three had left the sorority house where they had been guests at dinner. And it kept Goddard from trying to check the first surge of scathing comment that King loosed upon the luckless freshman. "After all, the Cub is pretty rough," thought Goddard, and hardened his heart to permit the work of the junior's blistering tongue.

"I wonder you can see that there is anything the matter," King was saying. He was keeping his voice low, mindful of the fact that they were on the street, but the sting in his tone reddened the Cub's ears. "You certainly don't make a habit of using your powers of observation. I never saw a fellow make so many fool breaks in public manners as you did this evening. You pulled some pretty raw stuff. Don't you know any better?"

"Why, I—you see—" the Cub began to stammer. Nick King broke in ruthlessly: "Never mind the explanations. I know all about your tumbling around in boarding houses winters and living in your father's engineering camps summers, but that doesn't excuse you. Why didn't you watch your dad occasionally? When he spent the week end with us last winter, every fellow in the house noticed his ripping good manners."

"Thanks," said the Cub gruffly, and he meant it. But he added a belligerent, "Glad someone in the family suits you." "Shut up and take what's coming to you," King admonished him sharply, and the restraining pressure of Goddard's hand on the Cub's arm repeated the warning.

"A GOOD many cubs need grooming," the junior continued, "but rubbing down isn't enough for you—you need to have things rubbed in."

"You're doing it, all right, Nick," Goddard said dryly.

"Someone must. The young nut obviously didn't pick up much civilized social information on his own."

"Guess I'm pretty careless," the Cub admitted. "Dad never had time to jack me up much. I'll be glad if you'll set me right on a few definite points instead of—"

"Instead of what?" snapped King. The Cub suddenly broke into a contagious chuckle. "Well," he confessed, "I was going to say 'instead of just hawling me out.'"

The junior grinned in spite of himself, but sent back sternly: "Lucky for you that you choked off your impudence. A freshman keeps a civil tongue in his head on all occasions. That's one of the A B C's of campus etiquette."

"He seems to have picked that up by himself," Goddard offered.

"Seems to have, yes. But I'll bet he didn't. How about it, Cub?" "I got it pretty much by myself." The Cub's tone was bland. "Haven't had more than five or six lessons on it to date."

"I thought so," King said grimly, on top of Goddard's shout of laughter. "Well, you'll be coming over to the house to live next week, and we'll give you a lot more lessons on different subjects—including the etiquette of eating. You don't dine out with me again until you've been table-broke."

"Ouch!" murmured the Cub. Then he turned serious. "I wish—" he began hesitatingly. "He had reached the fraternity house, and all three men paused for a moment.

"Come in and tell us what you wish," Goddard said encouragingly. "It isn't late."

"I'll make you one right now," King assured him. "Come on in."

"Thanks a lot, but I'll get it to-morrow." The Cub was evidently doing to get away, but King had already run up the steps, and Goddard slipped a comp-ding arm behind the freshman's shoulders.

"Come on, son," said the big senior. "That was a royal invitation. You want to learn to recognize the brand."

"I want to learn a lot, I guess," said the Cub rather forlornly as he followed Goddard through the hall and over to the open fire in the big living-room, which happened to be deserted except for King. He was at the desk, scribbling furiously on a card of generous size.

"You'll learn it." There was a twinkle in Goddard's eyes. The Cub caught the twinkle, and the sympathy beneath it. "A fellow's manners don't seem so all-fired important to me," he confided. "After all, it's playing square and fighting hard that count most in this man's world."

"Right," Goddard was grave now. "But you'll save yourself some burning embarrassment and perhaps some real setbacks in your business or profession, Cub, if you'll take on a little more polish. A social cripple is likely to find the walking difficult at times, and he's often an unholly nuisance to his friends."

THE Cub sent a glance of rueful understanding toward King, just as that social arborer shoved back his chair and got up. He came over to the fire, card in hand. The Cub was on his feet instantly. Behind his back, Goddard nodded approval of the fact. Then he rose, too, and with an easy word of apology—"Mind if I see two, son?"—read the card over the Cub's shoulder. King had written, with emphatic dashes:

HIGH SPOTS IN TABLE MANNERS

1. Your napkin isn't a blooming banner; unfold it, just like you do, doing the work below the level of the tablecloth, and slip it over your lap. If you're a one-meal guest, you don't need to fold it again at the end of the meal, but neither do you need to leave it looking like a wad of dry wash.
2. Eat your soup from the side of your spoon, not your roof and scoop it up away from you, not toward you.
3. For the love of Mike, don't butter a big piece of bread and take bites from it. Break off a bit the size of a refined mouth and butter that. (I mean the bread, but it won't hurt you to butter your mouth some.)
4. Why shovel up peas with your spoon? Be a sport and use your fork for manipulating vegetables. That includes coaxing baked potato out into the open, and you butter the spud with your fork, too.
5. If you keep on cutting all your meat up in little shreds before you start in eating, you'll build you a future. Cut off and eat one mouthful at a time.
6. Don't incline-plane your knife and fork against your plate, with the handle end on the table. Lay them on your plate when you're not using them. When you finish, leave them close together side by side, with the handles sticking out just an inch or two beyond the right-hand rim of your plate.
7. What's the big idea in leaving your spoon in your coffee cup? You'll have a grand spill some day, sure. A man with a business head parks his spoon in his saucer. . . . Just plain common sense in dodging messiness or chances of messiness is about all there is to good table manners anyhow.

THE Cub's face was a study as he read, but when he had finished he looked up and met King's eyes gamely.

"Guess I made every 'fox pass' on your list," he acknowledged. "I need grooming all right." Then he added with a wry grin, "Good of you to write this out. I suppose after the combing down you gave me, I shouldn't have asked you to help with the brushing up."

King's eyes had softened, but he replied as brusquely as ever. "Glad to be of service in both ways. All I ask is that you shine when the grooming is over."

IT was a mystery that nobody on the Ontlake varsity team (or the coach either) could solve—why Larry Montague and Bug Burmister played like wildcats whenever anybody'd mention waterfalls in New Zealand, or the odd customs of Japan, or anything like that. But they *did* and how it affected the season's games makes a football story that's new, novel, full of fun and thrills. It is by Neil Estes Cook. Watch for it next month.

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Privateers of '76

(Continued from page 19)

sir, may I have a caddy o' China tea and a bolt of India silk out of that lumpin' ark? 'Twould tickle my old woman."

"Go help yourself, Tom," said the captain, with one of his slow smiles. He moved on to inspect the battery and told the gunners to waste no ammunition. They would have a huge target and there was no excuse for missing it. Then at the same leisurely gait he climbed to the quarterdeck and folded his arms to resume the vigilant survey of the noble East Indian which was, indeed, a rare sea picture.

Few of the men had ever beheld such a ship as this. She typified the power and riches of the Honorable East India Company which had created an empire of its own. Massive was the word to describe this ship that came lumbering across the blue ocean at three or four knots' speed. The white bands glistening along her side showed that she carried guns on two decks. The hull rose high from the water and was ornamented with gilt-work and paint which sparkled in the sun. So heavy were the masts and spars that they looked clumsy. Compared with the Yankee privateer she was enormous.

Captain Haraden gave no more orders until the ships were a half mile apart. Then the *General Pickering* turned and ran in the same direction as the East Indian which paid not the slightest notice. A long pennant floated from one masthead, the Company's square flag from another. This was to announce who and what she was. Let insignificant strangers beware of molesting her. The privateer now flung her own ensign to the breeze and steered a little closer.

Captain Haraden had discovered what was vital to his plan of tactics. The *Pickering*, riding deep with ballast to bring her to her best sailing trim, was the faster ship by two knots to one. Half a gale of wind would have been required to quicken the sluggish pace of the Indian. Every American seaman who could be spared from the guns was sent to the braces or into the tops to handle sail. The privateer tacked and swept toward the Indian and passed astern and poured a broadside into the carved woodwork and square windows. Not a gun could be brought into play against such a swift blow as this. It was Captain Haraden's hope to avoid the punishment of a direct cannonading. To stand and take it would have been to have his ship crumpled like an egg shell. In this ocean prize ring he was the light-weight boxer pitted against a slower, heavier foe.

GOING wide of the ponderous enemy, the nimble *Pickering* gathered speed and turned again, this time to sail athwart the other ship's bows and repeat the dose of round shot. To be raked fore and aft in this audacious manner was bitter medicine for the proud East Indian. Deliberately she shortened sail and swung to present a broadside to the insolent Yankee. The tiers of cannon thundered with terrific detonation, but there was much more noise than damage. Only the largest guns found the range and they fired high over the low hull of the *Pickering*, smashing a light spar or two.

This was the beginning of a duel which was fought until after the sun went down. With the greater speed and agility, the *Pickering* was able to tack and fill past bow or stern and deliver her smashing blows. Once or twice she closed in and fired fairly into the British gun ports but the musketry fire from the lofty decks was so cruel that the cost was dear. Toiling at a gun, Stephen Claghorn heard a sob of agony beside him and turned to catch young Jerry McNabb in his arms. A musket ball had struck him in the breast and the wound was mortal. Stephen laid him down, with a hawser for a pillow, and the two-fisted terror of youthful Salem was a warrior to the end.

"You couldn't do it, Steve—stretch me flat like this," he murmured with a faint grin. "Got the number of my mess, did they? Jonathan Haraden 'll make 'em pay for it. I—I reckon on seein' this prize pull down her bloody red ensign. Jump to your gun—don't bother with me. I am done for."

"Good bye, Jerry," said his shipmate. "I will ram home a double-shotted load to pay your score."

The wind was setting the two ships in toward the coast of Spain. A misty mountain range was visible. By sunset they were only a few miles off the harbor of Bilbao. Whenever the East Indian endeavored to resume her homeward bound course or to work off-shore, Captain Haraden sent his ship ahead of her and raked her again and again. With the fading light, a privateer grew bolder. She was small and hard to hit while the enemy loomed like a grim fortress. Four

mortal hours had they fought each other and the issue was undecided.

The East Indian was crippled but unconquered. Her rudder had been disabled and streams of water gushed from the scuppers to show that the pumps had been manned. The bowsprit hung like a broken tree and the headsails trailed over-side. The wind had gone down with the sun. It merely rippled the lustrous ocean. So slowly did it fan the privateer along that Captain Haraden feared a dead calm which might leave him too near the enemy's heavy guns.

He gave the order to cease firing and for once he heard his crew complain. They swore like mutineers but he blandly explained that it was time for supper and a night's respite. They would resume the engagement in the morning and he looked forward to a happy conclusion. Whereupon they yelled approval and fairly mobbed the ship's cooks.

There was not much sleep aboard the *General Pickering*. Strange to relate, only two had been killed and six wounded. Musketry fire and flying splinters had hit most of these. The little ship had been so adroitly sailed and maneuvered that she could be made ready overnight to play the game again. And so they mended spars and rigging and cleared away debris. Stephen Claghorn stood a late watch as orderly at the door of the captain's cabin. After a final turn on deck, Jonathan Haraden came below and removed his coat and boots. Beckoning the boyish orderly, he said:

"Come in, my lad. You ought to be abed. I am told you did well."

"I helped pop at the old tea-wagon, sir. We will take her in the morning, won't we?"

"I think so. But it will be tough work. The first officer is to let me know if the wind comes up before dawn. Otherwise I am not to be disturbed."

At the end of his watch Stephen went on deck to spread the news that the captain was fast asleep. This was hailed as an excellent moment. It braced the spirits of tired men to whom the odds seemed almost hopeless, now that the heat of battle had cooled. If the captain could snore, they felt easy enough to snatch forty winks themselves. Some of them stared at the dark bulk of the East Indian, so massive and forbidding in the starlight. Lanterns twinkled on her deck or gleamed through the open ports. In the quiet air the voices of the British sailors could be heard, and the blows of hammer and axe.

AT dawn the breeze revived. Slowly the crippled Indian drifted toward the headlands of Bilbao bay. The shattered rudder post had been braced with ropes and spars. The ship steered after a fashion but she was unable to work off-shore with the wind from the wrong quarter. The crew of the privateer watched her go sagging off to leeward and wondered if Captain Haraden intended to wait and let her strand on the rocks. But he had no idea of losing his prize or confessing himself beaten off.

With the spyglass he carefully studied the enemy's ship while the privateer loosened the sails which had been furled for the night. He was freshly shaven and carefully attired. No anxiety clouded his brow and his speech was quiet and courteous. But those around him could feel the intensity of purpose. He was as hard and cold as steel. The seamen were ordered to drag six of the guns across the deck and make them fast. This concentrated the battery on one side of the ship and almost doubled the weight of metal in a broadside. There was to be no more sailing around the Indian and using the advantage of speed. Such tactics had served to maul and disable her but they could not compel surrender.

With the *Pickering* ready to join battle the crew were piped to breakfast. To their amazement the people of Bilbao were flocking down to the headlands and beaches, thousands of them. They came on foot and in carriages. There seemed to be no end of them. And the bay was alive with craft of every description, Spanish huggers and feluccas, pinnaces and cutters, all under sail and crowding for the entrance of the bay. And still they came, oars flashing from small boats, fishermen spreading red lateen sails, barges rowed by sailors of the Spanish navy. The crowds on shore increased. Bilbao was swarming pell-mell to witness the thrilling spectacle. It was far better than a bull fight.

And a brave sight it was for a holiday. A great ship of England, the ancient enemy of Spain, attacked by a little Yankee privateer!

With her yards squared the gallant *Pickering* came up astern of the Indian but instead of veering off was seen to



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Ives Toys

MAKE HAPPY BOYS

move straight ahead. It looked as if the ships were about to be interlocked, side by side, muzzle to muzzle. If this should happen the British sailors would come storming through the ports in great superior numbers and carry the privateer by boarding. But Captain Haraden was not inviting such a disaster as this. He stood close to the two helmsmen, conning the vessel himself.

Side by side the ships were, no more than a few yards apart, the privateer deftly guided to avoid collision. So close did she run that the upper tier of the enemy's guns could not be depressed to do her harm. And as Captain Haraden had suspected, even the lower tier of guns was higher than his own deck. In short, his chance of victory was in the fact that his ship was so much smaller than the other.

The Englishmen assumed that these desperate devils of Yankees were about to try to finish it with cutlass and pike. What else could it mean than a boarding party? But instead of hand-to-hand conflict the privateer delivered a smashing broadside of fourteen guns. Every ball had an extra charge of powder behind it. Strongly built though she was, the Indian had been many years afloat and her planking was brittle with age. The hurricane of iron missiles from these fourteen guns tore her side open. It gored her as though the sea had flung her upon some granite reef. The rending shock of it was like an explosion between decks. The gunners were flung this way and that and only a few of them in the lower tier were able to load and fire.

THE privateer moved forward and passed out of danger. She lacked a mizzen topmast and the sails were riddled but the hull was sound. And there were men enough left on their feet to fight another round. The *Pickering* stood away, into the mouth of the bay, and was about to return to the attack when a blackened scamp of a powder boy scrambled to the quarterdeck and panted to the captain:

"Please, sir, the chief gunner says to tell you there is only one more charge."

"One more charge of powder for the battery?" cried Jonathan Haraden, his composure shaken. "But he tallied the bags last night."

"Yes, sir, but the bottom layers are damp," answered the urchin who was weeping bitterly. "Water oozed into the magazine where a shot must ha' started a frame. The chief gunner says it's his fault and he oughter be pistolled for it. Please, sir, I think so too."

"Tell him to see that every gun is carefully loaded. Let him break out those cases of crowbars. He is to fill the guns with crowbars on top of the round shot."

"Aye, sir, when you lifted them crowbars out o' that prize cargo off Cape Sable I might ha' known you never meant to use 'em peaceable."

As the urchin fled with the message to the chief gunner, he was joyously chanting:

"Crowbars! Crowbars! A belly-full of crowbars! And you've got to eat 'em, Johnny Bull."

Captain Haraden walked to the rail, stroked his chin, brushed a flock of soot from his coat, and frowned at the sea. This indicated that he was seriously perturbed, almost nervous. After some cogitation he turned to his first officer and said:

"I shall have to change my plans, Mr. Perkins. I intended striking him in the same place. Two or three more of those that and we could split him open like a pumpkin. You will be good enough to place the ship farther away from him, say about a hundred yards."

"Very well, sir," replied the troubled Mr. Perkins, "but if we lay there broad side on, he will pound the tar out of us."

"Yes. It will mean a drubbing," was the even response. "But we have stood some of his guns on end. And his men are losing heart. Do as I say, at once. And by the way, instruct the chief gunner to train the pieces on his upper deck. Sweep it like a broom."

It was a tribute to the master of the privateer that his crew showed no signs of faltering when these orders were repeated to them. Cheerfully they prepared to fire the last shots in the locker, still confident that the East Indian would somehow be theirs.

Alas, it was a cruel drubbing when the *Pickering* sailed boldly into this perilous position. The British gun crews were able to hit her fair and square. No longer was

she able to snuggle under the very muzzles and deride them. American seamen were falling, but others leaped to serve in their places. Very deliberately they elevated the guns to point at the quarterdeck and waist of the Indian.

"Fire," roared Captain Haraden. Those whizzing crowbars were wickeder than shrapnel. Fourteen cannon cricked with them. It was a bloody business on the Englishman's deck when these strange projectiles came turning end for end to mow men down. For the moment the survivors were put to rout. They knew not what to make of it. During this confusion the privateer sailed out of range but ever so slowly. She was like a bird with a broken wing. A dozen men were dead or helpless. The others were hacking away at tangled cordage or hauling at wrecked gun carriages.

THIS was the end of it, they said. No more powder! And the Englishman



Esthelle Mr. Turtle—"We should always try to avoid folks with common taste!"
Sensible Mr. Frog—"Shucks! What we should avoid most is folks with a taste for frog legs and turtle soup!"

was groggy and almost ready to quit. Well, it had been a grand fight and they had done their best. Clear away the mess and stitch their dead mates in canvas, and get ashore for a frolic in Bilbao among the black-eyed Spanish girls. But what was this? Captain Haraden wished them to muster aft.

"We are going in again, boys," came the calm, strong voice. "Close in, this time. Did you think we were licked? This ship will require some coaxing but I know you can jockey her along."

They scratched their heads and looked foolish but trotted back to duty. Were they expected to capture the big Indian with their bare hands? Slowly the privateer slipped through the water, a stubborn ship that died hard. In order to deceive the enemy, the gunners went through the motions of reloading the battery. With lusty shouts they hauled the cannon in and ran them out again. The battered *Pickering* was steered to gain her first position, very close to the Indian's side, but she answered the helm with difficulty.

A puff of wind set her so near that the end of the main yard caught in the Indian's rigging and stopped her progress. The two ships began to swing to touch each other. This threatened a catastrophe.

It so happened that Stephen Claghorn was standing beside the main shrouds. He was the first sailor to jump for the ratlines and scamper aloft to crawl to the end of the main yard and slash with his knife.

Clinging with one hand, he saved at the rope. It parted with a twang and he lost his balance. Instead of falling from the yard he lunged forward and caught hold of the men stay of the enemy's rigging. The *Pickering* surged ahead as soon as released. Stephen was left dangling between sea and sky, and on board the Indian! Hand over hand he pulled himself up the stay, or taut rope, to reach the wide platform of the maintop. As sure as fate, though he, a musket ball would pick him off.

But the marksmen in the maintop had been called to the deck at the cry of "Boards Away." And the crew was too busy to look aloft. The one anxiety was to beat off another of those fourteen-gun broadsides which, in truth, might split their ship like a pumpkin. The tenacity of this mad Yankee pirate, as they called her, was beyond belief. They tried to turn the muzzles of the guns low enough to reach her and pelted the deck with hand grenades.

Wriggling through the "lubber hole" in the platform of the Indian's top, Stephen flattened himself like a bat on a barn door and peered over the edge. This was a disgraceful plight, to be jerked out of his own ship and removed from the fight. But what he saw from his lofty hiding place made him forget all else.

Upon the quarterdeck of the *Pickering*, Captain Jonathan Haraden stood calm and unmoved. The bullets and grenades might have been so many snowflakes. His first officer lay dead beside the helm.

FROM his waistcoat he took his gold watch and held it in his hand. With the other hand he put the speaking trumpet to his lips. His powerful voice rang out, every word measured and distinct.

"The Indianan ahoy! I will give you three minutes by the watch to haul down your colors. If they are not down at the end of that time, I will sink you, so help me God."

He began to count the seconds aloud. It was like the tolling of a bell.

"One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten —"

The effect was extraordinary. It was like casting a spell over the two ships. The noise of fighting died into silence. From his own quarterdeck the gray-bearded commander of the Indianan gazed down at the indomitable privateer upon which the half-naked seamen crouched at the guns with matches lighted. The focus of all eyes was upon the erect figure of the man who stood watch in hand, counting the seconds one by one. His will held them.

From his concealment aloft Stephen Claghorn looked down in an agony of suspense. The *Pickering* seemed no larger than a pinnacle. He heard the voice of Captain Haraden announce:

"One minute gone."

Would this splendid stratagem fail? It was the last throw of the dice. Stephen glanced at the deck of the Indianan and the wreckage of battle. Heavens, the American gunners had made hash of her. Oh, for more powder!

Powder? Stephen perceived almost directly beneath him an open hatch and near it a pile of powder cases which had been passed up from the magazine. In this hell the boys had ceased carrying the powder to the guns. Behind the mainmast Stephen could see a tub of hand grenades and near it a fire pot for lighting the fuses. He was no more heroic than his shipmates of the *Pickering* but duty was his gospel and the love of life took second place.

Sheltered from view by the great mainsail, he slid down a rope and alighted on deck. All grimy and tattered as he was, the British seamen took him for one of their own crew if they noticed him at all. It was the work of an instant to snatch up a hand grenade, touch the fuse to a live coal and toss the bomb into the pile of powder cases. Throwing himself down behind the mainmast, he awaited results. No doubt he would be blown to fragments. He was not frightened but tremendously eager to see what would happen.

The grenade did not wait to explode. It dropped into loose powder spilled on deck. The sputtering fuse ignited this. The powder cases erupted in a volcano of red flame and smoke which gushed as high as the maintop. The noise was like gigantic firecrackers. Men were blown across the deck, scorched and dying. The flames licked the mainsail which blazed like an immense torch. Tongues of fire licked the shattered deck houses and broken boats.

Somewhat protected by the huge butt of the mainmast, a tortured lad named Stephen rolled over and over and wondered why he was not dead. The skin was peeled from his face. His hair was singed off. His lungs were filled with smoke. He tried to crawl on hands and knees but fell and lay with his head on his arm. As in a dream he heard the fateful seconds tolled by Captain Jonathan Haraden:

"Fifty-eight — fifty-nine — two minutes gone!"

Stephen's vision was blurred but he could see the portly English commander tug at his beard, shake his head, and then haul down the red ensign with his own hands. It fluttered to the deck in honorable defeat. His blistered face and burning lungs forgotten, Stephen wept for joy. He was still dazed and helpless when his hilarious shipmates came over the side. Two of them hoisted him upon their shoulders and carried him aft. They laid him down on a mattress fetched from a cabin and he was quite contented.

PRESENTLY Captain Haraden came on board. He was no longer as hard and cold as steel. With a gracious demeanor and a smile of sympathy he approached the downcast English commander who said:

"I am under the painful necessity of surrendering to you the ship *Ganges* of the Honorable East India Company. I ask your kindness in behalf of my wounded men."

"They shall be treated like my own, Captain—your name, please—Captain Glendinning. My compliments on an action fought with great gallantry."

The elderly Englishman flushed and awkwardly unbuckled his sword belt.

"Keep it, sir," exclaimed the American. "You have worn your sword with too much

credit to be deprived of it."

"Thank you. Very handsome behavior, I am sure," was the reply. "I have cursed you as a damned Yankee pirate until now. But I must call you a gentleman."

"There are many such under my country's flag," smiled Captain Haraden. "I will endeavor to make you comfortable in my own ship. But meanwhile we must look after our men. Your ship is on fire, I notice. All the able-bodied hands had better rally to lay the hose and pass buckets. With wind enough I shall work the prize in Bilbao harbor and find an anchorage."

Fine old sailor that he was, the Englishman displayed no more bitterness. These were two men of a kind who respected each other. The captured seamen had been quickly disarmed and were told to help save the ship. Left on the mattress, Stephen Claghorn set his teeth to grim and bear it but he could not help moaning. Captain Haraden found him there and called an assistant surgeon of the *Ganges*.

"How did this happen, Steve?" asked the tender-hearted captain. "I saw you topple from the mainmast and scramble into the *Ganges*' rigging. Were you blown up in that explosion of powder?"

