

BOYS' LIFE



For all Boys — Published by the Boy Scouts of America

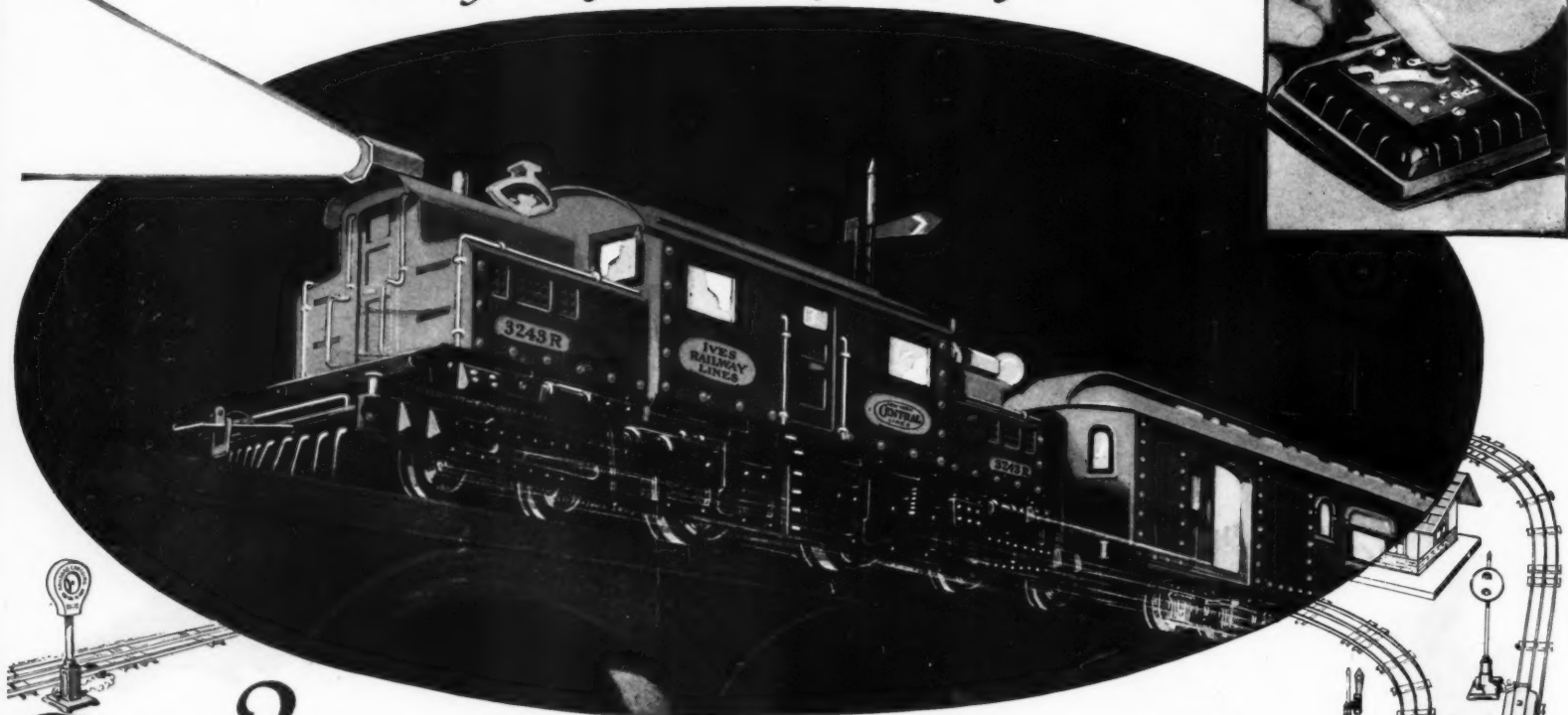
NOVEMBER 1925 ★

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Turkey by Ralph Henry Barbour

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November



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November

For All Boys—Published by the Boy Scouts of America

Thanks to Ringtail

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

RINGTAIL, the old gray fox, whose plumy brush was strangely barred with black, sat on his haunches just within the thicket's edge and calmly surveyed the situation. He found it not altogether satisfactory. As usual, twenty or thirty buxom white hens were moving about on the lawn in front of the house. But they were all well out in the open, too far away for the fox to attempt a raid. Moreover, on the front steps of the house stood the boy talking with his father; and the boy, clad in khaki shirt and corduroys, held his shotgun in the hollow of his arm. Evidently he was going hunting this morning and was ready for action.

Ringtail had considerable respect for the boy as a hunter and woodsman. He knew Chad Stanton well, having watched him often in the woods; and possibly he was aware—for a fox is often wise as well as cunning—that Chad knew something about him, too, and would welcome a chance to test the thickness of his hide. It was not a fox hunt that the boy was planning, for Ringtail saw no horse and no dogs. Nevertheless, the old fox decided that he had better move along. Plainly, conditions were not favorable just then for another attack on Chad's big white hens.

Ringtail paused long enough to scratch one black-tipped, rusty-red ear with a hind foot. Then he turned and trotted silently away through the cassena thickets. Before long, his thoughts occupied with other matters of more immediate interest, the fox had forgotten the young hunter roaming somewhere in the woods with his gun.

The boy moved softly, slowly, all his senses alert. In that place and at that hour anything might happen. As yet the morning light had barely begun to filter down through the dense evergreen foliage of the pines; but scattered through the pine wood were other trees—oaks and maples and sweet gums—already almost bare of leaves; and wherever one of these trees stood amid the pines, light was let in to illumine the dim interior of the forest. Chad was grateful for this light, yet found it baffling. Three times he halted suddenly, convinced that he had seen some living thing move on the carpet of brown pinestraw far away amid the trees; and three times he owned that his keen, practiced eyes had been deceived.

The thing that he hoped to see was a wild turkey. A visitor, a friend of his father's, was expected at the plantation, and to Chad had fallen the duty of securing a turkey for the occasion. His father would have preferred a pair of wood ducks—summer ducks, as they were called in the plantation country—but a closed period of several years had been granted these birds by law, and Captain Stanton was too good a sportsman to be a law-breaker. Hence, although in the plantation country, with its many rivers and lagoons, wood ducks were still abundant all the year round, the old planter had regretfully reminded his son that they were taboo.

"Try for a turkey," he told the boy, as they stood talking on the front steps early that morning. "The Judge likes summer ducks better and is probably counting on them." But he can't have them this time; and a turkey's the next best thing."

CHAD knew even better than his father the places which were most likely to yield the game that he sought. Yet poor luck had attended him so far, and now the early morning, the most favorable time for turkey hunting, had passed. Nevertheless, his hopes were high as he stole with infinite caution and hair-trigger alertness amid the trunks of the great trees deep in the Otter Woods, as he called them, because once he had watched an otter there for over an hour.

He knew that several turkeys, including one big gobbler, sometimes came to these woods in the early forenoon for a mid-day siesta. Twice he had

startled this gobbler from the same tall pine. He planned now to post himself in ambush near the foot of this pine and wait for the gobbler to come in for its noontide nap; and meanwhile, as he approached the place, he scanned the wood's vistas keenly because more than once he had found amid the pine-straw scratches which proved that turkeys occasionally came there to feed.

Presently, when the gobbler's big tree loomed close in front of him, he found a spot which suited his purpose. Sitting on the pinestraw, his back against the trunk of a young water oak at the edge of a small thicket of gallberry which partly encircled him, he was almost invisible in his dun corduroy and khaki—a soundless, inconspicuous figure, motionless as a stump. Probably a long wait lay ahead of him, but he looked forward to it with satisfaction, even with pleasure.

He knew that the woods, lonely and empty though they seemed, were alive. Softly as he had moved, he was aware that keen ears had heard him, though he could not tell what ears. Keenly as he had scanned the ground and the branches, he was sure that sharp eyes which he had not been able to see had studied him as he made his way amid the tree trunks.

He knew also that the woods' folk as a rule have short memories and that it is movement which attracts and holds their attention. After he had remained for a little while motionless and silent in his ambush, he would be forgotten by some, ignored by others of the lesser forest creatures; and while most of the larger woods' dwellers moved about mainly at night, there was always a chance that some venturesome or unusually hungry prowler would pass nearby.

For a while he saw and heard only the smaller people of the woods—inquisitive ruby-crowned kinglets scolding peevishly and peering at him with round, beady little eyes; acrobatic-tufted tits swinging head downward amid the higher branches; blue-gray white-breasted nuthatches traveling up and down the tree trunks like deliberate feathered mice and talking incessantly to one another in nasal, unvarying tones. Soon, however, a big white-nosed iron-gray fox squirrel showed himself near the top of a pine; and presently, from a small steep-sided stream which wound through the wood fifty feet in front of his ambush, came a subdued splash which told the boy that some large bird or mammal had moved in the water. He wondered whether another otter had taken up its abode in

the Otter Woods, and for some minutes he considered the advisability of creeping forward cautiously to a point whence he could see the surface of the brook. Suddenly, however, a slight movement to his right drove this plan out of his mind.

Crouching close to the ground, a big male gray fox was creeping slowly across the pine-straw carpet. Chad's eyes gleamed as his lips silently framed two words. "Old Ringtail," he whispered under his breath and his hand tightened on the barrel of his gun. Yet, though the fox was within easy range, the boy made no further move.

HE OWED old Ringtail a grudge. The big gray fox, with the strangely barred tail which was



unlike the tail of any other gray fox ever seen in that region, had raided the plantation poultry flock on at least two occasions and had carried off at least two fine hens. But to Chad, Ringtail had long been a sort of hero because of the almost incredible skill which he had shown in baffling the best fox hunters and the best fox dogs of the neighborhood. Many stories were told of his cunning, and at least some of them were true; and the boy, though he himself was an ardent hunter, found a keen pleasure in these accounts of Ringtail's prowess and was conscious of a certain sympathy for the old dog fox who had proved himself more than a match for the finest hunting packs. True, when he had satisfied himself by an examination of certain tell-tale tracks that it was Ringtail who had stolen his hens, Chad had vowed to have revenge. Yet, now that the chance had come, he held his hand.

He waited because he was a woodsman before he was a gunner—because his interest in the ways of the wild folk was stronger than his desire for revenge; and he realized at once that the old fox was planning something, that he was even then preparing some exploit which would be worth watching. Ringtail's whole attitude, his every movement showed that he was deeply absorbed in some important and pressing piece of business; and Chad's eyes searched the woods in front, striving to determine the fox's purpose.

Plainly he had scented game. As he crept forward, very slowly and cautiously, his delicate feet making no sound, at times his pointed nose was raised high, moving from side to side. He was creeping straight toward the little creek winding through the forest behind steep banks which hid the water from view; and Chad, realizing that the wind blew from the creek toward the fox, suddenly remembered the splashing sound which he had heard in the brook a few minutes before.

He watched the fox eagerly, convinced that he had found the key to old Ringtail's strategy, though he was still in the dark as to what creature it was that had made that splash. He reflected, however, that Ringtail knew what he was about; that he was relying not upon sound alone but upon an even surer guide than sound; that his wonderful nose told him precisely what it was that lurked in the creek-bed or on the surface of the water. And, as had happened often in the past, the human hunter felt a thrill of envy as he considered that marvelous power of scent which is of greater value to the four-footed hunters than either sight or hearing—of greater value, even, than strength or speed.

The minutes passed. Still the old fox crept forward, moving more and more slowly as he neared the creek-bank, sometimes almost crawling on the ground; and still Chad waited, tense and motionless, forgetful of the gobbler in search of which he had come to the Otter Woods. Twice Ringtail had changed his direction slightly; and although he had heard no sound from the creek-bed, the boy knew that the creature lurking there had twice moved a little further up the stream. At last the fox crouched upon the very brink of the bank, just behind a small tuft of yellow, half-dead weeds. There he remained, still as a graven image, ears flattened, head raised an inch or two above the ground and pointing down the stream.

MINUTE followed minute until it seemed to Chad that fully a quarter of an hour must have passed. Then, just as a dark shadow swept across the ground and a great wide-winged bird swung in above the tree-tops and came to rest in the tallest pine, the boy realized that Ringtail had tightened his muscles for the leap.

Chad made his decision instantly. The big gobbler had come. He stood on the high limb upon which he had just alighted, peering all around him with bright, suspicious eyes. This was the moment for a shot—a shot which would surely bring him down. Again Chad's hand tightened on his gun; and again it rested there inactive, motionless.

Once more the woodsman in him had triumphed over the gunner. The gobbler could wait. Above all else Chad was determined to watch to the end the little drama of the woods which Ringtail was about to bring to a climax.

A moment he saw the fox poise himself on the creek-bank, his ears cocked forward now, his body half-raised on his slim wiry legs, his furry, faintly barred tail twisted a little to the side. Then, like a flash, he bounded over the rim of the bank and vanished.

Chad heard no splash of water as he had expected. Instead came a whirling tumult of wings, as three wood ducks catapulted upward from the creek and sped away through the trees, crying shrilly. Simultaneously Chad leaped to his feet and whipped his gun to his shoulder, the muzzle pointing upward toward the lofty limb where the gobbler had been perching.

He was too late by a fraction of a second. At the first flurry of the wood ducks' pinions, the gobbler had launched

too often to take chances; for his unusual size and, especially, his unique brush made him the particular object of many a fox hunter's ambition. Having had but three glimpses of the fox in the course of as many years, Chad would have laughed at the notion that he might encounter Ringtail again that very day. Yet so the forest Fates willed it.

By then it was mid-afternoon. Tired, disappointed and a little angry with himself, Chad was making his way homeward.

But for his desire to watch Ringtail stalk a victim, he would have bagged the big gobbler which his father expected or at least hoped for. He was deeply chagrined at his failure, which he felt was his own fault; and for some hours after the affair in the Otter Woods he had hunted diligently, hoping that he might still have the luck to "walk up" a feeding or roosting turkey. His search, however, had been fruitless. He had seen no game which would serve his purpose, though once at long range he had glimpsed the white flag of a fine buck which leaped from its bed in the green top of a fallen pine tree. Finally, he had given up his quest, and turned homeward.

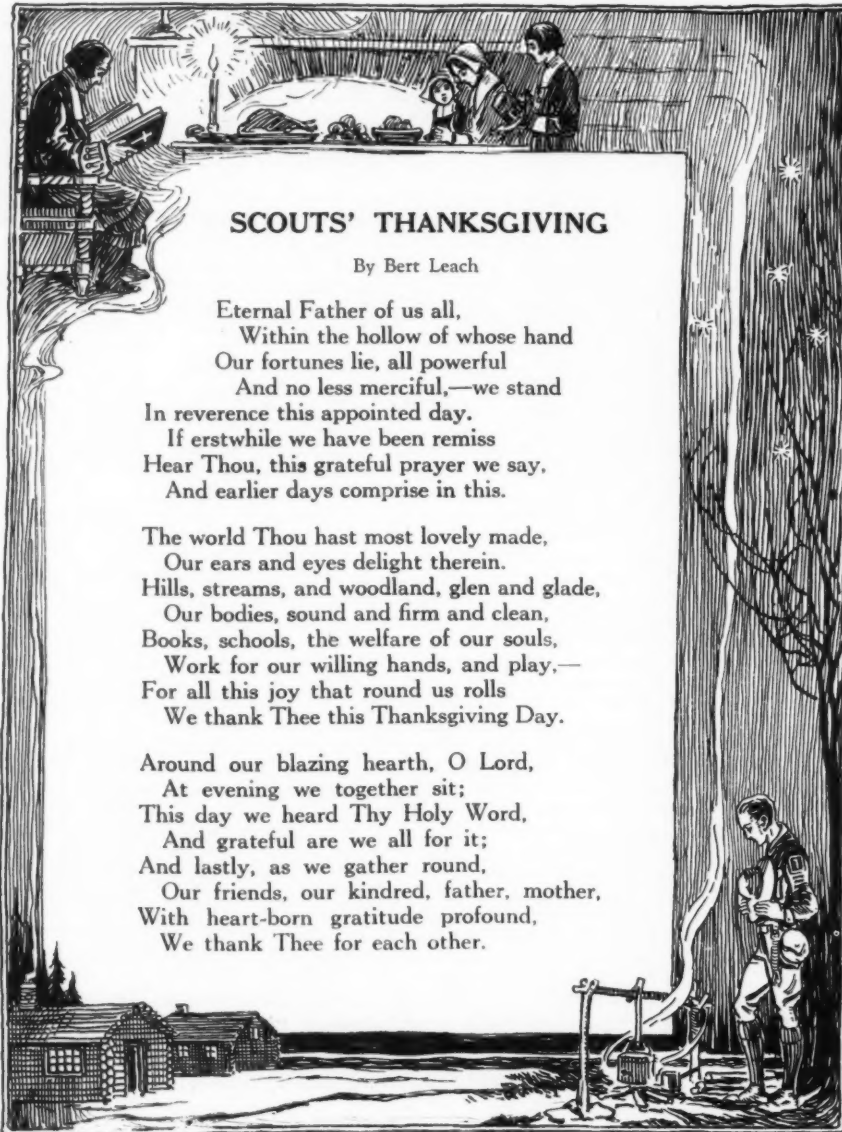
A deer path brought him to the woods' edge, and for some distance he followed the margin of the forest. To his left stretched a wide expanse of abandoned rice-field, thickly grown with tall cat-tails, reeds and water-grasses, yellow and sere now that autumn had come. Beyond the rice-fields wound a river; and beyond the river lay a wilderness of marsh and low thick jungle, stretching for miles, an almost impenetrable fastness, the home of many deer and even a few black bear.

Chad watched the open spaces to his left rather than the woods to his right. In the woods, little visible life was stirring; but above the rice-fields, above the river and above the jungly wilderness beyond, the air was full of movement. Small platoons of swift-flying mallards winged their way here and there, passing from one rice-field canal to another. Innumerable companies of blackbirds wheeled and maneuvered in the air. Now and again, a flock of doves passed well out of range, their long, pointed wings driving them at high speed. The graceful white herons which abounded on the rice-fields in summer had vanished with the advent of cool weather; but in their place had come other birds less beautiful perhaps, but not less interesting—long-tailed marsh harriers quartering the grassy plains; big red-tailed hawks, wide-winged and stately; a pair of white-headed eagles soaring grandly in the upper air.

Chad was watching one of the circling red-tails when, at a much lower height, three swift-flying birds shot across the field of his vision. He recognized them at once as wood ducks which had come out of the woods to his right; and following their course, he saw them swing around in a half circle, and then slant down to a spot in the rice-field not far from the woods' edge and perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead. Chad knew that spot well. A pool lay there, just at the head of a small canal—a placid, tiny pond which seemed always to be teeming with life. The wood ducks, he knew, were dabbling about the shallow reed-grown margins of this pond; and he thought with regret of the law which protected them and of his father's warning to leave them alone. But for that law, he might yet carry home some game worth having—indeed, the finest game that the plantation country afforded.

AS HE neared the pool, he decided that just for the fun of it, he would stalk the ducks; not in order to shoot them, of course, but simply to see how close he could get to them without being discovered. To carry out this purpose, he turned and made his way across the wet rice-field to a low bank thickly grown with reeds, then walked along the bank in the direction of the pool. Close to the little pond this bank joined at right-angles another and larger bank which extended from the woods clear across the rice-field to the river shore; and just at the junction of these two banks, Chad saw a surprising thing.

He saw Ringtail, the fox, standing in the path on the larger bank; and he saw with interest, too, that Ringtail held the body of a male wood duck in his jaws, evidently the same duck that the fox had captured in the Otter Woods that morning. Plainly Ringtail was not hungry and was saving his game until his appetite returned. But what was he up to now, the boy wondered. Why was he standing motionless



SCOUTS' THANKSGIVING

By Bert Leach

Eternal Father of us all,
Within the hollow of whose hand
Our fortunes lie, all powerful
And no less merciful,—we stand
In reverence this appointed day.
If erstwhile we have been remiss
Hear Thou, this grateful prayer we say,
And earlier days comprise in this.

The world Thou hast most lovely made,
Our ears and eyes delight therein.
Hills, streams, and woodland, glen and glade,
Our bodies, sound and firm and clean,
Books, schools, the welfare of our souls,
Work for our willing hands, and play,—
For all this joy that round us rolls
We thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day.

Around our blazing hearth, O Lord,
At evening we together sit;
This day we heard Thy Holy Word,
And grateful are we all for it;
And lastly, as we gather round,
Our friends, our kindred, father, mother,
With heart-born gratitude profound,
We thank Thee for each other.

himself from his perch. Chad caught one glimpse of a great wide-winged shape sailing swiftly away amid the tree-tops. Then he lowered his eyes to see Ringtail the fox standing on the creek bank gazing at him calmly, a male wood duck hanging from his jaws.

For perhaps five seconds the boy and the fox stared at each other without moving. Then, with a sudden swing of his body, Chad leveled his gun. He had watched the woods' drama through to its end; it was now time for action. Ringtail had cost him a fine gobbler. Moreover, wood ducks were favorites of his, and he had learned with angry surprise that among their many enemies was numbered at least one fox.

Chad had never known a fox to prey on wood ducks before; but evidently old Ringtail knew how to catch them, without even getting his feet wet, by stalking them along this narrow woods' creek and pouncing on them when they came out on the sandy margin below the bank. It was time to end the career of this murderer of precious wild fowl and costly thoroughbred hens.

Quickly as these thoughts flashed through the boy's brain, they were no quicker than the old fox whom they so vitally concerned. Suddenly, mysteriously, Ringtail vanished like a ghost, bounding with the swiftness of light down the steep bank just behind him. Chad ran forward, holding his gun ready; but Ringtail had gone, carrying his duck with him.

FOR at least three years and probably four, Ringtail had lived in the neighborhood of the plantation. Yet Chad, though he spent much time in the woods, had seen him only three times. In his extreme secretiveness the old dog fox was unlike many others of his kind. Sometimes the gray fox seems to take a certain joy in showing himself to man provided the man carries no gun, but old Ringtail was much too wise to indulge in such dangerous foolishness. He had been hunted

on the rice-field bank, his head held high, his sensitive nose testing the air?

Chad, screened by the reeds, stood still as a statue, his gun ready, his eyes studying the fox. Again an odd stroke of fortune had placed Ringtail at his mercy; yet, again, he found himself loath to fire the shot which would end the career of this furry brigand, this wild hunter whose wits had kept him safe so long amid so many dangers. Chad could not help admiring the beauty of the fox as he stood at attention, keenly alert, vividly alive, his thick coat of silver-gray, russet and black shining in the sun. The young woodsman hesitated. Once more he felt sure that Ringtail was planning something, and again he was conscious of a consuming curiosity to learn what that plan was, to watch the execution of the fox's design.

Presently, as the boy waited, Ringtail dropped the dead duck hanging from his jaws, lifted his head still higher and carefully sniffed the breeze, waving his nose from side to side. In a flash, Chad realized the fox's purpose. Evidently he had scented the wood ducks in the pool a little ahead of him up the wind, and, although he already had one duck, he was going to try for another.

For a moment Chad, angry at the thought of a second raid on the ducks, was on the point of throwing his gun to his shoulder. Then suddenly an idea came to him. His tightened muscles relaxed; but more eagerly than ever he watched the fox, awaiting his next move.

That move was exactly what Chad expected. After a moment or two, Ringtail seemed completely satisfied with what his nose told him. Leaving his duck lying on the ground, he walked slowly forward along the bank in the direction of the pool, passing out of sight amid the tall reeds and cat-tails. Chad waited some minutes, then very slowly and cautiously stole forward almost to the intersection of the two paths. There he halted and stood motionless, straining to catch some sound from the direction of the pool.

HE COULD not see the pool, for the reeds hid it from view.

But he could imagine what was taking place there—the three wood ducks dabbling in the shallows close to the margin, idling and feeding amid the succulent green water-growths along the edges; the lithe gray hunter creeping nearer and nearer amid the reeds, skilfully utilizing every scrap of cover to screen his slow approach. Chad knew the spot well. He could see it and its surroundings clearly in his mind's eye; and he figured the chances rapidly, deciding that, on the whole, the odds were against the gray hunter. The dry leaves of the frost-killed cat-tails would crackle at the slightest touch. It

seemed to Chad impossible that Ringtail could make his way through them so noiselessly as to get within leaping distance of his prey.

Yet, strange to say, Chad's feeling had undergone a complete reversal. Whereas heretofore his sympathies had been all with the ducks and against their would-be slayer, he now found himself earnestly hoping that Ringtail would succeed. In part, this change of sentiment was due to the admiration which he had conceived for the old fox's sagacity and skill—the

That, however, mattered little. In a minute or two, he would know. He waited, tense, expectant, his gun half-raised to his shoulder, his eyes fixed on the open space just ahead of him at the intersection of the two paths. Whether Ringtail had failed or succeeded, he would return to get the duck that he had left on the bank. Chad, standing behind the screen of reeds just around the corner where the two paths came together, would not be able to see Ringtail until the fox had reached the opening where he had left the duck. That would be the critical moment. Chad awaited it, every muscle taut, his finger on the trigger.

The White Leader

BY

CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

Author of "The Mountain Man" and other Andy MacPhail stories, will begin in BOYS' LIFE for December.

The hero is Lachlan Douglas, a cousin of Andy. The serial recounts his adventures as a Creek Indian captive, when Spain and France were plotting to drive American settlers from Tennessee by backing the Indians in warfare against them.

admiration which one good woodsman feels for another who has demonstrated his proficiency in the exacting arts of the woods. But in still larger part, the change was due to the idea, the plan, which had been born in Chad's mind a few minutes before. For the success of that plan depended on the outcome of Ringtail's undertaking.

The slow minutes passed. Chad waited as patiently as he could, knowing that the old fox was a careful worker and that this time he had need of especial caution. Yet the boy's patience was almost exhausted when at last he heard the sound for which he had been waiting—a sudden loud splashing, a violent whirring of swiftly-beating wings, followed immediately by the plaintive, discordant cry of a wood duck startled into flight. Chad craned his neck trying to see how many ducks rose from the pool; but the frightened birds flew in the opposite direction, partly hidden by the tall reeds, and he could not make sure whether they were two or three in number.

IT BURST upon him unexpectedly, seconds sooner than he expected. He had heard not the faintest sound: but, all at once, there in the opening where the two paths joined stood Ringtail, his tall ears pricked, his plummy, faintly barred brush waving slowly from side to side. He had not failed. In his jaws he held another wood duck, a fine drake; and with a playful flourish of his head, as though rejoicing over his triumph, he dropped this second trophy of his skill beside the other duck lying in the path.

Next moment, as the old fox raised his head, he saw Chad standing not twenty feet from him in the other path, his gun leveled.

For half a second the two looked into each other's eyes. Then the crashing roar of the shotgun shattered the silence.

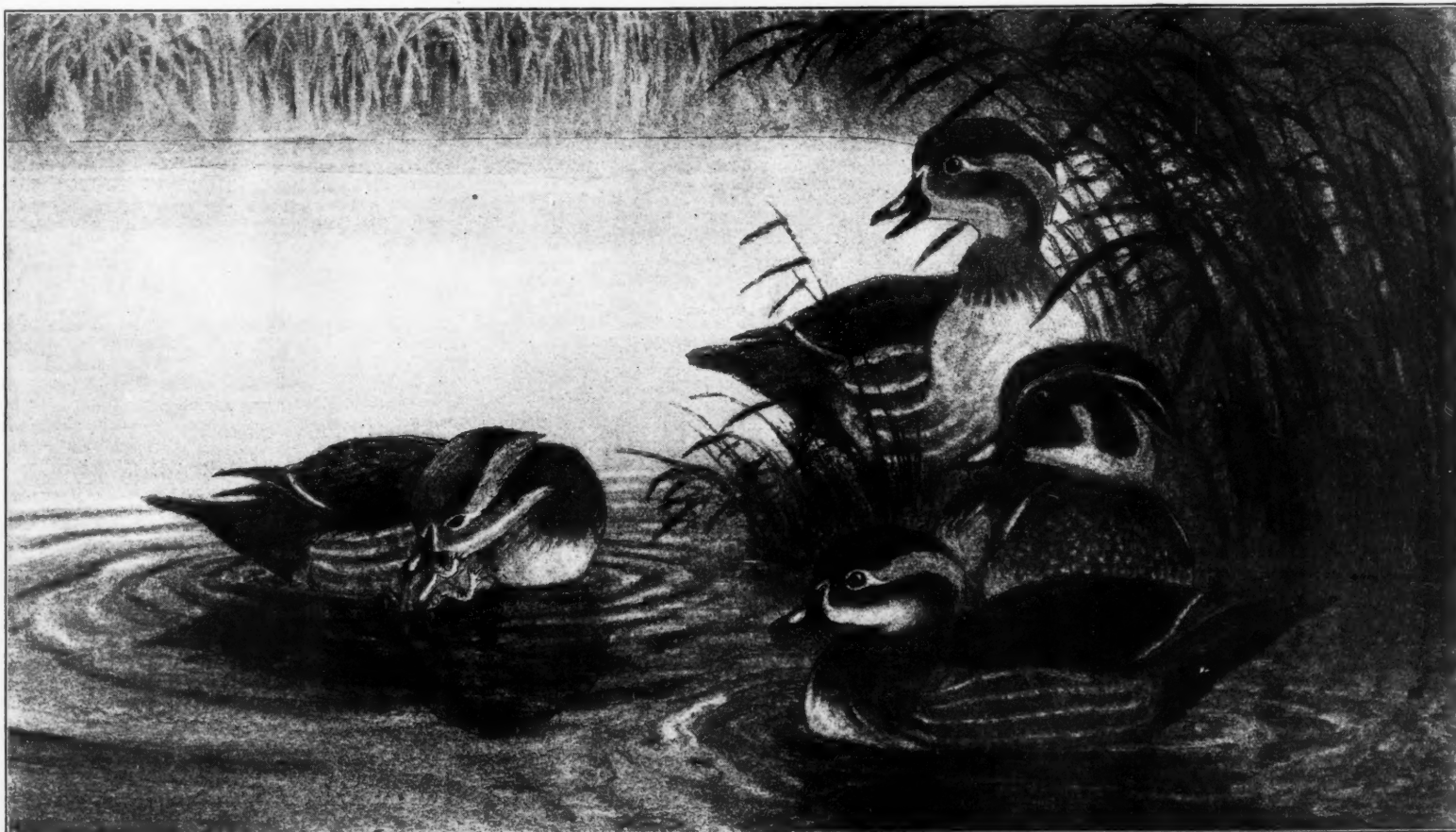
Chad walked forward briskly, breaching the gun and slipping in another cartridge. His tanned face wore a broad grin. He would never forget the expression on Ring-

tail's countenance the moment before he had pulled trigger, and he wondered gleefully what the old fox was thinking now. One thing he was sure of: Ringtail was still running and he would continue running for quite a while.

Chad stooped and examined the two wood ducks lying on the ground where Ringtail had placed them. They were in perfect condition, unbruised and showing only a few traces of blood. Then he glanced at the cat-tails beyond the bank, riddled and torn by the charge of turkey shot which he had fired five feet over the fox's head. Finally, grinning more broadly than ever, he picked up the ducks and started homeward.

Presently he laughed aloud.

"So," he chuckled, "the Judge is counting on summer ducks for dinner to-morrow, is he? Well, he'll have them, and without breaking any law either. But he ought to propose a rising vote of thanks to a certain old friend of mine who goes by the name of Ringtail in these parts."



Turkey

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Illustrated by John R. Neill

"BUT I don't know your old Aunt!" Pete Johnston protested. "Besides, we have turkey right here in school, don't we?"

"Huh, what kind of turkey?" jeered Cass Browning.

"What kind? How do I know? Think I'm a—Sultan? Turkey's turkey, isn't it?"

"No, sir! There are all sorts of turkeys, Pete; Vermont turkeys and Rhode Island turkeys—and wild turkeys—"

"Yeah, and Turkey red, but that—"

"And then there's school turkey, the sort you get here," went on Cass. "Skinny and tough and all dried up. Now Aunt Josephine's turkey—gosh, you just ought to sink a tooth in that, Pete! M-m-mm, boy! Big and fat and golden-brown, with the juice spouting out if you just touch it with a fork. And, say, talk about dressing! Aunt Josephine makes hers with chestnuts. And then there'll be cranberry sauce and sweet potatoes and white potatoes and squash—"

"I don't like squash," muttered Pete.

"Well, you wouldn't starve if you passed it up, would you? I'm just telling you what you'll get. Squash and—onions—"

"I don't—"

"And celery," proceeded the other hurriedly. "And olives—"

"I—"

"For goodness' sake, what do you like?"

"Olives," answered Pete calmly. "I was just saying so."

"Oh! Glad you like something. Then for dessert there'll be mince pie and pumpkin pie and—cheese—Oh, I guess I've forgotten a lot of things!"

"What does she have to drink?" asked Pete.

"Sweet cider! Slathers of it! Uncle Norton makes it himself out of his own russets."

"How far is it and how do we get there?" Pete inquired, looking very hungry.

"It's only about seventeen miles by train, and there's one at nine-twenty-seven. I looked it up."

"Maybe she wouldn't want company," said Pete.

"Haven't I been telling you how—how hospitable she is?" asked Cass impatiently. "She loves a crowd on Thanksgiving. Why, gosh, the last time I was there, two years ago, there must have been fourteen of us. She'll be tickled to death to see us. Besides, I—I guess I've got to go. You see, mother's been after me all fall to go and see Aunt Josephine, and if I've got to do it I guess Thanksgiving's about as good a time as any."

"I guess it is," agreed Pete emphatically. He was weakening, but it wouldn't do to give in too easily. "You think Doc will let us?"

"Why not? We're allowed to be away all day, aren't we? We can't go home because it's too far to get back by nine, but he can't stop us from going to Aunt Josephine's, because it won't be any trick at all to get to Clemford by noon and get back here by supper time. What do you say?"

"We'll, if you're certain she wouldn't mind me butting in. But you'll have to tell her I'm coming, Cass."

"Of course. This is Sunday. I'll write to her tomorrow."

So it was arranged, and on Thursday Cass and Pete joined the ranks of those of Doctor Morrell's pupils who were fortunate enough to eat Thanksgiving dinner away from school. Attired in their best, they trudged superbly to the station in time for the nine-twenty-seven. It was quite an ideal day for Thanksgiving. But perhaps any sort of weather is ideal when you are leaving boarding school behind and setting forth for an Aunt Josephine's! The sun was rather bashful and there was quite a wintry feel in the still air, but it was a morning to make a fellow's blood tingle and his appetite to grow fast. In fact, they were already hungry by the time the station came in to view, for in their excitement they had sadly neglected breakfast.

"What time does your Aunt have dinner?" Pete asked.

"About two, I think."

Pete did a sum in mental arithmetic and sighed. "Five hours! Oh, my gosh!"

To reach Clemford from Woodside you changed at Waterford for a branch-line train. The time-table had told Cass that. But when they sought tickets they were met with the stunning information that on Thanksgiving and Christmas days the 9:52 on the Waterford branch didn't run. The ticket-seller pointed to an asterisk that had escaped Cass's notice. The next train for Clemford left Waterford at two-forty.

"Two-forty!" gasped Cass. "But we've got to be there

at two! Are you certain there isn't a train before that?"

"Yep," said the agent. "Take the two-twenty-two from here and you'll connect nicely."

They went out and sat on a baggage-truck. Pete indulged in sarcasms. Cass laid it all on the asterisk. The nine-twenty-seven came and departed, and they watched it go apathetically. Then, after a long silence, Pete sighed and said: "Well, come on, Cass. Let's go back. Guess it doesn't get you anything to be too particular about your turkey. Wish I hadn't gone and got all doped up, and blacked my shoes and everything. Gosh, what a sell!"

"I've got it!" exclaimed Cass triumphantly. "We'll hire a car!"

"Who's going to pay for it?"

"We will. I've got four dollars and something. How much have you got?"

"Three and a quarter, but that—"

"That's seven isn't it? Well, I'll bet we can hire a Ford all day for that. Come on!"

It was even as Cass said, although at first the garage man held out for ten dollars and didn't capitulate until the boys

"Did they catch him?" asked Cass eagerly.

"Catch nothin'! It didn't take him over two minutes, and when Steve came runnin' out, yellin' blue murder, the feller was gone."

"But they chased him?"

"No one saw him go, kid. Weren't many folks around, anyhow. Not till Steve began shouting. One feller says he was in a flivver and another feller says he had a big seven-passenger touring. They'll catch him, though. State Police have been notified. All right. Start her up. Sounds better, don't she? Huh? Oh, say thirty-five cents. So long."

They stopped near the drug store and gazed for a minute in fascination at the scene of the crime, but nothing interesting transpired and they went on again. The Skipper did sound better, but there was still a trace of the former malady. A mile or so further along Cass gave an exclamation of dismay. At the junction of a cross road sat a uniformed member of the State Police. Instinctively Cass slowed down.

"What you scared of?" asked Pete. "We weren't doing more than twenty-five."

"I know we weren't," Cass muttered. "But suppose he wants to see my license!"

"What! Why, you said you had one, didn't you?"

"So I have, but it's at home," growled Cass. "What would I bring it to school with me for?"

"Oh, well, if you tell him," began Pete.

AND just then the officer held up his hand and The Skipper stopped a few yards away. Pete saw that the motorcycle had a side-car attached, that the side-car was empty and that the officer was staring very hard at them.

"Where you boys from?" he asked. Cass told him. "Pass any cars between here and Adler?" Cass truthfully said no. The policeman came over and looked into the back of The Skipper, grunted and waved them forward. "All right," he said. Cass' sigh of relief almost drowned the noise of the car as it shot on again!

"Looking for the hold-up man," said Pete, staring back at the once more motionless figure of the officer.

"Glad he wasn't looking for my license," said Cass fervently. "If he had been we'd have been pinched, I guess."

Two miles further another interruption ensued. In front of a small house set close to the highway a woman in a blue-checked dress was behaving so strangely that Cass just naturally pulled up to see what was wrong. He suspected that the house was on fire, but the woman, who seemed a rather unpleasant person even in view of the provocation she had received, instantly set him right.

"T wan't you boys took it, I guess," she said shrilly as they leaned out. "I ain't sayin' you wouldn't if you had a chance, but I guess you didn't. If I knowed you did take it I'd skin 'em alive! I'd have 'em arrested, too, I would so! 'T wan't on the window-still more'n five minutes, either! Right yonder!" She pointed with the broom she had been waving so excitedly. "Varmints, they be, the whole lot of 'em! I'll skin 'em—"

"What was it, ma'am?" ventured Pete interestedly. But Cass, who was nearest the irate woman and the agitated broom, suddenly let in the clutch and The Skipper rolled on. From behind, the shrill voice pursued them, dwindling to silence eventually. Cass was chuckling.

"Some fellow stole a pie, I guess," he said. "I'll bet it will poison him if he eats it!"

"Awfully dishonest country around here," observed Pete.

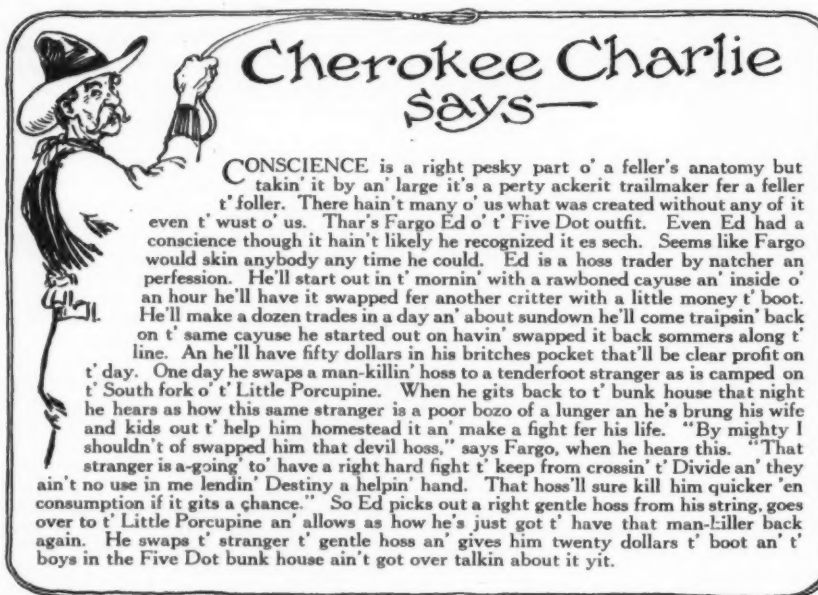
Their journey was considerably more than half accomplished when once more there came a pause. This time it was a traveler in a medium-sized car with a New Jersey license plate who signaled them to stop. The car, headed in the direction in which The Skipper was traveling, stood by the side of the road with its hood thrown back. The driver, a youngish man with a smooth face, accosted them. "Awfully sorry to trouble you fellows," he said, "but my car's broken down."

"That's all right," answered Cass. "Anything we can do? What seems to be the trouble?"

"Forgot to put oil in and everything's jammed tight. Look at her sizzle!"

She was sizzling beyond any doubt. "Want me to send a mechanic out?" asked Cass. "Or do you think you'll have to be towed?"

"Well, I don't know." The man was leaning against The Skipper now, a foot on the running-board, and Pete didn't like his looks so well. For one thing, his blue eyes were cold



had emptied their pockets and convinced him that seven dollars was the total of their wealth; seven dollars and some small coins. Then since, as he said, he was going to close early and go home to his turkey dinner, and since, as Cass said, they would be very, very careful of the car, he took the seven dollars, cranked up a dilapidated flivver and wished them luck. Cass drove because he had a license and Pete hadn't. They trundled out of Woodside at a few minutes after ten.

THE car didn't do so badly considering age and evident infirmities, although Cass said he suspected that ten dollars had been the selling instead of the renting price! Not having driven for two months, Cass used caution and, save for scraping a flapping mudguard against a coal truck, reached Waterford without accident at ten twenty-one. The distance to Clemford by road was twenty-two miles, and Cass had prophesied that they would be at Aunt Josephine's by eleven. But after they had wormed their way through Waterford he amended the prophecy. He said it might be nearly half-past eleven. Still, as Pete reflected, that would be time enough. He asked Cass if he had informed Aunt Josephine when to expect them, but Cass was frowning at the engine just then and didn't answer.

The engine was missing now quite regularly, but it kept on going. Cass dubbed the car The Skipper, a not inappropriate name since progress was distinctly a series of jumps and lurches. Four miles outside Waterford a small town proclaimed itself Adler and a service station advertised repairs. They had forty-seven cents left, and they decided to have The Skipper attended to. The town seemed to be celebrating Thanksgiving more heartily than either Woodside or Waterford, for most of its population was gathered in groups along the main thoroughfare engaged in earnest conversation. This phenomenon was explained by the repair man while he poked at The Skipper's vitals with a long screw-driver.

"You guys are just too late for the excitement," he announced. "Feller come along in a car about ten minutes ago, walked into Steve Buyers' Drug Store over there and held up Steve with a gun. Got pretty near four hundred dollars from the safe. Slick, eh?"

and shifty; for another his smile was crooked; for a third his hands were very, very dirty, so dirty that even ministering to a broken-down engine couldn't account for their condition. Pete was glad that they had only twelve cents left and that his watch was nickel! "I was thinking," continued the man, "that maybe I could get hold of a State Police fellow and get him to take word back to the next town. Don't happen to have seen one lately, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said Cass reassuringly, "we passed one about five miles back."

"Oh, you did, eh?" The man didn't sound as pleased as Cass thought he should. He looked in the indicated direction and asked: "Was he coming this way?"

"No, he was just sitting on his motorcycle. You see, there was a hold-up awhile back at a place called Adler and I guess the cop was watching for the crook."

"A hold-up, eh? Goodness, what's the world coming to? Well, say, I wonder if you'll do a favor for me. I suppose you're going through Thomasville."

"Thomasville? I'm not sure. We're headed for a place called Clemford."

"Well, Thomasville's straight ahead about nine miles," said the man hurriedly. "It won't be out of your way none, I guess. I've got to stay here with the car, see? And I've got a turkey in there that I promised to get to a fellow in Thomasville in time for dinner. He'll be looking for it and—"

"Why, certainly," said Cass. "We'll take it. What's his name?"

"Pinzner, Joe Pinzner. He runs a cigar store at the corner of Howard Street and Railroad Avenue. You can't miss it. Has yellow signs and sits right across from the station. You just leave the turkey with him and say 'Stout' sent it. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Joe Pinzner, across from the railway station. Say Mr. Stout sent it."

"No, not 'Mister' Stout," said the other impatiently. "Just 'Stout.' It's a nickname, see?" He continued to stare fixedly back along the road, doubtless impatient for the arrival of the policeman. "I'll get it," he added.

HE CAME back bearing something large that was hidden from sight by a motor-robe. "Leave this over it and keep the dust off, see?" he instructed as he placed the thing in the back of the little car. "And you can have it for your trouble," he added. "It's a good robe, son. All right now. Much obliged, and—say, I guess you'd better step on the gas, because Joe's going to have an early dinner."

"Sure you don't want me to send someone out here?" asked Cass. The man shook his head impatiently, waved them away and watched them out of sight.

"Funny game," mused Cass. "How's he expect to get the car fixed if he doesn't get word to a garage somewhere? Say, what's it like, Pete? Have a look."

"Why—why," ejaculated Pete muffledly as he hung over the back of his seat and peered beneath the robe, "it's cooked!"

"Cooked? Well, that's a funny one! Gosh, wouldn't it be a sell if we took it along to Aunt Josephine's, eh? Might tell her we'd brought our own dinner with us," chuckled Cass. "Say, what was the name of that fellow?"

"Mincer, wasn't it?"

"Something like that. Anyway, we've got a good-looking robe, eh?"

"Yes," agreed Pete, and added thoughtfully: "And it's sure a good-looking bird, too, Cass. Bet you it weighs fifteen pounds, easy! Cooked nice, too. All brown and—"

"Cut it out!" said Cass. "I'm starved! Whoa! Say, did you see what that sign said?"

Pete hadn't, so they rolled back, and it said "Bounceton, 4 M—Clemford, 9 M." Cass turned The Skipper into the right-hand road and went on. The road wasn't as good as the one they had left, and Cass said Bounceton had been mighty . . . well . . . named! Bang! Even after Bounceton had been passed, however, the bounces continued, and perhaps it was one of them which jogged Pete's senses, for he said suddenly: "Where's Thomasville? That sign didn't say anything about it!"

Well, Cass didn't know, but there wasn't anyone in sight to ask and so they went bumping on, arguing a bit heatedly. It was fully twenty minutes later when a car that was almost a duplicate of The Skipper and must have been a very near relative came into view. Cass pulled up out of the way, halted and made signs. The other car stopped and an elderly man with a prominent and very nervous Adam's apple stared mildly across at them. "Thomasville?" he repeated after Cass. "Why, Thomasville's back there quite a spell. 'Bout eight miles, I call it. Go back to the main road and turn right and keep on across the covered bridge—"

"But, gosh, we can't go back now!" wailed Cass. "Eight miles! Great Scott, why, it's twenty minutes to twelve, Pete!"

"Looks like we'd got to, though," Pete said sadly. "There's that confounded turkey!"

"What do I care?" demanded Cass angrily. "How about our own turkey? It's only a mile or so farther to Aunt Josephine's and—"

"You boys selling turkeys?" inquired the elderly stranger. Cass explained everything exasperatedly, and "Sho," said the man, "if that's all that's troublin' you, 'tain't nothin'."

I'm agoin' to Thomasville right now and I'll take it for you. What's the man's name, again?"

"Nansen," said Cass, "Jim Nansen. He keeps a store with a yellow sign—was it yellow, Pete?"

