

OCTOBER, 1924

ST. NICHOLAS





A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD

By V. M. HILLYER

Author of "Child Training," etc.; Headmaster of the Calvert School, Baltimore

A CHILD as young as nine can understand without assistance this history of the world as it is read. It is the result of twenty years of teaching the subject and of five years spent in writing the book. Mr. Hillyer has tested the book constantly, while writing it, upon large groups of children.

"A Child's History of the World" is divided into seventy-nine chapters or stories arranged in chronological order and of about equal length, each requiring from seven to ten minutes to read. The author presents his material as a continuous story, not as a group of separate facts about Greece, Rome, and so on; and, like a good story-teller, he characterizes people and events so that they are remembered. *Profusely illustrated.* [\$3.50]

GIRLHOOD STORIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

By Katherine Dunlap Cather

Author of "Boyhood Stories of Famous Men," etc.

HERE are nineteen stories of outstanding women of history, the tales resting on a foundation of fact and legend. The interest and charm which made the author's previous book an exceedingly popular one are in this new volume in equal degree. Many of the great women here revived are outside the beaten track of the ordinary school histories and the stories of their girlhood are in consequence quite fresh to most young readers. *Illustrated.* [\$1.75]

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?

By Hallam Hawksworth

Author of "The Workshop of the Mind," etc.

THIS book presents, with abundant concrete illustrations, the great rules, conditions and principles upon which depend useful and successful human service. While life in the professions — the law, the ministry, art, engineering — are given adequate treatment, special emphasis is laid upon the opportunities of business life, since the author is convinced that commercial enterprise in some form "must always be the occupation of the majority of mankind." [\$1.75]

At All Bookstores
Published by

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue
New York City



Boys!

This new IVES train No 690 is a wonder- \$ 15⁰⁰

WHEN you see it you will be astonished that such a large, fine train, operating on No. 2¼ Gauge Track, can be sold for such a reasonable price. It represents a new value in miniature railroad outfits.

New electrically-reversing locomotive

AMONG the new Ives Railway features for 1924 is the wonderful Ives electrically-reversing locomotive. You can stop this new Ives electric marvel, running at express speed, and then reverse it by means of the control switch located away from the track. It's the only toy locomotive in the world that reverses electrically—and it will thrill you with delight to operate it and make it do everything that the giant locomotives on the great American railroads do.

Train No. 690-R—\$19.50

THIS train is the same in every respect as No. 690, but the locomotive is equipped with the reversing motor described above. It has no equal!

Ives Toys make happy boys

BECOME sole owner and general manager of your own branch of the Ives Railroad Lines. Mail the coupon below for book describing and illustrating the Ives mechanical and electric trains for boys of all ages, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$50.00.

IVES TRAINS are sold by toy, department, electrical and hardware stores everywhere.

THE IVES MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
193 Holland Avenue

Bridgeport, Conn.

IVES ELECTRIC AND MECHANICAL TRAINS

THE IVES MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
193 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Please mail me your 32-page railroad book, illustrated in colors, showing the complete line of Ives Trains, Locomotives, new Signals and Accessories. I enclose 10c (U. S. stamps or coin).

Name

Address

City.....State.....

The ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE, *Editor*

VOL. LI

CONTENTS for OCTOBER, 1924

No. 12

(The entire contents of this Magazine are covered by the general copyright, and articles must not be reprinted without special permission.)

Cover: An illustration for The "Jacob of Bristol." Drawn by Manning de V. Lee	
Frontispiece: "The boys seized him and tossed him into the sea"	
Roddy's Second Nature. Story. Illustrated by Courtney Allen.....	T. Morris Longstreth..... 1235
A Columbus Day Vision in Mid-Atlantic. Picture. Drawn by I. W. Taber.....	1243
Katrina Marena. Ballad. Illustrated by W. M. Berger.....	L. L. Minor..... 1244
The "Jacob of Bristol." Story. Illustrated by Manning de V. Lee.....	Don C. Seitz..... 1246
Autumn. Verse.....	Edith D. Osborne..... 1248
Albert Herter. Sketch. Illustrations from paintings by Albert Herter.....	Lorinda Munson Bryant.. 1249
A Child's Song for the First Snowfall. Verse.....	Faith Baldwin..... 1256
The Wrong House. Verse. Illustrated by Reginald Birch.....	A. A. Milne..... 1257
The Island. Verse. Illustrated by George W. Hood.....	A. A. Milne..... 1258
Lyddy's Gulch. Story. Illustrated by Eugene Frandzen.....	Aline Havard..... 1258
Shaking-Down With the Cruisers. Sketch. Illustrated.....	A. D. Turnbull..... 1264
"The Month Was October." From a portrait by Lydia Field Emmett.....	1271
The Knight Without Fear or Reproach. Sketch.....	Mildred Longstreth..... 1272
Illustrated by W. M. Berger and Childe Hassam	
The House of the Lions. Serial Story. (Conclusion).....	Helen Ward Banks..... 1277
Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer	
October Came. Verse. Illustrated by Helen Mason Grose.....	Josephine Van D. Pease... 1284
The Pinnacles. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs.....	Nancy Richey Ranson... 1285
A Grumble Rumble. Verse.....	Ellen Manly..... 1287
Palmer Cox, the Brownie Man. Illustrated.....	Malcolm Douglas..... 1288
The Wasp — A Rhyme.	Palmer Cox..... 1290
Quite Absurd. Verse. Illustrated by Eric Pape.....	Alice Byrne Pape..... 1291
The Judgment of Uncle Peter. Two-part Story. II. Illustrated.....	Stella G. S. Perry..... 1292
The Veteran of Many Winters is Ready for Another! Picture.....	1297
Inside Tips in Sport. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs.....	Sol Metzger..... 1298
We. Verse. Illustrated by Reginald Birch.....	Mary Carolyn Davies..... 1302
The Lost Flamingos. Serial Story. (Conclusion) Illustrated.....	George Inness Hartley... 1303
The Piper. Verse. Illustrated by the author.....	Rachel Lyman Field..... 1309
Some Peculiar Patents. Sketch.....	Ruth S. Davies..... 1310
The Romance of Cotton-Seed. Illustrations from photographs.....	James Ellis..... 1311
The Wardrobe of the Leaves. Sketch. Illustrated by Marion T. Justice.....	Hazel Hankinson..... 1314
New Dresses! Verse.....	Edith Laquelle..... 1317
Mr. Drake and Mr. Frog. Picture. Drawn by Ruth Bennett.....	1317
The Wild-Bird Man. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs.....	Helen S. Huntington..... 1318
Radio Department. Illustrated.....	W. F. Crosby..... 1320
Listening In, As Told by Jimmy. Verse.....	Elsie Duncan Yale..... 1323
The Stranger and the Woodfolk. Verse.....	Lindsay G. Lucas..... 1324
Nature and Science for Young Folk. Illustrated.....	1327
The Watch Tower. A Review of Current Events.....	Edward N. Teall..... 1329
St. Nicholas League. With awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, etc.....	1334
The Letter-Box	1342
The Riddle-Box	1343
St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons.....	Advertising Pages

The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts.

In the United States, the price of ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is \$4.00 a year in advance, or 35 cents a single copy; the price of a yearly subscription to a Canadian address is \$4.35. The price of a yearly subscription to a foreign address is \$4.60. We request that remittances be by money-order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit. PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price \$1.00 by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$2.00. We bind and furnish covers for \$2.00 per part, or \$4.00 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) All copies of this magazine which are to be bound must be sent to our New York office. In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

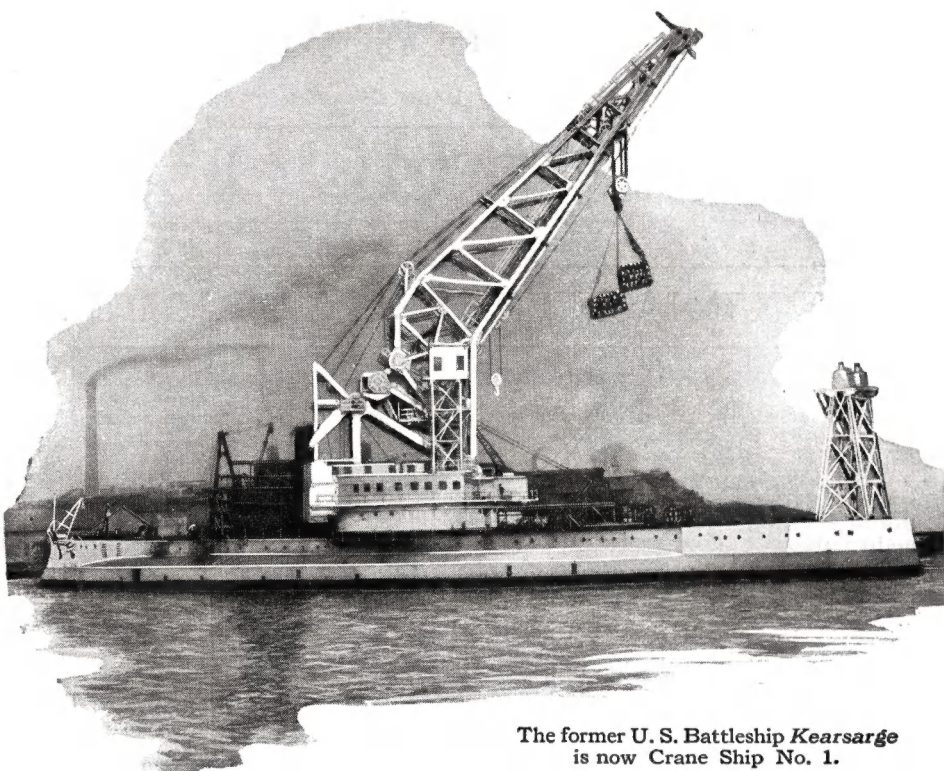
All subscriptions for, and all business matters in connection with, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE should be addressed to

THE CENTURY CO. { Publication and Circulation Office, Concord, N. H.
 { Editorial and Advertising Offices, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

W. MORGAN SHUSTER, President GEORGE L. WHEELLOCK, Treasurer
 DON M. PARKER, Secretary JAMES ABBOTT, Assistant Treasurer

BOARD OF TRUSTEES: GEORGE H. HAZEN, Chairman; GEORGE INNESS, JR.; W. MORGAN SHUSTER
 (Copyright, 1924, by The Century Co.) (Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off.)

(Printed in U. S. A., and Entered as Second Class Matter, September 4, 1920, at the United States Post Office, Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.)



The former U. S. Battleship *Kearsarge*
is now Crane Ship No. 1.

This battleship grew a long arm



The fact that the products of General Electric Company have been tested by such extraordinary tasks in all parts of the world makes this monogram an assurance of satisfaction to you. On goods electrical look for the letters G-E; they are a symbol of service, the initials of a friend.

Many of our big battleships have been junked at the end of their service, or sunk in practice at sea.

The good old fighter "Kearsarge" is now a good young worker. The G-E motors in her big crane are strong enough to raise a submarine. Created to defend, the present service of this staunch old ship is to save.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ST. NICHOLAS

NEXT MONTH AND TO COME

The Part Headwork Plays in Football

SOL METZGER

Coaches are not always responsible for the success of their teams in big games. Players who think quickly and clearly, under stress and strain, make the winning scores. This article is replete with stories of men who have "used their heads."

Where Victor Hugo Lived

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

You will enjoy this visit to the Hugo home in the Place de Vosges in Paris, now a State museum, with so entertaining a "guide" as Miss Hawthorne.

Baker, Manager

ROBERT L. VORHEES

A flying tackle—a dull thud—blackness! And *Jerome Baker's* football career was ended. But he could still play the *man*—and he did.

Earthquake Forecasting

WILLIAM J. MADDOX

Some day scientists hope to warn of impending earthquakes, just as our weather bureau sends out advance storm-signals. Interesting experiments, looking toward such a goal, are now being conducted in Hawaii, and these are described, and illustrated, in this article.

Gumble Inn

ELLEN MANLY

An old-time ballad by one of St. NICHOLAS's favorite "troubadours."

The Girl Who Played Fair

HELEN WARD BANKS

The great host of readers who have enjoyed "The House of The Lions," which ends in this October number of St. NICHOLAS, will welcome this short story by the same author.

"Taught to the Tune of a Hickory Stick!"—

is not the lot of the school boy and girl of to-day, for all understanding and kindness is theirs. The schools of to-day encourage and stimulate the timid and backward, develop and direct the too-aggressive.

The only problem about schooling nowadays is choosing which one of the many good ones is best suited to your individual requirements. There are schools for every need and every purse. No matter what kind of a school you wish, we can tell you about it, if it exists at all.

Write to any one of the splendid schools listed here, even if you are a little late for this term. They will often make very satisfactory arrangements. If you need additional help in your school problem, we are very much at your service, without charge or obligation. Just address



URITA D. PLATT

***St. Nicholas
School Service Bureau***

353 Fourth Avenue, New York City



The School Boy and The School Girl

need no introduction to anything bearing the Spalding Trade Mark. They know what it stands for—the best, and *only* the best.

**Foot Ball Basket Ball
Field Hockey
Gymnasium Outfits
Sweaters Jerseys
Athletic Shoes, etc.**

Write to any Spalding store for a copy of the Fall and Winter catalogue

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

New York San Francisco Chicago
And all large cities of the United States and Canada

GOOD SCHOOLS

— FOR —
BOYS and GIRLS



PAGE

Military Academy

A big school for little boys

Page stands in a class by itself as a military school for little boys. Sound training in the common branches comes first. The military is adapted to young boy needs. It means mainly little men who will grow into courageous, successful big men. Parents appreciate the atmosphere of sympathy, understanding and encouragement for their little boys at Page. This is the largest school of its kind in America.

The catalog will surely interest you. Write for it to

ROBERT A. GIBBS, Headmaster
Route 7, Box 947
Los Angeles California

Miss Hall's SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

MISS MIRA H. HALL, Principal
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

COLONIAL SCHOOL for Girls

Beautiful location in National Capital. High School, College Preparatory, Collegiate, Domestic Science, Secretarial courses, Music, Art and Expression. Well ordered home and social life. Athletics. Miss JESSIE TRUMAN, Assoc. Prin., 1543 Eighteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

TENACRE

A Country School for Girls 10 to 14. Preparatory to Dana Hall, 14 miles from Boston. All sports and athletics supervised and adapted to the age of the pupil. Finest instruction, care and influences.

Miss HELEN TEMPLE COOKE, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.



LINCOLN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

COLLEGE PREPARATORY GENERAL COURSES

Attractive location combining Country life with City advantages. Beautiful grounds. Modern buildings of Fireproof Construction.

Outdoor Sports and Recreations.

Horseback riding—Gymnasium

Illustrated Booklet on request

MISS MIRIAM SEWALL CONVERSE, Principal
Providence, Rhode Island



The Castle Miss Mason's School for Girls

Box 725 Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

WOODLAND PARK

Junior School of
Lasell Seminary

Prepares for Lasell Seminary and other leading secondary schools. Careful direction under House Mother. Progressive methods of study and play. All the equipment of Lasell Seminary, with playgrounds, gymnasium and swimming pool. 15 Buildings. 30 Acres.

Guy M. Winslow, Ph.D., Principal

Chas. F. Towne, A.M., Associate Principal
Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass.



Schools for Boys and Girls—Continued

KENT PLACE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY

An Endowed School—Thirtieth Year
On the Estate of Chancellor Kent in the Hills
of New Jersey twenty miles from New York
COLLEGE PREPARATORY
ACADEMIC

Music Art Athletics

Sarah Woodman Paul and Anna S. Woodman, *Principals*

KYLE SCHOOL

For 50 Boys, 6 to 16

Beautiful location, 22 miles from New York. "Your school looks so homelike," visitors' expression. Summer camp in the Catskills. Saddle horses and ponies. DR. PAUL KYLE, Principal of Kyle School for 34 years, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y., Box 506.

Brantwood Hall

Lawrence Park,
Bronxville, N. Y.

Resident and day school. Kindergarten to college. Unrivalled location: accessibility, environment, healthfulness and beauty. Esteemed patrons whose daughters have remained four or more years. The best individual, personal attention. Catalogs on request, but visits in person preferred.

RHODE ISLAND, Providence.

THE MARY C. WHEELER SCHOOL

A New England Town and Country School for Girls.
College preparatory, general and post-graduate courses.
Advanced studio classes. Music.
Country residence for girls 10 to 14 years of age.

MARTIN INSTITUTE FOR SPEECH DEFECTS

Stammering, Lipping, Loss of Voice, Attention Deafness corrected and Speech for Abnormal Children. Conducted by Dr. Frederick Martin (himself once a confirmed stammerer). Normal courses for Teachers of Speech Improvement. 450 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Camps for Girls



For Girls under 20 Roxbury, Vermont

"THE HORSEBACK CAMPS"

Sturdy, brown, enthusiastic — Teela-Wooket girls have glorious times. They swim in the cool water, take long camping trips. Best of all are the horseback rides along the forest roads. Horseback riding and the best of instruction are absolutely free. Rifle range, tennis, golf, 300 acres. Delicious food. Twelfth season. "The Camps Without Extras." Illustrated booklets.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Roys, 10 Bowdoin St., Cambridge, Mass.
Idlewild for boys, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS, Norton.

HEDGES

The Junior School of House in the Pines. 30 miles from Boston. A school where young girls enjoy a wholesome life of study and play. Booklet. MISS GERTRUDE E. CORNISH, *Principal*,
8 Pine Street.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY

For Girls. The fundamentals of college training in a 2-year diploma course. Music, Dramatics, Home Economics. Catalog on request. JAS. E. AMENT, Ph.D., LL.D., *President*,
Box 165, Forest Glen, Maryland.

SUFFIELD

Suffield, Connecticut

A School for Boys 3½ hours from New York City. Thorough preparation for college or business. Complete equipment. Department for young boys. Housemother. Booklet.

REV. BROWNELL GAGE, Ph.D., *Principal*, 15 Main Street.

CONNECTICUT, Stamford.

SOUTHFIELD POINT HALL

A School for girls. Beautifully located on Long Island Sound. Intermediate, College Preparatory and General Courses. Music. Horseback riding and all sports. Outdoor life a special feature. Catalog upon request. JESSIE CALLAM GRAY, B.A., *Principal*, 10 Davenport Drive.

Ossining School

For Girls

Ossining-on-Hudson

56th year. College Preparatory, Academic, Art, Music and Economic Courses. Separate school for younger girls. Illustrated year book on request. CLARA C. FULLER, *Principal*, Box 10N, Ossining, N. Y.

DUMMER ACADEMY

162d Year. A preparatory school for a limited number of boys. Wholesome country location. Carefully directed athletics. Supervised study and democratic ideals. Upper and Lower School. Moderate fees. South Byfield, Mass.

The School Problem

is the all-important one. Let us help you with it. We believe that we are well-equipped to help you choose a school to fit the individual requirements of your child. Our service is of course without charge.

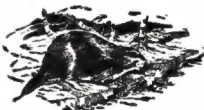
School Plans should be made early.

Write to the

SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU

St. Nicholas Magazine

353 Fourth Avenue New York City



MOSS LAKE CAMP

"The Camp in the Wilderness"

AN Adirondack lake surrounded by a private preserve of unbroken forest devoted entirely to an ideal girls' camp. Rustic Bungalows with a complete bath in each. Electric lights. Exceptionally fine table. All the usual camp activities, plus fishing, archery and rifle practice, and many trips of two days and longer by foot, by horse and by canoe. Camp fee includes tutoring, 6 hours a week of horseback riding and all the usual "extras." Modern Hotel under the same management 3 miles from camp. Dr. G. R. LONGSTAFF, Eagle Bay, N. Y.

An important and accurate leader of its time
and incomparably the most distinguished
monthly magazine in America.

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

GLENN FRANK, *Editor*



VOL. 108

CONTENTS for OCTOBER, 1924

No. 6

October Woods	R. EMMETT OWEN	Frontispiece
Richard Kane Goes to College	IRWIN EDMAN	723
<i>Are American College Teachers Corrupters of Youth?</i>	MICHAEL ARLEN	733
The Ace of Thirteens. <i>A story</i>	ROSE C. FELD	747
Now That They Have It	BLAIR NILES	757
<i>Intimate Talks with the Steel-Workers about the Eight-Hour Day</i>	LORINE PRUETTE	766
In Streets of Rose and Blue.	ARNOLD BENNETT	773
<i>Travels with a Coachman in Cartagena</i>	WALTER TITTLE	785
G. Stanley Hall	LINCOLN STEFFENS	801
<i>The Play-Boy of Western Scholarship</i>	CARL SANDBURG	807
Elsie and the Child. <i>A novel. II</i>	BRUCE BLIVEN	811
Portraits in Pencil and Pen	PERCY MACKAYE	81
<i>III — Shaw — Pinero — Henry Jones — Pollock — Zangwill. Drawings by the author</i>	MARK VAN DOREN	8
The Pallor of the Yellow Peril	L. FRANK TOOKER	8
<i>A Conversation with a Chinese Philosopher</i>	ERNEST GRUENING	8
Chillicothe. <i>Verses</i>	CARL VAN DOREN	
The Legion Family and the Radio	GLENN FRANK	
<i>What We Hear when We Tune in</i>	THE EDITORS	
A Mountain Munchhausen		
<i>More Tales from the Kentucky Mountains</i>		
Former Barn Lot. <i>Verses</i>		
As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk		
<i>XIV — "Just Moonin' about the Deck"</i>		
Poem		
The Real Issue in the Campaign		
<i>A Non-Partizan Analysis</i>		
The Shadow of a Triangle. <i>An Imaginary Portrait</i>		
<i>Food Reforms</i>		

TEAR OFF AND MAIL THIS SPECIAL OFFER COUPON TO-DAY

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City

Gentlemen: For the enclosed \$2.00 please send me THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for 6 months, beginning with the October Number (The regular price is \$5.00 a year).

Name

Street City & State

S.N. 10-24



(See Page 1248)

"THE BOYS SEIZED HIM AND TOSSED HIM INTO THE RAGING SEA"

ST NICHOLAS

VOL. LI

OCTOBER, 1924

No. 12

Copyright, 1924, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

RODDY'S SECOND NATURE

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

RODDY'S sister screamed. Mrs. Allen grasped the side of the big car but did not scream. The brakes screeched, beating Dorothy for shrillness. The automobile hesitated, passed, and Roddy trod again on the gas.

"Stop, Roddy!" said his mother. "You must not go on, son; you hit it."

"Tell me something I don't know," he grumbled rudely.

"But you must go back and see?"

"Stop for a chicken?"

"But it may be suffering, son. Please stop the car."

Roddy Allen comprehended that tone, slowed down the car, and made ready to investigate the results of his debonair driving. The very thought of the chicken writhing in the dust made him ill. Roddy could not stand blood. He now said so.

"Rodman," said his mother, firmly, "please be a man."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the boy, imperiously. He was spoiled, a tall, fine-looking lad of fifteen, with a chin as soft and adaptable as a peach, deep brown eyes that some day, his mother hoped, would more nearly reveal the nature of his ancestry than at present. They were too soft now.

"I want you to put that chicken out of its misery, and then offer some money to the woman. You are the son of a gentleman,

remember, and have certain responsibilities. Now go."

"I can't touch it, Mother."

"You make me ashamed for you," she said.

"And these clothes won't be fit to dance in."

"Rodman!" She said it quietly, but her voice carried back centuries and had something of the stern Roman matron in it. Roddy knew there was no alternative but obedience, and inside he was glad. But not to seem to comply too readily, he descended sulkily from the car and went back, grumbling.

LATE that night Roddy's father and mother were discussing the incident, at Boisvert, their beautiful home on the Hudson.

"But he has good stuff in him, Beatrice," said Mr. Allen. "Why does n't it show out?"

"We have guarded him too carefully, mollycoddled him. He shirks every distasteful duty. Why, he actually paid another boy a dollar to wring that chicken's neck. Pretty soon, ease will become second nature to him. He orders the car whenever he wants to go down to the club. To-day he suggested that I buy him a car of his own if I did n't want him to use the big one."

"I really think that we ought to get him

one for this summer," said his easy-going father, uneasily.

"Vincent! Are you going to ruin him? If this goes on, when will he acquire a little ambition—a little self-reliance—a little thought for others?"

"Or even plain thought?" added Mr. Allen, with a smile. "His manners seem to be improving."

"Will you be content to have him an outward gentleman and inwardly a coward and a cad? He needs no automobile until he earns one. He needs no more dancing and country-club life, and a deal more real life. I think you should take him up to Wawabanshee for the fishing."

"I could," said Mr. Allen; "but would he enjoy it?"

The woman made a gesture of impatience, before she said:

"Vincent, dear, this has got beyond the question of enjoyment. Roddy's future may depend on this summer. Whatever of character he has underneath these smiles and excuses must be strengthened, and not covered more deeply. He is all for good form now. I want him to be all for being a man—a man, Vincent, whose second nature is to face his responsibilities courageously. We are afraid to trust him with a car. Suppose—suppose, dear, that anything should happen to us and he should have the sudden responsibility of all this," and her hand waved toward the lawns and stables and rolling hills beyond, all theirs. "It would ruin him."

"I know it," said Mr. Allen, lamely. "I have often wondered lately whether we are raising a child or a calf. Nature may do for him what we have failed to do. Shall I tell him, or will you?"

"Perhaps I 'd better," said Roddy's mother, laughing; "for you would doubtless weaken and bribe him with a smart, new runabout or something, especially as Roddy is rather looking forward to a season of motoring."

"All right, Beatrice. And if you need bait, you might mention the Indians. They're still the real thing up there. And I would not explain what a portage is, if I were you."

WINDIGO ISLAND lies off the mouth of the Red Paint River in Big Lake Wawabanshee, and toward sunset of the third day out, two canoes drew into one of its many coves. They had been forced in by a stiff fair-

weather wind. The Indians accepted the situation sullenly, and only because they feared a certain drowning more than the uncertain fate of taking shelter with evil spirits. Gun-pointer, the head of the four guides, explained to Mr. Allen that this island was the rendezvous, if not the permanent residence, of several windigos—mischief-makers. When Roddy heard, he laughed. "That's good, Dad. It'll liven things up a bit," and he stepped stiffly out of his canoe, followed by his wiser and sadder father, who knew now that Roddy's second nature lived a good way beneath his upper moods, which were not to be termed thoughtful. During three days, at least, no change had been apparent.

"No go that way," cautioned Gun-pointer; "that windigo way," and he pointed down the beach.

"That so?" asked Roddy. "Then that's where I want to go," and he started.

Gun-pointer said something in Ojibway, and the other Indians made signs on their foreheads. Mr. Allen realized that they believed in these evil spirits and he called Roddy back.

"Why can't I explore, Dad? I'll dare any old windigo to come out and eat me."

"You and I are n't afraid of the windigos, of course, son. But remember that we are at the mercy of these superstitious men. If any misfortune happens, they'll blame it on us."

"Well, I'll go in swimming, then. You don't suppose that's against their religion?"

Mr. Allen was about to remark that it was too rough for swimming; but he held his tongue, remembering that the object of this trip was the toughening of Roddy. So he said: "All right. You've time enough while they're getting supper. But keep close to shore."

Roddy was in his element, water sports being his one delight at his country school, and he breasted the choppy green waves with the ease of a seal. Little by little he worked down the shore, his father pacing near, until both were out of sight of the Indians. Roddy came out to get his wind. His father had never seen him so animated.

"Look, Dad, there's a cave—inhabited by windigos, I suppose." And the boy started for it. "I'm going to take a look at them."

"Better not, Roddy. If the Indians should come—"

"What are you afraid of, Dad, ghosts? I'll bet there's some treasure hidden there."

Anyway, are n't we paying the Indians to mind their business?"

It was not much of a cave, but it contained unexpected treasure in the shape of the leg-bone of a man. Mr. Allen struck a match. There was a skull farther back in the cave.

"Gee, Dad, the windigo did for this old

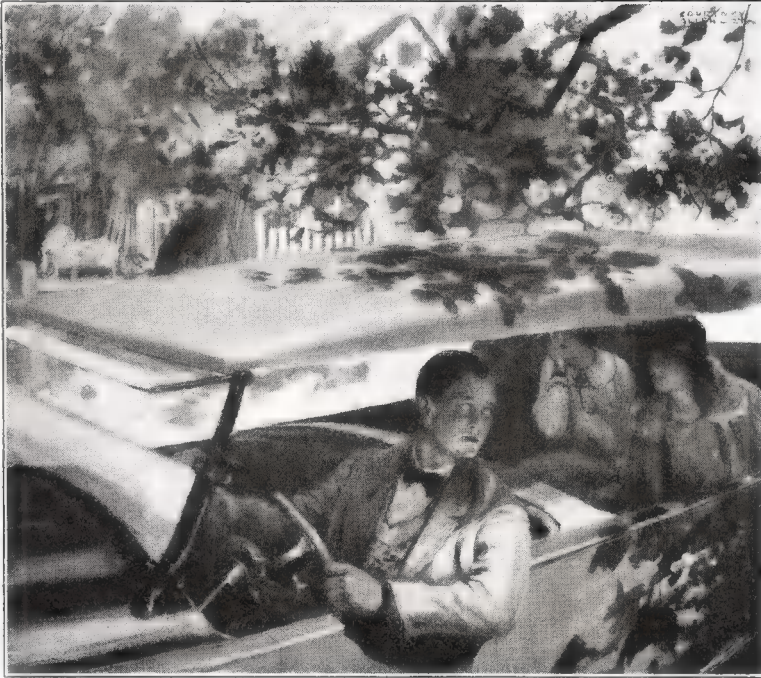
dressed, listening to Gun-pointer's recital with smiles, and not knowing enough of the Indian nature to worry over the dark looks cast their way.

One ominous incident happened after supper. The Indians, instead of sitting placidly around the fire, smoking, went

down the shore some distance toward the cave, made a pyre of logs and brush, and into the blaze each cast one of his belongings. Roddy stole down to watch, but was motioned savagely back. As he crawled between the blankets he said to his father, "They're doing their best to protect us against that awful windigo, Dad."

"I hope they succeed," said the elder man, feeling very helpless in that somber wilderness. "And I hope this wind goes down so that we can leave in the morning."

The sun had been up several hours before Roddy opened his eyes. Hunger woke



"STOP, RODDY!" SAID HIS MOTHER. "YOU MUST NOT GO ON!"

beggar!" and Roddy's voice had a tiny quaver in it. "This is enough for me."

"See it through, while you're here," said Mr. Allen. "Old beggar is right, a good many years old, perhaps. See what I've found." And he picked up an old rusty knife fitted into a bone handle. The match went out as Roddy impulsively reached for the blade.

Suddenly the little light from the entrance ceased. Gun-pointer stood there. "*Mitchi-manitou*," he cried hoarsely, throwing out his hands in a gesture of despair. "*Windigo-i-kwesis*." And he called roughly to the two to come out.

The dark or the sudden apparition of the Indian or Roddy's jerk had drawn the knife over Mr. Allen's hand, and, rusty as it was, it left a small cut. He did not notice it till later, and the two, rather chagrined at having to obey an inferior, yet seeing nothing to be gained by violating his superstitious thought, followed Gun-pointer to the camp, where supper was about ready. Roddy

him, or the flapping of the canvas as the wind rushed from the lake. He parted the flaps and looked out. His father was bending over where their fire should have been heating breakfast pots and pails.

"Hello!" called Roddy; "where is everybody?"

"I don't know—blown away, probably," and Mr. Allen tried to sound as if it were a trifle to be deserted in that waste.

"They've taken everything," exclaimed Roddy, "blankets and all! Why, Dad—" And son's eyes met father's in the first really earnest mutual understanding of their lives. To Roddy, whose wits were not slow, the truth had dawned red. They had been abandoned—abandoned three days from civilization. Something within Roddy stirred. It was the desire to be a man, to match up with this occasion, these strange circumstances which were heaping around them, threatening to topple over and smother him and his father. "I—I'll make the

fire," he said, speaking without thinking.

The Indians had doubtless feared that their burnt offerings to the windigo were insufficient, and had cleared out in the lull that comes, even on the blowiest days, with dawn. The lull had not lasted, and during that entire day a fair-weather gale drove curling seas across the lonely lake. Father and son sat before their tent and took account of stock. They had one canoe, some fishing-tackle, and food for three days. The Indians had taken none; in fact, the plan had been to restock at the Hudson Bay Post a day's trip farther on, hence the scantiness of provisions. They consulted the map.

"It's only about twenty-two miles," said Roddy; "we can paddle that in a day, when this dog-gone wind goes down."

"We'll have to wait for that, for it's open water after leaving Little Windigo Island. I hope my hand does n't get any worse."

"Your hand!" exclaimed Roddy, "I did n't know you had one."

"Nor I till this morning. I cut it on that knife."

"The windigo's knife?" Again Roddy's eyes met his father's in a searching look. Then they laughed.

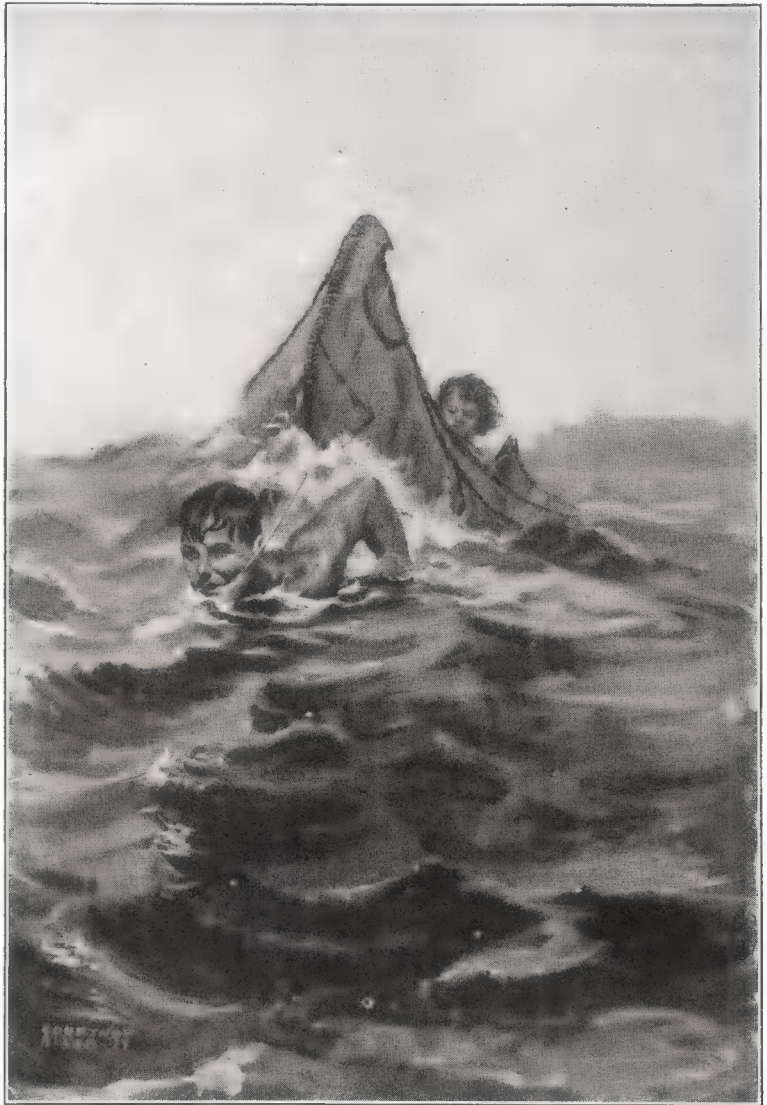
"We're as bad as the Indians, Dad. Let's see."

Again he had spoken from his second nature, without thinking, for Roddy could not bear to look on even a sick hand. What he saw made him shut his eyes. Already the member was inflamed and swollen.

"If you were only a surgeon," said Mr. Allen, "I'd have you operate. Some rust

must have got in, and I can't find the iodine."

At the thought of blood, Roddy shivered; but he said, "I can be nurse if not a cut-up, Dad. You keep still this afternoon."



"THE RETURN, THE INTERMINABLE RETURN, WHEN, FOR MINUTES AT A TIME, IT SEEMED NO PROGRESS WAS MADE (SEE PAGE 1240)"

Mr. Allen looked at his son, scarcely believing this new tone of command. "It's worth the ache," he said to himself, and did sit down.

That afternoon he thought often of the pleasant doings at Boisvert, so far away. Roddy, too, was seeing pictures of country-club dances, of his mother, of Dorothy, who, for a sister, did not seem such a nuisance

now. Especially did he see the brand-new runabout of his dreams. He even talked of this with his father, while the wind blew.

It would be instructive but unnecessary to itemize the occurrences of the next twenty-four hours, when they can be grouped under three headings: wind, waiting, and worry. The worry came from Mr. Allen's infected hand, the size and pain of which increased to such an extent that he could not sleep. At three of the morning, when everything is always worst, he rose and made a fire. Roddy stirred. Ordinarily, a derrick could not have got Roddy from bed at three of the morning; but this inner man that was stirring in him had the boy on his feet. He said, "What 's up, Dad?"

"Nothing much but me. I 'm heating some water."

"Hand worse?"

"Yes, Roddy. Something will have to be done to-day. I 'm afraid of blood-poisoning."

"The wind 's fallen some. I say we strike out at dawn. I can paddle, Dad." There was that quaver in Roddy's voice, but no wavering in his mind.

Before the sun, red with wind, had thrown blood lights across the lake, a canoe, painfully loaded, launched, and propelled by one Rodman Allen, rounded the last point of Windigo Island and headed for the low shores of Little Windigo. Mr. Allen's hand kept him from touching a paddle. He sat and looked at his son and wished that his wife could see him, too.

Now twenty-two miles is a fair paddle under good conditions. For a boy who knows little of canoeing it would be arduous under good conditions. But to father and son, neither very weather-wise, it had not seemed impossible until the accident happened. The wonder is that the canoe had not upset before. For, almost with the sun, came the wind. At first little rippled lawns darkened ahead; then curling lips laughed here and there—laughed and showed white teeth, and spat at the travelers, and, when that did no good, put shoulders to the boat and held it back. Roddy dug in. The wind increased. There were real waves now. They sloshed aboard. But Little Windigo was not far ahead. Roddy fitted his teeth together and pushed. A hundred yards would do it. The wind saw this, and, hiding around a point, waited until it had collected all its force. Then it burst out on the boy, caught a tent corner

which had not been well-packed, and filled it. Roddy made a grab to collect it, and—zowie!—over went the boat, father, son, tent, outfit and all!

The boy's first thought was for his father's sore hand. When he came up, Roddy struck out for him. That was wrong. He should have held to the canoe. It jumped away, so light now, and was soon forever beyond reach. Mr. Allen had been treading water. "Put your hand on my shoulder," cried his son, "and we 'll dock in five minutes!" And the boy gave a laugh. Water was his friend. They could compute the consequences later. The sum total was small: one small island, one invalid with a disabled hand, one boy, or rather one beginning man.

"All right," said Roddy, grimly, and he shook a fist at the departing canoe, "even the windigo can't finish us off! Well, Dad, I guess the first thing is to get dry." And the two of them, seeking a sheltered spot, stripped to the skin, wrung out their clothes and hung them on the bushes.

"Um, blueberries, Dad. This 'd be fun—if your hand did n't hurt."

The father agreed with his son. But his hand did hurt—to the shoulder; and, after the reaction from the excitement set in, both father and son saw, in their minds, the grim facts. The windigo would have laughed evilly in his sleeve, if he could have seen that pair.

"You sit here. I 'm going to explore," said Roddy. "We might as well be scientific Crusoes. What do you call it when they take account of stock?"

"Making an inventory. All right, you explore, and come and tell me."

Roddy was back in an hour. He had found a tiny stream, some wild raspberries, a promontory from which one could see far,—and there was nothing to see, except another island a mile or so away,—and the frame of an old wigwam. While he was telling his father, the man groaned once aloud.

"Your hand?" asked Roddy, "or the situation?"

"I would n't mind the situation. We could make a raft out of all this driftwood, or swim from island to island, but for my hand, my arm, my body. I am all one large ache, Roddy. It will have to be lanced. I must let the bad blood out."

Roddy shuddered. "Why must I be tried at my weakest point," he thought. He said, "Do you know, Dad? I 'm almost

coming to believe in this windigo business. Do you think the Indians were right?"

"In believing in an evil spirit, son? I certainly do not. No harm can come to a man except through himself."

"What have we done, Dad, then, to deserve this?"

"We've been careless in circumstances we know little about. Things have come gradually, yes; but you can trace the fruit from the seed. It's cause and effect every time. Everything a man is, is the boy he once was, plus his effort in between. And everything that has happened to us has grown out of the persons we are. We'll keep up our nerve, Roddy, and show each other the men we are. I'm sorry I even mentioned the ache, Roddy. I'm going to do something about it."

It was as if a star had fallen into Roddy's soul, exploding and filling it with light. He would make an effort, *be* a man. And all at once he found himself saying, "I'll lance your hand, Dad."

The grown man looked at his slim, fair son. "Can you?" he said. "I've wanted to—to ask you since three this morning."

A lump came into Roddy's throat. He said huskily, "You ask me anything you want, Dad." And despite his pain, despite their desperate plight, the father felt a wave of happiness go through him. "If Beatrice could only know!" he said.

Roddy had taken out his pocket-knife, a parting gift from his mother. He got out his waterproof match-safe. "Is n't it lucky that Gun-pointer showed me how to make a pal out of birch-bark, Dad?"

"Cause and effect, boy."

"But how'd I know I needed this effect?"

"Only character can utilize," replied the father. "Thunder-storms have been going on since the days of the ark, but it took the special character of Franklin to draw electricity and conclusions from them."

"Well, I hope I have enough character to utilize the knife," said Roddy, laughing, not too successfully; and he went to find a birch-tree. In a moment he came running back breathlessly from the promontory. "Quick, Dad, come and look. There's a canoe coming. I'm sure it's a canoe."

It was, as became apparent, a canoe, empty, or at least without paddlers. It was drifting swiftly before the wind, as though it had blown from the other island. It seemed to the father, on whose throbbing shoulder lay such responsibility, as if it had

been launched by the hand of Providence. And yet the hand of Providence was permitting this boat to pass their island. It would surely pass the jutting point by many yards; maybe by a quarter-mile.

"How come, do you suppose?"

"There may be Indian berry-pickers on the other island. But, sonny, we're going to lose it."

"No, Dad, for I'll get it."

Roddy's tone caused the father to turn instantly. "You cannot do that, son. I cannot let you risk that."

"I can swim, Father. This is our last chance, maybe—ever."

There was the solemnity of manhood in Roddy's quiet voice. He was untying his shoes. A panic seized the man. "You were going to fix my hand, son."

"I will, Dad, later. I must get that boat."

"You can't swim with it against this wind."

"No, not against, Dad; but I can tease it around into the lee of our island. I'll get it—you watch." And throwing off shirt and trousers, Roddy started. Suddenly he turned and took his father's well hand and squeezed it. "I'll make good, Dad."

For an instant the elder man saw through the boyish lights of his eyes and deep down into the man of him. He pressed his son's hand, for he could not speak; and Roddy was off.

Everything we do or go through is relative, even pain, and for an hour Mr. Allen forgot his aching arm as completely as if he'd had an anæsthetic. He had, really, for he was consumed with anxiety. He watched the slim arms of his boy pull him toward the canoe. They met, boat and boy, but too far away to make out perfectly what happened; but he fancied that he saw heads poked up over the gunwale. It was all irritatingly obscure. And then the return, the interminable return, when, for minutes at a time, it seemed no progress was made.

But he did it, and Mr. Allen, wading out to draw them in, saw that the heads he thought he had imagined belonged to two very real Indian children, a boy and a girl, neither six years old. They crouched there on the bottom of the boat, beady eyed, still—as wild bunnies crouch when come upon in the meadow. Where white children would have perished in panic, these had followed the wild instinct of perfect quiet and had come through. Roddy fell on the beach,



"THE INDIAN STOOD OVER THEM, SILENTLY WATCHING" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

exhausted, panting, but with a smile of satisfaction curving his blue lips.

"I got it, Dad," he said, quietly.

"I am proud of you," said the father, rubbing Roddy's goose-fleshy arms and shoulders with his well hand. "You have saved our lives, as well as theirs, son. I am proud, proud." (And at these words, a warmth ran over Roddy.) "These children are as mysterious as Elijah's ravens."

"Sent to feed us, you mean, Dad?" Roddy laughed. "We won't turn cannibal till to-morrow, I'll say, though they're fat enough."

The Indians had gone up to the fire. They were cold. Roddy saw the water for the operation boiling, and shivered, for his memory provided him with an instantaneous moving-picture of a doctor's office where there were sharp instruments and steaming water. Then he had had a mother's cool hand on his brow and everybody was kind. She had given him the necessary courage, and he had not quite surrendered to his desire to run away.

There sounded through his mind now her words at that time: "You're a man now, Roddy dear, and a man endures what he has to endure."