"Yes, sir. I had to be. I did it. You were ticking off the three minutes and I saw a chance to help persuade the enemy. So I chucked a grenade where it would do the most good."

"By Jupiter, it was persuasive!" exclaimed Jonathan Haraden, with a rare laugh. "And precisely in the nick of time! I was most uncomfortable. That trick of holding the watch was a forlorn hope. Moral suasion instead of broadsides! But I knew the spirit of this big *Ganges* was badly shaken. However, this stout old skipper might have defied me but for your providential explosion, Steve. It crumpled their resistance."

"You took the heart out of them, sir," protested the lad. "I hastened things a bit."

The surgeon was ready with oil and cotton and bandages. The burns would heal but he did not like the coughing spells which almost strangled Stephen.

"The boy inhaled the fiery powder gas, Captain Haraden. He is luckier than some of us. A quartermaster and a gunner's mate are already dead from the blast of it."

"He will get well?" was the anxious query.

"It may be a slow recovery. Send him ashore if my advice."

"That I will. Among the good people of Bilbao. He shall have the best of care."

This aroused Stephen who ceased coughing to sputter:

"But I belong in my ship. Will you sail away and leave me, sir?"

"Better that than to be sewn in a hammock with a shot at your feet, Steve, and the burial service read."

(To be continued in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Synopsis

STOUT, jolly, sixteen-year-old Stephen Claghorn was in the scrap at Salem's North Bridge where the first blood of the American Revolution was shed—and came out of it with a broken nose that like to broke his pretty widowed mother's heart. Nevertheless, dashing Captain Colt soon persuaded Mistress Claghorn to let Stephen sail on the privateer he commanded. And with them went Ben Gerrish, the schoolmaster.

In an encounter with a British privateer, the schoolmaster proved lion-hearted, but Colt turned coward and hauled down his colors. The American sailors were hustled to Old Mill Prison at Plymouth.

After long weeks, Stephen and the schoolmaster escaped, disguised as masons. Their disguise led to their being pressed into service to repair a kitchen chimney. A young British officer discovered the refugees at this work, and they got away only because Stephen happened to fall from the roof, hit the officer, and knocked him senseless.

In the confusion, Ben Gerrish and Stephen became separated. Stephen finally made his way down to the Plymouth wharves, and after dodging a "press gang" that was brutally rounding up sailors for the king's service, he put off at night in a skiff for a Dutch galliot he had seen riding at anchor. But he found that she was under way. He could not overtake her; returning to shore would mean the Black Hole of Old Mill Prison; exhausted, despondent, he let the skiff drift out to sea, and slept as she drifted.

Meanwhile, Ben Gerrish had fallen in with two other escaped seamen, Captain Silas Ropes and Mate Henry Holter. The three commandeered a fishing smack and set sail. But they were captured by a British privateer. Rufianly Captain Crooke first threatened to hang the "Yankee traitors;" but because of a good turn once done him by Silas Ropes, he relented somewhat and ordered the refugees locked up until he could clap them back in Old Mill Prison.

What happened to Bill Stevens?

A lot of thinking can be done in the last minute of play, says Ray Sargent.



Here is the prize answer submitted by Ray Sargent, aged 17, of Montello, Mass.:

It was the last few minutes of the annual Dalmar-Elsmore football game.

Dalmar held a 6 to 0 advantage. It was Elsmore's ball on Dalmar's forty-yard line.

A tangle of bodies, and an Elsmore end snatched the ball and set sail for the goal.

An open field—

But no—A flying figure brought him to earth, a yard from the goal. It was Bill.

That night Bill appeared at

THE STORY BEGAN THIS WAY: Bill Stevens, football star, good student and all-round good fellow, found himself an "outsider" in Dalmar College, because he failed to keep clean. Finally something happened that changed Bill's future. What was it?

the dance, clean of visage. Questioned, he replied, "Oh, that fellow I tackled called me 'dirty-face' in the first half. I cleaned up both in-sult and face."

We can't think of any finer way to answer a taunt than Bill's way. Mounting to glory and to cleanliness all in one day is an achievement any fellow can be proud of.

If we're not mistaken, Bill found it very pleasant to be really clean. And he probably used Ivory Soap, because Ivory lathers in a flash, rinses right off and—"it floats."

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Watch next month for James Parker's answer.

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When the Walrus Looked Like a Man

Have you ever seen the funny photograph that Uncle Wallace had taken when he wore a mustache that trailed down along the sides of his mouth like vines dangling from a window-box?

The next time you get a chance to look through the family album, notice the walrus mustaches behind which men once concealed their teeth and their good nature.

When the man with a walrus mustache moved rapidly he made a noise like the wind whistling through a pine forest, and he had to drink his coffee from a special cup which was made in such a way as to enable him to keep himself from becoming sippy.

Some men did up their overhanging mustaches in curl papers, at night, but no one who adopted that practice ever became a president or achieved prominence as a lion tamer.



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makes shaving easy by softening the beard at the base, where the razor's work is done. It takes the smart out of shaving, and puts it in your appearance.

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Enter suburbs—exit slums

Suppose our cities still depended upon horse cars. Workers would live huddled under the shadow of their factories. Children, who can now reach the cool beaches for a few pennies, would be condemned to the hot pavements all Summer.

The trolley car has transformed the conditions of city life. With its coming the suburb started to grow and the slum to go.



You will find the monogram of the General Electric Company on the motors of elevators which made possible the skyscraper, as well as on the motors of the trolleys which created the suburb. And on little motors, also, which do the burdensome part of housework for a wage of 3 cents an hour.

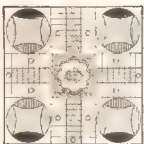
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BILL'S worried. None of his pieces are on safety spots, and sister just threw double sixes! But watch Bill. You aren't safe from him till your last piece is home. On the Parcheesi board Bill's a regular Napoleon!



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Pariahs of Shelby High

(Continued from page 17)

"If you agree, stand!" As one man, they were on their feet—all but three.

A downward gesture sent the united signers of the constitution into their seats again.

Dean still faced them, his face oddly exalted. "That's great," he said simply, with complete forgetfulness for the moment of the aliens among his listeners. "We can put anything through if we stick together like that."

Then he glanced at the clock. "Time for first period classes." His casual manner brought the room back to everyday things. "All the study halls have had ten minutes' extra record period this morning. Mr. Andrews said the first classes would be cut short that much."

Again he crossed the room to ring the bell that this time signaled the passing to classes. Shelby High had no electric clock system. Each study hall had to be rung by some individual. Hereafter that individual had been the teacher in charge of the room. Somehow that morning it seemed to the boys of Room M an impressive thing to see one of their number touch that insignificant little button tucked up against the door frame. It was the sign of a new order of things.

The majority filed out gravely to join the students thronging into the corridors from other study halls, and made their way with a new dignity to first period classes. Those who were left behind settled to work.

At a word from Dean Adams, the three-styled pariahs had waited in their front seats.

"Seaman is going to be at the desk this period," Dean said to them briefly. "He'll assign you new seats in here, and give you excuse slips that will let you in your first period classes if you have any."

"Why new seats?" Hal's tone was one of pleasant interest.

"You picked these new ones for yourselves up here this morning, when all the other fellows took their old ones," Dean returned. "I suppose you must be tired of what you'd had."

"Not at all," Wesley assured him. "But we were uncertain as to our status in the room. Now that that is settled, why shouldn't we take our old seats? We don't wish to make any trouble."

"And we don't wish you to," Dean grinned. "So I guess you'd better take the seats Seaman gives you." Then he hurried off to class.

Big Ben Seaman was always sparing of words. "Back seat, outside, left-hand row, Churchill," he directed. "Sloan, center of middle row, right back of Duncan there. Satterlee, front seat, outside, right-hand row."

Two of the three who had devoted much of their high school career to getting study hall seats near together accepted the decree imperturbably.

Only Tubby protested. "Old stuff, Ben," he said aggrievedly, "spreadin' us round like that. I hope this co-operative bunch isn't going to copycat the teachers."

"I'll have your excuse slips for class made out by the time you get your truck moved across from your old desks," was Ben's sole answer.

"Our business is moving. So long, old friends." Dramatically Hal stretched out one hand to Tubby, the other to Wes.

That no one in the room paid any attention to them as they wrung each other's hands in fervent farewells did not seem to lessen their own enjoyment of the performance. But Ben's glance at the clock, together with his ostentatious noting of the time on the excuse slip he was making out, did result in Wesley's speeding up. He had too much of the student in him to permit of his taking long chances of getting shut out of class. He was soon out of the room, and Hal was a close second.

TUBBY had no first period class. Laboriously and with no undue haste, he moved. It took him until the end of the period. Apparently, no one cared.

"Well?" Dean asked Ben Seaman as he relieved him.

"All right," Ben returned. "The regular fellows in here are going to do their share."

That report was confirmed in Council meeting on Friday afternoon.

"The other fellows hold pretty steady, and we're going to be able to get on with the nuts, I guess," Art Mitchell said. There was relief in his tone; still he seemed uncomfortable. He was a conscientious, hard-working member of the Council—and a junior. He felt humiliated because the only fellows in the room who had refused to co-operate in the new study hall plan were members of his class.

Larry Irish sensed Art's discomfort and

the cause. "Sure, we're going to be able to get on with them," he chimed in. "Don't worry, old scout. The juniors are doing themselves proud in spite of their black sheep."

"You bet we are." That was Kirke Taylor. "We're putting on a pariah cure, and putting it on right. I'll bet the seniors haven't frozen those three fellows as stiff as the men in their own class have. We've drawn a kind of ring around 'em, and no one crosses it. We don't talk to 'em or walk along the hall with 'em or stand in a crowd with 'em or anything. Just don't see 'em, in school or out. They want to be pariahs, and we're going to see that they do it right."

"Well, I guess that's fair enough," Dean said slowly. "At any rate," he added, "they don't seem to be taking it much to heart. I could stand it if they were a little saider around the study hall."

The Council snorted unanimously. Not a man but had found it hard to maintain his dignity at the official desk.

"They're the gladdest, happiest set of nuts I ever kept an eye on," Jim Brennan exploded. "Got a smile for you every time they catch you looking at them. And regular little mother's helpers, every one of them. I knocked a book off the desk the other day when I was on duty, and before I could pick it up, West and Sloan were both up there, bumping heads to get it for me—and Wes had to come clear from the back of the room, you know."

"Basketball speed," chuckled Kirke. Then he sobered. "You know how the team has jollied Wes and kidded him along so as to give him confidence. Of course, when a grin suddenly hatches out into a star center, he isn't much toughened to athletic ups and downs, and the fellows have tried to make things easy for him. Well, not a man on the team has spoken an unnecessary word to him since they found he was not only standing out on co-operative government but making game of it in the bargain. Reed says that as long as he's captain of that team, it stands for team work in everything, including study halls. Reed dresses right beside Wes and never lets a peep out at him."

"That's had for the team," Dean looked worried. "What does Coach think about it all?"

"Can't tell. You know he doesn't talk much. Of course, there isn't any real reason why he should take Wes off the team." Reed says the old bookworm has made some of the prettiest plays this week he's ever seen a man make in practice. His class work is always all right, of course. And we haven't made any complaint about his conduct—he hasn't given us a chance to get anything on him."

"He won't. They're playing safe." Ben Seaman, with characteristic brevity, summed up the situation.

LARRY nodded grimly. "You can't pin anything on them. They're so darned good and sweet it's sickish."

"What gets my goat," ejaculated Greg Clay disgustedly, "is that when those great goofs want anything when I'm at the desk, they sit there and wave their hands frantically in the air like little kids in the third grade. You know they're all in the room during my period, and sometimes all three of them have their hands up at once."

"Anybody take any notice of it?" asked Dean.

"Nobody," Greg admitted. "And that includes me," he added with a grin. "I just let 'em wave if I'm reasonably sure they don't really need anything."

"The thing the other fellows do notice some," supplied Art Mitchell, "is when you tell Sloan to do something and he argues back by wiggling his ears—never says a word, you know, but just looks unhappy and wiggles 'em. The fellows are beginning to watch for it and snicker, and you can't blame them. And for some reason, it always fuses me like the dickens. I'm getting so I'd let Sloan drop naper a foot deep around his desk before I'd tell him to pick it up."

"Talk about getting fussed, they're sure putting the crimps into my speech-making up in front," groaned Dean. "I'm getting so that I can't give out the simplest announcement without stepping on my tongue and getting all tangled up."

The others chuckled unsympathetically. "I'd noticed you weren't quite so handy with words as usual," drawled Jim Brennan. "What do they do, anyway?" "I know what they do," cut in Larry. "They did it to me that morning I had to give out the announcements. They vamp you, all three of them—sit there, leaning forward, fairly hanging on every word you say. And then one of them will smile as encouragingly as your grandmother, and nod his head at you. I could

have lammed the ink well at Satterlee's head the other day," he ended vindictively. "Keep your temper, old man," Dean warned him. "And that goes for all the rest of us, too." He turned to the others. "We can play the game this way just as long as the pariahs can if we hold on to ourselves. That is, we can if the room keep on ignoring their monkey work."

"We can count on that," Ben said with grave confidence.

"Maybe—but you can't count on the blamed pariahs," argued Greg as the meeting broke up. "They're going to get tired of the kid stuff before long and bust out with something you've simply got to get 'em for."

Jim Brennan turned on him. "Aren't you the cheerful little joy chaser though?" "Just you watch," Greg persisted. "I'm right."

TWO WEEKS later in Council meeting Jim himself solemnly proposed a vote of appreciation of Greg's prophetic powers.

"Those three nuts can invent more smooth cussedness than any bunch I ever saw," he exclaimed with reluctant admiration, "and they keep all their old tricks running while they start new ones."

Several nodded emphatic assent.

"Is it getting to be too much work?" asked Dean. "Shall I pass our pets over to Mr. Andrews? He says he'll put them in with the freshmen and sophs if we say so."

"Not much," snapped Larry. "Do you take us for a set of quitters?"

"Room M doesn't pass on its poor citizens to some other community," Ben said gruffly.

The others nodded. "That's right. The pariahs are our job."

"Good!" said Dean, with a sigh of relief.

And for a week or two, things in Room M ran with unexpected smoothness.

"Aren't we all co-operating to beat the band?" Hal asked proudly of Larry.

Then Wes lost his place on the team, right after the team had lost the game with Bairdstown High.

"Guess Coach thought it was Wes' fault we lost it," Reed, the captain, confided to Dean. "You know Wes has slowed up awfully lately. He's heavy on his feet and doesn't snap into it when he gets a signal. He holds the whole team down."

"On purpose?" Dean's face showed keen disappointment. Somehow he had been pinning his hope of ultimate peace

to a certain squareness in Wes.

Reed offered hasty reassurance. "No, I don't think so. He's just gone blooze as a center somehow. I don't quite get it."

Neither did Wes. But he came nearer to it than Reed. Harder hit by losing his place on the Varsity than by anything else that had ever happened to him, he mullered over the matter for days. One evening when he and Hal were alone in Hal's den, Wes broached the subject of his fall and its explanation:

"A man ought to be free and absolutely independent of other men," he said.

"Of course," Hal assented, absently. Wasn't that the thing the pariahs were fighting for?

"Well, it didn't work out right in basketball. The fellows left me so completely alone——" Wes was putting a hidden hurt into the words for the first time, and for a minute he was afraid that his throat was going to choke up.

"Do you mean they didn't give you the proper support?" Hal blazed, forgetting his indifference to co-operation.

"No, no!" Wes hurried to correct the impression he had given. "I don't mean they left me alone on the floor. But outside and around the lockers and all. And I got to feeling so set off by myself that I couldn't act natural on the court." In his efforts to make himself understood, Wes was becoming colloquial.

Annoyed because his poise was slipping, he stopped abruptly, merely adding with dignity: "It's queer that when a man realizes the value of individual freedom and independence that he should let himself be so influenced by others."

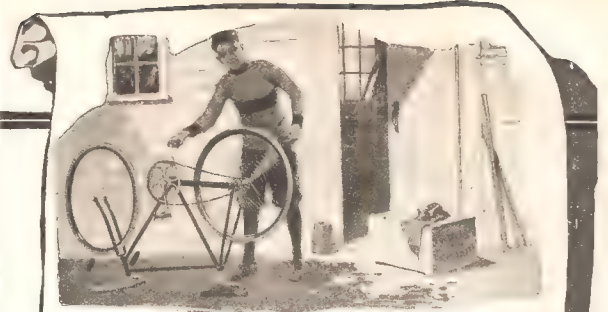
Hal was short on theory, but long on loyalty. He hadn't grasped Wes' reasoning, but he did know that the "co-operating bunch" had somehow managed to bring gloom upon this friend of long standing.

Awkwardly, he reached over and patted Wes' shoulder. "We'll show that crowd in Room M a merry little time these next two weeks," he offered by way of consolation. "I thought of it a while ago, and I guess it's time to pull it off now."

He could not be tempted beyond that cryptic utterance that evening, not even when Tubby joined them and waxed pressingly curious.

"Wait till I make sure it will work; then I'll tell you," was all Hal would say.

(To be concluded in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)



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The Two Who Would Ride

(Continued from page 1)

immediately: "What's catin' you?" he asked truculently. "You don't have to sweat no harder 'cause someone else is doin' somethin' else, do you? Me—I was satisfied to work at hayin' to help the boss out to-day, an' I'll be satisfied to do it to-morrow. It don't make no difference to me what he sets other folks to doin'. That's his business. An' you can take it from me, he's the best dog-gone boss in Montany. You're lucky you fit here no matter what he puts you at. If he figgers that's the only way he can hold them birds, it's all right with me."

"What in thunder's that a-comin'?" asked Campbell, staring through the dark at a slowly moving blur that had come into sight a short distance up the creek. The blur resolved itself into figures, and Samuels gave a low exclamation: "Good gosh! Boys, it's them two riders, an' they're bringin' in old Eva, head an' tail! Oh, my granmammy, I mistrusted the boss was up to somethin'. He was too blame sober about that there explainin'. Shut up, all of you, an' make his play good. Don't pay no 'tention to 'em."

THE TWO riders were almost abreast of the bunk house, where twenty men stood and solemnly watched their progress along the road that led down the creek toward the hay field. What they saw was a rider with his rope around the horns of an old cow which was close-snubbed to his saddle horn. Following him was another rider with the cow's tail snubbed to the horn of his saddle. The cow was braced grotesquely against any forward motion, and was being pulled and pushed down the road by main force, taking stiff-legged, reluctant steps as the horses passed slowly along the road.

"What's the boss's game? An' what's this here old Eva business?" asked the cowboy who had registered his complaint about the newcomers.

Samuels grinned broadly: "They was playin' the boss for a kid, which he's got more brains into his head than some folks has got hay. I mistrust he's outgessed 'em. He give 'em a ridin' job all right! That there old cow they fetched in is an

old milk cow that got loosed six or seven years ago, an' they turned her out, an' she's be'n hangin' around the same bend of the creek ever sence. They's a patch of loco weed on the side of a little butte close by, an' she's got a path wore between it an' the water." With grins and chuckles, and digs in the ribs, the cowboys and ranch hands who had gathered around showed their appreciation of Connie's joke on the men who had refused to work in the fields. "They'll be back, d'rectly," continued Samuels. "An' we don't want to let on we seen nothin' out of the ordinary about draggin' in a loosed cow. I got a hunch the boss ain't through with 'em yet. It's up to us to keep our mouth shut—unless'n they catch up their own private horses, an' throw their heads on their pack horse—then we'll cut loose an' laugh 'em off'n the ranch."

After breakfast the following morning Samuels, who was still tinkering about the grub wagon, managed to edge into hearing as the two men reported to Connie at the corral. "Well, did you get her in all right?" asked the boy.

"Yeh, we fetched her in," answered King, as he stooped to loosen the rope from his saddle preparatory to entering the corral. "I hope you ain't got no more like her to fetch in to-day. If you have, we'll hitch up a team of work horses an' drag 'em in on a stone boat."

"No, I don't think there are any more to bring in. You won't have any very hard riding to do to-day. Just ride herd on the one you brought in yesterday. I don't want to lose her, now we've got her here." Samuels dived into the blacksmith shop where he stuffed his bandanna into his mouth to keep from busting into laughter.

"Say," cried Stot, "what'd you mean ride herd! Why, that old critter is loosed so bad she can't hardly stand on her feet, let alone go no place! I bet she ain't moved ten foot from where she bedded down."

"Maybe not," answered Connie. "But I don't want you to pull out on us. That's the only ridin' job I've got, and there won't be much work to it. Only, don't lose sight of her for a minute. You better come in one at a time to dinner and supper. One of you can hold her while the



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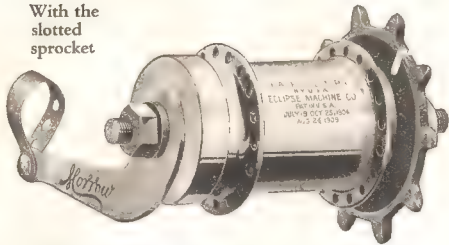
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other one eats. We won't bother about standing night guard, though. I don't think she'll try to pull after she beds down."

Connie saddled his own horse and rode away. "Well, I'll be dog-gone!" muttered Stot, as he led a Round Seven horse from the corral.

"You an' me—both!" seconded King, as he threw his saddle on another.

"Course it's his money he's payin' out fer wages, An' if he wants to pay two men fer holdin' that ol' cow, it ain't none of our busin'."

"No—but, jest between you an' me—that kid ain't got all his buttons."

Through a chink in the blacksmith shop wall Samuels, convulsed with suppressed mirth, watched the two ride away down the creek, to take their places on herd, in full sight of the hay and fencing crews. Soon thereafter, he found excuse to visit the hay field and later the fencing crew, where he spoke after this fashion: "The lid's off, fer as kiddin' them birds goes. The boss has got 'em ridin' herd on that ol' Eva! The way I got it sized up, if he hadn't wanted 'em kidded he wouldn't had 'em throw her in where the hull outfit could see 'em. I dang near busted tryin' to keep from laughin' when he told 'em they had to come fer meals, one at a time, so the other one could hold herd. You'd ort to see their faces! An' the boss, he kep' his n as straight, an' talked as serious as a preacher. They think he's more locoed than what old Eva is!"

At noon, the crews came in from the fields, riding on hayracks, and as they passed the two riders who had spent the entire morning watching the old cow which had not moved from the spot where she stood with nose to the ground, they cut loose with a perfect volley of advice: "You hadn't ort to be off yer horse!" "Suppose she'd charge!" "Lookout fer a stampe!" "You hadn't ort to smoke, you might start the hull herd!" "She looks like she was on the prod!" "Her hair looks rough, you'd ort to bring out a curry comb!" "Sing her to sleep an' then one of you kin come on in to dinner!"

"Eva, Eva!"
Oh my heart's a palpatin'!
All the time that I've waitin'
For my E-e-e-e-va!"

sang one, joyously.

The wagons passed on, leaving Stot and King guarding the old cow in stony silence. When the rattle of the returning wagons sounded from up the creek, King called across to Stot: "I'm goin' to dinner! Be back directly."

In the dining room he ate alone, served by Walt Jones whose face was imperturbable as a face of stone. "Say, what in thunder is this place, a ranch, or a lunatic asylum?" questioned King.

The cook regarded him gravely. "This is a ranch," he explained. "The lunatic asylum is down to Warm Springs. You git off at the deppo, an' —"

"You go to thunder!" And, as King banged the door, Walt grinned broadly.

At supper time Connie was surprised to see that both Stot and King had taken their places with the others at the table. Seeing the eyes of the boy upon them, King explained: "We lost the herd, boss."

"Lost it?" asked Connie, gravely.

Producing a flaming bandana, Stot dabbed at his eyes, and between sniffing sobs blurted out: "Little Eva passed away!"

"Passed away! You mean she's dead?"

"Dead as Cleopatra an' twice as respected," announced King, gravely. "The end come, peaceable an' quiet, at 4:13 P.M."

"But what killed her?"

"It might of be'n the sudden takin' away of her drug. I regret to report she was an addick."

"Or," ventured Stot, "it might of be'n suicide."

"Or, maybe," supplemented King, "it was a fit of rage an' shamefulness over some remarks that was passed in her hearin'."

"Or, it might of be'n a gunshot wound at the hands of a person or persons unknown," suggested Stot. "Or jest plain lonesomeness. We didn't hold no reg'lar inquis, nor no post mortorium. Anyways, she ain't lived her life in vain, as the feller says. You win, boss! You got us fair an' square. It took us quite a while to savvy you—but we ain't like a feller that can't take a joke, jest because it's on him. Anyone that kin put anything over with as straight a face as you done, is good enough fer us to work fer—an' if these other birds, here, ain't none too good to go into the hay field, we ain't neither. So if you got a couple extry pitch forks handy, we'll lean on 'em to-morrow—if it's suitable to you."

