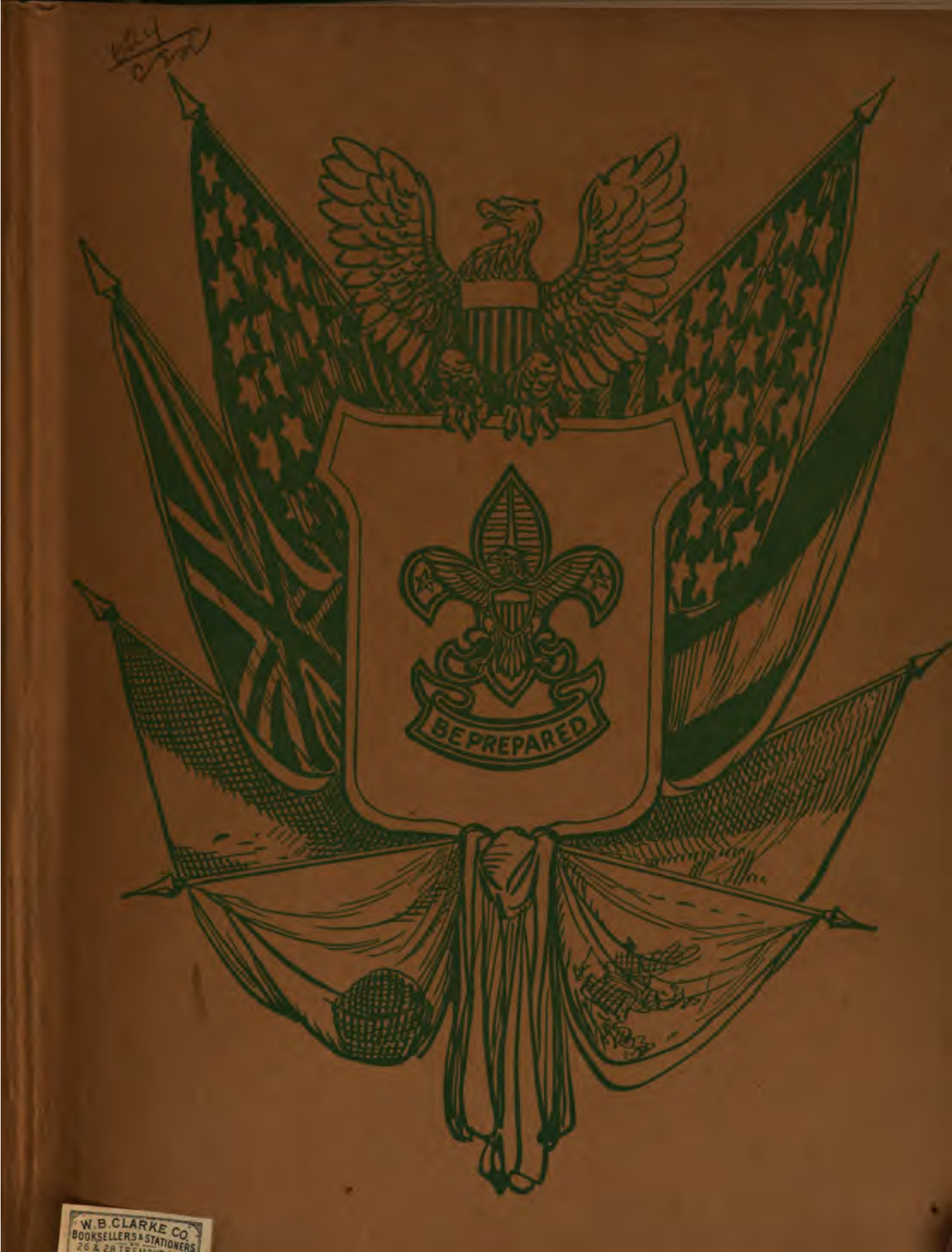


This Copy of

The Boy Scouts Year Book

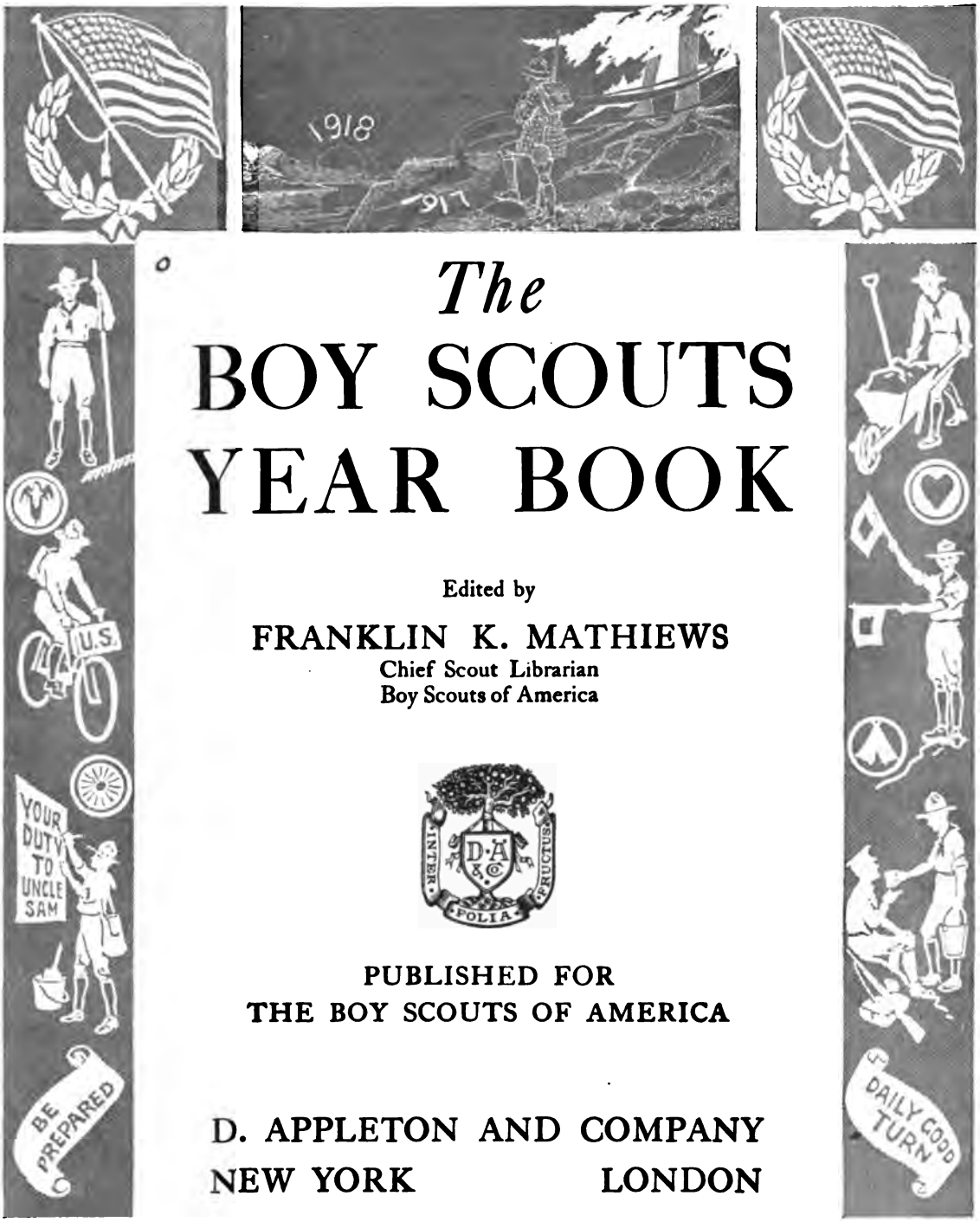
Belongs to

EDWARD J. L. ROPES

FROM

UNCLE CHARLEY


BE PREPARED



The BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK

Edited by

FRANKLIN K. MATHIEWS
Chief Scout Librarian
Boy Scouts of America

PUBLISHED FOR
THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK LONDON

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To

THE 8,000,000 BOYS OF SCOUT AGE

IN THE UNITED STATES

WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK

WHAT'S IN THIS BOOK

Nature Magic

Following the Scout Naturalist down Nature's Trail is just as marvelous as fairy tales or Arabian Nights—and more thrilling because the magic is actually *real*. If you have any doubts about magic—white magic—just hit the trail with Dr. Edward F. Bigelow.

Two Great Men of the Greatest War

David Lloyd George, a little man chosen by a big empire to guide it through its greatest crisis.
Marshal Joffre, whose big body and heart and brain stood between the Kaiser and Paris.

Letters of a Boy Scout in War Time

Imaginary letters, but the tale they unfold is just as things really might have happened, and is full of ideas and suggestions for scout helpfulness in this time of great tasks. Running serially through the book, they have all the fascination of a fiction story.

The Cave Scout Again

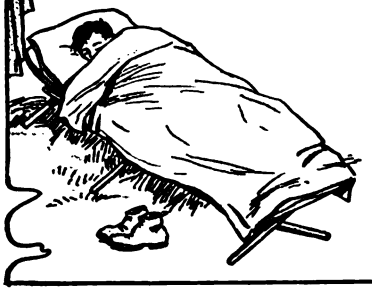
He has a friendly hand for every Scout and keeps in his mysterious cave a remedy for almost "every evil under the sun." Bring him your troubles and see.

A Parting Salute to Three Great Scouts

Two of the Plains and One of the Sea. When Buffalo Bill picked up the gauntlet of Yellow Hand, the Cheyenne Chief. The great May Day that made an Admiral of Dewey. A last word from Captain Jack Crawford.

A World Brotherhood of Boys

What boy doesn't like to belong to clubs? Here is a new kind—a club whose members reach round the world! A club that will bring you new friends in many strange lands! A club whose initiation fee is paid only in the pure gold of friendliness and world fellowship. A club for YOU! Find out about it.



Scoutcraft in the Trenches

New wrinkles that ingenious Tommy Atkins has had to think out to make trench life endurable. Told by a real Canadian Lieutenant who is *out there!*

WHAT'S IN OUR STORIES

When the President Spoke

proved to be the most terrific day of the boy's young life, when half a dozen amazing circumstances tangled themselves into one thick plot. Archie was never the same afterwards!

Football and the Dog

The Blue Stars set out to play straight football, but when they saw they were up against a game of wits they went the Arrows just one or two better. Another stunt of Mr. William Heyliger's inimitable, unadulterated variety of boys, with Hog-Fat Murphy in the center of the screen.

Why One Load of Shells Never Reached the Allies

A motor boat kept in perfect condition; an unerring knowledge of winds and tides and shoals; a steady hand, a cool head, a fearless and unselfish soul—that is how Tom Andrews was "Prepared" when he was called upon to meet a desperate emergency and a ghastly peril. All is dramatically told in Mr. Walter Scott Story's astounding tale, "The Munitions Ship."

Sharks!

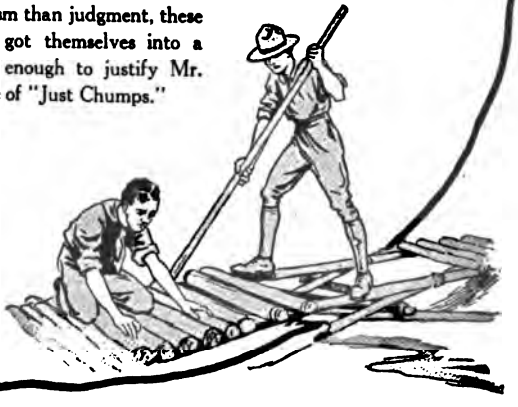
A fool rushed in, and a "fearful" angel had to face a horrible death to save him. This gooseflesh tale by Mr. Joseph Ames is based on the fact that the Shark Myth, like many another classic, has come true in its old age.

That Cartersville Gang Again

If you have met them before we don't have to call your attention to this story. If you haven't—well, there's nothing but red corpuscles and live wires in that Cartersville bunch of Mr. Rouse's. They're no Sunday School kids, but their lusty adventures have a way of ending in somebody's bumping up against some solid substantial eternal fact of the universe, with the result that all observers are the better equipped in life experience.

A Tenderfoot Tale

With more enthusiasm than judgment, these brand new Scouts got themselves into a situation ridiculous enough to justify Mr. Ladd Plumley's title of "Just Chumps."



WHAT'S IN OUR STORIES

The Scout Detective

Boys whose five wits are sharpened to alertness by training in scoutcraft have been known to do very good detective work. Mr. Armstrong Perry tells us how one Scout proved himself "Some Detective."

Earning a Uniform

There are ways and ways and always new ways of scraping together the price of scout equipment. The heroes of this yarn dwelt in an environment barren, to all appearances, of commercial opportunity. They set their hard racked wits to discover a way out and Mr. Thornton Burgess tells us humorously in "The Live Perch Contract" how they succeeded in finding one never heard of before or since.

The Best Man on the Team

Mr. Earl Reed Silver's tense stories of track and field and gym always involve some fine problem of the higher rules of the game. This one is no exception in making its contribution to a high standard of clean sport.

Mutiny!

"The Second in Command" had to face it—in a Scout troop, too. How he accepted the challenge and won out in establishing his authority is related in this interesting problem of Scout leadership.

Outwitting the Sleuths

Wherein Mr. Ralph D. Paine shows how a crowd of distinguished New York detectives fell into a simple trap laid by a mere ignorant outsider, and how a boy got a lot of fun and thrills out of a most unexpected adventure.

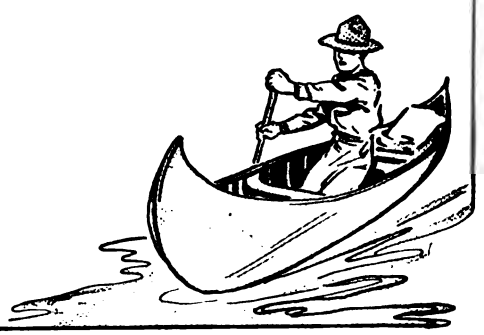
Merry Christmas by Accident

Some big hearted Scouts stumbled on an opportunity to make a wistful boy's dearest dreams come true, and with fine Christmas spirit they rose gallantly and unselfishly to the occasion. Mr. Irving Crump's name on a story is a recommendation in itself.

Salt Water

Mr. Armstrong Perry knows how to sail a boat; he also knows boys. Here is a stirring narrative of good seamanship, good friendship, and a thrilling race, full of the bracing atmosphere of salt foam, dashing spray and blustering storm.

THE COMPLETE CONTENTS



THE COMPLETE CONTENTS

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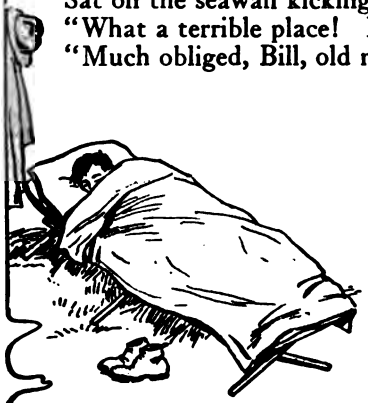
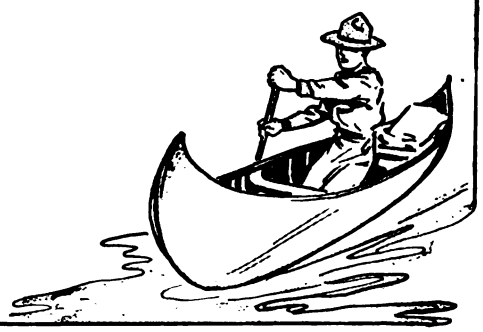




FOREWORD

The growing boy and girl are the chief assets of our country. Our natural resources in mineral lands, forests and streams, sources of food, and our large business opportunities, important as they are, must be considered as of secondary importance as compared with the proper development of the citizenship of tomorrow.

The environment in which the boy and girl live, their educational opportunities and their manner of using their leisure time, will largely govern their development. Of the 5,000 hours a year the boy is awake, the school room has but 1,000, and he is without a definite program for a good portion of the remaining 4,000 hours. The Boy Scout Movement serves to supply a definite program for this leisure time of the boy.

Through careful study it has been discovered that the average boy spends a great deal of his leisure time in reading. For this reason those responsible for promoting the Boy Scout Movement have definitely interested themselves in supplying an attractive and at the same time wholesome reading program for him. The official *Handbook for Boys* has now reached a distribution of over 100,000 copies a year: *Boys' Life*, the official monthly magazine of the movement, has reached à circulation of 100,000, and it is growing steadily; and in the last few years there has been made available, with the aid of a strong Library Commission, a special edition of books for boys, known as Every Boy's Library. Further, the Boy Scout Movement undertakes to list books which are worth while, and is prepared to give advice, when requested, as to books which are not worth while.

Foreword

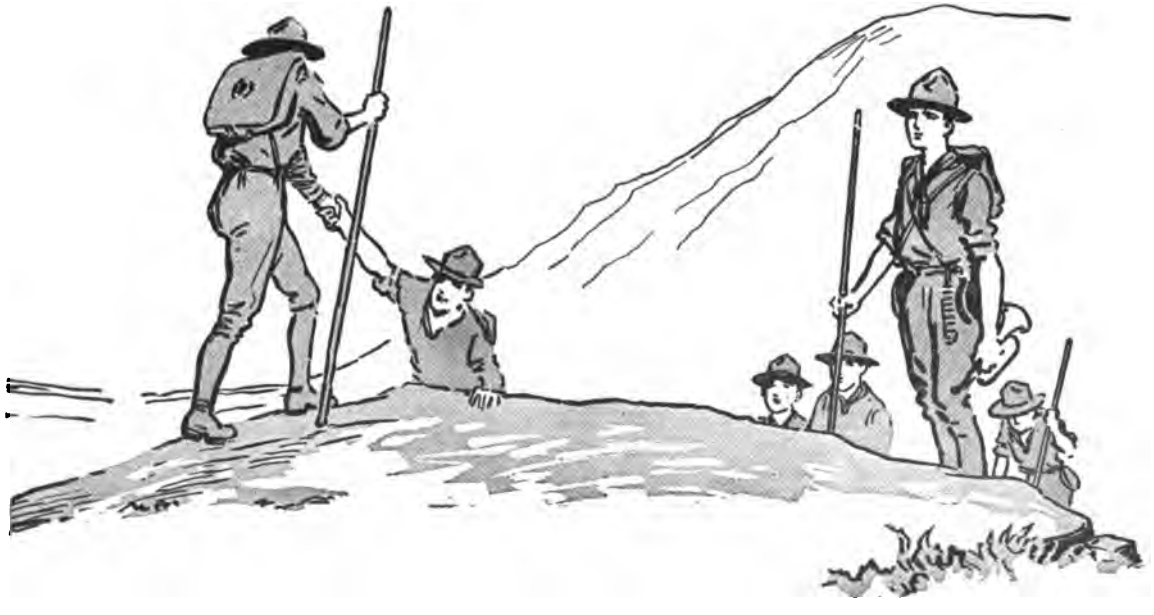
An opportunity was presented last year for the Boy Scout Movement to go a step further in its desire to help in providing beneficial reading matter, by co-operating in the publication of a Boy Scout Year Book. The first of the series of annual publications of this character was published in 1916. This, the second volume, like the first, contains stories, articles and illustrations which are taken largely from *Boys' Life*. Their publication in these volumes will help to preserve in a more enduring form much of the splendid material which eminent men (public officials, educational leaders, naturalists, explorers, handicraft experts, scout leaders, fiction writers, humorists and artists) are providing for current publication in the scouts' official magazine.

To all of these men the thanks of the Boy Scouts of America are extended—and particularly to Mr. Daniel Carter Beard, who serves as associate editor of *Boys' Life* with no compensation save that satisfaction which comes from knowledge of greater joys and benefits brought into the lives of boys.

JAMES E. WEST,
Chief Scout Executive.

The

BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK



Merry Christmas by Accident

BY IRVING CRUMP

AUTHOR OF THE QUARRY TROOP STORIES, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. O. SCOTT

FIGURES and dollar signs and cent marks were tumbling about in Jud's busy brain. He was so absorbed that he was oblivious to everything else. A biting winter wind swept down the ice-bound stretch of Black River, catching up the powdery snow crystals from the steep hills on either side and driving them across the surface of the ice in fitful gusts, but he paid small heed to these things. He never noticed the tiny windrows and drifts formed here and there on the river's frozen surface, and although the temperature hovered close to the zero mark he gave no thought to the cold. Indeed he was so engaged by other things that he had not yet discovered that two of his tip-ups were frantically signaling the fact that an unwary pike or pickerel had been hooked.

"Shucks," muttered the boy as he finally stirred himself, "six dollars and eighty cents isn't much, and here it is the day before Christmas. But it will buy Dick and Jenny what they want Santa Claus to bring them. It's mother I'm thinking of. She won't get much of anything and she deserves a lot. Crackey, but it's tough to be poor and—Hello, there's a fish—two of 'em! Where have I been? Asleep?"

The waving tip-ups stirred him to life and presently he had yanked one big fat pike through the yawning hole in the ice, and had started skating against the wind toward the other signal of victory.

Judson Brainard, in spite of his fifteen years, was the provider for a family. That is one of the reasons why the machinery under his hat was busy with a jumble of figures instead of plans for an ice boat or thoughts of the latest score of the high school basketball team. Not that Jud would not have been delighted with an opportunity to think about winter sports and other forms of real boy fun. The truth is he was kept so busy trying to secure the wherewithal to give his mother and younger brother and sister the comforts of life that he never had time to think of his own pleasures or amusements.

Jud's father had been killed in a lumber drive three years ago with the coming of spring. He was caught under a log jam when the key log broke and the Black River had swallowed him up as it had swallowed many another unfortunate riverman in days gone by. From that time on Jud had been the head of the household, working the tiny half-cleared farm in the summer and doing whatever else he could to provide for the Brainard family.

But with all that Jud could do it was dreadfully hard work to get along, and his busy brain was always tussling with the knotty problem of how to make both ends meet. So far he and his patient little

mother had been able to provide three meals a day and shoes and clothing for them all, but that seemed to be the limit of their ability. As for laying anything by for a rainy day or for a few pleasures, it just seemed impossible. That is why the coming of the holidays had been almost a nightmare to this youthful family man.

Six-year-old Dick Brainard and tiny Jenny Brainard still believed in the generosity of Santa Claus, and Jud knew what a terrible calamity it would be to the two children and to his mother if Santa Claus did not visit their lonely little cottage up on the hills beyond the river. For that reason he strove his hardest all during November and December to earn a little extra money. But no matter how hard he tried or what he did he could not lay by more than a quarter or a half dollar at a time, and these only on rare occasions.

He did almost everything he could to earn money, but as freezing weather came on he took to fishing through the ice as the most likely way of acquiring the needed capital. Pike and pickerel brought eight and nine and sometimes ten cents a pound at the fish market in Ascog, the town six miles down the river, and Jud, with good luck, managed to get ten or fifteen pounds of fish to the dealer almost every day he could spare time enough to the task of setting his tip-ups.

But with all his diligent effort Jud had not been able to get together quite enough to satisfy him. Six dollars and eighty cents was better than nothing, to be sure, but that was all the Christmas money he could produce the day before the holiday, except of course the money he would realize on this, his last catch of fish.

"Thank goodness they are all big ones," he said, as he hauled the last fish out of the water and saw him flopping on the ice. "This one will tip a good three pounds and the six others I have should average two pounds each. That will boost my Christmas money by a dollar or more." Then he added:

"Well, I guess I'll call it quits now, and go home to supper, and after mother has things cleared away I'll hitch up and go on down to town and get the youngsters presents, and—and—well perhaps I can squeeze enough out of my pockets to get mother that cardigan jacket she wants so badly. Poor mother, she deserves it, and anyway she *needs* it to keep her warm."

And with this decision made, Jud began skating from one hole in the ice to another, gathering up his tackle, for evening was coming on and he realized that he had a lot of chores to do before he could think of going to town.

It was long after dark when Jud had finished watering and caring for the horse and feeding the half dozen chickens that were left from the summer flock, and when he came staggering into the kitchen under a prodigious load of wood for the fuel box behind the kitchen stove he noted with satisfaction that his mother had just finished putting a steaming hot supper on the table.

"Jingoes, but I'm hungry, mother," he said, as he stamped the snow from his shoes, and hung his skates and mittens up behind the stove so that they would thoroughly dry.

"So are we," chorused Dick and Jenny, as they dashed for the table. Then "Oh, Jud," from Dick, "this is Christmas Eve and—and—Old Santa Claus'll be here tonight, sure's you live. We helped mother fix the tree and everything in the front room, and we put some apples and nuts on the mantel for Santa to eat while he's trimming it," shouted eager little Dick.

Jud looked at his mother, and they both smiled and winked slyly. And down in his heart Jud was well pleased that he

had worked so hard and had earned enough to keep the children happy.

Supper in the little cottage was a gay affair that night, for the two young ones kept up a perfect string of conversation about Santa Claus, and what they expected and what they were going to do when they got their presents. And of course all this made Jud and his mother very happy. But Dick and Jenny were not eager to stay up after their usual bed hour that night, strange to say. Indeed they were for getting to bed as early as possible so as to give St. Nick plenty of time in which to work. And since their stockings had been hanging at the chimney-place since mid-afternoon there was nothing to delay their departure to slumberland.

Jud busied himself hitching up the old horse, while his mother tucked the children in. And when she came down stairs he was waiting, ready to go to town.

"Well, mother," he said, with a smile, "I'm mighty glad Santa Claus can pay Dick and Jen a visit this year. Give me the letters they have been writing to him this week past, and I'll see how many of their presents I can get. I've nearly seven dollars now and I'll have a dollar or so more when I sell my fish. So long, mother. Perhaps—perhaps Santa will be able to dig up a present for you, too. And giving his mother a big hug and a very noisy kiss, he hustled out to the waiting cutter, and presently with a jingle of rusted bells he was off and headed for Ascog.

The wind had died down with the coming of night and the snow-covered landscape looked ghostly and weird. Big fleecy clouds were driving across the sky and Jud predicted a snow storm before morning. In fact he thought he felt an occasional downy flake even then, and there was a muffled dullness about the jingle of the sleigh bells that told of snow in the air.

The drive to Ascog was not long, and by half past seven the dilapidated looking cutter was threading its way through the crooked streets of the lower end of the town, for Jud meant to dispose of his fish before attempting his shopping. Also he planned to leave the horse and sleigh in the barn behind the market. It took him only a few moments to do all this, and presently he was swinging up the street from the river, jingling some additional change in his trousers pocket.

They both smiled and winked slyly

It was only a short walk to the business section, and in a few moments Jud found himself in the very midst of the Christmas Eve shopping crowd, for the narrow and glaringly lighted streets of Ascog were thronged with men, women and children who were pushing in and out of stores, some so laden with bundles that they could scarcely make their way about.

Merry Christmas

Christmas Eve in Ascog was a busy time indeed, for besides the town folk and the men from the woolen mills across the river, there were hundreds of farmers and lumbermen who came in from the open country to the south, and the woods to the north, eager to gather together their Christmas presents. A holiday spirit seemed to have possessed everyone, and there was laughing and shouting on every hand. And it was not long before Jud became imbued with the same spirit. In spite of his worries and his troubles he found time to laugh and joke and shout with the rest as he moved from store to store.

The children's letters to Santa Claus were consulted first, and little Jen's eager appeal for a doll was heeded. Jud rummaged about the doll counter of the toy store until he found exactly the one he thought would suit. Then came the drum for Dick, and a game and some picture books. Doll's dishes and a tiny stove also found their way under Jud's now well loaded arms, and then he bought candies and nuts and a few odds and ends to help out their supply of ornaments for the Christmas tree.

With these things all acquired Jud sought a quiet corner and took stock of his remaining capital. Into every pocket he searched and the total he mustered at this stage of his shopping was exactly one dollar and seventy-five cents.

"Jingoes," he exclaimed, "I think I can buy mother a cardigan jacket. It only costs a dollar and a half I'm sure. I'll go and find out."

Eagerly he gathered up his bundles and began to push his way through the crowd that jammed the toy store. But it was hard going, and now and then he had to pause and wait for the crowd ahead of him to move. And once he stopped directly in front of a big counter of glittering new skates.

Jud's heart almost stopped, for the thing he wanted most was a pair of skates to take the place of his old-fashioned and well rusted "rockers" that were fast growing too small for him. The array before him looked fine, all so bright and shining. Instantly his eyes fastened upon a pair of flashing hockey runners. Like a magnet they seemed to draw him toward the counter.

"I—I wonder how much they—they—no, I guess I won't try to find out. They may cost only a dollar seventy-five and—and—well mother wants that cardigan jacket." And resolutely Jud turned his head and pushed on with the crowd.

But the next moment another temptation was before him in the form of a fine big pair of snow-shoes.

"Crackey, look at those! What wouldn't I give for a pair of snow-shoes like that! And I'll bet some fellows are lucky enough to get 'em for Christmas. Shucks, if we only weren't so poor—but—but—well, I guess I'd better hurry and get mother's jacket and start back home," and on he pushed until he was clear of the store.