The surgical details need be a very small part of this account of the making of a man. Roddy won't talk about them yet, though this happened some time ago. It was from Mr. Allen that I learned how the son had made the father sit with his back against a great paternal pine, "to comfort you, Dad," and how he said other things to ease the man, just as his mother had said things to him in the doctor's office. Nor did the boy's hand shake when he took that terrifying swollen hand into his, and made the necessary incision, and ground his teeth together to keep from keeling over, thinking over in his mind his mother's words.

"A man endures what he has to endure." How deep into his real nature those words had gone!

And his father could not be less than the man before him; and suddenly his mind was taken from the deep pain by a laugh from this son of his,—this surprising son,—for he had looked up and seen the little Indian children standing near—gazing, fascinated, on the very sight that he could scarcely bear.

The contrast was too much for Roddy's humor. And perhaps the relief at having played the man helped.

Then in another moment, a surprise. The children cried something in Indian and ran off, ran down to a canoe that was grounding, out of which stepped an old Indian man. He paid no attention to them, but strode up to the two. Roddy was still engaged in winding up the operation. The Indian stood over them, silently watching for a while, and then said, "Ver' good, son, I finish." And then he took one searching look at the boy, who had turned very, very white, with a suspicious glitter of moisture in his tired eyes.

"You lie there, I make tea soon."

Roddy lay, without a word, his face turned from his father, for down each cheek ran a single tear, the last tears of boyhood running away forever.

The old Indian took up the doctored hand and looked at it, and said, "Him cure now, son much little man."

And Mr. Allen nodded weakly, but in perfect peace.

OF all the consequences that could be told, I shall confine myself to one, a small one, but significant. Three weeks later, after an extremely interesting and illuminating stay with the band of Ojibways, of which the Indian, whose grandchildren Roddy had rescued, was head, the Allens were taken down the long reaches of Lake Wawabanshee for the last time, to the rails which would, on the morrow, convey them toward Boisvert. The station consisted of one room, and the number of inhabitants was two, the operator and his wife, kindly people who seemingly did not object to being roused at night.

"And there is one thing more, most important," added Mr. Allen, "a wire. I hope you can send it. But don't let the boy know."

"Surely, I understand," said the operator, smiling, as he read the words on the yellow paper. But I doubt if he got the full significance of the letter-gram, which read:

"Dear Beatrice: Safe, well, happy, and unbelievably successful. Please rush purchase of finest runabout obtainable, have Roddy's initials on door, and meet us with it at Boisvert Crossing on Thursday evening. Love from your two men."

"VINCENT"



A COLUMBUS DAY VISION IN MID-ATLANTIC

KATRINA MARENA

by L.L. Minor



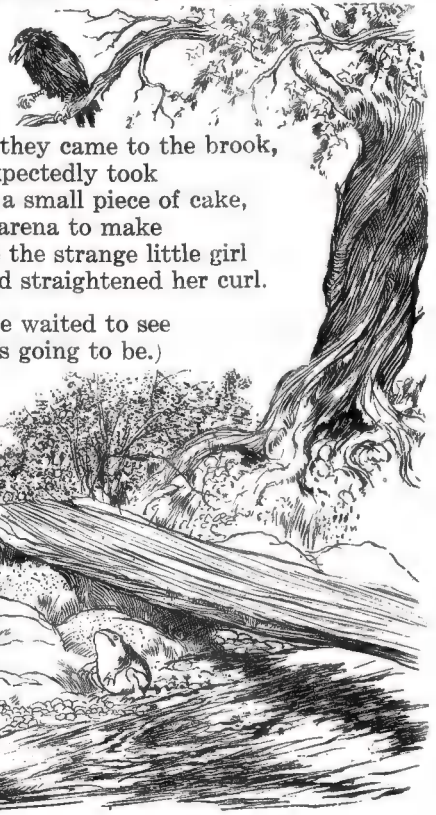
KATRINA MARENA and Paddington Prue,
And a strange little girl with a red curly queue,
And Prutkins, the puppy, all set out for school,
Each firmly intending to follow the rule
Of "Know all your lessons, and never be late,
And have your face clean and your pinafore straight."

(Of Prutkins, the puppy, I beg to relate
That his duty was only to carry the slate.)



They went on quite well till they came to the brook,
When Paddington Prue unexpectedly took
From his pocket a hook and a small piece of cake,
And commanded Katrina Marena to make
A strong line of string; while the strange little girl
Declared that excitement had straightened her curl.

(And Prutkins, the puppy, he waited to see
Just what this adventure was going to be.)





They fished on by turns, until Paddington Prue
And the strange little girl with the red curly queue
Became so absorbed in regarding the hook
That they both tumbled suddenly into the brook.
Whence Katrina Marena, with many loud squeals
Succeeded in dragging them out by the heels.

(Of Prutkins, the puppy, with sorrow I state
That he merely looked on, having dropped the small
slate.)



When the two were wiped off with the clean pinafore
Of Katrina Marena, and stood safe on shore,
They all found at last they were hopelessly late,
And Paddington Prue in a terrible state.
While the strange little girl wailed out, through
her tears,
That she could n't remember her spelling in years.

(And Prutkins, the puppy, 't is sad to relate,
Had toothache from chewing so hard on the slate.)



So they all returned home by the very first way,
And were none of them seen until early next day,
For their mothers were busy impressing a rule
Which should lead them in future direct to the school.
And I think that it must have been painfully plain,
For I've never yet known of their loitering again.

(But Prutkins, the puppy, I've heard them complain,
Went playing "unpunished" about in the lane!)





"BURIED TREASURE!" BUT FINDING IS NOT ALWAYS KEEPING!

THE "JACOB OF BRISTOL"

By DON C. SEITZ

PIRACY has more than once risen to the dignity of a profession, in the long history of the world. Indeed, it may be readily believed, it began when men first joined two trunks of trees together and drifted out on the tide to plunder some enterprising fellows who had laden four lashed-logs with food or wares. So we have tale after tale, of great prize takings in the Mozambique Channel, of the Mogul's treasures seized on the Indian Ocean, of Captain William Kidd and his luckless voyage, from New York to Madagascar, in the *Adventure*, with its sad ending on the gallows at Execution Dock by the Thames, leaving behind legends of buried treasure for which people have been searching the two and a quarter centuries past without avail. So there has been bred many a vivid romance; yet there remain plenty of real stories of the sea that need no embellishment to thrill beyond the telling. Here is one:

Early in October, 1621, when James the First was king of England, there were four very excited boys in the ancient city of Bristol, by whose wharves Shakespeare's river Avon runs. Indeed, the immortal bard had

been but a decade dead—not that it has anything to do with the tale. Bristol was even then a great seaport, and her ships went far into distant seas, fresh opened by Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, and Martin Frobisher. The captains and crews were good traders and better fighters. All ships went armed upon their errands, even though these were of peace.

The four boys were John Cooke, David Jones, William Ling, and Robert Tuckey,—good, homely English names,—and they were about to sail for the far-off harbor of Barcelona. The craft they were to help man was a stout brig called the *Jacob of Bristol*, and she was to carry a cargo of salted fish to Spain. The southern countries of Europe were then, as now, great consumers of this product of the North Sea—the cured cod, called *bacalao*.

With high hearts the lads sailed away on what was to become a great adventure, all going well until they reached the most famous piece of water in the world, the Strait of Gibraltar, leading from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mediterranean. It is guarded by two eminences, best known as the Pillars of Her-

cules; on the European side, the Rock, called Gibraltar, now the British stronghold, and on the African shore, Cape Spartel. Hercules, as you all should know, was the foremost of the heroes of Hellas, as the ancient Greeks called their land. As penance for grievous sins, he was sentenced by King Eurystheus to perform certain tasks, and he crowned his work by breaking the barrier between the seas, so giving the towering pillars his name. He used neither pick nor shovel in doing this, but broke down the barrier of rock and earth with a huge bronze club, the mightiest weapon ever carried by man.

In the African background lie a range of great mountains called the Atlas, because of another fancy of the Greeks. This was that a giant of that name there held up the sky, and Hercules, as one of his labors for King Eurystheus, had to secure three golden apples from the Garden of the Hesperides, so closely guarded by a great serpent that no mortal dared approach the tree on which they grew. But Atlas, being of the immortals, was persuaded to secure the fruit, while Hercules, putting upon his shoulders a lion's skin that he wore, carried the clouds. Though a very strong man, Hercules soon became tired, and when Atlas returned with the apples he was more than welcome. He was in no hurry to pick up his load again; but Hercules, in easing his shoulders, caused several stars to drop out of place. He was at once replaced as incompetent, and gleefully departed with the golden fruit. Some prosaic people believe these were nothing but oranges. It is queer how such folks like to spoil a story.

The Greeks departed from north Africa before the Phœnicians, and these were ousted by the Carthagenians. They, in turn, gave way to Romans, who were in time followed by a simple people called Berbers. "Berber" meant earth, and "Berbers" were natives of the soil. The ancients changed this to Barbarians, hence the word for people not like ourselves. Against these Berbers out of Arabia came a warlike tribe known as Saracens, who captured the wide north African shore. They built cities called Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers, which became infamous at the period Columbus discovered America, and remained so for more than three hundred years, as the homes of corsairs who preyed upon commerce, took the seamen of other lands prisoners, and sold them for slaves. Their religion was that of Mahomet; the captives were Christians, who could only free

themselves by giving up their faith, which very few would do. But some who did were called renegades, most of them coming from the Greek islands, and a number of these were noted pirate captains, because they made fine sailors, which the Saracens were not. Ships of all nations fell victims unless they paid tribute to the rulers of the Barbary States, who were called beys or bashaws. There were a few pirates from the state of Morocco, which lies largely on the Atlantic, who put out from a port called Sallee. One of these, it may be remarked, caught *Robinson Crusoe*, and this was the beginning of his wonderful tale.

But one of the nations that declined, as a rule, to pay tribute was England, and this brings us, after all these words, back to the *Jacob of Bristol*. She had arrived off the town of Tarifa, on the Spanish shore, where the Moorish rulers once collected toll from passing ships,—it is from this little port we get our word "tariff,"—and laid to for the night. The morning was calm and fog-bound. Suspecting no trouble, the brig waited for the fog to lift that they might proceed in the light early wind, when there came out of the mist a great ship crowded with men, many of whom were pushing long oars, called sweeps, with which they moved vessels when the sails failed to draw.

Dark faces leered over the bulwarks, and evil, shining eyes danced at the prospect of prey. The six men and four boys on the brig were taken all unawares. Before they could even think of fighting, their captor was alongside. In a few minutes more the men were prisoners on the frigate, a corsair from Algiers, and twelve tawny strangers with a *rais*, or captain, were in charge of the brig. They were not good seamen and kept the four lads to handle the *Jacob*, whose bow was at once turned toward Barbary, while the corsair continued on her cruise. The newcomers wore great turbans of cloth wound around their heads, short, bright-colored jackets much bedizened with gold, and carried cruel curved simitars.

The *rais* gave sharp orders and added point to them with his bared blade. The men idled about, but kept the boys busy. Soon after parting with the frigate a storm sprang up and it became necessary to shorten sail. The brig rolled and staggered in the sea; Robert Tuckey, at the wheel, had all he could do to keep her head up to the wind, while the others struggled with the sails. This proving too much of an undertaking,

they called for help. The main-sail had been lowered, so the yard rested on the rail, but they could not tie the reefs, for the flapping in the gale. One guy-rope drifted in the sea.

All the pirates were too seasick to respond; only the rais appeared. When he came on deck, John Cooke and David Jones were handling the sail. As he joined them, an impulse for freedom seized John Cooke, who had no mind to join the thirty thousand Christian captives in Barbary. Calling on David to aid him, as the rais reached the side the boys seized him by his voluminous trousers and tossed him into the raging sea. As he fell he grasped the trailing guy-rope and sought to pull himself on board; but John Cooke, wresting the handle of the pump from its socket, gave him such a "pelt on the pate," as he described it, that his grasp on the line relaxed and he sank beneath the foam. The howling of the storm had hushed his cries.

With this, John and David ran to the cabin in which the pirates were huddled, and, pushing them aside, reached the little armory, from which they secured cutlasses. Crying, "Courage, my fellows and countrymen! God strengthen and assist us!" they

laid about so valiantly that two of their captors were slain, one badly wounded, and another so frightened that he leaped into the sea. Following up their advantage before the pirates could rally, they possessed themselves of muskets, under threat of which the Algerines were driven below and safely clapped under the hatches.

Then John, William, David, and Robert lifted up their voices in thankfulness and set their course for Spain. Here they duly made harbor at the Port of St. Lucas, and in the words of old Samuel Purchas, who has preserved the chronicle in his "Voyages," they sold their captives as galley-slaves "for a good summe of money; I think a great deal more than they are worth."

So, with their pockets full of Spanish gold, the valiant four sailed the *Jacob* back to Bristol, while their unlucky comrades bore chains in Algiers, and the Algerines wore out their lives shackled to oars in the galleys of Spain. You may be sure that there was rejoicing in Bristol when the brig came back, tempered with mourning for the men who were left behind, while in the shops of Algiers there must have been many a head shaken over the fate of the luckless thirteen!

AUTUMN

By EDITH D. OSBORNE

Now, upon the brown earth's breast
Fall the crimson leaves to rest;
Summer 's done—and laughing Spring—
What does gray-clad Autumn bring?
Autumn, like a gipsy bold
In her cap of red and gold!

Autumn, with her magic brush
Paints each wayside tree and bush;
Gilds the pumpkin at our feet
In the fields of yellow wheat;
Bids the wild duck homeward fly
Through the quiet, hazy sky;
Gaily through the orchard goes;
Tints the apple's cheek with rose;
And with pleasant fruits and grain
Cheers the waiting world again.
There is loveliness sublime
In the earth at Autumn time—
Autumn, like a gipsy bold
In her cap of red and gold!



THE SONS OF ALBERT HERTER, FROM A PAINTING BY THEIR FATHER

ALBERT HERTER

By LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

"Boys! Will you stop throwing that kitten back and forth long enough for me to see which boy is which?"

The boys are the sons of Albert Herter, and the artist is the father of the boys. It was a daring undertaking to try to paint two boys of seventeen or eighteen lying on a sofa with one kitten and a number of sofa-pillows at their disposal. It was hard telling which was flying the faster before the darting eyes of their father, the kitten or the pillows. Mr. Herter said:

"First one boy had that kitten, then the other. I never knew just which one would have it when I looked up."

The pranks of those two—while posing? no, while being caught on the fly!—were typical of healthy boys. And that kitten! Well, it certainly had the proverbial nine lives. No football ever hurtled faster from one boy to the other. That these boys were students at Harvard at the time, only gave added zest to the fun they were having when "Father" painted their picture.

For ten years this delightful painting was in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, but now it has been returned to its rightful home with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Herter. As we look at these boys the joy of youth and companionship warms our hearts and then a tear comes unbidden. The elder boy, the one on the right, gave his life at Château Thierry, but the other boy is renewing the joys of his own youth in the childhood of his children.

And now look at the picture of the Boy Scout on page 1250 while I tell you a story. Once upon a time an English general started a great campaign, and probably no movement in the history of mankind has been so wide-reaching in gathering together the boys of the world as that one—the organizing of the Boy Scouts.

In 1898, Robert Baden-Powell was a lieutenant-colonel in South Africa. The soldiers making up his regiment were the typical average "Tommies" to be found in the far-flung colonies of England. Many, far too many, of the boys were "dumb-bells." Dumb-bell was a very familiar term in the army for the useless, "do-less," spiritless recruit. Colonel Baden-Powell was at his wit's end to know how to keep them busy. They were simply going from bad to worse for lack of something interesting to do. At last Colonel Baden-Powell struck upon the following plan:

He divided the whole district under his command into sections. He then lined up the dumb-bells before him and in his most severe military manner ordered them out simply to reconnoiter. They were to watch every inch of ground and report on every living thing—man, woman, child, or beast—which came under their eye. The result was that those useless dumb-bells came back to headquarters alive and interested. Then they were lined up into squads, divisions, and camps, and these "scouts" became the best soldiers of the army.

Later, when the Boy Scout movement under General Sir Robert Baden-Powell covered the globe, some one suggested that a picture be made of a typical Boy Scout, and Mr. Albert Herter was the artist who painted the portrait, now in the possession of General Baden-Powell at the Boy Scout Headquarters in London. Hundreds of thou-



Photograph made by J. Wesley Allison

A TYPICAL BOY SCOUT, PAINTED BY ALBERT HERTER

sands of colored prints of the portrait are in the Boy Scout centers of the world.

At one time Mr. Herter painted a most delightful series of panels for his studio in New York. It was about the time when ladies with leisure had decided they would entertain themselves in helping the so-called east-side poor by going to them in person. Mr. Herter has happily and humorously pictured the ladies in silks and satins and

furs and diamonds, with their lap-dogs sitting in state, in some poor painter's or sculptor's studio, patronizingly posing for their portraits in paint or marble. What a privilege for the gifted genius to have such an opportunity! Mr. Herter gives such delicious pictures of these sitters in ruffles and curls and fluffy bows that no sting mars the joy of these unseeing worldlings. But the absurd lack of human understanding in the would-be helpers was finally remedied, for no longer does wealth work apart from the poor, but, as co-workers, they receive equal benefit one from the other.

Mr. Herter was born in New York City in 1871. His career as an artist really began with a large composition which he made in secret when a mere school-boy. At the time he could, he says, neither draw nor paint, and he calls it, "My first crime in paint." One thing this "crime" did for the boy was to open the eyes of his parents, to his possibilities, though, Mr. Herter says, "my father never wanted me to paint." But art and art alone was the boy's ambition. Of course, this interfered with university degrees; but art degrees came to him almost unsought in New York City and Paris.

Very early in his career Mr. Herter took up mural painting—one of the most ancient and most difficult fields of art. Many a city is the richer because of his murals, with their rich coloring and admirable composition.

Possibly one of the best known series of Mr. Herter's murals is in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco—seven pictures running around one of the dining-halls, showing how the "Peoples of the Earth bring Gifts to California." The borders of the separate scenes are exceedingly interesting. Each represents an array of fruits and flowers and birds, picturesquely placed on a fretwork of vines, dainty urns, vases, and cornucopias emblematic of nature's gifts to the people of the group it surrounds. Never were turkeys, peacocks, owls, and birds-of-paradise more gorgeously feathered, and never were sun-warmed fruits more luscious or flowers more brilliant.

Possibly our hearts respond most quickly to Mr. Herter's picture of *Europe* bringing her gifts. But as our younger America is so closely bound to those of its countries whence came our forefathers and our most prized traditions, this is but natural. Beautiful are the youths leading the train of



SEVEN MURAL PAINTINGS BY ALBERT HERTER ARE TO BE SEEN IN THE GRILL-ROOM OF A FAMOUS HOTEL
IN SAN FRANCISCO

architects, painters, writers, musicians all
bringing the gifts of a great civilization.

And then the Orient claims us! How
the word lifts us into the sunshine flooding



EUROPE BRINGING GIFTS



"THE ORIENT"



"PERSIA"



"MEXICO AND THE SPANISH"



"THE AMERICAN INDIAN"

the earth. Oriri, *to rise!* Sunshine everywhere. It gets into our very blood. The sands reflect it, the palms sing of it, the hills proclaim it! Is it any wonder that the people worship it? How Marco Polo must have gloried in it! See! even his somber apparel takes on a sheen when among these Eastern peoples. Naturally, Mr. Herter pictures the Orient coming to California with gifts from the *west*. The Orient is ever the same, though, whether coming from the West or the East—she is a tantalizing personality, ever eluding us when we think we are about to understand her. Exquisite are the gifts she brings—works as delicate as the spider's web, as fragile as frost-work, as dainty as cherry-blossoms, and as mysterious as the cocoon with its imprisoned life—all wrought by the deft fingers of the Oriental. Mr. Herter has breathed the very spirit of the East into these scenes with his gold-laden brush dipped in "paint-pots" as gorgeous in color as those of Yellowstone Park.

He is particularly happy in picturing Spanish America and the American Indian. In each picture his interpretation of Indian character is that of a prophet foretelling the possibilities of this strange people, who were wandering at will over the Americas less than five hundred years ago. But who knows of a certainty their origin? It will repay us all to follow the work of the archeologists in our western United States and in Yucatan, who this year have begun a program involving ten years of excavating which is bound to bring to light many facts about early America.

Those high-school young folk who have begun to read the history of art, will appreciate Mr. Herter's convincing way of returning to the early Renaissance methods without slavishly imitating those primitive painters. The scenes in the St. Francis Hotel remind us that he has been with Botticelli and Gozzoli—the delicate flowers strewn in the pathway of the advancing pageant and the gorgeous color and dashes of gold enveloping the moving company remind us in a measure of those early men, but, of course, with the added glory of the masterly draughtmanship of our painter of to-day.

A note of sadness is in the work on which this gifted artist is now engaged, and also a note of joy. The French nation has granted him permission to place a painting in the St. Lazare Station, in Paris, as a memorial to our boys who passed through it on their way to do their part in the World War. The tenderness of a great heart, knowing personally the meaning of "Over There," will make this memorial a tribute for all our sister nations. When I asked Mr. Herter, so gentle in his big, wholesome manhood, what the picture was to be, he replied, his kindly eyes looking into mine, "I am not quite sure, but I think it will be our boys saying good-by to their French buddies."

Mr. Herter is very much at home in France. He lived there for ten years, and I believe both his boys were born there. Again we look into the faces of those rollicksome boys loling on the big sofa in "Father's studio" and feel that the spirit in them is the spirit that is making America—America, the land of wholesome, happy freedom.

A CHILD'S SONG FOR THE FIRST SNOWFALL

SKY-WING feathers, soft and frail,
Blessing hilltop, tree, and dale,
Drifting, drifting down;
Tangle in my flying hair,
Leave a hundred starlets there,
Woven to a crown!

When the snow from heaven falls,
Faërie music sings and calls,
Urging, urging me
To come out and race the clouds,
While the trees in ermine shrouds
Whisper wistfully.

I must climb the highest hill,
Run and romp and shout, until,
Slowly, slowly, night
Folds her dark arms round the world,
Drops her veils, with snow impearled,
Banishing the light.

Homeward with the first dear star
Where warm hands and laughter are,
Waiting, waiting there,
Home to bowls of bread and milk,
Nightgown hours soft as silk,
And a drowsy prayer.

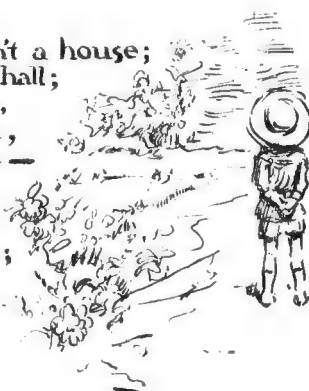
Faith Baldwin

THE WRONG HOUSE

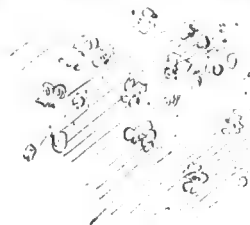
by
A.A.
Milne



I went into a house, and it was n't a house;
It had big steps and a great big hall;
But it had n't got a garden,
A garden,
A garden —
It was n't like a house at all!



I went into a house, and it was n't a house;
It had a big garden and a great high wall;
But it had n't got a may-tree,
A may-tree,
A may-tree —
It was n't like a house at all!



I went into a house, and it was n't a house;
Snow white petals from the may-tree fall;
But it had n't got a blackbird,
A blackbird,
A blackbird —
It was n't like a house at all!

I went into a house, and it was n't a house;
I could hear from the may-tree the blackbird call;
But nobody listened to it,
Nobody
Liked it,
Nobody wanted it at all!



THE ISLAND

By A. A. MILNE



If I were in a ship,
I'd sail my ship,
I'd sail my ship
Through Eastern seas,
Down to a beach where the slow waves thunder—
The green curls over and the white falls under—
Boom! Boom! Boom!
On the sun-bright sand.
Then I'd leave my ship and I'd land
And climb the steep white sand
And climb to the trees,
The six dark trees,
The cocoanut trees on the crown of the cliff—

Hands and knees
To the cocoanut trees;
Hands and knees, for the climb is stiff;
Up, up, up, staggering, stumbling,
Round the corner where the rock is crumbling;
Round this shoulder,
Over this boulder,
Up to the top where the six trees stand.
And there would I rest, and lie,
My chin in my hands, and gaze
At the sun-bright sand below,
And the green waves curling slow,
And the gray-blue distant haze
Where the sea goes up to the sky.

And I'd say to myself as I looked so lazily down at the sea:
"There's nobody else in the world, and the world was made for me!"

LYDDY'S GULCH

By ALINE HAVARD

If you follow the Sacramento River ten or twelve miles north of Sacramento City, you will come to a small branch of it, a meandering stream that cuts through gentle foot-hills and through grassy glades clothed with pine and redwood trees. On this stream you will find a place called Lyddy's Gulch—a rambling village never quite grown into a town, yet never abandoned. Not many of the people who live there, busy with their poultry-farms and their apple and peach orchards, can tell you where the place got its name. But one or two old-timers can tell the story, because they lived near by

when it happened, and, as children, knew the spot before it had any name at all.

In 1849, when gold was first found along the Sacramento River and settlers poured into California, a family named Davis came west from Missouri by the overland route. With several other colonists, none of them very experienced wilderness travelers, they crossed the plains, the Rockies, the Nevada deserts. By the time they reached the foot of the Sierra Nevada Range they were short of food and clothing, sick and discouraged. They toiled on over the mountains in the first of the hard winter storms, and at last

reached the mild, sunny Sacramento Valley more dead than alive, starving, ragged, and almost penniless.

Mr. Davis, thrilled by the rumors of fortunes made overnight in the gold-fields, hoped eagerly for success, and tried to keep up the courage of his wife and children. They camped at the base of a hill already settled by gold-diggers, put up their tent, and ate hungrily of the antelope which Mr. Davis shot on the hillside. Mrs. Davis pieced her children's rags together until she should be able to buy them clothes. There was meat enough for all in the wild game thronging the woodland; but clothes were only to be had at very high prices in the new settlement of Sacramento, and the last of Mr. Davis's money had gone to buy a pick, crowbar, shovel, and pan with which to dig his fortune.

In those days, any one who pitched his tent and staked out a claim was declared owner of the piece of land he had chosen to dig in. Nobody molested him, for the first gold-diggers were in general an honest lot of pioneers and hunters, each one intent, besides, on his own work, and, in the excitement of finding gold, confident that there were riches enough for all.

Among the diggers were many lucky ones who filled a pan with gold in a morning, and found nuggets ready to be picked up in loose earth below the underbrush. But there were some who had little luck, or no luck at all. The gold came in streaks, and sometimes a miner who had found nothing would glance at the neighbor working within a dozen yards of him and see gold glitter plentifully in his pan as he washed away the dirt in the stream.

The gold-hunter in these particular diggings who had the hardest luck of any, the miners agreed, was Davis. All day long he worked, scarcely stopping to eat, his head in the hot sun, his feet often in the icy waters of the stream, but he found no more than a faint yellow glitter now and then, tantalizingly sifted through the earth he dug and washed with so much labor. As for big grains of gold and abundant coarse, shining gold-dust such as the others gathered, he saw none of it in the pan for which he had paid his last dollar at Sacramento. And, worse than all, the exhausting work of digging up the rocky soil was too much for him after the long, hard, overland journey. At night he would drop down inside the tent, haggard and dull, almost too tired to sleep.

The other miners helped him with presents of food bought in town, and would have given a share of their gold-dust, too; but Davis, an independent Missouri farmer, was ashamed to have his children beggars, and hid their misery as best he could. Only, at sunset, after the day's useless labor, he would look around him at the little circle of faces and wonder with sinking heart what he could do to earn their bread, here in this strange new country where prices were so high, since the gold-strike, that an ordinary day's wages went nowhere.

There were three children: Lydia, Luke, and Maggie. Lydia was twelve, Luke eight, and Maggie six. On the journey westward their clothes had been replaced in part by garments cut from deerskin or buffalo-hide; but these were nearly worn out now, and the children ran about in mixed remnants of cotton cloth and deerskin, with Indian moccasins on their feet if the ground was too rough to go barefoot. They were eager, brave, wide-awake children, as pioneers' sons and daughters had to be, and they shared, as much as their age allowed, the pain and discouragement of their parents. They spent their time searching for gold with patient hopefulness. But they were forbidden to wander up the hillsides or into the woodland more than a little way, for wild beasts were plentiful and not all the wandering Indians were friendly.

But Lydia, the eldest, so hated to see the unhappiness on her father's and mother's faces that she could not bear to sit at home expecting each day's failure. Day by day she roamed farther into the woodland, not in the hope of finding gold there, but to gather berries and mushrooms and whatever eatable she could find, to make a change from the meat which was their only diet.

In another week or two, Lydia found that she had gathered most of the berries that grew in the woods about the camp. The nearest hillside was covered with a forest growth of tall trees, around whose trunks grew shrubs and undergrowth in profusion. Lydia was sure that in this woodland wilderness she could find what she sought, and daily trips into the woods had made her bold. She had never seen anything worse than foxes, deer, squirrels, and rabbits. Wolves bayed about the camp all night, but these, she had heard the miners say, seldom came out of their lairs before nightfall.

Without stopping to think much about whether she had better go or not, she began

climbing the hillside. She was eager to forget her troubled thoughts of her father, who had taken up pick and shovel that morning as if the sight and the weight of them were almost more than he could bear. She was eager, too, to carry home something for the children, who found it very hard to live on antelope steak every day. Yet in spite of this hardship, the healthy outdoor air had made the cheeks of all three glow with color. Lydia climbed the hill with vigorous energy, seizing slim tree-trunks or boughs to help her up the steep places, her breath coming quicker with the pleasant effort, her dark hair loose about her face, and her bright eyes searching the moss and undergrowth for the spoil she wanted.

Reaching at last a grassy clearing half-way up the hill, she saw with satisfaction a whole tangle of blackberry-vines clinging to the rough, gray side of a sort of natural cave, formed by great boulders leaning against each other and extending like a rocky rampart across the glade. A rabbit darted from her path. Squirrels chattered excitedly in the trees dotting the open. Lydia paused, her battered old tin pail in her hand, and smiled up at them a moment. "What are you saying?" she asked softly. "If you know where more berries are, I wish you'd speak plainer." But the squirrels frisked about as restlessly as ever, without explaining what they meant. The sun flickered through the trees' heavy foliage, the branches sighed as the hill breeze passed through them, and Lydia began busily picking the blackberries which grew in such plenty on the vines against the cave.

As she picked, her eyes wandered up the gray, rocky wall, and she thought the berries over her head looked bigger than those within reach. She scrambled up the rock's rough, shelving side, picking as she climbed,



"LYDIA DID NOT WAIT TO SEE THE BEAR COME FARTHER"

and in a few moments reached the top of the cave and saw to her amazement that the roof, at that end, was entirely missing, and was no more than a gaping hole into which with a careless step she might have fallen. Breathless, she clung to the rocky ledge, and, leaning forward, stared into the dark interior with fearful eyes. All at once the forest solitude seemed eerie and filled with vague alarm. She shivered as she bent

down to look into the darkness. As she did so, she grew aware of two great gleaming eyes staring back at her, and while her teeth struck against each other in sudden terror, the cave reëchoed to a frightful roar which almost caused the little girl clinging to the blackberry-vines to loose her hold and tumble to the ground.

But even in her terror, Lydia did not let go of her only refuge. There was surely another entrance to the cave somewhere on the ground, though she had seen only cracks and crevices, and what if the beast should come out and face her there? But could it also spring through the hole in the roof? She was not left long in doubt. She heard the sound of a heavy breath, a ponderous tread. A gigantic, shaggy body reared its six feet of length against the rock's interior wall; the huge head and glaring eyes of a grizzly bear showed within the gap, and one paw, armed with its monstrous, cruel claws, caught at the rocky edge and sought a hold.

Lydia did not wait to see the bear come farther. Fear is sometimes as good as courage, when it comes to making up one's mind. She did not know what she was doing, she could not think at all, but she slid to the ground, her pail dropped and forgotten, her hands and arms scratched and bleeding, and, tearing herself free from the blackberry tangle, fled down the hillside as swiftly as the rabbits that flashed before her feet.

The cave extended across the glade, and perhaps its ground-floor entrance was at the farther end. Lydia never knew where it was, nor did she once look around as she ran. Breathless, gasping, her eyes staring with horror, ever with the thought of the great beast that might be bounding on her trail, she ran and ran in the direction that led away from the mining-camp, not daring to stop nor even hoping to escape. At last, the hillside forest changed to an open glen, through which a stream flowed. The land near the stream was level, for the hill had long been left behind. Lydia dared now to glance around her. There was no bear in sight, and her parched throat and fiercely aching limbs told her she must have run a long way. She sank down beside the rapid flowing stream with a groan of overpowering relief. If the bear had followed her, it would have caught her before this. She lay on the bank and gulped down the cold water with dazed delight. She bathed her arms and legs in it and threw handfuls of it on her

flushed, hot face. Its coolness cleared her tired brain a little. She glanced again about her, and all her fear returned.

How did she know the bear would not yet follow? She had no idea where she was—how far from home or from any shelter. In her distress, she began sobbing aloud with fright and helplessness. She bitterly regretted her rashness, and, trying to calm her terror, wrung her scratched, bruised hands together. But there was no one to help her and she must help herself. Before trying to get home, she must find some sort of instant shelter for herself in case the bear came on her track—for those glaring eyes, those terrible claws, haunted her thoughts.

But what shelter could she find? There was nothing in sight but the rippling stream, and the grassy glen mounting in a gentle slope beyond the water to where the leafy screen of trees shut in the view. There was no sign of a cave, and, if there had been, Lydia would not have dared enter it. There was not even a rock to climb, and as for climbing trees, she thought the grizzly could beat her at that. While she peered wildly about her, the sound of a breaking twig, a hurrying footfall among the trees this side of the stream, made her tingle from head to foot. She had not the least doubt but that the bear was at her heels as she sprang from the ground, ran frantically into the cold stream, waded and plunged, and, at last, swam across it. Staggering out onto the farther bank, she saw the great hollow stump of a redwood tree near by. She stumbled over to it, climbed its crumbling side, and plopped down into the hollow, raising a cloud of dead leaves and bark-dust about her face.

She crouched here, head down, heart pounding, for full fifteen minutes before her fright allowed her to raise her head and look cautiously over the rim of bark. The stream flowed at her feet, and on either side, there was nothing in sight. The fox, wild-cat, or other forest dweller which had so renewed her fears had long since vanished. Lydia breathed a slow, hard breath, got up shakily, and climbing, awkward with weariness, out of the hollow stump, brought down most of the rotten wood with her.

Losing her balance as the wood cracked and yielded, she tumbled over at the foot of the stump, grubbing with her hands at roots and loosened earth to keep from rolling into the stream. When she recovered herself, she remained kneeling in the dirt to

stare at the upturned clods of earth around the broken stump. The earth was mixed with glittering yellow particles. There were shining grains as big as large pebbles scattered over the ground—as big as the nuggets she had seen the miners show with triumph in their pans. Lydia held her breath, the bear forgotten. She reached out a doubtful hand and touched the bits of gold, picked one up, rubbed it clean on her wet dress. It glittered and winked at her in the checkered sunshine. She dug out half a dozen more shining grains and tied them into the string of the cotton sunbonnet which hung, drenched and dripping, down her back. Her cheeks burned, her eyes shone with a new excitement strong enough to make her forget her fear. Over and over, aloud, but almost in a whisper, she repeated: "I've found it! I've found gold! Father and Mother need n't worry any more!"

She got up, not thinking how tired she was, glanced at the sun, which was half-way down the western sky, and, remembering that the diggings lay west of the hill she had first climbed, set off toward the setting sun through the wood. At each twenty or thirty steps she paused, stripped off a piece of bark from a tree, piled up a couple of big stones, or broke off pine boughs and stuck them into the ground to blaze the trail. After walking about two miles she came to a hunter's cabin, of which the inmate, a weather-beaten old man, pointed out to her the direction of the diggings. "And you'd better run, young one!" was his advice. "No place for little gals, these woods ain't, after sundown."

Lydia thought the same, and ran most of the way home, which was now less than a mile distant. When she reached her father's tent, which he had just entered after a thankless day's labor, she was so exhausted that at first she could only lie on the ground panting, and stammer out answers to the anxious questions poured into her ears. But finally she sat up and told her story, and before she ended, her father and mother had hold of her hands, fear and dismay at the first part of her tale giving way to amazement and delight. They wanted to believe it, they feared to, they hesitated between joy and doubt, until Lydia, remembering the gold in her bonnet-string, showed it to prove her words.

"Lyddy, you're tired out, but if you ride my old mule, could you take me to the place now?" her father asked, his face flushed with eagerness, the shining grains held in his work-worn hand.

"Indeed I could!" cried Lydia.

"You're tired, too, Father," said Mrs. Davis, but her face had grown full of happiness.

"Never mind that," said her husband. "Think—just think—of having enough again—enough for the children, and to live decent! Come, Lyddy! For all the gold here in my hand, I sha'n't believe it till I see the place."

Lydia, on the mule's back, willingly led the way through the forest to the stream and to the hollow stump. With her father, rifle in hand, walking beside her, the fears that had shaken her in the woods alone slunk away ashamed. She now thought of the bear with gratitude. If she had not tumbled, half dead with fright, into that hollow redwood stump, the claim which her father staked out that very day, by the sun's last rays and the glimmer of twilight, would have kept its hidden gold.

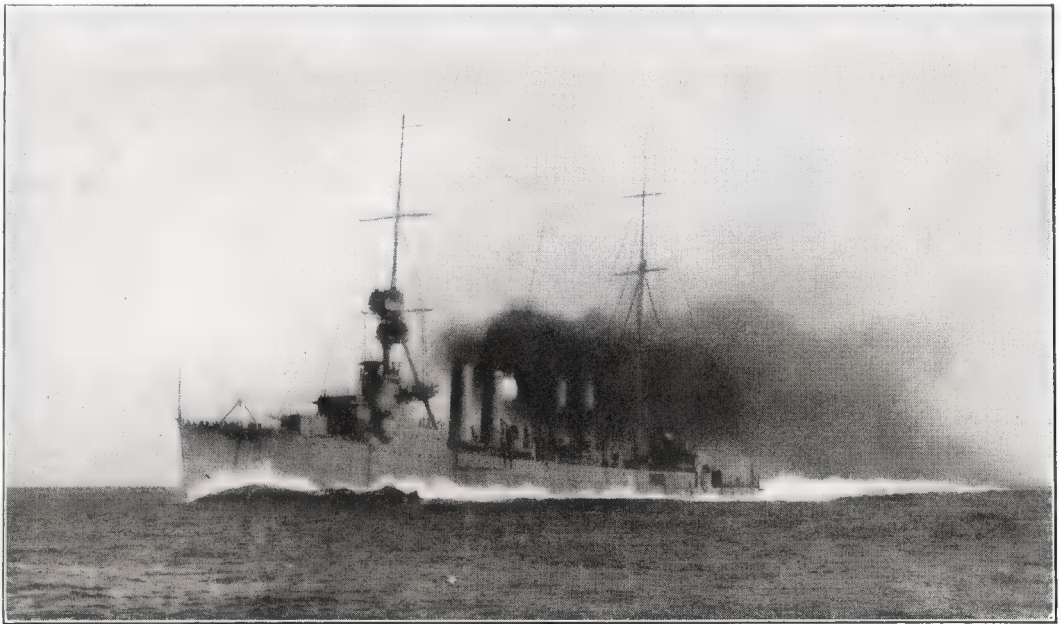
On the next day, the Davises moved to their new claim, where they found gold in plenty and knew want and misery no more. Other gold-diggers camped along the stream around them; and although prices were then so high in California that few of the miners got rich, the little settlement was comfortable and prosperous. The mining-camp grew into a village, and the miners, who had, of course, heard Lydia's story, christened the spot Lyddy's Gulch, as the name still remains.

When the old-timer who told me all this had finished speaking, he pointed out, in the main street of the little town, a sturdy young man who had just stepped off a motor-truck loaded with wooden crates. "See that chap?" asked my friend. "That's Lyddy Davis's grandson. Come over here, Fred! I was just tellin' the story of the gulch."

The young man smiled, as at something long familiar. "Been hearing that?" he said to me good-humoredly. "Well, I've got some pretty good nuggets right here in my truck!" He pulled one of the latticed crates toward him and showed me the golden cheeks of big, juicy peaches packed ready to ship east from his Sacramento River farm.



"THEY FOUND GOLD IN PLENTY AND KNEW WANT AND MISERY NO MORE"



THE U. S. S. "RICHMOND," THE NEW LIGHT CRUISER WHICH RESCUED THE ITALIAN AVIATOR LOCATELLI, IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, ON AUGUST 24, 1924

SHAKING-DOWN WITH THE CRUISERS

By ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

Former Commander, U. S. Navy

Illustrations from photographs furnished by the Navy Department

IN these days, whenever there is any talk about the navies of the world, the word "cruisers" is sure to be mentioned. This is because cruisers have become very much more important within the last few years, both in the eyes of naval strategists and in the eyes of all those interested in the relations that exist between the great powers of the world.

As every one knows, a big naval treaty was drawn up and signed at the Conference of Limitations, called by President Harding more than two years ago. Under the treaty, signed by the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy, it was agreed that no more huge battle-ships should be built, and that a lot of those already building should be destroyed; while a number of old ships, owned by the various powers, should be sunk. That pretty well settled the question of dreadnoughts or "capital ships," as they are called in naval language. But the treaty did not go very far with cruisers; it only provided that these ships should be limited in size to ten thousand tons, and did

not say how many each of the five navies could have. The reasons why the treaty did not speak more definitely were rather complicated; they included Great Britain's feeling that she must have cruisers because she has so many colonies; France's belief that, since she had no great number of battle-ships, she should have plenty of cruisers; Japan's firm stand for her cruisers, to cover the trade routes of merchantships in the Pacific; and so on. Therefore, when this famous agreement is spoken of as the "5-5-3 Treaty," the term means simply that the United States and Britain were to have the same strength in capital ships, and that their strength, compared to Japan's, was to be in the ratio of five to three. These three countries are used because, as we all know, they have the most important navies to-day—important in the sense of the amount of sea they must cover and the duties they must perform. And the cruisers, strictly speaking, do not come into the ratio.

A cruiser may be very large, with armor and turrets like a battle-ship, and greater

speed. This type is called a "battle-cruiser," and, under the treaty, it is regarded as a capital ship. The United States has never had any ships of this type; we were building the *Lexington*, the *Ranger*, the *Saratoga*, and several others, when the conference met; but we agreed to convert two of them into aircraft carriers and to scrap the rest. England's splendid battle-cruisers like the *Lion*, *Tiger*, and others, were famous during the war, under the great Admiral Beatty.

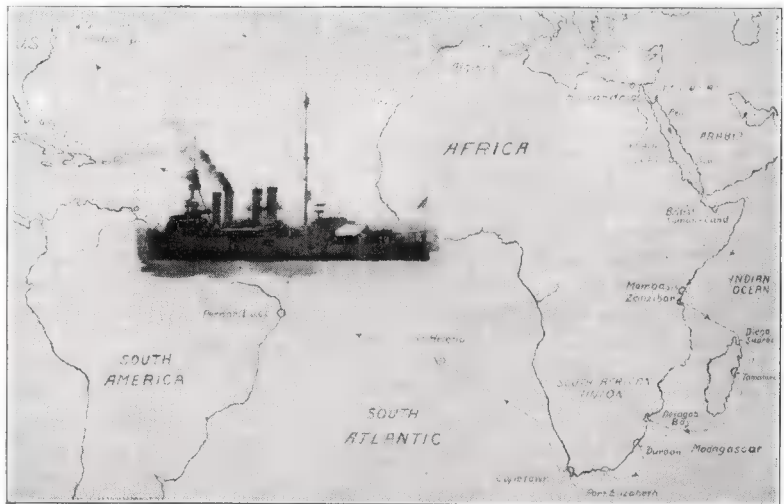
Other cruisers may be either "protected"—that is, fitted with light armor—or simply "light cruisers," with almost no protection. Sometimes they are called "scout" cruisers, for the obvious reason that they are used to go ahead of the main fleet, find the enemy, and send back reports of his course, speed, and strength. It is all these types that, from now on, are to be limited in size, but not in numbers.

We have, in our navy, very few cruisers—far fewer than we should have if we are to live up to our international agreement, which meant—if it meant anything—an effort by all the big powers to establish properly balanced fleets and so work toward the general peace of the world. We may say this, because either very great strength, or very great weakness, compared to another power, is very apt to lead a nation into war, however much she may want to keep out of it. In her great strength, she may want to enforce her demands; in her great weakness, she may find another's demands enforced upon her. But an even balance—that is, a properly equipped, properly manned navy, is merely a sign to other nations that one is ready for defense and not to be trifled with; there is not necessarily anything about such a fleet to provoke a quarrel. Two boys or girls of about the same age and weight are not so apt to come to blows as two who differ greatly; a mutual respect makes them "talk it all over" first.

