

The April American Boy

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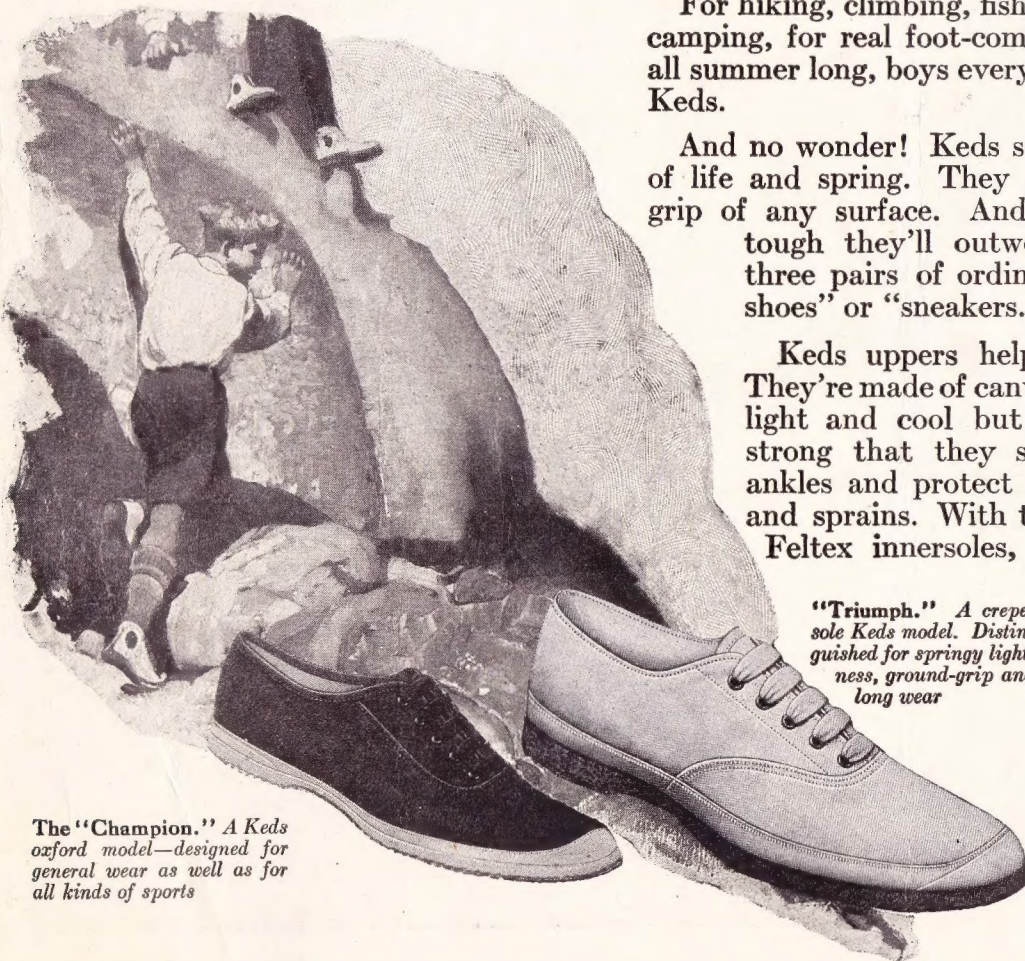
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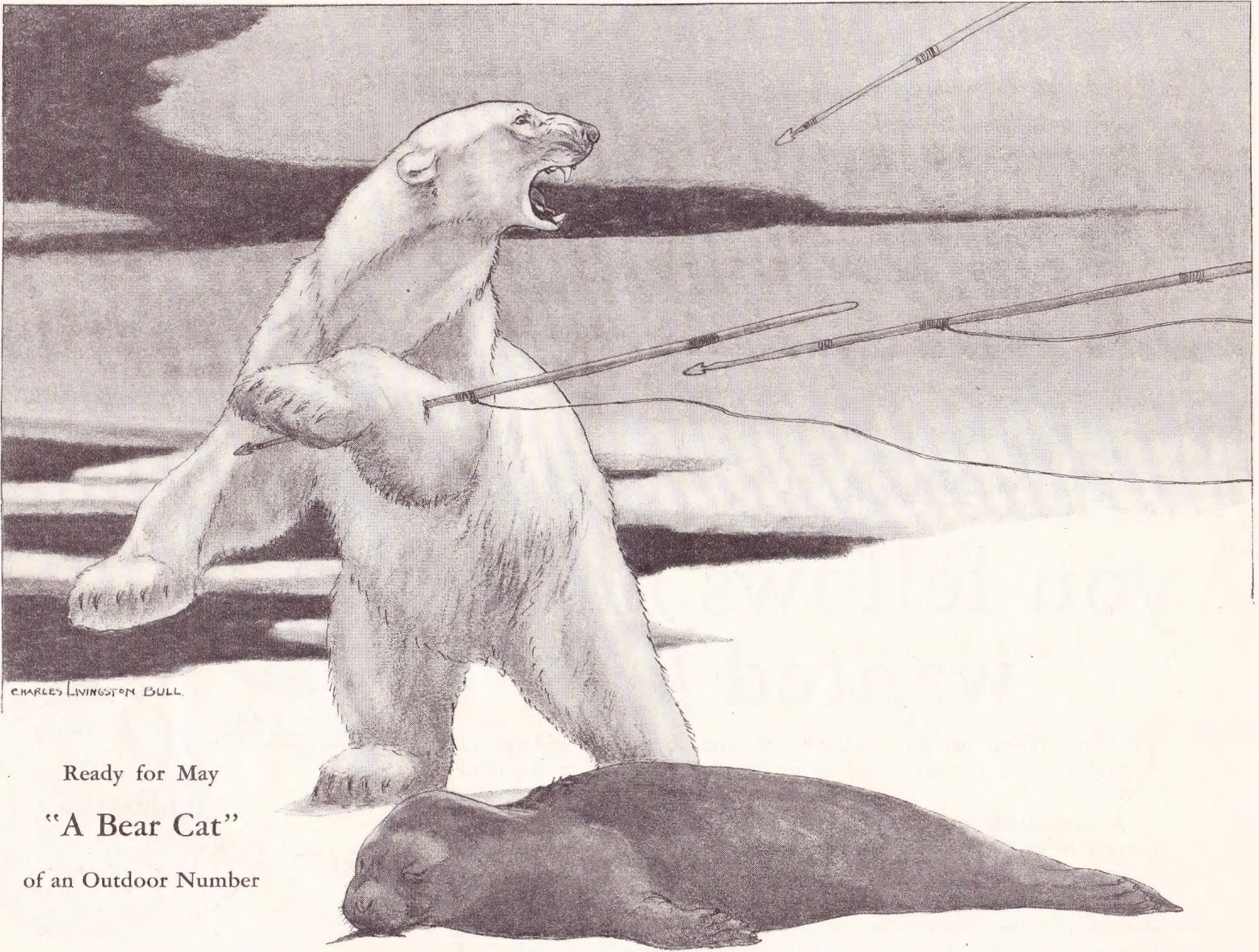
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Get Outdoors With the American Boy When May Comes

BASEBALL: A Heyliger baseball story. "Whistling Jimmy" Gaynor turns coach. Uncovers players who eat up his scientific inside stuff. Then runs up against superstition—and disaster. A two-part story starting in May. . . . Watch, too, for a valuable batting article by Rogers Hornsby, greatest modern batter, telling you how to fatten your base-hit average. . . . More baseball stories in summer numbers.

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INDIAN SCOUTING: More of James Willard Schultz's gripping fact story about William Jackson, the daring scout who escaped death in the Custer Massacre.

STIRRING ADVENTURE: Another big installment of "Seventy-Six," Reginald Wright Kauffman's story of a boy who faced stark peril in Revolutionary War times.

ABOVE THE EARTH: Russ Farrell, airman, brings a traitor to justice in "Sentinel of the Sky"—a story of big risks and great friendship. . . . Special air features coming.

ON THE SEA: Plucky masquerading in Kenneth Payson Kempton's story of "The Deep Disguise" at sea.

WESTERN DETECTIVE: Eunamtuck, shrewd Indian chief of police, is at his best in "The Tattling Crow," a story of the far West. . . . Detective Tierney will be back in summer issues.

HIKING: Elmer Adams' May article gets a hiker ready for the trail, and raring to go.

YOUR DEPARTMENTS: Interested in Stamps, Puzzles, Contests for Cash Prizes, Radio, Woodworking? Then grab your May magazine and get out under a tree to enjoy your special column!

The American Boy

The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World

The Sprague Publishing Co.,
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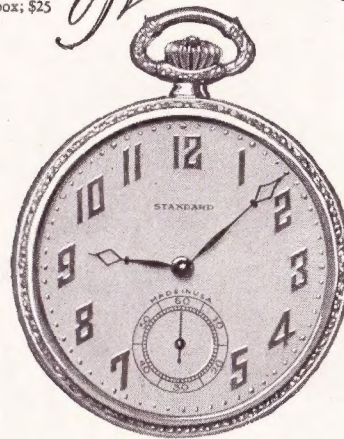
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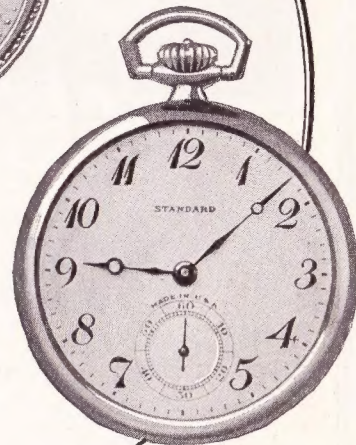
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The American Boy

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World"

Price: 20 cents a copy, \$2.00 a year in the United States and its possessions; \$2.25 a year in Canada; \$2.50 a year in foreign countries.

Volume 27

APRIL, 1926

Number 6

Our Conestoga-wagon reaches Philadelphia.



"SEVENTY-SIX!"

Another EXCERPT from the *Chronicles of the Rowntree Family*, this one touching upon those Plots which *delayed* and those heroic Actions which *accomplished* the **DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE** in the Year of Our **Lord 1776** and of these **UNITED STATES I**, wherein was involved the Boy, **GEOFFREY ROWNTREE**, as first set down by himself, and now transcribed by **REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN**.
The pictorial Embellishments by Clyde O. De Land.



THE precise date I do not remember, but it was one early summer afternoon in the Year of Grace 1776, and a fine hot day, that our Conestoga wagon reached Philadelphia and that I, then a lad just turned sixteen—small for my age, yet very strong for it—embarked upon those

troubled waters wherein the ship of my country's destiny bade fair to founder.

We had come all this distance from our home on the Susquehanna for two reasons: the first, that my father, Mr. Frank Rowntree, was a delegate, returning after a protracted absence, to the Continental Congress, here in debate upon complete separation from the British Crown; the second, that my mother, but lately recovered from an illness, was to go on with us young people across New Jersey, where the salt air of the Atlantic would expedite her convalescence. So, besides our parents, the party included my little sister Susanna, all golden hair and laughter, and my twin brother Stuart and myself; so much alike that, had he not known of the tiny mole under Stuart's left eye, even Grandfather Nicholas Rowntree—now an officer with General Washington's mysteriously silent army somewhere near New York—would have been unable to tell us apart.

"I wish Father was a soldier, too," said Stuart as our sweating horses drew up before the gray front of Mitchell's Tavern in Chestnut Street.

Rabid for revolution, we boys—to whom our father spoke little of public affairs—did not think much of civilians as a class and were as yet partly ignorant of the dangers besetting the Congress and partly callous to them. To be sure, the Colonies were atiptoe. Would the representatives declare for independence? Or would they accept the tardy concessions of the mad King's finally alarmed ministers?

One group of Congressmen stigmatized as false all promises made by royal emissaries and were striving hard for formal separation. Yet some members remained frankly loyal to Britain, and others (none could guess how many) were being approached by persuasion, flattery—even bribes—from wealthy Crown-sympathizers and those British secret-agents that thronged the town. With such a state of affairs current, and with no knowledge of how went the armed conflicts raging far north and far south, it is small wonder that the interior of the country fixed its tense attention upon these sessions in Philadelphia. Still, lads are ever lovers of physical ac-

I—The Birds of Benjamin

tion: Stuart and I thought most of the men in the field. "I wish we were soldiers!" said I.

Fine talk! I little thought how soon my hope would bear perilous fruits. Veritable soldiering of strange sort awaited us just around the near future's corner; within ten minutes of our Philadelphia arrival, I had set unguessing feet upon the path of adventure.

The thing began quietly enough. I left my mother and Stuart at Mitchell's and accompanied my father for some errands about the city. It was then the second largest in the Colonies, having a population of over 25,000: you may be sure its sights were marvels to my country eyes. I was still unwearied and eager when we turned north into Second Street from Market and entered the low doorway to the office of an unpretending printing shop, a plain and disordered room simply furnished, among the bills on the wall of which but one caught my anti-British fancy—the device of a broken rattlesnake with the motto:

UNITE OR DIE!

Then I looked at a person rising from his desk beneath.

"Dr. Franklin," said my father, "this is my boy Jeff."

HERE stood an exception to a small opinion of our politicians! What he was to the rest of the world need not be told; to me Benjamin Franklin, whom I thus saw for the first time, was the man that snatched lightning from the skies, composed "Poor Richard's Almanack,"

organized the militia, built forts among the Indians of northeastern Pennsylvania—the man that, since his latest return from abroad, went almost further than the Virginians in advocacy of independence. And he was nothing terrible to see, either; a genial and all but boyish gentleman whose pink cheeks and burly figure belied his seventy years. His eyes were as merry and keen, and his hand-grip was kindness itself.

Yet he was all for business. He said some smiling word to me, and then began to speak with rapid clearness and sobriety about Congressional affairs:

"You're none too soon, Rowntree. We need sorely the influence of every Separationist delegate."

All lightness had suddenly deserted the speaker's face; his tone assumed so sombre a gravity that my father paled to the roots of his sparse hair.

"Something has happened to the Army?"

"Worse," declared Dr. Franklin slowly.

"Jeff," said my father, "go you out upon the street awhile."

The doctor intervened. "Nay: unfortunately, the secret is open. It is this: We cannot tell what has happened to the Army—because something has happened to my system of communication."

They did draw somewhat aside; but I knew enough of that system to understand their topic, and soon heard enough of their talk to piece together the catastrophe:

Among his multitudinous activities, the doctor, as head of Colonial postal affairs, had long made preparation



I was atop, yet he was easily turning me, when Mr. Johnson burst into the room.

against this day when relations between us and England would strain to the breaking point. He established proper postal routes between important centers, but he placed in charge of all postal centers men upon whom he relied as devoted to Liberty—men that would divert to him any communications detrimental to the Cause, and transmit speedily and safely any news of import to the advocates of Freedom.

And now, when worst needed, his system had mysteriously broken down! From the two places whence news was most imperative to the Congress, all news ceased. Carriers could apparently get through to Baltimore, the nearest relay station from the south—and to the island of Manhattan, which was Washington's headquarters—but none returned. At the head of an invisible organization, some Tory master of espionage was suppressing every dispatch from New York and Charleston!

"We know that Howe's Boston troops have arrived off Sandy Hook. We know that ships of the Royal Navy reached Sullivan's Island. And we know nothing else."

"Torydom," said my father, "wants to frighten the Congress into submission."

"And Torydom," Dr. Franklin replied, "seems in a fair way to success. How can revolution win if Crown forces sever Pennsylvania from New England, Virginia from Georgia? Our own delegation asks that, and is divided over the issue. So is Delaware. Yet geographical union is necessary, and a unanimous vote is necessary also."

"We shall ballot by delegations," my father pointed out: "the majority of any delegation will decide what its whole vote will be."

"Aye," said the doctor; "but can we expect the South Carolinians and the New York men to vote for separation, when that may provoke instant reprisals upon their respective colonies perhaps already under an invader's heel? And North Carolina neighbors South Carolina: her delegates were more than human were they not now influenced thereby. Rowntree, unless we get news of these invasions soon—and good news—the Anti-Separationists may disrupt the Congress."

My father asked if communication were elsewhere unbroken.

"Absolutely. But of what use is that? We have to have news from the Carolinas and New York, where the fighting is. I had one idea: I remembered how the ancient Greeks trained the birds of the air for messengers. At that quiet New Jersey place, by the sea whither your good wife goes, the innkeeper-postmaster is one of my best men. I'd thought of having him send carrier pigeons through to New York and Baltimore and then, in order to save him unnecessary trips to and from Philadelphia, of arranging a similar service between him and me, building a cote on the roof of this very house. But, outside of books, I know nothing of carrier pigeons, nor does he—nor do we know anyone that does."

It was then that I spoke up.

"My brother, Stuart, knows a lot about them," I boldly volunteered. "And I know a little. Stuart has two score such birds at home."

"Jeff," said my father, "this is no matter for stripplings."

But Dr. Franklin bade me speak on. "This strippling has a clear eye, Rowntree," said he, in his kind way. "My lad, talk freely."

And so it was that, from a knowledge of carrier pigeons, I started upon the way which was to lead me into the first and worst perils of my career so far. I am a grown man now, and have fought with General Washington's army, as I wanted to, but no battle of our glorious War of Independence ever contained for me such terrors as I suffered at the hands of the Pine Woods Robbers, on the crupper of the circuit rider's horse, or in that chimneyplace when I discovered the Manor house Conspiracy. Here was the beginning; and as for the end, there are yet nights when I hear again the clatter of hoofs merge into horrible laughter and, amid sweat-starting nightmares of the secret dispatch chest,

see once more, silhouetted by a feeble lantern ray, the hand of the murderer groping toward my defenseless throat.

II—The Creature in the Hall

AT first, however, it seemed I did myself but an ill turn by mention of my brother's expert knowledge, for now that I had met the great doctor and come close to the silent struggle he was so desperately waging against those invisible enemies of liberty, my sole desire—since I might not yet join the army—was to work by his side, whereas Stuart was chosen for such duty. He was to lodge with our father, but pass all his daylight hours at this printing shop of Franklin & Hall, here drilling birds: I must go on with my mother and sister, apparently as far removed from Philadelphia's intrigues as from the warfare of General Washington.

Thus did the doctor amend his plan. He had already

He pointed across the street to a low, flat-roofed, rich-seeming building having about it, to my eyes, nothing remarkable save a certain sinister air easily accounted for by the fact that its every window was tightly shuttered.

"I see it, sir," said I.

"It belongs," explained the doctor, "to Edwin Talbot—'Tory Talbot' they call him. But he finds himself more comfortable, in these days, at his great estate of 'Northcote' along the very road that you are to travel—and I sometimes wonder whether one of the deadly battles I have mentioned is not being fought at 'Northcote'."

I looked again at the closed house, this time with more interest. But Dr. Franklin brought himself about with the round turn that ever ended one of his moods and heralded another; he handed me a pamphlet with a reddish cover, and says he:

"Here is the latest 'Poor Richard.' I have written your name in it and mine. Follow the maxims, young Geoffrey. And keep in good physical condition: moderation, a cold bath each morning—plenty of exercise. Don't forget that no man or boy of us can tell when his country may demand the best he has to give."

I say I remember those words now; but I fear I was an ungrateful lad when, next morning, I perched with Jabez Johnson on the driver's seat of his open two-horse wagon, my mother and sister on a loosely nailed plank behind us, and began our journey through New Jersey. Adventure, I thought, stopped at the farther end of Cooper's Ferry, nor was I consoled when Mr. Johnson produced a pair of long pistols and laid them, cocked and primed, between his outspread feet.

"Now, my son," he said, "let the Pine Robbers try to stop me, an' by Benedict I'll lan'em manners!"

HE was the hugest man I ever saw—a mountain of flesh that left me, small as I was for my sixteen years, scarce any space beside him. He had matted hair under his cocked hat, and in the vast expanse of his ruddy face his fat-submerged blue eyes were incongruously babyish; but his mouth was wide and laughing, his voice deep and hearty. He must have stood six-feet-six in his woollen stockings: an uproarious creature of enormous strength.

I asked him what the Pine Robbers were. He consulted a watch three inches in diameter.

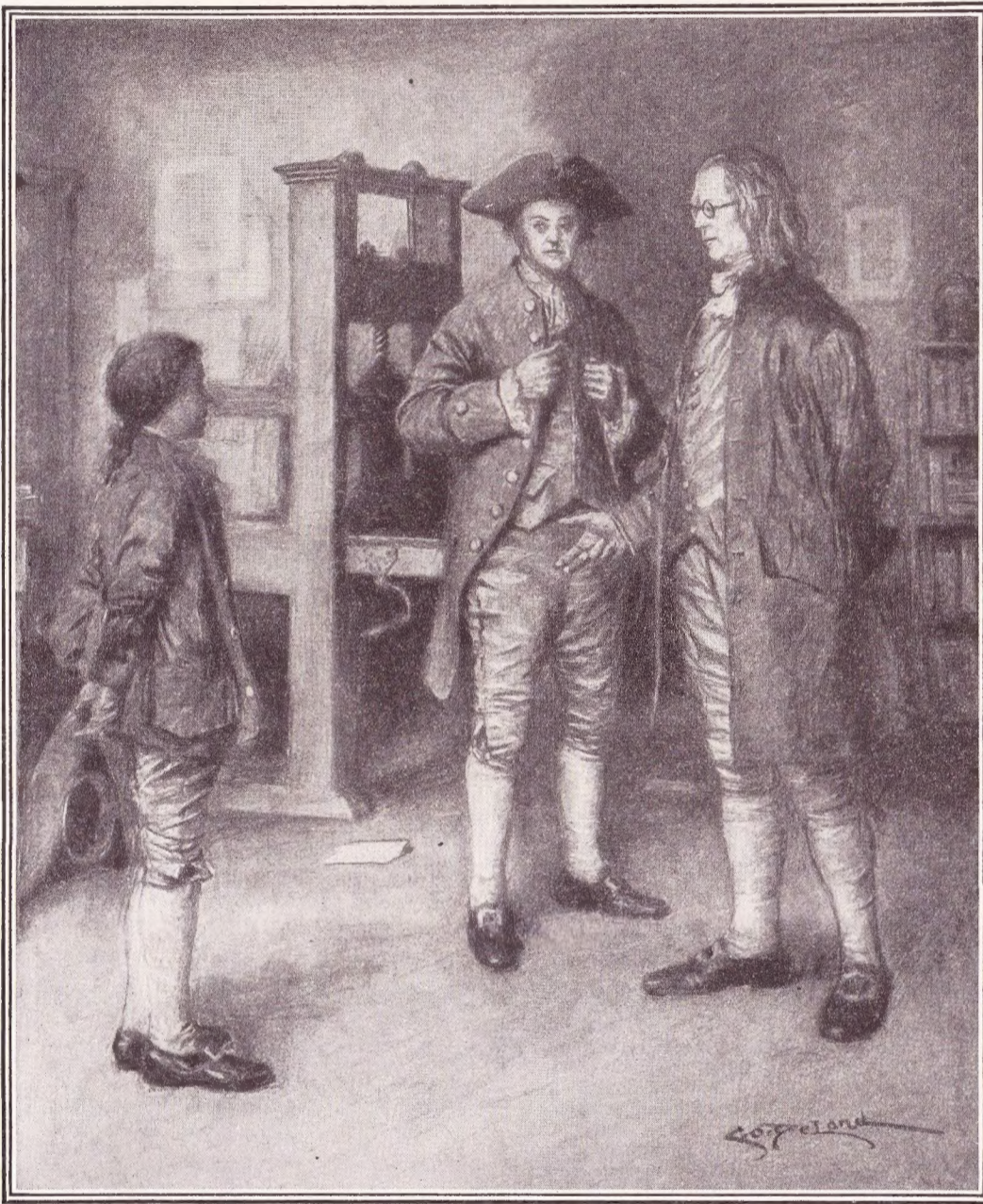
"We had ought to be crossin' their country soon enough, my son," said he; "an' here's hopin' you don't find out by experience. The Piney Lads be them as makes these Jersey pine forests unsafe for honest huntsmen an' these Jersey highways perilous for any traveler. They're half convicts as have broke jail—an' t'other half is headed there. They'd slit any throat, no matter whether its blood be Whig or Tory; but they calls

themselves loyal to the crazy King." He gave his fat thigh a resounding smack. "God save the Congress!—Gad-ep, Gad-ep!" He put his horses to their best pace. "Too fat to fight I be; but not too fat to circumvent the Pine Robbers."

A clear sky shone above; on each side flat lands stretched to the horizon, endless thickets of dwarf pine. The road was rough, and the cavity underneath our seat was boarded up, so that, while I might extend my legs before me, I could not, as was my habit, tuck them back. They brushed a padlock: that seat was a chest.

"Aye," said Mr. Johnson, "I've got them pigeons in it now—there's air enough comes through the cracks for 'em—but mostly I carries there such things for Dr. Franklin as he an' me don't want investigated on the way. Why, one trip this here chist was fairly bustin' with that there congressional money him an' his partner are printin'."

We passed few people and only now and then a poor patch of cultivated land with a tumbledown shanty on it and a sad-eyed owner; yet Jabez appeared to be favorably known to everybody that was encountered and would often draw up to exchange news. Horses were changed at a miserable inn. Then, throughout a long



Dr. Franklin bade me speak on. "My lad, talk freely," said he in his kind way.

bought, but not attempted to train, a flock of pigeons. Now my brother, as the more adept of us boys, would educate half of these in the city, for the philosopher himself to smuggle to New York and Baltimore by those spies that could pass in, yet that our unseen foe kept from passing out: these birds might bring directly the tidings so sorely required. I, in New Jersey, was to attempt a somewhat similar school for Mr. Jabez Johnson to operate.

Chagrin incriminated my cheeks. "I had rather stay here," said I to Dr. Franklin.

You are to picture me, Stuart's double, a wiry, freckled lad, with tow hair and a turned-up nose and a vast capacity for adventure and hero worship. "I had rather work for you, sir."

Well do I remember how that old statesman sympathized with me, and the words wherein, bidding me good-bye, there on his doorstep, he sought vainly to comfort me.

"My boy," he said, "a country's battles are not all fought on the tented field or in the deliberations of its people's representatives, either. The deadliest are often decided by private citizens at unlikely corners. See you that house over there?"



Scarce ten paces away, between me and my destination, stood the figure of a man.

afternoon, we rolled between yet thicker forests of higher pine and a dusty atmosphere of age-old silence. It was well on toward sunset when one side of the road was, for quite a great distance, bordered by a high stone wall over which, even from my perch, sight proved impossible.

"That there's 'Northcote,'" Mr. Johnson answered my question, "an' I'll tell you here and now, my son, 'tis a good place to be past of."

Just as we reached its far eastern bound, we flew by a rider going west.

"An' that there's Talbot himself," said the giant beside me: "Tory Talbot, by Benedict—and God save the Congress!"

It was too late to turn around, but I had had a quick vision of a graceful rider, whose face was pale, whose eyes were cold and whose thin lips were set in a straight line. I thought I should know Mr. Edwin Talbot if ever we met again—and the hour was to come when my supposition proved correct.

Meanwhile, we were stopped by no Pine Robber—and I was the deeper disappointed. Yet that country was morose enough for any desperadoes' taste, and wild enough for any deed of violence. On and on we went. The somber woodlands reappeared. Then these gave place to wide marshes, which in turn were followed by as desolate a sweep of sand dunes as ever was: miles of them, so that the road had to be built of stones between and fenced against the shifting soil—and far out ahead of that an infinite sweep of gray waters: my initial sight of the ocean.

"So here we be," announced Mr. Johnson, and pulled up at the first dwelling seen for a pair of hours.

What a spot! My mother was a silent woman, but I read disappointment in her face; my feelings matched hers, and Susanna started a wail of protest.

WESTWARD, the track we had come by disappeared among those dunes; northward, it vanished as if eager to escape such dreariness: far as eye could see, nothing around us except on this hand the gray sail-less Atlantic, on that the grayer rim of the coast, and here

one house, rambling, tumbledown, black in the evening and showing its sole gleam from its taproom window. There were three floors in ascending stages of dilapidation; there was a stable and a walled stable yard behind: in front, a weather-wounded porch. The whole building wore an air of resignation to death—appeared ready to sink, at the next storm, into the encroaching sands. For most inland-bred lads, their introduction to the ocean is an event of delight; mine proved the reverse, and scarcely was it accomplished than an event befell that deepened first impressions.

A potboy came from the inn and moved silently toward the horses, while my mother and sister sought the interior of the house. I at once disliked him. He was a lanky fellow in his mid-twenties, and even then I could see that his hair was dank and his eyes shifty. He had a crooked mouth and a muddy complexion full of blackheads. A mumbled oath escaped him as he began to unharness. To my thinking, his expression was all of smouldering ill-will against the world at large, nor did this belief lack confirmation, for at his touch, one of our weary beasts tossed its head, and he, with the full strength of swinging arm and clenched fist, struck it a cruel blow on the nose.

I cried out. Mr. Johnson had been looking straight at the animals, but without apparent observation.

"What ails *you*, my son?" he inquired.

"Didn't you see?" I asked—and told him.

Instantly, his joviality left him; his big face was a thunder cloud. "What a wool-gatherer I be!" he said to me, and to that potboy-hostler he bellowed: "Harry Whiteside, you know I can't abide no roughness to dumb brutes! Let me kitch you at that there sort o' thing ag'in, an' by Benedict!"—he seized the wagon whip—"I'll lay the last to you!"

Whiteside gave him a mutter and a green gleam out of his shifty eyes, but went on with his work.

"He's a good enough lad," Mr. Johnson confided; "only too impatient by half. 'Twill lead him to the gallows, one o' these days, this here impatience, that it will. Jim May!" he called—"Black George!"

May, an athletic man with high cheek bones and oddly puckered lips, which seemed to be keeping a lot to themselves, appeared, followed by a grizzled companion, bronzed and scarred and wearing around his middle a sash that made me think him a retired pirate. These and the maid-of-all-work, Jennie—redolent of soap suds—took the luggage up a flight of rickety stairs to our rooms, and here, shortly, a somewhat comforting supper was served us. We soon prepared for repose.

Our rooms were two in number, and it is needful you should know the lay of them. That occupied by Mother and Susanna ran along part of the ocean-side and part of the front of the house. Mine, which had one door opening into theirs, partly faced the front and partly overlooked a porch roof to the stable yard, where, in a loft of the barn opposite, Mr. Johnson housed the precious pigeons. Both rooms opened on the short hall leading to the steep stairs.

I got to bed, but not at once to sleep. The constant boom of the surf was new to me, and all my welcome had been depressing. Far into the night, when household noises had fallen still, planks creaked in distant floors and mice scurried in the wainscoting. Once there came the sound of somebody quietly unlocking the stable yard door and gently closing it behind him. I tossed about, wondering if the Congress would indeed be frightened away from independence—if we could make a success of our pigeon post—if Dr. Franklin would ever catch the master spy so mightily scheming against our liberties. It must have been long past midnight when I shut my eyes—and near upon dawn when a new sound made me open them.

Not the ocean, or the mice, could account for this. It came out of the hall, and had something of the harshness of a strangled snore.

I got me out of bed. I tiptoed across my dark room and stealthily opened its hall door.

There, facing me and collapsed against the opposite wall—visible by a low light hung at the stairfoot, sat sound asleep Harry Whiteside, the sullen potboy. His green eyes were closed, (Continued on page 43)

Conroy of C-Bar Ranch

By F. L. Cooper

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

BECAUSE Eugene Conroy was the youngest cow hand employed by Henry Long, he fell heir to the title of Bud, and had to listen to endless jokes about "the kid's big ambitions." But though his fellow cow hands poked fun at him, they respected him. Tall, gray-eyed, quiet and powerful, Bud looked older than his eighteen years. He had a sympathetic ear and he was liked. Henry Long—a dictatorial "old-timer"—trusted him.

Unalterably, Bud had decided to be a doctor. He knew he must earn his own training, for his parents were dragging only a slim living from their tiny valley ranch ten miles below. But his resolution remained unshaken.

His parents had contrived to send him to the nearest city for his high school course. "But that's all I'll let you do," he had said firmly on the day of his graduation. "I'll earn my own way now."

Resolutely, Bud had faced the problem of financing six years or more of college and interne duty. He would have to work a year or so to earn enough for a good start. He decided to work for some rancher. He would have more time for study, expenses would be less, more could be saved. He set one thousand dollars as his goal.

By virtue of his expert knowledge of the wildly mountainous country, Bud had secured his job with Henry Long at fifty per as cow hand and general roustabout. The old bachelor ruled twenty thousand acres, employing a large crew of men in summer, and a smaller one in winter. Bud was one of the favored ones retained for the cold months, and in the long winter evenings, he pored over his medical books.

Now, in September of the second year, Bud had increased his hoard to six hundred dollars. But he was getting restless—eager to begin his training. Once he meditated asking the old ranchman for a loan. Pride stopped him; Long was not cordial toward his ambitions.

"Don't be a nut," Bud told himself. "You can stay and earn the rest."

But just as he had braced himself to do this, he heard a disquieting rumor that the "old man" was planning to sell. If Long sold, would the new owner keep Bud? The boy began to worry.

Bud's forebodings were increased by the arrival of a ranch guest, a burly, slightly bald man by the name of Goodman whom Long treated with marked deference.

Long's men looked at the stranger askance, and gloom settled on the ranch after Bill Whitney, Long's foreman, had let drop melancholy hints that it was Goodman who planned to buy.

Goodman, swaggering, stated that he'd been a cowman himself, but if he had, Long's men told each other, he'd sure have to learn all over again. The thing that aroused Bud's indignation was the way Goodman treated his mounts.

The first day of his arrival, he energetically toured the property. Long had ordered for him one of his own pet riding animals, a wide-awake, single-footing bay, and had ridden with him. Absent all morning, the two returned with fagged horses. Long, too, seemed fagged—unlike himself anyway, Bud thought.

After the noon meal, the "old man" went to the corrals where Bill Whitney and Bud were saddling for their afternoon ride. The rest of the crew of five were down at a line camp holding a herd of beef which was to be shipped in a day or so.

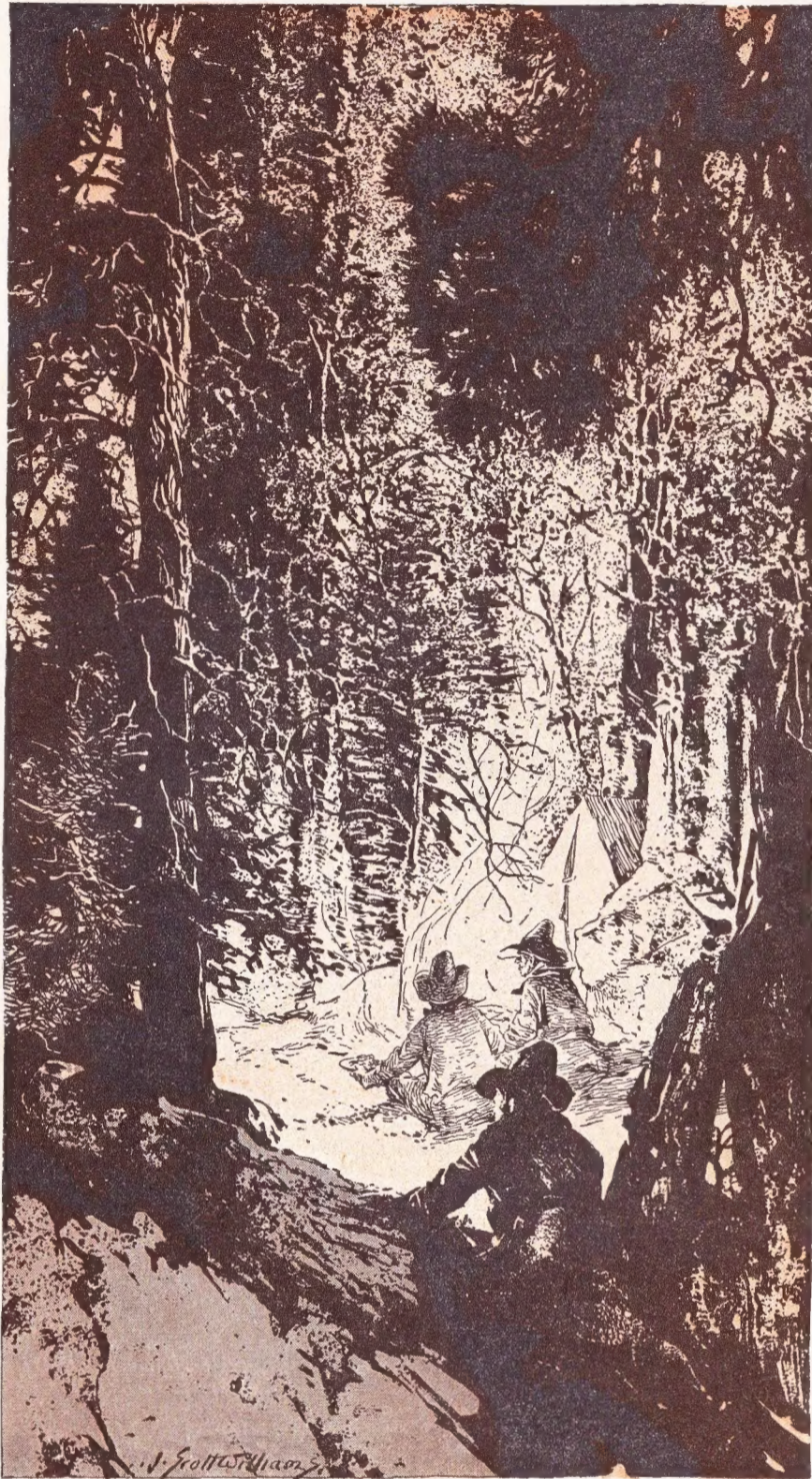
"Boys," Long announced, "I gotta git in my car an' drive to town to see when in thunder them cars is goin' to be ready. Goodman wants to see the rest of the ranch this afternoon an' somebody'll have to go with him. How 'bout you, Bill?"

Bill hesitated. "Well, I kin," he grumbled, "but I was goin' over to Piney Crick an' see if we missed any critters that oughta be shipped."

"Hum," rasped Long drily, "I s'pose Bud here's awful busy, too!"

Bud grinned. "You were orating yesterday that I better hustle those two steers you bought from those home-steaders over to the main bunch."

Long rubbed his chin. "That's so. Well, Bill here kin curve around an' do that an' you kin tootle Goodman around."



He made out forms around the blaze—only two, unconcernedly chatting.

Bill gave a subdued chuckle. It helped to confirm Bud's strong suspicion that Long was "fed up" with his important guest and was evading the duties of hospitality. Long knew that Bud hated quarreling—that he would be civil to a porcupine, whereas Bill Whitney had a hair-trigger disposition and brooked "high-toning" from no one. So the boy would have to guide the overbearing guest.

"All right," Bud assented, "but I better give him another horse, hadn't I? The bay looks mighty tired."

"Yeh," commended Long, "give him that Judy mare."

But when Bud jingled around to the front of the rambling log house, leading the Judy mare, Goodman demanded temperishly, "Where's the horse I forked this A. M.?"

"Why," explained Bud, "we change off when we can. Long said to give you this mare. She's a nice one."

Goodman swelled pompously. "Huh!" he doubted. "Long's gone. I bet you did this on your own hook. You get me that easy bay!"

Bud flushed angrily—but held his tongue. Returning to the barn, he saddled the weary bay. If Long were anxious to sell to Goodman, it would never do for him to spoil the deal. Long valued his holdings at more than one hundred thousand. Times were dull, buyers few, and he was desperately eager to test the fabled joys of

California, the promised land.

Goodman was no sooner aboard than he lifted the fed and watered horse to a lope.

Bud slid his beast alongside. "Don't you think, sir, we'd better be easy on 'em at first?"

"No, no, boy!" Goodman barked impatiently. "Long's got lots of plugs. No need to save 'em. What's horseflesh for?" And he gave Bud a glance plainly intended to show the boy his status as a mere, bumptious hired hand.

Inwardly, Bud seethed. Goodman was a heavy man. The bay had been rushed that morning. Forcing the horse for hours at this pace would certainly stiffen him. Bud would get the blame.

Next morning, Long did blame Bud vociferously when he caught sight of his pet, gaunt and stiff, hobbling around the corral.

"What in blazes—" he bellowed.

Goodman never came to the corrals. As he had audibly and endearingly said, what were hired men for if not to wait on one? So Bud was able to tell just what had occurred.

Long listened grouchily, eyeing his pet. "Well," he growled, "mebbe you couldn't help it. But if I'd been along, he'd never of got the horse."

Bud turned and walked away, his mouth grim.

Bill Whitney, who had been listening in silence, now rose in the boy's defense. "Bud did as well as anybody could, an' you know it. You can't talk reason into a low-down hunk o' dog-scrap that'll mistreat a horse like Goodman does."

"Huh!" Long grunted. "I don't care what sort of cat or dog fodder he is if he'll produce funds to take this blasted ranch off my hands! I'm gittin' old an' crippled, Bill," he argued plaintively.

Bill snorted. "You jest think you are! Why, if you sell you'll be the homesickest man in Montana! Me, I think that guy's tryin' to slicker you. He'll make a payment down an' while you're in Californy pickin' roses, he'll sell off the stock for a wad an' beat it."

Long looked thoughtful. That could be done. In his anxiety to depart, he had rashly agreed to accept from Goodman an unusually small initial payment. Once papers were signed, even if subsequent payments were not forthcoming, it would take a legal war to oust the man. He sighed. Trouble seemed to be dogging him. An epidemic of horse and cattle stealing had lately reared its ugly head. Twice recently had Long missed stock. Once, roughly estimated, he'd lost forty head of mixed cow-stuff; again ten head of good, unbroken range horses mysteriously vanished. The Cattle Association offered a big reward for the capture of the rustlers, whose leader was guessed to be a half-breed Indian—by name Jim Blackbull—who owned a small, isolated ranch far back in the mountains.

Long's horse and cattle brand was a C-Bar and the Blackbull brand was a Circle-F; a skilled hand could easily change of opportunities to dispose of stolen property.

Long sighed again, thinking of his rheumatism, and shut Bill up in no uncertain terms.

"All right," muttered the faithful Bill, "if you wanta ride to a fall, you do so. But if Goodman buys this outfit, I know darn well none of us boys'll be kep' on to work for him!"

Bill was correct. Goodman, alive to the hostility of Long's cowpunchers, was not slow to drop that when he was owner, he was going to import from the south his own crew of buckaroos. Goodman was apparently in earnest about buying, and rode much by himself into the hills, in order, he said, to "learn" the country.

FALL shipments were finished and Bill's and Bud's work now consisted mainly in driving cattle down from the hills and into near-by fields where feeding would be easy when snow fell. Meanwhile they prayed fervently that something might occur to delay the sale.

Part of their wish was granted. The day before Long was to accompany Goodman to the county seat to draw up papers, Bill took a notion to look up a band of range horses which pre-empted a distant valley. When he returned, late that night, he reported laconically that the horses had been stolen.

Long was incredulous. "Pshaw! They jest went over to some other range!"

"They wouldn't an' they ain't," opposed Bill stolidly. "I trailed 'em ten miles an' they was *drove!* Some good stuff there, too. This rustlin' sneak's figured he'd take 'em up through the corner of the badlands an' on to where he holes up fer the winter. Then he'll change brands. Come spring he'll clean up on 'em. Probably break most of 'em an' swear they're ol' work nags. We couldn't prove nothin'!"

Long choked. "We'll git after 'em in the morning an' we'll stick till—"

Interrupting, Bill opened the door. Outside was a foggy, white swirl. Long swore.

But in the morning, the rancher stuck to his word. They saddled their best horses, packed an animal with supplies.

"Wild rabbit chase now," grumbled Bill despondently to Bud. "Still," and a wide grin split his face, "there don't no sale papers git signed to-day!"

Tearing after horse thieves looked like a glad vacation to Bud—until he discovered that Goodman was resolved to accompany them. Long curtly tried to dissuade him, painting a dismaying picture of the hardships to be encountered. But Goodman was adamant, bound to go and surprisingly jovial about it—eager as any boy to get started on what he seemed to think a big adventure. Bud began to wonder if he'd been wrong in sizing up Goodman as a man who would put creature comforts—short riding hours, good food, and a good bed—above everything else.

The little party hit the trail of the lost horses where Bill had abandoned it, and pressed on into the "badlands"—a mean, desolate, fantastic wilderness of sandstone, scant water, and grassless. The day was overcast. The snow lingered in patches. Toilsomely they followed the trail for miles until the hoof prints became quite lost in a region of bare stones and shale.

Many canyons wandered back into the hills. The party cast about in wearisome circles without success. When night came, they had to back-track miles to grass and water. Over the supper and cheerful fire, Bill and Long argued. Their discussion of routes and various avenues of escape waxed fierce.

Unfortunately, Bud was not content to listen. No one knew the country round better than he did and he had his own idea about where the horses might be. Above the home ranch—twelve, sixteen miles—were numerous pockets or small upland valleys which could shelter and feed a hard driven band of horses for a few days—logical spots for a rustler to chose because they were near home grounds and less liable to suspicion. All day Bud had been thinking of these—visualizing one particular valley.

"Mr. Long," he said excitedly, "I'll bet those cayuses are in one of the pockets above Cahote Creek."

Long hooted. "Likely! Within ridin' distance? No-siree! That feller's done taken 'em on the doublequick around the edge of this mess—" he waved, "—up Smoky Canyon an' on towards the Indian reservation."

All wrong, thought Bud. Mentally he saw the particular valley that had haunted him all day, tortuous of entrance and smooth of exit into a country where a rustler might easily pass as owner of his stolen band.

"I tell you, Mr. Long," he pleaded, "you let me go see. This guy and his pals have circled to get you balled up. There's a valley—"

Long's old bones ached with rheumatism. He flared. "Shut up, you young donkey! Come mornin' you git yourself back to the ranch! I don't need your advice." He added sarcastically, "You kin ride herd on the cook. But—" heavily witty "—if you *should* run across them horses, I'll give you ten dollars a head fer every one you find!"

Bud went scarlet with mortification. Goodman guffawed. Miserably, young Conroy rolled into his blankets and let the fatigue of the day mercifully blot out his humiliation.

LONG'S temper was worse, if anything, by daylight. Moreover, Bud learned, to his dismay, that he was to have company back. Goodman had not enjoyed his rough bed. Groaning humorously, he admitted that he didn't care to go farther, after all. He'd return with Bud. Then, said Long, Bud should take back the packhorse; he and Whitney, hardened old-timers, would pack what they required behind their saddles. All in all, Bud could have groaned aloud.

Only Bill gave the depressed boy encouragement. Bill, kindly and thoughtful, whispered, "Stiffen up yore spine, kid. I know that pocket yore talkin' of! Don't know but what yore right after all!"

Bud gave him a grateful smile and rode away hauling the indignant pack animal after him—rapidly enough to keep the annoyingly jovial Goodman well in the rear. And as the boy rode, he reflected disgustedly that his first estimate of Goodman had been right—the man was too soft and lazy to stick out a hard trip.

Bud made no attempt to study that evening. A definite plan was coming to him. Coolly, he thought it out. He possessed the steady firmness which was later to make him a splendid surgeon. The humiliation caused by Long diminished.

He arose early, dressed warmly, ate, and had the cook put him up a bundle of food. He strapped his revolver around his hips. To his

amazement, as he rode out of the corral mounted on his own horse, Goodman, also warmly clad, intercepted him.

"Where to, kid?" grinned the big man, still exasperatingly jovial.

To himself Bud thought, "None of your business!" Aloud he said shortly, "Up in the hills."

"Well, wait a minute. I'm going with you."

Temper blazed in the boy. "I can't wait!" he snapped, pricked his horse and loped away.

A minute later, Bud heard the thud of pounding hoofs and realized wrathfully that Goodman, saddled and mounted in record time, was pursuing him. The boy burned with hot exasperation. Just Goodman's style — he'd had a soft night's sleep, and now he was all ready to tag Bud just to heckle him. Flashingly, Bud meditated dodging up a canyon and losing the big nuisance. Then, as he remembered that he must be reasonably civil to his employer's important guest, he checked his horse.

He was ungraciously diplomatic as Goodman rode alongside.

"Didn't know you craved to go as bad as all that!"

"Oh," remarked the other lightly, "it's a grand day. And when I take a notion, I'm a whirlwind in action. Nothing to do till Long gets back." He added with a grin, "And you need a he-man along when you go huntin' rustlers, sonny!"

Bud's lips grew white. Goodman pressed at his horse's heels, now and then making jocular comments to the silent, wrathful youth. Along dim trails, through upland parks they rode. Not until two o'clock did Bud stop to eat and graze the horses. Goodman had not wasted time collecting a lunch. Without a word, Bud handed him chunky sandwiches which the man accepted without thanks. Between bites, he continued his maddening humming. Bud wanted to choke him.

"What now, my gay buckaroo?" jibed Goodman as Bud bridled his horse, coiled up his picket rope.

"Well," said Bud, deciding that nothing was to be gained by surliness, "there's a little valley close here with grass and water. If I were those rustlers I'd rest the horses for a day or two—especially if I'd run 'em a long way to get 'em there. From this side there's just one entrance in. I stumbled on it once by accident. And there's a trail out the other side—"

Bud broke off. He wished he'd not said so much. Goodman was listening with an aggravating air of tolerant good humor.

"Takes a kid to get notions," chuckled the big man. "Well," he yawned, "do we drift along?"

"Why do you go 'long on what you think is a wild goose chase?" Bud asked stiffly.

Goodman grinned again. "To see that you don't get lost."

Bud controlled his temptation to crash his fist into that grin, and started on. He was both wrathful and uneasy. Bad enough to be trailing rustlers alone without being trailed yourself by a fat joker, a helpless nut for whom you felt a certain responsibility. The boy rode along glumly. Even when he saw in a tiny drift of sand a single hoof print, and recognized it as fair proof of the correctness of his theory he felt no thrill of triumph.

They were proceeding up a narrow canyon. Cliffs began to tower overhead. The two men were forced to dismount and lead their horses. During a rest, Goodman puffed, "Takin' us into a blind alley, huh, kid?"

"You didn't have to come," parried Bud tartly—drawing a wheezing chuckle in reply.

More than ever the burden of his companion's presence weighed down the young fellow's spirits. He looked around at the familiar scenery, noted the brightness of the sunny afternoon, and chided himself for his depressed feeling.

They came to a circular widening of the canyon. Smaller canyons led out of the crude amphitheatre. The surface on which they traveled was hard, water-worn rock. No more hoof prints were visible to guide their civilized eyes. Bud was minded to take time to get rid of Goodman, guide him up the



"Why do you go 'long on what you think is a wild goose chase?" Bud asked.

wrong canyon and on home by a circuitous route. But he decided against it. The rustlers would probably pull out in the morning. What he had to do must be done at once. Nothing to do but let the human handicap accompany him. After

all, Bud told himself, his uneasiness was silly. Goodman might prove mighty useful in a crisis. He would certainly want to help capture thieves who threatened his future prosperity as owner of the C-Bar ranch.

Presently Bud dismounted. Goodman followed suit, his grin ironical and questioning. The boy tied the two horses by putting heavy rocks on their trailing reins. "They'll make

too much noise," he explained. "We'll go afoot."

Goodman grew scathing as they climbed. "I always thought you loony and now I know it. How could a man drive a bunch of wild horses up here?" He surveyed the awful trail they were ascending.

"One man couldn't," said Bud casually, "but two or three might. The horses would be dead tired and therefore tame. One guy'd lead a gentle saddle horse in advance and the other guy'd scare the wild ones after him." Bud anticipated a jeering snort, but the burly man had no breath to spare.

As the toiling pair climbed the fissure, Bud stepped more cautiously. He directed Goodman to do likewise. For a wonder the man obeyed. "Don't aim to get shot in the back," he wheezed.

Well, at last, thought Bud, he's beginning to take this seriously. And he's sticking! Who'd have thought it? The boy was conscious of reluctant admiration and genuine relief under his surprise.

The secret, ancient trail began to emerge from the rocks and twist through pine clumps. Bud saw, in the earth, the tracks of many unshod horses. He pointed meaningfully. Goodman cracked his lips in a mirthless smile.

Only once, long ago, when rushed for time, had Bud visited the hidden valley. Now, hesitatingly, he paused, swung off onto the trackless hillside. A protest checked him.

"Where you goin'?" panted Goodman. Bud's answer was curt: "You don't wanta walk right up and salute those rustlers, do you?"

No grin now on the older man's face. "Hold on here, kid. Maybe you've got cause to be mad at me, but I admit now you're right about the rustlers; so you better not stay mad. We gotta plan. One of us'll have to get Long and Whitney to help us corral those sneaks."

Bud shook his head. "Won't do," he said. "I figure the rustlers'll be due to push on some time to-morrow. We've got to catch 'em." (Continued on page 62)

What Makes a Big Leaguer?

Scout for the World's Champions Tells You

By Chic Fraser
of the Pittsburgh Pirates



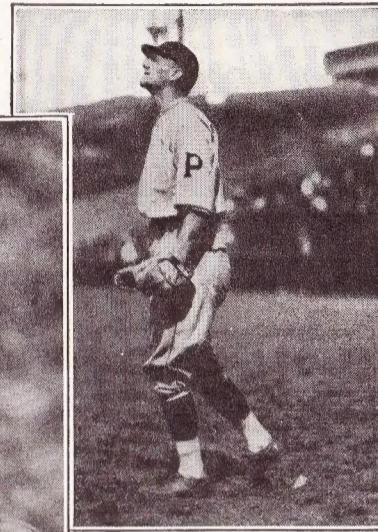
Traynor, third base star, never stops practicing.



Clyde Barnhart, at first an infielder, made himself an outfielder, and a good one.



Chic Fraser, scout for World's Champions.



Max Carey, veteran fielder, always in good condition.

CAN he stand the pace?

That's the first question that Bill McKechnie, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, will ask me when I'm telling him about a promising young player. It's the first thing I'll ask the manager of the club "owning" the player. It's the all-important problem of the man whose job it is to turn out a successful baseball team. I'll tell you why.

Two years ago there was, on one of the stronger National League teams, a promising young outfielder, just up from the minors. This fellow was a beautiful ball player in the spring. He covered his territory like a jack rabbit, and often dug far into that of the man beside him to make hair-raising catches. He ran bases like wildfire, and he hit the ball with the strength of a young giant. In the early season the newspapers all devoted columns of space to the "find" this lucky team had made. "The most valuable outfielder since Ty Cobb," some of them said.

By June, when the season was well started, this player had stopped scintillating. He was plugging along as an average fielder and an average hitter. Newspapers gave up talking about him.

In the middle of August came news that the club had "released" him—sent him back to the minors. His hitting was very low, his fielding average was sinking with every game. He was written up again by all the sports editors—but this time they weren't so complimentary. They couldn't understand what it was that had wrecked this player—what had blasted a career that started like a meteor.

At the end of the season I was talking with the manager of the team. Here's what he told me:

"The fellow couldn't stand the gaff. Sure—he had everything at the start. But he didn't keep himself keyed to big league pitch. Taken one by one, the things he did don't sound so bad—things like not getting enough sleep, and overeating, and smoking enough to spoil his wind—but he did all those minor things all the time. The result was that his condition got poorer and poorer, and finally we had to let him go. I don't think he'll ever get up to the big league again."

On one of my recent trips I had an opportunity to look over this man—he was playing with a third class Middle Western league team—and I came to the same conclusion. Other players who knew him said that he'd always been brilliant potentially, but that from the time he first started to play ball he'd refused to take care of himself. When he went up to faster company he had apparently tried for a few weeks to improve his habits but because he'd let them grow as a youngster he couldn't uproot them.

So he couldn't stand the pace, and had to be content with third rate baseball when he should have been playing with the big timers.

The Biggest Consideration

THAT one question—personal habits, physical condition, lasting qualities—is the first thing a big league scout must investigate. Frequently I've gone into a town to look at a player, and when I've found out that he's a chap of good habits I've wired the good news to Bill McKechnie at once. That's how important we think it. I'll tell you more of it later.

Plenty of other things a big league scout looks for in a player. Different types of players, of course, have different qualifications. There's a lot of difference between handling grounders and hot throws around second, and playing the outfield properly, and catching behind

the plate, for instance. Moreover, most fellows can play one certain position better than any other, so it's up to them to find out where they fit best and then learn their job thoroughly.

Let's see what a catcher needs. I remember particularly how tickled I was when I found Johnny Gooch, now one of Pittsburgh's regulars, down in Birmingham, Alabama, three years ago. Gooch is a sturdily built but not particularly husky chap. What took my eye especially was his aggressive manner on the field. He was on the alert every minute. He seemed to sense what the batter or the runner was going to do; Gooch wasn't caught napping when a man on first started for second. He knew when to call for pitchouts and wide balls, too. He went after foul flies and gathered them in just as regularly as a hawk does a sparrow; he pounced on bunts in front of the plate and threw the ball in a flash to one base or another.

Gooch also had a good arm—something that every catcher needs—and pegged safely and surely to second. As every high school player knows, that's an important part of a catcher's work; and although there's not so much base stealing now as there was a few years ago, the catcher who can't keep a runner from taking a long lead off first loses a good deal of his value.

He Was a Long Hitter

ANOTHER mighty attractive feature of Gooch's playing was his batting. He had a faculty of making long hits and making them when they were needed. A long-hitting catcher is valuable to any team nowadays, for, coming next to last in the batting list as he usually does, he's frequently preceded by a fast base runner. That means that, if he hits long flies, the runner ahead of him will be able to advance even when the fly is caught.

So Gooch was an ideal catcher. He lived up to his promise when he came to Pittsburgh, and his work both behind the plate and in the batter's box was an important element in bringing the Pirates the pennant last year.

Of course, the chief thing a pitcher is called on to do is pitch. Everybody knows that pitchers are just about the weakest batsmen in the game, as a rule. Walter Johnson, great Washington twirler, is an exception, for Johnson hit for an average of .438 last season, and was frequently called on as a pinch hitter—more than once he saved a game for the Senators. Babe Ruth, too, was a pitcher before he turned outfielder; Joe Wood—they called

him "Smoky Joe" because of his speed—became an outfielder so that he could bat when his pitching days were over, and Jack Bentley of the New York Giants is a fine pinch hitter.