It did not take him long to make this last purchase, for he had seen his mother looking longingly at the jacket in question many a time during the fall. It was a bright scarlet with pretty gray trimmings and scarlet ribbons here and there to make it more attractive. Jud invested his money eagerly and with the remaining twenty-five cents he bought a tiny pin and needle cushion for his mother's work-basket.

Then with his Christmas shopping completed, and his arms just jammed with bundles he hurried down the street toward the fish-market, and a half hour later the rickety old cutter was making its way up the river road toward the cottage.

Merry Christmas

It was snowing hard when Jud left Ascog, but he bundled himself up in his big knitted scarf and huddled down between the blankets and with the old horse jogging along at a steady pace, the boy gave himself over to thoughts of "Jud Santa Claus," an idea that made him laugh outright all to himself there in the storm; but he just couldn't keep out of mind glittering skates, snow-shoes and similar things which he longed for but could not get.

His mother was waiting for him when he arrived, and the look on her care-worn face when he took bundle after bundle out of the cutter and gave them into her arms brought back all of the holiday spirit that had thrilled him when he was in the stores, and after he had unhitched and made the horse comfortable for the night he hurried indoors.

In the front room the big tree he had cut a few days before was waiting to be trimmed and on the table were all the ornaments which his mother had kept hidden since the Christmas before. Hastily Jud threw off his coat and cap, and one by one the glittering and fragile ornaments were hung into the evergreen. They gave the old tree a very merry look. Strings of popcorn, which his mother had made while he was in town, were added, along with tinsel and candy balls. Jud's mother was just as eager as he to see the tree look attractive and she handed each ornament to him with the utmost care.

Soon the task was done. Then the mother and son stood off and admired their creation. It was indeed a fine tree, and they both felt certain that the children would be well pleased.

From the tree their thoughts turned to the presents for the little ones, and with eager fingers they began to unwrap each package. But Jud was careful to keep two bundles well in the background and out of the way of his mother. The doll and the drum were placed in conspicuous places under the tree, just as the children would expect Santa Claus to leave them. So were the books and the games and the rest of the toys. Then candy was brought forth and the two lean black stockings that hung by the mantel were made fat and lumpy with nuts and sweets and great big oranges.

"Well," said Mrs. Brainard when all was ready, "this is going to be a very happy Christmas for the children after all, thanks to you my fine, manly son," and she gave the boy a motherly hug and such an affectionate kiss that Jud felt brimming over with happiness.

"Shucks, mother, it isn't much; not half as much as I'd like to do, but—but—I didn't forget you, mother. Here—here's a little something from 'Jud Santa Claus,' " and he produced the big and the little bundle.

The happy woman's face was radiant as she took them and her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely unknot the cord.

"Why—why—oh, bless your heart, Jud. The jacket I wanted so badly. And a darling little pin cushion—oh, dear, oh, dear, what a son I have!" and tears filled her eyes as she hugged and kissed him again. And as for Jud, a lump climbed into his throat and stuck there, and his eyes felt moist, too.

"I thought it would keep you warm, Muddy dear," he said very affectionately. Then as if to conceal his sentiment he went on, "Say, Mom, I'm *awfully* hungry. Think we could roast a few apples on top of the kitchen stove and have some of that left-over popcorn before we turn in?"

"Sure as you live," said the little woman, and with their arms about each other they started for the kitchen.

Christmas morning was indeed a happy

occasion at the Brainard home; at least it was for the two kiddies, who insisted upon coming downstairs only half dressed, in their eagerness to see if Santa Claus had paid a visit to the cottage on the river bank. And what a shout of pleasure went up when they beheld the tree in its glittering finery and the toys spread about beneath. Tiny Jenny caught up the doll with one swoop of her arms and then rushed off to pull down her bulging stocking, while little Dick, unable to restrain his itching fingers, seized the drum sticks and beat a loud tattoo to the accompaniment of whoops of delight. For Jud there was a new pair of red knit mittens—his mother's work, he knew, and he kissed her for the remembrance. And Mrs. Brainard looked on the whole gay scene with pleasure radiating from her usually care-worn face.

Of course Jud was happy too; tremendously happy. But somehow down deep in his heart there was a peculiar lonesome feeling—somehow he experienced a sense of disappointment when he thought of the skates and the snow-shoes he had seen the night before, and realized that in many, many homes throughout the country, boys his age were receiving presents of this kind, while he had to go without. To be sure, he hid his feeling from his mother as much as possible, and she in her happiness at seeing the children's joy never noticed that Jud was not quite himself.

It was some time before the children could be persuaded to eat breakfast, they were so merry. But Jud felt grateful for this for it covered up the fact that he ate very little. He was really too blue to enjoy the steaming pancakes and golden brown syrup, and he left the table as soon as possible on the pretense of getting some wood from the shed. For some time he busied himself about his chores trying very hard to fight off his depressed feeling, but strangely enough he could not master it. Finally, not caring to go back into the house until he could present a cheerier countenance, he trudged off through the snow.

Out across the bestubbled cornfield he wandered and on into the woodlot which stretched for half a mile back of the house. The snow was deep and powdery here, for several inches had fallen during the night. But Jud waded through it doggedly. "It isn't right, I know; but I *can't* help it." He kicked the snow viciously and plowed on. His mind was so busy with thoughts of skates and sleds and of the things that he did not get for Christmas that he scarcely observed where he was going. On he walked until suddenly a shower of snow from a well-laden spruce plunked down upon his head and deluged him with soft, silvery-white flakes. This aroused him from his meditations for a moment and he noted that he was in the vicinity of the old sugar house which his father had built at the far edge of the maple woods near the top of a long hill that fell away toward Ascog.

This was a favorite retreat for Jud whenever he found time to be in the woods. He had slept there many a night in sap time and during the hunting season. It was also his refuge in time of trouble. More than once he had gone into the little house and sat before the fireplace while he worked out problems that confronted him. He had not been to the cabin in weeks now, but he felt that perhaps if he spent a little while there he could make himself forget about his blues.

So he turned his footsteps in that direction and presently he had his hand upon the latchstring. He gave this a hard tug and bumped the door with his knee, and with a creak of rusted hinges it swung open.

But he did not go in. Instead he stood on the door sill and blinked. Then he passed his hand over his eyes and grinned.

"Aw, what's the matter with me—I must be going daffy about skates and snow-shoes and things. I—I—Say, are they real? Nope, I'm dreaming they—they—Why, goodness, they *are* real! And that sled—wow—big enough for *four*. Why what on earth—how—where? Why I can't believe my eyes."

For a moment the always rational Jud mistrusted his senses. But it was not a vision. There hanging on the walls of the sugar house was a pair of snow-shoes, and beside them the bulliest pair of hockey skates he had ever seen, fastened on regular skating shoes. And there, too, was a big sled, brand new, with paint and varnish shining.

Jud looked at them all and his face was a study. But as he realized the wealth of boys' things that were spread before him he became all excited. He pulled down the snow-shoes and examined them, and then he looked at the skates.

"Crackey," he exclaimed, "just my size, why—why—well, they *must* be for me. They are in my sugar house and—and—I wonder who's been playing Santa Claus to me! This is the finest ever!"

And as if he hoped to discover the person who left them there he hurried to the door with the skates in one hand and the snow-shoes in the other. But last night's virgin snow was unmarked by a single footprint, and Jud was thoroughly mystified. He turned back to the sled again.

"Look at that flyer. Why it's the dandiest I ever saw. What a Christmas present—wow—I'm going to try it."

And dragging the big sled out of doors he took it to the top of the hill and with a shout of joy he flung himself onto it. Down the hill he flew like the wind. On and on he raced, the big sled carrying him faster than he had ever traveled before. It was the finest coasting he had ever done.

"Hi—
Hello!—
come on over and try my
sled. It's bully"

"My, but that's fine," he exclaimed when he finally stopped at the foot of the hill, "I'm going to try it again—and ho, hello,

there are some Scouts from Ascog." Then he shouted:

"Hi—Hello!—Come on over—over here and try my sled. It's bully."

Four lads in scout attire had swung out of the woods at the foot of the hill and at Jud's invitation they started toward him. But the eager Jud couldn't wait.

"Oh, I wish you fellows had sleds here," he shouted enthusiastically as he hurried toward them. "This is the finest hill to coast on you ever saw." All of his blues were forgotten now and he was just a bundle of enthusiasm.

"Look! look!" he shouted. "Look at this corking sled I got for Christmas. Isn't it a dandy? I——" Then one of the Scouts interrupted:

"You got this sled for Christmas! Why that's——"

"Yes, surely. The funniest thing you ever heard of," exclaimed the highly excited Jud, glad of a chance to tell someone of his good fortune. "Yes, this sled and skates and snow-shoes—and—and—oh, they are the finest you ever saw. I can hardly believe it. You see it—ah—er, shucks, I'm all excited—well, we're sort of poor up at our house and I've been working like the dickens to get some Christmas presents for the kiddies. Of course I couldn't get anything for myself, and mother is too poor to get me any fancy things, and—and—well, it made me sort of blue. But I didn't dare show mother how I felt 'cause that would spoil *her* Christmas, so I just left the house and tried to walk my troubles off. I came out to our sugar house up there on the hill to think things over and, jingoes, I found the bulliest lot of presents waiting for me there that any boy ever put eyes on. The most mysterious thing I ever saw. But they must have been left for me by some sure-enough Santa Claus because this is Christmas morning and—and—well, they were in *my* sugar house and no one ever goes there."

Jud finished all out of breath. And as for the Scouts, they looked at each other in the most surprised sort of a way.

"Yes, I was puzzled, too," went on Jud. "I can't hardly believe it, yet— Say, you fellows don't know anything about them, do you?"

For a moment the Scouts were silent. Two of them cleared their throats but did not speak. Then finally the tallest of them, the Patrol Leader, stepped forward. "It's the strangest thing I ever heard," he said.

"I can't make it out, either—say, won't you fellows take a coast?" exclaimed Jud, all enthusiasm again. "See, the sled is big enough for you four. Try it. I'll wait down at the bottom of the hill."

But the Patrol Leader smiled and shook his head.

"Sorry," he said, "but we can't stop. We're part of the Black Bear Patrol of Troop 1 from Ascog and we're out on a long hike. We'll see you some other time. Come on, fellows, fall in! Well, so long —Merry Christmas to you."

"Merry Christmas to you," answered Judd, and each member of the patrol acknowledged it with a peculiar smile.

On marched the Scouts, and Jud watched them until they turned down the valley toward Black River. But he did not see them pause when they were well hidden in the woods, nor did he know that when they were out of sight the big Patrol Leader turned and faced his three followers and said:

"I'm mighty glad none of you fellows balked when I said what I did. If you had said a word you would have spoiled the happiest Christmas that chap has ever had. And if I ever hear that any of you

tell him that we made his deserted sugar house our camp last Saturday, and that we left those things there so we could use them today, I'll—I'll—why, I'll just naturally beat up anyone of you who does it. We can all chip in for a new sled just as we did for that one, and I don't mind losing my skates, even though they are brand new."

"Jimminy," said another member of the patrol, "I sort of hate to part with my snow-shoes right now, 'cause I haven't even had them on yet, but I guess dad will get me a new pair when I tell him what happened to these. Anyway, if he doesn't I'm glad that fellow got 'em."

"That's the bully spirit," said the other fellows.

"Let's wish him a Merry Christmas and keep right on hiking," said the smallest of the four.

"Ready!" shouted the Patrol Leader. "Fall in!" And off moved the unintentional Santa Clauses.

Our Flag and Our National Anthem

ALL Scouts fly our national flag, but many of them, like many uninformed adults, do not lower it at sunset. It is considered a mark of disrespect to allow the flag to fly throughout the night.

Flags hung against a wall should be straight or flat, not draped, and the union, or star field, should be in the upper left-hand corner to the observer if the stripes are horizontal, or in the upper right-hand corner if the stripes are perpendicular.

The hymn "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the national anthem; not by act of Congress, but by the recognition given it by the army and navy. Whenever it is played listeners should stand. Rise always for "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"Boy Scouts, You've Made the Team."

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Report of an address by Col. Theodore Roosevelt to the Encampment of Boy Scouts at Mineola, L. I., under the auspices of the Nassau County Council, of which Col. Roosevelt is Honorary Scout Commissioner, Sunday afternoon, September 2nd, 1917. It was Mr. Roosevelt's expressed intention that in speaking to this audience he should be understood as addressing all Boy Scouts throughout the United States, and all the friends of the organization. Every Scout will be thrilled by these ringing words from the most virile American alive.

FELLOW BOY SCOUTS: (Very hearty applause.) Of course, I have a right to say "Fellow Boy Scouts," for I see here as one of your Scout Masters the Dominie under whom I sit every Sunday. I am not only proud of Nassau County for what you boys have done in organizing this body here in this country as you have, but I congratulate with all my heart the American people on the Boy Scout movement; and I want you boys to feel this. Boys of your age ordinarily cannot feel as yet that they have done much for the country as citizens, but you boys—the Boy Scouts—are different. Because of the leadership given by your organization you are already doing your part. You are on the team now—Uncle Sam's Team. You are doing your bit. (Loud applause.) And I tell you, it is worth while. I do not know a man or a boy worth his salt who has not got the desire to be a part of the team that counts, and to do his share in making it count. That is what every red-blooded American has got to feel, or he isn't worth being called an American. It is what you boys are doing.

We have got 258,000 Boy Scouts, and about 75,000 people like Scoutmaster Talmadge, President Earle and myself (Scout Commissioner) who are in the movement as leaders, and I won't be content until instead of 258,000 we have 2,580,000. (Great applause.)

And now, boys, nothing could have pleased me more than what President Earle said in introducing me, when he spoke of a sentence I had used, and said it ought to be the motto on which the Boy Scouts act. It ought to be the motto on which all of us here act, and also on which every grown-up American acts: "NEVER BE NEUTRAL BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG." One of the lessons that it is most important to teach the average American—the men you boys are to be—is to teach him that when he is neutral between right and wrong, he is helping the wrong. If when you are grown up you see cruelty, iniquity and evil triumph over decency and justice, and you go by on the other side, like the Levite, you will earn just the cordial memory the Levite earned for himself under those circumstances. If you are not with the right, then you are

Four Famous Americans

They are Honorary Officers of the Boy Scouts of America

Col. Theodore Roosevelt, *Honorary Vice-President*

"The Boy Scout movement is distinctly an asset to our country for the development of efficiency, virility and good citizenship."
—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Hon. Woodrow Wilson, *President of the United States*
Honorary President, Boy Scouts of America

"It is fine to have the boys of the country organized for the purposes the Boy Scouts represent, and whenever I see a group of them, I am proud of their manliness and feel cheered by the knowledge of what their organization represents."—*Woodrow Wilson.*

Hon. William Howard Taft. *Honorary Vice-President*

"Boys, you and I are members of the same great organization and I am very proud of my membership. It is the great underlying purpose of the Boy Scouts of America organization that boys be trained to help others."—*From an address by Mr. Taft.*

Mr. Daniel Carter Beard
National Scout Commissioner; Honorary Vice-President, Boy Scouts of America

"To be a good Scout is to be a real American."—*Daniel Carter Beard.*

The Scout Law in Action

Producing

Selling

Saving

PRIZE-WINNING SNAPSHOTS, ILLUSTRATING SIX OF THE TWELVE CHARACTER-BUILDING LAWS OF THE SCOUT

The Boy Scout

Trustworthy, loyal, helpful and brave
Courteous, cheerful and friendly;
Obedient, reverent, thrifty and clean,
And always and everywhere kindly.

"A Scout Is Brave"

"A Scout Is Clean"

against the right. And you boys have got to cultivate not only the habit of being decent yourselves, but of helping to make other people decent. Therefore, you have got to be good, decent and efficient. I have got mighty little use for the type of good man or good boy of whom all you can say is that he is harmless. (Laughter and applause.)

Boy Scouts, I want you to count in the game of life. I want you to count now when you are boys, and I want you to count when you have grown up and become men. I have just come over from the troops, the Sixty-ninth Regiment. They are going abroad to do their duty. You are being trained in this organization so that if you are ever needed in the future you can do your duty, and now you can do your duty in civic life rather than in war.

I believe in this movement with all my heart, and also in that constantly-growing belief in this country that all of our young men between the ages of 18 and 22 shall have to have obligatory universal military training to supplement what you boys are doing now.

The democracy of our Government must be based fundamentally on the kind of spirit you show—the service you give. No man is entitled to a privilege if he does not perform a duty. You can't, any of you, enjoy the privileges of a Boy Scout if you stay out and don't do any of the work.

Sooner or later I hope to see in this country manhood suffrage and womanhood suffrage based on manhood and womanhood service. (Applause.) No one who does not give service is entitled to suffrage. Any one who does not give service in times of peace does not stand ready to give it in war. I would not interfere with those who are too conscientious to go to war, but when I hear a man say he is too conscientious to fight for his country, I would like to have him take his conscience out and examine it and see if it is healthy. If he is too conscientious to fight, then I am too conscientious to let him vote and help to rule a country for which I have to fight.

There were some elderly sissies of both sexes who objected to the Boy Scout movement when the organization was being started, for fear it would make us too military. These same types of people are now opposing universal military training for fear it will make us into a nation of militarists. It is no more true of one than of the other. Military training will tend to produce a better type of men in civic life, just as it will fit men to fight for their country. Your organization though not military has already borne fruit in this respect. The percentage of Scout officials and graduate Scouts who have already gone into the army is markedly above the general percentage, and for this we are debtors to this organization.

I want to make this appeal, and I want to make it as strongly as I can. Every man of fighting age who is fit to go and allowed to go ought to go to war. Every man of fighting age who is all right ought to go to the front, and it will be a mighty sight pleasanter to explain to his children later on why he went than why he did not. There are men who can't go and who ought not to go. Their duty will be to take the places of the men who do go. Now, any man who is too old, or for any other good reason cannot go to the front, can do his part by volunteering to serve as a Scoutmaster and take the place of some man who has got to go. (Great applause.) On the whole, the Scoutmasters and similar officers represent a very high type—an unusually high type—of lead-

ership in the community. We have a right to expect the very best men in the community to come forward to do that work, and I wish to emphasize with all my power that it is an unpatriotic thing to let the Boy Scout movement be hampered in any way by the fact that the Scoutmasters and leaders of the boys have shown their patriotism by going into the army, and I urge you who stay at home, show that you know what patriotism is by coming in and taking their places.

If a man says that he regrets he cannot go to war, but that he would like to serve his country, ask him what he is doing otherwise. You can serve your country in some way at home. You can be a Scoutmaster, thereby taking the place of someone else who goes to war. (Applause.)

Nobody is doing what he ought to do in this country now unless he is helping in some way to win this war: By fighting, by supporting those who have gone to fight, by taking their places, by doing the work they have left behind to do. Sometimes it is one member of a firm who does the whole work of the firm because his partners have gone to war. Sometimes it is the older man, or the infirm, who does the work of the strong man who has gone to the front; or he is doing his work in other lines.

And now I appeal to all good Americans who wish to help the America of the future to help it in some tangible way by taking the places of the Scoutmasters or other officials of the Boy Scouts of America who have gone to the front, and who have made all of us their debtors by going to fight the battle for American manhood and civilization.

Many of the Scoutmasters and leaders of this organization have shown their patriotism by going to war, and now let every good American show his patriotism by encouraging and supporting the Boy Scouts of America in every way within his power.

"Good luck to you."

Dreamers of Two Kinds

EVERYBODY dreams day dreams. It is a splendid habit. But like other habits it can be either used or abused.

"I'd like to be a great man," one boy dreams, "and have the power to pass laws that would help the country and give the poor people better houses to live in and better food to eat and places outdoors for children to play. I wish something would happen to make me great and powerful."

Here's another dreamer: "I'd like to be a great man and have the power to pass laws that would help the country and give the poor people better houses to live in and better food to eat and places outdoors for children to play. Other men who had no better chances than I have done these things. *I can do them. I will do them!*"

The only difference between these dreamers is that one says "I wish," and the other says "I will."

The boy who says "I wish" goes on wishing to the end of his days.

The boy who says "I will" begins to *do.*

Which kind of a dreamer are you?

Sa-Go-Ye-Wat-Ha!

Some Wit-Sharpeners for Live Scouts and Some Indian Tales

BY DAN BEARD
NATIONAL SCOUT COMMISSIONER

SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA! Of course you know what that means. What, *you* don't? Well, ask your Scoutmaster. If it should happen, by a very strange coincidence, that your Scoutmaster doesn't know, ask your school teacher, for your school teacher is o-te-tiana and being o-te-tiana, you will not catch him napping. If you should catch him napping, jump up and down and shout Sa-go-ye-wat-ha!!! which means "keep awake!" O-te-tiana is the Indian's positive way of answering our motto. We give the command, "Be prepared," to which the Indian replies, "O-te-tiana," "always ready."

Since you are always ready and you have been prepared for so long a time, read this letter which I received from one of my staff and send me the answer, after which, tell me how you would hitch a horse on the prairie where there are no hitching posts, trees or shrubs and where the only thing with which to hitch is the halter rope and the only tool you have is your hunting knife.

After solving this problem, get busy and thump your head so as to shake the gray matter in your brain, which scientists say causes thought, and then tell me what wild root it is that has a pleasant odor but which is not only very deadly as a poison but also causes the victims to suffer frightfully before they die. This dangerous poison is the root of a common weed found almost everywhere in the United States, although it is not plentiful in the Northwest or in New Mexico.

Next tell me what other weed there is which brings death just as surely as the first named one but produces it with little pain. The eyesight and muscles become paralyzed but the mind remains clear until the end. These are two extremely dangerous poison plants and should be known to every Scout.

Also, tell me the difference between the poison oak and the poison ivy and the difference between a poisonous sumac and a non-poisonous sumac. *Sa-go-ye-wat-ha!*

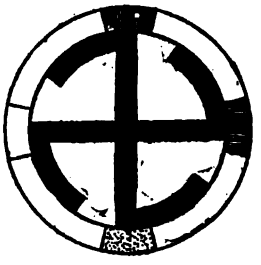
It was J. B. Tighe, of *Outdoor Life,* if I remember aright, who told me how to hitch a horse on the prairie, but I think it was observation which told me how to find a water hole on the prairie. A water hole is the small pond or spring or a pool in the dried bed of a stream known to all the game and all the cattle for miles about and a place where they may go to drink.

Every beast knows the location of the water hole as well as you fellows know

the location of the nearest soda-fountain. But you may be a stranger on the plains or desert and your life may depend on speedily finding the water hole, therefore if you are o-te-tiana you can walk right to that drinking place. Make a map showing how you would do it.

Design for Indian Compass

As a reward for your proposed labor I give you here a design for an Indian compass. In this case yellow is the north, white is the east, red is the south, and blue is the west. The dotted marks are the sign language for yellow. The white space is the sign language for white. The perpendicular or up and down lines are the sign for red and the horizontal lines are the sign for blue.



The Indians have no word for a compass. To them, the circle represents the horizon as they can see it by turning around and around in their tracks and to them the points of the compass are known as the Four Winds. The colors of these points vary somewhat with the different tribes. The points also stand for the sacred mountains, the yellow mountain of the north, the white mountain of the east, the red mountain of the south, and the blue mountain of the west. They also represent the four animals, the puma, panther, or mountain lion of the north; the white wolf of the east, the bob-cat of the south, and the bear of the west.

Besides the four points of the compass there is the upper world or sky world which is all colors and also represented by a mountain of all colors. Then there is the under world represented by a black mountain.

The Sign of a Scout

In the old days among the Redmen great care was taken in the selection of their scouts and many ceremonies were gone through in the initiation. When scouts were wanted they were selected just as you boys are today, by a council. With the Indians, some of the head men acted as messengers, bringing the candidates for the scouts to the council lodge. There, after a solemn pow-wow and a prayerful smoking of the ceremonial pipe, speeches were made telling of the great benefits which would fall upon the entire people if the scouts were successful. But the name Scout, with the meaning we now give to it, was first applied by white men to the old buckskin-clad scouts of the border.

It is wise that we should be prepared, and to be prepared we should know the origin of things. The sign of a scout is made by the Indians by holding the right hand, palm out, near the right shoulder, first and second fingers extended, and separated, pointing upwards. The other fingers, including the thumb, are closed; the hand with the extended two fingers is then moved several inches to the front and slightly upwards, turning the hand a little, so that the two fingers point forward and upward. This is the sign of the wolf. The wolf is the scouting animal. When the Indians appointed a scout the latter said: "The council has met and made me a wolf!"

It was from this that the boy scouts of the Sons of Daniel Boone and the boy scouts of the Pioneers got their sign of two fingers. When General Baden-Powell started the English boy scouts he combined this with the military salute and added the third finger. This modification of the old

scout sign is now the universal sign with all boy scouts.

To Make a Bean Hole

First let me say that a bean hole is not a hole in which to put one's head as some boys might suppose, who are in the habit of speaking of their heads as their beans; but a bean hole is a hole in the ground which is used as a fireless cooker.

Again allow me to explain that a fireless cooker is not a fireless cooker, because it needs a fire to heat it. It is really an oven, heated by a fire, but used to bake in after the fire has gone out.

The other day, I took a group of the Buckskin men, chosen from among the Scouts of my school, across the lake to Rock Cabin Cove, and there we dug a bean hole about a foot and half deep with sides a foot and half each. This we lined with flat rocks, and then filled it with small twigs which we set afire.

We kept this fire going until the bean hole was filled almost to the top with charcoal, ashes and glowing coals. Then we shoveled all this hot mass out of the bean hole except a layer on the bottom of about two inches. On this layer we placed a stoneware jar.

The jar had in it, first a layer of beans which had been soaked over night; a layer of onions sliced, then some more beans, then a layer of pork cut in little cubes, a little more beans, and then more beans, and more pork and more beans, until they reached almost to the top of the jar. Over the top was poured some molasses. Then a thin layer of beans over the top of the molasses, to hold the syrup in place and enough water put in the jar to cover the top layer of beans. A lid was next fitted on tightly by first covering the beans with green corn husks and then forcing the lid down.

After the jar was placed on the hot embers in the bottom of the pit the rest of the embers and ashes were shoved in and around the jar and over it. And then sod was placed upon the top of the ashes.

This was allowed to remain undisturbed from ten o'clock in the morning until half past five in the evening.

When the jar was removed the beans on top were a nice rich brown color, and there was a dish fit—I was going to say for a king, but I do not recall any king since Arthur's day who was worthy of such a dish.

Snakes

There is a crack between the blue stones in the walk in front of Mr. Elmore Gregor's home, near my Outdoor School, at Lake Teedyuskung, Pike County, Pa. In the hollow somewhere under the stones there live a bunch of wasps, a big hairy spider and a slick, shiny and glistening black snake.

While sitting on the piazza I noticed the small black head of the snake come up in the crack between the blue stones. Gradually the neck lengthened until five or six inches of the snake stood bolt upright like a stick poked between the stones, and just as motionless as a stick, too. But the bright eyes of the snake took in all objects within twenty feet of it.

Just then Mrs. Gregor came tripping along towards the cottage and my staff officer remarked, "Now, Chief, watch! That snake is not at all afraid of Mrs. Gregor, and will not draw in its head until she is almost ready to step on it; but I cannot get within ten feet of it—it is afraid of me, because I have thrown things at it several times."

This proved to be true.

At my suggestion Mr. Gregor now stepped into the house and brought out a fly rod. On the gut at the end of the line dangled two red ibis flies. Sneaking cautiously around, Mr. Gregor made several casts near the snake, and it was fun to see the snake watch those flies. Presently the gut struck the snake across the back of the neck and it immediately disappeared, but—

In moving around, the snake disturbed the wasp and then a novel thing occurred. You know that the wasps and hornets and bees are cousins to the ants; in fact, some ants have stings, and all of them have wings at one period of their lives. You also know how the ants when disturbed will hustle around and gather up the little white babies known to you as ants' eggs, and carry them off to a point of safety. But I don't think that you know—and I am certain that I did not know—that wasps would do the same thing. The wasps which lived with the black snake emerged from the crack between the flag stones, each of them lugging one of their offspring beneath their bodies.

Speaking of snakes, there was a young man who aspired to be a leader of boys in woodcraft. He was a good horseman, but he was a novice in woodcraft. So it is said that "somewhere" he was out with a bunch of boys and suddenly the dry, vicious buzz of a rattlesnake caused his heart to stand still and the color to leave his face.

Springing back he drew his hunting knife and stood ready to defend himself when the terrible reptile should spring at his throat. Of course the snake did nothing of the kind. It remained coiled upon a log with its tail sticking up in the air, sounding the historic warning, "Don't tread on me." Thereupon the young man made a precipitous retreat and left the snake in possession of the landscape, besides various articles of food and duffel which were abandoned as the young man "debouched." This amused his boys very much indeed but not the *natives*. For it is an unwritten law that anyone who passes a rattlesnake in that section of "somewhere" without leaving it dead is of little use to the community in general.