"Green, I think."

"Yes, with a green sign, at the corner—well, right opposite the railway station."

"Guess I can find it," said the helpful gentleman. "What about the robe?"

Cass and Pete exchanged glances. Then Cass swallowed hard and said: "You keep it for your trouble, sir."

"Why, thank you kindly, boys. It's a right nice robe. Well, I'll be gettin' along. Good day to you."

"Gee, that was lucky," said Cass. "Even if we did have to

give him the robe! Look, Pete, there's Clemford! See the spire? That's the Baptist Church. Only about a mile more now and then—Oh, boy! Hungry, Pete?"

"I could eat nails," answered Pete simply but very earnestly.

THEY jogged through the single street that seemed to be Clemford, chugged up a long hill and, their spirits rising with every cough of the motor, approached Aunt Josephine's. Before long Cass, smiling contentedly, turned into a drive and headed for a large, square house that set well back from the winding road. Half-way along the tree-bordered lane he began a salvo on the horn. No one, however, appeared to hear it, and The Skipper rolled up to the front door apparently unsuspected of Aunt Josephine or Uncle Norton or anyone else. Cass jumped out and surveyed the white house in some perplexity. It looked surprisingly silent and unconcerned. Then he climbed the steps, crossed the wide porch and tried the door. It refused to yield. He turned smilingly a careless countenance to Pete and called down: "Door's locked. Got to ring."

Pete nodded. It was, he thought, rather funny to have all the shades pulled down like that. Far away somewhere a bell jangled. But nothing else happened. Cass rang again and again waited. Then he put a thumb on the button and leaned his weight against it and the distant jangling went on and on. Finally Cass desisted, came down the steps and looked up at the blank countenance of the house. He was still smiling, but it was an uneasy smile now.

"I'll go around back," he said at last. "Folks must be all in the kitchen or somewhere."

"Dead, likely," growled Pete.

Two minutes later Cass was back, shaking his head. "I guess they haven't got back from church yet," he observed. "We'll have to wait awhile. Come on up on the porch, Pete."

"Maybe they didn't expect us so early," said Pete, seating himself on the top step. "What time did you say we'd get here?"

"I—I didn't say," replied Cass, avoiding the other's inquiring gaze. "I didn't think it was worth while."

"Huh, well—" Pete stopped abruptly and stared accusingly at the other. "Cass Browning, I'll bet you never wrote at all!"

"Well, I didn't have time, Pete. I was fearfully busy, and—well, anyway, what was the use? I knew Aunt Josephine would be tickled to death to see us."

"Yes, it looks like it," said Pete. "How do you know—why, gee heck, how do you know they even live here now?"

"What! Don't be a dumb-bell! Why, of course they live here. I guess I know where my Aunt lives! They've gone to church, like I told you. You talk like a fish, Pete!" Whereupon Cass made another scrutiny of the silent house and then added: "Like a regular fish!" But he said it much less convincingly, and after that they sat in silence for a long while and watched the road. And nothing came into sight, and it got to be half-past twelve and Pete was certain that he was

(Continued on page 34)

He came back bearing something large that was hidden from sight by a motor-robe



Pee-Wee's Patrol

A Story with a Hundred Laughs

By Percy K. Fitzhugh

Illustrated by
A. Conway Peyton



It was he who first thought of using the sprinkler as a shower-bath

THERE were dark rumors about the Liventi brothers. How these rumors started it would be impossible to say, but they have been traced back as far as little Irene McCormack, who told Willie Corway that the parents of the Liventi brothers "acted in shows."

On the strength of this information, Willie Corway took particular note of the Liventi boys when next he saw them on their way to school. Seeing nothing unusual about them, he reported to Irene that she "was lyin'."

However, the rumor persisted, and the two boys who were newcomers in town were subjected to a kind of awesome surveillance in their immediate neighborhood.

Finally, little Irene precipitated a climax by saying (and crossing her heart to verify it) that her big brother who traveled on the road had himself seen Signor and Signora Liventi in refined vaudeville in Cincinnati. Signora, he said, played a gorgeous concertina, while her husband elicited music from strings of bells which he shook. Irene's brother said that they "were all dressed up in gold and stuff." With such authentic reports, perhaps Irene may be pardoned for sticking out her tongue at Willie Corway.

At all events this report was enough for Pee-Wee Harris. In the darkness of the night he walked past the unpretentious Liventi residence several times, casting fascinated glances at it. Seeing nothing more spectacular than the little, narrow porch with lighted windows opening upon it, he was finally emboldened to ascend the steps with dramatic stealth and take a fearful peep at the interior.

There was nothing to be seen in the little, ill-furnished parlor but a few shabby pieces of furniture and a discordantly ornate drop light on the center table. Sitting there was the only suggestion which the room contained of anything romantic or unusual. This was an old woman in a shawl of such a variety of vivid colors that in itself it suggested to the beholder something out of the ordinary in its wearer's vocation and nationality. It was fringed and tinsel, and altogether bizarre.

For the lack of anything else to bespeak the enticing glamor and mystery of "acting in shows," Pee-Wee accepted this gaudy article of apparel as proof positive that the parents of the Liventi boys were actually theatrical celebrities.

And they were living on his own block, in one of the poor, little, old-fashioned houses up near the corner! The old

woman in the multi-colored shawl was sewing, and it detracted somewhat from the vision which Pee-Wee had conjured up that she was darning a stocking, presumably the property of a real son of a real actor in real shows.

Pee-Wee assumed (and here he was right) that the old woman in the tinsel shawl was the grandmother of Tasca and Bruno, and that she took care of them during the prolonged absences of Signor and Signora on the road. To see the grandmother of two boys whose parents acted in real shows was not much, but it was something. To see upon the shoulders of such a very old woman, a shawl which would make a rainbow look like widows' mourning by contrast, would seem to clinch the fugitive rumors about the neighborhood that Bruno and Tasca Liventi were connected with the stage. That shawl removed them from everything ordinary and cast a sort of glamor over them.

PEE-WEE walked reverently where the stage was concerned for he was himself a manager on an exceedingly humble scale. If he was not the greatest producer in town, he was certainly the greatest producer of the block on which he lived, a block containing nine houses and four boys. It was he who first thought of using the sprinkler as a shower-bath connected with an elevated wash-boiler full of water to give a realistic demonstration at a church affair of how boy scouts can kindle a fire in a pelting rain. This difficult operation was performed with twigs in a refrigerator pan while the sprinkler kept up a torrential downpour accompanied by thunder elicited from a sheet of tin roofing off stage.

But Pee-Wee was not only a bold originator of stage effects (reproducing the marvelous resourcefulness of scouts); he was brave as well. And the very next time that he saw Tasca and Bruno he accosted them with charges of their theatrical connection.

They were dark-skinned, brown-eyed boys, these brothers, with a handsome foreign look. Tasca threw his head back and stared at Pee-Wee with his lustrous eyes as if receiving a challenge.

Pee-Wee went straight to the point. "Do your mother and father act in shows?" he asked. "In real shows that you have to pay to get in?"

"They're as good as your father and mother," Tasca answered.

Pee-Wee received this as a compliment, for indeed he thought that people who acted in shows and were all dressed in gold and stuff, were infinitely above the prosaic folk among whom he lived.

"Do they act in big shows where you have to buy tickets and where they have private boxes and everything?" he asked.

"They're artists," said Tasca.

"Do they paint pictures?"

"No, they're music artists."

"I got up lots of shows," Pee-Wee said. "I got up shows where you had to pay ten cents, I did; scout shows. I bet you're not scouts."

"Nobody asked us," said Bruno. "I ask you," Pee-Wee promptly announced. "I got a right to ask anybody I want to. Will you show me your mother and father sometime—if I get you into the scouts?"

Here was a proposition. Bruno and Tasca looked with favor on joining the scouts. They knew so little about scouting that they were ready to believe that influence was necessary to get them into the scout ranks. And Pee-Wee spoke as if he had unlimited influence. But Tasca, knowing his parents to be ordinary human beings, was a little perplexed.

"What do you want to see them for?" he asked. "Do they wear all gold and stuff?" Pee-Wee inquired. "What do they take off when they act?"

"They don't take off anything," Bruno said. "You got to take off something," Pee-Wee persisted. "I took off a lion once—how he roars."

"You mean imitate?" Bruno said. "They play bells and the concertina," said Tasca, cutting the matter short, "and they're on Keith's circuit."

"You mean circus?" Pee-Wee demanded. "No, I don't, I mean circuit," said Tasca. "It means the different places they travel around to—all different theatres."

Pee-Wee gazed at the brothers almost with awe. "Can you do acting?" he asked.

"We can play the marimba," Bruno said; "our father showed us; he's giving us lessons."

Pee-Wee's look of awe intensified. Here he was actually face to face with two future actors, who would in the fullness of time be all dressed in gold and stuff and go on a circuit—whatever that was.

"What's a marimba?" he asked. "It's all wooden bars and you hit them with hammers," said Bruno. "We got one belongs all alone to us; my father doesn't use it any more."

"Can I see it?" Pee-Wee asked. "And can I see your mother and father?"

"You can see them Sunday when they get home," said Tasca.

"And I'll get you in the scouts," Pee-Wee said; "I'll get you in the new patrol I'm going to start, and you can be the band of it."

"A marimba isn't a band," Bruno said.

"Sure it is," said Pee-Wee; "ain't music a band? I know all about bands because I'm a scout. Did you ever act in real shows—in big shows?"

"We did, only the Society wouldn't let us because we have to go to school," Bruno said.

"Anyway you did act in real shows?" Pee-Wee persisted, gazing at them with extraordinary interest.

"And we're going to when we grow up," Bruno said.

"Well, anyway," Pee-Wee said, "the Society can't stop you from being scouts, that's one sure thing. Societies have got nothing to say about scouts; I got more to say about it than they have. I'm a first class scout, so will you join? If you'll show me your mother and father you can be in the new patrol I'm starting, and we'll get up a show and you can act in it, because anyway I'm going to get up a show up in Little Valley, in a church up there. And if any society tries to stop you," Pee-Wee added darkly, "I'll show them, I will. So do you want to join? Because I'm starting a new patrol that's going to be called the Chipmunks? So what do you say?"

Tasca and Bruno Liventi had never joined the scouts because they had never lived long enough in one place to make that worth while. They had traveled with their gorgeous parents until some organized busy-bodies had intervened and required them to go to school.

Youngsters though they were, these temperamental little Italians were familiar with all the great operas and had a natural love and aptitude for good music. It seemed a pity

that they had to go to school and sing *Oh joy, Oh joy, the spring is here*. First and last they had more real culture than ever they would acquire in public school.

But the powers ordained that these dark-eyed strangers must study reading, writing and arithmetic. So Signor and his wife had taken the little house on Terrace Avenue in Bridgeboro and placed the two boys in the care of their picturesque old grandmother. The house was one of three in a row and these looked strange enough on the block of handsome residences where Pee-Wee lived. They seemed huddling together in very shame like a group of shabby, little triplets awestruck by the pretentious company in which they found themselves. The tenants in these little houses were not on cordial terms with Terrace Avenue. They did not go back and forth on the trains and discuss golf.

As for Signor and his tinselled lady, they did not intrude in Bridgeboro society. Few people ever saw them. If Pee-Wee could have seen them coming down on the last train on Saturday nights (as they sometimes did) they would not have inspired him with awe. A dumpy, shabby, little Italian man with two huge traveling cases and a weary-looking woman also laboring with baggage, they did not look much like the magnificent pair who smiled and bowed graciously on the Keith circuit.

Weird sounds of practising emanated from the little house on Sundays when Signor and his wife were there. But their engagements often kept them away on Sundays too, and sometimes they would not visit Bridgeboro for weeks. They went early and came late and no one had a chance to snub them. Not that anyone wished to, but the tenants who lived in the three little misplaced houses were not taken too seriously on Terrace Avenue.

Bruno and Tasca wanted to join the scouts and soon they availed themselves of the only means they knew of to achieve this end. They stood in their dooryard one Saturday morning gazing wistfully at Pee-Wee as he strode by on his way to scout headquarters ready for the usual Saturday hike. To say that he was in his full scout regalia would be doing him an injustice. His scout regalia was more than full, it was flowing over. As a scout it was his policy to show his colors, also his belt ax, his scout knife, his aluminum frying-pan, his compass and his watertight match container. For though he was a faithful devotee of the much flaunted art of making a fire without a match, he never failed to wear this watertight container on a shoe-string around his neck.

THE Liventi boys gazed at this passing spectacle with admiring consternation. That such a heroic creature could actually make a stipulation to see their poor mother and father, that he could make this the condition of a bargain, seemed preposterous. They did not believe that they could be accepted into the wonderful circle of scouting on any such easy terms. It was too good to be true. For, alas, poor Bruno and Tasca knew that what they had to show was very trifling and commonplace. They dwelt behind the scenes, these boys. It was Tasca who ventured upon a reference to the bargain.

"Hey, if you want to—did you mean what you said?" he inquired bashfully.

The hero paused.

"If you want to see our mother and father you can come in to-morrow because they're coming home late to-night," Tasca said. He did not have quite the courage to refer specifically to the bargain, but he hoped that Pee-Wee would recall it.

Our hero was, indeed, too much of a promoter to have forgotten it. He had started many patrols, in fact that was his specialty, but the new Chipmunk aggregation was going to be something very unusual. Since learning the dark truth about the Liventis he had decided to make it a sort of musical and theatrical patrol, and to have a *circuit*, though he was not quite clear as to what was meant by that word. As for the Liventis he intended to kill two birds with one stone; he was going to gaze upon that gorgeous twain who "acted in real shows" and he was going to scoop in two new members. He did not (as the brothers thought) regard his act as one of gracious condescension, a magnificent and epoch-making good turn.

"Did you—did you honest and true mean what you said—about letting us come in?" Tasca ventured. "Because they'll be here all day to-morrow."

"Will they be mad if I come and look at them?" Pee-Wee asked. Now that the great moment seemed almost at hand he was seized with fear and misgiving.

"Why would they get mad?" Bruno asked.

"I tell you what I'll do," Pee-Wee said. "I'll call three times outside first, hey? I'll give three squeaks like a chipmunk when he gets caught, hey? Because anyway you have to know the chipmunk squeak; it's like this." He gave an exceedingly shrill imitation of the voice of a chipmunk, "when he is caught," which seemed to impress the brothers. Pee-Wee might have taken a lesson from the humble, little creature whom he had chosen as the godfather of his new patrol. For it is a quiet little animal having not much to say except (as Pee-Wee had observed) when it is caught.

"See if you can do it," Pee-Wee said.

Thus the Liventi boys took their first lesson in scouting from the great master.

"When I squeak like that three times to-morrow, you come to the door," Pee-Wee said.

PEE-WEE had always been an aggressive hero; among his comrades, Roy Blakeley and the others, he had always been able to hold his own against concerted attacks of jolly. But when he walked into the poor, little musty front room of the Liventi home, he stepped with reverence and awe. He felt that in a way he was on the stage.

This feeling was increased by the presence of a sumptuous marimba,* a thing so magnificent in shining nickel and superfluous metal ornamentation that it seemed quite out of place in its humble environment. Signor had discarded the ornate instrument (in deference to a capricious public) in favor of strings of bells also gorgeously mounted, by shaking which he extracted operatic and popular gems; he preferred the operatic.

The Liventi boys kept their end of the bargain to the letter. Pee-Wee experienced a slight shock as the parents of the boys entered the room, Signor in his shirt sleeves and collarless, but with mustache twisted to deadly points and with arms gesticulating a welcome.

"You are da scouta boy, huh?" he said. "Scouta boy, dats all righta."

Signora was evidently weary from travel for she did no more than show herself, then withdrew; but Signor was a glorious host bowing and smiling as if he were receiving the whole personnel of the Boy Scouts of America. Pee-Wee was overwhelmed. If he had expected Signor to appear in tinselled knickerbockers, he at least was not disappointed at his welcome. He could hardly reconcile the unbuttoned, collarless shirt with the motley splendor of vaudeville as he knew it, but Signor was very friendly and ingratiating and that was better than all. He did not seem to stand aloof in awful majesty from the residents of Terrace Avenue. Tasca and Bruno seemed to say, "Now we have kept our word; what next?"

Pee-Wee hardly knew what to say in this negligee but still romantic presence, so he said, "I get up shows sometimes; I'm going to get up a dandy one to act up in Little Valley. Maybe Tasca and Bruno could be in it, hey?"

For answer Signor pressed his heart feelingly with one hand and grasped Pee-Wee's with the other. Pee-Wee had never dreamed that "refined vaudeville" would take him to its bosom quite so readily.

"You are da fina scouta boy, huh!" said Signor Liventi, brimming with cordial enthusiasm. "Tasca, Bruno, dey joiner da scout—you make 'em da scout. Aaah, dey play er da fine musik! Dey go er da hike—woods—all—fina. Shu, young mister! Dey be a da good scout. Hey, Tasca, Bruno; what you say?"

Roving player and foreigner though he was, Signor knew what was in the air about scouting and he wanted those two boys of his to be scouts. It seemed as if he had waited for this opportunity. He was certainly appealing to the right authority. Pee-Wee was not only the smallest, he was also the greatest of boy scouts. He was the greatest scoutmaker known to the organization. He sat with befitting respect and listened to the dark-skinned brothers play selections with dextrous variations from "Carmen" while the gorgeous silvered frame of the resounding marimba vibrated under their vigorous and lightning blows. Never again would Scout Harris permit the rabble outside the school to ridicule the Liventi boys and call them "wops."

THE masterly performance of Bruno and Tasca inspired Pee-Wee with the spirit of big enterprise and abandoning the role of enraptured beholder he launched forth upon an outline of his latest cherished dream.

*A marimba is an instrument consisting of a graduated row of wooden bars laid side by side from which music is made by strokes of a hammer.

"Sure, I'll get 'em into the scouts," he ejaculated with comforting assurance, "and they'll even go up to Temple Camp with us and everything—gee whiz, don't you worry."

Signor Liventi was so far from worrying that he clapped his left hand over his heart and gracefully extended the other; he certainly had the grand manner, and it even obliterated his collarless shirt. "Winna da badge—shu!" he said glancing proudly at his sons. "Maka da fine trail, hey? Shu."

"Sure they'll go trailing and everything," Pee-Wee said. "But that'll be in the summer after school closes and anyway before that, I have a dandy idea. Scouts, they've got lots of resources and I thought of a dandy way for Tasca and Bruno to win a badge even before they win it kind of as you might say."

The father and sons were all attention, anxious to know how a badge could be won before it was won.

"You see you can't get a merit badge till you're a first-class scout," our hero explained. "I'm one of those," he added. "You got to go through two stages first—tenderfoot and second class."

Tasca and Bruno seemed enraptured at these details of scouting.

"But anyway," Pee-Wee said, "do you know what a technicality is?"

Signor raised his eyes dubiously as if to make the humiliating confession that he did not know.

"It's when you think of a way to do a thing that's against the regular way and that's kind of just the same not against rule," Pee-Wee said.

"Ah!" said Signor, apparently satisfied.

"So I'm going to have Bruno and Tasca win the music badge," said Pee-Wee. "They got a right not to have it till they're first-class scouts, but anyway, they can kind of win it and save it up, can't they? Then when they get to be first-class scouts up at camp this summer all they'll have to do is ask for the badges and they'll get them, see? Do you want to know how I'm going to do it? I'm going to do it by having them be in a big show."

Signor stood speechless at Pee-Wee's resource and enterprise. The poor, little, dumpy man whom our hero had wished to gaze upon seemed ready to throw himself at the very feet of this diminutive embodiment of scouting. As for the brothers, they felt that they were already drawn into the magic circle by a master hand. They could trust to Pee-Wee, and all the joys of boy scouting would be theirs.

"Dey maka da musik for da scouta boy," said Signor with enthusiastic concurrence in Pee-Wee's plans.

PEE-WEE held the floor more securely than ever, Signor Liventi and his good lady held an audience. "Do you know where Little Valley is?" said he.

"It's about three stations up on the railroad," Tasca said. He was proud that he knew something; he wondered if that knowledge were in the nature of scout knowledge.

"Yes, but scouts don't go by railroads," Pee-Wee said scornfully. "Do you think Daniel Boone and Kit Carson went by railroads? Scouts hike, that's the way they go. If it's dark they go by the stars and things like that. They can tell if they're going north or south by looking at the moss on the trees. Maybe even they look for squirrels' nests in trees—do you know why?"

The brothers gaped in wonderment; their father gazed reverently.

"Because on account of squirrels having their nests on the south side of trees."

Bruno and Tasca seemed to think this was nothing short of miraculous.

(Continued on page 57)



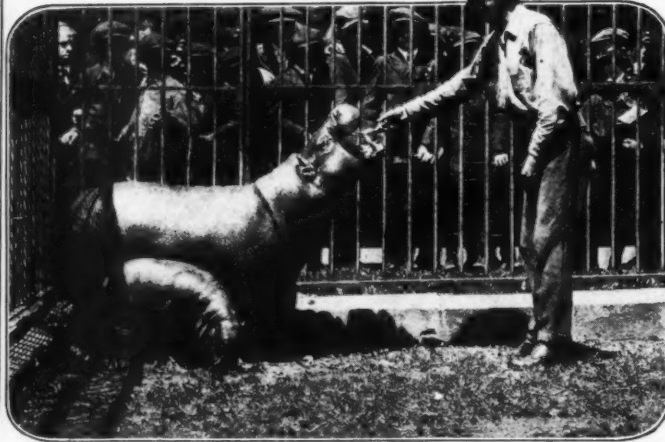
"You are da fina scouta boy, huh!"
said Signor Liventi

Rare Wild Babies of New York

By William T. Hornaday



South African Mountain Zebra colt in the New York Zoological Park, and as pretty as an old-fashioned doll



"Libbie," the Pygmy Hippopotamus of New York, and her newest baby



Beatrix Antelope from the Arabian Desert and faun

IN THE every-day life of our Zoological Park, there is only one event more thrilling than the safe arrival of a pair of rare and long-sought big animals that have come from a remote corner of the earth. The supreme thriller is in the moment when the news is flashed into the office that the distinguished pair has presented the establishment with a real Baby—alive, well and able to go under its own steam.

These are the joys that partly compensate us for the shock of news of fights, accidents and sudden deaths.

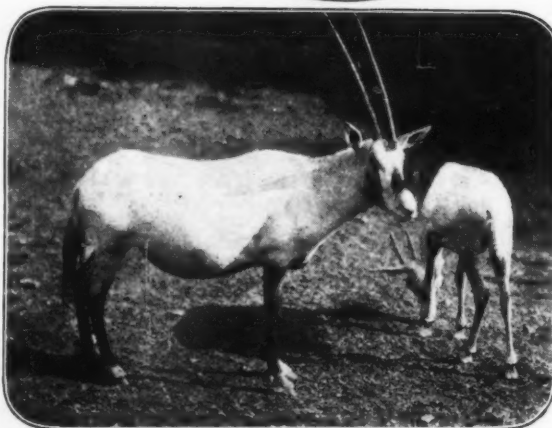
In our field of endeavor, the super-rare wild animals are mighty hard to land. Of course a few lucky accidents happen, but nearly nine times out of ten the Rare One is the result of long months or years of effort. The prelude consists of writing many letters to far-distant people, interviewing many departing or newly arrived travelers, and patient planning, scheming and paying to get it. In all this there is no smooth-concrete royal road to success. As the English say, "It's dogged as does it!"

In this getting business I never could decide which is most difficult, the capture of the animal, its transportation or its acclimatization in captivity. Every distinguished wild animal is a hazardous risk, and nothing is to be considered safe until it has settled down for a month, and made good.

Many an animal is keyed up by the excitements of a long journey, until it is turned loose into the quiet luxury of its permanent home. There it



(Left) First Mountain Goat kid born in N. Y. Zoo



Beatrix Antelope, mother, and faun, about one year old. Born in the N. Y. Zoological Park



Nubian Giraffe baby—three weeks old



Celebes Anoa calf. Born in the N. Y. Zoological Park

All such happenings as these are very unfair to us. In self-defense we now sometimes refuse things that we know are notoriously bad risks. If any men can save exhausted and groggy arrivals, ours can. I just wish every friend of wild animals could right now see the long row of prime rarities that Keeper Riley gloriously presides over in the Kangaroo and Wild Swine House. Please note the outstanding species of that galaxy of stars:

There is a big Aardvark from Africa, a Great Ant-eater from British Guiana, two White-Lipped Peccaries hailing from Panama, a trio of Anoa from Celebes, two Gray River-Hogs of South Africa, a Wart Hog representing British East Africa, a Wombat from Australia, and kangaroos and wallabies big and little, old, middle-aged, and babies in the pouch, until you are tired of looking at them. Do the people appreciate such things? Verily, they do. On June 15, 1924, 75,802 of

them came to see the animals, and before this year ends the total of visitors, by turnstile recording, will probably exceed 2,500,000.

I MENTION these trifles because last year some nice old party put a piece in the paper saying that all zoos now alive should be killed, and no new ones should be born. I dare not tell you what a New York reporter reported was the expressed choice of famous "sights" in New York, as stated by delegates to the great democratic convention, in the order of their general popularity. The first was Wall Street; the second, the Woolworth Building; the third was

Coney Island, and you will just have to guess at No. 4.

It is not our policy to make a great point of breeding wild animals. First and last, our chief business is to exhibit wild things, for educational purposes. We desire to show the greatest possible number of rare and interesting species, rather than an annual procession of baby animals. Nevertheless, there are babies and babies. We welcome the common kinds with glad hands, and make much of them when they arrive, but when an extra-rare and celebrated couple presents us with an infant of a

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Baby Giant Tapir from Panama (San Blas district)

Scrub Nelson, Hero

By A. W. Quattlebaum

Illustrated by Joseph St. Amand

COACH "DAD" TAYLOR stood on the edge of the football field at Grandon Academy with Professor Packers, a new member of the faculty, watching the candidates for the football team sweating in the hot September sun. Professor Packers had played on his University team the previous fall, and having a love of football in his heart, he was out on the field at Grandon almost every afternoon. As he and Dad stood there watching the players, Pee Wee Martin, Grandon's midget quarterback, threw a long pass, straight and true, toward them. A rather small boy, dark and slender, with a wistful, expressive face, ran hard for the pass, exerting every bit of strength in his body in the attempt to catch the ball, but just missed it by a few inches. As he ran after the rolling ball, Pee Wee called encouragingly, "Hard Luck, Nelson, oughter had it."

Nelson picked up the ball, threw it back to Martin, and trotted back to take his place in line with the backs and ends who were going down the field after passes thrown by Pee Wee. As he went back his attitude, his face, and even his movements, showed chagrin at missing the pass, and also his determination not to miss the next one. He took his place in line muttering something to the effect that he would "bet he'd catch the next one."

"Who is that fellow," asked Packers.

"Nelson," Dad answered with a smile. "They call him 'Scrub' Nelson."

"'Scrub' Nelson? Why 'Scrub' Nelson?"

"This is his senior year here. He has been out for the team every year since he came. For three years, he has played on the scrub team. He has played less than one quarter of a match game since he has been in school. The fellows seem to think the name fits him."

"Hum," Packers was thoughtful, "must be good stuff in the kid or he would have quit before now. Any fellow that sticks to the scrub team three years and then comes back for more deserves a lot of credit."

"Nelson is all right," Dad agreed. "He is just not enough man physically to make the team. He gives all he has every time; but the trouble is, he has not enough. In practice he is good. Stands scrimmage pretty well too. In a game though he gets knocked out in just a few minutes. I wish he could make the team. I would like to see him get his letter this year."

Scrub Nelson was not quite good enough, however. A little more weight and strength to go with his courage and determination and he would have been a star end. Lacking these qualities, he used the ones he did possess to the full measure of their worth and made a good scrub end.

Toward the last of the practice period Dad called the bunch of players about him and announced that for fifteen minutes they would scrimmage for the first time this season. This first scrimmage was always looked forward to by members of the squad who were not sure of their places on the regular team. Not that this first division of the squad into first and second teams was final; for it was not. It gave them the first line on the coach's opinion of the ability of the various players.

"Martin, quarter, Morgan and Beasley, halves, Randall full." That much was varsity material without a doubt. Dad went on, "Gordon, center, Manny and Blitch, guards, Richards and Ford, tackles, Thomas and Williams, ends."

Packers shot a quick

glance at Nelson as Dad called-out the choice for ends. The boy had dropped his head to hide his disappointment. Dad called out the list of players for the second squad, and Packers kept his eyes on Nelson. Nelson did not look up, even as his name was called to take an end position on the second team. Packers thought he saw the boy swallow once; but as the two teams started out for the kickoff, Nelson trotted out at the head of his squad calling, "Come on gang! Let's beat 'em all up."

Packers walked over to the coach and said, "Dad, that kid may not be varsity material, but he sure is all right."

In the scrimmage that followed Nelson showed himself as nervy as Dad had intimated that he was. Always going at top speed, and never hesitating to take the hardest chances, he was in every play and fighting hard. Occasionally, he looked toward coach Taylor as if to reassure himself that the man was not missing any of his performance. Dad was not missing it, and for the first few minutes thought that Nelson was showing more stuff than he had shown the previous years. At the end of the fifteen minutes, however, Nelson was all in. He fought gamely, lunging hard to stop the fast runs around his end and the hard smashes just off the tackle on his side of the line. But he had weakened to the point where he was not able to break through the interference thrown against him.

His performance that afternoon had been splendid. He had handled two backs cleverly enough to stop many runs started his way. Packers told Dad after the practice that, as long as he lasted, Nelson was the best end on the field.

"As long as he lasted," Dad quoted him, "That's the trouble. At the end of the fifteen minutes, he was done for. He could not have finished the game to save his neck."

In the dressing room Nelson was quiet, more so than usual. Pee Wee had noticed Nelson's disappointment on the field, and he had watched his strenuous efforts in the scrimmage. He understood something of what was back of that wistfulness on Nelson's face. Doubtless he remembered the friendliness of Square Mann during the days when he first fought for his place on a Grandon team, for now as Nelson, absent-mindedly, stuck his soap on the nail outside the showers and wet his towel to lather himself with, Pee Wee flashed him a grin that was irresistible.

"What's on your mind, Scrub? Your girl gone back on you?"

Scrub flushed and threw his soggy towel on the floor.

"Doggone! I ain't got a bit of sense. I don't know what's

wrong with me, soaking my towel like that. Musta been thinking about football."

"Guess you were, Scrub. You sure did give us backs some trouble this afternoon. All two of us could do to get you out once in a while. You got more stuff this year than you had last."

Seeing the grateful light in Nelson's face, Pee Wee had a warm feeling in his own heart. The two came out from under the showers together, and Pee Wee shared his towel with Nelson. They chatted as they dressed; Nelson anxious for someone to commend his playing and Martin, wanting to encourage him, recalling especially good plays Scrub had made during the scrimmage, yet ever cautious lest he be too flattering and cause Nelson to become heady about his playing.

DURING the days that followed, Nelson fought hard. He was always one of the first on the field and always one of the last to leave it. During the practice period, he never let up a minute. Always on the go, trying his best to make himself varsity material. Try his best, however, he could not quite make up for the handicaps nature had placed upon him.

The first game of the season was scheduled to be played on Grandon's field against Ingleside Institute. This school was not expected to prove much of a match for Grandon, and Dad planned to use as many substitutes in the game as possible in order to try out various men in actual playing experience.

A good crowd gathered to witness this first game. The Grandon side of the stands was practically filled. Ingleside had a few supporters. After a few minutes of cheering by the Grandon Section, the two teams trotted upon the field. Grandon roared a welcome for her sons and gave a rousing welcome cheer for the visitors, then swung into their Football Song as Dad's first string men ran a few line bucks up and down the field to warm up.

Grandon's first team which began the game had no trouble holding their opponents without a gain. From the first kickoff when three Grandon men tackled the Ingleside back simultaneously before he could take a single step after catching the kick, until the end of the first quarter, the blue jerseys of Grandon smothered the Green ones of Ingleside, and flashed around their ends and through their line, scoring twenty-four points in the fifteen-minutes period.

Dad was pleased with the work of the team. He had expected just such a showing from them, as he had lost only two men from the previous year's team. "Square" Mann, captain and center the year before, had finished school, leaving his

place to be filled. Gordon, a guard the year before, was now filling the gap very satisfactorily; and Manny, a sub guard of last year, was taking Gordon's place in the line. Donaldson, an end, had not returned to school this fall, and the competition for this position was keen. Williams, who had played as a substitute for two years, had proven himself better than Nelson or Roberts, although Nelson was trying football for the fourth year. Roberts was a new man, big and fast, but being younger than Nelson and Williams; he was not as sure of himself as they.

During the intermission between the first and second quarters, Dad sent in an entirely new team. Nelson was sent in to hold one end position and Roberts, the other. At the beginning of the period, Grandon had possession of the ball. The first play called was a pass to



He crossed behind Pee Wee just a fraction of a second before the safety man dove

Nelson, who, fresh and determined, made a desperate leap after the bad throw and pulled the ball down in spite of the attempts of two Ingleside backs to break up the play. The play had netted twenty yards, and Irwin, at quarter, decided to try a pass to the other side. Roberts was not so lucky as Nelson, for the Ingleside backs, alert for passes, cut in and intercepted the throw, running the ball back to midfield.

THE third play of the quarter was a hard smash just off Nelson's end. Scrub threw himself, determinedly, in front of the play, warding off the interference with his hands. He just barely touched the runner, however, as that individual was shifty on his feet and sidestepped the end who had his hands full with two backs trying to cut him out. The runner gained only three yards on the play, however, due to Nelson's work in taking out so much interference. On the next play, Ingleside threw her two heaviest back-field men at Nelson, and the lighter boy went down. He got to his feet, and staggered dizzily. Irwin called to him to know if he wanted to be taken out. Nelson felt insulted, and muttered that they would have to knock him out if he got out. As if they had heard his remark and determined to accept the challenge Ingleside sent a third play straight at Nelson, and again Nelson went down. This time he did not rise. He could not stand the hammering of the two big backs, and when he opened his eyes, Dad spoke kindly to him.

"Better come on out, Nelson."

Tears welled up in the boy's eyes. "Let me stay in, Dad. I'll be all right in a minute. Just got the breath knocked out of me."

Taylor slipped an arm under the boy and raised him to his feet. When the arm was taken away Nelson swayed and would have fallen if the coach had not caught him. Dad shook his head.

"You cannot even stand up, Nelson. How do you expect to stop those runs?"

Nelson was led off the field and seated on the players' bench. In the midst of begging Dad to be allowed to go back into the game, Nelson crumpled over in a dead faint.

The following Monday afternoon Nelson reported for practice as usual. Professor Packers, who, by now, was considered Dad's assistant, spoke encouragingly to him as he trotted out on the field, sore and aching.

"You've got the stuff in you to play football, all right, Nelson. If you would just grow a little and put on some weight you would be a good one."

But Nelson did not grow, nor did he put on any weight. In the next month he worked every day with the squad. He never complained of any task given him, and always put his best into it. He did not get into any of the four games played during that time, even for a few minutes.

On the Monday afternoon following the fifth game of the season, Nelson did not report for practice. Dad asked about him, and so did Packers, but no one knew where he was. Three days passed and he still did not report for practice. Pee Wee Martin reported that Nelson had told him that he was busy with class work and did not have time to play now; but after the practice was over Pee Wee came to Dad with his opinion of Nelson's trouble.

"Dad, Scrub would come out if he wanted to. He is not taking any more work than I am, and," he added with a grin, "I know he does not have any harder time learning than I do."

"Well, what's his trouble then, Pee Wee?"

"I don't hardly know, sir, except—"

"Well?"

"You see, Dad, Nelson has been here three years and this makes his fourth. He is anxious to make a letter in football. You know he has been out every year since he came here."

"He would get a letter if he finished this year, whether he played in any games or not. Any fellow that makes the squad for four years is given a letter, you know."

"Yes, sir, but that ain't the kind of letter he wants. He— he sort of feels like he doesn't want a letter unless he makes the team. Can't you understand, Dad?"

"Yes, Pee Wee, I think I do. I am sorry that Nelson has quit the squad. As long as he refuses to come out we can't do anything, can we?"

"No-o," Pee Wee admitted slowly, "but I wish we could."

NELSON did not report for practice during the rest of the week. That Saturday Grandon played at home, and for the first time since coming to Grandon Scrub Nelson sat in the bleachers with the cheering section while a Grandon football team was upon the field. He did not feel at ease up there. Through the din of the yelling all about him, he sat with his elbows on his knees and his fists under his chin, seeing only the blue-jerseyed figures below him and hearing only the voice of Pee Wee Martin calling signals as the team warmed up before the game.

With the beginning of the game, however, Nelson no longer sat still. His ears heard every signal, and his eyes watched every play. He was entirely oblivious to everything about him. He was out on the field in spirit. He sat up in the stands as long as he could, but before the end of the first half he left his place and wormed his way down to the bottom seat of the wooden bleachers, and squeezed in between two boys

just behind the players' bench. Here he sat through the rest of the game, utterly miserable.

On the Monday afternoon following the game, Nelson slipped down to the dressing room after all the players had dressed and gone to the field. He had about given in to the longing to get back into uniform. He thought that perhaps he could get into it and slip out upon the field before anyone would notice him. Why he wanted to do that he could not have explained. He walked by the door of the room to be sure that it was empty before he went in. Seeing that there was no one there he entered, took out the key to his locker and got out his uniform. Just as he laid it out on the bench, he was startled by a step outside the door, and to face Dad Taylor. Nelson had a guilty feeling and hung his head. Dad had come back for a string to replace one that had broken in practice, and was in a hurry to get the ball relaced.

"Hello, Nelson," he called. "Coming back out?"

Nelson does not know until this day why he lied then. He seemed to have a feeling of pride that would not let him admit that he was going back out. He was very sensitive and reserved, and perhaps this was what made him say the words he did not want to say and did not mean.

"No, sir, I just came down to get this uniform out of the locker and turn it in."

Dad looked sharply at the boy before he spoke, and Nelson evaded the look.

"What's wrong, Nelson, why are you quitting?"

"I—I, well, I just don't have time to practice."

"What do you do all afternoon? Study?"

"Yes. That is, I study most of the afternoon."

"Nelson, you've been playing football for three years and carrying a full schedule of class work. You don't have so much more to do this year than you had in the other years. I do not believe that is your reason for stopping football. What's the trouble?"

Nelson hesitated. He wondered if Dad would understand. He wished Dad would speak more kindly. Dad, however, had other plans, for he felt that Nelson needed a jolt, and was glad of this opportunity to give it to him.

"Well, sir," Nelson finally started, "I have played scrub ball for three years, and I—I—, well, I wanted a letter," he finished lamely.

"You would get one if you finished out the season."

"But, Dad," the boy looked appealingly at the coach, "that's not the kind of letter I want. I wanted to play on the regular team, and win a letter by fighting for it. I don't want to have to explain to everybody that I got my letter by scrubbing four years. I want to be able to say I played for it."



As he entered the dressing room, he was glad that he had decided to go out again

"I see," Dad's voice was cold and hard. "You want to be able to put on a big blue sweater with a white G on it, and strut down the street so that every one can admire you. You want to be able to say 'Look me over. I played for Grandon.' In other words you are thinking entirely of Nelson. You are willing to quit a Grandon squad that is working hard, day after day, week after week, to win for Grandon, just because you feel that your petty vanity will not be satisfied. You do not

want to make the team, you want to play on the team. The fellows that want to make Grandon's team are out there now, working to make it the kind of team of which Grandon will be proud."

Dad turned and walked to the door, and Nelson sat as if turned to stone. At the door Dad looked back.

"If that is the sort of fellow you are, then you are not the man I have believed you to be. I thought that you were varsity material, through and through, and that you were kept off the varsity team only because of your size. I must have been wrong. Good afternoon,—Scrub."

DAD'S parting shot crumpled Nelson like a blow. Dad's words hurt the worse because he knew that while he had not put those feelings into words, they really were the things that had made him stop football practice. He knew that Dad could be stern, but he had had no idea that he could be as hard as that. Nelson had no way of knowing how much it had hurt the man to say those words. He did know one thing, however: Dad was right and that he had got just what was coming to him. As he packed up his uniform and put it back into the locker he loved the coach more than ever.

It took Nelson until the next afternoon to determine to report for practice. As he entered the dressing room, he was glad that he had decided to go out again, for he was met by a chorus of welcoming calls as he entered. Pee Wee moved over and made a place on the bench for him, and Gordon slapped him on the back. "Gee," he thought, "it's great to get back."

Dad's words in the dressing room had just the effect he had hoped they would have on Nelson. Coming back on the field, Nelson put himself more than ever into the practice. Constantly driving himself, Scrub inspired the rest of the squad to greater efforts by his own zeal. He forgot about a letter, and thought only of fighting for Grandon, and also of showing Dad that he was "varsity material, through and through."

Grandon's traditional rival was Miller, and this year the game with Miller was the last game on the schedule. Dad and Packers were working toward that game as toward a climax. In the game with Penton, they had looked on with satisfaction as the team worked with precision that was almost perfect. "A few more practices," said Dad, "and they will be irresistible."

The Sunday after the Penton game, Nelson went down to Dad's house in the afternoon with a diagram of a play he had worked out and wanted to show Dad.

"Dad," Nelson said, "I have a play here, and I think it is a good one. Perhaps we can use it, if you think it is good enough."

"Let's see what you have, Nelson."

Nelson drew out some sheets of paper on which he had drawn the diagram.

"It works from our punt formation, Dad. It's a variation of our end run from that formation."

Dad took the sheets and spread them out on the table.

"You see, Dad, the interference men get the same men as on the regular end run, except the end on the off side. He goes down and cuts across fast behind the defensive line. He times his speed so that he will reach the man with the ball just ahead of the defensive half and the safety man. The end crosses behind the runner just before the safety man makes his tackle, and the runner passes the ball back to him. The safety man will tackle the backfield man and let the end go free with the ball. See?"

"That is a dangerous play, Nelson, and would require exact timing. The least mistake would ruin the whole play. It would never work twice, but if it succeeded that once it would probably mean a touchdown. I think we will work on it this week. We may get a chance to use it Saturday against Miller."

After some more discussion of the play, Nelson left happy in the thought that a Grandon team was going to learn a play which he had thought out, and that perhaps it would be used in a game against Miller.

HOWEVER, things were to take a bad turn for Grandon.

On Monday, after the Penton game, the weather became bitter. A light drizzle fell all morning, and by lunch the temperature had dropped to the freezing point. The rain froze on trees and wires and steps. Thomas, Grandon's veteran end, slipped on the ice-covered steps of the Academic Building as he was hurrying out to dress for practice, and turned his ankle. He limped to the dressing room, but had to be carried to his room as the ankle had swollen considerably. Tuesday he was on the sidelines walking with a stick, and fretting at being out of practice. The doctor had told him, however, that there was a chance that he would be able to play on Saturday provided he took good care of his ankle.

That afternoon, Dad called for a light scrimmage at the end of the practice period, and with Williams and Roberts playing end for the first team, and Nelson and Franklin as ends for the second team, the scrimmage started. At the close of ten minutes of scrimmage, Dad called that that was enough, but Roberts asked that they let the scrubs run one or two more plays.

"We've just got started, Dad."

Dad laughed and said he would allow three more plays, and the second team started a run toward Roberts' end of the line. Roberts and the tackle playing beside him both broke

through the interference and started for the runner. Just as Roberts dived to make the tackle his foot struck the foot of the tackle and his dive was not as clean and true as it should have been. There was a crack as he struck the runner, and when he struggled to his feet his face was white. He held his left hand to his right shoulder, and swayed dizzily. Dad and Packers ran to him in despair, for if he was hurt Nelson only would be left in case Thomas was not able to play in the Miller game.

Roberts was hurt worse than Thomas. There would be no chance of him getting into the Miller game as his bad tackle had thrown the runner's knees sharply against his shoulder, and the collar-bone had been broken.

Dad and Packers faced a problem. With Roberts out, and Thomas, at best, playing with a lame ankle, they faced the problem of a substitution if Thomas was forced out of the game. In talking the situation over the night after Roberts was hurt Dad suggested two courses to Packers.

"We can do this Pack. We can shift Nelson back to right half on defense and let Beasley play defensive end. You know the heavy interference is what gets Nelson. He just is not man enough to stand it. Beasley is big and can stand the hammering. And Nelson is all right on offensive end work."

"Yes," agreed Packers, "but that is pretty hard on Beasley. He has a lot of hard work to do in the backfield."

"That's right. What do you think of shifting Gordon to tackle on defense. Gordon can play next to Nelson and take a good bit of the work off of him."

"If we did we would have to shift Blitch over to play defensive center."

"Yes, and I don't believe he can play that position. Not enough experience. Richards, the other tackle, could not play that either. It will be hard on Beasley, but I believe that the first plan is our only hope."

Consequently, for the next few days, Nelson was drilled in defensive backfield work; and Beasley ran at end on defense. Beasley had readily agreed to work that way, telling Dad that he would do any way that Dad and Packers thought would help win the Miller game.

FRIDAY afternoon Thomas reported for practice again. He smilingly assured Dad that his ankle was as strong as it had ever been, and that he would be in good shape for the Saturday game. If Nelson was disappointed, he did not show it. Knowing that if Thomas was able to play he would not get into the game, he was the first to shout a welcome when the big end trotted out on the field.

The Miller game was to close Grandon's most successful

yards with it. Morgan went around Miller's right end for eight yards; but on the next play Randall gained only three yards, and Grandon kicked to Miller's twenty-five-yard line. Miller had a strong wind behind them, and their quarter wisely decided on a kicking game. Miller's full-back sent up a high punt that traveled with the wind to Grandon's fifteen yard line. Pee Wee gave a disgusted grunt as the ball settled down into his arms, and as he stiff-armed the first tackler, he muttered, "Mighta known that fellow would try kicking with this breeze."

The first quarter drew on with Grandon holding the ball as long as possible, and with Miller kicking every time they got the ball. With the high wind, Miller was gaining slowly. Grandon was desperately fighting to overcome the distance added by the wind, and was successful in that at the end of the quarter, they held the ball on their own ten-yard line.

As the teams changed goals at the beginning of the second quarter, Pee Wee grinned at Gordon.

"Guess we got 'em now, ain't we, Gordie?"

It seemed that Pee Wee was right and that Grandon did "have 'em." With the wind at his back, Randall now outdistanced Miller's punter on every kick, and the Grandon machine was showing itself superior in other phases of the game. However, just after the beginning of the second quarter the hilarious yelling of the Grandon section was cut short. Thomas went down before the blocking of two Miller backs and failed to rise. His ankle had given away, and he had to be carried off the field.

Dad stood on the sidelines with his hand on Nelson's shoulder. "Son, get in there and fight, but don't take any chances. You've got to last it out."

Nelson gulped and choked out an "I will, Dad," and ran out to take Thomas' place. Pee Wee slapped him on the back, as he dropped into his place in the line.

With the leaving of Thomas, however, Grandon's drive was somewhat stopped, and the half ended with the score standing 0-0. Through the third period of the game, the two elevens battled hard without either team showing itself much superior to the other at any time. Once a Miller back got around Grandon's end and ran thirty yards before he was stopped. But on the next play, Nelson intercepted a Miller

(Continued on page 49)

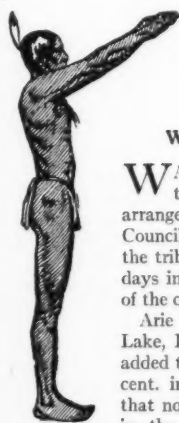
Take the Case of Scottie

By Frank H. Cheley

Undoubtedly, one of the factors in man's universal love and appreciation of a good dog grows out of the fact that of all creatures he is the faithful one. No matter what the emergency, if the dog is a thoroughbred, he may be relied upon.