But they're all exceptions. The average pitcher is a poor batter, and we scouts don't worry much about that department of the game when looking over twirlers. If you want to be a pitcher, spend most of your time learning to pitch.

What attracts a scout in a pitcher? Well, let's take the case of Emil Yde. Yde, before he joined the Pirates, played down in Oklahoma City, in the Western League team there. Yde was a hard worker, and a man who studied his game—

always trying to improve it. That's a good trait in any player.

One of Yde's specific assets was a fine fast ball—a fast ball that he could control. Most pitchers depend a good deal on a fast ball, and the men who become winners are those who can put it where they want it. The importance of control can't be over-emphasized; the pitcher must be able to cut the heart of the plate, or slice a corner, or hold the ball inside at the batter's knees, as occasion demands. And control is an ability that can be developed. Any pitcher, high school or big league, can put the ball where he wants it most of the time if he spends enough time working on control.

Yde Knew the Batters

AS I say, Yde had this quality. He had other good balls, too—a slow ball and some curves to vary his assortment. Fooling the batter by this assortment is something every good pitcher wants to do. . . . On top of this, young Yde *knew the batters*. He wasn't pitching blind. He had studied his men, and he studied every new opponent. That meant that he knew whether this man bit on low fast ones, or that one hit a medium-high ball into the ground for an easy out, or that the third could bunt certain varieties of pitching. He watched a batter's position at the plate; he noticed whether the man seemed over-anxious, whether he was choking his bat, where he was glancing (often a glance gives away a batter's intentions). Yde was a heady pitcher.

Yde knew how to field, too. He could handle bunts in his territory like a veteran—something that a pitcher must be able to do. No matter how great a pitcher is he can't win ball games if his opponents can bunt around him. In a game at Detroit several years ago Herman Pilette, going great guns that season, had a stiff knee, and St. Louis, his opponents, knew it. So they bunted, bunted, bunted—and although Pilette was giving them his best brand of pitching, they drove him from the box because he couldn't field their bunts. As I said, Yde knew how to field. He covered first when it was his job to do so, he took hot liners, he kept his head at all times.

Add to that the fact that he was a fairly good batter and you'll see why I figured he'd be a good man for Pittsburgh. We weren't disappointed. He joined the Pirates in 1924, and in that season he was the league's leading twirler. He won 16 games and lost 3, a startlingly good record for any pitcher.

I don't want to forget to tell you that Yde kept himself in the best of condition. Before he became a professional ball player he was a school instructor in physical training, and an all-around athlete. That taught him the value of being fit, and he never forgets the lesson.

One of the difficulties we old-timers think we find in baseball to-day is that young players often spend too much time on the bench (Continued on page 41)



Glenn Wright, shortstop, led his team in driving in runs last season.

Hazard of the Hills

By Thomson Burtis

Illustrated by Fred C. Yohn

RUSS FARRELL climbed out of his little Sperry Messenger just as Lieutenant Slim Evans, his fellow test pilot, landed his two-seater on the broad expanse of Wright Field. Wright was a huge airdrome nine miles north of Cook Field, and the fact that it was so big was responsible for the Bollen Bomber's being housed there.

As Slim taxied to the line, with Mr. Crane in the back seat, the red-headed Farrell surveyed the Sperry admiringly. It was just about the smallest plane in the world, and could land on an ordinary highway. It didn't seem possible that a plane could fly on that little Lawrence motor of three cylinders — but it could. Russ himself had just proved it. Soon aerial flivvers, with motor cycle motors, would be flitting through the sky and landing in back yards, Russ was thinking to himself. Somehow the tiny Sperry brought even more forcibly to his mind the hugeness of the Bomber that he and Slim and Crane were to fly to Nashville, Tennessee, and then to Washington, where the President and Congress would look over a ship that weighed fourteen tons and could carry eight tons more.

Some bunch of bombs to drop, at one swoop, on a city, say. Enough to make any fellow shiver, just thinking what another war would be like—with bombs by the ton; with that gas which could be spread from planes and would kill every living thing, even bugs and the grass they crawled on; and with spotlight ammunition, too.

Russ drew a deep breath as he tried to drive such thoughts from his mind. Evans taxied to the line with a flourish, and in a second had shut off his Curtin Z-12 motor and dropped to the ground. Slim was the original human flagpole, dwarfing even the tall, gray-haired civilian engineer who was walking beside him.

"Got some news for you, caballero!" stated Slim. "Two of the spotlight guns are missing at Cook Field, my boy, and just about everybody, from C. O. to gate-keeper, is running around in circles!"

The astounded Farrell could only gulp for a minute. Even Crane had a curious light in his clear gray eyes, but Farrell's blue ones held a blaze of pure excitement.

"How about ammunition?" he said finally.

"About two thousand rounds melted away," Slim told him. "And the only man they can figure who had anything to do with it is that chap Undervliet—you probably don't know him. He came to work at Cook a few months ago, with good references, and he beat it away about four days ago—resigned his position, so to speak. Looks like one of the U. S. Air Service and ordinance secrets was now what might be called general information, doesn't it?"

It did. As they walked toward the huge Bollen, a quarter of a mile up the line of white hangars, the two flyers talked more or less incoherently about the mystery, if mystery it was. Russ forgot the tingling excitement which had filled him for two days at the thought of flying that winged mountain ahead of him, with its six motors now creating such a din that speech was difficult.

"Great jellybeans of Jerusalem!" he said finally. "I s'pose every secret service man in the country'll be at work on that job! Ever since I watched that test last week I've been cross-eyed thinking—"

"About machine gun bullets that explode as soon as the rear end of same touch even so ethereal a thing as a piece of airplane fabric," Slim finished for him. "Old Grenom wiggled his moustache at me and remarked that one bullet passing through airplane linen, say halfway between cockpit and tail, would explode with enough

dignitaries of the country. The thought of it was enough to make the eager, enthusiastic pilot's eyes snap with excitement.

In a moment Hazard shut off the motors, and he and young Dan Carter climbed out of the ship. Hazard was the civilian chief of the plane, and Carter, whom Russ had met in Kentucky some weeks before and rescued from a carnival, was one of his assistants. Carter had proved to be a marvelous mechanic.

He was a slim, light-haired, thin-faced fellow of eighteen, and the fact that he had been trained as an acrobat showed in every line of his lithe body. He ran toward Russ, his face one wide grin.

"Thanks a — a — whole lot for getting me on the trip, Lieutenant!" he gulped. "Honest, I'd o' given my shirt to go, and you fixed it for me!"

"I didn't fix anything you did not deserve," laughed Russ. "I dragged you up here, but don't think I'd go out of my way a foot to do you any favors you didn't deserve!"

"Carter tells me he reckons he's a-goin' on this trip!" Hazard said in his slow, Southern mountain-creeper drawl. "How comes it that the newest man on this bomber gits this hyar trip?"

Hazard was a gaunt, leathery-skinned, black-haired fellow, with turbulent brown eyes and a terrible temper. But he was a mechanical wizard, and a good worker.

"Because Dan's put in about fifteen hours a day for two months, been a good man, and deserves it!" Farrell told Hazard calmly. "Yeager's wife doesn't want him to go, and Kerry isn't worth a hoot for anything but rigging."

"I don't see why a fresh kid gits all the berries—" "Whaddaye mean fresh!" snapped the fiery youngster.

"That'll be all, Dan!" Russ said swiftly, and his young friend closed up like a clam. "We'll take off right away; so everybody climb in! All the baggage is installed, eh? I—"

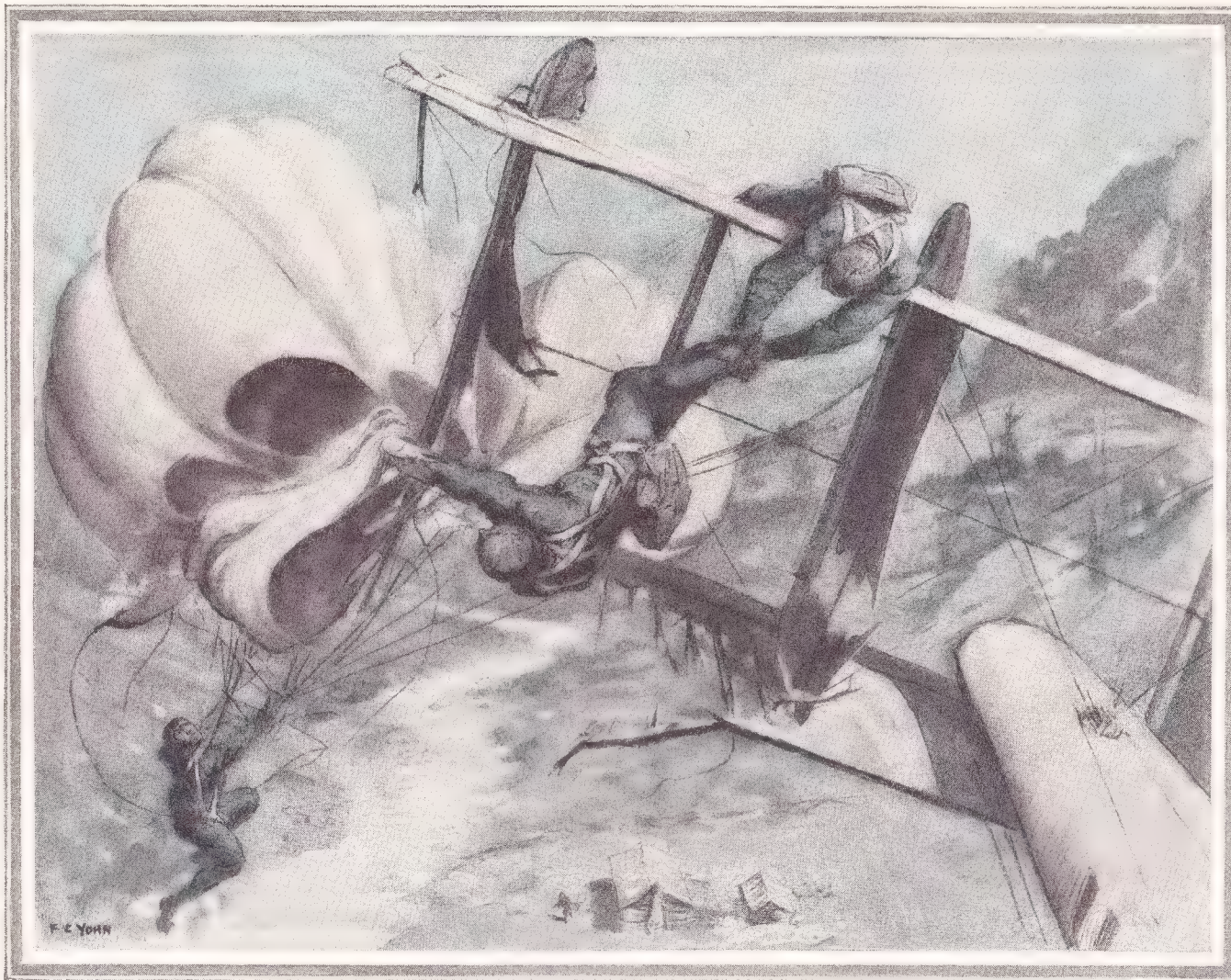
"I ain't carin' t' go, Lieutenant," drawled the lowering Hazard.

"It's your business to go, isn't it?" snapped Russ, his eyes suddenly very bright and very cold. "You get paid for being crew chief of this ship, and chief engineer, don't you? Fly in it, or turn in your time!"

For a moment all the primitive savagery of the untamed mountain people glowed in Hazard's tempestuous eyes. He chewed his tobacco for a moment, and then said softly:

"All right, Lieutenant. Hyar goes!"

TEN minutes later Slim Evans and Russ were sitting side by side behind the twin wheels which controlled the ship. Ahead of them, in the extreme nose of the ship, the gunner's cockpit was empty, but two thirty-seven-millimeter cannons were there, unloaded. Directly behind the pilots was the unexcited Crane, in the commanding officer's seat, and beside him Jerrold, the radio operator. Behind them, side by side, were Hazard, chief engineer, and Carter, acting as fuel pump operator. Ranged on two sides of them were the maze of instruments which told the story of each motor, and separate controls for each motor. Altimeters, thermometers, air pressure gauges, tachometers, gasoline gauges, voltmeters — there were dozens of them. Beside the



Dan, head down, worked like fury, unwrapping the silk from struts and wires.

force to blow the tail of a small ship right off. And then cast your mental eye, Rusty, my boy, over the fact that those bullets'd be sprayed from machine guns at you in an aerial combat, and then think how gray that red head of yours'd turn if you were fighting a ship that shot 'em!"

"It would not be pleasant," said the precise Crane unsmilingly. "The question is, were they stolen for some foreign government, or not? Almost certainly, yes."

"Lots of funny things have happened around here in the last nine months," opined Slim in a loud yell. They were close to the warming Bollen now, and with six Liberty's bellowing along, even half-open, bedlam was let loose.

"My head sure would be gray!" shouted Russ. "The next war is going to be the kind that neither side'll win, because everybody'll be dead on both sides!"

ABRUPTLY the motors died to idling, and then one motor roared along wide open on its separate test. "You bet," Evans agreed. "But the only way to stall off a war is to be so well prepared for it that nobody'll dare to start one. And it looks now as though somebody were stealing some of our stuff!"

They were so close to the Gargantuan monster of the air now that all conversation must cease, even with only one motor going. Russ almost forgot the theft of the spotlight machine guns and ammunition as he remembered that within ten minutes he was to fly that great triplane which towered twenty-seven feet above him. Four tractor motors and two pushers powered it, two tractors and the pusher motors set end to end, one pair on each side. It would fly on only three of the motors, if necessary.

The vastness of it made Russ gasp, although he had flown dirigibles. But they were half balloon, anyway—while when fully loaded, this was twenty-two tons of steel and wood to be dragged through the air. And he and Slim were to fly this sixty-five-foot-long monster, with its wide wings stretching one hundred twenty feet, to show it to the people of Nashville and the leading

casual, long-nosed, lathlike Evans and his young collaborator were master controls, handling the spark lever and throttle control of all six motors.

Ordinarily there would have been two gunners in the nose, one to man the upper cannon and another the cannon which shot through a hole in the bottom. Likewise, there would have been a third man in the cockpit halfway between the engineers' seat and the tail, where still another cannon was mounted. They were not carrying a full crew, because the men couldn't be spared, but the ship was fully equipped, even to the unloaded cannon in their proper positions.

Evans was to fly to Nashville, and Russ from Nashville to Washington next day. With all those motors to rely on, Slim laid his course direct for Nashville—over Dayton, down the big Miami River and then across the Kentucky mountains south of the Ohio River and Louisville. Nearly four hundred miles, air line, and that huge ship flew it at an even hundred miles an hour. Russ, gazing around him, had to look downward to remember that he was in the air. The Bollen was another achievement to the credit of the service to which he had dedicated all that was in him.

A hundred thoughts flowed through Russ's brain as the mountains unreeled behind them. Hazard was a queer chap—didn't like Dan, evidently. Well, the carnival youngster was pretty fresh, but he was getting that knocked out of him every day. Was Hazard yellow? No, he'd served overseas in the war. He wondered what Hazard was thinking of as he looked down on his native mountains—those hills so steeped in primitive feud feeling and the law of the olden days. Might was right down there, and they counted the whole world their enemies.

Speaking of enemies, there was somebody—something—working steadily against the United States. That spotlight ammunition theft was unutterably serious—

Russ forgot where he was as his thoughts raced ahead on that topic. Was it connected in any way with the other things that had happened—all aimed at the destruction or theft of some valuable air service equipment, or secret inventions they had developed? It must be. Crane, back there, could tell something about that, for the mysterious engineering genius had had some adventures of his own, as had his helper, Russ himself, in combating the unknown organization which was trying to steal the materials with which America bade fair to rule the skies.

It was almost a shock when Slim poked him in the side, and pointed down at the city spread below them. The flying field was at the eastern edge of it, fringed by masses of black-looking pygmies and toy motor cars. They were

over Nashville. Slim was just about the best big ship pilot in the army, and he showed it plainly by the manner in which he spiraled the majestic bomber downward. Handling his six motors with the delicate skill of the born airman, he dropped the craft over the fence and the heads of the people, and brought it to earth. Russ did not know, exactly, just when they landed.

One wheel of the four on each side of the undercarriage was lower than the others—the ship hit on those first, the oil cushion in the undercarriage struts softened the blow, and then the other six wheels touched the ground, another oil cushion on each side making the shock negligible.

THEN came hours of demonstration to eager reserve officers, who gaped at the fact that the Bollen carried a ton of gasoline alone and could stay in the air nine hours, for instance. There was not a moment of free time for Russ—a dinner for the crew of the Bollen, and then a theatre party, and then a dance. But the tanned airmen begged off after an hour of that—there was a long flight next day, and they must be in shape. Crane, silent and aloof, had pleaded illness from the four hours in the air, and stayed in the hotel.

"What a wise hombre he is!" opined Slim as they got their keys at the hotel desk. "Boy, he can think faster and farther and with less effort than a combination of Einstein and the boy who writes such pithy sayings as 'A stitch in time is worth two in the bush.'"

"You mean 'A bird in the hand gathers no moss,'" grinned Russ. "We could have begged off from all this handshaking and stuff by saying that our dandruff was bothering us or something—"

"Sure. Crane thought of that," grunted Slim. "Let's see how he is."

They knocked at his door, repeatedly.

"Maybe he's asleep," suggested Russ, and then the door opened.

"Great Guns! What's happened?" gasped the pilot, and Slim, suddenly serious, whistled softly.

For Crane's face was a mass of blood from several cuts, and he was swaying on his feet. His eyes were clear and calm, as always, and his thin face, red with caked blood, was streaked with white as he smiled a twisted smile.

"Come in!" he invited them simply. "I just came to about ten seconds before you knocked."

"Wait until I wash," he answered their question, and disappeared into the bathroom.

"So-o-ome fight!" opined Slim, looking at the mussed bed, an overturned chair, and a broken lamp. "And he won't tell us about it until he gets darn good and ready, either!"

Russ was pacing the floor like a caged wildcat. His freckles stood out against a face that was white beneath the tan, and his eyes were two wells of leaping light. For Crane was his friend—the man who had helped him to his ambition in life—and some damnable thing that he had sensed shadowing

Crane, and himself, and Cook Field, and the Air Service, must have swooped down on them again.

"Apple sauce!" said the incorrigible Evans with a grin as Russ put his thoughts into words. "Probably a little robbery or something."

"Exactly," smiled Crane grimly as he came from the bathroom. His face was now covered with band-

ages. "These two men who came in certainly beat me up—and robbed me. They simply knocked on the door, and when I opened it they got me without a word. And they took the hundred dollars I had. They also went

through every one of my papers—some of which are very important. You may not know that the reason I am making this trip is not alone to study the performance of the Bollen Bomber. The other reason is that I am carrying certain data to submit to the Chief of Air Service in Washington. It was very valuable—but not to the thieves. I so arranged it as to have a strong percentage of error in the plans I carried, so that if lost or stolen they would do the finder no good without the key to the errors in design and formulae. They have nothing for their pains.

"I have reported everything to the police and hotel authorities. 'I feel quite ill, Russ. I think I must go to bed. Good night to you both.'"

Somehow neither Russ nor Evans felt inclined to offer any assistance or even to say anything more than "Good night, sir!" after that polite, emotionless dismissal. Once outside the door, though, the elongated Evans stated:

"Messed up the plans so whoever got 'em would spend a fortune and a few lives trying them out. He misses about as many tricks as Babe Ruth does straight ones right over the platter!"

They said good night, and Russ went to bed immediately, but not to sleep until hours later, and even then phantoms of his chaotic brain capered ceaselessly before his subconscious self—grotesque, menacing creatures of his overwrought imagination. There were dark shadows under his level blue eyes when he went in to see his friend and technical superior.

CRANE was still in bed, sitting up with a letter in his hand. His face was bandaged, of course, and his eyes seemed to have a feverish gleam in them as he greeted Russ and said smoothly:

"Here is a letter from the Internal Revenue man for Kentucky, supplementing a telephone conversation he had with me late last night. He thinks I am the C. O. of this trip."

"You remember that several weeks ago an unusually bloody feud fight between the Hadleys and the Burnhams was fought in Ardin County. In connection with the capture of Bob Burnham, the authorities got out airplanes from Goddard Field, you remember, and there has been agitation since for using planes to patrol the mountains, spot stills, and in general do what the government has never been able to do before in these trackless woods."

"Mr. Young has information to the effect that the feud is about to break out into a real war, and that the clans are gathering along Frankfort Creek. This creek winds along through the mountains, only slightly south of our course to Washington. And the only fields available for landing are along this creek. That means little with nine hours' fuel and six motors on the ship that will limp along with three, of course."

"He wants you to fly the Bollen along that creek for fifty miles, reporting by radio to Goddard Field any signs of gathering clans or unusual disturbance. It very possibly is a false alarm, of course. I see no reason why the Bollen should not fly at about a thousand feet along that stream, and do as he requested, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then do that, setting your course from the head of the creek for Washington. I am too sick to accompany you, Russ. I will come on by train in a day or two. Also, I should like to be here when my assailants are captured."

Russ was not surprised. There was no time to lose; so he made his adieu quickly. As he turned at the door to say "Good luck, sir!" Crane, his hand smoothing his orderly gray hair and his eyes unreadable, answered:

"Good by."

Somehow it seemed that he was really saying farewell.

Neither sickness nor misfortune, danger nor death itself had the power to ruffle Crane. For the first time Russ felt, in his friend, what persistently alienated those who did not know him as well as Russ had learned to in more than two years. Such cold reserve sometimes became repelling when one had not seen how a smile changed the inventor's icy exterior.

Slim took the news philosophically, and together they taxied to the stubble field and single hangar which took care of the

(Continued on page 34)



Baseball!

Take Jimmy Gaynor, (who can't catch flies as well as he can whistle), a tiny Eureka High School (which needs a coach for its baseball team), and Dave Landis, catcher (who is so baseball-superstitious that he walks in a circle around the umpire)—

Take all those things and a lot more, and let William Heyliger mix them up in his very best style, with corking suspense and plenty of baseball, and naturally the result is "Whistling Jimmy, Coach"—

A Whale of a Baseball Yarn — Next Month.



They were being shot at from those hillsides only a few yards away.

Tierney Meets a Millionaire

By John A. Moroso

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

THE Annual Picnic of the New York and New Jersey Burglars' Protective and Benevolent Association will be held this year at Cresskill, N. J.

"Special contests for handsome prizes:
"Removing locks from doors; time limit, five minutes.
"Porch, wall and trellis climbing, for second-story workers only.

"Window forcing, open to any and all.
"Hundred yard dash and fence climbing.
"Uncovering hiding places of pearl necklaces.
"Cutting valuable paintings from frames and mailing same to clearing house.

"Training watch dogs to wag tails to members of Association with annual card and all dues paid.

"Dancing. Concert by one-eyed and one-armed veterans.

"Positively no pickpockets allowed on the grounds. A special committee will guarantee to all members safety for their valuables.

"Not responsible for hats and coats and other valuables of invited guests."

With a final laborious flourish on the word *guests*, Bonehead Tierney, the detective, retired from the New York police department, spending his later years in a pretty cottage across the Hudson from the great city, put down his pen and carefully blotted the sheet he had filled with a scathing jest in the guise of an advertisement.

"I'll get that printed in the *Bergen Beacon* if I have to sell the house," he grunted. He cocked his hard-boiled skimmer over his right eye and read over the announcement slowly and carefully. Indignation filled him and his fat round face was red from exasperation. His round eyes were like two blue marbles, his lips were pursed in a circle like the letter "O."

Satisfied with his production, he picked up a copy of the county weekly newspaper and once more read the item that had thrown him from his base, and started him preparing bitterly ironical copy for the press.

THE item concerned one Thomas Hewitt Walsingham, millionaire-philanthropist, whose magnificent country house on the Palisades had just been completed.

"An unusual feature of Mr. Walsingham's great castle—for it is a castle," read the story, "is that the doors will never be locked day or night and that the many windows will not have catches. This is all the more remarkable in consideration of the fact that the owner has a priceless collection of art, paintings by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Valasquez, mediaeval silver and gold, ivory carvings, etc. Of course, it is reasonable to conjecture that no company would place burglar insurance on his treasures. But that does not seem to worry the aged and eccentric millionaire.

"When interviewed to-day by a reporter of the *Bergen Beacon*, Mr. Walsingham said:

"It is merely an experiment but should it be successful, a new cult will be established, a new cult that is very old—Do unto others as you would have them do by you. You might think that under the circumstances I would equip myself with firearms. But no, I dislike firearms."

Tierney ripped off his collar. He was choking. "Can you beat it?" he inquired of the world at large. "Was there ever any larger nut shipped from Brazil? But maybe I've just gone crazy in the head." He fastened his round eyes again on the type and read on:

"Mr. Walsingham," the interview continued, "has his own ideas on police methods and detectives. He believes that there is too much brutal handling of burglars, that a burglar surprised at his work should not be struck over the head or shot. He believes in moral suasion. The policeman or detective should argue with the burglar, showing him how foolish it is to take the things of other people and making him realize that if his own property were being stolen he would not like it a bit and would

bitterly complain. 'I understand,' said the millionaire, 'that there is living in the village a retired detective of wide experience, a man named James Tierney. I have seen the sign on his cottage offering to solve crimes at reasonable prices. I should like to meet him sometime and win him over to our cause.'

Rereading this reference to himself put the finishing touches on Tierney. He read it once more and murmured as beads of sweat dropped from his brow: "Did anyone ever hear of a bird like that? It's a pity some burglar didn't drop him long ago. But maybe he's just playin' for publicity. Well, I'll give it to him—I'll come back at him with this ad about the picnic!"

He got into his coat, whistled to his old mongrel Rover and started off to the office of the *Bergen Beacon* to insert his announcement.

THE county howled with delight at the announcement of the burglars' picnic. The business manager of the paper had added a line to the advertisement, reading: "Paid for by James Tierney, Crimes Solved at Reasonable Prices."

In his splendid mansion atop the Palisades, remote in the center of its many acres of woodland and fields, Thomas Hewitt Walsingham's secretary, Miss Briggs, drew her employer's attention to the wise crack of the faithful Bonehead.

"I think he's joking," she said, a little doubtfully.

"Read it again." Mr. Walsingham, a tiny bit of an old man with bright gray eyes, a fine forehead, and silvery side whiskers, leaned back in his chair.



Tierney cocked his hard-boiled skimmer over his right eye and read the announcement carefully.

"Ha!" The one exclamation represented an outburst of merriment.

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Walsingham," pleaded Miss Briggs.

"Ha!"

"Please, Mr. Walsingham, be calm."

The millionaire friend of burglars leaned over, gave one more and very loud "Ha!" dried his twinkling eyes and ordered his open carriage and team, for it was May-time and the sun of a lovely day was dancing in the fresh young leaves.

"I will go to see Mr. Tierney," he announced. "If his goat is loose, speaking in the vulgar tongue, I'll help him catch it."

"Does he raise goats?" asked Miss Briggs absently.

"From what I have read of him, I believe he does. Ha!"

A HALF hour later Mr. Walsingham was undergoing the stare of the round-eyed Tierney. After the usual exchange of greetings and a series of explosions of protest from the detective, Jim accepted an invitation to luncheon with his visitor, got into the open carriage, and was rolled comfortably out of the village behind as fine a pair of horses as ever covered a mile in Jersey.

The millionaire showed his treasures to the detective. The glass cases containing a collection of priceless *objets d'art* had no locks. One contained a collection of priceless intaglios; another held wonderful emeralds, bought from the collections of Indian princes and potentates.

"There must be a half peck of pearls in that case," grunted Tierney, "and a pint and a half of diamonds in this one."

"I am going to leave them to the Metropolitan Museum," said Mr. Walsingham. "But my paintings are my real treasures. But, Mr. Tierney, I feel that I am not a successful collector." He sighed with evident distress.

"How come?" asked Tierney. "I ain't strong on this art business. The only education I had in pictures was in the Rogues' Gallery."

"There is a small landscape by Turner, twelve by twenty-two inches," explained the millionaire. "I possessed it once—the joy of my life."

"But you didn't keep the door locked," suggested Tierney.

"It was stolen and very cleverly. A copy of it had been made years before I bought the original. The thief first managed to steal the copy from its owner and then when he stole the original he hung the stolen copy in my gallery in my London house and for years I thought it was my own picture. A famous curator of the British Museum pointed out the fraud."

"Some smart bird," Tierney chuckled. "But what about his stealing only the one picture when he could have took a gunny sack full of diamonds and pearls? He must have been a picture nut, too."

"Nut, Mr. Tierney?"

"Yeh, a gentleman from Brazil."

"No, he was an Englishman. He said he was Sir Richard Calverly."

"Sir Richard Calverly! Sir Richard Calverly! A long thin fellow with a hook nose and eyes like a hawk?"

"Why, yes. Do you know him?"

"Slickest crook on two continents, works all by himself, gets out of jail as easy as a cat out of an open kitchen door. We bulls call him 'Silent Mr. Forrester.' He's in this country now."

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The millionaire showed his treasures to the detective.

A Circus Feud

By Rex Lee

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

"GOOD! Good boy! Fine! Once more now, then three drops into the net, and we'll call it a day." It was Eddie Ford speaking, and Rann Braden flushed with pleasure. He was standing alongside the famous acrobat on the "pedestal" high up under the great big top of the Selfridge circus. Rann had just returned from a long swing on one of the three trapezes, hanging by his hands, and the manner in which he had regained the pedestal—really a long plank-like arrangement on which the flyers of the Ford troupe started their trapeze stunts—had called forth the commendation of the tanned, muscular Ford.

There were a great many men around the Selfridge show whom Rann had learned to admire and respect, but no one, as yet, had earned a place in the young Southerner's heart comparable to Ford's. Rann had been a property boy for three weeks, and for two of them he had spent an hour every afternoon between shows under the tutelage of Ford. The owner, trainer, and star of the Ford flying troupes, famous in the annals of the circus for years, had seen Rann amusing himself in the back yard one day, and after watching a beautiful back somersault had entered into a business conversation with the newest and youngest employee of the circus. A half hour later Rann was showing him what he could do as a result of years of gym work, and from that time on Ford had worked with him.

"You've got the makings of a great flyer, boy," the clear-eyed performer had told him. "If you're willing to work, you can be making extra money around this show in less than a year."

And Rann was working. He was just about the busiest man on the lot, from early morning till late at night. His regular work was enough to tire even his superb body, but doggedly he kept at his spare-time training with Ford, and when he had a moment to himself he was usually in the menagerie tent, gazing fascinatedly at the animals and talking to the animal men.

He was tired now—it had been a strenuous session thirty feet above the wide-spreading net. Nothing more to do but his practice drops, now, and he was glad of it. He rested a minute, watching Bert Hawkins training a new dancing horse. Over in the end ring, on the opposite side of the deserted big top, little Hobbs, fourteen-year-old scion of a famous riding family, was practicing riding under the tutelage of his famous father. Already the youngster was a good bareback rider, and with every passing day he was getting his back somersault nearer and nearer to perfection. Soon he'd be doing it on a horse's back.

"Ready!" yelled Rann, and his body left the pedestal as he clung to the trapeze with both hands. His body was as straight as a string, from pointed toes to straight neck. In a wide arc, Rann swept across the tent. At the end of the swing he loosened his grip. His body was parallel to the ground, and as he fell he kept it that way. Two seconds of thrilling, half-fearful sensation, and then his hundred and fifty pounds of bone and muscle plunked into the net.

"Good! But land a little more on your back and shoulders next time!" yelled Ford, standing on the ground alongside the net now.

Twice Rann climbed up the rope ladder, swung off the pedestal, and dropped. Each drop was like a perfect high dive, and the last time he landed directly on his back.

"In a week we'll be trying a somersault down," Ford promised him. "Take a sponge bath now. See you tonight. Watch Ross's drop to-night—the double somersault, and see how he throws himself off the trapeze."

"Yes, suh," returned Rann in his soft Southern dialect. "I think I could do a somersault any time, now, suh."

A loud laugh sounded near-by.

"Watch out, Mr. Ford—in a week or two more this guy'll be putting out troupes himself!"

It was Knight, one of the property boys and Rann's

With one sweep of his hand he knocked the lanky property boy into the berth.



much disliked berthmate. He was a tall, gangling youth, with long, messy hair and very dirty clothes. He never wore socks, and hence was called "Sockless" around the show. His face was always unshaven, his nails always dirty, and he rarely wore underwear of any kind whatever. He was a sloppy, careless chap who typified just about everything that the fastidious Rann disliked.

Ford smiled, and ran his fingers through his closely cropped curly hair.

"Dog-goned if I don't believe it!" he chuckled. "I never saw a fellow catch on so quick!"

RANN'S tranquil gaze rested steadily on Sockless, and he did not waver even when Hawkins rode up, patting his nervous, sweating horse's neck and crooning soothingly to him. Sockless Knight was getting on Rann's nerves more and more, and he hadn't liked that remark. "When you goin' in the act, Peaches?" Sockless inquired sardonically.

Rann's mouth tightened. Knight always called him Peaches, and Rann hated the name.

"Not for a long time, yet, of course," he drawled equably, the wrath within him showing only in the hot hazel flecks which suddenly came into his blue-gray eyes. "I'll go in about the time you take a bath, I imagine."

Lean, bow-legged Hawkins, ex-cowboy and bronco buster with the old Comanche Bill show, chuckled as he swung from his horse.

"If you scrubbed long enough, I reckon you'd find a pair o' socks on yuh that yuh ain't known about, Sockless," he remarked.

A circus is curiously democratic—the greatest stars among the performers are often the friends of the lowest canvasman. Once a showman, always a showman, seems to be the rule of circus life, and oftentimes laborers and performers have worked on the same shows for years. Sockless was an old-timer for a youngster, although five years is not a long time in the circus business.

Knight's wide mouth twisted into a sneer.

"Is that so?" he snarled, his eyes on Rann. There had been instinctive dislike between the two from the first day, and it had been heightened by Sockless' jealousy of Rann's rapid progress. "Well, I don't see how anybody can take a bath around this show! Peaches here uses all the water. When yuh git to be a kinker, I'll give yuh a bottle o' perfume, Peaches. That there skin o' yours has got to be took care of."

"Dry up, Sockless!" snapped Ford. "I—"

"That'll be just about all out of you, Knight," Rann cut in slowly, his drawl now so pronounced that there was a perceptible space between each word. "As far as I'm concerned, if I never talk to you again, it'll be too soon. Nobody asked you for any advice about anything, and where I'm concerned you mind your own business around this show from now on. Do you get that?"

There was an interval of silence. The eyes of the two property boys were locked in a silent struggle. Rann's didn't waver, and there was something dancing in them that made the lanky, gangling Sockless drop his gaze. He hesitated briefly, his eyes darting from face to face. At last they came back to Rann's composed countenance. Somehow the unkempt property boy reminded the young Southerner of a cornered rat looking wildly for escape.

Without a word more Sockless wheeled and started away. Then he threw a snarled parting shot over his shoulder.

"I've seen plenty of First of Mays," he said, spitting the words out viciously. "First of May" means an amateur in the show business. "And they don't last long. Yuh think your kinker friends'll carry yuh through, but—"

"Get out of here!" snapped Hawkins, and Sockless waited not on the order of his going.

Ford's square, stoical face did not change as his eyes followed the gangling Sockless.

"Better watch him, Rann," he advised. "There're lots of tough customers with a show, you know—and plenty of things can happen."

Rann nodded, and suddenly a sense of foreboding came over him. The frenzied life of a show was still strange to him, but he already realized that in the wild struggle of putting up and taking down that tented city, death stalked always with the showman, and no enemy was needed to force a man into watching himself closely. Somehow the hundreds of laborers were still more or less mysteries to him; they talked casually of places and things that sent a cold shiver up his back. There were many tough customers, as Ford had said, and Sockless was worse than most because of the apparently inbred sneakiness in him.

"Watch them center poles, kid," advised Hawkins jovially. "And the quicker Sockless and the rest find yuh ain't tuh be monkeyed with, the better."

The tranquil Southerner nodded again. There was an undercurrent of seriousness in Hawkins' facetious advice.

"Well, guess I'll go ovuh and get better acquainted in the cat house," drawled Rann, and started for the menagerie.

ALREADY the cookhouse tent was down, and packed into the cookhouse wagon. Before the night show started, it would be on the flat cars of the circus train. The canvas men were starting for the horse tents, which sheltered the hundred and twenty wonderful gray baggage horses, and soon that, too, would be on the train. Before the night show was half over, the menagerie tent would be down and the animal cages being dragged to the runs and loaded. Eight hundred people,

more than ten tents of various sizes and kinds, three hundred animals, and all the equipment needed for the performance and for living—all that was set up, operated, torn down, loaded, and moved every twenty-four hours. Rann could not yet comprehend the dizzying magnitude of it, nor the organizing genius that made it possible.

He walked through the connection between big top and "cat house"—menagerie—and walked slowly down the line of cages. There were seventeen of them, lined along the menagerie top wall next to the big top. From the middle cage a wooden chute led under the canvas walls to the steel arena in the middle ring. Twelve sleek white polar bears, a dozen tawny black-striped tigers, fourteen lordly male lions and ten females were in these cages, and the fascinated Rann spent hours before them, watching the beautiful beasts which were still things of wonder to him. Chained to stakes, fifteen elephants were lined up on the opposite side of the menagerie, munching at their hay contentedly. A hippopotamus, a pygmy hip, kangaroos, and monkeys completed the layout.

As always, Rann finally wound up in front of Kaiser's cage. Kaiser was an outlaw—a savagely vicious beast, but the most superb lion of them all. His mane was black, and in the set of his huge head and the suppleness of his tawny body there was unutterable majesty. His big eyes were unlike the golden brown ones of the others. They were dark and brooding, and somehow it seemed that all the ferocity of the jungle had been distilled into their depths.

Mr. Bullion, assistant manager and a former animal trainer, came through the tent, coatless, his vest swinging as he walked.

"Hello, Kaiser," he called, and came over to the cage. Kaiser's great paw swept between the bars in an endeavor to reach the tall circus man.

"Ripped a hundred and ten dollar suit off me in winter quarters," Bullion told Rann. "I got careless. I didn't mind so much, because I'd had it dyed and the blamed dyers had ruined it anyway."

"What's the matter with Kaiser?" inquired Rann.

"Spoiled!" declared Bullion. "These cats are just like people. Some of 'em have good dispositions, others bad. When Kaiser was a punk"—all young animals around a circus are "punks"—"he was not worked, and he got so he wanted to do just what he wanted to, with no argument. He is getting worse every day. Some time or other Elliott'll have to fight him off. He'll forget to keep his eye on the brute—and in that second, Kaiser'll go for him."

It wasn't hard to believe, looking into the hate-filled eyes that gleamed from the cage.

"If he ever got loose—" drawled Rann, and Bullion laughed.

"I don't know," he admitted. "Most of 'em are bewildered when they get loose—don't know where to go or what to do, and they're glad to get back into familiar surroundings. But this old heathen here—no telling what might happen if he got out. He can't even get along with a single other lion. They have their likes and dislikes, same as people."

"Take Cora down here. She leads a tough life, and she's as bad as Kaiser."

He led the way to Cora's cage. Each one of the cage wagons was divided into three compartments, and Cora, notorious outlaw who was responsible for the fact that Christy, the tiger trainer, was carrying his arm in a sling right then, had one to herself. And the doors to the other cages were not opened.

"You see these five punks there are one family—get along fine between themselves. These four big ones are another bunch. They get along together, but not with anybody else. These two here, Jack and Jake, are brothers, and they're all right together. But old lady Cora hates 'em all, comes from a different family altogether, and she's scared all the time and wants to fight. She's tough—hates the whole world, Cora does."

Bullion rambled on to his silent, absorbed listener, as he unfolded the lore of the animal man to Rann.

"There's one thing you can paste in your hat when you get around animals, which you prob'ly will if old man Ironley has his way. Elephants need to know whom to trust, in general, and cats need to know whom to fear. Old Emory Miles, our boss animal man, told me that when I was a First of May over on the Al. C. Robinson show twenty years ago, and I've never forgot it."

"Well, how do you like the circus?"

"Fine—although I admit I'd rather sleep alone than with Sockless—or anybody else, for that matter."

Bullion laughed, his lean, strong face warming amazingly.

"He's dirty all right," he admitted. "Kind of an out-cast around, but he's a good property boy. Might be assistant boss if he'd get wise to himself. Hear what Horse O'Donnell, the boss canvasman, said to him the other day? You know Leonard, who sells the live chameleons out on the midway? Horse was talking to Sockless, and all of a sudden he noticed Sockless' ears or something and he says: 'Wait a minute, Sockless, Leonard wants to see you and pick some lizards off you!'"

Rann chuckled, and yet, somehow, the fact that Sockless was repulsive to him did not prevent him from feeling a pang of pity for the dirty, snarling, friendless property boy who was a waif of the show lots. Probably he'd never had a chance to speak of, and didn't have the backbone to haul himself out of the mire.

SUDDENLY a heart-tightening roar seemed to fill the deserted menagerie, and Kaiser was standing on his hind legs, one paw through the bars between his compartment and the next one, where sleepy old Sultan was dozing. Sultan roared back, took a swipe at the

interfering paw, and spit out his dislike for the lordly outlaw.

"Anything for a fight—he'll even play at it!" remarked Bullion. "Hello, seven o'clock. Doors are open."

The main entrance led into the menagerie, whence the people walked through the canvas connection into the big top after viewing the animals. They came in in streams. Out at the front door, Bailey, one of the ticket takers, was starting his never-ceasing pleas and commands: "Hurry! Step lively! This way to the big show! Hurry! Step lively!" Inside little Joey Karr, first of the reserved seat sellers, was yelling raucously: "Comfortable high backed opera chairs! You don't have to crowd in the grandstand! Seats in front of the arena, where all the feature wild animal acts take place!" The sideshow band was going full steam, ticket sellers were yelling, and in a trice the peaceful silence of big top and menagerie became a dizzy, whirling bedlam as the spirit of a perpetual holiday filled it.

AN hour later the big show had started, the thirty-piece band blaring loudly and the calliope helping out. Rann was arrayed in a red corduroy blouse now, one of the forty-four property boys who handled all the rigging and props for each act. As fast as an act finished, the spears, blankets, ladders, or benches used were rushed out of the big top by the property boys and packed in the proper wagon. The night show was always a steady stripping down of material. The second that a thing had fulfilled its mission, it was got rid of, and by the time the show ended, much of the complicated rigging would be on the train.

Sockless worked in Rann's gang, but not a word was exchanged between them. Once, when they, along with twelve others, were handling a cable which pulled into the air the rigging used by an "iron-jaw" act, Rann stumbled and fell, to the great glee of about half of the eight thousand spectators. He flushed hotly, and for a second had all he could do to control himself. Sockless had tripped him. But Rann could control his temper. He did not refer to the incident in any way.

At ten-thirty the show was over, and before the people were out of the huge hundred-sixty-foot top, Horse O'Donnell was roaring orders to his hundred canvas men, two teams of horses were pulling the quarter poles

loose, seat men were loading the seats on plank wagons drawn into the tent by six-horse teams, and the process of tearing down was under way. An hour later the lot would be bare—the circus gone. But that hour would be one of apparent madness, with hundreds of men working frantically against time, and appearing to get nowhere. Suddenly the big top would fall, be loaded, and one would see that the show had disappeared magically into the night.

The property boys had to pack some rigging, and carry the ring-sections and load them. The rings were of heavy, square wood, in six-foot sections which fitted together.

Rann stooped to get his first section, and found Sockless beside him.

"Look out you don't fall," jeered Knight, pushing his long hair out of his eyes.

He was standing above Rann, his section already on his shoulder. Rann came upright with the ring-section on his shoulder.

"Oh, I guess I can stand up!" he started to say, and then tried to dodge.

Knight had turned swiftly toward the property wagon, and as he did so the end of his ring-section smashed against the side of the young Southerner's head. Rann dropped like a log, out for the count.

He came to with big, black-haired, mahogany-faced Horse O'Donnell bending over him.

"I'm leavin' it to you to lick Sockless," stated the big Irishman. "He done it. And meant it."

Rann nodded, getting dizzy (*Continued on page 32*)



Now Rann was standing, trembling so that he could scarcely remain upright, two feet in front of Kaiser, shoeing him with that red blouse.

Chasin' Mr. Clancarty

By Charles Tenney Jackson

Illustrated by W. W. Clarke

WHEN the desk man of the City Messenger service handed the blue envelope to "Rabbit" Shanks, after summoning him from the bench where he had been dozing with the other boys of the night force, the Rabbit looked at the superscription and grinned.

"This went out once—'way out to the four thousand block on Madison Street," said the boss. "The new Wilson kid couldn't locate this Clancarty. If you ain't doin' anything, Rabbit, you might look him up in the directory, or somewhere."

"I don't need to look up Jim Clancarty," answered the messenger. "That's his address all right, but he's down town right now—he's one of the freight tunnel boys, and he's on the ash haul this week, so he's workin' nights."

"Say," demanded the office boss, "do you know everybody in Chicago?"

"I know a lot of 'em that don't get in city directories, and that some people never hear about at all—like these fellers that work down forty feet under the Loop all the year around."

"Well, the superintendent of a big office buildin' wants Clancarty to get this message right away," went on the desk boss. "And Rabbit, as you're a sure enough Indian, you ought to hit the trail right. Find this guy if he's in the Loop, but don't take more'n half an hour at it."

So Rabbit Shanks took the envelope and trailed out silently into the brilliantly-lighted, night street life of Chicago. He was small for his fifteen years, lean, tough-muscled and brown of skin; and he could remember back to years, before his experience at the Government Indian school, when, instead of the great canyon-like streets of the city, his young eyes had developed their wariness from watching down into the deeps of Arizona gorges and across the dry yellow mesas of the Rio Grande. Three years of work as a city messenger boy in the down town station had not dulled his dreams of "hitting the trail" some day back to the reservation where his marauding Apache forefathers had been gathered up and guarded by the soldiers of Uncle Sam, while the boys of the tribe had been sent East to learn the white man's ways and knowledge. The Rabbit was not sure that he favored all of the white man's civilization, but anyhow he preferred the hurry and noise and adventure of the business district of Chicago to the irksome discipline and study of the Government school—that was why he ran off and worked his way this far east with the idea of sometime showing up at his tribal home on the Southwestern reservation.

"Clancarty," muttered Rabbit, dodging past the hood of a big motor car in a traffic jam, for he never paid any attention to the policeman's signals if he could help it. "Sure I know Mr. Clancarty, and I'll get Station No. 1 on the phone and they'll let me know just where he ought to be in the Loop tunnels."

IT DIDN'T OCCUR to the Rabbit that of all the thousands of busy pedestrians and the people in the hundreds of motor cars who poured like a tide through the bright streets, hardly one would know that far down under their feet and the pavements—deeper than the last underground story of the skyscrapers—freight trains were rumbling around curves in narrow tunnels that were as silent, except for their own business, and with a temperature as unchanged in winter blizzards and summer heat, as if they were halfway around the globe from the big city.

It was all in the day or night's work with Rabbit, and he hiked into a drug store and called up the tunnel office out on the West Side with a brief reflection that he would find Mr. Clancarty in ten minutes—quicker than any city detective could find him, or any alert newspaper reporter, because Rabbit knew the underground system and its men.

"Clancarty?" came a hoarse voice over the telephone from the night watchman at the Universal station. "Sure, he works in th' tunnel, but there's no freight moved after five o'clock; and besides you couldn't get down to see anybody anyhow. You can bring this message to the office, and he'll get it in the mornin'."

"He's goin' to get it to-night," retorted the Rabbit. "Sure, I know there's no freight movin' at night, but the dump trains are. Clancarty's on one, and it'll be at some Loop station about now. You call up on your tunnel phone and locate him, and I'll spot him down town—"

"No fresh kid like the likes of you can get into the tunnel no time," grumbled the watchman. "Beside, Clancarty's got a bad cold, an'—"

"When did the last dirt train leave Station One?" broke in

Rabbit impatiently. "I'll bet I can see Mr. Clancarty in five minutes right from this corner!"

"You'll do nothin' o' the kind. If Clancarty's in the tunnel he's got fifty feet o' good solid dirt between him an' you—and besides you can't telephone from the top down to the tunnel stations except through me, here at the office, and a fresh messenger kid like you—"

The Rabbit hung up abruptly. He took a direct trail across the street, dodging his way again among people and automobiles, turned into the arcade of a business structure, nodded to a cigar counter man, and went down a little flight of stairs that led from the marble lined corridor. Down some more steps where it was growing warmer, and then he opened a door.

"Hello, Rabbit!" said a man, sitting at a desk in a little, brightly-lighted room. Beyond came the hum of machinery, a first glimpse of the busy underground life of the big city.

"Hello, Mr. Givens," answered Rabbit to the engineer. "Dumped y'r ashes yet? I'm lookin' for Mr. Clancarty, who ought to be in charge of the train."

"The boys just sent 'em away ten minutes ago, I think."

"Then Clancarty'll be over at the Trust Building," continued Rabbit, promptly, and turned on his heel. Up and out to the street again, down two blocks and onto Monroe Street, which at this hour was darker

and more quiet. The Loop Indian was as sure of his trail here as were his forefathers on the Southwestern deserts. He went in the main corridor, found another obscure little door and stairs leading down, and down he went. Two flights down this time, and past a watchman who nodded to him silently. Then out into the great power room of the skyscraper which also housed a big department store above.

THE PLACE was a white-lighted wilderness of dynamos, steam pumps, water pipes and whirring belts; while still another floor down, through an iron grating, Rabbit saw the boilers and furnaces and the dump from which the tunnel freight trains supplied coal to the underground city.

An assistant engineer told him what he desired. The ash train was under the chutes now, and Rabbit could catch the man in charge if he stepped lively. Being lively was Rabbit's specialty, so he went whistling down the little iron curving steps to the hot boiler room. It would be still another level below this where the ash train waited to receive the day's accumulations.

"Hello, Sigel!" yelled Rabbit above the din, to a fireman. Other men were working about a column of asbestos-covered pipes, and past these and out on a spur track of the railroad the messenger traveled lightly. And he was just clear of the piping by some yards when he heard a wild yell above the clatter of the machinery above. Turning his head Rabbit saw the workmen scattering down the fire room, and the next instant they were all blotted out in a white cloud. A shrill hiss which grew to a roar broke on his ears; and without waiting for his senses to tell him what had happened

Rabbit sprang swiftly from the narrow track to escape the steam cloud that swirled after him. He felt its blistering breath even as he was in midair, but he went down through it, striking flat on his back on a smooth, polished metal surface that slanted downward at such an angle that Rabbit, frantically clutching out in every direction, could not stay his slide.

Not that he wanted to, for the whole space above was a chamber of whirling, opaque steam clouds that spread after him. Down Rabbit went on his neck, still grabbing vainly at the metal slide. Then his shoulders and heels both struck narrowing edges, his body doubled up and he fell again—plop!—through an opening and into a soft but suffocating bed that nearly buried him. Ash particles and dust rained after him, but above, through the opening of the ash chute, he saw the pursuing steam demon settling lower. A boiler pipe had bursted somewhere.

Spitting coal ash from his mouth Rabbit raised his head.

"Well, I went shootin' the chutes," he gasped. "Must be on an ash car, then. Hello, Clancarty!" he bawled, struggling to sit up. "Clancarty!"

The ash bed under him was decidedly warm, and Rabbit went scrambling about in it feeling this way and that. He was about to slide off the ash mound when he felt the train jerk for a start. And the next minute his car went bumping out from under the metal ash chutes and into the tunnel.

"Clancarty is up there ahead," thought Rabbit, "and I better catch him and then hop off and see what's goin' on in the engine room."

But when he stuck up his head, blowing ash dust out of his mouth and rubbing his eyes, he instantly ducked it down again. The line of seven cars had swerved out in the tunnel and was rumbling on faster and faster.

And the concrete tunnel, horseshoe shape, was not more than six feet wide and seven and a half feet high. That meant that the little cars, twelve feet in length and four wide, allowed very little space on either side, as they rushed along the curves at fifteen miles an hour. But worse than that, as Rabbit saw, was the stream of vivid blue light that

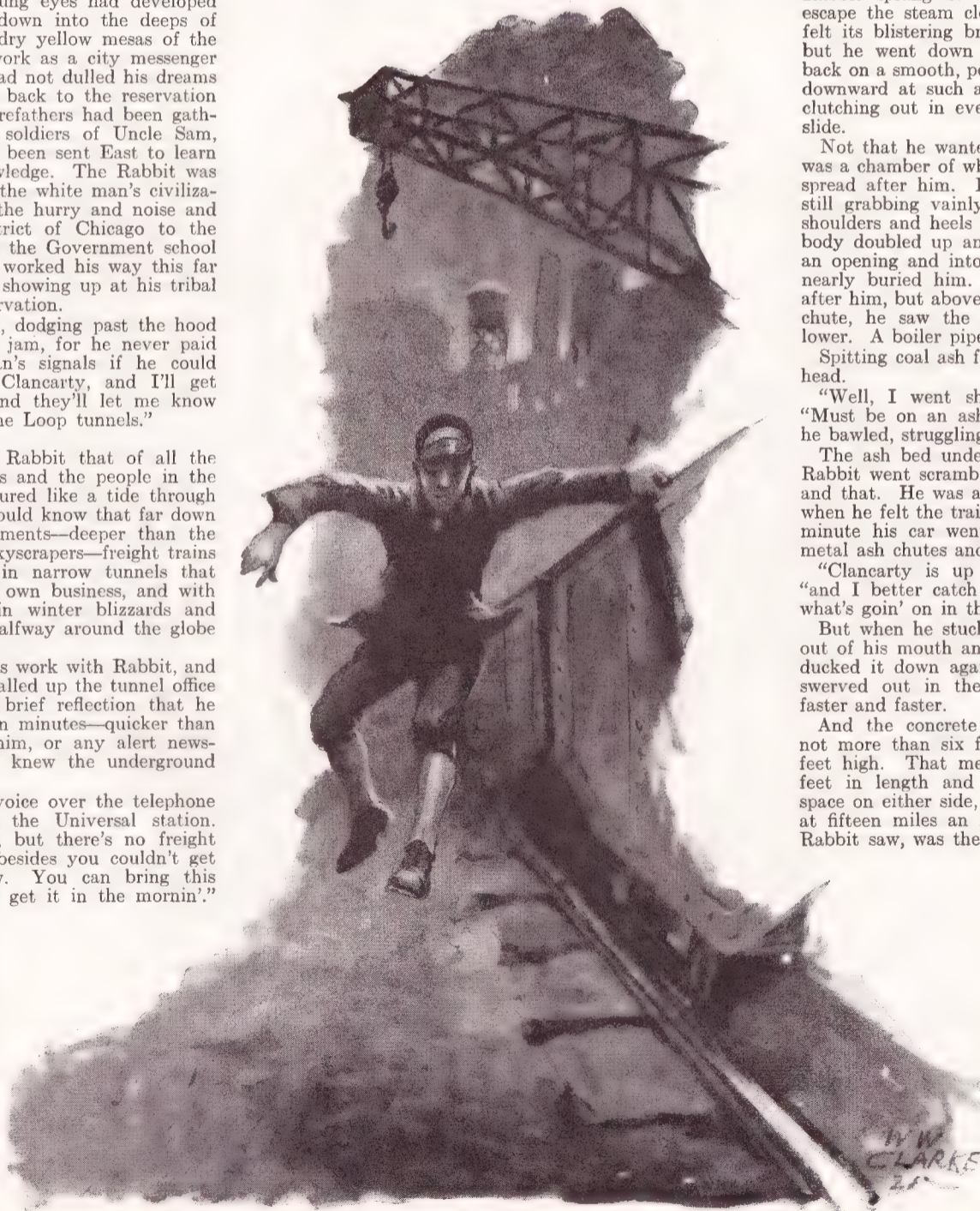
crackled back from the electric locomotive. The deadly trolley wire was so close above his face that he could have reached a hand to it easily.

The instant that Rabbit Shanks thought of that, he flopped back full length on his ash bed and lay still.

"Got to stick it out till the next ash dump," he sputtered. "Let's see, maybe I can figure out where the train'll go from here."

He had ridden through one section of the seventy miles of underground railroad before, with his friend,

(Continued on page 51)



Rabbit hit the cinders with a bump, but on both feet.

The Sioux had made a heavy trail as they went up the valley, and the moon gave us plenty of light to follow it.



William Jackson, Indian Scout

By James Willard Schultz

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

WELL we knew that somewhere ahead we were in for a big fight with the Sioux.

"Did I not tell you so even before we left Fort Rice?" grimly demanded Bloody Knife, General Custer's favorite Ree scout and one of the best friends my brother Robert and I ever had.

True, he had. Bloody Knife knew well both the ways of the Sioux and the danger of an attack by a big band of them up in that wild Elk River (Yellowstone) country. He had grimly foretold the big fight into which we knew now we were surely riding. And he rode on into it grimly.

Robert and I strove to appear as calm as Bloody Knife and the other experienced scouts, and I think no one guessed how excitedly our hearts were beating. We were very young to have been permitted to enlist as regular scouts in our country's army—Robert was only nineteen, I seventeen—and this was our first big expedition. Moreover, it was with the famous Seventh Cavalry, under General Custer, the Ree scouts' beloved Chief Long Hair. We were guarding a party of surveyors sent to run the line for a railroad.

Railroads to be built up in that great buffalo country! Small wonder that the Sioux, urged on by shrewd old Sitting Bull, were furiously determined to drive back the expedition.

But Robert and I—who had in our veins the blood of a famous old Virginia family as well as that of the staunch Pikuni tribe—pinned our faith to the promises of the white men that all the Indians in the country should be fairly treated, and felt fully justified in riding on against Sitting Bull's allies.

Chapter X

THE Sioux had made a heavy trail as they went up the valley, and the moon gave us plenty of light to follow it. We rode steadily all night, stopped at daybreak for breakfast and three hours' rest, and again took the trail.

We wanted, of course, to make a surprise attack upon the Sioux, for we were only about 450, and they all of a thousand fighting men; so at noon, finding that their trail was quite fresh, we went into a big grove of timber bordering the river, and remained there until near sundown. Then, having gone only a few miles from that resting place, we came to the shore end of the river, and the end of the trail; there the enemy had crossed over to the other side, and only a few hours before. Had we kept on instead of making a halt at noon, we would have come upon them when they were preparing to make the crossing, and so had every advantage of them.