Rattlesnakes do not spring at your throat. They can only strike a short distance and even a child can kill them with a stick or buggy whip. But anyone who wants to tackle a rattler with a hunting knife can find a far easier way of committing suicide by using illuminating gas.

Thanksgiving!

Well! Well! That always sounds like something good to eat—and a Scout should be resourceful.

Now, I have a recipe here which I want to say beforehand I have never tried. That isn't all I might say about it—but I won't say anything further.

You take some nice fat angleworms and put them in a sieve and then put the sieve in water not deep enough to drown them. The worms will then scour themselves free of all dirt and grit. Change the water two or three times. Then when they are thoroughly clean put them in a sieve in sweet milk and let them fill up on the milk until they are as thick as your finger. Next, have some fat on the fire boiling hot; take the angleworms out of the milk and allow them to crawl around in cracker crumbs. Then drop them into the hot fat. After they are well browned put them on a plate on lettuce leaves and then throw the blamed things away!

Still, when a fellow is real hungry he will eat most anything, and it is good to

know how to cook even angleworms. The beautiful little birds eat them and the fish eat them and we eat the birds and fish, but the Scout who is reduced to a diet of angleworms and can be thankful for it, is a genuine, real, buckskin Scout, and I hope he will never be put to such a test.

Ever Eat Snake?

The National Scout Commissioner once prepared a snake to cook, but after he got the thing all cleaned and dressed he could not see anything but bones to eat and he failed to cook it. He is sorry, because he would like to be able to say that he had eaten snake. He has made a dinner on whale blubber, on skunk, on wild mice, on 'coons, 'possums, sharks' fins, crawfish, snails—but he thinks he will leave the angleworms and snake for some other fellow.

Usually Thanksgiving Day the weather is just right for a long hike. The trees are in good condition to study and name. The birds are few, but you should be able to locate some owls and shrikes and buntings, hawks and crows, besides a number of summer birds who are hold-overs—birds who have been left behind in the fall migration, and these you will find in the bushes under the sheltering hillside.

The Collector's Big Chance

This is the time of year to collect birds' nests and identify them. The birds have no further use for the nests and their only occupants—if occupants they have—will be the pretty little white-footed mice. In the fall the American white-footed mouse collects cat-tail down and moss or lichens and makes a warm bed in such birds' nests as he finds a few feet from the ground. After the first snows wet their covering down, the mice leave the nests and take to hollow trees, old muskrat houses and other sheltered nooks where they winter. They make very charming and interesting pets.

This is also a good time of the year to collect cocoons and save them for next spring when the butterflies and moths will creep out and delight you with their delicacy and beauty. You will find the cecropia moths' cocoons on the maple trees. You will find the polyhemus cocoons. You may find the vanessa antiopa butterfly wintering under logs and stones.

A Scout Is Trustworthy

A Scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his Scout badge.

TRUSTWORTHY—that means faithful, absolutely reliable.

If a boy is trustworthy, you can trust him, as they once said of Wild Bill, "with your life, your fortune, your honor and the honor of your family," which is about the highest compliment you can pay manhood.

A trustworthy person will not betray your secrets.

A trustworthy person will not betray your friendship.

A trustworthy person will do exactly what you expect him to do so long as the act is right. If he did a wrong act he would not be trustworthy in the scout sense. A slave might be faithful like a dog. The slave might commit any crime the master might direct and be faithful until death, but that sort of trustworthiness is the trustworthiness of an inferior being

—the trustworthiness of a well-trained dog.

When we say a Scout is trustworthy, we first take it for granted that he is trustworthy in doing what is right. If he agrees to be at a certain place upon a certain day you can count upon him as you would upon George Washington; he will be there punctually on the minute. If he agrees to accomplish a certain task you can consider the task already performed. If he gives you certain information you can absolutely rely upon that information. If you give him a "Message to Garcia" you know that that message will be delivered, although the mountains, the wilderness, the desert, the torrents, the broad lagoons or the sea itself, separates him from "Garcia."

Trustworthiness includes the whole Scout Law. It is all-comprehensive. Without it, there could be no Scout Law. It is the foundation law upon which the edifice stands.

Not only does trustworthiness mean honesty, but it also includes ability, resourcefulness and efficiency. No matter how willing a lad may be to do the work laid out for him, if he lacks skill, if he lacks ability, if he lacks the executive power, if he lacks efficiency, he will be unable to perform the task.

No matter how willing a Scout might be, if he were asked to go through the woods to fetch a knapsack, a compass, an ax, or a coat that had been left behind, and this Scout is lacking in woodcraft, in observation and ability as a pathfinder, he would be not only unable to perform the task but would very probably be hopelessly lost in the woods.

Not long since, at Louisville, Kentucky, each member of a band of Scouts placed his hat upon a fence post on the edge of the woods. The Scoutmaster then took the boys into the woods, turned them around two or three times, and ordered them to go fetch their hats. One boy went directly to the fence post and secured his hat, two others followed in a short time. It took three-quarters of an hour for eight others to find the way out of the woods, and two hours for the Scoutmaster to find the three remaining boys who were discovered two miles away in the opposite direction. In this case there were but four trustworthy Scouts, although they were all of them honest, straightforward, good boys.

During the Civil War, a staff officer, ranking as a colonel, was intrusted with some important dispatches which he was to deliver in the quickest possible time. Accompanied by his orderly, he was dashing down a country road at top speed, when suddenly he discovered in the twilight the forms of several cows lying in the road chewing their cuds after the manner of cattle. It was too late to rein up their horses so the colonel and his orderly spurred on, intending to "take the cows" as the fox hunter "takes hedges" or walls in his path. But the cows, alarmed at the approaching hoof beats, began to arise in the slow deliberate manner of cows, and, although the horses did their best to clear them, both steeds had a bad fall and both riders a bad spill. The colonel's horse was not hurt, but the colonel's neck was broken and he was instantly killed. The orderly's horse's neck was broken and it was instantly killed, but the orderly himself, although jolted, scratched and bruised, was otherwise uninjured.

Without a moment's hesitation, the orderly sprang to his feet, ran to the colonel, tore open his coat and vest, put his hand on his heart, and, discovering that his superior was dead, the quick-witted fellow abstracted the dispatches, buttoned them up safely in his own cavalry jacket,

leaped upon the colonel's horse, and continued on his way without the loss of more than five minutes' time.

He arrived at his destination his horse all lather and himself begrimed with blood and dust. He came to a salute, handed his dispatches to the commanding general and said:

"Here are the dispatches, sir. I have to report that the colonel was killed on the way."

This is an example of trustworthiness, also of ability to think and act instantly in the direst of emergencies. It is scarcely necessary to add that the orderly was assured a commission by the commanding officer and in due time wore the shoulder-straps he had so well earned.

Boy Scout Invents a Cycle Ambulance

FIRST thing we know some Boy Scout is going to come along and beat Mr. Edison out of his place as champion inventor.

The latest claimant for fame in this direction is Scout William Seabrook, of Troop 24, Buffalo, New York. Scout Seabrook has invented a bicycle ambulance—and he has had the thing patented, too. The ambulance consists of two long poles with a stretcher between them rigged between two bicycles tandem fashion.

The contrivance has been tested out dozens of times and has proved to be practical under all ordinary circumstances. It is easy to operate and it sustains a considerable weight.

One of the most common uses Scout Seabrook makes of his invention is not to carry "patients," but to carry tents and blankets and grub on over-night camping trips. It isn't half as hard to carry things that way as it is to lug them on your back.

Scout Seabrook sent to National Headquarters a complete description of his outfit including copies of the blueprints which were used in obtaining a patent from the United States Patent Office. The inventor is sixteen years old. He is now working on plans for a carrying apparatus to be fitted on a single bicycle so that each Scout may carry his own equipment. He expects to have this invention perfected within a few weeks.

Football and the Dog

BY WILLIAM HEYLIGER

AUTHOR OF "DON STRONG OF THE WOLF PATROL," "QUARTERBACK RECKLESS," "THE WINNING HIT," "OFF SIDE," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. RIGNEY

BEING captain of a gang like the Blue Stars is like eating pickles and bananas and peanuts—you don't know what's going to happen, but you hope it will be all right. Sometimes you get stung, like the time the Cherry Hills sent down an awfully big fellow to steal our only football when we were practicing for the championship. And sometimes you don't get stung, like the time Greasy Nelson came down to play us with eleven fellows and a football and a dog.

Greasy was captain of the Arrows. When he came on the field with his team, Hog-fat Murphy, our center, said, "Who owns the mutt?" and Greasy said, "I do," and Hog-fat said, "He looks like a tough citizen." And Greasy said, "Don't worry because he never bites other dogs." And Hog-fat said, "Isn't that lucky for you?"

Well, we got them separated, and Hog-fat said that Greasy's mother would be a happy woman if she knew what her son had escaped.

We won the toss and gave them the ball to kick. "Wow!" said Hog-fat, "that mutt's getting ready to do something," and Nanny-goat Jones, our fullback, said, "Pay attention to the game, you fat-head." And Hog-fat said, "You wouldn't pay attention to the game if a bulldog was looking at you." And Nanny-goat said, "Maybe he thinks he recognizes a brother." Just then the referee's whistle blew, and the ball was kicked, and that settled *that* argument.

Nanny-goat made the catch. Only four fellows tackled him, and when I protested the referee said he hadn't seen it, and Nanny-goat said, "How much are they paying you not to see it?" and the referee said there'd be a player missing in a few minutes.

We gathered around Nanny-goat and told him to be a sport, and Nanny-goat said, "I don't mind being a sport, but I won't be no doormat." And Hog-fat shouted, mad-like, "Are you looking at that dog?"

Well, we got Nanny-goat calmed down, and the game went on.

On the first play, Googgly Anderson, our left tackle, tore a hole in the line, and Nanny-goat breezed through. Greasy tried to tackle him, and he gave Greasy a stiff-arm. It was great stuff, and while Greasy was trying to pick himself up, something said "Ra-a-a-a-" and there was the dog. Nanny-goat stopped running, and a bunch of Arrow fellows caught him from behind.

Well, we protested again, but the referee said there was nothing in the rules about a dog running on the field and he gave us the rule book and told us to look in the index under "D," and we looked and sure enough there was nothing about dogs.

Once more the battle started. This time Squint Harrison, our right-half, got through the line, and all went well until he tried to get past Greasy. Then the dog

appeared once more, and Squint stopped short.

"What's the matter with you?" Hog-fat yelled, "are you afraid of that mutt?" And Squint said, "No; but somebody told me it's bad luck to step on bulldogs." And Hog-fat said, "It will be worse luck if you quit that way again." And Squint said, "If you're so brave you play in the backfield and I'll play center." And Hog-fat said he'd like to, but he couldn't do much running because he had a lame ankle. And Nanny-goat said it was the first time he ever knew a fellow could get a limpy leg from looking at a bulldog.

Just then Fritz Muller, our quarterback, took me aside and said, "We had better kick." And I said, "Let's try rushing once more." And he said, "All right; I'll call your signal this time." And I said, "Come to think of it we had better kick." So, being captain, what I said went, and we kicked.

That gave them the ball and we lined up. And Hog-fat said, "Haven't they got any signals?" And Shike Miller, our right-end, said, "How can they play without signals, you boob?" And Hog-fat said, "Boob, yourself; their quarterback is only talking to them."

And sure enough, Hog-fat was right. The quarterback he looked around and he said, "Want to rush the ball, Greasy?" And Greasy said, "Sure; I guess I'll go through right-tackle," and they passed him the ball.

Well, we thought that was all bunk because we thought Greasy wanted us to think he was going to run through right-tackle so we'd all go there and give him a clear field some place else. So we all ran to left-tackle instead, and sure enough Greasy came right through *right*-tackle.

He gained thirty yards before Squint Harrison tackled him, and a moment later Squint was splitting his insides yelling at us to take off the dog. Squint said he'd been bitten and would get hydrophobia, and Hog-fat said, "Where were you bitten?" And Squint said, "My ear." And Hog-fat said, "Which ear, stupid?" And Squint said to see if it was his right one. Then Nanny-goat laughed and said any fellow who couldn't tell where he had been bitten when he had been bitten ought better to get a job scalping dogs for the S. P. C. A. or else maybe he ought to get a job with a circus as a human pin-cushion for dogs' teeth.

Well, while the Arrows gave us the ha-ha, we examined Squint and found a scar, but he said he got that one two years ago diving off the dock at low tide. So the game was resumed again, and Hog-fat whispered between his teeth something about the S. P. C. A., and I asked him what, and he said I was as stupid as the rest, and you can bet I'd have showed him only I didn't want to bust up the game.

Greasy told us he'd try right-tackle again. You can bet we were all there. We grabbed Greasy in six scattered places, and we were putting the fear of the Blue Stars into his heart when Nanny-goat yelled for somebody to throw him a coat, and Squint yelled that it really had him this time. So we all let go of Greasy because caution was the better part of valor, and we found that Squint had only one stocking left and that Nanny-goat had scarcely any pants and was trying to hide himself in a coat. And while we were looking at all that, Greasy was running for a touchdown, and Greasy's dog was having a field day with Squint's stocking and with Nanny-goat's pants.

Time was called while Nanny-goat went home for a different pair of pants. We gathered at one end of the field and had

a council of war. Squint wanted to quit, and I said, "If we quit, the referee will give them the game." And Squint said, "What difference does that make if we get home with our health?" And then he said that anybody could see that the dog was trained to let nobody touch Greasy, and that all Greasy had to do was to get mixed up in a play and that ended it.

Hog-fat said, "If anybody'll give me a nickel I'll guarantee to win this game." And I thought it out for two minutes and gave him the nickel. And he said that some fellows wouldn't give two cents to see a cow jump over the moon, but I knew he didn't mean me so I didn't get mad.

Well, Nanny-goat came back with a different pair of pants, and Hog-fat returned from his mysterious journey. "Stall along," he said, and I asked him why, and he said that a word to the wise was plenty, and after that nobody said anything because nobody wanted to look like a bonehead.

The Arrows kicked goal, and the score was 7 to 0. Then they kicked off, and Nanny-goat caught the ball. He was running it back fine when Greasy appeared, and then Nanny-goat stopped and said "Down."

"Nanny-goat stopped running"

Hog-fat was mad. "You big stew," he said, "what did you stop for?" And Nanny-goat said, "How many pairs of pants do you think I own?" And Hog-fat said that a fellow who thought much of his team wouldn't let a pair of pants stop him, and Nanny-goat said that was all right, but how about your father when he found you had no more pants left?

We were lining up again when a wagon came rattling down the street. "Hurry," said Hog-fat, "get this play going." And Nanny-goat said, "You were telling us to take our time a minute ago." And Hog-fat said, "I'll tell you something else if you don't get going." Nanny-goat shut up, and Fritz Muller passed the ball, and the play was for Nanny-goat to go around the left-end.

Just as the play was getting all tangled up, two men jumped out of the wagon. I heard an awful ki-yi-ying. Googgly Anderson said that the dog catchers were on the job, and Hog-fat yelled, "They've got Greasy's dog." And Nanny-goat, who wasn't running so hard that you could notice it, began to take an interest in the game.

Things happened then! Greasy dropped out of the game and away he went after the dog catchers, and the rest of the Arrows got rattled, and Nanny-goat never stopped going until he put that ball behind the goal posts.

"I guess that's not so bad," he said. And Hog-fat said, "You were afraid to run until you saw them take the dog." And Nanny-goat said, "I was running slow to fool them." And Hog-fat said, "You didn't fool me, and if I was captain I'd put you off the team." And Nanny-goat said, "Swell chance of *you* being captain." And Hog-fat said, "Oh, I don't know." And you can bet that made me think.

The wagon went off with Greasy's dog,

Football and the Dog

"His dog was having a field day"

and the Arrows came down to where we stood like conquering heroes.

"That touchdown don't count," said the referee, and I asked him why, and he said because Greasy and everybody else was trying to get Greasy's dog, and I told him to turn to G in the rule book and show me anything about Greasy's dog.

Well, we had him there, so the game began again for the ninth or tenth time (I don't know which it was) that afternoon.

You can bet there wasn't much to it after that. Without Greasy's dog the Arrows couldn't have beaten a team of one-legged kids with turned-in toes. We kicked a goal and tied the score, and then we kept on scoring until we said it was 34 to 7. The scorekeeper said, "It's only 27 to 7." And Nanny-goat said, "How about the time I made that brilliant run between guard and center?" And the scorekeeper said, "Maybe that happened when I was around the corner buying some candy." And Nanny-goat said, "Well, do we get that touchdown?" And the scorekeeper said, "I can't give what I don't see." And Nanny-goat, yelled, "Hey, fellows." We all came running, and Nanny-goat said, "Do we get that touchdown?" And the scorekeeper said, "Sure." And then the Arrows came running over and said, "What!" And the scorekeeper said he thought he'd let somebody else keep score because he had to go home and mind his baby sister.

Well, the game ended after that, and we marched back to our block singing a song that Googgly Anderson says he wrote, but that Nanny-goat says Googgly copied out of a book. The song went like this:

Once more in victory our banner flies,
Three cheers for the Blue Stars;
And in the dust the Arrow 'leven lies,
Three cheers for the Blue Stars.
Once more we peal a shout of victory,
Three cheers for the Blue Stars;
And the Arrows are in the depths of misery,
Three cheers for the Blue Stars.

Nanny-goat says it's a punk poem and that, anyway, you can't *peal* a *shout*. But just the same we went home singing it.

After we reached our block Googgly Anderson wanted to know where Hogfat went that time he went with the nickel, and I said, "Yes, what did you do with

"Away went Greasy after the dog-catchers"

my nickel?" And Hog-fat said, "I told you we'd win if you gave me that nickel, didn't I?" And Nanny-goat said, "I bet you spent it for a soda and took a chance." And Hog-fat said, "I telephoned to the S. P. C. A. and told them there was a mad dog loose that had bit two people, and the call cost five cents." And Nanny-goat said, "And is that why the wagon came?" And Hog-fat said, "I guess I got some brains, what?"

Well, for about a minute everybody gave Hog-fat glances of great admiration. And then I said, "Could you have telephoned if you didn't have a nickel?" And Hog-fat said, "No." And I said, "Who gave you that nickel?" And he said, "Why, you did, Cap."

And I said, "Well, then, who gets the credit for getting rid of that dog?" And he took a good look at me and he said that he thought I got half and he got half. And Nanny-goat said, "I bet Cap. knew all the time what Hog-fat was going to do when he gave him that nickel." And Hog-fat didn't dare say nothing.

And that's the reason, when I retire, I'm going to let Nanny-goat Jones be captain of the Blue Stars.

Quin Quitter

BY ALBERT M. CHESLEY

SKATES in hand, the three boys started on a run for the river half a mile away. There were Blazer Brown, a burly boy of fifteen; Joe Jackson, a long legged lad of the same age, and twelve-year-old Quin.

"Now, Quin, you little shrimp," panted Blazer as they thumped along, "what time jer tell yer mother you'd get home?"

"Huh?"

"You heard me," snapped Blazer. "'Cause it'll be late. Probably we'll stay all day and get eats at Corry's."

"Nothin' doin' on all-day for me," said Quin. "Say, don't go so dinged fast, you fellers. My legs are a whole lot short'r than yours."

"Quitter," puffed Joe. "Twice quitter, quit on staying and quit a-going."

But they slowed down a little. They liked Quin, but it was fun to "bull" him, and besides they had a deliberate campaign on to bring pressure on Quin to stay all day. They knew from experience that Mrs. Tolliver did not feel safe with Quin away all day on a skating trip.

"What time did ma-ma tell little Theodore to be home?" wheedled Blazer.

"Prob'ly half an hour," said Joe. "Say you lil bit o' nuthin', if you're going to sit down, Blazer'n I are going on. Oh well, good-by."

Quin was indeed feeling the pace of these big fifteen year olds, and he wasn't enjoying the ragging. So he slowed down to a walk and the other fellows ran on.

Quin had told his mother he would be home at noon but he wasn't going to tell his naggers that.

"Let 'em go," he grumbled to himself.

Quin Quitter

"I'll skate alone and go home when I like. I'm no quitter."

As he turned off the road to the shore, he saw Joe and Blazer skating in a big circle out in the middle of the river.

"Hurry up, Quitter," they yelled.

Instead of putting on his skates he purposely stalled by pretending to examine the inside of an old scow lying partly on shore and frozen into the ice. Without much interest he noted certain objects lying promiscuously in the old flat-boat.

"Come on Quin, what in Sam Hill are you doing?" yelled his comrades, and he sat down and put on his skates. He wasn't in an amiable frame of mind when he joined Blazer and Joe.

"Here, Quit, do this one," taunted Blazer as he took a flying start to get up speed, thrust one leg out in front of him, then squatted and coasted on the other skate.

"Oh, he can't do that one," said Joe, "that's a hard one." Quin had never done it, but galled into trying, tumbled in his attempt to squat with one foot out in front.

It was evident that the game of Blazer and Joe was to humble Quin to the point of being willing to go anywhere rather than be thought a quitter.

Suddenly Joe spied at a distance a hole in the ice about three feet in diameter.

"Come on, Blazer," he yelled, "let's see who can skate nearest the hole in the ice."

Away he went, cutting a big circle around the hole and drawing in closer on each turn.

"Course Quit won't play *this* game," called Blazer as he followed on the heels of Joe. "You have to take a chance in this game."

Stung with the dare, Quin cut inside his companions and whizzed within a couple of feet of the hole.

"Whee! that's not near," came from Joe, following close after Quin and going a foot nearer the hole.

Crash! The ice that bore little Quin safely was too thin for the heavier Joe and he went down, the ice breaking up three or four feet around him, so that he went nearly out of sight, saving himself only by clutching the edge of stronger ice.

Blazer, who had been following Joe, swerved aside just in time to avoid going in with him. He brought himself up with a side brake, whipped off his coat, and skating close, threw one end to Joe. Joe clutched it, but Blazer too was not aware of the weakness of the surrounding ice and just as Joe gathered himself to try and climb out, the ice parted.

Blazer half turned in an attempt to get away, but it was no use and both lads were struggling in the river. They were filled with terror, and look!—their only hope was skating for the shore as fast as he could go. Quin was running away.

"Quin—help! Help! Oh-h-h Help!!"

Apparently Quin was what they said he was. He was nearly to the shore and going like the wind. They saw him go straight to the old scow and throw himself over the side. Presently he reappeared, dragging something. He was coming toward them, half carrying, half dragging—a rope.

He stopped ten feet away, took one end of the rope in his left hand, quickly gathered the rest in a partial coil and threw it across the ice to his friends.

Then began a struggle. Far out on the end of the twenty feet of rope Quin braced himself sideways and dug his skates into the ice. The boys in the water tried to get their knees out on the ice, but their heavy skates, wet clothing and numbness from the cold were a tremendous handicap. Their yanking on the rope jerked

poor Quin a foot, then two feet nearer the hole. He took a fresh grip, dug his skates into the ice and began anew.

He saw that it was going to be impossible for him to pull the two boys out.

"One of you let go!" he yelled. "Blazer, let go and hold on to the ice! I can't pull you both!"

But Blazer and Joe were panic stricken and clung desperately to the rope.

The lad on the ice tried a new plan.

"Stretch out!" he cried, "lie out straight!"

Doubled up, with their feet under the ice, he could not move them. It was no use, they were beyond listening.

Again came the jerking strain, and, try as he would, Quin found himself almost pulled onto his face. Then his feet slipped again. With a frightened sob he clung desperately to the rope, and during a lapse in the tugging, again braced himself. A look at the horror stricken faces of his friends brought fear to his heart. But he *must* hold. He gritted his teeth. Oh, if help could only come from somewhere!

Another tug from the boys, clutching like drowning men at a straw, dragged him within six feet of the hole.

Suddenly the awful truth fixed itself upon him. With another such tug, if he held on! Like a flash came the temptation to quit. He could save himself now. What should he do? Quit? Tears of fear, desperation, agony, came. Blazer and Joe were taking hold for a fresh attempt to climb out.

The true spirit of Quincey Tolliver came to him as suddenly as did the temptation to quit.

"No! No!" he gritted through his clenched teeth. "No!"

There was a mighty tug, he felt himself going—going—

He was suddenly conscious of being pulled rapidly backward, and was then sent sprawling out on the clear firm ice.

His head struck something hard. Dizzily he saw two big forms pulling his companions out of the water. Then he felt himself being picked up. The arms were big and soft and strong. He felt dizzy —then all was black.

Over on the shore he regained consciousness. The big men were rubbing Joe and Blazer. Dizzily he crawled over and peered at the boys' faces. They were white and still.

"Are—are they dead?" he gasped.

"No—boy—they're going to be all right," said one of the men heartily.

He reeled and sank back with his head in his arms.

Even in his dizziness, weakness and weariness he was conscious of a great satisfaction.

© Underwood and Underwood.

Brooklyn Scouts do exhibition first aid work in big Red Cross parade

They sometimes help the recruiting officers

Boy Scouts Grapple with War Needs

Mobilized Scouts offering their services to the city officials

The Ford tractor is here being operated by Scout Kenneth Livingstone, son of President Livingstone of our National Council, breaking up the Scout acres in Potomac River Park, Washington, D. C.

Helping to finance the war by selling Liberty Bonds

A corner of 14 acres near Brooklyn, N. Y., loaned to Boy Scouts of America for war gardens

"Every Scout to Feed a Soldier"

IS HE DOING IT? WATCH HIM!

Twice as fast, twice as easy as weeding by hand.

Field pieces en route to the trenches.

They used to say to a stubborn boy: "Don't be a mule!" But when a Scout imitates the good qualities of a mule—that's different.

What chance has an enemy of starving us out with 224,000 like these adding to the food supply? Each Scout has his own garden and tries to have nine others started. The total is expected to exceed 2,000,000.

Where There's a Scout There's a Way

The President Thinks So

Boy Scouts Help Uncle Sam Raise Nearly $20,000,000 of the $2,000,000,000 Liberty Bond Loan

THE United States, upon entering the war, needed $2,000,000,000 at once for war purposes.

The Treasury Department decided to raise this amount by selling Liberty Loan Bonds.

So few people understood what these bonds were, and why they should buy them, that the subscriptions came in far too slowly at first.

The Secretary of the Treasury asked the big financiers in Wall Street and similar groups of men in all parts of the country to help him. They said they would.

Everybody agreed that the American people were willing enough to lend the money, but they needed to be asked individually in order that each person might realize that Uncle Sam needed *his* help.

WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 22, 1917

My dear Mr. Livingstone:

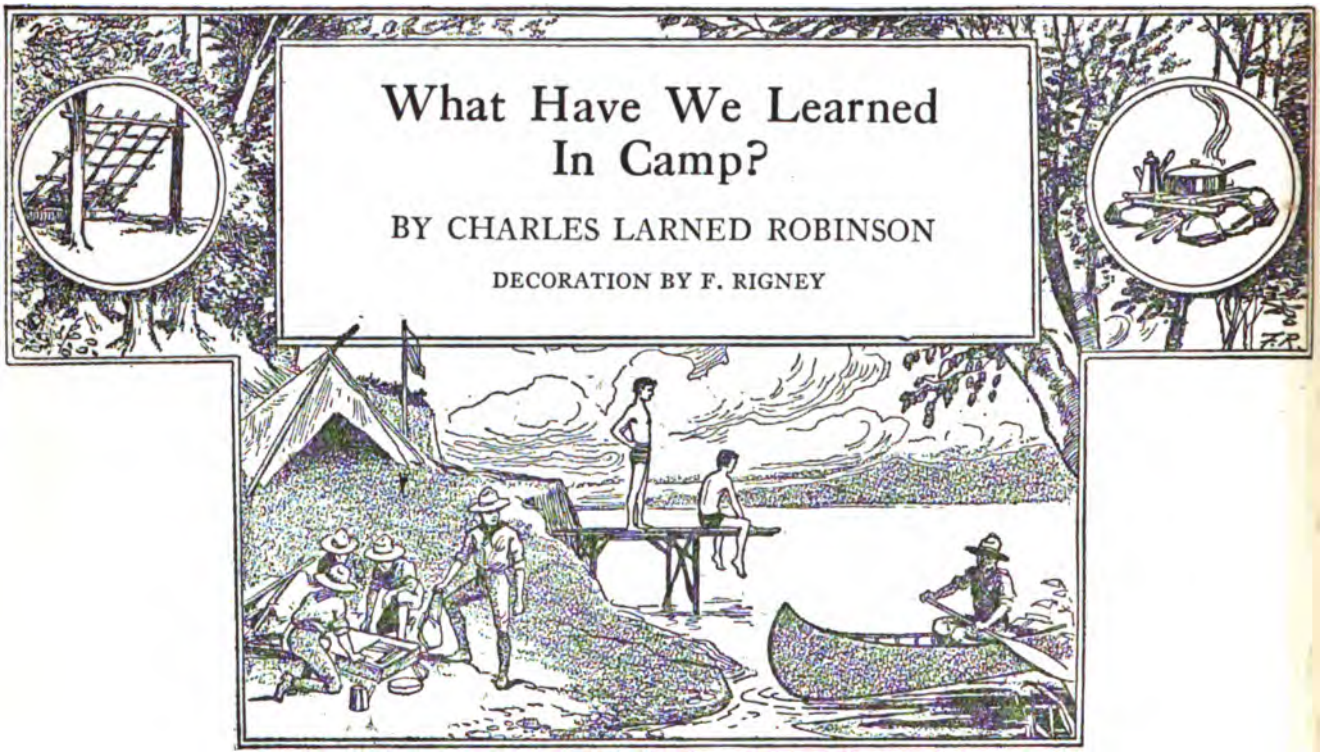
Thank you for your letter of the 21st of June. One of the most gratifying things connected with the successful flotation of the Liberty Loan was the highly effective and commendable work of the Boy Scouts and I hope you will find it possible to convey to them an expression of my hearty appreciation of and thanks for the patriotic service which they one and all rendered. My thanks also go to the scout masters who directed and assisted the boys.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson

Mr. Colin H. Livingstone,
President, Boy Scouts of America,
Washington, D. C.