Recently, the son of a Montana rancher was riding a broncho that had been in the habit of bucking, but which he always before had managed to control. This day, however, the broncho threw him from the saddle but his belt caught on the saddle horn and he dangled at the side of the horse. This made the animal frantic and after a wild dash off into a barren, unfrequented aroya, with Scottie, the Scotch collie, barking wildly after him, he finally managed to shake the rider off. The boy was rendered unconscious by the fall, and remained so for several hours. When he recovered consciousness, he found he could not get to his feet, and the horse was nowhere in sight, but close to his side was the faithful dog. All day long he lay helpless in the scorching sun, weak and sick and parched for water. That evening when the sun set the boy made frantic efforts to reach water. Grasping the sage bushes he managed to drag himself painfully forward until he reached a tight wire fence that blocked progress. All the time he had talked to Scottie almost incessantly, and finally the dog dashed off and disappeared, only to return in a few moments dripping with water. The boy buried his face in the dog's long hair, quenching his thirst. Again and again the dog went and came with his strange drink, and finally when his young master lay more comfortable on the ground, the dog crept off to a bit of a bluff and howled his alarm the night through. Morning brought a rescue party, and the boy's life was saved. It is that same spirit that makes true leaders stand out from the crowd, and if dogs can acquire it, why not boys?

season on the gridiron, and Grandon was all set for a gala day. The stands had been draped with the blue and white of the school, except where the visitors from the rival institution were to be seated. "Fuss" Mikell, the cheer leader, had planted a flag pole at each end of the field and had hung from each pole a large Grandon pennant "because," he explained to the Grandon team before the game, "no matter which way you face you have a Grandon flag at your back to defend, and one in front of you urging you on." The cheering section was filled long before time for the game, and when the squad trotted out on the field, "Fuss" was already hoarse from shouting. Amid a riot of cheering the game began. Miller kicked off to Grandon; and Pee Wee Martin, catching the ball just a few yards in front of his goal line, raced back twenty



Wallaces' Farmer Tribe Camp

WALLACES' Farmer Tribe was the first to conduct a big, organized camp. By arrangement with the Des Moines Council of the Boy Scouts of America, the tribe occupied their camp for ten days in August and had the services of the camp staff.

Arie Poldevaart's tribe from Spirit Lake, Iowa, with a few other Scouts added to fill a cabin, passed a 100 per cent. inspection one day, something that no cabin group had done before in the three years' history of the camp. In fact, while scores of 60 per

cent. to 70 per cent. were common among Boy Scout groups, not one of the Lone Scout groups fell below 90 per cent. in the whole ten days, except the first day, before they knew the requirements. They all did well in earning the camp awards.

The Lone Scouts in camp came from farms in different parts of the State. Some were sent by Rotary Clubs.

Governor Hamill of Iowa spent a day in camp and made an inspiring address. Also Dr. Pearson, President of the Iowa State Agricultural College, was there a day and made an address.

Mr. John P. Wallace, Chief of the Tribe, was the life of the party.

Scout Executive Carl A. Bryan was the camp director. His assistant, Kay Bentz, an old-time Lone Scout, ran many of the activities.

Mr. John P. Wallace contributed a cabin, to be known as the Wallaces' Tribe Cabin, to the permanent equipment of the camp

Suspense in Grand Booster Contest

SINCE reports in the National Booster Contest are not to be sent in until the contest closes, it is a deep, dark mystery as to who will ride the first-prize bicycle, listen in on the first-

prize radio, or make himself snug in camp with the tents and other equipment offered. The contest continues until November 30. There is still time for some enterprising Lone Scout who is late in starting to sail in and distance the whole field.



Gov. Hamill of Iowa addressing Lone Scouts at Wallaces' Farmer Tribe Camp

editorials, make-up and printing of each issue.

John P. Riley, Jr., publisher of *Scouting News* (formerly *The Youth's Chum*), shall have a gold merit medal for publishing twelve issues on time (having previously earned the bronze).

Lone Scout booklets shall be required to have charters the same as amateur papers.

Boy Scout officials shall hereafter be referred to as Lone Scout officials also, in Lone Scoutdom.

The following publications were awarded charters: *Scouting News*, *The Kokonut*, *The Okayto Scout*, *The Chronicle*, *The Bear Cat*, *The Dah-Kotah*, *The Voice*, *The Trail Maker*, *The 1925 Tribe Paper Directory*.

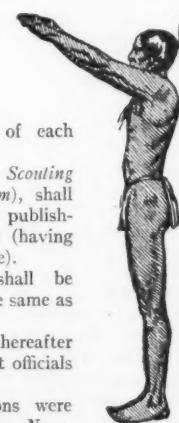
A new list of Lone Scout Amateur Publications has been issued and will be sent to anyone who asks for it. Please enclose one-cent stamp with request.

News of Amateur Publications

PENN SCOUT, ALSAP 38, official organ of The Peppy Keystoneers, has been discontinued. V. Keith Sutton, the publisher, is refunding money for unexpired subscriptions.

THE COUNCIL FIRE, ALSAP 10, edited by Ralph Allen Lang, SS. of Kane, Pennsylvania, has been designated by the Council of Ten as official organ of Council Three, taking the place of *Eastern Star*, which has combined with *Scoutlets*, published by Lawrence Kenny. *Okayto Scout* has also combined with *Scoutlets*.

THE LOCAL TRIBE, a booklet edited by Charles Arrera and published by the Big Mink Tribe of Windber, Pennsylvania, has appeared.—V. KEITH SUTTON.
(Continued on page 56)





Jim Morse in Australia

By J. Allan Dunn

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

CAPTAIN BURR'S face went grim for a moment. Jim felt a momentary sense of repulsion, swiftly turning to anger, at the sight of the grisly relic in the hands of the gibbering creature on the litter, but it was not from fear that their expedition was a failure at the outset. He and the skipper had seen skulls before, piled in pyramidal heaps, stacked in pyramids, swinging in long ropes from the boughs of sacred banyan trees, or ranged in orderly ranks in the racks of South Sea club-houses. There had been white men's skulls among those.

Reason swiftly told him that the tale did not hang together. If Langley had passed on and been killed, this trophy would not have been brought back to this tribe nor would they have dared display it to the men who were seeking him. It seemed to him that the color of the skull, a light amber and very smooth of surface, showed it to be that of a man long dead. The captain backed his thought.

"I suppose they killed the poor devil," he said, "but it was a long time ago by the looks of it. Sort of fetish of the tribe, I guess. Mebbe they trotted it out to see how we took it."

He displayed the photograph, but it made no more impression than if it had been a blank card. Then he began to try and close a bargain for two or three tribesmen to come along with them to act, not as guides, but hunters. In this he was unsuccessful, and they went back to camp, two natives bearing the wallaby and getting sticks of tobacco and two dog-biscuits apiece as a reward. One of them hung round and finally stated that he would go with them as far as the abandoned cattle station.

The skipper dispensed with his services.

"The beggar wants to find out where we'll leave the boat, I fancy," he told Jim. "We've got to be careful how we hide it. I guess we can do our own hunting. We've got a map of sorts and, if we git on his trail, it won't be until after we git across the mountains to the tableland. We may pick up some news at the station, though it can't amount to much at this stage of the trip."

It was only a short way to Herbert Vale where they found a really well-built house and outbuildings, surrounded by a high hedge of natural thorn. The house was two-storied, and there had once been a fine garden, long since neglected. There was a stunted looking breadfruit, which the crew hailed with delight as an old acquaintance, as they did a few cocoanut palms that had failed to thrive so far from the sea. There was also an old fig about which a passion vine had twined itself; some orange trees with sour fruit, guava, loquat and a mango. Tall grass had choked off all lower growths, though there was a patch of sweet potatoes that showed recent cultivation. The place seemed deserted, but they found a man asleep on the planks of a room on the lower floor.

He turned out to be a Gilbert Islander, placed in charge to prevent the fires made by the hunting blacks from destroying the buildings. He had a native wife, he said, chattering eagerly in response to the skipper's talk with him in his native tongue; but she had run off after a quarrel in which he had, according to his own account, beaten her severely. He expected to buy another one, much younger, he told them.

He wore a dirty white shirt and an equally filthy loin-cloth beneath it, and evidently considered himself much above the *myalls* whom he affected to despise. The land, he said, was soon to be planted to sugar, and then he would have a fine job. In the meantime did they have any tobacco?

Kuriri was his name, and he was a boaster and a self-proven liar, a beggar and a rascal of low cunning. Yet they found him useful. Not because he professed to have known Langley well and to have received gifts of friendship from him, recognizing, or pretending to recognize, the photograph instantly. Jim believed that he would have acclaimed any picture in the same way. But he knew the native dialects, and Jim took down phonetically a number of words that would give them a working vocabulary, shared, Kuriri declared, by all the mountain tribes.

Like all primitive languages, it was simple enough with root words that, used as prefix or suffix made up sentences. The most interesting thing he told them was that there would shortly be held a native gathering which would consist of a daytime *borboby*, a meeting at which differences would be settled by duels between the tribesmen; and a nocturnal *korrobory*, or ritual dance. Both were dangerous for strangers to witness, he said, the *korrobory* in particular. In spite of the duels the *korrobory* would be attended by the various tribes in friendship under a sort of *tabu* upheld for the occasion.

He named and described the meeting-place, a plateau on the top of the mountains; and the time, which was the day and night of the full moon. But, for all his bragging of his influence with the *myalls*, nothing could induce him to be present.

"Suppose you go along that place," he said to Jim, breaking into Beach-English, "they all same *kai-kai* you. All same *talgoro* for sure." But Jim was sure that they would witness both occasions and, if possible, get in touch with the natives. It was too good an opportunity for gathering some trace of Langley to be missed. An Australian *korrobory* was not more to be feared than a South Sea—*sing-sing*. But they did not say anything to Kuriri of such an intention. He was too likely to tattle, and they did not want to antagonize the natives if they could avoid it. They might have to return in a hurried retreat, and it was well not to leave any territory hostile behind them. Most whites were inclined to browbeat and bully the blacks, and a different attitude might bring results though, without doubt, the *myalls* were untrustworthy and would cheerfully murder a man for his shirt. To say nothing of such possessions as they carried.

THEY set out in the morning after giving Kuriri a few gifts, and their first move was to hide the boat. Four of the crew scouted to be sure that they were not spied upon while they sank the whaleboat in a shallow stream, close to the bank in a hollow space where they trained vines to grow in a tangle above it. Their spare goods they carefully *cached* in the ground, sure that foliage would soon make the concealment nearly perfect. Then they started the long ascent, keeping to the river until they should reach the falls.

Trees and bush formed a close wall by the rapid water in which they had to wade much of the time.

Begin the Story Here

Captain Burr and Jim Morse, resting at Sydney after a voyage in the *Manuwai*, are asked by Professor Langley to journey to the interior in search of his brother, who went up country, back of Herbert River, five months before on a quest for opals and has not been heard from. An agreement is made and the Captain, Jim, the Admiral, their parrot, and their Kanaka crew travel by the *Manuwai* to Hinchinbrook, where they leave the vessel and go by whaleboat up the river. Forty miles from its mouth they come upon a campfire surrounded by blacks feasting on giant snakes. The Admiral betrays the presence of the strangers, and the blacks charge toward them.

Jim sets off a magnesium ribbon that he carries in his pocket for such emergencies, and this exhibition of white man's magic so frightens the blacks that they fall on their faces and the party escapes. The next morning, some distance farther on, three blacks visit the camp and invite the party to their village and to a wallaby hunt. In the camp when inquiries are made for the white man, the aged medicine man is brought out in a litter. He shows them a drinking cup made of a skull, a white man's skull.

It was cool and refreshing in the extreme heat. It was dark and damp in the woods but, gazing upwards, Jim saw the treetops gilded with brilliant sunshine and the azure sky above all. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of the hills, rising in masses of varied green. As they neared the gorge the palms and other trees were replaced by enormous tree ferns, the secondary leaves six feet in length. Trickling brooks came into the narrowing but deepening river, and waterfalls were constantly tumbling down the cliffs.

Leaving the canyon at last they clambered to a stony ridge, covered with creeping vines, set with leafless, weird *casuarina* trees. This gave way to thorny scrubs, persisting until a jungle of the dreaded lawyer palm almost barred their way, growing in heaps twenty-five feet high all bound together by thorny, tough tendrils that tore their clothes and flesh and tripped them. Here were pools where leeches clung to them and myriads of insects buzzed and stung. Great snakes glided away, the boa, and the venomous black snake with an orange belly, whose bite was almost certain death.

It was a perilous and exhausting passage and they made slow progress, soaked with scalding sweat that stained the clothes of the two whites and ran into their eyes like acid. But they persisted until Pata, one of the crew, seeking a path ahead, uttered a cry of pain and rolled on the ground in agony. He had come in contact with the stinging tree, a poisonous nettle bearing fruit like raspberries. His arm was numb, he said, and the glands of his armpit swollen.

Captain Burr bade them search for a plant like the taro, an arum which was said to always grow close to the nettles and was a sure antidote. It was not long before Tufa discovered it and the skipper smeared on Pata's arm the white juice from the stems, which gave immediate relief. There was a little brook close by and they made camp for the night, lighting a big fire that crackled lustily. Birds sang after it was dark, and some kept calling all through the night. Tired out with bearing their packs and weapons through the unfriendly bush, they turned in beside the burning logs and slept until a violent shower fell a little before dawn and drenched them.

The Admiral seemed the most disgruntled at the inhospitable reception and sulked as he preened his feathers by the fire after the downpour ceased; at last the sun broke through and the birds began calling and caroling. Tufa saw and chased a water lizard, which he killed with a stick. It was an *iguana* and, despite its uninviting appearance, turned out to be as tender and delicate as a young chicken. Tufa proclaimed it good *kai-kai*, and the men announced their intention of keeping their eyes open for more.

"I don't reckon we'll starve in the forest, Jim," said the skipper. "It may be a different story after we git through the mountains, but we'll save our rations all we kin. They tell me the desert tribes live on grubs an' grasshoppers. We've eaten some strange grub before. I guess we'll worry through."

BUT it seemed to Jim, as they marched through that forest wilderness, that their quest was somewhat of a forlorn hope. The thought did not dishearten him. He had learned to overcome obstacles and not to count on trouble before he met it. Difficulties were seldom as great near by, he had found, yet he fancied that a needle in a haystack might be more readily discovered than any clew of the missing man where, the closer they got to the place of his disappearance, the less they could count on any clews beyond those they might pick up themselves. Once they reached the opal deposits, across the desert, by the waterholes where the Bunyip Demon was supposed to dwell, the search would have some definite establishment. Meanwhile it seemed as if Nature combined her forces to foil their efforts. The heat, the sweat, the hard going, the scratches that turned to sores, the leech bites and the fever from the insects might well have daunted less hardy or seasoned explorers. As it was none grumbled. Pata's arm was temporarily useless, but he marched uncomplainingly. They knew each other and their wills knit together.

There were compensations. The temperature and the stiff inclines, to say nothing of the constant tangle of vine and root, caused frequent halts when they flung themselves on the ground for rest, and every one of these showed something new, wonderful; to Jim intensely interesting. Once it was strings of fruit-eating bats hanging from the boughs in a shady place, so-called flying foxes. Tufa insisted that these were good eating and knocked down a great many of them, but neither Jim or the skipper shared them after the first mouthfuls.

Another time it was the curious structures of the bower bird, runs arched over with brush and adorned with two heaps of gleaming shells, one at one end and one at the other, with one invariably much larger than the other. Through these playhouses the sleek-coated birds scattered other treasures, such as green berries and bits of stone, anything that a savage might have selected for adornment or an infant for play. These shells were those of the land snails the professor had asked them to look out for, iridescent and beautifully tinted. Jim showed them to the skipper, suggesting that they should look for them again on their way in, since they were fragile things, likely to be broken in long travel.

There were true flying squirrels, little larger than mice, there were enormous night moths that sucked the oranges to such an extent that regular warfare had to be prosecuted against them. He heard the titter of the laughing jackass, and several times they saw the spoor of the cassowary, or heard its voice booming like thunder in the distance. Only once did they catch sight of it when Tufa pointed out to them the beautiful blue and red neck as it showed among the trees above the black body. It was evidently inquisitive beyond caution, and they could have shot it easily enough if they had wanted to. Butterflies were everywhere, large

and vivid. Spiders as large as an ordinary saucer, with webs the natives used for fishing-nets; and a small black species, distinguished by a scarlet mark, the bite of which brought on cramps. There were white pigeons with black wings and tails, glossy starlings with metallic-looking feathers and, finally, Jim discovered an *echidna*, or rather it discovered itself by rolling up into a ball like a small porcupine. But he did not have a chance to handle it. The moment he came closer it seemed to sink into the ground where it had dug in. There were frilled lizards, and twice they saw big serpents in the tree-tops.

THEY found more of the water iguanas, and fared sumptuously on them the second night. As they ate, the skipper called Jim's attention to the moon, nearly full, sailing up, glowing above the trees in the east.

"Termorrer's the day for the *korrobory*," he said. "We ought to be close to the place, if Kuriri knew what he was talking erbout, or talked erbout what he knew, for he was one of the biggest liars I've met. They git pritty wrought up over these things an' I guess it 'ud pay best for us to lay low until they're through with it, an' then tackle 'em while their bellies are full. But we'll try to git to see it all, jest the same."

Jim agreed. He was anxious to miss nothing. He had heard a good deal of talk about the native *korrobories* and the danger of attending them. He saw the wisdom of the captain in waiting until the next day before they made any approaches, and he started

in to arrange a little program of "magic" that might help to convince the blacks that their visitors were wise men whom it would be well to propitiate. They were all simple tricks. Anything at all elaborate or unfamiliar would, he felt sure, go over the thick heads of his audience. Captain Burr watched him, making a suggestion now and then.

"They'll take all day decoratin' themselves," said the skipper. "The *borbory* won't start much before sundown. If we git ennyways near the place, I reckon we'll hear 'em, though it's funny they don't have enny drums, jest beat sticks together. They remind me of Papuans in some ways, but they ain't got enny gods, they're short on music, an' they are sure the dirtiest lot of two-legged animals I've ever run across. It's goin' to be hard to git enny information out of 'em you can depend on. They guess what you want 'em to say an' let it go at that. Well, I guess I'll study my lesson."

BY THE light of the fire he read and reread words that Jim had taken down from Kuriri, muttering them over and over to memorize them so that they might supplement sign talk with actual language. Jim had his fairly well in mind, but he was close enough to the skipper to hear him, and he took the occasion to check up. They had concentrated on the words they thought would be the most useful, and Captain Burr droned on, with the Admiral listening drowsily.

Ballan,	the moon.	Kakavago,	go.
Binghan,	footprint.	Kamo,	water.
Deerbara,	tomorrow.	Kalló,	come on.
Faringa,	rock.	Kollé,	hush.
Minna,	how?	Mollé,	near.



The swords came swinging round like the blows of a sledgehammer

They figured on learning ten words a day, making a list that they consulted whenever they had a chance. So a working vocabulary was acquired without much effort, swiftly added to after they had got well started. As Jim said, "the first hundred words were the hardest."

At noon they were nearing the summit of the range, a spur angling out from the main divide they had to cross. It was a difficult march with carpets of creeping plants over the great heaps of debris. Here again they encountered the too luxuriant calamus with fingerthick stems that crept for hundreds of feet, twining about everything in its path, with stem and leaves set with blood-drawing thorns, massing in impenetrable wattles and called by some satirist lawyer-palm. They were glad when they encountered the bed of a brook, crawling over the boulders and through the pools, in thankfulness compared with the struggle through the scrub.

About two hours before sunset they heard distant shouting, and presently came to where a small body of men had evidently passed not many hours before.

This track they followed carefully, coming to a high bank covered with brush, through which they crept and, at last, halting on the top of the steep pitch, were surprised to see a large and level grassy plain. It was an ideal tournament ground, Jim thought, doubtless used regularly for such affairs. In front was a grove of giant gums with white trunks, then a big open space, another grove beyond it. On the west side of the plain lay the deep gorge of the Herbert River and beyond it the marked range, which they must cross, as Sea View on their map. To the east, a high hill covered from base to summit with dark scrub looked almost black in contrast with the bright green grass and the white trunks of the gums. The lowering sun threw long shadows. The men

had evidently been divided into two ranks of the various combatants who were to thus settle their affairs of honor, or dishonor, by trial of combat. They had already separated and one body ranged themselves by the nearer gums while the rest were making for the further grove, each with their women, who carried extra weapons and seemed as excited as the men.

EVERY warrior was painted for the occasion, the women in lesser degree. Some were smeared with powdered charcoal and fat until they shone like polished stove metal. Others were rubbed with red or yellow earth or had grotesque figures painted across their faces. Some were almost entirely whitened, one tall fighter, whose headdress made him appear to be at least seven feet, was yellow from hair roots to his toes.

They had quantities of spears, bundles of nollanolla clubs, and boomerangs besides their wooden shields and swords. The shields reached to their hips, half as wide as they were long, oval, massive, slightly convex and painted in red and yellow, black and white designs that were never duplicated. Jim fancied they might actually carry each man's private coat-of-arms. The swords especially interested him. Their shape suggested the name, though they were more club than true sword, made of hard wood with a short grip for only one hand, the blade about six inches in width, tapering to a rounded point. There was a bevelled edge that looked blunt. The length was between four and five feet and it was evidently tremendously heavy.

(Continued on page 68)

BOYS' LIFE

For All Boys—Published by the Boy Scouts of America
200 Fifth Ave. NOVEMBER, 1925 New York City

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Thanksgiving

HUMILITY is a virtue more admired than practised. To bring humility into the heart of man has been the great endeavor of all the great religious teachers. Their lives contain many beautiful illustrations of such precept and practise. Head bowed and humble, to walk as the least of God's creatures has been the spiritual ideal. There the greatest amongst us is the servant of all. But most of us are creatures of conflict and contradiction. We admire humility on the one hand, on the other we admire the men who do things, who do them in competition against others, who fight and win, who get what they go after; the men of will, of iron; strong men rushing at life and sweeping it along in their wake like a comet, a tornado, a flood. In the work-a-day world we push, we scramble; we "prefer one another" only as we are out-maneuvered or forced. Sometimes though we go back to the little cupboard where we lock the precious things—perhaps the only precious things of life.

Thanksgiving is such a time, for the true Thanksgiving spirit cannot be approached except in humility. The Psalmist cried in such a moment of humble realization: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" The storms that took the Shenandoah, 900 feet long, and broke it in two as you would a stick, water the wheat that gives us bread; the blaze of heat from the sun, which could scorch the world to a cinder, is tempered through a million miles, to smile life on us. Against the fury of the elements, and the anger of God, man is less even than the reed, whipped hither and yon by the wind.

Stop for one moment as you give thanks and realize that you stand one puny individual among a billion people, in a world which is a billionth part of one solar system, which may be less than a billionth part of a universe, which may in itself be only a billionth part of a limited space for which we have no name. Think thus, and try to be puffed up about yourself, about what you do, about what any one man, any million men, may hope to do; think of our utter dependence, not only on the forces of nature, that give us food and life, but of the enterprise of our fellows that make us comfortable

shelters, that give us opportunities for security, work, play, friendship—think of these things, and you cannot help but be possessed by the real Thanksgiving spirit.

Words! Words!! Words!!!

ABOUT the week of November 8-15, if you stroll into a library or a bookstore, or turn over the pages of a literary review you will find featured books, suggestions, reviews on new and old volumes that are of special interest to boys and girls. It is BOOK WEEK, which has become a regular institution throughout the country. The father of the idea is Mr. Franklin K. Mathews, Chief Scout Librarian, and each year, under his direction, the Boy Scouts of America publishes a list with tabloid reviews of books of special interest to Boy Scouts.

In the old days there was very little interest in a boy's reading—so little indeed that the market was flooded with such cheap material, that most of it was a waste of good time when it was not harmful. Boys' LIFE knows that the very best judge of a story, as a story, is a boy, and consequently this new movement is a gain not only to the boy, but to the reading public and to literature as a whole. Indeed the real boy's book is a book for everybody. There is a story of Gladstone, then the Grand Old Man in British politics, hunting the London bookstores for a copy of "Treasure Island." You would be surprised to

learn to what extent the so-called "Children's books" are read by grown-ups!

In the Forest of Books

As usual in most things in life, while the standard and volume of publications have increased enormously, the really great things are few, and if you want to form a carefully selected library, or if you are too anxious to dip into everything, you are likely to be lost in the maze of books that come out of the publishers these days, and exclaim: "Of making of books, there is no end!"

A really valuable book is valuable because it gives us an insight into a man's mind—the author's. The most you can ever hope to do from a book is to learn a small part of what lies in one man's mind. The book is a spark, sparks from the fire, which is a man's mental life, and the upbuilding process of reading lies only in our making that fire our own, or, rather, as we absorb the fire to nourish our own.

The Man's the Thing

The first thing to look for in building up a library, is not for books, but an author. Find an author whose work appeals to you, and give free rein to your natural interest. If you have chosen a really worthy man, you will find yourself not only reaching out to his thought, but to the things that provoked them, to the men and the books that interested him, to his life and times until you will be reaching out from him to things all your own, finding your own strong individual preferences. If, in the meantime, you have kept the books you bought in the development of this interest, you have already laid the foundation of the very best kind of a library one can have—books that definitely mean something to their owner. This has been the secret of more than one man of wide culture and knowledge.

The Value of Book Week

The machinery which is set up during Book Week is of the greatest value not only to the casual reader, lost in this forest of books; it is of great help to the libraries in selecting books for their shelves, to parents, and, indeed, to everybody in any way interested in juvenile literature. In other words, these reviews, such as are published by the Boy Scouts of America under Mr. Mathew's direction, help us to see inside the covers of the books we want to buy—covers which nowadays, following the practise of magazines, are got up with great attractiveness, and are often a promise which the contents of the book do not fulfill. Because there are so many books, so many magazines, many of them utterly worthless, it is just as well for all of us, while developing our own list of books and methods for choosing what we will read, to profit by such help as is available. It is for these reasons that we so heartily support Book Week. Indeed, it is because of its appreciation of carefully selected reading that the Boy Scouts of America give so much time to its Reading Program, and to sponsoring this magazine for boys.

Five Miles a Minute

Recently Lt. Alford Williams, U. S. N., dropped his racing naval Curtiss plane a couple of thousand feet to a straitaway of one mile, and was clocked in the distance at 302 miles an hour, or over 5 miles a minute. A clock accuracy of 1/10 second is necessary in timing as high a speed as this, which few timepieces in existence can do.

A Personal Word from the Editor to the Readers of BOYS' LIFE

In 1912 the Boy Scouts of America purchased a publication known as BOYS' LIFE, with a circulation of 3,000.

During the present calendar year we have maintained a circulation of over 150,000 net paid each month.

Our increased circulation has meant this one thing: it has been built up on the good-will of its readers; it has expanded as your appreciation and affection for the magazine has grown.

I would like to make this a personally addressed letter to each one of you, but as that would be impracticable, I print it here.

I was about to say, thank you for your interest; but that would not be fair, for it would sound as if the magazine belonged to me. It does not. It is *your* magazine; yes, BOYS' LIFE is owned and published by the Boy Scouts of America, not merely for its members but for all boys. To those of you who are regular readers, better still personal subscribers, it will be a source of satisfaction to know that no publication of this character has had such an encouraging success as has your magazine.

Cooperation, based upon appreciation and pride in your publication, at this time will be specially helpful, for during the next few months we face the problem of securing the greatest number of renewals. Heretofore this has been accomplished at the expense of elaborate circularization, which we want to eliminate this year, as we would like to use this resource in maintaining, and, if possible, improving the editorial content and make-up of the magazine.

What will you do to help?

You can help, if you will, by constituting yourself a committee of one, specially authorized by the Editor of BOYS' LIFE, to

(1) Arrange without further notice to renew your own subscription at this time by simply sending your name and address with \$2.00, and no matter when your subscription expires it will be automatically extended 12 months: if you find a green expiration slip in your copy of BOYS' LIFE, do not delay, return it at once.

(2) Make yourself responsible for securing at least one new subscription before January 1st.

(3) Become a BOYS' LIFE Booster, which means that you will speak of BOYS' LIFE whenever opportunity presents, especially to your teacher in school, your scoutmaster, your gang.

(4) Read the announcement on page 66 and consider whether you ought to be enrolled as a BOYS' LIFE Agent, and make this a means of earning your Christmas money, or your school expenses.

(5) Help us to impress on those who advertise in BOYS' LIFE on a business basis that their advertisements actually bring returns. Mention BOYS' LIFE in all letters to advertisers.

(6) Write and tell us frankly what you like best in BOYS' LIFE and give us suggestions as to how we can make our magazine, your magazine. **"BIGGER AND BETTER IN EVERY WAY FOR ALL BOYS EVERYWHERE."**

James E. West

Editor BOYS' LIFE, and
Chief Scout Executive.

The Scout World

Activities, News and Notes of Scouting

By James E. West

Missionaries of Scouting

TWO ambassadors of Scouting left New York September 12 to spend three months visiting various South American republics, a visit that has been undertaken at the special invitation of the Latin-American countries. It is the first mission of its kind and we are very proud of our part in it, for it is largely the interest of the Boy Scouts of America that has made it possible. A special commission, consisting of Mr. J. D. Makgill, Scoutmaster of London, England and Mr. A. D. Jamieson, Scout Executive of Detroit, Michigan was appointed by Mr. Hubert S. Martin, Director, to represent the Boy Scout International Bureau. Mr. Mortimer L. Schiff, International Commissioner and Vice-President of the Boy Scouts of America, defrayed the entire cost of the trip.

Our State Department, the ambassadors of the various South American republics, the Pan-American Union—indeed everyone interested—are most enthusiastic about this mission. The day before they left Messrs. Makgill and Jamieson were entertained at a luncheon at the Union League Club by Mr. Frank Presbrey, who is also one of our representatives on the Boy Scout International Committee, and a number of the members of the Executive Board, including National Scout Commissioner Daniel Carter Beard, Dr. John H. Finley, Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, Mr. Barron Collier, Mr. Wm. D. Murray were present. Six picked scouts of Troop 13 (Mr. A. H. Durieux, Scoutmaster) acted as orderlies to Messrs. Makgill and Jamieson while they were in New York. At the Hoboken docks from which the *Pan-America* sailed with our delegation, about forty scouts of the Hoboken Council, under the leadership of Acting Executive

Los Angeles Band Visits Hawaii

YOU have to hand it to the Los Angeles Scouts. They took their band over recently for a tour of the Hawaiian Islands and their progress was a sort of triumphal procession. There were forty-one boys in the band under the direction of the Band Leader, the Scout Commissioner, Mr. Fred Letten, and Mr. E. B. DeGroot, the Scout Executive. They spent eight strenuous days and played twenty concerts on the Island and four each way on the boat, all without the slightest misconduct, mishap or illness.

Directly they landed in Honolulu, they paraded to the

Capitol grounds where Governor Farrington addressed them.

They not only played concerts before large audiences of the elite, but did their "Good Turn" by playing in the penitentiary, the boys' reform school, girls' reform school, tuberculosis hospital, children's hospital, and at the receiving station of the leper colony, where, by the way, there is a Boy Scout troop.

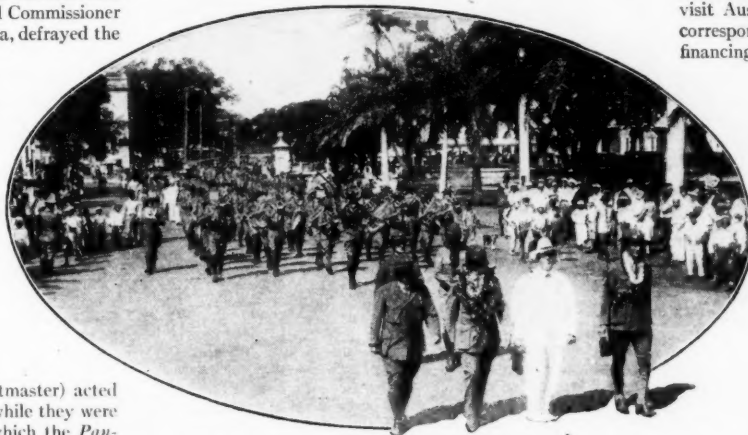
They won golden opinions everywhere. When they played before the Rotary Club, among the audience was the Honorable Sir Joseph H. Carruthers, a member of the Australian Parliament and formerly Premier of New South Wales. He extended a very hearty and urgent invitation to the band to visit Australia. He insisted on Mr. DeGroot promising to correspond with him and even went so far as to guarantee financing the entire enterprise. He said, "I want my countrymen to enjoy the rare privilege which I have enjoyed of hearing the greatest boys' band I have ever heard play the imperishable music that belongs not to America but to the whole world."

The band took with them a member of the Los Angeles Boy Scout Press Association, who operated a portable motion picture camera, so that they have a picture story of the entire trip.

Mr. James A. Wilder, our Chief Seascout, met them at Honolulu and was so enthusiastic about the band program that he accompanied them all over the Island. The Honolulu Council of the Boy Scouts of America feel that this visit has been of more service to Scouting than any other single event of which they had experience.

While the Fleet was in Hawaii

THERE was a big time in Hawaii when our fleet put in at Hilo for a few days



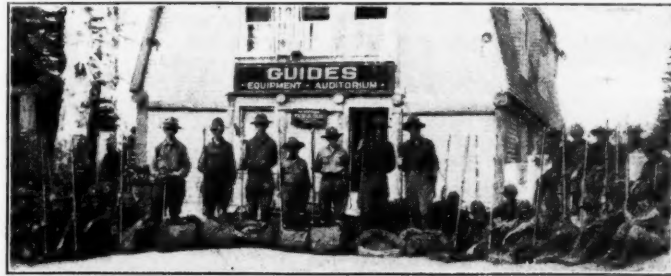
(Above) The Los Angeles Scout Band at Honolulu, marching to the reception by the Governor. "Pine-Tree" Jim Wilder,

Chief Seascout, a resident of Hawaii, joins Mr. DeGroot and the other leaders at the head of the procession



(Left) Albany, N. Y. Scouts doing their Library a Good Turn during Book Week

(Right) Real Scout Mountaineers. Troop 63 of Seattle, Wash., who circled Mount Rainier



R. A. Blauvelt, formed a guard of honor and escort, and gave the mission a rousing send-off.

Messrs. Makgill and Jamieson will visit Brazil, Uruguay, Argentine, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela and Porto Rico, in the order named. It is hoped that while they are at Buenos Aires, Argentine, a delegation of Scout leaders from Paraguay will meet them for conference.

This friendly visit, which will carry to South America the greetings of world scouting, will not act under any set program. They will place themselves at the disposal of the scout officials in the various countries, and help out in any way deemed best—by demonstrations of the scout program as it is in operation in other parts of the world, by short training courses, by exhibits and moving pictures which the delegates carry, by explaining the system of organization in other countries, by conference and in many other ways. In other words these delegates will demonstrate Scouting as it is practiced in other countries, especially England and America, leaving each country to adopt as much of it as they feel meets their special requirements and their special needs. If you correspond with any South American scouts write to them about this mission, which is most of all an expression of our friendliness to the South American republics, whose future citizens we should like to see take a strong place in the great brotherhood of world scouting.



The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, England, blessing the flags of British Catholic Scouts, setting out on the pilgrimage to the Pope. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Chief Scout, Mr. Hubert Martin, Director International Bureau, are seen in the picture

during their cruise of the Pacific. Hilo was chosen by a number of vessels to enable the men to see the volcano and other interesting sights. Of course Scouts were on hand to do their "Good Turn" directing and escorting their friend, the gob. One hundred and fifty boys turned out for this service, some of the boys traveling over 180 miles and paying their own expenses for traveling and food. These boys were from fifteen troops and put in a total of 736 hours of service. They had charge of the information booths, keeping the street decorations straight, acting as orderlies at the band concerts and as assistants to the traffic police and the regatta officials.

Scouts Visit the Pope

SEVERAL thousand Catholic Boy Scouts from a dozen countries, which included some members of the Boy Scouts of America who were in Europe, were received by the Pope, at the Vatican in Rome September 6. The Associated Press cabled the following account to American papers:

Dressed in their bare-kneed scout uniforms and with banners and pennants flying, the youthful pilgrims paraded through the streets, singing their rollicking camp-fire songs.

In the procession were boys from the United States, English youths, kilted Scots, boys of Arabia and Palestine in sheik head-dresses, and others from Ireland, France, Austria, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, (Concluded on page 45)

Interviewing a Lion

By James Forbes

Reporter, Boy Scout Press Association, of Los Angeles

"I HAD been told, just before I walked through the door into Numa's half-acre residence, that this was his usual mealtime.

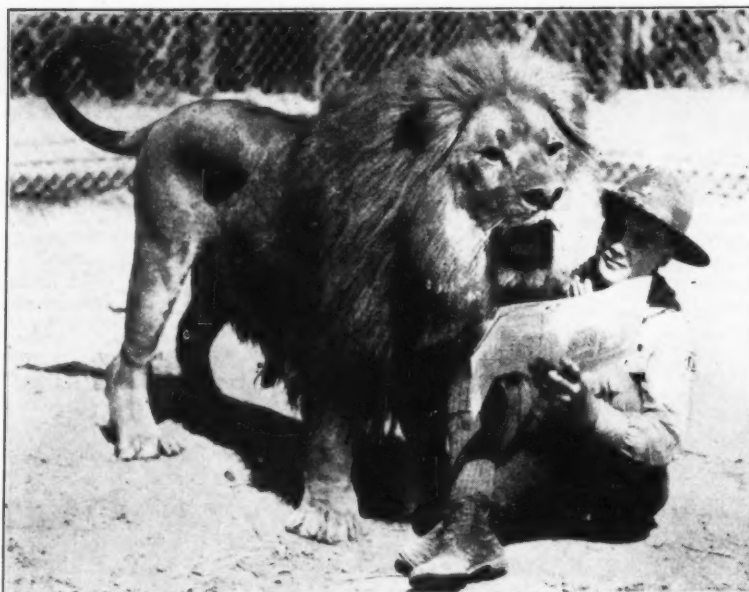
"He will be glad to see you," added Charles Gay, owner of the immense estate on which Numa and many of his kinfolk live. I wondered just what he meant.

Anyway, I found Numa watching for me. He even came more than half-way to meet me. He had a careless sort of approach, rather brusque and expressive of too much self-confidence. It brought into my mind the fact that my folks had taken out an accident policy for me that paid only if I were injured or killed while traveling. I made up my mind that if anything happened to me it would be while I was traveling!

I had stopped at a fallen log in Numa's courtyard and there awaited him. He reached this solitary piece of furniture and with a superlatively easy leap landed on top with his face impolitely close to my own.

"And how do you like Southern California?" I asked, taking out my note-book. That seems to be a standard question with which to greet a stranger.

"Undoubtedly it will be my home for the balance of my years," he said, as if that were sufficient answer. "Like the majority of folks here I am not a native son. I was born in Kansas City, some twelve years ago, and to be born in Kansas always means that in time one comes to California to live. I left home at an early age and for a number of years traveled with a circus. It was rather confining, I found, and so, when I first reached



In Los Angeles there is a Boy Scout Press Association, composed of one scout from each of sixty-five troops, which has for a year been studying journalism. Recently they arrived at the point of advancement where they were deemed competent to publish a monthly magazine, with sanction of Los Angeles District Council. The staff is subject to assignment for special and feature news, so to Scout Jimmy Forbes, Troop 76, befell an assignment to go to Gay's Lion Farm, and get an interview with Numa. Jimmy passed three hours among the hundred lions on the tropical farm, and then was ushered into a half-acre arena to "talk things over" with Numa. His "interview," as written for Los Angeles Scout, appears herewith. [Editor's Note]

Los Angeles I decided to stay. It seems to be the usual history of the tourist."

There was some confusion in the adjacent residence and Numa stepped to the door to see whether he had not been summoned to dine. He came back and again mounted the seat.

"What is wrong with the movies?" I asked, another stereotyped question, but I knew that Numa was a recognized star on the screen.

"Too much cheap human talent!" he snapped. He can snap!

"Too many humans," he went on. "I should hate to compare members of my own family with others, but for real drama consider a mere dog, like Strongheart, or a horse like Rex or certain members of the chimpanzee family and on up to lions and compare their work with that of the ordinary human movie star. That's what's the matter with the movies: too many human beings."

"They say you lion actors have no teeth," I commented. Numa grinned!

I hurriedly changed the subject, directing his attention to *Los Angeles Scout*, the publication for which I was obtaining an interview. Expressing a desire to hear more of it we repaired to a corner where I showed him a late issue, he studying it carefully as he looked over my shoulder. And then we came to a bandit story written by Scout Bob Lewis, one of my managing editors.

"That looks like keen stuff," Numa said, seating himself beside me. "Read it out loud." What a piker Daniel was, I kept thinking!

"And now it is time for my dinner!"

(Concluded on page 61)

"Fight 'Em, Big Three"

A Football Story in Three Parts

By Harold M. Sherman

Illustrated by Richard A. Holberg

PART II

THE game with Bloomsburg was all that a practice contest should be. It gave Milford an excellent opportunity to play mostly straight football against foreign opposition and, in so doing, to try out the various degrees of good, bad and indifferent football talent represented in some thirty-one assorted pairs of arms, legs and—in a few instances—single heads.

Milford played mediocre football, partly due to the weakness of the opposing force, but mostly due to the absence of coherent teamwork.

"Everybody's rotten!" Coach Dolan had told the players at half-time, and he repeated this injunction at the game's conclusion with twenty times the fervor of the first declaration. "Rotten, rotten, rotten!" Then he proceeded to lay each individual out in distinctly artistic fashion until Milford "collectively and separately had figuratively no legs left to stand on," this last according to Slim Mooney, who listened to the callings from a vantage point outside the locker rooms.

"Boy, I'm tickled pink that all I am is yell leader," Slim told the football crowd later. "I don't have to take any bawling out from anybody. The way the coach talked to you guys I'd think you'd feel like going out and lying down in front of a cyclone or laying your heads on butcher Pete's meat-chopping slab. Wow, I could go out and drink a quart of pure nitro-glycerine just from what I heard in the hall!"

"It did sound as though he didn't consider we amounted to much," admitted Conway, ruefully. "Imagine him saying I reminded him of a used postage stamp trying to deliver a letter! And just because he thought I didn't get away with the ball fast enough. . . ."

"Huh! You got off easy," sniffed Kline, at left tackle. "He told me when I missed downing that Bloomsburg full-back that I must have dreamed my legs were cement blocks

and that my arms were greased runways for letting things slide away from me!"

"Pshaw, you fellows didn't get any dose at all," grinned Beef Mellon, jovial center. "The coach informed me that just because I was the heaviest man on the team was no sign that I was the most stationary also. He said that out West they were using earthquakes to move mountains that wouldn't get out of the way . . . and that if I didn't show more pep and go that he'd plant me feet first in some nice garden plot and let me take root and grow there."

"Why didn't you take him up on it?" kidded Slim Mooney. "You'd make a swell spreading chestnut. . . ."

"Say, you—," warned Beef, making a quicker move than Coach Dolan had doubtless ever given him credit for.

"You catch me first. Then say it," taunted Slim, keeping plenty of space between the Milford center and himself.

The crowd of fellows laughed. They were in a particularly good mood despite their recent punning. Coach Dolan had a unique way of telling every player exactly what he thought of his playing without hurting the player's feelings. He often sent the boys into howls of hilarity, but behind the funny things he said was usually a stinging bit of truth which the individuals took home to themselves and made the most of through striving to perfect the defect or weakness criticized. This was the first time during the new football season that the coach had given each boy a piece of his mind, so the occasion was being especially cherished.

"Bawling us out when we beat Bloomsburg fifty-four to nothing," ruminated Stuff. "That bird's funny!"

With the game, despite the uneven quality of play, nothing more than a walk-away victory for Milford—most of the on-lookers' interests had been centered on the alternating of Pepper and Brick at quarterback. Coach Dolan had started Pepper only to substitute Brick in the second fifteen minutes of play. Pepper went in again at the beginning of the second

half, but gave way to Brick during the last quarter, their time in the game being fairly well divided. It was noted that not so much as a word or look was exchanged by these former chums as they took each other's places in the line-up. After the contest, students who liked to compile figures on the playing, determined that Milford had scored 39 of her 54 points while being piloted by Pepper, and that their school team had been held for her only downs while Brick was in the quarterback position. Such figures pointed coldly and conclusively to the fact that Pepper's leadership of the team had proven best. And, these football mathematicians recollected, the eleven had actually seemed to have more life and confidence in the first and third quarters of the game . . . responding to the urge of Pepper with better spirit and smoother working plays. But pshaw! Figures didn't mean much yet . . . the season was still young.

Sharp, curious eyes kept watch of Stuff, Pepper and Brick in the days that followed. Little was said openly, but there was an atmosphere about Milford High which indicated that the whole school was upset and wondering over what was to be the outcome of the feud between Pepper and Brick. Folks had observed Pepper occasionally in the company of Stuff, and Brick also occasionally in the company of Stuff—but never had anyone reported having glimpsed Pepper and Brick together with Stuff. This observation alone was evidence enough that the break had been definite . . . and lasting.

"Who'd ever have thought that those three fellows would have had a falling out?" asked an older Milford citizen of another. "The whole town's looked up to those boys for the fine example that they have set in sportsmanship and fellowship . . . and now they've had to spoil it all by this streak of jealous rivalry. It's a downright shame!"

Navin City, the next Saturday, put up a much stronger argument against Milford, but met a much stronger team in so

doing. Milford triumphed 31 to 6 and Pepper stayed in the entire game at quarterback. There was a vast improvement immediately detectable in his style of play. Only on a few occasions did he betray where plays were going by the turn of his head and Navin City was having all it could do to cope with ordinary matters to say nothing of trying to solve tell-tale motions . . . so the turn of Pepper's head did no damage. Besides he was directing a different team—a team which was getting away faster, with more drive and power and precision.

"Beats all what Coach Dolan can do with a squad of light-weights, doesn't it?" asked an enthusiastic admirer, shortly following one of Milford's five touchdowns. "If our line was only heavier I'd almost be willing to wager we'd give the mighty Reedland bunch a big scare by the end of the season. But you know what always happens when a good little man goes up against a good big man. Imagine Dempsey taking on Benny Leonard! Benny might have all the ring science in the world but, unless he got in a lucky punch, Dempsey would be sure to pound him to pieces in the end."

Ample substantiation was given to the words of this admirer when news came from Reedland that the State champions had ridden over Bloomsburg by a 98 to 0 score, playing three-quarters of the game with their second team. Here was a basis for comparison. Allowing for a certain improvement in Bloomsburg over the week previous when Milford had taken this small school's measure by a 54 to 0 score, Reedland's second team was approximately 44 points better than Milford's varsity! And, as the Reedland paper had said, "the game was a glorious workout for the second string players whom Coach Develon regards as but a shade beneath the caliber of the first team men. It is well for poor Bloomsburg that the Reedland varsity was given an early holiday, else adding machines might have been necessary in keeping tab with the score."