The man's last words were hardly audible in the roars of laughter that filled the room—the whole-hearted laughter of appreciation and comradery. For not a man in the room but felt that the two had come through a trying situation with flying colors.

"You're good sports," grinned Connie.

"The Round Seven is glad to have you on the pay-roll."

A long-drawn "Ye-a-a-a!" rose from twenty throats, and when it subsided the voice of King could be heard as he looked across the table at Samuels:

"But 'makin' us ride herd on one old cow—ain't that the limit?"

At the sound of wheels rattling over the gravel of the creek bed, Connie and Tex turned from the corral where they had been inspecting the new saddle horses, to greet Two Dot Townsend who, with a younger man, was just alighting from a spring wagon.

"Hello, Morgan," grinned Two Dot. "They tell me you've been sort of makin' history down here on the south slope sence you come."

"What do you mean?" asked the boy.

"Well, the talk goes that there's some folks that was inhabited down this way that changed their residence fer a spell, an' likewise I heard this mornin' that they's a new agent over on the reservation."

Connie laughed: "I told you, when you were driving me out here, the day I hit the country, that I was going to find out what the trouble was, and then make the Round Seven pay—"

"You done a big job, son, an' you done it quick, an' thorough. Which reminds me I plumb fergot to make you acquainted with my brother-in-law here. Bill McLaren, his name is. He's my wife's brother, an' he's a Government forester. He's got charge of one of these here National Forests."

Tex, who had un hitched and led Townsend's team to the stable, returned, and together the four walked over and seated themselves on the porch.

"You figger you got the Round Seven on a payin' basis now?" asked Two Dot, puffing at a long, thin stogie.

"She'll pay, now, all right," answered Tex. "An' pay big."

"An' what you goin' to do next?" asked Two Dot, regarding Connie with a smile.

"What do you mean?" asked the boy.

"Well, I recollect you told me, speakin' about yer yimes up in Alaska, that when they got to payin' big money you kind of lost interest in 'em—kind of let yer pardner run the outfit, whiles you was generally kitin' off on side issues—like this here."

"Yes," answered Connie, seriously. "Somehow, it's the game that interests me more than the profits. After the game is won, I lose interest. I want to tackle something else."

Two Dot nodded: "That was what I remembered you said, an' that's why I rebung Bill, here, down to see you. He's got a proposition he wants to talk to you about. He come out to the ranch fer his vacation, an' he was tellin' me about this here proposition—an' I thought of you right away."

Connie laughed: "Go ahead," he invited. "I'd like to hear it. But I may as well tell you, I won't take hold of anything big, without first consultin' my pardner."

Tex and Two Dot strolled over to the corral, and McLaren asked abruptly: "Do you know anything about timber?"

"Not much. We logged off a tract in Minnesota and made a nice profit out of it," forestry?"

Connie shook his head: "Never even heard of it."

McLaren smiled: "What have you got left?"

"Got left? What do you mean?"

"I mean what have you got left up there on your timber tract? You've taken out the merchantable stuff, what's left?"

"Why—I don't know. Nothing, I guess."

"I can tell you what you've got left—what you mean by nothing. You've got a waste of slash, and stumps, and sand—and if the fire hasn't been through it yet, you've got a stand of what the natives call "bresh". Young poplar, and scrub oak, and wild cherry, and soft maple, with here and there a pine tree that escaped the saws of your crew. In other words you have a tract of cut-over that is about as near worthless as land can be."

"Well, what of it?" asked Connie. "I told you we got our profit out of the logs."

McLaren's face became graver as he asked, "Where is the next generation's lumber supply coming from?"

"Why, the same place the last generation's came from, I guess. Surely there's plenty of timber."

"Where?"

"Why—everywhere. I passed through a lot of it coming here from Alaska. And there's lots left in Minnesota, isn't there?"

"None! That is, none to speak of. With the exception of a limited supply in the south, all the remaining timber is in the west—and twenty years will see the finish of that! And the reason for it is plain. Because with a senseless, I may say a criminal, disregard of the future, men have taken their profit from millions of acres of forest—and in its place they have left to their sons and their daughters, a legacy of fire-swept desolation!"

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The boy's brain vainly grasped to visualize millions of acres of slash. "What's the answer?" he snapped.

"The answer is to harvest the remaining forests instead of to demolish them. Re-forest the cut-over as you go along."

"Can it be done? I mean, as a practical business proposition? And show a profit as you go along?"

"Absolutely."
"I don't see how you could expect to show a profit. Why, it must take years and years for a tree to grow big enough to make a log. If you planted little trees on the cut-over it would be years before you could show any profit."

"Just so, if you started in with cut-over. Suppose, however, you started in with virgin forest, harvested yearly, and re-forested behind you? By the time you had gone once over the whole tract, the young stuff you first set out would be ready to cut."

"And now for my proposition. Quite by accident, I happened, not long since, to hear of a large tract of timber—two tracts, that adjoin, to be exact, that could probably be purchased at a very reasonable figure. These tracts are held by two different outfits that have fought each other in the courts and out of them, until they are about exhausted. Neither would sell to the other, but either, so my information goes, would gladly sell to a third party."

"My interest in the proposition is merely the interest of one who sees the chance for some outfit to step in and do some real forest work. The Government is doing it. Some states are doing it. A very few individuals are doing it, in a smaller way. But this tract, the combined tracts, would be on a vastly larger scale than any private undertaking has yet attempted. I want to see someone go into a forest, not as a desperado bent on loot, but as a business man who is content to take a reasonable profit, and at the same time build up his holdings, so that in the future, instead of a worthless tract of devastated land, he will have a property of enormous, and ever increasing value."

"But that's a job for a trained forester."

"You can hire trained foresters."

"But I'd want to run it myself."

"You can learn forestry. There are several ways. Go to any one of a dozen universities. Go into a forest as ranger, and study under the forester, as you work—come into my forest. Or, hire a forester, and study under him on your own forest."

"How much of an investment would it take?"

"That would depend on what terms you could get. The total would involve upwards of a million—possibly two or three millions. I don't know the exact acreage, nor the stumpage scale—but it's big."

"Would you take the job?"

McLaren, taken completely by surprise by the abruptness of the question, hesitated: "Well—I—Of course—I would want time to consider it. That is—"

Connie interrupted him: "Sure, I understand," he said. "I need time myself. You are on your vacation?"

"Yes."

"Suppose you spend the rest of it getting all the information you can about this proposition—acreage, value, cruiser's reports—everything, and keep in mind the fact that you may have to take hold of it and show me a profit—then we will get together and see whether we want to handle it. In the meantime, I'll talk it over with my partner, and I'll tell you whether or not we want to tackle it."

"But—your partner is in Alaska, isn't he?"

"Sure," answered the boy. "I'm leaving to talk it over with him to-morrow—be back in three or four weeks."

McLaren stared in amazement, as Connie called to Tex, who stood near the corral talking with Two Dot: "Hey, Tex!"

"Comin'!"

"You've got to run this outfit for three or four weeks without me. I've got to go back to Ten Bow for a little talk with Waseche Bill. I'll fix up a checking account for you in town."

"Gosh sakes!" cried the range foreman. "You don't mean you're goin' to hit out fer Alaska on a minute's notice—like most folks would slip over to the neighbor's!"

Connie laughed: "Yup. Heard about a patch of timber I may want to buy. Guess I'll saddle up now. So long—take care yourself." He turned to McLaren: "See you when I get back."

Ten minutes later, Connie disappeared up the trail.

McLaren looked at the others. Tex grinned: "Kind of, what you might say, abrupt, ain't he—the boss? They's a whole lot of loafin' he never done."

"He's a— a whirlwind!" answered the forester. "A man would like to work for him."

"I'll tell the world a man would!" answered Tex. "If he can keep from gittin' dizzy."



The Old Scout Says: "The Boy That Shoots Straight Can Generally Think Straight, Too"

"Guess you boys are purty glad to be back in school, and to put your minds on your books for awhile," said the old scout, with a smile, as he whittled away on a piece of pine. "Not that you've been playing too hard, 'cordin' to 'my notion, but a change of pasture is good for young colts, as the feller says."

"An' don't neglect your Daisy Air Rifles, now that you've taken up books again."

"I've generally noticed that the boy who can shoot straight can think purty straight, too, ez a rule. While you're at your books, get all you can out of them; and when you pick up your good old Daisy Air Rifle, make up your mind to make every shot go straight ez you know how."

"I feel purty sorry for the boy that ain't got a Daisy. He's missin' a lot of trainin' and a lot of downright good fun."

"I've known a lot of fine men that started with a Daisy, and I've noticed this. Them that likes to tell how much fun they had shootin' with their Daisy Air Rifles when they wuz boys, can generally shoot best today, now that they've grown up and have expensive huntin' rifles. And what's more they're purty successful in other things besides shootin', too."

"You boys can be mighty proud of your Daisy Air Rifles. A lot of good men learned to shoot with the Daisy, and some of them are famous marksmen today. Look at our boys who went to France. Thousands and thousands of those boys owe their good marksmanship to their training with a Daisy."

The Daisy Pump Gun, 50-shot repeater, same pump action as found in the highest type of modern hunting rifle, \$5.00.

The Military Daisy, 50-shot repeater, looks surprisingly like the guns our boys carried 'over there' with a strap and removable bayonet, \$5.00.

Other Models, \$1.00 to \$4.00.

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Don't Miss This Clue!



He's coming in **BOYS' LIFE** Craig Kennedy, scientific detective, the man who is never caught napping, who never gives up, who outwits the "slickest" master minds and the thieves and thugs of the underworld by the keenness of his own brain and the up-to-the-minute discoveries of science. Craig Kennedy, two boys and a dog lead on in an astounding, three part story, "The Radio Detective," by the famous author, Arthur B. Reeve, in the October issue of **BOYS' LIFE**. (Tell Dad, too. Most likely, he's one of millions of Craig Kennedy fans who followed him in the big magazines!)

This is just one of the big things that will make up the richest reading feast ever offered by a boys' magazine—all in the October issue of

BOYS' LIFE

The Boy Scout Magazine

BIGGER AND BETTER IN EVERY WAY

FOR ALL BOYS EVERYWHERE

And you'll not want to miss the football story that will start the pickin' boys everywhere experimenting, with "The Mouse Trap Drop-Kick." That's the title of the October story by Richard Connell, the man who wrote "Scout Wong" for the Saturday Evening Post.

W. S. Tuttle, author of the "Reddy Brant" stories that scored such a big hit, comes back into **BOYS' LIFE** for October with "Border Bred," a thrilling two-part story of the Southwest.

You'll find real help and inspiration in the collection of stories by Frank Cheley, author of "Little Leads to Leadership." They are based on actual incidents where boys have overcome big handicaps and made good.

If you're a Boy Scout or are interested in Scouting you'll be keen to get at the new **BOYS' LIFE** Department "How to Do It," by "Skipper" Gidney. Beginning with the Tenderfoot Requirements, an effort will be made with aid of photographs and editorial material to tell exactly "How to Do It." "Skipper" Gidney, otherwise Captain Francis Gidney, Chief Counselor of the famous Gilwell Park Camps of the British Boy Scouts Association, has cooperated with the Boy Scouts of America in developing this remarkable Photographic Method of instruction. Chief Scout Executive, James E. West, recommends this method as one of the most attractive, practical and helpful plans the Boy Scouts of America have ever been able to give for the advancement of scouting. Don't Miss It!

All this is in addition to the regular **BOYS' LIFE** Departments which include the pages by that grand old outdoor Scout, Dan Beard; the "Radio Question and Answers," practicable help for the amateur fans; "Things To Make," "Photographic Contest," "Pops of Popular Science," "The World Brotherhood of Boys," and the ever popular "Think and Grin" section by the funniest funny man, Frank Rigney.

Zane Grey!

Among the astonishingly big things here or just ahead in **BOYS' LIFE** will be "Roping Lions in the Grand Canyon" by Zane Grey, that master writer of outdoor stories, the man whose stories and books are eagerly read by millions.

Douglas Fairbanks!

Douglas Fairbanks will soon leap on to **BOYS' LIFE** pages with "Youth Points the Way". Be sure you're there when "Doug" lands!

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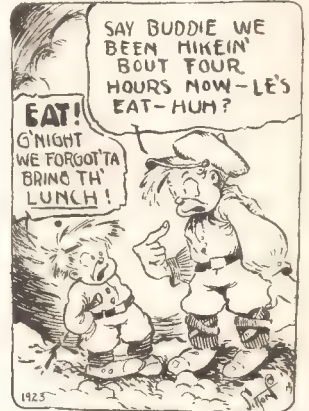


Pity the Poor K. P. 1
Sad and Bow-Legged, He!
Burdened by Cook-er-ee! *Special Prize*



"Hey, Ed! Will Ya Explain to Me Again How to Load This Thing?"
First Prize

"YOU should've seen what happened at camp!" That's what hundreds of cartoons have been dropping into THE AMERICAN BOY office to say. We could get just nine of them on this page; so we picked the nine grins that were the best talkers. And here they are.



Life's Darkest Moment.
Second Prize



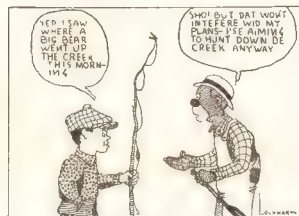
Oh, Splash!
Special Prize



The Camp Flapper.
Special Prize



"Wh-Wh-What's That?"
Special Prize



Adaptable 'Dolph'.
Special Prize

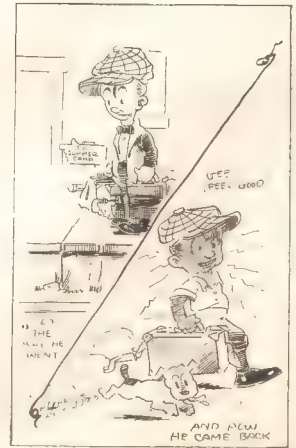


Uplifted by His Deep Desire.
Special Prize

HERE is the line-up of the winners:

Worthen Bradley (Calif.) sketched the coolly inquiring hunter who won the first prize. John M. Sitton (S. C.), with his faithful portrayal of "Life's Darkest Moment," won the second prize. "A Change of Face" brought Albert Lohr (Ill.), the third prize.

The six fellows whose pen-and-ink chuckles won special prizes are Jack W. McGuire (Tex.), who sketched the plight of the Kitchen Police; Junior Ryan (Kansas), with his shout of "Oh, Splash!" George Green (Ohio), who introduces "The Camp Flapper;" the Camp Flapper;" Hardie Gramatky (Calif.), with his all-too-real "Camp-Fire Tales;" George Lockhart (Tex.), who presents "Adaptable 'Dolph'"; and Roland F. Becker (Mass.), who shows a fisherman "Uplifted by His Deep Desire."



A Change of Face.
Third Prize

The Comeback

(Continued from page 25)

to notice that it had been moved. "Pretty good shell—" Todd had knelt and was fingering one through the bulkhead. "But there ain't much in button pearl'n' any more."

"That's so—" Rufe sang out cheerily and came about the cabin top to shove the sweep at Jim Wilson. "Work her in—it's an easy landin'."

Then he came down through the galley to the cabin. Todd and the elder Wilson were smoking idly, tilted in chairs against the wall. The corner of the rusty old treasure chest just showed in the bulkhead door beyond them. Rufe flopped down on his bunk and sighed.

"Driftin's kind of slow travelin' this time of year—low water and the bar's stickin' out. Thought I felt her scrape bottom just now."

"Say—" grunted Wilson: "You did it? Fee that? We don't want to ground just afore we get in, do we now?"

Rufe was pulling off one of his shoes. "I got some old shell in my sock, I guess. You mind giving Jim a hand over this shoal? She'll swing her old flat bottom easy with a couple of you polin'."

He was so casual at it that both the men sauntered out. Rufe watched until he could just see their legs through the galley door, and then he sprang for his treasure box. The tiny key was already in his hand. In a moment he had opened it—and out the grimy envelope that held the pearl, locked the box again, and was back in the whistling. And then he turned cold at a sight of Todd's face in a side window.

The man had spied on him! The big pearl was in Rufe's trousers' pocket—but Todd had seen him retrieve it from the tin document box!

Rufe turned away from that sinister, crafty glance of the man on him. Hanging on the cabin wall was his big forty-five Colt's, and Rufe thought the time for action had come. "—he better get it out and order the gang off on the river bar. But he stepped as he reached for it. The holster was empty. The gang had the foresight to get his weapon first. He heard Todd whispering to Jim Wilson as the latter stood with the push-pole waiting to careen the scow around the grounding point where she was barely moving. Wilson gave his father a quick glance. The gang was aware now that the young tongs was more than suspicious. Rufe wondered why they didn't flash the gun and hold him up.

"But that isn't their game—" he thought. "I'd holler about a robbery, and they couldn't get away with it. They're goin' to do me up—put me away where a dead man never turns up, and nobody can say what happened to him."

River folk would think that the clammer just fell off his boat and disappeared when the empty *Lottie B.* was discovered miles downstream.

And Rufe didn't want to break for the bank like a coward, and abandon his boat. But it looked that way. He was measuring the distance from the shallow bar to the wooded shore; and Todd must have guessed his mind. At any rate the lanky mountaineer spoke sharply, turned a spot towards Rufe; and as the latter swung about to him he suddenly felt a blinding blow over the head.

The next instant he was staggering back, barely conscious, but realizing that old man Wilson was grasping for his shoulder. The clatter of a boat-hook on the deck told Rufe that the scoundrel had swung it upon his head just as he turned to face Todd.

"Get him!" Todd was roaring. But as Wilson tried to twist a hand into the half-unconscious boy's collar, Rufe reeled back and over-side. The shock of cold water cleared his senses just an instant. Then he felt himself drowning, fainting, his own blood dripping down to his nostrils and choking him.

Todd and the younger Wilson were by the old man and they were all howling down at Rufe as he disappeared. Jim swung the long push-pole viciously at him, but Rufe was on his hands and knees on the sand under four feet of water, blindly trying to crawl from the last blow.

"He's got it with him!" yelled Todd. "Get over and get him. He's done for, and the water ain't deep!"

Jim Wilson plunged to the bar. A trail of bloody bubbles told where the fugitive must be. But Rufe kept on choking back the water from his bursting lungs. Then his head bumped something—the flat bottom of his old floating shantyboat home for the past three summers. He staggered up under it, his back against the six-inch breadth of oak keel and crawled on. Then he felt the sheer of the stern and moved along until he could thrust his face above

water with the square, overhanging end hiding his head. Then he gasped but with slow, cautious intakes of breath, and tried to steady his reeling senses. His head was terribly cut from the iron hook, and he knew the outlaws were ready to finish him.

"But I—got the pearl—" his hand went down in his soaked pocket to the envelope. He could feel the tiny bulge in the messy paper. That touch did more to revive his senses than doctor's potion. A blind rage came on him at the treacherous attack as he heard Jim Wilson wading on the bar.

"That fellow's gone!" yelled Todd. "Dead—you croaked him, man!"

"I was aimin' for to get him—" grunted the other Wilson. "But it ain't no use to us if we don't find him. Upstream, Jim—you got to kick his carcass off that bar somewhere. The water ain't more'n five feet anywhere."

Todd was wishing the long pole along the bow. The three broke into nervous, wrathful recriminations of each other. They shouldn't have let this happen . . . the young tongs get his pearl, and then Wilson accidentally knocking him overboard!

"I saw he was done for—" retorted old Wilson. "His eyes glassy and his knees wobblin'. I tried to grab his coat, and you fellows just stood and gawped when I hit him from behind. Todd, you get over and wade."

Rufe shrank back in the angle of water and sheering planks above his head 'til his mouth was all that was clear. He had to breathe, come what may. And his knees did wobble under water. He knew he was too helpless to swim or dive, and anyhow it would have been useless against the three who could see him wherever he turned, upstream or down or ashore.

"But they won't get it—" Rufe muttered obstinately. Rather than surrender the pearl he would drop it back in the Cumberland River where it was born and nurtured by some black fresh water mollusk.

"They'll get me mebbe, but the last thing I do is get rid of this pearl—" Rufe ended with a gasp. Jim Wilson had come about the stern and seen his face. He had time to see that Jim carried the iron-tipped hook now, and had squared off for a blow under the planks. But the bobbing skiff astern was in Jim's way, and the last glimpse Rufe had of the outlaw was as he snarled at the boat-rover, and then, seizing the light craft, he heaved it aside and overset it completely.

Then Rufe felt the thrust of the hook under water where he had promptly dived onto his hands and knees on the sand. The iron point struck his foot, and Rufe crawled a pace with bursting lungs. He felt a swirl of water and realized that Todd and Jim were shoving the shantyboat over to uncover his concealment. And Rufe slowly crawled the other way. The desperate thought was with him that now he would have to come up. All three of the bandits were overside now and watching for him on the bar.

The shantyboat had been slewed off the spot they had seen him last. And so choking the dirty water out of his nose, Rufe came up. He would get one look at them, yell his defiance as he dropped the pearl, and then fight to his last breath.

The big pearl in its wet wrapping was in his hand when he slowly thrust his head up. But instead of opening his eyes to level water and his three enemies waiting for him, his first sight was a greenish-yellow light all around him. It was as if he was in a darkened cavern which was illumined by this weird glow. For a minute Rufe thought he must be dead and headed for the nether-world so uncharitably was this sight.

"But I'm—under the skiff!" he whispered. "It's upside down with air under it—say, that's it!"

He saw the wet, muddy planking above and on both sides of his head. And he filled his lungs with the first good long breath he had had since the battle for the pearl had started. He could breathe here for a few minutes anyway until the air became too fouled for use. Then he heard muffled voices, seeming far away and strange. The water eddied just outside his floating refuge. Big Todd stood not three feet away shouting maledictions on Jim's clumsiness in letting the fugitive disappear again.

"If it ain't like tryin' to pot a crippled duck!" yelled Todd. "He can't stay under longer'n two minutes."

"He ain't under the shantyboat—" Jim was thrusting the pole all along from side to side. Old man Wilson stood near the bow shouting that there was nobody out of the water there. Todd was infuriatedly ordering them to search again while he

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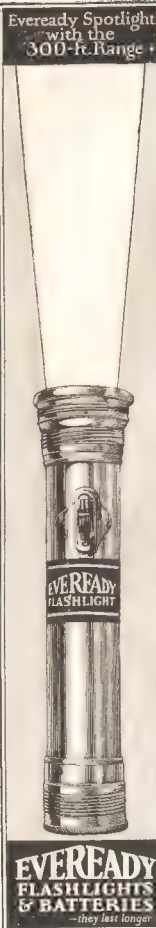
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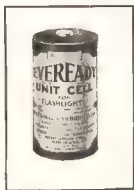
The He-Man's Razor with the He Man Blades



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stood watching under the stern overhang. And crouched painfully in water to his arm-pits, Rufe Manson moved inch by inch with the gentle drift of the overturned skiff. He did not allow it to touch his body. It must just bob up and down naturally on the current. Todd even put his hand on it and shoved it back. Rufe came almost to stepping on the outlaw's toes as he retreated stealthily, watching Todd's shadow darken the yellowish water. It was the slant of the setting sun that gave Rufe his weird light under the boat.

"Air's gettin' bad—" he sighed agonizingly. "Can't stand this forever. What're they doin'?"

HE would have given anything to see, and to distinguish what those muffled voices meant. Then he saw Todd's shadow grow fainter.

The three had made one last careful search under the *Lottie B.* Todd waded downstream where the water shallowed on the bar. He stood waist-deep and harangued the others.

"That shell tonger's dead. He can't stand bein' under water this long. And he ain't got away, for there's been nary a ripple off this bar. He's dead and drowned and his body ought to drift here where it's shallow."

Rufe had taken a chance at last. He had to, for the air under the skiff was intolerable. So he got his shoulder under the sunken gunwale and lifted it a fraction of an inch, his lips close to the crack between wood and water. That cool sweet air was life giving. And he could see, too.

He almost cried aloud to discover all three of the outlaws forty feet away downstream on the shallower part of the bar. The *Lottie B.* was snagged in the deeper water, but the gang confidently expected that the current would wash the drowned pearl tonger down near them shortly. At any rate they had waded and poled and poked in vain around the shantyboat.

"We can't keep this up all evenin'," growled Jim Wilson. "Some tonger will come downstream and this'll look mighty funny."

"I'll wait for that floater to come to the top if it's a week!" roared Todd. "I ain't planned all this for nothin' since I heard about his pearl up by Champ's. You two fools let his ree-mains drift off the bar!"