We could see no glow of lodges, no sparks of camp fires on the opposite side of the river, and it was thought that the enemy had gone from there on up the valley. We went on up the river a little way, and stopped for the night in a small grove, we scouts by ourselves in the upper end of it. There Bloody Knife came to us, much disgusted, and for the first time, angry at the man he worshipped, Long Hair—General Custer.

"I told him," he said, pointing to an island out in the middle of the river, "we can ride out to it, and from there swim with our horses to the other side. He did not answer me; he just gave orders for us to camp!"

"Maybe he did not understand you," I said. "I told him that not only with my mouth, with white men's talk; I said it also with hands talk! Of course he understood!"

"It is very bad for us that he would not take your advice," said an older one of the Rees. "The enemy camp must be within easy ride from here; we could make dawn attack upon it, and oh, what a killing! What a killing!"

"Well, what is to be will be," said another. "For me, right now, it is a good sleep," said my brother, and at that we all laughed, wrapped our blankets about us, lay down and were in no time dead to the world.

The sentries awakened us very early, we saddled up, and forded out to the island as day was breaking. From there to the east shore the river was fairly swift and about two hundred yards in width, and Bloody Knife, calling upon my brother to interpret for him, went to General Custer and again proposed that we all should get into the water at once and swim across; but a short no was all the answer that he got. We spent all that day in building a raft and trying unsuccessfully to get it across the stream. Then at sundown a party of Sioux suddenly came out of the brush opposite to water their horses. But they never watered them for, at once discovering us upon the island, they wheeled about and were out of sight before a shot could be fired at them. That of course ended all thought of making a surprise attack upon their camp, and the attempt to cross to the east side was abandoned and we moved from the island to the main shore.

Bloody Knife had been sullen all day, and now he was furious, and so were others of the Rees. What was the matter with these white soldiers? they asked. Were they babies, that they could not plunge into the river with their horses and swim to the other side? No, they were not babies: they were big powerful men—with little bird hearts! They were afraid of the river! Huh!

Robert remarked that a number of them could not swim, and to that Bloody Knife angrily exclaimed: "Well, at least, they could hang onto their horses' tails and so be towed across!"

The night passed without incident, but at break of day a large party of the Sioux opened fire at us from the opposite shore. Some of the best shots of the command were ordered to return their fire, and while they were doing that, it was discovered that other parties of the enemy were crossing with their horses above and

below us. Bloody Knife and I were two of the detail of sharpshooters.

We tried hard to make every shot count. But the remaining warriors were already mounting their horses and hurrying to join the great numbers of riders crossing above and below us.

GENERAL CUSTER, meantime, had sent Captain French and several of the troops to attack the Indians crossing below, and Colonel Hart to attack those crossing above, while he and the remaining officers and troops looked out for our center. Great numbers of the enemy had already crossed and were gathering on the bluffs in our front, preparing to charge us. The scouts were about evenly divided among the three commands, and when Bloody Knife and I finally came out from the shore, he went straight to General Custer, and I was ordered to join Lieutenant Braden—of Colonel Hart's force—who with about twenty men, was posted on a small knoll out in the bottom.

I had no sooner joined the little detail than about a hundred and fifty of the enemy came charging down at us. One of the first shots that they fired pierced Lieutenant Braden's thigh, whirling him about and to the ground. But with never a cry of pain, there he sat, calling upon us to hold the knoll, and firing his revolver with careful aim. But our shots did not seem to have much effect on the enemy; they came on to within fifty yards, and then, just as I thought for sure that they were going to ride right over us, they swerved, and went out to join a larger force preparing to charge our front.

It was then that we heard the band, back of us, begin playing "Garry Owen," General Custer's signal for the grand charge at the enemy. As he rode out, his horse and that of another officer, Lieutenant Ketchum, were shot down, and they each took a trooper's mount.

As I have said, the Sioux were about a thousand warriors against four hundred and fifty of us, and few of us thought that our charge upon them would succeed, for they were brave fighters. But to our surprise, they almost at once began to give way and retreat up the valley. Then, suddenly we understood: the main column of the expedition was in sight, coming up the valley; and at that a grand chase of the enemy began and was continued for seven or eight miles, when the last of them recrossed the river and were safe.

That night, the officers had some talk about crossing the river and pursuing the Indians, but decided that it was more important to continue with the railroad survey. Accordingly, we moved on up the river to a butte named Pompey's Pillar, and from there out north to the Musselshell River, from which point the Seventh Cavalry, with the railroad engineers, and some of us scouts, left the Infantry and the wagon train and pushed straight across the plains to the Yellowstone opposite the Stockade, and four days later the *Josephine* came up and ferried us across. A day or two later, we struck out for Fort Lincoln, and without adventure of any kind arrived there the 22nd of September, the rest of the expedition coming in some time later.

When we returned to Fort Lincoln, Robert and I had a pleasant surprise when we found our mother there awaiting our return. We at once built a little cabin adjoining the scouts' quarters, below the fort, and she remained with us all winter, returning to Fort Buford on the first steamboat upbound, in the spring.

The winter passed quietly enough, and with the approach of spring, word was passed that the Seventh Cavalry was to go on a trip into the Black Hills to select a site for a fort, and to learn if it were true, as had been whispered about, that prospectors had found placer gold there, and were washing out great quantities of it. To us scouts, this was such good news we could scarcely believe it; we had become very tired of our monotonous life at the fort.

"I am going to Long Hair right now and learn the truth about this," said Bloody Knife, and away he went, up to General Custer's headquarters; and soon returned to us, broadly smiling.

"It is true!" he cried. "We are going out there! We shall soon be leaving here!"

And at that all the Rees sprang to their feet and sang a song of war.

At last the expedition was made up of ten companies of the Seventh Cavalry, one company of the 20th Infantry, one of the 17th Infantry, a few members of the United States Engineers, under Captain Ludlow, Charlie Reynolds, white scout, 61 Indian scouts, and a long train of supply wagons, and we left Fort Lincoln on July 1. Accompanying us were two geologists, Mr. Winchell and Mr. George Bird Grinnell.

Day by day the expedition moved south across a plain covered with game, and we scouts had all the shooting that we wanted. Bloody Knife always and sometimes Charlie Reynolds rode with General Custer, and at night Reynolds usually camped with us Indian scouts. I had known him for several years, and now the more I saw of him, the better I liked him. He was about thirty years of age, slender but powerfully muscled. He was often called "Lonesome" Charlie, because he frequently went alone on long trapping trips; and all the tribes of the Upper Missouri well knew that he was a man without fear. None knew where he came from, or if Reynolds was his real name. All the same, he was of happy disposition and generous beyond words. Little did I dream then that only two years later I was to take part in a great battle with the Sioux in which Lonesome Charlie and, oh, so many others of my soldier and scout friends and acquaintances were to meet their end.

AS we neared the Black Hills, in the middle of the month, we began to see, in our front, signal fires of scouts of hostile Sioux camps, by means of which they kept their people informed of our advance; and then, on several occasions, we saw a few of the scouts, but never were able to get within range of them. At last we arrived in the hills, where we found broad and fertile meadows, plenty of water, slopes of heavy timber, and, actually, placer gold in the old channels of the streams. Our officers were very enthusiastic about it, and in a roundabout way, we learned that General Custer, and the geologists, were writing reports about the richness of the country.

Around our evening camp fires, we scouts had some talk about that, and all agreed that Bloody Knife was right when he said to us: "When the whites learn what we have found in these mountains, they will swarm in here like flies around a carcass, and then there will be trouble, great trouble. This is Sioux and Cheyenne and Arapahoe country; it is so written on a treaty paper that the Great Father's chiefs and the chiefs of the three tribes signed."

We got back to Fort Lincoln at the end of August. Except for a little deer and antelope hunting, life there was again monotonous enough to us scouts. But in the fall and winter we had one bit of excitement: the capture and escape of Rain-in-the-Face.

In his rounds of the different Indian agencies along the river, to feel the pulse of the Sioux tribes, as it were, Bloody Knife learned that, at Standing Rock agency, this Unepapa warrior, Rain-in-the-Face, had been boasting that he himself had killed Doctor Honzinger, and Mr. Baliran, the veterinary and the sutler of the Yellowstone expedition of 1873. General Custer at once decided to have Rain-in-the-Face arrested, brought to Fort Lincoln, and tried for murder. He ordered Captain Yates, and Captain Thomas Custer—his brother—to go with their two companies of the Seventh Cavalry, to make the arrest, and urged upon them to be extremely cautious in all that they did. As none of the command knew Rain-in-the-Face, a Ree scout, Skunk Head, went along to identify the man.

The outfit left Fort Lincoln on a bitter cold day in

December, and two days later arrived at Standing Rock, where they let it be thought that their errand was to recover some stolen horses. On the following morning, the Ree scout, Skunk Head, reported that he had just seen Rain-in-the-Face and a number of other men going into the trader's store. As a detail of the supposed horse hunters rode casually out past the store, Captain Custer, with five of his men and the scout, sauntered into it. The scout, as soon as he could do it without attracting attention, let Custer know that a certain Indian, standing at the counter, was the man wanted. Custer sidled up behind and suddenly seized him. Rain-in-the-Face had to drop the Winchester carbine which he had concealed under his blanket, in order to try to free himself. Then two of the troopers seized his arms, while the other three and the scout leveled their weapons at the crowd and held them at bay. Already a trooper standing outside at a window had given Captain Yates a sign agreed upon, and he and a number of his men came in with a rush, and in two minutes Rain-in-

the-Face, well trussed up and bound upon a horse, was being hurried toward Fort Lincoln for trial.

At the same time, his friends were hurrying to the different camps to try to organize a force to pursue the soldiers and free him. But that they could not do, as the most of the able-bodied men of the camps were out on a buffalo hunt. The command brought him safely to the fort, where he was taken to the guard house and chained to a

was promised that the prisoner should have a fair trial. For some reason, the court martial was postponed, and while awaiting it, Rain-in-the-Face had many visitors, scouts, soldiers, civilians, even wives of the officers, and he was kept well supplied with tobacco. Captain Tom Custer was a frequent visitor, and on one of these occasions I interpreted for him. During the talk, the captain told Rain-in-the-Face that he did not think that there was much hope for him; that he would probably be found guilty, and be sentenced to die. And at that, his eyes blazing with anger, the Indian replied: "The soldiers will never shoot or hang me! I shall live to see you die, you who captured me!"

The captain and I, of course, thought those but idle words, but they proved to be only too true. Of all my memories of that long past time, that threat of Rain-in-the-Face is one of the most persistent. Was it given to him, wild man of the plains that he was, to read the future?

The citizen oats stealer to whom Rain-in-the-Face was chained, had friends, and on a night when a blizzard was raging, they cut a hole in the log wall of the guard house and freed him and the Indian, and somewhere outside removed the chain that bound them together. In the morning, all of the Seventh Cavalry and the Indian scouts were ordered out to hunt for the escaped prisoners, but neither of them could be found. It was reported later that Rain-in-the-Face, despite the terrible weather, never stopped going until he had crossed the Canadian line. He remained there for some time, until the search for him at the American Sioux agencies ended, when he came back across the line to Sitting Bull's camp of hostiles, in the Powder River—Tongue River country.

IN 1874 and 1875, the survey for the Northern Pacific railroad was practically at a standstill, owing to the determined opposition that the Sioux had made to its extension. General Custer's Black Hills expedition had, as Bloody Knife predicted, still further enraged them as, following his report of the richness of that country, it was being invaded by prospectors. Sitting Bull was constantly sending messengers to the Northern Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, Assiniboins, Yanktonnais, and other tribes of the Sioux, urging them to join his hostile Unepapas in preserving the last of their buffalo country from the inroads of the whites. The Government, on

the other hand, was making preparations to subdue them, and in the summer of 1875, as a first step in that direction, sent men to make an examination of the Yellowstone River, with a view to building a strong Army post somewhere up it, in the heart of the hostile country.

Nothing more was done that year, however, toward establishing a fort on the Yellowstone. But in the fall, Sitting Bull's Unepapas and other hostile Sioux tribes and the equally hostile Cheyennes and Arapahoes were notified that, if they did not return to their agencies by the middle of the winter, and remain at them, the white soldiers would make them do so; if necessary, deprive them of their weapons and horses. Their reply to that was that they were in their own country, peaceably living upon their buffalo herds, that they intended to remain there, and that they would not allow a railroad to be built across their buffalo plains.

At Fort Lincoln, when word came from Standing Rock of the defiance of the hostiles, we scouts got together for a grand council; and when Bloody Knife stated that, in his opinion, we were to have a big fight, in which many of us would be killed, as well as many of the soldiers, we all agreed that he was right.

We held that council in February, and from that time until our terrible losing battle on the Little Bighorn, in June, every one of us carried upon our backs, as it were, an ever increasing load of uneasy suspense, of dread of what the future held for us.

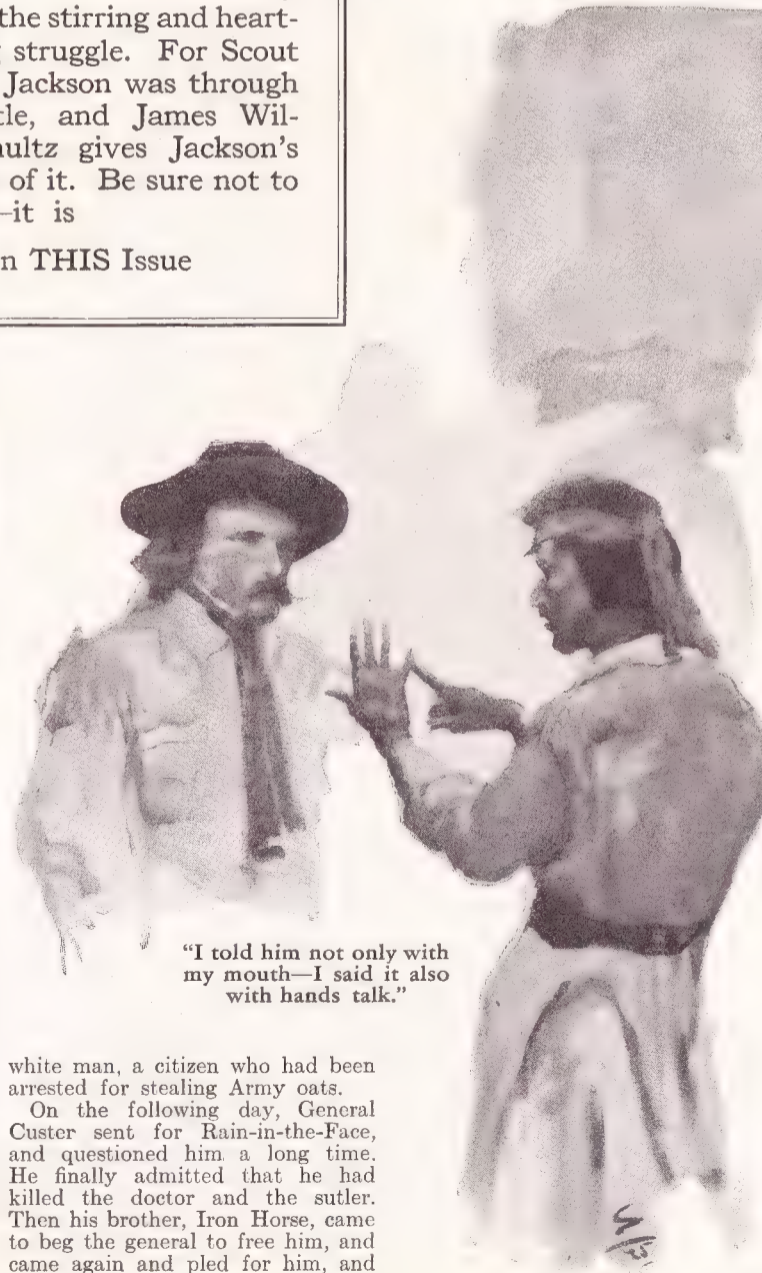
Chapter XI

IT was from Charlie Reynolds, the white scout, that we other scouts learned the Government's plans to capture the hostile tribes, deprive them of their weapons and force them to return to their several agencies: General Crook, with about a thousand troops, was to advance upon them from Fort Fetterman, south on the Platte; General Gibbon, at Fort Ellis, in Western Montana, was to come

Custer's Last Fight

One of the epics of American history, that bold, determined and at last disastrous stand of General Custer's troops against the Sioux. You've read in your histories of the battle on the Little Big Horn—read the accounts of historians who look at it from a critical distance. Now, in "William Jackson, Indian Scout," you can read the actual story of a man who was there, who saw every move of the stirring and heart-breaking struggle. For Scout William Jackson was through the battle, and James Willard Schultz gives Jackson's own tale of it. Be sure not to miss it—it is

In THIS Issue



"I told him not only with my mouth—I said it also with hands talk."

white man, a citizen who had been arrested for stealing Army oats.

On the following day, General Custer sent for Rain-in-the-Face, and questioned him a long time. He finally admitted that he had killed the doctor and the sutler. Then his brother, Iron Horse, came to beg the general to free him, and came again and pled for him, and

down the Yellowstone with his troops of about six hundred men, and meet General Custer with his command, at Stanley's Stockade. The three commands were then to act in unison to crush the hostiles.

General Crook's force was first in the field, but on March 17, it was so badly worsted by Crazy Horse's Sioux that it had to put back to Fort Fetterman for reorganization. Increased to something like 1,500 men, it again left for the north on May 29. General Gibbon, with his command, had left Fort Ellis on March 30th.

At Fort Lincoln, we scouts were uneasy: General Custer had been ordered to go to Washington, and it was whispered about that he was in trouble there; that he might be dismissed from the Army. We did not want to go against the hostiles if we were not to go with him. Our hearts were glad when he returned. We felt hurt when we learned that General Terry, not he, was to be the chief of the expedition. However, he was still the commanding officer of the Seventh Cavalry, still our leader; we hurriedly prepared to follow him. We were to leave the morning of the 17th of May.

On the evening of May 16th, Bloody Knife called us scouts together in our quarters: "I have just had a talk with our chief, Long Hair," he began. "He says that his woman is terribly low of heart, and that the women of the other officers are also. So Long Hair says that, when we start, in the morning, we will parade past the fort, and, showing the women that we are many and strong, quiet their fears. We, my friends, we Indian scouts, are to lead this parade; truly a great honor."

In the morning, the line formed below the fort. First us scouts, then the Seventh Cavalry, and behind them, two companies of the 17th Infantry, one of the Sixth Infantry, and one of the Twentieth Infantry with three Gatling guns and the long wagon train and pack train. We led off. As we passed the quarters of the scouts, their women, crying, sang a sad song of farewell, a song that chilled us. We recovered, and passing the fort and the officers' women, we sang the Arickaree war song bravely, in perfect time to the beat of the four scouts' drums. The women smiled through their tears, cheered us, clapped their hands, and turned to watch the soldiers riding behind us, their band playing General Custer's favorite war tune, "Garry Owen."

General Custer's wife, and his sister, the wife of Lieutenant Calhoun, had their horses ready, and accompanied us that first day out. We went but a little way and camped, and that night the troops and we scouts were all paid off, and the next morning, Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Calhoun went back to the fort with the paymaster.

We had not gone far west of the Little Missouri when scouts came to us with dispatches from Gibbon which caused us to change our course more to the west to Powder River. Striking it about twenty miles above its mouth, we camped there several days, while General Terry and several other officers, with a strong escort, went down to the Yellowstone and met General Gibbon. From this Powder River camp, Major Reno, with a part of the Seventh Cavalry and some of the scouts, went south and west to look for signs of the hostiles, and the rest of the command finally moved on up to the mouth of Tongue River, which we struck on June 16th, the Steamboat *Far West* arriving there the same day.

On the following day, as we learned later, General Crook and his command again had a terrible fight with Crazy Horse's band of Sioux, and General Crook had to turn back to his main camp, send his wounded men on to Fort Fetterman, and wait for fresh troops and supplies from that point. The result was that he did not strike north again until August.

It was near night on June 19th, when two of the scouts with Major Reno came in with word from him that he had found a big trail of the hostiles going west from the Rosebud toward the Bighorn River. On receipt of this news, General Terry sent orders to Reno

to move down the former river, and on the morning of June 21, the united command went into camp at the mouth of the Rosebud. Across from us, on the north side of the Yellowstone, was Gibbon's command. The *Far West* came up with General Terry and his staff, and the officers had a grand council of war.

That a camp of hostiles seen on a tributary of the Rosebud was the only one in the country, and that it numbered no more than, at the most, 800 or 900 able-bodied warriors, was the belief of the Crow scouts who had been out over the country. It was also the firm belief of the officers counciling on the steamboat, and

old friend of ours, Frank Girard, a man who had once been captured by Crazy Horse's band of Sioux, and had lived with them so long that he had acquired no little of their ways, and their religion.

ON the third day, we struck the trail of the hostiles, the one that Reno had found several days before. And what a trail it was; a trail all of three hundred yards wide, and deeply worn by travois, and lodgepole ends. We went into camp close to the trail, and cooking our supper, we scouts councilled together about the outlook. All agreed that at least fifteen hundred lodges of the enemy had made that broad trail. Said Bloody Knife: "My friends, this big trail proves what we heard, that the Ogalalla, Minneconjou, Sans Arc and Teton Sioux have left their agencies to join Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse; but I am sure that even this trail does not account for all that have left their agencies. There surely are other trails of them; and trails too of Cheyennes and Arapahoes."

"Many Yanktonnais and Assiniboins have answered Sitting Bull's call for help, and joined him," said Frank Girard.

"Yes. They too," Bloody Knife continued. "It is as I have told Long Hair: this gathering of the enemy tribes is too many for us. But he will not believe me. He is bound to lead us against them. They are not far away; just over this ridge, they are all encamped and waiting for us. Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull are not men-without-sense; they have their scouts out, and some of them surely have their eyes upon us. Well, to-morrow we are going to have a big fight, a losing fight. Myself, I know what is to happen to me, my sacred helper has given me warning that I am not to see the set of to-morrow's sun."

Sad words, those. They chilled us. I saw Charlie Reynolds nod agreement to them, and was chilled again when he said in a low voice: "I feel as he does: to-morrow will be the end for me, too. Anyone who wants my little outfit of stuff"—pointing to his war sack—"can have it right now." He opened it, began passing out tobacco; a sewing kit; several shirts and so on. Many refused the presents; those who accepted them, did so with evident reluctance.

We had little appetite for our coffee and hardtack, and the meat that we were broiling. While we were eating, word was passed from mess to mess to put out the fires. That was quickly done, and soon afterwards, Lieutenant Varnum, who was in charge of us scouts, came over and said that it was General Custer's plan to attempt a surprise attack upon the camp of the enemy. The command was to rest until about midnight, and then again take the trail; some of us scouts, meantime, were to push on ahead and try to locate the camp.

Said Bloody Knife: "We cannot surprise the enemy! They are not crazy; without doubt their scouts have watched every move that we have made."

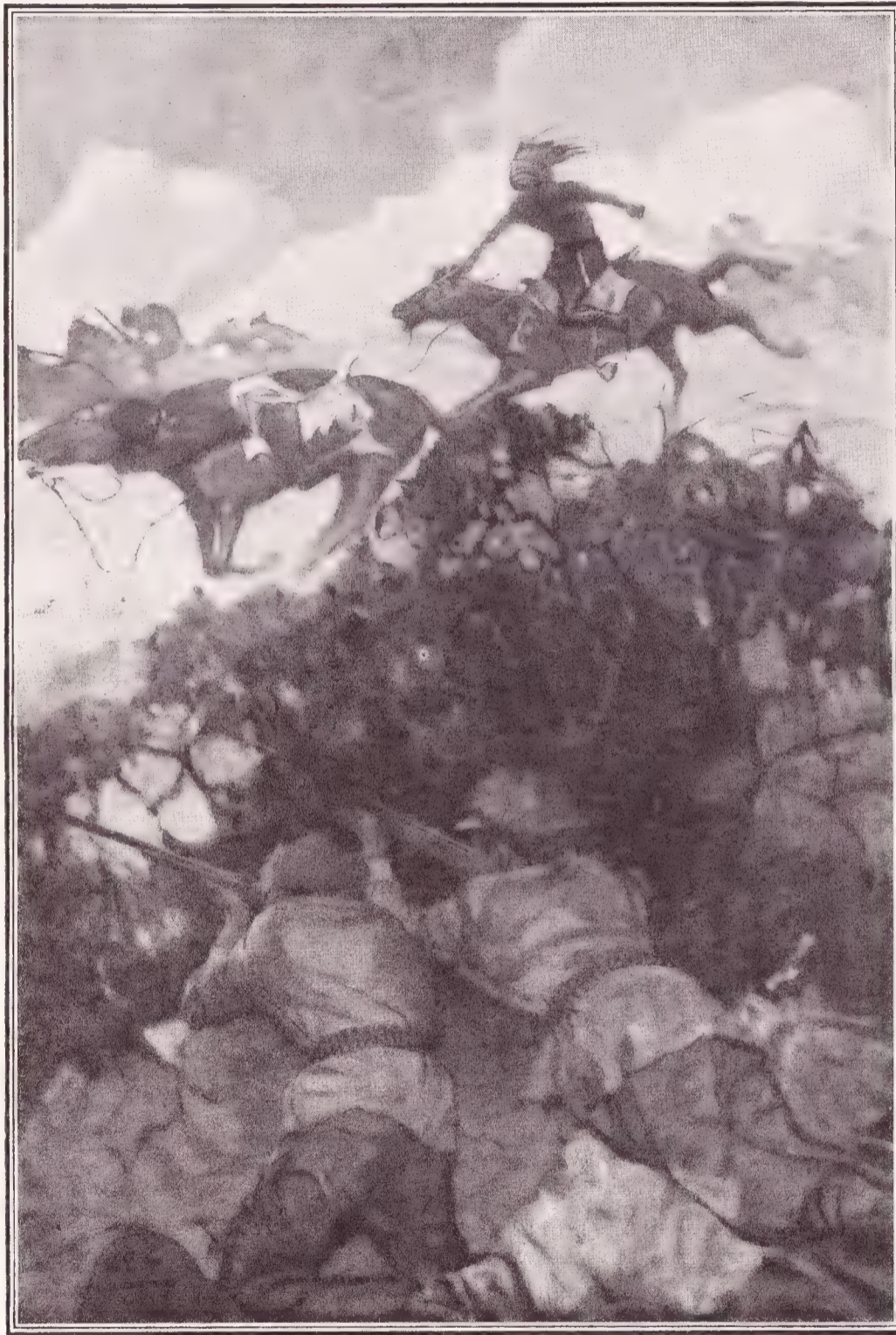
"Well, Bloody Knife, that is probably true, but we must try to surprise them, must we not?"

"Yes, o' course. We try!" he replied.

"Very well. We will go out in three parties: Bruyer, you take two of your Crows and go forward on the right of the trail. Bloody Knife, you take the left of the trail, with two of your Rees. You Jackson boys, and you, Reynolds, come with me on the trail," ordered Varnum.

We saddled our horses, mounted and struck out all together. We kept together for all of a mile, and then Bruyer and the Crows and Bloody Knife and the Rees, branched off and left us to follow the trail. We moved on cautiously, often stopping to listen for the barking of camp dogs in answer to the howling of the wolves, and to look for the red gleam of sparks from some sick one's lodge fire. So we went on and on through the night, getting no sight nor sound of the enemy. At dawn, the command overtook us, and Lieutenant Varnum reported to General Custer.

(Continued on page 55)



Several hundred of the enemy went thundering past that outer end of our line.

General Terry planned the campaign against the hostiles accordingly. They were thought to be encamped on the Bighorn River, not far above its mouth. General Crook, believed to be near the head of the Bighorn, would be able to head them off if they attempted to retreat southward. Terry therefore ordered General Custer to go up the Rosebud to the Indian trail that Reno had discovered, and, following it westward, be prepared to attack the camp on June 26, when he would be supported by General Gibbon's command. The latter was to move back at once up the north side of the Yellowstone to a point opposite the mouth of the Bighorn River, and there the *Far West* would ferry it across, and it would march up the Bighorn and get in touch with Custer's command.

General Custer with his Seventh Cavalry, a pack train carrying 15 days rations and extra cartridges, his own scouts, and six Crow scouts under John Bruyer, from Gibbon's command, left the mouth of the Rosebud about noon, June 22. My brother and I rode with an

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April, 1926

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

John Alden

MR. LONGFELLOW once wrote a poem about a man who didn't do it himself but left it to somebody else, and he said what might be called a poetic pageful about the subject—to the effect that if you want a job clicked through you should get at it your own personal self and not hand it over to somebody else. Which is true.

Difficult

THIS is difficult, not to say impossible, for nobody can do everything, and there are heaps of jobs you've got to trust to somebody else. And that's what makes life so difficult. After all, the main thing about any job is getting it done. Before you can finish it you must start it—and starting somebody else at work is a large, man's-size, two-fisted, double-back-action piece of work. Everybody has an enormous stock of the thing we call inertia. Inertia is what a big rock has. That is to say, it is nothing but heaviness which resists anybody's attempt to move it. People are that way. They like to sit down, and fight against being shifted. They're harder to move than rocks, because you can put a lever under a rock and off she goes; but the inertia of a human being is in his mind, and nobody ever discovered a lever you could shove under that.

Do It Yourself

SO, if there is any possibility of your doing the thing yourself, why, get at it and don't ask somebody else to take it off your hands. Maybe he could do it a lot better than you—if he ever started and finished it. But by the time you get him under way you could have it done. Not so well as he would, maybe, but done—and done is a fine word. You've wasted your time trying to start him, and his time thinking over whether he would start. Right there twice the time required to do the job is gone forever, and nothing has happened at all. A job done as well as you can do it—but done—is a whole heap better than a job not done at all—that might have been done superlatively well if it ever had got started.

We Know

WE'VE just been on a piece of work that could not be done by us. We had to start about seventeen other fellows and make them deliver. Never in our life have we worked so hard and been so tired—and actually we haven't done a stroke of real labor. For two months we have talked and telephoned and telegraphed—just to get these fellows to commence. In that time, if we could have been allowed to do so, we could have done the whole job. It wouldn't have had the sparkle and variety it will have if this gang ever turn to, but it would be a lot better than what will happen if the gang never do anything.

Self-conscious

DO you know why so many fellows make idiots of themselves? Well, we believe it is because they are self-conscious. Because they're shy. Almost everybody is shy. We are afraid to meet strangers; we are timid about entering a room filled with our friends. It upsets us. So, in order to protect ourselves we put on a suit of idiotic armor. Maybe we act as if we were high hat, maybe we make loud noises, maybe we bluster, maybe we just erect a barrier of silence. These things

are not of our own true characters at all, any more than a derby hat is a part of your head. Self-consciousness is natural, but it is uncomfortable. Most people never get over it. Consequently, have a little sympathy for that boy over there who is behaving like a half-witted dodo bird. He isn't being fresh. He isn't a smart Alec. He's really very uncomfortable and unhappy.

Why Is It?

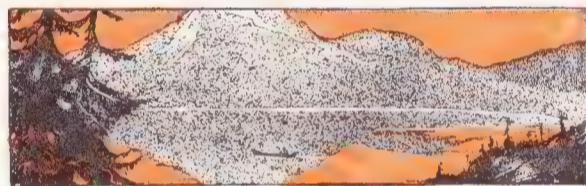
WHY is it that we find so often we like very much a fellow whom we did not like at all on first meeting? The answer's easy. It's because he has grown to feel at ease with us, to be his natural self. He's lost his shyness and self-consciousness. We are seeing him for the first time—and not the quite different person he was pretending to be.

Don't Jump at Conclusions

SO don't jump at conclusions either way. It may be some fellow fascinates you when you meet him first. You are all for him, and he seems to be just the person you've always wanted to know. Fine—if he still looks that way in two months. Don't be hasty—either with your sudden likes or your sudden dislikes. Get acquainted. Remember there are folks who don't cotton to you at first, because you are like everybody else. Get acquainted and give others a chance to become acquainted with you. Don't have crushes and don't have sudden hates. You lose money on either of them.

Mike

WE have a parrot by the name of Mike who never jumps at conclusions. And he's a bird about whom you must not jump at conclusions either. He takes nobody for granted. No sudden likes or dislikes for him. What he demands is a chance to look you over and make up his mind. On first meeting we didn't think we were going to like him at all for he came unpleasantly close to biting off our thumb. That was his way of telling us not to get familiar on short acquaintance. We took the hint and put in a week getting acquainted. After that we put our hand into his cage again and he stepped up on our finger as gentle as a



Little Lac Grenier

(Lake "Gren-yay")

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Right on de mountain top,
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Up on de mountain high,
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Back on de mountain dere,
But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warn,
For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm!

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose deer
An' caribou too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,
Onder de roof of spring
Ma canoe's afloat, an' de robin sing,
De lily's beginning her summer dress,
An' trout's wakin' up from hees long, long res'.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I'm happy now,
Out on de ole canoe,
For I'm all alone, *ma chere*, wit' you,
An' if only a nice light rod I had
I'd try dat fish near de lily pad!

Leetle Lac Grenier, O! let me go,
Don't spik to me no more,
For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,
An' you know youse'f I'm too far away,
For visit you now—leetle Lac Grenier!

From "Johnnie Courteau," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

pigeon. He had to be shown, and we, fortunately, did not judge him to be ill tempered because of that introductory bite. We're rattling good friends now.

Conversation

DO people ever enjoy talking any more? We like the sort who do. But it does look as if most fellows—and men and women—didn't have much conversation to offer. They're afraid to sit down together for an evening of companionship without some artificial aid. They have to play cards or mah jongg or go to the movies or rig up some kind of aid for lazy minds. We have found the most reasonably priced amusement in the world to be conversation. We have never found an amusement to equal it. . . . Here's where self-consciousness comes in again. We are all afraid we have nothing to say that will interest the other fellow. Whereas every human being in the world is a very interesting creature. While you are young, get the habit of conversation. It will bring you friends and it will bring you pleasure of a fine and high variety.

As to Thinking

THERE'S another pastime you should encourage. We are not sure an hour of pleasant reflection, of sitting and dreaming, isn't about as keen a pleasure as there is to be had. Most of the great things in the world have come because somebody sat and dreamed. It is loafing, of course, but we are all for loafing when it can be done without its becoming laziness. Cultivate the pleasure of sitting down and letting your thoughts go out for a stroll. No telling what may come of it. First will be enjoyment, after that may come something to equal the invention of the radio, something to charm the world like a great poem, something to improve the world like a great political conception. The mind will astonish you with the corners it pokes into.

Psychological

THESE editorials have been a heap psychological this month, and that's a heavy-weight word for a very simple thing. Introspection is another word in the two-hundred pound class—but it is a simple one too, for it means taking a look inside yourself to watch the wheels go around. We'll bet you know very little about yourself. Some day you've got to sell yourself to an employer. How are you going to do it if you don't know all about the goods you are offering? Get acquainted.

Not "Apple Sauce"

PUTTING genuine appreciation into words isn't "apple sauce." Don't be afraid to tell your varsity captain that he's doing a fine job of captaining, if you really think he is; perhaps, in spite of his courageous, confident manner, he's a little blue and needs your friendly boost. Don't be afraid to tell your young brother that you think he has the makings of a good swimmer, and that you're proud of the gritty way he keeps after that hard dive. Don't be afraid to admire your mother in her new hat; she'll give you back your own admiring grin, and you'll both be happier all day. A little appreciation makes a lot of happiness.

Slips and Sour Streaks

YOU can put a sour streak into a good time with just one little slip of your disposition. Not long ago, we saw a young fellow do it. His mother asked him to take her and some guests out driving in the car one afternoon when he had made other plans for himself. Nothing that couldn't be sidetracked, but it riled him to have to do it. And he let slip a remark that showed it. In a few minutes he had himself in hand and was an entertaining young host as well as a good chauffeur. But he had put a little sour streak into the afternoon—a touch of constraint. The guests knew he didn't want to go, and his mother felt rueful—no mother enjoys seeing her son slip. We wish he'd learn when to grab onto his disposition and grin graciously.

Right There Every Time

WE often walk several extra blocks to get to our favorite bootblack. We pass other "shining parlors" on the way. Why don't we stop at them? We have—we have. And sometimes we got a good shine, and then again we didn't. But our favorite never fails to give us an artistic polish that stays put an astonishingly long time. No off days for him. We always get a good shine. So we walk blocks to get to him. And we tell our friends about him. We suspect that other people do the same thing, for he's always busy. He's making a big success in his line. Why? Because he's right there every time. Reliability means a lot.

Whistling Jimmy Takes a Chance



The Applegate boys, who had not been rated highly, finished only inches behind Johnstown stars.

JIMMY GAYNOR, whistling a dirge that carried a curiously bitter undertone, came out to the athletic field and slammed the locker room door behind him. Why, he asked himself, couldn't Ben Thatcher have told his troubles without that pledge to silence?

"Carter ought to know," he mumbled, "and Ben's got me sewed up so that I can't tell. It isn't fair to Cart." A voice cried, "Gangway, Jim!" and a group of sprinters, Palmer in the lead, swept past him on the track. Up ahead a stocky boy with abnormally long legs came out on the cinder path and began to limber up.

Jimmy's eyes brightened. He liked to watch Ben Thatcher run, for Ben had that something called "form." It was in the way he swung his arms so that they carried him along, the easy, springy manner in which his legs came up, the long sweep of his stride. Even when forcing himself he seemed to be running with ease. Somehow it had gone through Applegate High that, unless the school took first place in the half-mile, it could not hope to do well in the Johnstown meet. And Ben Thatcher was a half-miler.

Jimmy began to whistle again, a vague run of uncertain notes. He could picture Coach Carter training the boy, counting on him, never suspecting that when the day of the meet came Ben might not be able to start.

"On your mark! Get set!"

Carter's voice came clearly to Jimmy, and he quickened his gait. He knew Carter's system of training for the 880—sprints one day, a run of three-quarters of a mile under wraps another day, and every so often just the right distance. Perhaps this was Ben's day to do the exact half mile.

Thatcher was well on his way when Jimmy reached the starting point. Carter, eyes puckered, his watch out, was staring after the speeding figure.

"No effort to it at all," Jimmy commented.

"Ugh!" Carter grunted absently. He was interested in Thatcher!

In a minute the runner was coming down the stretch on winged feet. Admiration stirred in Jimmy. This was running! A dash of cinders sprayed against one of his legs as Ben spurted across the finish line, and he looked at the coach. A smile had momentarily flashed across Carter's face.

Thatcher caught a thrown bath robe and came walking back. "How was my time, Coach?"

"Not at all bad, Ben." Carter gave no figures—bad

By William Heyliger

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

business to tell a man his time so early in the season. Thatcher took the total lack of criticism as a good sign and went off to the locker room. He was satisfied.

Jimmy wasn't. That look on Carter's face had brought him up short. He had seen it before—after the last two games on the basketball schedule. It was Carter's victory smile.

And Thatcher might not run at all!

BEN had said to Jimmy: "My Dad's got some queer notions about athletics. He doesn't interfere with my training, but he won't listen to any plan to go out of town to the Johnstown meet. I'll talk him around."

Jimmy couldn't picture Simon Thatcher "talked around." Men with axes to grind never found him easy to beguile into turning the stone. He was a set sort of man. When the Alumni Association had tried to talk the Board of Education into hiring a coach, they had appealed to him as a prominent citizen—they wanted his approval. Simon Thatcher had not argued; he had merely said, "No!" And Ben had predicted that he'd talk him around.

Jimmy smiled a pained and twisted smile. Carter's days were always full of trouble. Months ago his brother Art, as president, had induced the Alumni Association to engage Carter as basketball coach. Then the Alumni Association had tried to dictate the game the coach should teach, and had fired him when he refused to accept their dictation. Jimmy had talked the Athletic Association into hiring Carter for what was left of the season. At the end of the basketball season the association, shaking the last coin out of its treasury, had engaged Carter to coach track and do what he could with baseball. The big hope was track.

Jimmy was whistling solemnly as he came to Main Street, his mind absorbed in this new problem. Up ahead was the black and gold sign of Simon Thatcher's dry goods store. The whistling became just a vague sound through puckered lips. The brain under that red hair was at grips with a characteristic urge to dig in and see if he couldn't unscramble that mess. Perhaps—

He counted the small coins that jingled in one pocket.

Twenty-seven cents! He sighed. He had intended to see Douglas Fairbanks in a picture that night, but he couldn't walk in on Simon Thatcher unless he masked his errand. Douglas Fairbanks or Applegate High, a picture against the track team! He made his choice and walked in through the doorway.

The store, at the moment, was free of customers. Mr. Thatcher came toward him from the rear. Back there the light was poor, and coming through the gloom he looked taller, thinner, more unbending than ever. Jimmy had a shaking feeling that his cause was lost.

"Two ten-cent handkerchiefs, Mr. Thatcher," he said.

The man took them from a glass case. "They are cheaper by the dozen, Jim."

The boy grinned. "I can't use more than one at a time." Then, as they were being wrapped. "I saw Ben do some running to-day. He certainly can skim over the ground. You ought to come down some afternoon and watch him."

The man gave him a sidelong glance, and he knew that he had been read. Twenty cents thrown away! "I'm not keen about Ben's running," the man said drily. "He knows it; knows just where I stand. I have an idea you know it, too."

What was the use of trying deception? "Ben's told me," Jimmy admitted frankly. "I can't understand it. Running builds a fellow up, and—"

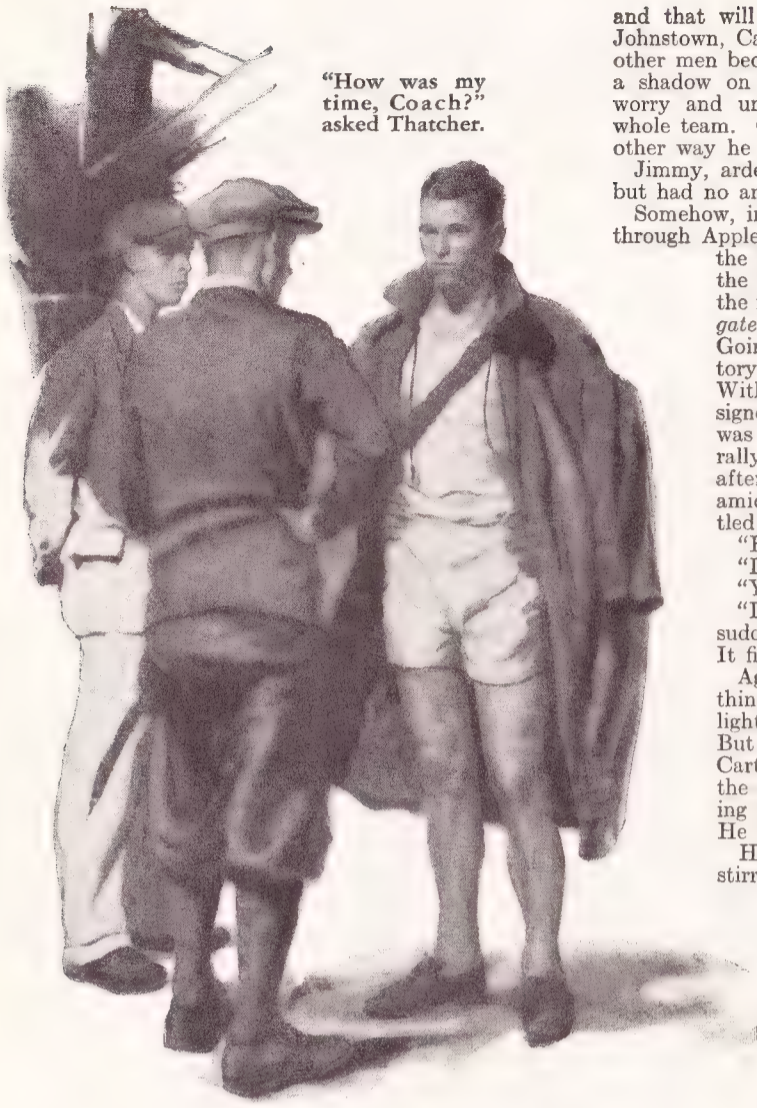
"Is it necessary to make a study and a profession of athletics in order to build up? Boys were strong in my day without all this tomfoolery about athletics."

Jimmy tried a new tack. "Well, there's the honor. And it's doing something for Applegate. Every fellow ought to do something for his school."

"Right," said Mr. Thatcher. "It strikes me that he's doing something when he sets a good example by living up to the rules, working out his lessons, and graduating with excellent marks. That's what the schools are for—to give learning. What good will running do him? When he's through with school he'll come into the store. Will he have to chase a man a half mile to sell him a shirt? Nonsense!"

"But we're counting on him in the half-mile against Johnstown," Jimmy argued desperately. "You don't want to see Applegate High beaten."

"In scholarship, no. In athletics? That's something else. I tell you frankly, Jim, that I don't approve of boys running around to other towns. It's a dangerous game. There's always the chance of temptations and of meeting hard characters. If Ben feels that he must do



"How was my time, Coach?" asked Thatcher.

and that will upset Ben. If Ben doesn't show up at Johnstown, Carter's in a hole, but at least he's got the other men because he's been able to train them without a shadow on his mind. If he knows about Ben the worry and uncertainty may affect his work with the whole team. One way he loses only the half-mile. The other way he may lose almost everything."

Jimmy, ardent, intense, felt a distrust of the logic—but had no arguments with which to meet it.

Somehow, in the next ten days, the sentiment swept through Applegate High that the track team would win the Johnstown meet. Jimmy, trying to analyze the situation, felt that the hope was due to the running of one Ben Thatcher. The *Applegate Acorn* came out with a boom story, "I'm Going to the Meet and Root the Team to Victory," and followed it with forty-eight names. Within twenty-four hours half the school had signed "I'm Going to the Meet" pledges. There was talk of hiring busses for the trip, and a rally was held in the auditorium one afternoon after classes. Jimmy sat in a rear seat and, amid all the uproar of shrieks and yells, whistled dolefully, softly, and plaintively.

"How about it?" he asked Ben that night.

"I'll swing him around," said Ben.

"You've got only eight days."

"Don't I know it?" the runner snapped in sudden irritation. It was a straw in the wind. It filled Jimmy with fresh fear.

Again came that burning desire to do something, to drag all this uncertainty out into the light, to tell the coach just where he stood. But a new dread stayed him. Suppose he told Carter, and suppose the coach did worry, and the whole team suffered? Suppose Art's reasoning was sound? The responsibility awed him. He dared not risk it.

He had kept away from track practice. It stirred within him too much of unrest and soreness. Yet, the day following the rally in the auditorium, he was drawn back by a hunger he was no longer able to resist. Ben was halfway through his practice run and beginning to let himself out for a driving finish. Jimmy stood motionless, as hypnotized, his breath coming softly, his whole spirit fascinated. Not until Ben, head up, legs driving superbly, crossed the finish line did he move, and then he walked over to Carter.

"Getting faster all the time, Coach, isn't he?"

"I think he's about ready," said Carter. When Ben came back he dug him in the ribs with a friendly finger. "You ought to get your Dad down here some day to see you do your stuff. I think you'd shake him out of his calm."

BEN gave Jimmy a quick look, his face grew red. "What's the matter?" Carter had caught the glance. "Doesn't he think much of athletics?"

"Well—" Ben left the subject in the air.

Carter laughed. "I'll run in some day and try to convert him."

The promise threw Ben into a panic. "Oh, I wouldn't do that. He might think that I—that I—oh, you know."

Carter didn't know, but it didn't seem to him to be serious. He laughed again. "All right. You run at Johnstown as you did to-day and I'll keep away from your father."

Ben's face showed his relief—and Jimmy walked home scowling, and kicking pebbles in his path, and whistling terrible things.

The bitter truth was on him. Ben would not run. And everything was shot now!

He didn't go back again to track practice. The night before the meet he went hunting for Ben, and found him outside the store. There was no need to ask questions. The runner, sitting on a packing case, presented a figure of complete dejection.

"I could win that race to-morrow," he said, and moved his hands nervously.

"You can't win a race you won't run," Jimmy answered shortly.

"If my father—"

"You should have let Carter know just where he stood."

"I thought I might spoil my chances, and I didn't want to have him hanging on a hook—"

"He'll be hanging on a hook to-morrow. He's counting on you."

Ben's shoulders went back. "Maybe he'll be able to count some points I'll take." His face darkened. "I'm not through yet."

It seemed a strange speech born of recklessness and bravado. Jimmy refused to take it seriously. As he walked home one of the sentences struck him. "I thought I might spoil my chances." He began to

see light. Ben had been afraid the coach might look upon him as an improbability and turn his attention to other candidates. To Jimmy's blunt way of thinking the half-miler had not played square.

"And I'm about as bad," he told himself wrathfully. "I let him bottle me up and make me a party to it."

He knew now that he should have carried his news to the coach. Carter was not a weakling; Carter had courage, and resourcefulness. And that very resourcefulness would have helped him to frame new plans, to try to develop a substitute for Ben in the half mile, to make the best of what he had. That was the business of a coach—to take upsets calmly, to set an example of courage to his men, and to rise superior to tides of disaster. But the making of new plans, the development of substitutes, took time, and the element of time was past. It was too late.

Miserable and sick at heart, Jimmy went to bed. In the morning he had to dust and put up some summer screens. The team was to leave for Johnstown on the 11 o'clock train. As the hour grew near he could picture Carter waiting with growing uneasiness, and finally dispatching somebody to hurry the tardy half-miler. He wondered if Ben would hide away to avoid embarrassing contact with the coach's messenger. He wondered what Carter would think as the train pulled out.

At twenty minutes past eleven Billy Wimple, captain of the old basketball crowd, came down the street and stopped outside the house.

"Well," he said, "they're off. The whole kit and boodle of them, and full of pep."

"The whole—" Jimmy almost dropped a screen. "Did you say the whole team?"

"Sure! What's the matter with you? Did you expect any of them to miss out on this?"

"No, but—but I thought Ben might have to help out in the store this morning and go over later."

Billy Wimple laughed. "Ben was the first fellow to show up. We'll show Johnstown some track work to-day."

Jimmy's answer was a jubilant whistle. The clouds were gone. He took note, for the first time that day, of the sunshine and the melting softness of the spring air. His torment of self-reproach was at an end. His silence had not plunged the team to defeat. Ben had done the impossible and talked his father around. Everything was all right with his world.

The busses were to leave Applegate at 1 o'clock. He raced with the screens, gulped his lunch and was off with a megaphone under his arm.

He had almost come to Simon Thatcher's store when the man himself came out of the doorway and stood looking up and down the street. Jimmy's warbling spirits wondered, at the moment, how he had ever thought the man hard and set. Evidently he could be reasoned with, argued with, and led to a change of mind. The boy waved a gay greeting.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Thatcher. You ought to be with us to-day."

"With you? Oh! The meet." The man's voice was dry. "Unfortunately my business expects me to take care of it. Are you on your way to the busses?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you see Ben down there send him back. I've been looking for him for more than an hour."

"Ben!" Jimmy was struck with a cold thought. "Didn't he go to Johnstown with the team?"

"Did he?" Mr. Thatcher's voice was sharp.

"I heard he did. I thought you had agreed—"

"I told him last night he could not go. He understood me perfectly. Carter took him along, of course." The man's face had grown dark with anger.

"Carter didn't know you had any objections."

"No? What difference would that have made? He wants to win. That's the curse of athletics—win at

any price. Knock over anything that stands in the way. That's another of my reasons for wanting Ben clear of it. . . . So he went off with the team." Mr. Thatcher sucked in his thin cheeks, stared hard at the ground, abruptly swung around and strode back toward the store doorway.

Jimmy followed a step. "Mr. Thatcher, that isn't fair to Carter. If he had known—"

The merchant paused an instant. "You think that would have made a difference?" His face was grim. "You're going to Johnstown. Tell him." His tall, square form, stiff and unbending, disappeared into the store.

And Jimmy went on toward the busses with the sickening knowledge that he faced that mocking problem once more—should Carter be told?

BEFORE the busses were halfway to Johnstown, big Langer, the basketball center, who was in charge of the noisy caravan, was belaboring Jimmy for his glum silence.

"Yell, you sorehead!" he exclaimed. "You and your megaphone are about (Continued on page 38)

That Week-end Hike—

Looking forward to a Saturday-and-Sunday hike, or a real long-distance tramping trip? Like to walk the side roads, far from the odor of gasoline? And when you plan a hike, do you know just how to prepare for it, and what to take, and how to get the most fun out of it? Elmer C. Adams, veteran outdoor man, who wrote "Painless Camping," is going to give you a lot of hiking tips in an amusing article

NEXT MONTH

Efficiency E

By Warren Hastings Miller

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

HER decks were the lubber's limit of disorder as Ensign Wallace Radnor stepped from the power gig of the mine sweeper *Peewit* in Gloucester Harbor to join his new ship. Mines, anchor boxes, rusty wire rope, antennae, just as they had been dragged up out of the practice mine field the day before, cluttered her deck from fantail to superstructure. A few discouraged sailors were puttering at re-assembling the mines on their anchor boxes. Wally made his rat-squeak by way of cheering himself up, and he needed to.

"Initiative plus discipline—that's what gets you Efficiency E in this man's Navy!" was the motto he had pinned up in his hat after he had failed so dismally to rank up with his pal, Stanguy Brooke, as a submarine commander. Weak discipline, no efficiency, caused his removal. Well, he had a long way to go to the Efficiency E here! He must have been a swine, that junior officer of the *Peewit* whose resignation had been recently accepted by a thankful Navy! Still, it was a grand school for the young officer, Wally perceived, for the junior on a sweeper was exec., gunnery officer, navigator, and paymaster, all in one—everything but captain!

Wally went forward through the steel corridors and up to the stateroom country behind the chart house, where he deposited his baggage and sword case. Before he had time to shift and report formally, old Arth, the skipper, a former bosun and Navy tug-captain rated up to lieutenant, appeared at his stateroom door—in a ragged blouse with half its buttons wanting and its insignia of rank all verdigris. Evidently the rigid punctilios of the dreadnoughts were far, far from the sweeper service!

"You'll be the new junior, I'm thinkin'?" inquired Arth in a rich Irish brogue.

"That's right!" smiled Wally, taking the gnarled fist. He would have to use carloads of tact to get on among these "ranker" officers without friction. It was up to Annapolis to set the example, but not by preaching. "Say nothing; just do it!"

"I'm skipper, sec?" said Arth. "Ye roon the rest av it. She's a howly mess. It'll be two days before we kin lay again, I'm thinkin'!"

"When's the next practice on the schedule?" asked Wally in his thick and belligerent growl that meant nothing to those who knew him.

"To-night; but it can't be did at all, at all. 'Tis three o'clock now."

Wally said nothing as he went below. He had his work cut out for him! Those mines were a yard in diameter and weighed half a ton. Each one would have to be disentangled from the cables of its neighbor, set by the crane on its own box and rolled back into position on the laying track. Then each cable had to be wound back on its drum in the anchor box, its plummet had to be adjusted, its antennae wire coiled and secured by its hydrostatic release. And finally all the marking buoys had to be fyked down on their ropes atop each mine. He had just six men to do it with, and the fleet went out for practice at sunset, Arth had told him!

WALLY went to work. "Here's where a feller needs a friend!" he growled as the men snapped into the mess under his orders. He was still getting the hang of it, and not making much progress, at that, when, an hour later, the ship's boat came alongside and Wally

left his mine mess to receive a new officer. He looked somehow familiar, though Wally could not at first place that round, sunburned apple face and firm chin and those hard blue eyes gleaming upon him under the black visor of his cap.

"Dummy!" gasped Wally as they gripped hands. "What you doin' here?"

"Reporting for training, sir," said Dummy succinctly. "I live here. There's no battle-wagon this year for mine!"

It all came back in big flashes; Dummy, the Reserve officer who had saved the battle line when the *Arizona's* marker buoy went adrift in fog! He came from Gloucester, the very cradle of seafaring folk in the United States.

over the *Peewit*, which resembled a huge, gray, ocean-going tug.

"Not a thing."

"Stick around and watch," said Wally. "We're assembling them now." The work went on speeding up as Wally grasped its details and set about organizing some sort of orderly procedure in it. A trim schooner passed them on her way out to sea, and Dummy stopped a moment to wave at those aboard her.

"Nice little craft!" said Wally.

"Yes. She's mine," said Dummy. "Bound for Georges. Swordfish."

He did not add that he was giving up the captain's share of the catch, but Wally understood.

"Good old Poached Egg!" he said. As a Regular he appreciated the sacrifices the Reservists made to get in their duty.

And about then Arth came bustling down among them out of his chart house, gave one look around, shook his head and started to go back.

"What's up, sir?" challenged Wally in his rough growl.

"Flagship's signaling us, Radnor. It can't be done, I'm thinkin'!" They all looked down the harbor to where the big mine-layer *Massasoit* was semaphoring.

"P-P-P—can you lay by six to-night?"

That was Commander Gould testing him out already! Wally squared around and faced his old bosun skipper. "Sure! Tell him O. K., Skipper!"

Arth eyed the mess of ropes and mines without enthusiasm. "An' ye with only six men! I'll not be made a fule of, Mister," he growled truculently.

Wally stripped off his uniform coat. "And one more makes seven," he said energetically. Arth raised his brows—a commissioned officer pitching in to help the men with his own hands! It wasn't done!

"And one more makes eight!" said Dummy, taking off his Reserve blouse.

"Good old Poached Egg!" chirped Wally, giving his famous rat-squeak. "That's the berries! Go on, Skip! Tell him we lay, all right!"

Arth turned and searched Dummy's eyes. He had no confidence in Wally and his enthusiasm, but he knew a brother-captain when he saw one.

"Sure!" said Dummy. "It'll take two hours steaming from here to the Rockport Fields. That's four hours; and we've only got nine mines left to do."

Arth went back to the chart house and signaled, "Can do."