Oh, yes—Reedland loved its football team! The town was far crazier over it than it had been over the baseball nine, and goodness knows Reedland had been loony enough over that. Last spring the town of Reedland had practically moved to Milford to see the great diamond clash between their rival schools. This fall, booked for the last game of the season, Reedland was to have the pleasure of remaining at home and entertaining Milford on the home field. Such an arrangement was more to Reedland's liking. And then, Reedland had not forgotten that last inning triumph of Milford's, when a 1 to 0 victory had been turned into a shocking 2 to 1 defeat. What Reedland had failed to do to Milford in baseball, Reedland would more than make up for in the coming football engagement. Another State championship would hardly be worth so much as a crushing win over their bitterest rival. Even so

early in the season Reedland players commenced licking their chops in anticipation of the way they would gobble up and tear and chew to shreds the team that Milford might send over to do them battle. In Reedland, news of Milford's 31 to 6 victory over Navin City was greeted with shrieks of laughter.

"Navin City's little better than Bloomsburg," Reedland said. "Our second team could have tripled that score!"

In this, perhaps, Reedland had a bit misjudged Milford. It had never been Coach Dolan's policy to drive his team in an effort to swamp an opposing force. The coach was satisfied with a moderately topping score. He believed in keying his players up gradually to reach a certain height and not in driving them incessantly, especially against much weaker opposition. Coach Dolan had always declared: "Comparative scores mean nothing," and had pointed to the results of big college games to prove his point. He had warned his players against being affected by overwhelming scores turned in by their coming opponents.

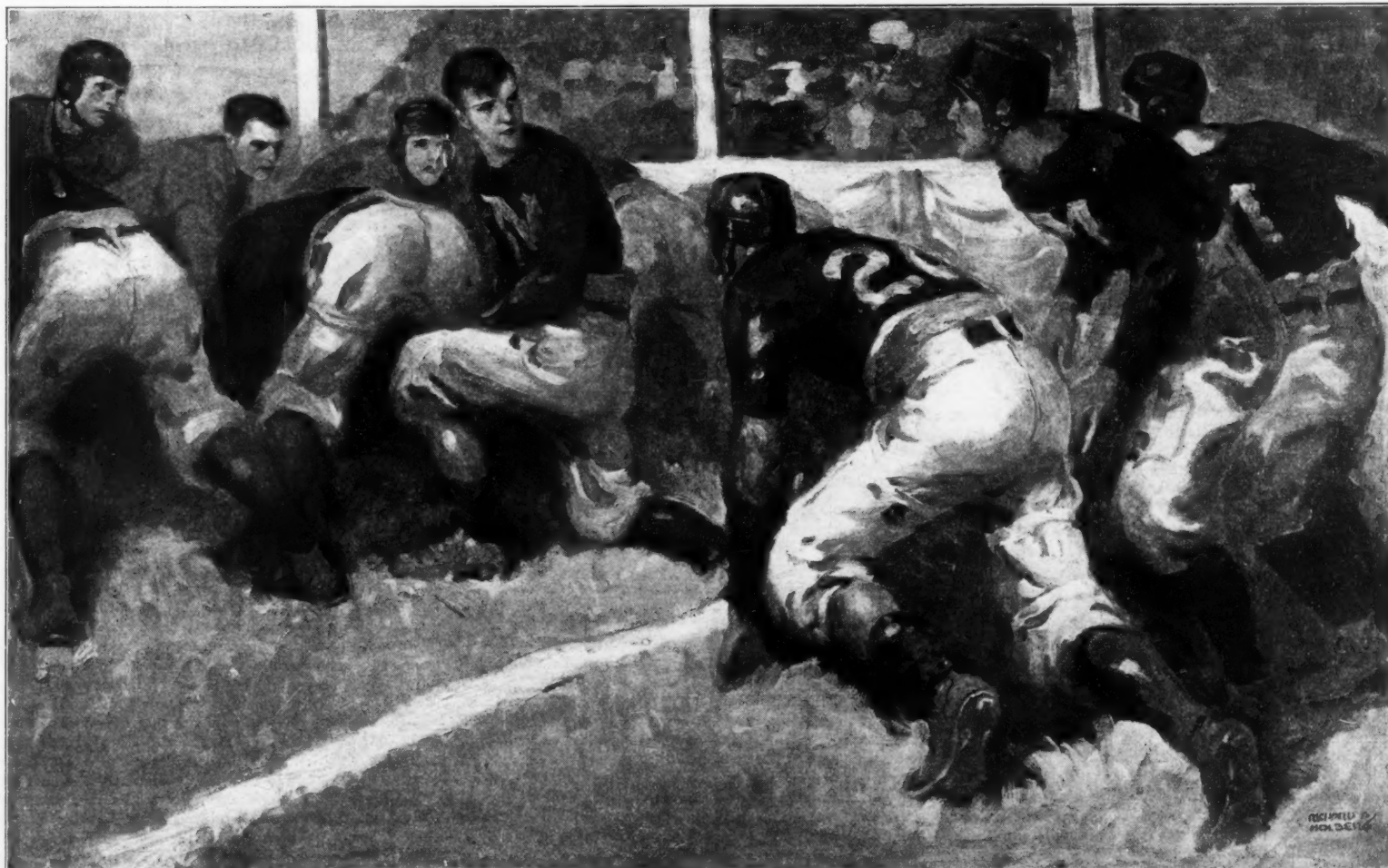
"Beyond indicating that a team has a certain offensive strength, it does not and cannot show what the same team would or could do against us," Coach Dolan often insisted. "A game is just as much lost by one touchdown as twenty, and to win by twenty touchdowns means a great waste of energy. I want my teams to have the drive and power when they need it most . . . and that doesn't mean staging scoring exhibitions just to see how deeply the opposition can be buried. Save some of those pretty touchdowns and line-smashing efforts until you encounter a team worthy of your toughest steel."

WITH September gone the weeks galloped into late October, nothing of unusual moment happening except that Pepper had definitely made the team as quarterback, though Brick had been retained on the varsity squad as utility backfield man. In all this time, so far as anyone knew, Pepper and Brick had not so much as recognized each other. Coach Dolan, mindful of the feud, had tactfully said nothing, preferring to let the boys work their differences out in their own way just so long as they did not interfere with the playing of the team. Coach Dolan distinctly remembered the trouble which had existed between Pepper and Don Watkins, veteran second sacker on last season's baseball nine . . . and its ultimate outcome. He knew that any attempt from an outside influence to right matters quite often only made things worse. This affair was an even more serious difficulty than the baseball wrangle, for it concerned boys who had been such close friends that the hurt of their attitude toward one another must be more severe. At least this was the way the whole situation appeared to the shrewdly observant coach.

One night, at practice, he had chanced to remark to Brick: "Did it ever occur to you that you might prove to be a much better halfback than a quarterback?" And the coach had been given an opportunity to test the real fire of the competition between the two members of Milford's Big Three when Brick had replied: "No, sir. It never did!" With Brick it had been the quarterback position or nothing . . . but after Pepper had been selected he had concealed his disappointment.

POOR Stuff . . . he was the one who had been made to suffer most . . . if suffering may be judged by trying to keep on good terms with two fellows who are at swords' points with one another. Stuff had enough tact to know that he had best keep his mouth shut about Pepper when in the presence of Brick and not make a peep about Brick when he was in the company of Pepper. Each chum had been rather outspoken to Stuff about the other, each presenting his side of the grievance, and both had asked Stuff if the other had said anything to him about their feud. Answering such a question as this took diplomacy only a little less than that required by the president of the league of nations. Stuff did not care to increase the feeling which had sprung up between the two chums. He would have liked to get them together and tell them how silly they both were but he realized, in their present states of mind, such a procedure would be like sacking two bulldogs on each other. With the Big Three combination so badly torn up, both in play and in comradeship, Stuff took little pleasure in the fact that he had won a berth on the varsity as fullback. Perhaps this even went quite a way toward explaining what folks had criticised as his ragged and erratic play. Stuff just couldn't seem to get his heart into his work . . . yet his efforts had been good enough to warrant Coach Dolan's keeping him in position. The coach attributed Stuff's unsettled play to his comparative inexperience, being of the opinion that all he needed was more seasoning under fire.

Friday night, October 30, was to prove an eventful night for two members of the Big Three . . . just how eventful none of them for a second could have anticipated. It was the evening before Hallowe'en and Brick and Stuff had gotten behind on their history notebooks. It was at Brick's suggestion that he had met Stuff and they had gone to the Milford Library after supper to work out their notebooks together. Staying until the library closed, at nine o'clock, the two chums then went downtown to the Sweet Tooth Shop, where each indulged in a soda and some salted peanuts to celebrate the finish of their labors. It was nearing ten o'clock when the pals turned their steps homeward. Coming to the alley leading past the Mitchell backyard, they swung into it, for it provided a shortcut of fully half a block



He saw Pepper kneel near the center, saw him shout out his signals, saw him turn his head to glimpse Dub Eldred

to both of their homes. There was no moon and the alley was forbiddingly dark.

"Gee, to-night ought to have been Hallowe'en!" said Brick, with a careless chuckle. "You sure could imagine goblins and witches and about everything flying around in this blackness, couldn't you?"

STUFFY laughed, feeling his way.

"You sure could!" he reiterated. "Funny how, as many times as we've gone down this alley in the day time, we have to be so careful to keep from running into anything or stubbing our toes at night, isn't it?"

"Well, it just proves how few things we notice unless we have to," said Brick. "Now if we'd paid close attention to that history when it was taught to us we wouldn't have had to . . ."

"Oh, dry up!" broke in Stuffy. "I'm so full of history that all I can think of is Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar and Napoleon. The way I feel now I'd just as soon those ginks had never lived. Or else I wish they were alive to-day so that they could have some of the history they made rammed down their own throats!"

Brick came to a stop in the alley opposite his back yard.

"Well, here's where we part company, Stuffy old scout. See you in the morning, maybe—huh?"

For answer Stuffy laid a hand on Brick's arm.

"Listen!" he commanded. "What's that?"

Behind them, in the direction of the chicken coop on the property of Elmer Sanderson, Milford's distinguished chicken fancier, came a peculiar sound. The noise was that of the disturbed "cut-cut-cuttings" of hens . . . and yet it seemed muffled and smothering. A door creaked.

"Chicken thieves!" gasped Brick. "They're cleaning old Sandy out!"

"Serves him right for making all that fuss over our football landing in his yard," grunted Stuffy, with his usual wont at seeing humor in a serious situation.

"Say—we ought to break this up somehow," said Brick. "Do you suppose we'd have any chance of nabbing those guys?"

"Well—I don't know how good I am at tackling anyone in the dark," speculated Stuffy, in a whisper. "But I'm game to try!"

Silently the two chums felt their way to the high chicken wire fence enclosing the yard. They followed along this fence in the almost total darkness until they came to the fence adjoining which closed in the back grounds of the Sanderson property. This fence was low enough to permit their swinging over it. Cautiously they crept toward the large chicken coop, crossing the walk which led from it to the house. They caught the subdued gleam of a flashlight inside and the door ajar.

"Never mind that rooster!" they heard a voice exclaim, hoarsely. "He'll stir up too much of a racket. Come on. We've got the best of the lot now. It's time we were beating it!"

The vague figure of a man emerged from the coop and stood waiting impatiently, with a nervous glance toward the house, for his partner to follow. The second man was smaller. As his accomplice played the flashlight at his feet to enable him to see the way out, Stuffy and Brick—crouched but a few paces away—saw him to be carrying a huge gunny sack, bulging full. The small man also wore a dark, tight-fitting cap.

"You take little Nemo," whispered Stuffy, as the chicken thieves prepared to leave. "I'll tackle the big baby!"

"Righto!" assented Brick, rising up ready for a leap.

The two chicken thieves were totally unaware of anyone being near them. They started off in the direction of the side fence over which they could gain access to the alley and make an almost certain get-away in the darkness. But they had not taken more than three steps when both of them felt their legs shot out from under them with jolting suddenness.

"What the . . .?"

"Hey, let loose!"

"Got him, Stuffy?"

It was a blind struggle in the dark. Brick brought his man to earth and was astraddle of him inside of five seconds . . . but Stuffy, while he downed the larger robber of the two, found himself in difficulty of subduing the fellow who proved powerfully strong. The unexpectedness of the attack had favored the youths . . . yet each realized quickly that they would be no match for these two older men unless outside aid was secured at once.

"Help! Thieves!" yelled Stuffy, clinging to the larger man's back.

The small man rolled over, grappling with Brick, the two rising only to fall upon the sack containing many of Mr. Sanderson's prize winning fowls. The chickens let out violent squawks of suffocating misery.

Freeing himself from Stuffy and sending his would-be capturer sprawling with a hard blow to the jaw, the larger man

sprang to the rescue of his partner. Brick tried to defend himself against the two but was soon forced to relinquish his hold on the other thief. He staggered after them as the robbers ran across the yard, stumbled over the fence and headed for the alley.

Brick, knowing that pursuit was hopeless, turned to his pal. "Are you all right, Stuffy?"

"Sure. Gee, that big boy packs an awful wallop! Well . . . we saved the chickens anyhow."

Stuffy groped about for the sack and together he and Brick picked it up. Just then the back door to Mr. Sanderson's house swung open and Stuffy and Brick looked into the glare of a flashlight held in the hand of Mr. Sanderson himself.

"So? I thought I heard something going on out here!"

Mr. Sanderson stepped out into the yard and advanced

. . . but this time you don't get away so easy. I'm going to have you arrested!"

"Wait a minute," pleaded Brick. "Listen to us while we tell you what happened, won't you? We were going home through the alley when we heard a funny noise in your coop and we skinned over the fence to investigate. . . ."

"Never mind making up any stories, young man. They won't help you one bit."

"He's not making up any stories," denied Stuffy, vigorously. "He's telling the truth . . . and when we got over the fence we saw two men just about to beat it with that bag full of your chickens. I tackled the big fellow and Brick jumped on the little one. . . ."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Sanderson, scornfully. "No, boys . . . you're going to pay for this pre-Hallowe'en lark and you're going to pay dear!"

"Honest, Mr. Sanderson," insisted Brick, worriedly. "We're not trying to stuff you. We hollered for help and tried to hold onto them until somebody came . . . but they were too much for us."

"Yes, I suppose there were some other fellows in on this stunt, too," surmised Mr. Sanderson. "But they were lucky enough to make their escape before I came out. Well, we'll let them go for the time being. I guess the police can round up the rest."

"Please . . . if you'll just look around here . . . you ought to find some proof of what we say," entreated Stuffy. "Good-night! What would we want with your old hens?"

"My old hens!" fairly screamed Mr. Sanderson. "I want you to understand, young man, that these fowls are the finest blooded stock in the State!"

"Well, that wouldn't make us want them any worse," retorted Stuffy. "You'd better go slow about having us arrested, Mr. Sanderson."

For answer Mr. Sanderson stepped outside and shut the chicken coop door, only to make the discovery that the lock was shattered.

"Something else against you!" he roared, taking a step backward and almost tripping over his bathrobe. "Yes, I think I will go slow about having you arrested . . . about as slow as it takes to call the police!"

THE little town of Milford awoke the next morning to news of a most astounding nature. The feud between Pepper and Brick was as nothing compared to this. Facts of the case were, according to no less an authority than Ben Phillpot, chief of police, that Stuffy Owen and Brick Mitchell had been caught red-handed by Mr. Sanderson as they were about to leave his chicken yard last night with a sackful of prize fowls. From information furnished by Mr. Sanderson, the intended theft was a piece of spite work dating back to the time when the members of Milford's Big Three had booted a football into his chicken yard for the mere sport of it and had received a severe reprimand at the hands of the chicken fancier which they seemed to resent. Pepper had evidently effected his escape, in the opinion of Mr. Sanderson, although a subsequent investigation proved that Pepper had been at home all that evening and was not, at least, directly connected with the affair.

Later in the morning Principal Pomeroy immediately placed the boys under indefinite suspension.

To their parents, Stuffy and Brick told the whole story . . . the true version . . . and they were believed. The finding of a dark blue cap on the grass near the chicken coop after daybreak had been the only outside clue which gave any credence to their story of apprehending robbers. But Mr. Sanderson was unimpressed by this discovery and was more insistent than ever that full justice be done him and the boys severely punished.

"They think just because they've enjoyed lots of popularity from the people of Milford that they can do just about anything and get away with it," said Mr. Sanderson, bitterly. "Well it's about time that fellows like this Owen and Mitchell should be made an example of!"

There was one person in Milford who, when he heard the news, sat long in sober thought. He knew that his two chums were not guilty . . . and he wondered if he ought not to go to them . . . to Brick especially . . . and offer to make up . . . and to help both of them any way that he could. But try as he might there was a stubborn pride in Pepper. He could not forget how Brick had snubbed him on the school campus that day and how he had avoided him from that time on. Now perhaps Brick would miss his friendship more than ever. The three had always stood together through trouble before, each defending the other . . . Pepper felt downright sorry for Stuffy . . . but let Brick see how it felt to fight it out alone. . . .

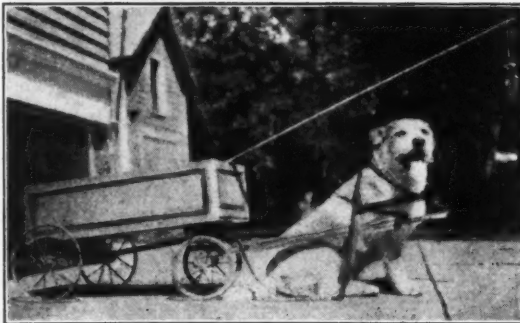
(To be concluded in BOYS' LIFE for December)

Photographic Contest

The November winner is Paul Bazuloka of Lawrence, Mass., whose picture, "A Bar at the Bar," appears in the center.



Worthy of special mention is the photo at the top, "Mushers," by Glen Byington of Corunna, Mich.; and "They can't fool me," by George Vikre, Ortonville, Minn.



toward the two chums. He was attired in a bathrobe and slippers and at any other time than this would have presented a hilariously funny sight as the bathrobe was too long for his stubby size, trailing on the ground.

"Trying to pull off a Hallowe'en prank, eh?"

STUNNED at this interpretation Mr. Sanderson placed upon their presence, Stuffy and Brick glanced at each other, hardly knowing what to say. Then Mr. Sanderson saw the sack.

"What! Why, you young ruffians, you! What do you mean stuffing my birds in that sack?"

Mr. Sanderson pounced upon the sack and half-carried, half-dragged it to the coop.

"See here, Mr. Sanderson," spoke up Stuffy, "I don't just get what you're driving at . . . about us. But if you're insinuating that we were up to stealing your chickens, you're all wrong. If it hadn't been for us you'd have lost the whole bunch!"

Mr. Sanderson felt about on the wall and switched on a light which the robbers no doubt would have been glad to know was there. He examined his prize fowls with great anxiety, noting that several of them limped and others acted considerably upset. The sight of his injured stock infuriated him. He wheeled about, shaking a stubby fist at the two chums.

"I've had dealings with you boys before. I let you off once when you deliberately pitched a football into my yard

Something to Be Thankful For

By Dan Beard

Photos by the Author

WELL, it is all over, the camp is deserted and all is quiet; we no longer hear the blare of the bugle or the boom of the rising gun at 5 A.M. We miss the joyous shouts of the scouts and the sharp orders of the officers; but when I say that all is quiet I am making a slight misstatement, for the flying squirrels scamper over the roof every night and the gray squirrel climbs up the logs of my cabin, nervously jerking his splendid big bush of a tail as he barks and scolds me for not climbing out of bed as early as he himself chooses to get up.

On moonlight nights, the deer scamper around camp, making a great ado; even in daylight the old doe with twins approaches within twenty or thirty feet of the porch where we are eating our meals: she is not afraid of our voices as we laugh and talk, neither does she notice the gramophone as it grinds out the ballads dear to the mountain folks. It is entertaining to watch the fawns play; they are lively little creatures, and try in vain to induce their dignified mother to join them as they scamper around showing the white flag on their tails, in mimic fear of some imaginary enemy.

Occasionally some suspicious appearing person hikes along the road and then mama deer spreads her own big white tail and all three disappear, with flashes of white, into the underbrush; in the gloom of the woods and underbrush, I have more than once mistaken their spreading white tails for men in shirtsleeves.

This is the Garden of Eden; the Chewink or Towhee and other birds feed on the crumbs at our feet, while chipmunks impudently invade our house, and pay no attention to our presence.

The tameness of all the wild creatures suggests to us what must have been the condition of things when the *Mayflower* landed, and later when the first American Thanksgiving dinner occurred.

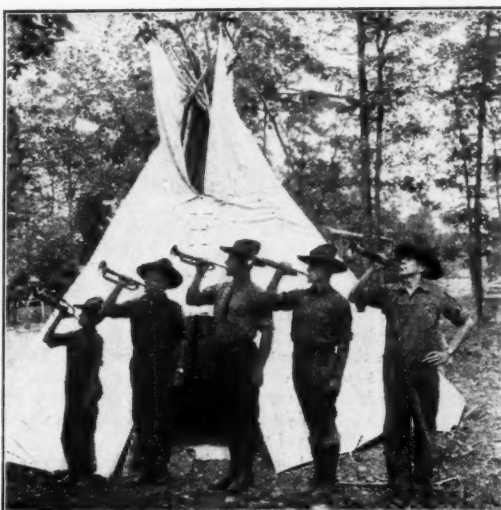
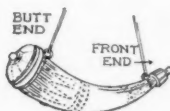
The illustrators of to-day are every bit as lazy as some school-boys. They hate to study as badly as you do—and me, oh, my, that is some slothful! Consequently, these idle fellows make pictures of Puritans with percussion guns, although it was not until over two hundred years later that percussion guns were used.

They also make Daniel Boone and the people of his time with powder horns swung on the left side, or even butt-end foremost. Imagine an old Buckskin man charging his muzzle-loading gun with a powder horn hung butt-end foremost! A powder horn is illustrated at the top of the page. Except with a left-handed person, a powder horn always hung on the right-hand side with the small end to the front where it could be instantly grasped by the right hand and the old-fashioned black powder quickly poured out of the small end of the horn. But if the horn was butt foremost, the hunter would have had to load his gun behind his back!

What has this to do with Thanksgiving? Well, this: we may thank our lucky stars that George Washington, General Jackson and Daniel Boone, as well as their men, were not artists, but men who knew how to wear a bullet pouch and powder horn so that they were ready for instant use; otherwise there would be no United States and, consequently, no United States History to illustrate.

This summer at our camp, we had an artist who did know the bow from the stern of a powder horn; he had an old flint-lock rifle which he loaded and fired for the edification of the Scouts of Troop No. 1, Pike County, Pennsylvania.

Another funny mistake our artists make is in equipping the first settlers with flint-lock blunderbusses long before such locks or such guns were invented. Also said artists invariably dress our Pilgrim fathers in somber black with wide, starched collars and two-gallon hats; true,

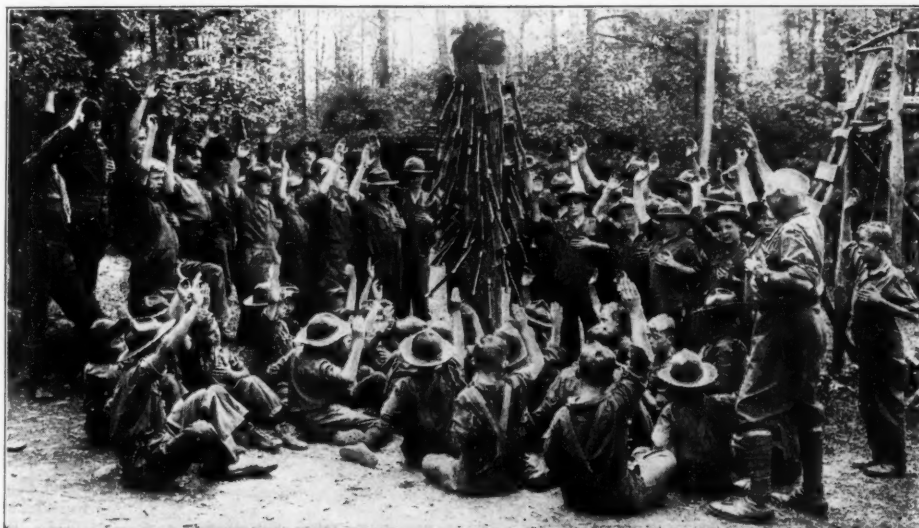


No longer the blare of the bugles



Left: Firing the flint-lock for the class in American History

Right: Winners of best records, Tenderfoot Sutton, Eagle Scout Deck



We will all be back in 1926

the Puritans did dress in "Sad colors" but Sad was the name of the dye-maker, and had no reference to the color scheme of the clothes.

What these people really wore was anything but "sad" in tone: they had green vests trimmed with red tape, clothes of buff, crimson and brown, red woolen caps, in fact, they ordinarily dressed like the pirates in an opera, and they saved their formal clothes and two-gallon hats for Sunday meetings or church-going.

The first Thanksgiving dinner was a jolly affair; the old Puritan fathers fired at targets with their big matchlock guns or their stocky, bulky wheel-locks, while the Indians competed with them with their bows and arrows.

DID they have good things to eat? Well, that depends upon what you call good; they had wild turkey and venison, among other things, and plenty of it! The women did the cooking, the Indians and white men shot the game, and while it was stewing in great pots or broiling over the hot coals, all the men engaged in athletic sports.

It was not only a Thanksgiving dinner but a regular barbecue and picnic; nothing very somber about it. No doubt they had prayers, and very properly so; it would be better for us all if we followed their example in this respect, and it would not spoil the flavor of our Thanksgiving turkey to give thanks for the privilege of eating it safe in our homes surrounded by our own families.

The Puritans had no matches with which to build their fires and their matchlock guns contain no matches as we understand the name, but the guns were equipped with a long rope fuse, the glowing end of which was held by a dragon-head arrangement, in such a manner that when the trigger was pulled the dragon-head came down and set off the powder in the pan alongside of the touch-hole and, bang went the old gun!

Even if the artists do not often take the trouble to look these things up, but just sit down and draw any old thing, you scouts can find all this information in books of costumes in the Public Libraries. How do I know so much about it? Well, I do not have to go to the Library as I have books and colored

pictures of guns and clothes drawn and printed when the people wore such clothes and shot such funny old guns.

Since I have slam-banged the illustrators so hard in this story, I dare not draw any pictures myself for it, and so as a matter of precaution I have illustrated it with photographs taken right here in camp.

I only wish that all of the scouts in the world could have been with us this summer, for we had a most glorious and entertaining and instructive time. What with three world champions in camp, and scores of distinguished visitors, the boys were kept busy smiling all the time and oh, the stories!

The real Virginian, about whom the story by that name was written, gave us

some first-hand history of the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, as it is handed down from father to son by the Indians and told to him by his adopted Indian parents.

Captain Broome, the Texan ranger, told some hair-raising tales of the borderland. Major Post gave an account of his wonderful balloon journey. Edmund Seymour sang for us the old Cowpuncher songs; my buddy, Karl Frederick, showed us how to cut a slender wand at fifty yards, with the bullet fired from a revolver; and we all had such good times that we will feel truly grateful on Thanksgiving day. Grateful that we are alive. Grateful for the woods, the scout campfires, for our homes and friends, not forgetting the turkey and cranberry sauce! and—we must also give thanks for the privilege of having this magnificent magazine to read—Boys' LIFE is indeed a great paper for a Thanksgiving present.

The Spectre of Le Mort Swamp

By Harrison G. Streeter

Illustrated by Eugene Franzden

SUPPER was over in the crude log shelter which served as a lumber camp far up in the middle course of the Beaver. The night was warm for mid-November and the outer door had been left open while around it in various attitudes of easy relaxation sat squatted or stood more than a score of French Canadian lumberjacks. Rude jokes and playful sally in Provincial patois and picturesque English were bantered hither and yon as they strove to pass pleasantly the all too short period of relaxation before the night's rest would again usher them into a day of strenuous activity.

Out in a great depression before them lay the black reaches of Le Mort Swamp. Even now its sinister influence was apparent upon the little group as uneasy glances roved outward into the deepening shadows collecting and spreading within its gloomy depths. The grip of its evil reputation, which relaxed somewhat during the brighter hours of daylight, was now settling again like icy hands upon their superstitious souls. Tales of tragedies enacted within its forbidding borders had passed current among them as they sat in the thickening twilight for many nights past.

Even now Black Pierre was dramatically retelling the story of Big Francois, a burly hunter, caught in his own bear trap in the midst of the swamp two years before. His bones, scattered about the grim iron jaws and picked clean by wilderness beasts, had been found when the snows had melted the next spring. And his soul—here Pierre paused dramatically—blackened by the unconfessed sins of seven years, had gone forth in the great swamp to wander and wail and destroy.

His audience shivered and drew perceptibly closer for Pierre, beyond question, possessed dramatic powers of a high order. Many eyes stole apprehensively out into the thickening gloom. Upon a neighboring ridge a ragged outline of spruce reached its sharp, black points upward to pierce the still faintly glowing western sky. But Le Mort swamp was already covered under a blanket of black obscurity.

Silence fell, for few could rival Pierre's powers and none cared to challenge his statements. For several minutes this continued while the only sign of animation was the wraith-like streamers of thin smoke drifting silently upward from pipe and cigarette.

Suddenly even this ceased. From out somewhere in the black void below came a strange, weird cry. Quaveringly, it arose to a piercing shriek, then died away upon the still night air to a low, mournful tremolo. After a minute, it again stirred

the silence of the mysterious swamp in gusts of shrill, demoniac laughter, more uncanny, sinister, frightening even than before. It stopped as suddenly as it began but it was several moments before the last of the echoes died away in the remote recesses of Le Mort in a series of maudlin chuckles.

A shudder ran over the group as they almost imperceptibly drew more closely together.

"Carcajou," whispered one to his neighbor—a half-breed Montagnais from the Mistassini.

"Huh! non," was the reply. "Injun devil. I heer eet once on the Quichouan."

AGAIN it came in a booming, rasping, long-drawn roar and again complete silence settled as the voices of the wilderness were hushed by the weird interruption.

"Loup Garou!" gasped Jacques Radisson as he moved hurriedly toward the door.

"Loup Garou," echoed several others in awed whispers as they hastened to follow him.

Jean LaCrossette, the broad-chested foreman was the last to enter. Unafraid as he was of anything physical still the inward promptings of a superstitious nature brought a gleam of fear to his eyes as the weird stories of the Loup Garou came back to him in a flood of childhood recollections.

Inside, the glow of the great oil lamp made less real the intangible fears that gripped them but even here Black Pierre still held forth to a circle of widened eyes and gaping mouths the terrible deeds of that mysterious lost soul, the giant werewolf, that wanders the night and howls and frightens in all the French speaking regions of the North.

There was one in that listening circle who did not give full credit to the tales—each one stranger and more frightening than the last, which went the rounds. Bud MacGreggor had arrived but the day before. He was of a different temperament and ancestry than the others. Even now he was under an assumed name for his mission was a secret one even from Jean LaCrossette. His father had secured stumpage rights to a tract of fine spruce just to one side of Le Mort. The great North Star Company had opposed the acquisition but had only succeeded in having a clause inserted requiring him to finish his operations by the first of the following April.

At that time the valuable concession would revert to the North Star together with all cut timber not stacked and ready to be swept out by the spring freshets of the Beaver. Three weeks before, the older MacGreggor had met with a serious accident and was compelled to depart for proper surgical treatment. It was evident that his enforced absence would continue for the greater part of the winter. Operations in the meantime had languished. At first the excuses had seemed plausible enough but finally suspicions had fastened themselves in his mind that there was something aside from mere accidents that was delaying the work.

Prime spruce was getting scarce and the demands of the World War for an unlimited supply of it in the manufacture of airplane frames had sent the price soaring to unbelievable figures. If he failed to clear out his holdings by the time limit set by his conces-

sion, he stood to lose and with Scotch persistence he set his face grimly against this contingency. Not a day could be lost and each succeeding mail brought reports more discouraging than the one before. He had at last in despair sent his son, Bud, north to investigate and remedy the situation if possible.

The younger MacGreggor had rather easily drowned his disappointment at thus having his education interrupted in his junior year at McGill. Anticipation of active and probably adventurous service out in the northern woods held its own lure for him. His disguise as an inexperienced laborer in search of work had been his own idea and now, installed as a general helper about the camp, he was just getting his bearings, and long after he turned into his narrow bunk that night he lay awake thinking of the strange cries, the tales of the Loup Garou and their effects upon the superstitious minds of the French lumberjacks and its effect upon the work.

DURING the next week little further out of the ordinary occurred. Several times they had heard the weird cries but they had been far off in the depths of the swamp. Some of the fainter hearted of the lumberjacks had quit and departed and a few others had come to take their places. The prevalent state of feeling was one of anxious anticipation. The wood road to the new cutting must cross a detached portion of the swamp. The men went into its gloomy depths during the day to clear a way through with a fair degree of willingness but nothing could hire them to approach the forbidding region at night.

Bud had done some exploring on his own initiative. The stand of spruce had been visited and his eyes glistened as he gazed up at their tall straight columns and speculated upon the value of their tough, light wood in the construction of more and better air-craft as well as the legitimate profits which his father might receive from their sale.

He had penetrated the swamp, too, but only for a short distance. The late warm fall had not yet frozen its surface so that progress across it was difficult. Upon one of its numerous islands he had come upon a little brush shelter which showed unmistakable signs of recent occupation. This had aroused a train of speculation in his mind as to its use. But he could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. Even Jean LaCrossette, to whom he went, met his guarded questions with a non-committal grunt.

Every evening Black Pierre retold his weird tales, while Bud noted their effect upon the superstitious men. The nervous tension increased and some of the lumbermen refused to go near the swamp even during the day. The situation was fast approaching a climax.

The last day of November saw a decided fall in temperature while an east wind howled dismally through the evergreens just back of the camp. In the morning nearly a foot of snow lay upon the ground while ice several inches thick covered the still waters of the swamp. Winter had come and Le Mort was close gripped in its icy embrace.

The evening of the first of December was cold with a full moon brightening the outside world. Inside the lumberjacks were gathered about the great stove glowing red in spots while stories and rude jests were going the rounds. A silence fell as out upon



Few could rival Black Pierre as a story-teller



He pulled back the blanket from a swarthy face

the border of the swamp the weird cry quavered forth again. Jean LaCrossette flung wide the door, letting in a flood of cold air. The white snow glistened in the moonlight while the sombre shadows seemed black by contrast. From out over Le Mort arose a rasping screech and then silence. Once again it came while those inside shivered with cold and something more. The door was slammed to and fastened while the men, silent with fear, sought their bunks and blankets.

EARLY the next morning Bud was awakened by the sound of high-pitched voices. Black Pierre had just entered, and with wide eyes and extravagant gesture was declaiming to an excited group.

"An when I came to ze road through ze swamp," he was saying, "I found a track so beeg like zat," and he extended his hands to indicate a monstrous size for a foot. "It had ze great claw each like my whole hand and zere was blood. I follow a leetle way and stop and zen I go some more."

He paused dramatically.

"When I come to zat island all cover wit spruce I tink I see some-ting move up in top. Zen I look again and zere sticking through the branches was a beeg head wit great eyes that blaze and smoke come out of its nose and he say all growly like: Gr-r-r you go back. I get you, tear you up and eat you. Zen I see his body on other side of tree clear down to ze feet and they were the same zat mak ze beeg track. Zen I run—run—run—till I get here and tell you."

"Guess you'd been drinking some St. John's lightenin', an' seein' things, Pierre," bantered the foreman but the jest fell flat. The men stood as though stunned.

In a half-hour affairs had resumed a normal appearance at least outwardly but after breakfast eight of the men disappeared. When LaCrossette inquired about them, the cook sniffed disdainfully.

"Seen 'em pack up and leg it down the road toward Caribou like 's if the Loup Garou was after 'em. They're goin' t' have bad weather, too," he finished glancing up at the sky.

A bank of clouds had come up out of the west and a biting wind moaned through the pines. In a few minutes the weather had thickened and snow began to fall. Bud made haste to get out. He wished to examine the tracks before they should become covered.

Already a little group of men were gathered about as he approached the mysterious trail. They were bunched close together and conversing in low tones and whispers as they gazed wonderingly with fear widened eyes at something before them in the snow.

It was the great track. More than a yard long by half as wide, with great sharp points where giant claws had extended still further, it was indeed an awesome thing. More than ten feet beyond was the next and the rest continued until lost to sight up the swamp trail.

Bud approached more closely to examine it.

"Non, non, no touch," admonished Jacques Radisson. "You die eef you cross eet. Red Louis, he did down on the Mistassini last winter."

"You cowards make me sick," exploded Bud in disgust as he scraped away the thin layer of snow in the bottom of the depression to examine it more closely. There were traces of red at the points of the claws from which Pierre had evidently taken his tale of blood, but beyond that he could find nothing really enlightening. More than an inch of snow had already fallen, making detailed inspection out of the question.

In the blinding storm which had now set in, he started along the strange trail followed at a little distance by the others. They were a silent party for Bud was too grimly in earnest to speak and the rest were awed into silence. It was evident that any sudden startling incident would send them all scampering back in panic.

The great tracks continued rather widely placed and each more than a dozen feet apart, indicating that some creature of tremendous size had made them. Sometimes midway between the great prints was a sharp impression, but this was so filled with snow that he could make nothing of it. Occasionally the great tracks floundered as though the creature making them had stumbled. Finally they turned off into the swamp and wound away into its gloomy depths, avoiding for the most

part the tangled thickets and keeping to the more cleared spaces.

Here the men became even more timid and followed hesitatingly. For a quarter mile this continued while the snow in thickening eddies swirled downward, covering fast the trail they were following. They came to a stop before a break smashed through a fringe of smaller growth by a tree recently fallen. Beyond was a winding water course. Through this gap the strange trail led, crossed the stream and climbed the opposite bank. A murmur of awe came from the lumber jacks as they gazed at the gap.

"See," gasped Jacques, "it tear away ze great tree."

"Why, that's only a windfall," argued Bud.

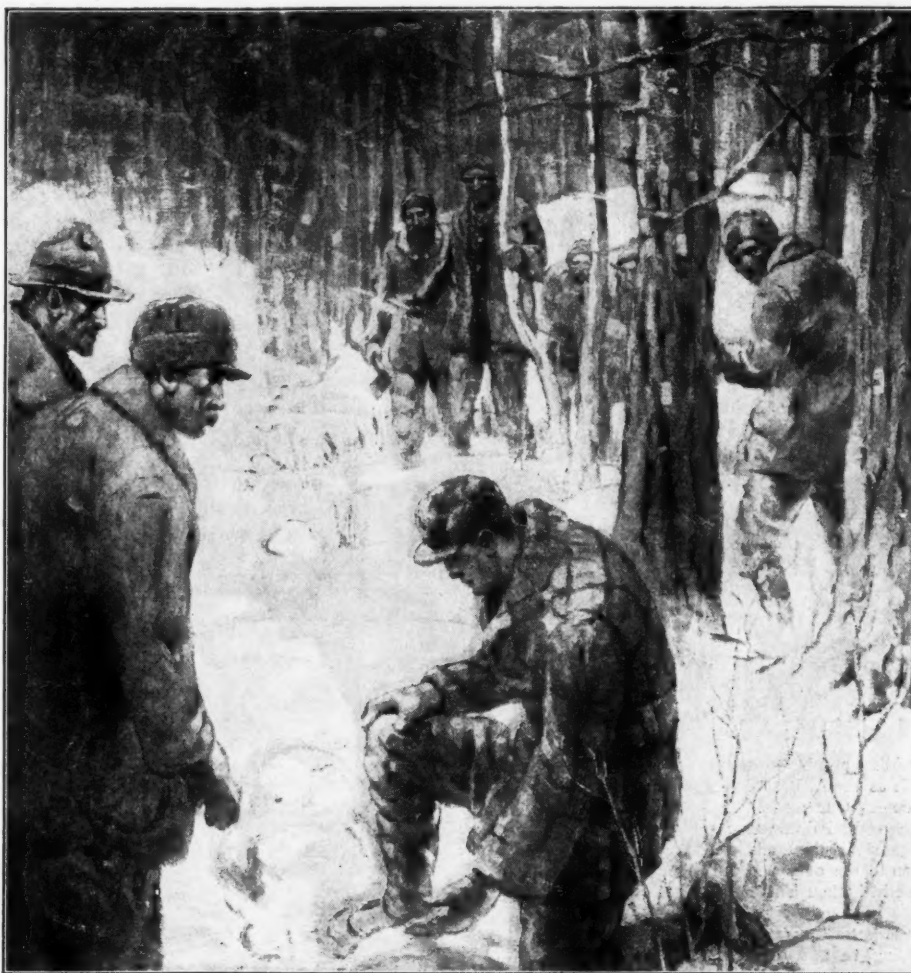
"Zair ees ze claw marks," retorted Jacques, pointing to a place where the bark had been knocked off possibly in its fall.

Before Bud could reply, there was a crash in the evergreen thicket on the other bank. Two or three of the smaller trees

withstanding his arguments another small party started out through the storm for Caribou. After trying in vain to dissuade them he prevailed upon one to carry out a message to his friend, Conny Lewis of the Dominion Police.

Bud spent hours in the next few days trying to puzzle out the mystery. That there was anything supernatural about it, he did not credit for an instant. He was not superstitious by nature. But, that it would be impossible to keep the French Canadian lumber jacks on the job during the winter was equally evident, and as the war had made it impossible to secure any other kind the seriousness of the situation impressed itself upon him forcibly. Something must be done, and that quickly or they would not only lose the rich holding but would also sink all the money they had put into it. He had ranged the swamp, when it was possible for him to do so, but without success. No more tracks had been made and the cries had ceased. The eight remaining lumbermen were nervous and excited and it would need but one more visitation to start them off to Caribou after their companions. It was hopeless also to expect to bring more in until the mystery was cleared up.

To give himself greater freedom of movement especially at night, he had changed his sleeping quarters to the smaller shack used for storage purposes. Here he could keep his eye upon the camp or steal away to the swamp unobserved. He had improved the opportunity by slipping away for two evenings and sitting with a 30-30 rifle across his knees for hours behind a cover of young pines, watching the trail through the swamp. But nothing had occurred. At midnight he had returned; for none of the suspicious happenings had taken place after that hour. He was certain that no one in camp suspected his activities, not even Jean LaCrossette.



"You cowards make me sick," exploded Bud

shook, dropping from their thick branches the accumulated load of powdered snow which swirled outward and upward in a drifting curtain of indefinite shape.

For one horrified moment the little group of lumber jacks stood in open-mouthed astonishment. Then with shrill yells of terror, they turned and tore madly up the back trail. The crashing on the other bank continued but seemed to Bud to recede rapidly and finally died away in the distance.

The young man stood nonplussed. He was somewhat shaken himself but not fear stricken as were his companions. After a few minutes of careful scrutiny, he pushed guardedly across the snow-covered ice and up the opposite bank to investigate.

Breaking through the first fringe of bushes he caught his breath in a gasp. Then slowly his face relaxed into a grin. A few feet beyond and bearing directly away through the thickets were the fresh tracks of a running moose. It had evidently taken refuge from the storm in the dense evergreen cover and had been startled by the appearance of men so near its shelter.

But that did not explain the trail he had been following. Bud hastily picked it up and followed on doggedly for more than half a mile. The snow now came down so fast that the thickets a hundred feet away were almost blotted from sight. The tracks also were all but covered.

Suddenly the fear of being lost in the great swamp smote him. He turned instantly to follow his back trail. In less than a mile this likewise was covered, but after two hours of wandering he found his way back to camp. He had already been assigned to a picturesque fate by his companions and his return eased somewhat but did not still their fears. Not-

In an instant the chill left his blood. His heart raced with excitement. Drawing his hand out of his glove he released the safety catch upon his rifle and leaned forward trying to pierce the dense gloom before him. Twice more the cry came, increasing in hoarseness until it finally died away in a menacing rasp. Then all was silent and he waited several minutes for further developments.

He was just about to start back in the direction from which the cries had come when he became aware that something was approaching along the trail. Again his fingers tingled with increased circulation as he sank more closely into the shadows.

Another minute passed. The deep gloom beneath the rows of trees obscured his vision but something was out there. It was still more than a hundred yards away and he could hear as well as catch occasional glimpses of its movements.

Slowly it approached. The shape was as yet vague but its motion was jerky and the progress painfully slow. Bud fumed with impatience. His nervousness increased and just a tremor of superstitious awe crept over him as one movement more clumsy than the others shook the top of a small birch only a hundred feet distant.

Not until it was in the trail directly opposite him and only thirty feet away could he distinguish it clearly. Then a look of blank wonder, a grin of delight and a frown chased each other across his features in rapid succession.

It was a man of rather small stature. Upon his feet he wore great flat slabs of irregular shape somewhat resembling snowshoes. But his method of locomotion was what interested Bud most. With a stout pole he was vaulting forward, first upon

(Concluded on page 55)

DAN BEARD'S SCOUTING SECTION

Chance for a Good Turn

1. Where can I get Yuca wood and how much will it cost?

2. In the fire-by-friction, after the tinder has burst into a blaze are you required to build up a regular fire, or are you allowed to pass without building one?—FRANK H. BRUMBY.

1. I know of no place where it is for sale. If any scout wants to help Scout Brumby out, note that his address is 616 Gregory Way, Bremerton, Wash.

2. Blaze counts.

Noggins

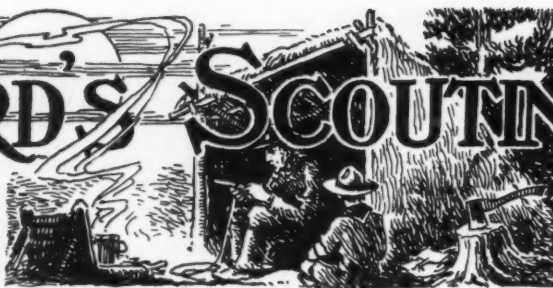
PLEASE tell me what a "noggin" is. I notice this appears in your American Boys Handybook.—JOHN L. GREEN.

A drinking cup hollowed out of a burl sawed out of a tree. A burl is one of those lumps, knots, or bunions you sometimes see growing on the side of a tree.

A Nature Enthusiast

1. What is the address of Ernest Thompson Seton?
2. Has he written any books since "Woodland Tales"?
3. In his "Life Histories of Northern Animals" does he deal with any of the animals that inhabit the Central States?
4. Where can I procure information upon the requirements of becoming a Yellowstone Park Ranger?
5. Are there any other government positions in which one could receive even more valuable experience in Natural History?
6. What would be your advice to a boy of fifteen who has studied Natural History to some extent and who wishes to become a naturalist?—TAYLOR MAXEY.

1. Greenwich, Conn.
2. Write and ask him.
3. Yes.
4. Write to Horace Albright, Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, Yellowstone Park.
5. I consider that this is the best because it is outdoors, and because Mr. Albright is a mighty fine man with whom to work.



6. Take a notebook and make drawings of everything you see with notes about them. Then identify them by books and then write their Latin names and common names under the sketches. Visit museums and make friends with curators. Any naturalist will help you with advice. They are all good fellows. DON'T COLLECT BIRDS' EGGS.

Cheers for Archers

OUR scoutmaster tells us that you are trying to spread Archery more extensively among the scouts. My patrol will be more than willing to answer any of the inquiries concerning the various phases of Archery.

Also, Chief, I would like to know what encouragement you could offer to some of the fellows who would like to help some "unlearned" scout by making his equipment for him and at the same time earn a little pocket money.—JERRY RUSSOM, Patrol Leader.