"Ree-mains—" whispered Rufe. "Well, these ree-mains are standin' on end yet and ain't feelin' so bad, thank you!"

Then a thought gripped him. The skiff had teetered close to the shantyboat's stern. He could touch her now. And the gang was overboard and downstream some fifteen yards! If he could only put up a fight . . . if only he had his

gun! He remembered seeing it in Todd's hands at the last.

"But he wouldn't take it overboard," breathed Rufe. "No use for that. Must have laid it down somewhere. Let's see—a fellow would lay a gun—on the cabin top forward. That's where he stood last . . ."

He ducked out from under the skiff, reached a hand to the stern rail, and crawled through it. If he was wrong, he was done for. The three men would board and overpower and kill him. He was too weak to battle a child.

But he crawled across the little stern deck, dropped through the hatch hidden by the cabin, and then over his reeking mussel heap to the bulkhead. His knee struck the empty tin document box as he arose in the cabin.

The three men poking about on the bar, watching and cursing and expecting that the river would roll his body out on the shallows presently, were all in full sight of Rufe as he stole dripping through the galley forward, and then up the four short steps to the deck.

One quick glance about. The revolver wasn't on the cabin top!

His eyes went desperately as a startled yell broke from Jim Wilson. They all saw him and stood petrified with astonishment and perhaps superstitious fear as Rufe arose to the fore deck, shining with water and blood. Then they all plunged through the deepening water toward the bow.

Rufe made one stumbling spring forward. There lay his big old pistol where Todd had put it carefully by the hawser bitt when he climbed into the river. Rufe jerked it up and sat down weakly on the bitt. He leveled the gun shakily first at Todd, then Jim, and then old Wilson.

"All right! I'm here—you get for the shore, or I'll plug every one of you. Git—your sneakin' hounds, or I'll shoot anyhow! Light out, and if you look behind you'll get it in the back!"

The trio hesitated just an instant. Then Todd threw his boat hook away. "I'd like to know where you come from—"

"Light out! If I could I'd pinch you all and take you to Hersey's. But *git!* I'll see to your arrest later. Move—quick!"

Rufe never stirred until the three had climbed from the bar up into the thickets. Then he fired at what he thought was Todd's vanishing shadow.

"Just for luck, Todd! And here's the pearl!" He held up the tiny glowing bit of wealth and beauty to the last sun. "I got enough sand yet to pole off this snag and make Hersey's and home—it'll puzzle you some 'tyme' to figure out what kind of pearl-fishin' muskrat I am!"

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The Sheriton Toreador

(Continued from page 10)

rim of the field, and our sixty-piece band struck up "Sheriton Forever." . . . It was a glorious day to win a championship.

Ashford trotted out a few minutes later. They were big, husky bruisers; not so slow, either. You could tell by the way they snapped that ball around that there wasn't a greenhorn in the bunch. The Sheriton alumni sat up and took notice. Maybe this would be a real game, after all.

Me? Oh, I sat on the bench with the subs.

Brown kicked off for Sheriton. It was a beaut, a high soarer. Rex Miller, Ashford's quarter, made a pretty catch but was downed on his own 11-yard line.

Big Bill Downie, the best advertised halfback in the middle west, and his backfield snapped into Ashford's famous end run formation. Downie's end runs are famous. But this time Downie didn't end-run. He pulled an unheard-of-thing—he passed.

Now, a forward pass from your own 11-yard line is such a dangerous thing that football teams don't often try it. Consequently our backfield weren't ready for it, they were drawn in. . . . Pulsifer, Ashford's left end, was clear of everybody when he turned, palled down that forward pass, and streaked it for our goal line.

Mighty lucky for us that Speed Ellis, our safety, is as fast as he is. He took after Pulsifer like a hound after a tomcat, crowded him to the side line, and finally nailed him with a pretty lunging tackle on our 33-yard line.

On the first down Ashford ran the ball to the middle of the field. On the second she tried left tackle for a two-yard loss. And on the third Downie, squarely in front of our goal posts, drop-kicked the ball over the crossbar for a perfect field goal. The count was 3 to 0, Ashford leading.

Sheriton's record had been broken; she'd been scored on for the first time that season.

The first disappointment over, the Sheriton rooters howled for blood. Ashford had got in the first lick—give her credit for that—now for the slaughter.

But there wasn't any slaughter. Ashford settled down grimly to a defensive game. If they couldn't gain, neither could Sheriton. First Lefty McGuire, our quarter, tried straight football, the vicious sledgehammer kind that had made the Sheriton backfield famous. Nothing doing. That Ashford gang stuck to the ball like leeches; you couldn't budge 'em. Sometimes we'd make yardage by a foot or two; oftener we had to kick. And when we kicked Big Bill Downie would boot the ball right back a matter of fifty yards. He was a wonderful kicker, and he gained nearly ten yards on every exchange of punts; therefore he just about evened up for the tiny edge we were showing over Ashford in scrimmages.

Ashford's scouts had done their work well. Why, Ashford knew every play we had. Our split buck was pathetically helpless. We couldn't seem to work a pass and Pulsifer and Windnagle smeared end runs before our backfield could get them decently started. Our hidden ball play, the pride of Jump Pells' heart—well, the ball was hidden all right. Hidden by the three Ashford tacklers that landed on Gorton every time he started around end. Gorton, by the way, wasn't playing much of a game.

By the end of the first quarter our bunch were plainly nervous; by the end of the second quarter the nervousness spread through the stands and took a lot of the fight out of our rooting.

BETWEEN halves—boy! You should have heard what Jump Pells said. An oxy-acetylene torch, beside that tongue of his, would have seemed like the para-

lyzed stinger of a consumptive wasp. The nub of it was that the fellows weren't fighting hard enough. Believe me, Pells put that message over. It was a desperate bunch of fellows that took the field for the second half.

Our captain, Ellis, started things by running Downie's kickoff nearly to midfield. McGuire hit center for six yards. Gorton—still going a rotten game—lost one but Ellis gained seven and made it first down. McGuire passed to Brick Leslie, our right end, and Brick plunged ahead for twelve yards. The Sheriton stands went crazy.

Then Gorton fumbled and somebody from Ashford fell on the ball. Downie kicked clear over our goal line and we had to begin our offensive all over again. It was enough to take the heart out of any team. Ashford settled back into that wonderful specially prepared, anti-Sheriton defensive. And far away at the end of the field, on a blackboard in a square marked "Visitors' Total," sprawled an ominous "3."

Jump Pells plunged himself down beside me. He looked ten years older. In a minute he turned to me with a "Know where to find Toreador?"

"Sure," I answered. "He's at his boarding-house. He didn't come to the game."

"Get him," snapped Pells. I shot away along the side line and out through the players' entrance. Toreador roomed a good quarter-mile from the stadium, but I swear I made it in not much more than a minute. I found Toreador seated in a chair, listlessly turning the pages of a book.

"Toreador," I puffed, "Pells wants you." "So?" Toreador lifted his eyebrows. His unconcern was as beautiful as it was put on. "I shall be glad to receive Senor Pells. Be so good as to show him up."

"Nix on the high and mighty stuff, Toreador," I said. "Pells really wants you, at the stadium. Goodness knows what for. You'll get there, I'm afraid, in time to see us take a slick walloping. Ashford's got a line like the Great Wall of China."

Toreador rose. His eyes were flashing. He folded his arms.

"Go and tell Coach Pells," he said, slowly and distinctly, "that I will not come. It is a point of honor. There was a rebuff."

"Aw, come on, Little Lord Fauntleroy," I broke in. I was getting mad. "Cut out the melodrama. The coach wants you. I'm going to take you to him. You can come peaceably or over my shoulder."

Toreador deliberately turned his back on me. I would have made good my threat and kidnapped him bodily if that ding-busted shoulder hadn't been aching to beat the mischief. Strategy was in order. How could I persuade him?

Just then, fortunately, I noticed a tiny bulge on the arm of my jersey. I snatched at it—a filmy little bit of pink gingham—and dangled it before Toreador's eyes. He recognized it at once and turned pale as he reached for it. As for me, I didn't say a word. I just prayed that my little scheme would work. It did.

"I'll go," Toreador said, in deep tones. "A true gentleman is ever at the service of a lady."

"Fine," I interrupted, hastily. I didn't want him to get to inquiring where that handkerchief came from. "Better stop in the dressing room and put on a uniform, or else the cops won't let you come to the bench. Shake a leg. I'll run ahead and tell the coach."

The world's most brilliant thought struck me as I galloped back. I didn't know just exactly what the coach wanted but I did know how to help him get it.

"He's coming, coach," I whispered in Pells' ear, and then I sneaked along the substitute bench calling on the fellows to follow me. I got in a word with the bandmaster, too, as we passed him.

WELL, at the field end of the players' entrance I lined up the subs, two by two. Made quite an impressive column. When the Toreador hove in sight, his cleated shoes and blue ribbed socks showing under his big red blanket, we were ready.

With an impressive sweep of my arm I motioned for the Toreador to fall in behind us. That sweep, also, was the signal to the bandmaster. As we swung toward the players' bench the band crashed out the opening bars of the stirring "Toreador Song." Crudely done, of course—I'd taken them by surprise—but the tune was recognizable and the cymbals drowned out a multitude of sins.

The stands, mystified but mighty interested, began to clap their hands in time to the music.

It's a far cry from the frenzied bull ring in Madrid to the Sheriton stadium. But, out of the corner of my eye, I could see we'd touched the heart of the Toreador. He was striding after us, just the hint of a swagger in his gait, and a smile

of delight on his face. . . . Somewhere in those curious stands was Mary Girl.

Just then a yell leader shouted something through a megaphone and the rooters boomed out nine long rahs for Toreador. That tickled him some more. He bowed low, whipped his blanket from his shoulders and tossed it into the stands. Seems the espada at a bull fight often throws his cloak to the spectators. The stunt got by fine with the Sheriton rooters, and they cheered Toreador again.

Coach Pells was too worried to grin when the bizarre cavalcade halted in front of him. He came down to brass tacks.

"Toreador," he said, "Old Sheriton needs you. For three quarters we've been played to a standstill. They're onto everything we've got. Barring accident, we're walloped, 3 to 0. I've got a dozen backs that can beat you at a line plunge, Toreador, but line plunges won't win this game. If they would, Ellis and Miller and Gorton—no, not Gorton, because he's not playing worth a hill of beans—would have won for us a long time ago. We've got to spring something new, something spectacular. That's why I sent for you. For the honor of old Sheriton, will you forget the past—will you go in and try to do something in these last four minutes?"

Who could resist a fair and square appeal like that? Toreador didn't try.

"I'll do my best," he said. "On the sacred honor of Don Hernando Cabezos —"

Pells cut him off with a "Go in for Gorton."

I'll never forget that incredulous, snarling look on Gorton's face as he slunk off the field. It was the look of a wolf that had suddenly been done to death by a despised lamb. It paid me for all of Gorton's dirty work. I'm ashamed to say I let him see me laugh.

THERE was sudden confusion on the field. The Ashford captain had protested Toreador. Then, for the first time, I noticed he was wearing a gold embroidered jacket over his jersey. Furthermore, instead of a leather helmet he had on a red-tasseled black silk cap.

"What's the matter?" the referee asked the Ashford captain.

"Matter!" sputtered the captain. "This is a football game, not a circus. Tell this bird to go back home and finish the initiation."

Well, Toreador's finery puzzled the referee, too, but Toreador wouldn't take it off. I could see him arguing and shaking his head. Finally the referee ruled in favor of the glad rags. So long as they weren't an actual impediment to the other team, the referee said, he wouldn't bar 'em. I breathed easier. Toreador was stubborn.

The whistle shrilled and the game was on again. Would you believe it, the fellows fought a darned sight harder with Toreador in? It sure was a tribute to the youngster's popularity. But Ashford, victory in sight, played harder, too. I could fairly see the crepe draped over our goal posts.

"Yea, Toreador! Yea, Toreador!" thundered our stands. He was an unfamiliar player, to them, but they grasped at any straw that might turn the tide.

THREE minutes to go. Ashford, held for downs, kicked. Toreador, playing back with Ellis, managed to spill the two converging Ashford ends and Ellis stormed his way to midfield.

26-6-11! Toreador's favorite play. 61! At the starting number back went the ball to Toreador. Quarterback and right half ranged in front of him, ready to ward off enemy tacklers, while fullback dashed off around left end on a fake run. It was a well-timed play, but, alas, badly executed. The center's pass sailed over Toreador's head.

Toreador led the stampede for the ball, like a chip on the crest of an advancing flood, snatched it up, and wriggled back a ways before he was downed. We'd lost so much that Ellis kicked. Downie was dumped in his tracks. Ashford chose to buck the line, conferring before each play. They were stalling, of course. Suddenly Downie faked a line smash, then kicked. It was a low, swift boot that struck the scrimmage line and bounded high in air and toward the Sheriton goal. Anybody's ball—a mad rush for it, and Ellis too far back to take it.

A streak of gold shot after that ball. It was Toreador. The stands rose en masse and loosed a mighty roar as he grabbed it and doubled back. Windnagle was upon him; he sidestepped in his good old style and Windnagle sprawled on his face.

Then Toreador broke into his beautiful, shifting, distance-devouring stride. Straight to the left he shot, Ashford fanning out to block him. Nearly to the side line, he whirled and darted back to

the right. I've never seen a man reverse a field prettier. When he reached the right side line Toreador was on the enemy's 30-yard line, with only the Ashford safety between him and a touchdown. But the Ashford safety, alas, happened to be Big Bill Downie.

Toreador started a long dash to the left, then zigzagged suddenly back again. The maneuver caught Downie completely off his guard; Toreador passed the 20-yard line before the Ashford star could get himself around.

I believe Toreador would have crossed the goal line untouched if Fate hadn't willed it otherwise. A little bit of gingham did the dirty work. It fluttered from Toreador's belt, and Toreador somehow, saw it drop. He must have been keeping good track of it.

To our horror he slackened up, swerved, went back and snatched up that handkerchief!

It took him not over a second, but in that second the flying Ashfordites closed up and Big Bill Downie placed himself squarely between the Toreador and the Ashford goal. It was a situation to Downie's liking, and he thundered down on Toreador like a raging bull.

Toreador was pretty close to the side line. He couldn't dodge to the right or he'd be offside. He couldn't dash to the left because Downie expected that. So he did the only other thing possible; he went straight ahead.

Just as Big Bill Downie lowered his massive shoulders to launch one of his terrific tackles, Toreador stopped dead in his tracks. In a fraction of a second he had braced himself, half facing to the left. His left arm, crooked behind him, cradled the ball. His right arm he stiffened and thrust straight ahead, inclined slightly upward. I recognized that crouch. Toreador was the espada now, and Big Bill Downie was the bull. The espada was about to straight-arm the bull.

Toreador's outstretched palm caught Downie right on the point of his massive chin. It stopped him dead, and no wonder. The Toreador was braced so that Downie was practically pushing against the ground.

From behind, a split second later, came Pulsifer, Ashford's fleet end. We held

our breath. Suddenly Toreador sidestepped. The hurtling body of Pulsifer grazed his jersey, then crashed into Downie. The two Ashfordites hit the ground like stricken buffaloes, and Toreador romped over the goal line.

What matter if Ellis missed goal? The shrieking, frenzied, victory-mad Sheriton rooters didn't care. A championship had been saved.

"Yea, Toreador!" roared across the field in a tremendous tidal wave of sound.

FIVE minutes later, amid the steam and turmoil of the dressing room, the squad got together for a jubilee. They looked for the Toreador but he wasn't there. Then came Larry Brown's big inspiration, that sent thirty fists fumbling in the pockets of thirty pairs of trousers that hung in thirty lockers. Again I was the goat—unanimously chosen committee on arrangements and also the committee on finding Toreador.

First thing, I hunted up the town jeweler, and coaxed him, protesting and indignant, down town with me.

After that I ranged the campus, looking for Toreador. About midnight, as I was about to go home in disgust, I saw him skulking down the little-used path behind the gym.

"Toreador," I shouted, heading him off. "You old son of a gun! You rarin', tearin', eat-em-alive espada! No wonder your folks sent you to America! They wanted to save the bulls! Man, you can't hide out like this. The school is perishing for a look at you! See here!"

From under my coat I got out the fruit of Larry's big idea, a gold and silver loving cup.

"From the team to you," I said, grandly. "Right here, on the side of it, we're going to engrave your name."

"Where?" inquired Toreador, suddenly much interested.

I showed him.

"That space," he asked. "Is it big enough for something more?"

"Sure," I said. "Anything you like. What shall we add?"

A happy, tender look came over Toreador's face.

"Mary Girl," he said. "We're friends again."

Football Strategy

(Continued from page 29)

and make interference for the receiver. The team having the ball naturally sends every man it can spare down the field. A kick, and nothing but a kick, is expected. To throw a pass on this formation would introduce a new situation so unexpectedly that the eligible receivers, who are in better position to catch the ball than they would be under any other condition, have an advantage also in time which should result in a long gain if not in a touchdown. Few of these forward passes from behind the goal-line have failed.

Quarterbacks now quite often defy all custom and pass deep in their own territory. It is a surprise play and on numerous occasions its success marks the turning point of the game. On these plays, regarded as the most hazardous in the game, the quarterback has much in his favor because of the unexpectedness of the attempt.

In watching a football game you must bear in mind that no game in America is so dependent upon teamwork as football. It is absolutely essential that eleven men co-operate on every play to make it successful.

An Eastern football team last year had one of the greatest halfbacks that ever played football but few ever heard of him. Had he played on a winning eleven he would have been famous, but he played on a losing team. He himself was a remarkable player but the ten men that played with him were mediocre. They could not charge, block or tackle, the three essentials in the fundamentals of play. His line was so weak on offense that the opposing line men would come pouring through and smother him as soon as the ball was passed.

And, on another team, a mediocre back may travel to fame because he has teammates who can charge and block. They provide strong interference and they will open holes for him.

Whenever you hear of great halfbacks look for good line men. If a man gains a reputation as a wonderful line plunger you can almost take it for granted that his line men are able to smash holes through which he can plunge. If you hear of a great broken field runner, consider that those runners have teammates who can block out a path that will carry them into the secondary defense and probably

through that. If eleven men do not work in co-ordination the attack fails.

Don't Watch the Ball Too Much

WHEN you are watching a football game you probably make the mistake of paying most of your attention to the ball. You follow the ball and by doing this you miss the fine work of the game, the real play that takes the ball forward or forces it back.

If the ball is punted you watch it in its flight to the receiver and by doing that you miss the battle that is going on from the point where the ball is kicked to where it is caught. Even before the kicker's toe touches the ball, the battle has started in front of him. On either side are his teammates of the backfield, protecting him; they form a wall in front of him. As the ball is passed back by the center his two ends begin tearing down the field to get within reach of the receiver. The tackles, staying back a moment to check the rush of the defensive line, follow the backs down the field all bent on taking advantage of a possible fumble or, if the ball is caught, preventing the receiver from advancing. The guards and center remain in position to prevent possible blocking of the kick and to drive the rushing defense men to the outside.

As the ends and then the tackles sprint down the field you will notice how the opposing backs try to block them so their safety man will be able to advance. The real battle of football is not with the runner but with the men who are in front of him.

Why the Coach Kept Him

SOME backs rarely ever carry a ball and you never understand why they remain on the team. The coach could soon tell you and he gladly would for he knows that this player, who rarely ever receives the cheers of the crowds, is really the player that provides the chance for the cheers. He is kept in the lineup because of his ability to block and tackle. On offense he is the boy on whom the other backs depend to clean a path for them and on defense he is the boy who is expected, above all others, to bring down the enemy runner. Men of this type are the

backbone of football teams and the battering rams of the offense.

It is also fascinating to watch the defense. As the offense changes so must the defense change to meet it. The open game now played, with frequent punting, forward passing and the three methods of rushing the ball, plunge, slant and sweep, has brought about a new defense.

Here comes football's finest point, namely, the battle of wits between the quarterback on offense and the team on defense. It is well worth your attention.

There are various forms of defense and these change according to the style of attack the offensive team is using or is expected to use. Watch the ends move out or in, to check the run or pass. Watch the halfbacks shift to break up a pass or play coming on the outside. Or watch the line draw closer and the backs come in to meet a smash against the forward wall.

The forward pass has added much variety to the defense and to the game. Many teams now play their center back five yards to smother the forward passing attack. The center works with the backs. Of course he also helps stop plays against the line and around end but he was pulled back to meet the passing game.

If the offensive team has a back capable of running, passing and kicking and if he is efficient at all three branches of offense then the defensive team is in for a merry afternoon. The defense has to spread to meet his run, kick or pass and it is naturally weakened by being spread. Here, if he happens to have capable teammates in the backfield, a quarterback gets

his best opportunity to use deception.

The defense has always had its worries on kicks. Good kickers never direct their kicks toward a receiver but away from him. The purpose is to keep the ball as far as possible away from the receiver. To counteract this the defense keeps two men back on punts when opposed to a team having a capable kicker.

When teams are evenly matched the one getting what is commonly known as "the breaks" will win. There are several ways in which a "break" may occur. One of the most disheartening of these is to have a forward pass intercepted deep in enemy territory. Another is to have a punt blocked and recovered by the other team. Still another is to fumble a punt and have the side of the kicker recover the ball. Then there are the breaks that come on the ruling of the officials. A team within scoring distance, concentrating every effort on the attack, calling on all the reserve force for the charge that will carry it across the goal line, will be penalized. The attack suddenly loses its sting. The psychological effect of such a penalty has lost many football games and still it is here that most of the violations occur, for players are apt to be over-anxious with the goal line so near.

I have given a general outline of the game, pointing out various methods of offense and defense. If you will keep in mind the fundamentals of play, the chief weapons of the team in possession of the ball and methods open to the defense, football will lose all the complications and mysteries that it may have held for you.

Pedro, a Boy From Porto Rico

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

THE IMPRESSION of Porto Rico that I brought down from my school days was that it was the home of a dark and burnt-tasting molasses that my mother did not want—not if she could get New Orleans molasses. That this largest island of the West Indies could contain human boys was something that had never occurred to me. I had never seen a West Indian boy, even in Barnum and Bailey's. But now I have met Pedro J. Urbina. Consequently the boys of Porto Rico are just as real to me as the boys of Massachusetts or Nebraska.

I met Pedro in an office in the building of the Department of the Interior, in Washington, where he is a stenographer. He goes to school, too, after his working day ends at 4 P. M. I had always thought of Spanish races as slow and languid in their habits, but this sample of their product looked upstanding and energetic.

I got acquainted and found an opportunity to ask him about himself. He went to an American school in San Juan, he said.

"What games did you play?" "Baseball—I played first base and then short stop. Basketball too. I was a forward part of the time and a guard part of the time."

Good old American games!

"What else do they play down there?" "Handball, soccer and volley ball, but baseball and basketball are the most popular. We have very good teams. The big league baseball teams come down and play sometimes too."

"What did you do outside of school hours and during vacations?" I like to ask a boy that question for then I find out what kind of a fellow he really is.

"Worked!" he replied, just as though he liked it. "Every boy in Porto Rico works and everybody saves money. That's why we can buy automobiles. I worked in a straw hat factory helping a hat maker. Many boys work in offices. In the country the boys cut sugar cane and work on pineapples and do all kinds of plantation work."

"What about high school?" I knew a mere grammar education never would have developed an intellect like his.

"The requirements are very hard and getting harder all the time." (That sounded familiar.) "I had to pass twenty subjects—physics, chemistry, biology, geometry and all the rest. I took a four years' course."

"What made you think of coming to the United States?"

He laughed. "I made up my mind to study law," he answered. "Our college has a four years' course. I found out that in Washington I could take a course in three years, so I decided to save a year." (That sounded familiar, too!)

"How did you get the money?" "Oh, I had saved enough to get a start; then I got a job here."

"How did you get your job?" "I had a letter from the San Juan Y.

M. C. A. to the secretary of the Washington Y. M. C. A.," he replied. "You see I learned stenography in the high school before I left home. After I came here I went around to several Government departments without finding anything, then the secretary gave me a letter to the chief of the Indian Bureau. I struck luck here. There was a temporary position open that I could get without waiting to pass a civil service examination. As soon as I got that I studied for the civil service, passed and secured a permanent position."

"How are you getting along in college?" I inquired, thinking that no doubt his progress had been impeded by the strangeness of his surroundings, the necessity for studying for a civil service examination and the fact that he had to work a full day before going to his classes.

"I graduated last spring. Next spring I shall be through my post graduate year," he answered.

He seemed hardly old enough. "How long have you been in Washington?" I asked.

"Two years. I finished the three years' course in two. As soon as I graduate I am going back to Porto Rico to practice law," he said.