Of course, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Wall Street men and all the financiers of the country put together could not call on one hundred million people inside of a month. If you called on ten people a day and took time to explain the Liberty Loan to each of them you would be doing very well. At that rate it would take you over 2,700 years to finish the job! The only way to do



What Have We Learned In Camp?

BY CHARLES LARNED ROBINSON

DECORATION BY F. RIGNEY

WELL, fellows, here we are around the camp fire for the last time this year. Why isn't this a good time to size ourselves up?

"We go to school to get knowledge, and we go to camp to have fun. We learn at school to improve our minds, let us see if we can't learn by our experience in camp how to improve our fun.

"At school we have reviews at the end of the session, let us review our two weeks in camp and see if we have learned anything, and if we know we have learned it. Now, translated into average boy talk, I'm going to 'hand it to you straight.'

"Some of our friendly visitors have given you some good talks and I agree with much that they say, but they saw you on dress parade, with your hair brushed.

"I have heard you called, 'Fine, manly little fellows,' 'Splendid examples of young America,' etc., so often that I sometimes wish people would think up something new. Now I know, and if you don't know I can prove it to you, that you are just an ordinary crowd of fellows, no brighter or better than any other crowd, probably a little more inclined to be careless than sensible. Just to show how many of you are angels: all those who have not had any penalties in camp this year stand up. . . .

"What! every blessed boy but two had to be punished? Well, that is *some record!* Let's see what it was all for?

"George Lindsley, what was your penalty?"

"Got docked three swims. Once for trying to beat the whistle in, once for sneaking an extra dive after the 'all out' had blown, and once for rough-house."

"Well, you have no kick coming. You

have learned that the Scoutmaster means business, and how important the swimming rules are.

"Lawrence Herman, what did you get?"

"Two swims. One for splattering some kids that were learning, and one for rough-house."

"Didn't realize that scaring a boy who can't swim might delay his learning, did you? Well, I guess you do now.

"What was yours, Fat?"

"Docked two desserts and two swims."

"Two desserts—some punishment for *you!* What for?"

"I swiped some cookies and asked the table leader for the axle-grease when I wanted butter."

"Do you think you deserved what you got?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, I'll show you. Swiping cookies is a baby trick. You were trying to get some advantage over the other fellows. 'Pass the grease' may sound smart, but you would not say that at your home table. Being in camp does not mean liberty to discard decent table manners. It is only a short step from 'Pass the grease' to throwing the food when a bunch of boys get started. You got off easy.

"Sturtevant Crowell, what did you suffer from?"

"I lost two swims and a hike for rough-housing."

"Did you have it coming to you?"

"Yes, sir! I got mad."

"Peanut Smith, what happened to you?"

"Lost two swims for rough-house."

"Heavens! who were you picking on—Fat or big Fred? And why is it everybody got set back for rough-house? Tell me about it, Will Baldwin."

"Why, now, you see, the Troop Doctor said no blanket tossing and Slimmy Simpson had been ducking some of his work when he was on the dishwashing squad and so Hen Vogel said 'Let's put him up a couple of times in the blanket,' and when some of the fellows spoke about the orders, he says, 'I wasn't at Headquarters that night, and didn't hear any orders and neither was Ed Roe and some other guys.' So they got Slim, but couldn't handle him, so a lot more fellows helped and next morning when the Chief asked all who were in the bunch to stand up everybody did but Ed Schuyler."

"What suddenly made you so good, Ed? How was it you were not in this mess?"

"I was on the hospital cot having my sunburn doctored."

"Well, that sunburn made a good boy of you for once."

"I suspect some of you fellows—especially the little kids like Peanut—did not help much in the blanket-tossing, but felt smart to be in the bunch that was punished for so high-sounding a crime as blanket-tossing.

"Boys, did you know that so many people have been injured by blanket-tossing that it is forbidden in the U. S. Army? Your Troop Doctor knows his business.

"Well, we shall be all night if I am to hear *all* that you have been punished for. Walter, tell me briefly some of the other things that you fellows had to take your medicine for?"

"Some of the little kids got theirs for standing up in boats and trying to change from one boat to another. Oh, yes! and some fellows got punished for changing tents."

"Well, a boy that doesn't know any better than to try to change boats without pulling ashore isn't fit to go to camp.

"Of course, you shouldn't change tents; your leaders must know right where every boy is at night.

"Anybody think of any other penalties? What is it, Paul?"

What Have We Learned In Camp?

"I lost a dessert for being late to the table."

"Did you lose any more?"

"No, sir."

"Once was a-plenty, I guess. The troop would not get far if everyone was late to meals.

"Well, I seem to have proved that you are not angels.

"Roland McGowan, what are you wearing that rag around your head for?"

"Bumped my bean on the bottom, diving. Went down further than I expected to."

"Don't you know the first rule in diving is to keep your hands in front of your head?"

"I was doing a sailor dive, hands at my sides."

"What were you doing a sailor dive for —is it hard?"

"No, sir—easy."

"Well, I'll tell you my opinion of a sailor dive. It is an absolutely useless and foolish stunt. It isn't hard, it doesn't get you anywhere, and it is always possibly dangerous. How? Because in every pond, yes, and in most all water, there are logs and timbers that can be disturbed and may move around under water. With your hands above your head there is little danger, but to strike a submerged log with your head might break your neck. Do you know that in the vicinity of New York sixty people were injured last summer by careless diving—some of them were killed?

"Here's a good rule, fellows: *play safe.* Never dive in a strange place until you have first measured the depth yourself; and cut out sailor dives.

"Now, I have a few more left-handers for this angel band. Gilman Childs, why did you bang into the dock so hard when you rowed in last night?"

"I didn't notice the wind was with me."

"'Didn't notice' is a bum excuse, and just because you didn't notice, you broke a board in the dock and banged a lot of paint off the boat. Most of you fellows treat boats as though they were meant to be smashed up as soon as possible. I saw a couple of Scouts one day charging at each other in boats—they weren't kids, either. If a couple of fellows got fooling at home and began slamming at each other with chairs, it would be just as sensible.

"I noticed a lot of places around the camp where branches had been broken off. Who did that, Wallace Grove?"

"One of the camp decorating squads."

"Fine business to decorate the camp for a day by making a lot of eyesores around camp for *a year.* I won't ask who was in that squad of Wisenheimers, but I just want to ask what they would think if at home their mothers should cover up a soiled place on the tablecloth by ripping a piece off of the wall paper, instead of taking time to get a clean napkin. One is just as sensible as the other.

"And that reminds me of a couple of extra 'Don'ts':

"Don't peel a birch tree."

"Don't pick any flowers or branches that you do not need, or that cannot possibly be used. No matter how plentiful they are, you have no right to waste them."

"There are lots more things in which this troop does not excel, and which I'll have to tell you about some other time."

"I do not want to strain your minds tonight, as I know they will be strained to the limit tomorrow when you try to break camp without forgetting two-thirds of your outfit. We have just five minutes for a quick summing up. Come, now, what have you got out of this year's experience? Anybody. One at a time."

"Never be late to meals."

"Good. Fat, I'll bet you never are. Next!"

"Don't spoil the bushes and trees around the camp."

"Go on! go on!"

"Nix on the blanket-tossing."

"Take care of the boats."

"Always come up on the leeward side of the dock."

"No changing tents at night."

"Cut out sailor dives."

"Don't dive in strange places."

"Not to change boats or stand up in 'em."

"Don't plague the kids in swimming."

"Better not plague them at any time. Here's one you forgot that I particularly want you to remember when you come to camp:

"Don't leave your good table manners at home.

"Now, fellows, I have been giving it to you pretty straight as I see the game from the side lines, and I know there is not a Scout here who is afraid to hear the truth; that is why I have got to wind up by saying what I really think, and that is that as an average crowd you are—a—pretty—darn—good—bunch!"

They Hiked Through the Everglades!

THE Everglades. Was there ever a boy who did not want to be there? Gray moss hanging from the wide-spreading limbs of great oaks; dark pines and pulpy palmettos; pink flamingos; lazy alligators; huge rattlers and black moccasins; Seminoles—what a region for scouting!

Only three men had ever crossed the 'Glades, 'twas said. Anyhow, not many men can say "I've made the trip." The Boy Scouts of West Palm Beach, Florida, confidently claim to be the first organized body to attempt it.

Some hike! The palm must be handed to Palm Beach. One hundred and thirty-six miles. In the rainy season at that! One of the bright "chips" from the "log" says: "At this time of the year it rains some time every day—sometimes it rains in the morning and forgets and rains again in the afternoon."

They headed for Chancy Bay on Lake Okechobee. No chance of getting grub on the way, so they took two weeks' supply with them. Two weeks' supply for twenty-four Scouts, plus camp equipment, makes a heavy load. When the horse was tired the scouts teamed up with ropes and staffs, and the poor old nag had to step lively to keep from being run over by his own wagon.

Along the Dixie Highway it was smooth going for twenty-one miles. Jupiter Light and radio station were inspected. Then they hit the trail to the northwest and were soon lost in the mysterious and silent Everglades.

A morning swim with the alligators in the Loxahatchee River followed a sound

night's snooze. The second night out the "skeeters" attacked but were driven off by the heavy fire of the camp's defenders. All took turns at guard duty.

Before Indian Town was reached it became necessary to lighten the load in the wagon on account of the hard going. Half the dunnage was stocked beside the road and a lone Scout was detailed to watch it until called for. He watched all night and all the next day, repeating the tenth law to himself very hard to keep his courage up.

The main party could not make Indian Town, so they sent two runners ahead for help. They found a Florida Yankee. He was willing to send back and haul part of their load, *provided* they would help him finish planting his sweet potatoes and repair his hog pen first. It was the best bargain they could make. They know more about the habits of hogs and sweet potatoes now.

Reunited at last, Scouts, horse and wagon, pressed on to Indian Town. Here they found three hundred red men, whom they describe as "physically strong and morally straight unfortunates, to whom our government owes much."

The last lap of the trip to the lake was well watered above and below. The highest spot was but a few inches above water level and palmetto leaves were cut and dried before the fire for bedding. The log at this point states: "During the night, a wild cat paid us a visit, and discovering that a Scout had to be kind only to nice kitties, took his leave before we could get a shot."

The water on the Allapatta Flats was from six to twenty-four inches deep, but the Scouts were able to keep their noses out. Beyond this was the prairie, where thousands of cattle grazed. "It certainly looked good to see something civilized," says the log.

A rim of timber appeared on the horizon. Breaking through this they came to the lake and settled down for a good long rest.

The Scouts were determined to make the return trip in three days, but the horse was not in any hurry. They sent him ahead and he and the driver switched off on the wrong trail. The next day they left him in the rear and he didn't show up until the morning after. Supper consisted of Everglade air and a discussion of the sixth law. The water on the flats was deeper than before.

There was excitement in bunches. They bagged nineteen rattlesnakes and sixteen moccasins. Hiss—swish—kerplump—just like that. They caught a four-foot 'gator, but the harness did not fit him so they kept the horse on the wagon. Two baby 'coons were captured and joined the troop. An enormous turtle crossed their path. They carried him seven miles outside and the rest of the way inside—in the form of a chowder. "It was licken' good," says the log.

At 6.05 on the third day of the return trip, they marched into the old home town with flags flying and simply took the people off their feet.

The folks at home, knowing that the Scouts averaged under fourteen years, thought it couldn't be done. It takes a Scout to show the way.

More Powerful Than a King

What David Lloyd George, a Poor Boy, Did for Himself and His Country

BY FRANK J. RIGNEY

GO to it! Do it now! Excelsior! Bing!" I don't know what those words would sound like if spoken in Welsh, but I do know that even *thought of* in that language they are terribly effective.

A poor boy, a dinky little fellow, not half so big as some of you Boy Scouts are, once stood in a far-off valley in Wales and thought those words.

Then something happened—that boy didn't have time to look at the mountain tops as he got out of that valley. He "Excelsiored" himself over the highest peaks; his thoughts, translated into action, "Binged" him over all obstacles; his "Do it now" carried him over mountains of trouble; his "Go to it" hurled aside huge rocks of opposition.

That poor little boy is now sitting up next to the king of one of the world's greatest empires, and, believe me, that same king is glad to let that one-time poor boy have all the elbow room he wants. The ruler is King George of England, and his little side partner Lloyd George of Wales, now Prime Minister of the British Empire.

David Lloyd George's father was a country schoolmaster. The future trail-blazer for the British Empire was but a baby when his father died. That was fifty years ago. His uncle, a poor village shoemaker with a big kind heart, took in David's widowed mother and her two small children.

This shoemaker did not know our Scout Law but he acted its principles. He had very little to give to David. But he gave the little dinky boy the makings of a MAN, and that is something more than gold can buy.

Helped by his uncle, David studied with the object of becoming a lawyer, the uncle himself having to study to help David. Starting from "A, B, C," and "1, 2, 3," David climbed the rickety old home-made ladder of knowledge. Teaching himself, the uncle dug nuggets of information from old Latin and French books and shared his finds with the boy.

Climbing the rickety old home-made ladder of knowledge

So David got plenty of hard-won *mental* food. But of the kind that makes your scout belts tight, well I guess that the boy who was to be England's greatest man, in her hour of greatest need, never had to let *his* belt out one point. Lloyd George himself tells us that the greatest luxury of his childhood days was half an egg

on Sundays. What do you think of that?

When sixteen years of age David was apprenticed to a firm of lawyers and there he learned law. He passed his examinations at twenty-one, but did not have enough money (fifteen dollars) to buy himself the gown which must be worn by lawyers in the English courts.

He reported for a newspaper while waiting for clients, and succeeded finally in establishing a small law practice.

Now that he had got a job, did he sit down and rest? No siree! He got "on the job" and used it as a sort of cache on the rough trail which he was blazing. Say boys! Haven't you a kind of hunch that some fellows you know are satisfied to get into a job and then settle down to enjoy it as though it were just a summer camp?

Well, David wasn't a squatter; he was a *tracker*.

He tracked injustices and fought tyrannies, cut down old trees of prejudices and broke through jungles of useless customs and class privileges centuries old, lighting here and there fires of Welsh patriotism, fighting all the time for the "under dog" and behaving generally as did our pioneers of old.

All these early efforts took place in his native Wales, but David was seeking his Goliath. Over the mountains and in the jungle of Empire politics he found them —dozens of Goliaths—but the young man feared not, for he knew what it was to be prepared.

Zing! Bing! He was after them all the time and with but one object in view—the doing of something for the betterment of his fellow man—the man of the fields, the worker in the factory, the burrower in the coal mines, the drawer of water and the hewer of wood.

He did not *aim* to sit beside a king. He climbed so that when up he could reach down and help others. He wanted everybody to enjoy the healthy air of national freedom and the sunlight of happy peacefulness. Some Scout is David.

There was a time when Lloyd George was denounced through the length and breadth of England as "arch traitor" and "self-confessed enemy" for his views on the war which was being waged between the English and the Boers. He was a militant pacifist and fought for peace.

Believing in himself, he pleaded up and down the Empire. He invaded Birmingham, the home of Joseph Chamberlain, the English Imperialist and sponsor of the war, and all but lost his life in doing so. He smiled like a good Scout throughout the storm, and fourteen years later, on returning to Birmingham, was hailed as the Saviour of the Empire.

He became President of the Board of Trade and carved from what was a very useless board a solid corner-piece that has become a very essential part in the make-up of the British Cabinet. David knew how to swing his ax, Scouts.

Up to Help Up

His next job was as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the highest place but one in the Cabinet. His real work now began —old age pensions started on the way, bringing solace and comfort to those who in their old age faced poverty and want; sickness and unemployment insurance rushed to the aid of the man or woman who was willing to work but couldn't. And to the "under-dog" generally came a helping hand. Lloyd George, once poor, now powerful, became "The Little Brother of the Poor."

Somebody had to pay for all this. David saw to it that Goliath Aristocracy

should come around toward the foot of the hill.

A big noise was heard, the giant was roaring, but David got the lasso on, and soon had everything his own way.

"Let George do it," is now the cry of all England in her hour of need—and George is doing it. He has organized the factories, marshaled the manhood, and welded together all the resources and power of the Empire.

Say, fellows!—you that have eggs every morning and other things as well—say! what are you—each one of you—going to do, or rather what are you doing NOW? Are you working this minute so that in some future time you may be able to give a helping hand, either to your country, your state, your town, some distressed neighbor, or some starving stray dog? Are you just winning merit badges so that your coat sleeve may look nice, or are you winning them so that your arm will be prepared to encounter your special Goliath? Think it over—but don't spend too much time thinking; the great thing is DO IT, and greater still, DO IT NOW.

I saw David one time—now Prime Minister and more powerful than a king. I saw him in London, and though I'm no skyscraper myself I looked over David's hat, for in body he is about tenderfoot size. He was on his way to Westminster to his daily job of ordering around the political giants of England, telling them when to stand up and when to sit down. I watched him passing colossal police and through the gaping crowds.

"How is it done?" I thought

"How is it done?" I asked myself. Had I asked David (this poor boy, grown g r e a t) he would probably have told me that "the thing is DONE by DOING the thing, and not standing on the sidewalk looking on."

Yes, that's it—"Go to it!" "Do it now!"

How to Make a Hike Tent

BY SCOUT EXECUTIVE, MARTIN J. BURELBACH

EVERY Scout needs a hike tent that he can use on his over-night camping trips. There are plenty of good hike tents on the market, but most of them are too expensive for most boys to buy. So I am going to give detailed instructions as to how to make one that is inexpensive, light, easy to pitch, absolutely water-tight and bug proof and snake proof into the bargain. It is made bug and snake proof by sewing in a bottom of stout canvas.

For the sides and ends of the tent the very lightest canvas is used. This is possible because of a water-proofing process which I will describe later.

First of all, make two sides according to the pattern shown in figure 3. Next make the bottom according to the pattern shown in figure 1. The bottom should be made of heavier canvas as it must stand more strain. Last of all, make the back, the pattern for which is shown in the triangular figure just over figure 2. The square marked E in this pattern repre-

How to Make a Hike Tent

sents a screen ventilator. This is made by cutting a hole out of the canvas and covering it with ordinary mosquito netting. The canvas cut from the hole can be rolled up so that it may be closed in case of need.

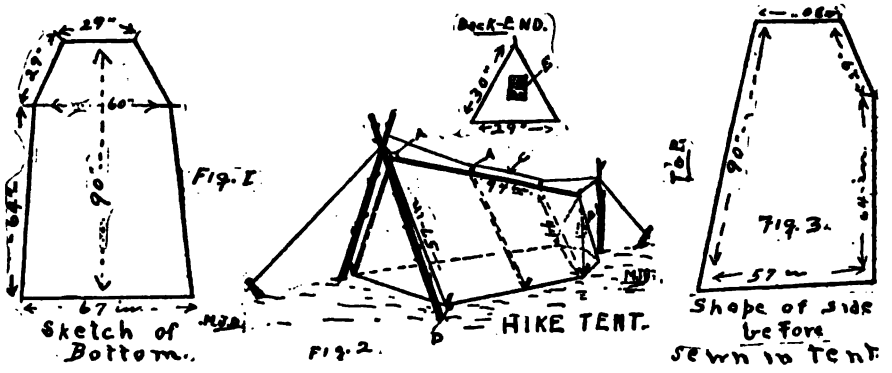
Sew the sides together on the top, being careful to turn the edge under well. At the same time sew canvas loops at the ends and center as shown in A, figure 2. Ropes are fastened to these loops in pitching the tent. In figure 2, C is a light rope which can be used to help hold up the tent. This, however, is not absolutely necessary.

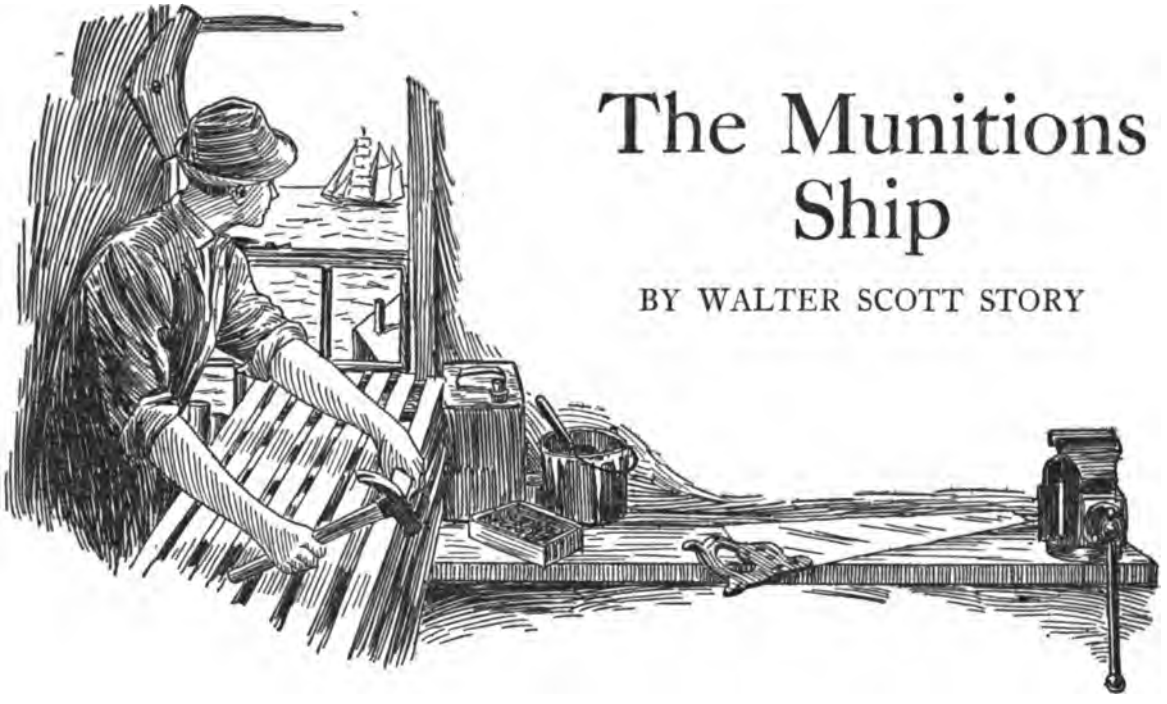
When the sides have been sewed together, sew in the back, after which the bottom should be attached. Sew loops around the bottom as shown in D, figure 2, to be used in taking down the tent.

The tent can be made waterproof by the following process: Shave up in small bits five cakes of paraffin and dissolve them over a fire. When the paraffin is melted, thin it with gasoline. It can then be spread on the tent with an ordinary paint brush. The gasoline evaporates and leaves the paraffin in the pores of the canvas, making it waterproof and also light and pliable. Be very careful, of course, not to get the gasoline near the fire.

The tent I have described has no front, but one can easily be made by getting a triangular strip of canvas and fastening it by buttons or hooks and eyes so that it can easily be attached. In putting up the tent rake together a pile of leaves, grass, hay or any other soft material and pitch the tent over this. This will not only give you a tent, but a soft bed as well.

If the lightest grade of canvas is used the tent will not weigh over five pounds and will accommodate with comfort two campers with their packs and other equipment. A great many of our scouts in Chattanooga are using this type of tent and they all agree that it is a "cracker-jack."





The Munitions Ship

BY WALTER SCOTT STORY

FROM the window of his workshop Dick Andrews could look out to Gull Island, three miles away. North of Gull Island lies a submerged spit, partly a serrate ledge, but mostly sand. This dangerous rib, running almost a mile due east from the island, is called Fisherman's Grief. In the last fifty years it has been the destruction of many a fishing schooner and not a few tramps. No hulks, however, remain thereabouts in the apparently safe waters to give warning, for if a vessel once grounds upon the rocks or upon the bar she soon breaks up under the hammering of the sea and the lift and drop of the tides and floats away in pieces. Nowadays a bell buoy swings at each end of the spur, unceasingly calling its dolorous, brazen warning.

The village of Smithport was amazed, therefore, one clear morning last September to look out to Fisherman's Grief and see a barkentine held fast athwart the bar about midway between the buoys. Dick was knocking together a new lobster car in his shop and paused a moment now and then to glance seaward, wondering what the vessel could be and how she had come to go upon the shoal.

The barkentine stood out, clear-cut like a cameo against the gleaming sea, her canvas, all set, showing alabaster white against the cloudless sky. To all appearance, she was sailing peacefully on her way. The sea was smooth as glass, moving in acre-long, almost imperceptible undulations.

But she lay with her bow somewhat high, and the square sails of her foremast slatted out steadily in the southwest breeze in concord with the schooner rig of her main and mizzen masts—telling her plight clearly—the pull of canvas and the set of the ebb tide slewing her stern a trifle seaward.

"What was she doing in here?" said Dick to himself. "She wasn't on the sand at ten o'clock last night because I re-

member looking out there when I went to bed."

He felt a certain contempt for the seamen of the stranded barkentine. He knew the stranger had no business so far in, and supposed, naturally enough, that the disaster was due to the cause of so much marine mishap—liquor.

Dick was eighteen, and ever since he could remember had sailed and fished along the Maine coast, first with his father and later as the sole support of his widowed mother.

He was tall and stalwart, with black hair and a ruggedly handsome face; and he bore no small reputation as a fisherman of skill and daring.

He could detect no sign of life aboard the barkentine, which puzzled him.

"She can't be abandoned," he muttered. "She must have gone on in a good deal of water, and she isn't near rocks."

He shook his head, giving up the mystery; but just as he turned away a movement on the northern shore of Gull Island caught his eye, and in a moment he saw a long boat put off and head directly for the town.

"The crew!" he exclaimed, wonderingly, seeing that the boat must hold eight or ten persons. He watched till the boat was well in toward town, then went back to the shop and set to work vigorously to make up for lost time.

When he left the shop at noon, in response to his mother's usual signal on the tin horn, the sky was overcast and the atmosphere a dirty yellow. The air was raw and smelt of rain, the bay ruffled in sullen whitecaps, and the ends of Fisherman's Grief were marked by ridges of foam.

Dick halted at the kitchen door, and looked out to the bar. The barkentine was still there, all her canvas set as when he had seen her in the clear morning. The sea was running smoothly about her, and the only evidence of her dangerous position was the regular spitting of spray clouds at her depressed stern.

"There's going to be a sou'easter before night," he said, studying the sky and the wind. "If they're going to get her off, they'd better be about it."

"Your dinner'll be cold if you don't hurry, Dick," called his mother.

"I was just looking at the barkentine," he replied. "They must be puttyheads aboard her. They haven't taken even a reef, and a farmer could see we're going to have some wind and a big sea. If they don't get a move on there won't be enough left to make a lobster car."

"Nobody'll hire out to pull *that* vessel off the bar," announced his mother calmly.

"Why not?"

"They're afraid—and I don't blame them. That boat's the *Myra G. Sears.* She comes from New Jersey or New York—or somewhere down that way—and she's full of dynamite! They say if she rolls much on the shoal she's liable to blow up any minute. Tom Hastings says if she exploded she'd probably blow the north end of Gull Island to smithereens. The whole crew came ashore this morning and the men went to the station and every last Jack of them went away on the eleven o'clock train."

"Including the captain?"

"Everyone except a tall young fellow named Monroe. He stayed and he's been trying to get somebody to go out. Tom Hastings could get her off with his *Star* but he refused five hundred dollars to go out. They say the young man is calling everybody cowards."

Dick sat staring into space. His eyes showed almost terror. He did not tell his mother what had come to his mind and

sent cold shivers into every fiber of his being.