The encouragement I offer is that of the merit badge in Archery, and my personal congratulations to your troop for their efficiency in the ancient art. Of course I will, and do here take pleasure in directing the boys to write to you when they want archery outfits. Other scouts note the address, 115 Riverside, Fort Collins, Colo.

Interpreting in English

1. I am a native of Norway, but came here when I was

1. Every letter must carry the name and address of the writer.
2. One question only, or a group of questions on a single subject, may be asked in each letter.
3. Questions which require more than 75 words for reply must be ignored.
4. Questions which have been answered repeatedly will be ignored.
5. Questions must have some relation directly or indirectly to scouting activities and the interests of scouts, though any reader of the magazine, scout or not, may use the department.

twelve, and can speak and write both languages. Am I qualified for the merit badge in interpreting, and if so, in which language, English or Norwegian, shall I pass it?

2. Have you any suggestions for a scout troop in town where the Four Square Program has the support of the main population?

3. Can I send merit-badge applications to Chicago or San Francisco, or do I have to send them to New York?—RAY WINTHER.

1. Take it in English, translating into Norwegian.
2. Just keep up your Scouting. Be such good scouts that the population must respect you and what you stand for.

3. Your scoutmaster will write to National Headquarters for the merit-badge applications, since your troop is not under council.

Killing Caterpillars

1. I have a lot of caterpillars on my trees in the yard; how is the best way to kill them?

2. Does a bird's nest have to be out all winter and get seasoned before a bird will nest in it?—W. M.

1. Spray the trees with insect poison and it will kill the caterpillars.

2. No.

The Patrol Flag

WHERE can I buy a patrol flag with our patrol animal, the Black Bear, and the initials L. S. A.—EDWARD DILLON, Supply Department, B. S. A., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 25c for the flag and 10c for each letter.

Too Long for This Column

1. Will you tell me how to make a canoe large enough for three riders?—DOYLE WAVE.

For information regarding the building of a canoe, see *Boating and Boatbuilding*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, and various back numbers of *Boys' Life*.

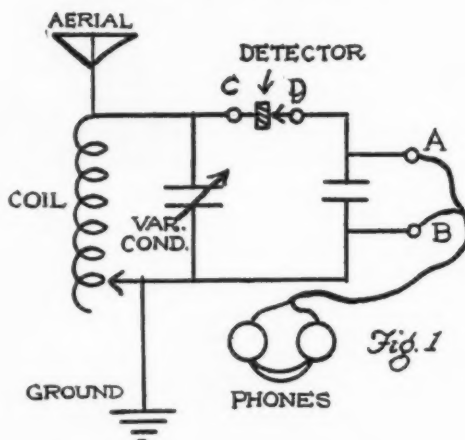
How to Add a Bulb to a Crystal Set

By Zeh Bouck

THERE are two possible ways of adding a tube to a crystal set—both just about as simple as the A, B, C's. Logic demonstrates how this is to be done. One method is by substituting a detector tube for the crystal detector. This is the cheaper system. The second possibility is to add one stage of audio-frequency amplification to the output of your crystal set. I prefer this latter method, though it is slightly more expensive.

Figure 1 is the diagram of a simple crystal set. All crystal receivers may not be connected according to this exact diagram, but in all cases there will be the four connections indicated as A, B, C and D.

A and B are the binding posts to which the telephone receivers are connected. C and D are the terminals of the crystal detector—the places where the wires connect to it—or, more simply, the part holding the crystal and the part holding the catwhisker. Having these four terminals or posts we can add a tube in either of the two suggested methods regardless of the remainder of the circuit or make of set. Examine your set and locate these A, B, C and D terminals,



condenser can probably be purchased in your neighborhood 5, 10 and 25 cent store.

The socket and rheostat can be mounted on a separate baseboard or, if there is room in your crystal receiver, as there probably will be, they can be arranged alongside of the original parts. Figure 2 shows how this was done with the simple crystal set described in *Boys' Life* for September.

Examine the new parts. You will find that the rheostat has two terminals or binding posts. The socket has four marked P, G, F and F. The "B" battery will probably have only two posts, marked plus and minus, and each dry cell will have similar terminals, one on the side and one in the center. The grid condenser and leak and bypass condenser will each have two terminals. These parts must be connected up exactly as described in the diagram, Figure 3.

The three dry cells are connected in series—that is, the center post (positive) of one cell to the side post (negative) of the next cell and so on. This connection is shown in Figure 3 and forms the "A" battery. Two terminals will remain, a side terminal (negative) and a middle terminal (positive), which are wired to the tube through the rheostat, as follows: The negative terminal goes to the rheostat (R in

(Continued on page 64)



COURTESY
"RADIO BROADCAST"

because we shall return to them several times in the course of this article.

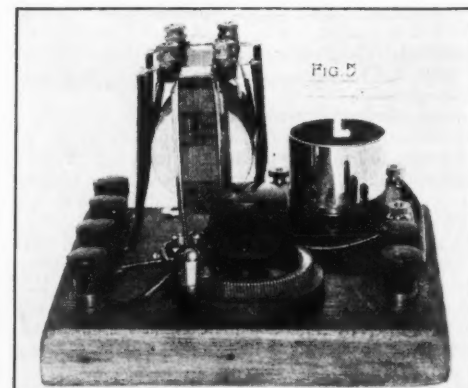
The Necessary Parts

The parts required for method number one—the substitution of tube detector for crystal detector—are as follows with their approximate prices:

One type 99 tube (UV199 or C299).....	\$2.50
One 22.5 volt "B" battery.....	1.25
One bypass condenser .0025 mfd.....	.25
One 30-ohm rheostat.....	.25
One socket for a type 99 tube.....	.25
Three dry cells at 35c.....	1.05
Combination grid condenser and leak.....	.25

Total..... \$5.80

The socket, rheostat, grid condenser and leak and bypass





New principles in radio developed by RCA

Radiola 25 (pictured above with Loudspeaker Model 100), a six tube uni-control Super-Heterodyne, that uses the new power tube. It has space in the cabinet for dry batteries, but can be used with Loudspeaker too without batteries. With 6 Radiotrons, but without loudspeaker \$165

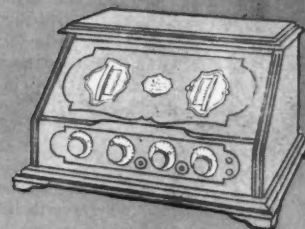
THE new Radiolas, embodying new principles of radio reception, are not only the product of RCA, but have behind them as well, the research facilities, the engineering and manufacturing skill of General Electric and Westinghouse. They meet, with new standards of achievement, all five fundamentals of good radio reception.

1. **Quality of tone**—New Radiotrons and new RCA Loudspeakers mean perfection of tone never before achieved.
2. **Volume of tone**—The new Radiotrons make possible tremendously greater volume of tone.
3. **Selectivity**—The Super-Heterodyne is known to be the most selective set on the market, and this selectivity has been carried to an even greater degree of exactness.
4. **Range**—Power amplification has brought improved distance reception.
5. **Simplicity**—The new uni-control system at last brings single control operation to complete, practical success. And some of the new Radiolas can be operated entirely on the house current without batteries—a final step in a series of achievements that put radio today many strides ahead.

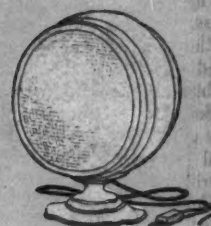


RCA-Radiola

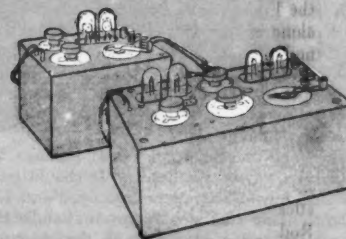
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF RADIOTRONS



Radiola 20, an entirely new five-tube tuned radio frequency set, with regeneration. Antenna type, with the new dry battery power Radiotron. Without accessories \$102.50
With 5 Radiotrons \$115



Radiola Loudspeaker Model 100, RCA Cone type, achieving new clarity and far wider tone range. Can be used with any radio receiver \$35



Radiola III, a two-tube set of antenna type. Over 200,000 already in use! A distance-getter with the headphones. Without accessories \$15
With 2 Radiotrons and headphones \$24.50

Radiola III-a, a four-tube Radiola that is known from coast to coast. Without accessories \$35
With 4 Radiotrons and headphones \$49.50



Radiola Loudspeaker UZ-1325, the RCA standard horn type loudspeaker. Adjustable \$18

In addition to new developments in radio, RCA has achieved a record in low price for highest quality reception, by greatly reducing the price of Radiolas that have already proved their worth.

Write for booklet giving descriptions in more complete detail. Address the RCA office nearest you.

Radio Corporation of America
Chicago New York San Francisco

Wings of Speed

By Raoul Fauconnier Whitfield

Illustrated by Bob Fink



HE propellers of the five airplanes spun lazily in the afternoon sun, the motors humming a low song for the great crowd gathered about the field. Five white-winged birds anxious to be off—anxious to take the air and cleave their way around the four towers, each four miles apart! Five birds whose crews were even now tuning the ships for the race, making them ready for the two-hundred-and-fifty-six-mile battle over the Brighton Air Course.

Four towers, painted black, stabbing their steel two hundred feet into the sky, were to be the markers of the course, and each one of the towers would have to be passed sixteen times by each airplane. Forty thousand persons, many of them with field-glasses, were scattered below the course, ready to cheer the ships, watching for the winner—the plane whose wings would cross the imaginary line between the black and the red tower first.

"Sounds great, eh, Duke?" Rodney Lane grinned at his mechanic as they stood listening beside the motor of the American entry.

"Couldn't sing better," Duke Young replied. "But that English ship has me worried. 'She has all of the appearances of speed—and then some.'"

The pilot chuckled. "Unless I miss my guess by a long way, all five of these planes are pretty well matched. I know the French and Canadian ships are right along with us—they'll average a hundred and ninety. That Jap, Kyoti, has a plane I'm not sure about. But he's a whale of a flyer himself."

The mechanic was pulling his helmet over his head. "It should be a close race," he agreed grimly, "and I'm thinking that you've got to handle the stick and rudder with all the old stuff, Rod."

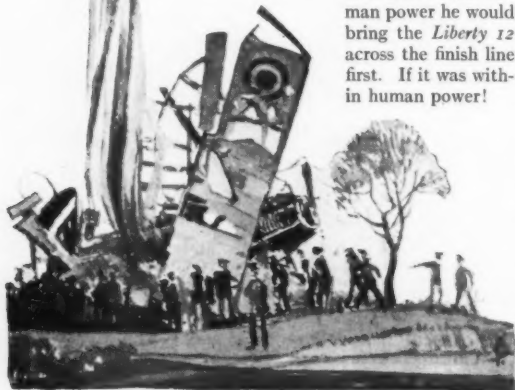
The pilot nodded. "We'll have to fly," he announced briefly, "but I guess we can give a fair account of ourselves. Hop in the back, Duke."

The mechanic climbed into the rear cockpit of the plane, and commenced to adjust the telephone apparatus on his head. Rodney Lane posed again for a belated newspaper photographer, tugged at a few of the wires in the under-carriage, and climbed into the pilot's seat.

Five planes on the dead-line, headed into the wind for the take-off! Five ships representing five different countries, each desirous of winning the coveted gold and silver cup, emblem of air-speed supremacy!

Rodney Lane's lips set in a firm line as he dropped into the cushioned seat.

If it was within human power he would bring the *Liberty 12* across the finish line first. If it was within human power!



His hands moved the stick, rising between his knees, from side to side. He kicked the rudder control sharply with each foot, and then adjusted the helmet on his head, and the goggles over his eyes. The roar of the other ships' motors had increased in tone; the start of the race was only a little more than five minutes distant. The pilot snapped the headphones and mouthpiece, which gave him communication with the mechanic in the rear seat, into place.

"Watch the two ships on your port when we get into the air," he instructed Duke. "I'll keep an eye on the two on the starboard. We won't get away wide open, so the chances are we'll be back of the jam at the first tower."

"Right." The mechanic's voice came to Rod clearly through the receivers. "It was a tough break that gave us the center spot."

"Won't make much difference after we get up in the air a bit," the pilot replied.

BUT the point of the thing was, Rodney knew, that they could not get up in the air more than two hundred feet without having to come down for the towers. One of the rules of the race was that the pilots should round the towers below the level of their steel. And two hundred feet was not much altitude in which to maneuver a plane traveling almost two hundred miles an hour.

The race would be a test of speed and pilots, and also of the planes' motors. Army and Navy flyers of all countries had been barred from the event—it was the commercial plane organizations which had entered their pilots and ships. Elimination races has been held in each country, and Rodney Lane, piloting the *Liberty 12*, built by the Ajax people, had survived the American field. Now it was an international matter.

"There goes the gent with the checkered flag!" Duke called Rod's attention to a man who was slowly walking to the opposite end of the field, a bright, yellow-and-red flag—the starting flag—dangling in one hand.

"We've got about three minutes," Rod muttered to himself. He gave the throttle at his left a slight push forward, and the motor of the *Liberty*—twelve cylinders tuned and set to the second—roared into voice. The American entry strained at the blocks which had been placed beneath her wheels, the tail rose in the air. Then the pilot cut the throttle, the tail dropped back to earth and the motor diminished into a low, even humming.

"Take the blocks away," Rod called to one of the crew standing a few feet from the huge plane, and his eyes went to the man with the checkered flag, who had stopped at the extreme edge of the field, and was holding the flag high above his head.

"Watch the port side," he cautioned Duke once more. His right hand tightened about the stick, his left went to the throttle on the inside of the fuselage cockpit, on his left.

With a flash of vivid color the starter dropped the checkered flag downward. Five planes roared into life! Five winged birds leaped forward, straining to get into the air! The sound of their engines drowned the cheers of the crowd gathered about the field; smoke from their exhausts shot behind them in long trails. The International Speed Race was on!

Rod held the *Liberty* on the ground for at least fifty yards. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the English plane take the air. The Jap ship he could not see at all. When he pulled the stick back into his stomach, and the American plane rose from the ground, Duke's voice came to him, calm and clear.

"The French ship's close—same altitude, same speed. She's about twenty-five yards away. The Canadian's climbed to about three hundred feet. She's quite a bit behind. Plenty of room above and below, so far as I can see."

"Good!" Rod opened the throttle two notches. A glance at the air-speed meter showed him that they were doing one hundred and eighty-seven miles an hour. The ground streaked below—trees, houses and people a mass of blurred color. The roar of the *Liberty's* motor was deafening, but the air was fairly quiet.

The pilot glanced to the starboard. The English plane was a short distance ahead. Perhaps fifty yards. He twisted his head in a quick movement and caught a glimpse of the Jap plane about the same distance behind.

"We're in second place," Duke announced. "And you have plenty of air for the first tower turn."

"Plenty," agreed the pilot grimly, thinking of the fifty yards in which to maneuver. When three planes were doing close to two hundred, fifty yards was not much. The slightest slip, the least pressure on the stick or rudder, and a crash would result.

The tower loomed before them. It was of skeleton steel, resembling the battleship masts. Almost before he could realize it the American plane was upon the stabbing marker.

It was a left turn, and Rod kicked left rudder sharply and shoved the stick far to the right.

THE plane went over in an almost vertical left bank, wing to the ground, wing to the sky. The vibration was sharper, and the roar of the motor seemed louder as they flashed by the black structure of steel. But Rod heard a groan from the mechanic as he straightened the plane out again, and headed for the next tower four miles away, and only dimly discernible in the sky.

"Too wide, Rod—too wide!" The pilot nodded his head, which was the only part of him that Duke could see from the rear cockpit. There was no question about the turn. It had been made far too wide. The French ship had gained much air on them, and the Canadian, diving down to get below the level of the tower, had swung close to the steel and was now on even terms.

The English plane, piloted by Herbert Ranesdale, ex-Captain and ace in the World War, had gained a lead of a quarter mile. Only Kyoti, the Japanese pilot, was behind the American plane.

But the race had only commenced. Averaging three miles a minute, they would be in the air close to an hour and a half before the victor was decided. Eighty miles in thirty minutes or less! That was speed!

Onward through the air the five planes roared. Onward toward the second of the towers marking the squared course. A road now streamed below, and Rodney glanced at the automobiles which they left behind as though they were standing still. Machines that were probably doing forty or fifty miles an hour.

"A hundred and ninety-one." Duke was calling the figures he read on the air-speed meter in the rear cockpit.

"Right." The pilot's eyes were on the second tower, now streaking toward them. He could not afford to make a wide turn again. If anything, he would have to swing so close that the American ship would gain some of the lost air.

But Duke's voice cautioned him. All of the turns were to the port, to the left, and the Canadian was flying on even terms and on the inside.

The tower flashed upon them. Black and menacing! Rod kicked left rudder, jerked the stick in the same direction. This time the American ship went into a vertical bank. Wing straight to the sky, wing straight to the earth! The pilot's eyes strained to catch the wings of the Canadian.

"Hold her!" The mechanic's voice snapped into Rod's ears. "He dove below. Must have lost his nerve."

The black markers shot behind. Controls were again in neutral—the *Liberty 12* was roaring toward the third tower, and this time she was in third place. Behind were the Canadian and Japanese planes.

Roar of the exhausts, vibration of the plane, song of the wind flung with terrific force back into the pilots' faces! Below were fields, unploughed but rough. A forced landing from so low an altitude, with the little chance afforded to pick a spot, would be a certain crash.

"We're a good third." Duke was peering behind. "The Jap and the Canadian are a quarter of a mile back, fighting it out about even. I can't place the other two."

"Ranesdale's a quarter mile ahead," the pilot informed. "Le Fabre's not far behind him. They're not flying any faster—they gained the ground on that first turn."

"At this speed a wide turn means a big loss," Duke stated grimly. "But that last one of yours was a dandy."

ANOTHER tower plunged into vision. Rod grinned and swung the plane slightly to the starboard. Once more—left rudder, left stick—a vertical bank. But this time they gained. The heads of the two men hung within ten feet of the massed steel as the American entry roared around it.

Neutral controls, ship level—and again the clear stretch. Four miles away there were two towers, the one on the port side, the marker of the course, the one a quarter mile on the starboard, painted a brilliant red, representing the finish line. It was as if a tape were flung between the two—the black and the red. But more than fifteen laps must be accomplished before the finish line was crossed.

"Great!" Duke uttered the one word enthusiastically. "That was a turn!"

"I'll swing out before we round them from now on," Rod answered briefly. "How do things look behind?"

"The Jap is on the Canadian's tail. Looks as though he's flying at a hundred and fifty feet or so. Lower than we are. We gained some on both of them."

"We gained some on the other two, also." Rod became silent as the starting field swept below them. He got a glimpse of waving arms, of a large white strip of cloth shaped like a

figure two spread on the field, and then the fourth black tower was upon them.

They rounded the steel at a speed of one hundred and ninety-two miles an hour, but the turn was only fair. The wind crossed them at this turn, and even though Rod got the *Liberty* into a vertical bank as swiftly as his hands and feet could move the controls, they skidded.

But the English plane had evidently fared badly at the turn, too. Le Fabre had the rebuilt *Nieuport* up close to the leader, and the American ship was a good third.

"Second lap!" Duke yelled loudly into the phone. "Everything's pretty."

Fields below them. Green fields, and a low hill, upon which had been laid a strip of white cloth pointing toward the first tower, as a help to the racing pilots. The air was bumpy along this stretch, and Rod found himself kept busy manipulating the stick and rudder.

Duke noticed the action of the controls from his double set in the rear cock-pit. "Air's sort of rough," he remarked.

"You're kidding me," Rod replied. But he was too busy to joke about things. His goggles were commencing to cloud from the oil. And then, hardly had he raised a gauntlet hand to wipe them off—when the next tower was shooting toward them.

"One hundred and ninety." Duke called the speed cheerfully, as Rod straightened the ship out from the bank. "And we held our own there."

Rod grinned. "We've got to do more than hold our own in order to win this race, Duke. These boys can fly!"

"So can we," the mechanic muttered, grinning to himself. "I know because I've been there!"

On the fifth lap, at the third tower, the first accident of the race occurred. The Englishman had been fighting it out at each turn with the Frenchman, and Rod was gaining slowly but steadily. When the three planes approached the third tower, on the fifth lap, they were close. Le Fabre was on the inside and the Englishman on the outside, twenty yards or so in the lead. The American plane was fifty yards behind Ranesdale.

All three ships were much too close for the speed at which they were winging their way through the atmosphere. Rod, anxious as he was to get into the lead, and attempt to hold it, swung the *Liberty* 12 out as he approached the tower.

The two leaders roared on, neither giving air-way to the other. The whole thing happened so quickly that the American pilot and mechanic only got glimpses of the action.

Le Fabre banked too soon, saw how close he was to the tower, and leveled off again. Ranesdale had gone into a bank, and evidently lost sight of the French ship, slightly to his rear, for a second.

ROD, his eyes on the tail of the English ship, saw the plane dive suddenly, shoot off at a crazy angle to the outside of the tower, and then level off close to the ground. Duke yelled wildly into the phone, but his words were not distinguishable. The American pilot put the plane over in a bank, but instantly straightened it out.

The Frenchman had crashed into the tower!

His plane, splintered and ripped from wing to wing, was slowly dropping to earth beside the tall mass of black steel! A red flame shot from the gasoline tank as Rod got control of himself and banked the *Liberty* 12 back toward the course. He had swung more than a quarter of a mile on the outside of the structure!

"Steady Rod, steady!" Duke's voice came to him now. The mechanic evidently thought that he had lost his nerve at sight of the crash.

"What's behind?" the pilot asked quickly.

"The Canadian's a hundred yards or so back," Duke replied, after a brief silence. "The Jap's about two hundred yards behind him."

"All right." Rod peered ahead as he pulled the stick slowly back toward his stomach and got the *Liberty* 12 in a slight climbing angle. The English ship was not more than three hundred yards in the lead, and the American pilot opened up the throttle another notch.

"Rotten luck for Le Fabre. He's done." Duke spoke in a grim tone of voice.

"Maybe not," Rod replied. "He was only traveling a hundred and ninety when he hit."



"Sounds great, eh, Duke?" Rodney Lane grinned at his mechanic

"You've got a wonderful sense of humor," the mechanic shot back, "but he might not have been killed at that."

Rod's hand was trembling on the stick, and he fought desperately for control. The accident had unnerved him, there was no question about that. A crash at that speed into solid steel—and then that red bit of flame! Burning up as you fell toward the earth in a twisted wreck of wires and struts!

HE SHOOK his head from side to side, as if to rid himself of the vision in his eyes. Another of the towers was already sweeping toward the plane. Another of the turns was at hand.

"What's the trouble?" Duke had seen him move his head from side to side.

"Nothing," the pilot answered. The mass of steel swept toward them. A bank, vertical and sickening—the plane revolving about the tower as though it were fixed on a piece of string. Level again, level and streaking into the first stretch of the sixth lap.

But the turn had not been a good one; they had swung out too far. Ranesdale had not made a much better one, but he had gained some air on the American ship.

"One hundred and ninety-three." Duke sang out cheerfully through the phone.

"Best yet," the pilot replied, checking the mechanic by a quick glance at his own air-speed meter. "And the wind's on our nose in this stretch."

"We'll do two hundred before we finish," Duke called, a few seconds later.

"It begins to look as though we might have to fly that fast," Rod returned, his eyes on the English plane. "He's flying a nice race, that Ranesdale, and unless his motor goes bad we'll have to be right on his tail in order to get a crack at the cup."

The hill with its arrow of white was beneath them. Another of the towers, the first of the sixth lap, was hurtling to meet the American plane. And even as Rod banked the ship over for the turn, he thought of the sight his eyes would not be able to avoid as they passed the third structure.

But he got the *Liberty* 12 around in good shape, and held his distance behind Ranesdale. More than ten laps to go! Already he was beginning to feel the terrific nervous strain.

"The Jap's coming up on the Canadian," Duke announced. "He gained a lot on that last tower turn."

"Kyoti can fly," Rod replied. "If he doesn't finish one-two-three in this race I'll eat my goggles."

"He should, if his plane holds out," Duke agreed. "He's been flying around these towers in practice-banking for the last two weeks—ever since they were erected."

"How far back is he now?" the pilot asked.

"About even with Dallenger—that's the Canadian's name, isn't it?"

"Speed' Dallenger, they call him," Rod answered. "You sing out if that Jap gets too near. I may have to cut the corners a little closer. There's only one more notch on the throttle—and I'm saving that speed in case we need it."

The motor of the *Liberty* 12 was roaring in fine voice. The

earth streaked behind in a blur of green, brown and black. Persons staring up at the racers were little dots, made so, not by the altitude, but by the speed. The second of the towers flashed into sight, distinguished itself for a moment, as they banked around it, and then vanished behind.

"Only fair, Rod—only fair."

Duke spoke in a low voice. He knew that the pilot could not see how much the Jap had gained on the last turn. And the Canadian, too. But Kyoti was the one Duke Young feared now—Kyoti and the Englishman.

AND Rodney Lane, his hands gripping tightly the yellow stick which rose between his knees, his feet

pressed tightly against the rudder control, knew that the thought of the wreck at the base of the next tower was the thing that had caused him to slip at the turn.

"The Jap is still gaining," Duke muttered, after a short silence. "He made a nice swing that last time."

"How far back is he?" the pilot asked.

"About a hundred yards," the mechanic replied shortly, and Rod started at the distance. A hundred yards! That was practically nothing in this race. Practically nothing.

"And the Canadian?" He spoke grimly.

"Two hundred or so," Duke answered. "He made a bad turn."

Level fields were below them now; at intervals a house flashed by. It did not seem possible that they were covering four miles between each one of the sky-stabbing steel markers. Four miles in less than a minute and a half! Speed—speed for the International Cup! Speed for world supremacy in the air!

And then the third tower, the fatal third tower, loomed into sight. And Duke seemed to sense the fact that Rodney hated the ordeal of taking the ship around this marker—the skeleton of the Frenchman's plane at its base.

"Take it easy, Rod old boy," he bawled into the phone. "Swing out a bit first, and we won't have as stiff a turn. Lot's of air behind."

"Too much in front," the pilot muttered. One glance at the base of the tower was enough. A crowd had gathered about the wreck of the French plane; smoke twisted up in the still air. There was little chance that Le Fabre had gotten out alive.

Rod swung the ship to the starboard. He was trembling again, and he banked too soon. Leveling off, he felt a brief panic seize him, but fought it down. Again he got the plane into a bank. But it was an effort for him to pull her over steeply. They skidded, and when he finally got her on the course and leveled off again, the Jap plane had her nose even with the *Liberty*.

"Tough luck, Rod—but you'll be all right on the next lap. That first one was a hard pull. The Canadian lost a lot of air. He's a bad last. Almost a half mile back."

Rodney swore beneath his breath. "That's no consolation," he muttered. "The Jap's up here with us."

"What did Ranesdale do?" the mechanic asked.
 "Gained," Rod replied glumly. "Gained—but not much. I tell you this Jap worries me more than Ranesdale. He's flying some race!"

"He's got to," Duke returned evenly, "in order to lick us!"
 The Canadian plane dropped to the field when she finished her eleventh lap. It looked as though motor trouble had caused it, though Duke was inclined to blame the wreck of the Frenchman's ship.

Kyoti had dropped back to third position—a close third, too close to suit Rod. The American pilot knew that the Jap had dropped back because he wanted to. He refused the strain of flying wing to wing with the American pilot, but he clung right on the *Liberty's* tail.

THREE planes in the race! And they were flying to a battling finish. Every turn at a tower counted for much now, every foot of air counted.

"Feel all right?" The mechanic's voice sounded far away to Rodney. He was weakening under the strain. Each time that he flew the American plane around the third tower in the course his eyes went to the wreck at its base. No matter how hard he tried, it was impossible to keep from glancing at the remains of the Frenchman's ship.
 "I feel pretty good," he replied, but he knew that Duke was aware of the fact that he was feeling the strain.

They roared toward the first tower of the thirteenth lap, and the mechanic attempted to cheer the pilot with a joke.

"The lucky thirteenth," he shouted through the phone, "here's where we pass the Englishman and take the lead."

And Rod grinned to himself. He felt a bit better, at that. Only three more laps to go! Only three more times would he be forced to make vertical banks over the wreck of Le Fabre's plane.

But it was just as hard on the two other pilots as it was on himself, he knew. Ranesdale had been a friend of the French flyer. Had come over from the Continent on the same boat with him. He, too, must be under a terrible strain.

Mechanically the American pilot kicked the rudder, jerked over the stick. They rounded the tower nicely, and Rod decided that now was the time he should make his bid for the lead.

"I'm giving her the last notch," he called through the phone mouthpiece. "We'll fight them out to the finish now!"

"Fine!" There was a note of excitement in Duke's voice. "Let's go, old timer!"

They gained slowly on the English plane, but the mechanic reported that Kyoti was hanging close on their tail. As they rounded the third tower of the lap Rod forced his eyes from the ground, banked over sharply and made a fine turn.

The roar of the motor was deafening in the pilot's ears. It was difficult now to hear Duke's voice, and he was forced to ask the mechanic to yell into the phone.

"My ears are going back on me," he bawled back to Duke, as the *Liberty 12* swept into the fourteenth lap.

"Never mind your ears—as long as the old eyes hold out we're all right," the man in the rear cock-pit returned.

The American plane was vibrating severely, and even as Rod glanced at the air-speed meter, he heard Duke's voice faintly.

"One hundred and ninety-eight!" the mechanic called. "That's the best yet. And we're gaining a little on the Jap."

On the three ships roared. Towers flashed and vanished. Houses, fields, roads streaked behind. Time and time again the American pilot was forced to wipe the oil from his goggles.

As they sped over the landing field he saw a huge strip of white cloth spread in a figure fifteen. Two laps to go! Two laps—and they were still in second place!

"Cut in at the towers," Duke was begging. "Make the turns as tight as you can, old man."

They banked around the first tower of the fifteenth lap, and

the mechanic uttered a cry of exaltation as Rod swung the plane to the inside of the English plane. Ranesdale had made a bad turn, and the two ships roared down the stretch toward the second tower nose to nose.

"Now we're flying him!" Duke shouted. "Hold her up here, Rod."

But the American pilot knew that unless he could get the ship ahead of Ranesdale before they reached the second tower there would be danger of a crash. The Englishman would not give ground. He had showed that once before, and Le

he knew that the mechanic must be screaming into the phone mouthpiece.

Rod wanted to ask what had happened—where the English plane was, but his voice had failed him.

"Ranesdale nearly smashed us," he heard the mechanic explaining. "He only missed us by feet. Lost control while he was banking. He went down in a spin but got out of it just off the ground."

They were approaching the third tower. Already Rod could see the outline of the wreck at its base. He tried to get a grip on himself, but found it a difficult task.

"The Jap's about fifty yards back," Duke was shouting. "Ranesdale's coming along about a mile behind. He got out of the spin headed the wrong way, I guess. Looks as though he's done."

Again the bank—wing to sky, wing to ground. It seemed to Rod as though he were flying the *Liberty* mechanically. His goggles were clouded with oil almost continually now, every minute or so he was forced to wipe them off.

"There's only the two of us now," the mechanic was encouraging. "Keep the old girl up ahead, old man."

The two planes swept toward the fourth tower—and the beginning of the last lap. The last lap! Rod wondered if he could stand the strain long enough to stick it out. Duke could fly the plane, but he could never handle it at the towers.

"The Jap's gaining. Are we wide open?"

"Wide open," the pilot shouted back through the phone, but he was not sure that Duke could hear him. He could not hear the sound of his own voice. Only the effort, and the fact that his lips parted seemed to tell him that he had spoken.

The motor sounded in his ears like one continuous roar. He would never be able to distinguish the sound, if it went suddenly bad. But his eyes would tell. His eyes and hand, and the feet on the rudder stick, were keeping the *Liberty 12* in the race.

The starting field streamed below them, and Rod picked up the word "LAST" formed in white cloth strips. They tilted around the first of the towers in the final lap, and the pilot leveled the ship off for the four-mile stretch to the second marker.

"Two hundred and one!" Duke shouted, his voice sounding weaker than ever before. "Hold her nose up, Rod."

The glass on the dial-board showed the American pilot that they were flying level. The chances were, he realized, that the wind had shifted, and that they were benefiting to the extent of a few miles an hour, because it was on their tail.

AT THE second tower he banked too late, and the ship made a wide turn. When Rod glanced to the port side he saw the nose of the Japanese entry even with his seat in the front cock-pit! Only one more bank was to be made—and upon it would hang the chances of victory.

"He's up even," Duke half sobbed into the phone. "Don't give him too much room at the next tower, Rod. If we swing out too far we're done."

Rod nodded his head. He raised his left hand, numb from its position against the vibrating side of the fuselage, and wiped his goggles clear for the last time. Not more than twenty feet separated the two ships as they approached the final turn, the deciding point of the race!

Wing up, wing down. Both ships swung around in vertical banks. And then the thing occurred.

The Jap came out of the bank sooner than Rod had expected. With Duke's yell the American pilot had the controls of the *Liberty* in neutral, but too late to avoid the crash.

There was a spasmodic jerking of the American plane, and Rod nosed her down instantly. The ship suddenly shot off to the starboard, and only by holding the stick far to the left was the American pilot able to get it level.

"Hold her up!" Duke was screaming. "We ripped a wing
 (Concluded on page 55)



As the starboard wing tipped in a line to the sky, he heard Rod's agonized shout in his ears, "Down, nose her down!"

Fabre, who had been flying on the inside, had crashed to earth.

"A hundred and ninety-nine." Duke's voice came to Rod as though from some great distance. His eyes were staring wildly, straining to pick up the exact, short airline to the mass of steel approaching. Lips, caked with oil, tried to shout into the phone, but failed. His hand gripped the stick firmly.

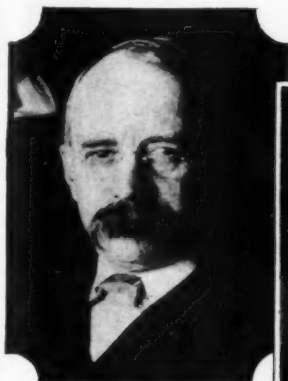
On they roared—the two leaders, with the Jap right on their tails. And then the black tower was upon them.

One glance showed Rod that there was but ten or twelve feet of air between the wings of the two planes. Over he flung the *Liberty 12*—over in a stiff, vertical bank. And as the starboard wing tipped in a line to the sky, he heard Duke's agonized shout in his ears.

"Down—nose her down, Rod!"

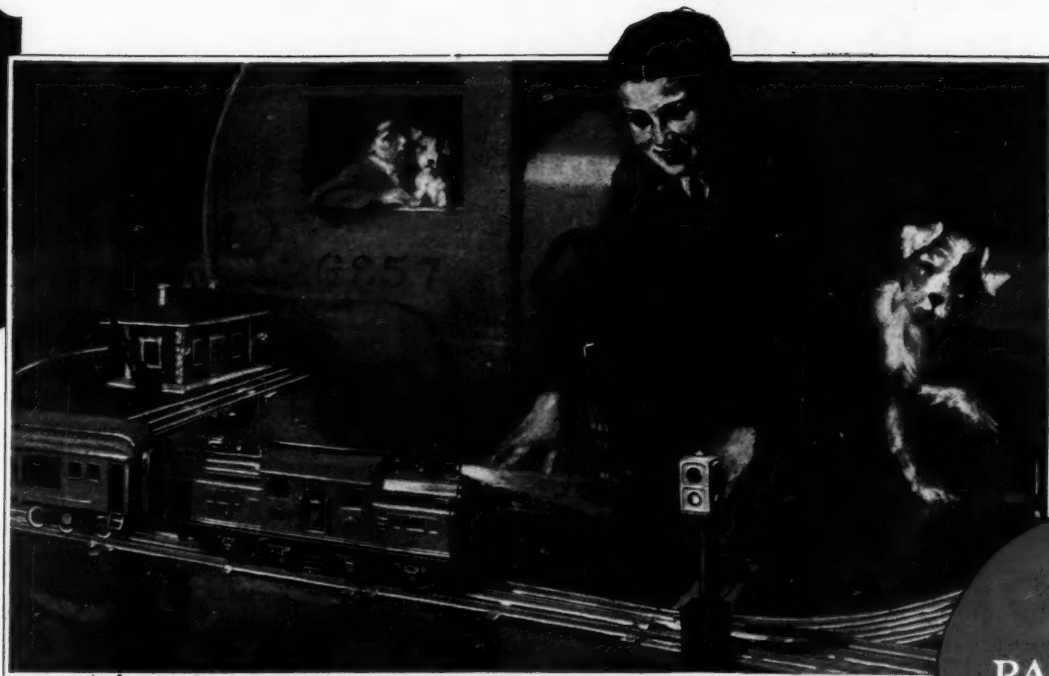
Working desperately, he got the controls in neutral and shoved the stick forward. The *Liberty* plunged downward, but he pulled her level almost immediately. Eyes straining through the goggles, he saw that they were on the course, not more than fifty feet above the ground.

"Steady!" Once again Duke's voice reached him, though



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PHILADELPHIA
1524-6 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
439-41 Wood St.
PROVIDENCE
Westminster & Eddy Sts.
ST. LOUIS
7th and St. Charles
ST. PAUL
Robert at 6th St.

Turkey

(Continued from page 11)

about to die of hunger. And at last Cass' growing doubt got the better of his pride and he jumped up.

"The Wigginses will know," he said, "and I'm going over there and find out!" He pointed toward a small farmhouse a quarter of a mile away. "Want to come?"

"Ride?"

"Walk."

Pete groaned, but he arose and accompanied Cass across lots to the neighboring house. The sun was no longer shining, and it was better to walk, even if one fell by the wayside from exhaustion, than to sit longer and shiver. A rosy-faced woman answered Cass' knock, and behind her, as she stood in the doorway, Pete's famished gaze fell on a bountifully spread table. There was a turkey, rather the worse for a recent attack by the carver, but still gorgeous, and sweet potatoes and bouquets of celery and—and, oh, the heavenly odor that came from that room! Pete tore his gaze resolutely away in time to hear Mrs. Wiggins say: "Well, I want to know! So you're Mrs. Porter's nephew? My, but she'll be disappointed when she comes back and hears you've been over! Yes, she went to the city yesterday to spend Thanksgiving with her sister; she and Mr. Porter and Enos, the one that lives over to Thomasville. They're coming back to-morrow, I heard."

Cass didn't look at Pete once as they slowly retraced their steps, nor was a word said until they had climbed the stonewall dividing the farms. Then Pete remarked briefly and bitterly: "Some Thanksgiving!"

"They're visiting mother," muttered Cass. "She didn't say anything about it in her letter."

"Wanted to give you a pleasant surprise, I guess," said Pete pleasantly. "Which'll you have, Cass, white meat or dark?"

"Shut up!" howled Cass.

Back at the big white house Cass said: "Say, if we could get in we could find something, I'll bet. Even if it was only bread and butter!"

Pete nodded and moistened his lips with a dry tongue. "And maybe there'd be some milk."

"Milk! Say, we could milk the cows, couldn't we?"

"I couldn't. Did you ever do it?"

Cass shook his head. "Maybe I could, though. Let's see if we can get in."

But Uncle Norton wasn't a man to leave windows unlatched, and at the end of twenty minutes they climbed dejectedly into The Skipper, turned homeward and trundled back along the lane. Once more on the road, they turned aside to let a car pass, but the car didn't pass. Instead it stopped and two men got out. One was a policeman. It was he who asked frowningly: "Well, young fellers, which way now?"

"Woodside," faltered Cass.

"Woodside, eh? Say, what's the idea? What were you doing up there. Who lives there?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Cass relievedly. "That's the Porter farm and Mr. Porter's my uncle. We went there for dinner, but the family's away—"

"Oh, sure! And I suppose you broke in, eh?"

"No, everything was locked up tight."

"Well, what do you know!" The policeman, who was a burly man with a very red countenance, turned to his companion. "Owns right up they were trying to rob the place! Well, never mind that now. We'll have a look presently. What did you do with the money? Got it on you or did you cache it back there?"

"Money?" stammered Cass. "What money?"

"Aw, quit that! You know what money I mean. The wad that your side-kick stole from the drug store over at Auier. Listen, we got him and the car he stole, and we made him talk, too. So come clean, young feller. And next time you try this sort of stuff make sure you haven't got a tire that's pretty near flat. Why, say, we tracked you as easy as pie, kid!"

"But—but—there's some mistake!" said Cass earnestly. "We haven't got any money, honestly!"

"What did you do with it, then? Murray says he gave it to you back there on the road."

"Murray? I don't know anyone—"

(Concluded on page 38)



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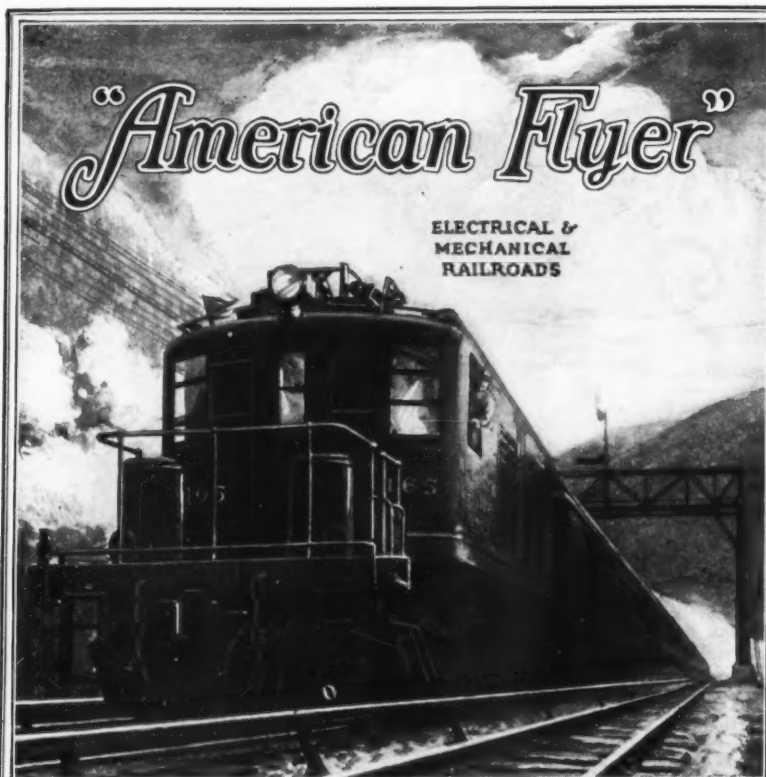
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In next month's issue of this magazine, we will have a full page advertisement telling the story of this new train, which we call the "ALL AMERICAN." In the meanwhile, go right over to your Toy Dealer and have him show you the New "ALL AMERICAN." You can get some idea of what it is like from the illustrations in this advertisement but when you see the "ALL AMERICAN" itself, you'll realize why we are so proud of this train.

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Turkey

(Concluded from page 34)

"Oh, sure you do. 'Stout' Murray. Come on, come on!"

"Oh, 'Stout'!" said Cass. "Why, he didn't give us any money, sir. He didn't give us a thing but the turkey."

"Huh? Turkey? What turkey? What about a turkey?"

Cass explained, Pete trying to aid, but it sounded like a most improbable yarn, and Pete, for one, couldn't blame the two men for remaining skeptical. "And you don't remember the name of the man in Thomasville you were to take it to, or where he lived, either, eh? Say—"

"He lived across from the station," said Cass, interrupting the officer. "That is, he had a store there. A store with a blue sign. I don't just remember the name, but I think it was—was Moses!"

"Sure it wasn't Aaron? Aw, forget it! Come on, let's have the stuff. You've got it somewhere. Where is it?" The speaker looked searchingly about the car, as though meditating an attack on the upholstery. "Course you've hid it, but where?"

"Really and truly," began Cass. But the officer's patience was exhausted.

"Get out of there!" he roared. "The both of you. Put your hands up and keep 'em up! Now then!"

The search revealed many things, but no money; at least, no money save a dime and two coppers. "They wouldn't have it on 'em," said the other man. "We'd better take 'em along. The Chief'll make 'em talk."

The policeman looked thoughtfully at the house and finally nodded. "That's right. If they hid it over yonder it'll stay till we come back. You take the car and I'll get in here. Pile in, young fellers, and follow that other car." The officer seated himself in the back and they started off. Cass and Pete were very silent. They felt outraged but decidedly scared. Pete began to wonder whether memory had failed him. Had "Stout" given them the money? It was all very confusing, and he suspected that after one had gone without food for a very long time one's memory might easily fail! Further conjecture was interrupted.

"Say, that was a fine yarn you two spun about the turkey," said the officer, leaning forward to talk. He chuckled. "Honest, you had me going for a minute."

"But it was true!" said Pete desperately. "Quit your kidding. Murray came clean, understand, and he didn't say anything about a turkey. Listen, give a thought. What would he be doing with a turkey, a cooked turkey, mind you? Where would he get it, eh? Why, say—"

"I know where he got it!" cried Pete. "I just remember! Cass, the old woman with the broom—"

"Sure!" Cass's excitement almost put the car into the fence, and there was an exclamation of alarm from the rear seat. "Sure! It was a turkey they stole from the window-sill! He stole it! She didn't say it was a turkey, but—"

"Aw, have a heart!" laughed the officer. "Old woman with a broom! Say, you kids'll be the death of me! Blamed if you can't think up more funny stuff than a comedian." However, he allowed Cass to relate the incident, and, just when Cass had ended, exclaimed; "Hello, what's this?"

This was a small car which, having edged past the first of the two vehicles, came to a stop. The elderly gentleman with the agitated Adam's apple waved imperiously and Cass brought The Skipper to a trembling halt. "Say, I couldn't find no one o' that name over to Thomasville," announced the man querulously. "And there wasn't no store with a green sign like you said. So I had to bring it back and—"

"It's the man we gave the turkey to!" exclaimed Pete.

"Here! Here!" ejaculated the officer helplessly. "Wait a minute, wait a min—" But the helpful stranger didn't wait. He reached down and lifted a familiar bundle from the floor of the car. Setting it beside him, he removed the robe and revealed the turkey. "Here 'tis," he said, "and I guess 'tain't no worse. You said I could keep the robe, didn't you?"

By that time the policeman was out on the road and in a moment he had a large platter and a sixteen-pound turkey in his possession. He looked quite excited as he bawled to his companion. "Come a runnin', Ike, and bring



Hey! You football fans and players

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There's a humdinger of a story about a football player of Davenport High who thought he knew it all. Maybe he did. But he wouldn't have made the team if it hadn't been for another fellow, a husky big chap who never quite seemed to make good, and yet—well, read "A Question of Tactics," by Rex Lee. A pretty slick football story, you'll say. It comes in November.

Yes, sir, the November issue of THE AMERICAN BOY is there, when it comes to football.

It's there on aviation, too. Because you're going to meet that dare-devil, red-haired young birdman, Russ Farrell, in an exciting, ripsnorting story, "A Day of Reckoning," by Thomson Burtis. It's the second in the new air series. Don't miss it!

A stirring new naval story, by Warren Hastings Miller, takes you aboard the Montana and shows you how a reservist ensign proves himself in the eyes of Wally Radnor and 'Stanguey Brooke, midshipmen of the Naval Academy. They thought he was chicken-livered. But he showed 'em!

"Come to Dinner," by Charles Tenney Jackson, sets your sides splitting with laughter over a Thanksgiving dinner of beans, bugs, snakes and water on a Louisiana plantation. You'll find a couple of the creepiest mystery stories you ever set eyes on in "Just Around the Corner" and "The Yellow Cylinder." One's about Africa, the other's about a chief of Indian police who is a dauntless detective.