Among our few new cruisers are the *Rich-*

mond, the *Concord*, the *Trenton*, and some others, all sisters and all with good historic names. They are of about eight thousand tons, with a speed of some thirty-four knots and an armament of six-inch guns. To look at them, one would take them for overgrown destroyers and, in a way, that is what they are. But they are fitted to carry and launch aircraft, so they are expected to do a little more scouting work than a destroyer could do. On the other hand, they are not strong enough to put up much of a fight; if they should come into contact with a powerful enemy, they would have to "cut and run."

Service on a cruiser is interesting; their lesser draft of water allows them to go to so many places which the big battleships never reach. Also, such cruisers as the *Richmond* class are very often sent on "flag-flying expeditions," those missions which one nation undertakes when it wants to show courtesy to another nation at the time of a jubilee, a coronation, or something of that sort. Then, again, a new cruiser, like every other new ship, is always sent on a "shake-down," the term applied to a first voyage, which is planned to give the engines a chance to work out their stiffness, to let the ship "find her-



THE U. S. S. "CONCORD" AND A CHART SHOWING THE ROUTE OF HER CRUISE

self," like the one in Mr. Kipling's fine yarn, and to teach the officers and crew what to expect of her under all the different kinds of wind and weather conditions which she may have to meet in her lifetime. Also, all the guns must be fired at least once, the compasses must be checked for their accuracy and adjusted if there is any error—and the

cooks have to learn how to use the ranges in the galley! All these things can be developed in a cruiser in strange waters and in far-away ports.

Lately, with the *Richmond* class, most of the shake-downs have been in the Atlantic, around the coast of Africa, in the Mediterranean and Red Seas, or off South America.



BLUE-JACKETS FROM THE U. S. S. "CONCORD" SCALING THE SPHINX

In all these cruises, there has been much of interest to see, and some of the ports visited had never had an American man-o'-war in harbor before. That, in itself, is worth while, because it all helps to build up international friendship. Nothing like cruisers, for that purpose; they are plenty big enough to be respected, to have ball-teams and boat-crews, so they can give a good account of themselves in every way; and yet they are small enough to be "handy," as sailormen call a ship which can be taken in and out of narrow straits and close harbors without too much difficulty. Also, with their high speed and oil-fuel, they can cover a great deal of cruising in a few months and be refueled with very little trouble in port, or even, if the emergency requires, on the high seas.

A good example of a shake-down cruise is that of the *Concord*, which was completed not very long ago. The chart shows the ship herself and the approximate courses she steered to find her way into odd and rather out-of-the-way places, beginning with St.

Thomas, in the Virgin Islands—or the Danish West Indies as they used to be called before the United States bought them from Denmark and took possession in April, 1917, at just about the time America entered the Great War. It was thought then that Germany was using these islands for submarine bases; probably she would have used them

that way if she had been able to get enough ships like the *Emden*—her most famous raiding-cruiser—out to sea and in a position to establish bases; or if Admiral Sturdee's battle-cruisers had not destroyed the German squadron at the Falkland Islands after that same squadron had overwhelmed the gallant Admiral Sir Christopher Craddock in the *Good Hope*. As it was, the Virgin Islands were of no use to Germany, and they are now slowly becoming Americanized—beautiful little islands, which some day may be more fully developed as trading ports.

Of course, St. Helena was an interesting place to stop, on account of its historic associations. In spite of all the criticisms of Napoleon as a harsh, avaricious conqueror, he will always stand in history as an inspiring figure, as a great soldier and law-giver and, finally, as a lonely, pathetic figure in that island exile from which he never returned.

Capetown, Durban, Delegoa Bay—all these names are suggestive of adventure, of the diamond-fields, the quaint old Boers, and the scores of expeditions of men like Livingstone, Stanley, and Cecil Rhodes—not to mention Rider Haggard's great hero of fiction—*Alan Quartermain*. Wherever the *Concord* stopped, either on the African coast or in the Island of Madagascar, there were hundreds of places to be visited, and hundreds of customs and habits which were new to the American sailors and enormously interesting. Think of holding an armful of such ostrich plumes right on a farm where these big, awkward birds, who can strike such terrific blows with their feet, are raised

just as our ranches in the West raise cattle! Of course, the *Concord*, flying the American flag, was almost as strange a sight to the inhabitants of some of those queer little places. When she anchored off the coast, the natives came from miles around to look at her, nod their heads and whisper about her behind their beards. Captain Murfin, his officers and all his crew were invited to an absolutely endless round of entertainments, some of which were very quaint, if they were judged by our modern ideas, but which are still the custom in these places. There, no matter how old the world grows, the things that have been handed down through the centuries from one generation to another still exist and are still highly respected.

That is the great thing about travel—this learning what people on the other side of the world think and believe. Travel makes such a live thing of geography, after we have plodded slowly through a big book with a brown cover, making tracings and relief-maps, bounding States, and following out the courses of rivers—all of them not much more than names to us. It seems likely that most of us, before we have been to Australia, for example, think of it as a pink spot on the map, with perhaps a kangaroo and a boomerang in it. And then to go there and find great cities, humming with people, railroads, trolley-cars, and commerce—such cities as Sydney and Melbourne, producing a race

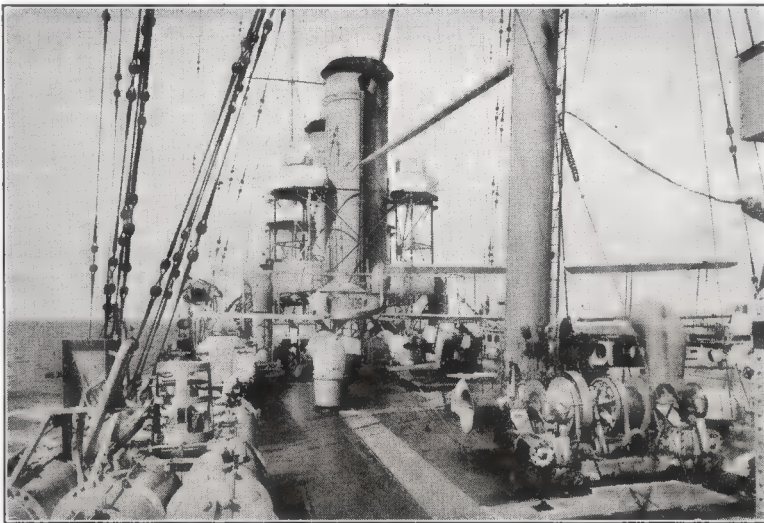


THE U. S. S. "OMAHA" COMING ALONGSIDE THE DOCK AT HONOLULU

magnificent army of tall, splendid soldiers, who made such a great record when the mother-country called upon them! Travel

helps us to appreciate all these things.

Of course, along the desert, through the edge of the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the famous Suez Canal, there were countless other places to be seen by the *Concord's* crew, and remembered. As many of the officers and men as could be spared at a time were sent up into the country on all sorts of sight-seeing tours. They rode on donkeys or on camels—your true sailorman, for some reason or other, always has a secret am-



AIRPLANES ARE CARRIED ON THE DECK OF THE U. S. S. "MILWAUKEE"

that seems oddly like our own, producing sportsmen like Brooks and Patterson, and a

bition to be a great horseman, so he rides whenever he has the chance, and he is not a bit par-

ticular about the kind of animal, though he often has a hard time steering it. There was hardly a place where these *Concord* sailors did not go, hardly a temple, a statue,



ON THE WAY TO THE PYRAMIDS

or a tomb that they did not visit. They talked with nomads and sheiks, with camel-drivers and with merchants; they even tried to find out from the Sphinx what that famous old question of history really was. For, if there is anything, anywhere, to be seen or heard, the American blue-

jacket may be depended upon not to miss it.

In quite the same way, caravans from far inland, made up, of course, of "ships of the desert," took special trips to see the *Concord*. One of these was photographed with its camels "parked" after their long walk across the Sudanese desert from Khartum, waiting while their leader, with what we may be sure was a great deal of formality, paid his respects to Captain Murfin.

From Alexandria on, the *Concord* clung to the African side of the Mediterranean, perhaps because Europe was rather more of an old story, since so many of our ships and men go there at one time or another. But of course, they had to pass under the shadow of Gibraltar, that majestic old rock that is still supposed, under the principles of international diplomacy, to be only "lent" to Great Britain by Spain. And finally, the *Concord*, on her way home across the Atlantic, steamed by the group of Portuguese islands, well-named the Azores,—which, in English, means vultures,—because of the flocks of these birds that are forever hovering above the high cliffs and the rough little farms locked up in their walls built of lava.

Altogether, the *Concord's* trip was so very successful that the Navy Department immediately decided upon another like it. At this writing, the *Trenton*, which was commissioned last May, is taking her shake-down over much the same course. Her commander is Captain Kalbfus, who had the transport *Pocahontas* when she was in a running gun-fight with a submarine, who outranged her by hundreds of yards, but who was not able to sink her. And also in the *Trenton* are one or two of our expert air-pilots, who will make all sorts of flying experiments from the ship on her cruise. She ought to have a great yarn to spin for she will stop at all the ports that could not be included in the *Concord's* itinerary.



AT THE EDGE OF THE DESERT—THE U. S. S. "CONCORD" AT PORT SUDAN, EGYPT



A LEAVE PARTY FROM THE U. S. S. "DETROIT" AT THE PYRAMIDS

Of course, not all of a cruiser's life is spent in this sort of sight-seeing—"flower-shows," as most navy men call these trips. Every now and then a time comes when there is less band-music and less parading, more of something like real service.

For instance, in 1914, the cruiser *Chester* had an important share in the difficulties and disagreements which the United States had with Mexico at the time when Victoriano Huerta was president of that struggling country that has been upset by so much civil war.

The *Chester*, at that time, was commanded by Captain Moffett, the present chief of Naval Aviation. The ship was not new, even then, but she was fast and, because of her light draft, she could enter the inner harbor of Vera Cruz, or steam up the Panuco River at Tampico, both places too small to take a battle-ship. With political questions as unsettled as they were, the *Chester* was kept in those waters all through the winter of 1913, dashing up to Tampico every time that city was on the point of being attacked by another rebel army, which might burn

an oil-well or destroy other American property; dashing back to Vera Cruz as soon as the flurry blew over, drilling away at the guns all the time, and putting in her spare time at the great sport of fishing for tarpon.



FEATHERS FROM AN OSTRICH FARM IN THE SUNDAY RIVER VALLEY, SOUTH AFRICA

Naturally, Captain Moffett was not one to let the ship get moldy, or "out of the picture"; you may be sure that no matter

what question came up before our admiral in command of the squadron, Captain Moffett was ready with a suggestion that the *Chester* should be given a prominent part in whatever might be planned.

After months of waiting, the crash finally came in April, 1914. It is a remarkable fact that every serious international row this country has ever had did come to its crash in the month of April—the Revolution, the Spanish War, the Mexican Occupation, the Civil War, and, finally, the Great War. In the Mexican case, our Government finally decided to seize the Vera Cruz custom-house, and Admiral Fletcher was ordered to send a landing-party ashore to do the job.

At that particular moment, the *Chester* was at Tampico, the place where one of Mexico's mistakes had been made when she took prisoner an officer of our navy, with a number of his men. But Tampico, just then, was quiet. When the word came through the radio that our men had landed at Vera Cruz and that shots had been exchanged, Captain Moffett was in despair—something happening, and the *Chester* not in it! Even if the captain could have endured such a state of affairs, he had another "fire-eater" on-board. This was no other than Smedley Butler, then a major of marines and a veteran of the Boxer uprising in China, the Nicaragua campaign, the Panama Battalion, and practically every other activity the Marine Corps had known for years; the same Butler who has since become a general and was recently given a year's leave to become chief of police in Philadelphia.

Between Moffett and Butler, the *Chester*, if left inactive, would probably have blown out a cylinder-head or burst a boiler. She knew that she was perfectly capable of taking Vera Cruz single-handed, and to have some one else doing it was a terrific blow to her pride.

Fortunately, in the nick of time, radio orders came summoning the *Chester* to Vera Cruz. Down the coast she went at top-speed, her captain and her crew, Major Butler and a hundred or so of his men, all dreading that the show would be over before they got there.

There are many reefs around Vera Cruz; it is not the simplest harbor in the world to make at night. And on this night, the

Mexicans had extinguished the lights in some of the lighthouses.

"Look out for firing from the breakwater," Captain Moffett was warned when he asked radio permission to enter the inner harbor. Just the chance for Butler, who distributed his men, flat on their faces, along the *Chester's* rail, where they could just get their rifles over the lashed hammocks thrown down in the waterways.

It was particularly dark, and only the loom of a big bulk could be seen on the star-board hand—San Juan d'Ulloa, the old Mexican prison-fortress at the shore end of the breakwater. Like the marines, the ship's company was standing by its loaded broadside guns; however, no shot was fired, when the *Chester* glided unseen through the entrance like *culebra negra*—the "black snake," as the Mexicans afterwards called her—and came to anchor only a few yards from Sanidad Pier on the waterfront of the town.

Just at that midnight hour, there was nothing interesting for the *Chester* to do but land Major Butler and his marines, with a company of sailors, to report to the admiral ashore. But the next morning showed that Captain Moffett had picked the right anchorage.

In "cleaning up" the town, a regiment of American sailors was marched down the front of a long building not far from the sea-wall. As they came exactly opposite the windows, the second-story burst into a flame of rifle-fire; scores of irregular Mexican troops had been concealed there, some of them with machine-guns. It would have been a bad moment for that regiment if the *Chester's* guns, loaded and trained, had not instantly opened fire. The front of the building simply fell out bodily, and, of course, the firing ceased. One ensign of the regiment declared afterward that the singing of the *Chester's* five-inch shells, going right over his head, was the sweetest music he had ever heard. Certainly it saved a lot of American lives, which would have been sacrificed at a range so short that the enemy's rifles were almost in our men's faces.

That is the mission of the cruisers—to make as many friends as possible, all over the world, but to be always ready to serve, in a sense, as traffic-police or as special patrolmen on distant posts.



"THE MONTH WAS OCTOBER"
FROM A PORTRAIT BY LYDIA FIELD EMMETT



The Knight without Fear or Reproach.

by Mildred Longstreth

"*Le bon chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," he was called, "The good knight without fear and without reproach," because he never was afraid nor did anything of which to be ashamed. Both friends and enemies gave this noble title to Bayard, the great knight of France.

His real name was Pierre du Terrail, but he was always called Bayard, after the castle in which he was born in 1475. The men of his family had always been great fighters; and ever since he was a small boy, Bayard wished to be a soldier, too. So when he was about thirteen years old it was agreed that he should go away and become the page of a great duke, who would teach him to be a knight.

Up in a tower of the castle, his mother shed a secret tear that her young son should leave her; but before he rode away she came down to say good-by.

"Pierre," said she, "as much as a mother can command her child, I do command you three things, and if you do them, you will always have honor in life.

"The first is that above all things you should always love and serve God; pray to him night and morning, and He will help you.

"The second is that you be gentle and

courteous to all men, freeing yourself from pride. Keep your promises, and never bear tales against any one. Be loyal, my son, in word and deed, that men may trust you.

"The third is that, with the goods that God may give you, be ever full of charity to the poor and freely generous to all men. And may God grant that we may always hear you well spoken of."

Bayard never forgot his mother's words, but lived up to them throughout his life.

After he had been at the duke's castle for awhile with a number of other boys who also had been sent there for training, the duke was so pleased with his bright ways that he sent, or "gave," him to the king, Charles VIII. When Charles went to Italy to take Naples for himself,—his excuse being that a king of Naples had given it to him, which of course the king had no right to do,—Bayard went with him, and fought so bravely at the battle of Fornovo that Charles then and there made him a knight.

Bayard served under three kings of France—Charles VIII, Louis XII, and Francis I. These kings all seemed unable to resist fighting in Italy, for one excuse or another. War in those days was a romantic affair, quite different from what it is to-day, and the kings and knights found it a most exciting game. In fact, a man was not well thought of if he had not been in at least a few battles.

After Charles VIII died, his cousin Louis XII became king, and he too went to Italy, this time to capture Milan, which he claimed should be his because his grandmother had been queen there.

There was much fighting about the city, but finally the French were sent away, and Bayard and his companions were the last to leave.

As they rode out of the city, the Milanese were about to attack them again, but Bayard and the few men with him turned their horses and chased them back to the town. Bayard whipped up his horse, a smile on his face, and dashed ahead of the others, right into Milan, alone with the enemy. He was taken prisoner and brought before the ruler of the place, Duke Lodovico Sforza.

The knight looked so young that Lodovico, surprised, asked how he happened to be alone.

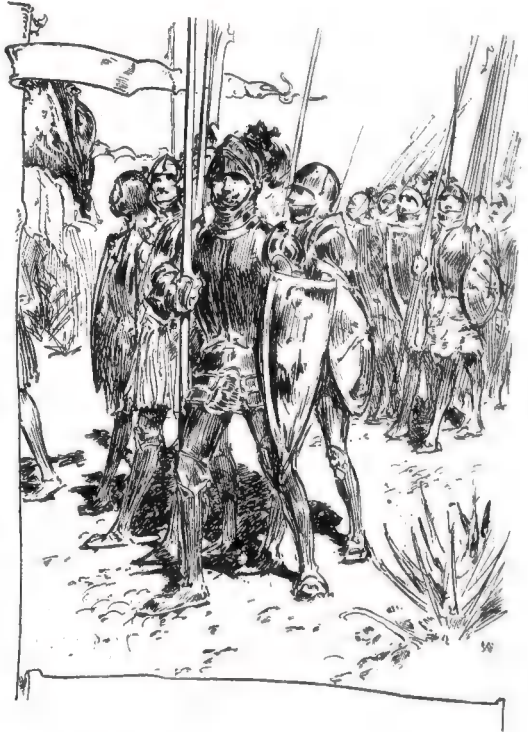
"By my faith, my lord," answered Bayard, "I never imagined I was entirely alone, but thought I was being followed by my comrades, who knew more about war than I, for if I had been as wise as they, I would not be here now."

Lodovico then asked him how large was the army of the king of France. Bayard told him, adding, "They are all picked men, and they mean to take Milan away from you and give it to Louis, our king. So it seems to me," he ended fearlessly, "you would be much safer in Germany than you are here, for your men are not fit to fight us."

Instead of being angry with the young knight for speaking so frankly, Lodovico was pleased with his brave manner, and told him he would set him free. Usually, to set a prisoner free, his friends would have to pay a very large sum of money for a ransom, but Lodovico let Bayard go without one. He gave him back his horse and lance, and Bayard leaped on his steed with all his heavy armor on, without even putting his foot to the stirrup. Then he gave the animal a little run around the courtyard, and, just for the sport of it, showed his skill with a lance, so that Lodovico was not very much pleased and remarked, "If all the French men-at-arms were like this one, I should have a poor chance." And indeed, he was captured by them soon after and died in prison.

The story of Bayard's great deeds were written by a loyal servant, or servitor, as he was called in those days, who followed the chevalier through all the wars. The loyal servitor loved his master much, and never tires of telling us of his valor and his kindness. Other captains took many valuable things from the people they conquered; but Bayard never kept any of the spoil for himself, giving it all away to his friends.

After awhile, the Spaniards joined the Italians and a battle was fought on the banks of the river Garigliano, when the Spaniards were on one side of the river and the French were on the other. Hour after hour they fought, the Spanish troops trying to cross the narrow bridge; but the French defended it so that they could not.



"THE MEN OF HIS FAMILY HAD ALWAYS BEEN GREAT FIGHTERS"

Then one of the Spanish captains made up his mind that if he could not take the bridge by force, he would take it by a trick. So the Spaniards left the bridge and went down to a shallow place in the river to cross there, and the French all went down after them.

Now the last of the line was the place of honor, because it was the most dangerous. It was, therefore, usually given to Bayard; so when they rode away, Bayard was still nearest to the bridge. As he and a soldier named Le Basco happened to look around, what should they see but a troop of Spanish horsemen galloping gaily back to the now undefended bridge.

Bayard turned in his saddle and cried to Le Basco: "Go quickly and bring some of our men back to guard the bridge, or we are all ruined! I will do my best to amuse them until you come back, but make haste!"

So Le Basco galloped off for help, and Bayard rode quickly to the end of the bridge, right into the first of the Spaniards, who had already started to cross. And he rushed in among them so hard that two or three were hurled into the river—horses, riders, and all,—whence they rose no more, for the river was wide and deep. For a moment the rest were driven back; but when they saw there was only one man against them, they attacked him so vigorously that it was a marvel that any one could withstand them. And then was fought a gallant fight, Bayard alone against two hundred Spaniards. He got his horse close up to the parapet of the bridge, so that they could not pass behind him, and struck out with all his might, giving the enemy blow after blow with his lance.

The enemy cast pikes and lances and other arms at him, but in vain; the chevalier seemed to bear a charmed life. In fact, so long and so well did he defend himself that the Spaniards thought he must be a demon and began to be afraid.

And so for half an hour Bayard alone against two hundred knights held the bridge at Garigliano, until at last Le Basco came hurrying back with help.

Now as the French rode away after this battle, Bayard as usual came last; and, as his horse was very tired, soon dropped a little way behind. The Spaniards, seeing this, rushed up to him and surrounded him, so that he was forced to surrender.

But within a very few minutes his men missed him, and turning back and shouting their battle-cry, "France! France!" chased the Spaniards until they caught up with them. They rescued the chevalier and returned to their camp in great glee at the day's adventures.

In 1513, the French were driven out of Italy for awhile, but they still had a war to keep them busy. England had decided to help the Italians, too, and no sooner had the French left Italy than the English marched into France. Then came what is known in history as the "Battle of the Spurs," because the French used their swords very little, but their spurs a great deal to urge their horses on as they ran away in a panic. Bayard did not run away, but knew that if he stayed, he would be captured.

An English knight who was resting by a stream had taken off his armor and was too tired to think about taking prisoners. Bayard rode straight at him and cried, "Yield, man-at-arms, you are my prisoner!"

The Englishman, who thought the fighting was all over, was certainly a surprised man at this; but as Bayard had his sword at his throat, there was nothing for him to do but surrender. "I yield," said he, "but who are you?"

"I am Captain Bayard, and I also yield myself to you," was the reply. "Here is my sword, so take me with you."

So the Englishman took Bayard to his camp and kept him prisoner. But after five days Bayard came to him and said, "Sir, I should like to return to my own camp, for I am weary of this."

"Indeed, no," said the English knight, "you are my prisoner."

"But what about you?" asked Bayard, "were you not my prisoner first?"

The Englishman did not quite know what to say to this. But the king of England, Henry VIII, heard of it, and he sent for the famous chevalier, for he had always wished to meet him. Bayard went to him and King Henry was greatly amused at his cleverness in capturing the Englishman before the Englishman captured him, and said, "All things considered, you had best each let the other go free."

Henry VIII and Bayard talked for awhile, and the king said, "I thought that Bayard never fled, but this day was certainly a battle of spurs."

"If I had fled, sire, I should not be here now," replied the chevalier, proudly.

So he was allowed to go back to his camp, but not before King Henry had tried to hire him to come and fight for the English; but this Bayard would not do. After the famous defense of the bridge of Garigliano the Italians had tried to hire him, too, for in those days soldiers fought for whoever chose to pay them; but Bayard swore that he would always be faithful to France and fight for no one else.

When Louis XII died without leaving any sons, his cousin became king of France and was called Francis I. Francis was very young, and he wished to win glory in war like other kings, so he set out for Italy to try to get back Milan, the city that Louis XII had won and then lost. His first great victory was at Marignano, in 1515. After it was over he called for Bayard and asked him to make him a knight.

So Francis knelt down on one knee on the battle-field, and Bayard touched him on the shoulder with his sword and said, "Please God, sire, that in war you may never take to



"AND THEN WAS FOUGHT A GALLANT FIGHT, BAYARD ALONE
AGAINST TWO HUNDRED SPANIARDS"

flight." And even the king was proud to be knighted by such a brave and honorable man as the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.

The highest position in France, next to being king, was to be constable, who was in charge of all the knights. The constable of the time of Francis I was the Duke de Bourbon, who was a great friend of Bayard. But he quarreled with Francis I over some lands, and was so angry that he left the king's service and went to fight for the king of Spain instead.

The Spaniards were still helping the Italians, and so it happened one day that the Constable de Bourbon fought a battle against his own countrymen. This was a sad day for the French, for not only were

He would not let his friends take him away, for he was in too great pain to be moved and he wished to die on the field of battle. So they laid him beneath a tree, with his face turned toward the enemy. It is said that the Constable de Bourbon rode by, at the head of his men chasing the French, and when he saw the dying man he stopped, and lifting the visor of his helmet, bent over his friend.

"Alas, Bayard!" he said, "how I grieve to see you, whom I have always loved and honored, dying before my eyes."

"Sir," replied the good knight, trying to keep from writhing with pain, "I thank you for your sympathy; but I desire no pity from your hands; I die like a true man. Rather



"RATHER IT IS I WHO PITY YOU"

they forced to flee, but the great Chevalier Bayard was mortally wounded. He was hit in the shoulder by a cannon-ball from one of the new inventions of war that he so scorned. Holding up the handle of his sword, which was in the shape of a cross, he cried, "Have pity on me, O God, according to Thy mercy!"

it is I who pity you because you serve against your king and your country."

The constable turned away in shame at these words.

Even his enemies mourned the great chevalier's death, and he has come down in history as one of the noblest knights that ever lived.

THE HOUSE OF THE LIONS

By HELEN WARD BANKS

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THE Boyntons, father, mother, Bob, Barbara, Betty, and Bee lived in a little house in Morningside next to the House of the Lions, which had belonged to the children's great-grandfather Nicholas Gordon, and which he had left with all of his fortune to his son, the second Nicholas Gordon, to the exclusion of his daughter, the children's grandmother. Uncle Nicholas, during his lifetime, allowed the Boyntons the use of the garden of the House of the Lions; but at his death, in a railway accident, the estate had gone to his wife "Cousin Grace Gordon," who disliked the Boyntons and cared only for her grandson Nicholas Gordon Gay. Cousin Grace had come back now to her own house in Morningside for the first time since her husband's death, and her maid, Maria, had by mistake included a bead bag in some old clothes that she gave to the Boyntons. When Maria asked for the bag, which she said contained Cousin Grace's diamond brooch, it was not to be found. Cousin Grace's grandson, young Nick, decided to pass the summer in Morningside and tutor with Mr. Boynton. With his help, the bag and pin and some old letters finally came to light and were restored to Cousin Grace by Barbara, who by her friendliness broke through the old lady's reserve. One of the letters written by Cousin Grace's husband declared his intention of giving the House of the Lions to his nephew, Robert Boynton. Betty discovered in the House of the Lions some old magazines which she coveted, and, in getting them, Bee pulled over the wardrobe and scattered the magazines. The strange man who rescued Bee found among them a paper which he carried away. Nick, without her mother's consent, took Betty with him when he drove to Carthage for his examinations, and through a mistake left her to come home alone by train. Mr. Boynton, very angry, spoke sharply to Nick, who flung himself into his car and in a wild drive ran into Mr. Grant driving a colt. Mr. Grant was hurt, the colt killed, and Nick disappeared. In the meantime, Cousin Grace had determined to give the House of the Lions to Mr. Boynton with an income sufficient to run it, and Mr. Boynton had mastered his pride and accepted it. Barbara, driving up with her mother to the Grant's, watched the boy who was helping Mr. Grant pick beans. As he turned at the end of the row she saw that it was Nick.

CHAPTER XIII

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN

NICK turned suddenly white under his tan when he saw Barbara; but as she came toward him, her face shining with welcome, he set his burden down and went to meet her.

"You 've been here all the time doing Mr. Grant's work!" Barbara exclaimed, as Nick took her hand. "And Mother knew it! Did n't she even tell Father?"

Nick shook his head. "Not even my grandmother. I could n't let any one know till I was sure I could put it over."

"Lamb Pie was the only one you really trusted, was n't she?" Barbara asked a little wistfully.

"She 's an angel," Nick answered fervently. "Did she bring you here? Then is it all right for me to talk to you?"

Barbara sat down on an overturned crate. "Daddy was sorry he was so hard on you, Nick. But you 've changed so!"

"How?" he asked, regarding her with steady eyes.

Barbara nodded toward the bean basket. "That. The Nick I knew three weeks ago never would have picked it full."

"The Nick you knew was a pretty poor sort of chap," he said soberly.

"Will you tell me about it, Nick? All of it?" Barbara asked.

Nick dropped down on another crate and clasped his hands between his knees. "I 'd like to tell you—once—and then never speak of it again. It started because I went away from your house thundering mad. It was all to the bad,—my taking Betty to Carthage,—of course, but I had n't been as careless of her as you all thought, and no one would give me a chance to explain. They 'd changed the exams and I had two on end as soon as I got there. I sent Barney to look after Betty; and when I came out at last and found Betty gone and that Barney had n't laid eyes on her, I was wild. I looked everywhere and telephoned your father, and he said she had n't come home. I tracked her then to the station and beat it for home, imagining all sorts of things all the way. Then they told me Betty was back and I felt as though I 'd waked up out of a nightmare, and the next thing I knew Mr. Boynton was putting me out of the house. I deserved it all right; but if I 'd lost my hold on all of you, there did n't seem much left in life. As I went away—well, something else happened that finished up the job and knocked the bottom out completely for me. I was desperate. I went for Jinks, and she and Travers came with me for a ride. It was

some ride, I can tell you! It was when we were on our way home and I was driving like a demon that we came around a sharp corner and there was Mr. Grant and his colt. It would have been all right except that the creature jumped right across the road—and I was going too fast to stop."

"Yes," Barbara said softly.

"I 'll never forget the sound of that smash till my dying day!" Nick went on, dropping his head into his hands. "And I 'll never forget what I saw. I dream about it and wake up cold as a shad. The wagon was in splinters, Mr. Grant lay sprawled on the road, and the horse—oh, it was ghastly. I thought Mr. Grant was dead, for I could n't rouse him. And I kept saying over and over to myself, 'Mr. Boynton brought up his children to live by principle. If I 'd been doing that, this would never have happened.'"

"What became of Jinks and Travers?" Barbara asked.

Nick straightened. "They took the car and went home."

"Oh, Nick!" Barbara breathed. "How could they?"

"You couldn't," Nick said; "but they went while I was fumbling over the old man. It did n't matter much about their going, for they were too scared to lift a finger and Jinks said she 'd die if she stayed. I could n't move Mr. Grant without the car, and I could n't rouse him, so I went across a field and routed a family out of bed and telephoned Aunty Grant. Then the man backed out his flivver and we got Mr. Grant in somehow and the man took him home. I went back to telephone for a doctor and—I called up your mother too. Then—there was no chance for the poor beast of a horse—and—I—shot it."

"Oh, Nick! Oh, Nick! And you were all alone!"

"I was alone for a hundred years. There was n't anything in the world but just me and what had happened. I went and got back my car and I started off on a tear. But it was no good. I could n't get away from this as I had from other things. All of a sudden I knew what I wanted. I wanted your mother. I remembered how she looked one day with her arm around Bob, and I needed her. She—she was my salvation, Bab."

Barbara nodded without speaking.

Nick came to his feet. "That 's all. She proposed that I should come up here to carry things for Mr. Grant, and I said I would if she would n't tell a soul."

"I wish you 'd let her tell," Barbara said, rising too. "They 've been hard weeks, Nick."

"Did you care?" he asked. "I never thought of that. I have been thinking about my grandmother lately, though—poor old lady!"

"She 's changed too," Barbara said, "She 's given us the House of the Lions and—what 's more wonderful—Daddy's accepted it."

Nick gave her an odd glance. "I 've got a good deal to make up to her," he said.

"She 'll be so glad to see you. She 's missed you terribly, Nick."

"Poor old granny!" he said softly. "I have n't been very good to her, have I? You have stayed with her all this time, have n't you, Bab?"

"Yes. I 'm fond of her, Nick. I 'm so glad you 're going to make her happy. Will you come down with us now?"

For the first time Nick laughed. "Do you think a farm-hand can lay off in the middle of the afternoon? I have to finish the beans and do the chores and cut wood for Aunty Grant. She 's the salt of the earth too, Bab. She 's been wonderful to me."

"She would be," Barbara answered. "Oh, Nick, you *are* so different!"

"I was up against it. I either had to smash entirely or find out how to steer. And—I guess I 'm coming out with a rudder."

"What is it going to steer you to?" Barbara asked. "You passed all your exams, Nick."

"College is cut out. I 'm going to farm."

"On your uncle's ranch?"

Nick shook his head. "Here somewhere. I have to stay where I can take care of my grandmother. There 's your mother."

"Did you mind my bringing Barbara?" Mrs. Boynton asked him.

"I 'm glad," he said simply.

"Come down and see us," she said.

"I 'll come to-night," Nick replied promptly, "after I 've seen my grandmother."

"I 'll stop and tell her," Mrs. Boynton answered, "and I 'll take Barbara home for supper so that you will have a clear field."

Nick helped her into the wagon, helped in Barbara, turned Blinkers toward home, watched them drive away, and then went back to his rows of Lima beans. He had the beans picked and the chores—including the wood-chopping—done before supper-time.

"I can never thank you for what you 've

done for us, Mr. Nick," Aunty Grant said as he paused a moment in the kitchen; "but there 's got to be a break sometime, and if you 're going down home to-night, you 'd better make it now. We 'll get along somehow."

"I 'm over being a quitter, Aunty Grant," he said. "This is my job and I 'll see it through. I have the key; don't sit up for me."

He drove down the hill behind a farm horse,—for his car had been sold to meet the Grant expenses,—left it with a welcoming Thomas Coachman, and went into the house to find his grandmother. She was alone in the drawing-room, looking so old and frail and glad to see him that Nick's chivalry caught him by the throat. She stretched him a trembling hand.

"Oh, Nick, my boy! My boy!" she quavered.

Until the last fortnight Nick had never stopped to ask whether or not he loved his grandmother; but he had been thinking hard through these days and now he knew. Unable to speak, he dropped on his knees, his head in her lap. She stroked his crisp curls, grown longer since he had been a farmer, and crooned soft little words that she had not known were in her vocabulary.

Nick waited to get back his self-control before he rose. Then he stood looking down on the little old lady.

"Grandmother," he said, "I 've been a good many kinds of a fool so far, but I see things differently now. And I want you to know that, whatever comes, I shall take care of you. You will be my first thought."

"You are all I have, Nick," she answered, and then, both embarrassed by the unwonted show of emotion, she went to a practical topic. "Shall I get you something to eat?"

"I 'm not hungry—after Aunty Grant,"

he said; "but I should esteem a bath-tub a privilege."

BARBARA had driven home with her mother, bubbling with joy. She helped Betty set the table while Mrs. Boynton made graham muffins, in honor of Barbara as a guest.



"UNABLE TO SPEAK, HE DROPPED ON HIS KNEES, HIS HEAD IN HER LAP"

"Is n't it splendid that we don't have to live any longer in a house twice too little for us!" Betty exclaimed as they sat down to supper.

"It is going to be very comfortable," her mother answered. "The only trouble is going to be to find the right people to help us take care of that big house."

"They 'll come," laughed Barbara. "Things always come to you."

They talked about Nick all supper-time and even through the dish-washing. Then Bee and her Belindas went to bed, and Betty, tired with so much excitement, soon followed her. She was scarcely asleep when the door-bell rang.

"It 's Nick!" Barbara exclaimed.

But it turned out to be a strange man.

Mr. Boynton looked at him in a puzzled way as Bob ushered him in.

"You're Daniel Brown, who used to live with my grandfather," he said. "It's a great many years since I have seen you."

"Yes, sir," Daniel answered. "I've been out of the place until these last months; but of late I've been a close neighbor to you, sir."

"Are you the ghost that's been inhabiting the House of the Lions?" demanded Bob.

Daniel Brown's eyes twinkled. "I am that, sir. I've been there off and on since June. I've been living in the West since I left the House of the Lions, but I took a great wish to see the old house again, so I came as far as Colton and started to walk down from there. A junkman gave me a lift into town. I had n't made up my mind exactly what I'd do, but the ragman told me the house was empty, and I decided that I'd camp out there if I could get in."

"Then the ragman was n't there at all?" asked Bob.

"No one was there but me," replied Daniel. "I remembered there was one cellar window under the side porch that had no fastening, so I crept in that way. I found the bead bag under the porch, but it did n't interest me in any way so I threw it aside and left it untouched until Thomas found me out and told me how the young ladies were worrying about the pin. I sent it to the jeweler's then as the best way of restoring it, and later I put out the letters for Miss Betty to take to Mrs. Gordon."

"So it was you who saved Bee!" said Mrs. Boynton. "I thought so."

"I was glad that I happened to be there, madam."

"Then Thomas Coachman knew that you were there?" interposed Barbara.

"Yes, miss. After you put a bolt on the side door which I had been using, Thomas had a second key made for the front door."

"It really was Daniel in the Lions' den," laughed Bob.

"But why," asked Mr. Boynton, "did you come secretly to Morningside and hide yourself for weeks in the old house?"

"That's what I have come now to tell you, sir. I was searching for something that I was pretty sure was there."

"Oh, how lovely!" breathed Barbara. "Did you find it?"

"Yes, miss. I found it and I showed it to Mr. Nicholas the night of the accident."

"Well, go on," said Mr. Boynton.

Daniel pondered a moment and then raised his eyes to Mr. Boynton's. "I was in your grandfather's service many years, and I'd have given my life for him or for his daughter Miss Barbara—your mother, sir. He had his crotchets and his tempers and he was stubborn enough, but he had a good sense of humor, too, and he was a kind master to me. He loved his daughter, but he did n't fancy the man she wanted to marry,—your father, sir,—and he told her one day in a temper that if she married him, she should never inherit a penny of her father's money. But Miss Barbara had her own temper, sir, and married the man of her choice. On her wedding-day my master gave her the deed of this little brown house that you are in now, sir, and showed her his will that left his whole estate to her brother, the second Mr. Nicholas Gordon, and she only laughed and kissed him and went away on her journey."

"I'm glad she kissed him," murmured Barbara.

"She was always gentle in her ways in spite of her high spirit," said Daniel. "She loved her father and he loved her. Many is the time I know for certain that Mr. Gordon repented him of his hardness to his daughter; I always spoke in her favor; but he'd given his word and he would n't break it. He never favored you, Mr. Boynton, for you look like your father; but your children got under his guard, sir. His eyes always lighted up when little Mr. Bob and Miss Barbara came running in. Miss Barbara greatly resembles your mother, sir."

"She does," agreed Mr. Boynton; "but where is all this getting us?"

"To what I have come to tell you, sir. It concerns you and the present Mrs. Nicholas Gordon. Thomas went with her when our master died, but I could never bring myself to do it. She had interfered too much with the first Mr. Nicholas Gordon's affairs."

Mr. Boynton made an impatient gesture.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it is necessary," said Daniel. "Mr. Gordon never liked her, though he often gave her her way to keep peace, but she annoyed him by dictating to him in small affairs that concerned only himself. Very shortly before his death, she came to see him and took him to task for reading light literature at such a time—he always had a pile of magazines beside his chair. Mr. Gordon resented it; you could hear their voices all over the house as they argued about it. After she had gone he called me to him and made me bring Thomas and cook

and put our names to some papers he wanted witnessed. They were legal papers that did n't concern us, and I put them all in their envelops and mailed them that night—all except one, just an ordinary sheet that I never saw again. I did wonder what it was, but he died soon after and I never knew. The will was read and everything went to the second Mr. Nicholas Gordon. I went West then and married there. I have a wife and one daughter at home; my boys are all doing for themselves. But I never got over Miss Barbara's getting nothing from her father. I was sure that Mr. Nicholas Gordon would set it right some day; but when he died too and left all his father's money to his wife and her grandson, I got all stirred up over that, and somehow my mind harked back to that bit of paper I'd signed the day my master quarreled with Mrs. Gordon, and I came to feel that it meant something. I wrote to his lawyers and no one had ever seen such a paper; but I could n't get it out of my mind, and this spring I decided I'd look for myself. So I came unbeknownst and I ransacked that house from garret to cellar to see if there was any hiding-place where a scrap of paper might be tucked away."

"Was there?" breathed Barbara.

"There was, miss, but one I'd never have found if Miss Bee had n't tumbled over the wardrobe and scattered those old magazines. It was there, just where he'd laid it! And here it is, sir. Now that you have it, I'll be going." He turned to Mrs. Boynton. "Only, madam, I make this request first. Morningside calls me, and the old house and the family. If you are going to live in the big house, you will need servants. My wife is a good cook and my girl is handy about the house. I am a good butler. Will you take us back to the House of the Lions, madam?"

"If we can afford so many, it will be a wonderful solution to the problem of housekeeping," laughed Mrs. Boynton.

Bob drew a deep breath. "A butler!" he announced to Barbara. "The Boynton's Butler, or The Newly Rich."

"Thank you, madam," Daniel replied. He handed to Mr. Boynton a yellowed sheet of paper and went away.

Mr. Boynton, frowning in perplexity, opened the paper. Mrs. Boynton was smiling to herself; Bob and Barbara were quite breathless. He read it through, glanced up with an uncertain little laugh, and read it through again. Then he looked full at Barbara.

"It seems to be up to you, Babbie," he said. "This paper is a will of Old Nick's, drawn after the one leaving everything to Uncle Nicholas. It makes you his sole heir."

"What do you mean?" gasped Barbara.

"That's what this says—that your great-grandfather, being of sound mind and considerably bored by his son's wife, revokes every other will he has drawn and leaves everything of which he shall die possessed to his great-granddaughter Barbara Gordon Boynton."

Barbara stood with hands tight clasped; Bob strode across the room and looked straight at her.

"Bab's an heiress!" he exclaimed. "Gee whiz!"

"Of course the will may not hold after this lapse of time," Mr. Boynton remarked, "although it is properly signed and witnessed."

"That won't make any difference," Bob cut in. "Cousin Grace is square. Show her the paper, and she'll come across. I can't get used to it. Mother, you don't look overcome at all."

"Nick told me about it a long time ago."

"Does Nick know? Gee whiz, it'll make a difference to him."

"It looks as if you could have your wish, Babbie," Mr. Boynton said. "You can dispossess Cousin Grace and see how she looks bereft of her pomp and power."

"Oh!" cried Barbara, sharply. For a moment she covered her eyes and then fled to her mother's arms. "Lamb Pie, Lamb Pie!" she whispered, "is n't it dreadful!"

"I should say it seemed pretty good," Bob observed.

"No," Barbara said, "it is n't any fairer this way than the other. It was only just Old Nick's getting mad in another direction. We'll have to divide somehow."

"It would be hard to make Cousin Grace take anything that she thought was not hers," Mrs. Boynton said.

"Oh, but Lamb Pie, she must! What a little time ago I said I'd like to see her poor, and now I'd hate it. Oh, Lamb Pie, why can't we do like this—we have the House of the Lions; Daddy has eaten his humble-pie and it's digested all right,—why can't we take that and the five hundred dollars a month Cousin Grace is going to give us, and just go on living happily. Bob can go to college and Daddy can write, and we can have some one to help us and have a car. We don't want any more money than just enough to

make us happy and comfortable. Let's tear up that old will. We could n't be happy if we made Cousin Grace poor. Oh, there's Nick!"

"Yes, here's Nick," he exclaimed. "Hot doggety! I heard what you said, Bab, but you can't do that; the money's yours. I'll take care of my grandmother."

They settled down then to argue the matter; but after it all Barbara was unshaken.

"You're as stubborn as my grandmother!" Nick declared. "Tell her if it is n't right, Mr. Boynton."

"The decision is Barbara's," he said.

Nick looked from one face to the other. "I did n't know such people lived," he said. "Do you mean that to avoid hurting some one who has always been unkind to you, you'd give up like that?"

"But she's old, Nick," Barbara protested.

"Where do you stand, Bob?" Nick asked.

"I stand by Bab every time, even though I think she's crazy."

"All against you, Nick!" laughed Mrs. Boynton.

Nick walked out to the dining-room, came back again, stood silent a moment, and finally spoke.

"It's no use trying to put into words what I think about your consideration for my grandmother. She is old, and she is n't strong. I think it would kill her to know that the money has really belonged to you all this time. If you are set on doing this, I suppose I can't stop you; but it will only be postponing the inheritance. I am my grandmother's only heir, and of course I shall never touch another penny of Old Nick's money, so it will all come to you eventually. Grandmother has been talking to me to-night about what she means to do, and I had n't the heart to tell her that she was only giving you your own. We won't leave it at an allowance from her though; that's too uncertain. I'll see that she sets aside a lump sum to be made into a trust fund—or something—so that it will be sure, and it will be enough to make things go straight too."

"That could be done," Mr. Boynton said.

Barbara went across to her father. "Oh, precious, I think you are wonderful! To think of your swallowing your pride and taking money from Cousin Grace! You are a saint, that's what you are."

"Not much saint," Mr. Boynton said, "but I am proud of you, Babbie. Money has a way of making even big natures do little things sometimes; but you're money-proof now, I guess."