When he left the house, Gull Island was a mere blur and the barkentine quite invisible. The wind had come up strong and there was a stinging rain, driving almost horizontally. The bay was a misty welter of green and glinting white, and the surf boomed against the rocks south of Dick's grounds. Although he had a very strong desire to go up to town to talk about the stranded vessel, Dick resisted the temptation to put off his work, and returned to his shop. He worked steadily on, stopping only to light his lamp as the darkness thickened, and to listen for a terrific explosion when he thought of the *Myra G. Sears.*

At about three o'clock a step on the gravel path caught his ear above the rush of the wind and the beating of the rain and surf. He stopped short and listened. There was a rap at the door.

"Come in!" He got up, dropping the net he was mending.

The door swung instantly open, and a tall man entered, shutting out the gust of wind and rain behind him.

He was a stranger, but Dick guessed who he was. Turning down the collar of his jacket—he wore no coat and was soaked to the skin—and wringing the water from his slouched hat, the man looked searchingly at the stalwart young fisherman.

"Mr. Andrews?"

"Yes," answered Dick.

"My name's Monroe," announced the stranger, "and I'm from the *Myra G. Sears.*" He swept his hand out seaward, assuming that no further explanation was necessary.

Dick merely nodded, framing in his mind a refusal to the request that he expected.

"They told me a few minutes ago down in your craven town that you had a good motor boat and that you had *sand,*" he said bitterly. "Would you dare to go out in this storm—this awful storm?" The query was made in searing scorn.

"The storm isn't very bad," responded Dick, "but——"

"Yes, *but!*" broke in the other fiercely. "Now, listen to me! The *Myra G. Sears* is full of shells for delivery in Liverpool."

"Why did you come so far in?" asked Dick, bluntly.

"We had reason to keep within the three-mile limit—that's why. Lord! Any fool of the sea knows that that limit was set when three miles was the practical limit of cannon fire. Today we ought to have a twenty mile limit. But that's neither here nor there!" he exclaimed angrily. "That ship, young man, is liable to blow up at any minute."

"That's reason enough to keep away from her, Mr. Monroe," put in Dick, calmly. "You can't do anything."

"But my partner's aboard her!" was the other's stunning announcement. "Stayed to keep anybody from getting a salvage claim. It was calm when we left and I promised to take him off. The crew deserted in a body," he finished bitterly.

Dick stared dazedly at the man. His tanned cheeks paled, and his heart jumped and surged in his breast. A man on the ship of horror waiting for his friend to rescue him! For an instant—in vivid, soul-straining fancy—Dick was that man on the stranded, pounded, swaying barkentine crammed with explosives.

"Did you tell anyone why you wanted to go out?" he asked huskily.

"Yes!" answered Monroe, like the report of a gun. "And not a man *dared*—not one!" He groaned as he cried out and stared through the window into the

murk. "And she's old—an old hulk—and if she goes to pieces she'll shake her load into the sea and jettison your whole coast with cases of loaded shells. It'll be terrible!"

"That's what I thought of when I heard what was in her!" cried Dick, hoarsely, his eyes wide in horror. "She ought to be set afire—quick!"

"Yes," assented Monroe, quickly. "Will you take me out for my partner?"

For an instant Dick hesitated, making no response. Then he leaned down and blew out the lamp on the work bench, strode to the door and drew it open, bending before the wind and driving rain.

"Come on," he called. "We got to hustle." He led the way on the run to the house.

Mrs. Andrews heard his story, told in crisp, excited sentences, with a paling face, and when Dick spoke coolly of his intention to go out she nodded her head and uttered no word of objection. Like him, her heart heroic, she felt that he *must* go.

Dick hurriedly rummaged in the entry for oilclothes, and in five minutes he and Monroe, both in waterproof garments, set out from the house and ran down the little hill to the rock-guarded cove where Dick's boat lay at anchor.

Without a word, they pushed off in the dory on the little beach and rowed out to the boat, climbing in and pulling the dory in aft and securing it abaft the cockpit.

It was a wild afternoon, now almost as dark as night. The rain came down in torrents, roaring and driving, and the wind whistled and howled savagely over the rocks, swooping and tearing at them.

Dick had no great fear of the storm, however, for he had been out in worse. As a matter of fact, they would be mostly in comparatively sheltered water, and the only dangerous place would be beyond Gull Island in the sweep of the open sea and in the weltering, broken water by the bar. He refused to think then of the problem of lying alongside the barkentine in such weather.

His boat—the *Gull*—was staunch and heavily built, yet buoyant as the bird whose name it bore, thirty-five feet long, with a wide beam and a powerful engine kept in perfect condition with care almost lover-like.

"All right!" shouted Dick, at length, when he had sparked his engine. "Up with the hook!"

Monroe, stationed forward, his coat flapping fiercely about him, pulled lustily on the anchor rope, and in a moment they moved across the smooth pool and shot plungingly out into the whitecaps of the bay.

Plunging and tossing in the cross sea, the waters boiling at their bow and rushing over it with roar and thud, the rain and wind buffeting them, they rolled and washed out into the gloom. In a few minutes the mainland had dropped away in the darkness and they were heading out in a caldron of gray-green, white-flashing waters.

Dick, grim-faced and steady-eyed, stood braced at the wheel of the pitching craft and stared across the cabin straight ahead in the gloom, while Monroe, with drawn, pale face and glooming eyes, crouched behind the low cabin end for shelter against wind and rain and driven spray.

Monroe was now powerless, and he knew that all depended upon the grim, determined lad at the wheel—the only daring soul he had found that day.

Dick had no uncertainty in his mind. He could have sailed the coast for miles blindfolded, and he headed for the pass

between Gull Island and the first bell buoy.

They did not speak at all. In fact, the roar of the wind and rain and the thud and wash of the water at their bows made conversation impossible, even by shouting.

As they rolled out, the sea became rougher, because they came more into the sweep of the wind; and, yet, the waves being larger, they rode with more freedom, although now and then a wave broke over their bow and seemed to stop their progress for a moment like the pull of a giant hand.

Gull Island loomed prodigiously out of the darkness on their starboard. They could hear the dull thunder of the outside sea on the farther shore and occasionally, above the scream of the wind, caught a faint, wailing echo of the wild-tossing bell buoy.

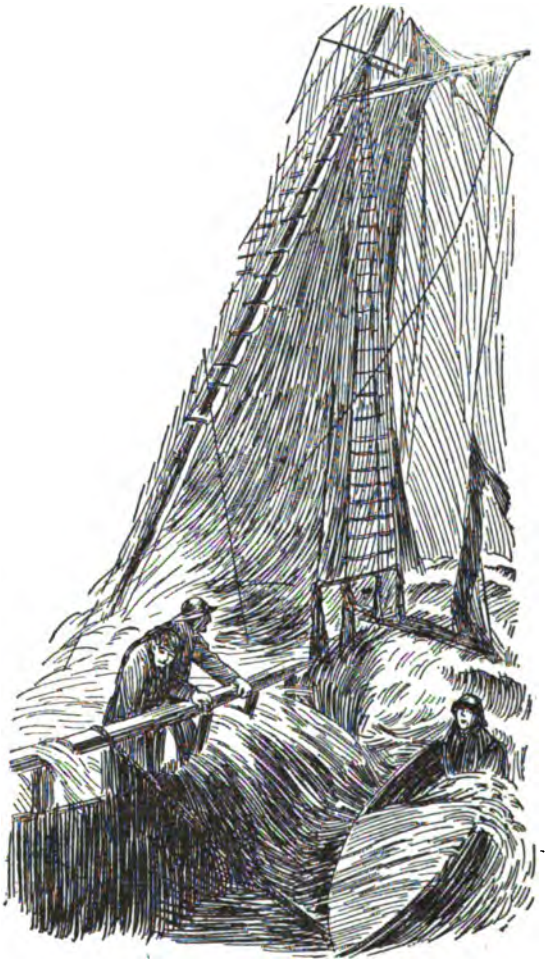
When they entered the pass, their plunging ceased and they climbed sky-high on billows that rolled in unbroken from the open sea and then descended swoopingly into great valleys.

On their left—hardly a stone's throw away—was a wall of white—the break of these majestic waves against the rocky end of Fisherman's Grief. And the crash of these waters was like continuous thunder.

"If the engine stops!" thought Monroe, as he looked to port at the white wall, and then refused to let that thought go further.

But the engine did not stop, and Dick held straight out into the sea.

Their eyes were now accustomed to the gloom, and as they rode outward they could see the barkentine, now swung well upon the bar, listing to the left with the huge seas climbing upon her exposed quarter and bursting over her in sheeted foam. Her canvas, torn and tattered to a thousand ragged pennants, snapped and crackled like ceaseless musketry; her booms and spars, torn from their fastenings, pounded and clattered a devil's tattoo on the deck and against her straining sticks; and her racked hull groaned an ominous obbligato above these sounds and



At the rail clinging for their lives

the fury of wind and wave. Like a living thing, the barkentine strained and resisted and gave, in a noble fight against an irresistible force and an inevitable dissolution.

Dick strained his gaze through the murk and the driving rain, and his heart seemed

to swell within him, now afire, now icy cold. Every instant he expected to see her burst asunder and rive the sea in a terrific explosion, destroying them in the flash of an eye.

But there was no time for dwelling upon fear. To come alongside the vessel to take off Monroe's partner required skill and intrepid courage—and good luck. And how to do this he must decide at once.

There was but one possible thing to do, and he knew this well. He must turn in the great sea, start across the bar and trust to his skill and his powerful engine to bring him under the sheltered side of the barkentine. In that position, once it was gained, they would be safe for a while—if the vessel did not blow up.

He shouted to Mr. Monroe, who stood at his side, gripping the cabin for support and staring fearfully at the *Myra G. Sears*.

"I'm going to turn and run in under her!" he yelled. "There's plenty of water for us on the bar—if we don't get swamped—but if we don't make fast to her we can't get back in an hour. Go forward and get ready to board with the painter. And hold fast for your life!" He roared his plan and orders at the top of his voice, leaning close to the other's ear, and as he spoke prepared to make his maneuver.

Mr. Monroe, who lacked no courage, worked his way forward, clinging desperately wherever he could.

To turn in this great sea was extremely perilous, but it had to be done. Fortunately, it was not necessary to make a full turn. They reared up on a vast billow and went swooping down into a valley, the spray and the rain blown upon them in sheets, and as they came to the lower depth Dick threw over his wheel with all his strength, and with bated breath waited for response, his eye glued in awe upon the wall of water rolling up beyond them.

It seemed as if the boat hung motionless there, but when the oncoming wave reached them the little craft had turned sufficiently and although the sea cascaded over her she shook herself and rose buoyantly, shooting toward the bar and the barkentine with the speed of an express train.

Up and up they rode on the billows and onward they swept with them, and Dick, bracing himself, watched for a chance to swing under the ship. There seemed but one chance in a million to gain her side.

Now the barkentine loomed hugely out of the gloom, her upturned bulwarks throwing off a great cataract of spray, her masts, with their torn gear, rocking and straining and threatening to come down and enmesh them in a terrible tangle. They swept up on a great roller as they came to her stern, and when its crest passed them—slipping away under them with a speed even greater than theirs—they were for an instant in smooth water.

And in this instant Dick Andrews, with unfaltering courage and the skill of his years upon the sea, turned his wheel to starboard, and they glided under the lee of the barkentine. It was for a moment as if they were in harbor—although the water breaking on the other side of the vessel came upon them in sheets of spray.

As they slipped under the hulk, Monroe, watching his chance, sprang from the *Gull* and over the inclining rail of the ship, making the painter fast in desperate haste. When this was done he climbed up the deck and disappeared.

When he leaped aboard the barkentine, Dick ran aft, leaving his engine going, and made his stern line fast, so that the

Gull could not swing her stern out—which would have been destruction.

Monroe seemed gone an age. This period of waiting was more soul-trying to the young fisherman than their run in the pass, or even the hazardous boarding. This proximity to the grinding, quivering hulk of death filled his being with cold terror, and also the sea drew at the *Gull* and ground her against the barkentine in a way that made his heart jump.

But Monroe came at length—having in reality been gone a very short time—half carrying, half dragging a stout, stocky man. The man seemed almost helpless, and Monroe had a task cut out for him to work down the inclined deck amid the cascade of foam and clear water that tumbled over the bulwarks above. Foot by foot, however, he managed it, Dick, in forgetfulness of danger to himself, admiring him for his grim courage and loyalty.

When the men came to the rail they paused a moment, clinging for their lives, half obscured by the spray and foam swirling down the deck.

"Help—us!" roared Monroe.

Dick did not catch the words but he saw what was desired, worked forward to them, and helped Monroe bring the other man aboard.

With great labor, toiling on the pitching craft at the peril of their lives, they brought Monroe's partner to the *Gull* and into the little cabin, laying him on the bunk wholly unconscious, his face like marble.

"Broke both legs—barrel rolled over them!" shouted Monroe. "Now, for God's sake, boy, cut loose and let's run for it! She may explode any second. Don't know why she hasn't. Hurry up! Your boat'll be ground to pieces!"

"Did you fire her?" called Dick with a roar. He had come to save Monroe's partner—his heart touched with pity for the imprisoned man and with admiration for the man who would dare all to save him—but even greater than the desire to save one man was his desire to make it impossible for the *Myra G. Sears* to disintegrate without exploding and sow the sea for miles with destruction for innocent fishing schooners or noble steamships bearing hundreds of passengers.

Monroe stared at him blanky in utmost amazement. "No!" he shouted, with a robust oath of irony.

"I'm going aboard!" returned Dick, grimly. He received the other's words with a slight smile. He did not blame the man for not firing the vessel, for he realized that Monroe, laden with a man almost helpless, could not tell how long it would take him to gain the power boat or how long it would take the fire to reach the shells.

Turning at once, Dick crawled out of the cabin and with grim determination made his way to the rail of the barkentine and climbed up the deck to the cabin.

A few minutes below sufficed to do his work. The old barkentine was deluged outside, but within she was as dry as dust, and the flame licked up the cabin wall with great greediness.

When he was sure that the fire was well caught—and the wind rushing down the companionway was a perfect blower for it—he ran above and in desperate haste, yet with extreme care, worked down to the rail and got safe aboard the *Gull.*

Monroe was at the bow of the motor boat waiting for him and helped him aboard, saving him, in fact, from a plunge that would have landed him in the roaring sea.

"Cast off!" shouted Dick, when he reached the cockpit, and as the other did

his bidding and he felt the bow swing free he cut the stern line.

On the instant, the *Gull*—whose engine had been working steadily all the time—was drawn away from the barkentine like a chip in a mill race, and, rising up on the surging billows, they shot forward upon the bar and into the night.

It was almost pitch dark now. The sea roared and washed deafeningly, and the wind howled and whistled like ten million questing fiends. As they darted upward on a billow, they looked back and made out, even in the dark, puffs of smoke shooting from the cabin, lighted dimly by a yellow gleam.

On and on they shot over the bar—safe depth for them, but destruction for a larger vessel. The sea broke on their left with a great, continuous roar, a bell buoy's note coming now and then out of the din and the blackness; but on the shoals—now well covered at high tide—the seas rolled in mountainous but smooth billows, and the *Gull,* truly named, rode away on them like a bird of storm, spray-sheeted, but buoyant and staunch.

In ten minutes, they were well over the bar, and the sea was not so high. After a time Dick was able to swing to port, and they were soon in the choppy, fierce cross-sea between Gull Island and the mainland, heading toward the scattered star-like gleams that marked home and safety.

No explosion rent the night, and no pillar of fire rose from the bar; and Dick, listening and watching with every nerve stretched taut, began to grow sick with disappointment.

"I'm going back," he declared to Mr. Monroe, his dripping, salt-encrusted face set in resolve. "I've got to!"

"She'll burn," returned Mr. Monroe, putting a hand on his shoulder. The munition speculator said nothing, but his touch on the shoulder was an accolade—it expressed his admiration, the admiration of one brave heart for another. "Look!" he roared, suddenly. "There's your fire!"

As he spoke, they glided into Dick's little cove of unruffled water and dropped anchor.

Dick looked back. Far away there was a faint blotch of orange in the blackness. It seemed to grow clear and steady; then it flickered; it disappeared, then came again and swelled and waved like a streamer. As they watched, breathless, it changed shape; changed from a bar to a sheet, wind blown. It whipped about a mast, and the mast flamed like a bit of lightning—then disappeared abruptly.

Dick turned away with deep satisfaction.

They got Mr. Erickson, Monroe's partner, into the dory, handling him with infinite care, and rowed ashore, carrying him up the bank and into the house.

Mrs. Andrews, joyous to see Dick back, received them with great warmth and helped put the man to bed.

When Erickson was in bed Dick ran out of the house and up to town for the doctor, who fortunately lived not far from the Andrews. All the way there and all the way back with Dr. Stevens in his buggy, he watched the fire out in the darkness and waited for the explosion.

When he got home Monroe met him, and together they stood on the piazza, regardless of the rain and wind, looking out toward the bar.

"Dick," said the tall man, his voice husky—for he loved his partner—"I take back my words about this being a cowards' town. You——"

At this second, the whole east seemed to gleam a vivid orange—the black night rent asunder; and the roaring of wind, the

dashing and slatting of rain, the pounding of the surf—all were lost in a mighty, mighty roar that tumbled the sea of the bay and made the veranda under them sway and heave. Then the flame died out utterly, the prodigious roar spent, and only the wind and rain and sea broke the silence following the thundering detonation—broke it whisperingly.

Monroe let out a great, whistling breath. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, in a husky quaver. He touched Dick again on the shoulder as he had before on the *Gull,* and then turned away.

Boy Scouts Guard the Oldest Bell

THIS bell was cast in the thirteenth century, when the boys of Europe journeyed on foot to the Holy Land in the Children's Crusade. Now, in the twentieth century, it has traveled by automobile, in a country not then discovered, guarded by Boy Scouts representing the great modern crusade.

Night and day the Scouts guarded the sacred historic relic on its journey from Riverside to Oakland, California, where it rang out the old year and rang in the new. George Renwick, twelve years old, the boy in the picture, was the last to stand guard.

James I of Spain was reigning when the bell came from the mold in 1247. He was the first Christian monarch of that country. Its silvery tones have rung out over many a scene, grave and gay, but never did it peal more gladly than it did on New Year's Day, 1917, for the Boy Scouts who began the year by doing their daily good turn.

SCHOOL, THE BEST PREPAREDNESS CAMP

Messages from U. S. Cabinet Officers and Governors of Many States

Every boy with imagination must feel thrills running up and down his spine when he thinks how stupendous are the days through which he is passing. The world has never before been engaged in such a war as that into which now most of the great nations are plunged. And war never before has affected all the routine of life of so many people. In this supreme crisis the boys of America have taken hold of real problems and mastered them like men. Work has come before play, service before selfishness; the boys of America have given themselves to their country.

But how can the American boy best serve his country in this crisis?

We publish here the views of members of the President's Cabinet and of Governors of States written expressly as messages to the Boy Scouts of America, and through them to all American boys. These letters speak for themselves and are worthy of careful reading by every boy and by every boy's parents. They will start new thrills of ambition and resolution. Read these letters and get your friends to read them.

The Secretary of the Interior
Washington

I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to speak to the boys of our country through your magazine, regarding how they can best serve at this time.

Boys who have not finished high school should make every effort to do so. Boys who have finished high school, and for whom a college course is possible, should enter college this fall, unless they have gone into some field of service in the Army or Navy, or are engaged in some other national service. The older boys now in college should continue with their studies unless chosen by the selective draft or in some other manner by the military service. The country will have large need for trained men, and the supply will not meet the demand if the ranks of college students are depleted.

It has been shown by past wars that in times like these there is always danger of a lowering of character standards as well as intellectual standards. Our boys should see to it that this shall not be so as to our country in this war. Of course, the boys must also do their share in the production and unwasteful use of the things that we shall need for ourselves and those who are fighting with us for the things for which we stand. The school hours comprise but a small part of the boys' time and they can do much valuable and helpful work without their school work suffering.

At the left, Old Glory unfurled on the new super-dreadnaught Arizona; center, on the capitol; right, at the Washington baseball park

"Your Flag and My Flag—and Half a World Away!"

Our flag—his flag, too—hung by an Ifugas Chief over "household god" in the Philippines

Office employes drilling for war under the Stars and Stripes on New York sky-scraper roof

It flies in Switzerland, on a portable soldiers' home presented by Americans for use by frontier guards

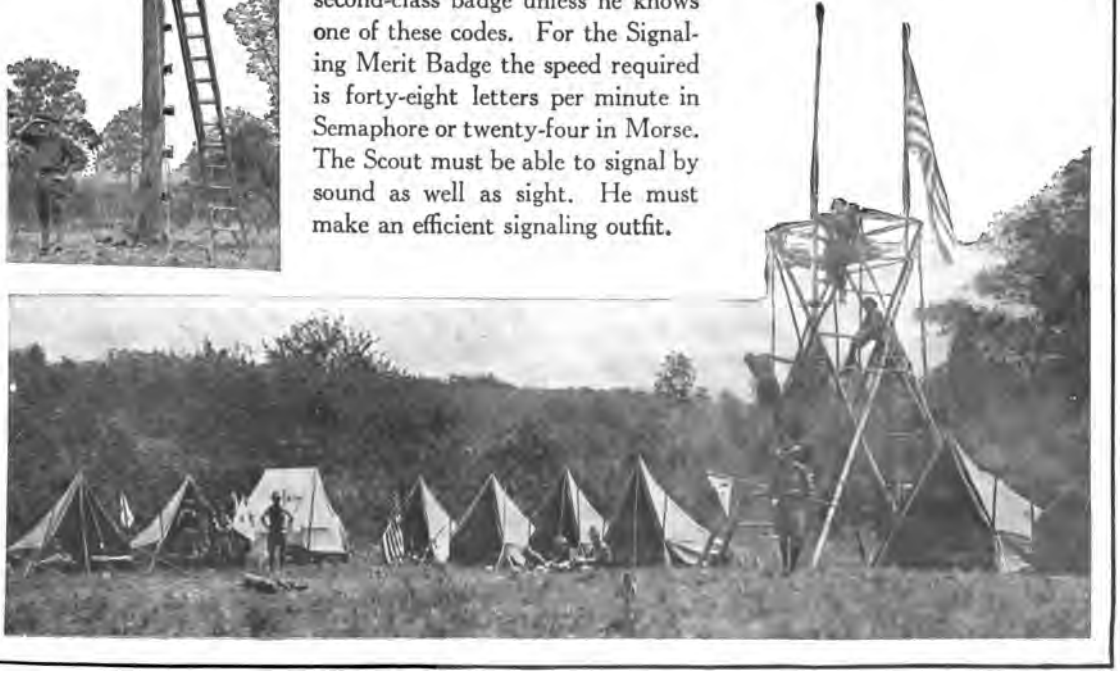
Scene at fete at San Juan, when Porto Ricans were granted United States citizenship

Raising the Stars and Stripes over the Virgin Islands, our new possession in the Danish West Indies

What Are These Boy Scouts Saying?

Every First Class Scout is able to send and receive messages at the rate of thirty letters per minute in the Semaphore code or sixteen letters per minute in the General Service (International Morse) code.

A Scout cannot wear even a second-class badge unless he knows one of these codes. For the Signaling Merit Badge the speed required is forty-eight letters per minute in Semaphore or twenty-four in Morse. The Scout must be able to signal by sound as well as sight. He must make an efficient signaling outfit.



School, the Best Preparedness Camp

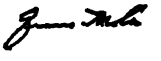
STATE OF CONNECTICUT
Executive Chambers
Hartford

The enrollment of the boys in the organization known as the Boy Scouts of America has been full of promise for the future of the country, because every Boy Scout is learning to be a good citizen and to take his obligations to his state and government seriously. But in the excitement incident to our participation in the great world war, the boys must not forget that they are the ones who in the near future must assume the burdens and responsibilities of our government, and that this requires a preparation which can only be had by education and discipline. The boys must realize that they can best serve their country when the responsibility is imposed upon them by a thorough preparation now.

State of Ohio
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
Columbus

Any tendency to discourage the education of our youth must be stopped. In times like these when the nation is at war, there must be denial in all quarters, and each of us is called upon to render service to the country as we may. It will not do, however, to give all thought to the present and forget the future. The quality of the citizenship in coming generations depends upon the application of our high ideals, which have been builded from the time of the founding of the republic. Our boys may be encouraged to serve the country in many ways possible to them, without in any degree diminishing interest in the important matter of education.

It seems quite natural in times of stress that boy thoughts will turn away from the call of the school. Their enthusiasm is likely to run away with them, and the enthusiasm of their elders may also lead them astray. The United States is large and her resources are many. The man power is sufficient for the time; therefore every effort must be put forth to keep the boys of the country in preparation for the duties of coming manhood, when war's alarms shall have passed and the needs of peace will call forth trained ability.



STATE OF KANSAS
Arthur Capper, Governor
Topeka

I believe it may not be amiss right now, with war talk and war preparations everywhere, to call school boys to attention rather sharply about the work to be done next winter. August is here, schools will resume their sessions in a little more than a month. Throughout the long vacation the boys, but particularly the Scouts, have heard scarcely anything except war. Instead of old-fashioned games familiar to all of us, our boys have found their chief recreation in building trenches and storming outposts. The military spirit is rampant. Indeed, it has become so marked that the National Council of Boy Scouts of America has sent a letter to its organizations everywhere urging Scoutmasters to do everything possible to turn the boys' thoughts to school.

I believe every father and mother will agree with me that about the finest service a boy can give his country now in his

immature years, is to prepare himself for the important duties of citizenship. I doubt whether the world ever needed this kind of instruction more than it needs it now and will need it in the future. For many years we believed that the reconstruction days following the Civil War were most extraordinary in historical significance, but that was merely the patching up of a divided house. How much more stupendous, then, is the future! How filled with possibilities for constructive minds when the rebuilding of the world begins! Let us do everything possible to get the boys back to school in September, sane in mind and safe in play. It should be the purpose of every teacher to turn boys' thoughts away from the war to the winter's work.

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
Washington

I heartily agree with you that our boys can serve their country best by devoting themselves seriously and whole-heartedly to their school work this fall, in preparation for the important duties of citizenship which the coming years will impose upon them. In their periods of recreation it is well that they should prepare, by drilling and other training, to take their elder brothers' places, if need be, in the fighting ranks; but for the boys of the Boy Scout age, their school duties should by all means take the first place. The boys are our future citizens and must be equipped and qualified to give this nation its proper position of leadership in the critical years of world readjustment following the present war.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Office of the Secretary
Washington

I regret that the pressure of unusual duties upon my time is such, and the requests for statements of the kind for which you ask are so numerous, that it is impossible for me to write further now.

I can only say that from every side there comes to me word that the Boy Scouts are doing a fine and useful service in many ways. I hope and believe it is appreciated, but after all, the finest reward comes in having within themselves the spirit which leads to such useful effort in behalf of their country.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
Washington

I do not hesitate to say that I think one of the greatest services the boys of America can render to their country at this time is to return to school in the fall and pursue their courses with greater application, if possible, than they have ever done before. This is necessary if they are to prepare themselves in the highest degree for the great responsibilities of American citizenship which will devolve upon them in the near future. The boys of today must be the guiding force of the nation in the regular order of things, and they must not permit the excitement of the war to deflect them from the paramount duty of securing the best possible education to

fit them for the great tasks ahead of them.

While they are doing this, those who are, or who become, members of the Boy Scout organization will find time to render splendid service to their country along lines which only the boys of America can work. Let me say that the kind of work that the Boy Scouts of America have done and are doing is an essential part of war service, and is of immeasurable value to the country.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
Annapolis, Maryland

In my opinion the education of our boys ought not to be neglected and, at least, not yet should the bars be let down. Only a supreme crisis should justify this. They are to be our future citizens and their proper education is all important.

STATE OF MINNESOTA
Executive Department
St. Paul
J. A. A. Burnquist, Governor

The world war should not be used as a pretext for permitting boys and girls to take the places of men and women in factories and shops, and our child labor laws and regulations should not be relaxed except in extreme emergencies, if at all. But there are many places where young America, especially through such organizations as the Boy Scouts, can serve the country.

First, they can help their country by showing, in various ways, their appreciation of the privilege of living in a free country, and thus by example teach patriotism to others. Then they can help by good conduct and studious habits in school, making their teachers' tasks easier. They may assist in food production, whether they are on the farm or a city lot. They can help in preventing waste, waste in food, in clothing, and in other necessities of life.

State of West Virginia
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
Charleston

It is but natural that the mind of the average American boy should be on the great war into which their elder brothers are being drawn, and that their youthful hearts should be so fired with patriotism that they would have an earnest desire to render some service to their country in this crisis. However, I am convinced that the highest service that they can render is to prepare themselves for full citizenship and future service by earnestly pursuing their studies as soon as the schools have opened. Any interruption of their school work will result in great disadvantage and detriment to them and their future welfare. It is to be hoped that the American boys will realize more fully than ever before the importance of keeping up their class standing and thoroughly fitting themselves with educational training for assuming the highest duties of citizenship which will later devolve upon them.