Fellows, you're going to find a lot of fun, excitement and good reading in this November issue of THE AMERICAN BOY. Get a copy today!

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a knife!" he commanded. "We're going to carve the bird!"

But it wasn't necessary to carve it. While Ike and the helpful stranger and Cass and Pete looked on absorbedly, the officer, having set the platter on the running-board of The Skipper, scooped out a handful of dressing and then, with a chuckle of triumph, brought forth a small greasy package. Enclosed in a torn fragment of brown paper reposed a roll of greenbacks!

"The son of a gun!" murmured the officer. "Came clean, did he? He did like thunder! Thought you boys had gone and delivered the turkey like he told you to and the feller over to Thomasville would have the money out of it before we got there. Maybe he didn't think we'd find you fellers at all! Well, it's all here, Ike; three hundred and eighty-five."

"What did he stuff it in there for?" asked Ike perplexedly.

"Search me! Guess he's a nut, anyway. Jumps a good job down to Norwalk, steals a car belonging to one of the bosses, sticks a New Jersey plate on it and rolls up here to Adler. Takes this roll off the druggist there and beats it without anyone noticing him at all, hardly. Then—why, say, he thinks the cops may get him and search him for the stuff. He sees this turkey sitting on the old lady's window-sill and he grabs it and stuffs the money inside. I guess a roast turkey looks pretty innocent on Thanksgiving, eh? Then his car goes bad on him and he's sort of up against it. You boys come along and he has an idea. He has a pal in Thomasville—we'll have to look into that guy, Ike—and he sees a chance of getting the money out of the way. He'd have done it, too, if you kids hadn't forgotten the man's name. Crawford took him back to Adler and the drug store feller identified him easy. Then he owned up and said he'd given the money to you fellers. But he didn't say anything about the turkey."

"Looks to me, Officer," said the elderly gentleman eagerly, "like there'd ought to be a reward."

"Well, there ain't. And I'll thank you for that robe, too. Guess he stole that with the car."

The elderly gentleman went off in high dudgeon, his Adam's apple performing really remarkable feats, and the officer turned to the boys again. "I guess I was kind of harsh with you fellers," he said contritely. "Have to apologize."

"That's all right, sir," declared the two in unison, their eyes fixed yearningly on the turkey.

"Yeah? Well—" He raised the platter and, before either of them could utter a protest, sent the turkey whirling through space. It disappeared beyond the bushes bordering the road. He set the platter in the back of his car, wiped his hands and joined Ike in the front seat. "Well, so long, boys," he called back. And then: "Step on her, Ike. I ain't had my Thanksgiving dinner yet!"

RETURNING to Woodside they squandered the whole of twelve cents on food, and what it bought was not even a drop in a bucket! Ages passed before the supper bell rang and they were in their places at an otherwise deserted table long before Mr. Purvis sauntered to the head of it. The teacher sighed as he viewed the platters set before him. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Can it be, young gentlemen, that we are so soon expected to partake of food again? And turkey, too! I fancy we none of us have much enthusiasm for cold turkey, eh?"

"Please, sir," stammered Cass, "I—I'd like some."

"Me, too, sir!" said Pete fervently.

"Really? Fancy being hungry after such a dinner as I'll wager you chaps had! Well, here's cold lamb, too, which say you, Browning, turkey or lamb?"

"Turkey," said Cass resolutely. "I—I never seem to get enough turkey, Mr. Purvis."

"Well, well! And you, Johnston?"

"Turkey!" blurted Pete.

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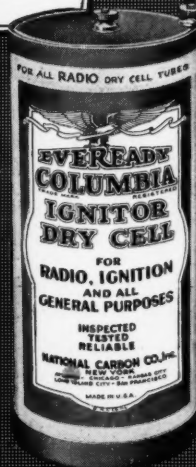
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\$2.00



Danny Solves the Radio Mystery

By Charles F. Robb

Illustrated by Joseph St. Amand

CHARLES F. ROBB, author of the "Danny" stories, is chief of the Criminal Division of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc., and without doubt one of the best informed men in his field in America.

"I always hesitated to tell the story of Danny, the boy detective," wrote Mr. Robb to the editors of BOYS' LIFE, "because most people can't imagine that a youngster with bright red hair could possibly be of any assistance as a detective. But Danny, red hair and all, is one of the sharpest men—he is but a boy in years—we have. And he is doing a man's work every day."—THE EDITORS.

"WELL, Danny, how's every little thing with you?" greeted big Jim Donovan as he passed the boy in the entrance to the offices of the largest detective agency in the country.

Danny, busily engaged with his duties of clipping criminal news from a local newspaper, grinned, "Fine, Donovan, how are you?"

"Pretty poor, Danny," said his friend, taking a seat near Danny's desk. "I'm up against a proposition that's got me stumped."

This interested Danny. "Gee, it must be a hard one, what is it? A murder?"

Donovan laughed, "Not as bad as that, my boy. But I'm stumped."

Danny thought for a minute and then said, "Tell me."

"Danny," a serious expression passed over Donovan's face, "I'd like to but I can't yet. Well, I guess it's all in a day's work, and it takes a lot of people to make a world. How did the game come out?" abruptly switching the subject.

Danny paid no attention to the question. He was deeply interested in what Donovan had just said. He wished he could help his very good friend.

Donovan looked at him and saw that what he had just said had apparently made quite an impression on Danny. Then a sudden thought struck him. Perhaps Danny could help him—he reflected gloomily that nothing else had, so far.

"Danny, can you keep your mouth shut?" he asked.

Danny stuck out his hand. "I'll shake on it, Donovan, whatever you tell me I'll promise never to tell another soul," he said solemnly.

It was small wonder that Danny found himself almost speechless. Donovan, famous for his many exploits in the criminal world, was about to confide in him.

Donovan shook hands with him but wagged his head dubiously.

"I really ought not to tell you this, Danny, but I know that you can keep a promise—if you say you will—but if the 'Governor'—the pet name used by the men when referring to the head of the agency—

ever finds out that I was talking to anyone about this—Blooey! you'd see me looking for another job." He hesitated a moment. "You know the big radio works uptown?"

Danny nodded. "You mean the Radiophone plant?"

"That's it," Donovan continued. "Well, they're having trouble. Some one is trying to do some crooked work over there. There have been fires started twice now, and once the watchman claims he frightened some one away who was tampering with the vault where the company keeps their secret records. Some

one in that plant is responsible for these acts because the grounds are too well guarded to permit an outsider to get in unless he is given assistance. My job is to find out who they are."

Danny's eyes were sparkling. "Gosh, Donovan, wouldn't it be great if we caught them?"

Donovan smiled. He noted Danny's unconscious use of the word "we." "It would. And if I don't, I'll be looking for another job," he replied.

Danny looked at him and smiled. "Lose your job," he said. "Not a chance."

"That's all right, but the Governor won't see it that way," continued Donovan. "Produce or get out. That's his motto, and he's right. What good is a man if he can't come through when the opportunity is there."

Danny had not been in the office very long Monday, before he was sent for. He found the Governor in conference with Donovan.

"Well, Danny," greeted the Governor, "it begins to look like Donovan can't get along without you. He has been going over the radio case and believes you can fit in. Aren't afraid of hard work, are you?"

"No-o-o, Sir," stuttered Danny, "just give me a chance and I'll show you."

"That's just what I am going to do, son, and you will find that you are going to have your hands full doing your regular duties and keeping your eyes and ears open at the same time."

The Governor then explained to Danny that the radio people

were working on several new inventions that promised to revolutionize the radio. He told, too, that outsiders were trying to steal the company's secrets.

From Donovan's investigation the Governor felt that an employee of the company was aiding the outside people in their endeavors to steal the blue prints and working models of the new devices.

Finishing his explanation of the case, the Governor turned to Donovan.

"You take Danny and give him a note to the Superintendent of the plant requesting him to put Danny to work as an errand boy." Turning to Danny he went on:

"Now, Danny, this will give you a chance to be in and about the plant, and for the first four or five days I want you to forget that you are working for me. Learn your new duties and try to make yourself useful. If you see anything out of the way remember it and report to Donovan each night."

FORTIFIED with a strong letter of introduction, Danny called at the radio plant on the following morning.

The first week was spent in making new friends and becoming acquainted with his surroundings. He watched the office force closely, but try as he might he didn't see anything out of the way.

Saturday came before he realized it. Usually Danny spent his Saturday afternoons at the ball park, but baseball seemed a trivial thing to him this week-end.

He remained at the plant to look over the ground to see if he could hit on any clue that Donovan might have missed. This day, however, seemed to be like all the other days he had worked there.

"For the love of Mike! Danny, stop staring at me," snapped the bookkeeper irritably. "Every time I look up you are looking a hole through me. Haven't you any work to do?"

Danny muttered an apology. "I was thinking, Mr. Spring. I didn't mean to stare at you."

"Well, stop it! You look like a cat watching a mouse hole. Here take this letter to Mr. Brown at Yonkers. I'm leaving a little early to-day so I won't be here when you get back, but put his answer on my desk so I'll be sure to get it the first thing Monday morning. Get that straight?"

"Sure," said Danny, putting out his hand for the letter.

(Continued on page 44)



"Hands up!" snapped Donovan

There was a short silence. Danny was breathlessly waiting for Donovan, who was apparently endeavoring to arrive at some decision, to continue. Finally he looked up at Danny. "I could get you a job in the plant and maybe you could pick up a clue."

"Do you think you could? Gee!" Danny almost exploded. "Wouldn't it be great if I could uncover something?"

"It would," said Donovan dryly. "Well, so long, see you Monday."

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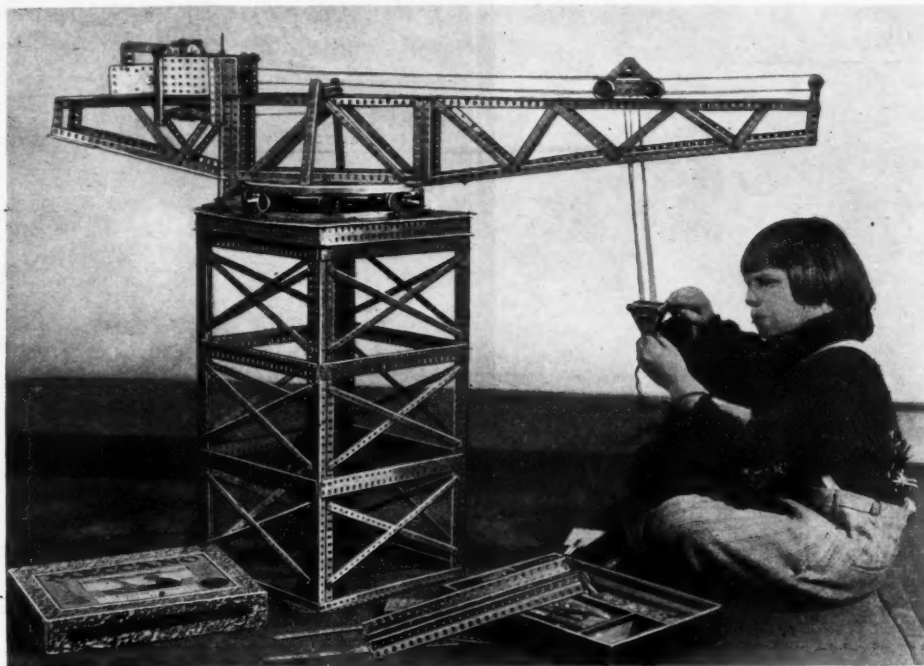
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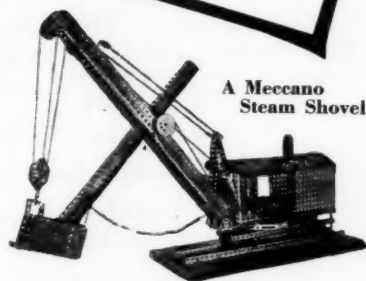
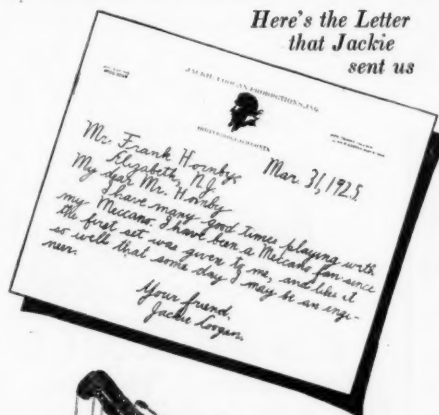
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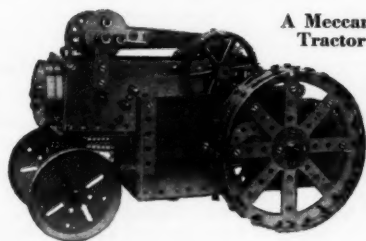
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The Arcade Store in the Fifth Avenue Building, New York City, gives service to and invites all nearby SCOUTING to call.

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When answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE

November



Or in the Warmth of Your Troop Room.

Though the weather is dark, rainy and threatening the true Scout, like those early Scouts before him, does not remain idle.

To keep you fitted with things that will make you enjoy the days you spend indoors and get the most out of them your Supply Department offers a few suggestions on this page.

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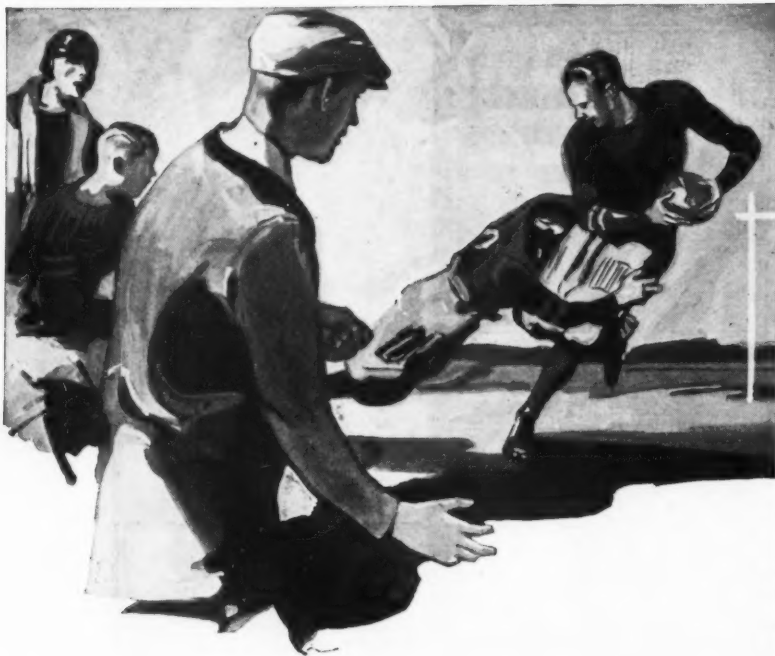
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The "Happy Daisy Boy" with the most popular Daisy model, the Daisy Pump Gun, a 50-shot repeater for \$5.00.



DAISY

AIR RIFLES

Danny Solves the Radio Mystery

(Continued from page 40)

"Get a move on so you'll get back in time; I want to be sure to get the information the first thing Monday."

Danny hurried off with the note. He finished his errand at Yonkers and caught the subway at Van Cortlandt Park, but his hopes for a speedy return were shattered by a tie-up in the subway. In company with a car full of other impatient passengers he sat for an hour waiting for the train to move.

It was half-past six when he reached the plant. He knew that everything would be locked. However, the bookkeeper had been so insistent about having the letter placed on his desk that Danny decided to try the gate leading into the outer yard of the works.

To his surprise it was unlocked. Entering, he shut it carefully as he knew that strict orders had been given that all gates should be locked at six o'clock. He walked through the yard searching for the night watchman to aid him in getting into the building.

Not finding him, he was on the point of calling his name when he heard voices, and, as he rounded the corner of one of the buildings he came face to face with the watchman and two other men. The watchman started toward him angrily. "What are you doing here? Can't you read? Didn't you see the sign telling you to 'Keep Out'?"

"Sure," said Danny, "but I had orders to bring this letter back and put it on Mr. Spring's desk."

The watchman fell back a step. "Did anyone tell you to come in at this time of night?"

"No," said Dan, "but I got caught in a tie-up on the subway, and it made me late."

"Tell it to the marines! I know what you kids are!"

The man resumed his bullying manner. "You stopped to watch a ball-game or went to a movie. Don't blame it on the subway."

"Look here," said Dan, "I told you the truth; besides it's none of your business anyway—you didn't hire me."

"Well give me the letter and beat it now."

"Nothing doing! You've got to let me into the office so I can put this letter on Mr. Spring's desk. Those are my orders, and I've got to follow them."

"Don't you get fresh, kid! Give me the letter, and I'll put it on his desk. Come on, now." He held out his hand.

Danny shook his head. "All right, if you won't let me in the office, I'll get here early Monday morning and I'll tell Mr. Spring why the letter wasn't where he told me to put it."

The watchman's manner changed. "You're some boy all right! I thought I'd try you out. Come along! I wish we could find more like you." The watchman led the way to the office and opened the door for Danny.

As Danny started forward, the watchman called, "Hey!" Dan returned. "Here's fifty cents. You're all right, boy. Now don't say anything about those fellows you saw in the yard, will you? They're my brothers. I forgot my lunch and they came over with it. It might get me a call-down if it was found out."

"I won't say anything," Dan answered him as he refused to accept the money.

Dinner was a trying ordeal to Danny that night. Much to the surprise of his family he declined a second helping of dessert, and excusing himself from the table, he hastened back to the radio plant. Just as he was about to try the gate, he heard the latch click.

Danny crouched still lower as the men came out of the yard and disappeared around the corner. He waited until he heard the watchman lock the gate. He then jumped to his feet and ran home.

When he reached the steps of his house, instead of going in, he turned down the street to the apartment house where Donovan lived. After waiting a few seconds, that seemed centuries to him in his excited state of mind, Donovan himself opened the door.

"What in the world—" began Donovan in a loud voice.

"Sh-h! Mr. Donovan, please!" said Danny glancing around fearfully.

"Come in!" said Donovan, "and shut the door. What's the matter?"

Dan whispered the story of the evening's experience to him. Much to his dismay Donovan made no comment, but sat looking at him and rubbing his chin.

Finally he broke the silence. "Danny, go over that again!"

(Concluded on page 47)



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The Scout World

(Concluded from page 21)

Switzerland, Malta, Syria, Denmark, Poland, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Luxemburg, Sicily, Sardinia and other parts of Italy.

Under the nave of St. Peter's, the boys gave to the place a spirit of bubbling youth. But they relapsed into quiet as they saw the Pontiff enter and ascend a specially constructed altar to celebrate a special mass. Later the youths demonstrated the results of their scout training, passing in review before the Pope. Then they filed into the interior court of the Vatican, where they heard the Pope's address of welcome.

The Pope said that of the many consolations of holy year today's spectacle was one of the greatest and most beautiful. He said that he was moved to see before him such a number of youths from all over the world animated by faith and devotion to the church.

His Holiness recalled Christ's great affection

themselves at home by camping on the shore. After that with the help of a tug attempts were made to right the boat, which proved a very difficult task but did not in any way dismay them, for the message they sent was:

"Tell the world that we are all right and that we will be riding under our own power again in a few hours."

The *By-Gar* is a submarine chaser, used during the war, which was recently purchased by Mr. Gar Wood, the well-known racer, and a Seascout official of Detroit, and was presented to Troop 31.

Boy Scouts Take Over the Jail

THE Associated Press sent the following dispatch to its member newspapers from Chittanooga, N. Y., on September 20.

"This town has succeeded in effectually 'beating its swords into plowshares,' in a



THE SCOUT MISSION TO SOUTH AMERICA
Being given a rousing send-off by a group of Hoboken scouts

for youths. He praised the Boy Scouts as the hope of the church and society, declaring they should have faith in God and obedience to His laws. The Pope asserted it was necessary to have more than material force, since where force dominated intemperance was present, but where the spirit dominated there was modesty and purity of life.

His Holiness then bestowed the apostolic blessing upon the Scouts.

Shipwrecked!

HERE is a telegram that was recently received by the Detroit, Michigan, Council of the Boy Scouts of America from the Civic and Commercial Association at Sault Sainte Marie:

"Detroit seascouts boat aground in Soo River twenty-five miles south of Soo. Crew and all seascouts taken from boat safely by United States coast guard. Boys are all well and none the worse for their experience. Being well provided for. Boat will be brought back to Sault for repairs."

The boys referred to in this telegram are from Seascout Troop 31 and set out to cruise through Lake Superior under the leadership of Skipper Dean L. Smith, in their training ship *By-Gar*.

It appears that the *By-Gar* ran on a sand-bar and was capsized by the suction from a passing steamer. Some of the boys were thrown into the water but of course they were well able to take care of themselves, and with the aid of a small skiff the twenty-eight Seascouts were landed and immediately started to make

modern way by turning its old jail over to the local Boy Scout troop as a headquarters building and meeting-place and dispensing altogether with the services of a local jail. Such prisoners as may be gathered in are sent to the county jail at Wampsville, and the Scouts go on merrily with their gatherings in the old Bastille."

1926 Scout Diary

THE official Scout Diary for 1926 is now on sale. This little book is one of our most popular publications—indeed, to the majority of scouts the information it contains, its handy reference form, its blank pages for the recording of Good Turns are indispensable aids in their scouting. The 1926 has the same high standard as previous issues, and will retail as usual at 15c per copy.

Higher Than the Alps!

THREE scouts of Tacoma, Wash.—Allen Jorgenson of Troop No. 23; Wendall Duncan, Troop No. 46; Clifford O'Connor, Troop No. 6, scaled Mount Tacoma in Rainier National Park, one of the highest peaks in the country, this summer. Field Executive H. A. Scholer guided the party from the scout camp, which lies on the trail to Mt. Tacoma.

Troop No. 65 of Seattle, Wash., is a real mountain climbing troop. Two years ago they made the eighteen-mile circuit of Mount Rainier. This year under the leadership of the scoutmaster, C. E. Schurman, they attempted to duplicate the feat.



The delegates, Mr. J. D. Makgill, England, and A. D. Jamieson, Detroit, Mich., with Mr. Presbrey, "Uncle Dan" and Chief West

In the great outdoors —use your flashlight!



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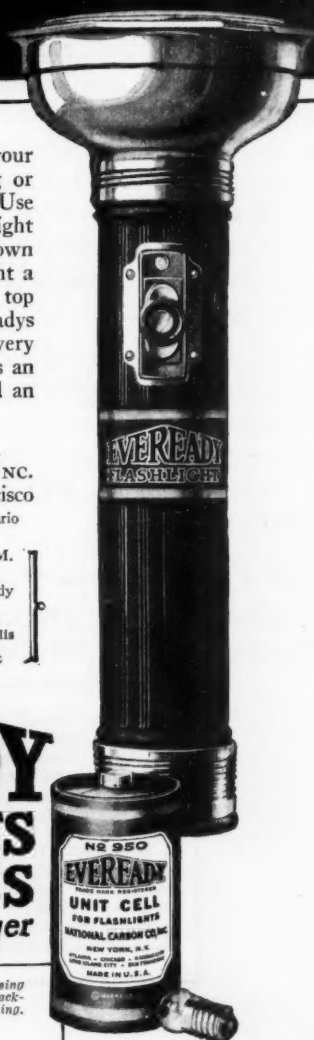
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First—Last—Always!

MEN have been known to go for months without shelter, for weeks without food and for days without water, but no one can live for more than a few minutes without air.

Breathing is the first necessity of life—yet few of us know how to breathe to develop our bodies and to improve our health. If we could be always in fresh air taking plenty of exercise, our usual undirected, instinctive breathing would naturally develop to give us better health. Nature would take care of us. But the conditions in which we live, the stress of present-day life, cause us to accumulate an excess of poisonous waste products in our bodies. To help dispose of these we should go beyond instinctive breathing and at frequent times during the day mentally direct the breaths we take.

Count Your Breaths—

How many breaths a minute do you take? Stop now with your watch in hand and for 60 seconds count them. Fifteen to twenty short, top-of-your-lungs breaths? You are not breathing deeply. Occasionally you should take six or eight long, leisurely breaths a minute—so deep that the diaphragm is expanded and the ribs are barreled out. Several times a day stop what you are doing, stand straight with head up, shoulders back and *breathe*—always through the nose, of course.

Try it this way—inhale, one, two, three, four; hold, five; exhale, six, seven, eight, nine; relax, ten. This will give you six breaths a minute—quiet, unhurried breathing. After a time your unconscious breathing may become deeper and you will begin to feel a new and delightful sense of buoyant power.

Good Posture First—

You cannot breathe properly unless your lungs have room to expand. When you stand or sit with shoulders rounded



AIR!

Baby's first cry! However it may sound to grandmother's ears, it is music to the baby's mother. Under the spell of her eager imagination that thin little cry is a call for her. But what he really is crying for is air. In the Land of Unborn Babies he had no need to use his lungs. But here, in the great wide world, his first need is air and through every moment of his life he will demand air.

and chest contracted you squeeze your lungs and make deep breathing impossible. Lift your head, raise your chest, straighten your spine, elevate your ribs and you cannot help "breathing for health".

Deep breathing exercises should be taken night and morning. Empty the lungs as fully as possible with each breath. This is important because fresh air removes harmful waste matter in the blood.

That "Stitch in the side"—

Have you ever felt a stitch in the side when running? This is a warning—not always that your heart is weak, or that you have indigestion, as many persons suppose, but sometimes that your lungs are unaccustomed to being filled to their full capacity. Most of us rarely breathe to the bottom of our lungs. One-third of the lung cells of the average

person is unused. These cells tend to collapse and stick together. When the air is forced into them, it sometimes causes pain.

Your health demands that you should breathe properly; the condition of the blood is an important element in keeping well. The blood circulates all through the body distributing material to build and repair the tissues, picking up waste products and fighting disease germs. The turning-point of its journey is in the lungs where it deposits the waste and takes a fresh supply of oxygen from the air.

Without deep breathing of fresh air there cannot be an ample supply of oxygen. Without sufficient oxygen there cannot be adequate growth or repair of any part of the body, nor vigorous warfare against disease.

Begin today to breathe deeply—breathe for health.

About one out of six of the total number of deaths in the United States each year is caused by diseases which affect the lungs. Pulmonary tuberculosis and pneumonia claim more than 210,000 victims annually. Ten years ago the death-rate from tuberculosis was sixty per cent higher than it is today. Only a short time ago it was thought that fresh air must be kept away from patients suffering from lung troubles. Today it is known that fresh air is one of the main aids in getting well—and this knowledge has helped to produce the

marked decrease in tuberculosis death-rate.

Defects in the air passages should be corrected if one is to breathe most effectively. Wise parents should keep careful watch over their children's noses and throats to see that they are not afflicted with adenoids or diseased tonsils.

Deep breathing must be studied. There is more to it than the taking of a full breath. The diaphragm and abdominal muscles must be strengthened by exercise and the

body must be trained to maintain correct posture.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet giving simple and interesting health rules, including scientific advice about fresh air and proper breathing. These rules, with the simple breathing exercise given above, can be followed by anybody who wishes better health. Send for a copy of "How to Live Long". It will be mailed free.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

When answering advertisements please mention BOYS' LIFE

November





Dere frend bill,

The Fall has took a "fall" out of Summer and got all em black bears huntin up ther winter apartmints. One was seen lookin' in my hut. I think he had red flannel 'round his neck but I aint sure.

The dog, Mack, is all rite now except he is a bit round shouldered, but you know, bill, its hard to get a perfect dog.

By the way, bill, I expect to join up wid that Supply departmint fer the winter. I aint made final arrangements yet but they want to took me on to give advice to Boy Scouts about the woods and campin and trackin and what kind of gear to use, et cetera.

Thats the graft, bill. You know that Supply departmint is got the best equipmint I ever seen and baby they got everything.

Them boy scouts dont have to go no whers else--they kin get everthing they want for everykind of stunt right ther and darn reasonable, to.

Well, bill I've got to pack up and git down to that Boy Scout Headquarters at 200 fifth Avenu, new york city to talk things over with the Chief. And bill, about the skins to fur line yer subways, if I see any fox or cat I will head them your way with Mack rite behind to see that they dont loaf on the way.

Yours till the kitchen sinks,

Danny, the Guide

Danny Solves the Radio Mystery

(Concluded from page 44)

As Danny finished the story for the second time, Donovan nodded.

"Well, I guess you haven't gotten excited and balled the whole thing up, because you told the same tale twice without any variation. Danny, my lad, we are about to solve the riddle. The thief was on to me, so he covered himself, and I couldn't get a thing. Now listen to me; you've got a big part to play."

On Monday Danny reported for work as usual, but instead of going home when the office force did, he waited for the right moment, and then hid in a large barrel that had been placed in the yard near the main gate.

When it became dark Danny began to feel cramped and a little frightened. He felt that he would not be much of a match for the watchman, not to mention the other two men if they should happen to appear. Furthermore, he was having a desperate time staying awake. Every few minutes he would begin to nod.

Suddenly Danny was wide awake—he saw a light coming toward him. His heart thumped so violently that he was sure some one would hear it. With his eye glued to a crack in the barrel he watched the light come nearer until he could distinguish the watchman with a flashlight in his hand. Approaching the gate the watchman opened it and two men stepped in.

He flashed the light in their faces. Danny heard one of the men growl something to him, whereupon the watchman snapped the light off, but not before Danny recognized the men he had seen with the watchman Saturday night.

All three of them walked toward the building where the vault was located that held the secret records and models. Danny's first impulse was to jump out of the barrel and attempt to stop them, but he remembered Donovan's instructions and stayed quietly in his hiding-place.

Much to his surprise the watchman walked away as soon as he reached the building, while the two men entered. As they disappeared from sight, Danny tumbled out of the barrel and made his way with trembling knees to the gate.

It was locked, but Donovan had provided for this very emergency by giving Danny a duplicate key. Danny's hands were shaking so he could hardly find the lock. It seemed hours before he could get the gate open.

As he looked out into the street two men started out from the shadow of a house across the road. Danny was nearly paralyzed with fear until they came up to him.

"It's—it's all right, Donovan," he stuttered as he recognized his friend. "They're in the building now, but the watchman went up to the north end of the yard."

Donovan, Danny and the other man slipped quietly into the building. The thieves, secure in the thought that the watchman was protecting them, were on their knees before the open vault, searching the drawers and scattering papers about in their haste to find certain documents.

"Hands up!" snapped Donovan. The men sprang to their feet threateningly, but their hands went up when they looked into the business end of two automatics.

At this juncture Danny's heart stood still, for the watchman came dashing through the door.

"Help!" the watchman shouted. "The vault! The vault! Thieves!"

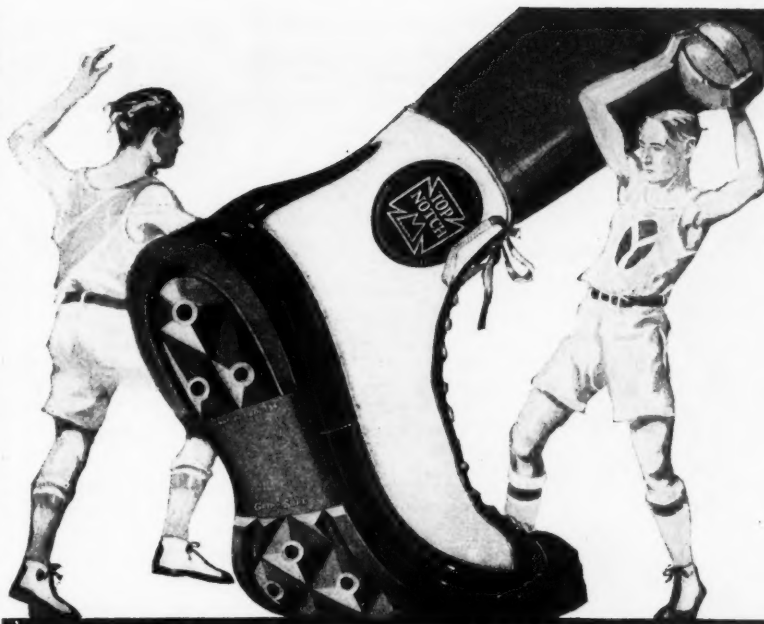
"Yes," drawled Donovan. "I'll tell the world there are thieves here! Blow that whistle I gave you Danny!"

At the sound of the whistle the yard seemed to become alive with policemen.

"How did those men get in here?" demanded the watchman excitedly.

"Blew in," said Donovan jovially as he turned the two safe-breakers over to the policemen. Taking a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket he jerked the now thoroughly terrified watchman by the collar and twisted him around. "Here Danny," he said, "put the bracelets on him. He's your prisoner."

"I'll tell the world," he said turning to the police officers, "this kid has done the slickest piece of work that has been put over for a long time. He's picked up the man we've been looking for, for a year. Shut up! Tell your troubles to the chief." This was to the watchman who was making frantic attempts to free himself. "We've got you dead to rights, thanks to Danny here."



You can WIN!

Victory and money for boys who are sure-footed

SURE-FOOTEDNESS counts for a lot when you have to dodge your opponents like a flash and shoot the winning goal. The shoes that give you sure-footedness—give it to you unfailingly, every time—are Grip Sures.

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In basketball, boxing, bowling, wrestling, gym work—any sport indoors or out—Grip Sures are almost always the shoes that the winners wear. The wonderful suction cup soles insure speedy sure-footedness and the comfortable uppers (plus those springy soles) insure foot freedom. They are easier on your feet than stiff leather shoes. And no sports shoe can equal them in long wear.

Your shoe dealer or sporting goods dealer probably has Grip Sures in stock; if not, he will get them for you if you insist.

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\$500 in cash prizes for boys who write us the most interesting letters about how sure-footedness helped them at some critical moment in basketball, boxing, baseball, tennis, running, etc., or while climbing, hiking, etc.
1st prize, \$100; 2nd prize, \$50; 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th prizes, \$25 each; ten prizes of \$10 each; thirty prizes of \$5 each.

Contest open to everybody. Ends Feb. 1st, 1926. Write for free folder which gives complete details.

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The Top Notch Cross on any canvas shoe guarantees long, satisfactory wear. Always look for it.

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in the world are used in building

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THIS giant set of testing bells, the largest of its kind in the world, is used in building King Band Instruments. No instrument can be better in tune than the scale by which it is tested, and Kings are tested by this set of bells—the finest and most accurate ever designed for the purpose. This assures you that every King is correct in pitch and scale, that every note corresponds to the exact pitch used in bands and orchestras.

The result of this accurate construction is shown by the adoption of the King Bugle by the Boy Scouts as one of the official Bugles. The following extract is taken from the report following the Boy Scout tests of several bugles: "It will be apparent from the foregoing that I found instrument No. 4 (the King Bugle) far and away the best instrument of those tested. It is absolutely true international pitch, and its tone quality is such that it blends perfectly with professional band instruments."—Signed, Bandmaster R. E. McGearry.

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☐ Prices and Description of King Official Boy Scout Bugle.
☐ Catalogs and literature regarding—
(State which instrument, whether saxophone, trombone, etc.)

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The
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How to Be a Ventriloquist

By J. M. Cummings

BOYS, how would you like to be able to throw your voice? You have all seen a ventriloquist on the stage, with his comical dummy, keeping the audience in an uproar with their side-splitting conversation.

Of course, you know the dummy doesn't really talk. It's the ventriloquist. But how does he do it? Wouldn't it be great to be able to do that too? Wouldn't it be barrels of fun to have a dummy of your own and make him perform before your friends, or at a party? Think of the glory and amusement you would get out of it.

You can be a ventriloquist. Any boy can. It's easy. This article will explain just what to do. You don't have to be a grown man to learn how. In fact, the younger you are the more marvelous it will seem to those who hear you. The writer was only seven years old when he learned how.

The first thing you will need is a dummy. This you can buy, but as dummies are rather expensive, you had better make one yourself, which you can do very easily and cheaply. Two or three dollars should cover the cost of everything necessary, especially if you can get your mother or sister to help you dress him up.

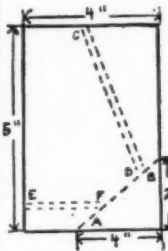


Fig. 1

A Homemade Dummy

From a lumber yard or carpenter shop get a block of soft wood 4 inches square and 6 inches long. Then, as shown in Fig. 1, saw off the lower part on the dotted line from A to B. Bore a hole 1/4 inch in diameter from the top of the block at C down to D and another hole about 3/4 of an inch from the bottom of the block from E to F. Next, attach a piece of quarter-round wood molding (G) 4 inches long to the lower side of the block, using a thin brass hinge (H).

After hinging this piece of molding to the block insert a large rubber band or coil spring through the upright hole and fasten the lower end securely to the molding at I, and the other end to the top of the block or head at J (Fig. 3). Then insert a piece of flexible picture wire or electric light extension cord through the lower hole and fasten one end with a small screw-eye to the lower part of the molding at K, forming the other end into a ring at L.

Now when you pull on this ring, the molding, which forms the chin and jaw of the dummy, will drop, opening his mouth. When you release the ring, the rubber, or spring will pull the mouth shut again. Adjust the tension of the rubber so that the mouth snaps shut quickly, but so that it will open easily.

Next, attach a neck (M) to the head. This can be made of a section of curtain pole or other piece of wood whittled round and should be long enough to fit down into the body of the dummy.

Round and smooth off the ends and edges of the molding and head block at the sides as well as all other sharp edges, by means of a wood rasp, or coarse file. Then stud the block all over with a few tacks driven part way in. These are to enable the plaster, which is to form the features, to stick on firmly.

Buy a can of Moldolite plaster, or any similar plastic material which dries hard and which can be obtained from any art goods store. Ordinary putty will do, but it takes so long to dry and it is more likely to crack and get broken. Plaster this clay all over the head except the chin. Then use your imagination and model a face. Don't try to be artistic in this. (Fig. 4). The funnier it looks the better. Just make a high ridge for the eyebrows, with depressions for the eyes. Then mold a broad, tilted nose and high cheek bones with curved wrinkles running down to the corners of the mouth. Then mold an upper and lower lip and add a prominent chin if you like. Next, put on his ears, being careful to get them somewhere near the place that ears are supposed to be. After the features have been molded, allow the head to dry for a day or two.

When thoroughly dry, paint it. Buy the

following artists' oil paints which come in tubes: red, yellow, white and black. First, put on a coat or two of flesh color, made by mixing a very little red and yellow with the white paint. When this is dry, paint the nose, cheeks, chin and ears red, made lighter with a little white, but paint the lips a deeper red. Paint the whites of the eyes, then use black for the eyes themselves, for the eyebrows, wrinkles, etc.

The dummy's head will then be complete except for a wig. Get some orange-red Diamond, or other household dye, and dye a real fluffy wash cloth, or piece of Turkish towel in this. The lint on this material makes an ideal imitation of short, curly hair. With a pencil draw an outline on the head where the hair should be and coat that area with glue. Then put on the dyed cloth and stretch or overlap it to make it fit. Finally, trim the cloth according to your pencil outline.

If you would rather have a "darky," paint the head black and dye the wig black also. Paint the lips a bright red and make the whites of his eyes prominent.

For the body use a wooden box about 7 inches wide by 10 inches high and about 4 inches deep.

Make the arms and legs by stuffing some stockings, or by rolling up pieces of cloth, and attach these to the box as in Fig. (6). Hands should be whittled out of wood, painted and fastened on. Put on some small, old shoes. Last of all, dress the body in a small suit or rompers which you can buy, or, perhaps, you can talk your mother into making for you, and your dummy is complete, ready for business.

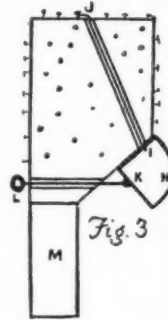


Fig. 3

The Secret of Ventriloquism

Of course, there is really no such thing as "throwing the voice." It is impossible to remove the voice and place it somewhere else. Here is the secret of ventriloquism:

It is difficult for most people to tell exactly where a sound is coming from unless they can see or are told. Haven't you had your mother or someone call to you and when you have answered, ask where you are? They know you are in the house, but they can't tell whether you are upstairs or down, or which room you are in until you tell them. Or, if you are indoors and a car passes, isn't it hard to tell which direction it was going unless you saw it?

This difficulty in locating sounds is the secret of ventriloquism in a nutshell.

If you make your voice sound different, like a little boy, and don't move your lips and the audience sees the dummy's lips moving, why naturally, they will think it is the dummy that is doing the talking. Also, if you rap on the wall or on a trunk and look in that direction, talking in a high-pitched, muffled voice, just as it would sound if someone were in the other room, or in the trunk, your hearers will believe that there must be someone where the sound seems to be coming from.

Cultivating Extra Voices

First of all, you must cultivate a different voice from your natural one. Try talking in a high-pitched, or, as it is called, a falsetto voice. Or, perhaps, talking in a voice somewhat lower than your normal one will be the easiest. Neither of these extra voices should be hard for you, but if they are, simply try talking through your nose, using your regular voice. You will be surprised what a difference it will make. If you can talk with all three of these, so much the better, as then you can perform with two or more dummies, making your performance still more entertaining.

When you have discovered which voice suits you best, practice talking or reading, using this voice only. Then, after awhile, try changing from this voice to your natural one and back again in the same sentence. You should be

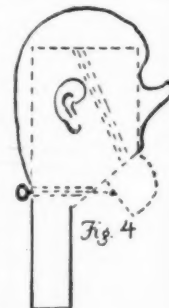


Fig. 4

able to do this with ease, as interruptions by your dummy are extremely amusing, especially as you have to continually correct him about it.

Talking Without Moving Your Lips

To be able to talk without moving the lips seems to most people to be the hardest part of the ventriloquist's art. But, it is really the simplest. To learn how properly, stand in front of a mirror and talk, noticing which words are the hardest for you to pronounce without moving the lips. You will find that words containing the letters B, M, P and W are made with the lips. F and V are made with the lower lip and upper teeth.



Now, if you use D instead of B, N instead of M, T instead of P, and (th) as in the word "think" instead of F and (th) as in the word "the" instead of V, you will not have any difficulty and the slight difference in pronunciation will scarcely be noticed. When speaking this way your teeth should be kept slightly apart as well as your lips, but avoid a strained expression on your face as you talk.

Ventriloquizing Without a Dummy

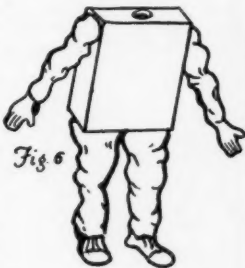
This is much more difficult to do than when you use a dummy. You must practice a great deal before attempting to perform in public. The best way to practice is to get some friend to help you. Have him get in the next room, or in a trunk and talk to you. You must then notice how high his voice is; how indistinct and weak or muffled it sounds and then try to imitate that sound. Make the sound away back in the throat, keeping your lips and teeth almost closed. He can also help you by criticizing your progress.

Remember, you must first be able to imitate the sound as it would be coming from a distant place. Then you must direct your hearers' attention to the place you wish them to believe the sound is coming from. Do this by a look, a nod, pointing or telling them where the sound is coming from.

Conversation or Dialogue

When you have made your dummy and

cultivated a voice for him and learned how to talk without moving your lips, the next thing you need will be something to talk about. You may already have some good ideas about what your conversation, or dialogue is to be. If not, then here are some suggestions that will be very useful and amusing if cleverly performed:



First, you might ask the dummy his name, then his age, his family and perhaps tell some jokes about them. Then ask him if he goes to school and what he learns there. Here you can introduce a lot of funny things about his studies, etc. He can also ask you some questions, perhaps getting off a joke or two at your expense. Remember, you should always be a gentleman and be refined, while he may be sassy and unruly. He will constantly interrupt or contradict you for which you will have to correct him until finally it becomes necessary to lock him up in his suitcase or box until he promises to behave. This never fails to win an audience. You can make him sing or recite as a final number.

If you are not original in thinking up jokes and funny dialogue, you can find plenty of them in the newspapers and magazines and at the theaters.

Change your dialogue from time to time so as to have something new.

If the dummy is about to "talk" to you, don't look at him as if you expected it, unless you have asked him a question. Don't get too close to the audience.

Don't practice too much or too long at a time. Fifteen or twenty minutes a day for about a week will be sufficient to enable you to start right in with your dummy. Then, if you will learn your dialogue by heart so that you won't have any embarrassing delays and if you keep on the alert for new ideas and make your dummy act as funny as possible it won't be any time at all until you will be in demand at all the parties, church fairs, school and lodge entertainments, etc., and then you will have the time of your life.

Scrub Nelson, Hero

(Concluded from page 17)

pass and ran the ball back twenty-five yards.

With Grandon in possession of the ball on Miller's forty-yard line, Pee Wee called to the Field Judge and asked how much time was left to play.

"Less than one minute," the time-keeper answered.

On the next play, Pee Wee carried the ball on an attempted run around Nelson's end of the line, but gained only a yard. As he rose to his feet he called "Time out," and throwing an arm over Nelson's shoulder he limped off to one side, leaning on Nelson as if for support. Some of the other players started toward him, but he said he was all right, and sent them back. Dad was watching anxiously.

"Nelson," he thought he could hear him say, "we've got to have this old game. See that pennant down yonder? It's calling us. We gotta get there, and you're gonna carry that old ball across that line this play. 'Member that 104 play you gave Dad? I'm gonna call it now. It's dangerous, but if it works we'll score. You gotta do it, boy. It's up to you." And then, forgetting to limp, he trotted back to his place.

"I thought so," mumbled Dad, and Packers looked at him in surprise. He did not have time to ask Dad what he meant, for just then Pee Wee began calling signals, and the first two numbers brought him to attention.

"10-104-33-41-98-36" and they were off. Pee Wee had the ball, and was racing toward his left end. Every man on Grandon's team sensed what Pee Wee had told Nelson, and every man put his last ounce of effort into the play. The tackle was blocked out, the end was cut down, Morgan dived for Miller's right halfback and knocked him flat. Dad looked for Nelson and found him racing across back of Miller's line just ahead of Miller's left half. The stands were roaring as they ran, but every

Grandon player on the sideline along with Dad and Packers, knowing how the play was expected to work, stood tense and watching to see if Nelson reached Pee Wee in time. Miller's safety man came in fast and hard and it looked for a second as if he would beat Nelson to Pee Wee. Nelson saw this, and from somewhere called into play that last superhuman effort which athletes seem to have at the time of need, and crossed behind Pee Wee just a fraction of a second before the safety man dived. That fraction was just what was needed, for in that small space of time Pee Wee gave the ball a backward toss and Nelson, catching it while running full speed, headed for the Miller goal line. The Miller left half was too surprised to change direction in time to overtake Nelson, and before the spectators realized what had happened the touchdown had been scored, and Grandon's substitutes were racing across the field to carry the exhausted Nelson off on their shoulders.

No one cared that Randall failed to kick goal after the touchdown, and no one cared that the final whistle blew just as Pee Wee tackled the Miller man that caught the next kick-off. Grandon had WON, and on Scrub Nelson's play, and Scrub Nelson had carried the ball across the line for the winning score.

In the dressing room after the game, the players were congratulating Nelson on his splendid playing when Dad and Packers came in. Packers walked over to Nelson and said, "That was a wonderful play, Nelson, one of the most thrilling I have ever seen."

"Thank you, sir," replied Nelson, "but if it had not been for Dad, it never would have happened." He walked over and held out his hand to Dad.

"I want to thank you, sir, for something you told me here one afternoon. It made me realize why I had always been 'Scrub' Nelson."