Choice of the Gods

(Continued from page 5)

falcon circled with motionless pinions. Men murmured with apprehension. Even Halfdan shuddered. He released his hold upon Erling; Erling himself stepped back.

Gyda screamed again. The circling bird paused in mid-air, spread its wings wider, then glided with the speed of light down into the valley.

In silent awe the Vikings drew back. Habrok, circling thrice, hovered above the head of Halfdan, who folded his arms, well pleased with this ruse of Gyda's. The silence continued. Such manifestation of the high gods' favor was not to be regarded lightly. Even Olaf dared not break the spell by speaking.

Halfdan smiled. Another instant and Habrok would alight upon his shoulder.

The broad wings fluttered before his face—then with terrible talons, the great bird struck. Halfdan screamed, fell forward in the grass. The falcon mounted into the dusk.

Strong arms bore the stricken man to the feast hall. Eager hands brought torches. Olaf, skilled in healing, bent over the prostrate form.

"Both eyes," he murmured. "He is blind."

Straightening up, he faced the horde, crowding about the table where the unconscious body of the chieftain lay. His rich voice penetrated to the far corners of the hall.

"It is the choice of Odin," he said. "A blind man cannot be king."



"Jumping Center"

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

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For the Boys to Make

By A. NEELY HALL

(Author of "The Boy Craftsman," "The Handy Boy," etc.)

A Bookcase

THE open-front type of bookcase with rod and curtains shown in the photograph, while not tight by any means, will keep out the worst of the dust. It is a bookcase easily and inexpensively built, also, as you will see by the working drawings.

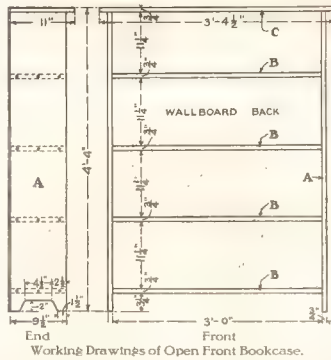
The bookcase can be built of pine, cypress, redwood, oak, or any other wood desired or it is possible to stain pine in imitation of other woods, with prepared wood-stain to be had at paint stores.

The ends and the shelves should be cut from 10-inch boards; the top of the case should be cut from a 12-inch board. The back of the case should be enclosed. A large sheet of wallboard is better than boards for the purpose.

After marking out the pieces carefully and cutting them, mark the positions for the shelves on the end boards, and then bore screw-holes through the end boards, three for each shelf, spacing them as shown in the end elevation. These holes should be a trifle larger than the shank of the screws. It will be easier to drive home the screws if you first drill holes in the ends of the shelves a trifle smaller in diameter than the screws. Number 9 blued iron round-head screws 2 inches long should be used.

When the ends, shelves and top have been assembled, test the angles to make sure they are right angles. Then glue the wallboard backing to the rear edges of the end pieces and shelves, and drive

upon the screen. Thus, any kind of a picture can be shown with the reflecting lantern. Pictures clipped from magazines, postcards and photographs are good material for slides, and you will have little difficulty in procuring enough interesting subject matter for an evening's picture



Working Drawings of Open Front Bookcase.



This Open Front Bookcase With Rod and Curtains Is Easy To Make.

program. In addition to the board to rest the bottom edge of pictures, you need picture slides on, and fasten a pair of picture hangers bent out of wire as shown in Fig. 10 near the side edges of the holder to grip the upper corners of the picture slide. Pictures used for slides need not be mounted unless there is a possibility of their bending in handling. Pictures upon light-weight paper, such as magazine clippings, can be mounted upon pieces of box cardboard.

Paint the inside of the box with lamp-black thinned with turpentine, to cut out all reflecting surfaces except the tin reflectors and the picture slide. Joints should be puttied to make them light-tight. But to make a sure job of it, you might glue strips of tape over all of the

winking eye, and a yawning mouth.

The reflectoscope box is easily constructed of box boards 3/8-inch thick. Figure 1 shows a front view and Fig. 2 a back view of the completed box, with the height, width and length dimensions. You will see by the plan (Fig. 3) and the cross-section (Fig. 4) that the box has a lamp in each of two corners, a lens mounted in a barrel halfway between the lamps, and a holder for picture slides on the side of the box opposite the lens.

Perhaps you will find a box of the right size for the lantern, or one that you can cut down easily. A variation of an inch or so in any dimension will not be important. The box must be tightly made, and it probably will be necessary to reinforce the nailing of all of the boards of any ready-made box. If you make the box, lap the front and back boards over the ends, and set the top and bottom boards between.

The lens must be of the double-convex type, and about 3 inches in diameter (Fig. 5). This will be inexpensive to buy, but perhaps you can get one from an old bicycle lamp, a barn lantern, or a magic-lantern.

The lens mounting can be made of a tin can (Figs. 6 and 7). You will probably find a baking-powder can of the right size. Cut away the bottom with a can-opener so a flange will remain just wide enough to catch the edge of the lens when it is placed inside of the can. Then bend a piece of wire into a ring like that shown in Fig. 8, and after slipping the lens into the tin can, place the ring against its inner face to hold it in position.

Put a hole in the front of the reflectoscope box of the right size to receive the lens mounting. Unless you have an expansive-bit with which to bore the hole, you will have to bore a ring of small holes, then cut out the wood between them with a chisel or small saw. Cut a collar out of an old automobile tire tube to fit closely around the tin can mounting, and tack this around the inside of the opening to seal the crack between the can and the edge of the hole. The can should fit loosely enough in the opening so it can be slipped back and forth for focusing the lens.

Two 60-watt or larger electric lamps should be used in the reflectoscope. Oil lamps can be used, but they are not as efficient, of course, and it becomes necessary to construct light-proof chimneys above them to carry off heat. You can buy a pair of porcelain wall receptacles for the lamps at a ten-cent store. The lamp filament should be on a level with the lens (Fig. 4), and it may be necessary to place a block of wood under the receptacle to raise it; unless you install

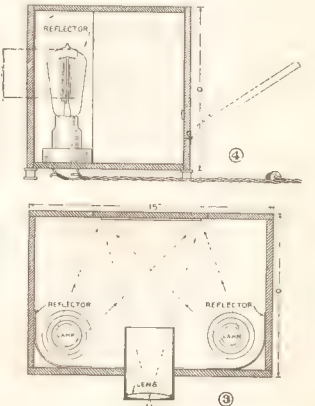


Fig. 4 Shows Cross Section of Reflectoscope, and Fig. 3 the Plans in Detail.

joints. Paint the outside of the reflectoscope any color you wish to have it.

Screw spools to the box bottom at the corners for feet. These will raise the bottom enough to clear the lamp cord.

A Homemade "Yacht"

ROLLER skates, a piece of clothing, an old bed sheet, some odds and ends of lumber—that's all you need to build a "land yacht" that will sail in any wind.



Taking a Sall on the Boulevard.

Tate Macune Robertson, the boy in the photograph, lives in Atlantic City. His "land yacht" is simple in construction; you can see that. With a spanking breeze behind it, though, it skims over the pavement like a sea gull.

Home-Study Business Courses

Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems. Our plan enables you to train during spare hours without interference with your present duties, give us your name and address and mark with an "X" below the kind of position you want to fill. We will mail catalog and particulars regarding our low cost monthly payment plan. Also our valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Tear out, mark and mail the coupon today. No obligation to you. Let us prove to you how this step by step method helps thousands of ambitious men to real success.

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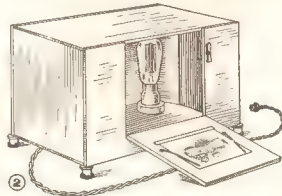
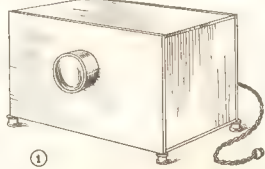
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The Handy Tool for Any Repair Job

THIS "Red Devil" Slip Joint Plier contains a tool kit in itself. Besides a plier there's a wire cutter and screw driver. The slip joint increases the tool's usefulness—the thin nose fits in tight places.

Ask at the hardware store for the genuine "Red Devil"—see the name on each and every tool. Style 924, 6 1/2 inch, 50c a pair.

Mechanic's Tool Booklet Free. SMITH & HEMENWAY CO., INC. 265 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Front and Back Views of Reflectoscope Box.

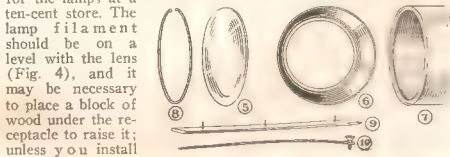
in nails to reinforce the glue.

If you stain the bookcase, apply a coat of shellac to set it; then apply a coat of flat-varnish or a coat of wax. Open-grained woods such as oak are generally "filled": that is to say, their grain is filled with prepared wood-filler. This is necessary for a highly polished varnished or enameled surface, but can be omitted from surfaces to be waxed.

If you wish to paint the bookcase because the wood hasn't a good enough surface to stain, use at least two coats of paint, and three if you have enough material. If you enamel it, first apply a coat of flat paint—this is paint without linseed-oil. If there is any puttying to be done, do it after the first coat of paint has dried; it will hold better then.

A Reflectoscope

THIS type of lantern is more practical for a boy's use than a stereopticon because of the unlimited supply of slides that can be obtained at no expense. The pictures are not thrown upon the screen by projecting a light through transparent slides, as in the case of a stereopticon; but by illuminating pictures with a strong light and causing them to be reflected



BULLS EYE STEEL

AIR RIFLE SHOT



Send for These Free Targets

Wouldn't you like to be the best shot in your neighborhood? Practice with the free targets we'll send you, and remember to use the best BBs, and you'll soon become a dead shot.

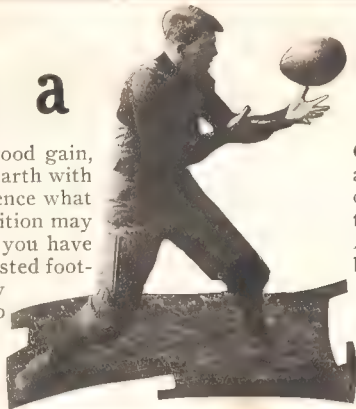
The secret of good shooting is to get the best ammunition you can. That's why steel Bull's Eye BBs are so good. You will shoot straight with them. They won't stick in your gun. And you can use them over and over again because they do not flatten out.

If you want to be an expert marksman with your NEW RIFLE we will help you. If your hardware dealer doesn't carry Bulls Eye BBs, send us his name and address, together with 8 cents in stamps and your name and address. We will then send you a sample tube of smooth, shiny steel Bulls Eye BBs and also some free targets to practice shooting on.

BULLS EYE
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Receiving a Forward Pass

Crashing through the line for a good gain, or pinning a flying enemy back to earth with a clean tackle. It makes no difference what part of the game, or what your position may be, you will play better football if you have the proper equipment. Below are listed football goods you can easily earn by selling new yearly subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY.



October is also a great month for hunting, and in camp you will find the knife, cooking outfit, and lamp mighty useful. It is easy to sell new yearly subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY. Every boy wants to be a subscriber and usually a few minutes' work will land an order either from your friends, or their parents. A good time to start is TODAY!



Pair of Boxing Gloves Premium No. 19

Every boy should learn the art of self defense, not with the idea of fighting, but so that he may defend himself from attack. The pair of boxing gloves we offer are skillfully made by one of the largest manufacturers in the United States and are ones that any boy might well be proud to own. They are a medium size model of selected wine colored leather. Olive roll palm grip is seen binding, padded throughout with curled hair filling.

Sent postpaid to AMERICAN BOY subscribers for three new yearly subscriptions; or two new yearly subscriptions and 85 cents; or one new yearly subscription and \$1.80; or sent postpaid on receipt of price, \$3.00.

Embury Electric Lantern Premium No. 284

Throws big light in every direction without shadows. Wonderful for fishing, hunting, canoeing, sailing or camping. No fire danger. Great around an automobile. Cannot blow out in a heavy wind or storm. Economical, weeks and months of service on one set of batteries which can be bought anywhere. All standard unit cell batteries fit this lantern. Batteries NOT included in our offer.

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Marble Woodcraft Knife and Sheath Premium No. '52

Some knives are adapted for sticking, some for skinning, still others for cleaning, slicing, breaking bones, etc., but Marble's Woodcraft Knife embodies all these desirable features. Designed by hunters of well known reputation. A leather sheath is included in our offer.

Sent postpaid to AMERICAN BOY subscribers for two new yearly subscriptions and 20 cents; or for one new yearly subscription and \$1.00; or sent postpaid on receipt of price, \$2.25.



Camp Axe and Leather Sheath Premium No. 63

This axe is used by thousands of boy scouts. Blade is forged from solid steel and is designed for driving stakes, spikes, etc. Handle is of finely selected hickory.

Sent postpaid to AMERICAN BOY subscribers for three new yearly subscriptions; or two new yearly subscriptions and 40 cents; or one new yearly subscription and \$1.00; or sent postpaid on receipt of price, \$1.75.

HOW TO SELL SUBSCRIPTIONS

Before starting to canvass, make a list of the boys in your vicinity who are not subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY and who you know should be. Then call and show them and also their parents some of your back numbers. Tell them about the serials and short stories and many departments, and how much you enjoy them. Suggest a year's subscription as a gift, and don't forget to say that for only \$2.00 a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY receives as much first class reading matter as he would get in thirty books, which would cost him at least \$45.00. If at first you do not get the order, try again. Never knowing when you are licked has made more winners than anything else in the world. Send your subscriptions as you get them. A careful record will be kept of, and credit given you for, each subscription you send.



Ten Winning Football Plays By COACH JOHN J. McEWAN West Point Premium No. 15

Ten Winning Plays, developed by the greatest coaches in the country. Each play illustrated by a diagram and the assignment of each player clearly shown. The ten plays are: "Notre Dame Pass," "Yale A'drich Run," "West Point Criss Cross," "Princeton Tackle Sweep," "Eddie Mahan's Famous Play," "Harvard Pass," "California Pass," "Eddie Pass," "Harvard Hidden Ball," "Wisconsin Screen Pass."

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Regulation Size Football Premium No. 11

This football is made of heavy pebble India grain leather with canvas lining strongly stitched throughout. It is of regulation size, perfectly shaped and balanced. Has pure gray gum bladder and comes securely packed in a box. With reasonable care this ball gives good service and will last a long time.

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All Leather Head Guard Premium No. 13

A most substantially constructed and serviceable head guard; especially suitable for "prep" and high school use. Moulded and stiffened crown and ears are of heavy strap leather. Best quality padding. Adjustable chin strap. Well ventilated.

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Football Trousers Premium No. 14

These football trousers are made of heavy khaki drill. They have amply padded hips and knees to withstand hard blows at those places and quilted reed thigh effect to lessen the danger of "Charley horse." Their size runs from twenty-two to thirty inches in waist measure. Be sure to send your correct size when ordering as these football trousers cannot be exchanged.

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Ingersoll Redipoint Pencil Premium No. 184

Rolled silver plate-hexagonal, engine turned. Space for 15 extra leads in holder. A wooden pencil 10 feet long would not write so many words as this pencil with one filling. Point snaps in for protection when not in use, saving broken leads. Leads guaranteed not to clog at point. Simplicity itself—only three parts.

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Forward Pass Premium No. 16

Exactly the same rules govern this game as apply to the game as played on the field by the leading schools and colleges. End runs, line plunges, forward passes, goals from the field, all the regular plays are in this splendid game and will serve to keep you on edge all the while you are playing it.

Sent postpaid to AMERICAN BOY subscribers for one new yearly subscription and 15 cents; or sent postpaid on receipt of price, \$1.00.

Sports Timer Premium No. 148

"Only two minutes to play!" This sports timer is a combination watch and timer. Better than a stop watch for football, basketball, hockey, etc. as it takes time out and only shows the actual time played. When not used as a timer can be used as a regular watch.

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Kamp Kook Kit Premium No. 139

On hikes, outings, or camping parties, no one event of the day looked forward to with more enjoyment than the meal cooked right "out in the open." The Kamp Kook Kit consists of cup, frying pan, kettle for making coffee, or stewing, and grates into compact form, size 8x4 1/2 x 2 1/2. Comes in neat and well made Khaki Case with strap for carrying over shoulder.

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Common Woodchuck—a tough little thief and as quick as lightning. Is a great lover of fresh vegetables and a garden is usually a rather sad sight after this gentleman has visited it.

Model 1914 Savage .22 Repeating Rifle. Every feature originally and distinctively Savage. Solid breech, solid top—no exposed parts. Sturdy and accurate.

Declare war on pests with your Savage Accurate, enduring repeating rifles

WHEN you buy a rifle you want to be sure of two things:

You want to get something that stacks up in looks and you want it to deliver the goods in performance.

And that's why we say: *Savage*. For the slide-action fans, Model '14. For the bolt-action fans, the *Sporter*.

For they're two of the best looking repeaters ever made—and they don't fade—they're built to keep their looks—year after year.

And they're not only accurate when you get them—they stay accurate.

The finest kind of steel goes into the barrels of these two rifles.

They're built from butt to muzzle tip along the same simple strong lines as the *Savage* high-powers.

And you know what that means: a rifle that will stand the very roughest handling and come up asking for more.

Smother handling, straighter shooting .22 rifles simply do not exist.

Ask at your dealer's, or write direct for our interesting catalog.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION Dept. 327, Utica, N. Y. Owners and Operators of the J. Stevens Arms Company



The *Savage Sporter* bolt-action .22 repeating rifle. 22-inch round barrel, genuine American walnut stock, varnish finish, pistol grip, open sporting sights, five-shot detachable box magazine.

"Honist Work—Modrat Prices"

BACK in 1916 ten-year-old "J. D." Brooks designed and painted himself a sign. After it dried he nailed it to the family woodshed. The sign invited citizens of Oxford, North Carolina, to bring him their bicycles to be repaired—guaranteeing, as a clinching inducement, "honist work—modrat prices."

J. D.'s chums knew that he kept his own bike up to snuff, that more than once he had doctored theirs to complete satisfaction. Moreover, his charges were indeed "modrat." . . . So Oxford moved its busted bikes to J. D.'s back yard.

At the end of several days' business J. D. took a squirt at his pile of nickels and pennies, scratched his head, and then bought a second-hand ledger from his father—on the instalment plan. Thereafter he kept track of all transactions under the two divisions of "out-go" and "income."

At the end of the first month— "Dollar-eighty-three," said J. D. to himself. "Guess I'd better bank it." He did.

Lots of men, J. D. observed, rode to work on their bicycles. He could reach these men, he reflected, if he could do their repair work at night. J. D. decided to go after this additional business. One Saturday morning he wired his woodshed; thereafter an electric light kept his sign on the job every evening until lesson-time.

The stunt did more than bring J. D. more trade; it interested him in electricity. His mother, with some misgivings, let him take her electric iron apart. Thus he learned about high resistance wire and how it produces heat.

About this time one of J. D.'s high school friends nearly dropped dead when J. D. asked to borrow his physics book. Think of studying physics when you don't have to! J. D. also subscribed to some popular science periodicals. On Saturdays and during summer vacations he appointed himself helper to any "regular" electrician who happened along. Thus he learned his trade.

Folks began to call on him for electrical jobs. He became adept at fixing defective wiring systems. Once in a while, in an emergency, he even repaired balky telephones. Meanwhile, evenings, he was struggling with a correspondence course in wiring. Pretty soon he finished it, and got a license.



He Salvaged a Wrecked Auto.

At the end of four years his bankbook showed a balance of \$500. J. D. celebrated his fourteenth birthday by leasing the half-story over his father's store and advertising for general electrical contracts. Excellent work in two private residences paved the way for a big warehouse job—success in this set J. D. to bidding on work in neighboring towns.

The sight of a wrecked auto in a neighboring field gave J. D. another idea. He bought the derelict at junk rates, got some second-hand parts from a garage, and soon had the contraption hitting on all four. Next he painted it a gorgeous red, and on its sides, in black letters, "Let J. D. do it!"

Sixteen years old, and a junior in high school, J. D. had to hire an assistant; there was too much work for one boy to do. It was during this year that J. D. found time to invent and perfect a new safety switch which he since has patented.

A few months ago J. D. closed up shop. He closed up shop because he got a chance to do research work in a famous laboratory in Washington, D.C. His ledger, when the time came to quit, showed his business worth several thousand dollars.

Last March J. D. sailed through a stiff entrance examination and was admitted to a short-course radio school conducted by the government at Hampton Roads. He did so well—leading his class by earning perfect grades in every subject—that Uncle Sam's instructors picked him for more splendid training; on June 26 he left to begin the Government's radio engineering course.—Mildred Harrington.

The Lost Pagoda

(Continued from page 10)

overlooking the valley. Here a rough sort of shelter was soon improvised. The noises of the busy party skinning and cutting up the seladang came up from the ravine below. The scent of those fresh kills drifting down the valley would scare away all the more timid of the forest dwellers from the salt lick, Nicky perceived, for the startled whistle and hoof stamp of deer and goat-antelope came from the surrounding hillsides frequently as the sun began to set in the west and great shadows of the mountains to fill the valleys with gloom and mist. But that same scent of meat would also, most assuredly, bring all the great hunting cats for miles around, as flies around a sugar bowl! Already their forerunners, the kites, were wheeling in the air above the salt lick and settling in all the trees round about. There would be doings this night, without fail! thought Nicky as he watched the kites swooping down into the cane as they became bolder.

But the Buddha had even more ominous portents in store for them that evening. Baderoon came into their camp about dusk, staggering under a load of bedding and tents, and following him was only one man—Soma, the cook!

"Hel-lo!" said the curator inquiringly. "Where's Tuan Dwight, Baderoon?" he asked surprisedly. "He follow 'long?"

Baderoon shook his woolly mop from side to side. "Dwight Tuan, he no come back. Nor Sadok—altogether!"

Nicky and the curator faced each other, a low whistle of dismay on the man's lips while his serious face studied the youth's equally alarmed one.

"Now what?" cried Nicky perplexedly. This was no country for anyone to be out in after nightfall! The curator had no reply to make, for the present. Nicky felt, with sinking heart, that he would not have later, either. The Spirit of Asia delighted in questions for which there was no answer!

AFTER Dwight had gloated over that gold-bound Buddhist book for time enough for his wonder and curiosity to subside, he and Sadok turned their attention to the black panther. They dragged

the carcass out into the sunlight from its dusty and forlorn resting place in the depths of the crypt under the pagoda. Wiping off bits of mortar, red brick-dust and miscellaneous dry rubbish from the glossy coat, they stood for a time admiring this rare piece of natural science. Through the sheen of sunlight on the glossy coat one could distinctly see, like a pattern in black catchable silk, the same rows of spots that are so handsome in the yellow-and-black coat of the ordinary leopard. In spite of these markings the black one seems more than a color phase, almost a distinct species. Not enough is known of the kitten litters of the leopard to say that black, clouded and spotted occur in the same birth, as brown, black and even white black bears sometimes are born to our common black bear of America. But the black leopard is heavier and stouter than the usual spotted variety (which so aggrieved Mr. Burton as being a pest around the teak workings of Nam Hong). His head was broader and bonier, his ears smaller in proportion to his head.

"The heat of the day is coming on, Tuan," said Sadok, drawing his knife. "Let us carry him up to the shade of those trees, for the work of skinning will be long."

Dwight looked up at the four spreading bodhi trees around the ruined pagoda. The leopard weighed perhaps two hundred and sixty pounds but the shade was worth the effort of dragging him up there. High in the heavens had risen Burma's noonday sun, a thing to be treated always with respect. Already Dwight was feeling that sense of giddiness that its rays cause, and in spite of the breeze blowing through his helmet his face was running streams of perspiration and his brain beginning to reel.

They struggled up with the sleek animal between them, and then Dwight brought up his treasured book. While Sadok was beginning the grosser work of the skinning, Dwight felt tempted to open the book, even though he knew its contents would be absolutely unreadable to him. He undid the ancient golden thread cord which secured the covers. Within lay leaf

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SLIDEWELL COLLARS

are made with the Graduated Tie-slide Space and Tie-protecting Shield that Save Your Tie, Time and Temper.

If your dealer does not sell them, send us his name, your size and one dollar for six.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., INC. TROY, N. Y.

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At the low prices shown below you get the efficiency of sets costing three times as much. These radio frequency receivers—pick up stations over 100 miles away under good conditions—everywhere. Operate either on DRY CELLS or storage battery. Cabinets of solid mahogany and workmanship the finest throughout. Order direct or send for bulletin. Two tube outfit, as shown above, headphones only \$29.50. Four tube outfit for loudspeaker or headphones \$34.50.

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Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for men, boys and children.

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Say, fellows, won't it be grand to be able to listen in on a concert with your receiving set and really hear things, not just faint murmurs or indistinct music?