"Hot doggety!" Nick said under his breath. "I should say so! I came to tell you, Mr. Boynton, I'm sorry I took Betty off that day."

"We've forgotten that, Nick," Mr. Boynton said heartily. "I was n't very fair to you, but we're still friends, eh? Now listen to me a minute. You passed all your examinations; I will agree to Bab's proposition and to yours about the Gordon fortune on one condition—that you retain the income my uncle left you and go through college."

"I can't do that, sir," Nick said. "I've got to get down to earning a living."

"Do you really like farming?" Mrs. Boynton asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I've made up my mind that that is the thing I want to do."

"See how you like my scheme," she said. "This is what I've thought out. You have four thousand dollars a year for four years more. The way you have lived, you have spent that amount a year; but suppose you cut your living expenses down to say fifteen hundred dollars a year and hold the remaining twenty-five hundred as capital to buy a farm with."

"But I can't use *any* of it!" protested Nick.

"You must eat your slice of humble-pie, Nick; it won't hurt you," she said. "I was thinking of Josiah Grant's farm. Suppose you buy that for eight thousand dollars, paying two thousand a year, and get some one in to go shares with you—some one who can look after early planting and late harvesting while you are in college; and you give your summers to farming."

"Where would the Grants go?" Barbara asked.

"Why should n't they come down to this little house, where Aunty Grant could let the whole village lean on her and where Mr. Grant could take care of the golden garden for us. He would be better off than with the responsibility of a farm. And with the price of his farm invested and easier work and no rent to pay, they ought to get on well."

"Oh, Lamb Pie!" Barbara cried, "you do think of the nicest things. See how you'll help the Grants, Nick, by doing what Mother wants you to. You'll have to do what she says, anyhow, Nick; every one always does, so you might as well give in gracefully."

"You're my boy, Nick," Mrs. Boynton said; and suddenly Nick yielded.

"Hot doggety!" he said. "I can't hold out. I'll never forget this though, you can believe, and some day I'll pay you back."



"‘YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER . . . LEAVES EVERYTHING TO HIS GREAT-GRAND-
DAUGHTER BARBARA GORDON BOYNTON’"

Old Nick's last will went into the Boynton safe-deposit box to be forgotten, while Mrs. Gordon's lawyer gravely executed a deed of trust by which the Boyntons should receive a sufficient income as long as Mrs. Gordon should live. She made her gift with such naïve pleasure in her new rôle of Lady Bountiful that Mr. Boynton was glad that he had accepted her gift before he knew that in taking it he had taken only his own. Not content with providing the house and the income, Mrs. Gordon went on to add bath-rooms and other modern comforts until all was complete. Then she advanced as a loan to Nick the sum necessary to buy the Grant farm outright and as the Boyntons moved into the House of the Lions, the Grants came to the little brown house down the steps, while Nick's new partner took over the Grant house. It was on the day of these great movings that Mr. Boynton had his letter from the publisher accepting his book.

Nick came down that night to make a house-warming call. All the family but Barbara were in the living-room, proving

the new fireplace. Barbara was on the veranda alone, her arms around one of the big pillars, while she looked across the lake.

"What are you doing?" Nick asked.

She turned to him with her happy little laugh. "I'm being grateful. I've stood here so many, many times looking over the lake like this, wishing for my ship to come in. And now it's come—loaded down to the water's edge. The House of the Lions is ours forever; Lamb Pie has a car; Daddy's book is taken; Bob is going to college; Auntie Grant is so happy in our old house; Maria is going to college too; Betty and Bee can go away to school when the time comes; Daniel and his family take wonderful care of us; Cousin Grace loves us—there is n't one thing left to wish for."

"What about me?" Nick asked a little wistfully. "Was n't I anywhere aboard the lugger?"

Barbara looked at him with her clear, happy eyes, and stretched him an impulsively friendly hand. "You were there, Nick," she said. "I think you sailed the ship into port!"

THE END

OCTOBER CAME

I DID not see it come to pass

That autumn walked across the grass;
But southward, southward in the sky
I see the birds go winging by.

I do not know how it could be

That autumn came into my tree;

But now I see her torches lit

On every flaming branch of it.

So soft her step, so sweet her smile,
I thought it summer all the while.
October came so quietly,
I cannot think how it could be!

Josephine Van D. Pease





Photograph by J. J. P. Armstrong

THE CENTRAL RIDGE OF THE CHIRICAHUA NATIONAL MONUMENT

THE PINNACLES--THE NEW NATIONAL MONUMENT

By NANCY RICHEY RANSON

Bang! Bang! Bang, bang, bang!!!

Blanket-wrapped forms turned over, stretched gloriously, and inhaled the exhilarating, pine-fragrant air. The fire blazed cheerfully, inviting the sleepy to its warmth. Over near the stream, the tantalizing aroma of boiling coffee mingled with the piny smell. Bacon frizzled in the frying-pan; the Dutch ovens' lifted lids displayed delicately browned biscuit.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Breakfast is ready!

Out the figures rolled, and the trail to the stream below camp became lively with the towel-and-soap brigades. The water was icy, for the camping-site was high up in the Chiricahua Mountains. It was dark the night before, when the flivvers had reached the spot. Only the camp-fire, like a bright red heart in the blackness, had thrown a flicker of light upon the tall trees, giving us an idea of the rugged beauty of the site. But morning brought it out in a glory of bright sunshine on huge conifers. The exhilaration of the frosty, pine-laden air made giants of us all, eager to begin the seven-mile climb to view that strange and wondrous rock formation for which we had come—the Pinnacles.

In the meantime, however, breakfast was the attraction. Each camper seized his individual plate, knife, fork, and cup and hurried over to the camp-fire to have his share of delicious breakfast that had come so tantalizingly into his very dreams.

Then, with a sandwich, an orange, apple, or a bit of hard-tack in each pocket, off we started, single file, up the long, steep trail to the mountain-top.



"COCHISE'S HEAD," IN THE BACKGROUND, NAMED FOR A NOTED APACHE WARRIOR



Photograph by J. J. P. Armstrong

AN AMPHITHEATER FORMED BY THE QUEER ROCK FORMATIONS

Up and up we climbed, over the newly cut trail, past great spreading manzanita-trees, on whose mahogany-colored branches, stiff green leaves and delicate pink-and-white, arbutus-like blossoms grew in profusion. It was breath-taking, both from the exertion of the climb, and the sheer beauty and grandeur of the view when the climber halted for an instant to look back in the direction from which he had come. Some fell by the wayside, dropping out to rest for a few moments before pushing onward again. But for the most part the procession climbed steadily on, keeping the pace set by the leader.

Although warm down in the valleys from which we had come, snow lay in great patches in the depths of the cañons, and there was a clear, sparkling stream of delicious cold water to quench the thirst of the climbers. Up and down mountains, over trails leading along the depths of a dry stream-bed, around sheer precipices and projecting rocks, the trail led, winding about as though it too enjoyed the trip and the novelty of showing the wonders of the mountains to the stranger.

Suddenly, looking up from the depths of a cañon, queer shapes jutted up into the skyline. These were just at the outskirts of the Pinnacles, sentinels watching the trail, and foretelling the wonders which were yet to be

seen. We climbed upon them, great, rounded rocks, the softer parts of them disappearing with the years, the hard parts resisting the constant erosion of the sun and the wind and the storms, until there they stood, real personalities of the mountains.

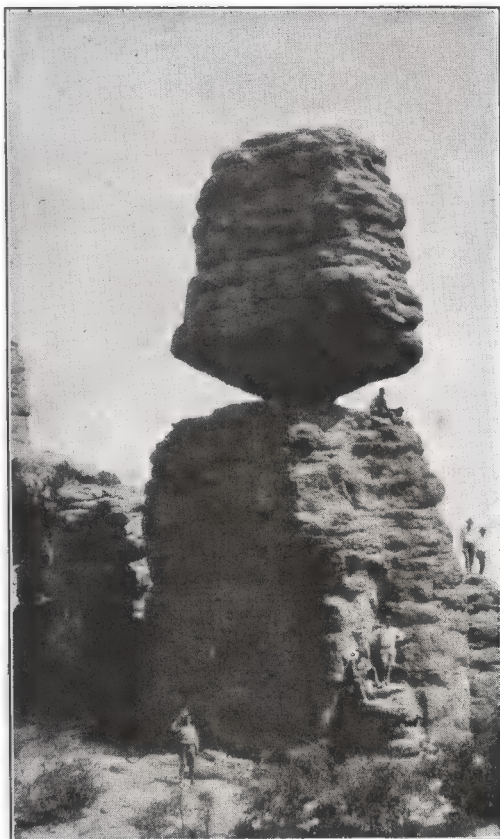
When the whole party had assembled, we went onward, around more mountains, through further cañons, up a steep, rough climb, and then—the Pinnacles! Off across a cañon they stood, hundreds of them, tall and finger-shaped, reaching up into the sapphire of the Arizona sky. In sheer amazement and wonder, we stood speechless. Some of the strange formations had distinct features, and sat there, impassive, as though in convention, considering some weighty problem. Some of them rise two hundred feet, straight up into the sky, and are twenty-six feet in diameter. All are marvelous, and standing as they do, in a cluster covering many acres, they excite wonder and admiration of all who behold them.

The Chiricahua National Monument, comprising about 5000 acres, and containing the Pinnacles, is the newest of our national reservations, and the least known, President Coolidge having signed a proclamation establishing it early in the spring. For years the Indians were familiar with these fantastic



Photograph by J. J. P. Armstrong

THE TOTEM POLE IN THE CENTER OF AN ODD GROUP



ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THE MANY BALANCED ROCKS



THOR'S HAMMER IS EASILY DISTINGUISHED

and wonderful rock formations—in fact, the Apache Indians took refuge in these mountains time and time again when closely pursued by United States troops. A few old settlers had homesteads in the vicinity, too, and one of them was killed by the Apaches in the early eighties. But only a dim, rough trail, known to but few persons, led to the Pinnacles. Now, however, since it has become a national park, the Forest Service has

completed splendid trails, making it accessible to any one who cares to make the trip. Boy Scouts in different sections of Arizona spent several weeks camping in the Chiricahuas this summer, in order to take advantage of the new trail to the Pinnacles.

It is through the efforts of the American Legion, of Douglas, Arizona, and the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, that the Pinnacles has become a national monument.

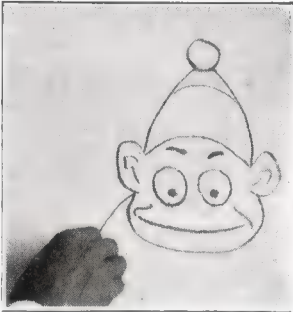
A GRUMBLE RUMBLE

By ELLEN MANLY

WHEN a grumbler a-grumbling has grumbled him grum,
It is wise for the rest of folks all to keep mum:
For just as a snowball that 's rolled in the snow
Will larger and larger soon rapidly grow,
A grumble that 's grumbled grows greater; and so
When a grumbler 's a-grumbling, best never come near,
For a grumble 's a failure with no one to hear.

PALMER COX, THE "BROWNIE MAN"

By MALCOLM DOUGLAS



"ONE OF A MILLION"

Ride." The man, who had already touched the mark of a half-century, was of huge figure, considerably over six feet in height, and he had a drooping, tawny mustache and steel-blue eyes in which was an habitual, humorous twinkle.

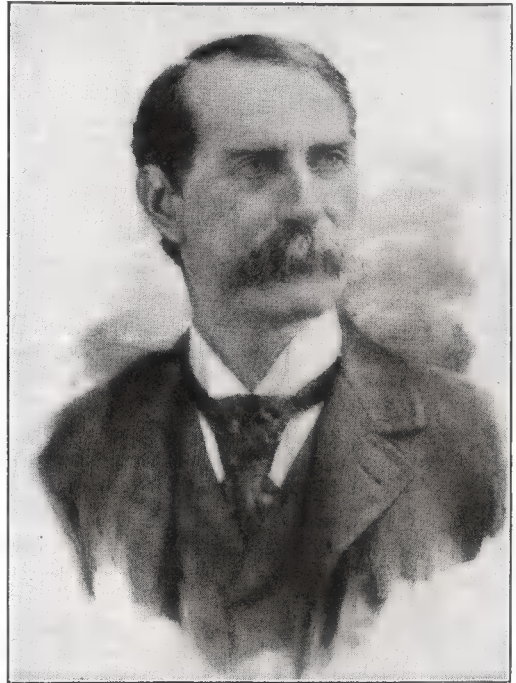
His name was Palmer Cox.

The pictures and verses Palmer Cox on this particular occasion brought to the editor of the magazine concerned a very strange little band of night-sprites; tiny, neckless creatures with big ears, pop-eyes, wide, smiling mouths, fat, round paunches, spindling legs, and long, tapering feet. Fairies, goblins, gnomes, and other mythical characters had all been depicted before by many illustrators according to their fancies, but never Brownies. These queer little supernatural beings, with traits that irresistibly appealed to one's sense of the ridiculous, were absolutely the sole idea of their creator, who formed his own conception of them at variance with an old Scotch legend with which he had been made familiar in his childhood days.

In "The Brownies' Ride" Palmer Cox had the children of his lively fancy go to a farmer's while the household slept, harness a horse to an old wagon, and indulge in a ride that was attended with numerous laughable mishaps. The horse enjoyed the adventure quite as much as they. Before morning came, the horse and wagon had been put back in the barn in perfect condition, and the sprites had disappeared. No one was any wiser for what had happened except the horse, which, of course, would not tell.

"The Brownies' Ride" was printed in *St. Nicholas*, and its appearance marked the

beginning of another notable achievement of the magazine, which, happily, in its long, useful career has given a number of classics to childhood. The success of the contribution was so pronounced that it was followed in quick succession by others, telling in picture and rhyme of further adventures of the fun-loving, but harmless band. In the first story, all the characters represented were of one type, or what were afterwards known as ordinary Brownies; but soon, with its successors, various new figures began to appear, one at a time, until finally over forty distinct personalities were represented. First came the Irish Brownie, then the Policeman, then the Dude, with the Cadet, Chinaman, and others following in their train, the last member to be admitted to the joyous



A PORTRAIT OF PALMER COX, FROM *ST. NICHOLAS* FOR JANUARY, 1894

band being the Cowboy Brownie, who was introduced at the earnest solicitation of the late President Roosevelt.

The constant acquisition of the new members was a source of great delight to all who followed the haps and mishaps of the

amusing sprites, and many children expressed their views and preferences. Letters from boys and girls came in great numbers to Mr. Cox from all over the world. Judging from these, the Dude was the favorite of all the Brownie characters, although one little girl wrote, "Of course, he is very spick and span, but I think he looks half-witted with that pane of glass stuck on one eye." Another little girl admired the Cadet Brownie because "he looks so brave in the menagerie holding on to the snake's tail." A little boy asked about the Brownie Policeman: "Is he as bad as the cop on our beat?" Another little chap wrote, "Before I came to mama and papa my two brothers died, so the Brownies have been little brothers to me instead."

Many thousands of such letters gladdened the heart of the kind, gentle man who had given to the children such genuine pleasure. For Palmer Cox loved all children. His life was consecrated to them, and he preferred their friendship to that of their elders. His patient hand was never too busy to draw, for some boy or girl who had written to him, a Brownie for his or her own particular keeping and pleasure. Innumerable men and women, now mothers and fathers, and possibly grandmothers and grandfathers, may still cherish such mementoes of the "Brownie Man."

Most of the Brownie pictures and verses published in book-form by The Century Co. appeared first in *ST. NICHOLAS*. The Brownie books, twelve in all, have had a sale of over a million copies. The Brownies had their beginning in an old-fashioned, brick office building at 656 Broadway, New York. Since Mr. Cox was the tenant of a high-ceilinged, corner room near the top the structure has been replaced by one more modern. But in that corner room, with the busy hum of New York's main business

artery in his ears, the greater number of Mr. Cox's Brownie pictures and verses were evolved.

The last years of Palmer Cox's life were divided between the town of Granby, Quebec, Canada, near which he had been born on a



MR. COX IN HIS STUDIO

farm, and the village of East Quogue, on Long Island. Though he abandoned his Broadway studio, his pen was as industrious as ever, and his own calculation was that, in the course of his career, he drew over a million Brownies. His winters and springs were spent at East Quogue, and his summers and autumns at Granby, in which latter place he built a handsome residence which he called "Brownie Castle." There on a turret a Brownie flag gaily flew, and on the peak of a barn a Brownie weather-vane showed which way the wind blew. Each birthday of the "Brownie Man" was one of great rejoicing, and on one of these festive occasions all the children of Granby united in sending him post-cards of congratulation. Not a child in the whole town was remiss, and the combined output, delivered at one time by the post-master, nearly filled a room of Brownie Castle.

The last book by Mr. Cox published by

The Century Co.—"The Brownies and Prince Florimel"—is the only one of all the Brownie books that is in prose; and herein, for the first time, the Brownies are shown

There are several hundred drawings in "The Brownies and Prince Florimel," covering a wide range, and they are all as quaint and whimsical as any that Mr. Cox ever did.



FROM "THE BROWNIES BUILD A BRIDGE"—ST. NICHOLAS FOR NOVEMBER, 1913

with other creatures than themselves. The story concerns a little prince adopted into the band, his love for a fairy queen, the interference of a cruel enchanter, and the many mishaps undergone by the little couple. When Mr. Cox undertook this work he was fourscore years of age, and he wrote:

"At first, when I tried to draw, my hand shook and trembled so that I had to steady it by holding it with the other, but soon it grew firm, and I think God must have given me strength to do the work."

Not long since the whole English-speaking world was grieved to hear of the passing away, in his Brownie Castle, of Palmer Cox at the ripe, old age of eighty-four. But it is good to think that his life-work was fully completed, and there was nothing that he had left undone. In all the years to come his name will be associated with those of Hans Christian Andersen, the Brothers Grimm, and Lewis Carroll; for, like these others, he bestowed a priceless heritage on childhood.

THE WASP—A RHYME

(Printed here for the first time)



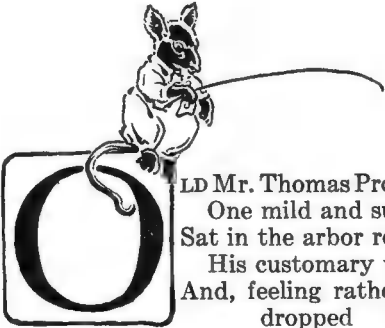
THE wasp is worthy
of a space,
Because he holds no
second place
Among the insects
that can pin
Their poison under-
neath the skin,
And teach the boy
a quicker spring,
Than e'en a master's
rod can bring.

Short warning does the rogue extend
Before you know he's not your friend,
While no excuse or explanation
Is offered for the visitation.
Give him the medal prize to wear;
But, while you pin it on, take care!

Yours in Brownieland
Palmer Cox,

QUITE ABSURD

By ALICE BYRNE PAPE



OLD Mr. Thomas Prowl-About,
One mild and sunny day,
Sat in the arbor reading in
His customary way;
And, feeling rather drowsy,
dropped

His paper to the ground,
His kerchief placed above his face,
And soon was sleeping sound.

And ~~as~~ he sat there snoring, 'round
The corner of the house,
Quite noiselessly on tiptoe came
A roguish little mouse.

He cocked his eye at Prowl-About,
Said he, "I 'll have some fun.
I 'll get a grass and tickle him,
And when he wakes, I 'll run."

And this he did, the naughty mouse.
He did it once—then twice,
And, finding it was jolly sport,
He even did it thrice.

Each time old Thomas gave a twitch
And murmured, "Drat the flies!"
But being very drowsy nev-
Er opened once his eyes.

Next morning, Mr. Prowl-About
Went forth to take the air,
And, passing by a cross-road, saw
A notice posted there:

"REWARD FOR CAPTURE OF A MOUSE."
"Humph! that 's absurd," said he;
"No mouse would set a foot in town
For fear of meeting me!"





UNCLE PETER TO THE RESCUE (SEE PAGE 1294)

THE JUDGMENT OF UNCLE PETER

By STELLA G. S. PERRY

PART II

THE cabin was a one-room log shack on a little dandelion-starred hill. It was covered with vines in their new spring green and surrounded by naturalized narcissi, watered by a trickling spring.

"Pretty as ever!" said Uncle Peter. "I used to play it was *Hansel's* gingerbread hut, when I was small."

"For pity's sake, don't talk about gingerbread!" Nan cried. "The very thought that there is n't any lunch makes me hungry already."

They put their luggage, minus the lost luncheon, in the cabin, and Esther explored the shelves and cupboard.

"Mighty little hope here, Mother Hubbard," she said. "I feared as much, because the Brainerd boys camped here last week and they usually consume everything in

sight. There's this little box of corn flour, about a quarter full, salt and pepper,—that's good!—a pinch of baking-powder, and a few drops of vanilla extract. Oh, here's a loaf of bread! No—it's too stale, even for toast. Maybe you can get some fish, Nan, you and Uncle Peter, and I'll cook them."

"Forgive my calling attention to it," said Uncle Peter, with an apologetic smile at Nan, "but how are you going to cook without oil for the stove?"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Esther. "Jim built a brick hearth and oven out there on the other side of the chimney—outdoors. It never was very satisfactory; seems to be where all the wrong draughts get it, and it's smokier than the railroad yards. But I think I understand its temperament now and can make it obey."

"Yes'm. But even you can't light a fire

there without matches," said Nan, dolefully.

"Find me some dry twigs and I'll see what I can do as to that," began Uncle Peter; but Esther laughed and said: "Enter the wonderful bag! I brought matches in it. So that part's all right."

As she opened the satchel to get the matches, Nan saw a roll of blue-and-white Japanese toweling on the top of the other contents.

"Esther Temple!" she cried. "Don't tell me that you brought some of your interminable sewing out here on a picnic! What's that? More napkins?"

"No," Esther blushed. "It was to have been a surprise; but I suppose I shall have to tell it now to save my reputation. I'm making some curtains for Uncle Peter's windows, out West. He said the sun had faded all the family photographs."

"Curtains! In a ranger's cabin!" Nan mocked; but Uncle Peter hastened to say:

"I shall love to have them. We're not as wild as you seem to think, Nan. Still use some of the trappings of civilization. But we'd better start if we want to get any fish for luncheon. Best fishing, as I remember it, is off the rocks at the other end of the island."

"Don't you think you'd better put on a sweater and a pair of sneakers?" Esther suggested to Nan. "You'll find an old pair in the closet over there. It gets windy on the point, and there are lots of places that are slippery and muddy and mossy."

"And a big shade-hat? Don't forget to advise me to wear a hat," said Nan, who was still feeling a trifle irritated at the mishaps of the morning.

"Well," said Esther, good-humoredly, "it would n't be a bad idea, honey. No use devastating your complexion."

"Here, you perfect lady; *you* wear it," Nan teased, and pulled one of the big shade-hats down on Esther's head. "Save yours, and let the family boast one milk-and-rose skin all summer. I'm going just as I am. Come along, Uncle Peter. Where are the fishing-tackle and the bait?"

"You'd rather stay here than fish with us?" their uncle asked Esther.

"She'll have to stay with the boys," Nan answered for her. "They'd be frightfully in the way with us. Besides, Esther does n't like to fish. She hates to kill things. You see, she knows all the animals and fish and everything by name, and that makes it rather personal. No, you and I must be the men

of this marooned family, and go off and get food for our women and children."

"I like to go fishing," Dick hinted wistfully, as he saw his uncle and cousin starting off. And little Danny added: "We could carry things for them. I can carry fishes when they stop flappin' an' squirmin'."

"It's your own flapping and squirming they don't want," said Esther. "You stay here, please, boys, and help me. I need you ever so much, and we're going to have a fine secret. Listen!"

As the fishing party mounted the hill to cross the island, Nan glanced backward and laughed. "Look at them!" she said. "There, in the dandelion field, picking flowers! I wonder what they mean to do with the posies when they've gathered them."

The walk to the rocky beach was slippery and muddy in the early spring, as Esther had predicted; and the rocks themselves were mossy and wet. "Score one for Esther!" Nan thought. "Sneakers *would* have been comfortable."

And later, as they sat fishing on the shady side of the island with a stiff breeze blowing, she confessed: "I wish I had brought that sweater. But the sun will soon be high and we'll get some of it; then it may grow too warm," she comforted herself. "Wonder what's the matter with the fish this morning. We're having no luck. You've only one; have n't you, Uncle Peter? And I've caught nothing. Well, anyway, here's the sun."

The warm noonday sun had come and soon beat so hard upon them and shimmered so brightly on the water that Nan looked about for the shade of a rock. Uncle Peter smiled, and, seeing this, Nan knew he was thinking of the hat she had scorned.

After a while he took out his watch. Unless they got a bite soon, they'd have to go home with the one small fish he had taken. It would make a frugal meal for five; but they'd have to make the best of it. Evidently the cautious fish were avoiding the island. But fishermen's hopes die hard, and Uncle Peter decided to wait a little longer.

Toward the end of a futile half-hour, he looked up and saw Nan walking precariously out upon a small, narrow, and moss-clad promontory, leaning over it and throwing her line. Uncle Peter knew that the water below there was deep; but just at that moment he felt a premonitory nibble at his hook and dared not call to her. But as he caught her eye, he shook his head warningly and waved his arm to indicate that she should go back.

Nan only smiled reassurance at him.

Just then came a decided tug at his line and took all his attention.

He was fighting and conquering his fish, evidently a big fellow, when a scream and a mighty splash made him drop the rod and run toward his niece. The treacherous mossy carpet had slipped under Nan's feet and down she had fallen into deep water.

"I 'm all right," she called in a moment. "Fell into the clear and I can swim."

A few swift strokes and a scramble up the rocks and Nan stood beside him, wet and shivering, but unhurt.

"That *was* a fall!" she said laughing, but abashed. "Good thing I can swim. That moss just let me go! Well, a brisk walk home in this sun will warm me up." She was wringing out her clothes and shaking her hair. "I look like something drowned, I know."

Uncle Peter was so thankful that she was not "something drowned" that he could not scold her. Still, when she asked him, "Did you catch any more fish?" he could not resist bringing a lesson home.

"I should have had a big one if you had obeyed orders, miss, and gone back at my signal. I was just landing him when you went overboard."

"Oh! I *am* sorry!" She was heartily so. "I 'm afraid I do take chances. Any way, it's well I keep in condition and can take care of myself in the water, is n't it? Suppose one of the others had fallen into that deep hole!"

"We 'd better hurry home to them. The boys will be hungry. Run. It will warm you up."

They went as fast as they could with Nan's clinging garments and sappy shoes impeding her.

Esther and the boys met them at the base of the hill and heard of the poor fishing and Nan's impromptu bath.

"It is n't a very big fish for us; is it?" said Dicky, eying his uncle's unimpressive "catch." "I 'm glad we—"

"Sh-h!" Esther warned him mysteriously. "Uncle Peter, will you clean the fish while I rub Nan down and help her into dry things? We 'll find something to wrap her in. And neither you nor Nan is to go near the 'kitchen'—pointing to the outdoor "stove" and oven—"until I call you. You keep on guard, Dick and Danny, and shoo them away if they trespass. I 'll go in and see what can be done for this poor mermaid,"

following Nan into the cabin. "Call me when the fish is cleaned, Uncle Peter."

"It won't take long to clean this fish, alas!" he said. "It certainly is no monster of the deep."

Sounds of laughter came from within the cabin, whence Nan soon emerged, wearing the sneakers and sweater, with a couch-cover for a skirt.

They spread her wet garments out on the rocks to dry.

"Sit there in the sun, Nan, and get 'unshivered,' while I broil the fish," Esther bade her.

"Broil? Why not fry him in the corn flour and butter? It will make him seem more."

"Just you leave the cuisine to Bridget, ma'am! Where 's the dinner, Uncle Peter? I 'll cook it. Now, don't come until I call you."

In a short time,—even to the hungry, shipwrecked picnickers,—Esther sent little Dicky to the front of the house to announce to Uncle Peter and Nan, standing in great dignity like a proper little butler as he did so, that dinner was served.

Esther and the boys had brought the table and benches outdoors to the grassy place near the brick hearth. The cabin afforded dishes and "silver" enough to go around. Esther had decked the table with a runner of the Japanese toweling and an old pickle-jar filled with narcissi.

Nan laughed. "Trust Esther to make it pretty, even if it 's only a place in which to starve to death. Well, we can eat the flowers if we 're too hungry to resist them."

"You 're not going to starve to death this time," said Esther, in a little whirl of excitement. "And yet, maybe you 're going to eat flowers, after all. But does n't this look like food to you?"

Having served the broiled fish, which seemed small enough with five hungry people waiting for it, she brought forth a big yellow mixing-bowl full of succulent dandelion greens, plentiful, fragrant, and steaming hot.

"Oh! *Does n't* that look good!" Nan cried.

"The boys gathered nearly all the dandelion plants on the hillside," Esther said. "They were good little soldiers and kept at it, though it does take a great many; they boil down so. But they *are* good."

"I endorse that feelingly," said Uncle Peter. "You 're a wonder, Esther child. And what is *that*, so crisp and bakery?"

"It's just a funny little hoe-cake. I made it out of the corn-flour. The Brainerds' black mammy taught me to do that. It's nothing much; but it's hot and bready.

sert!" Dan said, prematurely revealing a secret.

"No!" Uncle Peter exclaimed. "Impossible! Will wonders never cease?"



"ESTHER BROUGHT FORTH A BIG YELLOW BOWL FULL OF DANDELION GREENS"

Wait, Danny! Let Uncle give you some butter."

"There's tea, too," announced Dick, in the midst of the general applause. "We found a tiny bit in the table-drawer. I'm glad it is tiny, because it's so little and weak that Danny and I can have a cup, just for this once."

"An' they's dessert, too. Nummy des-

sert. Anyway, it was Uncle Peter who made me think of the dandelion greens."

"I? How?"

"Years ago. You probably won't remember. You were telling us about all the nourishing roots and leaves and edible fungi and other good things that grow wild and are wasted and never are gathered and used as they might be. I got interested and

"Oh, it's not a truly dessert," said Esther. "But I knew we'd all be ravenous and I thought I'd better use up everything I had. So I soaked that ever-so-stale bread in condensed milk and hot water and beat some egg through it and put in the box of dried figs I'd brought in my bag for the boys' between-meal treat; and I baked a sort of apology for a pudding. There was no sugar. You'll have to take your tea without it, too. But the condensed milk is sweetish and that, with the figs, sweetened the pudding. I think, perhaps, we'll make a meal out of our scraps, after all."

They made her blush with their appreciation.

"Set Esther down in the desert," Nan said admiringly, "and she'd make a nice palatable sand-cake and a delicious alfalfa stew and serve them daintily with a garnish of cactus prickles."

"You *must* have been hungry," said Esther. "To do so much celebrating about this poor little makeshift

studied about them. So I always have my eyes open for Nature's pantry shelves."

"For Nature's everything!" Nan said. "Uncle Peter, Es has read all the bug books and the beast books and the bird books and the tree books you left at our house. Mother says it's a blessing that she contents herself with studying the 'critters' in their natural habitat and does n't drag them into the living-room and take them to bed with her, as you used to do."

All day long, little hopes had been growing, new ideas budding in Uncle Peter's heart. Now, they burst suddenly into flower and fruitage. He looked at Esther in anticipation of a wonderful joy.

At evening, after a happy day of games and stories and strolls and reading and loafing, the little steamer, answering their signal, stopped at Bowers' Island, and the picnickers went homeward.

Nan found her chum, Molly Baker, on board. They darted into each other's arms and were soon in a corner together, deep in many plans.

The little boys curled up in deck chairs and fell asleep.

Esther and Uncle Peter stood in the bow of the boat, watching the sunset and afterglow.

Her uncle put his arm about her. "Esther dear," he said, "do you think you'd be homesick if I took you out West with me for the summer, to my ranger shack in the mountains?"

"Uncle Peter!" She flushed brighter than the sunset and then paled. "You don't mean—"

"Yes'm. I'm inviting you. Won't you come to study the wild things and cook me some goodies and play the old songs on the banjo for me and my infrequent guests to sing—and put up curtains and bring a touch of home to a lonely fellow?"

"Oh! Uncle Peter!" She could scarcely speak. Her eyes were brimming with happy tears.

"Your mother is willing," he went on. "There are n't many music lessons in the summer, you say. And Aunt Emily will help her, I'm sure, if an occasional busy day does come. Want to come, Esther? To the big West and the mountains? Don't you want to?"

"More than anything in the world! I can't thank you! I can't even talk about it—yet. It's like a wonderful dream."

That night, when all the young people were in bed, Uncle Peter sat in the Bowers' living-room with his sisters and Mr. Bowers, discussing his decision.

Mrs. Temple's eyes were full of pleasure and thanksgiving. Miss Fraser occasionally gave her hand an understanding pat.

Mrs. Bowers spoke: "I'm sure you'll not misunderstand us, Peter. And, of course, we know that Esther needs the vacation as Nan does n't and we're glad that she is the one chosen. But John and I cannot help wondering, after what you said about *fitness* for the life out there, Peter, and how you were going to make *that* the determining factor—" she paused.

"Now, Katherine," said her husband, laughing, "you know we are just a little peeved to learn that any one can be thought to excel our girl. And Peter might as well know it. We are so accustomed to having Nan win things, you see. Maybe, it's a wholesome experience for us."

"Oh!" the tactful Miss Fraser put in, "of course, it was n't fitness, after all, John. Peter thought Esther needed it, and therefore—"

"Not at all," said Uncle Peter, firmly. "I clung to my original test. I chose Esther because she is the more suitable, the better equipped for that life, the better nature-lover, and—if you'll forgive me—the 'better sport.'"

"Why, Peter!" Mrs. Bowers cried. "In what way, pray?"

"I'll tell you. Of course, Nan *is* stronger, more robust, athletic, active. And at first that deceived me, I'll admit. She's a dear child, Sister Katherine, and I'm proud of her; pray don't think I fail in admiration or love for Nan. But Esther's a better comrade. She does n't lose her temper. She makes it easy for others when they make mistakes, tries not to let them be embarrassed. She takes with a smile, whatever comes along, and converts mishaps into serenities. All of that makes for good comradeship in the wilds—or anywhere, for that matter. But, especially important to me, to make me feel safe about her, she can take orders with instant response, unquestioningly. She knows what good team-play means even better than athletic Nan does, who has always been either the 'boss' or an outstanding figure alone, used to *giving* orders, you see.

"Best of all, Esther is resourceful, has foresight, imagination, prepares for things

before they happen. That is why I feel she is better able to take care of herself. And as for taking care of others,—meaning myself, for I'm selfish in this part,—she plans for their comfort and likes to do it."

"Can take better care of herself?" put in Mr. Bowers, rather nettled. "I must say *that's* a bit unjust. Just suppose, Peter, that it had been Esther who fell in the water as Nan did; what then?"

"You may answer that question Sister Marjory," Uncle Peter smiled at Esther's mother.

"Why, I suppose Peter means that Esther would not have fallen in," said Mrs. Temple. "When Peter beckoned her back from the dangerous place, she would have *gone* back, John."

"Well," said Mr. Bowers, laughing, "it's

all right, of course; and I'm glad your girl is chosen. But I still think Nan's the fitter, just the same. Esther's more womanly in the old-fashioned sense, I'll admit; and that appeals to Peter. But our Nan is certainly stronger and more independent and has prowess and ability and is ready for anything. And that's the equipment Peter said he wanted."

"But now I realize, John, that plain old-fashioned womanliness, when it's unsentimental and real and serviceable, is about the best equipment a girl can have for every place and condition in the world," said Uncle Peter.

"Well, Peter dear," said Mrs. Bowers, rising and kissing him, "I'm sure it all turns out the best way, after all; and that's the main thing."



Photograph by John Kabel

THE VETERAN OF MANY WINTERS IS READY FOR ANOTHER!

INSIDE TIPS IN 'SPORT

By SOL METZGER

ANY athlete will tell you that confidence is half the battle. Coaches and trainers, therefore, work overtime to develop this quality in their charges. As a result, many short cuts to success in sport have been discovered. For the most part, these are based on comparisons. Often the idea is to make the stunt of the athlete seem easy. That this desired result is frequently obtained, there is no doubt. Perhaps, after all, making athletic stunts seem easy is nothing more than a "hunch." The best way of explaining what is meant is to get right down to facts.

Go to a ball-game and watch Ty Cobb on his way to the plate. Ty will swing two bats as he awaits his turn. I'm quite sure this is a premeditated act. It seems to me that Ty has a hunch that by swinging two bats

cause them to have the feeling that they were faster and lighter on their feet?

I do know that when I was playing college football I was tipped to this fact by a former player: "Wear heavy shoes in practice," he said, "and have a light pair of baseball shoes cleated to wear in games." I tried it; and when I got on the field for the first big game, it seemed to me that I could run like the wind itself. Ever after that, I've followed this hunch in all my athletic experiences. It was a valuable tip in more ways than one, and it has never failed.

If you happen to play pool, I can give you a tip right here that will prove my theory. Now and then, when shooting for the pockets, they seem entirely too small. You lack confidence and, as a result, miss many shots. Suppose you try playing on a boys' table

for a day or so—one which has small pockets. Then go back to the regulation table with its standard pockets. You'll find that they look big in comparison. You will get the feeling right off that you cannot miss a shot. The odd part of it is, you won't miss them. Your confidence is sublime. You will play far better pool.

Athletes either consciously or unconsciously get hunches which either improve their play or make them stars. Golf offers splendid examples. Tom McNamara, the professional, who is considered the dead-



Edwin Levick

WALTER TRAVIS DEMONSTRATING A PUTTING STROKE TO SOME YOUNG FRIENDS

up to the moment he steps to the plate, his own prized ash will, in comparison, seem light and easy to handle. That's his hunch. Try it and see if I am not correct.

Long-distance runners of early days used to wear heavy shoes when training. When race-day came along they would slip on a pair of light ones. Why? Was it not to

liest putter of all, was at one time quite weak at this part of the game. Tom set about remedying the defect. We all know that practice makes perfect; but instead of following the beaten trail in putting practice, Tom did a bit of pioneering on his own account. He hit upon the scheme of taking the steel flag-shaft out of the hole and placing it on

the green ~~is~~ his target. Be it remembered the flag-staff in golf is no larger than a pencil in circumference. Tom did most of his practising at this very small mark. The result was that, when he entered a game, the cup, four inches in diameter, looked so big to Tom that he just felt he could n't miss a putt. Now Tom ranks as the best putter of the professional ranks.

Walter Travis had much the same idea about putting. During his reign as champion and near-champion, his success was largely attributed to his uncanny skill on the greens. I watched Travis at practice for two winters in Florida. He spent an hour or so almost every morning on the extra green at the club-house. But Travis rarely tried to run a putt into the cup. Instead, the "Old Man" would take about a half-dozen balls to this putting-green and carefully shoot one along its edge—that was his mark. Then he set to work putting the others at this small target, doing it over and over again from various distances. The result was that, when he played, the cup looked so large to him that he was continually amazing the gallery with his skill on the greens. It was all a matter of comparative values; he was actually fooling himself into this belief.

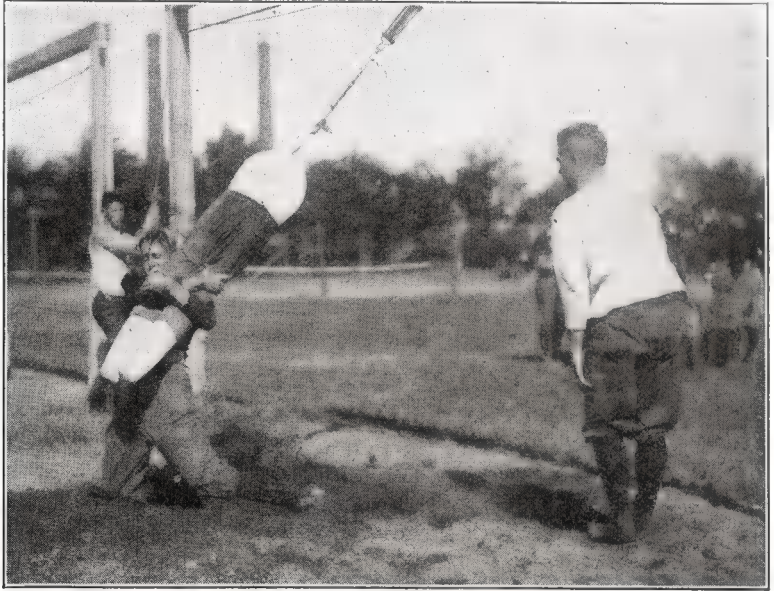
Ouimet undoubtedly made himself a great golfer by dint of much luck in his early training. As a small boy he had the "golf bug"; so much so that in the winter he would practise pitching mashie-shots into a bucket in the big barn at his home. In this way he developed a rare skill with this important club.

Walter Travis, also, had another fine hunch about golf. One day when he was doing his daily putting stunt I asked him why he did not play each morning. Although I do not recall the exact wording of his reply, the sense of it was as follows:

"I get sick of the game if I play it all day. I found that out long ago. So, before play-

ing, I wait until I can scarcely keep away from the links. The result is that I am keen for the game and enjoy every stroke played. One plays better when in that mood."

If that is n't a splendid tip to athletes of every kind, I miss my guess. Show me a player or a team that is keen to enter the con-



International

TACKLING THE DUMMY UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF THE COACH

test, and I will show you a competitor or a group of them destined to perform at top speed.

Ask any man who ever played even so little golf as a round or two what is the common fault of linksmen and he will tell you it is looking up. This applies equally to champions, professionals, and "dubs." Now John J. McDermott, one of the greatest golfers America ever produced, had this common fault. It's all very well to say you will correct it. Nearly every golfer tries to; nearly every one fails. Johnny McDermott had a hunch that there was a way to correct it. He hit upon a scheme, Spartan-like in its conception, but one which certainly proved its worth. It's as good a golf lesson as you will ever get on the links.

The corrective plan of McDermott was to take half a peck of balls, send his caddie out on the fairway, note where the caddie stood, and then play the whole lot at this caddie without once looking up.

A goodly portion of the much-abused custom of holding secret practice in football

is due to some hunch the coach has which he wants to keep as his own property. You can not patent or copyright ideas in sport, so the sole way of retaining them for your own use is to try them out behind locked gates.

being human, will not only reach perfection of form, but also gain confidence in his ability.

I tried this bit of psychology in reverse once, when coaching a green squad. Their



Keystone

"THE CHARGING MACHINE REDUCES THE RISK OF INJURY DURING THE FORMATIVE PERIOD OF THE GREENHORN'S CAREER"

Trick plays, quite rare nowadays, are nothing if not hunches, which will succeed only providing your opponent does not know of their existence. They rarely work twice. Those which have been successfully used against teams I have coached would never have proved so had I known of them in advance. Likewise, the opposite is true.

All the paraphernalia of football, such as tackling dummies and charging machines, are the universally adopted hunches of old-time coaches who found that by such means they could best teach their charges the fundamentals so necessary in order to win. Tackling, taking out, and charging, were accomplished against these contraptions without risk of injury during the formative period of the greenhorn's career. In the old days, many a gridiron hope was banged to pieces trying to learn fundamental football against opposing candidates. Nothing takes one's confidence away so quickly as injury. Remove the risk, and your player,

inability to learn correct methods of tackling was marked. The tendency of the new player is to grab the runner and to grab him high. It takes patience and much practice to instill into them the spirit of driving their shoulders into the legs of the man carrying the ball. The former misfit plan is impracticable, because the tackler is easily eluded or pushed aside with a straight arm. The latter takes care of such matters and really saves the tackler from injury. One October afternoon, just when I thought I had solved this part of my job, the entire squad went back to first principles. We had a grab-and-tag match. I had to act quickly.

Next day when the squad came forth for practice it met an odd sight, one most impressive at first glance. Four feet from the ground, and immediately in front of the tackling dummy, was a two-inch plank, one foot wide and twelve feet long. Painted on its face in bold letters were these words: **TACKLE LOW.**

"Fellows," I said, "there it is. Any of you who hereafter try to grab a runner or attempt a high tackle will spend the rest of the afternoon diving under that board at the dummy." My hunch worked. Fear of head-on collisions with that heavy plank prevented the team from ever thinking of any but the proper way of tackling. During the remainder of that season, the board remained in place, but only two players ever "hit the plank," as they dubbed my contrivance. I never saw a hunch work like that one.

Football coaches have generally arrived at the conclusion that a line-smashing attack is the safest and most efficient. Yet few elevens ever develop a good one. The reason is that line-bucking requires a great deal of practice, and the practice itself usually results in a crippled squad. But Colgate, under Larry Bankart, proved its ability time and again against such teams as Yale, Princeton, and Syracuse at bucking the line. How was this accomplished?