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THIS contest is open to any reader of **BOYS' LIFE**. Write a letter containing not less than 100 words, nor more than 500, to the Book Review Editor giving your opinion of any book, old or new, that is reviewed or advertised in the November or December issue of **BOYS' LIFE**: it may be a book you like or one you do not, give your reasons for either opinion. The letters must reach this office on or before January 15, 1926. Prizes will be awarded as follows by the Editors of **BOYS' LIFE**: first, for the best letter, \$5.00; second and third \$3.00 and \$2.00; and to five deserving honorable mention, \$1.00 each.

FOOTBALL being the big interest at just this season first attention may well be given to some of the football stories appearing this year. Of course, Ralph Henry Barbour's stories of prep school athletics are familiar. This year the "Wyndham" Series, which began last season with the publication of *The Fighting Scrub*, is continued with a new baseball story, *Bases Full*, and with a tale of the football season called *Hold 'Em Wyndham*, in both of which the three heroes of the first book, Tom Kemble, Clif Brigham and Loring Deane, to say nothing of the latter's manservant, the very English Wattles, reappear, Clif and Tom to play and Loring to help by observation and suggestion. Another Barbour football story is *Barry Locke: Half-Back*, in which Barry not only plays football but assists his chum in solving a mystery that involves the family in which

nickname almost at once by his readiness to fight, and finds a friend in Martin Belcastel, a former comrade of his father. Blaise and Martin join a group under the leadership of Jean Rebault that is journeying to America to found the colony. He escapes the disasters that fall upon the colonists and the massacre by the Spaniards under Menendez, finally being rescued to return to France. There he learns why he has been unrelentingly pursued by his enemy and gains a treasure left by his father. This is used to help finance

a second expedition formed to avenge the massacre of the French settlers, and the book closes after this has been accomplished. The pages of this book are full of adventure, and the hero and his friends, Belcastel, the wonder swordsman and the Indian, The Deer, will surely win many friends.

Another book which was submitted for this prize and came near winning it is *The Clutch of the Corsican*, which tells the story of an American family held as hostages in a French prison camp for ten years in the days of Napoleon's power. How the father is separated from them, and incarcerated, how the mother and her son keep up their courage and trace him across France to his prison house despite the intrigues of Bonapartist officials, and how at last escape in a Yankee privateer is told vividly and entertainingly with enough suspense to hold unwavering attention. The sixteen-year-old hero will be particularly liked by boy readers.

Indians and the West

AMONG other books which deal with historical episodes is a fine new edition of Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*, a standard account of experiences in crossing the continent in 1846 delightfully written. The author and his companions journey from St. Louis, visit Fort Leavenworth, cross the Platte and the desert, come to Fort Laramie, encounter Indian war parties, visit an Ogillallah village, pass down the Arkansas and finally reach the settlements, with numberless adventures and hunting expeditions by the way.

More about Indians and the old frontier is told in *Simon Kenton the Scout*, by J. I. Corby, in which the eventful life of this Indian fighter is related in story form; in *Red Plume*, which presents a picture of the day to day existence of an Indian boy, being the story of a pioneer boy who is captured by a Blackfoot Indian, trained in Indian ways and at last escapes and finds his way back to his own people; in *True Indian Tales from American History*, by James Otis, a new edition of an old favorite.

Adventure

OF PARTICULAR interest is the book which won the Charles Boardman Hawes prize offered for a book of the character of *The Mutineers* and *The Dark Frigate*; it is called *The Scarlet Cockerel*, and is by C. M. Sublette. This is a romance of the period when France was trying to found a colony for French Huguenots in this country on the coast of what is now Carolina.

The book takes its title from the youthful hero, Blaise de Breault, who enters Paris garbed in scarlet, makes an enemy and wins a



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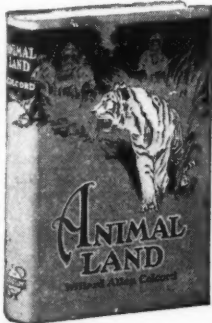
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Stories of American History

AMONG stories of American history of another type we find *Pirates of the Delaware* by Rupert Sargent Holland, a story of Philadelphia a hundred years ago, and the experiences of a young student of law in his efforts to protect a French emigré, Marquis de Sevrac and his daughter, from river pirates and an enemy from their own land. How young Jared Lee succeeds and wins the heart of the charming Jeanne de Sevrac is all told in a book that will hold the reader's interest from beginning to end.

Old Hickory's Prisoner by Bernard Marshall relates the adventures of another youth of that Delaroché family which has appeared in several books by the same author, *Cedric, the Forester, The Torch Bearers* and *Redcoat and Minuteman*.

The story opens when Commodore Decatur in 1813 attempts to break the blockade of the New London harbor by the British. His failure is due to signal lights placed for the enemy. The young hero becomes involved in the pursuit of Windom, the man suspected of placing these signal lights, and is obliged to escape with Margaret Windom on a ship which takes them to Virginia. From there Hubert joins the Tennesseans and eventually comes into Jackson's army. There is fighting aplenty in the story and young Hubert finds a wonderful friend in Blue Feather, the Indian.

To Make and to Do

FOR those who are eager to know and to learn how to do, the publishers' lists are rich. First of all there is a new edition of one of Dan Beard's most popular books, *The American Boy's Handy Book*, which is full of instruction on how to do things, but contains as well a mine of suggestions as to what to do. A. Frederick Collins publishes an *Amateur Photographer's Handbook*, which some of the boys who submit photographs to the Boys' Life contest need very much, indeed, and *The Boy Scientist*, a volume of scientific information and experiments to be performed with simple apparatus. Then Dan Beard has another book with the challenging title, *Do It Yourself*. This contains instructions for the young fisherman, advice on stalking, photographing and capturing wild animals, and something about boats. And in this connection, we should mention once again the Stanley Harris book, *Baseball, How to Play It*, which contains a wealth of advice about playing, and the positions especially directed to the youthful player.

By Frank H. Cheley is *The Boys' Book of Camp Fires*, which contains chapters of instruction on the building of fires, on camp-fire cooking, on stunts and games suitable for use in camp, a selection of songs to be sung about the camp-fire, some hints on handicraft, and a whole section devoted to stories suitable for telling about the camp-fire. By Chelsea Fraser is a book which any parent should rejoice to present to any boy, *The Practical Book of Home Repairs*. The author of this book is a teacher of manual training, and learned through contact with his pupils that they would appreciate some instruction outside the woodworking taught in such course. A part of the book is devoted to the choice and care of tools; the remainder takes up the questions of repairs to the house and household goods, treating very fully many subjects from the repairing of upholstery to that of concrete work.

Of true adventure, what can be more suggestive of interest and thrills than *The Ways of the Circus*, by George Conklin, which stands alone as a picture of circus life. Among the new biographies written for boys, *The Boys' Life of General Grant*, by William O. Stevens, gives an interesting and sympathetic account of this great soldier, and *The Boys' Life of Grover Cleveland*, by Royal J. Davis, portrays political struggles of a period which lacks perhaps the appeal of those that preceded and followed it.

A book of brief biographical sketches is *Younger Days of Famous Writers*, which includes a chapter on the boyhood of Daniel Defoe telling how his acquaintance with an old basket weaver who had been a sailor gave him



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This wonderful book, with illustrations by the author, gives sports adapted to all seasons of the year, tells boys how to make all kinds of things—boats, traps, toys, puzzles, aquariums, fishing-tackle; how to tie knots, splice ropes, to make bird-calls, sleds, blow-guns, balloons; how to rear wild birds, to train dogs, and do the thousand and one things that boys take delight in.

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much of the material that later went into that famous book, *Robinson Crusoe*. The author tells, too, how Defoe chanced upon that name for his hero. Fenimore Cooper's early experiences and friendships among the Mohawk Indians which he later wove into his wonderful romances are sketched in another chapter, while a third shows how Charles Dickens' bitter sufferings in boyhood gave him much of the material that later he used in his familiar books. Other writers, among them Alger, Mark Twain, Lewis Carroll, Howard Pyle and Robert Louis Stevenson, are included, in each case, the link between youthful experience and later achievement being suggested.

Books on Science

For the young reader interested in science, a book edited by Edwin E. Slosson entitled *Keeping Up With Science*, which is composed of notes on recent progress and discovery in various sciences prepared for "unscientific readers," will be of value. It touches upon many topics ranging all the way from medical discoveries to prehistoric drawings, and from a discussion of "Indian Summer" to information about "cooking on a mountain."

By Mary Proctor is an admirable book on astronomy that would be a wonderful companion on an overnight hike some clear winter's night. It is called *Young Folks' Book of the Heavens*.

One of the "how to do it" books that will be of value to boys active in staging entertain-



ments is *Costuming a Play*, by Grimball and Wells, which presents clear instructions and drawings for making simple costumes of different periods. *Suppose We Play*, by Imogene Clark, is a collection of indoor and outdoor games which should give valuable suggestions for the winter party or the summer camp.

The Out-of-Doors

AMONG the books about scouting and the out-of-doors will be found *Clearport Boys*, by Joseph B. Ames, in which most of the characters are scouts who have varied adventures in summer and winter hiking and camping. For those who wish to learn the ways of the woods and the animals there is *The Living Forest*, by Arthur Heming, in which two boys with a half-breed guide, wise in woods lore, are stranded in the northern wilds without supplies. The story of their escape over three hundred miles of wilderness, having to build a canoe, make clothing and find food, provides interesting reading. There are many attractive illustrations by the author. Two books by James Howard Hull, *Trail and Packhorse* and *Sid Turner, Fireguard*, show the adventurous life of the forest ranger.



Here are mentioned only some of the season's books that are worth attention. Next month we shall consider some books about the sea and ships, about the North, exploration and gold-seeking, and about animals.

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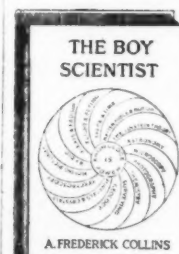
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A Basketball Player With One Hand

By Henry S. Curtis

A short time ago, while visiting a teacher-training class in Huntsville, Mo., I became interested in a young athlete by the name of Herbert Rhoads.

This boy is five feet eleven inches tall with a chest expansion of five inches and an almost perfect physique with the exception that his left hand is missing. He is now seventeen years old.

It develops that he lost his left hand by getting it crushed in machinery about four years ago. He got an artificial hand, but found it too much trouble and discarded it. His parents always talked to him as though he were not in any way handicapped and encouraged him to go on and do everything other boys can do. The result has been that he has almost completely forgotten his physical handicap and is the star athlete of the high school. He is a boy scout, plays on the regular basketball team, having made as high as seven baskets from the field in a single game. He is on the track team and very fast, a wonderful tennis player, and on the second team in football and in baseball.

Two Giant Saws

Two circular saws, each 108 inches in diameter, have just been completed by Henry Disston & Sons, Inc., exact duplicates of two Disston cut-off saws made for the same mill in 1920, which then were the largest saws in the world. These saws are used for cutting giant cedar logs into shingle bolts. Each was made from a steel ingot weighing 1140 pounds. This ingot was reheated, rolled and trimmed until the weight of the finished saw was 795 pounds. The circumference of the saws is more than 28 feet, and the rim when operating at full speed travels at the rate of 130 miles an hour. The teeth are inserted in the blade, 190 being required for each saw. They are of the spiral tooth type, inserted in the blade on spiral lines, which insures smooth cutting and gives full clearance without the necessity of setting them. They are sharpened by automatic machinery. The manufacture of saws nine feet in diameter required steel of special composition, free from any defect, uniform in hardness and composition, having great tensile strength. This steel was made in the Disston plant by a special process, and cast in a solid block. Then the ingots from the crucibles were heated and hammered into slabs, which in turn were rolled into plates, one for each saw. Mills of enormous strength drew the plates to the correct dimensions for the saws, after many operations. Next the plates were made ready for the insertion of the teeth, hardened and tempered, and given the correct tension for operating at the terrific speed at which they must run.

The Elephant and the Lamp

A curious experience fell to the lot of three men who were on a tiger-hunting expedition in India. To prevent the invasion of mosquitoes and other insects that would be attracted by the light in their quarters, the heavy cotton curtain that formed the door of the tent was closed, and the three friends were chatting across the table when suddenly the whole tent shook. As they looked around to see the cause, the heavy curtain was roughly snatched away and in the open doorway appeared the head of a big elephant.

The men had no time to catch up their rifles. They knew by the appearance of the animal that he meant mischief. Lifting up the roof of the tent with his head he threateningly swung his trunk out at the man nearest to him. At this, the hunter sprang to his feet; seizing the lighted lamp from the table, he hurled it with all his strength at the animal's forehead. The glass broke at the blow and the blazing oil covered the elephant's trunk with a sheet of flame. With a cry of terror, the beast drew frantically back, shook off the curtain, and fled across the country—vanquished by a single blow from an oil-lamp. It was a fortunate act, for the animal was no doubt "a rogue," and would probably have killed one or more of the men.

BOOKS FOR BOY SCOUTS

THE BOY SCOUT BOOKS

By Thornton W. Burgess

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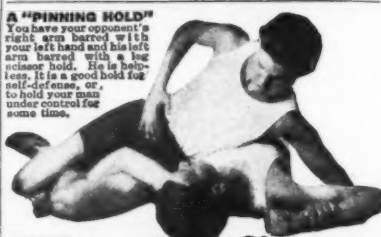
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"Wrestling is exceptionally fine exercise for a normal boy of normal health; but a boy should always know that his health is normal before he undertakes any such heavy exercise as wrestling, running races, football, or the like. Boys, you need exercise and you want it. You want to be good baseball players, good wrestlers, good in all the manly sports. Speak to your parents and urge them to have your family physician examine your heart, and your lungs and your kidneys; at least that much, before you go into sports that tax your full strength. And remember, that wrestling is a vigorous sport, and we want only a perfectly healthy, normal boy to write for this free book on wrestling." Get the inside secrets on wrestling from world champions.

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The first step is to send for Farmer Burns' big wrestling book. Shows how easy you can learn Scientific Wrestling, Physical Culture, Judo-Jitsu and Self-Defense. It is packed full of information about wrestling and wrestling. Valuable tricks are revealed. A book that every boy should have. No charge. Just enclose 1c to help cover cost of wrapping and postage. Send now. Be sure to give age. **Farmer Burns School 1148 Railway Exchange Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.**

Think and Grin

Edited by Francis J. Rigney



JUST because a pumpkin is hollowed out is no reason why it should be compared to empty headed old Idle Five Minutes. It is rather a "punk" joke on the "pumpkin" to compare them. After all a pumpkin has one bright idea in its head even if that idea is but a lighted candle.

Well let's be thankful that old I. F. M., the laziest scout on any record—gramophone or otherwise—comes around only once a month instead of seven times a week. At that four minutes and fifty nine and one-half seconds is quite long enough to put up with him.

Come on, boys, shoot the brightest ideas you have in the way of jokes and see if we can't scare him away inside of the time limit.

For jokes published we give as prizes the new 1926 Boy Scout Diary.

Any sender who wants his joke back (some do) must send a stamped and addressed envelope. We do not have any correspondence about the jokes, for that would exceed the time limit. Send your best, boys, and slam them in good and hard.

Scratch! Scratch!

With a gesture of impatience, the old farmer laid aside his paper and went to the door. "Come in," he said; but silence followed. He closed the door and went back to his paper. Presently, he went to the door again, and again he found no one there.

"What's the matter?" asked his wife. "That blamed dog," he grumbled, "has been scratching at the door to get in for the last hour, but he runs away every time I open it." "That ain't the dog," she explained, "that's the hired man writing a letter on the kitchen table."

Too Often The Case

Sam: Yo ain't got no brains.
Tam: Ain't got no brains? Why, man, ah got brains what ain't nevah been used.



Know More

"Looke heah, Joe, how come you all to teach dat mule all dem tricks? Ah can't make mah mule do anything."

"Dat's easy, youse all jes' has to know mohl dan de mule."

Down in the Mouth

Jake: What are you crying for?
Jack: The doctor has taken out one of my teeth.
Jake: Pooh! Uncle Eb takes all of his out every night, but he doesn't holler.

Doesn't Matter

Recruiting Sergeant: I can't enlist you, my good man, you've only one eye.
Patriot: That doesn't matter. You've got to shut one eye when you're shootin' anyway.



Brief

Newspaper Editor: Your story should be at least 200 words shorter.
Writer: Why, it was only 200 words.
Newspaper Editor: That's just it.

Is There?

Ike: Did you take a shave this morning?
Mike: No, is there one missing?

Fair Enough

Lady of the House: Yes, I have an old pair of my husband's trousers, but I'm afraid they're too large around the waist for you.
Tramp: Well, couldn't you gimme a dinner that would make 'em fit?



Misplacement

Principal (to student): Well, John! What's the matter? Falling down on your work?
Student: No Sir! All the work's falling on me.

In the Air

Seasoned Sergeant: Define the word, HALT.
Raw Recruit: When the order "Halt" is given you bring the foot that is on the ground to the side of the one that is in the air, and remain—motionless.

Mixed

Tramp (at back door): Lady, won't you give a poor stranger a bite to eat, I'm so thirsty, I don't know where to sleep to-night.

Tough Luck

An old woman, famed for the turkeys she bred on her farm, sold one just before Christmas to a neighbor. But on Christmas Day Mr. Smith found the turkey particularly tough. Next day he went to the old woman to complain.
"What do you mean by sending me such a bird?" he asked.
"Why," exclaimed the old woman, "was anything wrong with it?"
"Wrong, madam, why it was no good at all!"
"Then, it should have been," she answered. "That bird won the first prize at the local poultry show for eleven years in succession."



Hard Hit

Instructor of Pugilism: Well, what do you think of your first lesson?
Pupil: I've decided to have the rest by mail.

Tracks

"There goes a great track man."
"He looks like a hobo to me."
"He is."

So That He Could Stick To His Story

Bill: Have you a pencil and a piece of paper?
Pete: What kind of paper?
Bill: Fly paper, it's for an aviator!

It Is, Too

It is four minutes from two to one to one two and that it is four minutes from two to two to two, too.

Names of winners appeared in previous issues of BOYS' LIFE.

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Landau
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Cleveland, Ohio

Wings of Speed

(Concluded from page 32)

but the Jap's still flying the course—above us."

The plane was vibrating terrifically—the stick jerking from side to side in Rod's hand. He clutched it with his left hand, and steadied the action somewhat, but the plane was rocking violently from side to side.

"Kyoti's got a small lead. His starboard wing's badly damaged. Keep her on the course, Rod—we've got a chance yet."

Fighting the jerking stick, caused, Rod knew, by the shattered wing tip, he held the plane on the course. They were only a hundred feet above the ground, and the action of the ship was becoming more violent each second.

"She's losing altitude!" Duke shouted excitedly. "The Jap's losing altitude! She's on our starboard, dropping down. We're gaining, Rod—we're gaining!"

With all the strength remaining within him Rod was fighting the plunges of the *Liberty*. Would the wing hold out until they finished the race? His eyes were commencing to burn now, and he could scarcely see the air-speed meter. But Duke's voice reassured him.

"Hold her up, old man. Only a mile more! We're doing a hundred and seventy-five. Hold her up."

They roared onward. Rod's head was swaying from side to side, as he kept the ship level with the horizon. And then, suddenly and unexpectedly, he saw the towers—the black one, and the red one far to the starboard, loom into sight.

"Hold her!" Duke was screaming. "We're right behind the Jap—we're close, Rod."

Something flashed by on the starboard. A second later the black shape of the tower streaked behind on the port. A field, level and of good length, was below.

"Cut her!" the mechanic shouted. "We win, old man—we win!"

With his last strength Rod pulled back the throttle with his left hand. Holding the stick back he let the plane drop slowly to the field. After what seemed an eternity of time, they struck the ground, bumped along and came slowly to a complete stop. Rod slumped down in his seat. He was shaking all over. But in his ears rang, above the still-present throb of a motor that was now silent, the last words of Duke Young—"we win, old man, we win!" They had won the International!

"Some race," he muttered to himself happily, "if you like flying!"

The Spectre of Le Mort Swamp

(Concluded from page 27)

one foot and then the other leaving each monstrous imprint a dozen feet or more from the last. Occasionally he paused to scatter something in the snow by his foot.

"I suppose that's the blood," grinned Bud. "Well, I'll hand it to him all right. He's clever enough to fool that whole gang of Canucks. And he had me guessing pretty hard too," he finished rather lamely.

The would-be spectre soon disappeared around the bend in the trail and MacGreggor cautiously followed at a safe distance.

For two hours he dogged the plodding foot-steps during which time but little more than two miles had been covered. Snow was again falling when the man ahead halted his jerky gait before a brush shelter in a thicket of pine. Here he set aside his pole, removed his clumsy foot gear and entered. The dim light of a candle partially disclosed his further movements through the low opening which served as a door.

Bud waited patiently until he rolled himself round and round in a long blanket, blew out the light and lay still. For nearly an hour then, he crouched in the deep shadow of a thick fir until a sonorous snore, thrice repeated, apprised him that the Loup Garou, or his earthly representative, slept.

He stole forward silently. Just inside the entrance his grouping hand encountered a thin rope of braided caribou hide. With the end of this he formed a noose and turned to the sleeping man. To throw the loop over his shoulders and draw it taut across the elbows was but the work of a second and before the stranger was fully awake his feet had also been secured. Then switching on his flash he pulled back the

IVORY SOAP

SCULPTURE

LESSON No. 9

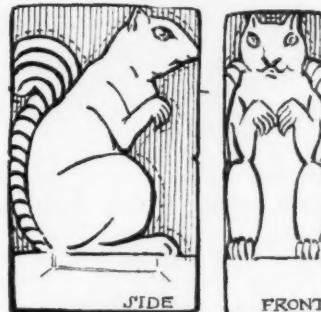
BY MARGARET J. POSTGATE

The SQUIRREL

ABOUT the busiest little thing in the woods this month is Mr. Squirrel. The thrifty little chap is scurrying about, gathering his supply of nuts for the winter and storing them away in a convenient place.

To make him, hold your bar of Ivory Soap in an upright position and on the sides mark the outline of your squirrel. With your knife cut away the soap up to the dotted lines. Do the same with the front and back.

You now have a squirrel in the rough (and don't be discouraged if it looks very rough). Now you will need your wooden or wire tool to shave him down to the finished model. Remember to turn the soap often and to shave off a very little at one time. You will notice that the front paws are a little below the upper quarter of your soap and the joints are at the center division where they meet at the top of the hind legs. When you have made your model look as much like the drawings as possible, use the point of your wooden tool to put in the markings of the eyes, nose, mouth, claws and tail.



YOUR TOOLS

Penknife or paring knife; 1 orange stick with blade and pointed ends (wooden tool A); 1 orange stick with hairpin bent, as shown (B) tied to the end of the stick and filed sharp (C & D, wire tool).

Your materials—a cake of Ivory Soap, laundry size preferably.

Don't forget—save all your shavings for your mother. She can use them for the dishes or to launder her finest things.

AND REMEMBER—After the scrimmage on the football field, or blazing bonfires, or nutting parties or any of the outdoor things you do this glorious weather, you're bound to come home hungry—and dirty. That's the time for Ivory. Ivory first. Always be sure your hands are perfectly Ivory-clean before you go to the table. Not only is it good manners, but it's healthier and safer.

The Ivory way is a pleasant way of chasing dirt and germs. You always have the same nice, white, pure, fresh-smelling cake. And of course, it floats!

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IVORY SOAP

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No Fumbling,
Now! You
Can Catch \$2

SIGNALS, team-mate! Watch Old Tough Luck. Bowl him over. Don't let him keep you from catching the \$2.00 you need to renew your subscription for BOYS' LIFE.

It would be tough luck for sure to miss the coming copies of BOYS' LIFE. Look up page 4 right away and see the treat that's in store for BOYS' LIFE readers. Then get the jump on shifty Tough Luck by sending your renewal order in NOW. Mails are slow and copies of BOYS' LIFE go fast these days.

AND how about some spare money in your pocket, too. BOYS' LIFE will be paying out big commissions and bonuses to hundreds of fellows who will be selling subscriptions from now until Christmas, JOIN THE BUNCH AND EARN YOUR SHARE.

Write right away for the "Golden Opportunity Outfit."

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W

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

R

Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

I

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

G

Good gum is good for you—doctors and dentists affirm this.

L

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E

Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's—after every meal.

Y

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

'S

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's—after every meal!



blanket from a swarthy face amid an accompaniment of picturesque profanity.

Bud grinned at the blazing eyes and distorted features before him.

"Well, I'll say, you're some Loup Garou all right," he taunted heartlessly as he turned to examine more closely the great, clumsy foot gear and the crude trumpet of birch bark which had evidently done service in producing the weird screeches which had so disturbed the camp.

Three days later, with the help of Connie

Lewis his prisoner was lodged in the jail at Caribou together with Black Pierre, who was implicated in his confession. The North Star company also figured in the background, but the connection was so difficult to trace that it seemed useless to begin proceedings against them.

Bud already had too much upon his hands anyway for two days later he again started north with additional supplies and nearly two score of sturdy lumberjacks.

The Lone Scout

(Concluded from page 17)

ALFRED LELAND MOONEY announces the discontinuance of his paper, *The Poetical Scribe*, with the August issue.

BOOSTER BOY has discontinued and the publishers are having *National Scout* fill the subscriptions.

Pita is back on a semi-monthly basis with no guarantee as to size.

The officials were surely generous by giving us so much space in the equipment number of *Scouting*.

The twenty-page anniversary issue of *The Tug* has appeared.

Pow-Wows

PLANS for an Idaho Boosters' League are under way, and five scouts are behind it.—MELVIN H. GIBSON.

THE Seminole Tribe of Lone Scouts won the Sportsmanship Cup offered for the best all-round sportsmanship in a baseball tournament conducted recently by *The Chicago Daily Journal*.

THE Lone Scouts of Kansas City are broadcasting programs from station KWKC on Mondays, under the direction of Elmer C. Hodges, G. C.

The Tug will hereafter be illustrated with occasional photos of scouts. Ted C. Schneider, 112 East Miller Street, Jefferson City, Missouri, is the publisher.

THE Third National Lone Scout Rally was held August 15 and 16 at Kolzy Forest Preserve, one of the most beautiful spots of Cook County's (Ill.) large forest reserves. It was a two-day affair and Saturday night a great bunch of scouts were assembled. A large pow-wow was held and speeches were heard.

Why-I-Subscribed Contest

Winner—Philip F. Teuffl (Age 14), Beloit, Wis.

"WHILE in conversation with a boy friend on his front porch, the mailman brought him his *BOYS' LIFE* for which he had subscribed. He opened it and we read some of the stories and also Dan Beard's Scouting section. I at once became interested in it and asked him to let me take one of his old copies home. He did and I showed it to my mother and father. They were both deeply impressed by its good clean stories, and even

more so by the educational topics. The following Christmas I received *BOYS' LIFE* for one of my presents.

I have been a reader of this magazine for two years now and enjoy it very much. If I were advising a boy to select a magazine, I would say *BOYS' LIFE*. There is no boys' magazine that has as good and interesting stories and educational features. Ask any boy who gets *BOYS' LIFE*."

Rules of the Why-I-Subscribed Contest

1. *BOYS' LIFE* will give each month a prize of \$5.00 for the best letter answering the following questions: a. How you first heard of *BOYS' LIFE*. b. What made you, your parents or the giver decide to subscribe? c. Did you earn the subscription price yourself, and if so, how? You need not have earned your own money, but if you did, tell how. d. How would you tell another boy why he should subscribe for *BOYS' LIFE*?
2. Any reader of *BOYS' LIFE* under eighteen years of age may compete.
3. Descriptions must be typewritten, or written legibly in ink on one side of the paper only.

4. Descriptions must not exceed 1,000 words.
5. The name, address and age of the author, and if a scout his troop number, should appear in the upper right-hand corner of the page of the manuscript.
6. Manuscript must be marked "For the Why-I-Subscribed Contest," and must reach us by the first of the second month preceding the date of the issue.
7. The Editorial Staff of *BOYS' LIFE* will act as judges of the letters submitted, and any letter, whether prize winning or not, is to be available for publication.

Photographic Contest Rules

(Photographic Contest on page 24)

These instructions must be followed, otherwise pictures will not be considered:

1. Pictures must be taken by the contestant and related to Scouting directly or indirectly. Directly: Activities of scouts, hiking, camping work, etc. Indirectly: Animal and other nature studies.
2. Photographs for any contest must reach the editor before the 10th of the second month preceding the date of publication. The competition is open to all readers of *BOYS' LIFE*.
3. Name and address of sender should be written on back

of picture. Pictures without names will not be considered. Do not send letters. Do not send negatives.

4. Pictures will not be returned unless a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.
5. The Art Editor of *BOYS' LIFE* will act as judge of the photographs submitted.
6. A prize of \$5.00 will be awarded to the picture or group of pictures from one contestant, judged the best, and a dollar will be paid for every other photograph accepted and published. Photographs accepted and published become the property of *BOYS' LIFE*.

When answering advertisements please mention *BOYS' LIFE*



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Boys! if you want the speed and lightness of the wind—if you want to skim the ice and make the curves safely with firm, sure feet—then get Planert's "Northlight" the "World's Best" Skates.

You can see quality built in every detail of the braced and tempered steel runner—the one-piece, seamless bell-shaped cups—the reinforced foot and ankle supporting shoe attached to Planert's "Northlights."

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They cost no more than others—are safer, stronger, better made and guaranteed. Look for the Trade Mark on every pair.

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Men and Boys Racer. Also furnished in Hockey or Rink type for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

Racer or Hockey, Aluminum Finish, \$11.00

Racer or Hockey, Nickel Finish . . . \$12.50

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New Model, all styles. Made to meet the demand for a moderately priced skate.

Racer or Hockey, Aluminum Finish, \$7.50

Send for descriptive folder



Dad Probably Wore "Russells"

THESE FAMOUS, hand-made Moccasin Shoes are made to the same sort of nature shape as the Indian's scouting moccasin.

But no Indian squaw ever had the wonderful leather, or the years of training that go into Russell's famous hand-made footwear!

Outdoor folk for years have worn these easy, tough boots and shoes. One chap "trekked" 1800 miles through trackless British Columbia in a pair of Russell Moccasin Boots.

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Write for our latest catalog and name of your nearest dealer.

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Makes dim distant objects big and clear. A real telescope that fits pocket.

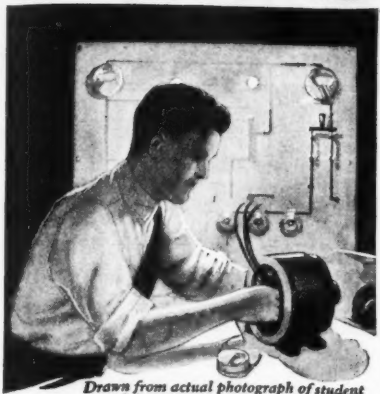
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November

BOYS



Drawn from actual photograph of student doing spare time electrical work

Learn Electricity Make Big Money

How would you like to earn two or three dollars every evening after school and prepare yourself for a fine big job at the same time? Here's the opportunity of a lifetime for you fellows who like Electricity. Begin right now to prepare yourself for a regular man's size job in this fascinating field. Your chances for a big success are simply wonderful—the pay is big (\$70 to \$200 a week) and advancement comes swift and sure.

I will Train You at Home
With my easily learned, spare time Electrical Course I will train you at home like I have trained hundreds of other boys who are now big successful men. It will not interfere with your school work and you can earn more than the small cost of the course doing odd electrical jobs in your spare time. The Course pays for itself. I will show you how to get this work and how to do it. Some of my boy students make \$10 to \$15 a week this way.

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Send me the coupon below and I will tell you all about the big outfit of tools, apparatus and instruments and a new Radio Course that I am giving to my students for a limited time. I will send you my big interesting Electrical Book and a sample lesson, too—all Free. You will be tickled with the things I will send you Free. Mail the coupon right now.

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Sure, Smith Brothers Cough Drops are good as candy. That's why everybody likes 'em—Girls, too.

SMITH BROTHERS
THE CANDY COUGH DROP

Pee-Wee's Patrol

(Continued from page 13)

They were a little ashamed of their commonplace performance on the marimba.

"No compass—loy!" Signor exploded, "Shu, you tella da day—look—eyes—huh? Smarta boy!"

"Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said Pee-Wee. "Up in Little Valley, the church is going to have a festival on account of being there twenty years; it's an anniversary festival. That's a kind of a show, a festival is. Part of it is a show. And the minister asked a lady to ask my mother if I'd go up there with my new patrol and give a scout demonstration. Do you know what that is? It's all the different things that scouts can do, see? So now I decided, I'm going to have Bruno and Tascas play some music, too—if you'll let them take that thing up there, so will you?"

Signor could only bow in a way of glad compliance. Pee-Wee could have anything if only Tascas and Bruno were admitted into the mysteries of scouting. Here was Terrace Avenue conquered in one masterly move! Tascas and Bruno Liventi would be not only scouts (under the particular guidance of the greatest of scouts), but they would no longer gaze wistfully at the boys who lived in those fine, big houses along Terrace Avenue and thereabouts and wish that they could be a part of that fraternal, noisy life. And this thought brought joy to the simple heart of Signor Liventi.

"It's going to be next Thursday and Friday and Saturday," Pee-Wee said, "and I'm boss of the scout part of it, and already I've got two scouts that were in a troop that started and broke up, and they're going to give a demonstration right on the stage how they can put up a tent in twenty seconds, and then they're going to do scout stunts. And I'm going to give a demonstration of signaling, wig-wag and like that, and then a feller that's disguised as not a scout is going to almost eat a toadstool and all of a sudden I come rushing on the stage, madly kind of, and stop him just in time, and then I give a kind of a lecture on how to tell the difference between mushrooms and toadstools and about poison-ivy and everything, and then I'm going to have a scout—maybe it'll be Tascas or Bruno—I'm going to have him stand with his back to me, and I'm going to sneak up on him and then he's going to cross his heart to the audience that he never heard me, because anyway a scout's honor is to be trusted, and that shows how stealthy and quiet a scout can be—see?"

The admiring audience could only stare. Perhaps the diffident, unassuming brothers wondered if Pee-Wee could ever convince anybody that he was quiet.

Late that very Sunday night residents on Terrace Avenue might have seen (if they had been interested enough to look) a funny, stout, little Italian man and his wife, both laboring under an avalanche of baggage, trudging hurriedly through the fashionable neighborhood to catch the midnight train to the metropolis. They did not look very gorgeous and theatrical.

But they had left at home fifty dollars to outfit their proud sons with scout uniforms and such accessories as Pee-Wee had represented as being indispensable to scouting. "You got to have belt axes and scout jack-knives and compasses," Pee-Wee had told the brothers; "and you ought to have cooking sets too, but anyway, you can eat out of mine."

Pee-Wee intended that the scout number on the church anniversary program should be in all ways realistic. He intended to show Little Valley what scouting was, not only by stage performance but by a more picturesque demonstration. His active mind had conceived the scout exhibition on a very large scale. He and his scout comrades were going to hike through the woods (perhaps even cook their supper there) and trudge up to the church lecture room like true pioneers, compasses, belt axes, jack-knives, cooking sets, marimba and all.

They were to arrive in Little Valley as if it were some frontier settlement and they had sojourned hundreds of miles to reach it. Then it would be explained to the audience (by the minister perhaps), that these scouts, disdaining railroads and buses, had "hiked through the woods" and so on. It would be a picturesque appearance upon the stage, far surpassing the gracious and graceful bows of Signor and Signora Liventi on the Keith circuit.

(To be continued in BOYS' LIFE for December)

A Gift for Boys

who want strong, white teeth



THIS offers you a free test that may make a great difference in your whole life. Send the coupon for it now. Get yours. Every reader of this magazine is entitled to one.

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Look at the pictures of athletes you admire—big football stars, baseball players, sportsmen in every walk of life. Almost without exception you will find their teeth are strong and white, their gums are firm. They realize the great importance of good teeth, daily attended to.

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Old-fashioned methods largely failed to prevent teeth troubles, to remove film. But dental science has found a new way that disintegrates the film, removes it without harmful scouring.

This new way is Pepsodent. And the coupon brings you a free gift tube of it, enough to last ten days.

Mail the coupon today

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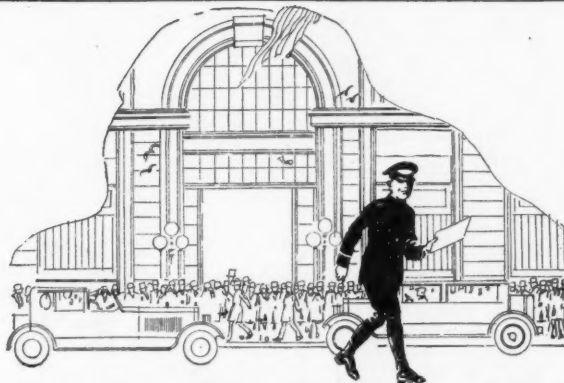
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Puzzlecraft

THERE is plenty of indoor fun in November, so Puzzlecraft will expect some particularly good work in the way of original puzzles and answers. Get everything in by November 10th. You'll notice some fine work this month.

Address all letters to PUZZLECRAFT, care of BOYS' LIFE, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Prize-Winners for Original Puzzles

B. S. Mattingly, 915 Cherokee Road, Louisville, Ky., \$2. S. Bass, 1913 East 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1.

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Francis A. Hale, 516 Florida Ave., Chester, W. Va., \$1. Edwin Boeger, 515 Syms St., Union City, N. J., \$1. Garland F. Taylor, 207 E. Cherokee St., Brookhaven, Miss., \$1. Donald Marschner, 72 School St., Fall River, Mass., \$1. Garner Licklider, St. Paris, Ohio, \$1. Paul Munkacy, 304 Pine St., Bridgeport, Conn., \$1.

Numbered Acrostic

(Prize Puzzle)

23	15	17	.	.	25
27	26	22	.	.	.
19	34	10	9	35	.
20	11	8	.	32	.
6	5	21	4	.	.
29	38	33	24	.	7
30	2	.	31	.	.
.	14	.	.	.	1
37	13	.	3	16	.
28	18	.	.	36	12

Reading across: 1. Spirited. 2. The elder brother of Orlando in *As You Like It*. 3. A large city in New Jersey. 4. Profited. 5. Fabricated. 6. Entangle. 7. Reclined at ease. 8. Women. 9. A name signed to many popular short stories. 10. Most learned.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the name of a well-beloved poet; another row of letters, reading downward, will spell a famous poem by him; the letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 14 will spell another of his poems. From 15 to 20, an American author born in 1783; from 21 to 25, an American poet born in 1852; from 26 to 31, an American poet born in 1810; from 32 to 38, an American essayist born in 1803.—B. S. MATTINGLY.

Anagram Word-Square

Rearrange the letters in the four following words, so as to make four new words which will form a four-letter word-square.

DEEP, CANE, DEED, CAGE

Numerical Enigma

I am composed of forty-six letters, and form a boy's definition of a friend.

My 16-30-22-13 keeps us warm in winter. My 45-36-34-5 is a wind instrument. My 9-19-11-25 is a piece of furniture. My 27-40-21-32 is scraped linen. My 2-46-43-12 is to liquify by heat. My 14-1-37-7 is to praise. My 17-28-4-30 is to lament. My 3-15-35-38 is to cause to fly in disorder. My 23-8-6-42 is a forbidden beverage. My 24-18-10-41-33 is tottering. My 29-31-26-20-44 is massive.—JAMES BROWN.

A Letter Puzzle

What two letters, always in the same order, can be added to each of the following twelve letters, making twelve new three-letter words?

B, C, D, F, G, H, I, L, M, P, S, T, W

Double Beheadings

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead thin, and leave to peel and a verb. ANSWER: Sp-are.

1. Doubly behead durable, and leave a piece of furniture and competent.
2. Doubly behead delicate, and leave to scoff and to be sick.
3. Doubly behead ladies, and leave a sign and the "lords of creation."
4. Doubly behead an article of furniture, and leave a kind of pin and atmosphere.
5. Doubly behead a wild goose, and leave to rave and a busy insect.
6. Doubly behead a slow-moving creature, and leave two and a quarter inches and to be indisposed.
7. Doubly behead lineage, and leave to educate and to shower.

8. Doubly behead to peel, and leave a journey and to cut asunder.

9. Doubly behead fascination, and leave hurt and to equip.

10. Doubly behead to gaze, and leave a weed and a verb.

11. Doubly behead a rise, and leave perfume and a coin.

12. Doubly behead to wander, and leave a salver and a fish.—PAUL M. COX.

Charade

My first is hardly one at all;
In fact, my first means eight;
My next an exclamation, and
My last, a sticker—great!
My whole, the time that's just been here,
It ends with fun and feast and cheer.

A Puzzle to "Con"

(Prize Puzzle)

EXAMPLE: Add con to a dog and make to agree. ANSWER: concur.

1. Add con to a little tube, and make to lead.
2. Add con to succession, and make result.
3. Add con to kind, and make to associate.
4. Add con to melt, and make to perplex.
5. Add con to heavy, and make to abridge.
6. Add con to a warm covering, and make to consult.
7. Add con to a journey, and make outline.
8. Add con to annoy, and make rounded.
9. Add con to a den, and make hollow.
10. Add con to depart, and make a river.
11. Add con to region, and make an agreement.
12. Add con to attend, and make to save.
13. Add con to a coin, and make to accede.
14. Add con to a string, and make harmony.
15. Add con to an omen, and make to commit.
16. Add con to part of a shoe, and make to cheer.
17. Add con to delicate, and make to imprison.
18. Add con to shape, and make to agree.

S. BASS.

Answers to October Puzzles

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Dan Beard's Page; third row, The Swastikas. Across: 1. Detour. 2. Athens. 3. Needle. 4. Beside. 5. Enwrap. 6. Arabia. 7. Ras-cal. 8. Detail. 9. Spider. 10. Pokers. 11. Amazed. 12. Gyrate. 13. Ensign.

MONEY MAZE. Cent, dime, dollar (U. S.); franc (France); yen, sen (Japan); sol (Peru); dinar (Persia); peso, real (Spain); ducat (European); rei (Portuguese); lira (Italy); mark (Germany); crown (England); cash (China); para (Turkey); ore (Scandinavia).

NUMBERED ACROSTIC. Initials, World War. From 1 to 2, U. S.; from 3 to 9, Britain; from 10 to 16, Germany; from 17 to 22, France; from 23 to 27, Japan; from 28 to 32, Italy. Across: 1. Wanly. 2. Orang. 3. Rutty. 4. Lamer. 5. Djins. 6. Wafer. 7. Apian. 8. Rabic.

TOWER OF SQUARES. I. Am, ma. II. Mac, Asa, car. III. Care, aria, ribs, ease. IV. Eased, agile, siren, elect, dents.

Cross-word Puzzle

Another of these popular puzzles will be found on page 70. The correct solution to the one which appeared in the October issue is shown below.



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Rare Wild Babies of New York

(Continued from page 14)

kind never before seen in our midst, we make the welkin ring. Herewith we will offer for inspection a few notable examples of extra-rare, seldom-seen and little-known species.

In one of the small parks of our truly rich zebra and wild horse collection there is to be found a strange-looking zebra mother. She is marked by large ears, many narrow body stripes of black and white, and a very few exceedingly wide stripes flowing horizontally across her hind-quarters. She is sedate and settled in life, as every hundred-per-cent mother has a right to be; but around her, and over her when she is lying down, frisks and frolics a gaudily-painted colt that is as pretty as an old-style doll.

Last week when a young lady visitor asked me, "Of all the zoo babies that are here, which is your favorite?" I at once answered:

"For grace and beauty, the Mountain Zebra colt."

And really, I think that in our beauty show it is entitled to the first prize. Not long since, it was seen by Mr. Crandall, our bird man, to cut some most odd and fantastic capers. As its mother lay spread out upon the grass, resting from the cares of motherhood and dreaming the morning hours away, the very wide-awake colt ran to the farthest corner of the coral, raced back, jumped with all four feet upon the prostrate body of his ma, and seized her uppermost ear in his mouth. Getting a good hold, he hung on and worried that member, in true dog-fashion. His mother meekly endured this rough horseplay, and presently the colt let go, leaped off, again raced away, and on his return played a return engagement precisely like the opening performance.

The Mountain Zebra, once numerous in the mountains of Cape Colony, South Africa, is now so nearly extinct that only about 400 head remain; and they are alive only because they are carefully protected. We swelled with pride when our first specimen came to us, twelve years ago, and now that we actually have a real live colt to our credit, we are almost insufferable.

If you know your geography quite well, a tour of a large zoological park will carry your thoughts and your imagination just about all over the habitable world. Now, as our snow-white Beatrix Antelope modestly munches clover hay in her apartment of our Antelope House, of what does she make you think?

In my mind's eye I see a vast peninsula of hot desert sand, stiling desert valleys, sterile and waterless hills and cliffs of rock with no water about them, all roasting and grilling in the heat, and domineered over by more or less picturesque but mighty rascally Bedouin robbers. It is the Arabian Desert, with Jeddah on the Red Sea Coast, sizzling Aden at its southern tip, and Mecca and Medina in the middle.

Mount a bawling and protesting camel, join a desert-going caravan, ride until you are dead, and if you are lucky you may find beside a friendly Bedouin tent, away out on the desert, a pair of just the same kind of little white Beatrix Antelope fawns that have from time to time been born in our Antelope House.

The Beatrix is a mighty trim little craft, broad in the beam, steady, and as antelopes go, quite handsome. Those broad, flat feet, somewhat like those of a caribou, were designed by Mother Nature to travel over loose sand without getting bogged down or wearing out the strength of the owner. The horns of the Beatrix are about two feet long, almost straight, ringed half-way up, and very sharp at their tips—for real use in self-defense.

This antelope is very, very rare, and the number of them in captivity is growing no larger very fast. Judge then the satisfaction with which we have welcomed about half a dozen Beatrix babies that year by year have raised the birth rate in our Antelope House. And never, I venture to think, was there a better Antelope mother than our Rachel of Arabia.

The birth of our first White Mountain Goat kid was a day of excitement in the checked history of our Zoological Park. In October, 1905, I took title to the parents and three others at Fort Steele, British Columbia. I set out to ride herd on them, clear through to New York, but in Chicago the railroad got the best of me with a split train, and I saw them no more until they landed at the Park. It was well that they were personally conducted on all save the last lap of the journey, for I am sure that had they not been they would have perished in transit. They were young and tender.



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Want to Earn Money?

See page 66



Every Boy should have an

Ingersoll

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At the lambing and kidding time (May) all mountain goat and mountain sheep mothers climb high among the crags and peaks, find the best hidden nooks in the summits above timberline, and try hard to escape discovery. They fear eagles, horned owls, mountain lions and lynxes, but most of all the savage and ever-hungry golden eagle. But the helpless toy kid of white cotton is not by any means unprotected. The little black dagger-pointed horns of the mother are mighty dangerous weapons to meet, going or coming, and every white goat knows just how to use them.

No, the lambs and kids of the summits do not skip and play about over their sky pastures. They are taught to lie low, and not attract the watchful eyes of the hostiles. From the rocky cradle to the early grave, the life of a mountain sheep or mountain goat is an endless succession of fears and struggles, and the facing of one danger after another. Happy indeed should be the goat or sheep whose lot is cast in a good, wholesome zoo, where every prospect pleases, only man is vile; where the board is good, and the wild-animal society is very genteel. Whoever thinks that wild goats and sheep are happier per capita than tame ones in civilized gardens may well figure again. We have had excellent luck with our Mountain Goat kids. I recall three that were reared to maturity; and the 100 per cent. success of the first one was very comforting.