School, the Best Preparedness Camp

STATE OF OREGON
Executive Department
Salem

The boys of America have nobly responded to their country's call in every channel within their power to assist. This is a most commendable patriotic spirit and augurs well for the future citizenship of our beloved country.

However, in this period of great stress and distraction I do most earnestly and fervently urge our boys not to neglect their education, for knowledge is power when disseminated through the activities of our people. So boys of America, my sincere advice is: Do not neglect your education, which counts so largely in the development of the highest type of manhood and citizenship.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
State of Indiana

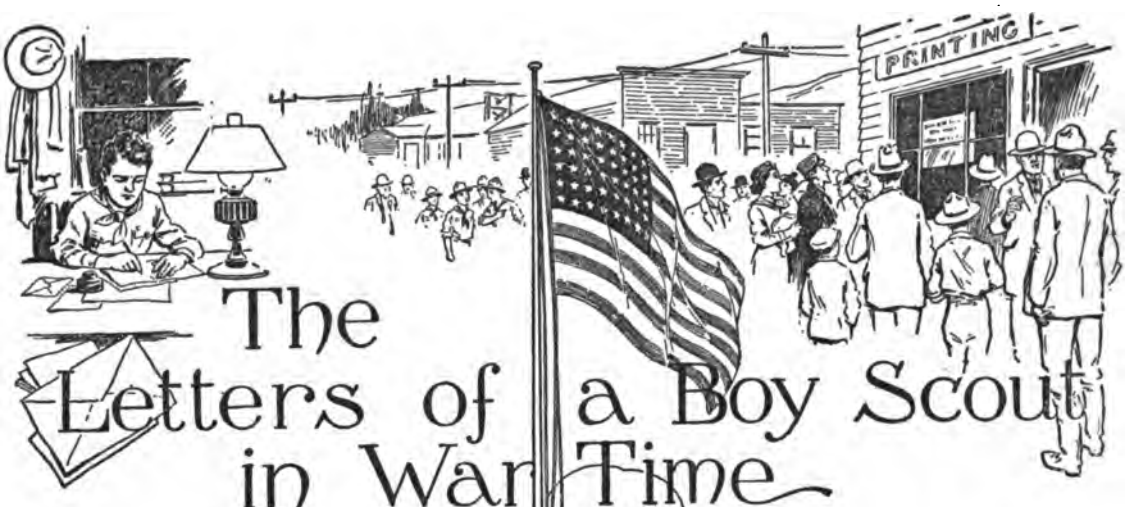
In my opinion the boys of America can serve their country in no more important way at this time than by preparing through our schools for the duties of citizenship which are to be thrust upon them in the not distant future.

Of course, boys are thrilled at this time by the sound of the fire and drum and by the waving banners; they would not be real Americans if this were not true, but they must not forget that the time is coming when the honor and safety of our country will devolve upon them, and that they will not be able to perform their full share of citizenship unless they have profited by the splendid training which every American boy may get in our schools.

State of Missouri
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
St. Louis

I give for my opinion that the boys of Missouri may best serve their country by doing a very simple thing and that is to enter school next autumn the day it opens, to attend the sessions each day of the term, unless prevented by illness, and to perform the school tasks assigned them with care and attention. In other words, let their physical training for the scholastic year, be secondary to the mental.

In this way may they best prepare themselves for the duties of citizenship.



The Letters of a Boy Scout in War Time

THURSDAY.

DEAR FATHER—They are all talking about maybe there will be a war. I suppose you read about it in the papers in Spokane today—or maybe you are in Seattle—I don't know which because I can't find your last letter which told me. Guess Buck ate it! I guess that because he has been a sort of sick dog this afternoon. (Joke?) But this war that's maybe going to be is no joke. Prof. Carstings told us something about it this morning just after recess, but not much. He said after this we would fly the American Flag from the old flagpole every day because maybe there was going to be a war and every time we all passed it we should salute it because we loved it and it meant our Country. At noon Pidy Ross saluted it with his left hand because he didn't know any better. We sang "America," too.

It froze up again last night and after school six of us fellows went skating. We had our skates hid under that high sidewalk over the creek back of Hodson's and we put them on and skated down the creek to the river, only we had to walk most of the way because the creek was so narrow and where the water was running fast it wasn't frozen at all, but down at the river it was fine and we skated half way down to the Big Forks. My, it was cold—the wind was awful, and when we got back we found a fire Spike had made because he couldn't skate so far because he has weak ankles. He only went as far as the bridge. Then we played Pull-away and when we were playing and Spike was yelling, Pump-Pump-Pull-away we heard someone on the bank say, I'll pull *you* away if you don't come home pretty quick and it was Spike's father—and Spike went

and it was getting dark, and we all went, but my feet felt so funny, like stones, for a long time walking.

Mother is reading Swiss Family Robinson to me. She read about where Fritz and his Father made a rope ladder and got it up into their big tree. Say, that would be *some* place to sleep, wouldn' it—if you didn't roll out of bed.

Your dear son,

ROBERT.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

Dear Father—When our Troop met tonight Mr. Buchanan wasn't there. Carl Crawford opened the basement and had a big fire when Parley and I got there. There was a red-hot spot on the stove. We were talking about a war all the way to the church. Parley's Grandfather was in the Civil War and he says he hopes there won't be any war because his Grandpa has told him so much about war and lots of men would be killed and have their arms and legs shot off and have their ears hurt like his Grandpa did—he can't hear hardly at all.

Carl told the Scouts to sit down in their places and Spike yelled, Where's the Scoutmaster? Carl said he was a Patrol Leader and Mr. Buchanan had told him to open the meeting. Fine Scoutmaster we got! yelled Spike (he's only a Second Class and has been Second Class for more than a year) and Carl said, We sure have a fine Scoutmaster, and no Scout who wears a badge ought to say anything against him. I didn't say anything against *him,* said Spike, snappy-like—I meant somebody else who is trying to act like a Scoutmaster. Well, said Carl, somebody has got to act when Mr. Buchanan is down town drilling to be a soldier.

What! yelled Spike—*drilling?*

We all sat awful still, except Lew Mills who was putting wood in the stove and didn't hear.

Yes, said Carl, the Scoutmaster was drilling down at the Town Hall and maybe he would go away to war if we had one, and maybe we *would* have one.

Now, yelled Spike (who is always saying something), three cheers for Mr. Buchanan—all together, fellows. Of course we felt like cheering and we did, and then Carl held up his hand and we all listened. He said, of course, we all knew maybe there would be a war and if there was, then all good men would go and fight for our Flag and our Homes and our Children, and Mr. Buchanan is a good man and so he would go, and he would make a corking good soldier too, and maybe be a Captain or a Cernel or something. And folks who couldn't go would help in the war just the same by doing what the soldiers would be doing if they were home, and somebody would have to do Mr. Buchanan's work, and who would that be? I mean, fellows, he said, who will do Mr. Buchanan's work with this Troop?

Spike of course, yelled first, Let's get Mr. Kistler—but Carl said he was drilling too, and then Spike yelled, Mr. Kent—but Carl said he was drilling too, and then I asked for the floor, like you told me, and when Carl nodded to me, I said like this—there were fifteen of us fellows in the Troop and I thought fifteen boys ought to be enough to do the work of one man, and why couldn't we run our own Troop while Mr. Buchanan was away?

Several fellows clapped their hands and stamped their feet and Spike yelled Hooray, and I thought I had said it, but Carl raised his hand and we got quiet and listened. He said, Shocky's got a good idea but it wasn't good enough because it wouldn't work. Why? yelled Spike, so loud we all laughed, which made me feel

better, and Carl said it wouldn't be according to the rules because the rules said we must have a Scoutmaster and rules were rules and if we didn't follow them there wouldn't be any Scouts, but just boys, and we didn't want to be just boys again, like we used to.

Carl said more. He said we couldn't settle it right there and if the Troop said it was all right he and Shocky would talk with Mr. Buchanan and try to fix it up right. We all said Sure, and then the Beavers showed the Rattlesnakes (that's my new Patrol) some signaling and Roy Steele (the scribe) read the report of the last meeting (which we forgot when we started) and then we all said the Scout Oath like we always do when Mr. Buchanan is there and then we went home.

It was snowing a little then, but Carl and I went down to the Town Hall and stood on a box and looked in and saw the men drilling. Mr. Buchanan was drilling them and they didn't have any uniforms or any guns at all. Then we went home.

I have a flag in my room.

Your dear son, ROBERT.

SATURDAY.

Dear Father—I am so sleepy I can't write long tonight, but you made me promise to write every day. Mother made some doughnuts today and they were dandy. Carl came over to my house after school and we ate six doughnuts and talked about a war and the drill company and the Troop and he helped me do my chores and then I went over to his house and helped him do his chores so we could talk some more. Right after supper I got my home-work done fast, and then Carl and I went to Mr. Buchanan's house.

I guess we got there early, but Mrs. Buchanan told us to wait because Mr. Buchanan was busy and we sat on that big bearskin seat in the hall and listened to their big clock tick and tick and then it struck 8 and Mr. Buchanan came down stairs with three men. They were Mr. Kistler and Mr. Judith, the new drugstore man, and somebody else—I don't know his name. They were in a hurry and walked out fast, but Mr. Buchanan stayed and stood up straight and we saluted, and so did he, like he always does, and said, Good evening, Scouts, come up stairs and we went up and talked and—then—Judithe—

Sunday—Say, Father, I fell sound asleep while I was writing to you last night, and I guess maybe you can't read all I wrote. Mr. Judith can't go to a war. Mr. Buchanan told us so last night. He is two years too old and his leg is lame so he can't drill. Now he is going to be our Scoutmaster. That's what Mr. Buchanan told us. Mr. Buchanan will go away if there is a war because he is in the National Guard and he was in the Spanish War too.

I don't know Mr. Judith very well—only when I go in to get a soda-water or something, and I went only twice because he hasn't had his drug store here long.

He has red hair and a scar on his left jaw. It's a deep scar, and I asked Parley one day to ask him what made it and why his leg is lame but he wouldn't. He has got a dog, too—a curly spaniel. He always curls up under a chair near the big stove in the store. But I said curly because his hair is curly—and so is the dog when he curls up. (Ha-Ha.) He can sing good, too. He sings in the Presbeterian choir. Too bad he can't find some medicine in his store to make him young and not lame—he's got medicine enough to cure an elephant. But if he got cured he would go away to war and then he couldn't be our Scoutmaster.

At Sunday-school today Carl said, When would we tell the Troop about him? I said because we are the Patrol Leaders shouldn't we talk about it with Mr. Judith first, and Carl said, All right, and right after Sunday-school we ran over to the Presbeterian church and when we saw Mr. Judith come out we walked along like as if we didn't see him only we walked right toward him. He said, Hello, Scouts, and we said, Hello, Mr. Judith, and he said, If you have time will you walk home with me? and we did and he said that Mr. Buchanan had told us right—that Mr. Buchanan had *trapped* him into it, and that Mr. Buchanan was a clever rascal. We would have told him some things—him talking that way about our Scoutmaster—but he smiled so much when he said it.

What do you mean, *trapped?* asked Carl—and then he added *Mr. Judith,* to be politer.

Well, Mr. Judith said, he asked me first if I really wanted to serve my country in case of war, and I said I did. Then he asked if I *could* serve my country here at home, would I do it? I said, Sure, and then he said, Promise, and I promised, and then he told me that I was henceforth the Scoutmaster of Troop No. 1, Amesty Boy Scouts of America. I'm *what?* I asked. Just *that,* he said. And *what's* that? I asked, and he told me about the Scouts and I said, All right if you will show me how, and he said, I'll help but I'm going to be awful busy whipping these rookies into shape, and you'll get your biggest help from my Patrol Leaders, Crawford and Shockly—that's *you,* isn't it?

Carl coughed, but I said right out, Yes, and Mr. Judith said, Well, I'll take my first lesson Tuesday night if you can come around to the store about closing time.

We said we'd be there and we're going you bet.

Shall we tell the fellows? I asked, when Mr. Judith went in his house. Not yet, Carl said. All right, I said—quite a surprice we'll have for them, hey?

I asked Carl why Mr. Judith had said Tuesday night instead of Monday and he said Monday is the first of the month and storekeepers always take invetory on the first. Carl used to work at Spong's grocery nights and Saturdays and knows a lot about stores. I wish I could work sometimes instead of studying all the time. Then maybe I'd know something.

Tuesday night the company's going to drill again, too.

Your dear son,

ROBERT.

WEDNESDAY.

Dear Father—I didn't write a letter to you Monday or Tuesday, because I had so much to do, but I wrote down something—that seemed like keeping my promise—and this is what I wrote:

Monday—School; the janitor who puts up the flag left it about four feet from the top of the pole and I fixed it; long talk with Carl at his house after school.

Tuesday—The paper from the city came full of war news and one tells all about Amesty men drilling and a lot about Mr. Buchanan.

Well, we were at the drug store Tuesday night. We got to the store at about a quarter to 8, and Mr. Judith said, Scouts will you take Curly out for a walk and bring him back at 8? Carl said, Sure, he'd give him a *good turn* around the block, and we went out and laughed.

We took a long walk up past Randall's place by the big willows and then we went down and saw them get ready to drill and came back and Mr. Judith was waiting for us. You never heard anybody ask so many questions as he did, and we told him about

everything and he looked at the Handbook Mr. Buchanan gave him. Carl told him about our meetings and about the Beavers and the Rattlers and after a while Mr. Judith put his head in his hand and said he felt groggie and guessed he had enough for one night and he would study the Handbook and think it over and talk with us again some time, but he didn't say when. Then he told us some stories about real things, not made up. He knows *lots*.

Then we went home, but we went past the Town Hall, and the men were just coming out and Mr. Buchanan said, Hello Scouts, did you give Mr. Judith a good lesson, and we said, Yes, and he said, Can you Scouts come over to my house tomorrow evening right after supper?—and we said Yes, and so we are going.

ROBERT.

FRIDAY.

Dear Father—Well, we went to Mr. Buchanan's house last night, but we didn't stay long. When we went in he called right out, Come right up stairs. He was sitting at his desk and he said, Sit down, boys, and we did and he kept looking over letters and things while he talked and folding them and tying them up. Well, he said, what do you think of your new Scoutmaster? Carl said, Well, he's a corker, and I said so too. Now fellows, said Mr. Buchanan, looking up at us, you are the Patrol Leaders, and you know how busy Mr. Judith is with his store, and it's going to be up to you, mostly. I have been called to the city by telegram, and I must go this evening.

To the city, said Carl—what for?

To further the preparations for—for whatever emergensy may come, said Mr. Buchanan.

Then do you think there will be a war? I said.

Boys, he said, I don't know—nobody knows unless it is the President, but it looks like we are getting closer to it every day. He looked awful serious. Our country *must* preserve its Honor, he said. Honor is the *blood* of a nation that makes it live. When that's gone—but the honor of the good old United States will NEVER be lost, and he hit the table and stood up. I'll make *my* sacrifice, other men will make *theirs,* you boys will make *yours,* and our Country's Honor will be saved. While I'm gone—if it's only for a week or a month, though I don't know if I'll *ever* come back—you Patrol Leaders —*my good friends*—do all you can for your troop and for your Country here at home. Tell all the Scouts goodbye for me—I can't see them myself. You all can help in many ways. First, you are to help your new Scoutmaster. Go to it! I must be starting soon.

He didn't talk like he always did, but shouted awful loud and slapped us on the shoulder hard and turned away quick and I couldn't see his face.

Come on, whispered Carl to me. I said, Good-bye, Mr. Buchanan, and so did Carl, and Mr. Buchanan said, Good-bye Scouts, and it sounded awful funny the way he said it.

Your dear son,

ROBERT.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Dear Father—Mr. Harding, the Editor of *The Clarion,* gets a telegram every day now from the city, and he prints it in big letters on a big piece of paper and then hangs it in the window, and then everybody in town goes down and reads it. He was putting it up yesterday when Carl and I saw folks going up to read it and we went too and it said—

Letters of a Boy Scout in War Time

WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED BY UNITED STATES

The folks reading it were awful still and then old man Anderson, the one-legged harness maker who always *rides* in the G. A. R. parades, raised his cane way over his head and let out a yell that nearly scared me, and then said *Hooray, Hooray, for the U. S. A.—We'll show 'em. Wow.* But I felt queer-like and couldn't yell, and Carl was still, too, and nobody else yelled, but I saw men talking to each other and nodding their heads.

Just then Mr. Judith came up. He read the news and it looked to me like his head fell forwards, and then he straightened up and he saw us and he said, Scouts, there's work for all of us to do now, and we'd better all talk it over Tuesday night. Think you Patrol Leaders can get your Patrols together then, at the church?

Carl said he guessed so, but Lick Lawrence was out of town he thought, and Stony Spillane was going to his sister's on the farm and Carl didn't know whether he had gone or not, and I said maybe Willis McCall went to the city yesterday for he was talking about maybe he would go with his father—and Mr. Judith cut right in and said, *What,* don't you *know* about your own patrols? I'm *surprised.* And in such times as *these.* I felt awful queer—and then he laughed and said he had a new stunt to put up to us Tuesday night, and Carl asked what it was and Mr. Judith said in a deep, funny tone that sounded like a big cannon booming—

MOBOLIZATION!

We'll be there, we said, and then we went home to do our chores. I don't know just exactly what mobolization is, but I think I do.

My, a war makes a lot to talk about, doesn't it father? I didn't used to write such long letters. I don't tell you half either. Goodbye.

Your dear son,
ROBERT.

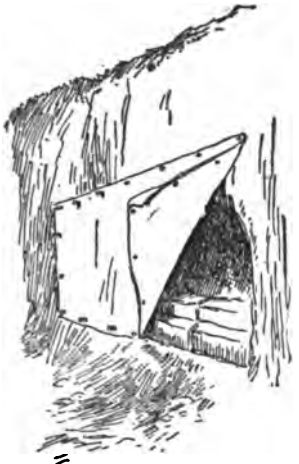
MONDAY.

Dear Father—Two trains of soldiers went through Amesty today. Charley Dobb got a telegram about it and told Mr. Harding about it, and he put it up in the window at *The Clarion* office and I saw it when I went downtown this noon and told all the fellows.

When we went to the depot after school there was almost everybody there waiting, and Mrs. Older told me they had been there for two hours waiting. Then a train came and we were excited, and it was only a freight train that didn't stop at all. There were big red papers on every car, almost, but it went so fast I couldn't read them, but Carl said they were full of powder and guns and things for the war.

Well, the troop train came in right after that a little while and everybody cheered and waved flags, and old Mr. Anderson stood on a truck and played his drum, and the soldiers cheered him. But mostly the soldiers were running around asking where they could get a drink. Mr. Dobb brought out his pail of water from the telegraph office and they drank that in a minute, I guess, and one soldier yelled, Where's the well? Carl took the bucket and ran over to Ross's pump by the depot, but when he came back, spilling it everywhere, the train was starting and a soldier said, Thanks, and grabbed the pail and handed it to a soldier in a window and a lot more spilled, and then the soldier jumped on when it was going fast. Mr. Dobb said, Hay, bring back my pail, but they all laughed, and so did Mr. Dobb,

(*Continued on page 108*)



A temporary dug-out

Roughing It Smoothly

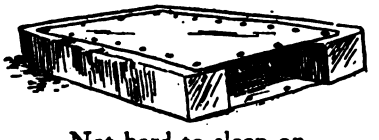
BY LIEUT. E. RUSSELL PATERSON

AUTHOR OF "A STRENUOUS AFTERNOON," "HI-YI-DEEDS," ETC.

A trench fireplace

I SUPPOSE there is no place in the world just now where a man's comfort—perhaps his health—depends more on how well he's able to do things for himself than in the trenches in Europe. We speak of our Scout training as teaching us to "rough it." What we really mean is that it helps us to "smooth it" as much as possible under rough conditions, and that's what Thomas Atkins, Esq., is learning to do at the front.

While he's training in England, and probably right up to the time when he



Not hard to sleep on

leaves the base to come into action, he's provided with huts or tents to live in. Then he goes into the line, and from that time on he has to fend for himself to a large extent. And yet it's wonderful how easily an experienced soldier gets along. Perhaps a description of some of the ways in which he makes himself comfortable with the few materials available may afford some hints for your next camp, even though the conditions, luckily for you, will not be quite the same.

Caves in the Trenches

Suppose a crowd of Tommies arrives in a new trench late in the afternoon. There are neither tools nor time to make regular dug-outs—and, by the way, we've found German dug-outs tunneling down to 40 feet underground and fitted with electric light, running water, carpets, and a piano: that's hardly roughing it!—so each man, or each pair of men (for it's usually "me an' you together, chummy") set to work to dig a cave in the side of the trench. If possible they cut it in the side which will be sheltered from the night wind and protected from a direct shell hit. But if there must be a choice between the two, they will usually choose the shelter from wind, for they know there's sure to be a wind whereas they take chances on shells every day and night.

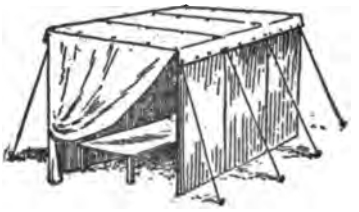
And so they chip out the hard, caked clay from the side of the trench until they have a cave long enough so that they can stretch out in it, and deep enough from front to back so that it affords overhead shelter. The floor they usually make slightly higher than the trench bottom to prevent the rain from flooding them out, or, if this is impossible, they leave a ridge of earth to keep the water out.

Over the front they fasten the rubber ground sheet (6 feet by 3) carried by one of the pair. It is pinned up by sticking splinters of wood through the eyelet holes along the edge into the clay. Signalers use a kind of large wire staple for fastening their telephone wires to the side of the trench, and this just fits through the eyelet holes, making a firmer fastening. Rifle cartridges are the handiest pins to us, as the bullet is just the right size for the holes and is sharply pointed. But it isn't quite healthy to hammer them in! In the daytime the sheet can be turned up and the free edge pinned above out of the way.

A row or two of sandbags, if such can be obtained, along the front helps in keeping out the cold, for it is right along the ground that the little chilly breezes like best to creep in. The ground sheet carried by the second man of the pair covers the floor inside, and a greatcoat does for blanket. I know from experience that one can keep as warm and cosy as he wishes in such a cubby-hole, even with a biting wind outside, provided all the chinks are blocked up and provided also he doesn't object to the large black beetles which are attracted by the warmth and cosiness. And to walk down a trench with a flashlamp at night past all these curtained berths, with the confused noise of snoring that issues from them always reminds me of a trip down the aisle of a Pullman sleeping car—except for sundry muddy feet sticking out which have to be stepped over carefully.

Tommy's Bivvy

Another of Tommy's favorite shelters is what he invariably calls a "biviac." He needs it when he is back from the line resting for a few days, or when he stops for the night in some field where there is no trench to shelter him. The men of artillery horse lines and infantry transport, who live a bit behind the trenches, use this type, too. It needs more material than the cubby-hole described above, for it's really a miniature house with a tent roof.



One form of "Bivvy"

Once again "me an' you, matey," usually make it together. The walls are built up of empty boxes, or sheets of corrugated iron, or sandbags—any rubbish, in fact, that can be picked up. Over these is stretched a rubber ground sheet for roof, and the second ground sheet once again is used to sleep on. This is the barest type which, of course, can be greatly improved if it is intended to be occupied for any length of time.

Often there will be a chance to make a frame of scantling or saplings over which an enlarged roof of strips of tarpaulin or extra ground sheets can be stretched. If sacking is obtainable, the framework of a bed can be knocked together and the sacking stretched across

Another "Bivvy"

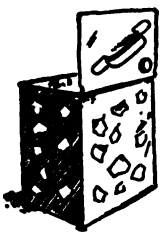
it. Empty boxes can be made into tables and shelves inside.

In fact there are few things that show a man's ingenuity more than the way he constructs his "bivvy." In an open field

I have seen temporary ones made merely by digging a long narrow trough in the ground just large enough to hold the two men, and stretching a ground sheet over the top. The difficulty with this type is that you are liable to find yourself in the middle of a miniature lake when you wake up in the morning if it happens to rain. Banked earth and drains can largely prevent this, however, and it is a jolly sight better than no shelter at all.

Ways to Keep Warm

The problem of keeping warm at night becomes a very acute one as the cold weather sets in. While I write we are on territory lately held by our opponents, and they have very considerately left behind as they retreated a large number of small stoves called "Feldofen." In trench, tent, and bivouac it is therefore a common thing to see these handy iron arrangements (which are of course too heavy to be carried about) giving warmth to us for whom they were never intended.



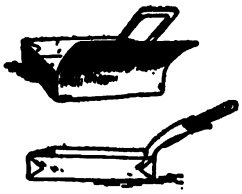
The brazier

But the best substitute for a stove, which has the advantage of not smoking, is the brazier.

There is a type of tin can which is very common wherever the British army goes, and which is labeled "Petroleum Spirit—Highly Inflammable." The original contents are used up by the motor lorries, the can is then cleansed thoroughly, and thereafter it is used to carry drinking water in. To make a brazier one takes one of these cans and rips the top around three edges, bending it up flush with the side of the can so that the handle on the top may still be used for carrying it about. The sides and the bottom are then punched with a number of fairly large holes. Tommy then lights a fire in any convenient spot and lets it burn for perhaps half an hour to an hour until it produces a pile of nicely glowing coals (hardwood, of course, making better coals than soft). When the pile becomes sufficiently large, he shovels it into the can, and his brazier is ready to be taken into his dwelling. The holes in the side and bottom allow the coals to continue smoldering, although they give off no smoke. And the amount of heat which comes from it is extraordinary. One brazier full will last about three hours, the can being roughly 12 x 10 x 6 inches.

Cooking For No. 1

When Tommy is out by himself, all he wants in the way of fireplace is something on which to stand his mess tin while he boils water for tea. If the trench where he stays is an old firing trench, he can make a very convenient fireplace by cutting a narrow section out of the firing step. On top of the ledge he can lay a couple of the earth-pins used by telephonists, or wire staples, or bayonets. This will give him a direct draught for his fire up between the narrow walls of earth against the bottom of his tin. I once saw a man in a dug-out heat up a can of food by resting it on two other cans and lighting four candles underneath it!



A makeshift frying pan

The issue of candles, however, is never too large for the men's needs, and they overcome the light problem in many ways. In order not to waste the wax which runs

down the outside of the candle and spreads out over whatever it is resting on, they

A "four-candle-power" stove

sometimes collect it, warm it until it is plastic, lay a piece of ordinary string in it, and mold it into candle form again, when it will burn quite nicely. A most ingenious lamp is made by taking a small can of gun oil and making a hole through the cover. An empty rifle cartridge, from which the top has been cut off, is then thrust half through the hole, and a piece of wick passed up through the cartridge. When lighted this wick gives quite a good light, although it is liable to smoke a bit.

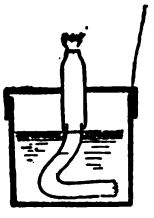
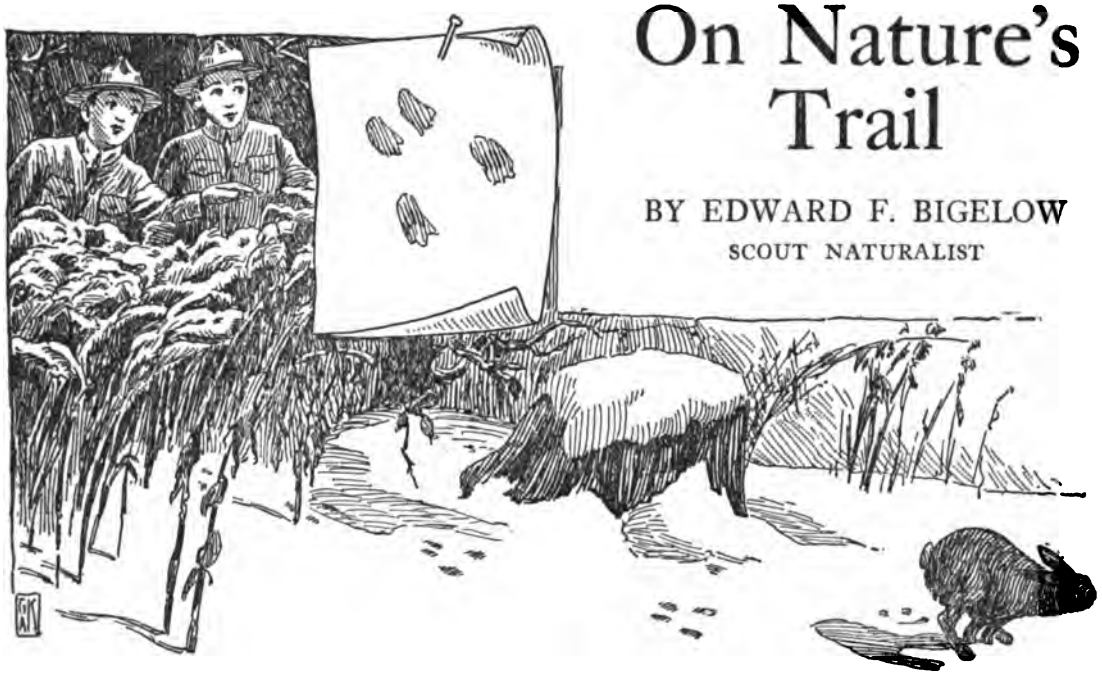


Diagram of oil lamp

Making Shift

One comes across all sorts of other little knick-knacks that make camp life easier. The steel helmets which are now issued to our troops make ideal wash basins if the inside cap is removed from them—as long as you're not caught putting them to such a use! A bayonet makes a very acceptable toasting fork. A frying pan can be easily manufactured by knocking the bottom out of a tin box and bending the piece so obtained into shape with a wire staple for handle.