If you have a RADIO-ARGENTITE DETECTOR on your set, you will get 100% better reception than ever before. The very best materials are used in each RADIO-ARGENTITE DETECTOR. It is carefully tested by experts, that is why tones are CLEARER, FULLER and MORE NATURAL.

Adjust it in 15 min. Ask your dealer, accept no substitutes. If you can't get it write us and we'll mail it.

PRICE 3/4 or 1/2 in. mount with a "Nagara" 75c bronze cast whisker

CURRY & CUTELLIER LABORATORIES 2843 W. 8th Street, Los Angeles, California

upon leaf of palm strips, all written upon in ancient Pali characters which showed dully through the thick veneer of lacquer with which the leaves had been varnished.

Just then Sadok called him to help, indicating that each was to take a side of the skin. The flanks and back of the panther had been easy, a mere passage of the Dyak's palm down between the hide and the flesh separating them, but all around the legs were tough ligaments, and the head would require very close and careful work.

As Dwight sat at work his busy brain began ruminating on this old, old ruin, a queer and most eerie place for them to be engaged upon these very modern taxidermical operations. In what forgotten century had this pagoda been abandoned and left to the riotous jungle to reclaim? Who were the people who lived and worshipped the memory of the Buddha here? What princes had passed this way to do it reverence; what armies, marching along the Shwe Lanh into Siam, had dipped banners in salute to it as they passed?

The golden book proved that it had been once a place of some importance—but why had that book been hidden away in a niche walled up in the face of the crypt? Dwight fancied that the pagoda must have once belonged to Siam and that when Ayuthia fell and Burma conquered all this country some pious *pongyi* had hidden away the book so that it would not fall into the hands of the Burmans.

Ruminating on this Dwight came to the thought that the book itself must tell something infinitely valuable to Siam. The site of ancient Ayuthia was not far from modern Chieng Mai, not thirty miles down the Shwe Lanh into Siam from where he sat. These early wars were mostly religious quarrels over the relics of the Buddha. Many armies had marched into Siam with no other purpose than capturing a pagoda, in the crypt of which was a tooth, a bone, a lock of hair of the Buddha Gautama. The relic would be kept in seven boxes of gold and alabaster, of jade and onyx, thickly studded with priceless gems, each box enclosing a smaller one until the one containing the relic would be the smallest and most costly of all. Somewhere north of Ayuthia the old Chinese records spoke of a huge temple city with a vast pagoda in it, built around and above some particularly desirable relic of Buddha.

Even the English of to-day knew vaguely of the Lost Pagoda. Long centuries ago, when it had disappeared, Siam had kept its location a secret place, one that could not even be approached save by the force of an invading army. Burma had tried more than once to locate it and seize the relics, but even the total sack of Ayuthia had failed to discover any information about the Lost Pagoda. King Asoka had tried to find it, three centuries before Christ, but had to content himself with driving the king of Siam down into Cambodia and adding all the country around Chieng Mai to Burma. But the Burmese kings, one and all, had never found the Lost Pagoda.

Suppose, then, this book had information concerning it and had therefore been walled up by the *pongyi* when Asoka's armies overran this country?

The thought made Dwight, for once, wish that he were a Sanskrit scholar. No one but dergymen and archaeologists ever bothered to learn that language, but he who could read it could read Pali. However, once turned over to the Burma Archaeological Society, what was written would be known and possibly great discoveries would follow.

BUT the B. A. S. was not destined to be the first to read that old book! Dwight, looking up from his work when carefully skinning around the head of the black panther with a small knife, was surprised to see a yellow-robed *pongyi* standing near them. When and whence he had come here was a mystery, some wandering mendicant, perhaps, visiting this old ruin from motives of piety. But he was here, and his eyes were *not* on the tumbled folds of that glossy skin of the black panther between Dwight and Sadok, but on the golden book! He soon turned, to eye Dwight questioning, and there was that same expression of arrogant disrespect in his black eyes as Dwight had seen when that *pongyi* down in Rangoon had waved them away from any approach to Shwe Dagon. The *pongyi* ruled the thought life of Burma. What they taught the boys in their schools—besides reading and writing—what attitude toward the white rulers of this country, was vague even to the Government, but in general it was known that Young Burma looked forward eagerly to the day when the white intruders were to be swept back into the sea whence they had come. As this could not be done without a fight, and as your Burma, save for the Shans, the Wa and

the Chins, hates fighting, the White Man simply grinned and sat tight.

Dwight did just that too. He had a good rifle and a Herculean Dyak retainer by his side, so he was not afraid of the *pongyi*. He nodded in return to the few words of Burmese which the yellow-robed spoke—all Greek to him and Sadok—and said, "*Wahaka salaam!*" when the *pongyi* tried Hindustani. The priest was a youngish man, hard-featured, but his boot-brush of close-cropped black hair seemed to make him out a Siamese to Dwight instead of a Shan.

As there was nothing much possible in the way of communication between them Dwight went on with his work. The *pongyi* squatted down in characteristic Asiatic fashion and began reading the open page of the book, without, however, doing anything so audacious as to touch it. It made Dwight nervous, and his knife slipped through a delicate membrane around the panther's eyelid, whereat he swore softly. The exclamation caused the *pongyi* to jump to his feet. His narrow black eyes were alight now with question, for something that he had read had evidently excited him. He tried Burmese, Shan, Sanskrit, Hindustani, Bengali, asking them a question over and over again. Finally he attempted English.

"Where get?" he asked, pointing at the book.

Dwight sniffed. "Humph! I'm not sure that it is any of your business!" he exclaimed testily. This *pongyi* was getting too inquisitive. The most elementary logic would show that he was trying to get the youth to tell him that it came from the pagoda; whereupon he would claim it as the property of the-Buddhists.

Dwight shrugged his shoulders, picked up the book and bound up its covers again with the golden cord. The *pongyi*, on noting these decisive measures, at once became submissive again. Asia never comes into direct conflict with the energetic West, unless assured of an amazing preponderance of force. He could afford to wait. Time is nothing to the East! He squatted down again near-by and seemed lost in thought. He was merely biding his time for an opportunity to decamp with the treasure, and this would not do either.

"It's about time for lunch, Sadok—Tell him to get out," said Dwight.

The Dyak tapped his *parang* significantly and merely pointed. It was enough for the *pongyi*, who hastened to gather up his robes and depart. But he looked back, and the flash of hatred in his snaky eyes was enough to strike a chill to the marrow of Dwight's bones.

"We'll finish up and get back to camp as soon after the sleep as we can, Sadok," said Dwight after they had seen the last of the *pongyi*. "This is a spooky place! I'll wrap the book in the panther's skin, too. If our British archaeological friends are ever to read it, the better it is hidden and the less seen by these people the less trouble about it there will be."

Sadok unpacked from his rucksack a lunch that Soma had put up for them that morning. Except for Dwight's canteen it would have been a dry meal, for that hillside boasted not a spring. Afterward came the inevitable siesta. No man in his senses would try to march in that heat, let alone carry a heavy bundle of skin through the thick jungle. From long residence in the Tropics that torpor which succeeds the mid-day meal came over Dwight with its usual overwhelming dulling of all thought, all attempts to think. Now, in the West, Dwight would not have slept that particular afternoon. The feeling that the *pongyi* might gather up courage to return would have been more than enough to have kept him on the *qui vive* and forced him to energetic action. If this *pongyi* had been one of our own Indians, for instance! But Dwight knew his East, and did not give the possibility much thought. No one in this country ever did anything energetic, and even a sleeping white man they would not dare to touch. As for Sadok, to stay awake between two and four in the broiling heat of the day was outside of his whole bringing up. Ever since he had been a naked little Dyak in the great kampong of Long Naya he had always curled up and slept immediately after the noonday meal.

The two withdrew some distance from the panther's carcass, which was now collecting flies that at any other time would have been of absorbing interest to Dwight's entomological soul. Under one of the big bodhi trees they found a thick bed of grass. Elementary caution had constrained Dwight to bring at least the golden book with him and lay its shining and jewelled length close to his side; almost immediately after which both he and Sadok were deep in the mid-afternoon stupor of the East.

(To be continued in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)



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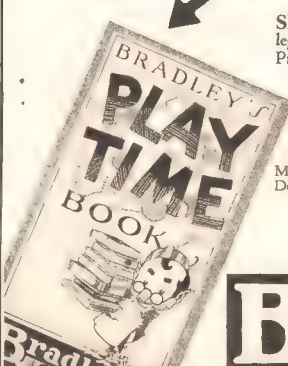
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National Checker Champion at Eighteen

AN 18-year-old Toledo high school boy—tall, light-haired, modest—holds the tournament checker championship of the United States. He won it in a national competition with some forty other contestants, the strongest men players from all parts of the United States, in the American Checker Association's fifth annual tournament at Boston last October.

The boy is Asa Long, a junior in Woodward Tech High School, Toledo, Ohio.

Asa's victory proves that any boy, with practice, can win at checkers. In fact most of today's great players were great players in their teens.

Asa didn't learn the game until he was 12 years old. One day at home, a checker-board happened to catch his eye. It was a board his father and grandfather used.

"Guess I'll learn that game," said Asa. He did, and liked it. By keeping his eyes open, by watching how his father and grandfather carried on, he soon was able to beat them. He joined the Toledo checker club—stiff competition there. Asa never lost, however, without learning the play that beat him. He went to the library, read some checker books, had an exciting time working the puzzle-problems the books suggested. He made himself a practice board, numbering the squares from one to 32, to help him learn the tricks of the game. One by one he beat the strongest players in Toledo.

In 1921 Asa, then sixteen, won the Ohio state checkers tournament; the next year he repeated. His friends, enthusiastic over his showing, urged him to enter the national tournament at Boston. The idea fairly took his breath away; but he consented, and practiced in earnest, solving all the puzzle-problems he could find.

About forty players—nearly all of them sectional champions—entered the national tournament. For the most part they were gray-haired men, and they smiled indulgently at the long-legged youngster who presumed to play with experts. The smiles faded from their faces, however, when Asa beat them, one after another. Finally but two were left—Asa and Alfred Jordan, retired undefeated checker champion of England and Scotland. Jordan himself had been a great boy player; he won the London city championship at 19. Interest was white hot. In the first leg of the final match, Asa and his veteran opponent played five brilliant games to a draw, then Asa won the sixth. The second series was easier for the boy—he won one and drew three. The gold medal and the United States championship were his. In all he had played 73 games—12 victories, one defeat, and 60 draws. Since experts mostly play tie games, this was a most remarkable showing.

"Do I 'train' for a match?" says Asa. "Not in the way a prize-fighter trains, though before the national tournament I did practice a lot. The main thing, I find, is to keep in good physical condition—regular hours and clean habits. If my mind isn't clear I can't play at all."

"One good thing about checkers, once a

fellow learns a bit about the game the knowledge stays with him; he doesn't have to practice long hours every day to keep his hand in."

Asa is taking a commercial course at Woodward Tech. He says that checkers, aside from being good fun, trains his memory and his reasoning power. He plays baseball and basketball too, though not well enough to make a school-team, he explains.

Some day Newell W. Banks, match checker champion of the United States since 1910, and himself a phenomenal player when a boy, is going to receive a challenge. The name at the bottom of it will be Asa Long's, tournament champion, and the match will be worth seeing. When the United States sends a checker team to England—probably some time within the next two years—it's a sure thing that Asa, and doubtless several other fellows still in their teens, will cross the Atlantic. Checkers is a boy's game.

More Boy Checker Champions

Among other boy checker champions are Charles Jolly, 17, champion of New Jersey, and Michael Lieber, 18, champion of Ohio. Curiously, Lieber is the same age as Asa Long, lives in the same city, goes to the same school, and is, like Asa, a junior in the commercial branch. The two are close friends and practice with each other. Lieber won the Ohio state championship last year. Asa, who was competing at Boston at the time, did not play against Lieber. Charles Jolly lives at Hoboken. Though he did not take up checkers until 1920, he won the New Jersey championship in 1922 and again in 1923, and took a prize in the national tournament at Boston. He was born in Holland.

It is likely that Jolly and Lieber before long will get a chance to play each other, for the American Checker Association is looking forward to a national competition for younger players. There probably will be a juvenile division, under 12; a junior division, under 18; and a senior division, under 21. A boy then will be eligible to compete in his own or a higher class; never a lower. With these divisions, and when each individual state conducts a tournament, checker enthusiasts believe that checkers, as a boys' game, will come into its own.



"The Main Thing, I Find, Is to Keep In Good Physical Condition," Says Asa Long.



BLINDFOLDED

NEWELL WILLIAMS Banks, Match Checker Champion of America since 1910, is able to play blindfolded twenty people at the same time. Mr. Banks is a master of the powerful faculties all minds possess.



Who Play Checkers?

Ty Cobb is the champion checker player of the Detroit Tigers and has his team-mates play. Christy Mathewson, when asked to select his "ten best," included a book on scientific checkers. Keen minds in all fields of endeavor play the great game.

Besides affording many hours of wholesome pleasure, scientific checkers develops memory, concentration, visualization, imagination and inventive ability. Mr. Banks' new book, MORRIS-SYSTEMS SCIENTIFIC CHECKERS, is a complete manual for beginners and advanced players. It consists of games covering all playable openings; one hundred selected problems, diagrammed, which include the twelve great masterpieces; also, an original treatise on Visualization, the key to rapid mental development. It will teach you how to become a master player and give you knowledge of a pastime which will be with you a lifetime. The book is cloth bound, 5x7 1/2, 130 pages. SCIENTIFIC CHECKERS will be sent postpaid for \$1.00. So confident are we you will treasure its value, we will refund purchase price if, after five days you decide, for any reason, not to keep it.



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A Dog From the Barracks

(Continued from page 5)

heart," said the lady-doctor suddenly. "Pon my word," said the Deputy Inspector-General, "I believe Mrs. Macrae is perfectly right—as usual."

The best man-doctor in the place wrote a prescription, and the veterinary Deputy Inspector-General went over it afterwards to be sure that the drugs were in proper dog-proportions; and that was the first time in his life that our doctor ever allowed his prescriptions to be edited. It was a strong tonic, and it put the dear boy on his feet for a week or two; then he lost flesh again. I asked a man I knew to take him up to the Hills with him when he went, and the man came to the door with his kit packed on the top of the carriage. Garm took in the situation at one red glance. The hair rose along his back; he sat down in front of me and delivered the most awful growl I have ever heard in the jaws of a dog. I shouted to my friend to get away at once, and as soon as the carriage was out of the gar-

den Garm laid his head on my knees and whined. So I knew his answer, and devoted myself to getting Stanley's address in the Hills.

My turn to go to the cool came late in August. We were allowed thirty days holiday in a year, if no one fell sick, and we took it as we could be spared. My chief and Bob the Librarian had their holiday first, and when they were gone I made a calendar, as I always did, and hung it up at the head of my cot, tearing off one day at a time till they returned. Vixen had gone up to the Hills with me five times before; and she appreciated the cold and the damp and the beautiful wood fires there as much as I did.

"Garm," I said, "we are going back to Stanley at Kasauli. Kasauli—Stanley; Stanley—Kasauli." And I repeated it twenty times. It was not Kasauli really, but another place. Still I remembered what Stanley had said in my garden on the last night, and I dared not change the

name. Then Garm began to tremble; then he barked; and then he leaped up at me, frisking and wagging his tail.

"Not now," I said, holding up my hand. "When I say 'Go,' we'll go, Garm." I pulled out the little blanket coat and spiked collar that Vixen always wore up in the Hills to protect her against sudden chills and thieving leopards, and I let the two smell them and talk it over. What they said of course I do not know, but it made a new dog of Garm. His eyes were bright and he barked joyfully when I spoke to him. He ate his food, and he killed his rats for the next three weeks, and when he began to whine I had only to say "Stanley—Kasauli; Kasauli—Stanley," to wake him up. I wish I had thought of it before.

My chief came back, all brown with living in the open air, and very angry at finding it so hot in the plains. That same afternoon we three and Kadir Buksh began to pack for our month's holiday, Vixen rolling in and out of the bullock-trunk twenty times a minute, and Garm grinning all over and running on the floor with his tail. Vixen knew the routine of traveling as well as she knew my office work. She went to the station, singing songs, on the front seat of the carriage, while Garm sat with me. She hurried into the railway carriage, saw Kadir Buksh make up my bed for the night, got her a drink of water, and curled up with her black-patch eye on the tumbled of the platform. Garm followed me (the crowd gave him a lane all to himself) and sat down on the pillows with his eyes blazing, and his tail a haze behind him.

WE came to Umballa in the hot misty dawn, four or five miles, who had been working hard for eleven months, shouting for our *daks*—the two-horse traveling carriages that were to take us up to Kalka at the foot of the Hills. It was all new to Garm. He did not understand carriages where you lay full length on your bedding, but Vixen knew and hopped into her place at once; Garm following. The Kalka Road, before the railroad was built, was about forty-seven miles long, and the horses were changed every eight miles. Most of them jibbed, and kicked and plunged, but they had to go, and they went rather better than usual for Garm's deep bay in their rear.

There was a river to be forded, and four bullocks pulled the carriage, and Vixen stuck her head out of the sliding door and nearly fell into the water while she gave directions. Garm was silent and curious, and rather needed reassuring about Stanley and Kasauli. So we rolled, barking and yelping, into Kalka for lunch, and Garm ate enough for two.

After Kalka the road wound among the hills, and we took a carriage with half-broken ponies, which were changed every six miles. No one dreamed of a railroad to Simla in those days, for it was seven thousand feet up in the air. The road was more than fifty miles long, and the regulation pace was just as fast as the ponies could go. Here again Vixen led Garm from one carriage to the other; jumped into the back seat, and shouted. A cool breath from the snows met us about five miles out of Kalka, and she whined for her coat, wisely fearing a chill on the liver. I had had one made for Garm too, and as we climbed to the fresh breezes, I put it on, and Garm chewed it uncomprehendingly, but I think he was grateful.

"Hi-yi-yi-yi!" sang Vixen as we shot around the curves: "Toot-toot-toot!" went the driver's bugle at the dangerous places, and "Yow! Yow! Yow!" bayed Garm. Kadir Buksh sat on the iron seat and smiled. Even he was glad to get away from the heat of the Plains that stewed in the maze behind us. Now and then we would meet a man we knew going down to his work again, and he would say: "What's it like below?" and I would shout: "Hotter than cinders. What's it like up above?" and he would shout back: "Just perfect!" and away we would go.

Suddenly Kadir Buksh said, over his shoulder: "Here is Solon;" and Garm snored where he lay with his head on my knee. Solon is an unpleasant little cantonment, but it has the advantage of being cool and healthy. It is all bare and windy, and one generally stops at a restaurant near-by for something to eat. I got out and took both dogs with me, while Kadir Buksh made tea. A soldier told us we should find Stanley "out there," nodding his head towards a bare, bleak hill.

WHEN we climbed to the top we spied that very Stanley, who had given me all this trouble, sitting on a rock with his face in his hands, and his overcoat hanging loose about him. I never saw anything so lonely and dejected in my life as this one little man, crumpled up and thinking, on the great gray hillside. Here Garm left me.

He departed without a word, and, so far as I could see, without moving his legs. He flew through the air bodily, and I heard the whack of him as he flung himself at Stanley, knocking the little man clean over. They rolled on the ground together, shouting and yelping, and hugging. I could not see which was dog and which was man, till Stanley got up and whimpered.

HE told me that he had been suffering from fever at intervals, and was very weak. He looked all he said, but even while I watched, both man and dog plumped out to their natural sizes, precisely as dried apples swell in water. Garm was on his shoulder, and his breast and feet all at the same time, so that Stanley spoke all through a cloud of Garm—gulping, sobbing, slaving Garm. He did not say anything that I could understand, except that he had fancied he was going to die, but that now he was quite well, and that he was not going to give up Garm any more to anybody under the rank of Beelzebub.

Then he said he felt hungry, and thirsty, and happy.

We went down to tea at the rest-house, where Stanley stuffed himself with sardines and raspberry jam, and beer, and cold mutton and pickles, when Garm wasn't climbing over him; and then Vixen and I went on.

Garm saw how it was at once. He said good-bye to me three times, giving me both paws one after another, and leaping on to my shoulder. He further escorted us, singing Hosannas at the top of his voice, a mile down the road. Then he raced back to his own master.

Vixen never opened her mouth, but when the cold twilight came, and we could see the lights and Simla across the hills, she snuffed with her nose at the breast of my ulster. I unbuttoned it, and tucked her inside. Then she gave a contented little sniff, and fell fast asleep, her head on my breast, till we bumbled out at Simla, two of the four happiest people in all the world that night.

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Another great "Masked Story" will appear in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY. New prizes totaling \$100.00 (the first prize \$50.00) will be announced then also.

Jibby Off on a Surprising Zigzag Journey



"Our first meal on the dining car ran mostly to dessert."

THE title of Ellis Parker Butler's next story in THE AMERICAN BOY is "Jibby by Jones and the Elsewhere Uncle." "Elsewhere" exactly describes that uncle. Jibby found that out at the start when he looked for him in Riverbank. It wouldn't have mattered so much if he had been Jibby's uncle, but he was Edward Campcard's uncle, and Jibby had promised to put Edward into his uncle's hands.

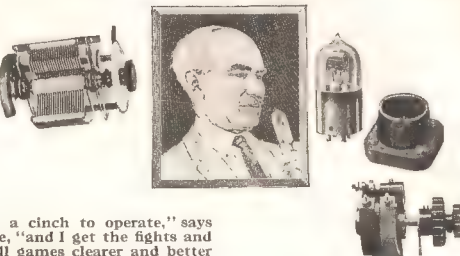
Of course, you can't blame Edward's uncle for not having his hands ready; he didn't know that Edward's father simply had to leave Edward on them, or that Jibby's mother had told Jibby to see that Edward was left on them, or that George's mother had said George should help.

At first Jibby and George thought all they had to do was to take Edward down to the Riverbank station in their motor boat. That was why Jibby didn't go back to the Jones' cottage to get his hat. Neither he nor George had any idea of what was before them. They would have been astounded—perhaps appalled—if they could have looked into the whizzing scramble and caught glimpses of themselves scrambling ticketless for trains, dodging frantically around wrecks, and matching wits with anarchists.

An exciting responsibility, that mad dash on fast trains after an elsewhere uncle who was ever-receding—with Jibby hatless!

Look for the story in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY. It's the beginning of a new series of Jibby Jones adventures, funnier than ever. They'll take you traveling and keep you chuckling.

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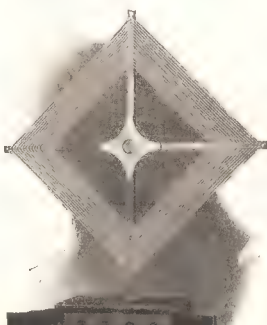


"It's a cinch to operate," says Jimmie, "and I get the hits and baseball games clearer and better than any other set can bring 'em in! We can put it on the table with its indoor loop or fold the whole thing up and take it with us wherever we go—because it's portable with dry cells right in the cabinet. We can operate it on either wet or dry cells—with De Forest wet or dry cell tubes—and one night when the air was right we got San Francisco—clean across the Continent. Bet your set never did that!"

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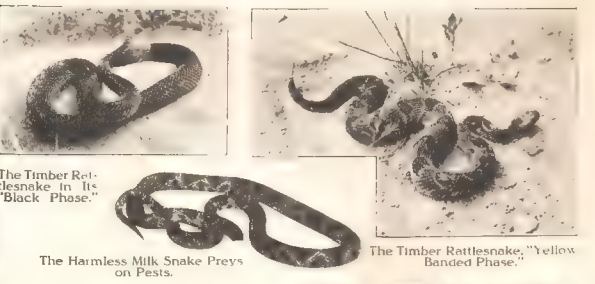
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By R. L. SHARRING-HAUSEN

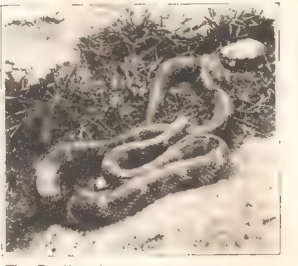


The Timber Rattlesnake in its "Black Phase."

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IT'S a snake! Are you tempted to run or to kill it? No class of animals is so little understood; it is unfortunate, because a great many snakes do useful work, and should be protected just as carefully as we preserve certain birds. They are constantly devouring rats and mice and other harmful animals.



This Big King Snake Kills Venomous Serpents and Makes a Good-natured Pet.

Don't believe all the slanders you hear. For instance it is not true that all snakes are poisonous. There are in North America one hundred eleven species of snakes; only seventeen of these are dangerous to man. Most of these are in the South and Southwest; only five of them are in the Eastern and Central portion.