Wally and Dummy did not wait to see that signal! With coats off and heads poked into weedy

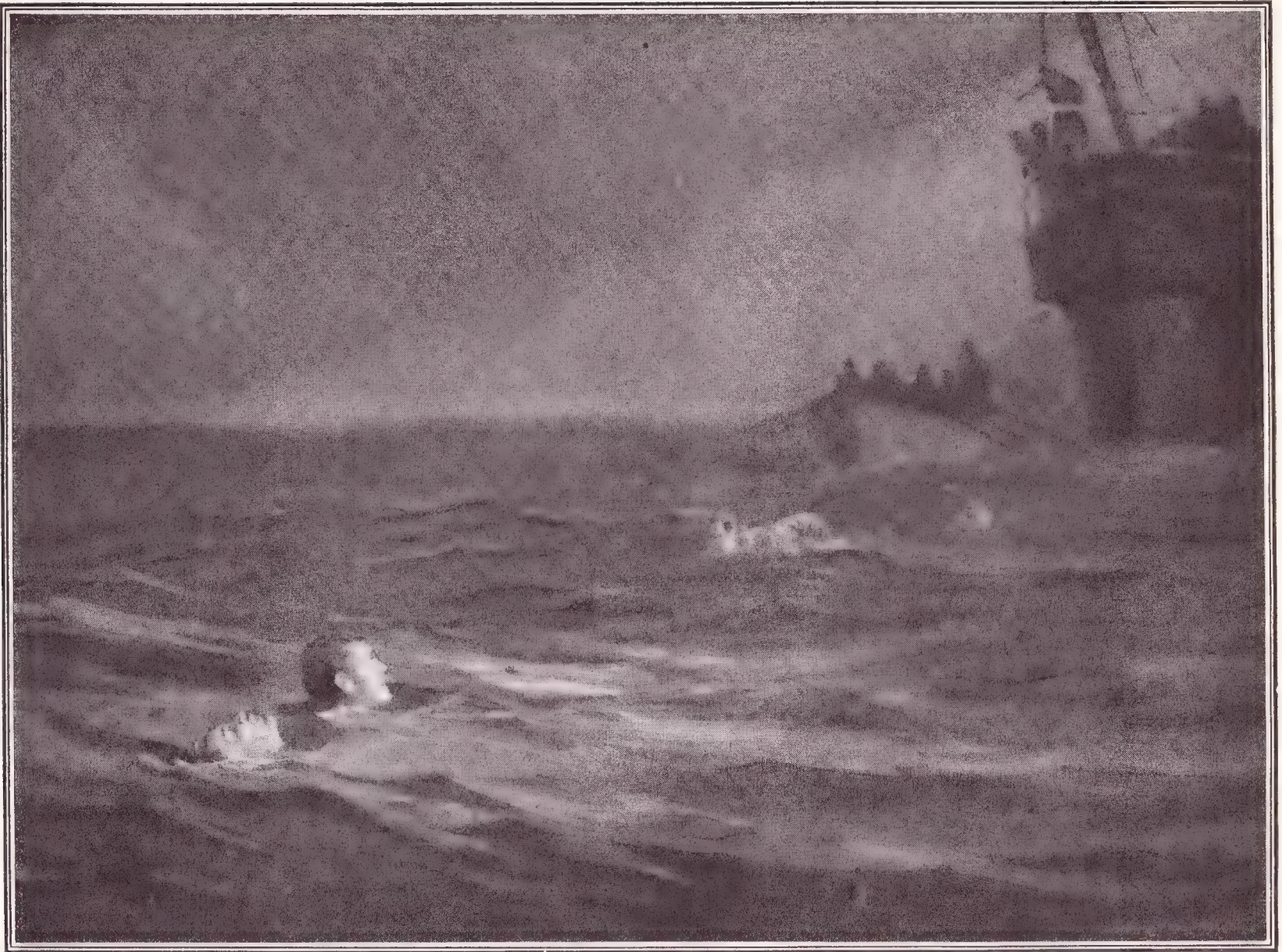
anchor boxes they toiled at winding drums and plummet. Each took a helper, and the three gunner's mates the rest of the mine gang. Ropes crawled out of their tangles. One by one the mines left their places under the crane and were trundled back along the track to join the steadily-growing line of them under the superstructure. Six o'clock came and Arth got under way. Wally did not stop to stand at salute as they passed the *Massasoit*! He was flat on his back under a mine, wrestling with a rusty plummet wire. Dummy grunted and swore at a sticking drum pawl behind him. They had no time for the sunset over the Cape, nor for the twin lights of Thatcher's, where a family had frozen to death one winter's night, cast ashore—only the littlest boy, kept alive by the bodies of his father and mother



A trim schooner passed them on her way out to sea, and Dummy stopped a moment to wave at her.

As Wally looked around at the iron and rock-bound coasts, all gnashing with white foam, and then at the solid and silent and dependable Dummy, he saw that the man belonged here. There was Norman's Woe; and Big Misery where a whole ship's company were wrecked for a week in a winter gale; and The Whale-back which had broken the back of many a tall ship; and Brace's Rock with the gaunt ribs of still another one in its claw. The Cow moored dismally down on the reefs below Cape Ann; and *dayng! dayng!* sang the fog bell on the Breakwater most of the time. The Cradle of the Sea was Gloucester, and Dummy was born and nurtured in it!

"Know anything about mines?" chirped Wally when Dummy had shifted and reappeared on deck to look



Then they burst through to the surface, into the blinding white glare of a searchlight.

and sisters, had survived to carry on the name of Thatcher. A grim coast this! but Wally was busy adjusting the hydrostatics of his antennae wires and hardly saw the awful headlands of Rockport.

DARKNESS was upon them by the time the mine fields and the waiting umpire destroyer hove in sight. All their lights were out now. The *Peewit* had to sneak up on the destroyer in the dark, slip by her, and sow her thirty mines without detection. If a single light was seen, it lost them half their score. Wally and Dummy went about among their mines, trembling with fatigue, but ready. Tiny flashlights muffled with black gauze they winked upon each hydrostatic in turn, adjusting with a screw driver its delicate brass plunger so that it would release both antennae and plummet at exactly twenty feet depth. What an almost human mechanism a mine was! Under them was bottom, up and down, all depths; yet this mechanical device anchored all mines at the same depth below the surface regardless of bottom! And what a mysterious, stealthy business this laying devil-eggs in enemy territory was! That black apparition over to port there—*was* it the watching destroyer, or only some phantom of the imagination!

"Coming on the range!" whispered the order from man to man down the long line of mines.

A great hulking seaman standing beside the first starboard mine to go overboard stumbled, nervous with the tension of that order. Instantly there was a click as its hydrostatic released and then came the spill of coiled antennae wire down the deck. And as instantly Wally had dashed for the chart house. "For cat's sake take her off the range, Skipper!" he hissed. "One hydrostatic's gone!"

Arth swung the wheel himself. "Give you five minutes, avick!" he grunted. "'Tis a hoodoo crew!"

Wally heard no more. He raced back to the mine, to find Dummy and two gunner's mates furiously coiling the antennae wire back. Carefully they readjusted the release, and then Wally ran for the chart house again. It was risky business, playing hide and seek in the dark with the destroyer this way; the sooner they got on the range and laid their mines the better! One incautious light, one spark from the funnel . . .

"Coming on the range!"

"Station!" whispered Wally, flashlight on his wrist watch. "Starbord, lay!"

Crash! went a mine over the stern track, and "Port, lay!" ordered Dummy on his side.

Crash! A spout of white in the boiling wake. Men toiled and shoved as the *Peewit* fled on down the range. The destroyer had said nothing so far. They were not aware *yet* that the *Peewit* was here and at her deadly work!

One by one, slowly the line of mines advanced and plopped overboard. The last one went—and then Wally blew his whistle! The *Peewit's* hoarse bellow roared into the night, and instantly the long beam of her searchlight shot out astern. A long line of white buoys, at regular intervals in a perfectly straight line, showed on the inky water. The destroyer whistled in answer and turned on her lights. On both ships parties of excited men were counting, counting those buoys. Each one represented a perfect lay.

"Five gaps," said Wally. "One was that bum hydrostatic. The rest—well, Dummy, we got to jack up this crew! Eighty-three per cent."

They shook hands on that. It was a fair beginning for his first report to the Commander-in-Chief. But if Commander Goold thought 83 per cent for the first time out and the ship in a mess was pretty good he said nothing about it next day! Wally got his reward in the brightening of old Arth's eyes and the response in alertness and enthusiasm that came over the crew. It developed that they had never made any such score under the estimable Bliggs, the former junior. "Thot swipe, he'd av let the bum hydro go an' called it a dud!" said Arth next morning. "Ye byes will make a ship of this yet!"

Wally thought it strange talk for the captain of a ship, but reflected that "once a tugboat captain, always a tugboat captain." Discipline, ginger, the spirit of "do it, darn you!"—*that* would be his and Dummy's to instill into this crew. So they hung up Efficiency E for their men to shoot at, and the *Peewit* labored as they never had before. It had been sheer luck that had gotten them that 83, Wally knew. And the other three sweepers of the fleet, and both destroyers, were camped right on their fantail, too. The scores varied, all high, a matter of decimal points to win. It would take Discipline with a big D to hit that Efficiency with a big E! Day after day they took up the mines, assembled them, laid when there was a dark night, umpired the other rivals. The *Massassoit* herself was taking interest, now, for her 87 per cent was in danger.

She took the umpire station the night the *Peewit* laid for record battle practice. It was a bender of a night; fog like soup. The Cow mooded disconsolately; a power horn blatted on Big Misery, another on Thatchers, bell-buoys clanged like lost ghosts. The light-house beams were like red cigarette tips in the murk.

Wally went to Arth with a twinkle in his eye. "Ask flagship permission to lay, Skipper," he growled thickly. Arth looked at him aghast. "Howly saints—in a night like this?"

"Sure! This is war, ain't it? You'd ask nothing better for an enemy harbor!"

"'Tis suicide," said Arth, scratching his head.

"Suicide service!" agreed Wally. "Besides, we've got Dummy. He doesn't *have* to see these lights and buoys, he smells 'em. 'S war, my boy!"

BESIDES it was a challenge to the *Massassoit* herself, and Arth knew it. It tickled the Irish in him. "B'gob, if we iver git the E 'twill be to-night, I'm thinkin'!" he laughed. "'Tis all in our favor."

He started a man at the signals, for the weather was too thick for semaphore. Typical Gloucester pea-soup. Dummy was brought up on it! Wally thought he could almost hear the chuckles on board the *Massassoit*. This was knocking the chip off the flagship's shoulder to a fare-ye-well! She would take them up, or Commander Goold would want to know why not!

"O.K. *Massassoit* will umpire," came the signal.

"Lil' Annapolis family party, eh? — with good old Poached Egg in reserve as usual!" carolled Wally. "Here is where we tear out their insides, boys!"

The crew endorsed that: "Tear 'em out an' braid 'em!" said the chief gunner's mate.

Out into weather as vile as ever afflicted mariners steamed the *Massassoit*. The *Peewit* waited and looked over their mines. The thirty of them stood in two long rows on greased tracks, every last detail about them top-hole. What a contrast to the mess of two weeks ago, thought Wally as he completed his inspection. He and Dummy had licked a crew into shape that simply needed practice and enthusiasm. That was all there was to it. He would lose Dummy to-morrow, for the Reservist would have completed his yearly term of duty and gone back to that spick little schooner that he owned. Good old Poached Egg! A real seaman there! Without him no one would have dared risk the rock-ribbed coasts to-night. It was he who had simply

forced the *Massasoit* to get out and umpire! Commander Goold was not the man to take a dare—and wasn't this war?

The *Peewit* stole out past the Breakwater, locating it by the fog bell and the moo of the Cow. Past sinister Brace's Rock she steamed, and then picked up the blating horn on Thatcher's. And then they felt their way along. There was a bird of a reef off Rockport with an unfinished Government breakwater on it. They found it—by Dummy's nose and ears, Wally and Arth had to admit. This fog killed all lights dead! Then, like a grey ghost in a jet black fog, the *Peewit* steamed for the mine fields. There were bells and boos and blats—impossible for Wally to get their exact bearings, but Home Sweet Home, to Dummy!

"We're on the range, now, sir," he said to Arth. "Mebbe," grunted the skipper. "I'll shteam aisy, an' ye kin give 'em eight seconds between mines."

Dummy and Wally pitched below. "Stations!" And then they dumped the mines, slowly, methodically. They had all the time in the world. No hustling over a black sea, afraid all the time for a give-away light with the mines plopping over every six seconds!

"Pie!" said Wally, and blew his whistle when the last of them went over. Arth blared out the *Peewit's* siren. A hoarse grunt over to the east told them that the *Massasoit* had got here, anyhow! Then came the beam of the searchlight. It showed just two mine buoys, and beyond them white blankness.

"Two, anyhow!" chirped Wally and made his rat-squeak. "We'll have to steam back over our own lay!"

Arth brought her round and they counted buoy after buoy.

"Twenty-eight — twenty-nine — thirty! Sure no gaps?" howled Wally ecstatically.

"Sure thing!" said Dummy steadily.

"Efficiency E! Efficiency E!" yelled Wally, and they hugged each other like bears.

THE *Massasoit* had put out a launch, and her they showed the miracle. Mearns, the crack gunnery officer of the fleet, was on her and he went over those thirty buoys critically before he raised his cap: "Have to hand it to you, boys!" he said. "But we'll get you to-morrow night! We've got a fog-smeller aboard, too."

They chugged away, but there was riot aboard the *Peewit* that night! Wally went to bed in a daze of bliss. He had made a crack ship of the little old *Peewit*! Down in Washington nobody cared, but there was one man who *did* care, a whole lot, and that was Ensign Wallace Radnor! He would like to meet 'Stanguey about now, just for the pleasure of mauling him. And between them they would wear Dummy out—simply wear him out! Pestiferous old Poached Egg! . . .

Next morning he observed that life had a way of just going on. The sun got up, as usual, and there was no discoverable change in anything save that a painter in a bosun's chair was putting a big white E on the *Peewit's* funnel. The flagship was not congratulating them any; instead she was semaphoring their orders!

"*Massasoit lays. 102 umpires. Peewit observes,*" said the tiny forked blue figure waving flags.

"They're out for blood over there," laughed Wally. "We sure did put the hook into 'em last night!"

"*Peewit observes,*" mused Dummy. "That means you, old skin. She only needs one observer, and he's out on the trap overhang. Good thing for me! I get back to the *Clara H.* today. I'll go over and get my detachment orders and draw my pay this morning."

"Sorry to lose you, boot," came back Wally with sympathy. "This man's Navy needs a real seaman out of the Reserves now and then!"

"Aw!" said Dummy. "I didn't do nothin'—anything!" he corrected himself. "We would have smeared 'em if it had been starlight, just the same."

Wally shook his head. Too many chances under a bright sky! They could see you, and would be looking like cats for a light! He reported aboard the *Massasoit* for observer duty. Lieutenant Mearns received him brusquely, war in his eye. The orders were sharp and ringing down her long mine-corridors. No one had any patience with fumbles this day! The poisonous *Peewit* had hung up a record that would take some shooting down, and here was the man who had done it! They chaffed him mildly at mess about taking advantage of that fog, but each time Wally gave back as good as they sent.

Toward evening the destroyer showed up and anchored at her station. The big *Massasoit* got under way and departed for parts unknown over the horizon. In the darkness of night she would sneak in past that destroyer and sow the field with mines, 180 of them in a row—and no mistakes or Commander Goold would say something with celerity!

Wally heard a rich laugh behind him as the commander came up from final inspection. "Rather forced my hand last night, youngster!" he chuckled. "But you're entitled to it. War conditions, you know! Glad you had spunk enough to go out!"

Wally told him about Dummy's part in it. "Made it easy for us, sir, you see."

"Oh, well, that's war, just the same, isn't it?" demurred the commander. "Glad to know I have Reserve officers like that to fall back on!"

He left Wally to go to the bridge, while Wally sought his observing station. It was already dark as he picked his way down the long 'tween-decks corridors, with hundreds of mines on the tracks and sailors standing by to shove them aft toward the trap. Mearns and the junior gunnery officer were already at the trap, with muffled searchlights turned nervously on their wrist watches, then at the nearest hydrostatics that could be looked at. Wally went out onto a tiny oak platform guarded by a hand rope. It hung out over the narrow pointed stern of the ship. The great gap of the trap yawned close beside him; underneath was the foaming white wake of the ship as she scurried along at twenty-two knots on her way to the mine fields. It was a fairly black night, the lights ashore distinct, blobs of phosphorescence bubbling up in the white wake.

"Coming on the range!" hissed the whispered order.

Both flashers trained on two wrist watches. The brawny gunner's mate operating the trap braced himself to pull on its heavy wrought-iron lever. The *Massas-*

tion. Then he saw Mearns pitching down headlong into the wake after that mine! The trap handle had struck him a terrific blow and knocked him spinning into the sea.

Instantly Wally yelped, "Cease firing!" He vaulted the hand rope in a complicated twist and dove headlong after the vanishing officer. He had seen enough in that one second to send the blood whirling to his head—for Mearns was sprawling on that fyked buoy rope as he struck, and it would inevitably catch him in its coils and drag him down *with* the mine!

Wally hit the wake with hands sprawling, grabbing desperately for one coil, one bight, *anything* of that rope! Its buoy hit him a smart crack on the shoulder and he snatched instinctively for the end of rope that *must* be attached to it. Then the vast thrust of the screw spewed him headlong in a rush of multitudinous currents. Wally hung desperately to his rope. It was his one chance to get down to Mearns! The rope brought up short and for a moment he had to hold his grip like a bulldog to keep the rope in his hands.

Then, with fierce haste, he took a long breath and went down it hand over hand. It could not be more than twenty feet to the end of it, for that was the depth the mines were laid. And somewhere along it he would find Mearns, caught in a loop, and being held down like a drowned rat.

He found him. Wally felt himself being clutched with the grip of despair. His own lungs were bursting now, and panic came at the thought of being in the power of this insensate man. But he kept his head. Rapidly his hands felt down Mearns' leg. Yes, there it was, half-hitch on his ankle holding him!

Wally gripped Mearns' kicking calf fiercely and shoved down to ease the strain while his other hand slipped along the rope and cast off the hitch. It took but one second, but a second that meant life and death to them both! They were free! He felt them rising with the natural buoyancy of the human body. His lungs had got control of his will, now, and drew in a stream of salt water that choked him. He struck blindly at Mearns, punch after punch, with the last remnants of his strength. Mearns was too far gone to do anything but cling to him like a vice. There was only one man down here who had his senses left—he must use what he had to save them both!

And then they burst through to the surface, into the blinding white glare of a searchlight. Wally did not hear the shouts of command, nor see the white figures of sailors diving off the *Massasoit* from her trap and her rails. He remembered a lot of violence, as rough hands grabbed and tore at him, and remembered the inexpressible relief of being able to continue breathing fresh air in enormous gulps; and then he seemed to have somehow fallen asleep.

* * * * *

THREE men were gathered in the leather arm-chairs of the Army and Navy Club in Washington. One was Rear Admiral Haley Houghton, commanding the 6th Battle Division of the Atlantic Fleet; one was Captain Norman Brooke of the *U. S. S. Massachusetts*; and the third was Commander McCracken, now fleet gunnery officer. The admiral laid down a newspaper that he had been perusing: "Well, gentlemen," he said with a grim smile, "I see that One of Ours has been getting himself into the papers!"

The others looked up with interest. The admiral kept pretty close tabs on Those of Ours who did that; he and General Macpherson of the Army were keeping a sort of score on it, and there was Army-Navy rivalry between them.

"Kid on a mine sweeper, Congressional Medal!" announced the admiral, smiling.

"What! In peace times?" questioned Captain Brooke incredulously.

"Seems it was in the line of service," said the admiral. "Went over after Mearns—you remember Mearns, specialist in the mine service—who got knocked overboard and was caught by the buoy rope of one of his own eggs. Kid got him out of the fix, somehow, and was laid up for a spell. They gave him the C. M."

"By George!" barked Brooke as they looked at each other, imagining that scene below the waters. Being Navy men, they could see all its perilous details.

"I'd like to know his name, that's all!" said Captain Brooke in his tigerish voice.

"Radnor," said the admiral. "By Jove, he is One of Ours!" he exclaimed referring to the paper again. "Academy 1924."

"Why, I knew him!" exploded Captain Brooke. "Chum of my boy, Norman Jr. Gave me a whale of a calling down, once—and I deserved it!" he chortled.

"And I know him, too!" spoke up the fleet gunnery officer in aggrieved tones. "That was the kid the detail office stole from me, Admiral! *Stole*, I say! Ordered him to some darned spit-kit, when he was just a natural-born G. O. *That* for Efficiency!"

"What I want to know is," mused the admiral, "what's he doing in the Sweeper Service anyhow—"

"I want my money back!" bawled the F.G.O. "I've been robbed! hornswoggled!" (Continued on page 31)



Everybody Bats!

There's only one pitcher on a team, and one catcher, and three fielders and so forth. But there are nine batters—and, in a pinch, the strength of the team isn't a bit stronger than that of the weakest batter.

Whether you're a good batter or a poor one, you'll get fun and profit from reading what the strongest batter of them all, Rogers Hornsby, advises. Hornsby has led the National League and his team, the St. Louis Cardinals, for the last six years in batting; his lifetime average is .363, and many call him the greatest hitter of all time.

And he's going to tell you how he does it—how he swings, and steps in, and judges a ball. He's going to tell what he thinks of "guess-hitters," too, and a lot of other interesting and helpful things. His tips on batting will be in the May **AMERICAN BOY**. There'll be a baseball story, also, and a lot of tips on other kinds of summer athletics, as well as some corking sport fiction, in later numbers.

Watch for Them!

soit's mines were not shoved overboard like those on the sweepers, but tumbled, so they would fall true with their anchor boxes under them, by the trap mechanism. Wally looked carefully at the first mine waiting in the trap. His duty was to check up the timing in seconds and see that every mine went over with its buoy properly fyked down and its antennae and plummet held in place by the hydrostatic release. One glance was sufficient.

"Commence firing!"

The gunner's mate heaved at the trap handle. Down into the boiling wake plopped a mine. "Port lay!" croaked Mearns' junior. The trap tumbled as Wally checked the seconds. "Starboard, lay!"

They were timing well, he noted. A black bulk passed them to port. The umpire destroyer, dimly visible against the light from on land. On down the mine field the *Massasoit* raced, dropping a mine every six seconds. They had to go some to plant every one of them perfectly, but they were out for blood! They were sure against any rival but the *Peewit's* phenomenal score, for they could lose one or two and yet drop hardly a per cent. The "port lay!"—"starboard lay!" sang monotonously in Wally's ears as mine after mine rumbled aft and tumbled through the trap.

So eager was Mearns, so intent on making a perfect score against the *Peewit*, that unconsciously he was leaning more and more out to watch his mines go overboard.

Wally was scrutinizing the hundred and fifteenth mine—when he heard a dull blow and a sudden exclama-

Tricks That Win Track Points

By J. E. McFarland, Track Coach, St. John's Military Academy

THREE things go to make up a successful track athlete. They are form, condition and fighting spirit.

You have to develop your own fighting spirit—the spirit that makes you plug and work, take defeats with a grin and fight harder next time. If you can do that, you can always get a lot of knowledge about form out of study and practice, and you can put yourself in top-notch condition by obeying a few simple rules. The thing I like about track is that it's a sport for everybody — a sport in which every fellow I've ever known who has gone about it as if he meant it has been able to improve himself.

I'm going to tell you something about form and condition. Then, if you're physically fit and really want to do it, you can make yourself a point winner. Perhaps you're too light for the football team, or not quite big enough for the basketball five. That doesn't mean that you're not just right for sprinting, or middle distance running, or hurdling or jumping. Learn what to do, then do it—and you're likely to wake up and find yourself possessor of your school letter. It'll be all yours, too—it won't depend a bit on somebody else's interference, as in football, or somebody else's pitching, as in baseball. Track is a sport where you rely wholly on yourself.

AT St. John's every boy who comes out for track is started on the sprints. There are plenty of reasons for this. One is that sprints are much the most popular of the races in this country. Another is that no younger athlete — under sixteen, say — should attempt a race longer than 220 yards. Running longer distances for training is fine for him; but he shouldn't try competition in the middle distances. . . . Another reason we like to start fellows on the sprints is that sprinting form is used in so many other events — hurdles, broad jump and so forth. The fellow who knows how to sprint can always go into longer races (when he's past the age limit) if he doesn't seem to have sprinting speed, or into hurdling or field events.

How does a track man start work in the spring, when he gets outdoors? He should spend the first two weeks in limbering up, getting the kinks and soreness out of his muscles and developing endurance. He'll jog around, and do some exercises, and some light distance running. Then he should work on form in the sprint start, particularly if he's a short-distance man. For the third week a sprinter ought to work on form only, getting every tiny movement correct. He shouldn't try hard starts at first—he may hurt himself if he does. He can vary his work by alternating starting practice with easy running and jogging.

A sprinter should devote three days a week, from the start of the fourth week straight to the end of the season, strictly to the start. Remember never to make a hard start or to run too fast on an extremely cold day, and that you must always warm up properly before you do anything.

Here's a suggested sprinter's schedule after the fourth week.

The Pole Vault

Speed makes height. At the start, carry the pole horizontally, pointed toward the slide. When the pole runs into the slide, the right foot hits the ground and the right hand slides up against the left. A kick with the left leg and a spring with the right help you to swing like a pendulum from the pole; you pull up with your arms until chin and hands are even. The left-leg kick carries it above your head, and a backward right kick turns you over, face to the bar; you buckle into the jack-knife position. The final movement is a violent push with the arms which carries them above the head, to give clearance. Land in relaxed position to avoid injury.

The Broad Jump

Speed makes distance here. First establish a mark which will bring your jumping foot exactly on the take-off board; then strike the board with your heel (right picture) to convert forward momentum into upward. Spring from the foot as your knee swings up; swing your right arm at the same time. In the air, bring left arm and right foot forward; as you near the ground, reach forward with arms and legs as far as possible, keeping feet high. As you hit the ground, buckle your knees and swing arms back to carry you over.

The High Jump

Run at the bar from a 45-degree angle, strike with the foot nearest the bar about a yard from it, and swing the opposite foot vigorously up. As you rise, throw both arms over the bar and shoot your leading foot out straight. Then straighten hips and jumping leg with a fast snap and clear the bar with body perfectly straight, back down and left hand hanging over. Swing the free right arm and roll the body over to effect a safe landing.

The Sprinting Start

First position is at the right—toe holes should be three inches deep, with perpendicular rear walls. At "Get set!" move forward with head lifted and weight evenly distributed between hands and front foot; keep your back close to horizontal. At the gun, lash your rear foot forward, and apply front leg drive; straighten this leg out just as the foot originally to the rear strikes the ground about as far ahead as it was behind. Gradually lengthen your stride and raise your body as you run.

The Discus

Grasp the discus with fingers spread wide and curled at the first joint around the disc's edge. Stand with right foot against rear of circle, and swing the discus back as shown, starting the whirl by pivoting on the left foot. Second position puts the right foot about at the circle's center, discus swinging horizontally. Pivot now on the right foot, left swinging backward to third position; here the shoulder leads the hand and applies a pull. Then reverse, feet changing position, and whip the forearm viciously across the body. Release the discus between thumb and forefinger just before it reaches the front of the circle; a complete follow through gives the final position.

The Shot Put

Setting your right foot at the circle's rear, with your weight on it, hold the shot in your fingers at the neck and shoulder joint. Jump to the second position, right shoulder dropping very low and feet spread wide, weight still on the right leg. Make a reverse, so that the right leg drive throws it against the toe board; push from arm and shoulder, and flip with wrist and hand. Coordinate drive, push and flip, and send the shot off at a 40-degree angle. Make a complete follow through. Remember that the arm must make a straight push, that the hand must be cupped and that the throw must start with the shoulder as low as you can get it.

Monday: Warm up, calisthenics, jogging. Run a quarter mile taking alternate bursts of speed and slow jogging. Rest. Jog an easy quarter.

Tuesday: Warm up with stretching and quickening exercises. Starting practice. Run a fast 50 yards. Run a 100 with fast start and finish. Rest and jog an easy quarter.

Wednesday: Form starts only without speed. Light jogging.

Thursday: Four or five fast starts, after properly warming up. Run 220 at seven-eighths full speed.

Friday: Complete rest.

Saturday: Warm up thoroughly. Two starts. Rest. Competition or time trial.

A sprint calls for little judgment or headwork, but for much adherence to principles of start, form and finish. The finish, I teach my dash men, should be made by running straight through the tape, without any sort of lunge, jump or raising of the hands. Maximum speed is gained by maximum push, getting the leg out to full extension each time. It is pushing hard with every step that gives speed, rather than moving the legs rapidly.

Distance Work Similar

THE middle distance runner spends his first two weeks in much the same manner as the sprinter, jogging and exercising. A long swinging stride is to be cultivated in this period. During the third week one day is given to starts and some sprinting and another to a jog extending over one and one-half times the distance he plans to run. The fourth week is similar, with a time trial over the full distance on the last day. The distance runners' schedule for the remainder of the season is as follows:

Monday: Warm up. Run a fast 220. Jog a quarter.

Tuesday: Warm up, jog one and one-half distance.

Wednesday: Warm up. Three-quarters distance at racing speed.

Thursday: Full distance at easy stride.

Friday: Complete rest.

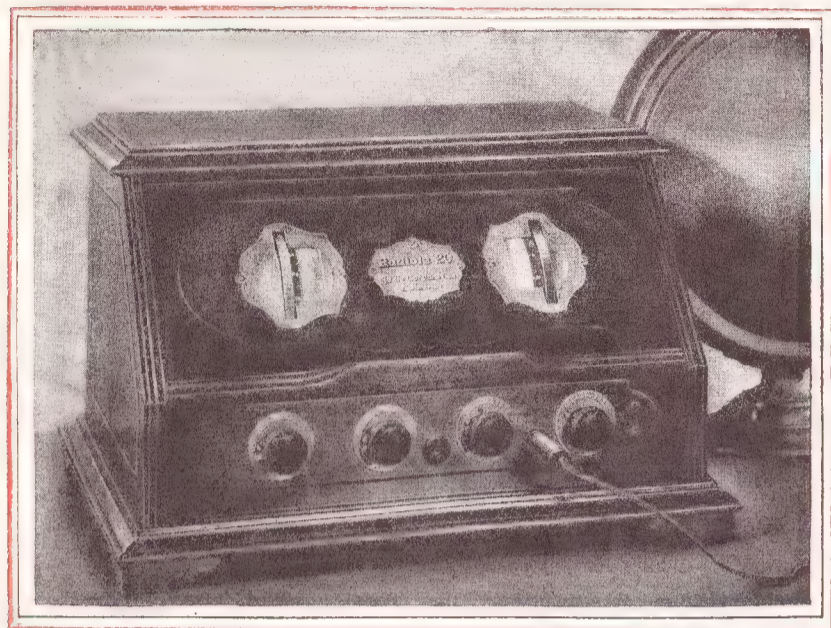
Saturday: Warm up. Run race on time trial.

A distance man should spend some time on his finish, being careful to wind up every workout and race in form with head erect and knees high. Most runners make the mistake of doing too much endurance work and not enough speed work.

Pace judgment will win every race between men at all evenly matched. There are two ways to run, each suitable to certain types of men. A steady pace throughout which enables the man who sets it to get enough lead to counteract a lack of finish sprint is used by many great runners—Paavo Nurmi is one of them. Others use a slow pace and a driving finish, which begins 100 to 250 yards from the tape.

Perfect relaxation throughout a race will enable a runner to finish fresh and to avoid the disastrous "tying up" which occurs when the warming up has been insufficient, or when the runner keeps himself tense.

The distance man, more than any other, needs that fighting (Continued on page 30)



RADIOLA 20, WITH FIVE RADIOTRONS, \$115



The power tube makes it a corker!


Five tubes can do a lot in radio. Four tubes and a power tube can do a lot more!

That's one of the things that make this new Radiola 20 such a corker! The last tube is a Radiotron UX-120. Hook up your dry batteries—tune in—turn up the volume. And you get clear, brilliant tone—unmuffled—undistorted! That last tube takes the strain and gives you volume—clearly. Tune in! Just turn a single control

and roll the stations in. Want distance? There are other helps for very delicate tuning. But for ordinary listening, one turn will get the station!

When Radiola 20 was designed, it was planned to outdo—at a moderate price—any previous five-tube set. Uni-control and the power tube are only two of its improvements. To get the inside story, write for the descriptive booklet. To know all about

its performance—just go to the nearest RCA dealer—and tune in! You'll find it the sort of set that satisfies a boy's mechanical mind—satisfies a father's purse—and a mother's demands, too. It's so easy to work that Mother can tune in, during the off hours, and leave the set to you when school is over.

Where you see this sign, you buy not merely a radio set—but good radio reception. 

RCA Radiola

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF RADIOTRONS



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Radio Frequency Amplification

By Millard F. Bysorg

MANY fellows who are making and improving their own sets are turning to radio frequency amplification as a means of attaining better reception. You know, radio frequency amplifiers have been used, to any great extent, for only a few years. The first broadcast stations operated on only 360 and 400 meters so that the problem of radio frequency amplification was comparatively

of those "canaries" of radio known as the regenerative outfit, this unit placed between the regenerator and the aerial and ground, will stop those whistles and growls from passing out of your aerial—and you can again become friends with your neighbors. Notice that the primary, A, is connected directly between the aerial and ground while the secondary, B, is connected to the vacuum tube direct through a parallel connection with the tuning connection. The wire shown at F, must be used only on the first stage. Using it elsewhere will burn out the tubes.

Notice that the variable condenser across the secondary has the stationary plates connected to the "G" or grid post of the vacuum tube. The rotary plates are shown by the curved line. This connection is important. If you have it re-

when used with the coil shown in Figure 6.

If your tube should still oscillate or whistle, either turn down the rheostat un-



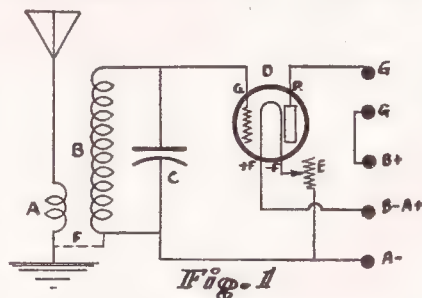
**Ask for
NEW
HANDY PACK
WRIGLEY'S
P. K.
CHEWING SWEET**



Up the hill for water ... or on any errand—for work or play have WRIGLEY'S with you.

It's the treat that aids teeth, appetite and digestion.

G16



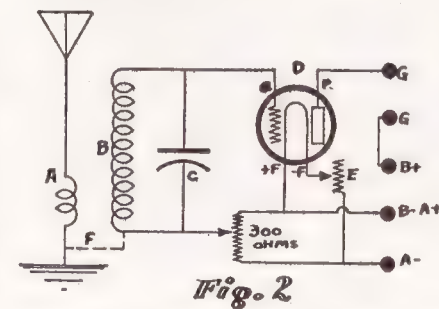
simple—a fixed instrument could be devised to cover both wave-lengths effectively.

But since the range of broadcast stations now runs from 220 to 550 meters, the problem is different and the old style transformers are not satisfactory. So now you will find these old instruments supplanted by new ones which are tuned by means of low capacity variable condensers to a certain peak on each wave-length and can be adjusted to suit the wave-length of the station desired. Thus a weak signal is greatly amplified and is certain to actuate the detector.

These transformers are composed of a primary winding of a few turns and a secondary winding of many turns, the latter being tuned by the variable condenser. Now there are as many different shapes of transformers as there are styles in clothes. Some fellows prefer those spider-web effects, others fancy those that look like a basket or those that resemble a cruller. But you will find the old cylindrical coil mighty effective and easy to make. So that's the kind of transformer we'll use.

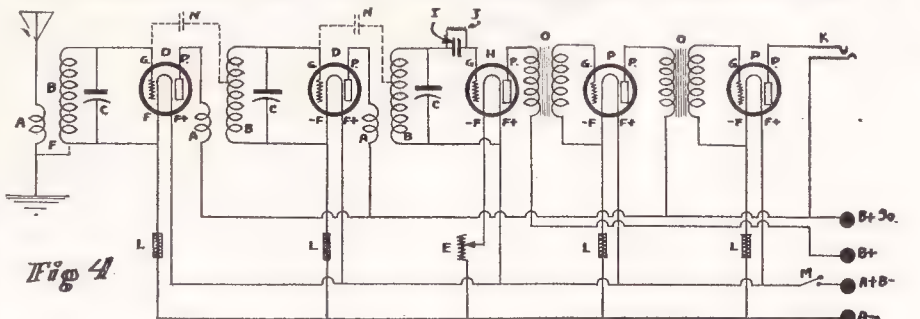
Figure 6 shows how this is made. The outer coil is the secondary and contains about sixty turns of wire. The inner coil, shown by the broken line, is located inside and at one end of the secondary coil. This inner or primary coil contains from eight to ten turns of wire. Both coils must be wound in the same direction and with either No. 22 or No. 24 insulated wire.

Now look at Figure 1. Here is shown a typical one stage tuned radio frequency amplifier. It is all ready to be connected between your aerial and ground and the rest of your present set. If you have one



versed the set will be hard to tune and you can expect it to whistle if you just look at it.

IN this same drawing, D is the amplifier tube and E the rheostat. The two binding posts G and G should be connected to the aerial and ground post on your present set. For a back view of this

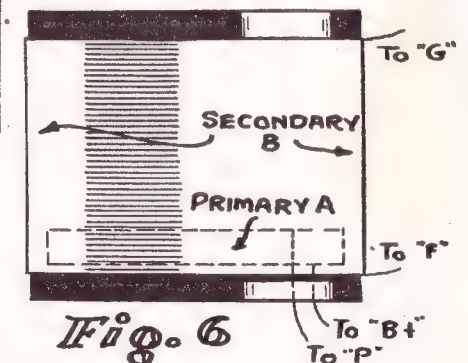
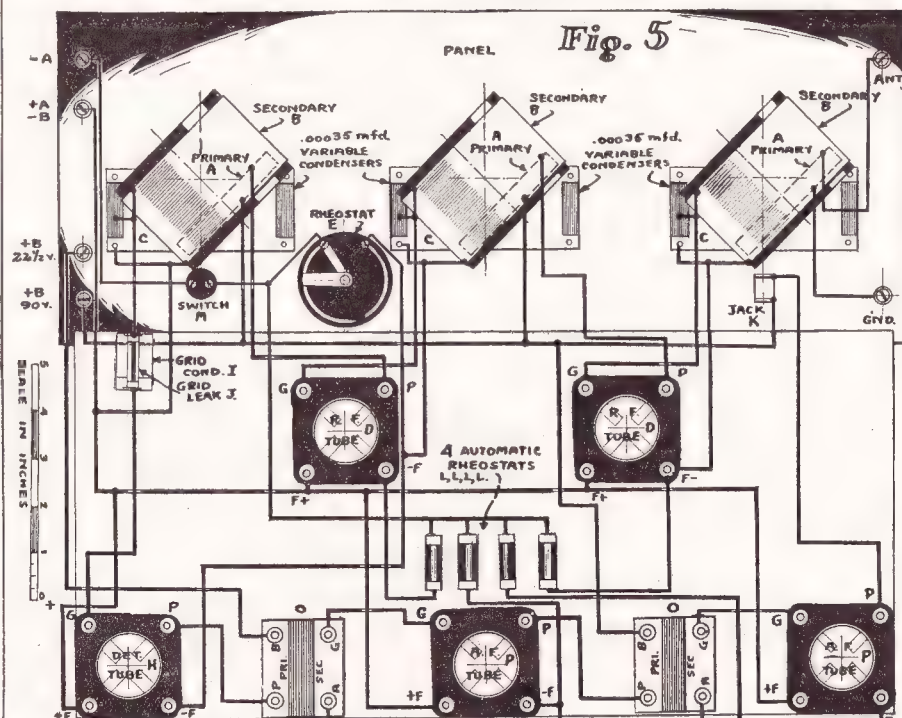


til the tube's filament is less brilliant or, better yet, add a potentiometer as shown in Figure 2. This circuit is exactly the same as the one shown in Figure 1 except for this addition. By adjusting this potentiometer you can stabilize your set.

Now glance at Figure 4. This shows a five tube set consisting of two stages of tuned radio frequency, detector and two stages of audio frequency amplification. Use an aerial of from 80 to 100 feet in length and you will have all the volume you want both on local and distant stations. Figure 5 shows this same set as it will appear when completed with every wire in place. The panel and baseboard are shown flat to picture the wiring.

Looks difficult doesn't it? But you can do it. Here's how.

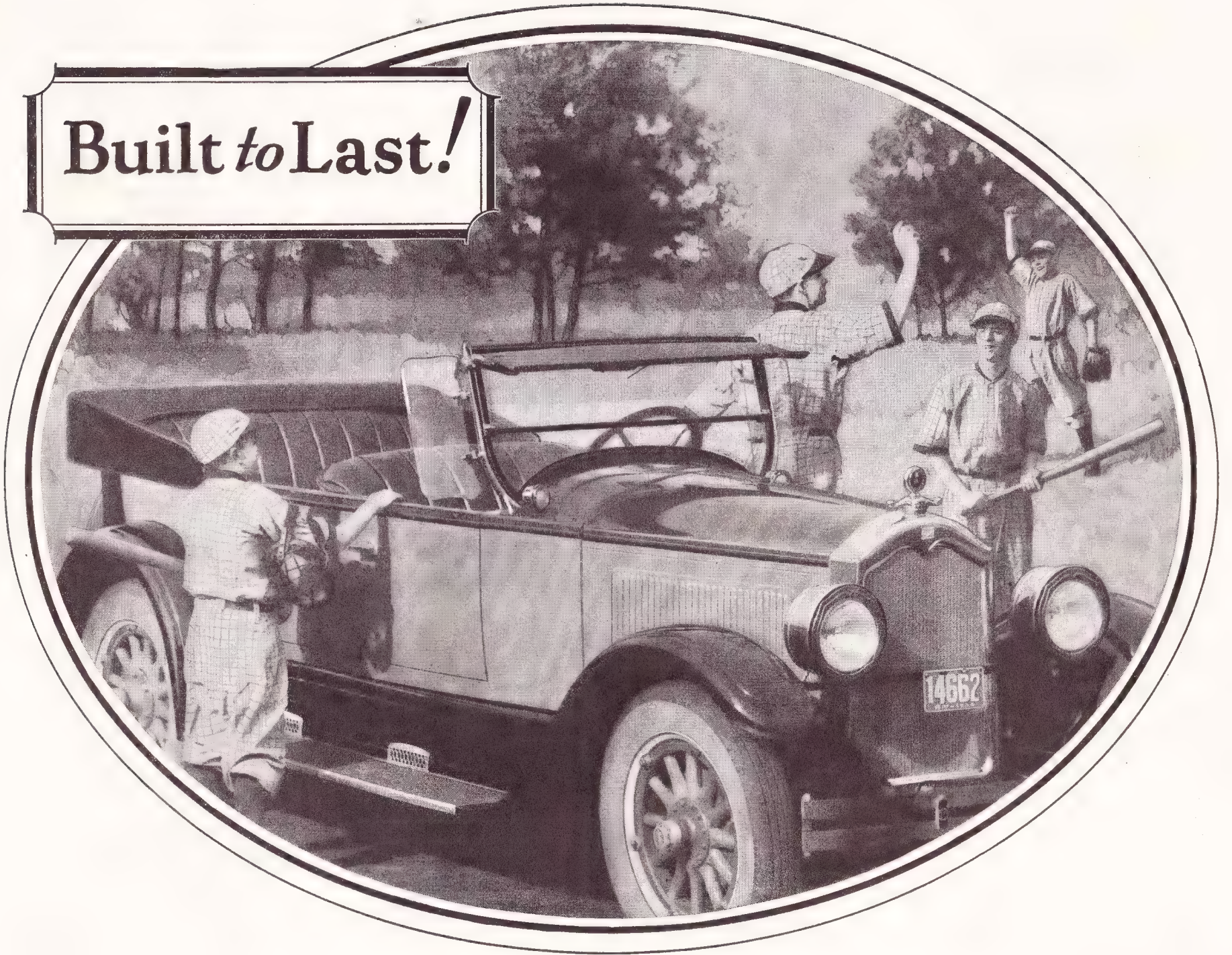
First look at Figure 4. See anything familiar about that? Sure. The first two tubes are the same as shown in Figure 1. The third tube is the same with a slight variation—the grid-leak and condenser. That's the detector. Notice, also, that the audio amplifiers are practically the same except for the absence of the tuning condenser. The letters still correspond with Figure 1 except where additions have been made. You will also notice that automatic rheostats have taken the place of the rheostats controlling the radio fre-



quency tubes. These are marked "L." The only rheostat left is shown at E and this is used to control the detector tube. Automatic rheostats are used also on the audio amplifiers.

In Figures (Continued on page 53)

Built to Last!



TIME AND HARD USE furnish an acid test for a motor car. Will it stand up and stay good through years of service?

A Buick will, because of the way it is built. Buick design provides surplus stamina and then protects it. Buick road tests are carried on constantly, 24 hours a day, to keep on finding ways of improvement, to develop units that will accept even more punishment.

Only Buick has the "Sealed Chassis" and the "Triple Sealed" engine. The "Sealed Chassis" places every operating part inside a dirt tight, oil tight, water tight, iron or steel housing. The "Triple Seal" (air cleaner, oil filter, gasoline filter) keeps road dust and grit out of engine parts.

Buick provides full pressure lubrication to *every* part of the engine. Not pressure lubrication to some points and hit or miss lubrication to the remainder, but a constant film of oil wherever metal touches metal.

Nowhere, at anywhere near the Better Buick's moderate price, will you find a car built so well, or so thoroughly able to deliver the same loyal service through years.

There are more than a million Buicks in daily use today. 100,000 of them are *more than eight years old!*

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK Oshawa, Ontario

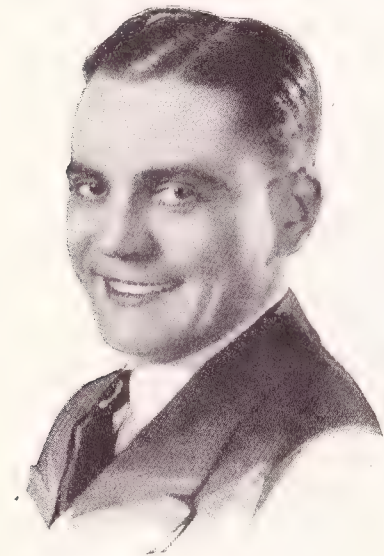
Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT·BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

the Better **BUICK**

10-Day Test FREE. Mail the Coupon



In College
They keep teeth white
this easy way
Try it free!

WRITE your name and address on the coupon below and send it to us. We will mail you free a tube of the tooth paste they use in college. It will last 10 days and at the end of that time your teeth will be far whiter and brighter.

College men and athletes take a great deal of pride in their teeth. Follow this new method now. You'll thank us for the white teeth it will give you when you leave for school.

*Film must be removed
This way is easy*

Look at your teeth. If they are not white it is because of a film. You can feel it by running your tongue across the teeth. That film is often a danger sign.

Film is a viscous coat that clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It makes pearly teeth ugly, discolored—dingy. Many a naturally pretty child is handicapped in this way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs by millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and gum troubles.

*New Way removes it
And Firms the Gums*

Now modern science has found a safe way to combat film. Super-gritty substances are judged dangerous to the teeth. Soap and chalk are inadequate.

This new method, embodied in the tooth paste called Pepsodent, provides the scientifically proved combatant that is being adopted by the people of some 50 nations. Its action is to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it.

Coupon brings free tube

Cut out the coupon. Write your name and address on it and mail to the Pepsodent Company. The test will delight you.

that aids teeth,
appetite and digestion.

G16

Tricks That Win Track Points

(Continued from page 26)

spirit I spoke of—determination, courage, resourcefulness.

The Hurdles Demand Form

THE training of a hurdler is similar to that of a sprinter. He must build up not only speed, of course, but also form in hurdle clearance. The illustrations show what is meant by form. Usually a loose limbed, graceful athlete is better suited for hurdling than the more powerful, sometimes awkward type. Strength is necessary in these events more than all others, however, and the man who combines the ability to handle himself well with driving power will make the greatest success as a hurdler.

The good hurdler takes three or five



Low hurdling requires speed and a long, even step; you don't need to skim close to the bar, to lean forward nor to land close, as in the high hurdle.

Taking the High Hurdle



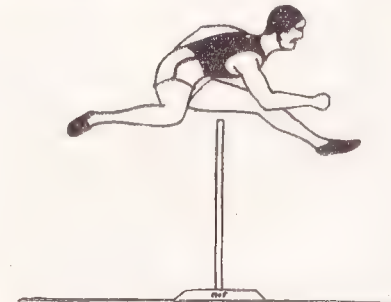
1. Land on the right (or left, if it's more natural) foot seven feet from the hurdle, raising the left knee high.



2. As you leave the ground throw the left foreleg up and bend forward at the waist, to aid forward impetus.



3. Complete the forward bend with a vigorous right arm swing, which also helps to bring up the trailing foot.



4. Bring the right knee forward with the foot directly behind and turned out. Don't swing it out too far.



5. Chop the left leg downward, keep the right parallel to the ground as it comes across the bar. The right arm starts back, the left forward.



6. The downward chop of the left leg makes you land close to the hurdle. As you hit the ground, start a stride with your right foot.

steps between the highs, and seven strides between the lows, thus bringing him up with the same foot each time. A few exceptionally fast men who lack the length of leg to take seven strides in the lows have used nine with success, but their number is not large and they are exceptions to the general rule.

A hurdler must be warned against wearing himself out with meaningless rushes over the sticks. One day a week may be devoted to form work, without speed. Wednesday makes a good day for this. Then two sprints over half distance highs on Tuesday and one over 120 yards of lows on Thursday makes enough work after form has been once mastered. Condition may be maintained by sprint work and jogging.

It is not necessarily strength that brings

success in the field events. Quite as much as on the cinder path, it is speed that wins the shot put, the discus, the pole vault and the broad jump. Perhaps not always speed over the ground, but speed of movement, that thing we call "drive" or "whip." It is the speed that the arm gives the shot in its initial shove that gets

the distance, and the lash the jumper gives his leg that produces height. It always requires a certain amount of strength to produce this drive, but in all practice and preliminary work the aim must be toward rapidity in the necessary motions that produce the push to win.

Keeping Fit

MEN taking part in field events should devote one day a week to sprinting and should finish up with a short

Sprinting and Running Form

Sprinters and runners BOTH make all movements directly forward, point toes straight ahead, keep head and neck erect and relaxed—never back or tensed. Sprinters run high on their toes, lift knees high and lean far forward, jerk arms upward and downward to get forward pull, give all their strength over the whole distance of their races. Runners move on the balls of their feet, take long, swinging strides, swing arms smoothly at their sides and suit their pace to the distance of the race.

New Model Ingersoll

WRIST WATCHES (Tonneau-Shape)

ILLUSTRATIONS can't do justice to the new model Ingersoll Wrist Watches. They can't show the real character of the design nor how the watch and strap shape themselves to lie flat on the wrist.



Radiolite
Tells time in the dark

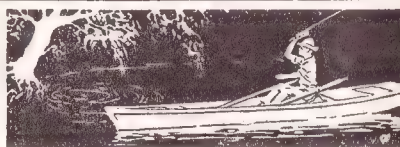
\$4.50



Metal Dial
\$4.00



NOW in addition to the Wrist Radiolite at \$4.50, there is a metal dial model without the luminous feature, priced at \$4.00.



It casts with the ease of a tournament rod

Perfect casting action . . . perfect balance . . . light weight . . . unusual strength and flexibility. That's what you'll find in every Richardson Steel Rod. For Richardson Rods are designed by experts of national reputation. To secure the finest product . . . Richardson tests every rod 26 times before its final test. Pays a 22% premium for special tempered, spring steel. Manufacturers with an ideal determination to give the greatest dollar for dollar value fishermen have ever known.

Write for catalog

Richardson's new 24 page catalog is ready. It fully describes and illustrates every type of Richardson Rod. You'll find one to fit your needs . . . and your purse. Also describes popular Harrimac Landing Nets. Send for your copy . . . today.



jog on two other days. Most men practice too much on their specialties and do not devote enough attention to the development of condition. High jumpers, pole vaulters, broad jumpers and javelin throwers would do well to work on their event only once a week. If they compete on Saturday, a few jumps or throws for form and about two for height on Tuesday will make up the week's specialized work. Light exercise on Monday, hurdling or sprinting on Wednesday and light exercise on Thursday is enough to keep these men fit once they have attained condition.

In the three jumping events a correct take-off is of essential importance, and should be laid off with mathematical accuracy before every competition. The take-off is best secured by adopting a trial mark about the correct distance from the pit. In the high jump this is about 35 feet, in the broad jump about 70 feet and in the pole vault about 55 feet. After the mark has been made the jumper steps back a few paces and crosses the mark at full jumping speed with the take-off foot hitting it. If proper results are not obtained the mark must be moved forward or backward until the correct distance is found. This should then be measured and the distance kept in the mind for future use on strange fields. A high wind or soft runway will often call for correction in the length of the run.

Save Strength

COMPETITORS in the high jump and pole vault must be careful to conserve their strength while the bar is low in order to be able to give the maximum effort to clear the greater heights. Broad jumpers and competitors in the throwing events do well to give their best in the early trials on the principle that the best effort can be made before becoming tired.

Speed and form are to be emphasized in the shot and discus along with strength and power. Most practicing should be done in the ring, to get accustomed to its size and to avoid fouling. In the shot put, with the toe board, it is advisable of course, to use the entire ring, but in the discus, it is often well to leave a slight margin of safety.

Field men are prone to neglect those fine points of conditioning which are so essential in the running events. They make a great mistake when they do it. Perfect condition and a well regulated digestive and nervous system are absolutely necessary for a record breaking performance in any event on the track and field program.

In training, sleep is the most important single asset. Nine hours each night, beginning and ending at the same hours every day, is the best conditioner known. Eating should follow common sense rules, with this general admonition—never overeat! A light noon meal is essential when practice and races are held in the afternoon. Plenty of green vegetables and milk, except on the day of a hard workout or race, are part of every diet.

Efficiency E

(Continued from page 25)

out of a perfectly good youngster! And here he goes and wins a Congressional Medal—

"Our kids are supposed to learn something about ships—" said the admiral feebly.

"You don't get this at all, Admiral!" vociferated his fleet gunnery officer, who was not to be stopped once in full career. "This kid's a shark on director-firing. He wrote all the confidential dope on it, in words of one syllable so that the other kids could get some glimmerings of it into their heads. He's wasted, anywhere else than with me! Any one can run a ship! But a gunnery shark is only born once a century, and there are only two of them in the Navy now, and one of 'em's me—"

They sat on him in a roar of guffaws. "Oh, well," surrendered the admiral, "I'll look into it, McCracken."

And, a week later, Ensign Wally Radnor, whom all this was about, gave three rat-squeaks in a row as he read:

"Ens. W. Radnor detached U. S. S. *Peewit*, to F. G. O. Atlantic Battle Fleet."



Chrysler "58" Sedan, \$995, f. o. b. Detroit

PRECISELY THE SAME QUALITY-PERFORMANCE-APPEARANCE-AT ELECTRIFYING NEW LOWER PRICES

Since the Chrysler "58" was announced last June, nearly 10,000 men and women have testified every month by their orders that this wonderful car gives most for the money.

Such striking performance advantages as 58 miles an hour, 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds and 25 miles to the gallon of gas—combined with many other outstanding superiorities—won for it instant acceptance which caused it to outsell competition everywhere in its own particular price group.

Now the electrifying new lower prices make Chrysler "58" more unmistakably than ever the value supreme in its class. In the ac-

complishment of these new prices there has been no change in body quality, comfort or style, no change in the high quality design, materials and workmanship which won spontaneous and widespread preference and admiration for Chrysler "58".

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to show you that at these new lower prices, Chrysler "58" continues to offer precisely the same quality—precisely the same performance—precisely the same fine appearance—precisely the same beautiful body and chassis—which those who know motor car quality agree have placed Chrysler "58" on the topmost value pinnacle.

CHRYSLER "58"

NEW "58" PRICES

CHRYSLER "58"—Touring Car, \$845; Roadster, \$890; Club Coupe, \$895; Coach, \$935; Sedan, \$995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.

CHRYSLER "70"—Phaeton, \$1395; Coach, \$1445; Roadster, \$1625; Sedan, \$1695; Royal Coupe, \$1795; Brougham, \$1865; Royal Sedan, \$1995; Crown Sedan, \$2095. Disc wheels optional.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—Phaeton, \$2645; Roadster, (wire wheels standard equipment; wood wheels optional) \$2885; Coupe, four-passenger, \$3195; Sedan, five-passenger, \$3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, \$3595; Sedan-limousine, \$3695.