Bankart had a hunch, that was all. He realized the danger of pitting his men against each other, so he hit upon a device to train them in this art without collision. This was nothing more than a harness attachment which fits over a back's shoulders and has two reins extending out from each side. These are held by four players when the back shoves his head into this hole. Taking one back at a time, Bankart would line him up with a center and quarterback and send him at an imaginary hole in the line of scrimmage. It was an actual reproduction of a play in each case, though with the two lines of scrimmage lacking. The imaginary hole was that part of the harness which fitted over a man's shoulders. Day after day the Colgate backs were rushed into this mock attack at top speed, whereupon they had a struggle with the men holding the reins of the harness. The forces encountered were much the same as in striking an actual line of scrimmage. One carrying the ball in this way learned how to use the muscles needed in line-breaking, and there was no chance of injury. That's the hunch which kept Colgate on the football map.

"Chuck" Garland, the Pittsburgh boy who played such splendid tennis, owed his high rank to a hunch about practice. Garland did not drive a hard ball, but he recovered about every return made to him and hit it with his racket on the rise. The latter stunt more than made up for the time lost

by his lesser speed. Garland developed this skill in a gymnasium during the winter playing solitaire tennis against a brick wall, on which he marked a line, net high. Naturally, the returns, bouncing from the wall, quickened his sense of getting to the ball and, incidentally, gave him abundant confidence in his ability to play and place the fastest shots any opponent could make.

I cannot vouch for the following story, but it has been told me on good authority that Suzanne Lenglen, the brilliant French girl, already a world's champion, developed her tennis game to its high perfection because of a hunch of her father's, who coached her. His object was to teach his daughter to place shots wherever she desired. To accomplish



Edwin Levick

"GARLAND HIT WITH HIS RACKET ON THE RISE"

this, he marked off the opposing court in squares. Every time she was receiving, he would call to her to return the ball to a given square. The story smacks of truth, as her phenomenal accuracy of placement must be due to some such training stunt.

To the coach and trainer, this recital is an old story; but not so to the "fan" and spectator. The former can glean from it some of the simpler tricks of the trade of sport. The latter can surely "improve his game," if he can catch the idea of the hunch and apply it to his own case.

Of this I am certain because of an incident in the training of a certain football player, who later won many games by his drop-kicking. I had told him much that has been set down here. He made quick and effective use of the ideas. Ever after our talk he was practising his stunt in a new way. Instead of standing directly in front of the cross-bars of the goal, separated by the space of eighteen feet, six inches, he would practise from the most acute angles, so that he rarely

left himself a space wider than four or five feet through which to kick the ball. His hunch was that by practising in this manner, the goal would loom so large in front of him, when called upon to execute his stunt in games, that it would appear impossible to him to miss it. That hunch worked well, just as all sound and simple hunches will work. They are the indicators of success, the short road to the goal, whether the game be sport or life itself.



By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

WE have the smallest house of all,
And smallest yard, it's true,
And everything is rather small.
We have to make things do.

They've always *done*,
But it's not fun—
And we have not a dress or shoe
That's just quite *new*!

*But nobody else in all our block
Has a cuckoo in their clock!*



THE LOST FLAMINGOS

By GEORGE INNESS HARTLEY

Author of "Boy Hunters in Demerara," "The Last Parrakeet," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

FRED MILTON and Paul Jenkins have been sent by a New York Museum to Andros Island, one of the Bahama group, to find a colony of nesting flamingos which is supposed to exist there. Upon arrival before the Wide Opening, a deep bay cutting into the heart of Andros, and the locality where they hope to encounter the birds, their motor-boat, the *Flying Fish*, is destroyed by fire. The party, composed of the two boys and Jim Bills, a half-breed Indian and native of Andros, finds itself adrift in a small dinghy with one shot-gun and a small amount of ammunition. Daylight finds them stranded upon a wide, desolate, half-submerged plain. Relying on their gun to furnish food, they continue their search for flamingos, journeying inland toward the east coast. While in quest of some ducks, Fred discovers that he is being followed by a strange native, who flees at his near approach. Fred then notes a column of dense black smoke arising from the spot where he has left Jim Bills and Paul. Hastening back to the temporary camp, he accuses Bills of signaling to the native, but Jim disclaims any such intention. Fred then leads his chum to the spot where he had last seen the man. It is in following this trail that the boys come upon their first flamingo. The next morning the entire party goes in search of the birds. Coming upon two of them and while engrossed in studying them, they notice a mangrove bush moving across the flat. As it draws close to the feeding birds, a native leaps from behind it and seizes a flamingo. The boys immediately rush from their hiding-place. The native, Dan Blackbeard, warns them against carrying on their search for the rookery in that neighborhood, advising them to seek another region altogether, and then abruptly departs. But the boys remain and continue the search; and at last stumble upon the rookery.

CHAPTER XII

FEATHERED MARAUDERS

"GUMMY!" murmured Paul, who had at last recovered from his wonderment at the spectacle presented by the flamingos and had now found his voice. "Great day, Skinny! I never expected to live to see a sight like that!" With an awed gesture he pointed toward the great amphitheater. "We've certainly succeeded beyond our wildest hopes and where all other white men have failed!"

"It is magnificent!" agreed the other. "We might be looking into a crater all alive with blazing internal fires. Fat, we're certainly paid for all the trouble we've had!"

"What's the idea of them building those top-hat nests?" demanded Fat, after an expressive pause. "Afraid they'll be drowned out by rising water?"

"That's correct. Some seasons, when it rains especially heavy, the swash runs right over the nests—is n't that so, Jim?"

"Yessir, yessir, boss, dat's right. Den de eggs git busted an' de young fillymingo drown, an' de Andros men doan't have no young bird. Yessir, dat's right. Now I go scare dem fillymingo away from de nes's an' you see what happen."

But it so happened that there was no need for Bills to leave the boys. The words had scarce left his lips when a distant tumult of strange honking sounds reached their ears. As if at a preconcerted signal, the entire

flock of flamingos feeding at the far end of the arena suddenly launched itself into the air. A great blazing cloud seemed to sweep low across the swash, bearing straight for the spellbound trio.

On came the crowding birds, long streamers of them and masses in close formation, until the sky above the boys appeared to be bursting with dazzling points of fire. With long necks extended, two thousand flamingos circled noisily by. Then they swung off to the southward and, now joined by the rookery birds, followed the contour of the curving ridge.

The boys stared after them with mouths wide open. Such an inspiring sight few people have been privileged to see. And then the individual sparks merged together, the long streamers narrowed and vanished as such, and a flaming ribbon swept across the lower tip of the ridge. Back it swung, and once more pointed toward them.

The voice of the half-breed again aroused the lads from their hypnotic trance of delight. Such sights were no novelty to Jim, whose eyes rested upon something quite different.

"Look at de buzzards!" he warned.

The boys tore their eyes from the flamingos and glanced at the rookery. Their eyes held, and the naturalists sucked in their breath in awed amazement.

The circle of vultures had suddenly contracted. Each bird was now *hopping* awkwardly, but with considerable speed, toward

the nests. Then, just as Fred and Paul had focused their attention upon them, they reached the mounds and a horrible labor of destruction commenced.

At every blow from those wicked bills an egg seemed to crack. Its contents was hastily gulped down and the greedy marauder turned to another. There had been several newly hatched flamingos in the rookery, but these early fell prey to the onslaught, three or four vultures sometimes seizing the same victim. The buzzards wallowed unhampered in an orgy of broken egg-shells and mutilated fledglings.

Sick and disgusted with the sight, the boys stood up and made as if to hasten toward the ravished rookery.

"I'm going to put a stop to that!" growled the soft-hearted Paul. "In half an hour, there won't be an egg left! Come on, Skinny!"

At that very moment, however, a red streak shot down from above into the center of the quarreling birds of ill omen. The air suddenly was filled with swift-descending flamingos. These, with enraged trumpetings, rushed upon the violators of their homes; their heavy misshapen bills rose and fell with lightning rapidity and with angry force. The vultures, cowards at heart, made no attempt to fight back, but scattered in precipitous flight as fast as their short legs would carry them. A few of the more fortunate ones were able to spring into the air and escaped early in the rout. The others were pursued and pounded across the flat by the enraged parents until they too fled skyward.

Only when the last vulture had been driven safely off did the flamingos return to their nests. Then those birds to whom eggs yet remained settled down upon them, with supreme indifference to the sorrowful honkings of the less fortunate ones.

"Great day, look at that! The nerve of him!"

Paul pointed to the spot where, a scant hundred feet from the nearest nest, a vulture had just alighted. Hardly had the bird settled itself in comfort when it was joined by another; a third alighted on the far side of the rookery; and five minutes later the dread circle was once more complete!

"That beats anything I ever saw!" ejaculated the stout youth. "Those chaps just about had the life beaten out of them a few minutes ago, and now they're back looking for more! I don't see, Skinny, how there are ever any flamingos left to grow up—with

those things always waiting for a chance to rush in on 'em."

Fred admitted the apparent truth of these words with a shrug. "What about it, Jim?" he inquired, turning to their guide. "Do the buzzards always congregate around a rookery like this?"

"I doan't know as dey exactly corrugate," replied Bills, a bit dubiously, not at all certain as to Fred's choice of words; "dey is always aroun', if dat 's what you mean, waitin' for a chance at de eggs or de young ones. I expect dat dey gets about one egg in every t'ree."

The boys digested this information in silence.

Presently Fred asked: "Why don't your friends kill off the buzzards? That would give them just so many more flamingos to eat."

The half-breed scratched his head thoughtfully for some moments. A perplexed smile lighted his features as he replied, somewhat as if in doubt: "I expect dey never t'ink of dat, chief, an' dat 's right. Dey is satisfied to take what 's dere, an' never t'ink dat it possible dey should git more."

"But why," demanded Paul, "don't the vultures get all the eggs and young? They must have broken up fifty nests in the ten minutes that the flamingos were gone. At that rate, they could ruin the whole shebang in an hour or two."

"De ole fillymingo doan't leave dere nes' unless dey 's scared stiff by somet'ing. Always one o' de pair am dere. While one eats de odder sits on de nes'."

"But nothing frightened these. They had n't seen you when they flew up to join the flock overhead—and that flying flock certainly did n't frighten them."

For answer, Bills pointed out toward the center of the swash.

"Dat what scare dem," he said.

CHAPTER XIII

A FLAMINGO DRIVE

THE boys eagerly scanned the swash at the point indicated by the half-breed. The great flock of flamingos was still in the air, now a mere flaming streak against the horizon. The drove of half-grown youngsters still remained in the center of the swash, though instead of feeding, they now stood with long necks held erect, all gazing at a group of mangroves a few hundred yards from their feeding-ground. The few adults

who had attended them had long since joined the frightened flock in the distance.

"I don't see anything to scare them," complained Paul, taking in the surrounding territory with expectant eyes. "What is it, Jim?"

The Androsan pointed to the mangroves. "Dey 's men behin' dem bush," he said. "Watch now."

As he spoke, a half-score of figures suddenly emerged into view from behind the leafy barrier and started at a slow walk toward the fledglings. These huddled closer together, like a drove of sheep, at their approach. Then the birds commenced to mill slowly around.

The natives had gradually spread out in a long line on the side of the flock farthest from the hidden spectators. Each carried a club, which, however, hung motionless at his side. Then, as the line extended, it curved, until the flamingos became the center of an ever closing arc.

When the natives had arrived within two hundred paces of the youngsters, the boys heard a shout. At the same instant the clubs were brandished on high, and amid a chorus of outlandish yells, the men charged down upon the drove.

But the flamingos, young and inexperienced as they were in the cruel ways of the world, were not thus easily to be surrounded and slaughtered—for such the boys believed to be the object of the natives. First one bird, then another, and then a score detached themselves from the milling throng and sped across the swash on swift-moving legs. The next instant the entire flock was after them, with neck outstretched and long legs twinkling rapidly, in full flight.

Now followed a chase more exciting than the fastest run of a hound pack close upon the heels of a fox. If the fledglings could not fly, they at least could run—and far faster than the human creatures behind them. These last sprang after them at top speed, shouting, whooping, and gesticulating with their clubs. In a few seconds, however, the birds had so outdistanced their pursuers that they found time to pause and gaze back at those snail-footed black men.

The natives stubbornly continued their advance, moving their line slightly to the northward as they did so, in order to turn the birds toward the mangroves. In this maneuver the flamingos outwitted them, for the frightened creatures, once more under way, headed down toward the eastern end of the

swash—where they again came to an uncertain pause.

The hunters, evidently disappointed in their first attempt, now slowed down to a walk. Silently they strode along, keeping well to the southward until abreast of the birds, though a quarter of a mile away. Without a word they edged in behind their quarry, and then, when the line had straightened, they once more undertook their noisy charge.

This time the flamingos made a bee-line for the western extremity of the amphitheater—almost directly for the spot where the vultures were again carrying death and destruction into the heart of the now deserted rookery. The advance of the natives, though accompanied by vociferous shouting, was slower than before. The line extended for nearly half a mile athwart the swash and relentlessly drove the birds on.

The flamingos made as if to turn toward the mangroves, that before they had scorned, but their pursuers, advancing with persistent steadiness, no longer seemed to desire that. They hustled the poor birds past it beneath an increased volley of yells.

The youngsters approached the devastated rookery; then of a sudden they swung so as to reach the end of the swash directly in front of Bills and the two boys. This movement seemed to meet with the approval of their stubborn attendants, for the natives now redoubled their pace, gradually lessening the intervening space between themselves and their quarry.

Upon arriving at the edge of the swash, the panting birds halted as if uncertain of which way to turn next. From where the boys lay, the drove was scarcely a hundred yards distant, so close, in fact, that the trembling of the awkward, gangling legs could be seen, and the hurried pulsation of the bodies, and even the bright yellow eyes which gleamed so now with terror. The boys were moved to pity at the evident plight of the youngsters, and Paul, forgetting himself, muttered in a fierce undertone to Bills:

"Is n't there anything we can do to help 'em?"

The half-breed shrugged and shook his head.

"If we stop de men now, dey come tomorrow."

The boys were forced to admit the good sense of these words, and, fascinated in spite of themselves by the spectacle, they settled down to see it through. Both realized that

there was nothing they could do to prevent the coming slaughter. The tired birds would again be driven the length of the swash, and perhaps again, until, unable to keep going, they would fall an easy prey to the clubs in the hands of the natives.

But what followed was different from what the lads had expected, though the end attained was the same. As the advancing line neared the standing birds, it extended itself even farther to either side. The men in the center halted, while those at either end continued to go forward until they held the victims penned in between themselves and the rocky ridge behind. Then, at a signal from a man in the center,—evidently the leader of the hunters,—the line slowly converged like the two ends of a fish-seine being drawn together. And as the line shortened, the intervals between the men diminished.

The flamingos remained irresolutely poised where they were; then, in sudden panic, they stampeded toward the line, only to be driven back by a hideous din of blood-curdling shrieks. Again they attempted to break through, a hundred yards further to the left—but were hurled back. Then, in a final despairing effort, they turned toward the fissured, water-cut rock with its covering of trailing vines and dense jungle.

Now the natives rushed forward pell-mell, literally hurling the flamingos into the copet by their volume of sound. The panic-stricken birds dashed awkwardly out of the shallow water, and the next instant half of them were prone, tripped by the vines and sudden pot-holes and crevices.

Once down, the flamingos were slow to rise. Gathering their long legs beneath their bodies, they pressed their heads against the rock in a futile attempt to force their bodies up. But it was a slow and hard struggle. When sprawled flat on the ground, even an adult flamingo has much difficulty in regaining its feet. And these youngsters were weak and exhausted from the long pursuit, and entirely inexperienced.

The brutal clubs soon got to work, rising and falling with almost rhythmic regularity, and at each blow the life of a bird was snuffed out. Soon a host of gray, down-covered bodies littered the brush and the Androsans were delving deeper into the jungle for further victims.

The boys had thus far remained undiscovered, so intent were the men upon their work of death, but now Fred and Paul sprang into the open, each filled with rage.

"Come!" choked Paul, thoroughly sickened by the sight; "come, Skinny, we've got to put an end to this! I can't stand it a second longer!"

Rushing toward the nearest man, who at that moment was in the act of raising his club to dispatch a poor cripple flat on the ground with a broken leg, both lads bellowed at the top of their lungs for him to halt. The blow fell and the unfortunate lay still, but the man looked up from his work to see who had thus rudely interrupted his efforts.

At sight of the boys his mouth opened with astonishment. He fell back a step and the club dropped from his hand. One startled look he gave them, and then disappeared in the brush.

Paying no further heed to this man, the lads rushed after the others. Their advent was greeted with as much astonishment by these as by the first native. The promiscuous slaughter suddenly ceased. The natives with one accord dropped their weapons and darted off through the coppet. In five minutes only Bills and the two lads remained on the scene of the slaughter.

Fifteen minutes later a meager half of the fledgling flamingos straggled out of the brush and wandered uncertainly into the swash. A score of satiated vultures perched torpidly upon an outcropping of rock, with wings distended to permit the hot noonday breeze to ruffle their feathers, while a short distance away, five hundred blood-red flamingos waded aimlessly about through a scene of ruin that had once been an orderly flamingo town.

So sudden had been the rout of the negro hunters that the boys had gained mastery of the field almost before they realized it. When the last native had plunged headlong into the brush, Fred and Paul returned to the point whence they had started and there found Jim awaiting them.

The half-breed met them with a countenance set in stern lines of seriousness, not unmingled with a tinge of bitterness.

"You git in trouble dis time, dat's certain," he assured them. "Dose fellers am scart for de moment. Bimeby dey stop to t'ink. Den dey remember dat we is only t'ree an' dey is ten or twelve. Dey git angry dat we fin' dem killin' fillymingo an' know for sure dat we tell de Gov'ment. Den dey t'ink dat if dey doan't kill us now, dey never git fillymingo any more,—oh, what did you do it for?" he ended in a wail.

The boys—unfortunately for them, per-

haps—were wholly unimpressed by the fears of their guide.

"That 's all foolishness, Jim," retorted Fred; "those men would n't dare to do anything to us."

At this Jim gave a hopeless jerk to his shoulders as if exasperated at the denseness of his companions. "You doan't know dose men" he declared. "We better git movin', quick."

To this Paul answered: "You 're all wrong, Jim. I agree with Fred about those chaps. We 're pretty well used up, anyway, so I vote we take a rest for a few hours. Then, if you 're still anxious to be going, we'll move over toward the high land later on this afternoon."

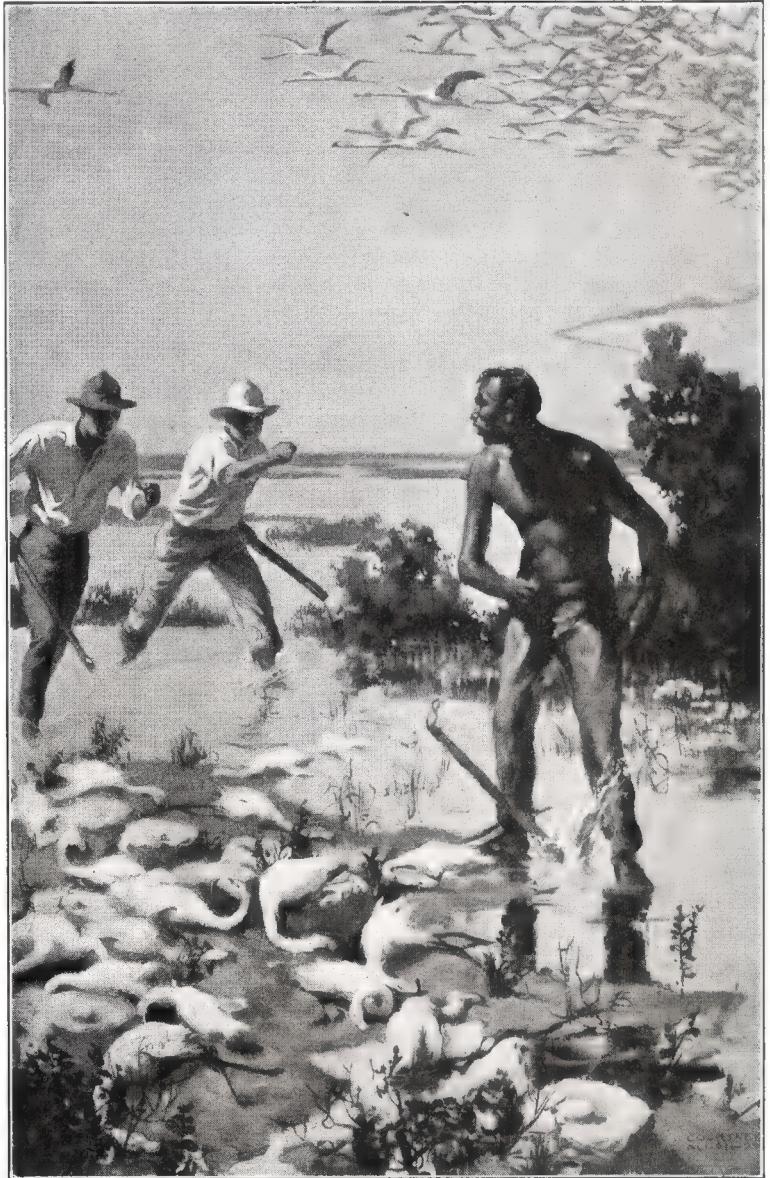
Thus, much against the desire of the Androsan, they decided to remain on the spot for a few hours. The boys were particularly anxious to try the flavor of young flamingo and lost no time in preparing one for the fire which Fred kindled.

The tree-clad area around them resembled in many respects a battlefield. The rocks were reddened, to the vines hung shreds of fluffy down, and the ground was littered with dead flamingos. The boys counted three hundred of them, and doubtless many lay undiscovered in the brush. It indeed had been a massacre of the innocents. If the boys had not interfered, the entire flock would have been wiped out.

The flesh of the young flamingo proved as tender and juicy as the flesh of the adult bird had been rancid and tough. Even Bills

seemed to forget his apprehensions when the first tasty mouthful had passed his lips.

"What you t'ink of fillymingo now?" he queried in triumphant tones. He smacked



"HE FELL BACK A STEP AND THE CLUB DROPPED FROM HIS HAND"

his lips and threw an inquiring look at his companions, rolling his eyes in sheer ecstasy all the while.

Paul grinned with his mouth full. "It am good, an' dat 's right!" he mimicked. "I don't blame those chaps so much for what they do to the birds. Here, Jim, go easy on

that carcass—leave some for me, won't you?"

The boys seemed, after all, to have been correct in their diagnosis of the situation. Several hours passed without further sign of the flamingo hunters. The sun was already half-way between its zenith and the western horizon when, at the earnest request of Bills, they at length determined to move on.

Jim slung two of the flamingo carcasses over his shoulder, Paul picked up the gun, and Fred, much to the amusement of his chum, once more picked up his staff. Thus accoutered they turned to leave.

A rustle in the brush near at hand, however, caused them to throw a careless glance in that direction. As they did so they were struck dumb with amazement to see the red and yellow leaves of a low-growing sea-grape slowly part and a human face peer cautiously through.

The entire party halted with a gasp, as if at a given command. Each member of it stared, speechless, straight into the malignant eyes of Dan Blackbeard, all ablaze with incarnate rage.

The infuriated hunter glared savagely at the startled trio from the mass of leaves that sheltered his body. And then a rustling sound coming from another direction caused the lads to glance hurriedly around. Two more natives were working a way through the brush toward them!

Bills was the first to regain his presence of mind. Seizing the boys each by a shoulder, he pushed them along the faint trail that led to the open swash.

"We got to git!" he panted. "Dey 's comin' for us sure now!"

Blackbeard leaped from his hiding-place into the trail before them and with a violent wave of the arm commanded them to halt. But the boys were desperate. Paul menaced the native with his gun.

For a moment the man stubbornly faced them; then, reading aright the determination written upon their features, he sprang back into the bushes just as Fred made an awkward, but furious, lunge at him with the stout stick that he carried. The next moment the party had reached the open and were speeding swiftly across the swash.

When a few hundred paces had been traversed at utmost speed they threw a glance back at their pursuers—for they had no doubt that the entire band of natives was at their heels. But to their relief the men had halted at the edge of the swash, where they seemed busily engaged in collecting the

bodies of the flamingos, which, unless cared for at once, must soon spoil beneath the torrid rays of the sun. Even Blackbeard appeared to have forgotten the boys and had joined with the rest in saving the trophies of their hunt.

The fleeing party, however, did not decrease its speed until it had put a full mile between itself and the Androsans. Then, at the earnest plea of Fat, they at length slowed down to a walk.

"Whew!" muttered the stout lad, when he had in a measure regained his breath: "whew! I thought they were going to get us that time, sure! Now what are we going to do, Skinny?"

Fred shrugged and turned to their guide. "What would you suggest, Jim?"

"Dat we cut right across de island to de eas' coast," said the half-breed, without a moment's hesitation. "It not more dan twenty-five mile from here an' we make it by to-morrer night."

"What about the dinghy?" queried Fred. "Are you going to leave that behind?"

"You bet my life I is!" quoth Jim, with a vigorous nod. "I ain't goin' back to dat camp wit' all dem nigger men aroun'! Dey git us sure dat way."

"Can we shoot something to eat up in the high land?" asked Fat.

Bills grinned and patted the bodies of the two young flamingos that he had not forgotten to carry with him. "Here am our food until we git to de commissioner's house," he said. "Dere can't be no better."

Thus it came about that the two lads turned their backs upon the Wide Opening without a qualm of regret. By nightfall they had reached the first low hills from whose crest Fred had espied the flamingo rookery. There, being assured that they were not followed, a fire was built and they broiled one of the birds.

Under the guidance of Bills, the island was crossed the next day without further adventure, and toward evening they arrived at a little cluster of huts that nestled among a grove of cocoanut-palms on the east coast. There they were accorded hospitable treatment by the natives, and, having rested for one more night, traveled by sloop to the mansion of the island's administrator, which stood twenty miles southward along the coast.

"No, sir, we owe everything to Jim, here."

Fred had been narrating their experiences to the commissioner, who listened attentively, now and then interjecting a question.

"Yes, sir, it was Jim to whom the honor of finding the rookery really belongs," the boy went on. "Instead of leaving us in the lurch when his vessel was destroyed, he stuck through thick and thin. If he had decided to give up the hunt on the morning after the *Flying Fish* burned, we should have had to quit too. He was afraid of the natives over there, but he stuck it out, and, after all, it was he who first discovered that we were close to the rookery. If he had n't called our attention to a small flock of flying flamingos, we probably would have continued on in the direction we were going and never seen the rookery."

"Bills seems to have done good work," admitted the administrator.

"Indeed he did!" agreed both boys.

Then Paul took up the conversation where his chum had left it: "His boat was destroyed virtually in the service of the Government. Don't you think, sir, that the authorities ought to see that he does n't suffer?"

The commissioner gave a hearty nod. "That I do!" he said. "I will personally see to it that the motor-boat is replaced."

"That 's the stuff!" murmured Fat, doing a few steps of a shuffle to demonstrate his satisfaction. "As a matter of fact, to him belongs the credit of everything we 've accomplished."

The white man smiled and shook his head. "I don't believe he deserves the entire credit," he observed, laying stress on the word "entire." "However, I think that he will find the Government grateful to him. He won't suffer. We need a warden to oversee the new rookery, and I imagine he will be just the man. And now what are you gentlemen going to do?"

The boys answered promptly that they would return to New York at the earliest opportunity that offered. "We 'll wire the museum for money as soon as we arrive in Nassau," Fred announced. "With all our equipment lost, we 'll have to forego the further objects of our expedition. The finding of the flamingo rookery was the main thing, anyway."

Turning to Bills, Fred held out his hand. "Jim," he said, "it looks as if you have a permanent job from now on. Congratulations."

The half-breed gulped and seized the offered hand.

"Chief," he muttered in an uncertain voice, "both o' you chiefs is good! I git me anodder *Flyin' Fish* an' I is warden from now on wit' a gover'ment warrant! Dan Blackbeard ain't goin' to dare bodder me no more! Chiefs, you is both great men, an' dat 's right!"

THE END

THE PIPER

By RACHEL LYMAN FIELD

I HAD a willow whistle,
I piped it on the hill,
The grass reached up, the sky bent down,
And all the world grew still.

Now up, now down the rounded holes
My fingers fluttered light,
And little notes came trooping out
As thick as elves by night.
They turned themselves into a tune,
More clear than drops of dew;
More sweet than almond-trees; more soft
Than clouds the moon slips through.

Oh, good it was to be alone,
To pipe there on the hill,
With bending sky and reaching grass,
And all the world grown still!



SOME PECULIAR PATENTS

By RUTH S. DAVIES

THE United States Patent Office cares not a whit to what an invention relates, so long as it presents a distinctly new idea. If it is one not generally in use or hitherto patented, it will probably get by the examiners. The inventor is granted his patent and a copy goes into the bulky files through which the examiners must search to discover whether the invention of some one else is novel.

Sometimes an inventor sells his patent and makes more or less money from his idea, and sometimes the granting of the patent is all that ever happens to it, until perhaps some searcher comes across it and discovers something amusing about it.

A member of our family secured copies of a number of patents which had made him smile, and brought them home to entertain the rest of us. They made us smile, too, but whether that is all they ever accomplished, I could not say.

Sometimes, however, I could almost wish that some of them were in use. Take, for instance, that designed to get lazy folks up in the morning. One ingenious person designed a bedstead with a hinged section supporting the mattress, an alarm-clock built into the headboard. When the alarm-clock goes off, it is supposed to set into operation a system of pulleys, springs, and weights that are contrived, as their inventor explains, to operate "in connection with the alarm-clock for dropping the bed or portion of the same at the time when the alarm is set for awakening the sleeper, and so derange his bed as to force him to rise."

Another man evidently wearied of tipping his hat in salutation to the ladies, so he devised a spring-and-motor arrangement to be worn under the hat whereby the hat tipped with a slight bow of the head, and one did not have to lift a hand to it.

Not all of the surprising ideas refer to small things. Here is one which endeavors to lessen the danger incident to railroad accidents.

"The essence of my invention consists in removing by automatic means in case of accident the inner compartment of the wagons, together with the passengers seated therein. It may happen that the passengers sustain

some slight injury during the operation; but compared with the loss of life occasioned by the collision of trains composed of wagons of the present build, the injury would be slight indeed."

He goes on to describe in detail the construction of the cars or wagons which he would have built of some light material with an inner compartment of even lighter material, the whole arranged in such a manner that, in case of collision, the inner compartment, which contains the passengers, is automatically thrown clear of the trucks.

He remarks that it is advisable to upholster the interior or to hang it with nets and to have a strap or belt behind each seat for fastening around the body.

"The public will soon become accustomed to the idea," he concludes. Would you like to try that one out?

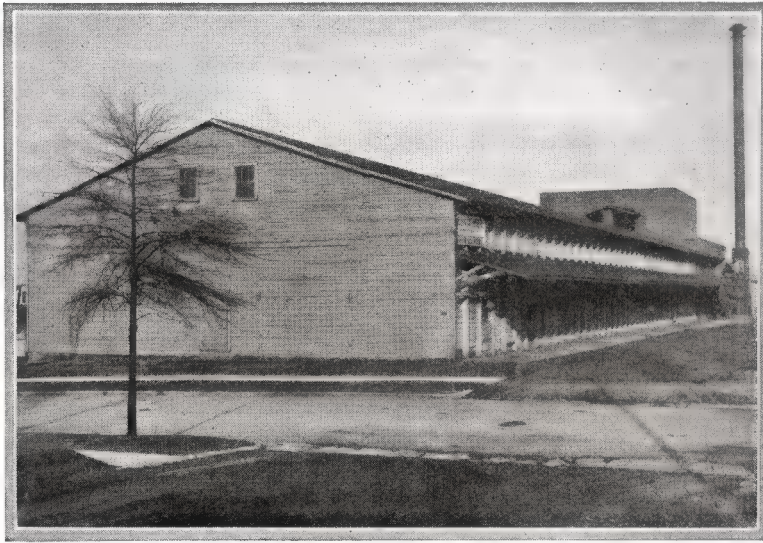
But of all the devices I have seen suggested for the use of man in an emergency, the following impresses me as the most astonishing. It is a pair of suspenders. Of course, I know that suspenders have been out of fashion, but they may come in again,—I've heard rumors to that effect,—and then, perhaps, you will want to use this kind, and at last the inventor—or his heirs—will make a fortune. This patent was issued in 1885.

To quote from the words of the inventor:

"My invention relates to improvements in suspenders, having for its object to provide a suspender with a cord so secured thereto and formed therewith as to constitute a part of the same, and to be readily detached therefrom, whereby, in the event of a person being confined to a burning building and having all the usual means of escape cut off, the cords can be disengaged from the suspenders and lowered to the ground to receive a rope, and thus enable the person to effect his escape."

The cord he further states, is treated chemically to make it noncombustible, and may be woven in any fanciful design or pattern desired. Fifty or a hundred feet of cord can be used thus.

It may be seen from these few examples that inventors turn their minds to many and curious devices, nothing seeming too great or too small for their attention.



A GENERAL VIEW OF A COTTON-SEED OIL MILL

THE ROMANCE OF COTTON-SEED

By JAMES ELLIS

WE have all read the story told in our histories of how, more than a hundred years ago, Eli Whitney made a machine to take the seed out of cotton. All of us know what is done with the cotton, but it is doubtful if very many of us have thought much about the seed.

When the cotton-gin was first brought out, the seed had no value whatever, and was thrown away. Much the same condition existed until about fifty years ago, when the seeds were found to contain an oil that could be utilized. But it has been only in the last twenty years or so that cotton-seed has assumed its position as Crown Prince to King Cotton.

The products that now come from the formerly despised seed make it almost equal in value to the cotton itself. Modern science has found the means of separating the different parts of the seed and making those parts into useful commodities. We see some of them almost every day of our lives. We eat them, we wear them, and, with their assistance, amusement is furnished to millions of people.

A great industry has grown up to handle cotton-seed. At this time, there are about seven hundred cotton-oil mills crushing the seed from the South's cotton. A visit to one

of these mills is very interesting. Here we can see the cotton-seed taken apart, as it were, so that each part may be used to best advantage. In appearance, the place looks like a collection of huge barns, but these are only the buildings where the seed is stored; somewhere about the grounds is a well-made brick structure that is the mill proper. It may have two or three stories, or only one. It is here that the interesting machinery is housed.

The first operation on the seed is to clean it. One would suppose that anything that came from so white and pure a substance as cotton could not be dirty; but the seed gathers a lot of dust in its travels. The cleaning is done by revolving the seed in large drums made of perforated metal. There are usually two of these—one with a screen that the seed will not go through, and the second with holes large enough for the seed to pass freely. The first drum allows all the dirt and sand and immature seed to pass out; the other lets the seed go through and retains the sticks, bolls of cotton, and other large foreign matter. The seed is automatically fed into the machines and taken away.

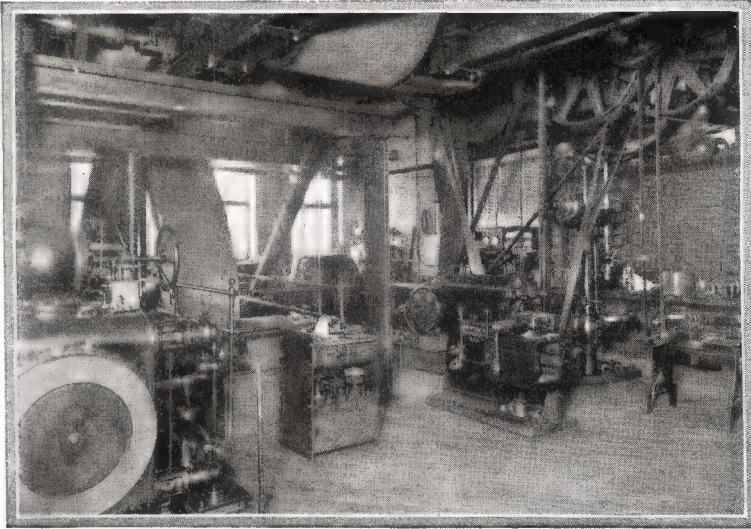
It is then conveyed to another set of machines, consisting of a series of saws,

which scrapes off the very short cotton that the gin failed to remove. This cotton, or lint, as it is called, is too short to be woven into cloth, but it is very useful in widely different ways. Not only can it be made into wadding and mattresses, but it is used in making gun-cotton, and so, during the

beaten out by the paddles and passes through the perforations in the drum. This is added to the meats taken out by the first machine, and all are carried on to the press-room.

The hulls are the least valuable of the products of cotton-seed. They are used to a certain extent for feed, but the principal use is to stuff horse-collars and cheap baseballs. Sometimes there is so little demand for them that they are burned.

As the name would suggest, the press-room is where the oil is pressed out. All of the other processes have been leading up to this. Here are the huge hydraulic presses, capable of a pressure of almost five hundred tons. They are made with a series of compartments, or boxes, so that the meats are pressed in thin layers rather than in a large lump, in order more



THE ENGINE-ROOM OF A MILL

war, was very much in demand. And from this lint, thanks to modern chemistry, is also made the tortoise-shell frames for our glasses, the imitation ivory for toilet articles, countless miles of celluloid film for moving pictures, and the smokeless powder which our soldiers used in France. These are but a few of the ways in which it is employed.

The seed, after this second cleaning, looks very much like a small nut, which it really is. The oil is in the inside part—the kernel. Surrounding this is a shell, or hull, that is rather hard. This is removed by a machine called a huller, which cuts the seed in two; other machines then separate the hulls from the inside part, or the meat. These latter machines are of two general types, and are used in conjunction with each other. One is simply a large sieve, which shakes back and forth several hundred times a minute and allows the meats to fall through its perforations, while the hulls slide off the end, the whole sieve, or shaker, sloping slightly. The other has a slowly revolving drum of perforated metal, within which is a shaft with a number of paddles turning much faster. The hulls are fed into the machine, where any meat still adhering to them is

completely to extract the oil.

The other equipment of the press-room is a “former,” a cooker, and a set of rolls. The rolls are very heavy, and their function is to crush the meats into meal, as it is called, to break up the oil cells. The meal has to be cooked before the oil can be pressed out. This is done in large kettles heated by steam. Sometimes they are arranged one above the other, so that the meal is partially cooked in one before being passed on to the next. Another way is to arrange the kettles, or cookers, in a row and carry out the entire cooking operation in one kettle. Each kettle is provided with a stirrer to keep the meal in motion, so that it will not scorch. The cooking is perhaps the most important operation in the mill. If improperly done, the oil yield may be decreased, with a corresponding loss to the mill. There is a point where the meal is properly cooked and where further cooking will injure it, and it requires a high degree of skill so to time all of the operations in the press-room that the meal shall be cooked “just so” at the moment when the presses are ready to receive it.

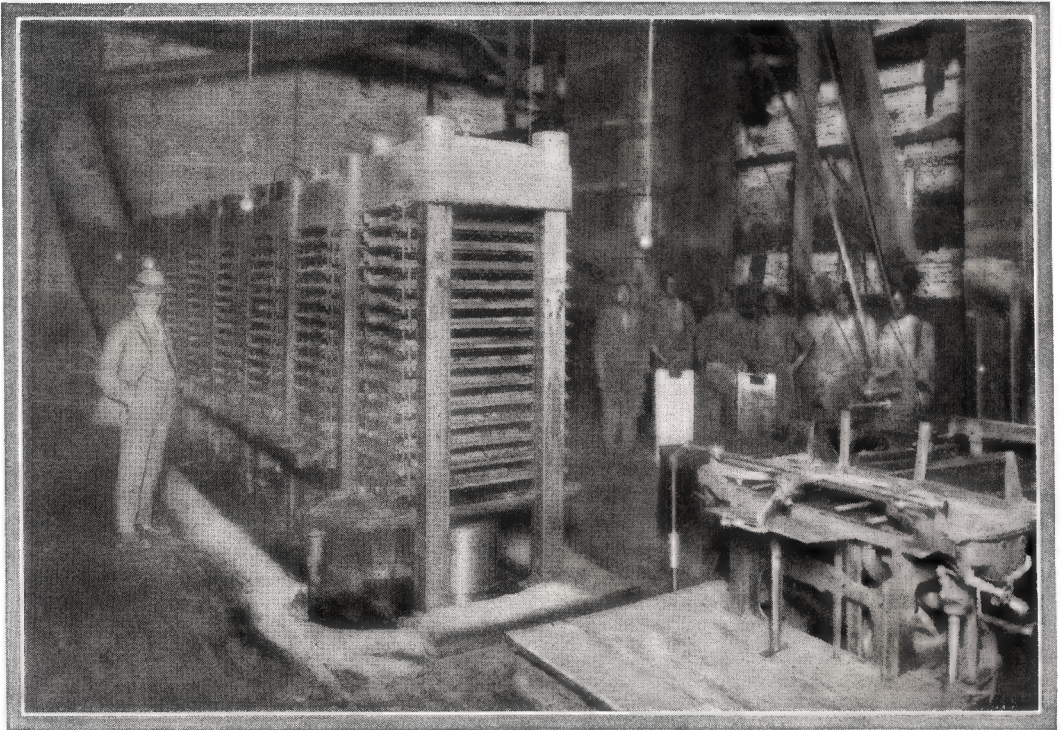
First, however, it is drawn from the cooker into a machine called the former, which

takes a quantity of the meal, usually about twenty pounds, and forms it into a cloth-covered "cake," for, like any other meal, it has to be surrounded by a cloth to hold it together while it is being pressed. These cloths are a very heavy grade of fabric woven from camel's hair, or sometimes human hair. The cake when formed is put into the presses by hand. About fifteen cakes go in a press at one time. The oil will flow best while the meal is hot, so the charging of the presses must be done very quickly to secure the best results. As soon as the press has been charged, the hydraulic pressure is turned on and the flow of oil begins.

The construction of the boxes in the presses is a very important item. The most modern construction has a plate or mat made of steel, with a series of slits, upon which the cake is placed. Below this plate

ground to a powder. They are rich in food-value, and make an ideal cattle-feed. This product has created a new industry of late years, where the ground cake, or cotton-seed meal, is mixed with other materials to produce a variety of mixed feeds. It can also be used as a fertilizer.

It is truly wonderful how practical mechanics and men of science have worked together to devise machinery for making useful to man something that was long regarded as a nuisance. The writer has been told about huge piles of this now valuable seed that were allowed to collect around the ginneries of the south; of how they were thrown into the rivers and streams until they threatened to fill up the waterways; and of how the ginner finally refused to gin cotton unless the planter would dispose of his own seed. But to-day this is all changed, and



THE PRESS-ROOM, SHOWING A "FORMER," A COOKER, AND A SET OF ROLLS

is a steel support in which are channels so that the oil can run off freely. The cakes are left in the presses for about half an hour, and the cloth is then pulled off the pressed cake by another machine.

The cakes are shipped as they are or

this trouble-making seed now produces a food for man and beast, a couch for us to dream upon, a film whereby we may watch the antics of a comedian, whom otherwise we might never see, and an explosive that helps us to win wars.



"SOME LEAVES ARE FOND OF BRILLIANT PARTY GOWNS FOR THE AUTUMN FESTIVALS"

THE WARDROBES OF THE LEAVES

By HAZEL HANKINSON

TREES are thought to be little concerned about wearing-apparel. In fact, they are supposed to be above fashions in ruffles and pleats, and styles in shades and colors, which girls, and sometimes even boys, bother about.

The trees assume a position from which they can look down on "what is being worn this season." But that lofty air of theirs is really only make-believe; for all the while they are putting considerable energy into the matter of clothes of their very own.

When the sun shines warm on a mid-June day, many a tree is already busy making winter garments for next year's leaves. Even before the summer is half over, winter furs are ready for protecting the "leaflings" whose coming-out party will take place the following spring. And the patterns in skirts and capes and coats and caps are all cut. Tree-mothers are exceedingly forehanded in taking care of their leaf-children.

The outer garments of the new leaf-children can be seen in winter on almost every tree which has shed its old foliage in fall. For some of them you have to look closely, because they are so small. There are the bass-wood buds and the sweet-gum and some of the maples—all with deep red coats. Ash buds have modish top-coats, leather in material and almost black in color. There are hard maple bud-babies wearing rich purple, black-walnut buds are real aristocrats, clothed in tailored wraps of gray velvet;

while other buds on various trees have coats of sturdy brown.

As March and April bring days which are somewhat warmer, exactly what the leaf-children have been wearing under their dark coats all winter can be seen. Sometimes those heavy wraps are unbuttoned and gradually thrown back to show their linings, some of which are of fur, while others are of fuzzy cotton. Most tree-mothers provide several undergarments, also, for each child, that the protection may be strong and sure.

As soon as the bud-babies begin to outgrow their clothes in spring, many tree-mothers lengthen and widen the winter coats and the undergarments to fit their vigorous youngsters. Tulip-trees are especially careful to guard the young leaf's health in this way. Each leafling is buttoned closely in a tight-fitting wrap, which stretches as the little occupant grows. With this protection there is safety and warmth until the leaf is strong, and until there is no longer danger from uncertain temperatures. Then the coat is thrown back to serve as a sort of cape until the leafling is full-grown.

Sycamore mothers furnish little brown caps for their budding hopefuls. Willow leaf-children, too, are among those who wear head coverings in winter. These are hoods of soft leathery material, made all in one piece and lined with silvery fur.