Thus Tommy, who has usually been taken straight from office desk or factory and thrust into the outdoor life, is rapidly learning to use his brains and hands to make himself comfortable, and I imagine is far happier for getting back to primitive conditions again. And the great advantage, as some of the humorists write home, will be after the war, when, if friends bore them too much, or if the rent gets too high, they can find a convenient clay bank, make a dug-out for themselves, and live happily ever after.



On Nature's Trail

BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW
SCOUT NATURALIST

BY the authority vested in me as Scout Naturalist of the Boy Scouts of America: FORWARD MARCH ON NATURE'S TRAIL! Advance with keen eyes and alert mind, and bear with you a lively enthusiasm for Mother Nature's ways.

Boy Scouts! By the fraternal feeling that I know exists between other Scouts and myself, by my knowledge of your kindness of heart, your eagerness for the Cause and your loyalty to it, I know you will accept this command in a responsive spirit and with a zest and enthusiasm similar to mine. I am sure you will march into the realms of nature to investigate her ways wherever and whenever you may.

As I know your loyalty to the grand order of the Boy Scouts of America, I am sure that you desire to be as helpful to others as you wish others to be helpful to you. I should like the Scouts in every section of our great country to show pride in their own section by telling others what may be found there and to manifest their brotherly interest in other regions by making known their desire to learn what may be found in those places. The more we know of one another the better we shall like one another. No two environments are exactly alike. Objects common and abundant in your habitat may be rare and unusually interesting in mine. Tell us what you see and like in your own region, and the Scouts here will, if you so desire, tell you what they have and value in theirs.

Professor Agassiz once said that he could not write a general natural history of America because the animals of one region differ so greatly from those of another region that to describe them and their habits would be an impossible labor. But we can have local histories, as the botanist finds it necessary to have local botanies. We may exchange observations to the benefit of both the giver and the receiver.

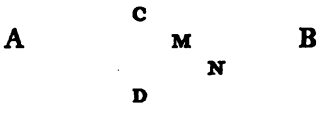
Boy Scouts of America! It is your Scout

Naturalist who sends forth this official but heartfelt call. He wants you to rely on him, not only as a good leader for you but as a good follower when *you* lead. He wishes you to do no more for him than he is willing to do for you. Let us use our eyesight, our intelligence, our pens and our tongues for the common good.

How the Rabbit Jumps

Dear Scout Naturalist:

We thought the rabbit was traveling from A to looked like rabbit tracks, but never before have we noticed the prints of the toes.



We thought the rabbit was traveling from A to B, but we now notice that the toes point toward A, so he must have been going in that direction.

Are C and D his hind feet? They are larger than M and N.

If so, how do they get in advance of his front feet?

Yours truly,
JOHN H. CHASE, Youngstown, O.

You have made an interesting observation of a fact that seems generally known only to expert observers. Every skilled naturalist knows that the rabbit in jumping strikes its hind paws in front of the fore paws, using its front feet as a boy uses a vaulting pole, and landing both hind feet on each side and ahead of the front ones. This is evident from the position of the tracks and their size, but the prints are not clearly cut because the bottom of each front foot is hairy.

Mr. George A. King, a sharp-eyed Scout on Nature's Trail, has at our request given us an illustration of Scouts watching the cottontail rabbit making these vaulting jumps.

Hunt Now for Cocoons

BY HERBERT W. FAULKNER

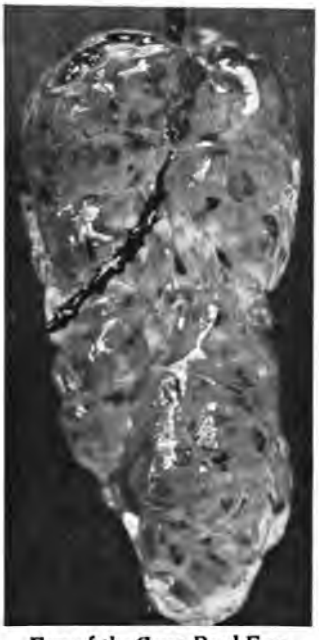
ON the spicebush, the wild cherry and the sassafras, we shall frequently find cocoons rolled up in brown dry leaves and dangling from the branches, but securely fastened there. These will prove to be the cocoons of the large and handsome spicebush silk moth. The brown leaf cleverly disguises it, and protects it from the attack of hungry birds.

Last summer this sleeping creature was a great caterpillar, delicate, sea-green, with little coral colored ornaments on its second and third segments, a handsome creature. Next summer it will develop into a lovely brown moth, with wings extending over three or four inches, each marked with handsome variations and a strong eye-like dot.

Some moths hibernate close to stems and branches, wrapping their cocoons in a single leaf. Others, such as the beautiful polyphemus, roll up a ball of dried leaves, and fall to the ground, where they are completely disguised and protected by the brown litter on the forest floor.

On Nature's Trail

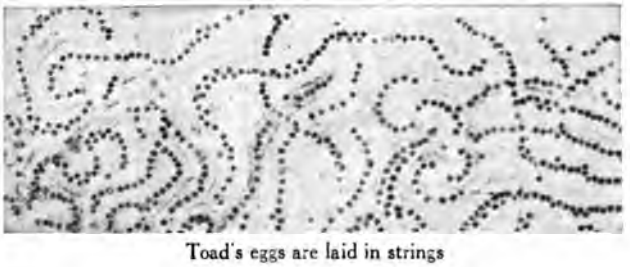
(For Story, see page 85)



Eggs of the Green Pond Frog

A Bullfrog Has an Eager Expression

The Green Pond Frog does not grow up into a Bullfrog. Note the fold of skin back of his eye, which distinguishes him from his burly neighbor



Toad's eggs are laid in strings

Frogs are easily kept in an aquarium

Tadpoles—Enlarged

Some Nature Novelties

A mother bat with two clinging nursing young
(See Story, pages 85-94)

Imp and Angel—Marsh Hawk and White Pigeon
(See Story, pages 85-94)

An "Animated jug"
(See Story, pages 85-94)

The porcupine "looking up toward his old home in the mountain"
(See Story, pages 85-94)

Wren's nest in a cocoanut shell
(See Story, page 92)

Hunt Now For Cocoons

On a spicebush I find another example of protective mimicry, that I have copied in my sketch as faithfully as possible. Among several clinging, withered leaves is an object that not only clings to the branch but has two fine, delicate stays of silk to hold it fast and to steady it. This is no leaf, but a chrysalis, colored, veined and modeled to resemble a leaf. It is the blue swallowtail butterfly in nightcap and sleeping bag.

Cocoon of spicebush silk moth

Last summer a friend gave me a caterpillar of this species, and I was able to watch him prepare himself for slumber. He was a grotesque and repulsive looking creature. He seemed to be intended to frighten children. A living gargoyle he seemed, with his fat, greenish body, dotted with blue spots, and his two huge, unblinking, staring eyes, expressionless and cruelly unsympathetic.

Chrysalis of blue swallow tail butterfly

These eyes, which appeared to be so abhorrent, were no eyes. They were only spots made to resemble eyes, and designed to frighten an enemy.

In a few days the body color changed to orange, then the caterpillar shrank to only two-thirds of his previous size, quickly changed his form to the present one, made himself fast to a twig, spun his two guy ropes and became, to all appearances, a dried and withered leaf. I am keeping him, cool and quiet, till spring comes, and the spicebush puts forth leaves to feed him once more. Then I hope to see him make his escape, after his wonderful transformation into a beautiful butterfly.

As a Scout walks through shrubbery and underbrush, he may gather many cocoons and save them till spring. You need never look high for them. Flowers and insects are so related by the laws of cross-fertilization that neither can go far above the ground without the company of the other. In Brazilian forests orchids grow and bloom on the highest branches of the loftiest trees, because they are cross-fertilized by birds, but in our climate flowers, bees, and butterflies rarely rise more than fifteen feet above the ground. Pines, beeches, oaks and chestnuts are cross-fertilized by the wind which plays in their branches.

Hatching cabinet which any boy can make

When the Scout has gathered his cocoons and chrysalids, he must not think to keep them alive by storing them in a warm house. Warmth is not a part of their natural environment. They are prepared to bear, not the heat and dryness of our houses, but the cold and moisture of all out of doors. So keep them out of doors, in a little cage, on a north porch, if possible, and in the spring expect results.

I have drawn a "hatchery" such as the scientists use. It is simple and easily constructed. It is only a box, enclosed with

glass and roofed with wire netting. Inside is a pan, five inches deep, filled with moist sand. Here your moths and butterflies will sleep comfortably till some spring morning, when they will welcome you with a flutter of wings, a flash of color and an appeal for liberty. I always give mine the liberty for which they ask. Let me hope that you will do the same, after you have enjoyed the wonder of their miraculous awakening.

Let Us Go Frog Hunting

Where is the boy, especially the country boy, who never in the springtime has said to his fellows, "Let's go frog hunting"? If he does not treat his victims cruelly, there is no more commendable or interesting kind of hunting. Frogs are available and fascinating; they afford a good test of one's power of observation or keenness of vision.

Many of our spring peepers and other frogs that sing their mating call in the spring marshes have a kind of ventriloquial skill. You may think that the sound comes from a distant spot, but presently you see the little chap near your feet, where he is sitting with throat puffed up, trying to make it clear to you that spring has arrived. Do not go out frog hunting with a large party; two or three companions are enough. You must work carefully and in silence. A misstep or an unwary movement, and the chorus instantly stops.

Some boys refer to all frogs as bullfrogs, but there is only one species entitled to that name. When he is full-grown, he is a big, burly fellow with a voice like that of a bass viol. Do you really know the bullfrog? I have asked that question of many boys and have always been greeted with uproarious laughter. Not know the bullfrog? I formerly supposed that everyone does know the bullfrog but I have had an experience that has set me to thinking. A New York magazine asked me for a photograph of a springtime bullfrog, and wanted it at once. I had everything for the photograph except the frog. I drafted a few boys into service. On their return from the ponds, they brought in almost anything but what I wanted. In a local paper I inserted an advertisement that read somewhat like this: "Wanted: Several bullfrogs. Will pay 25 cents each." The next day I was called to the door to receive about two quarts of leopard frogs in a paper bag. A later caller brought in half a dozen toads. I explained that I wanted a bullfrog,—not toads, nor snakes, nor newts—but a bullfrog. I described the animal. Several of the wrong kind were brought in with the explanation that they were not quite full-grown. Just then a fisherman arrived. He said, "I hear you want some bullfrogs, Mister." "Yes, two or three. But do you know the bullfrog when you see it?" "I ain't no naturalist," he said, "but I know about things in a pond. Guess I've been fishin' years enough to give you some pointers about what is found in a pond." "You tell me that you know bullfrogs," I said. "Suppose you came across a greenish frog that might be a full-grown pond frog or a partly grown bullfrog; could you tell which is the pond frog and which is the bullfrog?" He was frank enough, and man enough, to admit that he thought all the little green frogs would grow into bullfrogs if you should give them time enough!

A bullfrog may be identified even when young, or when it is not so large as other greenish frogs. The green pond frog is not always green, but sometimes approaches a dark brown, and with an ob-

scure marking of gray on the underside. While in general it resembles a bullfrog, it is easily distinguished. On each side of the body the pond frog has a vein-like fold of skin extending from the eye backward at the edge of the back. In no stage of its career has the bullfrog even the slightest suggestion of this fold of skin.

The tadpoles of the bullfrog grow to greater size than those of the common frog, and may be distinguished from others by their distinctly yellowish underside. In the sunlight they will lie in the shallow water at the borders of the pond, but at the slightest disturbance they rush into deeper water, skimming so close to the bottom that a muddy trail follows their thrashing tails. The bullfrog, even when young, has a peculiar, sharp cry when it is disturbed, and it does not plunge immediately into the water but skims over the surface for a short distance. On the other hand the green pond frog leaps into the water and instantly dives to the bottom, where it kicks out its hind legs and stirs up a cloud of mud in which it conceals itself. The green pond frog croaks, the bullfrog has a deep voice like a bass viol. This note is repeated from four to six times in succession.

There is a similar confusion between the leopard or pickerel frog and the common salt marsh frog. Sometimes these are mistaken for toads. The pickerel frog is so called because its bright colors, fishermen say, make it an especially good bait for pickerel fishing. It is often found far from any water. It is an adventurous overland traveler. The salt marsh frog, which also is spotted, though not so beautifully and clearly as the leopard frog, is found in swampy meadows rather than in large bodies of water.

The eggs of frogs are deposited in jelly masses, some of them on submerged twigs, others in smaller clusters in the shallow water at the edge of the bank. The toad's eggs are also laid in the water, but in strings of jelly. I have seen a line of toad's eggs almost a rod long, extending clear across a small pool. The accompanying illustrations show the difference between these jelly-like masses of frog's eggs and the string-like lines of toad's eggs.

There is hardly any other animal so well adapted to captivity indoors as the frogs. They are easily cared for in any form of aquarium, as it is not absolutely essential to feed them regularly. By only a little skill such an aquarium or vivarium may be made attractive, and the frogs themselves will afford almost endless amusement by their antics.

The development of toad's eggs and frog's eggs may be observed by the aid of a pocket lens and to better advantage than with the unaided eye. When the tadpoles first begin to wiggle within the transparent eggs, they look, under slight magnification with a pocket lens, like chocolate mice.

Bats Are Not "Batty," Don't Kill Them

Every Scout may have seen bats in flight, but he knows little about them. That seems to be the case with most persons. Many of our best naturalists are almost as ignorant. Bats appeal to us as mysterious and almost uncanny things. Dr. William T. Hornaday in his interesting book, says, "The strange, wing-handed, flying mammals composing this order exhibit differences in form that are fairly bewildering. They range all the way from the beautiful to the fantastic and the hideous, and some are well worthy of study."

In general it may be said that most bats

are useful to man in destroying noxious insects, but there are in some countries harmful species that destroy fruit, and a few that suck the blood of domestic animals.

When a bat flies into an occupied room, it is interesting to note the different points of view. Some are afraid, because "the awful things get in one's hair," though nobody ever has seen a bat get into anyone's hair. There are no other flying creatures so skillful in steering clear of obstacles. Scientists have made tests by stretching wires in rooms where bats are flying, connecting the wires with an electric signal, and it is said that they wing their way between these almost invisible wires without touching them. But if one should get into one's hair, it would do no more harm than a hummingbird, perhaps not so much. A whole company would not go crazy if a bee were to fly into a room, though some people might be afraid of it, but a bat seems to cause a general panic, and yet, strange to say, there are in every company some who cry out, "Don't kill it." It somehow excites our fear and yet appeals to our love.

From the structural point of view there is nothing more astonishing in all nature than these long fingers that become the main structure of the filmy, wing-like appendages. Four fingers are long, while the equivalent of a thumb is short and free, and is developed into a hooked claw, by the aid of which the queer little creature can climb and support itself. The favorite position of a bat at rest is hanging head downward. We use the expression, "blind as a bat," and yet is there a creature on earth that can see better than a bat? Its sense of sight must be even better than that of the owl.

Not a long time ago a Scout brought to me what I had never previously seen—a mother bat with two clinging, nursing young. Squirrels and woodchucks usually leave their young in the nest, though they will sometimes, like a cat with her kittens, take them by the nape of the neck and carry them from place to place. I remember seeing a gray squirrel's nest dumped from a tree, and the mother squirrel immediately carried off the young. Field mice are reported to carry their young clinging to them. It would seem to be difficult enough for "a mouse with wings," which is the figurative manner in which a bat is often referred to, to fly herself, without taking along the family, but the bat does carry her little ones. I have learned by experiment that when the little ones are removed, she will return at night to get them.

The bat here photographed was kept for a time in the laboratory, and then placed on one of the timbers of a veranda, and by experiment it was found that the bat does not always take the young in flight. One of them was removed and the mother bat evidently came back and obtained it the next day, because it was nowhere to be found. Here is a big field for original observation.

What a Troop Did With a Cocoanut Shell

All of the members of Troop 15, Richmond, L. I., New York, are Junior Members of the Audubon Society and are actively engaged in bird work. The troop has established a bird sanctuary in a cemetery near their troop headquarters and placed various feeding devices in the trees.

In the winter of 1915-1916, Ethelmer Munroe, Assistant Scoutmaster, placed a cocoanut filled with suet in a tree at the back of his house. This cocoanut was vis-

ited by chickadees, juncos and woodpeckers and most of the suet eaten out. The cocoanut was left hanging in the tree and during the summer it was taken possession of by a pair of wrens who nested in it and raised a family, although part of the suet and cocoanut meat remained in the shell.—CHARLES A. JOHNSON, *Scoutmaster.*

Vermont Scouts and the Canada Porcupine

Last fall the Wolf patrol, while exploring some small caves across the Connecticut River in the town of Monroe, N. H., found numerous signs that one of them was the home of some wild animal. What it was they were too ignorant then to tell. They named the cave "Rabbit Relief," at a venture, though one of the boys was sure that was not right. A few weeks later they made another trip to the caves on their snowshoes and solved the mystery—in sadness.

Someone else had been up the glen ahead of them, and at the top, in the further end of the cave where their stranger friend had his home, they found a steel trap, and a moment later they were startled by a pool of blood on the ground in the adjoining cave, which they had marked with a flag as their headquarters in that vicinity. The neighbor whom they had come to call on had been killed! But he had left a dying message for the boys, telling them plainly who he was. There were three sharp pointed quills near the spot where he breathed his last, similar to those the boys found in a cabin near the summit of Mt. Washington (forty miles east), where they spent a night during one of their last summer's hikes. One of the boys also noticed some queer marks on a stump near-by, and then they saw that the bark had been gnawed off from a lot of little trees all around them. The cave was immediately rechristened "Porcupine Grief."

On the way home it was discovered that another member of the same family had come to grief only the day before. A New Hampshire boy had shot a pure white porcupine, with pink eyes and pink feet, in a hollow stump a few rods from the cave, and had sent it away to be mounted. Later the Scouts visited this animal in his new home, and took a picture of him looking up towards his old home on the mountain (see illustration). His new owner told them about the beautiful pictures of a white porcupine photographed six years in succession on the shore of a little Michigan lake and published in the *Geographic Magazine* in June, 1911. When the first of those pictures was printed five years before, the author was told that there was only one specimen of a white porcupine in existence, and that one was in a Vermont museum. So one of our boys went to St. Johnsbury a few days later (twelve miles north of here) and found two white ones in the museum there, one of them keeping company with a white red-squirrel and a white robin redbreast.

An Animated Jug

On page 88 "showing some nature novelties" is "an animated jug." It looks like a jug because it has an appendage that suggests a handle. Its color is like that of the typical "little brown jug." Evidently it is animated. It squirms and contorts itself as soon as it is touched.

We find these curious things in the ground. They are frequently turned up in the garden by the plow. They are tomato worms. The eggs are laid in the springtime on the tomato vines; the larva feeds

on its leaves and also on those of some other plants, and then passes the long period of pupation in the ground. Some pupal forms attach themselves by a slender thread of silk to a vine and there resemble a stiff and broken twig. Others wrap themselves in silk and form what we know as cocoons. These cling to twigs and branches, but our tomato worm's curious pupae go into the ground to astonish naturalists and some other persons who are not naturalists who get curious notions that they are harmful. Such persons talk about "long stinger" and "terrible beak," but there is no sting nor piercing beak. It is an instance of misunderstanding.

Our Scouts will do a good turn if they will tell someone that these curious things, so commonly feared, are the harmless pupae of the tomato worm.

By the way, when you find one, if you want some real fun, put the pupa in a little box of earth kept fairly moist, not wet, and then watch it come out in the spring. You will get another notion of these little animated jugs and learn something about the marvelous transformation of insects.

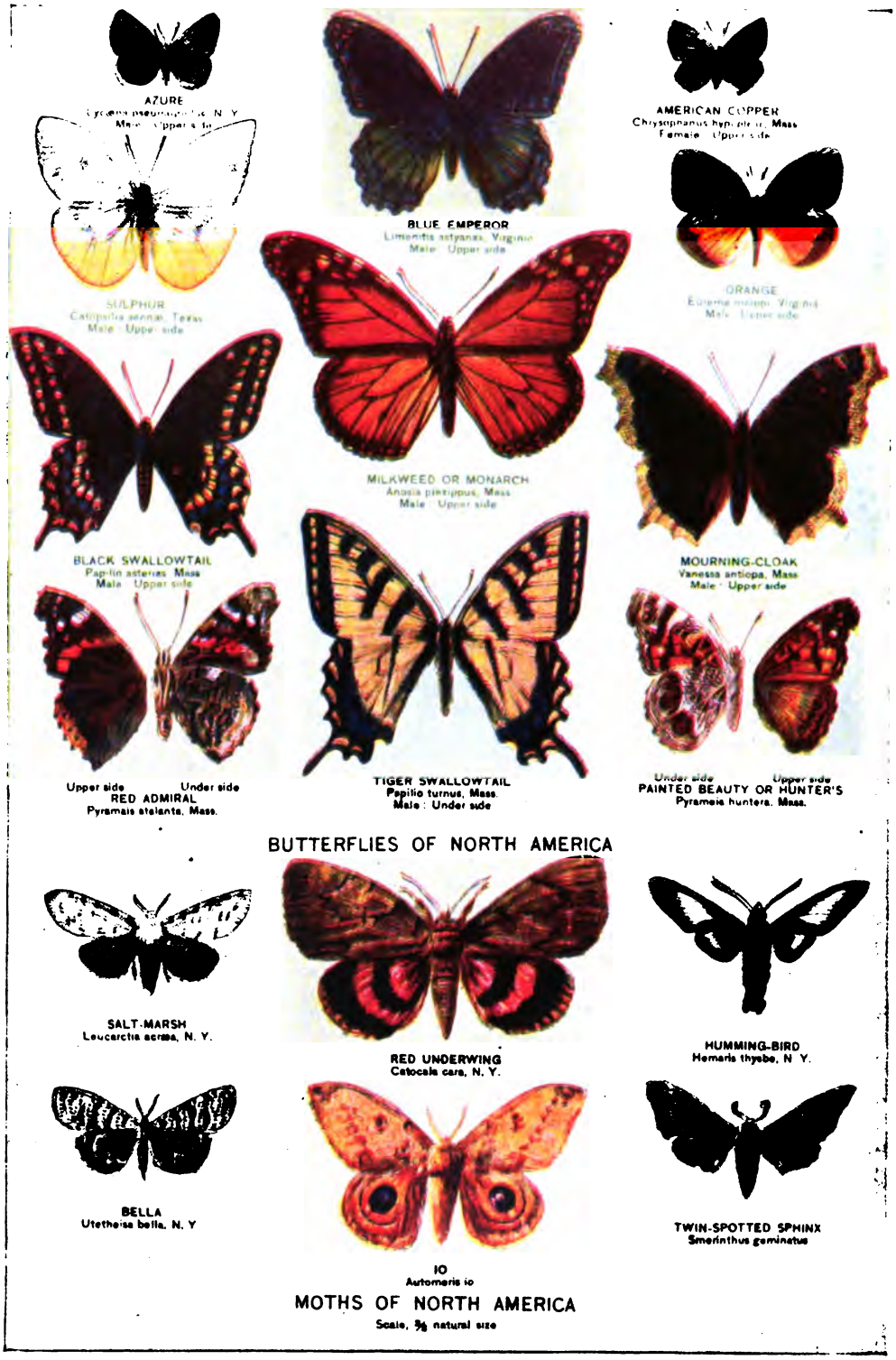
His Scientific Name is "Circus"

A marsh hawk is always dignified and austere, and yet it may be trained to mind its own business even when a dainty pigeon is placed by its side. It requires only a few words of reprimand to induce it to tolerate the company of something totally incongruous. The boys who visited my pet house and saw its strange companionship nicknamed this marsh hawk and pigeon the imp and the angel.

In the wild the marsh hawk moves by a dignified course close to the ground, "quartering" as one may express this swerving from side to side, like that of a well trained dog on the scent of a hare. It is this peculiar flight that has earned it the name of the harehound or harrier hawk. A few successive strokes of the wings and then a sail on motionless pinions make it appear leisurely, and in sharp contrast to the rush and haste often ascribed to the hawk.

The farmer regards the marsh hawk as his friend. It is of service in destroying meadow mice, grasshoppers and other pests, but we must admit that it feeds on small birds at certain times when other food is scarce.

The scientific name of this hawk is *Circus,* meaning that it soars at nesting time in graceful curves as it sails around and around and floats high above the earth in evolutions that are beautiful. At other times, when soaring high in the sky, suddenly he falls and turns somersaults as he comes down. This zigzag flight with some other peculiarities makes one think of a gigantic saw, each zigzag being done in a series of somersaults and accompanied by a screech. Its appearance in the wild is strangely tinged with harshness, but I think that those who have kept it as a pet would call it only dignified.



Drawn under the direction of WILLIAM BLUTENMÜLLER, Curator of the Department of Entomology, American Museum of Natural History.

When the President Speaks

BY KENT B. STILES

ARCHIE HIGGINS inspected himself admiringly in the full-length mirror in his mother's room. Today, his fifteenth birthday, he had been permitted to put on his first pair of long trousers, and today the President of the United States was to come to town.

He was rather glad that these momentous occasions came together; for, he thought, in their excitement over the President the people of Sandfleet would not focus too much discussion upon his long trousers—"pants," his father called them.

He strutted across the room and back, his eyes turning alternately from mirror to trousers, and imagined he was a man. However, his father, Zenos Higgins, disillusioned him when a few minutes later Archie descended the stairs, walking stiff-legged in an effort not to spoil the creases. His father was in the "front parlor" of the Higgins cottage, which, high on a sand-bluff, overlooked the beautiful bay.

"Son," said Mr. Higgins, "you may thank your mother for those pants. I was against your wearing them until you had decided to stand up for yourself when fellows impose on you. You are a cry-baby. Every time a boy hits you——"

Then the President shook hands

"Zenos!" Archie turned to see his mother entering the room.

"Ellen," said Mr. Higgins, "Archibald is fifteen today, and it is high time he learned a little independence."

He looked solemnly at his wife, and continued:

"Ellen, what do you think the President of the United States would say of our boy if he knew how Archibald is afraid to fight his own battles, and cries at every little hurt, and is careless about his appearance, and idles away his spare time, and——?"

"If I'm so bad as all that—" It was Archie who interrupted, and he was on the point of sobbing, "—you—you'd—better get yourself another son!"

"There you go again—whimpering!" said Mr. Higgins impatiently. "Sit down! Sit down! Stop crying!"

Archie caught a new note in the other's voice and he obeyed promptly, staring curiously at his father.

"Son," the voice went on, "you have faults which at fifteen you should be ashamed of. The President of the United States who is coming to Sandfleet today is a fighting President—he had battles all his life long in order to rise above men of superior physical strength. Do you think he went home crying to his mother when another boy slapped his

face? No; he did not! He doubled up his fists and punched the other fellow's jaw, and after that the other fellow kept out of his way! I don't mean that I approve of you fighting; but please, please, Archibald, don't come home yelping every time Piggy Lombard hits you! Hit him back—hit him hard and often. You are as strong as he is—let him know it!"

Piggy was the town bully and it was his particular delight to annoy Archie.

"Also," continued Mr. Higgins, "you seldom have spending money, and that is because you are not inclined to work. Archibald, I want you to promise me that the next time you get a chance to earn a few cents you will take advantage of it."

"I promise," said Archie, not daring to do otherwise.

"Yes, 'I promise'!" exclaimed Mr. Higgins. "How many, many times I have heard you *agree* to do things. Keep this in mind: when you promise, *never forget* that promise! Do you think the President would have become President if he had forsaken his obligations?"

Mr. Higgins paused. He had intended to say more, but now he softened before the pleading look in his wife's eyes, and spoke to his son in more kindly tones:

"Archibald, I hope you will see this President of ours today. Study his face, and try to imagine that he *ever* ran home crying to his parents!" He smiled. "One thing more, son: don't, especially with your long pants on, sit down on everything you see. Long pants cost money. Be more careful of your personal appearance."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, grateful to have the lecture concluded.