I have a haunting and horrible fear that our Pygmy Hippopotamus babies are not appreciated and loved by the boys and girls of New York as they deserve to be. Their fat and shiny Pa and Ma came over a long, long trail awinding to get to New York, and in every way they have made good. Libby, of Liberia, is a most wise and good mother—far surpassing in the motherhood industry that stuck-up thing in the Ape House, Chimpanzee Suzette, who does not know, and never will know, enough to nurse her babies and help them to live.

Libby is one of the wisest wild mothers that ever came to our place. She never overplays her part. Every time she draws, she fills; and her babies thrive and grow like healthy and carefree pigs.

But in spite of all their fine qualities, the persistent shine of their skins and the palpable fatness of their bodies, Libby's babies are not particularly popular with boys and girls of New York. I have labored in pointing out the beauties of those beasts until halted by bored looks and exhaustion. The convex head of the Pygmy Hippo creates no enthusiasm. The home of the species in the dark continent is elusive. As a last resort we bring out the figures representing the cost of the original three—\$15,000—and then we get a faint show of interest.

The Pygmy Hippo is about one-fourteenth the bulk of the Big One from the headwaters of the Nile. It is found in Liberia, and nowhere else, so far as we know. In its wild state it is mighty hard to find, and almost killing to carry out to the nearest boating river; but it is physically tough, it lasts long, and well repays its cost. Our Libby is the mother of three babies. The first one was imperfect, and died, but the other two are quite perfect, and now make us the proud possessors of a herd of five Pygmy Hippos. Can zoological avarice and greed go beyond this?

At the beginning I set out to show only wild babies that have been bred and born at our own place, but for good reasons I cannot resist the temptation to ring in one baby that was born in the wilds. It is even yet a baby in our hands, and almost as good as if it had been born in our Elephant House. It represents the large Baird Tapir, of Panama, and, believe me, we served our time in trying to get this elusive and little known species. Our first one promptly but cruelly "died on us," as some animal men say, but we soon achieved another, which still is in our midst. It came from the province of San Blas, Panama, it was caught last spring by Indians, and when it reached us last July it was arrayed in all the glory of its baby stripes. Unlike its predecessor, it elected to eat and live.

Without loss of time, this little animal began to shed its striped baby clothes, beginning at the head, which speedily became chocolate brown. The neck and shoulders now are following suit, and very soon this animal will be established as a typical specimen of the least-known big game animal of North America—Baird's Giant Tapir, with a final weight of 600 to 700 pounds.

The Pygmy Buffalo of Celebes, usually known as the Anoa, is a strange little beast, the size of a range calf six months old. Besides the species of Celebes, another somewhat larger, called Tamaru, is found in the Philippines, but not one of them ever has been given

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a passport to America. The answer is—the surra disease among the hoofed animals of the Philippines.

At long intervals during the past twenty years male Anoa's have been captured in the densely jungled mountains of Celebes, and sent out to the zoos of the world. But for twenty years, no females were obtainable; and finally we despaired of ever seeing an Anoa calf. There seemed to be an embargo on possible mothers.

But in animal collecting the waiting game usually wins. In 1920 we acquired a female, and in 1924 the stork brought a fine Anoa calf into our midst. Proud Keeper Riley—assisted by the Proud Mother—is rearing it most successfully, and we expect a line of brothers and sisters. The little beast is so new and so strange that the visitor does not seem to grasp the full meaning of it, but we think that in time the human masses will grow up to it.

The very latest zoo baby to be bred and born in our place is one of the greatest that ever happened for us. It is a baby Nubian Giraffe, that was born on July 17, to "Mary" and "Romeo." When born its height was 5 feet 6 inches, and oh, boy! how pretty it is! Talk about aristocrats! It poses for its photograph as proudly as a peacock displays his gorgeous feather disc. But I sorrowfully confess that the baby lacks grace in motion. It is all right when at rest, but when it starts up to run and cavort, the elements of beauty are like sweet bells jangled. Nature never intended that a long-necked, long-legged and angular giraffe should jump and skip with the grace of a lamb.

Mary is a wise and good mother, and her height is about fourteen feet. In meeting the cases of motherhood, and in the civil government of her family, she stoops to conquer. Her first baby belongs by the law of equity to the Great Ringling Show, and if you watch early and often possibly you may see it there next year in all its glory. At long intervals, giraffes are born in captivity, and about one-quarter of them survive.

Interviewing a Lion

(Concluded from page 22)

I moved gently aside. "You look well fed," I suggested, wondering at his meaning.

"Oh, yes," he said, "but I am careful of my diet. I believe thoroughly in this so-called fad of raw foods. I touch nothing else. There was an old tradition in our family that 'a horse a day keep famine away' but now I eat only sparingly once a day on six days and fast the seventh. Join me?" he went, starting for a rear door.

I pleaded lack of time. A few minutes later I passed his dining chamber. He was rollicking with liver and lights!

Some Things to Do

A Surprising Trick

Ice Bells

YOU can make some attractive ice bells which will ring very prettily with a small amount of trouble. In the first place secure two canisters, one of which is slightly smaller than the other. It does not matter much what size these are so long as they are somewhat tall in comparison with their width. Now get a few rather flat pieces of ice and arrange these in the bottom of the larger tin. Put the smaller can inside so that it rests on the pieces of ice. Fill the space between the two tins with water. To keep the small tin from floating put a heavy stone in it.

The canisters should be now placed outdoors in a position where the water will freeze solid. When this has taken place the ice shape must be removed from the canisters in this way. Get a large bowl of hot water and, for a moment, stand the outer part of the large canister in this. Soon the ice will melt slightly so that you can pull the canister away. The smaller canister may be removed by filling this with hot water. Then you will have your bell shape hollowed in ice.

The handle and clapper to the bell are fitted in this way. Get a rounded piece of wood something like a short length of a broom stick. At one end of this drive a nail and to this fasten a piece of string. At the other end of the string tie a stone. Now get a red hot

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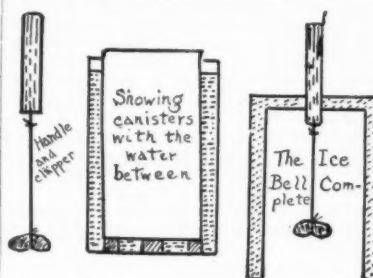
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poker and with this bore a hole through the top of your ice bell. Then insert the stick in the manner shown in the sketch. Arrange so that the stone hangs down a little more than

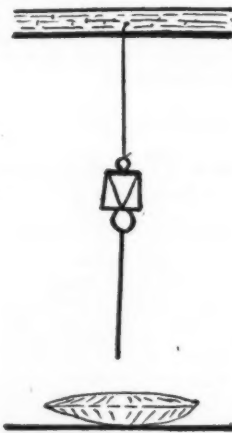


half way in the bell. If the handle does not hold well in the ice pour a little cold water round it or pack in some wet snow. This will soon freeze and make everything quite firm. You can ring your bell and you will find that it gives a very nice clear note. Of course as long as the bell is kept in a freezing temperature the ice will not melt.

A Surprising Trick

HERE is a very astonishing trick which illustrates an important scientific fact known as the moment of inertia. For the purpose secure a length of cotton thread of moderate stoutness. Then obtain a two-pound weight or anything that weighs about this amount. Drive a nail in over a doorway, or any similar position. Now suspend the weight from the nail by means of the piece of thread. If you find that the thread will support rather more than the two pounds this will make the trick all the more astonishing. Now get three or four feet of very strong twine. This should be so strong, that it would be possible to lift a ten-pound weight, at least, with it. Loop some string around the weight securely and then to the under side of the loop attach the string. Under the weight it is well to place a cushion in case you should not carry out the trick properly at first and the weight should fall.

Surprising as it may seem to be (if it is only pulled hard enough) the string will break and yet the slender cotton will not be broken at all. The jerk must be very sudden and straight downwards and in order to prevent the twine from cutting into your hand it is a good plan to wrap a handkerchief round the fingers. Probably at the first attempt you will not have the courage to give a powerful enough jerk. In this case the thread will break and the weight will fall on to the cushion. When you make up your mind to jerk as hard as you can the string breaks and the cotton is quite untouched.



The explanation of this is simple enough when you consider what is meant by the moment of inertia. All bodies which possess weight are said to possess inertia by reason of their resistance to a sudden movement. The weight possesses this inertia and will not move in response to the sudden jerk given to the string. Actually the resistance during the fraction of a second in which the jerk is made is tremendous and the string breaks before the cotton. With a less violent movement the moment of inertia passes and the weight tumbles to the ground.



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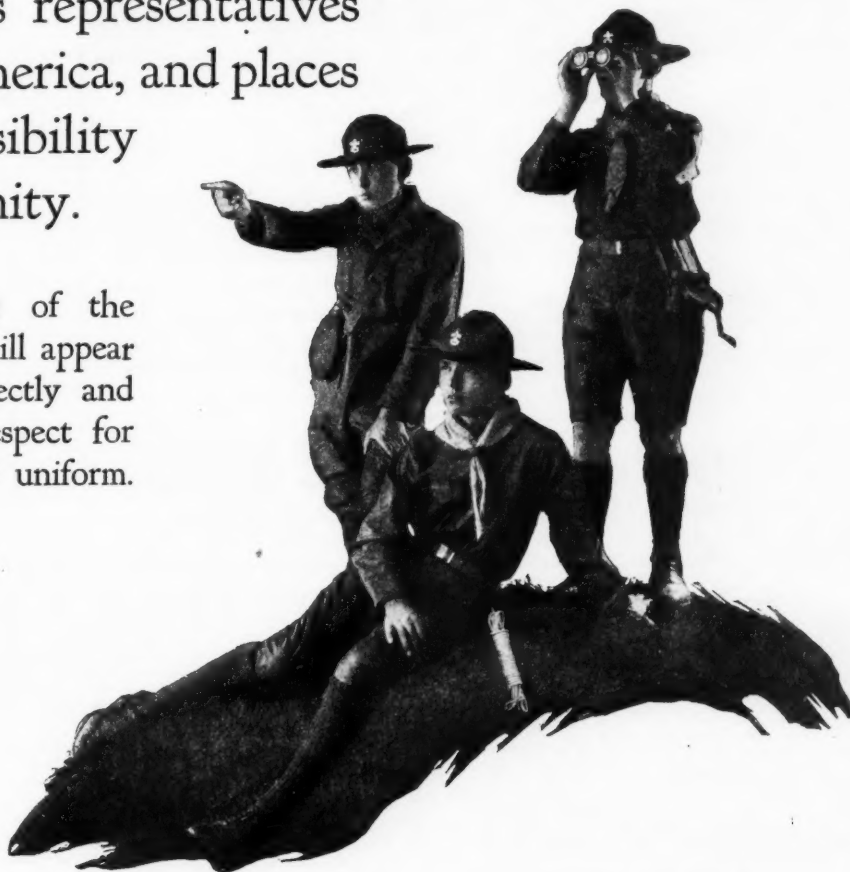
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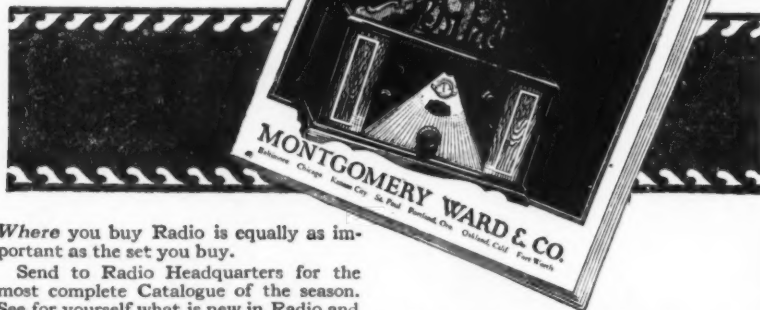
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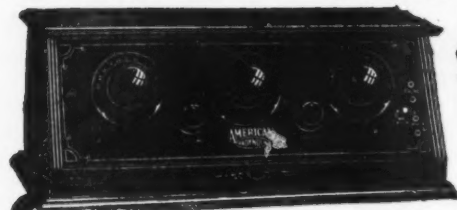
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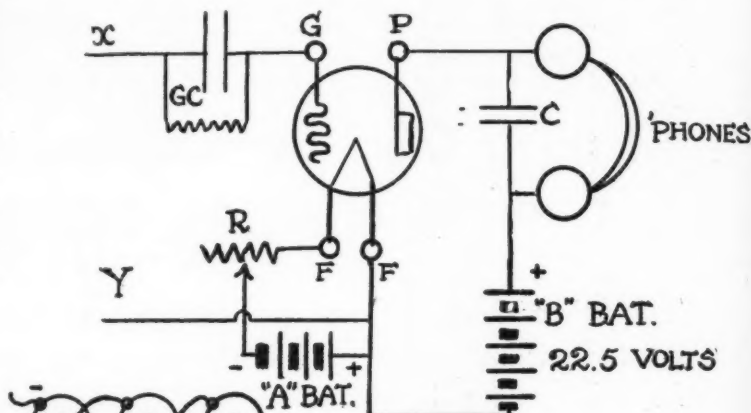
(Continued from page 28)

Figure 3), and the positive terminal to one of the F posts (F stands for filament) on the socket. The remaining F post is led to the remaining post on the rheostat. After this connection is made, the bulb will light when the rheostat is turned up.

One side (either side) of the grid condenser (GC) is now connected to the G post (meaning grid) on the socket. The P post (which stands for plate) is connected to the bypass condenser (C) and to the telephone receivers which have previously been disconnected from the crystal set. The other side of the telephone receivers is connected to the remaining terminal on the bypass condenser, and to the plus terminal of

generally grouped two on a side, the sides themselves sometimes being initialed P and S. In such a case, P stands for primary and S for secondary, the two separate transformer windings already referred to. The posts will probably be marked P and B (primary) and G and F (secondary). No grid condenser or leak will be necessary in method number two. A 45-volt "B" battery should be bought instead of a 22.5-volt battery.

The connections for the amplifier parts are shown in Figure 4. It will be observed that the filament connections remain the same as specified for method number one. The G terminal on the transformer is connected to the



HOW TO CONNECT CELLS IN SERIES

Fig. 3

the 22.5 volt "B" battery. The minus side of the "B" battery is wired to the plus side of the "A" battery. If you will follow these directions out on the diagram, Figure 3, you will understand them perfectly. This completes the connections of the new apparatus, and it now remains to wire these parts to the crystal set, which is accomplished as follows:

Short circuit posts A and B—that is, connect them together with a short length of wire. There remain posts C and D. Lift the cat-whisker off of the crystal—or, better yet, remove the crystal. Connect C to the remaining terminal of the grid condenser (X on Figure 3) and D to the plus side of the "A" battery (Y on Figure 3). The set will now operate on the bulb detector. The bulb should be turned on, by means of the rheostat, until signals are of best intensity—no farther. Tuning will be the same as with the crystal detector, excepting that perhaps it will be slightly sharper.

The Amplifier Method

In our second method the crystal detector is still used, so we can forget about posts C and D. An additional part, known as an amplifying transformer, must be purchased; this will cost from \$2.50 to \$5.00. Obtain one of the better advertised makes, such as General Radio, Amertran, Acme, Rauland Lyric, Thordarson, All American, etc. The ratio is almost immaterial in this case, but if you have a choice, select a four to one; which means that the secondary will have four times as many turns of wire as the primary. The amplifying transformer will have four binding posts,

G terminal on the socket. The P terminal on the socket connects, as usual, to one side of the telephone receivers and the remaining side of the headset to the plus terminal on the "B" battery. However, the bypass condenser, this time, is connected across the transformer posts B and P instead of across the winding of the telephone receivers. (Note: If there is already a bypass condenser connected across posts A and B in Figure 2, the second condenser, across B and P on the transformer is not necessary.) The minus side of the "B" battery connects again to the plus terminal of the "A" battery. The F posts on the amplifying transformer connect to the minus side of the "A" battery.

It will probably be more convenient to build up the amplifier on a separate base, such as suggested in Figure 5, than to incorporate it with the tuner. However, either system will be quite as efficient electrically. A baseboard 5 1/4 inches long by 5 inches wide was used in mounting the amplifier photographed in Figure 5.

Returning to the crystal set, the amplifier is connected as follows: Posts A and B are wired respectively to the P and B posts on the transformer. Sometimes the amplifier will work better with A connected to amplifier P and B to amplifier B post, and sometimes with this order reversed. The better connection can be determined by experiment.

The operation of the combination set is exactly the same as that of the simple crystal receiver excepting, of course, that the tube must be lighted. (Turn the rheostat up only as far as necessary to secure best results.)

In either method one or method two, do not

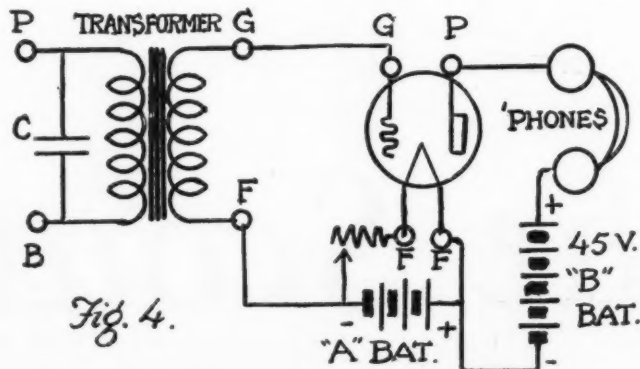


Fig. 4.



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neglect to turn the filament off when the set is not being used.

Method number one will give slightly the better selectivity and distance, while method number two will give the greater volume.

Chat With the Department Editor My Favorite Radio Set

I am often asked "What is the best radio set?" I cannot answer this question, because there is no such animal. "Best" means, best for you, the individual owner, and must take into consideration finances, electrical facilities and an infinite number of personal qualifications and desires. But the other day I was asked a question that I really can answer and that is, "What is your favorite receiver?" That question, of course, means right now—at present. My "favorite receiver" will necessarily change when I move to other quarters—perhaps with a change in broadcasting wave lengths, and assuredly with the advance of this science-art.

I am located in New York City. There are five stations within a few miles of me to which I care to listen. These stations—the best stations in the country—fill, quite adequately, my broadcasting needs. DX does not tempt me. It is impossible to receive distant stations, on the present broadcasting powers, with that consistency and absence of static and similar noises that make reception enjoyable to one for whom radio has long since lost its novelty.

I insist on quiet reception—the reduction of static, and interference from door bells, automobiles, etc. Therefore, I use a small indoor antenna—about twenty-five feet long—and no radio-frequency tubes before detector. As I am interested only in local reception, this is quite sufficient. The receiver itself is an ancient Grebe CR3 (eight years old), which many of my readers will recognize as a vario-coupler, two-variometer regenerative set. The detector tube is never permitted to oscillate. Selectivity is quite satisfactory, owing partly to the short antenna and my indifference to DX.

I am a lover of music and insist on quality—so the detector tube is outputted to a three-stage resistance coupled amplifier, consisting of two HI-MU tubes inputting to a power tube. The loud speaker is a special cone.

I rarely listen to more than one station in an evening—picking out that entire program which most appeals to me; and forget the dials until the next day. I enjoy my radio as one might an evening at the opera.

Geli Boudh

The Roberts Set

QUESTION: Hearing so much about the Roberts receiver, I should like to build this set. Can you give me a diagram of this set, so that it can be connected to a five-tube amplifier? H. B., Millstadt, Ill.

ANSWER: You will find the Roberts receiver completely described in the March number of BOYS' LIFE for this year, and the May number shows how to add a single stage of straight transformer coupled amplification to this set.

Not more than two steps of amplification should be used exterior to the Roberts circuit. The experimenter will be certain to encounter difficulties, in the form of distortion, howling, etc., if more than two stages are attempted.

About the best combination for the Roberts set is one stage of push-pull amplification. Resistance coupling does not function very satisfactorily on the Roberts receiver. If resistance coupling is to be used, it will be advisable to eliminate the reflex stage—employing straight radio-frequency amplification, detector tube, followed by three stages of resistance coupled amplification. This is an ideal combination. The editor prefers this arrangement to reflexing.

Adding a Tube

QUESTIONS: 1. How can you make a simple six-volt storage battery out of the things you have at home?

2. Is it possible to add a tube to a set without getting more parts than a socket and a tube?

3. I am using a WD12 tube. Would I be sure of getting better results if I changed to a storage-battery tube?

4. Would it be possible to change the battery leads on any set to see which connection gives the better results? P. M., Twin Beaches, Idaho.

ANSWERS: 1. It is impractical to attempt the home construction of a storage battery.

2. I have described in detail the possibilities of adding another tube in this issue of THE RADIO TOWER. Add the one-stage amplifier in your set.

3. The WD12 is a very good detector tube. However, if you build the amplifier, substitute a 199 or 299 tube for the WD12. You will then have no difficulty in operating both tubes from one "A" battery. Six-volt tubes are only necessary for power purposes—when two or more stages of audio amplification are employed.

4. You can reverse the "A" battery leads without danger. Be careful, however, not to confuse "A" and "B" battery connections.

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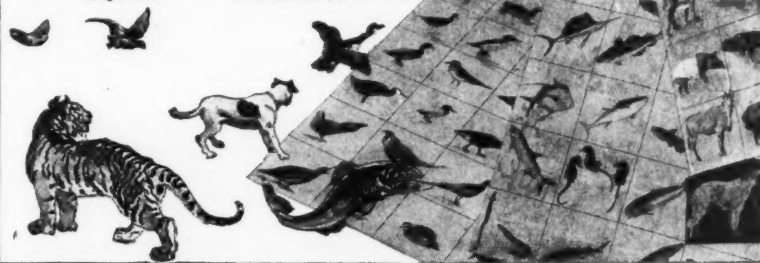
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STAMPS GOSSIP FOR COLLECTORS



AS BOB and Harry were on their way home from school, Phil Mitchell, captain of the football team, hailed them, and they stopped to wait for him. From one hand he swung a football helmet and in the other he held several books strapped together. After an exchange of greetings, Phil said:

"You two fellows are supposed to be the experts on postage stamps. How about a little advice?"

"Are you a collector?" Bob asked.
"I might be, with a little encouragement. It's like this. I have an envelope here full of stamps—they were given to me. I don't know what they are, where they are from, or what they are worth, but some of the portraits and designs got me interested. They are like silent little emigrants that have come to me from all over the world, and I'm sure they can be made to talk. I want to find out about the portraits and—well, the best way I know is to show them to you two."

"Come over to Harry's house. We're on our way there now."

Phil gladly accepted, and the three were presently gathered at a table by one of the windows of Harry's room. The football captain unstrapped his books and dug out an envelope from one of them. "Here they are," he said as he emptied the contents on the table.

Bob and Harry fell to picking them over, punctuating their inspection with comments on certain specimens that interested them.

"Quite a good lot," was Harry's final conclusion.

"And you want advice about starting a collection?" Bob added.

"I heard you fellows talking on the steps of the library a few weeks ago and I was a good deal interested, but I made up my mind if I took the thing up I'd begin on a small scale. I realized a lot of money could be easily spent—that not only the album and a catalogue and odds and ends, but to add more stamps might mount up to—well, more than I could afford. How can it be done at a very small cost?"

"It's easy," Harry said. "First, you will need a book to mount the stamps in, and I'll show you one that I bought at the ten-cent store, that is hard to beat. It is called a loose-leaf note-book." Harry brought the book from his closet. "You see these two rings through the back edge not only hold the pages in place, but they may be opened to admit more pages, and you can buy all you want with holes punched in each sheet ready to be put in place."

"Fine!" cried Phil. "My father has a loose-leaf album for his newspaper clippings, but it cost five or six dollars. This one is just the thing." Phil was all enthusiasm.

"All you have to do now is to put the stamps in the book, but a system will be needed for that." Harry took a ruler from a drawer. "We'll begin with a single sheet which I shall now remove from the book by opening the small nickel rings. We measure the sheet and find it is eight by ten and a half inches. A light pencil line must be ruled down the length of the sheet, and to be sure it is exactly in the middle I make a small dot at top and bottom of the page, using my ruler so that it is four inches from either edge. Now, we rule a line at the top of the sheet and here will be neatly lettered the name of the country. United States comes first, and you will have enough stamps to fill two pages at least. More may be added later if necessary. And now, Bob, we'd better sort the lot beginning with A at this end of the table and ending with Z at the other. Here are the new Austrian stamps with the stony-looking bird, the Bulgarian fifty centime, brown on blue, showing a lion's head in silhouette with a curious, long, curly tongue sticking out of its open mouth; Netherlands stamps with a new kind of perforation—four holes in a row, a blank space and then four holes more, on the upright side. It shows better before the stamps are separated. I'll lend you a catalogue, Phil, though you should really have one of your own. How else will it be possible to arrange your stamps or even to identify them? And stamp hinges you must have. A thousand for ten cents will do for the present. Now the stamps are all sorted, let us

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begin attaching them to the pages. Here's pen and ink. Write or letter—whichever you can do better—at the top, the name of the country. The paper, you observe, is lined in blue. This will help in placing the stamps in neat rows. A few of your United States stamps date back as far as 1870—there are three. With the date lettered in above we'll put them in a row at the top, the central one over our pencil line that runs the length of the page. There are six of the 1873 issue, so three go either side of the line. With odd numbers in the row the central one will always be over our line and with even numbers on either side of it, unless the stamps are of odd sizes. This arrangement is only good for a start as it leaves no spaces for later arrivals. For instance, there are twenty-two varieties to the 1870 set, including those with and without grill. We have only allowed space for three. However, there is one very practical side to our book. Perhaps you will not be interested to collect every country. Armenia, for instance, whose stamps, mainly surcharges on Russian stamps, are hard to find, and there are far too many issues—three hundred and thirty-eight, to be exact, and all since 1920. Very few of the more firmly established governments go at it in that way. There are plenty of countries for you to be interested in. Germany, Austria and Hungary have all sent out vast quantities of stamps, but the downward trend of money values was mainly responsible for this, so the stamps have not only a historical interest but are plentiful and easy to collect. There, Phil, is it all clear?

"It seems to be while you are here to explain. Let's see, aside from a catalogue, I have only to spend about thirty cents. I think I'll be reckless and buy a catalogue too."

"It will add greatly to the pleasure of collecting. Only the most recent issues that are not yet listed will puzzle you, and they may be kept in envelopes till the new catalogue is out the following year. I noticed one very fine stamp in your little collection. On the face is printed Gibraltar and the value, two shillings. Referring to the catalogue you find it was issued in 1907 and is valued at eight dollars. It is a perfect, used copy and a prize for any collection. In the envelope it was liable to be damaged by being creased or having the perforations torn. Now that we have it mounted it is safe from injury. Use only one side of the page for stamps so they will not catch and tear. If you outgrow this book buy another and rearrange the pages, and if you stay interested long enough you'll finally want a regular album."

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Thibetans greet each other by rubbing noses?

Over 150 different colors are obtained from coal-tar?

A drop of blood goes round the body in 22 seconds?

The right hand is more sensitive to the touch than the left.

Many kinds of beetles have two eyes on each side of the head?

Lions and tigers become docile as lambs when they scent lavender?

Roses originally came from Asia?

Jews originated the custom of hand-shaking?

The Chinese stand change of climate better than any other race?

It would take a snail 14 days 5 hours, traveling continuously to go a mile?

Herrings will not live in aquariums?

The skin of a large whale is two feet thick?

Coal did not become common fuel until 1625?

A spider in Sumatra has legs seventeen inches long?

In a year a horse eats nine times its own weight in hay?

The color of the Red Sea is due to certain marine plants in it?

An engine consumes more coal in cold weather than in hot?

The average person speaks about twelve thousand words a day?

A grain of iodine will color seven thousand times its weight of water?

Lobsters will cast claws from sheer fright?

Beasts of prey are not usually good for food?

A swallow can keep up a speed of 90 miles per hour?

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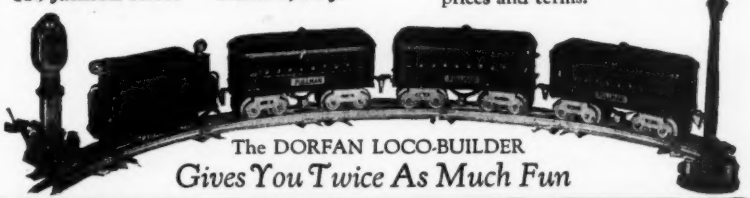
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Jim Morse in Australia

(Concluded from page 19)

It looked at first as if some of the men were wearing decorated helmets but this turned out to be a hair dressing arrangement of beeswax that glistened in the sun, shining like patent leather. In some cases the hair was drawn into tufts but always decorated with feathers. Some of the combatants had so many topknots of the cockatoo stuck into the waxed hair that their heads looked like yellow and white chrysanthemums.

Doubtless there were prearranged single combats but it seemed as there was to be a general encounter and many preliminaries had to be gone through before a start was made. One man started to run around, holding his heavy sword perpendicularly in front of him, his shield in his left hand, shaking his head like a madman while flecks gathered about his lips and his eyes rolled madly as he made wild leaps and long jumps through the grass until his wind failed him and he stood panting near them, his big chest heaving while the sweat streamed down him, ruddling the paint. He was well over six feet tall and evidently strong though, like the others, he showed scant signs of muscle.

Jim reflected that an orang or a chimpanzee, with arm or leg strength five times that of man, showed no visible display of muscle and decided that it was quality rather than quantity counted in such matters. This wild warrior would be a formidable opponent in a hand to hand combat, he fancied. Now taunts were flung across the field. Women began to jump up and down, shrilling their contributions toward starting the combat. An old man, shaking his bundle of spears above his head, uttered a terrible war-cry that rallied them. The men of his side at once gathered about him, raising their shields that showed their savage blazoning in the slanting sunrays with bizarre effect, swinging all their weapons and shouting with all their lungs before they made a wild rush through the gums and started a zigzag route against their opponents. They made three angling rushes, stopping silent for a moment before each fresh start and then bounding on with a terrific howl. This brought them to the center of the plain where three men came out to meet them, running rapidly in long elastic leaps, springing high into the air, their shadows showing fantastically on the stems of the grass as they cleared them and then fell back behind their shields, almost completely hidden. At twenty paces they halted, standing erect, the large shields before them, the points of their swords on the ground.

Weird as was the scene, bloodthirsty as it appeared and sounded, there did not seem to be great danger of a fatal ending between the sword wielders. The weight of the ponderous weapons made them rest them on the ground between blows, which came swinging round like the stroke of a sledge hammer and were taken in turn until one tired and gave up, or his shield was broken. It was like tilting with blunted lances, Jim thought.

Far more in earnest seemed the fight that now joined irregularly, first with a flight of spears and then sometimes with swords but more frequently settled at a distance with boomerangs, hurled clubs and spears. The flight of these weapons was continuous while the yelling was incessant and every man leaped as he flung or parried. The shields warded off the clubs and boomerangs but the spears stuck in the soft wood of the shields and sometimes penetrated them, wounding the bearer. Invariably the hurt man left the fight, disqualified, without his opponent seeking to injure him further. To draw blood seemed full satisfaction. The women gathered up the weapons resupplying their mates. In some cases one man had to fight several duels, or chose to do so. He had also several wives who squirmed him and kept thrusting his missiles into his hand as he dodged and used his shield with great skill, to fall at last with a wound in his chest, the signal for a mighty lamentation. The man against him was the one stained with yellow, most of which was streaked and stained now. Either there was special enmity between them or much fighting had warmed their blood beyond any rulings. The winner caught at the sword a young woman handed him and jumped forward to give the death stroke.

Tufa, back of Jim, grunted and Jim held his breath, his sympathy with the yellow man who had fought half a dozen times while the other was unwounded and must have deliberately avoided the combat so far, seeking his chance to get at the other fighter, waiting, it seemed,



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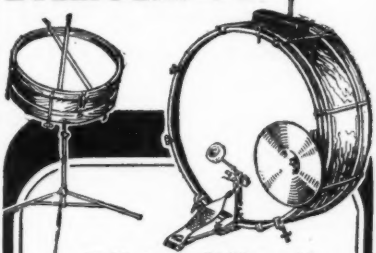
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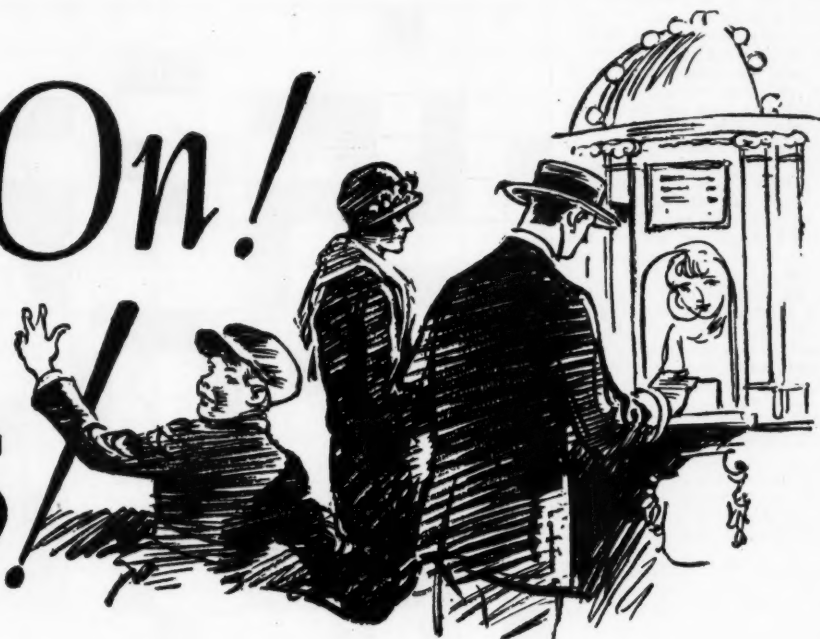
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The Pony Express, a picture of the days when brave Scouts carried the mails across the country on mustangs. *The Vanishing American*, the story of Indians of old and of today. *The Big Parade*, the story of our gallant Marines in the late war. *Ben Hur*, Lew Wallace's immortal romance of ancient Rome with its unforgettable chariot race.

Do you like animals? See *Below the Line* with the famous dog, Rin-Tin-Tin. See also *Wild Beasts of Borneo*. Then there's *Black Cyclone* with Rex, the King of wild horses. That's a real thriller! Of course you like to laugh. Then look at Syd Chaplin in *The Man On the Box* and Lloyd Hamilton in *The Movies*.

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We have named only a few here. There will be plenty of others. You will like them all.

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until the latter's vigor was sapped, although he was himself by far the bigger man of the two. Taller and heavier but not so agile. The Yellow One leaped aside in the nick of time, the heavy sword came hurtling down to plough into the turf. Two women came racing up with spears, with boomerangs and *nolla-nollas* for the black, but there was no weapon bearer for the other. His ponderous sword was no good to him now, shieldless. His only safety lay in flight and he raced off with spear after spear flung after him which he dodged, leaping over one low shaft, running in zigzags, his head on his shoulder as he went. Next came a *nolla-nolla*, whirling end for end and this caught him on the calf of one leg, making him limp and slow down.

With a yell the bearded man threw two boomerangs, one following the other so swiftly that the motion of the fling was lost. The first, sailing horizontally, the fugitive ducked and it sped on, slanting upwards, coming back in an ellipse to where the woman picked it up almost at her feet. The second found mark with a thump between the other's shoulder-blades and he pitched forward with the impact prone in the grass.

Captain Burr, seeing things out of the corner of his one eye, turned to Tufa, a hand on the barrel of his Winchester.

"No," he said sternly, "this not our fight, Tufa."

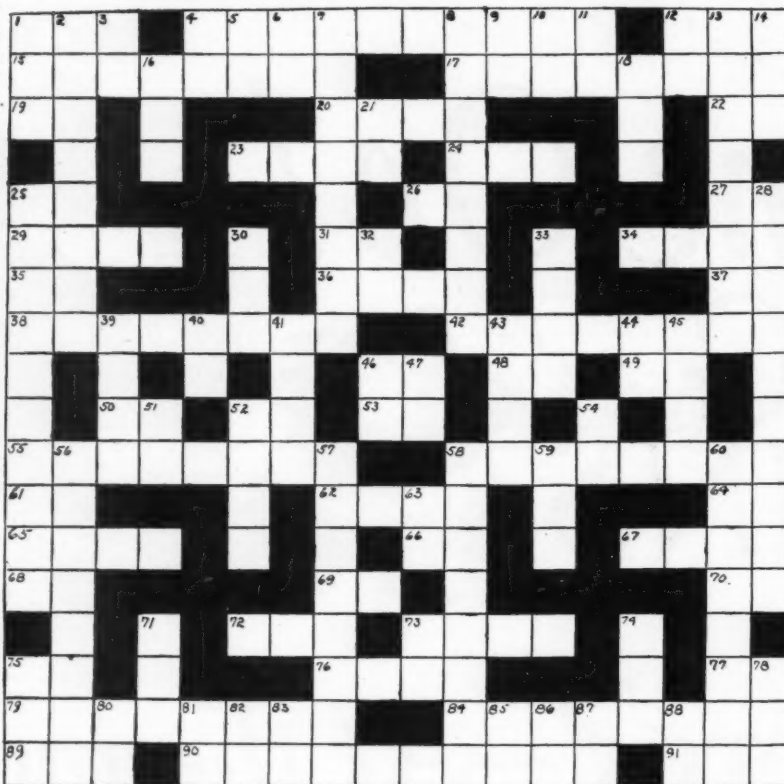
Jim knew how Tufa felt. The bearded man had taken unfair advantage. It was like a fighter slugging another foul when breaking clean from clinches had been agreed upon. It seemed all over with the chap who had fought so well from the beginning. True, he had been frustrated himself by the old women from despatching his last opponent, but that had probably been a part of the code and he had not persisted. Now the black man bounded toward him, brandishing a knobby *nolla-nolla*, the two women running after with other arms.

There was a commotion at one side. A young girl broke away from some elder women, stabbing at one of them to get free. Jim saw the scarlet flash of blood on the brown skin. The girl caught up a *nolla-nolla* and came flying toward the yellow warrior, fleet as Atalanta. She wore only a narrow apron of opossum wool and her figure was exquisite in its youthful symmetry as she came racing out into the field. Her feet spurned the ground. Her body was held like that of a bird, poised, borne on legs that flashed bronze in the commencing sunset, racing to beat Death, swift to the rescue.

As for the yellow warrior, he had turned, quick as a cat, to his back, getting a foot beneath him, using it like a piston, flinging himself at the bearded man and wrenching his leg from beneath him so that the two rolled thrashing in the grass, seeking for the possession of the club. The two women stood close at hand, excited, watching the wild wrestle. Then one of them spied the girl and made for her like a wild cat, only to spin about yelling wildly. The girl had neatly clipped her on the elbow with her *nolla-nolla* and she danced and howled with the blow that had tapped her crazy-bone, bruising the ulnar nerve.

On all sides now the engagement had become general, working to a grand climax that darkness would determine, but Jim had eyes only for the spot where the two rolled in the agitated grass. He wanted the yellow man to win. He was a good fighter and the girl, if she was not exactly beautiful according to American standards, was splendidly formed and plucky. She stood now watchful, poised like a Greek statue, graceful as a nymph, her smooth skin metallic in its luster, waiting alert to help her warrior. Jim guessed she was the purpose of this duel, that her charm and youth had embittered it, and he knew that there had not been fair play, that she had been held from aiding him with the weapons he needed so sorely.

Puzzlecraft Cross-word Puzzle (Prize Puzzle)



Across

1. Age.
2. A popular story in Boys' LIFE.
12. A girl's name.
15. Very respectful.
17. Fancied.
19. A printer's measure.
20. To applaud an athletic contest.
22. A mercantile contraction.
23. Nine inches.
24. A domestic animal.
25. After noon.
26. An exclamation.
27. Half of gasp.
29. A hautboy.
31. Great Britain (abbr.).
34. To agitate.
35. The (French).
36. Spare.
37. Half of rose.
38. To water.
42. Hones.
46. To exist.
48. A public notice.
49. A preposition.
50. Upon.
52. Half of rise.
53. A pronoun.
55. To combine.
58. A place where books are sold.
61. Exists.
62. An image of a divinity.
64. Half of dove.
65. Culmination.
66. Half of gift.
67. An exclamation.
68. Half of burn.
69. An Italian river.
70. Half of vote.
72. Recompense.
73. A monarch.
75. Half of bats.
76. The cover of a building.
77. Half of boat.
79. Allures.
84. Everlasting.
86. Prefix meaning new.
90. A gathering.
91. Utility.

Down

1. Before.
2. To recall.
3. A highway (abbr.).
4. Half of rose.
5. A pronoun.
6. A common article.
7. To choke.
8. Rooms for cooking.
9. Before noon.
10. Royal Academy (abbr.).
11. Half of sing.
12. Not out.
13. Conclusion.
14. Up roar.
16. To add to.
18. Writing fluid.
21. Upon.
25. A second-rate statesman.
28. To take for granted.
30. A large serpent.
32. To exist.
33. A chief or leader.
39. Apartment.
40. A State (abbr.).
41. Gaunt.
43. A nimbus.
44. A parent.
45. To engrave.
46. Near.
47. Half of beet.
51. Half of pane.
52. Animal fat.
54. Correct.
56. To kiss.
57. Scatter.
58. Joyful.
59. Ancient.
60. Popular expressions of homage.
63. From.
71. To shake.
73. Toward.
74. Turf.
75. To prohibit.
78. To grow old.
80. Toward.
81. Half of gala.
82. Half of scan.
83. Half of tubs.
85. North America.
86. For example.
87. A point of the compass.
88. Half of ruin.

Suddenly the two broke apart, the yellow warrior rolling to his feet, leaping away as the other aimed a blow at him with the club he still retained. The girl darted in and out, leaving her man armed with the *nolla-nolla* she had brought. He stood upright, swinging the club, giving a shout of joy. Neither had a shield now, the Bearded One had flung his away when he had thought to end the fight as the other went down. For a few moments there was a wonderful exhibition. The rattle of the clubs could not be heard above the general din, but blow after blow was sent in, from above, from the side, delivered in short strokes or from sweeping circles, parried and countered.

The yellow man was beaten to one knee with a smashing stroke on his shoulder. His club swept through the air. It came back and smote the bearded man low in the ribs. They could hear that drumstroke. It more than evened matters. It knocked all the wind out of him. He doubled up, his nerves short-circuited and the other straightened in a flash. Up went his club and down it came at the back of the other's skull. He dropped like a length of chain, motionless. For a second the yellow man stood over him and then turned away, leaving the other to the two women who picked him up and bore him off, arms trailing, legs bent limply at the knees.

The general fight was in a last mad *mêlée* several yards away. The yellow man, squaring his shoulders, his head up, looked about him. He called to the girl who stood a little way off and she came bounding to him, springing into his arms.

"There's a romance for you, Jim," said the skipper. "Best man wins and all ends happily. She's a mighty pritty gal, at that."

Jim agreed. Silently he congratulated the victorious warrior who had fought so well to gain his lady love. But—there was something disillusioning about their embrace. Kissing, it appeared, was not a *myall* custom. Instead, they rubbed noses. Undoubtedly it was satisfactory to the man and the girl, eminently gratifying, but, to Jim, it lacked the elements of the true fadeout, though, to Tufa and his fellows, who grunted at the sight, it was an eminently proper ending.

There were several men down, but there did not appear to be many fatalities, if any. The skulls were hard and the shields had saved their bodies. Even the bearded man showed signs of life, from the way the women were working over him.

"Looks like we'd be able to stand off quite a bunch of those chaps, if it ever comes to it," said the skipper, and Jim agreed. Tufa, or any of his fellows, could rout three times their number of these fighters, he fancied, in hand-to-hand fighting. With their guns they should be almost invincible. But their policy was not one of bloodshed if it could be avoided.

"We'd best sheer off," the captain told them. "Make camp a ways off an' come back for the dancin'."

They worked their way along the edge of the clearing toward where the gorge swung in its curve, aided by a track they came across, probably used by the tribes coming from the west to the *borboby*. In a convenient clearing they got their supper. The meal was barely well started before a black came out of the bush, on his head the blue and yellow cap they had given him, his face agrin. He gave no indication of having known of their presence at the fight but he had plainly been sent and had not accidentally tracked them, for he bore invitation for them to witness the *korrobory* that Kuriri had claimed was so dangerous to witness. The skipper was elated.

"Here's where we get in real touch with 'em," he said. "We'll take erlong gifts an' Jim, you fetch erlong yore box of conjure tricks. Bring the Admiral. This is a fine chance to let a lot of the tribes know we mean well by 'em, but that we're packin' Big Medicine." (To be continued in Boys' Life for December)

BOYS' LIFE

The Magazine for All Boys, Published by the Boy Scouts of America

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

*What
two boy explorers
saw in a radio
factory*



The Spinner

DEAR DAD:

THERE is a great deal to write tonight. Howard and I went through the biggest radio factory in the world today. It covers twelve acres.

That's bigger than nine football fields, and my feet feel as if I had been playing on all of them.

It's only one story high, and the roof is what they call saw tooth, with lots of glass like a greenhouse, which gives everybody lots of light and air.

When we had been there about two hours we thought we must have seen everything, but a man laughed and said: "No; you have seen only one department. There are fifty others." Some factory!

You know those dials on our Atwater Kent set and how smooth they work and how you can always get the same station at the same place?

Well, we found out how they do it. We saw a lot of dials that looked O. K. to me, but it turned out they had all been thrown away because they had little nicks or spots in them. They gather up all the discarded dials and burn them up every morning, so there will be no chance of one getting out of the factory.

Then there's a man we call the Spinner, though the factory name for him is the dial tester. He picks up a dial, fits it on a little steel shaft in front of him and gives it a spin with his fingers. Then he squints at it to see if it wobbles. If it does, that means that it has a little bend in it somewhere, and the Spinner said that Atwater Kent wouldn't stand for any bends, and when he comes across a dial with a wobble he throws it away to be smashed up and burned.



The Spinner This is one of the sharp-eyed men who test the tuning dials. If a dial wobbles as much as 1/5000 of an inch as he spins it, it is discarded

and destroyed. Extreme care in little things in the factory saves the owner of an Atwater Kent set from vexation later on.

Howard asked the Spinner how much of a wobble he would allow, and he laughed and said: "Write it down." Howard did, and what the Spinner said was:

"Not more than one five-thousandth (1/5000) of an inch. That isn't much of a wobble, is it? But that's the way everything is in this factory."

The Spinner let me squint, and I couldn't see

any wobble at all, but he has been at it so long I guess he does.

That's only one of a million things we saw in the factory, but it struck me most, and I thought I'd tell you about it first. And the Spinner is right; everything in the factory is like that. We met so many men who were testing and inspecting that I said jokingly to Howard: "I wonder who makes all the things that are being tested."

But it isn't as bad as that. Only one out of every ten employees is a tester or inspector. Think what would happen to me if they were as strict in school.

Well, I only got started and must close. Will tell you more about the factory in my next.

Your Aff't son,

Jack

Jack's next letter will appear in Boys' Life next month. Meanwhile, let us send you a 32-page illustrated booklet describing the largest radio factory in the world and the Radio Receivers and Speakers made there.

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Are you ready for the Kick-off?

The football season is about to open. The World Series is coming along. Howard and Jack, like millions of other boys, cannot see the games, but with their Atwater Kent set they can as good as see them when live radio reporters tell the story, play by play. If you haven't an Atwater Kent, there is no better time to get yours and take your seat in the Stadium, too.