It is when the leaves don their dainty spring clothes, however, that they begin to

make known how artistic they really are. Some show an individuality in dress which is quite remarkable; and instead of being gowned all alike in green, each tree-mother chooses spring colors most becoming to the beauty of her leaf-children with results at once delightful.

Take the hickories, for example. Hickory buds throw off their heavy storm-coats and fold their silken wraps neatly when it is warm enough to go without them. The wraps themselves shade from gorgeous red to salmon yellow, while the little dresses in which the leaves first appear are delicate yellow or gay red-bronze.

Tiny leaf-children of the ailanthus come out displaying a brilliant color-scheme; bronze-greens and madder browns, with pale green trimmings make each costume glow like the wings of a golden pheasant. Elm leaves at first wear crisp accordion-pleated skirts of cloth with a fuzzy nap. Red maples always have a quantity of crimson material on hand, so the leaves' spring garments and their jolly sport-dresses in the autumn are similar to their winter coats in color. In fact, red maples are so fond of crimson and scarlet that they always have a bit of it somewhere about their persons, in leaf or stem or seed or bright new twig.



SPRING CAUSES THE BUD-BABIES TO OPEN THEIR WINTER COATS

Horse-chestnut and buckeye babies, differing merely in the number of fingers they possess, are both wrapped in so much wool

that at first you think they must be very helpless infants. But instead, they are extremely strong and lusty as they reach out their little mittened hands toward the spring



FULL-GROWN LEAF-CHILDREN TAKE CARE OF THE TINY BUD-BABIES

sunshine. Their earliest frocks are of brownish gray wool. And often they wear pink flowers in their hair.

When their winter garments of down and wool are thrown aside, leafings of the Kentucky coffee-tree come out in bright pink. It is not long, however, before these charming creations are changed for outfits of shimmering bronze-green, which the coffee-tree mother considers more practical for everyday summer wear.

Green, in fact, in various shades, according to the taste of the tree which wears it, is the color chosen for the working-clothes of almost all the leaves. And as they grow large and strong, most of them speedily don their "overalls." They have much to do during the summer season—these green-clad youngsters; and none of them are shirkers. In everything the tree-mother undertakes, they help her. They gather in and store food and drink. They work in the tree-mill, making starch. They are the nurses who tend the new bud-babies, which lie cuddled asleep at their feet.

By the end of August the working-clothes of many of the leaves are showing the results of hard wear and tear and summer toil. Some are dirty and bedraggled and torn; all are nearly ready for a change of garb. A few, like the ailanthus, do not seem to spoil their gowns so much as do some of the others.

When others are looking like tattered beggars, alanthus leaves come to the end of summer fresh and spotless; they have indeed been careful of their "overalls." But even they are ready for new attire, for, like the rest, they are tired of their summer things.

So each tree-mother carefully lays away the green working-clothes of her loyal little helpers. She says nothing about it, but she is going to make over that green material into working garments for her family of leaves next year. Meanwhile, she begins to provide her present helpers with their holiday attire.

Some of the leaves, as every one knows, are fond of brilliant party gowns for the autumn festivals and dances. None seem quite so happy to put off their working-clothes as the hard, or sugar, maples. Here's a gown of flame and yellow and orange; there's one of deep green with a touch of scarlet; a rich red has a daring splash of rose pink. No artist

that certain trees are so fond of the colors they wear that they repeat in fall the color schemes they have chosen for the costume of winter bud or baby leaf.



Winter garments of the buds can be seen on nearly every tree which has shed its foliage in fall

Full-grown leaves, in summer, help to take care of the tiny new buds

Warm sunshine, in spring, causes the buds to unbutton their "coats"



"CRISP LITTLE BROWN NIGHT-ROBES THEY NOW PUT ON"

could be more venturesome than the mother maple-tree when she combines autumn colors for her lively offspring. Then, on the other hand, in sharp contrast, are the leaves which do not appear to care for fun and frolic; these simply slip on their warm dark browns and soberly start off on a journey.

That many trees' leaves besides the maple are ready for a gay-gowned play day before winter sets in does not often pass unnoticed. But not so many probably have discovered

Look at the oaks in spring and then again in early November. White oak leaves in spring have their little cream-colored skirts edged with bright red. In autumn, again, their garments are trimmed with red—rich purplish red this time. These garments are often the leaves' house-dresses, for white-oak leaves sometimes stay in their tree homes all winter. Red and scarlet oaks clothe their little leaves in soft pink and white, and in the autumn this same pink color appears again, deepened to dark red and russet.

Trees which deck their leaves in milder colors carry out the same idea. Silver-maples and box-elders and locusts, walnuts and butternuts, all of which come out in dainty yellow-green in spring, perfect their year's color-scheme by wearing clear pale yellow in the fall. Hickories wearing bronze and red in May, combine bronze with yellow in October.

When the autumn fun and the journeys are over, leaves of all kinds are given one more outfit with which to complete their year's wardrobe. Crisp little brown night-robos they now put on, and settle down on lawn and garden and field and roadside for a well-earned rest. In two or three years, those beneath the trees may be helping their tree-mothers to make wonderful garments like those they themselves have worn. That is a story all its own.

Meanwhile, on the trees above, the new bud-babies sleep. Their wardrobes, their work, and the welfare of their mother-trees for the coming year are all wrapped safe within those wee, warm, winter coats.

NEW DRESSES!

By EDITH LAQUELLE

THE little leaves upon the trees
Were very sad one day,
Because the Wind, who loves to tease
Stopped long enough to say,
"Beware, O little dancing leaves,
Prepare for coming sorrow;
For Summer's through, and Winter's due,
And Jack Frost comes to-morrow!"

Each little leaf began to sigh,
And shake its tiny head,
"We 're still as green as green can be!"
Each leaf protesting, said.

"Has Winter come so soon?" they ask
As in the wind they shiver;
"There 're flowers still, and sunbeams bright
A-glitter on the river!"

That night Jack Frost with nimble brush
Came skipping through the trees,
And daylight saw them all arrayed
In brilliant tapestries.
Then how the little leaves rejoiced!
"Sir Wind, you were too clever!
Now, in our dresses red and gold
We 're prettier than ever!"



"YOU SEEM TO HAVE A COUGH, MR. DRAKE"
"NO, ONLY A FROG IN MY THROAT"

THE WILD-BIRD MAN

(A True Story)

By HELEN I. HUNTINGTON



JACK MINER, THE BIRD MAN

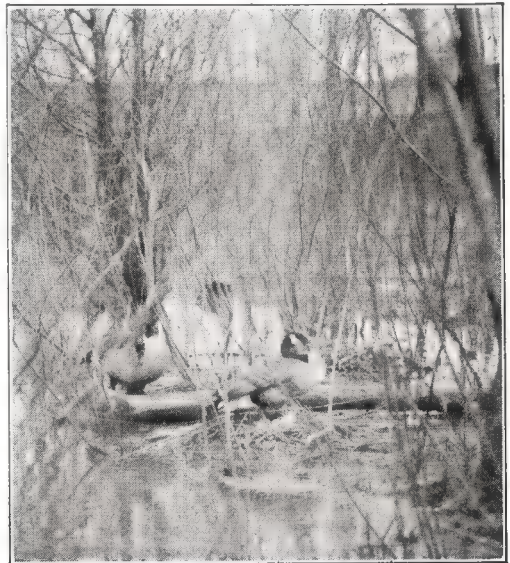
THERE is a red brick house in the Canadian province of Ontario, about three miles from Lake Erie and about thirty miles from Detroit. In that house lives a kindly, genial man named Jack Miner and his wife and son. Mr. Miner and his brother and son make bricks for a living, and his house and fences and garage are all built with his own brick. But making bricks, however fine and hard and red they are, does

not make people famous. Yet this gentleman is known to sportsmen and naturalists all over this country, and to many others besides, not because of his bricks, but because he loves and protects all animals, especially birds.

When Jack Miner was a little boy it was not as easy to have an education as it is now, and his family kept him very busy, so he grew up loving nature and outdoor things and learning about them, but not getting much book knowledge. When he was old enough he was allowed to have a gun and became a market-hunter—that is, he shot wild game for the markets. The wild birds are protected now; but at that time they were not, and Jack Miner studied their habits and learned where he could most easily shoot the different kinds of birds. Then he began to wish he could read in books about the wild things. He decided to teach himself, and did it. Then his interest grew so fast that he stopped hunting the birds and began to

think of ways to protect them, and the work he does now is the result.

There are two ponds on Mr. Miner's place. The large one, quite far back of his house, that is hidden by trees and scrub; and one smaller one, walled in, just a few feet from his house. Every sportsman knows how hard it is to get near enough to a wild goose to shoot one. Yet here, close to the house, one may sit and watch the ungainly flight of these birds and see them flop clumsily into the pond almost within arm's-reach. In the spring the geese fly north, and in the fall, south, dropping in for a call on Jack Miner both going and coming. They know they will have all the comforts of home if they stop at his ponds—plenty of food, and well-hidden nooks. Birds are shy creatures, most of them, and like quiet places. The geese make their long flights in great flocks; but in the flocks the families stick together,



Photograph by L. D. Bolton

A WILD GOOSE ON HER NEST

six or eight in a family. When one flock stops at Mr. Miner's, they stay till all are ready to start on again; but the families will fly together from one pool to the other, or over to Lake Erie. This last spring, each morning, some wild swans came over from



Photograph by L. D. Bolton

THE POOL NEAR MR. MINER'S HOUSE, SHOWING WILD GEESSE ABOUT TO DESCEND

Lake Erie with the geese, but flew directly back again, never lighting. Swans are very cautious, and suspicious of people; but Mr. Miner hopes to get even swans another year.

The geese going north appear in February, and sometimes stop till early May. When Mr. Miner and his son think they show signs of starting north, they tag some of them. In one corner of the wall around the small pool is a triangular wire coop. Clear in the apex of the triangle is put some tempting food. The geese like corn and rice best. Then when a good many geese have decided they can't live a minute longer without that particular mouthful, and waddle under the wire, Mr. Miner lets down a screen behind them and they are ready to be tagged. He and his son go in the coop and very gently capture the birds and fasten aluminum bands around their legs. On the band is Mr. Miner's name and address, and a verse from the Bible, with a note added asking the hunter to let Mr. Miner know where the bird was shot. Word has come back from missionaries far north in James Bay and Hudson Bay, saying that Indian hunters have brought in the bands and asked what they were. They do not get very far south in the winter, apparently, as the bands have not been sent back from much farther than the Carolinas. After the birds are tagged, they finally start

their flight. Word is then telegraphed to the Canadian Pacific agents asking them to telegraph back where and when the geese cross the line. In this way it was found that the geese take the same route every year, only varying by about six miles. So after all, it is not very hard to study them, if one loves birds.

Mr. Miner loves all sorts of birds, and, besides the wild geese, has many others that make his farm a place of refuge. They seem to know they have friends there and will be protected. If there were room, I could tell you about the wild ducks, Susan, Polly, and Delilah, who were hatched at Mr. Miner's, and have not migrated; and of David and Jonathan, a lame wild goose and his friend, who never left him till he was killed by an owl one sad day. There are so many stories about the birds it is hard to choose one.

Mr. Miner has the affection and moral support of all good sportsmen all over this continent, and in the spring and autumn, when the geese are in flight, his place is crowded with sportsmen and amateur and professional naturalists, who love to hear him tell of his friends the birds.

In 1921, the Canadian Government acknowledged Mr. Miner's work by making his property a bird sanctuary and appropriating money for the feeding of the birds.

RADIO DEPARTMENT

TO GET BETTER SIGNALS

EVERY ONE who has a radio set is always trying to make the incoming signals louder, either by making little refinements in the set or building new sets all the time. This is one way to accomplish the desired result, but a far easier way, and one which you may be sure of having work, is by adding audio-frequency amplifiers to your present set.

Almost any set is capable of having this kind of an amplifier added to it, and with each additional bulb, or stage, as it is called, the increase in volume is terrific. Either one or two stages may be added, and once in a while some fan will be lucky enough to really get the third stage working right; but

What we do hear is a vibration set up in the air, which causes the diaphragm of our ear to vibrate also; but when these vibrations get too slow or too fast we cannot hear them. They are beyond the range of audibility. Each note which we hear is set up by a certain number of vibrations per second. These waves, or vibrations, occur at a very definite "frequency," as the engineers say.

Radio itself all takes place at frequencies which are far above that of the human ear; and if it were not for this fact, we should be able to hear the different programs without the aid of a radio receiver. The function of the receiver is to bring these extremely high frequencies down to audible frequencies which we can hear.

Usually, the first vacuum-tube in the radio receiver does this, the rest of the apparatus being for the purpose of tuning or for controlling the elements of the tube. However, there are some sets which have additional tubes, in front of this detector, which amplify the signal at radio or high frequency before it is placed in the detector-tube at all. This is known as radio-frequency amplification; and while it will not make the incoming signal much louder, it will make a signal, which ordinarily is too weak to work the detector, of sufficient strength to accomplish this end.

On the other hand, audio-frequency amplification takes place after the detector has functioned, and while it will not amplify a signal which is not already audible in the detector, it will give us a far greater amount of volume. A radio set combining both kinds of amplification, such as the neutrodyne, is considered a very fine outfit.

It is therefore apparent that before we can hope to use the amplifier described in this article, it is necessary to have a radio set which has some kind of a detector and tuning apparatus, because this is an audio-frequency amplifier. It is not necessary that the detector be a vacuum-tube, because the amplifier will work equally well with a crystal; but remember that just because the signal happens to be made stronger, the

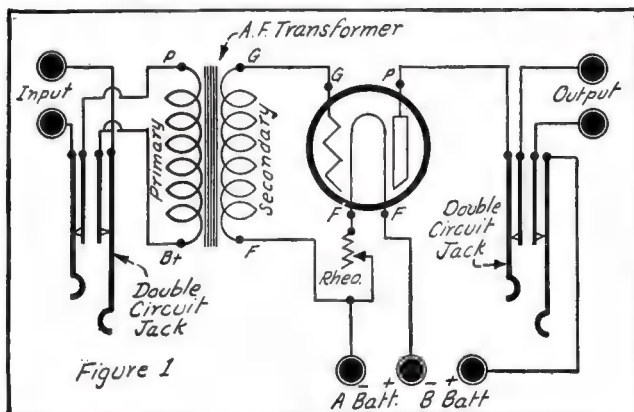


FIGURE 1
A SCHEMATIC DESIGN FOR A ONE-STAGE AUDIO-FREQUENCY AMPLIFIER. IT WILL MAKE THE RADIO SIGNALS LOUDER

this is seldom the case, because as the volume increases, the trouble also increases, and any one who has ever had any experience with an amplifier will never attempt to make the third stage.

There are really two separate and distinct kinds of amplifiers: one is called radio-frequency, and the other, audio-frequency, and before going into the construction of an audio-frequency amplifier it might be well to point out the relative positions which both kinds occupy.

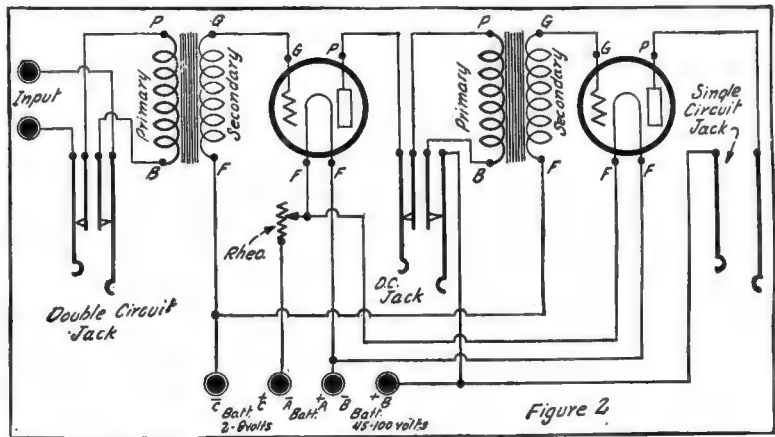
In order to begin at the very start, we must first learn that the human ear can only hear vibrations which occur within a certain scale, so it is quite possible to have vibrations, but either so low or so high that we cannot possibly hear them.

range of the set is not necessarily increased. It may, of course, be possible that a signal which is too weak for you to make out will be brought up a great deal by the amplifier; but unless the signals are already present in the detector, the amplifier cannot amplify them.

The circuit for a one-stage audio-frequency amplifier is shown in Figure 1, and a little study will show that it is not difficult to follow. Notice that the two binding-posts on the left-hand side are directly connected to the place where your receivers are now connected. If it is desirable to have the amplifier built right in with the rest of the set, these binding posts would, of course, be simply connected where the wires are now run to the 'phone binding-posts.

These wires, after they arrive in the amplifier, are connected to the two outside lugs of an ordinary two-circuit jack, and by plugging your telephone receivers into this jack you will be able to listen in on the

The two inside lugs of this amplifier are then connected to the primary binding-posts of an audio-frequency transformer. The secondary binding-posts are then connected,



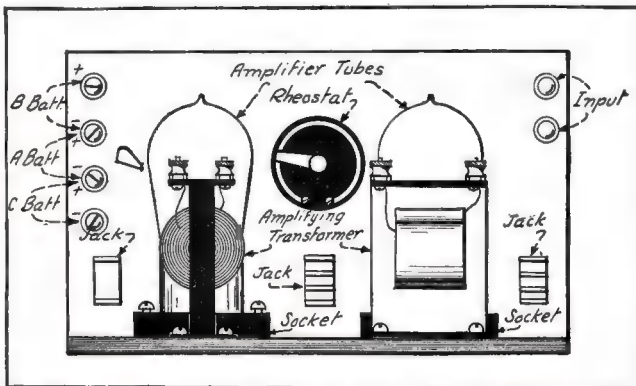
THIS TWO-STAGE AMPLIFIER WILL GIVE A TREMENDOUS INCREASE IN SIGNAL STRENGTH

one to the grid of the amplifier tube and the other to the filament wire. Follow the diagram closely here.

The plate of this tube is then connected to another jack, and the other outside lug on this jack is then connected to the B-battery positive. The two inner lugs are then wired up to two binding-posts on the other side of the panel from those of the input side, and these can be connected to the second amplifier, if at any time it is needed.

It is seldom that a one-stage amplifier of this kind will give sufficient volume for loud-speaker operation; but it will be found to be far superior to a straight detector for listening to long-distance stations. Of course, the addition of the second amplifier will bring the amplification up a tremendous amount, and if the amplifier is built correctly, it will be impossible to wear receivers on all three tubes. The signal will be too loud for the headphones; but it will be just right for a loud-speaker.

The one-step amplifier, as shown, may be simply doubled up again, and thus you will have a two-stage amplifier. It is far better, though, to build the full two stages all at once behind the same panel. A drawing of a two-stage amplifier is given also, Figure 2,

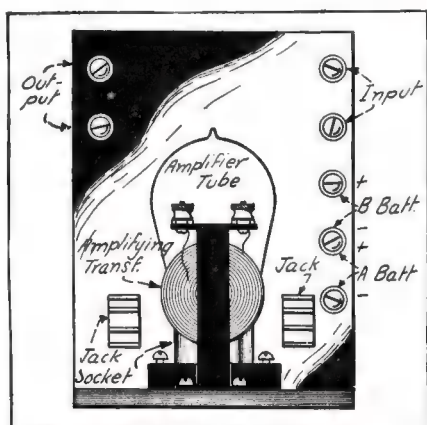


THE REAR VIEW OF THE TWO-STAGE AMPLIFIER IS INTERESTING BECAUSE IT SHOWS THAT THE TWO AMPLIFYING TRANSFORMERS ARE TURNED AT RIGHT ANGLES TO EACH OTHER TO AVOID HOWLING IN THE SET

detector alone, without the use of the amplifier in any way. This is sometimes a handy feature for any amplifier and is the way the commercial sets are generally made up.

with this article, and with it you should be able to make such an instrument. Notice that only one rheostat is used for both bulbs. This will simplify matters for the builder and keep the cost down just a little. The wiring of the A and B batteries is also simplified by doing this.

Notice that what is called a C battery is used with this amplifier. While this will



THE RHEOSTAT OF THIS ONE-STAGE AMPLIFIER IS BEHIND THE VACUUM-TUBE, MOUNTED SO THAT ITS KNOB PROJECTS THROUGH THE FRONT OF THE PANEL

not increase the signal strength to any extent, it will save the B batteries and also give a clearer signal. Also, the B-battery voltage is considerably higher than is used with an ordinary detector-tube. Usually the detectors work only on about twenty-two volts, while the amplifier may have anywhere from 45 to 100 volts, the more voltage the higher the amplification.

It is not advisable to use more than 100 volts on any amplifier for the simple reason that it is extremely apt to burn out the amplifying transformers. These are wound with wire which is even finer than the hair of your head, and it will not take much of an overload to cause a lot of damage. Usually about 90 volts will give fine amplification.

As for the tubes to be used, by all means make use of the storage-battery kind. The UV 201-A and the C-301-A will give particularly fine results as amplifiers. A UV 200 or C-300 will not work as an amplifier as they are designed especially as detectors.

In the two-stage amplifier, the builder will soon realize that he has a delicate instrument to contend with. The least loose connection will make all kinds of trouble, for

the simple reason that the sound will be amplified to such a great degree. A tube which does not make proper contact in its socket will also cause noises in the set; and jacks which do not close correctly have been responsible for untold trouble. These little points are brought up so that you may avoid them.

The wiring throughout the instrument should be kept just as short as possible, and neatness is paramount. The wires which run from the grids of the tubes to the secondary of the amplifying transformers are quite apt to cause trouble, and they must be kept short and away from all other wires. It is a good rule for any radio set or amplifier that wherever one wire crosses another, the crossing should be made at right angles.

Another thing: never let the wires touch each other, even though they are insulated. The leakage is apt to be serious, especially if the insulation happens to be at all faulty. It is attention to these little details which go to make a successful radio set. Above all, throughout the work, be sure to make neatly soldered connections. It should take several days for the average radio fan to build an amplifier of this kind. Do not make the mistake that so many have made, that of rushing through the work as fast as possible and then complaining because the set does not work.

Radio sets are, at best, highly sensitive pieces of scientific apparatus, and they must be put together properly, if results are expected. Study the drawings well and read the article over several times before you do a single thing on your amplifier.

W. F. CROSBY.

HOW TO SOLDER

ANY ONE who has ever watched a radio man solder a joint has been impressed by the simplicity of the operation, yet when he tries it out at home, the results are apt to be extremely unsatisfactory. The operation is simple, but it takes some experience to do the work as it should be done.

The first and main requisite is that the surfaces to be soldered be absolutely clean. A small piece of emery-cloth will prove useful for cleaning corroded surfaces. The soldering-iron should, preferably, be run direct from the house lighting-current. There are many makes on the market at the present time which will serve the purpose quite well, and they are not expensive.

A small can of soldering paste and what is

called wire solder should also be used. The first thing to do is to clean the joints to be soldered while the iron is getting heated. A test for the heat of the iron is to take a little of the soldering paste on the end of a burned match and see if it sizzles when applied to the end of the iron. It should give a hiss.

Now take a little of the paste and place it on both metals to be soldered — just a little; too much will cause the copper to corrode.

Then take the piece of wire solder and allow a little of it to melt on the end of the iron. Apply the iron to the place to be soldered and the hot solder should run down between the metals without difficulty.

Remember that hot solder will not run uphill any more than water will. Keep the end of the soldering-iron clean by wiping it off once in a while with an old rag. Do not hold this rag up against the iron for any length of time, but give it a swift, wiping motion.

The whole secret of successful soldering is to keep everything absolutely clean.

THE TERM "FLY-POWER" SEEMS TO BE NEEDED IN RADIO

"It has been stated," said Mr. E. W. Rice, Jr., former president of the General Electric Company, in a paper read at the World Power Conference, held in London last summer, "that perhaps the most minute electrical energy is that which enters a wireless receiving set when receiving an important announcement from some remote territory. It is so small that it is difficult to give its magnitude any significance. It could be

expressed in milliwatts, but Dr. Whitney has suggested that we could properly think of it in 'Fly-Power' as contrasted with horsepower, and calculated that one inch of fly-power (the power exerted by a fly in lifting itself an inch) would operate a wireless receiving outfit for over a quarter of a century. This energy is, however, sufficient when amplified by our electric vacuum-tubes to be heard in the telephone head-piece or through the medium of a loud-speaker over a large area.

"I will restrain myself, and resist the temptation to speculate as to the effect upon the world of this application of electric power. It has been suggested that, through the medium of broadcasting, the influence of radio power will be greater than printing has been upon the growth of man, and that the time will come when radio loud-speakers will be part of the equipment of public buildings or market-places in every city, town, and hamlet in the civilized countries of the world. It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the value and importance of such an instrumentality for the general diffusion of news and for the education and amusement of men."

USE OUTDOOR ANTENNA

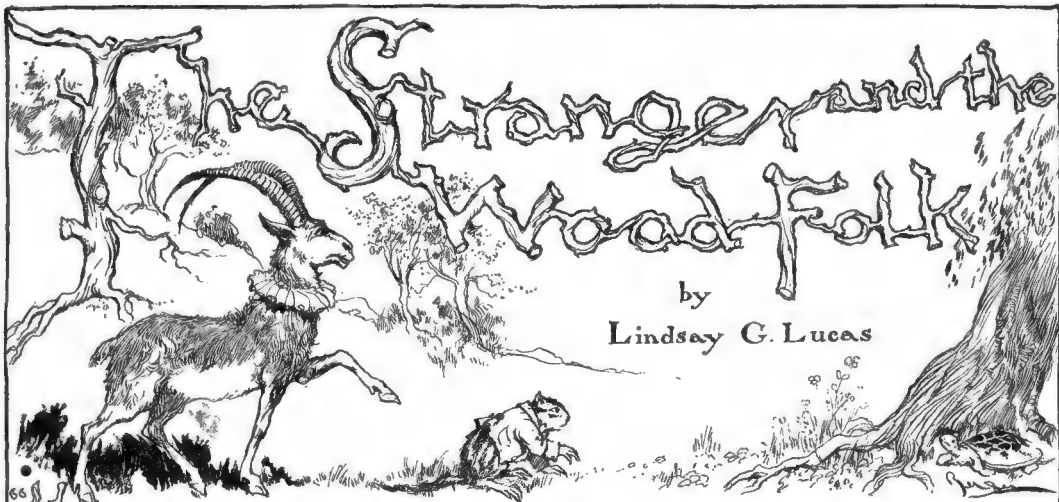
FOR distance and volume, the outdoor aerial cannot be beaten. The inside aerial is seldom as successful, simply because it cannot possibly pick up as much energy. A loop aerial is another form of antenna, and can only be used on sets which have a number of tubes. It is useless on most sets of under six tubes.

LISTENING IN, AS TOLD BY JIMMY

By ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

LAST night, I heard a story told before I went to bed,
'T was broadcasted from KBF, the kind announcer said.
And then I turned the dials round; at once there came my way
A brass band playing lively tunes, and that was KGA.
I heard some songs from WFS, the news from WBM;
I tuned in for the baseball scores (I'm always after them!)

Sometimes when I am listening in, it is n't always clear
Just who or what the station is whose broadcast I can hear,
But when there comes a loud, firm voice, that clearly says to me,
"My boy, it's time you were in bed!" I know that's D-A-D!



by
Lindsay G. Lucas

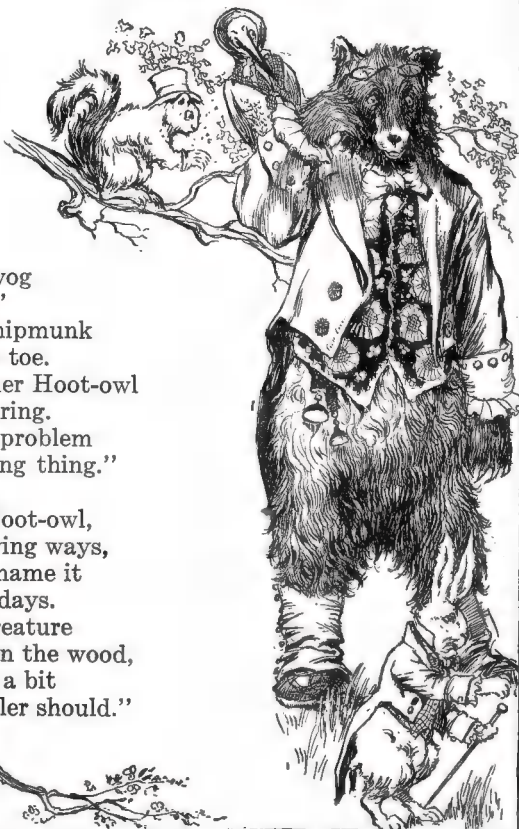
“Ho, Brother Chipmunk!”
Cried the antelope.
“Have you seen that creature
Yonder by the slope,
[1] Sitting ’neath the willow,
Close against the bark,
Silent as a tombstone
Standing in the dark?”

“What does it look like?”
Brother Chipmunk said.
“Is it warm and living,
Or a creature dead?
[2] Does it growl and grumble?
Does it move around?
Is it free and active,
Or fastened to the ground?”

“That I cannot answer,”
The antelope replied,
“For it only sits and stares
In its funny woolly hide.
[3] It seems to be a bear,
For it has a Bruin’s skin.
But Brother Bruin saw it
And says it is no kin.”

“Maybe it’s a Tadwog
Or a Windigo,”
Said the timid chipmunk
Turning on his toe.
[4] “Let’s get Brother Hoot-owl
Over by the spring.
He knows every problem
And every living thing.”

But the wise old Hoot-owl,
For all his knowing ways,
Said he could n’t name it
In all his living days.
[5] “It cannot be a creature
That lives within the wood,
For it does n’t act a bit
As a forest dweller should.”





LET 's sound a rally!"

The antelope exclaimed.

"We 'll see if any brother
Has ever heard it named."

[6] So he set the woodland
Ringing with his call:
"Gather to the council!
Rally one and all!"

SOON the forest creatures
Came from tree and den,
From every wooded hillside,
From every shaded glen.
[7] They gathered all around it,
The beaver, wolf, and bear,
The muskrat and the weasel,
The otter, mink, and hare.

THEY called it names and mocked it;
They laughed right in its face;
They jeered it and abused it,
And shamed it to disgrace.

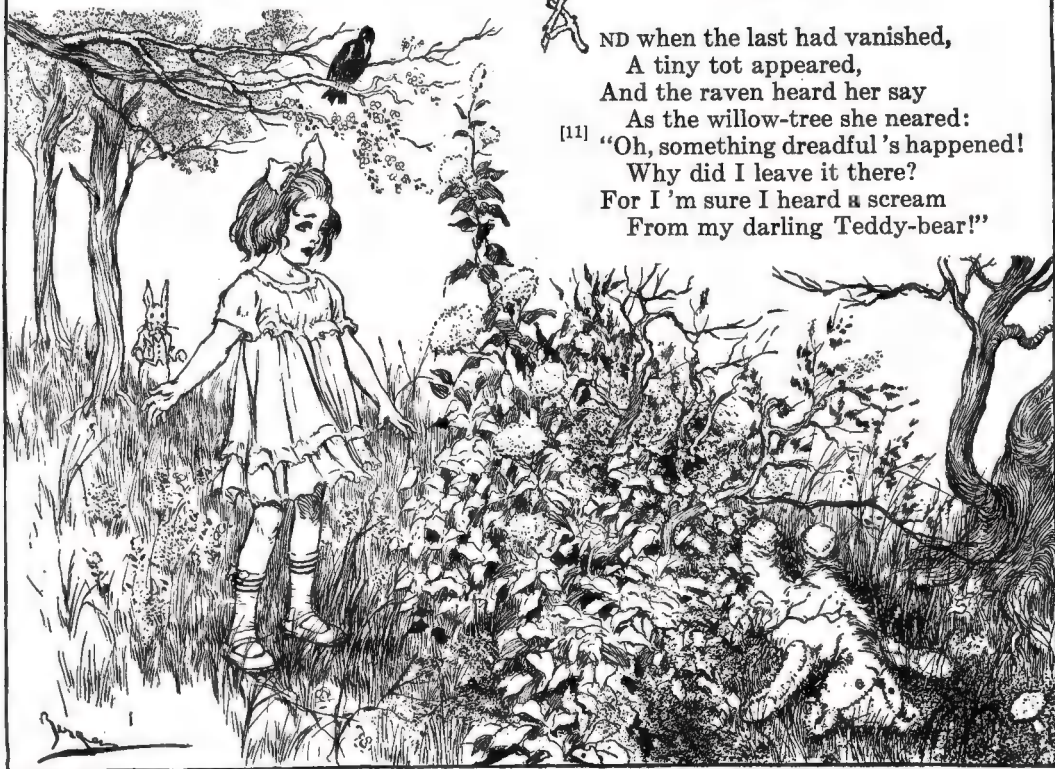
[8] But still it only sat there,
Staring at the skies,
With a "sassy" sort of gleam
In its little beady eyes.





'M going to make him whimper,"
Said the nimble deer.
"I'm going to kick him good and hard—
If he can talk, you'll hear."
[9] He edged himself around,
With one tiny hoof on high;
And then he sent it flying
As hard as he could try.

R IGH T in the pudgy stomach,
It landed fair and square.
Then a fearful screech and bellow
[10] Resounded on the air.
Then every forest creature
In instant panic fled,
Without a backward glancing
Nor a turning of the head.



A ND when the last had vanished,
A tiny tot appeared,
And the raven heard her say
As the willow-tree she neared:
[11] "Oh, something dreadful's happened!
Why did I leave it there?
For I'm sure I heard a scream
From my darling Teddy-bear!"

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

AN ATLANTIC INTER-COASTAL WATERWAY

By far the longest canal in the world has been definitely planned to parallel the Atlantic seaboard and Gulf of Mexico, with a connecting link across Florida. Fully one-half of this great artificial waterway has been built and is now in operation. The remainder has been definitely surveyed. It may be possible some day for comparatively large craft to navigate inland waterways continuously from Boston, down the Atlantic coast, across Florida and along the Gulf of Mexico, to the national boundary at the Rio Grande. No other country in the world enjoys such a network of inland waterways, and the advantage of such a protected waterway, in time of war, would be priceless.

The general system of canals extending from New England to Florida is known as the Atlantic Inter-coastal Waterway. When completed it will offer a continuous channel, twelve feet in depth without a break, as far south as Beaufort, North Carolina. Below this point, a seven-foot channel will be built. At some points, ship-canal are planned with a depth of twenty-five feet, thus making it possible for large sea-going vessels to take advantage of the artificial channels.

The first link in the great canal system is the Cape Cod Canal, which shortens the journey around Cape Cod. Another canal, known as the New York, Brockton, and Boston Waterway, is planned to make a short cut across the eastern part of Massachusetts to Long Island Sound, and thence to New York. From this point the Delaware and

Raritan Canal leads to the Delaware River. A great ship-canal, with a twenty-five foot channel, will cross New Jersey.

By following the Delaware River, an inland waterway is available to the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, which is connected with Chesapeake Bay. This, in turn, is connected by canal with Beaufort, North



A MAP WHICH SHOWS THE PROPOSED ATLANTIC INTER-COASTAL WATERWAY

Carolina. South of this point a canal has been projected, utilizing many natural waterways parallel to the sea, to extend along the entire coast-line of North and South Carolina. It is already possible to navigate much of this route to Jacksonville, Florida.

The St. John River extends almost across the Florida peninsula and this has been canalized so that much of it is now navigable. A stretch of canal has already been built along the coast of Louisiana, and this will be linked up with the waterway projected from Florida to the Rio Grande.

FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

TOWING CRIPPLED VESSELS CALLS FOR SKILL

LONG-DISTANCE towing on the ocean, especially during a season when storms are prevalent, is attended with many dangers.



THE STEAMER "EASTERN CRAG" BEING TOWED FROM THE AZORES TO NEW YORK

The great stress on the towing-line may cause it to snap suddenly. Men who have been engaged in this work know the steady watch that the deck-officer must keep on the line. When towing in a seaway, the ships must be kept in step so that they will meet the waves at the same time and ride over them together.

Our illustration shows a towing job of considerable magnitude that was recently handled successfully, although severe storms were encountered. The American Steamship *Eastern Crag* is in tow of the wrecking-steamers *Warbler*. For this long tow from the Azores, to New York, 270 fathoms of tow-line was used. The 2493 miles were covered in fifteen days.

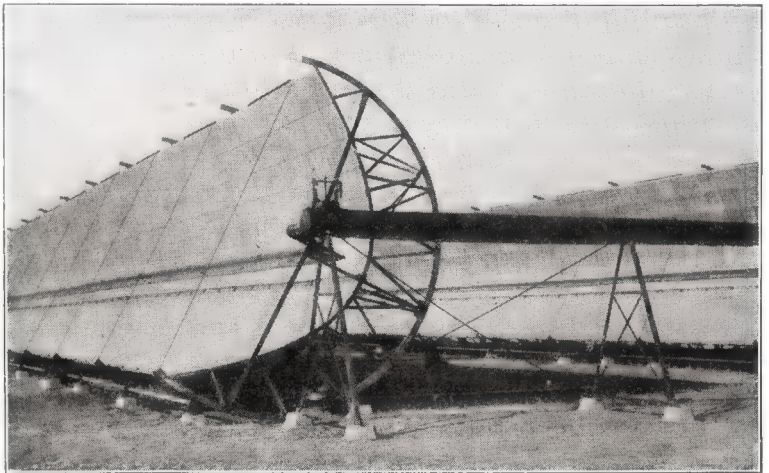
GEORGE F. PAUL.

MAKING THE SUN WORK AT NIGHT

THERE is an old joke about a simple fellow who remarked that it was a great pity the sun did n't shine at night, when it was really needed. Recent news from Egypt declares that that is exactly what the people of Cairo have succeeded in making it do. The city is actually lighted at night by bottled sunlight, so to speak. To be sure, this bottling is done in a rather roundabout manner, for the bottles in question are merely electric-light bulbs.

Our picture indicates the method by which this is accomplished. The sun's energy, in the form of heat—and you know that the sun's rays are very hot indeed in that part of the world—is captured by means of huge reflectors. As you see, these are made of concave and brightly polished metal, forming a mirror which has the power, just as a burning-glass has, of bringing the sun's rays to a focus and therefore greatly intensifying the heat at that particular point. But heat, as you know, can always be transformed into other forms of energy, thus producing power of one sort or another. For example, it can be made to produce steam, and the steam in turn may drive a dynamo, so as to produce electricity, which is stored up in batteries or accumulators, to be used as needed.

It is said that Cairo is the only city in the world which derives the power required to run its illuminating system in this manner. But then there are very few cities, of course, so favorably situated with regard both to the number of sunshiny hours and the intensity of the sunlight. M. TEVIS.



Keystone

GIANT CURVED REFLECTORS OUTSIDE CAIRO, WHICH RECEIVE THE RAYS OF THE SUN AND BY SPECIAL MACHINERY CONVERT THEM INTO ELECTRICITY



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, IMMIGRANT

THIS month we celebrate Columbus Day. Did you ever hear the old ditty, "In fourteen hundred ninety-two, 'Twas then Columbus started; From Palos on the coast of Spain To the westward he departed. His object was to find a route, A short one, to East Indy"? The last line of that noble verse had a reference to Columbus's whiskers and the fact that "The wind, it blew quite windy"—too frivolous for notice at this anniversary time. The song is only mentioned here to remind you that Columbus was not looking for America, it was quite a surprise to him when he found it—and perhaps a good deal of a disappointment. He could hardly have realized at first that he had made a discovery of much more importance to the world than that of a short water-passage to the rich Indies would have possessed. Is n't it often that way in life?

What a contrast between the world of Columbus's day and our own! What do you suppose Columbus would have thought if he could have gazed into a fortune-teller's crystal, and seen the Europe and the United States of to-day? What would he have thought of his three little ships, tossed on stormy seas, if some one had predicted the coming of a time when men should sail in the air all around the globe? But Christopher Columbus had the same spirit that our army airmen showed in their splendid flight. Courage never grows old.

Some Italians were disappointed when Mr. Hughes went abroad last summer because, visiting London, Paris, Brussels, and Berlin, he did not call at Rome. But the secretary kept pretty close to the Dawes

Plan Conference. He was not making a pleasure-trip. If he had been, it is almost a certainty that he would have gone to Italy. He has always been a special friend to Italy. Possibly he thought it a compliment to Italy that he did not *need* to go there on his trip in behalf of the peace treaty!

America has always been friendly with Italy. If in regulating our own domestic growth we have had to pass restrictive laws that cause some resentment in Italy, her people know that it was necessary in our own interest, and carried absolutely no discrimination against the Italian people, who have made large contributions to the growth of America. There is no reason why Italy and the United States should not continue to be, as they so long have been, good friends.

On Columbus Day, it is appropriate that we should wish Italy all possible happiness and prosperity. And so we do!

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

NEXT month we shall all know—unless that famous deadlock comes to pass—who is really "Our Next President." As we have read the newspapers these last few weeks, it has been distressing to see what kind of men these are from whom we are to make our selection. We have seen them all described as supermen—and as wicked monsters. Which ones are in either group, of course, depends on what paper you happen to be reading.

Balancing up the articles and the speeches which describe them as good men, wise men, patriotic men, or bad, foolish, and unpatriotic, we have come to the conclusion that

Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Davis, General Dawes and Mr. Bryan are really rather respectable citizens, and that even Mr. La Follette and Mr. Wheeler have their good qualities.

Of course, it is true that one "ticket" is better qualified than the others to serve the nation. And it is "up to" the millions of voters, men and women, to use their brains and their consciences when they vote, so that the best and wisest choice for America's good may be made.

NEW GERMANY, FIVE YEARS OLD

IN August, the German Republic celebrated the fifth anniversary of its founding. That is to say, part of the German Republic celebrated; there were many Germans who preferred to spend the day thinking of the good old days of the Empire, the Hohenzollerns, and Rule by Verboten (the German word for "forbidden"). And the celebration was not particularly jubilant.

We do not know whether the fears sometimes expressed that Germany is secretly

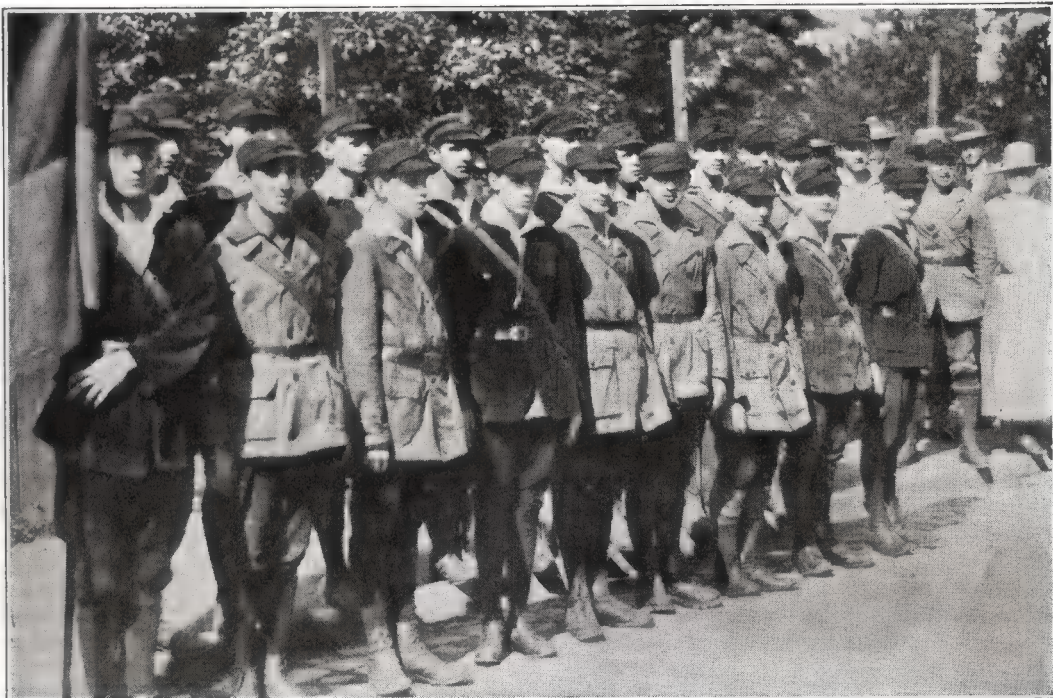
people who are keen for war always seem able to find a way to get what they want. We just don't know about all this and will have to leave the matter to those in authority.

But we do know that Germany has a "black-red-gold" army, for do we not show on this page a photograph of some of its members? It is pledged to defend the republic—against the monarchists who want to overthrow the present system before it has had a fair chance to show what it can do.

And as for us, we are very much more willing to pay attention to those young defenders of the German Republic than to such Germans as the terrible General Ludendorff. The monarchists live in the past. These boys represent the Germany of the future.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE

It was delightful to read the news from London while the conference on German finances was in session there. Within a few days the Allies came to an agreement on their policy. Then, when the creditors had



Wide World Photos

RECRUITS IN THE DEFENSE OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC, MEMBERS OF THE BLACK, RED, AND GOLD ARMY

training an army for the "next war" are true. If they are, the Allies have certainly been negligent! We do not see just where the Germans would have raised the cash needed for such activities; but then it is true that

unified their purposes, the debtor was admitted to the sessions—Germany, to present her side of the case.