Neither is it true that snakes will chase one. As a general thing, a snake will try to avoid man; if surprised without hope of escape, it will generally offer resistance. Excepting the poisonous serpents, there are but few snakes in North America which could do any serious harm to one, and this would be confined to an ordinary bite from some of the larger serpents. There are no snakes in North America which could "squeeze" or constrict one dangerously.



The Water Snake is Non-poisonous and Won't Fight Unless Cornered.

A venomous snake, to poison one, must inject the venom into the tissues beneath the skin, and to do this, it must bite. Snakes do not "spit poison," nor is their breath poisonous, nor does any snake have a "sting" in its tail. The venom apparatus of poisonous snakes is contained in the head and mouth, and consists mainly of poison glands and hollow fangs, as will be described later. All snakes have a very delicate, forked tongue which is more or less frequently protruded from the mouth; this is commonly supposed to be a "stinger," but is perfectly harmless, and is used by the snake as a feeler, and perhaps to take the place of external ears, which snakes lack.

name "Pilot" is popularly applied to several species of snakes. The only interest a snake of one species can have in one of another, is that it may be an enemy to escape from, or a meal to secure. During the spring or fall, large numbers of snakes of several species may congregate to breed or to go into hibernation, but that is all.

Many persons who have never touched a snake imagine them to be slimy. Snakes are cold-blooded and may feel cold to the touch, but they are dry-skinned, and not nearly so unpleasant to handle as a fish.

How Can You Tell if It's Poisonous?

Practically all snakes, whether venomous or not, will bite; and the large non-venomous ones can inflict a rather severe wound, no more dangerous, however, than any other skin puncture. It is often thought by uninformed persons that in striking, a snake first assumes a position like a coil of rope, with its head in the middle, and then springs bodily through the air. This is not so. In the first place, no snake could strike well from such a position, and in the second, no snake can spring from the ground from any position. The fighting pose of snakes is similar to that shown in the pictures of rattlesnakes; from such a position a snake can strike about a third of its length with accuracy, and perhaps two-thirds of its length wildly.

It is commonly supposed that a poisonous snake can be told from a harmless one by its thick body, and blunt triangular head. This rule will not work, because some of our poisonous snakes—the coral snakes of the South, for instance—are slender and have small heads; while some of our harmless snakes—the water snake, in particular, possess all the earmarks of the popular conception of a poisonous snake. Excepting the coral snakes, all venomous snakes of North America may be distinguished from the harmless ones by the presence of hollow movable fangs in the front upper jaw, by a small pit-like depression in front of the eyes, and by the fact that they have but one row of scales on the crawling surface of the body from the vent to the tail, while harmless snakes have two rows. Here is a safe rule to follow: any snake without a rattle that has stripes running from head to tail, or that has stripes running from head to tail, is harmless; any snake with a rattle on the end of the tail is venomous; and any snake that is blotched or has bands running around the body, may be either harmless or venomous, depending upon the characteristics given above. If one learns the appearance of the rattlesnakes, the copperhead, and the moccasin, he can easily distinguish them from other blotched snakes.

Tales About Snakes Usually False

SNAKES are commonly supposed to possess powers of fascination over birds and small animals, or even over man; but this is merely another example of the misinformation a credulous person can be led to believe. It is also often said that if a snake is killed, its tail will live until sundown. To be sure, a snake will often twist and squirm after it has been mangled almost beyond recognition; this is due to a reflex action of the nervous system, of the same nature as that which causes a chicken to flap about after its head has been chopped off. The sun has no effect upon such movements.

These Are Deadly Ones

Contrary to popular belief, a snake will not swallow its young when pursued, and allow them to escape when danger is past. Female snakes either bring forth their young alive, or lay eggs in some suitable place to hatch by themselves; the young do not accompany the parent for any length of time in the first case, and probably never see her in the second. It is usually safe to assume that if one snake goes down another, it will never come back. It is also believed that some snakes will pilot others about, warning them of danger, and the

THE Water Moccasin is a large thick bodied serpent reaching a length of five feet. It occurs from North Carolina south and west to Texas and up the Mississippi Valley to Southern Illinois, frequenting the vicinity of water. In color it is dull olive or brownish with blackish markings. It must be rated as one of our most poisonous snakes.

The copperhead, or pilot, is a rather small serpent of slender build, attaining a length of about three feet. It occurs from Massachusetts west to Illinois, and south to Florida and Texas, and in the northern part of its range is found in rocky places near thick woods or marshes. The ground color is light brown crossed by bands of

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Tierney was a busy man for a solid week, but nearly all of the time he seemed to spend at the little cottage of the Widow Dickey, far over in the hills, several miles away from Cap's home.

"It's her pies," said Cap one day. "Anybody can see that Jim Tierney is a natural born pie-hound. He seems to have a gift for putting down pies. He told me he liked them open-faced or hard-shelled and didn't care what kind of stuffing they had in them. And, of course, we all know that Mrs. Dickey's pies are famous all over the county."

The strangest part of his whole investigation was that he brought to Cap's little farmhouse an uncooked pie one evening and placed it in his top bureau drawer, asking Cap and Bud not to touch it.

"Don't get worried about my having a raw pie in my possession," the detective said with a smile. "I ain't crazy, although few people could keep and cherish a raw pie like they would a young child or a faithful pet and not have suspicions cast on their sanity. Just you don't monkey with that pie."

Cap thought that perhaps Tierney was drinking a little on the sly and called up his brother Paddy to tell him of his misgivings.

"Leave that guy be," advised Paddy. "Never mind what he pulls on that job, don't any of you go to making suggestions. One reason he got that name Bone Head is that half the time people think he's a simp because he does such simple things. But they pan out."

At the end of his week of pie carousie Tierney was ready for the preliminary hearing of the case, when Magistrate Winkle would take evidence and decide whether Phil Dooley should be held for indictment by the grand jury. He asked Bud for a whiskbroom and carefully brushed his derby, filling the room with dust. "I always carry the old skimmer a bit when I go into court," he said.

"There's nothing like making a handsome appearance. Of course they don't let you wear your skimmer during the trial or the hearing of a case, but you can hold it so people can see it and say to themselves: 'There's a regular gentleman who keeps himself all brushed up all the time.'"

At the courthouse his witnesses were waiting for him: Mrs. Dickey, blue-eyed, gray-haired, fat, forty, in her best black bonnet with a purple ribbon and silver beads; Captain James Holman, president of the National Bank, dignified and handsome; and Mr. Entwistle, the groceryman, with small red side-whiskers and bushy red eyebrows, a small lean man with a very important air. Of course Jim Lasker, the complainant, was there, a long rangy man of middle-age, little red eyes, a curving sandy mustache and sandy eyebrows. The prosecuting attorney was present. The lawyer that Cap and Phil's other friends had engaged was busy in the city. He said it wasn't necessary for him to be present as there was plenty of evidence to hold Phil for the grand jury and it would be only a waste of his valuable time. He wouldn't be needed, he said, until after he was indicted.

Magistrate Winkle, one of the fattest, most good-natured men in the whole state, clean-shaven and rosy with good health, lowered himself into the wide chair, especially made to fit his different size, and rapped for order. The clerk called the case charging Phil with arson, one of the most serious crimes of the criminal calendar.

IN a few words Cap Fallon explained that his friend Detective Tierney of the New York Central Office had interested himself in behalf of the defendant and would have charge of the case in the unavoidable absence of counsel.

The prosecutor outlined the case for the State briefly. There were witnesses to prove that Phil had threatened to burn alive the defendant. An attempt was made to carry out this threat. Jim Lasker would swear that he saw Phil running away from his place just before the fire was discovered. A tin match box owned by the defendant would be put in evidence. It was found by Lasker near his cellar entrance after the fire. On the other hand, he declared, he understood that the defendant would claim that at the time the fire started he was at the home of the Widow Dickey, five miles away from where Lasker lived. He wanted to be fair. If the defendant had a witness to prove this in addition to Mrs. Dickey he would have the charge withdrawn. But he did not have this material witness. He sat down.

"All right, Mr. Tierney, I'll hear your story," said the magistrate.

"Not a word," replied B. H., rising in his chair. "Let the witnesses for the State tell their stories." They were sworn and told just about what the prosecutor said they would tell.

"Call Mr. Holman for the defense,"

asked Tierney. The bank president was sworn.

"How long has this Jim Lasker banked with you, Mr. Holman?"

"Ten years."

"How much was his bank account before prohibition?"

"It was never higher than two hundred dollars."

"And after prohibition came into effect?"

The prosecutor objected. Lasker had paid his penalty for moonshining.

"Then I'll ask you, Mr. Holman, whether Lasker deposited in your bank six thousand dollars on the date of the payment of his insurance on the destroyed house."

"He did not."

"But he had been depositing with you for ten years?"

"Yes."

Lasker's little red eyes became frightened, and he paled his sandy mustache nervously. Tierney turned to him suddenly and snapped out: "Don't try to leave this courtroom." Lasker all but fainted and a murmur of astonishment rose from the crowd.

"Call Mr. Entwistle, please."

The grocer was sworn.

"Was Lasker in the habit of buying kerosene from you?" Tierney asked.

"Yes, sir."

"How much each week?"

"Two gallons on a Wednesday and two on a Saturday, regular."

"Do your accounts show that he bought any of the week before his house was burned?"

"He didn't buy any that week."

"Call Mr. Ambler, please," asked Tierney. Here was a witness none of us knew of. He was a stranger. He was sworn and in answer to questions said that he kept a grocery store in Peeksville, three stations down the line. He identified Lasker as a man who had bought a five gallon can of kerosene from him the night before the fire. He was sure of the date, because when Lasker came in his store he was preparing to close up so he could attend the Church Bazaar that night, and he was sure of it also because he tried to get Lasker to take a chance on a flivver.

There was a rustle in the court room, and Tierney, although a heavily-built man, leaped backward like a cat and grabbed the door. A constable took charge of him.

"Maybe the insurance company might want to ask him why he didn't deposit that six thousand," he said to the court, showing his newly brushed derby impressively. "Maybe he was getting ready to beat it." With a broad smile he waved his skimmer to Mrs. Emmaline Dickey and asked that she be called.

"And, Your Honor," he said solemnly, "I want to place before you in evidence Exhibit A for the defense, a raw pie, a raw hunting case apple pie." He picked up the carefully wrapped exhibit and unfolded it and placed it in all its nakedness on the desk before Mr. Winkle.

"Speaking of pie, Your Honor," he added, "it must be pretty near lunch time, and if we could adjourn for a half hour I think we might all be better able to go on with the case. The very thought of pie makes me hungry. I was born in New York City and have lived there all my life. I ain't joking, Your Honor, but if a New Yorker doesn't get his piece of pie at twelve o'clock sharp every day he's liable to lose his mind."

"The constable will remain with Lasker," announced Mr. Winkle, "and court will adjourn for lunch."

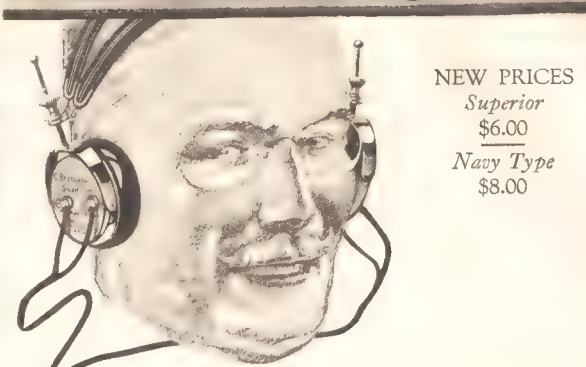
TIERNEY commandeered the town flivver and boosted therein the Widow Emmaline Dickey, whispering instructions to her. She would have no lunch that day, but that meant little to her, for she deeply loved poor "Odd Jobs" Dooley, having no children of her own, and would have served a month for him if it would have helped his defense.

The detective ate his slab of pie standing, listening to the comments of the crowd, which were all about Jim Lasker, who seemed to be on trial instead of Phil. Buying that can of kerosene in a distant village just before the fire had an ugly look. Not putting his insurance money in his bank account, as an honest man would have done, was also queer business.

"And don't worry about Phil's old match box," laughed Tierney, helping along the anti-Lasker sentiment. "I can prove he lost it the time he worked for Lasker."

The widow returned with two large, excited neighbor women, Mrs. Nibbet and Mrs. Wittsel, and a rush was made for the courthouse as Tierney entered to continue his fight in behalf of "Odd Jobs" and his friends. (Continued on page 53)

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Mrs. Dickey was sworn. She testified that on the afternoon preceding the fire Phil was helping her in the kitchen. She was making pies—apple pies—for her many patrons in the village. She had made him carefully wash his hands, and as she would roll out the pastry dough and fit the pan with it, putting in the filling, Phil's task was to lay on the tops of the pies and pinch them tight around the edges with thumb and forefinger. "We worked until near dark," swore the widow, "and he couldn't have got over to that Jim Lasker's place in time to set that fire."

Tierney showed her the naked pie. Exhibit A. "Is that one of the pies you made that evening?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."
"How are you sure of that?"
"I had baked all the others," she replied, "and he was to deliver them in the morning. He had gone and Mrs. Nibbet and Mrs. Witsell called for a little talk. Mrs. Witsell had just received a telegram from her son in Philadelphia saying he was married. The telegram proves the date. We got so excited talking that I forgot to bake the last pie and the fire in the stove went out. I was that tired I didn't bother to light it again. In the morning the pie dough wasn't fit to use. Then I heard of Phil being arrested, and I was so agitated that I just plumb forgot about that pie and it laid in the cupboard until you came to see me and took it away."

"But what's the meaning of all this pie talk?" asked the prosecutor. "What have you to do with the burning of Jim Lasker's place?"

"If I prove that Phil was there with Mrs. Dickey pinching them raw pies that evening," asked Tierney, "will you admit his innocence?"

"Why, of course," replied the prosecutor. "But pie can't talk."

"Can't they?" retorted B. H. "Let's see." He fished out his finger print brushes and powder and quickly made records of Phil's thumb and forefinger in the flesh and then in the imprints on the edges of the pie. "And," he added triumphantly, "I can prove by William Deevers, who came to order two pies for his ma that afternoon, that when he entered the home of this lady Phil was pinching them as hard as he could but wasn't half through. I can call expert pie witnesses to prove that Mrs. Dickey couldn't have rolled and cut the dough and made the stuffings for the other half of the pies ordered under an hour. This will cover the time necessary to prove an alibi for the prisoner."

"Did Willie count the pies he saw finished and ready for the oven?" asked Mr. Winkle.

"He did. He says ten were in a row on the table. He counted 'em twice, for he likes pies. Mrs. Dickey's order books

show that she had twenty-two pies to make."

"I can't see how she could make twelve pies in less than an hour—not handmade pies," declared the magistrate. "Looks to me like Phil couldn't possibly have pinched that last uncooked pie shown in evidence and reached Lasker's house in time to set it on fire when he says he did. Where's Lasker?"

"I locked him in the jury room," replied a constable.

"Trot him in here."

In a few moments the constable returned with a face as flaming as the skies the night the moonshiner's house went up.

"He busted out the window," explained the constable, "slid down a drain pipe and is gone."

A gasp of surprise went up from the crowd.

"Phil, you're discharged," said the magistrate. "If there ever was a guilty scoundrel Jim Lasker is one and I'll say we're all a pack of fools for ever thinkin' you'd do anything criminal." He turned to Tierney. "Mr. Tierney," he said, "there's only one little point that isn't cleared up. Why did Phil threaten to burn him alive?"

"I'll clear that up, Your Honor, by asking Mrs. Dickey a question. Mrs. Dickey, when you get mad with anyone what do you generally say?"

"Just what my old mother used to say when the children would pester her. She would reach for the strap and holler out: 'I'll burn you alive!' Phil heard me say it many times to my old dog Rover when he'd come in my clean kitchen with muddy feet, and I guess he learned the expression from me."

"And, Your Honor," suggested Tierney, rising, "I can prove that statement by the two ladies sitting, one on the right hand and the other on the left hand of me." He made a gesture of finality, missed his hard-boiled hat, which he had intended to display with pride, and began to hunt for it.

It wasn't under his chair or on the chair back of him.

"Court's adjourned," announced Mr. Winkle.

The ladies rose, and as Cap Fallon and his friends rushed forward to congratulate B. H. Tierney, the Detective, they saw him reach down to the chair in which Mrs. Nibbet had sat and pick up a dark flat thing.

"Ah, there it is," he said holding up the wreck. "It's a skimmer now for sure. I guess that witness weighed two hundred pounds if she weighed an ounce."

Another experience of Bone Head Tierney, the detective, is described in Mr. Moroso's next story which will appear in an early number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

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Licensed Minister at Twelve

ON Sunday, December 31, 1922, the whole town of Miles, Texas—all denominations together—attended the Baptist church. For on that day J. N. Tidwell, then eleven years old, preached his first sermon as a regularly licensed minister and a host of friends and well-wishers turned out to hear him.

To-day J. N., as the home folks call him, is a student at Howard-Payne College, Brownwood, Texas, preparing for his life work in the pulpit. Each Sunday he preaches, and in summer he is a star member of a traveling evangelical team.

J. N. is a country boy, born at Miles and brought up on a farm near-by. His were the jolly good times, the splendid lessons of unselfishness, that come to the sixteenth in a family of eighteen children. Six months of the year he attended the one-room schoolhouse near his home; the rest of the time he worked in his father's cotton fields. He became adept at a favorite sport of West Texas boys—riding colts and calves. During spare hours, too, he hunted and fished.

When he was four an older sister taught him to read; the Bible was his textbook. At six he had read entirely through it.

"I enjoyed it all," says J. N., "except those long names."

His Bible reading awakened an interest in good literature of all kinds; now he reads voraciously. In July, 1921, J. N.'s parents took him to a Baptist evangelical meeting. There he became interested in



Already He Is a Religious Power in His State.

religion. J. N. isn't a chap who rushes into things, however; it wasn't until March of the following year, after much study and thought, that he, on his own request, was baptized. The same day he volunteered for the ministry.

"Pretty young," thought J. N.'s pastor, the Reverend Scott W. Hickey, but he didn't discourage the boy. An emergency arose and J. N. was assigned to fill the pulpit of a rural church. Without help of any sort he prepared his sermon, on "The Temptation of Jesus."

He spoke for twelve minutes, mixing humor, pathos and common sense in a way that delighted his first congregation—nearly one hundred strong. So loud were their praises, indeed, that

Mr. Hickey asked the boy to speak at the Miles Baptist Church. He did and it was a red-letter day for J. N., for during the service he was presented his ministerial license.

Since then, J. N. has filled pulpits at Brownwood, Fort Worth, Stephenville and other towns; he conducted a revival meeting at Italy, Texas. With three "D. D.'s" on the platform beside him, he addressed the chapel meeting at Howard-Payne College. Last summer five revivals were arranged for him, in company with Mr. Hickey, who himself is a well-known evangelist.

Nearly every mail brings J. N. speaking invitations. Already he is a religious power in his state; his friends predict a brilliant career for him.

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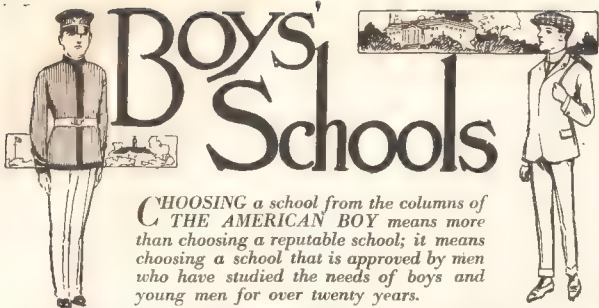
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In The American Boy's Pocket

☐ ☐ ☐ A "Cady Cover" is an event in THE AMERICAN BOY office. First the staff devour it, chuckling over its dozen of comic tragedies, and then the engravers chuckle over it, and after them the printers, and then, finally, the close to a million fellows that Mr. Cady really had in mind. In the August cover, though, there's a mistake. One of the more than a hundred boys in that picture is "made wrong." "His knees," wrote an observing boy reader in Missouri, "bend the wrong way." Get out your August number and find the boy with turned-around knees.

excitement of the man-of-warsman off a tropical port, with insurgents lurking in the brush and dauntless bluejackets ready to pile into small boats and land on the jump. He saw overseas duty during the war, too. He has come to grips with the menace of the submarine, and has lived the thrill and danger of hunting it down. You can't help sensing the enthusiasm, the dash, the reckless bravery of Uncle Sam's sailors when you read a story by this versatile writer.

☐ ☐ ☐ Here's a good joke on Clarence Budington Kelland, creator of the famous Mark Tidd and Catty Atkins. Kelland owns a yacht, the *Scattergood*. He wrote the first few chapters of the newest Catty Atkins story, (which begins next month), while cruising aboard it on Lake Champlain. Meanwhile Harrison Cady, who is a close friend of Kelland's, painted that comical August cover, and, just for fun, slipped in a launch called the "Scattergood." Hence the joke, for Kelland writes: "There are a million boys' camps on the lake and each recognized the *Scattergood* from Harry Cady's picture on the cover and came to hunt me out and demand speeches, which I made. Also my crew and I played nine innings of baseball against Camp Penn, and lost, 12 to 7."

☐ ☐ ☐ Armstrong Perry, home after two months in Europe, can't get used to American prices. The low exchange rate in Australia and Germany makes our own dollar fabulously valuable. Listen to this, from one of Mr. Perry's letters: "A German living in Cologne took me home to meet his family. Their house was valued at \$30 a year ago, but the price has soared to \$260, now. The rent is eighty cents a month. The dwelling and location would cost from \$5,000 to \$7,000 in America. Were it not for fear that you would reduce my rate per word, I would tell you that my trip from Passau, on the German-Austrian border, to Cologne, which occupied eighteen hours, cost (including carfare, four meals and treats for a compartment full of young men who assisted me with my luggage and language) less than fifty cents."

☐ ☐ ☐ A few days after Mr. Kelland's letter arrived, a note came from Mr. Cady, to whom we had sent the Missouri boy's comment on the turned-around knees. "Of course," wrote the artist, "that figure was drawn for little 'Ereclides Twisto,' the son of Signor Twisto, the famous contortionist and acrobat of the great Barnum show. You know Mr. Kelland always carries him along on the cruises of the *Scattergood* as an acrobat comes in handy to drop over the stern and suspend himself by a toe while he cuts away the eel grass from the waters of the Great South Bay, or Lake Champlain." For a fellow who got a "body-blow" this cover artist made a pretty quick re-cover-y, we'll say.

☐ ☐ ☐ Writing from Clifton, Tenn., a small town in the mountains, Mr. Stribbing says, in a recent letter: "The other day I was invited to a dinner in an adjoining village. When it became known that I would be in, the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY asked to come in and see me. My host was agreeable and so after dinner a stream of your lads came in, filled the room, and I talked to them about South America for about two hours. I was amazed to find that they knew every story I had written, knew them in detail and asked me questions about how this fellow turned out, and what that one did. They were strong for Jim Hendryx and High Benton's author. I told them that I had met all these writers and described them as best I could, told 'em about your editorial ideas—in fact we all talked our heads off."

☐ ☐ ☐ If you were an author, and you wanted to write a really funny story, would you pick a hospital and the painful after-days of an operation as the time and place to do it? Impossible? John Moroso did that very thing. Many of the funniest parts of "The Great Apple Pie Mystery" and the great detective stories that will follow he wrote while he was suffering acutely. He's all well now, and he says that getting up comical stories for AMERICAN BOY readers helped him forget his illness. Moroso, by the way, says that some day he's going on an auto camping trip de luxe. He plans to equip a motor van with window boxes, a baby piano, bookshelves, radio, bed and desk.

☐ ☐ ☐ AMERICAN BOY readers aren't the only ones who like and admire Ellis Parker Butler. The genial creator of Jibby Jones has been elected president of the Authors' League of America, the great national organization of men and women in literary and artistic work.

☐ ☐ ☐ Lieutenant-Commander Roy C. Smith, Jr., whose stirring Central American story, "Revolution," comes next month, knows what he is writing about. After graduating from the Naval Academy, he served long periods amid the sun-bathed lands of the Caribbean. He has felt the

☐ ☐ ☐ A bouquet from J. V. Williams, of West Virginia: "I wish to express my appreciation of the very splendid magazine that you are publishing. I am twenty-one, yet I never grow tired of reading it. I wish in particular to thank you for the fine service that you rendered me while on my visit to California. THE AMERICAN BOY was there to accompany me to the hospital; when I was in the mountains it was there to go with me, and was there at home to welcome me back again. I have been a steady subscriber for ten years—and here's my subscription for another year!"