All prices f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

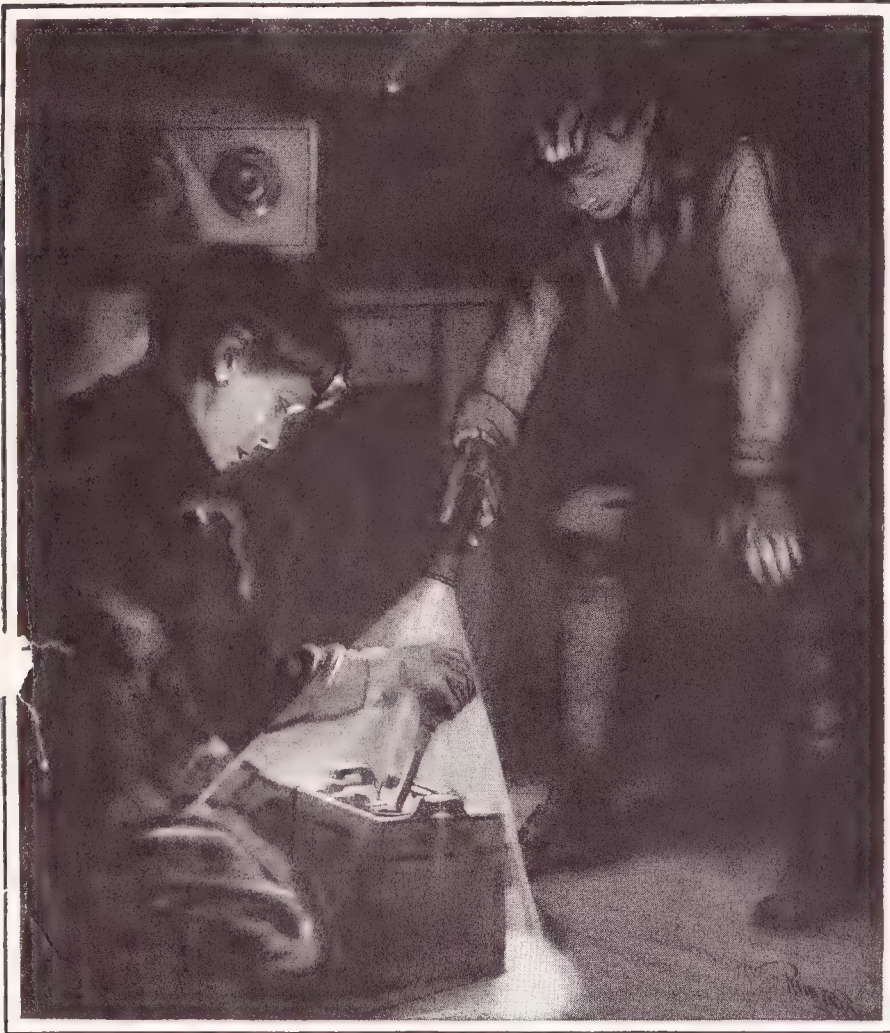
There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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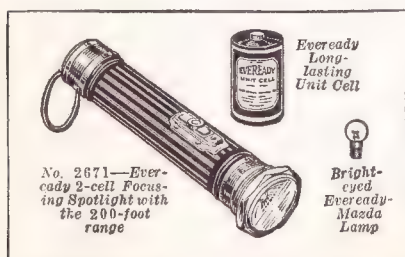
Portable light in its most convenient form. Safe and dependable light when and

where you need it. Insist on getting the genuine Eveready, for only in Eveready can you get the newest features. Keep it loaded with those powerful, long-lasting Eveready Batteries.

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Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda Lamps, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Toronto, Ontario



EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer

The Circus Feud

(Continued from page 15)

to his feet.

"Get down to the cars," ordered O'Donnell. "You might just as well fix yourself around this show right now. Don't let any of 'em get t' pickin' on yuh. If yuh do, you're gone. 'Night."

And the next second his voice could be heard reverberating over the lot:

"Speed on those stringers! Come on there, you jack men—snap into it. All right, Perry! Move up ten feet with that plank wagon! Shake it up a little, everybody!"

The cars were spotted a mile and a half away, and Rann trudged along wearily, following the flaring torches set at each corner to guide the never-ending line of wagons, drawn by six and eight horse teams, which were carrying the show to the runs.

He realized that the feud between himself and Knight must come to a crisis. Sockless had something of the snake about him—the more dangerous because he'd stop at nothing that he thought he could get away with. And, as O'Donnell and others had intimidated, it was strictly up to the young Southerner to fight his own battles and survive or perish in his new surroundings by his own efforts.

Yet, somehow, as he plugged along down the street Rann could not find any real hatred for Sockless in his heart. Right then he felt sort of sorry for the property boy—disliked by everyone, filthy, penniless, picked upon as fair game and retaliating in his peculiar underhanded way.

"Guess I'm too sick and tired to figure anything out," Rann mumbled to himself as he stumbled up the long line of white cars and got into Car 40.

The car was like an oversize Pullman, except that the berths were permanent and could not be turned into seats at any time. Two men slept in each berth. The cars were always spotlessly clean, but the same statement did not go for all the workmen, by any means. To-night, though, Rann didn't think of that. He was asleep in the quiet car almost before his aching blonde head hit the pillow.

THAT was all he remembered until morning. It had been a ninety-mile run, but he never knew when the train started or stopped, or when the hundred men had come in and gone to sleep. For once he didn't have to shrink when Sockless came to bed.

He was dreaming about Kaiser, and it seemed that the great lion hit him with his paw. He felt a stunning blow—and awakened out in the narrow aisle, his body prone among dozens of legs. Everybody was getting up—

"Time t' git up, Peaches!" grinned Sockless. "I'm callin' this mornin' fur the boss!"

Rann bounded to his feet. For the second it would have been a pleasure to wring Sockless' scrawny neck. With one sweep of his hand he knocked the lanky property boy into the berth, and an instant later was on top of him. The jostling, mumbling crowd of men stopped talking, and necks were craned to see. Everyone knew what had been brewing between Sockless and Rann.

"Now you listen to me," said Rann, talking very slowly and very quietly. "That's the last time you ever put your hands on me with this show. I've taken all you've given and said nothing, but by the mighty, the next time you make a move in my direction I swear I'll send you to a hospital. Now, you dirty rat, what have you got to say?"

Sockless had nothing to say. From somewhere back in the car, though, a voice carried clearly:

"Listen to the First of May talkin' big! The little darling—"

Rann was on his feet, now, outwardly cool and inwardly aflame. Somehow he knew it was a real crisis—his test of might and ability to get along with this strange new group of showmen.

"I'm not opening my mouth too wide. In one second I'll pull in my neck and keep it in. But before that I want to get one remark into the record. There's been

considerable ragging around here, and if anybody doesn't like me around I'm sorry. But what I said to Sockless goes as it lays, and it goes for everybody. I can take care of myself, and will from now on. And whoever made that little speech just now can step right outside the car and find it out!"

Not a word in return as he stood there in his pajamas. Then he caught the eye of Fred Loman, boss usher. That stocky, thin-haired veteran of old wagon-show days allowed his left eye to droop in a portentous wink of commendation. There comes a time when a man must declare himself.

There was a curious tensy in the air, and right then Rann unconsciously did the thing that "set" him forever with his comrades. He relaxed, and laughed.

"Gosh, I'm glad nobody took me up!" he drawled.

Sockless got to his feet—his dressing consisted of putting on pants, shirt and shoes, which had been done already—and shoved his way down the crowded aisle. There were tears of frustrated hate and disappointment in his eyes, and like a pack of wolves the rest leaped on him with scornful remarks, such as, "Peaches don't agree with you, do they?"

No one called Rann Peaches though. Any doubts as to his right and ability to be one of the gang had been quieted—and Rann was hoping, as he followed the others up to the new lot, that Sockless Knight would never again enter into his existence in any important role.

But he was wrong, and it took no longer than the afternoon to prove it.

The afternoon show was starting, and the big top was packed to the guards. Both "blues"—unreserved seats—and "yellows"—reserved—were crammed with humanity. Rann was standing next to the steel arena, watching the big spectacle which opened the show. All the horses, elephants, and nearly all the performers and workmen were used in it, dressed in flowing Oriental clothing. It was a beautiful sight which Rann always enjoyed. As soon as it was over he, along with Sockless Knight and a half-dozen other property boys, would put together the wooden runway which led from the cages across the track and into the arena. The sections leading across the track were down now to allow the spectacle parade to go on.

The runway led past the bandstand, which was directly opposite the arena. As the last of the elephants was disappearing through the back door of the big top Rann started across the track with the others, prepared to help carry the last sections into place.

Suddenly his eye caught a tawny shape in the runway, coming toward the track. They had let the lions out a little early—

Then he heard a wild yell of fear from Sockless, and the half-dozen property boys climbed up the sides of the steel arena in a panic which Rann could not understand. The runway was always closed at the end until the final two sections across the track were set up—

Only it wasn't. That was one of Knight's jobs—and the runway was open. The next second Kaiser's great head poked forth from the end, and then the huge lion walked slowly out on the track and stopped in front of the bandstand, within ten feet of the unprotected audience.

A thousand things whirled through Rann's reeling brain. Pounding ceaselessly through his head was Bullion's statement: "They're always bewildered when they get out of a cage, and can be rounded up with anything that looks like a barrier or cage—"

But Kaiser was an outlaw. He was crouched now, his unholy eyes flashing around the tent. Fred Ledger, the equestrian director, was shouting something as he ran from the other end of the tent. The audience was still silent, as though paralyzed with fear. Probably they thought it was part of the show momentarily.

Then a shriek rang out, and the next second Rann's voice was reverberating through the tent.

"Don't move, anybody!" he shouted

clearly. "There's no danger!"

In a flash he'd stripped off his red corduroy blouse. Never in his life had he felt such deadly fear, and yet something drove him on.

His eyes on Kaiser, crouched there as though wondering which way to leap, Rann walked toward him, holding his blouse in front of him, so that it just dragged the ground. What would the old outlaw do? Bullion had said no lion would try to get you while your eye was on him—but Kaiser!

Ten feet, five, and Kaiser was looking around wildly. Performers and animal men were coming now, but they were a hundred feet away. Suppose Kaiser leaped into the crowd—

Now Rann was standing, trembling so that he could scarcely remain upright, two feet in front of Kaiser, shooting him with that red blouse. Kaiser snarled, and it seemed that his great eyes were looking wildly for a way of escape. The tent was silent as death as eight thousand people were held in the grip of fascinated horror.

Now the animal men were coming slowly, so as not to excite the lion. Indistinguishable words of encouragement and advice—

And Kaiser gave way. Not step by step nor slowly, but in a flash he had whirled around, his back to Rann, and in one great leap was back at the runway. He dived into it, and like a brown streak sped back for his familiar cage.

Rann's legs gave way, and he found himself sitting weakly on the ground while bedlam was let loose in the tent.

There was no time for delay, or congratulations, though. The acts in the end rings were started, and the show was in full swing as Rann got to his feet and went to work with a hundred compliments ringing in his ears.

But during a lull in their tasks big, keen-eyed Jack Farrell, manager, came over to the group and there was molten flame in his usually cold gray eyes.

"Who left that runway open?" he snapped. He had just returned from town, and heard about what had happened.

For a minute the property boys were silent. Rann knew that it meant discharge for Sockless—and Sockless was broke, without even clothing enough to cover him. And he'd be stranded in this strange town—Possibly Rann wouldn't be discharged because he had recaptured Kaiser without any harm's being done—

Farrell's eye lighted on Rann, and, probably because Rann was the newest man on the show, he snapped:

"You, I suppose!"

And Rann did not deny it—did not say a word as Farrell's blistering tongue fairly flayed him alive.

"You'll get one more chance to be a showman—and that's all, you dummy!" was his parting shot.

The subdued property men went to work again, and said nothing. The skipper was still standing in the doorway, watching them. After he'd left, Sockless Knight came over to where Rann was sitting, alongside the arena, during a brief lull in the never-ending duties.

"Thanks, Peach—Braden," he mumbled. "They'd o' fired me sure."

"All right, Sockless," nodded Rann—and thought that was all.

But it wasn't. Late that night, with the whole company sitting along the railroad tracks waiting for the time when the 55-car train was due to start, Sockless sought out Rann. And somehow or other, one thing led to another until finally Rann was telling Sockless frankly a few of the things he didn't like.

"Why in time don't you save your money instead of gambling it away, take a bath once in a while, dress half decently, and act like a man instead of a pig?"

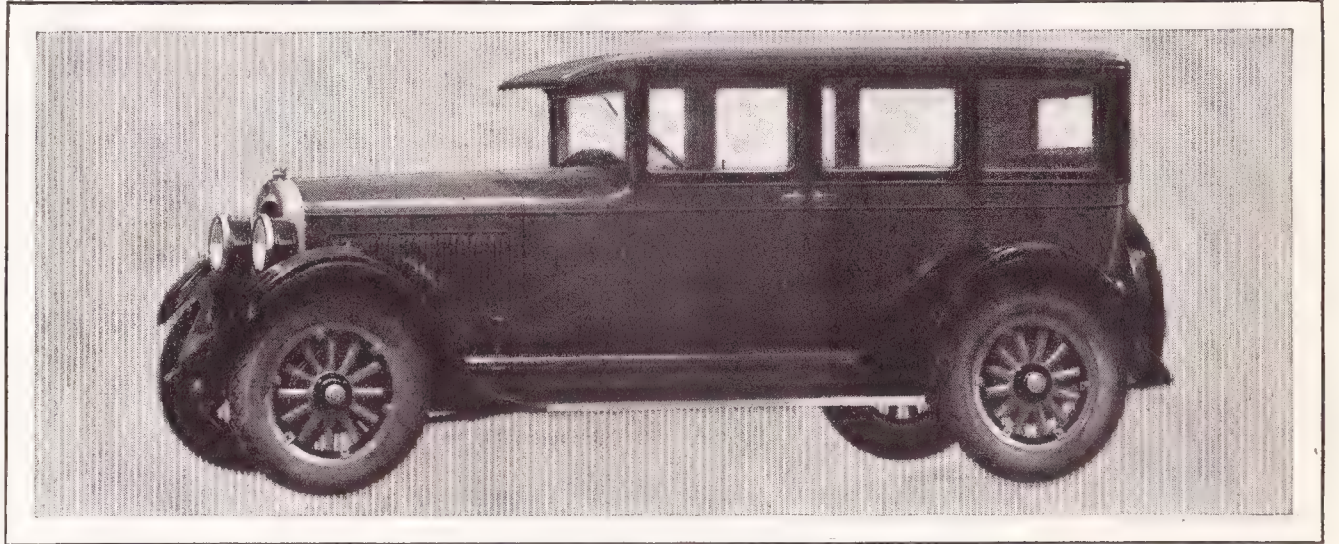
"I—ain't never had no chance," mumbled Sockless. "I—"

"Bosh! You've got it now, haven't you? Well, you're going to buck up if I have to drive you to the water with a snap whip! I'll be dog-goned if I'll have a berth mate that—"

"I'll do her!" promised Sockless. "I'd kind o' like to be like you," he went on shyly, as though dragging the words out. "And—we'll have a new deal, huh? I'll try, Rann, honest."

And Rann was to see the day that very season when Sockless was his boss.

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Study the Sixes—
Then Back to the Hupmobile

You'll know why the public is clamoring for more and more of these Hupmobile Sixes the moment you press down the starting button.

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JOHN A. MOROSO was a New York reporter for years, and knows the New York police force as few men have known it. He and his Corona have pounded out many a story from real life, including the humorous detective stories of "Bonehead" Tierney, the latest of which appears in this issue. Read what he says about Corona.

"My Corona simply got started on a story about the 'Bonehead' and his new friend, Mr. Walsingham, and it wouldn't stop. None of the rough treatment the little machine has received in the years I've had it has been tough enough to put it out of commission. I've found it handy because I can use it either when I'm traveling or at home—it's so light that I wouldn't think of going on a trip without it, and when it's not in use at home it's completely out of the way. I couldn't get along without a Corona."

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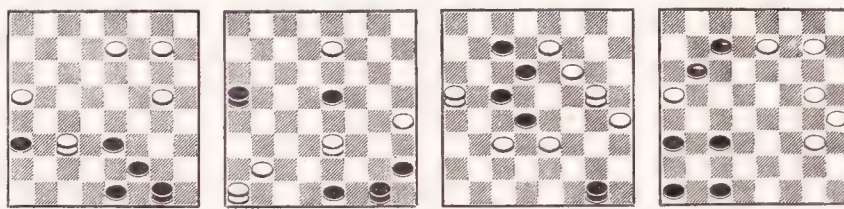
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More Fun and Tricks in Checkers

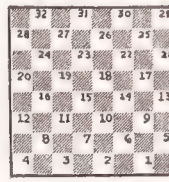
By Newell W. Banks,
Match Checkers Champion of America.



137—Black to move and win. 138—Black to move and win. 139—Black to move and win. 140—Black to move and win.

AFTER you have worked these four problems I'm certain you'll be grinning from ear to ear. For instance in Number 140, a single white piece is given a complete round trip across the board before black even gets started collecting men—but black surely causes a stampede in the white ranks when he gets going. You'll like this one.

Don't laugh at the whites too soon in Number 139. An exchange is necessary in the very last stage of the game for black to get the advantage. Numbers 137 and 138, though not hard, will keep you guessing. In Number 138 four white pieces remain on the board with only one black but black wins! Try to figure that out.



Here's how the board is numbered.

There are still a number of AMERICAN BOY checkers booklets left. You'd find these a big help in solving checkers prob-

lems and improving your play. The Checkers Editor, care of THE AMERICAN BOY, 550 West Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich., will mail you one of these booklets and a checker spinner if you send him four cents in stamps.

Answers for Last Month

No. 133—Positions, Black 20, 22, 23, 26. White, 18, 28, 31, king 19. Black to move and win. 22-25, 31-22, 25-30, 19-26, 30-14. Black wins.

No. 134—Positions, Black 3, 9, 11, 13, king 23. White, 12, 22, 30, kings 4, 10. Black to move and win. 9-14, 10-17, 23-18, 22-8, 13-22. Black wins.

No. 135—Positions, Black 15, 18, 22, 23, king 30. White 28, 31, kings 11, 17. Black to move and win. 15-19, 17-26, 19-24, 26-19, 18-23, 19-26, 28-19, 30-7. Black wins.

No. 136—Positions, Black 1, 3, 10, 15, 18, 22, 23. White 6, 12, 24, 28, 29, 31, 32. Black to move and win. 22-26, 31-22, 18-25, 29-22, 15-18, 22-15, 10-19, 24-15, 1-19. Black wins.

Hazard of the Hills

(Continued from page 12)

Tennessee squadron of reserve flyers. They found several hundred people there to see the take-off—and Hazard and young Dan Carter in an acrimonious argument.

"I don't give a hoot who you are—when I say that pusher prop's tight and shipshape, she is!" Dan was raving, his slim body as taut as a string. "And don't call me a big-headed baby, either!"

"I'm aimin' t' spank yuh, right hyar," came the slow, rasping tones of Hazard, and there was savage wrath in every word.

Russ was just in time to hold the raging youth from leaping at his dark-faced chief.

"What's the matter?" he demanded while Slim Evans smiled tranquilly at the episode, for the benefit of the crowd edging through the guarding ropes.

"Who's boss o' this hyar plane, me or this squirt?" demanded Hazard, his furious eyes flaring into Farrell's.

"You are. What's he been up to?" "He told me twice to see t' that pusher prop, an' I did, and then he'd send me back again!" raved Carter. "Honest—"

"Keep still!" snapped Russ. "You obey orders, Dan, and say nothing or I'll send you into a guardhouse that'll make your carnival tent look like a palace. As for you, Hazard—you don't like Carter, and I know it, and if I catch you trying to rag him I'll do a good job of that same on you!"

"I'm quittin'—now!" stated the mountaineer.

For a moment Russ's temper flamed. He couldn't conceive of a man's leaving his ship at a time like that, and the spirit of pettiness behind it goaded him into a white-hot rage.

"Hazard, you're not yellow—I don't think. But if you leave this Bomber until we get back to Cook Field I'll see to it that you're a marked man from now on—you won't be able to live anywhere they read a newspaper, and you can go back and squat in the mountains you came from!"

The mechanic quailed a bit before the blue eyes that were suddenly so black and hard. Then his bony shoulders straightened.

"I'll see this hyar thing through," he de-

cidated sullenly. "And when I git back to Cook Field I reckon this hyar Carter'll never forget the day, I promise yuh that!"

"Shut up, Dan!" Russ interrupted the start of Dan's comeback. "Dan, you say nothing and do as you're told. Hazard, mind your own business and if Carter says a word, let me know."

The hot-headed carnival youngster dropped his eyes shamefacedly. Then Russ explained their new plans to the whole crew.

And in Hazard's face he saw a remarkable change. The man was afraid—evidently had been afraid all along, and now was in the next thing to a panic. No sooner had Russ got through than Hazard said deliberately:

"Lieutenant, yuh ain't gonna fly at a thousand feet, air yuh, above that crick with the hills higher'n we are—"

"It's got to be done."

Twice Hazard's mouth opened, but both times the look in Russ's eyes seemed to stop the man from saying a word. Without another word he warmed the motors, but there was a drawn look on his lined face as he disappeared into his seat.

"What's he scared of?" Russ was thinking. "He's flown in this before."

But the pilot had to forget all problems as he took the great Bollen off. It took main strength and awkwardness on the ground, but after the nose was down it was easier, and after the ship was moving solidly through the air the muscles in his broad shoulders relaxed and he could take it easier.

A HALF hour of flying found them eight hundred feet high over Kentucky. Soon they were above the mountains, and then their course crossed the Frankfort Creek. Russ turned southward to follow it, and he and Slim glued their eyes to the gorge which the little stream followed. Occasional cabins and cleared fields were all that broke the barren monotony of hills and cliffs and forest.

A quarter of an hour of flying brought them to a settlement consisting of a crooked main street lined with a few dozen ramshackle houses. Two fivvers stood at

(Continued on page 36)

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Hazard of the Hills

(Continued from page 34)

the curb, and several horse-drawn vehicles. That was the notorious Burnhamsville, near which the Burnhams and the back-country Hadleys had fought their bloody battle.

Five miles further on the rugged hills rose to a height which brought their crest even with the plane. Between the mountains on either side there was an interval of perhaps three hundred feet.

Russ, watching on one side, and Slim, on the other, had so far seen no suspicious gathering along the river. An occasional lonely horseman—that was all—and a hunter or two.

Russ had almost forgotten his duty as he flew along. He was thinking of Hazard and Carter. The kid was trying hard, but had not yet shaken off the cocky attitude of his carnival days. Undoubtedly he had forgotten himself and by his flip attitude and wise remarks angered Hazard, who resented Dan's youth anyhow. Then Hazard had been goaded into reprisal, and so it had grown into a feud. Neither one wholly to blame, and neither one altogether right. But Hazard was a bad man to fool with—that was certain.

He looked around, and down through the enclosed cockpit behind him. Hazard was not at his motor instruments—he was back farther, looking out of the door in the side of the huge round fuselage, scanning the hills anxiously. Maybe he was afraid of being shot at—

Russ turned like a shot as Slim's fingers dug themselves into his shoulder. He turned, and followed the long, pointed finger of Evans. For a moment he could see nothing in the thick growth on the mountain side; then, as though by magic, smoke floated from the bushes and trees to mark the spot, and he saw at least twenty-five men.

Then there came a dull explosion above the motors' drumming roar, and the great ship shivered like a mortally wounded thing. Russ's face went white as his head jerked around, and he saw a jagged hole in the top stabilizer at the right end, as though a small bomb had exploded. One elevator and at least two rudders were gone. They were being shot at from those hillsides only a few yards away.

"They're shooting at us, and they're using spotlight ammunition!" Slim roared in his ear.

Before Russ's stunned mind could quite comprehend all that had happened to the reeling ship, he saw a great white umbrella whip out in the air, close to the Bollen. The next second it had caught on the great damaged tail surfaces behind. Hazard had jumped, and opened his chute too soon! He was hanging there on that crumbling empenage.

"Undervliet brought the guns down to use—must be one of that clan!" Slim roared again. "Will she stay up?"

"I can't get her out of this dive!" yelled Russ, after he had cut the motors. "Half the elevator to the tail there!"

The Bollen was in a shallow dive, and Russ, with the wheel back in his stomach, could not bring the bomber level. It would inevitably crash, but if the empenage did not go to pieces the dive was gentle enough so that the wreck would not be complete, probably. Part of the great ship could be saved.

He scarcely thought of that, however. When they did land, crash or no crash, Hazard would be crushed to death, inevitably. He looked back again, just as the grim-faced Evans shouted:

"Look at the kid!"

The young ex-acrobat was crawling down the top of the round fuselage like a monkey toward those shattered stabilizers thirty feet away from him. Russ, his freckles like blotches on a white background and his eyes narrow and bleak as they foresaw the tragedy ahead, sat for a moment like a man turned to stone. The parachute was wrapped all around the end of the stabilizer; it did not seem possible that it could be extricated in time to save the invisible mountaineer swinging below it. Maybe he could be hauled up, if the stabilizer would hold—but Dan couldn't do it alone.

"Take her, Slim!" he yelled. "If she doesn't dive any faster, maybe we can make it!"

LIKE a flash he was out of his seat, and crawling awkwardly back. His seat-pack parachute bothered him, but he snaked along the rounded top with all the speed he could muster. The dive was not very steep, but even so the air blast was very bad, and the ship had a tendency to tip up in a bank.

Dan was working desperately, his legs gripping the creaking, loose stabilizer. The boy's face was whiter than Russ's, but in his gray eyes there blazed the indomitable spirit which never would die in the youngster's heart.

"She's caught underneath!" he yelled, and in an instant Russ had made up his mind.

"I'll let you down. If we fall, pull your chute!"

Lying flat on top of the upper stabilizer, holding himself by his feet and knees, he took Dan's feet and swung him underneath. He could see Hazard's agonized face looking up at them as the man tried desperately to haul himself up. Dan, head down, worked like fury unwrapping the silk from struts and wires. The Bollen was going down with ever-increasing speed, it seemed—and then Russ, his mind too confused to see things clearly, had a wild idea that the Bollen was leveling out a bit. The speed, plus the extra weight on the tail maybe—

He forgot his aching arms and shouted wildly as he saw Hazard drop clear and go swinging downward. His chute was open; so he was safe. Now could he get Dan up? He had never thought of that. The shrill of the dozens of wires and the creaking of the ruined stabilizer seemed the voices of doom as he strained to lift the lithe youngster back. And he could not. They were only two hundred feet high—

It was the indomitable Dan who worked out his own salvation. With those long-trained muscles of his, he bent his body at the waist, and lifted himself until his hands were gripping Farrell's wrists.

"Take one foot and one hand!" he shouted through pale, strained lips, and Farrell did.

It seemed that every muscle in his big body was limp with utter exhaustion, and that his arms were numb. The dive was terrible now—had Slim lost control? Only a hundred feet or so to go before the crash—

In a split second there came to Russ one of those moments of white-hot comprehension—in an instant when it seemed that his mind was clear and calm and unutterably keen. He knew what he had to do. A second to gather himself, and he swung the boy slightly to the left. On the reverse swing he gave a mighty heave—and one of the boy's hands caught the edge of the stabilizer, close to the fuselage. A wild scramble, and he was safe. Russ saw the small ploughed field leap up to meet them.

At the last minute the ship came nearly level. That master pilot up in front had dared fate by getting a world of speed, and then gambling that the terrific air stream, plus the weight of the two men, would make the one elevator effective.

And he won. The ship did not nose up, but went plowing through the soft earth, and continued on through a fence and into a rough, stump-filled pasture lot. But it did not crack up, and they were safe.

For the moment, that is. There was no time for mutual congratulations.

"I suppose those bozos are on their way after us now!" Russ said swiftly. "Got the guns for a feud fight, and when they saw us decided to wing us because they thought we were government men after them. And we're not armed. All we can do is wait and hide. They'd put bullets into us in a moment if we stayed by the ship."

They scattered to the woods, talking about Hazard. Evidently what he had feared had come to pass. But where was he? He had landed just around the bend, and it did not seem as though he could have been hurt.

For a half hour they waited. To the fiery Farrell, the wait seemed unendurable. It was not natural for him to await action. He felt as though he could wade into a hundred men to save that ship—

Then Hazard, alone, walked into the field from the woods. Russ shouted to him, and they went out to meet him. In response to Farrell's question he answered slowly:

"You-all made me right ashamed o' myself. I was scairt because I knowed Undervliet was a mountain man, and figgered maybe them guns was down here—and I knew what the Burnhams'd do with 'em if a ship come across, after all the trouble they had with airypplanes when Bob was captured.

"So I went to meet that bunch, singin' loud to warn 'em, and met up with 'em on their way hyar without gettin' killed. Undervliet did bring 'em down hyar, but he told the Burnhams we was comin' with the Bollen and loaded cannon to wipe 'em out. Even said we'd fly up this hyar crick. That means that there letter and phone call Mr. Crane got was fakes—and that somebody's after us an' that Undervliet was workin' for 'em. He's not around, but he'll come back for the guns.

"I got it all fixed up, me bein' a Tennessee Hazard with kin hyar. They won't hurt us, and to make up as much as they can fer what they done, they'll all git to work and fix up these fields so's we can take off. We got spare parts in the ship, and can take off to-morrer if we're lucky.

"They'll be here in a minute. There wasn't no feud fight on at all.

"I want t' thank yuh, Lieutenant, and as fur you, Dan, yuh can climb around my ship any time!"

Master mechanic and bright-eyed apprentice shook on that, as man to man.

They took off next day, the precious guns and ammunition with them, and found Crane in Washington. It was evident, to both Russ and Slim and Crane, that the same forces which they thought had been scotched long before were again in operation—with different human tools. They had evidently planned to get the guns for their own study and use, and had plotted to destroy the Bollen merely because it had cost the United States a half million dollars and was the most advanced ship of its type.

Crane listened to the story calmly, as was his wont. Then he said crisply:

"I knew the letter was a fake a few hours after you left. Likewise the phone call. The destruction of the Bollen was probably an afterthought, due to the coincidence of Undervliet's being a mountaineer. They were willing to use the guns that way for a couple of days to destroy the ship—and you and me, Russ, because they think we have ideas that will help the service—and then take them away. They probably conceived the idea when the trip was advertised.

"Please say nothing about this. I have a full investigation under way, and I myself am now a secret agent, temporarily, and shall devote the next month to cleaning Cook Field—and the country—of this menace."

He showed the astounded flyers his tiny gold badge.

"Undervliet will surely be caught, no matter how long he wanders in the woods. My two assailants have been traced to Chicago already, and will be in our hands in a couple of days. Within a week we'll have them all where we put Frank Donant—behind the bars. And we'll get a full confession out of them."

Thus it came about that no newspapers got the story—and few people except those high in authority had an inkling of it. As Russ said to Slim after leaving the equable, self-contained Crane:

"I'd hate to be a crook he was after, in person!"

"Me too," grunted Slim. "So now he's a temporary secret agent, eh? I shouldn't be surprised if he turned up to-morrow as the Pope!"

Next Month: Graves, famous Secret Service man, uncovers bleak treachery and demands Russ Farrell's help. Asks for co-operation that thrusts the young pilot into a desperate fight with a friend, into a thrilling struggle in a wildly hurling plane. A big concluding story—"Sentinel of the Sky."



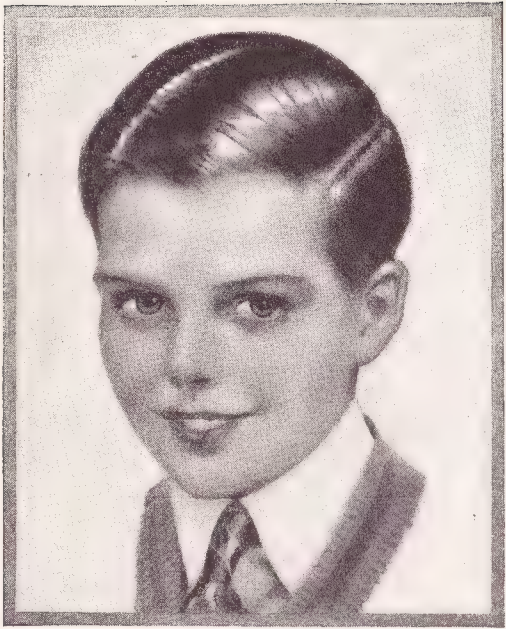
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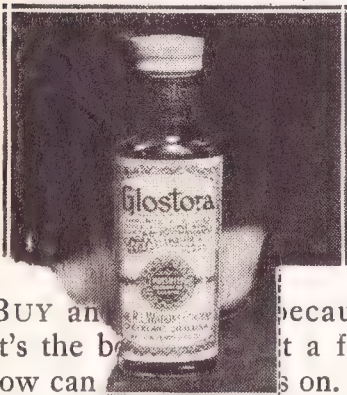
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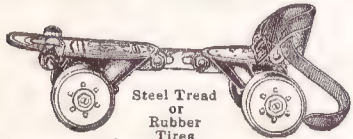
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Whistling Jimmy Takes a Chance

(Continued from page 22)

as much use as a pair of clams!"

Jimmy was in no mood for the joyous turmoil that rolled from bus to bus. The knowledge that he would have to tell Carter—and that decision had come to him almost immediately—didn't lighten his worry. There was Applegate High to think of. Carter, too.

"Cart sure is keen to win to-day," he heard somebody saying in the seat behind him. "Says that if we trim Johnstown it will be the making of track at Applegate. He'd do almost anything, I guess—"

The words trailed off as a new fear took possession of Jimmy's tangled thoughts. How much would Cart do to win?

Jimmy had often heard Art say that you couldn't count on a man's thought processes. Cart believed that a victory would mean a lot to Applegate; might he not decide, with Ben right there on the ground, that those five points in the half-mile were more important than what Simon Thatcher desired—particularly as he believed the older man to be wrong?

Fiercely Jimmy shook the fear off. No matter what the outcome, he had to find Cart—and tell him.

The bus began to slacken speed—they were approaching Johnstown Field. Somebody cried that the team was just going in. Jimmy elbowed his way to the exit platform and swung to the ground. The track men, grouped about a narrow doorway, were making their way into a field house. Jimmy broke into a run. He passed the first bus, and there were shouts of, "Hey, Jim, what's the rush? Where's the fire?" Then he was up with the team and through the doorway on Carter's heels.

"Mr. Carter."
The coach looked back. "Hello, Jim. Something on your mind?"

Jimmy plunged.
"Mr. Thatcher doesn't want Ben to run." There was a moment of silence. "Does he absolutely forbid it?"

The boy nodded.
A muscle in the coach's cheek twitched. "Rather sudden decision, isn't it?"

"He's always been against Ben's running in this meet; told him all along he couldn't come. Ben kept hoping he'd be able to talk him around. Last night he knew he was lost, and this morning he lit out and came with the fellows. I met Mr. Thatcher on my way to the bus. He told me to tell you."

"So he forbids it absolutely!" Carter seemed to be talking to himself. His eyes went out to where the stands were beginning to fill. Suddenly he swung around. "It strikes me that you must have known something of this for quite a while."

"Six or seven weeks," Jimmy said with a gulp.

"What was the matter? Did you think I was lost? Couldn't you find me?"

"Ben—" Jimmy mastered the tremble in his voice. "Ben sewed me up to secrecy before he told me anything. He seemed so sure he'd talk his father around that I thought he'd do it. And I didn't want to worry you and perhaps have everything turn out right in the end, anyway. I did not know what to do. I wanted to do what was best and—"

"I know," Carter looked out at the field again. The Applegate students were filing in, confident and boisterous. He shook his head with just the shadow of a motion. "We need that half-mile," he said.

Did it mean that he planned to run Ben, or did it mean something else? Jimmy's throat grew dry. Had he come here to-day to see an idol fall?

"We'll have to talk this over with the crowd," said the coach, and left the window.

Jimmy followed him down the room. A warmth and a light had gone out of the boy. He had expected Carter to act without hesitation; instead, the man was quibbling.

THE team seemed to feel some change. There was a whisper, a rustling hush—and all dressing stopped. Alex Teter, who ran the hurdles and captained the team, sent an anxious glance around the semi-circle of faces.

"Ben," said Carter, "does your father know you're here?"

The half-miler's face blanched. "I—I imagine so." The look he gave Jimmy was black with accusation.

"Meaning that he didn't know you were coming to Johnstown when you started?"

"Well—I sort of hinted it, but—"

"Does he want you to run to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Can't he run his race?" Teter demanded.

"What's to stop him?" cried Palmer.

"Isn't he here?"

It came to Jimmy that Palmer was running true to form. Last winter, when the basketball team had faced a crisis, he had favored throwing Carter overboard, ignoring the coach's instructions. Now he was prepared to flout Simon Thatcher.

"I don't know how Ben's being here changes things much," Teter said a bit uncertainly. "If his father didn't want him to come, and wouldn't permit him to run— On the other hand, why did he let him go through with all the practice? How does it look to you, Coach?"

"It looks to me as though we've got something here to talk about," said Carter.

Jimmy's spirit went down another notch. Carter wasn't even quibbling; he was dodging.

The story came out in jerks, with the coach telling it one minute, and Ben telling it the next. He tried to justify his silence.

"Oh, never mind that," Palmer said roughly. "You've spilled the milk."

"We're not throwing up our hands, are we?" Teter demanded sharply.

It looked that way. They had counted the half-mile as the deciding event, and it took the stiffness and go out of them to see it fading. Three or four of the boys, who had been standing, sank down upon the benches.

"I'm not throwing up anything," Palmer rapped out. "The rest of you seem to want to throw up the half-mile. How do you know we have to? Ben must have told his father something this morning. Didn't you?"

The runner nodded.

"What did you tell him?"

"I said, 'We're going to whip Johnstown at the meet this afternoon.'"

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'Good! I hope you do.'"

"There!" Palmer faced the squad in triumph. "Doesn't that mean he knew Ben was coming and wanted him to win? Of course it does. Of course he can run."

Carter made no comment.

"I don't know about that," said Teter. "I think Mr. Thatcher was just speaking generally. How about you, Ben? Do you imagine he thought you were coming?"

"Well—"

"Do you?"

"No," the half-miler said reluctantly.

"Of course Ben's here," Teter went on, "and he could run. But he's here under deception. The thing is this: Are we big enough to play this thing out the way it ought to be played?"

The boys who had dropped themselves on the benches began to stand up. An electric substance, unseen but none the less real, had come into the dressing room. Jimmy felt it.

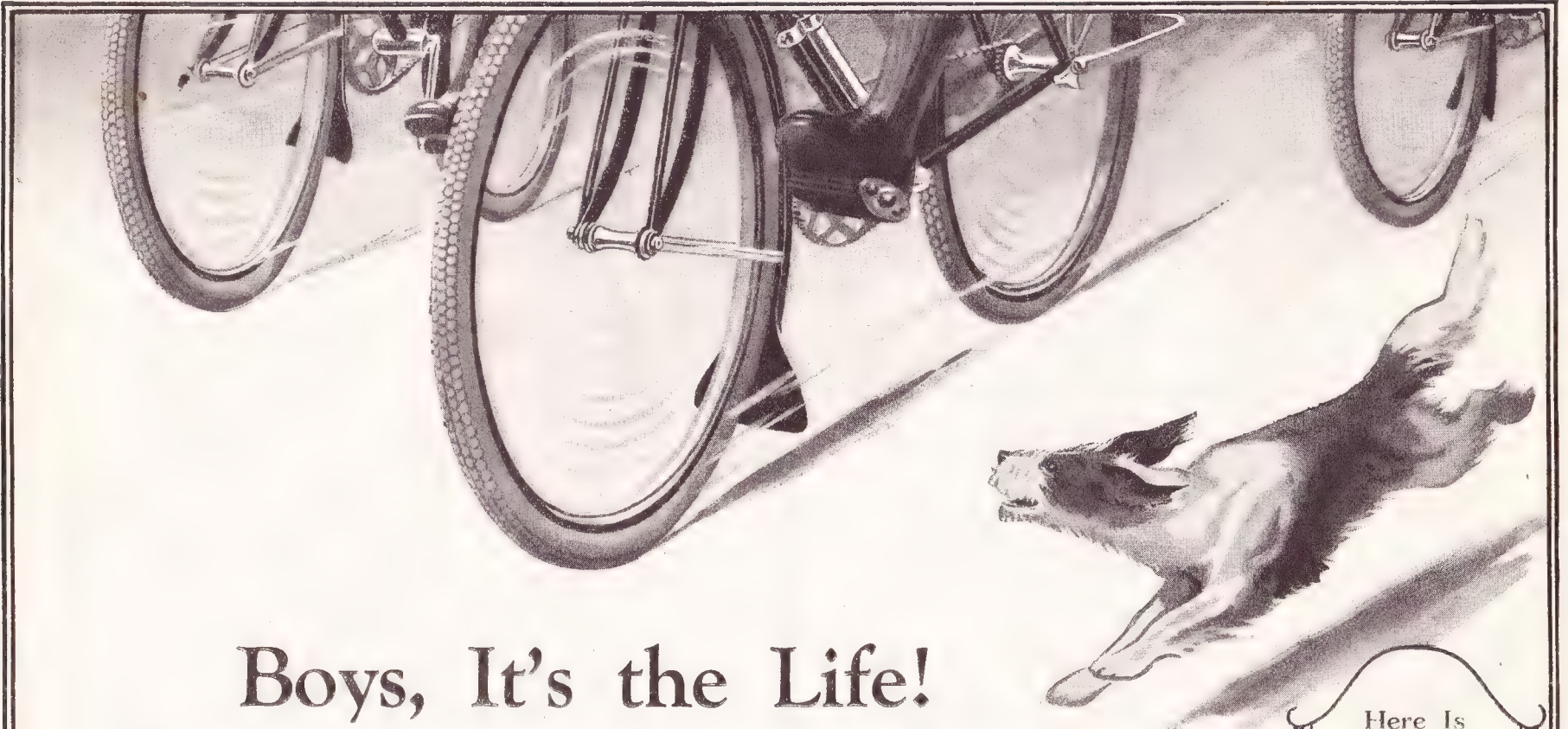
"I think—" he began.

"Where do you get the right to think for this team?" Palmer interrupted hotly. "You've done enough damage for one day. This doesn't concern anybody but the track gang. You shouldn't be in on this discussion at all."

"You'd better go, Jim," said Carter.

So Jimmy walked into the hall. The street door was open, the outdoors was warm with sunshine, and he was tempted to go away. Yet he stayed. If he went into the stands he would have to wait until the clerk of the course called the half-mile before he would know what the decision had been. He leaned against the wall, and whistled under his breath, surrendered to the dejection of melancholy chords.

Ten minutes later the door opened.
(Continued on page 40)



Boys, It's the Life!

Try it one of these fresh Spring days. Get some of the fellows together—perhaps members of the Club. Take old Towser along, too. A dog is always a great pal, you know.

And be sure your bike is equipped with Fisks. This is important because you don't want to keep thinking about punctures

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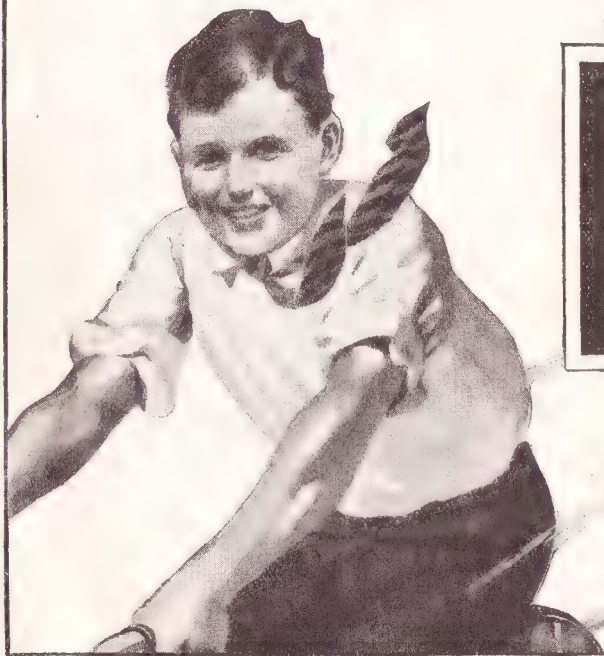
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Department A
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Whistling Jimmy Takes a Chance

(Continued from page 38)

"I thought you might be waiting," said Tetor. "He won't run."

The captain made an eloquent gesture with his hands: "There was nothing else to do. We'll have to forget we counted on him and fight a little harder."

But, Jimmy thought, Carter had not fought at all. The coach had placed victory first.

APPLEGATE lost the Johnstown meet, 46 to 44. The amazement of the Applegate delegation when Ben Thatcher failed to face the starter in the half-mile was only equalled by the sight of Applegate boys, who had not been rated highly, finishing only inches behind Johnstown stars. It was by one point for a third place that the meet was lost. Truly the team had fought a little harder; and Jimmy, who had expected to see them dispirited, marveled at their fortitude.

Langer had seemed to suspect that his sudden dash from the bus had had something to do with Ben's failure to run. For an hour he had had to ward off questions that made him squirm. With the meet over, he lost himself in the crowd. He did not want to go back in the bus and subject himself to more cross-examination.

So the bus rolled away without him, and he went down to the railroad station. When the train pulled in he climbed glumly into a coach up front, propped his elbow on the window ledge and stared out at a scenery that he did not see. The bitter drift of his thoughts lay in the fact that Simon Thatcher had been right. Carter had failed him.

Somebody took the other half of the train seat. Jimmy pushed over absently to make room.

"I thought I'd caught a glimpse of you," came Carter's voice.

He turned quickly, thinking that perhaps his ears were playing tricks. No; the coach was there. Jimmy had forgotten that the team, too, would take the train. Immediately he was overcome with embarrassment. He was a poor actor; in the honesty of his character he could not dissemble; he knew that he would give plain proof of his disapproval.

"You were disappointed in me to-day, Jim, weren't you?"

So Carter knew. Jimmy felt that that made it easier. "Yes," he said bluntly; "I was."

Carter's quizzical smile was not the smile of a guilty man. "Always the idealist, aren't you? But you've also got to be a bit practical."

Jimmy stiffened. "And surrender—"

"No; surrender nothing. Had I gone to the team and told them that Ben was out of the meet, every man of them would have sagged. We wouldn't have scored twenty points, and track at Applegate might have died right there. But if they could see the problem themselves, make their own decision and, no matter what it cost, make the hard decision, they would be saved. They would have been stiffened by their own sense of honor. That's what happened. I had to take a chance that it would happen."

"And if it hadn't happened?" Jimmy held his breath.

"I would have had to overrule them and bar Ben. That would have been a tough dose. But they came through, Jim; they came through. That's a bigger thing than winning the meet."

"Gosh, yes!" said Jimmy. They parted at Applegate station with a hand-grasp that meant everything. Jimmy's watch warned him that the supper hour was at hand, and he hurried home and upstairs to wash. He was in the bathroom whistling cheerily, when Art opened the front door.

"Hello, there!" his brother's voice boomed up through the hall. "Sounds as though the team won."

"We lost," Jimmy called back. "Eh?" Art said blankly. But the blank look left his face when Jimmy came down and told the story. "Good stuff in Carter," he said.

"You bet there is," Jimmy said with enthusiasm.

He wondered how Ben had fared with

his father. He didn't see the half-miler until Monday. Ben met him outside the school looking self-conscious and shamefaced.

"Will you run down to the store this afternoon? My father wants to see you."

"Wants to see me? Oh; all right. I'll wait for you."

"No; he wants to see you alone." Jimmy went down to the store that afternoon wondering what the summons might mean. The merchant, looking thin and grim, leaned across the counter and surveyed him closely.

"Jim, just what happened at Johnstown Saturday? Ben's story has been a bit confused."

"They wouldn't let him run."

"I know that much. Why?"

"Because he didn't come with a clean slate. When they found that out they wouldn't have him in. There was nothing else to do."

"Carter was willing he should run."

"No; that's not so." Jimmy was at war again for the truth. "Carter didn't want to dictate. He wanted them to see it for themselves; he wanted them to have their own idea of the square thing. He could have let Ben run and have said nothing to them."

"I see," said Simon Thatcher. He began to drum on the counter with his bony fingers, and presently the hollows in his cheeks cracked into a dry smile. "I understand they say I'm a hard man."

Jimmy fidgeted uneasily. "A hard man," Mr. Thatcher repeated. "Yet even a hard man must change his mind when the evidence runs against him. There must be something in athletics when a team will bar a boy because they do not like the color of his action. Ben says the boys figured they'd lose without him?"

"Yes, sir." The merchant's body straightened. "In other words, the team had a cleaner idea than Ben. Perhaps Ben will find it later. He'll get the chance. To-morrow night, when the Board of Education meets, I'm going to find out why they don't employ Carter as coach."

"Mr. Thatcher!" Jimmy was almost speechless. "You don't mean—"

"I mean I'm always willing to buy a product that's right," the man said testily, "after I'm sure it's right."

He Flies His Own Plane

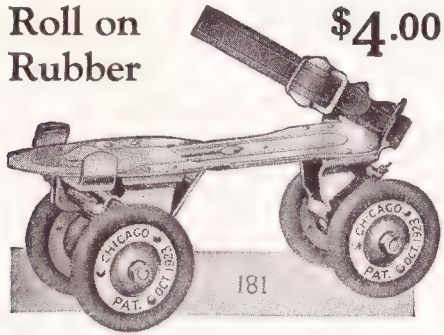


"IT'S easy," says Farnam Parker, 14 years old, of Anderson, Ind., said to be the youngest licensed flyer in the world.

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BLUE RIBBON
Original Brake Scooter

What Makes a Big Leaguer?

(Continued from page 10)

when they might be out learning baseball. It's easy for a chap, once he's shown a bit of ability and won a place on a team, to slough off—to lose his energy and give up trying to improve himself.

This Man Wouldn't Practice

THAT'S just the case of a corking good first baseman I was watching out in the Western League recently. He had ability — covered lots of ground around first, stopped everything in his reach and batted above .300. But I noticed that he was not in evidence during practice sessions. While other players were out batting the ball and playing catch, going through fielding practice on the diamond, shagging flies and doing all the hundred and one things players can do, this fellow was on the bench, watching. When he did get in, he slumped around in a manner that said, "I'm pretty good — why should I work my head off?"

So when I wrote to McKechnie and Barney Dreyfus, Pittsburgh president, about him none of us was enthusiastic.

The man who wants to be a ball player is never too good to practice. You've

FOR more than 30 years Chic Fraser has been watching young ball players come up to the major leagues. For nearly half that time Fraser has made it his business to evaluate promising young material—to discover players' virtues and weaknesses, to decide whether they'll make a go of big league baseball. Several of the brilliant young athletes with the World's Champion Pittsburgh Pirates last season were Fraser's "finds." He tells you here what made them big leaguers.

As a pitcher Fraser joined the Minneapolis team in the American Association in 1894. In 1896 he went to the Louisville team, then in the old National League. In 1899 and 1900 he played with the Philadelphia Nationals; in 1901 the Philadelphia Americans; he went back to the Phillies in 1902. In 1905 he pitched for the Boston Nationals, in 1906 for Cincinnati and from 1907 to 1909 for the World's Champion Chicago Cubs. For the next three years he played semi-pro baseball in Chicago; then, in 1913, he became a scout for Pittsburgh. Ever since that time he has spent his summers on the road, looking over ball clubs to find promising young players for the Pirates.

read of young "Pie" Traynor, the third baseman on the Pittsburgh club. "Pie" was something of a sensation when he joined the team. He had a throwing arm that shot the ball across the diamond like a steel-jacketed .45, and hands that a ball couldn't seem to get away from. He covered a tremendous lot of ground there around third, he was death on bunts, he played with his head as well as his hands, studied batters, rarely made bone-head moves.

But Traynor wasn't satisfied. Tommy Leach, a veteran who played third base with Pittsburgh back in 1901, was helping coach the Pittsburgh team when Traynor came up, and every day "Pie" took Leach out there and started learning things. He wanted to add to his own ability Leach's experience. The result of his hard work is well known—he's considered one of the finest third basemen of recent years, right along with Bluege of Washington and Joe Dugan of the New York Yankees.

Incidentally, practice workouts may do more toward player-development than actual games. Last year, after the Pirates had "cinched" the pennant, we had a three-day layoff before the last series of games. We were mighty glad of it, for we coaches knew that often a team in practice session will get more worthwhile exercise than it can in a game—particu-



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On 4 or more tubes—Use the Heavy Duty "B" Batteries, either No. 770, or the even longer-lived Eveready Layerbilt No. 486.

On all but single tube sets—Use a "C" battery.

When following these rules, No. 772, on 1 to 3 tube sets, will last for a year or more, and Heavy Duties on sets of 4 or more tubes, for 8 months or longer.

These life figures are based on the established fact that

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the average year-round use of a set is 2 hours a day.

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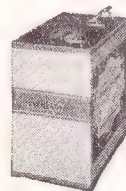
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WFI—Philadelphia WWJ—Detroit KSD—St. Louis

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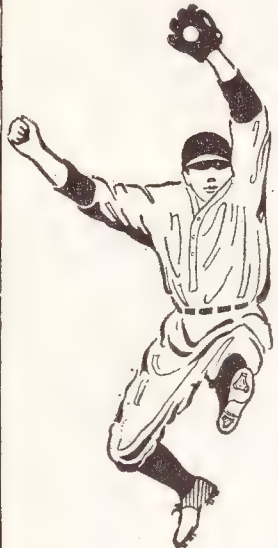


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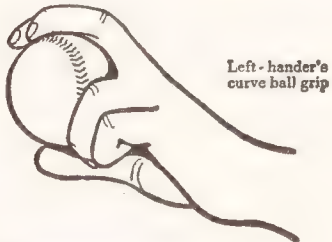
Published by A. G. Spalding & Bros. in the interest of Athletic Sport

HOW TO PITCH

PITCHING requires first, a natural swing in delivering the ball. This body swing is the timing of the motions accompanying delivery of the ball so that the greatest amount of propelling force is urging it. The ball must "have the body behind it." In addition to the momentum lent by the arm swing, by working the body in rhythm and pivoting properly on one foot, the shoulder and back muscles and the weight of the body are in the combination for success.

Pitching the Drop

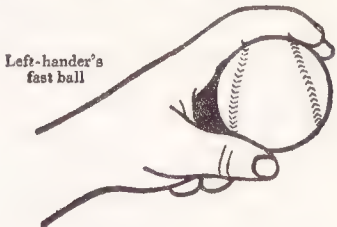
A good drop curve is hard for a boy to acquire. It is delivered with the ball held in the same position as for the outcurve. In fact, with a majority of pitchers the drop is merely the outcurve thrown overhand. The arm is brought straight down from its top position, the ball rolls out over the index finger as in the outcurve, the wrist imparting a downward snap to the rotation, just as the ball leaves the hand.



Left-hander's curve ball grip

The Outcurve

Almost every schoolboy can throw the outcurve. The arm, from its top position, is swung outwards and downwards across the body, finishing well around toward the left hip when the "follow through" has been completed. At a point directly in line with the batter, the ball is released from the hand over the index finger and a snap imparted at that moment which causes it to spin away from the batsman as it approaches and around an axis that is between 45 and 30 degrees angle, with reference to the ground.



Left-hander's fast ball

The Inshoot

The inshoot, as sometimes pitched, is little else than the fast ball delivered with a full, sidearm motion, or with any snap to the delivery that can cause the ball to rotate in towards the batsman. The ball rolls off the tips of the first two fingers as the last point of contact. The ball is delivered with the same motion as the fast ball—straight forward with the downward "follow through," with the exception that the arm finishes with a slight curve toward the right leg instead of toward the left.

The Slow Ball

The slow ball is just an unusual delivery, accomplished without tampering with the leather. It enables the pitcher seemingly to put all his power into a delivery—thus deceiving the batter—but allowing only a fraction of that power to be applied in propelling the ball, which is held in such a way that the grip is relaxed. The slow ball can be delivered with the ball held in the usual manner as for any curve, but at the moment the ball is released, the enclosing fingers must be relaxed.

—Advertisement.

larly when the team indulges in good-natured horseplay and fun, as the Pirates always did.

Raw Material That Made Good

CHARLIE JAMIESON, the great left-fielder with Tris Speaker's Cleveland American League team, is an outstanding example of the player who has been "made" since he was discovered by Cleveland scouts. When Jamieson came to the Indians he was nothing but raw material—so raw, some critics thought, that he'd never shape up properly.

But Jamieson worked, and worked hard. He learned to handle flies in somewhat the same manner that Speaker does—to play fairly close to the diamond, and to start with the crack of the ball for a position where he could catch it. He trained himself to judge the ball, to shift with the batter—over toward center for a right-field batter, toward the foul line for a left-field batter. He learned to know batters' peculiarities. He learned to catch a ball with his hands high, whenever possible; to make chances as easy as possible for himself by getting set properly and by avoiding any tinge of "grandstand" play. He learned to throw far and straight. And he developed into one of the leading batters in his league.

Speed is a particularly valuable quality in an infielder, and because the shortstop has so much ground to cover he needs it almost more than the others. That's one of the reasons why Wright, the 23-year-old shortstop with the Pirates, has been such a sensation.

Wright was as pre-eminent a performer in the minors as he has been in the big leagues. He was with the Kansas City team of the American Association when I first scouted him, and it was his dazzling speed, largely, that drew attention to him. Wright was worth his weight in gold to the Kaws. Here are the reasons:

He had a splendid throwing arm—an arm that enabled him to zip the ball across the diamond from deep short field in time to catch off first the speediest runner, if he had half a chance.

Wright Used His Speed

HE went after balls like a rabbit—didn't wait until the ball reached him, but dashed up on it, caged it, and set himself for the throw at the same time. There was where his speed counted; he was off with the crack of bat and ball, and he went in on grounders whenever possible. He often made successful plays out of what at first seemed impossible chances. His work held down the batting averages of lots of dangerous hitters.

He started a lot of double plays—the kind where a runner coming from first is forced at second, then the batter is put out at first. The shortstop who can do that is mighty valuable.

He was good at cutting back onto the grass, going far into the field, to take flies. And when he got them he was a demon thrower. I remember particularly the play that made it certain last summer that Pittsburgh would take the National League championship. Pittsburgh was leading Boston 2-1, but Boston had a man

on third and a dangerous batter up. The batter hit a fly into left field—a short hit of the kind that is usually out of everybody's reach. It meant that the batter would score and tie up the game if it went safe—and neither Traynor, at third, nor Barnhart in left could reach it.

Somehow—nobody knew how—Wright was under the ball when it came down. He'd sprinted from his position clear across short left field to the foul line to make the catch. Then, in the same motion, as the runner on third cut for home, he made the throw. The ball flashed like a bullet toward the plate, and when the runner slid in Gooch was waiting for him, ball in hand. Pittsburgh won, 2-1.

He Stood the Pace

LIKE the other men I've told you about, Wright knows that he'll be a good ball player only as long as his muscles and brain are working their best, as his energy and strength hold out, as he's able to go at top speed in every department. And so he trains all the time, in season and out. I can't emphasize the necessity of that too strongly.

Every one of these fellows about whom I've told you was unfinished product when I—or some other scout, first saw him. They all had plenty to learn when they came up to the big leagues.

That's what I want young players to keep in mind. Give me, every time, the youngster who's not a star, who hasn't even spectacular ability, in preference to the one-in-a-million baseball genius—if the genius thinks he has nothing more to learn, while the ordinary player is willing to take advice and eager to improve his game. That kind of man makes the Wrights, Traynors, Gooches and Ydes.