Germany's readiness to accept the Dawes Plan was announced, with certain requests

for changes and an insistence on the freeing of the Ruhr. France agreed to evacuate, on getting certain assurances for the future; and as this paper was written, the prospect was very bright.

the City of St. Augustine sent delegations, and the city of Avilés was decorated with flags of the two nations. The American ambassador was present, and when his party rode up in two automobiles, the Spanish



Kellogg
(U. S. A.)

Theunis
(Belgium)

Herriot
(France)

MacDonald
(Great Britain)

Stefani
(Italy)

Hayashi
(Japan)

Wide World Photos

THE ALLIED STATESMEN WHO GATHERED IN LONDON TO PUT THE DAWES PLAN INTO FORM FOR GERMAN ACCEPTANCE

It was a great relief, after all the squabbling, to see something resembling harmony and a businesslike readiness to give as well as take. America's part in the sessions was important, and always helpful in getting things to move. Really, something of a triumph for this nation and its government, both anxious to contribute to the advancement of reconstruction.

SPAIN AND AMERICA

DURING the summer, there was held at Avilés, in Spain, a two-day Spanish-American commemoration of Pedro Menendez, who in 1565 was sent to Florida as governor of that province and founded the city of St. Augustine. The State of Florida and

crowds greeted him with hearty cheers. The King of Spain sent a telegram describing the occasion as a mark of the historic relations between Spain and America.

Twenty-six years ago we had a war with Spain. At that time the ancient relations between our land and that of the Spaniards were not much thought of. But it would be impossible for America to cherish hard feelings on the ground of a war it won a quarter of a century ago; and while there are some Americans who remember those days with sorrow for those who fell on the field of battle or died in hospital, there is among us a great deal more of ignorance concerning Spain than of hostility toward her. Some Spanish writers have gone out of their way

to say what they think of America, and what they think is not flattering at all; and some Americans would, even at this day, respond in the same tone. But those people do not truly represent the feeling of either country toward the people of the other. The fact is that we have no special relations with Spain to draw the attention of ordinary folk.

Of recent months, Spain has been more or less upset politically by the clash between the military dictatorship and the older politicians whom it displaced. Ex-premier Maura, in a letter to many of his followers who wanted to know what he thought of the situation, attacked the dictatorship and said that it placed control of affairs in the hands of a little group of army officers. He thinks that Spanish men should not be in Morocco fighting the Moors, but at home doing Spain's own work. He said he would not take government office without assurance that the people will stand by him.

There were rumors that General Primo de Rivera, head of the dictatorship, was to resign; but he denied them and said that he would continue to administer the government "with firmness." He said he was working for peace and tranquillity, that Spain was reaping the benefits of his government, and that his political enemies were trying to "put him out of business," as we Yankees would say.

It is not easy for us Americans to get at the facts in such a situation. It is always natural in politics for the "outs" to want to get in, and for the "ins" to want to stay in office. And sometimes the arguments used by each side are colored by unfriendly feelings. The directorate says its one purpose is to keep the old time politicians out of power, and that when it is sure that has been accomplished, it is ready to turn over the government to those it believes will continue the good work it has started.

We cannot take sides, but for Spain's own sake we hope, of course, that those who will serve the country best will win out.

YOUNG AMERICANS ABROAD

WHILE some older Americans were in Europe trying to get the last kinks out of the reparations tangle, a party of younger Americans went across. There were fifty-five of them—and they wore Boy Scout uniforms.

They attended the international jamboree of the Scouts at Copenhagen. Jolly times on the *Leviathan*, on whose deck the picture shows them grouped. It would take a smart

engineer to measure the boy power in that picture, and the boy power they represent in the Scouts of the nation.

A pretty husky, hearty-looking crowd, we should say! If they did n't raid the ship's commissary, we miss our guess. We are not exactly old, ourselves,—in confidence, we don't expect ever to get really old!—but we are not as young as we used to be, quite; and we cannot help envying the really young fellows of to-day, with all the chances they have for fun and organized usefulness.

America is rich, with its army of Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and boys and girls who are not Scouts with a capital initial, but just plain good scouts.

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE whole continent of Australia has a population of about 5,500,000,—less, by half a million, than that of New York City. The Australian Government is planning to attract immigrants of selected nationalities, so as to develop a population of twenty million. It will guarantee to the newcomers steady pay while they are engaged in pioneering work, and after three years will permit them to acquire ownership of land. It is also starting upon a program of preparedness, and will build its own war-ships and airplanes, to give employment to its own workers. Possibly the Australian bid for immigration will act as a balance to America's restriction of it, and supply satisfactory settling places for European seekers after new homes.

THE British expedition that tried to get to the top of Mount Everest failed, but there will be another attempt next spring. This time the climbers will be Swiss mountaineers. They will not try to carry the heavy tanks of oxygen used by the Britons, but will use small vials of it, compressed into liquid form. When breathing is made difficult by the thinness of the air at high altitudes, this liquid oxygen will be injected into the climbers' arteries. It does seem as though the Swiss ought to be specially well qualified for the attempt, for we think of them all as mountaineers trained from childhood to climbing the stiffest Alps.

SURELY it is not right to think of Mexico as a country where every man is a bandit or a bolshevik, and where the only way to elect a government is by means of bullets instead of



Wide World Photos

THE FIFTY-FIVE BOY SCOUTS WHO SAILED ON THE "LEVIATHAN" FOR COPENHAGEN TO REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES IN THE INTERNATIONAL JAMBOREE

ballots. General Plutarco Calles, the President-elect, declares that the day of the revolution in Mexico is over. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought, but it is encouraging to have a Mexican president-elect wishing for peace. President Obregon had to fight for law and order. President Calles says that the Indians' land will be restored to them, the rights of foreigners protected, and the country governed according to the "reform" constitution. It sounds good, and there are not many Americans who will wish General Calles anything but success.

THE first month's operation of the cross-continent air-mail service made a clean score on freedom from accidents, and a fine record in keeping up to schedules. But the cost of maintaining the service was so high that there was considerable loss in dollars and cents. The postmaster-general expressed doubt as to whether his department would be able to keep the service going. Even though it should be found impossible to make air carriage of mails profitable, the experiment showed what could be done in time of emergency.

FARM products that represented a value of 100 units in 1913 were worth only 79 this year. But that was more than they had been worth, on the same scale, since the end of the war. The farmers complain sometimes because they have to buy in a closed market and sell in an open one; that is to say, their products have to compete on even terms with those of other countries, while the products of industry, the shop and factory, are protected (by tariff) against such competition. But protection keeps up the wages of industrial workers, and the more they earn, the more they can pay for the products of the farm. It is a problem to know how to protect the farmer from overproduction, which sends prices down. Farming must be organized somewhat as industry is, so as to meet the changing needs of the public.

JAPAN passed a law forbidding entrance of coolie labor. The Chinese Government protested. The Japanese Government answered that as the law restricted all aliens, not Chinese alone, there had been no discrimination. The Japanese pot seems to be almost as black as the American kettle.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY SARAH DUNLAP, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)

AGAIN and again have our young troubadours shown that they can write real poems on occasion (when the theme, the hour, and the mood combine auspiciously); and no better proof of this need be asked than the contribution in the adjoining column, by an Honor Member of sixteen. Who will deny that here is genuine poetry, both in thought and wording, written to an assigned subject? And how many grown-up poets could do better, within the limit of a dozen lines?

There are other rare treats in store for us, moreover, in the pictorial spoil of crayon or camera for these October pages, and in the prose stories and essays which include an ingenious little book-title story, an appropriate forerunner of Children's Book Week, and a tribute to our brave American Round-the-World Aviators, who, just as this number of ST. NICHOLAS is going to press, have returned home in triumph.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 295

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Margaret Bennett** (age 16), New Mexico. Silver Badges, **Anna Wilson** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Ruth Thompson** (age 15), Connecticut; **Gladys Parsons** (age 14), California; **Donald R. Conklin** (age 13), New York; **Margaret Longaker** (age 16), California; **George Endicott** (age 14), New Jersey; **Elinor Eugenia Bramhall** (age 14), California.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Ruth G. Ashen** (age 13), California; **Linda Elizabeth Mitchell** (age 16), New Mexico. Silver Badges, **Peggy Lingo** (age 13), Texas; **Dwight Weist, Jr.** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **C. Leroy Custer** (age 15), California. Silver Badges, **Ruth Thompson** (age 14), Illinois; **Sarah Dunlap** (age 13), Maryland; **Harriett Stewart** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Robert Van Cleve Whitehead, Jr.** (age 15), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Ellen Lee** (age 11), California; **Louise H. Spurling** (age 16), Maine; **Carol Durham** (age 11), New York; **William Wallace** (age 17), Canada; **Ormond de Forest Seibert** (age 12), New York; **Dorothy Bridges** (age 15), Massachusetts.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **Albert A. King, Jr.** (age 13), Washington. Silver Badges, **Jane Couzelman** (age 15), Missouri; **Carol Phillips** (age 12), New York; **Constance Ellen Tyler** (age 13), D. C.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Silver Badges, **Florence E. Tompkins** (age 16), New York; **Phillis Brill** (age 15), Connecticut; **Sara Heminger** (age 15), California; **Cary W. Aal** (age 13), D. C.; **Alfred Law** (age 13), New York; **Doris Mary Crandall** (age 9), Missouri.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

IN THE ORCHARD

BY DOROTHY GUILD (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THERE 's a small road, a brown road, companion
to the sea,
That runs along its highest cliffs, dauntless and
sturdily.
Then wearied by the bluff, rough force of wind
and restless waves,
And seeking peace, it turns inland and finds the
peace it craves.
For just beyond the first low hills that guard it
from the sea,
Lies a hidden apple orchard, steeped in dreamy
mystery;
The gnarled trees clasp their storm-tossed arms,
in loving ceaseless care,
And the little wind-swept sea-road finds all peace
abiding there.
Gold and green and olive bars flame in the sunset
sky,
And in the orchard dim and old the day-fires
slowly die.
The old trees toss their rugged arms, like bearded
gnomes in glee;
And bend their heads, and whisper low to the
small road from the sea.



BY CAROL DURHAM, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)



BY LUCIA G. MARTIN, AGE 17 (HONOR MEMBER)

"WHAT THE FINDER FOUND"

IN THE ORCHARD

BY RUTH G. ASHEN (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1924)

OH, listen close and I will tell you a secret that I know!

Just bend down and let me whisper in your ear so soft and low—

There are fairies in our orchard! I've seen and heard them, too!

If you just sneak down some moonlit night, then you may see it 's true!

There 's a fairy queen with crown of gold, and robe of soft moonshine;

There are archers all with grass-green coats, and fairy bows so fine;

There are fairy knights on milk-white steeds, with waving silv'ry plumes;

There are fairy spinners weaving dreams on magic fairy looms.

And every night when the stars come out, they troop across the wall.

Then I can hear the huggers softly send the fairy call.

The robins all are in their nests and all the world 's asleep,

While on the green the little folk their nightly trysts will keep.

'Way down by the oldest apple-tree is a magic fairy spring,

All crystal clear and sparkling, within a fairy ring—

And there it was on midsummer's night I spied the merry fays,

All dancing in a merry ring beneath the moon's white rays.

I danced with them upon the green, nor could they do me harm,

For in my hand was a shamrock, a four-leaved magic charm.

There are fairies in our orchard, just as I'm telling you!

And if you sneak down some moonlit night, then you may see them, too!

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY

BY MARGARET BENNETT (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1924)

THE sun rose and sent its golden shafts darting across the shimmering lake. The mocking-birds sang sweet songs from the cedar bushes, and the distant bleating of lambs reminded us that we were in the land of sheep and Indians.

We jumped out of bed, quickly prepared and ate breakfast, broke camp, packed the car, and left for Inscription Rock, the only stone autograph album in the world. We rode for miles across pine-covered flats between brilliantly colored bluffs and with the breath of sage tingling in our nostrils. Fifteen miles east of the quiet Mormon village of Ramah, we entered the El Moro National Monument, and an enormous, white sandstone bluff rose majestically a sheer thousand feet above us—Inscription Rock!

Climbing up to the base of the north side, we were greeted by numerous ancient inscriptions. Provincial governors of New Mexico, Spanish padres, and explorers—all had beautifully en-

graved their long names, and usually a historic legend, in Spanish on this rock. The United States Government has placed framed translations near each one, so the history of each may be known.

On the south side, we found an inscription by

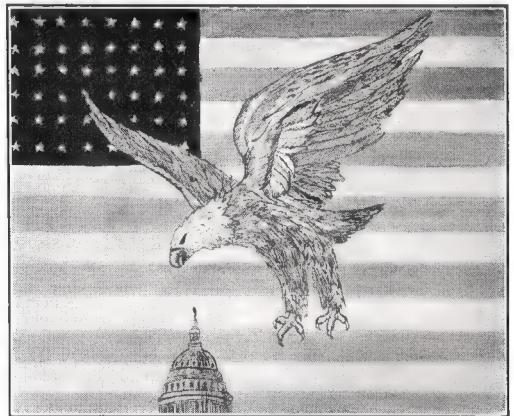


BY KATHLEEN MURRAY, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER)

Juan de Oñate, dated 1606, stating that he, the governor, "passed by here to the discovery of the sea to the south." Near this is: "Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas who conquered for our Holy Faith and Royal Crown all of New Mexico at his own expense, 1692." Around these are names of members of the first emigrant train in 1858.

At the foot of the south side rests a cool spring, the reason both for wanderers passing this place, and for the Indian village that once crowned the top.

After we partook of the spring water, we bade farewell to this stone history that will last forever, and considered we had had a very interesting journey.

"A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN." BY C. LEROY CUSTER, AGE 15
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEBRUARY, 1923)

IN THE ORCHARD

BY PEGGY LINGO (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

SUMMER time is over and autumn 's here at last. Swimming, fishing, rowing are now things of the past;

But who 's a-going to miss that when, just a step away,
Is an orchard full of apples and a clear, cold, frosty day.

There 's lots of fun in picnics, but here real sport comes in,
 When you gather autumn apples and put them in a bin.
 From the big barn's lofty window what a lovely sight you see—
 A hundred round red apples on every single tree—
 Great big juicy apples of a wondrous shade of red!
 To be free in such an orchard almost turns a fellow's head.

How you climb the great round branches till your pockets bulge out so
 That, to reach the ground in safety, you 've got to take it slow.
 Funny that you never tire, though you 're working all day long!
 But perhaps it 's 'cause you listen to the winds loud, boisterous song;
 Seems to talk of what is coming, winter days when fires burn,
 And, instead of getting tired, you seem more and more to yearn
 For a snowy winter evening, with a cheerful glowing blaze,
 And a barrel full of apples which, for just a few short days,
 You had worked so hard to gather; but then you hear a call,
 And your dreams all seem to vanish—it 's the orchard and it 's fall!

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY

BY ELINOR EUGENIA BRAMHALL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

In the realm of books, we have probably been in most of the important countries of the world.

We have been in beautiful old England with "Ivanhoe"; we have felt the spell of the Sudan in "The Light That Failed"; we have been with "Thelma" in Norway, the land of the midnight sun; we have felt the romantic atmosphere of old Spain in "The Alhambra"; we have been in the mountains of Switzerland with "Heidi"; we have traveled through the Holy Land with the inimitable Mark Twain; we have discovered Inca gold in Peru with "Captain Horn"; we have felt the desolation of the catacombs and of ancient Rome with the strange *Donatello* in "The Marble Faun"; we have felt the atmosphere of France in De Maupassant's masterpieces; we have been

through Japan, Korea, Manchuria, and Siberian China in "Red Bear or Yellow Dragon"; we have chatted with Russian nobility and watched the toil of Russian peasants in "Anna Karenina"; we have read of the wooing of *Evangeline* in quiet Acadia before the coming of the English.

But we must not forget our own country: if we have not been thrilled by Cooper's Indians in early America; been among the tobacco planters of Virginia in "To Have and to Hold"; known the south of slave days in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; delighted in peaceful New England in the romance of "Lavender and Old Lace"; followed the pioneers of "The Covered Wagon" across the plains; been in California during the gold rush as depicted by Bret Harte; floated down the Mississippi with the care-free "Huckleberry Finn"; or watched the Arizona desert "blossom as the rose" in "Heritage of the Desert"—we have missed what every American should read for a full appreciation of his country.

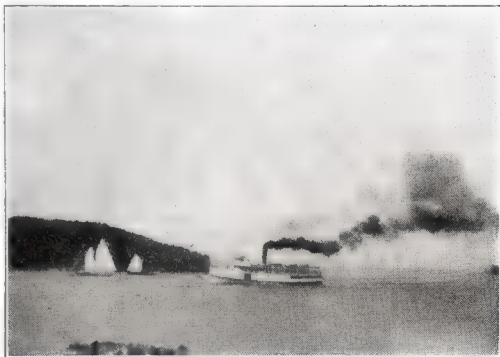
IN THE ORCHARD

BY PEGGY DOWST (AGE 13)

SIR ISAAC in the orchard sat
 (Or rather lay, but what of that?)
 Beneath his favorite tree.
 His snores were loud, his face was red,
 Upon his chest was bent his head,
 A book upon his knee.

The sun was hot, but in the shade
 There was a wanton breeze that swayed
 Each shining apple red;
 Then suddenly it played too hard—
 An apple (shocking disregard!),
 Dropped on Sir Isaac's head,
 And quickly to the earth did roll.
 "What 's this? Ha! ha! Well bless my soul!
 'T is a discovery!"
 A maiden asked, "What is that bump
 Upon your head?" Quoth he, "That lump
 Has found me gravity!"

And would *you* learn, and would *you* live?
 Then truly something you must give
 To solve life's mystery—
 Sir Isaac Newton this did do.
Remember that discomfort, too,
Goes with discovery!



BY DOROTHY BRIDGES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



BY ORMOND DE FOREST SEIBERT, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

"WHAT THE FINDER FOUND"



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY RUTH THOMPSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)



"A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN." BY WILLIAM BRUCE, AGE 17



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY HARRIETT STEWART, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY

BY ANNA WILSON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

How interesting and wonderful it must be to journey 'way round the world in mid air! Large cities with towering, gigantic buildings only a mere speck from the dizzy height; hills covered with green forests appear to be only a green turf to the spectators from above; vast areas of waters, great wastes of land covered with snow and ice, dense, stifling fogs, white mountain-peaks, barren hillsides, billowy clouds, changing climate—all these are being encountered by the Douglas Cruisers in their trip around the world. We can easily imagine and realize what a great store of experience and adventure they are piling up; the new scenes; new people; new races; new customs—all these go to make a wonderful thing—the knowledge of being the first men who had ever crossed the Pacific Ocean in safety by airplane. Of the honor it bestows on the accomplishments of the American people, we should feel justly proud.

IN THE ORCHARD

BY DWIGHT WEIST, JR. (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ONCE a little colored boy was walkin' down de road,
Dat de boy was full o' mischief ev'rybody knowed.
All at once he spied a apple way up in a tree
Says the boy, "I figger dat was growed account o' me.
If it was, mah duty den is mighty plain to see,
Ah must climb and get dat apple way up in de tree."
So he crossed de fence and climbed up to de highes' limb;
Just ter get de apple dat was growed account o' him.
Farmer Brown he owned dat orchard long side o' de road—
Pears and plums and scrumptious apples were de t'ings he growed.

An' one day dis farmer went a-speculatin' roun'.
When dis man was speculatin' what you spose he foun'?

Dere he saw a colored boy a-eatin' ob de fruit.
Farmer Brown was kind o' tight, and so it did n't suit;
Den he yelled up to de boy, "Hey you, get out o' dere!
When you touch de groun' you 'll get a lickin' good, I swear."

Colored boy he got de lickin' sure as I am black;
Den he left de farmer's orchard never to come back.
Now my tale is done, mah moral 's very plain to see:
Don't be caught in orchards stealin' apples from a tree!

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY

BY RUTH THOMPSON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

ON the train seat, beside Mr. White, rested a basket whose lid moved violently up and down. From one end protruded a woolly head and two mischievous, black eyes. The train gave a lurch; the head disappeared, and the basket, aided by some unseen power, rolled onto the floor. In so doing, the lid came off, and a pup, with howls of delight, rushed up the car. He returned in the arms of the conductor.

"Don't you know better than to take this dog with you? He belongs in the baggage-car!"

Mr. White turned red, coughed, and looked greatly embarrassed. "But—ah—really, you see," he stammered, "the dog is in a basket and—"

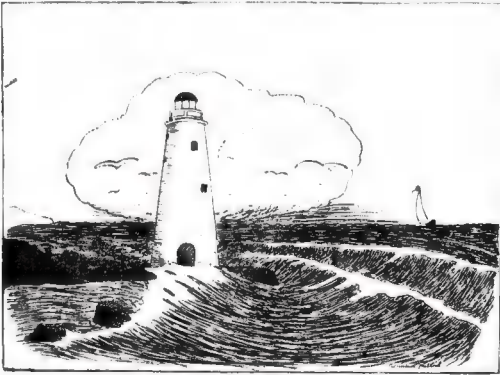
"He is n't in a basket!" exclaimed the conductor, hotly, as the puppy tried to squirm away from him. "Here, take him!" and flinging the puppy into Mr. White's arms, he hurried down the car.

The train was nearing Mr. White's station and that worthy gentleman, not having time to replace the puppy in the basket, tucked him under

one arm, and, grabbing the basket, tried to make a dignified exit from the train. The puppy soon discovered that Mr. White did not know how to handle a dog, and he did everything that an aggravated pup would do under the circumstances. He wriggled, bit, and barked, calling the attention of the world to himself and his master.

With the help of others, Mr. White succeeded in reaching home with the puppy inside the basket. His small son was delighted when he saw the dog. "Oh!" he said, "did you bring him all the way from New York? What a nice time you must have had."

Mr. White gazed long and hard at the puppy. "We did," he said, dryly.



"A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN." BY NORMAN HALLOCK, AGE 17
(HONOR MEMBER)

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY

BY MARGARET LONGAKER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

In June 1923, our family, consisting of my mother, father, four brothers and myself, left Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in a Ford station-wagon, bound for Berkeley, California. The driving over the beautiful Allegheny Mountains was glorious, and Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois seemed very level in comparison. We pitched camp practically every night, only a few times seeking hotels.

Exactly one week from the time we left, we crossed the Mississippi, and just one week later we saw the snow-capped Rocky Mountains in the distance, at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

There were many beautiful and remarkable birds to be seen, and the huge herds of cattle in the Western States were an unusual sight to our eastern eyes. The prairie-dogs, gophers, and coyotes were a constant source of excitement to the small boys of the family.

The Rocky Mountains seemed huge, majestic, and awe-inspiring. Once or twice we traveled all night, and then the great, tall, black mountains on each side were really terrifying.

We struck the real desert almost immediately after leaving Salt Lake City, Utah. We were on the desert days and days, at least a week, as it continued all through Nevada. It was scorching hot and terribly dusty, and we seemed to be crawling on endlessly. But we enjoyed it all and finally reached Reno, and soon after Truckee, California, and the beautiful Sierra Nevadas. We drove to Sacramento, where we remained a

day, and reached Berkeley on the afternoon of July 20.

We had been on the way three weeks and five days. Besides our nightly camps we stopped over at various camping-places for five days, so we traveled just three weeks.

IN THE ORCHARD

BY LINDA ELIZABETH MITCHELL (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1923)

You dream of humming honey-bees,
Of shady lanes and old stone walls
Of berries sweet, and gnarled elm-trees,
Of shallow brooks, slow waterfalls.

Nay, dream not so, in dreams of me;
A life so tame I never knew.
A Spanish lord decreed to me
To ever live where hearts are true.

My honey-bees are dragon-flies,
Of peacock-blue or burnished gold.
No cloud-ships mar my Western skies,
Nor fences scar my mesas old.

My buttercup is Indian-hood;
My berries, currants, wild and tart.
My whisp'ring wind is clean and good
Straight from the piñon's fragrant heart.

Your squirrels yield to chipmunks striped
That chatter 'neath wild-cherry-trees.
Your horses tame, to mustangs free
Whose chestnut manes stream in the breeze.

"For East is East, and West is West"
I choose the life that's wild and free,
With days of strife, and nights of rest;
And a "pardner true" to dream with me.

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY

BY GLADYS PARSONS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

GIRLS from the neighboring cattle-ranches were our company that evening. For amusement, and to show our horsemanship, we took turns galloping up and down the road bareback on a little mustang pony, while the others tried to detect moonlight between the horse and rider.

My turn came and I decided to go a little faster than the rest had gone; but the pony decided to go faster still. Before we reached the spectators I realized the pony was running away. "Stop him!" I cried. But it did no good; he just went faster than ever. We passed the house and were making for high sage-brush and a six-wire fence. The fence was what scared me most of all.

Almost half a mile from home I jumped off and landed head first in a big sage-brush; but I was n't hurt much. When I looked up I saw a light and I knew Daddy was coming after me.

My pony trotted off where the other horses were and then he went on home.

A hired man said he would "teach him to run away," so he hopped on—and the pony ran away with the cowboy!

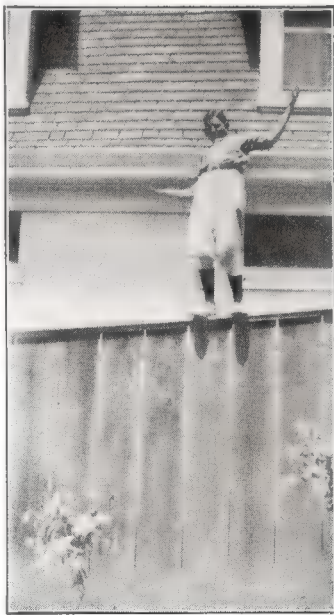
We discovered later that the headstall had been made longer for a larger horse the day before, and there was no way of reining the pony when he once took the bit in his teeth.



BY JULIA W. WELD, AGE 7



BY LOUISE H. SPURLING, AGE 16
(SILVER BADGE)



BY ELLEN LEE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)



BY CAROL M. HOTCHKISS, AGE 17



BY ROBERT VAN CLEVE WHITEHEAD, JR.,
AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE
WON OCTOBER, 1923)



BY ELIZABETH C. EMLIN, AGE 10

"WHAT THE FINDER FOUND"

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY

BY DONALD R. CONKLIN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN Sir Francis Drake started for America, with five small ships, he never dreamt of the interesting voyage before him. There were only 166 soldiers and sailors, but their courage was five times greater than that of the Spaniards.

Drake started from Plymouth in December, 1577. He sailed across the Atlantic Ocean, plundering and burning vessels. He took their treasures and put them in his ships.

He landed now and then at a town and where there was a show of resistance that was always

soon quieted. He found many great treasures and carried them to his ships.

Drake sailed around Cape Horn, went up the western coast, looting and burning vessels and towns. He sailed north until his sails were sheathed in ice. Then he turned round and refitted his ships at a place near where San Francisco now stands. Then Drake sailed toward the setting sun.

He rounded the Cape of Good Hope and, after many days of toil and hardships, sailed into English waters September, 1580. He was the second man, and first Englishman, to circumnavigate the globe. I call his voyage an interesting one.



BY ROMNEY WHEELER, AGE 13



BY WILLIAM ANTHONY, AGE 13



BY H. NELSON LANSDALE, AGE 8

"WHAT THE FINDER FOUND"

IN THE ORCHARD

BY HELEN O'HARE (AGE 13)

OH, an orchard in the autumn is a place where
fairies roam,

When the dryads who abide there have to share
their sylvan home.

'T is there the wee folk come to spend the last few
days of mirth,

Ere winter with its snow and ice has covered up
the earth.

There 's ■ misty radiance all around, a golden
glory rare,

When you come near it you can tell that fairies
must be there.

It 's fairylike, from leaf-strewn ground to vaulted,
azure skies;

You know they 're there, although they can't be
seen by mortal eyes.

When the apple-trees are bending low beneath
their burden sweet,

When each breeze shakes loose the golden pears
and drops them at your feet,

Then, when you 're in the orchard, pick your steps
with greatest care,
For each leaf and blade of grass you see has fairies
hiding there.

'T is ■ treasure-trove, an orchard in the falling of
the year,

And the fairy folk who dwell there seem to make
it doubly dear.

The whole wide world is lovely with a beauty
wondrous rare,

But the orchard in the autumn is a place beyond
compare.

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY

BY GEORGE ENDICOTT III (AGE 14)

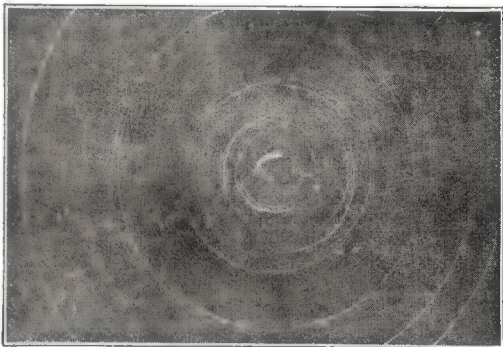
(Silver Badge)

ONE morning when Mr. Thad Jones came to his
"boss's" store to do his usual work, he found the
store was closed up. Mr. Jones thought the
boss was sick in bed and was not able to get word
to him about it. This was true, but Mr. Jones
did not know it. He then set to work to find a
way to get in. After he had found all of the
windows and doors locked, he broke a window and
crawled in.

A "cop" saw all these movements and stationed
some officers around the store. When Mr.
Jones came out of the store again, he took "an
interesting journey" to the police station (from
the viewpoint of the spectators). On the way
the people laughed and jeered at him. He tried
to explain to the policeman, as they bumped along
in the patrol-wagon, but they would not listen.

When Mr. Jones was taken to the police station,
he was kept under a heavy guard. After much
discussion about who the supposed robber really
was, the chief of police called up Mr. Jones's boss
who had to get out of bed and come down and
identify Mr. Jones!

That was certainly "an interesting journey"
for Mr. Jones and his boss.



"WHAT THE FINDER FOUND." BY WILLIAM WALLACE, AGE 17
(SILVER BADGE)
(THE NORTH STAR. LENS EXPOSED 7½ HOURS)

THE LETTER-BOX

HERE is a little story that will interest everybody—young and old alike. And lest some of the youngest or the oldest of our readers should be shocked by the tragic—not to say, cruel—fate that befell the little bird and its mother, the fact should be stated in advance that the author of this thrilling tale is “a boy of six—going on seven.”

THE STORY OF A LITTLE BIRD

ONCE there was a little robin. He was learning to fly. One day he was flying nice and he fell. Then Mother-Bird began to cry. A chipmunk was running along. He heard Mother-Bird crying. He said, “Why are you crying, Mother-Bird?” “Because Baby-Bird is dead.” “I can’t help you!” So the chipmunk went on.

After a while a lion came along. He heard Mother-Bird crying. He said in a deep voice, “Why are you crying, Mother-Bird?” “Because Baby-Bird is dead.” “Come down and tell it to me better.” So she did and the lion ate her up.

WILLARD PALMER WHITLOCK, III.

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. My Grandmother took you fifty years ago for my uncle, and now I take you. I live on a ranch four miles away, and ride my wheel to school. I have cats and rabbits for my pets, and two dogs named Maggie and Judge. I received a radio for Christmas, and enjoy the concerts from Oakland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. I always wanted to see snow, and on St. Patrick’s Day two years ago when I woke up I found it had snowed the night before and everything was white. Maybe we did n’t have fun making snowballs!

Your loving reader,

JOHN D. HALE (AGE 11).

CYNWYD, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I’ve taken you ever since I can remember, and my mother took you when she was a girl. My grandmother gives you to us bound every Christmas, and we’ve got so many of you now we have to get a new bookcase to put you in! My older sister is eighteen and in college, but she loves you as much as any of us, and every Christmas there is the same fight over you. “I have St. NICHOLAS after you!” is the general cry.

Your loving reader,

KATHLEEN C. QUINN (AGE 13).

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you won’t believe it, but up to a very short time ago I did n’t know you existed; and I discovered you only by chance. I was at the library one day, glancing over the magazines. I picked you up, and, turning to the back, at the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, I saw poems and stories written by girls my own age. A short time later found me with my certificate, a League member!

To make a long story short, I received at Christmas a subscription to you for one year.

It was the best present I ever received. The January number was the first ST. NICHOLAS I had ever owned. I had to write and tell you how happy you’ve made me, but now that I’ve come to that part, I can’t express myself. I can only say I pity the boys and girls who don’t know about you. So many of your readers say their grandmothers have taken you. I can’t say that, but my grandchildren will be able to.

Wishing you many more prosperous years, I remain,
Your happy reader,

SARAH KELSO (AGE 15).

GILBERTSVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How wonderful you are! I have taken you for only two years, but discovered that the first month. I love the way you bring in stories of great people in the first pages. Although not a lover of poetry, I believe I like Charles Lester’s two pages best. They are so jolly, I wish they appeared every month. The LEAGUE is a book in itself. Goodness, is n’t it hard to tell what you like best in ST. NICHOLAS? Peg, my chum, and I firmly believe that St. NICHOLAS is the best magazine in the world.

Sincerely,

KATHERINE WEED (AGE 14).

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While on a trip to New York last summer, I picked you up from one of the counters where magazines were being sold, and I became so deeply interested that I knew I could not get along without you next year, so I teased my parents for a subscription—and got it!

I have just finished, for about the hundredth time, my April number, in which, in the LEAGUE, were the many compositions on “A Welcome Friend.” I decided to write and try to tell you what a “Welcome Friend” you always are to me. I am very much interested in the two serials, “The House of the Lions” and “Spaniard’s Cave.” I enjoyed “The Romance of a Picture” in this month’s issue immensely. I always have read your short stories with great enthusiasm.

A very devoted reader,

FLORENCE E. LAMBERTSON (AGE 14).

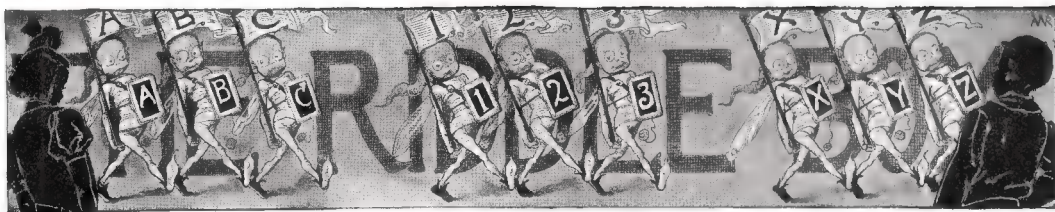
MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have received you as a Christmas present since 1918, and I hope to keep on taking you for many years more. In the winter we have great fun skiing on Mount Royal, where I live. They had several torch-light parades and fireworks last winter. There were some dog-team races, too, which were lots of fun to watch; on one of the teams was a big gray wolf! Hewas quite gentle, but it was n’t safe to touch him.

I love “Spaniard’s Cave,” “The House of the Lions,” and “The Lost Luck of Glamoran,” and I just adore the LEAGUE and THE LETTER-BOX; it is so interesting to read the letters from people in foreign lands. Wishing you luck and great success, I remain,

A loving reader of St. NICHOLAS,

ISABELLE CROOKER (AGE 13).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

ZIGZAG. Occupation Day. Cross-words: 1. Oblique. 2. Account. 3. Deceive. 4. Beguile. 5. Sharpen. 6. Mislead. 7. Pendant. 8. Illicit. 9. Manhood. 10. Meaning. 11. Madonna. 12. Sabbath. 13. Younger.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "The summer closes in a splendor of bloom, with gentians and asters and goldenrod."

RHYMED DIAMOND. 1. E. 2. Eve. 3. Event. 4. End. 5. T.

ADDED LETTERS. Wagner.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Minden. 1. Mantis. 2. Siphon. 3. Banana. 4. Cradle. 5. Magnet. 6. Dragon.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Rudyard Kipling; third row, Alice Macdonald. Cross-words: 1. Rearmost. 2. Unlawful. 3. Dwindled. 4. Yachting. 5. American. 6. Reminder. 7. Dialogue. 8. Kickapoo. 9. Industry. 10. Products. 11. Languish. 12. Inaction. 13. Nolition. 14. Godspeed.

DIAGONAL. Florence. Cross-words: 1. Flourish. 2. Platform. 3. Clothing. 4. Cherubie. 5. Grateful. 6. Original. 7. Prophecy. 8. Meditate.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Erase. 2. Seize. 3. Zebra. 4. Raven. 5. Enemy. 6. Myope. 7. Peter. 8. Error. 9. Organ. 10. Angel. 11. Elude. 12. Demon. 13. Onset. 14. Ether. 15. Erope. 16. Sedge. 17. Geese. 18. Sedan. 19. Annul. 20. Ultra. 21. Racer.

PI. Of all the trees that grow so fair,
Old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the sun
Than oak and ash and thorn.
Sing oak and ash and thorn, good sirs,
(All of a midsummer morn)
Surely we sing no little thing
In oak and ash and thorn.

MEXICAN ACROSTIC. Primals, Guadaluajara; from 1 to 5, agave; 6 to 16, Tehuantepec; 17 to 22, coffee; 23 to 28, Sonora; 29 to 33, Yaqui; 34 to 39, indigo; 40 to 45, silver; 46 to 49, iron. Cross-words: 1. Gastronomy. 2. Unthinking. 3. Affections. 4. Declension. 5. Allegiance. 6. Lighthouse. 7. Amphibians. 8. Juvenility. 9. Antinomian. 10. Requirable. 11. Adventurer.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: To be acknowledged in the magazine, answers must be mailed not later than October 27 and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must comply with the LEAGUE rules (see page 1341) and give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were duly received from Alfred Law—Cornelia M. Metz—Cary W. Aal—Florence E. Tompkins—Phill's Brill—Sara Heminger—Doris M. Crandall—Emil S. von Dessonneck—Emilie Ewers—Walter Gutmann—Helen A. Moulton—Helen H. McIver—Lee Corbett—John S. Davenport—Frances E. Cookson—Jay L. Leyda—Ann D. Hodgdon—Elizabeth Tong—Margaret Brodie—Dorothy Tebow—Virginia H. Ryan—J. Louise Packard—Dorothy N. Teulon—Marshall Davis, Jr.—St. Agnes Girls—"The Days"—"Three R's"—Kemper Hall Chapter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were duly received from Samuel Volowitz, 8—Frances Swineford, 8—Blackie, 8—Katharine Ross, 7—Rosemary Saxton, 7—William Loder, 7—Barbara Spring, 7—Eva Evans, 7—Jessie V. Gilbert, 6—Mary A. Hurd, 6—Gurnea K. Wiles, 6—Margaret Ross, 6—Elizabeth Lott, 6—Catherine Morrison, 6—"Sacandaga," 5—E. S. deMille, 5—D. Galloway, 5—E. H. Rea, 5—H. McEveety, 5—M. Gresz, 5—L. Taylor, 5—C. Bates, 5—S. Harcourt, 4—M. Moody, 4—E. More, 3—D. Breffer, 3—C. Russell, 3—H. Sumner, 3—I. Gallagher, 3—J. Hurst, 3—J. M. Cory, 3. Two answers: R. B.—D. L.—E. L. P.—H. E. L.—C. V. R. K.—A. M.—L. W.—J. B.—J. D.—D. McG.—G. D.—N. P. G.—I. H.—M. F. W.—M. S.—E. F. For lack of space, the initials of those sending one answer cannot be printed.

WORD-SQUARE

1. Road. 2. A rightful proprietor. 3. A near relative. 4. Denoting the final end or purpose. 5. To construct.

BENJAMIN F. BROWN (age 12), *League Member*.

A BIRD ACROSTIC

(Gold Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

* 22	35	4	27	CROSS-WORDS:
* 57		16	34	1. Youthful. 2. Com-
* 1	50	64	9	mon. 3. Pertaining to
* 19		25	56	harmony. 4. Sicken-
* 21	54	58	48	ing. 5. Pertaining to
* 33		20		a judge. 6. Pertaining
* 51	65	43	52	to the sense of hearing.
* 5	63	7	59	7. Important. 8. Very
* 47	30	39	18	large. 9. Intelligent.
* 31	40	44	8	10. Obvious. 11.
* 12		55	49	Clumsy. 12. Fixed.
* 61	23	38	14	13. Unusual. 14. Con-
* 6	2	42		sisting of two terms.
* 45	29	15	11	15. No longer in use.
* 3	26	60	46	16. Many.
* 32	24	28	37	

When these sixteen adjectives have been rightly guessed, the initials (indicated by stars) will spell the name of a famous American ornithologist. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 5 will name a common bird; from 6 to 9, a little singing bird; from 10 to 14, our national bird; from 15 to 21, a large wild duck; from 22

to 26, a singing bird; from 27 to 30, a northern aquatic bird; from 31 to 36, a long-winged sea bird; from 37 to 41, a limicoline game bird; from 42 to 45, an aquatic bird allied to the gull; from 46 to 49, a small fresh-water duck; from 50 to 55, a kind of swallow; from 56 to 61, a yellow and black bird; from 62 to 65, a wading bird.

ALBERT A. KING, JR. (age 13).

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(Silver Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

My *firsts* are in deck, but not in boat;
My *seconds*, in sail, but not in float;
My *thirds* are in cape, but not in hat;
My *fourths* are in knelt, but not in sat;
My *fifths* are in pride, but not in smart;
My *sixths* are in run, but not in start;
My *sevenths*, in sing, but not in crow;
My *whole*, two writers you surely know.

CAROL PHILLIPS (age 12).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am composed of twenty-nine letters and form a quotation from Carlyle.

My 19-3-28-14 is rent. My 1-21-25-9 is occupied. My 7-5-24-4 is a conceited fellow. My 10-15-12-6 is a very small quantity. My 23-27-17-18 is sacred. My 13-2-11-26 is an interjection demanding silence. My 8-22-16-20-29 is a name borne by many kings.

ROLAND D. DODD (age 14), *League Member*.



All the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, right-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous battle fought in October, more than five hundred years ago.

CHARADE

(Silver Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

My first is done when purchasing;
My next, an object green and tall;
My third, the first of ancient boats;
My whole, a venerable head of all.

CONSTANCE ELLEN TYLER (age 13).

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the twenty-fifth word will be the first two letters of the first word. The words are of unequal length.

1. Consumed. 2. A number. 3. To go into. 4. Mistake. 5. A fruit. 6. A precious stone. 7. Vacant. 8. A representative of a group. 9. Thoughtful. 10. Poetry. 11. Useful to gardeners. 12. Instruction. 13. A number. 14. Tidy. 15. One trained to compete in feats of physical strength. 16. Rent. 17. To put in proper order. 18. Universal. 19. A union between nations or parties. 20. The middle. 21. To say again. 22. The smallest part into which an element can be divided. 23. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 24. A pastime. 25. Animal flesh used as food.

GERARD G. CAMERON (age 14), League Member.

DOUBLE TRANSPOSITIONS

(Silver Badge, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE Competition)

EXAMPLE: Transpose a ceremony and make part of a wheel; again, and make a row. ANSWER: rite, tire, tier.

1. Transpose to pierce and make therefore; again, and make an imaginary monster.
2. Transpose a little valley and make to distribute; again, and make to conduct.
3. Transpose expires and make lateral; again, and make certain days in the Roman calendar.
4. Transpose wicked and make to exist; again, and make base.

5. Transpose a tiny object and make duration; again, and make to issue forth.

6. Transpose one hundred and sixty square rods and make oversight; again, and make a contest.

7. Transpose certain food and make a comrade; again, and make to subdue.

8. Transpose the feet of certain quadrupeds and make to exchange; again, and make a stinging insect.

9. Transpose to ascend and make a father; again, and make fits of anger.

10. Transpose an aquatic animal and make certain beverages; again, and make an auction.

11. Transpose tardy and make a story; again, and make a kind of duck.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the last words will spell the name of a novel by Charles Dickens.

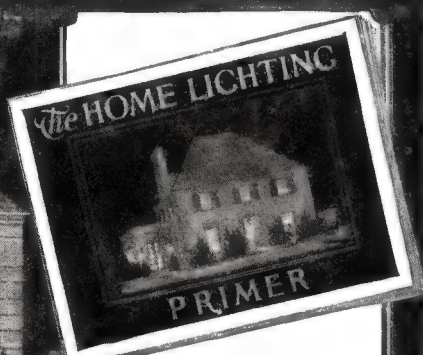
JANE COUZELMAN (age 15).

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Y	L	R	R	P	C	E	O
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
E	A	A	V	I	N	T	N
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
C	H	A	R	V	S	S	S
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
O	L	U	D	A	I	M	A
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
O	A	M	E	L	T	R	W
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
B	I	B	H	Y	S	H	E
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
N	E	R	T	T	E	L	L
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
I	L	U	O	M	R	A	D

By beginning at a certain letter and following a path similar to the king's move in chess, using every letter once, the name of nine colleges may be spelled out. The path from one name to another is not continuous.