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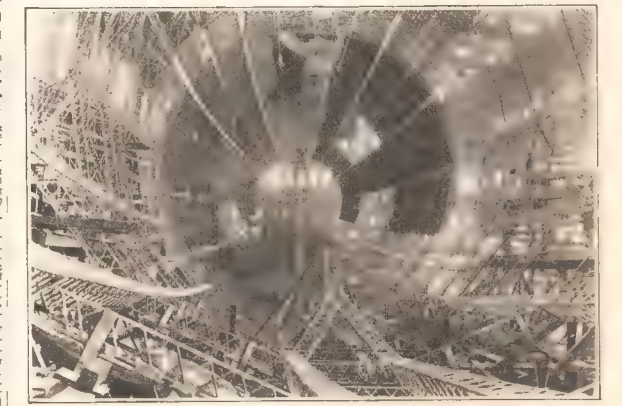
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Peoria, Dept. B Illinois

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE YOU GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY.

How To Do It

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "The Boy Craftsman," "The Handy Boy," etc.

Removing Glass Stopper From Bottle

WHEN a glass stopper sticks in a bottle, the way to remove it is by expanding the neck of the bottle. This is easily done by tying a piece of string to a cork stopper or other object, then looping the string over the neck of the bottle, as shown in the illustration, and pulling the string taut with one hand, and running the bottle back and forth along the string with the other hand. The friction produced by the string will cause the glass to expand, and the stopper will then pull out easily.

Rubber Grips

THE cap to the ink reservoir of a fountain-pen often gums up and sticks so hard that it is impossible to get a firm enough grip with your fingers to open it. Twist a strong rubber-band tightly around the portion to be unscrewed, as shown in the illustration, and it will provide a very firm grip.

Screw caps often stick on jars. Try rubber band "non-slick threads." They will enable you to get a very firm hold. Another method is to grip the cap between a pair of erasers, as indicated in the illustration.

the brace. Otherwise see by the illustration what happens. The bit doesn't bore through the remaining thin wood, but breaks through it and splints off a piece of the surface. And the bit, if a small one, probably breaks; and the boy, if he loses his balance, takes a header.

Don't try to bore through a piece of work from one side. Bore until the spur of the bit appears on the opposite side, then turn the work around, start the bit in the hole made by the spur and bore the rest of the way. This method will give you a clean-cut hole.

Later, I shall tell you something more about boring.

Testing a Square

NEARLY every boy uses a square, or will use one later. It may be a carpenter's square or try-square for carpentry, a machinist's square for metal working, or an angle for drafting. Now of course any one of these squares is worthless if it isn't correct. Often you will find a brand new one that is not, and so it is always best to try one out when purchasing, or at least before using it. The method is simple. Place the square against the edge of a board, as shown in the illustration, and scribe a line across the board. Then reverse the square, as indicated by dotted lines, and see if its edge lies exactly along the scribed line, the full length. Having found a square that is accurate, take good care of it and it will remain accurate.

School Book Pockets

NO DOUBT you know exactly how to handle your school books so the numerous papers filed between their covers will not slip out and scatter to the four winds, but when the books get into the hands of others, watch out. Probably more than once you have lost "home-work" placed between covers. A good way to safeguard papers, especially small ones, is to form a pocket upon the inside of the cover, by attaching an envelope with its flap turned toward the binding (see illustration). Fasten the envelope to the cover with glue.

A Hinged Window-lock

A FRIEND of mine awoke suddenly one night, and the first thing that met his gaze in the moonlight was the head of a colored man disappearing below the foot of the bed. He uttered one of those piercing screams that a fellow lets out in a nightmare, and the colored man disappeared through the window with a speed that would have broken all speed laws. After this adventure the friend put hinge locks on his windows. I know of no better lock, and certainly it is an economical fastening, for the common square-but hinge, best suited for the purpose, can be purchased for 5 cents.

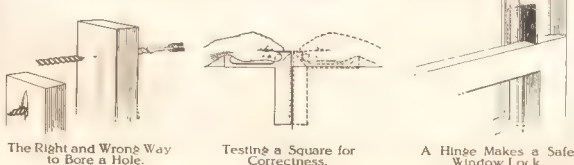
The hinge should be screwed to the upper sash as shown in the illustration, 8 inches above the meeting-rail. So placed, either the upper or lower sash can be opened for ventilation, but not farther than 8 inches, which is too small a space to admit a man's body. When the extended flap of the hinge is folded flat against the screwed flap, either sash can be raised or lowered without interference. See illustration below.

To Remove Stains

IMMEDIATELY after spilling ink or milk or such things on your clothing, or something absorbent, and then with another rag apply plenty of clear water before the liquid starts to dry on the garment. This has a tendency to thin what is left in the goods and prevents it from making such a decided stain as it otherwise would. This will not work with grease or oil or anything else that is not soluble in water.

Boring Holes

WHEN an untrained lad bores a hole he generally bores fast and furiously as he hears the end. That is the very time to ease up on the pressure put upon



The Right and Wrong Way to Bore a Hole.

Testine a Square for Correctness.

A Hinge Makes a Safe Window Lock.



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Boys! Here's the "Last" that's First

TODAY Style is just as important as Durability.

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The "Haig" illustrated above combines everything for which Excelsior Medal Shoes are noted—Quality—Workmanship—Service—Perfect Fit. It's a fine Tan Grain, Plump Weight Bal., but with just enough perforation to give it "character," and blind eyelets to add a final note of refinement.

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DEALERS Carried in stock for immediate delivery. Write for prices.

Write today for this little book showing the most popular Fall Styles for Boys and giving many valuable "Hints on Football."

EXCELSIOR MEDAL SHOES

For Children, Little Boys, Big Boys and Young Men "The Kind the Boys Want"

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE CO. PORTSMOUTH, OHIO Good Luck, Ohio. With Every Pair

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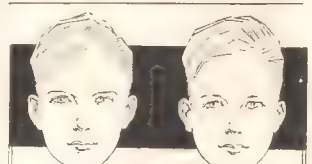
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STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school but get my free book entitled "STAMMERING, Its Origin and The Advanced Natural Method of Cure," bound in cloth and stamped in pure gold. Ask for special catalog and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest, best equipped and most successful school in the world for the cure of stammering, stuttering, etc. No slip-ups or time lost. Write today. The North-Western School, 2333 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis

STAMMER NO MORE

Keep the fear of stammering from education the key. The widely famous Hatfield Method fully outlined in an accurate, dependable, workable manual to take the world for the cure of "STAMMERING." It has inspired thousands. Free copy today THE HATFIELD INSTITUTE, 100 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois



One of these Boys Will Fail - IF

Both possess equal health and intelligence, both have qualities for success—business stammerers. Where the one will succeed the stammerer will fail. He will dread to meet people, he will lack the confidence so necessary in business. The humiliation of his disability will impair his nervous system—a condition often the beginning of ill health.

Benjamin Nathaniel Bogue, who stammered himself for twenty years so badly he could hardly talk, originator of The Bogue Unit Method for Restoring Perfect Speech and Founder of The Bogue Institute for Stammerers and Stutterers (founded 1901), an Institution with national patronage, already endorsed by the medical profession, has written a 288-page book, telling how he cured himself. Contains definite and authoritative information. Sent anywhere to readers of the Bogue Boy for 25 cents coin or stamps to cover postage and mailing. Address BENJAMIN N. BOGUE, President

Bogue Institute for STAMMERERS

6808 Bogue Bldg., 1147 North Illinois St. Indianapolis, Ind.

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Stamp Catalogue

on sale October 15, 1923
Establishes all prices for used and unused
postage stamps from the date of its appearance.

For The First Time

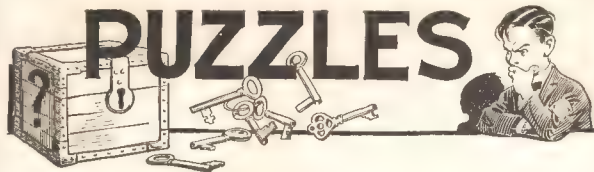
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Orders will be filled as received.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.
33 West 44th Street New York, N. Y.



No. 482. Transposition.

My pocket did ONE, I lost my "TWO."
Oh, wretched man am I!
I think I'll go jump in the THREE
And in its waters die.
Olathe, Colo. NOIT AWL.

No. 483. Animal Isles.

I drive my (island) pony to the pasture
to bring home the (island) and (island)
cows. My big (island) dog always goes
with me. The black (island) chickens run
when we come, but the (island) in the
house bursts into song.
Cordele, Ga. KING COTTON.

No. 484. Dropped Letters.

Drop two letters from each of the fol-
lowing defined words, and leave a word
having the same meaning. Example: Il-
luminate, illumine.
1. Many times. 2. Confident beyond
doubt. 3. Notice given.
Hanford, Calif. SOL VEMALLE.

No. 485. Square.

1. (W.) Crowd, and instrument. 2.
A verb. 3. County, N. Utah. (Gaz.) 4.
A segment. 5. Var. of HAREM.
Yazoo City, Miss. SPUD.

No. 486. Riddle.

I have a head, a little head.
That you could scarcely see;
But I've a mouth much bigger
Than my head could ever be.

That seems impossible, you say.
You think 't would be a bother?
Why, no, my head is at one end,
My mouth is at the other.

I have no feet, yet I can run
And pretty fast, 'tis said,
The funny thing about me is
I run when in my bed.

I've not a cent in all the world;
I seek not Fortune's ranks;
And yet it's true that, though so poor,
I own two splendid banks
Ivanhoe, Tex. FREEMAN.

No. 487. Vegetable Garden.

Start at any letter and touch adjoining
letters in any direction to spell out names
of vegetables. Do not double any letter
without first moving from that letter.
Obsolete spellings of names already found
will not be allowed

B E P G B R R W
A N E V A U O E
M T D I C T M L
P O N O E C T I
S N Y R L C U F
U F I S A K L R
G N P D H U N P
R A A C S Q E I

Reverse, Mass. Q. KUM BRR.

Prize Offers.

Best list of answers, \$1. Best answer to
the Vegetable Garden puzzle, fine selected
prize. Most interesting original Word
Hunt, 25 cents in stamps. Honorable men-
tion is given for answering correctly at
least five puzzles. Five honorable men-
tions wins a book. Send answers and new
puzzles to Kappa Kappa, in care of THE
AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Answers to August Puzzles.

- 470. Over again.
- 471. Canyon, candy, candid, candidate,

- cannon, canal, candle, canteloupe, Canada,
cannibal.
- 472. Photograph.
- 473. Eighty-six.
- 474. Abba, boob, deed, noon, peep, toot,
etc
- 475. I, eye, eye.

July Prize Winners.

Best list: Euclid, Wash.
Next in complete: Kant Phayle Ia.
Best answer to No. 464: Wallie, N. Y.
Best original puzzle: Freeman, Tex.
Book winners: Amos Quito, Baron
Brehms, Bobb E. Zante, Cut Lass, Elm
Burk, F. E. Bruary, Guy Holman, I. B.
Shure, Joseph Sandler, King Cotton, Nala
G. Noll, N. O'Braynes, Robert Helsel,
Skeezix, Spud, Z. Roe.

Honorable Mention.

Six solutions: Bar Kneec Google*, Baron
Brehms*, C. L. H., Euclid, Guy Holman, I.
Carft Doum, Ken Tucky*, Ponca*, Ray D.
O. Fan, Robert Helsel, Robert Porter*,
Skeezix*, Spud*.

Five solutions: A. Homer Jordan, Alba
Tross, Al T. Tude, Amos Quito*, Anad.
Lee, Dee Doubleyou, Billy, Bobb E.
Zante, Charles Hoffel, Cliff Cordy, C. L.
Spears, Con Sen Lassun, Cummin A. Long,
Gurley, Cut Lass, Dan Banta, Davowen,
Dent, Elm Burk, Elm Campbell, Eric C.
Edington, Essie Corey, Fatty, E. E. Bruary,
F-n F-n*, Gilbert Collyer, Harold Burdick,
Harry H. Hill, H. H. Fish, H. H. Thure, I. De Al,
I, Doolittle Work, Ike N. Winn, Ima Lone,
Ima Tyro, I. Mit. ina, Inouk Anansir, I.
Tri Tugatum, I. Wantowin, Jack Canuck,
James III, J. E. Ruth, Joseph Sandler,
Kant Phayle, Kawasawa, King Cotton,
Lawrence Gibson, L. Bo Greece, Lion Heart,
Lores McCloskey, Lynn C. Doyle, Malvern
Mather, Margaret Jones, Mars, McIntyre,
Louthan, Merrill Bushong, Nala G. Noll*,
Neil Owen, N. O'Braynes, Nut Tea, Odie,
O. G. Ho, O. O. Margarine, Onyx, Otto de
Grave, Pete Roleum, Q. Kum Brr, Richard
Hurler, R. J. Boyd, Robert Colburn, Robert
Faragher, St. The Sphinx, Thoturl Thinker,
Tb. P. No. Wallie, Whitlock Westaway,
Wm A. Daly, You*, Z. Roe.

* means two honorable mentions.

Puzzle Talk.

It is five months since we gave you a
chest puzzle, so now we expect you dig
for vegetables with a lot of vim. Twelve
will be considered a correct answer, but the
prize will go to the one who gives more than
12. Spud calls his No. 485 a "terrible lit-
tle 5-square" and we think the solvers will
agree with him before they are through
with it. By the time this is published
the Pittsburgh convention of the National
Puzzlers' League will be a thing of
the past. Davowen finished his letter thru
"P. —Pittsburgh Sure." We hope to be
able to give you the convention news in our
next chat. Richard Little knows
a farm named Grass, and sure as the sun
Cuts and Slaughter. N. O'Braynes
(who insists on the apostrophe) has this to
say: "As mental gymnastics the puzzles
are unexcelled, neither too easy for old-
timers nor too difficult for beginners. Most
of this is due to the Hon. Scissors-Squeezer
who takes charge of the column's vicissit-
udes. After wrestling with diamonds, trig
has no terrors for me; and chemistry and
physics ought to be perfunctory plus."
Spud has more to do with use of his
mind by conquering the 7-square, the 11-
pentagon, 16-pyramid, 8-rhomboid, and sev-
eral anagrams and facts. He and Sherlock
Holmes are developing into high-class puzzle
makers. Chester Hawley
sends a very fine sentence containing no
vowels excepting "e". Every week with my
extremely genteel (nevertheless perfectly
heedless) nephew, recently elected the sev-
enteenth new clerk where they sell gloveless
crepe dresses, green velvets by the
reel, kerseymeres, jerseys, etc., dejectedly
descends the twenty-seven cement steps by
the ferry whence he emerges every eve, even
when he feels depressed, he sees three very
elderly gentlemen, clergymen by degree,
deservedly esteemed everywhere by men the
best reverends ever, recklessly enter Vest
Dim Street by the eldest's resplendent deep
red speedster, perfected by experts, where
they get two or seventy-cent, excellent,
fresh, speckled hen's eggs (selected by
tasted men, hence excelled by few except
the very best) whence they
emerge, refreshed by the feed, led by the
Rev. Everett Ebenezer Stern, Esq., the
feeblest member, then speed elsewhere, lest
they get wet by the sleazy
Let us hear from all the old stand-bys this
month as well as a goodly number of new
friends.

High School
Course in
Two Years
Lack of High School training bars you from a
successful business career. This amplified and
complete High School Course—especially prepared
for home study by leading professors—meets all
requirements for entrance to college and the lead-
ing professions.
No matter what your business
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.....Structural EngineerEmployment Manager
.....Business ManagerSteam Engineer
.....Cert. Public AccountantForeman in p
.....Accountant and AuditorSanitary Engineer
.....BookkeeperSurveyor (and Mapping)
.....ElectricianTelegraph Engineer
.....Electrical EngineerTelephone Engineer
.....General Electric and PowerHigh School Graduate
.....General EducationFire Insurance Expert
.....Vocational GuidanceWireless Radio
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The Champ—VARIOMETER No. 53
Approved as a Record Breaker by
Wise Radio Fans Everywhere
Approved because it makes 600 meters
Approved because perfectly constructed
Approved because it has a genuine magnifying slip
and a kiln dried rotor
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Approved because you know why when you buy
GET ONE FOR \$3.50
20 Diagrams FREE With Each
For sale at your dealer's—otherwise send the \$3.50 directly to
the manufacturer and you will be supplied postpaid.
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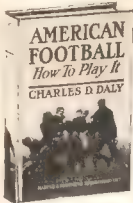
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filled with the kind of reading you want. Fun, fiction, question box,
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Deep Notes—Sweet Notes
Both come equally true-toned and full-
voiced over your Radio when your pho-
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Perfect Reproduction
The real joy of radio is assured! No rattle
or vibration, no metallic harshness, even when
the amplification is extreme.
Anyone can attach the Morrison Loud Speaker
to the tone arm of a phonograph or horn in a
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October
Opportunities

American Football

By
CHARLES D. DALY
Premium No. 999



Here is a book that
will interest all foot-
ball lovers, but its
greatest value will be
to football players,
especially those on
high and preparatory
school squads. In
addition to the funda-
mental principles of
the game, its science
and strategy, the
most approved
method of coaching
and training players
is clearly set forth.
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the diagrams show-
ing how the various
plays should be executed. The author,
Charles D. Daly, was chosen All-American
quarterback while at Harvard. Profusely
illustrated.

Send postpaid to AMERICAN BOY sub-
scribers for one new yearly subscription
and 25 cents; or sent postpaid on receipt
of price, \$1.50.



Gilbert's Mysto Magic

Premium No. 99

Will enable you to provide real entertain-
ments for your friends. Think of the fun
of being able to make handkerchiefs, cards,
coins and billiard balls disappear! The
big illustrated manual which you get with
the set tells you how to do it, explaining
how you can give shows, set the stage and
all about it.

Send postpaid to AMERICAN BOY sub-
scribers for one new yearly subscription
and 35 cents; or sent postpaid on receipt
of price, \$1.00.

Waterproof Match
Box

Premium No. 66

Small enough to be carried
conveniently in the pocket, this
waterproof match box is
made of seamless drawn
brass, heavily nickelled. It
is the size of a 10 gauge
shell.

Send postpaid to AMERICAN BOY sub-
scribers for one new yearly subscription; or
sent postpaid on receipt of price, 60 cents.

Before sending for premiums read
conditions governing all offers at the
foot of page 43.

THE AMERICAN BOY

550 Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

"THESE revolutions are too peaceful," growled young Lieutenant
Peter Ainslee of the U. S. Cruiser *Spokane*, sailing Central American
waters, ready to protect foreign property from revolutionists. "With
somebody would start something." Then the very rebel leader. Did
And Ainslee caught the full force of that start. With a cart containing
a dynamite, a party of British sailors, the rebels, and the government
troops, all at the same time, the young officer got entirely over being
bored. Read "Revolution!" in the November number.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, BE SURE TO GIVE
YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY



\$300.00 IN CASH and 100 Ingersoll Pencils IN PRIZES

Every School Boy
and Girl may enter
this Contest of
Observation

Wesley Barry
starring in
WARNER BROS
Classic of the Screen
discovered
there's no pencil like the
Ingersoll



Thousands of school boys and girls are discovering the good points of the Ingersoll Pencil. See what you can discover, and win a CASH PRIZE.

First Prize \$100.—Second Prize \$75.—Third Prize \$50. 111 Prizes altogether.

Everyone has a chance to win a prize. There are 5 prizes of \$10. each, 5 prizes of \$5. each, and 50 Ingersoll Dollar Pencils and 50 Featherweight Ingersoll Pencils.

The world is progressing. The unit always gives way to the fit. The automobile has replaced the exact—the railroads have taken the place of the covered wagons. The fast ocean liners have surpassed the slow sailing ships. The world is always waiting for something better—something that saves time—and money—and labor. The best letter, of not more than 100 words, telling why the Ingersoll Pencil will do away with wood pencils—telling why the Ingersoll is the superior mechanical pencil—wins **1st Prize**.

How to Win First Prize of \$100.

Read every word of this advertisement. Study the little movie on this page, see how Wesley Barry discovers the good points of the Ingersoll. Study the *Deadly Parallel*, like Wesley is doing—figure how much old-fashioned woodpencil cost, and how much money you can save with an Ingersoll.

Then look for a dealer who has Wesley Barry and his Ingersoll chum in the window. Ask him to show you a Dollar Ingersoll, or a Six Featherweight Ingersoll. Do all the things Wesley does in his little movie. That might help you to win the prize because you'll learn a lot of things about the Ingersoll Pencil. Then write a letter to Mr. W. H. Ingersoll, using the address on this page.

Rules of Contest:—Letters must not contain more than 100 words. Any boy or girl under 17 years of age may enter the contest. Write plainly, on one side of paper. All letters must be in our St. Paul office on or before October 31st, 1923. State age, grade, name of school; and home address. Write your name in full.

Winners will be announced in the December issue of this magazine. Prizes will be mailed before Christmas.

Be Sure and Remember These Important Points

The Ingersoll Pencil is absolutely Guaranteed. A New Pencil if it gets out of order. You get 10 long leads for 10c. You can get thin colored leads for the Ingersoll Pencil.

You can get Ingersoll Pencils for 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$2.50 and up—in Aluminum, Nickel, Silver Plate or Solid Gold.

The Ingersoll Pencil makes neater school work and less noise in the class room. Ask your teacher for some reasons why the Ingersoll Pencil is the best for school use.

Don't Delay—
Get busy right now and begin learning all you can about the Ingersoll Pencil today, and you'll have plenty of time to make a lot of discoveries so you can write a good letter.

INGERSOLL REDIPOINT CO., Inc.
1380 QUALITY PARK ST. PAUL, MINN.
NEW YORK CITY SAN FRANCISCO



Junior—nickel 50c

Fony, complete with ring and eraser. Aluminum Featherweight . . . 50c
Long model, rolled silver plate, with clip and cap, eraser under cap . . . \$1

Students Featherweight, perfectly balanced, clip and eraser . . . 50c

Stubby—Rolled Silver, ring with eraser under cap . . . \$1

1. How Wesley learns that the old wooden pencil he has always used is as far behind the times as the horse car.

2. Reloads with a pull and push—no long wined turning.



3. Ingersoll leads over 2 inches long—about double those of ordinary mechanical pencils.



4. Space for 15 extra leads—which will write more words than 16 long wood pencils.



5. End to end these 15 leads measure over a yard and no stubs, muss or sharpening.



6. Wesley says, "She turns out and in. Who'd want a fly-er that wouldn't back up?"



7. The only pencil with "guth-back" point which weathers lead, saving broken points and punched pockets.



8. Freckle Face chucks the old wooden pencil and gets down to date with an Ingersoll.



9. "Some pencil, Mr. Ingersoll."



10. Off to school with the pride of the pencil world.



SPECIAL WESLEY BARRY SCHOOL MATINEE and CONTEST
"Freckles" will shortly appear at many theatres in a special school matinee of "The Country Kid," a Warner Bros. Screen Classic, at which pencil stubs will count, instead of money, for admission. A contest for Students, with Ingersoll Pencils as prizes, will also be included. Ask at your favorite Moving Picture Theatre for the Matinee date and start collecting your pencil stubs now. Business Offices will give you their stubs if you show them the "Deadly Parallel" diagram.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL

OLD FASHIONED PENCIL

STUB 3 INCHES THROWN AWAY

CHIPS 2 INCHES WHITTLED AWAY

ONLY 2 INCHES LEFT FOR USEFUL WRITING

COST 5c

NEW INGERSOLL REDIPOINT

NO STUB

NO WHITTLING

USES LEADS OVER 2 INCHES LONG

LEADS COST 1c

Each lead in an Ingersoll pencil writes MORE WORDS THAN A LONG WOODEN PENCIL AND COSTS 1c INSTEAD OF 5c





Supposin' You Got a Crack on the Jaw—

'Would it slow you up—maybe put you out of the game? Or would you just grin, and fight harder?

Only the man in good physical trim can come back after a good hard wallop. Good teeth mean good health—for they make it possible to chew your food properly. Food not chewed well means poor digestion and poor digestion results in poor health.

Keep your teeth healthy by keeping them clean. Guard them against gritty dentifrices that scratch the enamel. No amount of exercise and training can replace tooth enamel when it is worn away.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is a safe, non-gritty dentifrice. It tastes good, but, best of all, it cleans the teeth the right way—washes and polishes, doesn't scratch or scour.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806 New York



**CLEANS
TEETH THE
RIGHT WAY**
Washes and Polishes
Doesn't Scratch
or Scour

A large tube costs 25c.

If your wisdom teeth could talk they'd say, "USE COLGATE'S"

SCAN COURTSEY OF EXCITER