And remember that baseball, like every other sport—and like most businesses and professions and jobs you'll run up against in school and out—takes quick thinking, keen intelligence, ability to stand the pace day after day. That young player of two seasons ago I told you about simply hadn't scheduled himself to the kind of life that would make him of lasting value. Neither had the pitcher I scouted in 1924 in southern Ohio—a man who invariably started games like a second Cy Young or Dazy Vance, but always ended by blowing up before the game ended. I discovered that he wouldn't keep in training and wouldn't practice. Another pitcher I watched had big league promise—but stuck a cigarette in his mouth the instant he got off the mound, between innings. An infielder in Illinois semi-pro baseball interested more than one big league club; interested them, that is, until they learned that he was on the sick list half the time because of careless eating.

So, unless you're willing to live sanely, to take good advice and to work hard, you'd better not try to be a ball player. If you are willing, half the battle's won. You may not be a major leaguer, the star of your school team, or the best second sacker or pitcher or fielder in your town; but you can improve your fielding mightily and your batting a good deal.

It's the player who *thinks straight and lives straight* that gets on.

Use this ballot (or make one to avoid cutting your magazine) to tell us what kind of reading you like best. It will help to bring you more of the same.

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MAIL YOUR BALLOT TO-DAY.

"Seventy-Six!"

(Continued from page 7)

but his gaping mouth and the disorder of his dank hair made him as evil a sight as when first I had seen him—and across his knees lay a long seaman's cutlass, bared of its sheath.

III—Cold Steel

MY impulse was all to seize that weapon, waken the lout and send him, at the steel's point, about his business. I took one quick step forward.

Then, however, I recollected my mother and Susanna: any altercation out here would infallibly alarm the latter; the former, still in delicate health, it might frighten to the point of serious illness. Perhaps this hulking fellow was merely overcome on his way to bed by a drunken stupor—at worst, his purpose could be but some sinister espiel: prudence demanded postponement of explanations.

All my self-command, of which I never possessed a great store, was required to compel a retreat, and yet I made it. I went back, shut the door after me as gingerly as I had opened it and prepared to pass in sleepless ward the remaining hours of darkness.

Whereupon I dozed! Indignant, somewhat afraid, seated on this side of those frail panels with an armed watcher on the other, I nevertheless surrendered to a fierce assault of that slumber which had refused to come at my call when danger seemed sheerly fanciful. The sun was up ere I woke—and the hall was empty.

To my womenfolk I resolved to say nothing, but immediately after a gloomy breakfast, I ran down to the tap room.

Whiteside was swabbing it up. "Where's your master?" I demanded. He rested his warty hands on the end of his mop stick and grinned at me out of his crooked mouth. "I don't hold to no master. Jabez had to go somewheres las' night, if that's your meanin'."

"When will he be back?" "In a minute—to-morrow—next week: that's his business."

I guessed the hulking creature to imply that Mr. Johnson's secret-service for Dr. Franklin could fix no schedule for his comings and goings, but this was not an excuse for Whiteside.

"Then you'll do," said I. "I'll thank you not to sit outside our rooms any more with a sword on your lap."

His muddy cheeks went the color of his eyes. Whether from chagrin at my detection, or from some climax of dislike for me equaling mine for him, rage seized him. He uttered a foul oath and swung the mop at me.

But I was ready. Running under it, I grasped him around the waist. He was much my superior in size and strength, yet to me was the advantage of agility. The mop fell—he after it—I after him. We struck the floor with a crash that must have set the rows of pewter mugs to swinging on their hooks against the wall. Of course, it is not difficult to surmise what would have happened: I was atop, yet he was easily turning me, when the dust-sprinkled bulk of Mr. Johnson burst into that tap room, two mighty hands tore us apart and swung us upright like a pair of quarreling puppies.

"What's this here agoin' on in a respectable house o' call?" His face was again a thunder cloud. "There's never been no brawlin' in Tent Tavern—an' there won't be none now, by Benedict!"

Whiteside's response was a venomous glance. I poured out my complaint.

Mr. Johnson released me, but twirled my enemy in front of him. "Is them the fact's?"

"He was lookin' out o' windy to where you put the pigeons," mumbled Whiteside. "Nobody had ought to know where the pigeons is. So I watched him."

Whereat, if you please, the big inn-keeper burst out laughing; his fat belly shook with it, and he slapped a thigh. "You inweterate patriot, is that what's ailin' you? Why, it's Master Geoffrey Rowntree here as is to train them pigeons! He is a special friend o' Dr. Franklin, an' he be workin' for independence the same as you." The huge man put an arm around

the shoulder of each of us. "My mistake: I had ought to introduce you proper last night, but that I was called away so sudden. Shake hands now, an' make up. We can't have division in the ranks o' loyalty—an' God save the Congress!"

Well, we did shake hands, I rather shamefacedly, Whiteside as if he would have preferred a whipping. I can't say I liked him any the better, but I liked myself the less; so there was patched up a nominal peace—and nothing further of note happened that day.

INDEED, the next many days seemed eventless. Even Mr. Johnson's returns from his frequent and uneven absences brought us little information. We did hear that on June 7th fiery Richard Henry Lee, from Virginia, as the oldest member of his delegation, submitted his plan for independence, which Lawyer John Adams, of Massachusetts, seconded. These things cheered my hopes for Separation; but then came the announcement that, after a few days' debate, the motion was put aside on the specious plea of "public unpreparedness."

"They call it postponement," said Mr. Johnson, heavily, "but in these here deliberate bodies, my son, postponement is just a soft word for murder. All them conservatives wants is to gain time till the fires o' freedom has got cold."

And this was the extent of our news. Tent Tavern stood at the loneliest spot along that almost unrequented road: there was no other house within three leagues. Because the British maintained strict blockade well out at sea, it was rarely we saw a sail betwixt us and the sky line: far as they reached, blue water and gray dunes made a narrow prison. Whiteside sulkily avoided all encounters; Jim May's pursed lips preserved their present secrets, and if Black George had any memories of past piracies, he never rehearsed them for my amusement. My mother's strength, although on the increase, required much of her care. Both for recreation and to satisfy an older brother's nagging sense of duty, I was fairly driven to companionship with Susanna, though—if the truth must be admitted—I found her a very exasperating little girl.

She showed me little of the respect that I felt was an older brother's right, and did not seem to appreciate my kindness in trying to keep her amused.

I found her a dreadful tease and something of a talebearer. Whenever I condescended to playing with her in those desolate beach sands whereon no feet save ours set mark, she would soon begin taunting me with Stuart's happier position, or poking fun at my habit of sneezing at untoward moments—an affliction owing to some obscure injury incurred long before, when a horse threw me. Our hide-and-seek ended with my discovery of a concealment beyond her finding: a tiny half boarded-up and forgotten compartment at the rear of the pigeon loft. When I came across, and ate, a wild fruit, which we now call the tomato, she told, and my mother insisted on a physic, lest I were poisoned. I rigged a Franklin-rod on the stable yard porch roof to protect the inn from lightning—my sister showed it to Jim May, and I had to lower my pride to pleading, else he would have torn it down.

My work I welcomed, spending as many hours among the pigeons as I dared spend short of tiring them. For steadily longer and longer flights I released them from the flat barnyard roof before waving the pole that called them home. But I knew that time pressed, and progress was slow. I chafed through tedious days of experimentation and hungered for news, whereas our host's missions took him everywhere save cityward.

At last, however, Mr. Johnson announced himself again bound for Philadelphia. He carried my best "homers" with him and came back of an evening bringing other birds—for me to dispatch to Stuart. But he brought also news in the repetition whereof even his moon-face lengthened gravely.

He had had, he said, not a whole hour



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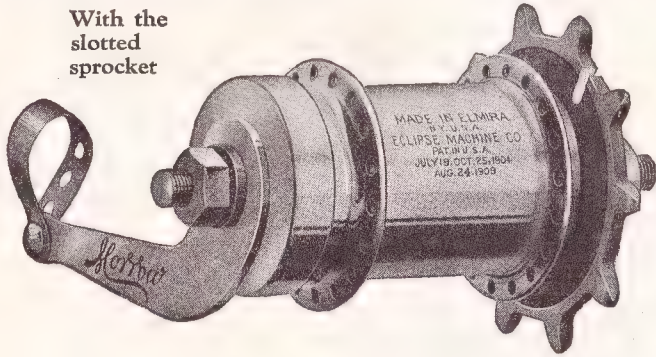
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(Continued from page 43)

in town and, so, small opportunity to acquire authentic details, and neither Dr. Franklin nor any other person in authority had spoken to him of events current; yet he did gather enough to make certain that they were going perilously wrong. That invisible siege still left Congress ignorant of what occurred in fighting New York and South Carolina; so a draft of our independence-declaration submitted to Mr. Thomas Jefferson on the 28th of June was being debated without any action in view—unless it was negative.

As to Stuart's success in training pigeons, other than that Dr. Franklin had handed him those birds, saying my brother would dispatch me one of mine in reply to any of his that returned to him, Mr. Johnson knew nothing of how the task was proceeding.

IT was night, I remember, when I heard all this and was given the basket of city-trained pigeons—the last night of the month—and I leave you to imagine with what impatience I waited for the dawn. I slept but

I dreamed a foolish dream of how men might sometimes contrive kites strong enough to carry them high in air above their enemies; and, at the first hint of pink out at sea, I was up on the barn roof with my brother's birds.

My hand trembled as I wrote a line asking further news—trembled so that I could scarce roll the note into its tube, or attach the tube to its carrier. I had selected that homer most promising in appearance, and I did at last toss him into air. He circled uncertainly, but higher and higher.

Would he go? He found his sense of direction and winged straight into the west!

Throughout all the course of the sun, I did not leave the roof for more than ten minutes at a time, and that although there once appeared a sail out at sea to attract my speculations, and although I knew no reply pigeon could reach me until well on to twilight. Still just as twilight deepened, came my reward. Mr. Johnson had gone right away again on one of his secret missions; Harry Whiteside disappeared soon after—most likely, I concluded, seizing a truant holiday. But Jim May lounged in the stable yard and watched me with pursed lips, and soap suds Jennie and even the stern cook, Sarah Nicolls, looked out-of-window at me as I stood up there with burning eyes fixed on an approaching bird that at last sank into my outstretched arms.

Our trans-Jersey experiment was a success—yet in all other respects heavy disappointment awaited me, for Stuart's pigeon-note brought information that indicated imminent disaster: The votes of Anti-Separationists were assuming ominous and increasing strength because of continued silence from beleaguered Charleston and warring General Washington. Dr. Franklin had got some spies through to New York and Baltimore, but neither those spies nor the pigeons they carried came back again: Mr. Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence faced defeat.

"Is it bad news you've got?" asked Jim May as I climbed down the ladder to the stable yard and he saw my face more nearly.

In a very rage of sorrow, I snapped: "It is not for you!"

Mr. Johnson did not come back that night—nor did Whiteside, for that matter—and I held my peace even from my mother. I sat glumly in my room, supperless, and watched the shadows deepen and the dark descend, and wondered what would happen now to my father and Dr. Franklin and those other patriots in Philadelphia—and what would happen to General Washington's Army and my Grandfather Nick and my soldier-uncle if they were deserted by their Congress while they faced the British regulars in the field.

The lights went out, and the house grew still. The monotonous breakers rolled against the shore. A moon was up, but racing clouds would every now and then obscure it. I was thinking it foolishness to let my troubles rob me of all my rest when, through the sound of the surf, I thought I heard the scream of an ill-greased oarlock.

Now, as has been said, sails were rare off our stretch of beach—and yet there had been one to-day. Rowing boats there was none at all—and yet, as I leaned out of my casement, that scream was indubitably repeated. Here was something of an event in such an unvisited place; if its untoward hour had any significance, it was an event meant to be secret.

Immediately I tingled with excitement.

That British squadron out there beyond the horizon blockaded the Jersey coast: was what I heard the approach of spies that it sent ashore? I thought first of waking Jim May or Black George: but I thought next of keeping to myself the possible honor of discovery. Exact-

ly in order not to waken anybody, I softly climbed out onto the porch roof, slid down my lightning rod and then, having surmounted the stable yard wall, made toward the shore.

Clouds were again hiding the moon; the night was as black as crows' feathers. Moreover, when I paused to listen, the noise that I sought for my guidance had either ceased or was drowned by my nearer approach to the surf. I fumbled and stumbled; the tongue of a spent wave wet my feet, which sank in dampened sand.

This was folly indeed. For aught I could tell, I, going south, might be moving in an opposite direction to the boat—if boat it really was. I stood still and waited for the clouds to pass.

They seemed long in the going, but go they did. Luna swung clear. I turned to the sea, as bright as a sheet of tossing silver—and out there, rising and falling with the swell, beyond the breakers and too far for noise of her to travel to me, rode something that must be a boat. Now I would have to warn the inn's menseservants, who might launch the old jigger-masted cutter that, long unused, lay high and dry up near the tavern. I turned to run there.

I turned—but not at once did I move any farther. Scare ten paces away, between me and my destination, stood the figure of a man.

Coming hither in the darkness, I must almost have collided with him; in that sudden light, he appeared as a spectre this moment risen from the grave. He faced me, and the moon fell full upon his blue, wide-skirted coat—set his brass buttons agleam—bathed his Hellenic face: a man lithe and straight; mouth smiling, yet firm, and eyes like fallen stars—an utter stranger.

My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

"Come here," said he in a soft drawl that nevertheless triumphed over the clamor of the waves.

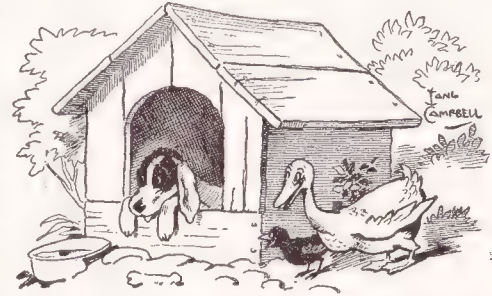
Retreat would send me into the sea; if I courted escape by a dash up or down the beach, he would soon overtake me for he was obviously built for running and his legs were much longer than mine. Therefore, though slowly—and you may guess how unwillingly!—I advanced.

"Don't call fo' help," he drawled.

I went on forward. He remained smiling, a young fellow and undeniably handsome—smiling and still, until I was within arm-reach of him.

And then, with the suddenness of a lightning bolt, he whipped out a pistol and clapped its cold barrel against my head.

Looking along that tube of tempered steel, I could see him well. His sandy hair was drawn back, probably into a



Bird—"They bought this dog for a pointer—but he turned out to be a disappointment."



Always sold in the Yellow Box

Pro-phy-lac-tic

pigtail at the base of his neck. His forehead was high, his face brown from sun-exposure, and his gray eyes were keen: my very conception of a haughty Tory spy.

"What I want," said he in his soft, slow voice, "is fo' you to answer a few questions about this neighborhood."

IV—In Hiding

NOW, I cannot explain it, but although the ghostly quickness of his appearance, when he seemed unarmed, had frightened all resistance out of me, yet the pressure of that highly material pistol against my brow, which ought to have enhanced my terrors, actually expelled them. "You will get no answers from me," I vowed—"and if you kill me, the noise will fetch the menservants from the tavern."

He snapped the fingers of his free hand. "Why, that itself tells me part o' what I want to know! 'Twas Tent Tavern I came ashore to find. Is this it?"

How I bit my lips for their indiscretion!

"Is it?" he insisted—and pressed the pistol closer.

But I would not speak.

"Look you yhere," he said: "I've no mind fo' to hurt you—I like your pluck—but I take no chances. I've been tol' there's a plenty o' Crown-loyal folk along this bit o' coast. Boy, are you fo' the Congress?"

Scarce believing he would risk a shot, I was yet so angered by my tongue slip as to care little whether he fired or no. "I am for the Congress," said I, folding my arms after the manner of my history heroes on like occasions. "And I'll not traffic with any spy of King George."

The result of this speech proved clean outside of my calculations. He pocketed his weapon with the same celerity that had produced it, grasped my arms and, drawing me close, studied my face with his keen gray eyes.

"Is that the truth?" he demanded.

And I said: "Yes."

What he saw seemed to convince him even more than what he heard. He hesitated a long half-minute, but, at the end thereof, released me. "I have to trust somebody," he said softly as if to himself—"and you've found out mah presence yhere." His gaze was again concentrated; he addressed me direct. "I will trust you: I also am fo' the Congress."

My heart leapt, for he was the sort of man one wanted to see serving in the good cause, and I now realized that my anger toward him had been partly rebellion against a sneaking admiration of his gallant carriage in circumstances nigh as perilous for him as for me. Nevertheless, caution must not be foregone altogether. Boldly I asked:

"Can you prove your words?"

He drew out a tinder box. "Twon't be safe to show a light. Hold the skirts o' mah coat aroun' this, and I'll let yo' see something."

He exhaled the atmosphere of romance; I wanted to believe him; so I obeyed. The flint clicked; its sparks ignited the carbonized shreds of linen beneath; the sulphur tip of a spunk was heated to blue flame.

"Now, sir, read that."

He handed me a paper:

*Pass Coatesworth Pinckney.
Benjamin Franklin.*

There was no mistaking the signature and its long-tailed "n;" it was identical with the one placed by the doctor in my copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

"I am a spy," the holder of that paper admitted—"but a spy fo' the Congress, and I carry impo'tant news. I took smack from Baltimo' becose land-progress thence to Philadelphia was barred. Then there was a pesky British sloop-o'-war off Delaware Bay; we had to run the blockade and come yhere. I had mahself put ashore to find Tent Tavern. Those were mah instructions fo' such a case: I'd been tol' this Jabez Johnson was a good Separationist."

ONLY for a moment I clung to the last rag of my doubts. "How am I to know you came honestly by this pass?"

He smiled once more; he seized my right hand in both of his. "You will have to take mah word there, as a gen'man's and an officer's, lak I took yours fo' your

loyalty to the Congress."

A fair hit! Clouds, covering the moon, hid my penitent blush while I completely surrendered:

"Your news!" I gasped. "Has that British fleet bombarded Charleston?"

"Not quite so fast, boy." Though more gently, he upbraided me as I had upbraided Jim May. "Mah news is fo' Dr. Franklin, and I'm to have yo' Mistah Johnson guide me to him."

"Mr. Johnson is from home, but I'll tell one of his men."

Coatesworth Pinckney, however, would have none of that. "I'm a soldier, and a soldier cyan't exceed his orders. I'm straining mine enough telling you what I have tol'—but there I had no choice. They don' say anything about any servants. Mah mission's secret and has to be kep' so. When will Johnson be back?"

I guessed the morrow, and then Lieutenant Pinckney—for so he ranked in the Colonial Army—told me he could risk no wait after next sundown. His smack had been pursued off the mouth of the Delaware: he feared his purpose was guessed and that warning to waylay him was sent the Pine Woods Robbers. Mr. Johnson, knowing this wild country, might guide him safe through the woods to Philadelphia, but if Mr. Johnson were longer away than the coming evening, the spy must fend for himself. Meanwhile: "Boy, yo' jes' got to tuck me in some sort o' hiding place."

Well, I thought it splendid to know something unknown to taciturn Jim May and Black George, and would be glad of an opportunity to lord it, later, over Harry Whiteside. Moreover, the suggestion fired my imagination. Remembering that compartment at the rear of my pigeon loft, where I had successfully hidden from Susanna, I led my new friend toward the inn.

Together we stealthily scaled the stable yard wall and climbed the ladder to the birds' compartment. Those feathered folk flapped about a little, but from the black tavern there came no response. When I offered to smuggle up a blanket for mattress, the lieutenant replied that he was used to rough quarters.

"Get yo' to your own bed—and quietly," he cautioned, with a snapping of his slim fingers—"fo' it will soon be sun-up. Fetch me a bite o' breakfas' if yo' can manage that secretly; but, above all, don' let anybody know I'm yhere till you can bring Jabez Johnson himself."

The spy rolled up his coat as a pillow and lay down with his pistol in hand. I think he was asleep ere I had descended the ladder.

Sleep there was none for me, however: I was too proud and excited. I regained my room—took off my clothes—but did not close an eye. Had not Dr. Franklin said that some of a country's battles were fought by private citizens in unlikely places? Here, then, was Geoffrey Rowntree on active service for the Colonies! Stuart could not equal this; it could not be greatly surpassed by Grandfather Nick and my uncle in the army.

With the first budding of dawn, there even came to me a plan for yet more active help, and I upbraided my tardiness in thinking thereof, although it could not be launched before broad daylight. Lieutenant Pinckney feared word of his surmised course had gone ashore along the Delaware and been transmitted from Tory-nest to Tory-nest until now the Pine Woods Lads guarded the Philadelphia road against him; hurried as he was, he must either wait for Mr. Johnson to guide him by roundabout trails through the forest and brush country, or else make what shift he could alone. So had he spoken. But, if the innkeeper delayed too long his return to Tent Tavern, why should not the spy's message be borne overhead by one of Stuart's birds now housed in my pigeon loft?

IT was hard to wait the customary hour for rising. Then my women folk chose this day of all others to oversleep, and I dared not excite them to questions by waking them. It was eight o'clock ere breakfast was served. And when at last I could secrete some bread and bacon and start across the stable yard, it was to find Jim May loitering there, with Black George, legs outstretched, seated on a



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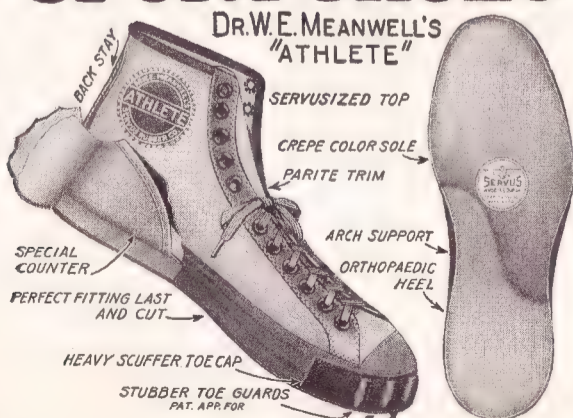
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(Continued from page 45)

bench under the kitchen window. The usually silent May accosted me:

"You're late to-day, Master Rowntree."

Most uncommon it was that this pair should be idle at such an hour. I wanted to say that, if I was late, they seemed to have been early with their chores—and I wanted to ask what that was which I saw Jim, with a catlike motion, tucking under his coat. Nevertheless, some information must be got—if they had any—so they were given a polite reply.

"Do you chance to know," I inquired, "when Mr. Johnson will be coming home?"

Jim pursed his lips and shook his head, but Black George thrust his hands in his breeches' pockets and growled: "Always takin' shore leave, he is. I heered him tell that lubber Whiteside he wouldn't come aboard till to-morrow."

Then the pigeon plan could be attempted! I was moving on when I noted May's face. He was smiling as broadly as his tight mouth permitted. Plainly, he took pleasure in Black George's answer. "There was a power of noise in your loft last night," said Jim. "I most called you. Thought the fowls might ha' caught the pigeon cholera."

I would see about that now, I told him. "Want any help?" he leered.

"No, I thank you."

I started up the ladder. Habit turned my glance skyward; I saw a pigeon making its circled descent for the roof: there could be but one explanation. Another of my birds must be bearing me news from Philadelphia!

You may readily fancy with what haste I finished my climb and flung back the loft door. You cannot guess the two astounding events that followed.

I was full of my superior knowledge and the manner in which I had tricked those dolts to feed it—haughty over my plan for sending the spy's news to Dr. Franklin. Pushing wide that loose portal, I slammed it behind me, seized my signal pole and rushed through the other door which gave upon the stable roof. Well, there was no need to direct that bird: the poor thing fluttered straight for my arms. I recognized him as one of my favorites among the lot sent Stuart—I saw that he had been cruelly wounded, though by no bullet—and, when I tore at the message-tube that he bore, it was only to find it empty. Somebody had discovered our secret means of communication and found a strange method of robbing the pigeon post!

I staggered back into the loft—to another revelation. A pair of strong hands clutched me. The eyes of the man-in-hiding searched mine like torches:

"One sound above a whisper and yo' are a dead boy!"

I struggled in his grip. It was useless. By his nod at that all too rickety door with which the ladder communicated, I knew he had been watching the stable yard and its occupants through a crevice.

"Why did yo' tell those wolves I was up here?" he demanded.

"I didn't tell anybody," I sputtered and solemnly vowed my innocence.

"They've been there since dawn—and they are armed," said he.

"They're only Mr. Johnson's servants," I protested—but I recalled Jim May's motion of concealment made as I passed him in the yard. "They must be loyal!" I nevertheless protested.

"Inn folk they may be," retorted Pinckney, "but if I didn't once see that close-mouthed one in royal uniform at Jamaica, I'm a Dutchman. He was full o' rum, hurrahing fo' King George and consigning the Colonies to the devil. We fought over it: I'll wager yo' can find mah sword scar

under his right shoulder. Boy, since sun-up they've been watching this loft."

He had clean taken all the breath out of me. "But—but," I stammered, "Dr. Franklin—Mr. Johnson—who'll be back to-morrow—they both—"

The lieutenant closed my mouth. "Dr. Franklin's Mistah Johnson is surrounded by spies in his own household! He's got about as much chance against them as we have. I yheard that pirate down there tell yo' your po' befooled Jabez wouldn't be home till to-morrow—and yhere they have me treed lak a coon on a cypress. Two pistols against one: they'll tak' their shots at me on sight—and if yo're not playing into their hands, why, they'll value your life nary a mite higher'n they value mine!"

A single sensible question remained in me: "What have they waited for?"

But to that came immediate and crushing answer. Keeping tight hold of one of my wrists, Coatsworth Pinckney re-applied eyes to a crevice:

"You!" he whispered. "They've been waiting fo' yo' to get into this loft. And now yhere come your two Colonial 'patriots' up the ladder!"

V—From Peril to Peril

THERE followed perhaps ten seconds of silence wherethrough pierced but two sounds: inside, the deep-drawn breath of my captor-companion—and a scraping outside, which I knew must be that pair of precious rogues climbing the

ladder. Then, also from the open air, a voice—Jim May's it was—came quietly through to us:

"Master Rowntree?"

Pinckney dragged me closer.

"Answer!" he whispered.

In a tone all new to me, I said: "Well?" Jim's voice, a little closer now, came again.

"Kin you see up there?"

"No," breathed the lieutenant in my ear.

"It's pretty dark," I vouchsafed more boldly. "Why?"

"Me an' Black George, we don't want to disturb the womenfolk, but we think there's a thief hidin' among your birds. Help us git him."

The door swung open, letting in the daylight. Jim May jumped up after it, and his crony followed close.

Not close enough, however: that which occurred, occurred blindly. The spy's grasp upon me tightened and immediately relaxed as he hurled me, no better than a stone from his hands, straight against Jim. I clutched that fellow's body even in the striking of it—heard the door slam—felt the redescended darkness—and somehow understood that Pinckney was at grips with Black George—all while I and my thus suddenly designated enemy fell wildly to the floor.

I remember, oddly enough, the startled squawking and wing-clatterings of the pigeons. I remember that I struck the rough planking first, with Jim atop of me, and that my head split from its concussions. I remember blows raining upon my face until the twilight was ablaze with stars. And all that I remember for long moments thereafter is how my fingers found that bully's thin throat and how, for dear life, they dug into it—as the stars went out.

What next I knew was Lieutenant Pinckney saying: "Mist' Rowntree, I mak yo' mah apologies fo' any doubts I may 'a' had o' your loyalty."

He was standing over me in the uncertain dusk of the loft, snapping his fingers. Everything else was very still. I got me dizzily to my feet:

"Where are those—those—?"

"Safe bound and gagged in the hiding

An Old Crow Tattled!

"Caw!" said the crow, up there in the tree.

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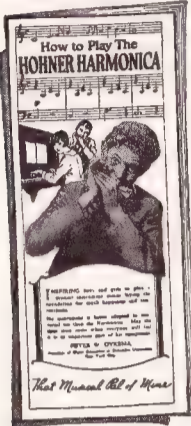
Next Month



"That Musical Pal of Mine"

Close Harmony

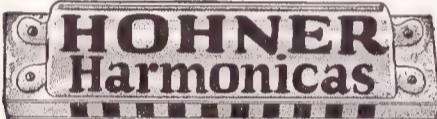
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place yo' chose fo' me. Are yo' quite sure it's unbeknown to the other servants?"

"Nobody knows about it but me, and the other servants that are here—even if they sympathize with these villains against Mr. Johnson—are only a cook and a wench of all-work."

He snapped his fingers again—the sole audible token he ever gave of excitement in all my brief experience of him. "I've reconnoitred—through the cracks. Your cook seems to 'a' been too busy ovah her stove to look once out o' the kitchen window, and there's nobody else, at the back of the tavern."

"Then our prisoners are safe," said I. "We've only to wait upon Mr. Johnson's homecoming."

"We?" he asked, and I knew that he was smiling at me in his kindly way. "It's yo' must attend to that. The night I have to wait fo'; but I don' want to wait a plum twenty-fo' hours. Boy, I'm starting alone when it's evening."

NEED I say that I pleaded to go with him? Need I say that he long refused me? I pointed out to him how, since he must avoid the probably watched road and take to the bewildering woods, his judgment among them would need the help of mine. When he was flattering enough to say I had insured his victory over our late attackers, I brazenly told him he could adequately reward me only by introducing me to further perils. But I believe, at the last, it was bribery that won him. He happened to confess an overwhelming fondness for cold veal pie. As it happened, Sarah Nicolls had baked a hot one for last night's meal—and I promised to purloin what now remained, for his luncheon, on the sole condition that he let me journey with him that evening!

The which was accomplished. I passed a tense three hours, pretending to enjoy childish games with Susanna on the sands; but cook would never turn from her sacred occupation once dinner was on the fire, so at noon the pantry shelf just within her kitchen door stood undefended—and that pie's disappearance was later charged to the discredit of Messrs. Black George and Jim May, no less, who, fortunately for me, were assumed to have followed Harry Whiteside's example of a truant holiday. Myself I excused on the ground that my cause was as much Mr. Johnson's as my own; and, as there was always a pistol of excellent Spanish metal kept in the now empty bar, I pocketed that for good measure, together with a handful of cartouches reposing among the pennies and six-pences in the till.

How Lieutenant Pinckney gorged upon that meat and pastry when I finally got it to him! For a slim young officer, he was a marvelous trencherman.

"But our prisoners," I inquired: "will not they be hungry?"

He set down the tankard that I had also filled and smuggled to him. "Belike they are hungry," said he—"and very certainly they will remain so."

Somehow I came through that long afternoon without the unnatural brightness of my eyes exciting my mother's anxiety. I disliked the thought of how she would worry when she found me missing next morning, but boastfully told myself that such things must have no weight against the Colonies' welfare. Fearing she would prevent my departure did I anyways forewarn her, I compromised between my conflicting emotions—penned and pushed under her door a note which she must find at breakfast time: it informed her a little ambiguously, that I had set out for the city on private business connected with Dr. Franklin. Then I got me early to bed—this time dressed—and got out of it—down my Franklin rod and at the loft ladder's foot—as soon as I could make sure that Tent Tavern was sleeping.

There Coatesworth Pinckney awaited me. It was but a few minutes later that we were scurrying through the sand dunes toward the marshes beyond which lay those miles and miles of peril-infested forests separating us from distant Philadelphia.

I had visions of our left-behind prisoners dying of starvation and general hardship in that hole back of the pigeon loft.

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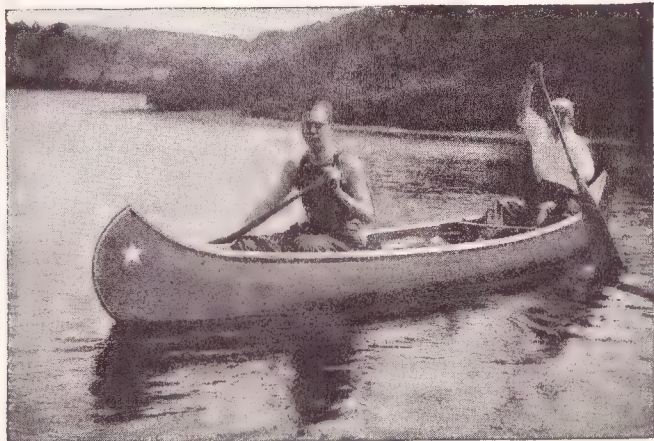
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"Old Town Canoes"

(Continued from page 47)
"What," I asked as we hurried on, "of them?"

Well, the lieutenant was, it appeared, not near so hard-hearted concerning those fellows as he had at first seemed. Somewhat shamefacedly he confessed that, more tender perhaps than prudent, he had once, for a minute, removed the gags sufficiently to give each man a little water and food.

"But it was *really* jes' to replace those gags mo' securely afterwards," Pinckney apologized.

Nevertheless, I felt lighter minded on the rogues' account, and pressed with better heart upon our journey.

The first part of our plan was to skirt the highway through the dunes, and then openly traverse it across the salt meadows. Those virtually declared suspicions of Jim and Black George had convinced the lieutenant that a Tory-warning had indeed gone out against him, and it was of course this main track that our enemies must have an eye on; but we were compelled to risk following it over the swamps, which, with their pools and pitfalls on both sides, were even more dangerous to life than any Pine Robbers.

However, once upon firm land, we intended to strike straight into the forests, for—though there the country would be as strange to me as to my companion—he went ever provided with a pocket compass, and we might travel due west, at some distance from the road, with a certain degree of assurance. Thus we believed that our worst bit of territory would come just after our first.

THAT night of July 2nd had fallen very still. The tide was out; there was no wind crossing the heavens; the moon rode fair over a field of indigo, and its illumination made the silver sands as brilliant as they were by day, while I guided the spy in and out through those white hillocks whose ramifications my hide-and-seek with Susanna had made familiar. Safely we gained the road where it was intersected by the first inlet.

"Now bend double," said Coatesworth Pinckney at my ear: "we don't know what eyes may be watching. Keep close to one side o' the way."

He set the example, and in such fashion we went forward. My heart hammered so hard that it must visibly have moved my jacket, and there was not a shadow in the marshes, not a clump of stones along our course, but I mistook it for an ambush. Once, a big fish jumped clear of the water in some neighboring stream, and I near died of alarm—and yet there was no mo-

ment of that long crossing when I really wanted to abandon the adventure or wished myself abed in Tent Tavern.

Nor did anything untoward befall us during all this stage of our journey; we gained the woods, eased our cramped bodies by a resumption of man's proper posture and, every little while consulting compass by the carefully guarded flame of the lieutenant's tinder box, forged ahead as quietly as might be, but much relieved, for what must have been ten miles of progress. We were about to pick our way over the gully of a dried-up stream, and the moon was setting, ere there came the true alarm.

"Stop!" Coatesworth Pinckney's outstretched hand fell heavily upon my shoulder.

I looked a question. Before he could frame any answer, there arrived one more convincing.

During the last fifteen or twenty minutes, we must unconsciously have swung a good distance toward the road, which lay on our right, to the north of us. Our westward progress we could determine and maintain directly, but the bends of that highway we could not of course detect because of the woods that we kept on our flank for a screen: now, from over there beyond the trees, issued a sound of many footfalls.

My lowest tones inquired: "Shall we hide?"

"Stand perfectly still!" the spy commanded.

I meant to do so, but fortune would not have it. I was at the very edge of a little declivity where we had come to pause; as my body stiffened, a projecting lump of earth gave way beneath one of my feet. I lost my balance and, with what seemed a tremendous noise, rolled head over heels down the gully's side.

Behind that tree-screen, the footfalls stopped. A moment's ominous silence—the choking silence of startled men—ensued. And then rose raucous voices:

"D'ye hear?"

"Which way were it?"

"This way!"

I scrambled back to Pinckney—but to what purpose? Whoever these men might be, they seemed to have been on the lookout for somebody: they were already charging toward us. Not yet could we see them, for the underbrush was dense; still, it crashed before their advance, and their unbridled shouts drew instantly nearer.

(To be continued in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Tierney Meets a Millionaire

(Continued from page 18)

"My, my!" exclaimed Mr. Walsingham. "Perhaps I could reform him and make him give me back my Turner."

"Perhaps you could," Tierney twirled his hard-boiled lid nervously and stared dully at the millionaire as an idle butcher's boy would stare at a dead fish. "Perhaps you could get up early some morning and move the Palisades across the Hudson. There's no tellin'."

THE butler announced that luncheon was served and Tierney was introduced to Miss Briggs.

"Pleased to meet ya, Miss Riggs," he said.

"Briggs," said Mr. Walsingham.

"Briggs," echoed Tierney. "You know Miss Spivis, ma'am—Sally Ann Spivis? She plays the melodjun by note. She's a little deaf but she can certainly claw the ivories."

"You are a musician, Mr. Tierney?" Miss Briggs asked, demurely dropping her hands in her lap after she had taken her seat at the table. And as Tierney sat down, the whole mansion was filled with the softest and most beautiful music he had ever heard. It came like a colorful cloud seemingly from nowhere. He looked to Mr. Walsingham, marveling.

"Just the pressure of a little button under the table," explained his host, tucking his silvery side whiskers into his vest as the soup was served. "The organ

manual and the harps and violins are in the music room on the top floor, but the radio transmits the selection to every corner of the house."

"Will you have some celery, Mr.—Ur-ruh?" asked Miss Briggs.

"Tierney's me name. Yes, ma'am."

"Ha!" laughed Mr. Walsingham.

Tierney reached for the cut glass tray but couldn't quite make it.

"Will you push it over, Mr. Waltz?" he asked, for the butler had retired.

"Help yourself." Tierney was amazed to behold the dish of celery move toward him, neatly dodging his bread and butter plate without being touched by a hand.

"Magnets," explained Mr. Walsingham. "Clever? Another little button touched. Tray has steel bottom, you know. Can move anything in the room anywhere. Do it for amusement, you know."

Tierney was pop-eyed. "That's going some," he admitted. He was raising a fork laden with cold turkey to his mouth when there was a sudden rattle of pistol shots. He jumped to his feet and reached for his hind pocket.

"My mistake," shouted Mr. Walsingham. "Pressed the wrong button, got the record, 'Memories of Bull Run.'"

A serving table moved slowly, steadily, from the wall of the dining room, closed up to the table, and the soup dishes moved off.

"Cripes!" said Tierney, as the carrier rolled away and the pantry door opened for it.

"I get a group of big inventors together every month or so," explained the host, "and we work out some new electrical jigger. Ha! barrels of fun!"

"I never see the beat of this, Mr. Waltz," panted Tierney. "Ain't you afraid this electricity'll bust loose during a thunderstorm or sumpin' and hurt somebody?"

"Maybe," said the millionaire. "I never thought of that."

"Oh, about the burglars' picnic," broke in Miss Briggs curiously. "Do tell us about it, Mr.—Ur—ruh. Do you really—"

"Oh, yes," shouted Mr. Walsingham, excitedly. "I almost forgot. I want to offer a prize of ten thousand dollars in gold for the burglar that makes the least noise getting out of a house. They can use this house. It's equipped with microphones that will make the records of the contestants. They can hold the contest any hour of any night. We won't sit up or be disturbed in the slightest. None of the doors or windows will be locked. The microphones will register and show just which burglar gets out the most quietly."

"And you'll all be asleep while this is going on?"

"Why, of course."

"But suppose a burglar doesn't bother about the prize when he can pick up \$200,000 worth of gems and carry off a million-dollar painting?"

"I'll trust them, Mr. Tierney. Remember the old adage, 'Do Unto Others'."

The repast was ended.

"I got to go now," said Bonehead. And when he was again safe in his cottage, the kitchen stove shaken down and Rover fed, he threw up his arms and shouted:

"Apple sauce! Apple sauce! That's what that bozo is handing me. He's crazy as a fox!"

THE baseball season had not yet started and news was scarce in the offices of the great New York newspapers. City editors were scrambling frantically for some feature to fill up their columns when commuters from the pretty villages of Northern New Jersey began sending in copies of the *Bergen Beacon* with the ironical announcement of the Burglars' Annual Picnic and the story of the interview with Walsingham.

Next to a good murder mystery the discovery of a new kind of nut brings the greatest cheer to the hard working slaves of the press. Here were two nuts, Walsingham and Tierney, engaged in a combat of wits just a few miles from the big town. Reporters were hurried to the cottage of the detective and the mansion of the burglars' friend.

One enterprising editor hired a well-established burglar to enter the Walsingham castle and stroll through it after midnight. Not a door or window was locked. No alarm was given. Mr. Walsingham and his household slept the sleep of the just. But, in order that the editor might not be guilty of compounding a felony, the hired marauder of the night was not allowed to remove anything from within, a detective being placed on guard to see that he did not steal.

Thousands of half-baked reformers in the great city were gripped by unjustified excitement and Walsingham was hailed as a man with a great humane idea. The old question of whether crooks were not merely mentally sick people came to the fore once more.

At police headquarters the inspectors and detectives went about their tasks of protecting the public with queer strained looks. They began to feel as if they themselves should be in prison and the crooks enjoying life.

In a handsome bachelor apartment on Riverside Drive, with study windows overlooking the Hudson and the pleasant distant shore of New Jersey, Mr. Stuart Bromley Bertwhistle, gaunt, narrow of face, piercing of eye and with the beak of an eagle, read all of the papers, morning and afternoon, and roared with joy.

"Whiffen," he called to his valet, a thick-necked person with shoulder muscles so heavy that he looked a hunchback. "Oh, Whiffen!"

"Yes, sir."

"As soon as the excitement across the river dies down, we will get busy."

"Yes, sir. Meaning Mr. Walsingham?"

"Right-o. And meaning that small but wonderful gem of the painter's art, 'Spring-time,' by Corot. I crave it, Whiffen. And there is also a certain emerald, a scarab, and an intaglio that I must have if I am to die in peace." He stroked a drooping blonde moustache, dropped the monocle from his right eye and gazed contentedly toward the promised land of thousands of flat dwellers.

"Whiffen?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's Walsingham's great age and his enormous amount of money. He has softening of the brain. We'll just run over there in the fast car and take what we want after the papers have tired of all this silliness. This Tierney person may not have softening of the brain. Perhaps he hasn't enough brains to get softened."

"Shall I get out our old mob, sir?"

"Mob? Hardly, Whiffen. I will do it myself and you will merely drive the car. Have you ever heard of Silent Mr. Forrester's splitting up with any common burglar?"

"No, sir."

As the sun went down beyond the Palisades and the far-off hills of the Ramapo Mountains, Silent Mr. Forrester sat and mused, happy over the prospect of getting a few rare objects he desired. A man of keen intellect but without the remotest trace of a sense of right and wrong, he did not fear prison. He had been caught and sent up twice but each time had managed to escape. To him it was easier to get out than to get in.

The unintellectual of crookdom, he decided, would stay shy of the Walsingham invitation to come and rob the castle. They would look on it as a plant, a trap. But Forrester knew the old millionaire as an eccentric. Stealing his Turner painting had been as easy as taking a lollypop from a child.

The baseball season opened and Creskill, N. J., disappeared from the map as far as the news went. Tierney dug in his little garden and Mr. Walsingham pottered around his electrical playthings, making of his splendid mansion a habitation for witches and wizards—and never drawing a bolt or turning a key to window or door when night fell.

BY the passing of summer, Tierney and "Waltz-me-Again," as the old detective jocularly called the rich man on the Palisades, became chummy. Mr. Walsingham was never driven to the village that he did not stop by Tierney's cottage for a chat.

"Performing any new miracles?" asked the Bone one morning as the two stood on his front porch watching the first snow dancing in the dark boughs of the leafless trees.

"Working on levitation now," chuckled Mr. Walsingham.

"What's that?"

"Destroying gravity."

"Shoot again."

"Well, for instance, if I could make your old dog jump in the air and then press a button and keep him up in the air, that would be levitation."

"Yeh? Turn him into a bird?"

"Not exactly. Of course I could manage it with magnets, just as a trick. You have heard of Mohammed's coffin being suspended that way, haven't you?"

"I knew a Turk named Mohammed. He kept a restaurant in Washington Street but the only thing he suspended was payment when his bills come in. Turks are foxy people."

"Ha. But, say, according to all the stories I've read about police work—and I've read about all of them—this is about the time the burglars and safe crackers get busy in the country towns, isn't it?"

"You're right for once. The people close their windows at night, and nobody hears the noise when a safe is blown or a neighbor yells for the cops."

"I'll tell you a secret, Mr. Tierney." Mr. Walsingham's eyes twinkled as he smoothed out his side whiskers. "I'm expecting a visitor almost any morning just before daybreak."

"It's a wonder to me you don't have them every morning and that you've even got a hat to wear."

"I was thinking I would let you in on an experiment on burglar reformation and

The best part of training

Ever figure out why a Lifebuoy shower peps you up so?

AFTER a stiff ball practise or a gruelling match of tennis—*boy*, doesn't a shower feel good? You're hot, sticky, sweaty, all tired out—you want to get cooled off. But did you ever stop to figure out just *why* it makes you feel so good? Perspiration and dust have clogged up all the pores in your body. Your skin is smothered—a good, soapy Lifebuoy lathering all over opens up the pores again—lets the skin breathe.

That's the idea of the Lifebuoy *every-day* bath. Perspiration and body waste are clogging up your pores, not only during violent exercise, but every hour in the twenty-four. This clogged-up condition is enough in the long run to pull down your vitality.

Your coach will tell you there's nothing better to keep you in top form—vigorous—healthy, than to keep *clean*—flood out all these poisons *every day* with Lifebuoy.

You'll like Lifebuoy. It's a real he-boy soap—the kind big



athletes use. The first time you try it you'll see why. Its orange-red is the color of pure palm fruit oil. Lifebuoy has a kick to it—a fine, clean *antiseptic* smell that disappears in a jiffy. It makes you feel better—peppier—more alive than any soap you've ever used.

Ask your mother to get some today, or buy a cake yourself. Start the Lifebuoy daily bath habit tomorrow. And, by the way, millions of the fellows are using the Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart as a check-

free up on training habits. Send for it. It's *free*.

WASH-UP CHART

Directions: Hang this chart in your bathroom or bedroom. Each time you wash or take a bath, mark an "X" in the proper square. Repeat each day until you have marked a group of four squares. The upper left square is marked going to the first week's record; the upper right for the second week's record; the lower left for the third week's record; the lower right for the fourth week's record. By crossing each large square with one small square a month's record can be kept.

Health Pledge

Check these before each bath:

1. I use Lifebuoy soap.

2. I wash my hair.

3. I wash my neck.

4. I wash my arms.

5. I wash my hands.

6. I wash my feet.

7. I wash my back.

8. I wash my chest.

9. I wash my legs.

10. I wash my face.

	Before Dressing	Before Dinner	After School	Before Supper	At Bedtime	Baths
Monday			X	X		
Tuesday						
Wednesday						
Thursday						
Friday						
Saturday						
Sunday						

There are Germs on almost everything you touch

BOOKS
FOOTWEAR
HANDS
PETS
DOOR KNOBS

When your four weeks' Wash-Up record is complete, write your name, age, and address on chart and mail to Lever Brothers Company, Cambridge, Mass. who will send you, free of charge, a "Certificate of Honor" which you will be proud to own.

LEVER BROS. Co., Dept. 11, Cambridge, Mass.

The Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart sounds good. Send me one free with a "Get-acquainted" cake of Lifebuoy. I'll use both.

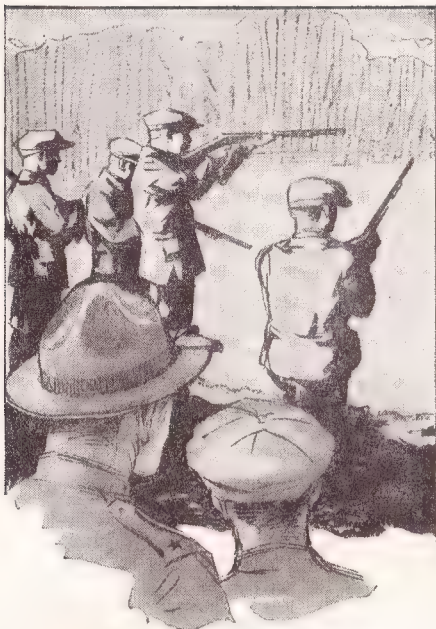
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HEALTH SOAP



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DAISY AIR RIFLES



(Continued from page 49)
restitution of stolen goods.”
“I'd like to be there with a good .38 calibre gun and a blackjack to help in the reform.”
“You might spend the evenings with me for a few weeks. I could send the carriage for you at sunset when my man comes to the village for the last mail and he could bring you home in the morning. How's that?”
“Could I bring the mutt?”
“Oh, no, no, no. He might frighten my visitor and I wouldn't have him frightened for the world.”
“All right, I'm game.”
“I'll have two cots placed in the laboratory. You've never been in the laboratory. You'll see something.”
“I believe it.”

That night Tierney fed Rover plentifully, locked up securely, and rode in state to the castle, high above the Hudson and the Northern Valley, where he got his first glimpse of the millionaire's play room, as he called it.

Little lights, each numbered, like the signals of a telephone operator's switchboard, twinkled upon a painted map of the plan of each floor of the great mansion.

“See,” explained Mr. Walsingham, “that light shows that Miss Briggs is in the library and this twinkling light is telling me that she is taking a book out of the history shelves. Now watch.” He spoke into a silver mouth-piece. “Go into the painting gallery, Miss Briggs, please, and touch that Corot treasure of mine.”

Lights danced in record of her passage from room to room. Then a large red light flared and a yowl of protest came to them from a dictaphone plate somewhere in the laboratory.

“It's all right, Miss Briggs,” spoke Mr. Walsingham, pressing a button. Then, turning to Tierney: “Do you remember those old-fashioned electric batteries you'd catch hold of and not be able to drop? Same thing. Only it has been greatly improved. I could turn on enough current to shake the clothes from a person touching one of my pictures.”

FROM below came the voice of Miss Briggs. “I can't get out.”

“Pardon me.” Another button was pressed.

“Boy, I got yah!” exclaimed Tierney. “You let 'em in but you don't let 'em out, huh?”

“Exactly. And my system of micro-phones lets me hear the faintest movement and locates it for me. You see I can practically rope and tie an intruder with electricity, lock him in and then sit here and read him a lecture on ‘Do Unto Others.’ Ha.”

“Two ha's,” laughed Tierney. “It's some dose you could give a guy. But suppose you're sound asleep when the bird strolls in?”

“Here.” Mr. Walsingham showed him the lining of his pillow. “At the touch of door or window I get a mild shock, just enough of a shock to awaken me and the map shows me just where the gentleman may be standing. I'll wake you up if there is anything doing.”

The snow was deep on the western slope of the great rock wall that shuts off New Jersey from New York before Mr. Walsingham received the mild electrical jolt behind his right ear. It was a fine night for burglars, heavy clouds obscuring every star, a high wind driving the white flakes in great whirling clouds.

Mr. Walsingham poked Tierney in the ribs.

The Schooner That Sailed by Itself

First, old Dan'l Barnet, skipper these many years, had to sail the *Sylvia B* home alone—“dratted crew got sick.” Then, he had only his son, Dolph—Dolph the forge-boy, Dolph the landsman, Dolph the amateur actor—to help him. That wasn't much better. And then the surprising thing that happened to old Dan'l, and to the *Sylvia B*, and particularly to Dolph the landlubber! It's all in the salty sea yarn by Kenneth Payson Kempton, “The Deep Dis-guise.”

In the MAY
American Boy

“He has arrived. He's in the hall. He's in the reception room. He's going into the art gallery.” The two watched the telltale lights, while through the microphone came the soft touch of feet on rugs and even the breathing of the visitor.

The red light flared and a button was pressed.

“Ow!” came from below. “Ow! Ouch!”
“Give him a little more,” urged Tierney. “Shake his clothes off, Waltz.”

Added pressure resulted in a yell.
“He thought he had my Corot,” chuckled Mr. Walsingham. “But the Corot has got him.” He lifted his finger and they heard the rush of feet in the gallery. There was a frantic tugging at the door and a dash from window to window but the heavy outside shutters, painted to resemble oak, were of steel.

There was a crashing sound.
“What's happened?” gasped Tierney.

“Oh, nothing much. Ha! I just shot a chair in front of him and he tumbled over it.”

“Try something else rough,” pleaded Tierney.

A volley of pistol shots rang out, mingled with the sound of upsetting furniture as the visitor tried to seek cover.

“Help! Help! Murder!” shrieked the burglar.

“As I live,” shouted Mr. Walsingham, “it's my old friend Sir Richard Calverly. I recognize the voice. We'll be right down. Have a chair. Go

ahead, please. Sit down in a chair. That's right. Now try to get up. You can't? That is very good.”

They strolled down the broad stairs leisurely and entered the picture gallery, flooded with light. Silent Mr. Forrester sat in a gilt chair, helpless in his invisible bonds.

“I thought you would reform your ways,” said Mr. Walsingham. “You are going to return my priceless Turner painting. Just where is it now?”

“In my apartment.” Forrester, an old hand in the game of taking other people's belongings, did not turn a hair. His only chance was to bargain for his liberty. “Let me go and I'll send it to you.”

“You get it here and I'll let you out,” was the return offer. “What is the address?”

“I'll take you there.”

“Start some more steel hail,” suggested Tierney. “This is a tough bird.”

Forrester hurriedly blurted out his address.

“Oh, Riverside Drive!” exclaimed Mr. Walsingham. “I'll get the police up there immediately.”

An hour later Mr. Walsingham was informed of the recovery of his precious painting, and of the uncovering of stolen jewels reaching into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. He then turned to Tierney in unstinted appreciation of his assistance.

“My friend,” he cried, “if it hadn't been for the publicity you gave my humble endeavors to reform the wayward, I might never have got my Turner back. You have played a great part in an entirely successful experiment.”

“Huh!” grunted Tierney, deftly slipping a pair of handcuffs on Silent Mr. Forrester. “Experiment is right. But I'll wait with callin' it entirely successful till I've turned this bird over to our brave guardians of law and order.”

He prodded Forrester ahead of him to the door, and turned there to send a parting shot at his erratic millionaire friend. “Say,” he wheezed, “if I see anyone looking for a nut already cracked, I'll send him up here to the castle.”



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Chasin' Mr. Clancarty

(Continued from page 16)

Clancarty, although this was strictly against rules. But that was on a ten-car train hauling merchandise from a railroad terminal to a great department store, and he merely sat by the engineman's side on the motor's seat and watched the headlight on the wet and rocky track under the narrow rails.

There were about thirty-five big buildings in the Loop that got their coal and disposed of their ashes by the underground tunnel, at night, when the merchandise traffic was off the routes, and Rabbit couldn't guess where he was traveling next. The ash train went roaring past tunnel intersections and by passes which were marked by faint electric lights in the gloom.

He rolled over on his stomach, put a hand out to the metal side of the car as the ashes settled lower, and wondered if he could crawl forward, squirm over the connecting couplings and reach the locomotive. But one glance at the cement curve above his head scared the Rabbit out of that idea. The trolley wire was a dancing lightning flash, and the bumping of the train seemed to heave him right up against it every now and then.

"This old bus was never made for passengers," thought Rabbit. "But bein' one, I better lay close. Clancarty'll slow down for the next ash dump to fill some cars behind, and then I'll vamoose and run ahead and catch him with this message."

HANGING his head over the side he saw the dim long tunnel stretching forward and back. When they passed the electric three-way switches, where dim tunnels led to either side, Rabbit was treated to a great display of snapping fireworks so close that it made his hair stiffen. The ashes weren't exactly a pleasant pillow in which to burrow one's head, but at times he jammed his face close down on them to shut out the blue lights.

Up over his head, forty or fifty feet, he reflected that thousands of night promenaders were passing and the night-workers in the sub-story engine rooms and basements of the big buildings were all on their jobs, while he, Rabbit Shanks, was being bowled along without any idea of either direction or destination. Mr. Clancarty would surely bring up under some other ash dump pretty soon, and Rabbit could hustle off ere the deluge descended on the empties.

Then he felt the train roaring down an incline, and he caught a glimpse of the dim electric lights that marked the steel gates of the river section. There were electrically-operated pumps here to take care of any seepage, but the little train went careening to the lowest level and then up the incline without Rabbit getting any glimpse of more than cement walls and roof. He knew it was the motor engineer's business to stop and throw switches when necessary and to look out for the electric signals at the by passes, but at night there were no other trains running.

There are three thousand freight cars and a hundred and thirty electric locomotives engaged in the busy unseen traffic of the deep tunnels, but Rabbit on his ash car joy-ride had the road to himself this night.

"Why don't Clancarty stop somewhere?" he muttered. "This is gettin' fierce—can't hardly breathe! The way the dust comes siftin' back on the wind this old train makes, is a fright! Hi—Mr. Clancarty!"

But Rabbit might as well have shouted at the weather man twenty stories high over Chicago as at the engineer who, snuggled down on his low seat in the front of his motor, was roaring on his way through the dim passages.

Once the outfit slowed down, and Rabbit caught glimpses of an elevator shaft over his head. He knew that the little open cars were frequently lifted many stories up through the big business houses to unload on different floors, and at all the terminals they came to the surface level for the transfer of freight. Again the train shot past a great timber chute

opening on the tunnel, and Rabbit knew that here the dirt from the deep foundation of some new building was being dumped lower still for transportation out of the district. Deeper than anything in the city, save the driven foundation supports themselves, ran the freight tunnels, but the cliff dwellers of the high buildings knew nothing of the underground workers who were as busy and as important in the city's life as they.

Rabbit Shanks with the blue envelope buttoned into his ash-reeking coat lay on his back staring up at the weird light of the snapping trolley pole ahead of his ash car. He had given up the idea of escaping in any such time as half an hour, for he knew the train was far outside the Loop district now and hastening on.

"Say," he exclaimed to himself suddenly, "this dog-gone train is headed for the dump away out on Thirteenth Street and Grant Park! And out there there's a big derrick that takes these dirt cars and swings 'em forty feet in the air and dumps 'em out where they're fillin' in to make the new lake shore! Got to find Clancarty before that happens!"

The blue-lighted special was thundering down a long straight stretch of dim tunnel now; then it seemed to be slowly ascending. Rabbit was clear out of his hunting grounds now, he reflected; and there was nothing to do but keep on with this mysterious trip. Then—almost as suddenly as he had been catapulted down through the ash chute from the Trust Building boiler room, he was swiftly jerked out into the open. Clear air, fresh air and cold lake breezes began to fan the dust up and over his face.