ELINOR HANEY (age 13), League Member.



INTERNATIONAL PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—

\$15,000 Model Electrical Home
(To be built on lot provided by winner)

TWO SECOND PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
\$1200 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO THIRD PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
\$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO FOURTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
\$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO FIFTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
\$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

TWO SIXTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
\$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

REMEMBER: To enter the Home Lighting Contest, you must obtain a copy of this "Home Lighting Primer" from school or your local electrical people.

Win!

~ a \$15,000 Home ~ 4 years at College
~ 2 years at College ~ 1 year at College

Enter the Home Lighting Contest

Every boy or girl ten years of age or older, attending school in the United States or the Dominion of Canada, may enter the Home Lighting Contest which is a cooperative educational activity endorsed and supported by the entire electrical industry.

Every boy or girl that enters this contest has an equal opportunity to win one of the prizes and in addition, will gain a knowledge of the proper use of electric light that will be of great benefit. Applied in the home, this knowledge will not only result in improved eyesight and better national health, but will also make home a brighter, healthier place in which to live and grow.

Enter the Home Lighting Contest—and win one—or possibly two awards. Local prizes such as a dog, watch, radio, bicycle, mesh bag, vanity case, etc., will be given for the best 600 word essays written. Win one of these and you may win the \$15,000 home or a college scholarship.



First—get a free lighting Primer. Get it at school, or from the office where Dad pays the light bills. You must get a Primer in order to compete.



Study the primer carefully. Your local paper will publish a series of lighting lessons. Study these. You are then ready for your first and smallest job, preparatory to writing your essay.



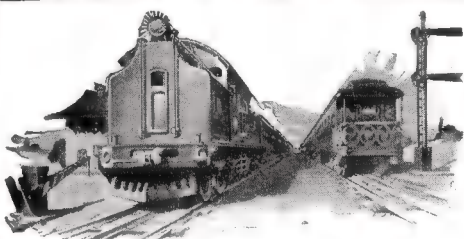
Inspect the lighting in your home and the homes of two friends; for the essay is a report in which you describe existing conditions as well as make suggestions for improving them.



Write your 600 word essay, with all care and thought. These prizes will go to the boys or girls who, first, display originality in solving the problem of better home lighting and then present it in well chosen words.



The **LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE**
680 Fifth Avenue • • • New York, N.Y.



Why Does a Fellow Talk So Much About His Lionel?

"LOOKS just like my Lionel, doesn't it?"

That is what a boy said at the movies as the Express came rushing along the track.

Boys are always comparing their Lionel Electric Trains to real trains because they know how real Lionel Trains are. The only difference between Lionel and real railroads is the size.

Since 1900 Lionel has specialized exclusively in the manufacture of model electric railways. Lionel makes true model trains and equipment—not mere "toys."

Lionel trains and equipment are fine looking, of course, but even more important than their distinctive beauty is the engineering skill, the material and workmanship that go into their manufacture—they are electrically and mechanically perfect.

And this is why "Lionel Standard" and "O" Gauge Trains are far and away the most popular in America today.



Lionel "Multi-volt" Transformers. Ever-reliable power plants. Run all trains best. At type for every size train.

You can buy a complete Lionel Train from \$5.75 up (slightly more in the far west). See them at leading toy stores, department stores, electric shops, sporting goods and hardware stores.

Be sure to write today for the handsome 44-page Lionel catalog illustrated in 4 colors. Sent FREE.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION
Dept. C, 48-52 East 21st Street, New York City

LIONEL ELECTRIC TOY TRAINS

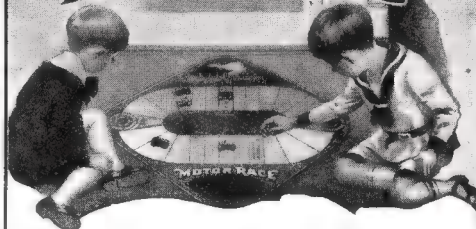
& Multi-volt Transformers



Lionel Automatic Train Control—The greatest achievement in model railroad engineering. Starts and stops trains automatically.

Just one of the many wonderful realistic railroad devices in the Lionel line of Accessories.

MOTOR RACE



A Game—just like a real motor race!

FROM two to six children can play this game at the same time. Six miniature automobiles, each named for a famous car, race round a regular speedway. The first car around wins the race. Spinning dials indicate the moves. Usual motor race hazards, such as "out of gasoline," "tire trouble" and "collision" make the play more exciting. The board is indestructible metal 16½ in. square, beautifully decorated in colors, and with a regulation checker board on the reverse side.

The Motor Race is sold wherever good games and toys are found. Ask for it by name—MOTOR RACE. If you cannot find it we will send the complete game, postpaid, for \$1.00. (West of Denver, Colo., and outside of the United States, \$1.25.) This is only one of many dandy games and toys made by

WOLVERINE SUPPLY & MFG. CO.
Makers of "Sandy Andy" Toys at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send all orders to Wolverine Supply & Mfg. Co., Fifth Avenue Bldg., at 23rd Street, New York City. We will be glad to send, upon request to this address, a free descriptive circular of all these toys and games.

WRIGLEY'S



Chew it after every meal

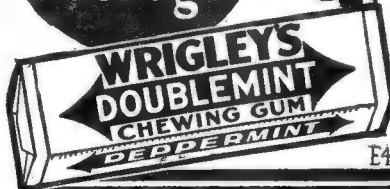
It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how

it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.

Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and it's the goody

La-s-t-a.

SEALED in its Purity Package



Send Now

For this new way of teeth cleaning

Every boy should know the way to keep teeth whiter, cleaner, safer. The way that millions now employ. The way that brings those whiter teeth you see everywhere today.

This free test we offer will show you what that method means to you.

It fights film

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. Under old-way brushing much of it clings and stays. It becomes discolored, forms dingy coats, hides the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many troubles.

Almost everyone who brushes teeth in old ways suffers such results.

New discoveries

Now dental science has discovered ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved those methods effective. So a new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily.

The name is Pepsodent.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.



Careful people of some 50 nations now employ that method to better protect their teeth and make them whiter.

Watch its results

Nature puts in saliva two great tooth-protecting agents, but they are generally too weak. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies their power.

These combined effects bring folks results amazing and delightful.

Send the coupon for a test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will always be glad that you made this test. Cut out coupon now.

MAIL

Coupon for 10-Day
Tube to

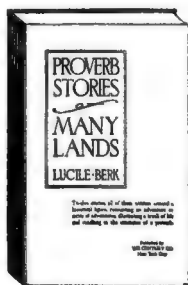
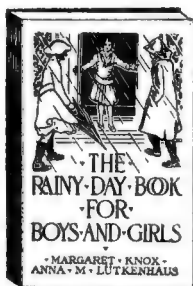
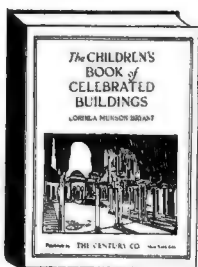
Pepsodent PAT. OFF
REG. U.S.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 300, 1104 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
Send to:

Name

Address

Only one tube to a family.



THE WISHBONE MAN

By Cornel Greening

¶ A merry book of stories and many pictures for little children by a man who can tell tales as well as he can draw pictures. Dedicated to Jackie Coogan, one of Mr. Greening's warmest admirers. [\$1.00]

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED BUILDINGS

By L. M. Bryant

¶ The author's two previous books, "The Children's Book of Celebrated Pictures" and "The Children's Book of Celebrated Sculpture," were so popular with parents and librarians that she has done this new volume in the same manner on buildings. There are fifty full-page reproductions of buildings from the earliest times to the present and fifty pages of text about them. [\$2.50]

THE RAINY DAY BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By Anna M. Lutkenhaus and Margaret Knox

¶ An ingeniously helpful book telling how a group of fun-loving children formed a club to meet on rainy days, when they must stay indoors, and of what they did to make the time pass pleasantly.

Illustrated. [\$1.75]

PROVERB STORIES OF MANY LANDS

By Lucile Berk

¶ In each of the twelve stimulating stories in this book, most of them dealing with an actual historical figure, an adventure, or a series of adventures is recounted which illustrates a truth of life and results in the utterance of a proverb.

Illustrated. [\$1.75]

BIRD STORIES

Retold from St. Nicholas

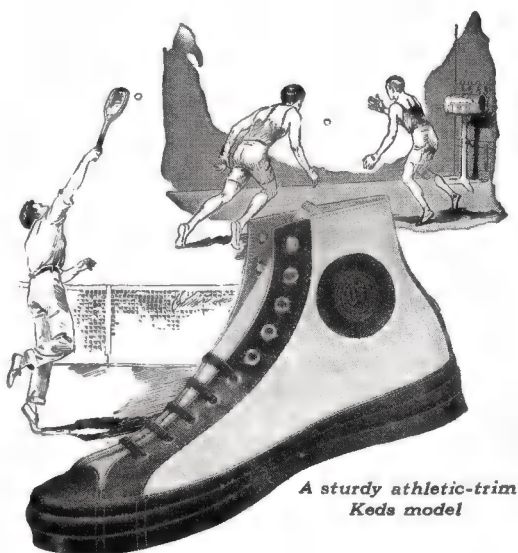
¶ A collection of varied stories and articles from that treasure-house of juvenile literature, *St. NICHOLAS*; interesting, informative, wholesome.

Illustrated. [\$1.25]

At All Bookstores
Published by

The Century Co.

353 Fourth Avenue
New York City



Why Keds are the choice of world famous players

ELEVEN national and two world tennis championships last year—all won on Keds! That's a remarkable tribute to Keds quality.

And here's why these champion players selected Keds:

They wanted a shoe that would give them the maximum of ground-grip, comfort and speed—a shoe that would stand day after day of grinding, tearing wear.

Keds are especially built to meet every one of these requirements.

And the very same qualities that make Keds the standard shoes for tennis and all outdoor wear make them ideal for the gym floor.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from \$1.25 to \$4.50.

It is important to remember that not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company.

And every Keds shoe has the name Keds on it.

The rules of basketball, handball, and other games, as well as information on dozens of other things boys are interested in, are in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes and other useful information is in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free if you address Dept. 532, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

*They are not Keds unless the
name Keds is on the shoe*

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



© B-N. P. Co.

Mighty satisfying

NO doubt about it. The ivories do sink into a sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter a little more joyously than into anything else. For Beech-Nut is simply great! It's made of Virginia and Spanish peanuts roasted to a beautiful golden color and reduced to a fine, smooth deliciousness. The boys and girls of our acquaintance love it at all times—after school or at lunch or supper.

If you are making a lot of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches—for a party perhaps—you might try "creaming" the Beech-Nut with a little dairy butter or cream. And some of our friends like to spread their bread with dairy butter *before* they add the delightful topping of Beech-Nut.

You won't have to coax your mother to order Beech-Nut from the grocer. Just *remind* her. She knows how good it is.

If your mother desires to become familiar with the use of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in many other ways, ask her to mail couponous.



BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Dept. A-5

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Please send, without expense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and service information.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Books by E. B. and A. A. Knipe



POWDER, PATCHES AND PATTY

THIS new story by the Knipes follows the further fortunes of the chief character in "A Continental Dollar," which told of the way in which a little girl served her country in the days of its beginning. The new story is complete in itself, and it gives a vivid impression of our Revolutionary period.

"Powder, Patches and Patty" takes Patty Abbot, the devoted little patriot of "A Continental Dollar," through the Benedict Arnold plot. She has Tory relations, though her own father is a high officer with Washington, and is able to follow Arnold into New York after he has fled to the British lines. She becomes involved in a plot to kidnap him for the Americans.

It is a characteristic Knipe story, and most young readers really need no further information. But we may add that we think they have never done a better one.

Illustrated. \$1.75

Also

A CONTINENTAL DOLLAR
THE FLOWER OF FORTUNE
THE LUCKY SIXPENCE
BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD
THE LUCK OF DENEWOOD
PEG O' THE RING
A MAYFLOWER MAID
THE LOST LITTLE LADY
VIVE LA FRANCE

(All are illustrated. Each sells for \$1.75)

At All Bookstores
Published by

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Holeproof Hosiery

Prettier Stockings for School

—and strong enough to stand
hardest play!

If you'll ask Mother to see that you have Holeproof Hosiery, you're always going to be neatly dressed. For stockings have a lot to do with that. And Holeproof stockings are pretty enough for the very best wear — parties or Sunday School or school exercises. And they're strong! Hard play won't spoil them. So Mother will save much work and money.



Get them at most stores. For boys and girls (and grown-ups, too). If your store doesn't have them, ask Mother to write for illustrated price-list.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited
London, Ont.



KoKoMo

SKATES

with the self-contained ball bearing wheels, the truss frame construction and the "rocking-chair" movement are—"Young America's First Choice."

Steel Tread or Rubber Tires



Ask your dealer for the skate with the RED DISC

KoKoMo Stamped Metal Co.
Kokomo, Indiana

CLASS 25¢ PINS

BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKER
CATALOG FREE

Either pin shown made with  letters and 2 figures, 1 or 2 colors enamel. Silver plate 25¢ ea. \$2.50 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea. \$4.00 doz.

BASTIAN BROS. CO.

522 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.



The Toy that brings Joy to the whole family

All children, at some time in their lives, want a set of these beautiful colored Stone Blocks.

Educational—Interesting—Amusing

NOVELTY TOY CO.,
688 Cramer St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Please mail at once, postage prepaid, one large No. 1 set of Liberty Stone Blocks. Enclosed find \$3.00.
If not satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City State



COLLIES

Safest dog for children

Any age, any color, imported stock.

Send for description and price list.

JEFFERSON WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
WAUSEON, OHIO

White is a mark of class

Books by Ralph Henry Barbour



SPANIARD'S • CAVE •

THIS is one of the best Barbour books, and that is saying a great deal in a few words. It tells how Joe Whitman, in order to get an important piece of information to his father, leaps aboard the Bermuda steamer on which he supposes him to be sailing. It tells what happens to the plucky youngster as he faces the purser without a ticket or any money worth discussing; of the boy friend he makes on the voyage and the unexpected importance of their friendship to some very large interests. It tells of most interesting, fascinating, exciting

happenings when Joe gets to Bermuda and, in the end, how a supreme trial of his strength and courage that he is but just able to meet triumphantly by putting into it his very last ounce, leads to an extremely happy ending.

And after a month of joyous adventure Joe goes eagerly back to New York to fight for the position of second baseman on his school nine. And it is told as only Barbour can tell a boy's story.

Illustrated. \$1.75



Also by Mr. Barbour

THE TURNER TWINS
NID AND NOD
CAPTAIN CHUBB
THE CRIMSON SWEATER
CROFTON CHUMS
HARRY'S ISLAND
KINGSFORD, QUARTER

TEAM-MATES

TOM, DICK AND HARRIET

By Mr. Barbour and H. P. Holt

THE MYSTERY OF THE
SEA LARK
FORTUNES OF WAR
LOST ISLAND

All are illustrated. Each sells for \$1.75

At All Bookstores
Published by

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Books by Augusta Huiell Seaman

SALLY SIMMS ADVENTURES IT

A JOLLY, exciting story of a young girl who goes right out of a humdrum small-town existence in dreary February to beautiful Bermuda — as companion to a lady who, though a member of her brother's Missionary Society and undoubtedly an excellent person, is not an ingratiating character. In fact she is instantly dubbed by Sally "The Gorgon," at her first interview.

But she goes on, for she has an invalid sister, Elizabeth, for whose sojourn next summer at a rest-camp in the hills, Sally's earnings will pay, if she can stick it out.

On shipboard she meets some charming people, distantly known and long admired by her, and they become close friends. And Sally and one of her new acquaintances discover a cave with some queer writings on the wall, which leads to the discovery of a strange treasure after many exciting adventures.



Illustrated. Price \$1.75

Also

THE EDGE OF RAVEN POOL

Illustrated. \$1.75.

TRANQUILLITY HOUSE

Illustrated. \$1.75.

THE MYSTERY AT NUMBER SIX

Illustrated. \$1.75.

THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

Illustrated. \$1.75.

THE CRIMSON PATCH

Illustrated. \$1.75.

THE DRAGON'S SECRET

Illustrated. \$1.75.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

Illustrated. \$1.75.

MELISSA-ACROSS-THE-FENCE

Illustrated. \$1.50.

THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET

Illustrated. \$1.75.

THE SLIPPER POINT MYSTERY

Illustrated. \$1.75.

THREE SIDES OF PARADISE GREEN

Illustrated. \$1.75.

At All Bookstores
Published by

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue
New York City



CURLY GRAHAM COWPUNCHER

By Joseph B. Ames

A WESTERN story, with elements of mystery in it, that will fascinate boys and girls. Curly Graham, the youthful part-owner of the Circle-Bar ranch, his sister Dorothy, his chum Homer and a sheriff who is biased against Curly are the chief characters. Cattle-men and sheep-men, always antagonistic, are involved; and there is a murder mystery to solve before the last page is reached.

Illustrated. \$1.75

Other Books for Boys and Girls by Mr. Ames

TORRANCE FROM TEXAS

Illustrated. \$1.75

CURLY AND THE AZTEC GOLD

Illustrated. \$1.75

CURLY OF THE CIRCLE BAR

Illustrated. \$1.75

THE MYSTERY OF RAM ISLAND

Illustrated. \$1.75

UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS

Illustrated. \$1.75

THE LOST FLAMINGOS

By George Inness Hartley

IN this book the naturalist-story-teller takes the same boys who figure in his two previous boys' books to the Bahamas to locate for the Bahaman government the breeding-place of flamingos, that the birds may be protected from extinction by the natives. Readers will be rewarded with a narrative of uncommonly exciting adventures and, incidentally, a great deal of authoritative nature lore.

Illustrated. \$1.75



Other Books for Young Readers by Mr. Hartley

THE LAST PARRAKEET

Illustrated. \$1.75

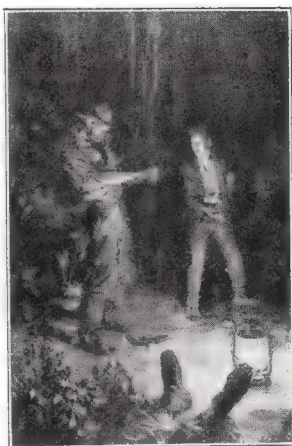
BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA

Illustrated. \$1.75

At All Bookstores
Published by

The Century Co.

353 Fourth Avenue
New York City



THE SILENT FIVE

By T. M. LONGSTRETH

Author of "The Adirondacks," etc.

THIS is a thriller for young people by a writer whose travel books have received the enthusiastic praise of the critical press and the reading public. "The Silent Five" is a story of a group of boys camping on the coast of Maine: of hidden treasure, a deaf villain, a kidnapping and a unique attack upon an island where the treasure is supposed to be. Mr. Longstreth is a master of woodcraft and a literary craftsman of distinction.

Illustrated. \$1.75

THE HOUSE OF THE LIONS

By HELEN WARD BANKS

A STORY that should appeal especially to boys and girls of ten years and more. The book is full of delightfully interesting people, and the narrative runs rapidly to a surprising and entirely satisfactory conclusion. The story centers upon an appealing youth who is being tutored through the summer so that he can re-enter his prep. school in the autumn.

Illustrated. \$1.75

GREYLIGHT

By ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE

THIS is such a story as a child loves passionately, reads and re-reads, and always remembers. There are few so nearly perfect stories for children: "Grey-light" may very well become as much of a classic as Mrs. Jamison's "Lady Jane" and Bennett's "Master Skylark." The chief character is a Shetland pony who comes to live with a plucky little girl and her wise sweet mother.

Illustrated. \$1.75

THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE GIRL

By GRACE STOCKWELL

THIS is the tale of Margie and Ginger, two little girls of eight and nine, who find a delightful chum and companion in adventure about whom there turns out to be an astonishing mystery. They dress up as pirates, go cruising on a lake, discover a secret room and a secret passageway and finally come upon a tremendous SURPRISE.

Illustrated. \$1.75



At All Bookstores
Published by

The Century Co.

353 Fourth Avenue
New York City

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES

FOR many years, when issuing a series of stamps bearing portraits, it was the custom of all countries to represent only such eminent personages as were native to the stamp-issuing country itself. This has gradually been changed, and it is now no new thing for some country to issue a stamp bearing the portrait of a foreigner, who, in some way, has earned such an honor. And, this year, Greece sees fit to pay this mark of respect to an Englishman—Lord Byron, a man whose devotion to the cause of Greece has long ago brought the two



names into close association. It has been a hundred years since this brilliant mentality threw all its force and power to the aid of Greece, in that nation's efforts to establish her freedom from the rule of Turkey. There are two stamps in the series, and both are beautiful examples of the engraver's art. The eighty-lepta value is of a dark-blue color. At the top, the dates, 1824-1924, and, in Greek lettering, the word for Greece. At the bottom is the value, "80 lepta," while the rest of the stamp shows a striking picture of Lord Byron, above whose head branches of leaves appear. At one side of the portrait is the word—

"Lord" and the other, "Byron." This, we think, is the first time an English word has appeared upon a Greek stamp. The second stamp of the series is the two drachmæ. This, also, is a very artistic

stamp. The outer frame is in purple, while the center is in black. This is an excellently engraved picture, representing the arrival of Byron at Missolonghi, where he landed to join the Greek army operating against Turkey. Again appear the dates and the name of Lord Byron. While we are not given thoroughly to rejoicing over the issuing of commemorative stamps, we must admit that these do appeal to us keenly. We all



remember the fabled story of Icarus and how he attempted to fly to the sun. We have wondered why the designers of the various air stamps for air mail have not made use of this legend in their efforts to give us some appropriate design for an airplane stamp. We had about decided that the disastrous results which befell Icarus made them shun the story in all its phases. But not so, for lo! this month we have two new air stamps, both of which depict the human body with wings. Let us first describe the series for Switzerland, as these stamps are the simpler in design and far more beautiful in effect. Here is Icarus indeed, flying upward, his face uplifted in defiance to the sun. At the lower left is the word Helvetia; on the right the



value, sixty-five centimes. The color is blue. The seventy-five centime value is the same in design, but deep orange in color, while the one franc is deep purple. It is truly a beautiful and impressive set. From Hungary comes the second Icarian design. This does not appeal to us as much. Here Icarus

seems to have turned away from the sun and is flying back to earth again. Perhaps he feels some of the wax melting and is seeking safety in a swift descent. Most of the ornamental design (the word MAGYARORSZAG at the top and korona at the bottom) is in purple while Icarus, the sets of value in the two lower corners "100," and the shading of the city, river, and ships, are in red. But a new series of airplane stamps is not all that comes to us from Hungary. How much smaller our collections would be, indeed, were it not that Hungary sends out so many varieties of stamps, the greater portion of which are priced low enough to come within the range of most purses. With the airplane stamps comes a series of "Charity" stamps. One of the most



(Concluded on second page following)

THE ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

is really a list of reliable Stamp Dealers. These people have studied stamps for years, perhaps they helped your father and mother when they first started their stamp collections. *St. Nicholas* knows that these dealers are trustworthy. When writing to them be sure to give your full name and address, and reference the name of your parent, or teacher, or employer, whose permission must be obtained first. It is well also to mention *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Remember, we are always glad to assist you, so write to us for any information that will help you solve your stamp problems.

Ready October 20

The 1925 Edition of **Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue**

Will be issued October 20th, 1924

No collector can afford to be without this volume, which is the accepted authority on postage stamps. This Catalogue contains 1500 pages, is completely illustrated, and lists and describes every postage stamp ever issued up to date of going to press, giving prices at which each stamp may be bought, in both cancelled and uncanceled condition.

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW!

Cloth cover.....\$2.00
Cloth cover, thumb index.....\$2.50

Forwarding charges extra

Shipping weight 3 lbs.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.

33 West 44th Street

New York City

October, 1924.

Dear Parents:—

Are you going to share with us the expense of introducing your boy or girl, and perhaps their friends, too, to a fascinating occupation, which teaches as it amuses, which never loses its charm—stamp collecting?

It will cost you as little as five cents, or any amount you care to spend.

We have prepared an album, which we call the Pathfinder, in which fifty of the chief countries of the world are represented—an attractive, illustrated little book. We have also secured a special packet of fifty different stamps and a packet of hinges to go with it. The outfit costs us slightly more than ten cents.

For every one of these outfits which you purchase at ten cents, we will give you, free of charge, postpaid, another one. You buy one, we give you one, ten, we give you ten, twenty, we give you twenty, and so forth, in any amount up to 200 outfits.

In addition, we will send, free of cost, a copy of a forty page illustrated book entitled "The Standard Guide to Stamp Collecting" with every ten Pathfinder outfits you order. This book has nine chapters which thoroughly cover the subject of collecting from a beginner's viewpoint.

Inasmuch as our stock of these outfits is limited, we can hold this offer open until October 30th only.

Very sincerely yours,

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.

FAMOUS FENWAY OUTFIT

All for 12c: 2 scarce triangle stamps, small album, 5 blank approval sheets, 250 hinges, perforation gauge, 5 large French Colonials, 2 special deliveries, Air Mail set, Red Cross set, Fantastic Fenway Packet containing 55 different including Abyssinia, Azores, Cape of Good Hope, Bosnia, Crete, Congo, etc. This wonderful outfit and 16-page price list only 12c to approval applicants.

FENWAY STAMP CO., Fenway Station, Boston, Mass.



FINE APPROVAL SELECTIONS at 50% to 60% off catalog, to every one who sends us 5c for 158 assorted stamps, including Mexico, War Issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India Service, Guatemala, China, etc. Large price lists free. 1000 all diff. \$1.18. 500 diff. 48c. 2000 hinges 24c. **WE BUY STAMPS.** Established 29 years. C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., Dept. 52, St. Louis, Mo.

NEW EUROPE FREE. 100 Different New Europe, mostly unused from Latvia, Ukraine, etc., including fine charity, airport, postage due and special delivery stamps, which would cost over \$1.00 if purchased from approval sheets. This excellent packet absolutely free to applicants of our famous Star Net Approvals. Send 2c postage. **THE ANVELINK CO., Milwaukee, Wis.**

BARGAINS 12 varieties Iceland 20 cents. Big list free. Chamber Stamp Co., 111-G Nassau St., N. Y. City

THE MOST GREAT BARGAINS. FOR YOUR MONEY NO TWO STAMPS ALIKE IN ANY SET. ALL GOOD COPIES

50 Asia 15c, 50 Africa 17c, 100 Austria 10c, 200 same 45, 100 Bavaria 19c, 7 Barbados 12c, 10 Bosnia 10c, 18 Brazil 12c, 25 Bulgaria 9c, 25 Canada 9c, 5 Cyprus 9c, 20 Chile 9c, 15 China 9c, 25 Cuba 12c, 50 Czech 19c, 10 Dahomey 18c, 50 Danzig 25c, 40 Denmark 11c, 10 Egypt 5c, 10 Ecuador 9c, 20 Finland 9c, 50 French Col's. 17c, 50 German 7c, 100 same 14c, 10 Honduras 9c, 100 Hungary 9c, 10 Jamaica 9c, 12 Jugo Slavia 9c, 5 Ireland 8c, 7 Iceland 14c, 10 Ivory Coast 18c, 50 Luxembourg 42c, 8 Liberia 20c, 50 same \$3.75, 10 Malay 12c, 7 Horne 15c, 20 Norway 9c, 20 Paraguay 20c, 12 Peru 12c, 20 Persia 15c, 50 Poland 15c, 50 Portugal 25c, 10 Nyassa 15c, 10 Newfoundland 10c, 50 Port. Col's. 20c, 10 Reunion 18c, 25 Roumania 9c, 20 Russia 9c, 20 Salvador 14c, 7 Siam 15c, 30 Spain 9c, 50 same 18c, 30 Sweden 9c, 25 Switzerland 9c, 10 Tunis 10c, 30 Turkey 12c, 5 Ubangi 9c, 15 Venezuela 9c, 100 U. S. 20c. Following Big Collection Guaranteed to Satisfy or your money back: 300 different 24c, 500 different 35c, 1000 different \$1.25, 2000 different \$5.00. Postage 3c Extra—Remit in Stamps or Money Order. We buy stamps. **MARKS STAMP CO., (Dept. A), TORONTO, CANADA.**

BOYS! BIG STAMP BARGAIN!

ONLY TO APPLICANTS FOR STAMPS ON APPROVAL.

As a premium we will send for 12c (regular price twenty-five cents) 1 set Airplane stamps, 10 blank approval sheets, 1 small stamp book, 1 stamp wallet, 1 perforation gauge, 250 hinges, 1 triangle stamp, packet of stamps from Abyssinia, Africa, Nyassa, Georgia, Turkey, etc., etc., and large price list.

PIKES PEAK STAMP CO. Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo.

BOYS! Have you ever owned a nice, shiny, new pair of steel stamp tongs? Lakeview offers: Famous "Confiscated" set of Bulgaria (the stamps that nearly started a war) set of Germany with (prewar) face value over forty million dollars; perforation gauge; small album; nice packet 100 different from Argentine, BritishGuiana, Newfoundland, Africa, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—and last but not least, a dandy pair of stamp tongs! The entire big outfit only 15c approval applicants! **LAKEVIEW STAMP CO., 338 Columbia St., Toledo, O.**

BOYS! Bet you haven't got a single stamp from the Irish Republic! We offer this month only to approval applicants: Packet of 100 different from Cape of Good Hope, San Marino, Fiume (triangle), Travancore, Malay (tiger), Guatemala, Congo (savage), etc., etc., also a fine set of 5 diff. Ireland, perforation gauge and mm. scale, and 250 peelable hinges—all for eight cents! Supply limited, order at once.

PAUL REVERE STAMP CO. Watertown, Mass.

"OH, BOYS!" MYSTIC'S "MYSTERIOUS" PACKET!

CONTAINS stamps from the lands of cannibals, heathens, sun worshippers, and wild savages! Included are Kenya and Uganda, Persia, Africa, Dutch Indies, Gold Coast, Federated Malay States, Abyssinia, Nyassa, Travancore, Siam, Congo, etc.! This wonderful packet containing 105 all diff. (mostly unused) for only 8 cents to approval applicants! **MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 3, CAMDEN, New York**

WESTLAND WONDER PACKET!

110 scarce stamps (all different) from Congo, Siam, San Marino, East Africa, Trinidad, etc., perforation gauge, fine pocket stock book, and triangle stamp—total value over \$2.50—all for 8c to approval applicants! 500 varieties and premium, 47c.

WESTLAND STAMP CO., 70 Westland Ave., Boston (17), Mass.

BOYS! SENSATIONAL 8c OFFER! 17 German stamps with (prewar) value over 40 million dollars (great curiosity); 1 fine stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 airplane set; 1 triangle stamp; packet 25 diff. Hungary, cat. 50c; 1 perf. gauge; and last but not least, a red pocket stock book in which to keep your duplicates! The big 8c outfit postpaid for only 8 cents to applicants for my famous QUICK SERVICE APPROVALS. Big price list, 4c extra.

D. M. WARD, 608 Buchanan St., Gary, Ind.

TIP-TOP Premium of 50 different, stunning stamps, fine stamp wallet, perforation gauge, mm. scale, ruler; good stamp from Kenya & Uganda (cannibal land!), Gold Coast, Persia—all for 6 cents to applicants for Tip-Top Approvals! **TIP-TOP STAMP CO. Palmer Lake, Colorado.**

50 vars. SCANDINAVIAN STAMPS 10c
Phil. Lundstedt Cape Cottage, Maine

(Continued on next page)

STAMPS—(Continued from preceding page)



NYASSA GIRAFFES

and packet 52 different scarce stamps, TIME TRI-ANGLE, large \$1.00 U. S., etc., All Only 9c. FENNELL STAMP CO. Dept. S, St. Louis, Mo.

70 Different Foreign Stamps from } including Africa, Asia, Aus-
70 Different Foreign Countries } tralis, Europe, West Indies
and our pamphlet, which tells you "How to make your collection of
stamps properly." For only 18 Cents—A BIG BARGAIN.

Queen City Stamp & Coin Company,
Room 32, 601 Race St. Cincinnati, O.

ANCHER'S ■■■ OUTFIT, only 12c! Fine triangle stamp; set Ger-
man stamps with (pre-war) value forty million dollars (interest-
ing); perforation gauge; mm. scale; small album; 2 approval
sheets; airmail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth;
newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Johore,
Dutch Indies, etc. Entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants.
(Nice pocket stock book, value 25c, with every order). ANCHER
STAMP CO., 148 Clerk St., Jersey City, N. J.

"OH BOYS"—Some special packets for you, all different stamps
in each.—100 Austria, 10c; 50 Czechoslovakia, 15c; 50 Danzig, 15c; 25 Fin-
land, 12c; 50 French Colonies, 18c; 100 Hungary, 12c; 70 Germany,
15c; 10 Cochlin India, 18c; 25 Jugoslavina, 22c; 50 Greece, 30c; 25
Mexico, 22c; 50 Poland, 15c; 50 Portuguese Col., 22c; 25 Spain, 15c;
40 Sweden, 20c; 50 Roumania, 25c; 20 Iceland, 40c. Added special
with each dollar purchase from this list a fine pair stamp tongs free.
Complete stock of albums, catalogues, supplies, etc. Lists free.
ELWOOD D. WEBER 1377 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

ELF To Get Acquainted \$2.50
STAMP we offer to anyone sending for our Value
CO. approval sheets 100 different For-
eign stamps in good condition, a
\$2.50 value for 10c.
1057 SHERIDAN ROAD, CHICAGO, ILL. 10c

100 VARIETIES 10c

Contains stamps from all parts of the world. Our 60%
dis. non-duplicating approval sheets sent with every order.

COVERT STAMP COMPANY

N712 E. & B. Bldg. Rochester, New York

\$3.00 FOR 7c

107 all different stamps mostly unused from Nyassa, Siam, Ecuador,
etc., Airplane set, Army set, perforation gauge, 250 hinges and bar-
gain lists, all for 7c to new applicants for our net approval sheets.

VICTORIA STAMP CO. LONDON, CANADA

50 VARIETIES Africa, Ceylon, Brazil, Peru,
Cuba, etc., and album, 10c.
1000 mixed, 40c. 50 diff. U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 10c.
Fine Album for 3500 stamps, 75c. List free. Agents 50%.
C. STEGMAN 5940 Cote Brillante Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.

ALL FOR 50 Different Stamps, 2 Malay Tiger Stamps, big lists,
etc., to all requesting our approvals.
5c FOYE STAMP COMPANY, Dept. S, Detroit, Mich.

BR. WEST INDIES WARS. Antigua, 3 diff., 9c; Dominica, 3 diff.,
15c; Montserrat, 3 diff., 11c; Trinidad, 9 diff., 21c. The lot of 18
diff., only 50c. A. C. DOUGLAS, Hawkesbury, Ont.

TWO SETS NYASSA

ALSO 20 Diff. British Colonies, Barbados and Jamaica pictorials
and a packet of hinges for only 8c with a request for my 1, 2, 3c, net
approvals. None better.
CHAS. T. EGNER, 4821 Frankford Ave., Frankford, Phila., Pa.

DANZIG FREE—Nice Set Danzig Stamps with Price List
Canadian Stamps, Albums and Biggest Catalog issued. 2c
postage. MIDLAND STAMP Co., Station E8, Toronto, Canada.

2000 diff. stamps \$5.25, 1000 \$1.35, 500 35c, 300 25c, 200 15c,
20 Persia 20c, 7 Iceland 15c, 50 Australia 30c, 100 British
Colonies 35c, 1000 Hinges 10c. MICHAELS, 5353 Calumet, Chicago.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE—Large Variety Packet Foreign
Stamps from all over the World with Catalogues, 2c postage.
GRAY STAMP Co., Station E15, Toronto, Canada.

FRENCH COLONIES FREE—Fine Set, Pictures, Wild Animals,
Native Chiefs, Scenery and Big Bargain List. 2c postage.
EMPIRE STAMP Co., 339 Lippincott St., Toronto, Canada.

100 Different Stamps 5c to applicants for my 50% approvals.
D. F. UNGER, Box 4062, West Philadelphia, Pa.

FIRST STAMP ISSUED—Gt. Britain, 1840, 1d black,
\$1.20. R. H. A. GREEN, 821 Main Street, Evanston, Ill.

STAMPS 105 China, etc., stamp dictionary, list 3000 bargains
2c. Album (500 pictures), 3c. BULLARD & Co., Sta. A, BOSTON

Dandy Packet Stamps free for name, address 2 collectors 2c postage
with 50% approvals. U. T. K. STAMP Co., Arcade Bldg., Utica, N. Y.

50 diff. Latin-American, 20c; 100, 40c; 200, \$1; 300, \$2; 500, \$5;
1000, \$20. F. L. ONKEN, 630 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued from second preceding page)

interesting things about these stamps will not
show in the picture, but if any one of our readers
should become the owner of one of them he will
find printed in black, on the back of the stamp,
an inscription saying that this stamp was sold
by the post-office at double its face value, and
that the excess is to be used for charitable pur-
poses. There are three values in the set, all of
which we illustrate. The stamps are nearly
square. The lowest value, the 300 korona, is deep
blue in color with the name Hungary at the top
and the value at the bottom. The center is a
shield-shaped design, upon which is a boy whose
right hand holds a bird, his left, a sheaf of wheat.
A butterfly flies before him, while flowers spring
up where his feet touch the earth. The second
of the series, the 500 korona, is brown. Here the
central design represents a woman kneeling by
the side of a cradle in which lies an infant. The
third of the series is gray-green in color, and has a
face value of 1000 korona. There is nothing to
indicate the significance of this design, which,
however, does not seem to be in the least appro-
priate for a charity stamp. An armed man and
a young man are seated upon the ground. The
elder is teaching the younger how to shoot with
bow and arrow.

1000 U. S. and FOREIGN STAMPS 25c

Phil Lundstedt, Cape Cottage, Maine

FREE! Three-cent orange-red Canada 1872, unlisted guide dot.
variety to applicants for approval selections. E. E. GOODCHILD,
116 Sherbrooke West, Montreal, Canada.

FREE Three pieces of Foreign Money with 25 diff. Poland
stamps for a dime. 100 diff. Brit. Col. for 25c.
H. NAGLE, 1101 Marion, Reading, Pa.

Boys and Girls!

ARE you interested in saving stamps? It is a
really fascinating pastime, and one that will
give a lot of valuable information.

If you want to get started write one of the stamp
dealers advertising in these pages, and he will be
glad to send you some stamps, catalogue, etc.



SHEPHERD (Police) DOGS

The Ideal Companion
and Protector

Write today for Illustrated Booklet

PALISADE KENNELS

Box 4. Springfield Gardens, L. I.
Just 40 minutes from Manhattan.

TALK A MILE. TWO-ARM SIGNAL CODE.

Boys or girls. Invaluable on hikes, camping, hunting,
at school, at home. Learned in one hour.
Price silver dime:

E-B EDUCATIONAL PRESS SN. Tacoma, Wash.

I Make the Best CHOCOLATE BARS

Mints and Chewing Gum. Be my agent. Everybody
will buy from you. Write today. Free Samples.

MILTON GORDON 217 Jackson St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Are American Colleges Corruptors of Youth?

Does going to college mean four lively years of liquor and sex?

Will college make a man a Bab-bitt with a degree?

Should college make an intellectual aristocrat, unfit to play his part in a practical world?

Richard Kane Goes to College

IN a series of articles, Professor Irwin Edman of Columbia takes a typical student — Richard Kane — through college and on into life. Professor Edman shows how college training handicapped Richard's subsequent career.

Every home with a boy or girl at college, and especially every college professor will want to read these articles in which Professor Edman diagnoses a condition which is affecting our best youth — and for which he suggests a remedy.

In each issue of THE CENTURY the Editor, Glenn Frank, presents keen discussions of current problems by creative thinkers. In a recent letter Professor James Melvin Lee, director of the Department of Journalism of New York University, said: "Please accept my congratulations on the fearlessness and independence with which you are conducting THE CENTURY MAGAZINE."

For those who are not familiar with the New Century we have arranged a Special Introductory Offer:

SIX MONTHS for \$2.00

A Saving of One Dollar over the Regular News-stand Price

THE CENTURY CO. S. N. 10-24
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

I am enclosing \$2.00 for which please send me THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for six months.

Name Street

City State

"That Musical Pal of Mine"



Come On Boys— Let's Hear You Play!

There's nothing like good music for happiness; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Millions of happy boys and girls are now playing Hohner Harmonicas for entertainment, popularity and education.

Anyone can quickly learn to play a Hohner with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. Get a Hohner Harmonica today—50c up— and ask for the free book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 155, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

CLASS RINGS & PINS

Largest Catalog Issued—FREE

Samples loaned class officers. Prices \$2.00 to \$8.00 each. No order for class, society, club emblems too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 7751 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



Pictures Brighten a Room

It is easy for a boy or girl to hang pictures and novelties by using

Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads—Steel Points
Will harmonize with any colors

Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"

10c pkts. Sold Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



Delivered to You Free

for 30 days trial on approval. You can have your choice of 44 Styles, colors and sizes of the famous RANGER Bicycles. Express prepaid. Factory-to-Rider Prices save you \$10 to \$25 on your bicycle.

\$5 a Month if desired. Many boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments. Parents often advance first payment.

best quality, at factory prices, express prepaid. Tires, lamps, wheels and equipment, low prices. Send No Money, do business direct with makers.

Mead CYCLE COMPANY
DEPT. P-15 CHICAGO



Write today for free Ranger Catalog, factory prices and marvelous easy payment terms

IVORY AD- VENTURES

Chapter 10

A PIOUS PLAN



ALAS, boo-hoo, kind IVORY crew!" wept that poor Mother whale; ♣ her countenance was tragic and her careworn cheeks were pale. ♣ "Alas, alas, we Mother whales are tired out (*boo-hoo*) ♣ with multitudes of mussy pranks our naughty youngsters do. ♣ This, added to our household cares, with others we've contracted, ♣ have got our nerves on edge—ah me, and we are near *distracted*. ♣ Our children play with cuttlefish, and swim in muddy places. ♣ They get their tails all black as ink and soil their pretty faces. ♣ As for their *fins* they are a sight; and OH their necks and ears ♣ 'most drive us to distraction and reduce us all to tears. ♣ Oh, yes, we've spanked them lots of times with our impatient tails. ♣ What can you do to purify such naughty little whales?"

Then up spake wise old Billy Goat in manner kind but sprightly, ♣ and as he spoke his whiskers whisked most gracefully and lightly. ♣ "Dear Madam Whale, we understand your troubled state of mind. ♣ Have faith in us and IVORY; solution we will find. ♣ When kiddies reach a state like yours we do not spank, nor drub them; ♣ corporal spanks aren't always wise; it does more good to *scrub* them. ♣ So, Mesdames, here are coils of rope; now catch your youngster whales ♣ and tie a knot securely 'round their naughty little tails. ♣ Do this at once and be ye firm—the youngsters may protest, ♣ but let them understand that *you* know what is right and best." ♣ So every Mother caught her child quite quickly, Dears, and surely, ♣ And 'round each wriggling, whalish tail they tied the ropes securely.

"Now, Mothers," ordered Billy Goat, "just *tickle* all these whales. ♣ The '*tickle spots*' are near their *fins*. Hold tight to all the rails. ♣ Now *you*, my noble IVORY crew, throw out into the sea ♣ at least ten dozen pearly cakes of our sweet IVORY!" ♣ So all was done as Billy bade 'mid much triumphant shouting. ♣ Great were the ticklish ticklings and wild the whalish spouting. ♣ The sea, soon churned by wriggling whales (each tethered to a rope), made snowy soapsuds mountain high of floating IVORY SOAP. ♣ *And how the turmoil ended, dears, I most sincerely hope you'll wait to read in your next tale of our pure IVORY SOAP.*

IF you have not followed "THE CRUISE OF THE IVORY SHIP" from the beginning, a little booklet by that name, written by John Martin, will be sent you FREE by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

And have you tried "Guest Ivory," the new cake of soap which you will love to use? Mother will know where to buy it for you.



IVORY  **SOAP**
IT FLOATS 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE





Hurry! Daddy were hungry and
we have
JELL-O



Jack Spratt could eat the fat;
His wife could eat the lean
If they had learned the Colgate way
To "wash" teeth safely clean.

Too Bad about the Poor Spratts

Like everybody else, they wanted beautiful white teeth—but they made a mistake. Instead of "washing" their teeth with Colgate's, they used a tooth paste that was harsh and gritty—one that made tiny scratches in the enamel of their teeth. Then their teeth began to decay in these scratches and soon they felt all "on edge" and of course with bad teeth they couldn't digest their food properly.

Colgate's tastes so good, that you like to brush your teeth with it three times a day. And it has no scratchy grit to hurt your teeth—it cleans them the right way by "washing" not by scouring them.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

New York

A delightful little story book, beautifully illustrated, "A Tip Top Time on the Ribbon Road," will be sent free to all Colgate friends. Simply send us your name and address. Write to Dept. 562.



*Truth in advertising
implies honesty in manufacture*