"Well, say—" gasped Rabbit. Then he saw that now the trolley connection was much higher, and that he could sit up and stare about. But if he had been speeding in a Pullman across his native deserts in the Southwest, he couldn't have been more puzzled. There was rough, frozen land about him, while away off to the north lay the towers and peaks of the city, all brilliant with lights. Staring ahead he could make out the cold rolling waves of Lake Michigan. The roadbed was mighty rough out here, for it ran over improvised trestles and around miniature hills made by the stuff excavated in the city and thrown out here on which to build the park upon which the city children would play some day.

RABBIT sat up higher and dusted himself again. "There's the tunnel disposal station and the big steam crane, all lit up like a jeweler's window, and it'll grab these cars and—hold on, here's where I get off! I've had plenty of railroadin' with Mr. Clancarty!"

The rattling, jerking line of little cars was slowing, coming to a halt on an unfinished switch just under the great derrick arm. Rabbit hit the cinders with a bump but on both feet. Instantly he was running on alongside the slowly moving ash train, dusting himself vigorously with both hands, spitting out dust and trying to get his eyes wider open.

"I hope this is some important message," gasped Rabbit. "Next time I won't get chesty and brag that I can lay my hands on anybody right in thirty minutes! No, sir—I—" he had stopped alongside the throbbing black little locomotive. On the other side were the bright lights from the disposal station whose crew were already preparing to hoist the cars and shake them free of contents down in the twenty-foot fill.

But Rabbit had caught sight of someone descending on that other side. He raced around the locomotive and reached him.

"Hello, Mr. Clancarty! Gee, I been chasin' you all around under Chicago, and you been jerkin' me full of more ashes than I ever want to see in my life again! Say, here's a message—and because it was you I volunteered to deliver it—in thirty minutes! Bet I ain't more'n fifteen off at that!"

"Clancarty?"

(Continued on page 53)

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Space does not permit us to publish here the forty winners of the \$10 and \$5 prizes. Checks have been mailed to all the lucky boys.

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A Desk Lamp

A FLAT-TOP desk lamp, like the one I told you how to make in a recent article, is not complete without a lamp. The photograph shows my homemade model. It is a practical lamp, easily built of inexpensive parts. A tin bread pan forms the shade, iron gas pipe and fittings form the upright and bracket, and a round block and a lard pail cover weighted with lead make the base.



A homemade reading lamp.

Figures 1 to 6 in the accompanying diagram show the parts of the lamp ready for assembling. First, cut a circular base block 5 1/2 inches in diameter (A, Fig. 1). Bore a hole 1/2 inch in diameter through its center for the end of the pipe upright C. Make a slight bevel upon the upper edge of the block, as shown in the photograph, with a file, and sandpaper all surfaces smooth.

The upper part of the base (B) is a lard pail cover 4 1/2 inches in diameter. Locate its exact center, and cut a hole at that point 1/2 inch in diameter, by making a ring of small holes with a nail, then cutting away the tin between the holes, and smoothing up the edge with a file. Three-quarters of an inch inside of the rim, punch four holes, for screwing the cover to block A. The tin cover must be weighted with lead, to make a heavy base so the lamp will not upset. You can get a piece of lead pipe from a plumber. Melt it in a tin can, placing the can in the furnace or over a gas burner. Stick the pipe end through the center hole, and plug the screw holes, to keep the lead from running through. When the cover has been poured full of lead, even the

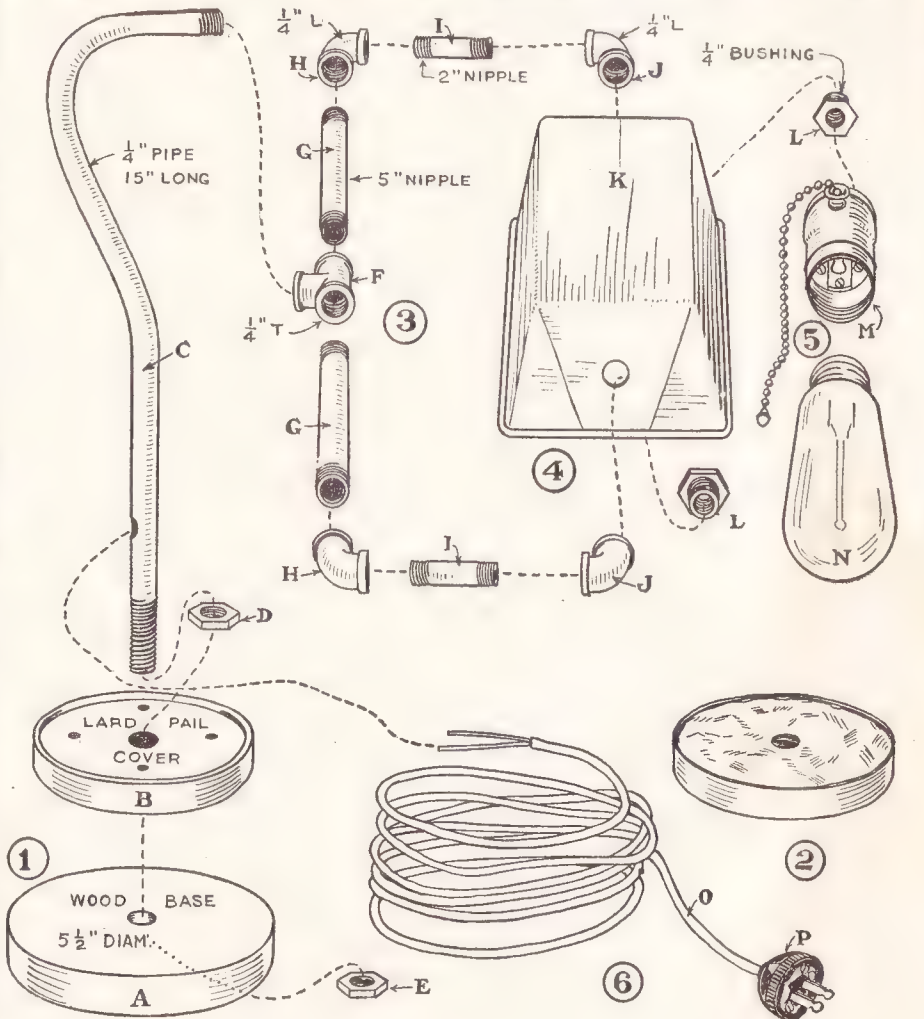
surface, if necessary, with a file. Drill out the screw holes, and screw the lead-filled cover to the base block with round-head screws.

The piece of 1/4-inch pipe C (3/2-inch outside measurement) can be obtained at any plumbing shop and most hardware stores. If you do not own a pipe cutter, stock and dies, the cost for threading the ends will be between 10 and 15 cents. The lower end of the pipe must be threaded a distance of 1 1/2 inches, to take the pair of lock nuts D and E. You can easily bend the upper end of the pipe as shown with a hammer. The gooseneck bend is not only for ornament. It helps to balance

the lamp, throwing part of the weight of the shade and bracket back of the center of the base. A hole must be drilled in one side of the pipe near the bottom, as shown, through which to pull the cord.

Black iron pipe fittings will cost about 5 cents apiece. As you will see by Fig. 3, you need one 1/4-inch T (F), two 1/4-inch by 5 inch nipples (G), two 1/4-inch by 2 inch nipples (I), four 1/4-inch Ls (H. and J), and two 1/4-inch bushings. If you cannot obtain lock nuts to fit the pipe, buy two 1/4-inch bushings and hack off the hexagonal nuts.

With the fittings in hand, assembling the lamp is a simple matter of welding a wrench of the Stillson type. First, screw the T, nipples and Ls together, then the T to the end of pipe C. Screw lock nut D onto the lower end of pipe C, as far as it will go, stick the pipe through the base, and screw on the second lock nut E. That the base may set evenly, cut away the wood around the center hole of block A



so lock nut E can be countersunk. If the end of the pipe projects, file it off flush with the block.

The shade is a tin bake pan 5 by 9 3/4 inches across the rim by 2 3/4 inches deep (K, Fig. 4). If you use a pan of different proportions, a different length of nipples will be required. Punch a hole in the center of each end of the pan, just large enough to admit the end of bushings L. The bushings serve as lock nuts in attaching the pan, and the smaller opening is of the right size to screw the lamp socket into.

Wiring the lamp requires little or no explanation, as no doubt you are familiar with assembling drop cords. To simplify fishing the cord through the goose-neck and fittings, it is a good plan to run a piece of strong cord through the parts as you make them up. Then, by tying the cord to an end of the electric cord, it may be pulled through in a jiffy when you are ready to wire. Use a standard pull chain lamp socket (M, Fig. 5). Silk covered lamp cord (O, Fig. 6), and a separable plug (P) are generally used for table lamps.

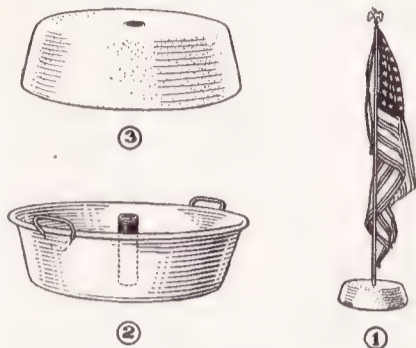
You may finish your lamp in one of several ways. You may apply one of the radiator bronzes sold at paint stores, or a verd-antique finish obtained at an electric fixture house; or you may give it a coat of medium chrome green oil paint, as I finished mine. Another suggestion is to fill around the pipe fittings with gesso, and stipple all surfaces with the same material, then apply a green bronze.

A Concrete Base for a Flag

SINCE most of you probably belong to an organization of some sort, and most organizations can boast of a flag, if of no other equipment, you will probably be interested in the homemade flag base shown

in the sketch of Fig. 1, a block of concrete that is a very solid support, and looks well.

There are several ways to make a form for the base, but about as simple a form as any is a dish pan (Fig. 2) or a kettle. In addition to the utensil, you must have an iron pipe nipple of a trifle larger diameter than the flagpole, and 5 or 6 inches long, according to the depth of the pan or pot. The pipe nipple forms the center core of the mold (Fig. 2). It must be



exactly centered, and verticle. If the utensil is an old one, the nipple can be stuck through a hole cut in the bottom; otherwise, you must wedge a stick between the nipple and the basement ceiling, or in some similar manner support the nipple.

With the form set up, it is a simple matter to pour concrete into it, and when the block has stood for at least twenty-four hours, to remove it (Fig. 3). Instead of mixing the small batch of concrete needed, visit a building site where concrete work is being done, about quitting time, and the foreman will gladly give you the remainder of his last batch, which will probably be more than you will need.

Chasin' Mr. Clancarty

(Continued from page 51)

A tall young man in overalls stood staring incredulously at Rabbit.

"Say, where the dickens did you come from—off my train? I ain't stopped since I slid out from under the Trust Building ash dump!"

"I ain't either," grinned Rabbit. "Came down the dump myself, or I'd never made this Pullman and got the message to Mr. Clancarty. Where's Clancarty?"

"Clancarty? Why, he's home nursin' a cold. Came down and reported, and then I took his train as substitute. Clancarty said he was goin' home an' soak his feet in mustard water, an'—"

"Hold on!" yelled the Rabbit. "Don't ever tell me I'm beat yet! Got a phone in the station, ain't you, Mister?"

The dump boss pointed at the office, and Rabbit went racing for it. At every step he raised and left a cloud of dust so his course looked like that of a burned-out skyrocket.

"Just see that skinny kid streak it," grunted the boss. "What's the racket?"

Inside the office Rabbit sat on a high stool with his dirty ear jammed to a telephone receiver.

"Hello—hello!" he yelled huskily at last. "Oh, is that you, Mr. Clancarty? This is Rabbit—got a special for you—kid we sent out couldn't raise anybody at your flat, and—"

"I guess he couldn't," came back Clancarty's voice. "I was toasin' my feet in hot mustard and readin' a book, and I just wouldn't answer that bell for anybody!"

"Oh, shucks," grunted Rabbit. "I guess you don't know what a smear you got me into, Mr. Clancarty! I guess you don't know what trouble a messenger boy can get into tryin' to help somebody! I've a big notion not to open and read this special to you when I think of the cinders in my neck and shoes and lungs and everywhere—"

"Oh, say, Rabbit," broke in Mr. Clancarty, cheerfully. "You boys needn't worry none about y'er troubles in this town where everythin's made so nice and comfortable for folks. Suppose you'd been a messenger boy about two thousand years ago, and had to hike around in this

poor old town I been readin' about in this book to-night?"

"Hey?" sputtered the Rabbit, worriedly. "What was the matter with 'em?"

"Folks was just gettin' on fine in this town and everything lovely, when one night a mountain blew up, and this here Pompey-eye was covered about two stories deep with dust and ashes—"

"Hold on there, Mr. Clancarty! I want to read you this message, and then hang up! I don't want to hear nothin' about dust and ashes!"

Radio Frequency Amplification

(Continued from page 28)

4 and 5 the letter H stands for the detector tube, while I is the .00025 microfarad grid condenser and J the 2 to 4 megohm grid-leak. K is the jack for the loud speaker and M is the battery switch which is quite necessary. The audio amplifier tubes are marked P and the audio transformers, O.

Notice, in Figure 4, the dotted lines over each radio amplifier? These show neutralizing condensers, N, which may be added if you desire. They make the difference between the regulation five tube set and the famous neutrodyne. These condensers, when properly adjusted, keep the set from whistling. The secondary coils, B, are tapped down about one-third of their length and the connection is made from there as shown. However, if you build the set carefully, you probably won't need these condensers.

Notice particularly in Figure 5 that the coils are suspended at an angle. This prevents interaction between them and helps to eliminate whistling. The angle may best be determined after the set has been built by making adjustments while the set is in operation.

You would have lots of fun building this set and when it is completed, if you have followed directions closely and conditions are favorable, you can choose your stations almost at will.

It's Easy to Build A Powerful Set

Using the New and Improved FRESHMAN "TRF" Low Loss Kit



Straight Line Wave Length Condensers With Low Loss Self Balanced Coils

These are the identical units which have made the Freshman Masterpiece factory-built Receivers the World's Greatest Radio Sets.

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The American Boy Contest

The End of the 1966 Story

Elephants! Elephants!

By Robert H. Russell (19) Bellaire, Ohio.

Third Prize Letter.

THEN Jimmy happened to think of his collapsible gliders which he had in his pocket. He quickly jerked them out, fastened them to his feet, and leaped free of the water which was carrying the boat rapidly toward the earth.

"Now I can save Edgar," said Jimmy excitedly as he adjusted the magnetic dial for 75 feet again and started through the air on his gliders.

Jimmy's motions were like those of an expert ice skater, for he was a master in the art of aerial gliding. As he drew near the thief, who had remounted his bicycle and was riding swiftly with yelping Edgar under one arm, he decided to give the law-breaker the surprise of his life.

The bicycle rider kept glancing back anxiously to see how fast Jimmy was gaining on him. When he looked to the front again he saw a sight which made him drop Edgar and let out a piercing scream. For there rushing down upon him, was a herd of stampeding elephants with trunks raised and fire flashing in their wicked green eyes.

The thief turned quickly to the right to avoid the onslaught and pressed the lever for altitude. He was soon far out of sight in the heavens.

Edgar bounded joyously back to Jimmy who was laughing so hard that he was afraid he would split his sides.

But what about the elephants? Oh! Yes! Jimmy had taken out his pocket radio set and tuned in on Africa. At once he brought in not only the broadcast sound of an elephant stampede, but also the moving pictures of the actual event sent through the air with the sound. Jimmy had flashed the picture from the lens of the radio receiver onto a white cloud in front of the thief so successfully that the thief thought he was doomed and got away as quickly as possible.

Saved by a Cowcatcher

By Walter P. Boswell (16) New Albany, Miss.

Special Prize Letter.

FOR a time Jimmy was panic-stricken. When he recovered his self-control his first act was to unroll his radio antennae and send out a statement of his plight.

He then went to the locker in his boat where he usually kept his collapsible wings. It was empty. He searched every nook in the boat, but, to his dismay, the wings were not to be found.

The craft was gaining velocity in its downward flight every minute—only the patent equi-stabilizer kept it on an even keel, and prevented Jimmy from being hurled into space. Faster and faster it went. Jimmy lost his senses.

When he awoke he was inside a huge machine. People were bending over him. Others were seated along the sides of a coach-like compartment.

Suddenly he understood—he was on the planet to planet express—from Mars to the Earth—bound for New York. He remembered reading that it was due. His downward flight had been arrested by the electro-magnetic cowcatcher on the machine.

He sat down on one of the seats and picked up a newspaper that had come by radio, from Mars, while the craft was in flight. Try as he did, however, he just couldn't keep from thinking of Edgar.

"If I could get my hands on that thief," he muttered savagely to himself, "I'd—"

He was interrupted by a shrill voice coming from behind his back. He turned. There was the very thief, trying to sell Edgar for a lap-dog, to a woman with a

citedly for Jimmy. But as he got no response to his yelling, Roy walked over to the radio-mirror.

"Wonder where he is?" said Roy peevishly as he twirled the dials that might reveal his brother's whereabouts. Several scenes flashed across the lens and then suddenly he saw Jim frantically bailing out a fast-sinking atmospheric rowboat while a thin-faced man was preparing to mount his aerial bike and make off with Edgar.

The next moment Jimmy gave up bailing, donned his zeron life preserver (zeron is a gas formed by the emanation of thymium, an element discovered in 1945) and jumped from the boat.

Waiting only to see that Jimmy was floating safely in the air, Roy dashed from the room, picking up his rifle as he went. It was the latest model, equipped with telescopic sights with which even a poor shot could hit a dime at five miles distance.

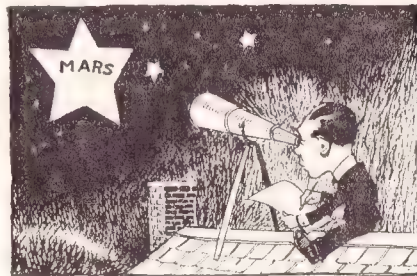
As he ran out of the house he looked up to where the thin-faced man was just pedalling away, Edgar tucked under his arm. Taking aim Roy sent two tungsten-jacketed bullets in quick succession through both of the helium inflated tires on the bicycle. As the machine crashed to earth, the thief leapt clear and started off on his air skates. But a third shot took one of them from under his feet, leaving the man hanging head down.

"He'll shoot off the other skate if you drop that dog," warned Jimmy.

A minute more and Roy in his airplane runabout had rescued his brother and Edgar, but he left the thin-faced man hanging in the air until a policeman on his aerial-motorcycle ran in the would-be dog thief for parking too long in one spot, in violation of Air Ordinance 127,355.

What Do They Do on Mars?

The Next Contest



NOBODY knows, you say? That makes your guess just as good as the next fellow's—and that's why we want you to sit down and write about the things you'd expect to find if you should take your next summer's vacation up there instead of at the lake, or in the mountains, or out on the farm.

Would it be super-radio stations trying to broadcast to your own set down here on the Earth? Would it be queer-looking Martian men with heads like eggs and feet like peanuts? Would it be icy-cold, and would you be met by a delegation of eager executioners—or would the Martians welcome you with open arms and show you scientific marvels that make our aviation and surgery and laboratory work look childish?

There's going to be a prize for the most interesting letter, and second, third and special prizes, too—\$10, \$5, \$3 and several of \$1. Try to keep your letter within 250 words, write it on one side of the paper in ink or typewriter and be sure your name, age and address are at the top of the first sheet. Then get the letter to the Mars Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY, 550 Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich., before April 15, and you'll have a chance for a prize. (Why not send us your "best reading" ballot at the same time?) Anybody under 21 is eligible to guess about the men on Mars!

IF 1966 is half what the imaginations of the hundreds of fellows who entered the 1966 Contest want to make it, we poor 1926-ers will look like Stone Age people, for all our radios and airplanes and submarines. The 1966 Editor asked for solutions to the fix Jimmy Wilson found himself in—high in the air in an atmospheric rowboat which was rapidly sinking because it was filling with rain. Jimmy, you'll remember, was chasing the thief who had stolen his dog Edgar (Pluto the Office Pup says Edgar is no name for a self-respecting dog!) and started off on his aerial bicycle.

One fellow made Jimmy's boat rise with yeast, and another blew the rain clouds away with a radio fan. Many and marvelous were the inventions of 1966—but read about the best ones yourself. When the story was broken off in the February AMERICAN BOY, the weight of the water was carrying Jimmy's boat down, and—
Now go on with the solutions.

The Mystery Man

By Billy Argo (12) Carmel, California.

First Prize Letter.

THEN Jimmy grabbed one of the hydrogen tanks and it carried him clear of the boat. With his teeth he loosened the valve and floated to earth.

Quickly he dashed over to the tower and pressed the button which carried the magnetic car to the top. Once there he took his father's gliding rocket and pressed the button which would bring the radio-magno cap into contact with the fender of the bicycle. He almost immediately caught up and yelled to the man who was pedalling for dear life.

"Hey, what's the idea?" Without answering the man grabbed a bottle of glue which he hurled at the nose of the rocket. The attraction stopped at once. Jimmy, with one despairing glance, saw Edgar stick his nose from under the man's coat and howl with all his power. "I'll have to get the Allen's old-time airplane," he said. "I'll get Edgar back if it takes me all of 1966!"

He felt funny in the old-time craft with its helicopters whirling helplessly. He could only make about one hundred miles per hour with the old tub tearing at its best—and he was painfully aware of the fact that it was far from its best now. All of a sudden the motor began to sputter.

"What rotten luck!" he said disgustedly. But suddenly his frown changed to a smile. "Oh, man, what dandy luck."

This sudden change was brought about when Jimmy saw the thief slow down and glide to the ground.

"Well?" asked Jimmy when he had landed.

"I saw who you were so I had to stop and explain," said Edgar's captor. "I thought you were a thief trying to steal the dog so I did everything I could to keep you from getting him."

"That's all very well, but why did you steal him, yourself?" asked Jimmy as Edgar frolicked around him.

"Because you forgot to get a 1966 license for the dog. You can get one now, if you like." The man flipped back a lapel and Jimmy saw in large letters:

DOG CATCHER

"Well I'll be—" said Jim, digging into his pocket.

"Can't Park Here!"

By Byron Fish (17) R. F. D., Seattle, Wash.

Second Prize Letter.

BUT let's go back to Jimmy's home. Roy Wilson, Jimmy's older brother, had at last succeeded in dialing out the static that made the pictures coming over his radio film-receiver shimmer. Then clear and well-defined he tuned in on a movie featuring his favorite actor, Douglas Fairbanks IV.

"Hooray!" he shouted, and called ex-



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Burgess Batteries—Flashlight, Radio and General Ignition—are electrically, chemically and mechanically perfect, and for fifteen years Burgess Flashlight Batteries have been the true standard of quality in the flashlight field.


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THE BEND IN THE LAKE?



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The Leedawl is mounted in an unchangeable white metal case, and has a silvered metal dial, hardened and tempered steel point, and cupped jewel bearings. It is an open face model. Price \$1.25. See your dealer. If he cannot supply you write direct.

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It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it. Free to you—tell us where to send it.

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BOYS Boston Garter

Like Dads Quality First

Boys—

Did you know that you can get Boston Garters made specially for you? In every particular, just the same as Dad's, except that in size they are adapted to those of you beginning your first long trousers.

Bostons are preferred by men who know good garters because they look better, wear better and feel better.

For those who wear knickers, ask for the Knicker Boston Garter.

George Frost Company, Makers Boston

wart on her martial looking Roman nose. Jimmy had the thief arrested.

It was only a matter of a few minutes until the express arrived in New York. Jimmy and Edgar jumped into a sky taxi and hurried home across the country in time for lunch.

The Miracle Chain

By Robert Herrick (15) Jackson, Mich.
Special Prize Letter.

ACTING upon the impulse of the moment Jimmy unshipped his super-hetro-neuro-double oscillating single cylinder radio sending set and casting out his special equipped broadcasting antennae, he immediately sent an S. O. S. to an electrical store for one of the new triple barrel, thousand shot, single manipulator machine guns of which he had heard so much. His order also included two non-slip sky hooks. He began reeling in his antennae and when he had finished, the sky hooks and the machine gun had come hurtling out of the air, attracted by his magnetical skebobulus. Jimmy promptly fastened one hook to the bow and one to the stern of his boat. The hooks dug firmly into the atmosphere and the boat stopped descending.

Jimmy trained his gun on the small speck above him and took careful aim. A stream of bullets flew out of the gun. The first bullet stuck in the bicycle frame, the second stuck in the first bullet, the third in the second, and so on till the long line of bullets reached to Jimmy's boat. Grasping the leaden chain Jimmy loosened his sky hooks and proceeded to pull himself and the boat towards the thief. At last he arrived at the bicycle but discovered to his dismay that the thief had made good his escape by inflating his balloon pants.

However Edgar still clung to the handle bars and Jimmy picked him up affectionately, then rowed back to Wilson's mooring mast where he left his boat. Resuming his seat in the hammock, he

dropped gently back to the two foot level where he took up his interrupted reading.

Captured in Ice

By Neal Hennessy (16) Seymour, Ind.
Special Prize Letter.

THEN quick as a flash out came Jimmy's pocket radiophone, a little disc the size of a small watch. He pressed the number "PXI" and—click!

"Hello, police headquarters! Say, turn your hydrogen eliminator about half a mile west of the old fairground! There's a thief up here sinking my boat!"

Almost instantly a violet-colored light spread all about him and with a sizzle the rain water began to separate into its component parts of hydrogen and oxygen. The rain stopped, the water disappeared, and Jimmy's boat began to rise slowly. At the same time Jimmy spied a police air craft rapidly approaching. The big reflectors of the frigidators were turned on full force and out from them came a terrible stream, exposing everything within reach to a temperature of 500 degrees below zero.

With a howl of rage the thief dropped Edgar and started to flee, but he was too late. The vapor of the cloud congealed and encased him from the neck down in a solid block of ice which was drawn into the police craft by the electronic reverse.

Poor Edgar strove frantically to reach his master and safety. He almost escaped, but not quite. Before he could get out of the danger zone his tail was frozen fast in the ice block and he had to go with the thief to police headquarters to get thawed loose.

Honorable Mentions go to Leonard Conklin, Jr., (15), Minatare, Nebr.; Rudy Barta (14), Lakewood, Ohio; Pierce O'Neill (16) Syracuse, N. Y.; Royal MacKenzie (14), Mizpah, Mont.; John E. Wyman (18), Little Falls, N. J.; Scott F. Harrod (15), Sandwich, Ill.; John P. Heilman (17), Butler, Pa.; Haynes Harvill (13), Dallas, Texas; Everett Hurlburt (15), East Cleveland, Ohio.

William Jackson, Indian Scout

(Continued from page 19)

There we rested and had some breakfast. While we were eating, several of the packers rode swiftly up through the command to General Custer, and we soon learned that they had lost a box of hard-tack off one of the mules, and on going back, had found some Indians around it, stuffing the contents into their clothing. None could now doubt that the enemy had all along kept watch of our advance. With a grim laugh, Charlie Reynolds said to me: "I knew well enough that they had scouts ahead of us, but I didn't think that others would be trailing along to pick up stuff dropped by our careless packers."

Convinced at last that we could not possibly surprise the enemy, General Custer ordered a quick advance, with the scouts and himself in the lead. We had not gone far when Bloody Knife and his two Rees joined us, and reported that on the other side of the ridge, they had found the day-old trail of many more of the enemy going toward the valley of the Little Bighorn.

On we went over the divide. We soon met John Bruyer and his two Crows. They were excited, and Bruyer said to Custer: "General, we have discovered the camp, down there on the Little Horn. It is a big one! Too big for you to tackle! Why, there are thousands and thousands of Sioux and Cheyennes down there."

For a moment the general stared at him, angrily, I thought, and then sternly replied: "I shall attack them! If you are afraid, Bruyer—"

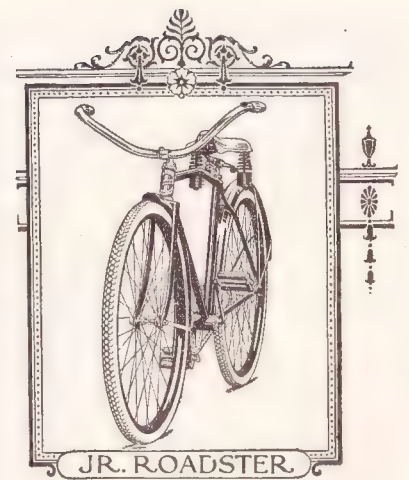
"I guess I can go wherever you do," Bruyer quickly answered, and at that, the general turned back to the command, we following him. He had the bugler sound the officers' call, and the command rested while they got together, and Custer gave his orders for the attack upon the camp.

None of the scouts had been far in the lead, and they all came in. Rees and Crows and whites and Robert and I, we

were a gathering of solemn faces. Speaking in English, and the sign language, too, so that all would understand, Bruyer described the enemy camp. It was, he said, all of three miles long, and made up of hundreds and hundreds of lodges. Above it and below and west of it were thousands and thousands of horses that were being close herded. With his few riders, Long Hair had decided to attack the camp, and we were going to have a terrible fight; we should all take courage, fight hard, make our every shot a killer. He finished, and none spoke. But after a minute or two, Bloody Knife looked up and signed to Sun: "I shall not see you go down behind the mountains to-night." And at that I almost choked. I felt that he knew that his end was near, that there was no escaping it. I turned and looked the other way. I thought that my own end was near. I felt very sad.

The officers' council did not last long, and when it ended, Lieutenant Varnum came hurrying to us scouts and said that the command was going to split up to make the attack on the camp, and that we were to go with Major Reno's column, down the trail of the hostiles that we had been following from the Rosebud. We were soon in the saddle and headed down a narrow valley toward the river.

Bruyer told us that the big camp of the enemy was well below the foot of the narrow valley and on the other side of the Little Bighorn. We crossed the river, turned straight down the valley, went down it for more than a mile, and saw some of the enemy retreating before our advance. A grove of timber in a bend below prevented our seeing their camp. As we neared the timber, we heard a single shot fired beyond it, and then the Indians began firing at us. We slacked up, and let our column overtake us. We then went on, and passing the timber, saw a great camp, and a horde of riders coming up from it to attack us. We all turned into



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Better dash right down and see the new models at the Columbia Dealer's.

The Columbia



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The Sidewalk Bicycle—finished in Berkshire Blue and Red with nickel trimmings. The greatest machine ever made for children. Rub-wood wheels, indestructible and obtainable only on the Columbia. Regular Bicycle ball-bearing steering head.

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Dept. A
Westfield, Mass., U. S. A.

"You'll soon hear NOISE enough!"



REMEMBER Paul Revere's midnight ride through Middlesex? When he dashed up to the inn at Lexington, where John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping, the Minute Men on guard cautioned him not to make so much noise.

"You'll soon have noise enough," Paul Revere shouted, "the regulars are coming!"

The excitement that followed, the firing of the first shot that was "heard around the world," the hand-to-hand encounter with the British regulars and their bedraggled retreat to Charlestown,—all of this thrilling story is told in our booklet,

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In the same booklet is a reprint in full of the immortal poem, "Paul Revere's Ride." You will delight in reading and owning this booklet, which is one of the historical series published by the John Hancock Mutual Life

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It will be sent FREE to any boy or girl filling out and sending the coupon.

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Please send me your FREE booklets:

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Name _____

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A.B.4 Address _____

(Continued from page 55)
the timber then, and got our horses into an old timber and brush dry channel of the river.

Within two minutes from the time that we left our horses, and climbed up the bank from them, we had a line of defense in the brush and out across toward the west bluff of the valley. Then came the rush of the enemy, all of five hundred well mounted riders in all their war finery, eager to get at us. Their shots, their war cries, the thunder of their horses' feet were deafening.

Chapter XII

IT was the intention of the enemy to charge straight through the center of our line, but by the time they had come within fifty yards, we had shot so many of them that they swung out and went streaming past the outer end of our line, lying low upon their horses and firing rapidly. The dust that their swift charge raised—the ground was very dry—almost choked us: it drifted upon us like a thick fog, and obscured the sun.

As the enemy were coming straight at our line, Robert, at my side in the brush, exclaimed, "Look! That one on the big white horse! He's Black Elk!"

So he was Black Elk, our enemy of the Round Butte, and Fort Buford. We both fired at him, our shots apparently missing, but just as he with the others was swerving off to flank us, he suddenly pitched headfirst from his horse, and Robert shouted to me: "I got him!"

Several hundred of the enemy went thundering past that outer end of our line, and swinging in, began attack upon our rear; others were starting to cut us off from the river, and more and more arrivals from the camp swarmed in front of us. I thought that we were about to meet our end right there, every one of us. Then an officer ordered us in to our horses. By the time we got to them we were entirely surrounded. As we mounted, a man right beside me fell dead out of his saddle. I saw Bloody Knife, Reynolds, and Girard all getting upon their horses. I saw Major Reno, hatless, a handkerchief tied around his head, getting up on his plunging horse. Waving his six-shooter, he shouted something that I couldn't hear, and led swiftly off, up out of the depression that we were in. We all swarmed after him, and headed back up the way that we had come, our intention being to recross the river and get up onto the bluffs, where we could make a stand. By this time, hundreds more of the enemy had come up from the camp, and all together they swarmed in on us and a hand to hand fight with them began.

I saw numbers of our men dropping from their horses, saw horses falling, heard their awful neighs of fright and pain. Close ahead of me, Bloody Knife, and then Charlie Reynolds, went down, right there met the fate that they had foretold.

A big heavy-set Indian brushed up against me, tried to pull me out of the saddle, and I shot him. Then, right in front, a soldier's horse was shot from under him, and as I came up, he grasped my right stirrup and ran beside me. I had to check my horse so that he could keep up, and so began to lag behind. Numbers of Indians were passing on both sides of us, eager to get at the main body of the retreat. At last one of the passing Indians made a close shot at the soldier and killed him, and as I gave my horse loose rein, Frank Girard came up on my left, and we rode on side by side. Ahead, there was now a solid body of Indians between us and the retreating, hard pressed soldiers, and Girard shouted to me: "We can't go through them! Let's turn back!"

Indians were still coming on from the direction of their camp, and as we wheeled off to the left, and then went quartering back toward the timber, several of them shot at us, but we finally got into thick, high brush, dismounted and tied our horses. Just then we saw someone coming toward us, and were about to fire at him when we discovered that he was Lieutenant DeRudio. He told us that his horse had run away from him. As we stood there, listening to the heavy firing up on the river, we were joined by Thomas O'Neil of Company G, also horseless.

Lieutenant De Rudio asked that Girard and I put our horses farther back in



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the brush, and then all four look for a hiding place. We did that, and were soon lying in a small, round, sandy depression surrounded by brush, about twenty yards from the open flat, up which a few Indians were still hurrying from the camp below. We lay each of us facing a different direction.

The sound of the fighting up the river seemed to be farther and farther from us. We learned later that after we were cut off from the retreat, the enemy, at least a thousand of them against Reno's one hundred, drove the troops down a steep bank into the river and began following them across it. On the other side was a very high, steep bank, and some of the troops managed to get up onto it and check the Indians until the remaining troops got up, when they all went to the top of the main bluffs and there made a stand, and were there joined by Benteen and his three companies, and then by MacDougal and the pack train. They then went north along the bluffs, to try to find General Custer's column and join it, but were driven back to the point from which they started.

Great numbers of the enemy now went down the flat in front of us, riding fast, and we heard heavy firing away down the valley and knew that they were fighting Custer there. The sun beat down upon us, and we began to suffer from heat and thirst. Women from the camp came up on horseback, on foot, and leading travoi horses, and began carrying off their dead and wounded, and stripping our dead of their clothing, and slashing their bodies. That was a tough sight. Said O'Neil: "That's the way they will cut us up if they get us."

"But does it matter what happens to our bodies after we die! The point is, we mustn't die!" Girard exclaimed.

As the day wore on, we suffered terribly from want of water. We seldom spoke to one another; just watched and suffered.

WHEN night came, we decided to try to make our way to the remains of our column, several miles up the river, and on the bluffs on the opposite side. Girard and I were to ride our horses, the others walking close at our side. Then, if we were discovered, DeRudio and O'Neil were to drop down flat upon the ground, and we were to ride away, drawing the enemy after us.

We were no sooner out of the brush, than we began to pass the bodies of the men and horses that had been killed along the line of Reno's retreat. The men had all been stripped of their clothing, and were so badly cut up, that try as I would, I could not force myself to see if my brother were one of the slain.

We went on to the river, coming to a halt at the edge of a bank dropping straight down to the water; on the other side, a high, black and very steep bank faced us. Close under us the current was swift but noiseless, and we doubted that it was fordable. O'Neil jumped in to ascertain the depth, went in almost to his neck and would have been carried downstream had he not seized some overhanging brush and drawn himself to footing closer in. He filled his hat with water and passed it up to De Rudio, who handed it to me. I drank every drop it contained and wanted more. After the hat had been filled and passed up again and again, De Rudio got down into the stream to test its current and depth, and soon agreed with O'Neil that it was too swift and deep for us to ford. We went on up the shore, looking for a place to cross.

Back of us, down the valley, the enemy had built many fires in the open, and were singing, dancing, counting their coups around them. Ahead of us was black darkness, heavy silence. As we went on our hearts became more and more heavy; we feared that all of the troops had been killed.

We came to a place where the river was rippling and murmuring, as water does over a shallow stony bed, and De Rudio urged that we attempt to ford it there. I saw Girard, close beside me, take his watch out—it was a valuable gold watch—hold it aloft; and then in Sioux, he murmured: "Oh powerful one, Day Maker! And you, people of the depths, this I sac-

rifice to you. Help us, I pray you, to cross safely here!" And with that, he tossed out the watch. We heard it splash into the water.

"What were you saying—what was that splash?" De Rudio asked.

"Take hold of my horse's tail, I will lead in," Girard replied. In we went, slowly, feeling our way. Nowhere across was the water up to our horses' knees! When we reached the other shore I bit my lips hard to keep from laughing; all for nothing had been Girard's sacrifice to his gods.

Here on the other shore was high grass and thick brush. We went quartering up through it, and realized eventually that we were on an island. We found ourselves facing the main channel of the river. As no shots had been fired on the opposite bluffs since nightfall, we now believed that the remnant of Reno's troops had been killed up there, and after some talk, decided to go up where we had crossed the river after separating from Custer, and Benteen, and take the back trail for Powder River.

Girard led off up the island, with De Rudio at his side, and I followed with O'Neil on the left of my horse. We had not gone more than two hundred yards, when, from a clump of brush not far ahead, a deep voice demanded in Sioux: "Who are you?"

The sudden challenge almost stunned me. I saw De Rudio and O'Neil drop down into the waist high grass, heard Girard reply, as he checked up his horse: "Just us few."

"And where are you going?" "Out here a way," Girard calmly answered as he turned and rode back past me, saying: "Quick! We must draw them after us!"

We rode swiftly down the island for several hundred yards, saw that we were not pursued, and stopped, then heard a few shots up where we had left De Rudio and O'Neil, and a moment later heard the splashing of horses crossing the west channel of the river, and then the thudding of their feet as they went swiftly down the flat toward the enemy camp.

"Those Indians were pickets! Reno's outfit has not been wiped out; it is still on the bluffs on the other side," I said. "Right you are!" Girard replied.

We knew that our friends had fired the shots, and frightened that group of pickets so badly that they had left the island. We did not dare return to them, lest we should reveal their hiding place to others of the enemy; all up and down the valley the brush might be full of them. We were ourselves in great danger, crashing through the brush with our horses, and decided that, if we were ever to rejoin the troops, we would have to do it on foot. We tied our horses in a dense growth of willows, left the island, and went on up the valley. Below, the Indians were still dancing and singing victory songs around their open fires.

A LITTLE way above the head of the island, we came to a very wide reach of the river that looked as though it was fordable, and decided to try it. As we were taking off our shoes and socks and trousers, I whispered to Girard: "If you had your watch now to sacrifice it—"

"I have given it; I have faith that we shall cross," he answered.

We waded in, each carrying a stick with which we prodded ahead for quicksand or sudden drop of the bottom. On the other side, we ran up into the brush, put on our clothes, and with rifles cocked and ready, started on. Moving cautiously, we began climbing a steep brush and timber slope. We had reached a height from which, looking down the valley, we could see the many dancing fires of the enemy, when I stepped upon a dry stick that broke with a loud snap.

Close above us, a Sioux said: "Spotted Elk, did you hear that?"

"Yes. Maybe a deer," came the reply, up off to our left.

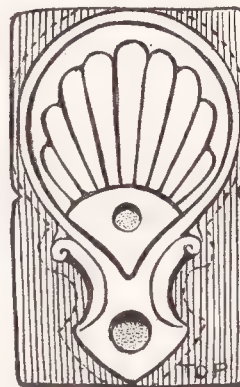
"I am thirsty; let us go down to the river," said another picket, above on our right, and at that, Girard and I turned and went leaping down the slope. I stumbled and fell over a log and crashed into a clump of rose-bush.

Below me, still another picket cried out: "What is the trouble up there?"

IVORY SOAP SCULPTURE

LESSON NO. 15

By MARGARET J. POSTGATE



A lamp that lighted Rome

AFTER the Greeks, came the Romans, who subdued what was then the whole civilized world.

The Romans were an energetic, matter-of-fact race. They fought, they traded with far-away countries, they built splendid roads, buildings and waterways. Their art imitated Grecian art, but it was not as fine. It was more matter-of-fact too. Instead of making statues of their gods like the Greeks, the Romans made them of their great men.

We are carving a Roman house lamp this month. These lamps were made of pottery and were hollow. They were filled at the center with oil and the wick was placed in the end. If you ask her, your teacher probably will tell you more about Rome. Show her your Roman lamp and tell her how you made it.

Shave or carve down to real form of lamp with wire tool or blade end of wooden tool.

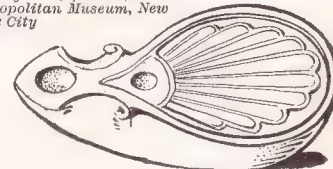
Work carefully, turn model often and compare it with drawings.

Markings and all detail should be put in last with point of wooden tool.

Is your wire tool firm and sharp? If not, it cannot do good work.



Roman Lamp. Copied from a real lamp made in the 1st century B. C., now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City



FINISHED MODEL



YOUR TOOLS:

Your tools: A large cake of Ivory Soap; a penknife or paring knife; 1 orange stick with one blade end and one pointed end (wooden tool, A); 1 orange stick with hairpin bent square as shown (B), tied to end and filed to a sharp knife edge (C and D, wire tool).

INSTRUCTIONS:

With point of wooden tool draw lamp on top of bar of soap.

With knife cut away soap up to dotted line. Do the same with the sides.

DON'T FORGET—Your mother can use all the shavings from your Ivory carving for her work—to launder pretty clothes or to wash dishes. And when you have finished with your Roman lamp, if you don't want to save it, take it into the bathroom and use it for soap. Ivory Soap is a wonderful soap for baths—a fine soap for anything. It makes a fine lather—and you remember, too—"It Floats." Take a cake with you on your Spring hikes.

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(Continued from page 57)

"Something running; sounds like a bear," one off to my left replied.

As I sat up, I could no longer hear Girard, did not know if he had stopped or gone back to the river. There were Sioux below me, above me, probably others scattered all along the slopes running up to the bluffs. The one who had said that he was thirsty said, "Anyone going to the river with me?"

None replied. I heard him go down the slope. After a time, go back up it. Then all was silent. Weakened by lack of sleep and food, I began to doze as I sat there in the brush, surrounded though I was by the enemy. My head would nod, I would lean over more and more until about to lose my balance, then straighten up with a jerk. After a time, I realized that I had slept, for I felt refreshed. I opened my eyes and saw that day was coming. All was still quiet there on the slope, and down in the valley. Then in the half-light of the coming day, a number of shots were fired below. This aroused the pickets surrounding me. One of them cried out: "There are still a few soldiers alive down there!"

"Yes. But probably those shots ended them," said another.

"Let us go down and see," one to my left proposed.

"You know that Gall told us to stay up here until he comes to make the big attack," said another.

"Well, anyhow we can go down to our horses, and be ready to join him when he comes with his many," still another proposed.

"Yes, yes. Let us do that," the others agreed, and I heard them coming down on each side of me. I crouched still lower in my little brush corral. One of them passed within fifteen feet of me, the tail of his war bonnet fluttering behind him. As they went, a few more shots were fired, down in the valley. I may as well explain right here what was taking place down there:

When Girard and I left De Rudio and O'Neil, they remained on the island. In the dim light of dawn, they saw a large number of riders going up the valley, made out that one of them was wearing buckskin clothes, were sure that they recognized him, and De Rudio shouted: "Tom Custer! Wait!"

The answer to that was forty or fifty shots that struck all around the two, strangely enough, not one of them taking effect. They ran, dodging this way and that way around the thick clump of brush, and finally coming to a big jam of driftwood and brush, they dropped down in it, and none came to look for them there.

This was because, just at that time, heavy firing broke out on top of the bluffs, and the party that was searching for them hurried to cross the river and join in the daylight attack upon Reno's position. The hillside pickets who had gone down past me came hurrying up on their horses and passed on each side of my brush patch as they went on to get into the fight. The firing on the day before had been terrible, but this was far heavier. I concluded that Reno and Custer and Benteen had got their troops together, and were doing the best that they could against three thousand Sioux and Cheyennes. I did not have the slightest hope that they would last an hour, so great were the odds against them.

After a time, the firing slackened, died out, and I said to myself: "That settles it; the last ones of the troops have been killed." But soon the shooting broke out again, and I knew that it wasn't the end for them. Then, as the day wore on, and I knew by the sound of the firing that

successive attacks upon the troops were being repulsed, I felt that they might hold their position until General Terry, with General Gibbon and his troops, could come to aid them. This was June 26, the day that they were due to arrive here.

The day wore on. Now and then straggling riders passed up and down near my hiding place. Late in the afternoon, I heard a commotion below, and at some risk of discovery, I stood up to see what it was about: a multitude of people, countless bands of horses, were going up the valley. The women and children and old men were moving camp while their warriors continued the fight up on the bluffs. I could hear, more clearly than the firing above, the shrill voices of the women as they sang. They were happy, they were singing victory songs, but still

the fighting was going on. I could not understand that. Where was victory for them when the fight was not ended? I worried about it. I got up again, and looked down into the valley: there were more people, more horses in the long broad column going up the valley, than I had ever seen together. I said to myself: "Now I understand. Their warriors are so many that they know that they will wipe out the troops. They sing of the sure victory that their fighters are winning." I sank down in my hiding place with heavy heart.

From that time, I saw no more riders on the slope where I lay, and when, at nightfall, the firing entirely ceased, I decided that the last of the troops had been wiped out, and the victorious warriors had passed above me as they went to join their moving camp. Of the three men who had been with me the night before, I believed that De Rudio and O'Neil were dead, and that Girard was probably already on his way back to the Yellowstone. I decided to strike out for there, too. It would be useless for me to go out where the troops had made their last stand; I could not bury the dead, there would be no wounded for me to aid: Sioux and Cheyennes never left any wounded enemies on the field. Well, first I must have some water. I got up, stretched my numb legs, and started for the river.

THOUGH I was quite sure that there were now no enemies on the slope, I went down it very slowly, often stopping to look and listen. I was about to kneel, and drink when, close on my left, I heard in Sioux: "Who are you?" And though I flinched, I recognized the voice. "Girard!" I cried. "Don't shoot!"

We ran to grip each other's hands. I told him my experiences, and he said that he had found a good hiding place in an old driftwood pile overgrown with high rose-brush, and had run little risk of discovery, though many of the enemy had ridden near him. He did not believe that all of our troops had been killed up on the bluffs, as firing up there had kept up until it was too dark for anyone to shoot with certainty. I proposed that we cross the river, get our horses if they were still where we had tied them, and then go up where the troops had made their stand, but he insisted that we go up from where we were; we could look for the horses later.

We found a heavy trail that the enemy had used during the day, and followed it up the slope from the river, going more and more slowly as we neared the top of the bluffs. At last we stopped side by side to look and listen; stood there a long time, heard nothing, saw nothing. Finally, Girard whispered to me: "Well, I guess they are all dead up there."

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But just then we heard a strange noise, nudged one another, listened more intently, heard it again, knew what it was: the husky, coughing groan of a horse. "Hi, there!" cried Girard.

And oh, how glad we were when we heard someone close above us, reply in good American: "Who are you?"

"Girard! Jackson! Don't shoot!" we shouted, and ran to the top and were met by my brother and a number of men of Captain Benteen's company. The first thing they asked was: "Have you seen anything of General Custer's column?"

We briefly related our experiences, and said that we were sure that Lieutenant De Rudio and private O'Neil were dead.

Then we sat down, Girard and I, and Robert brought us hardtack, and told us of the terrible time the troops had had here on the bluffs. With knives, broken canteens and the like, they had thrown up slight breastworks, but the enemy, shooting from higher ground, had killed some of the men where they lay behind them. Time and time again, great numbers of the enemy on horseback, had all but succeeded in taking the position. There had been great suffering from want of water, and several men had been killed in going to the river for it. All would have been lost had not Benteen, and then MacDougal, joined Reno soon after he made the top of the bluffs. In the worst of the fighting, Reno, Benteen, French, and all the other officers had kept going from company to company, encouraging the men, supplying them with cartridges; that they had not all been killed was a miracle.

A little way back from where we sat, men were groaning; we learned that fifty wounded men were lying there, and near them, many dead. A later count of the losses in Reno's battalion was: killed, 67; wounded, 52.

An hour or so after Girard and I rejoined our column, De Rudio and O'Neil came up, and received hearty welcome.

It was believed that the Indians would make another attack upon us, and we held ourselves ready to meet it. Day came at last. We looked down into the valley: all of the enemy had gone, taking their lodge-skins and belongings, but leaving their sets of lodgepoles standing. Away below the encampment, we saw a heavy cloud of dust rolling up the valley. Either more Indians or troops were coming. A little later, with their field glasses, Captain French and Lieutenant Varnum made out that those advancing were troops, and shouted the good news. We watched the long column of them come on, cross the river and go into camp where, two days before, the enemy had made the sudden and overwhelming assault upon us. Then some of the officers came up to us, General Terry, General Gibbon and others. We were all of us happily smiling as we watched them meet our officers.

And then our smiles froze on our faces, our hearts felt as though they were lead within us, when we learned that, not far below us, they had found General Custer and all of his command, dead, stripped and mutilated! Then I knew why, on the previous day, the women and old men of the great camp had been singing the victory song as they moved up the valley.

There on the bluffs, we buried our dead as best we could. General Terry's men carried our wounded down to their camp. Girard and I went down and found our horses right where we had left them, and then we helped bury Charlie Reynolds, Bloody Knife, and others of Reno's troops.

We then went down the valley a couple of miles, recrossed the river and came to General Custer's battlefield, a sight more terrible than I can describe. Of all the 203 men in his command, he alone was not scalped or mutilated.

But it was different with the body of his brother, Captain Tom Custer; it was barely recognizable. The moment that I saw it I thought of Rain-in-the-Face's prophecy in the Fort Lincoln guard house more than a year before. I believed that this was his work. It was, as I learned several years later. Yes, Rain-in-the-Face alone killed Captain Custer, and then cut out his heart!

While some of us were burying the dead, others were making litters for carrying the wounded. Meantime, word had been sent to the captain of the *Far West*, on the Yellowstone, to bring his boat up

the Bighorn as far as he could. We all started down from the battlefield at sundown, traveling very slowly, as the wounded men had to be moved with the greatest care. At daybreak, we put them aboard the *Far West*, which had come forty miles up the Bighorn.

AS soon as the wounded were all on board, the *Far West* started for Fort Lincoln, more than 700 miles distant and arrived there after a run of only 54 hours. Then 28 women in the fort learned that they were widows. Our mother had gone down there from Fort Buford, to try to get news of Robert and me, and she told us afterward that the grief of these women, particularly of Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Calhoun, was heart-rending.

After disposing of our wounded, the command moved down the Bighorn to the Yellowstone, and down it to the mouth of Tongue River, where we went into camp for the rest that we so much needed. From there we moved up to the mouth of the Rosebud, where steamboats brought up reinforcements, six companies of the 22nd Infantry under Colonel Ellis, and six companies of the 5th Infantry under General—then Colonel Miles.

Around the evening camp fires, the one subject of conversation was now the terrible defeat of the Seventh Cavalry, the pride regiment of the United States Army. One night it came to the ears of us scouts, that all of the officers, with the exception of those who had been with Reno's troops on June 25, were blaming Reno for General Custer's defeat, they maintaining that he, Reno, had made a cowardly retreat, and that, if he had held the position where he was first attacked, he could then have rejoined Custer, and, together, they would have won the battle. We were all of us pretty angry when we heard this. Said Girard: "If those officers had been with us, they would not now be talking this way!"

And at that, Robert, always quick-tempered, sort of went wild. He threw his food, plate and all, into the fire, sprang up and shouted in Ree, so that all would understand: "I am going right now to those officers and tell them just what I think of them!"

"Oh, no, you won't! We will not let you get into trouble with them," Girard exclaimed. And at that, he and I sprang up and seized Robert and held him until he promised that he would say nothing to the officers about the matter.

It was and is the firm belief of us scouts and soldiers who were with Reno that 25th day of June, 1876, that the day was lost by General Custer himself. Though he was warned by Bloody Knife, Reynolds, and Bruyer, three reliable scouts, that the enemy far outnumbered his troops, he would not wait for General Terry and General Gibbon to come up; and then, when he decided to attack the great camp, he lost all chance of winning the fight by splitting his command into three columns, sending Benteen to strike the river far above the camp, Reno to attack the upper end of the camp, and going himself to attack its lower end. The result was that Benteen never got to see the camp, and that, while Custer was enroute to its lower end, Reno was suddenly attacked by an overwhelming number of the enemy, all of 1,000 well armed and desperately brave fighters against his 130 soldiers and scouts, and he could do nothing but retreat to the bluffs. Even there he would soon have been defeated had he not been luckily reinforced by Benteen, and then by McDowell with the pack train, both of them trying to find Custer, who was already on the defensive, more than two miles down the valley. And there, of course, he and all his troops were wiped out when, having crippled Reno so badly that he could not move, almost the whole force of the enemy concentrated upon his position.

Yes, through his own fault, General Custer, rashly brave, lost the battle of the Little Bighorn.

That summer, the commands of General Terry and General Crook were encamped for a time at the head of the Rosebud River. The two commands together numbered between 6,000 and 7,000 men. So large a force, remote from a base of supplies, could not do effective work against the hostiles, now split up into a number



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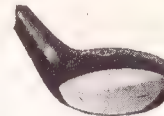
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**Patented
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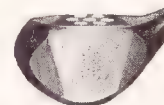
These patented features and exclusive materials give our Special Face Clubs their Permanent strength. No other clubs can embody these features.



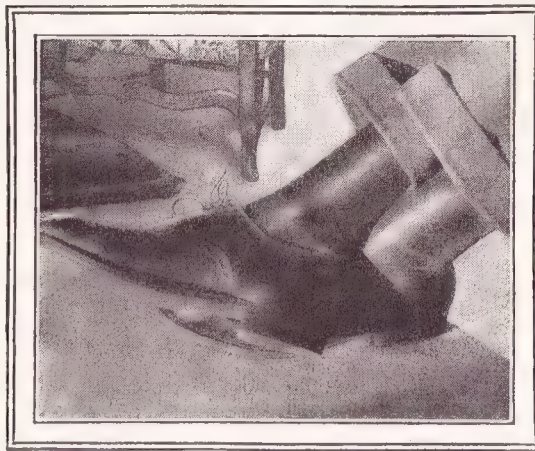
Our threaded "Screw-loc" inserts are so positive that we have never known one of these inserts to come loose.



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The Keystone Sole Plate is a protection feature which also helps to retain perfect balance.



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on the Campus**

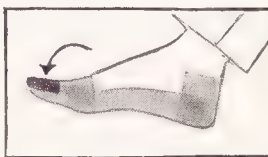
—and they wear 3 to 4 times as long

A NEW sock is amazing men. Because of a unique feature called Ex Toe, they offer you 3 to 4 times more wear than ever before.

Fine silks and other materials give campus smartness. Expert weaving gives trim fit without a wrinkle.

See them in the 11 colors that are now so popular at college. 50c, 75c and \$1.

Be sure to ask for Ex Toe.



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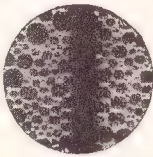
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Make this microscopic Test

and find out the real inside facts about shaving

TAKE a half-inch of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream and work up a good, stiff lather in a saucer. Spread a thin film of it upon a black microscopic slide. Then work up, under the same conditions, a similar lather from some other cream. Spread it on a black slide and compare the two under a microscope. You will see two fields, similar to those shown at the right. Observe how much smaller the Colgate bubbles are.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of a well-known shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against beard.

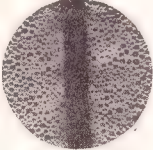
These bubbles carry water—and it is water, NOT soap, that really softens the beard (after the lather has removed the oil film that surrounds each hair).

The Colgate bubbles, being so much more numerous, carry much more water; and because they are so much smaller, they can penetrate right down to the bottom of each hair—softening it at the base, where the razor does its work.

That is the secret of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream which the microscope reveals—it softens the beard at the base.

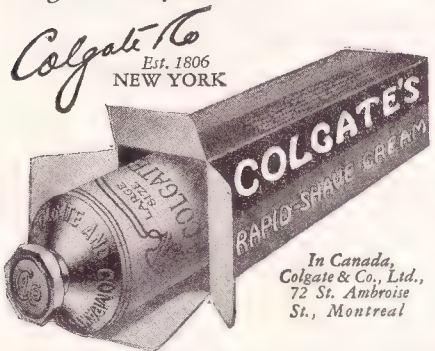
That is why Colgate's gives such a quick, clean, smooth shave—the kind that leaves your face feeling fine and dandy all day long.

Send for a trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream and find out what really happens when you put an efficient shaving lather on your face.



COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.



COLGATE'S softens the Beard at the Base

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Return this coupon with 4c, and we will mail you a trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. COLGATE & CO., Dept. 145-D, 581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name.....
Address.....

(Continued from page 59)

of bands that could move from one place to another much faster than the soldiers could follow.

Eventually General Terry crossed his command to the north side of the Yellowstone, and set out northward to locate Sitting Bull's camp of hostiles, said to be hunting buffalo somewhere between that river and the Missouri. But we found no Indians nor any sign of them. At last we turned south and struck the Yellowstone at the mouth of Glendive Creek, at which point the steamboats, owing to the low water in the Yellowstone, had unloaded our supplies.

Winter was drawing near. General Terry sent all that was left of the Seventh Cavalry to Fort Lincoln, and we Seventh Cavalry scouts were transferred to General Miles' command, General Miles having been left to complete the fort at the mouth of Tongue River and to hunt and capture scattered bands of Sioux if possible. The last steamboat of the season to arrive at Glendive Camp brought two companies of the Seventeenth Infantry to help in the construction of the new post.

Not long after we had reported to General Miles, he ordered my brother to go to Glendive Camp, to scout for Colonel Ellis. A little later, scouts who had been out to the south reported that a large number of hostiles, believed to be Sitting Bull's camp, were moving north toward the Yellowstone, and General Miles sent for me and told me to select three of the Indian scouts and report to Colonel Ellis at Glendive Camp, and remain with him until further orders.

We pulled out on the following morning, riding the best horses that we had. When we had gone a couple of miles on the trail, one of the Rees, Bear Plume, called a halt and said to us: "Friends, last night my dream was bad; I believe that, somewhere ahead, we are to have trouble."

"When the Sioux move, they always have scouts in the lead," said another.

"We must use our eyes," I said, as I led on again. As the day wore on, I had an ever increasing feeling of uneasiness, a hunch, as it were, that we were to meet the enemy.

And for once my hunch came true.
(To be continued in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Whittling Their Way to Wealth

By Lee Mc Crae



The Good brothers reproduce anything from a square-rigged ship to a fully equipped electric car.

LITERALLY carving out their fortunes, are the young model-makers of Pasadena, California, Roscoe and Wallace Good, whose unique new factory will soon be running at top speed.

These boys, now only twenty-one and eighteen years of age, began with casual boyish whittling years ago. But merely casual whittling couldn't satisfy them. And now they are constructing to scale miniature ships and street cars and advertising displays for great corporations on contracts that bring at least a thousand dollars each.

Left fatherless at an early age, the two have had to struggle to help their mother earn the family living, to get an education, to make real the dream born when as small boys they stood on the banks of the Columbia River and first saw a big ocean liner glide into her dock. Then and there, they resolved to be ship owners some day, building their own craft.

The big desire urged them on as they went to school, mowed lawns, ran errands, and clerked in grocery stores. It lay back of Roscoe's suggestion of a good use for their scanty spare time: "Let's build a miniature fleet!"

They took down the porch swing, cut the posts into two-foot lengths, and whittled out, part by part, a whole fleet of ships, each a little better than the preceding one. An enthusiastic group of neighborhood boys attended the launching of the fleet—and grabbed at a chance to buy the boats at a quarter apiece!

"Now build a real model," counseled Mrs. Good.

To do this, the boys paid many studious visits to the docks and gave up all their leisure time for several weeks, but finally the four-foot model was done. Skillfully and accurately done. It brought twelve dollars. The Good boys were rich!

A few years more, and the World War had concentrated attention on ship building. Meantime, the Goods had moved to Pasadena, and the boys spent much time in the Los Angeles harbor, getting acquainted with seamen and ships from all over the world. At home, they built small copies of vessels they had seen, and designed original models. At last, after many rebuffs, Roscoe obtained a trial order from a coast line company for a ten-foot model. A ten-foot model—and a four-foot one had been their most ambitious effort up to that date!

All else was laid aside. Lights burned late in the garage-shop. The model must be built according to specifications; must be flawless and artistic. But at last it was ready for delivery. It was promptly accepted. And it brought the work of the Good boys before the public; their names and faces began to appear in newspapers, magazines, and moving pictures.

Since that first big commercial success, they have turned out six model street cars of varying types, for the St. Louis Car Company. For a great oil corporation, they recently completed a 16-foot replica of a scene in the oil-producing industry, for display use. They are now "fairly swamped with orders" for models for other advertising purposes.

Absolute accuracy, keen observation, downright toil—these are essential in their work. "We must get things right," they say emphatically.

That is the keynote to their success. It goes far in explaining why, at an age when many boys have not yet made a start of any kind, the Good brothers hold the controlling interest in a company with a capitalization of \$250,000 and can direct a busy factory that is going to give other inventive geniuses as well as the two boys a chance to work out valuable ideas.



Power AND Light Weight!

TO the finest sport in the world—outboard motor boating—this great new Super Elto brings still higher standards of thrilling performance, of extraordinary power combined with light, compact portability.

Now—4 horsepower (full 4 h. p., S. A. E. rating) yet not an ounce of increased weight! And to superb performance and light weight, add instant starting and unparalleled dependability. And add full steering and motor control from any part of the boat—trouble-free propeller-pump—and a dozen other valuable features. All are described in intensely interesting new free catalog. Write for it today!

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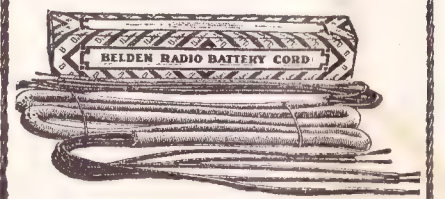
Super Elto



Easy to Trace the wires of a Belden Battery Cord

FIVE rubber-covered, cotton-insulated wires are contained in the 6-foot Belden Radio Battery Cord. Each wire is marked by a separate color so that battery circuits are easily traced when changing batteries.

And, boys, a Belden Radio Battery Cord will please the folks at home because it makes a neater and more compact installation than the messy tangle of wires around the receiving set. It also protects tubes and batteries by preventing accidental short circuits between wires. Altogether, boys, you can't afford to be without this handy battery cord. Get one from your dealer today.



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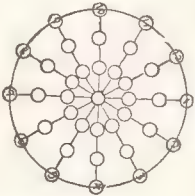
No. 661. A Hunt for Words.

How many objects can you find that get their names from the city or country where they were first manufactured or invented? Examples: Calico, from Calicut, East Indies. Limousine, from Limousin, France. Make your list alphabetical, and give the number you have found. Ten will be considered a correct answer, but a special prize will be given for the best list.

Colorado Springs, Colo. COLLAR A. DOUGH.

No. 662. Try This Wheel Acrostic.

- 1 to 7, one of the divisions of the matins.
2 to 8, sent forth.
3 to 9, longing.
4 to 10, a disease of the withers of the horse.



- 5 to 11, enthusiastic popular homage.
6 to 12, flighty.
1 to 12 around the wheel, an island belonging to Great Britain.
Rio Blanco, Colo. LORD GAY.

No. 663. Here's a Geographical Outing.

Fill the following blanks with names of U. S. towns. Any that make sense will be counted correct:

Two boys, ___ and ___ went on a ___ trip. Both wore ___ and ___ of colors ___ and ___. They rode through a ___ on the ___. On arriving they were served with ___, ___ sauce, ___ and ___. They went ___ with their ___, and shot ___, ___, and other ___. They returned ___ from their outing tired but ___.

Sanborn, Ia. F. E. BRUARY

No. 664. Winding Rivers.

G N R G E N O R
C O I L R T G A
P H V E B L S V
G A R O E I O E
Y U A N D R P C
W L M I U E H A
G I P S S O N I
U P A M E I A G

See how many rivers you can find here by going from one letter to any adjoining letter. You ought to be able to find at least 20 well-known rivers. Special prize for best list. Neatness counts.

By BEANUS CARRUTH, BOOB MCNUT, FOOLISH, and PAT O'DAY.

No. 665. An Atlas Chain.

Last three letters of first word form first three of next, and so on. Example: Zan-zibar, Barbary.

- 1. Island group S. E. of U. S.
2. State of Brazil.
3. Capital of the Bahamas.
4. Mfg. town on Loire River, France.
5. County N. E. New South Wales, Australia.
6. Town, Punjab, Br. India.
7. Town, Penobscot co., Maine.
8. State, S. E. cen. U. S.
9. Island div. of Denmark.
10. Mountain system of S. A.
East Point, Ga. KING COTTON.

No. 666. Find These States.

First and fourth letters, reading down, name two of our States. Cross words are of five letters each, as follows:

- 1. A mission in present city of San Antonio, Texas, scene of a famous battle

- in 1836. 2. The largest of the Philippines.
3. A department in northern France. 4. The largest city of Montana. 5. A mountain range in central Asia. 6. The most easterly of the U. S. 7. An inhabitant of the largest continent.

Cleveland, O. TRYEM ALL.

Prize Offers.

Cash prizes of \$1, 75, 50, and 25 cents will be given for best complete list, best list of five answers, best of four, and best of three or less. These comprise First, Second, Third and Fourth Classes. All in first three classes are given honorable mention and number of answers recorded; 25 solutions will win a book. Special prizes for best answers to No. 661 and 664. A prize will be given to the author of the most popular puzzle in this issue; please name your favorite at top of your list of answers. A six months' subscription to 'The Enigma' will be given for the most interesting radio puzzle. Mark your puzzle 'Radio,' and mail it before the end of the month. Address Kappa Kappa, care THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

Answers to February Puzzles.

- 649. Vance, Va., Alabama City, Ala., Arizona, Ariz., etc.
650. Concord (C on chord).
651. Bat.
652. Finder, friend.
653. Young America.
654. Day, week, second, cent, yard, hand, guinea, peck, grain, eagle, perch, feet, scruples, rod, pound, cord, link, chain, stone, mill.

January Prize Winners.

- Best list: Aitch Kay, Wis.
Best second class: Q, Pa.
Best third class: M. I. Init, Tex.
Best fourth class: Donstir, Kans.
Best vowel word list: Insane Feline, Ky.
Neatest list: Bud Bloom, Mo.
Special prize: Ide Luyk Tue, Calif.
Books for 25 solutions: A. D. Ceiver, Ill.; Almae Filius, Mich.; Anun, Kans.; August Fruge, Ore.; Baron Braynes, Va.; Col. Orado, Colo.; Dan Banta, Wis.; Dent, Calif.; Don Key, Mo.; Erle C. Edington, O.; Essel Doublyou, Pa.; F. E. Bruary, Ia.; Hawkshaw Quack, Conn.; Inne D. Ana, Ind.; I. R. Ishman, N. Y.; Jack Canuck, N. Y.; Jack Pine, Minn.; Justa C. Ker, Ky.; Laurence Gibson, N. Y.; McIntyre Louthan, W. Va.; Mort, S. D.; Mun Kee, Va.; Oley, Wis.; Pat O'Day, Mass.; Pete, Conn.; Red Duck, Mass.; Richard McKirdy, Pa.; Shy N., Colo.; So Ur Thun, Kans.; Sully, S. C.; The Owl, Ky.; Thorpa, Tex.; Thotful Thinker, Tex.; W. E. Kelley, Fla.

Honorable Mention.

- First Class: Abee Seedy, A. D., Adrian Lealand, Aiken Du Mall, Aitch Kay, Albert Bond, Albert Lewis, Alexander McIver, Almae Filius, Alric Darden, Am I. Wright, Amos Quito, Anun, Ape Uzzler, A. Q. Cumber, Archer Nasmith Co. Ltd., Archie McNeal, Art E. Choke, August Fruge, Ban Anna Earl, Bar Knee Google, Baron Braynes, Baron Waiste, B. B. W. Axe, Bill, Blackstone, Blue Jay, Bob Zante, Boyer Voisard, Bradley Thompson, Bud Bloom, Bull O'Knee, Burke Lee, Burr Jamison, Cambala, Casta Royal, Charles Wells, Clabra, Clair Walker, Clara Nette, Clarence Troman-hauser, C. L. Spears, Craig McGinnis, Dan Banta, Darling, Dent, Diroddi, Doc, Donald Murray, Donald Ross, Donald Stanford, Don Key, Don Q, Dougl. Ike Sixty, Dub-el-chyn, D. W. Benton, Earl F. Kitchen, Earl H. Bradley, Ed U. Cation, E. Green, E. Hart Ford, Eldo, Elm Burk, Erle C. Edington, Ernest Forsyth, Essel Doublyou, Essel G., Eugene White, Eustace L. Fish, Excel C. Orr, F. E. Bruary, F-n F-n, Foo Lish, Frank Brown, Franklin W. Dunbar, Fysteris, GAR, Geoffry Thompson, George A. Peach, George Kylo, George Ruhlén 4th, George S. Graham, Glenn Barnes, Harold Henson, Harry Purinton, Hawkshaw Quack, Herbie, Howard Zettervale, Ic Ive Von, I. D. Clair, Ide Luyk Tue, Ima Boob, Ima Lone, Ina, Inne D. Ana, Insane Felinc, I. R. Ishman, Iva Lotta Dough, Ivan Idea, Izzy Blind, Jack Canuck, Jack Pine, Jacobowitz, James V. Leahy, Jerome Jensen, J. Halker, John Ward Jr., Justa C. Ker, Jay Keater, Kid Peewee, Kneels On, Know Me Al, Laurence Gibson, Lightnin', Lloyd C. Haley, Maida Stab, Mantley Nichols, Mant. L. Shelf, Massa Choose It, Meno, Merrick N. Boye, Missing Link, Miss Teerie Mann, Moron More, (Continued on page 66)

30 Days free Trial

We allow you a month—30 days—to try and test the Mead bicycle of your selection. If at the end of this time you do not know it to be the very best bicycle in the country—the ONLY one for you—then you can return it at our expense and your trial will not cost you a penny. A special Trust Deposit of \$5000.00 has been held by the great First National Bank of Chicago for many years as a Guarantee to back up this famous Try before you buy sales plan. Not a single claim has ever been made against this Guarantee. Do business direct with Makers of Ranger—Pathfinder—Crusader bicycles on our Square Deal Plan that has given us more than a million satisfied customers in all parts of the world.

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The Ranger bicycle of your selection will be sent by fast Prepaid Express direct from the factory in Chicago. We guarantee its safe, quick delivery in perfect condition. In the famous line of Golden Brown Rangers, trimmed in Ivory White, there is a model to suit every taste and any pocketbook—Motorbike models, Roadsters, Racers, Camelbacks, Double Bars, Juveniles—Girls' and Ladies' Models, tool To make it possible for every boy and girl, man and woman, who wants or needs a bicycle to get it at once without red tape and delay, we have a liberal Easy Payment plan that gives you immediate use of the bicycle—with easy monthly payments of only Five Dollars. Whether you live in a big city or out on the farm in a far distant state you can secure your Mead Ranger or Pathfinder bicycle at once and pay for it as you ride and enjoy it.

\$5.00 a Month

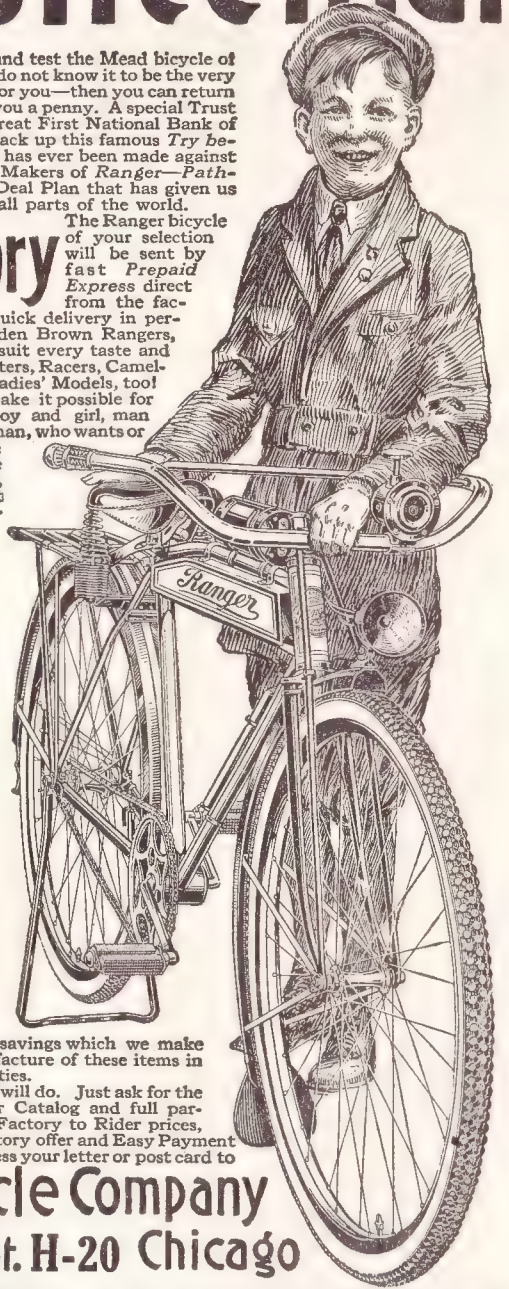
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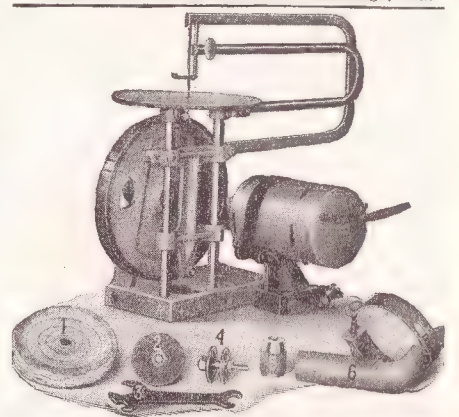
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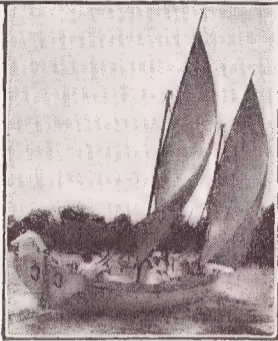
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"No, but I'm first on the list this afternoon. How is it?"

"Got flying beat a mile. It's the cat's whiskers. I never had so much fun in all my life!"

"Yeah, I heard you took a nose dive."

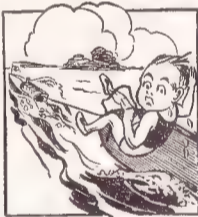
"That's nothing. Everybody takes a spill when they try to skid the plane out sideways the first time. Jean swung the wheel over just as I started to lean and I went shooting around on a regular snap-the-whip skid. Gosh, I bet I was going twice as fast as the boat!"

"The old wind was whistling past my ears and I could hardly see with the spray shooting up into my face."

"I guess I must have leaned a little too far, for all of a sudden the plane dipped under and the next

thing I knew I was sailing through the air. Don't ask me how I landed. All I know is I was upside down in a glorious splash. Honest, it's more fun falling off than it is staying on, almost."

"In a minute Jean came back with the boat and picked me up again. He tried another swing just before shooting back to the dock, but I was wise that time and made it without a slip. Boy, what fun! I planed up sideways until I was almost even with the stern of the Babs, then we straightened out again and I flopped off pretty as we shot past the dock. I'm all signed up for another ride tomorrow."



Write for book full of stories and pictures of Camp Idlewild. Address L. D. ROYS, Director 10 Bowdoin St., Cambridge, Mass. NEXT MONTH: Shooting the Rapids. Down the Saco

Conroy of C-Bar Ranch

(Continued from page 9)

If you don't want to help you don't need to," and his eyes glinted with quiet scorn.

Goodman raised a protesting hand. "Now, don't you be thinkin' I'm scared! And don't you forget it'll take two of us to work the job! Or neither of us'll ever show up at the old home ranch!"

Still sticking, after all! Again Bud felt relief. But he didn't show it. "All right," he assented quietly.

After discussion, they agreed on a plan. Beginning where they stood the valley widened, bottle-like, until abruptly it was ended by a looming jumble of rocks that concealed the other exit. About halfway down was a spring; below it was the rich grass where the horses would be feeding. But as the ground was damp, the outlaws would make camp under the cliffs on one side or the other of the valley. Which side Goodman and Bud must discover. Though Bud did not believe any watch would be kept in so hidden a place, they waited until dusk. Bud chose the right canyon side; Goodman the left. After scouting they were to meet, report their findings, then join forces for a showdown.

AFTER Goodman had disappeared, Bud experienced a clammy fear. Fervently he wished it had been possible to wait and procure Whitney and Long. Then his fear was conquered by resolution. He felt that if the thieves were captured at all, it would have to be to-night. Of course, he might let them pull out and risk tracking them—but the method would be too apt to fail. Besides Long had promised him ten bones a head—had done it scornfully, to be sure—but he had made the promise. Roughly guessing, there were twenty-five head. That sum would pay his college board for months.

He hitched his revolver more comfortably on his hip and quietly began to slip through brush and pines, over a soundless carpet of pine needles. Not far away a horse snorted dust from its nostrils, and his breath choked in his throat at the unexpected disturbance. Presently he realized he was seeing a fitful tongue of light. Edging closer he perceived a hundred feet away, a campfire. Evidently the rustlers were not apprehensive.

Closer drifted the youth, taking his time, waiting for darkness to thicken, sheltering himself in the murk of overhanging pine boughs. Seventy feet. He made out forms around the blaze. Were there two—or three? Fifty feet. Only two, unconcernedly chatting. One laughed raucously as he filled a tin plate with biscuits, bacon, and crisp fried quail. The other heaped his own plate. Bud sniffed the good meat hungrily.

Suddenly the boy decided to change his course of action. This was too perfect—with his men eating and unsuspecting! He could shout for Goodman as he acted. No need to waste time going back to report. Ghostlike, he crept up behind the care-free rustlers. Silently he drew his gun.

"Hands up!" he yelled. As in a dream he saw four brown hands elevate themselves, saw the luscious food tip from the tin plates onto the ground. "Stay right where you are!"

Then he raised his voice, howling "Goodman!" twice at the top of his lungs. Next he walked up behind the seated men. The nearest turned his head and laughed sardonically up at him, as if some rich joke were bubbling in him. "That's queer!" reflected Bud's subconscious mind, but the boy didn't hesitate. Keeping the men covered, he stooped, secured their guns, threw them whirling far into the dark. Working, he planned. Next they must be tied. Why didn't Goodman hurry?

Shocking the peaceful night, a gun roared out of the near darkness back of the fire. He felt the wind of a bullet past his neck. Again crashed a report. A biting pain bit into his shoulder. Swiftly, almost without thought, Bud flipped half around, saw the dim bulk of his unknown assailant, fired straight and true. A shriek of pain brought echoes from the cliffs. With another lightning swing, the boy



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fired at one of the two campfire rustlers, who was darting for the wall of brush. The man, zigzagging, unhurt, caught his foot on a root, fell ponderously. The other rascal had sat, open-mouthed, the few seconds required for these events. Now he made a half-witted motion to arise.

"Right where you are!" rasped Bud tiggerishly. The man sank back. And the one who had tripped stayed flat on his face.

Bud himself sat down. He was trembling from head to foot, the pain in his shoulder began to make itself felt. Dully he wondered what, after all the racket, was delaying Goodman. Behind him he heard groans from the man who had tried to murder him. There must be a whole flock of rustlers. Bud's dizzied head told him that if such were the case he'd better get out of the firelight. The situation was beginning to run away from him. He repented his rashness in acting without Goodman. Without the man's aid he couldn't see just how he was to truss up three rustlers and manage them. They might jump him as he tried to bind their hands or kick him in the knees. Still, he'd have to commence something.

"Kin I git up?" asked the man who had tripped, turning his head and hopefully noting that the late cyclone was getting groggy.

"No—you kin not, Blackbull!" said an unexpected voice from the shadows, hard and cold as hail.

Startled out of his sense, Bud jerked himself to his feet, his gun swinging.

"Put her down, Bud!" yelled another voice.

Bud relaxed, a great turmoil of laughing relief beginning to stir in him.

The second voice was certainly Bill Whitney's! The other? Why, how stupid not to have known at once. Long's, of course.

"Bill—?" Bud's voice trembled.

"Right you are, son!" announced Bill calmly from the gloom. "Johnny-on-the-spot to save you from doing all the work. Jest keep a line on those guys for a bit, Long, till I git some rope."

Bud laughed shakily. "To save me from getting killed, you mean."

Long's voice answered, "No, Bud, I think you'd of finished up all right by yourself." There was no irony in the rancher's tone. "Any feller who kin trip up two rustlers single-handed kin 'tend to the mere detail of hogtyin' 'em."

BUD, too weary to dispute, watched Bill bind the hands and feet of the sullen pair. "A good job done," remarked Long, appearing.

Consternation stabbed Bud. He remembered the other man!

"It isn't done!" he exclaimed, pointing. Like magic, Long and Whitney caught his meaning, leaped, melted into the trees. Presently they came out carrying a burly figure. They bore it to the fire. Long pulled the man's hat from his face. "By—" he started to gasp.

"Why—" whispered Bud, "—it's Goodman!" He stared, his eyes showing white like a startled horse's. "Why—why that's the guy that tried to plug me from behind, only I beat him to it—"

Comprehension waded over Long's face. "He potted you, did he?" Doubt struggled, was overthrown by conviction. His mouth shut in an ugly line. "Um, I see!"

"Me, too!" snarled Bill. "We heard you yellin' for Goodman and that steered us to you. We'd just topped the rim. I was figurin' Goodman'd been shot up, too. I see it all!" he barked. "He's been in with Blackbull, Long. He was only pretendin' to buy your ranch. Then when you was off to Californy, he an' Blackbull an' his gang of imported buckaroos would gradually clean the ranch of stock. An' claim rustlers was doin' it—"


"Um—" grunted Long, "an' when he saw he couldn't head the kid off, he tipped off his pals an' lay in wait to murder him. Nobody the wiser. Still, about the rustlin'—he'd run a chance of jail—"

"How?" countered Bill, "you couldn't prove nothin'! An' if things did get hot, he'd simply fade away—"

"You're awful smart, ain't you?" jeered Blackbull, trying to ease his improvised wristlets.

"Well," said Bill heatedly, "I'm smart—"

(Continued on page 65)



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RADIO PACKET Stamps will come in whether static is bad or not. Receive foreign countries through our 250 varieties packet for 15c and 60% discount non-duplicating approval sheets.

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1000 ALL DIFFERENT Foreign stamps \$1.00. Also 7 different Siam stamps for 12c.

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OLD COINS 30 diff. coins 47c; 100 diff. \$2.25; U. S. 1-2 cent 25c; 6 diff. U. S. large cents 40c; Roman sil. coin 35c; Roman bronze coin 12c; New Coin Bargain List Free.

100 Varieties Africa, Ceylon, Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, etc., and album 10c 1000 mixed 40c, 50 different U.S. 25c 1000 hinges 10c

Elephant Tusk Hunters Cannibals, sugar gatherers, famous bi-colored Mozambique picture set (10 beautiful stamps) only 5c to approval applicants.

Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles



Union of South Africa 1p stamp; one of Persia's earlier issues.

ANOTHER United States stamp has appeared—a 10c airmail adhesive to cover the zone rate for a "flying machine" letter which is ten cents an ounce.

This philatelic newcomer is horizontally rectangular in shape, blue in color, and has as its central design a map of the United States, showing some of the rivers and mountain ranges.

The stamp was placed on sale Feb. 13, at post offices in Detroit and Dearborn, Mich., Chicago, Cleveland and Washington, D. C., and simultaneously at the Government's Philatelic Stamp Agency in Washington.

Shah Dethroned

WHEN a monarch loses his privilege to reign, the philatelist's interest quickens. So it was some months ago when Ahmad Shad, who had been Persia's ruler since he was a small boy, was deposed through legislative action by the National Assembly.

New stamps inevitably appear whenever a throne changes occupants. Those now to hand from Persia are native revenue labels converted into postal adhesives by means of a surcharge in gold lettering.

The quoted wording, translated, means "Post of the Provisional Pehlevi Government, 31st October," as the stamps were issued after the National Assembly had dethroned Ahmad but before Reza Khan became the new Shah.

Served Lepers

AMONG the first stamps of the new year was a series distributed by Italy commemorating the death of St. Francis of Assisi seven centuries ago.

Who was St. Francis of Assisi? In an encyclopedia we read that the following was "the determining episode" of his career:

"Soon after his return to Assisi from a pilgrimage to Rome he met a leper who begged an alms; Francis had always had a special horror of lepers, and turning his face he rode on; but immediately an heroic act of self-conquest was wrought in him; returning, he alighted, gave the leper all the money he had about him, and

AMAZING EXTRA VALUE BARGAIN!

98 diff. from all countries, many unused incl. charity and special delivery stamps; 5 diff. French Colonies, 1 diff. Portuguese Colonies, 10 diff. Danzig, 1 packet from obscure countries of Bosnia-Herzegovina, White Russia, Cape of Good Hope, Siam, Travancore, etc., album, perf. gauge, millimetre scale ruler. Entire big \$5 outfit for only 12c to approval applicants.

COINS Etc. For Sale. 20 Diff. Choice coins 40c; 3 arrowheads 20c; 10 Paper Money .35; Eagle Cent .10; 5 diff. Gems .25; 100-yr.-old U.S. Ct. 15; Fine 1800-yr.-old silver coin .55; 3 ancient coins .25; Million Mark note .10; 10 diff. War coins .35; Big 32 pp. illust. list & old coin for 6c stamps.

BOYS: SENSATIONAL 8c OFFER! 7 German stamps with (prewar) value over 40 million dollars (great curiosity); 1 fine stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 airplane set; 1 triangle set; 1 packet 25 diff. Hungary, cat. 50c; 1 perf. gauge; and last but not least, a vest pocket stock book in which to keep your duplicates.

FREE—FINE ZOOLOGICAL PACKET Containing stamps with pictures of Tigers, Oxen, Ant Eater, Leopard, Emu, Kangaroo, Swan, Serpent, Alligator, Dove, Eagle, Lyle Bird, Lion, Camel, etc.

300 Different Stamps 10c And price list to approval applicants, 1000 English hinges 10c; 50 U.S. 10c; 50 Fr. Col. 10c; 30 Uruguay 20c.

BIG STAMP PACKET FREE Magnificent Packet of 30 different Beauties from Distant Lands, (many richly colored unusual designs). Complete with Big Bargain Lists of Stamps, Sets, Packets, also catalog of Albums and Philatelic Supplies, all for 2c postage.

COMPLETE OUTFIT 10 cents ALL FOR 10c ILLUSTRATED ALBUM 50 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS PACK OF STAMP HINGES PERFORATION GAUGE HINTS TO COLLECTORS

BOYS! BIGGEST STAMP VALUES OF TODAY Fine packet over 200 diff. Gold Coast, Triangles, A Aeroplane, Tehad, Cameroon, Irish Set, Epirus, S. Africa, Togo, C Trinidad, Hyderabad, Holland, Siam, Uruguay, Set of 8 Latvia, T Rare Venezuela, 50c and \$1.00 U.S., Largest Stamp, etc. This surprise for 10c to approval applicants. THOUSANDS OF BARGAIN LISTS FREE. 100 diff. U.S. 25c, 1000 hinges 9c. Post-Office extra. Hawkeye Stamp Co., Cedar Rapids, 9, Iowa W

ALL All Colonial Packet, containing only Colonial stamps, Inc. Road, Turks, Wallis, Cayman, and Fiji Islands, Togo, Ubangui, Kenya, Congo, Mozambique, Upper Volta, Ivory Coast and other fine Colonies, 10c—To Approval Applicants Only. FREE! 12 scarce Azerbaijan for names and addresses of two collectors.

100 Different Stamps Free to applicants for our Popular Approvals. Send 2c for return postage. CHRISTENSEN STAMP CO. 826 Teutonia Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

VIEWS IN GERMANY Notgeld Collection (demonstrated German Currency). Interesting, Entertaining, Educational. Also ideal for enlargement and framing. Brand new, crisp bills. Average size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. 100 different 60c. 200 different \$1. Representative Collection, 500 all different \$3. Prices post free. Descriptive Illustrated Circular Free. A. MARTAUO STAMP CO., 45 West 45th St., NEW YORK

SNAPS 200 Different Foreign 10c 60 Different U. S., including \$1 and \$2 revenues for 12c. With each order we give our pamphlet which tells "How To Make a Collection Properly."

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TIP-TOP premium of 50 different, stunning stamps, fine stamp wallet, perforation gauge, mm. scale, ruler; good stamp from Kenya & Uganda (cannibal land) Gold Coast, Persia—all for six cents to applicants for Tip-Top approvals!

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115 different British Colonies, no Canada or Great Britain 43c. 70 different Canada postage \$1.00, 40 diff. Great Britain 28c. 25 diff. Port. Colon. 13c. 200 diff. Foreign 17c. 105 diff. United States 29c. 12 Ukraina free with orders requesting approvals.

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If you're looking for the real thing, don't miss this. We are introducing our new system of set approvals at about half cost. Collecting by sets is the best way so it will pay you to get in touch with us. To those applying for our set approvals we will give FREE an unused set of Mozambique Company, 2c postage. "Get the Set Habit."

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Boys, you ought to have a Collie—the best pal on earth. Ask Dad or Mother—and write us for sales sheet on Collies of all colors.

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has for sale Oorang Airedales trained as watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers and stock-drivers. Also Big Game Hounds, Foxhounds, Coonhounds and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by our famous canine specialists and shipped on trial. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Trained dogs \$50.00 to \$150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies \$15.00 to \$25.00 each. Large illustrated catalog ten cents.

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Thoroughbreds—The "Aces" of All Dog-dom. The most beautiful dogs in the world. Intelligent, fearless, faithful. They guard your home, watch your herds, play with your kiddies. Write for special lists. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Strongheart Police Dogs

Intelligent, handsome, glorious in their health and majesty.

Strongheart Kennels R. F. D. 5 New Brunswick, - N. J.

DISTEMPER

—Watch Your Dog

At the very first symptom of chills, discharge from eyes and loss of appetite, give Glover's Imperial Distemper Medicine and continue for several days after all symptoms have disappeared.

This medicine is very effective in the treatment and prevention of distemper and colds.

Glover's Imperial Medicines for all dog ailments for sale at all Drug Stores, Pet Shops, Sporting Goods Stores.

Write for Free "Treatise on Dogs."

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MEDICINES



kissed his hand. From that day he gave himself up to the service of the lepers and the hospitals. He went about dressed in rags, so that his old companions pelted him with mud."

In 1209 he made preaching to the poor his vocation. Disciples joined him and when they were twelve in number they gave themselves up to a life of apostolic preaching among the poverty-stricken people. It has been said of him:

"It is probably true to say that no one has ever set himself so seriously to imitate the life of Christ and to carry out so literally Christ's work in Christ's own way."

Imitate Triangle Stamps

CAPE of Good Hope's famous triangular stamps, to-day comprising some of philately's rarities, have been imitated by the Union of South Africa, where the 4-pence gray-blue of a new series is three-cornered in shape and has as its design the familiar figure of a woman seated beside an anchor. The stamp is really two-in-one. One copy carries along the three sides the inscriptions "Postage," "Four Pence" and "South Africa." The other bears "Posseel," "Vier Pennies" and "Suidafrika." The stamps are imperforate.

The 1/2p blue-green and black of the same series is square in shape, as is the 1p carmine, and both are perforated. On the 1 1/2 is a picture of the springbok, a native animal. The design on the 1p (see illustration) shows a sailing vessel in Table Bay—presumably representative of the ship in which Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese explorer, first rounded the southernmost point of Africa. The inscriptions on every pair of stamps are alternately in English and Dutch.

Portugal has issued another deluge of commemoratives—this time marking the republic's independence. The stamps were on sale Jan. 10 and 11 and will be on sale again on Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, next. Designs and values are:

Portrait of Don Alfonso Henriquez, Portugal's first king, 2 centavos, 4c, 6c, and 16c; portrait of Don Joao I and the Convent of Batalha, 3c, 5c, 15c, and 48c; Battle of Aljubarrata, 20c, 32c, 1 escudo 60c, and 10c; portrait of Don Filippo de Vilhena, 25c, 40c, 50c, and 75c; portrait of Don Joao IV, 64c and 1c; Monument of Independence, 96c, 3c, 4c 50c.

They are being overprinted also for use in the Azores.

Three more stamps have appeared com-

memorating the founding of the city of San Salvador four centuries ago—supplementing a 2 centavos on 60c violet provisional originally issued when the later three, the definitive commemoratives, were late in arriving in Salvador for disposal to the public on a designated date.

The definitives, horizontally rectangular, carry a uniform design—a view of the city of San Salvador with a range of mountains in the background. Values and colors are 1c blue, 2c deep green and 3c mahogany red.

Issue Charity Adhesives

THREE more governments have issued charity adhesives, supplementing the stamps of this character described on the March page. They are Luxemburg, Bulgaria and Mozambique.

The design on the Luxemburg adhesives—5 centimes violet, 30c orange, 50c lake orange, and 1 franc blue—is a hospital nurse attending a sick man. The franc stamp sells at an excess of ten centimes and each of the other denominations at an advance of five centimes, money in this way being raised to help persons who are in distress.

Bulgaria's product is a single stamp—for use only on Sundays and holidays! Value, 1 leva; color, black on green paper. Letters mailed on Sundays and holidays but without this stamp are not delivered until the following day. The proceeds of the sale of this label go toward a sanatorium for post office employees. It remains to be seen whether this charity adhesive will be recognized by philately.

A yellow cross within a shield is the central design of Mozambique's charity stamp—50 centavos gray. In the four quarters of the shield are the letters S, H, C, and O, which are the initials of the humanitarian society for whose benefit the stamp was issued.

In Czechoslovakia has appeared a series commemorating the Sokols, or National Athletic Meeting, to be held this coming May and June. There are four stamps, in blue or green or brown or red, the uniform design being a view of the headquarters of the Sokols—an old palace, with extensive grounds, restored for training purposes. The authenticity of this set has not been established.

A new definitive series has appeared in Albania, the common design being a portrait of the republic's President. The values are 1, 2, 5, 10, 15, 25 and 50 qindar and 1, 2, 3 and 5 francs.

Peril for the Circus!

FRESHWATER—that is the word veterans of the circus use when they refer to tiny towns, little country hamlets far from the cities.

CLEM—that means a fight between the showmen, defending their property, and roistering mobs of townsmen who try to destroy it.

A FRESHWATER CLEM—that is the next Rex Lee story, and it tells of the trouble into which a runaway band wagon in a mountain village and the sinister temper of the mob of townsmen gets.

RANN BRADEN and HORSE O'DONNELL, acrobat and boss canvasman with the Selfridge Shows. It's a gripping yarn, and it comes

Next Month

Conroy of C-Bar Ranch

(Continued from page 63)

er'n this murderin' coyote what ate our grub an' pretended he was a friend—"Bill's scorn fairly sizzled. "Besides, he's a dumb fool, fer he was too plumb anxious to trail along with Bud after Long fired Bud from our private picnic. Long an' I, not findin' anything, sort of hazily put two and two together, and decided to follow out Bud's idee. An' when we found Bud gone from our ranch, an' you gone from yours, we sure hustled! You, a decent hoss thief, 'sociatin' with a pardner that can't even shoot straight!"

Long was putting cold compresses on Bud's shoulder, while Bud sipped coffee. The bullet had bored through the upper fleshy part. Bill began doing the same for Goodman, who had a badly smashed arm.

The grimness began to leave Long's face. The evil in the world did not depress him. He found consolation in the situation. "At any rate, Blackbull, if you ain't made no money yourselves, you've

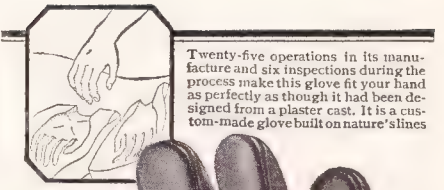
put the Cattle Association's reward in Bud's jeans an' done him a pile of good—"

"Oh, lay off—" growled the halfbreed. Bill cackled. "Don't forget, boss, that you done promised Bud ten dollars a head if he located your swiped nags. He may not be a M. D. yet, but he sure can operate on rustlers."

Long looked staggered; then he grinned wryly. "That's so, Bill!" He forgot Bud's injury and clapped him on the back. "Got enough now, ain't you, kid, to git through all your colleges in style, huh?"

Dumfounded, Bud realized it was so. His weary apathy evaporated; life, ambition, seethed in him. All his interest in his long deferred goal rushed to the surface.

He rose, pushed Bill aside from the moaning Goodman. "Here, Bill, you're hurting. Let me fix up his arm. I'm far from being a licensed practitioner, but I'll just call him my first case!"



Twenty-five operations in its manufacture and six inspections during the process make this glove fit your hand as perfectly as though it had been designed from a plaster cast. It is a custom-made glove built on nature's lines



Eddie Collins The Glove That's Modeled On Nature's Lines

EDDIE COLLINS gave us the idea. Eddie has had a lot of good ideas, but this is one of his best. During a session of the old "stove league" last winter, Eddie asked us why it was just as hard to buy a glove that you didn't have to break in as it was to buy a pipe or a new pair of shoes. "I'd like to buy a glove that was modeled on nature's lines. A glove that was made to be played with and not simply to be sold. No foolishness, no phoney stitching, no tricky lacing. That would be a glove," said Eddie. Of course we made what he wanted and we named it after him. This is it. Put one on and stop a couple of grounders with it and spear a few hot liners. And then you'll see what a good idea Eddie had—and what came of it.

A. J. REACH COMPANY
Tulip and Palmer Streets, Philadelphia
World's Foremost Makers of Quality Athletic Goods

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Carrying Case Given with 3 ft. Telescope

See people and objects miles away just like they were close; see moon and stars as never before. Opens over 3 ft. long, 5 sections, brass bound, powerful lenses. Useful and entertaining. Could tell color of aeroplane 6 miles away. "Mrs. Horn, 'Read numbers on freight cars mile away, see mountains on moon."—A. C. Palmer. Thousands pleased. Write today on arrival of Big 3 ft. Wonder Telescope with Carrying Case and Money Strappy Postman only \$1.85 plus a few pennies postage. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FERRY & CO., 3224 N. Halsted St., Dept. 1054 CHICAGO

MEND CELLULOID

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, broc-a-brac, etc. 10c and 15c sizes. Sold by 10c Stores, Hardware, Drug and Grocery Stores. In tubes and bottles. McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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Big Money in Guinea Pigs

Big money can be made by boys and girls, men and women everywhere raising Guinea Pigs for us. No experience necessary as we show you how and take all you raise at high prices. Pay better than poultry or rabbits—easier and cheaper to raise—require less space. Particulars—contract and book how to raise FREE. Caviae Distributing Co., 5106 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Make Money Quickly

raising guinea pigs, squabs, etc., at home in spare time. Highest prices paid to raisers. Market guaranteed. No experience necessary. Free illustrated booklet.

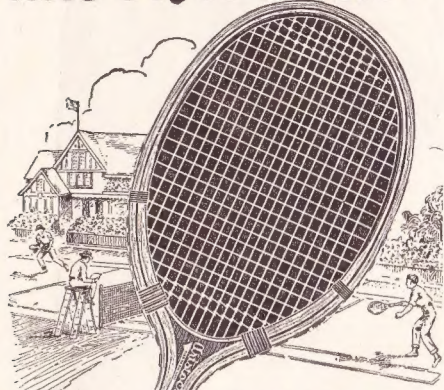
Mutual Food Products Co., Dept. 7, 1457 Broadway, New York

GUINEA PIGS WANTED

For medical use in every state. Millions needed. They are easy to raise. Profits are enormous. Particulars and catalogue free.

Michaels Animal Industries, 2907A Diamond St., Phila., Pa.

-in the Davis Cup Matches players of world renown use this style racket



In Kent's Aristocrat you get for a moderate price the same style racket used by leading players. It has the popular LAMINATED bowl!

Frame of good second-growth white ash reinforced thruout with fibre; beveled inside; shoulders silk wound in four places; strung with best quality imported gut.

Ask your sporting goods dealer—if he cannot supply you, write us.

Catalog describing the ARISTOCRAT and other KENT models, and giving complete rules of the game sent FREE.

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Pawtucket, R. I.
EST. 1840
Makers of
Fine Tennis Rackets
ARISTOCRAT

BOWS & ARROWS Fine as Robin Hood's

Hard-Shooting Sioux Indian Model 4 ft. lemonwood bow, 3 "Duco'd" arrows, quiver—ideal for boys and girls — \$3.50. Fine 5-ft. lemonwood longbow stave, 12 arrow staves, feathers, bowcord, directions for making up—great for Boy Scouts earning archery badge—\$5. (Dozen rates to Scout Councils.) Staves and material to make 12 fine arrows, \$1.50. Boy's and Men's fine hunting and target sets \$5 to \$50. All postpd., money-back guaranty on 5 days' inspection—order today.

ARCHERS COMPANY
4017 S. Franklin St. New Orleans

THE LINCOLN SPORT PLANE
Build and Fly It Yourself.

Blue prints and material now ready for build-ers. Send 25c for illustrated book. IT TELLS YOU HOW. LINCOLN STANDARD AIRCRAFT CO., LINCOLN, NEBR. Dept. F
New flying school opens June 1st. Earn your way through.

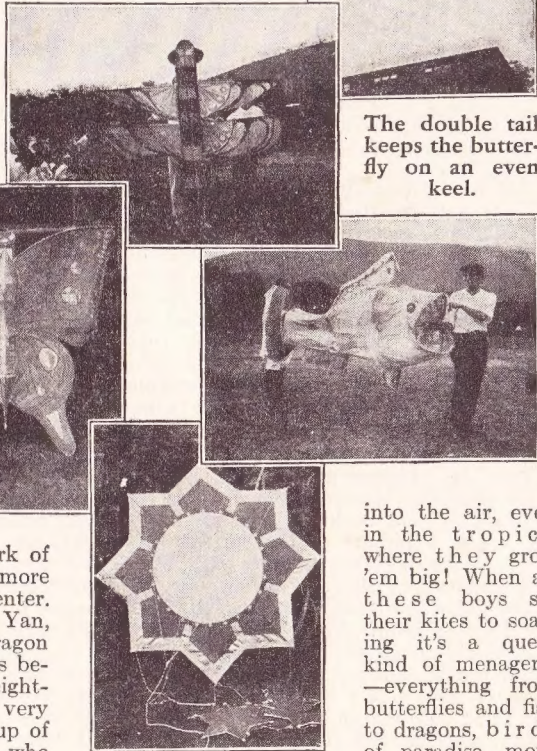
Play a Tune In 10 Minutes
OR SEND IT BACK

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They're Flying 'Em Higher in Hawaii!

By W. E. Longfellow

WHEN boys in Hawaii . . . of dozens of different races, incidentally, for Hawaii is one of the most conglomerate sections of the globe . . . start to build kites, they make a fine art of it. These kites . . . some of them taller than the fellows who put them together . . . were prize winners in one of the kite competitions held frequently in the mid-Pacific Islands. The big butterfly soaring above the roof at the right was made by David Au Tai Chun, and was considered one of the finest kites exhibited. Its decorations, the work of Allen Y. Young, are shown in more detail in the picture at the left center. All you can see of Tse Wing Yan, the boy who made the big dragon fly kite, are his legs as he stands behind it to hold it up. The eight-pointed star kite, which flew very successfully, was made by a group of younger boys. Shigeru Hirotsu, who looks as though he's about to feed the big fish kite, was its constructor. It is likely the biggest flying fish that ever got



The double tail keeps the butterfly on an even keel.

into the air, even in the tropics, where they grow 'em big! When all these boys set their kites to soaring it's a queer kind of menagerie—everything from butterflies and fish to dragons, birds of paradise, monkeys and even a bat or two. They make airplane kites, too. Nothing is too difficult for them to try.

Puzzles (Continued from page 61)

Mort, M. Scott Hunter, M. T. Purse, Mun Kee, Nellie Norwood, New Hampshire, Nog, NuthinTewitt, O. Gre, Ohio Kid, Oh Tea Bee, Ory Ental, Osaple, Otis Wingo, Paragon, Pat O'Day*, Percy Verance, Pete, Phil Ah Suffer, Phil A. Mint, Philip Pullen, Phil O. Peen, Pluto, Powhatan, Polarite, Porky, Proo Vit, Pthah, Puzzler King, Raoul Rhoades, Red Duck, Richard McKirdy, Richard Sheeran, Robert Allen*, Robert Brust, Robert D. Porter, Robert D. Stanton, Robert Howes, Robert Hughes, Robert Weems Jr., Russell Humphrey, Sam U. El, Sap, Sara Swift Walker, Seedy Ell, Semja Smaad, Sherlock Holmes, Shy N., Si, Sidney Funk, Sigh N. Tink, Sisero N. Siefert, Skip, Sir X., Snoozer, So Ur Wun, Spaghetti, Suey Side, Sully*, Sylvan Tackitt, The Duke, The Gink, The K. O. Kid, The Owl, Thomas J. Perkins, Thorpa*, Thoughtful Thinker*, Tin Lizzie, Top Notch, Tryem, Tryem All, Try N. Win, Ubia Knutt, Vernon Link, Vic Trola, Vinco, Vi O. Lin, Virgil Shepard, Wendell Crawshaw, Whirl S. Phan, Who's Yer Boy, William Neely, Wise Bug, Wotchama Callet, Zenith.

Second Class: Altie Tude, Art Knopinski, Bud Wiser, Chimes, Dawk, Dick Shun Ary, D. M. S., Dray, E. & E. Parker, Eureka, Fatty, Flo Ballwood, Geo. Metry, Harry Vetch, Hawkshaw, Horse, Hotsy Totsy, Huckleberry Finn, I. C. Howe, I. Getum, Ima G. Etnum, I. M. Sodull*, Iowa Bill, Iver E. Soap, Jacques Blanc, James A. Houston, James Isaac Brown, Jay, Jay Kay, John Lydenberg, Jose Eff, Kee Lee, King Cotton, Laca Baytha, Lec Trik Lite, L. E. Nye, Leo Burke, Leonard Goldschmidt, Loco, Maine-iac, Malc, Marl J. Niles, McIntyre Louthan, Methuselah, Monroe Cooling, M. T. Bean, Notta Bit Moore, Odie, Oh See, Oliver York, Old Black Joe, Owl*, Patrick Kirwan, Pen & Ink, P. K. Boo, Prof. Pieface, Q., R. A. Y., Richard Porter, Rimma, Sklarevski, Rinard Lierboe, Robert Tracy, Safe T. Pyn, Sam O. Say, Seaweed*, Shep, Si Clone, Tex Ass, The Swede, Thomas O. Crimmins, Tom Sawyer, Trian Solvem, Wall Nutte, W. E. Kelley, Zyzmp.

Third Class: A. D. Ceiver, Aitch Aitch, Ambitious, Bradford Butler, Jr., Cecil L. White, Chinese Dragon, Col. Orado, Fred Wege, I. Min Payne, M. I. Init, M. L. Cushing, Noah Count, Oley, Q. T. Romeo, Sail Dum, Nox, Sam's Son, Taki Ali Khan, Thomas Higgins, Waive Archer, Web Steer, Wilkinsburg, Will from Ill, Y. Knott.

*Two honorable mentions.

Puzzle Talk.

Notice that this is a special geographical issue. All the answers may be found in the gazetteer section of the New International Dictionary. . . . We are offering a special prize for a radio puzzle, and hope to have enough variety to make a good radio issue. . . . By the time you read this the National Puzzlers' League will have held its eighty-somethingth convention, and will be all set for another prosperous six months. . . . Kappa Kappa has been having copies of "The Enigma," published by the League, sent to some "American Boy"

puzzlers; and the editor writes that several have joined the League, and look to be real comers. . . . The training you get in puzzle-solving helps you to make a record when you go into business or school or athletic competition. The honest-to-goodness puzzler cultivates a lot of virtues—perseverance, carefulness, thoughtfulness, industriousness, determination, concentration, and others—in the pursuance of his hobby.—Kappa Kappa.

A Ride on an Avalanche

IF I hadn't been so green, it might not have happened. I was new in Southern California, and elated over my luck in trout fishing, and so when I saw this smooth, slick descent to the canyon below me, I thought of nothing but how easy it would be to go down.

It was a great gravel slide, as bare as a Mexican hairless. No buckthorn to scratch and tear! No chaparral to force a way through! No crooked manzanita to say, "Dodge me if you can!" It was easy—too dead easy.

"Fine!" I grinned when I had taken a dozen steps. Then things began to happen. The gravel began to move—tenderfoot ditto! My legs flew out from under me and I sat down with more emphasis than elegance. My shotgun was jarred from my hands and started on a private excursion down the slide—a sort of rear guard.

I glanced down the slope as my gravel train speeded up—I hadn't had time to look at my ticket to see where I was going! There was the real thrill. Below me was the brink of a precipice—beyond that miles of nothing at all. My hair rose up like quills on a porcupine. Faster and faster raced the tons of speeding gravel; already some of it was over the edge.

Then, twenty feet from the brink, my feet touched something solid. I couldn't believe it, but I was anchored! The stones and gravel flowed all around me and dropped into space, but slowly and carefully I fought my way out, thanking fate for the stone that had saved me.

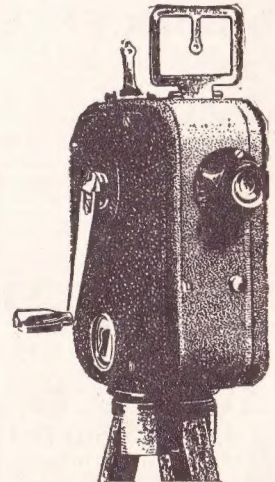
I found I was not so green any more—blue, true blue, had right of way in many places! I had left bits of skin behind as souvenirs, too; but I didn't return for one of them!—George W. Tuttle.

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FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Grammatical Note



Publisher: "In your story I notice you make the owl hoot 'to whom' instead of 'to whoo'."

Author: "Yes, this is a Boston Owl."

Where the View Centers

The pessimist sees the fly in the ointment; what impresses the optimist is the large quantity of ointment around the one small fly.

Twenty Miles Below Zero

Miles City, Montana, was hardest hit. The temperature, which was 16 miles below zero, slipped to 20 below early this morning.—From a Denver dispatch in the *El Paso Times*.

A Plea for Information

Oh, chemist, please investigate And drop me just a line. I'd like to know what carbonate? And where did iodine?

The Tired Business Man

The Nagel bus ordinance requiring all automotive passengers to use pneumatic tires, was adopted by the Common Council, yesterday.—*Detroit Evening Times*.

Imperfectly Coached



Magician (to youngster he has called up on the stage): "Now, my boy, you've never seen me before, have you?" Boy: "No, daddy."

A Mistake

"But why didn't you attend to that little cobweb?" "Oh, I thought it was part of the radio."

Hadn't Got 'Em

Professor Biologer — "Where do bugs go in winter?" Absent-minded Student — "Search me."

A Question of Selection

Tom: "Why does Julia always keep a fellow waiting so long after she says she'll be ready in a minute?" Tim: "Because she picks out a minute which is about a half an hour away."

Public Speaking

Ambitious College Youth (to senator)— "How did you become such a wonderful orator?" Senator — "I began by addressing envelopes."

Through but—?

This is a hint to the "long-winded" preacher. There is a story told of a north country preacher in Scotland who was noted for his difficulty in coming to an end. A parishioner who had not been to church, as he passed the door, saw a worshipper coming out. He asked the escaping culprit if the minister were done. "Aye," said the man vindictively, "he's done, but he winna stop."

Ask the Bull

He was being medically examined preparatory to taking out an insurance policy. "Ever had a serious illness?" asked the deputy. "No," was the reply. "Ever had an accident?" "No." "Never had a single accident in your life?" "Never, except last spring when a bull tossed me over a fence." "Well, don't you call that an accident?" "No, sir! He did it on purpose."

His Unlucky Day

Rubenstein was found dying on the pavement with his skull crushed and his throat cut by a passer-by a few moments after the accident.—*Washington Star*.

Bagged a Biped

"What is the name of the species I have just shot?" demanded the amateur hunter of his guide. "Well, sir," returned the guide, "I've just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."

A Slow Study

"What is your son going to be when he gets through college?" "An old man, I'm afraid."

A Connoisseur



Liza: "My man's a lazy fellow; he's got about the softest job in town." Jane: "Why, what does he do?" Liza: "He's the tester in the mattress factory."

Careless!

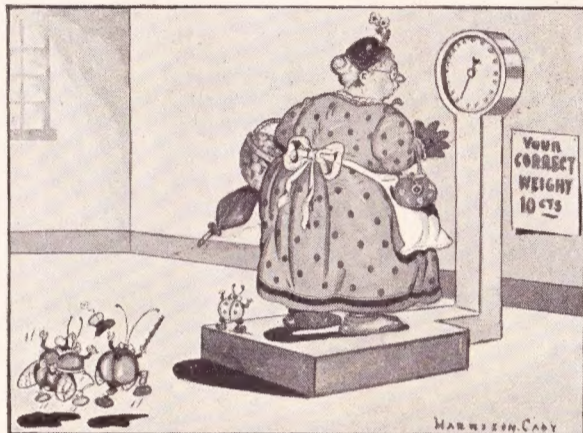
Restaurant Manager (to orchestra conductor): "I wish you'd display a little more tact in choosing the music. We've got the National Association of Umbrella Manufacturers here this evening, and you have just played 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No More!'"

Correct!

"Edwin," said the teacher, "use the word 'triangle' in a sentence." Edwin: "If fish don't bite on grasshoppers, try angle-worms."

Practically Ruined

"How is Simpson getting along in business?" "Wonderfully; but he's terribly discouraged." "How's that?" "Well, they're so busy filling and shipping orders they have not any time to hold a conference."



Father Bug: "Hi there, Willie Bug, come right down off of there this instant. Do you want to frighten that old lady to death by making her think she's overweight?"

Not So Healthy Now

He was never ill enough to take his bed until after his death.—From an "obit" in a Texas paper.

Henry's Alibi

Teacher (to boy sitting idly in school during writing time): "Henry, why are you not writing?" Henry: "I ain't got no pen." Teacher: "Where's your grammar?" Henry: "She's dead."

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Cover drawing by Harold Sichel

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Watch This Column

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Gen. George Custer Lives Again

Every American school-boy has read of Gen. George Custer, or "Yellow Hair" as the Indians called him because of his long blonde hair which swept down to his shoulders—and their eyes have popped and their pulses have hurried when they read of the deeds of heroism which followed Custer's great campaign among the Dakota Sioux.

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Don't fail to see REGINALD DENNY in "What Happened to Jones" and "Skinner's Dress Suit," two refreshing comedies which give this splendid young actor all the chance he desires to show his talent. Don't fail to see "The Phantom of the Opera." When you see these plays, write me your opinion of them—I want to hear from you.

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