II

Archie went to his room. From the window he looked out over the bay. There lay a dozen of his country's mighty battleships. The blue waters of the harbor and the metal on the war vessels sparkled in the sunshine. But he closed his eyes to this scene and, as he gave thought to his father's words, five admonitions rose before him:

Fight your own battles! Don't be a cry-baby at fifteen! Improve your spare time by earning a little pin-money! When you make promises keep them! Be careful of your personal appearance!

"I'll try!" he exclaimed honestly. "I'll——"

BOOM!

Archie opened his eyes, and across the bay he saw a puff of white smoke floating lazily. Presently a second puff left the deck of a battleship and a moment later he heard another booming sound. He saw a small white craft enter the lane between two rows of fighting-ships, and then smoke belched from another of the vessels and there was another detonation.

Now the boy understood, and he forgot his father's lecture and his birthday, forgot even the long trousers, and gazed out upon this wonderful panorama—a harbor of United States battleships saluting the country's President. The small vessel which was steaming slowly in was the *Mayflower,* the President's yacht.

For the first time in the history of this sleepy Massachusetts village a President of the United States was to pay Sandfleet a visit. Nearly a century ago a native son, Jeremiah Paine, had fallen in battle for his country. Today Jeremiah Paine's memory was to be honored by the laying of the cornerstone of a monument which would bear his name and an ac-

count of his heroism in graven letters upon its tall stone shaft. And the President of the United States was come to talk of patriotism. The battleships had been holding maneuvers off the Atlantic coast, and the President had chosen this occasion to review the fleet.

This was why the war-vessels were now in Sandfleet Bay, and why Archie Higgins, fifteen, heard the booming of his country's guns.

He leaned from the window and untangled a flag which a fitful current had wrapped around the pole. A breeze swept the folds out until the bunting stood stiff against the wind, and Archie wondered if the President was looking toward shore and if he saw the flag.

From the countryside people had come to Sandfleet, to see the President and to hear him speak and to gaze upon the battlefleet. A special train had brought the Governor of the State, and the Secretary of the Navy was with the President on the *Mayflower*.

The shaft of the monument was to rise from the summit of Town Hill, and around the site had been constructed a grandstand which would hold several thousand spectators. In the center of this amphitheater was a platform; and here, where he could look down upon the gray ships at anchor in the harbor, the President would make his speech.

The building of the platform had fascinated Archie, who, curious to learn the reason for the placing of a long row of seats and tables directly in front of the spot where the President would stand, had questioned the carpenter, and had received this reply: "Those seats, Archie, are for the reporters—the newspaper men."

Later the boy had learned that on the same train which brought the Governor of the State a score of these newspaper men arrived. They were quartered at the quaint hotel which lay at the end of a wide pier jutting out into the bay.

III

At noon, on his way home from an errand for his mother, Archie felt a hand touch his shoulder, and he looked up into the eyes of a tall young man whose bronze face was shaded by a Panama hat.

"Like to earn a dollar?" the young man asked, smiling. "I knew you would!" he exclaimed, although Archie had not answered the question. "Do you want to hear the President speak?"

Archie nodded eagerly. "Every fellow in town is going to," he said.

"*One* fellow in town is *not* going to hear *all* that he says," contradicted the tall young man. "And that one will earn my dollar. Do *you* want the chance?"

Now Archie did not wish to miss hearing any of the President's speech, and he was about to decline the offer when he recalled his father's admonition about earning spending money.

"What must I do?" he asked.

The stranger pointed toward the summit of Town Hill, visible from the corner where the two stood.

"You," he said impressively, "to earn my dollar, are to take up your stand here a half-hour before the President begins speaking, about two o'clock, and remain here until you see a signal from the top of the grandstand. Then you are to rush to the railroad depot and hand to the telegraph operator there a message which I shall meanwhile write out for you."

Here was excitement! To meet a stranger who offered him a dollar to run fifty yards and file a telegraph message as soon as the President of the United

States began making a public speech, was rather mysterious, thought Archie.

"Here's the dollar," the stranger continued, "and I know that you won't fail to make good. The signal will be myself waving a handkerchief—like this!" He drew out a large square of linen and whirled it around his head. "When you see that—*sprint!*"

"For the depot—with your message!" nodded Archie.

"That's the idea! Now, my name is Cary Chalmers. I'm with The Associated Press."

"You're here with the President?" ventured Archie.

"Yes, I came on from Washington," the other admitted; and he took from a pocket a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly on it—only a few words—and handed it to Archie.

"This says to release the President's speech. You hand it to the telegraph operator, and he sends it to The Associated Press office in Boston, and our office there sends it on, over our telegraph wires, to all The Associated Press newspapers in the country. That means that they are permitted to print the President's speech —immediately."

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed Archie.

Mr. Chalmers smiled, pleased with Archie's interest.

"But," he warned, "there are other news services—rivals of The Associated Press. And these organizations have correspondents right in Sandfleet today, and you and I do not know what arrangements they are making in order to send their release notices. One may use the telegraph; another the telephone. So don't waste any time between the corner and the depot when you get my signal. I want you to get my release message off *first.*"

"I will," said Archie earnestly. "I promise!"

IV

When the hour drew near for the President to climb Town Hill, Archie was passing the depot. The day was warm and the station windows were wide open, and as he strolled along the wooden platform he overheard his name mentioned. Involuntarily he paused, for the voice was that of his tormentor, Piggy Lombard.

"Did the druggist say it was Archie Higgins?" he heard Piggy ask.

"Yes," said another voice. "I saw Chalmers talking for quite a while with the boy. They stood at the corner just outside the drugstore, and I questioned the proprietor."

"Well, if this Mr. Chalmers has picked out Archie Higgins, why I'm sorry for Mr. Chalmers," exclaimed Piggy's voice with deep contempt. "Archie's nothin' but a cry-baby. I calc'late to lick him 'bout once a month. You leave it to me, Mr. Greene. I'll see that your message gets off before Archie's if I have to stop 'n' give Archie a black eye. I'm Piggy Lombard, that's who *I* am!"

"You look like a scrapper, Piggy," said the other voice. "But don't let your enmity interfere with my message getting started."

"I won't, Mr. Greene," Piggy's voice replied.

Archie, listening, grew sick at heart. The President would speak, Archie would miss hearing some and perhaps all of what he had to say, and Piggy probably would thrash Archie and be the first to get to the depot with a release message. The boy wished he had not taken the dollar payment in advance. He crept silently away, that Piggy might not discover him there. Then he ran home, went to his room,

pinned the dollar bill which he did not expect to earn to a sheet of letter paper, folded the sheet into an envelope, wrote his name in the upper left-hand corner and addressed the envelope to "Mr. Cary Chalmers, Associated Press, Washington, D. C." Then he dropped the letter in at the post office.

Presently he gathered courage and approached the corner where, from a distance, he observed Piggy Lombard waiting.

" 'Fraid you wa'n't goin' to show up, Archie, my boy," was the bully's lofty greeting.

Archie simulated surprise. "You knew I was coming?" he asked.

"Oh, my, yes. An' I know why you're here, too. An' say, Archie, do you want a fine lickin'? You know?—the kind you're used to! Well, if you don't, then you'd better skip home."

"No; I won't!" declared Archie.

"He 'won't'!" mocked Piggy. "Yes you will, Archie. Now you lis'n: you ain't goin' to leave here with that message o' your'n till I've taken mine, an'——"

"Yes I am," asserted Archie.

"If you try it on," was Piggy's promise, "I'll lick you here, leave an' deliver my message, an' then hunt you up an' lick you again—harder."

"I can't whip you, Piggy, I guess," conceded Archie, a lump rising in his throat, "but I'll run when I got the signal, and I can run faster than you; and I—I'll beat you to the depot, see 'f I don't!"

"If you do, little feller, I'll lick you every day for a year," Piggy threatened.

Archie said nothing more, but seated himself at the curb. In one direction, off through the trees, he could discern the battleships in the harbor. In another, the menacing Piggy blocked his way. It was quite a military atmosphere, he thought. He glanced down at his long trousers, remembered he was fifteen, choked back the tears and rose to his feet.

"Set down!" commanded Piggy.

But Archie declined to obey; for, gazing up the slope of Town Hill, he saw two figures—Mr. Chalmers and another man—perched at the top of the grandstand and waving handkerchiefs. Could Archie have been close to the two he would have heard the other man say, scornfully: "That kid Archie of yours is going to get a beautiful thrashing if he tries to deliver your message. I've got the town bully hired to get mine first to the depot." And Archie would have heard this cheerful reply from his friend Mr. Chalmers: "Up to your old tricks, eh, Greene? Well, old top, I'll just wager that my 'kid Archie' will surprise both you and your hired bully. You know, the lad doesn't half look like a coward——"

Mr. Chalmers broke off his speech and pointed excitedly toward the foot of the Hill.

"They're at it!" he exclaimed. "Look!"

V

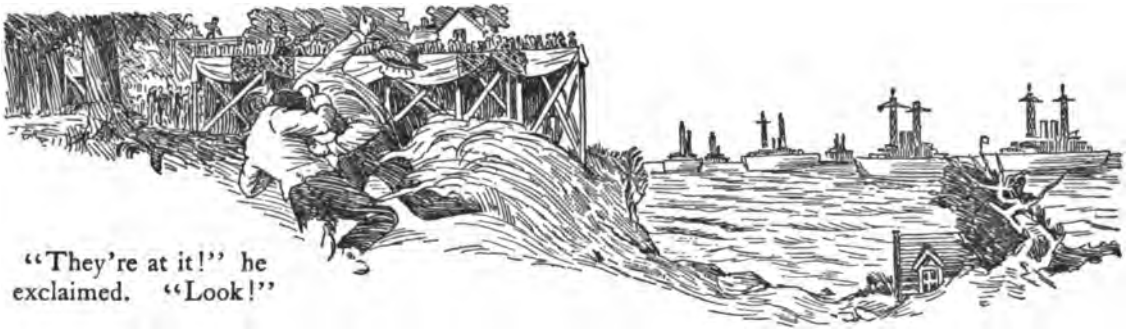
Mr. Greene did look. The correspondents forgot the eloquent President whose earnest words were thrilling a people who loved and revered him; instead, they gazed down at two boys scuffling in the village sand. They saw Archie and Piggy in embrace; they saw the two fall over a pile of boards which workmen had left after tearing up part of the sidewalk. If they had been close by, they would have seen Archie's new trousers catch on a rusty nail and rip down the side from knee to ankle; and if they had been very, very close by they might have overheard Archie's one sob—not at the pain caused by the nail, which had pierced the flesh,

nor by Piggy's hard fist, which had struck him on the nose, now bleeding; but at the long opening in the trousers: an accident which his father would consider denoted a lack of proper care as to his personal appearance.

"Let me up," demanded Archie, spluttering when his opponent grabbed a handful of sand and spread it over his upturned face.

"Promise you'll wait here till I get back, an' I will," said Piggy, grinning as he scooped up more sand.

Archie flung up an arm to protect his eyes. His fist had closed instinctively, and



"They're at it!" he exclaimed. "Look!"

now quite accidentally it struck Piggy under the jaw, rocking the bully's head backward. Archie, gazing up, saw a look of mingled pain and astonishment on the other's face. Thrashing after thrashing Archie had taken without defending himself; and this blow, unintentional, was the first punishment he had ever inflicted upon the town bully. Now, somewhat frightened, anticipating forceful retaliation on his opponent's part, Archie was about to explain timidly that he had not meant to hurt the other when it dawned in his mind that fear had taken possession of Piggy. And he recalled his father's urgent suggestion: "Hit him hard—hit him hard and often! You are as strong as he is—let him know it!"

And so, while the fighting President spoke of a hero and while the great guns of his country's fighting ships pointed almost straight at him from across the blue water, Archie let Peggy know it—let the bully of the village know that he, Archie, was passing out of boy's estate—let the bully know that he, Archie, was worthy of the President's kindly thoughts could the nation's Chief Executive have looked down upon this struggle now and have known, as only the boy himself knew, that Archie had passed forever out of the realm of cowardice into the land of courage.

Exulting, smiling, he hit the bully—hit him hard and often!

Piggy scrambled to his feet, stepped backward hastily, tried to avoid the tattoo of blows which Archie rained upon him; and tripped over a plank at the precise moment when Archie's soiled and doubled fist reached the bully's cheekbone.

Piggy sat down hard. His face ached. He put his hand there to find it damp. He stared at his hand to find it crimson. He looked up at Archie to discover that boy standing threateningly over him. "Enough!" he cried.

The conqueror's eyes sought out the battle fleet, turning now with the tide. His own tide, too, had turned.

He looked up the slope of Town Hill.

Mr. Chalmers was waving frantically, and down the Hill came hurrying a man's figure—this must be Mr. Greene, coming to deliver the message which Piggy the vanquished had in his pocket. Archie waved a response in the direction of Mr. Chalmers; and, turning, sprinted.

The final dots and dashes of the operator's transmission of The Associated Press release message were clicking sharply when Mr. Greene rushed into the station. The correspondent was out of breath. "That message—this kid—handed you," he inquired anxiously. "Did—has it—gone?"

The operator nodded, and Archie smiled with pleasure.

"Well, file this one, too—quickly!" And Mr. Greene wrote a few words on a telegraph blank. He watched the operator send it, and then he turned to Archie and said, magnanimously: "Dandy scrap you put up, youngster!" And he added: "That chap Piggy told me you were a regular cry-baby. Said he licked you about once a month."

"That was last month, and the month before that," explained Archie.

"I see!" said Mr. Greene, grinning. "This month, and next month—it's different!" The correspondent hurried from the depot.

Archie set off for home. There was yet time to change to his short trousers and reach the Town Hill before the President concluded speaking.

A business engagement had kept Mr. Higgins from going to the Hill, and he arrived at the house almost simultaneously with his son.

The long strip of torn cloth of Archie's trousers dragged on the carpet. There were red spots on his clothes. Mr. Higgins stared, astonished.

"Go to your room," he commanded.

"But I want to hear the President," Archie protested.

"Go to your room, Archibald; at once!"

"But I've been earning money. I've earned a dollar!"

Mr. Higgins' displeasure was somewhat appeased; but, he was a trifle skeptical. "Let me see the dollar," he said.

Archie put a hand in his pocket—and then recalled that he had mailed the dollar to Mr. Chalmers. "I—I—haven't got it," he faltered.

"I suppose you've spent it!" was his father's snap judgment. "You start out to hear the President and now you return looking like a tramp. You say you earned a dollar, yet—where is it? Archibald, you may retire to your room. Do not change your pants or wash your face and hands. I desire that your mother shall see you just as you are."

Archie was about to tell of his victory over Piggy, but his father turned on his heel and left the room.

VI

Taking his seat in front of the platform on which the President stood talking, Mr. Greene whispered pleasantly: "Well, Cary, your message got off first."

"Did you see 'kid Archie'?" asked Mr. Chalmers.

"Say, he earned your dollar! Piggy lost out, but he did more than a dollar's worth of damage to your friend's clothing."

During the remainder of the President's speech Mr. Chalmers' mind reverted frequently to the words of Mr. Greene. A dollar was little enough, he thought, to give to a boy who had enabled Associated Press papers all over the country to be first on the street with the President's speech.

When the President Speaks

As he walked down the Hill, after the President was through talking, a voice hailed him from an open carriage. It was the President who spoke, and his words were an invitation to Mr. Chalmers to jump in beside him.

Of the many correspondents who flocked daily to the White House when the President was in Washington, the Executive had found Mr. Chalmers the most likable, and a warm friendship had developed between them. The youth, the enthusiasm, the untiring energy, the trustworthiness, the fine personality of the correspondent—these and other worthy traits had drawn the President to him.

"You didn't pay much attention to my speech today," the President said in mock rebuke.

"I saw the town bully licked, and my mind was on the boy who administered the lickin'," said Mr. Chalmers, laughing.

The President was interested, as the correspondent had been sure he would be. He heard the Executive say: "Tell me about it."

And so the fighting President heard of the fighting Archie. He learned of the boy's battle to keep his promise to get his release message first to the wires, and was told of the damage inflicted on Archie's clothing.

"Of course," Mr. Chalmers concluded, "he'll have to have new trousers, and I am going to see to that before I leave town. But I was wondering—" He looked into the President's eyes; and, encouraged by a gleam he saw in them, continued: "—wondering if I couldn't do—something else."

"For instance?" said the President.

"I think he's your type of boy," declared Mr. Chalmers frankly, "and I was wondering if you wouldn't like to write him a little letter of commendation—so he'd have something tangible all his life long by which to remember this day."

The carriage had turned a corner at the foot of the Hill and was ascending a sandy road; and at the crest a view now abruptly came before the eyes of the President, who, looking off to the right, saw the great warships at anchor below him.

This was the fleet of his country, and today the destiny of both lay in his keeping. A red sun was setting in a white sky above the blue waters of the Atlantic beyond the bay, and this beautiful combination of the nation's colors prompted the President's gaze to search out an American flag which, as they had ascended the road, he had observed fluttering from a second-story window to the left.

This flag was the one which Archie Higgins, earlier in the day, had untangled while leaning from his window, wondering the while if the President, then on the *Mayflower,* was looking toward shore and if he saw the flag.

The President saw it now, for the carriage was passing the Higgins home. And his attention was distracted by a dishevelled boy who came rushing from the house and, running, approached the carriage. For Archie, seated in his room, had recognized Mr. Chalmers in the carriage.

At Archie's heels came Mr. Higgins. Mr. Chalmers clutched his companion's arm and gave a brief order to the driver to stop the carriage.

"It's Archie—the boy I was telling you about," he explained to the President.

Archie brought up short beside the carriage, his eyes shining with excitement. "I did it," he said simply. Mr. Chalmers reached out and shook his hand.

"Let me congratulate you upon your victory over one Mr. Piggy," the correspondent said. "It was a bully battle."

"Jingoes!" exclaimed Mr. Higgins boyishly. "Was it Piggy you fought? Why didn't you *tell* me who——"

"Aw, you didn't give me a chance to," reminded Archie indignantly. He looked mournfully down at his trousers—and then up into the face of his mother, who, returning from Town Hill, arrived at her gate at this moment.

On the wall of her room Mrs. Higgins had a photograph of the great man in the carriage and she had just listened to his speech, and, looking into the Executive's face now, she recognized that here before her sat the President—her President.

"Archibald has been fighting," Mr. Chalmers said, addressing the woman, whom he rightly judged to be Mrs. Higgins. "But," he added in quick defense, "truly, he could not help it—unless he desired to show the white feather. You see, it was *forced* upon him. It was 'Piggy'—and Archibald whipped him!"

"I regret that he fought," said Archie's mother, looking wistfully at her boy. "But," she added, glancing quickly up into the face of the President, "I am glad that he won."

And then Mr. Chalmers introduced the President to Archie and his parents. Mr. Higgins was quite embarrassed. But Archie straightened his lithe form and was unashamed of his appearance, for he felt that the President knew that the tear in his clothes and the dirt on his face had come honorably. And he heard the newspaper man saying:

"Archie, the President of the United States wishes he could have seen you scrap with Piggy."

The boy looked into the President's eyes and found confirmation there of Mr. Chalmers' words. The Executive rose and stepped from the carriage.

"Mr. Chalmers tells me," he said, "that you concluded your quarrel favorably." And he shook hands with Archibald Higgins. "I congratulate you," he added gravely.

Archie desired to shout joyously. Wasn't it great to have the President of the United States visit you at your own home, and shake hands with you and commend you right in the presence of your parents? He looked into the President's eyes again.

"It's dandy of you to say that," he said. "It's worth going back into short trousers for."

"How is that?" asked the surprised Executive.

"Dad told me, upstairs," explained the boy, with a mischievous glance toward his father, "that as a punishment——"

"That was before I knew you'd whipped Piggy," interrupted Mr. Higgins hastily.

The President laughed. He had in mind Mr. Chalmers' announcement that he meant to supply Archie with new trousers.

Archie, while the President chatted with his parents, allowed his mind to run back over the events of the day. He remembered his father's lecture and felt now that of the five admonitions he had minded well all except one—he had *not* been careful of his personal appearance.

Mr. Chalmers interrupted his reverie by handing him an envelope.

"It contains money for new trousers," the correspondent whispered. "No, you've *got* to keep it," he added, as Archie attempted to return the envelope. "Really, you earned it—every cent of it. Besides, it was worth the money to see you do up Piggy! I shall feel hurt, truly, unless you accept it."

Reluctantly Archie put the envelope

into his pocket. And at this moment he caught the drift of what the President was saying to his mother. It was something about a fighting nation and battleships—and about boys who fight bravely for the right.

"We shall be sorry if we as a nation ever have to fight," he was saying, "but if we do have to, then we shall fight hard and fair, and we shall win."

He ceased talking, and his gaze wandered upward; and Archie knew that the President was looking at his flag. And then the President shook hands again, and Mr. Chalmers, too—and their carriage took them away."

Just Chumps

BY LADD PLUMLEY

WHEN Dave and Sinclair became Scouts they donned with pride their neat khaki uniforms, not thinking, at the moment, that there are responsibilities which go with Scout uniforms and that one of these is the use of plain common sense. When you have finished this story, I think you will agree that all kinds of ideas should have as a basis plain common sense and that a first duty of every Scout is to see to it that he cultivates this none-too-common quality.

The Union Church was to have one of those mosquito-feeding, hornet-tempting affairs called picnics. The two Scouts, in their new khakis and broad hats, were delegated to act as an advance guard of honor. They were to build a fire, place in position some swings, and otherwise make ready for the crowd of merrymakers who would follow them.

The August sun was blazing hot as Dave and Sinclair left the highway and took to the narrow trail leading to the place selected for the picnic. This was an open glade on the bank of Sucker Creek.

The Scouts had taken their fire-making bows and spindles with them, together with the slotted board of linden wood. They could make fire without matches and were proud of the accomplishment.

Said Dave—when the fire had been made, a trench dug around the pile of blazing fagots to prevent the flames from spreading, and the swings hung into place—"It's hot as boiling pitch. There's plenty of time. Let's go down to the island and take a swim." The island was a bit of sand in the middle of the creek, a quarter of a mile below the picnic place.

"Don't know about plenty of time," demurred Sinclair, pulling out his nickel watch.

"Aw, they won't be here for an hour yet," urged Dave. "It's only eleven and the preacher said that with all this heat the wagons couldn't make the end of the trail at the highway before noon. And *hot!* Seems as if I was frizzling like a doughnut in boiling fat."

"All right," agreed Sinclair, but still hesitating a bit, as if he felt that they were deserting their place of duty. "Do you suppose that the fire is all safe?"

"Sure thing. Trench all around and there are no bad sparks. Come along!"

They turned into the path which led down the creek, hastening in the direction of the island.

Good woodsmen note everything. Their eyes are always wide open and their ears are keen for the slightest change which may, if only remotely, hint of the necessity of extra precaution. Sometimes the veriest scrap of knowledge leads to avoiding danger or even saving a life.

There had been a heavy thunder shower two days before. Sucker Creek was higher than was usual in late summer. When the island was reached, only the smallest strip of sand was visible. And it was clear that if they left their clothes on it they would get dampened.

"Let's pole the raft across," suggested Dave. "We can pull it up on the sand. It will make a dry place for our things."

The boys who used the island and the swimming hole, which was a little above, had constructed a raft of stout boards, and it was this raft that the Scouts pushed across the shallow bit of creek to the island. There they "shook their duds" in a jiffy. Securing the raft by merely pulling it up a little way on the sand, they left all their clothing upon it. Then after merrily splashing up the shallows to the deeper water of the hole, they began their swim.

You know how time fairly sprints away when you are in, and especially when you are practicing a new stroke. Well, Dave and Sinclair were so busy that it came as a great shock when they heard the distant laughter and shouts of children over on "the mainland." Sinclair swam down to the shallows as fast as his strongest stroke would carry him, and followed by Dave sloshed through the shallow water to the island.

With amazement in his eyes, Sinclair gazed for a moment at ridges in the sand where the raft had been dragged ashore. The raft not there! And their "every stitch" was on the raft!

Amazement turned to horror on Sinclair's face—and that was what Dave saw first when he came up panting; a moment later he saw why. Their tongues tangled themselves into knots as they tried to express their dismay.

"Gone!" Sinclair at length exclaimed. "Gone——Gone!"

Dave wrinkled his forehead and his lips trembled.

"We're a fine pair of Scouts," he blurted out. "Didn't we know, couldn't we remember, that old Sturtevant always stores the water in his mill-pond up the creek after a rise and then uses it for days and days? We're not Scouts—we're plain chumps—'yellow ribboners,' as Mr. Beard would say. By this time the raft and our khakis are hitting it lively down the creek. The raft'll go into the riffles below the town and break up, most likely. Our things *may* be found, here and there, scattered along for a couple of miles, like drift-wood after a freshet. We'll be lucky if we get back our hats. Chumps—not Scouts—plain, know-nothing *chumps!*"

The island was clearly in view from the path along the creek. Two naked boys were as conspicuous as the Statue of Liberty would be on the Kansas Prairie. At any moment a bevy of girls might appear. There was but one comparatively satisfactory place for the Scouts to hide—on the opposite shore, where they could take refuge in the mantling bushes.

Mosquitoes were numerous. So were ants. Lurking places not plentifully provided with cat-brier were hard to find. Nor could the naked and humbled Scouts hope that their absence from the picnic grounds would pass unnoticed.

Soon shouts of *"Dave—Dave!"* and "Sin*clair!*—Sin*clair!*" proved that already

a search had begun. From a little knoll, where they fought the savage mosquitoes in an alder thicket, the Scouts could see the tall form of Mr. Hallowell, the minister, who was evidently investigating every bit of path and nearby forest on the other side of the creek.

"They'll think we're drowned," growled Dave, slapping viciously at his breast and then turning his quick attention to his ankle.

"Eaten alive would put it better," shouted back Sinclair, making a series of slaps at his own enemies. "What gets my goat," he added, "is that we can't hang around like this until night. We'd be sucked dry! Look!—some of 'em over there have begun eating the lunch. Had my breakfast at six. I'm so hungry I could eat live frogs. They'll have ice-cream and all the rest. I helped make that ice-cream, but 'taint likely I'll ever see any of it. If we get anything, it will be only left-overs. And most of 'em over there don't care whether we are drowned or eaten alive. They'll go right on filling up. See 'em sloughing into all that good stuff?"

"Might make a kind of skirt of leaves or bark," gloomily suggested Dave.

"We'd look nice, we would, hitting it into that bunch of girls, dressed up in a string of burdock leaves," replied Sinclair. He slapped his thigh, his cheek, the calf of his right leg, scratched himself behind the ear, ruffled his hair to dislodge the skeeters there, then started dancing to shake off the ants.

"I read about a feller who was let loose up in the Maine woods just by his lonesome and in his skin and nothing else," from Dave. "At the end of the first week he had made himself bark clothing and had built a fire and had a hut."

"A *week!*" snorted Sinclair. "In three days of this there wouldn't be anything left to us but dry bones. No, we've got to do something and do it pretty *quick.* Either that, or sudden death—without enough left for a funeral."

Afterward the minister said that when he saw a head and the half of a naked body pushed out from a clump of jewelweed, he thought that Indians were about to cross the creek and stampede the Sunday school. What he heard was a plaintive cry for aid from Dave.

"Mr. Hallowell, please do *something.* We went in swimming and all our clothes got floated away. The mosquitoes are fearful—and we're awfully hungry!"

The minister tried not to laugh, but laughter would come. He turned his back so the boys couldn't see him, for he was a kind man. "Stay right where you are," he called, a little later. "I'll send out to the wagons and have Jonathan bring back two horse blankets. Then I'll have him wade across with the blankets—and take you something to eat. Be courageous, boys—and patient!"

It was a long trip out to the road for the blankets—and it became clear to the Scouts that their predicament had become known to most of the picnickers. Three small boys appeared on the opposite side of the creek and yelled in unison: "Smarties, smarties, without any clothes!" and danced, as the Scouts were dancing, to emphasize their taunts. "Ice-cream's nearly all eaten up—*you* won't git none!" they cried. But then Mr. Hallowell, keeping a straight face—for he was a strong man, as well as kind—rebuked and subdued them.

"If I had those fellows over here I'd steal what I could use off 'em!" grumbled Dave.

"Fit you fine!" replied Sinclair. "No. It's horse blankets for us and left-overs

in the way of sandwiches. I've never been to a picnic where the ice-cream didn't run short and where there wasn't plenty of sandwiches left. Then we'll take to the back road on this side the creek, cross at the ford below the town, and sneak home through the back lots. That's what always comes of being what you call 'chumps.'"

"We won't hear the last of this for the rest of our lives," said Dave, and added gloomily: "Maybe, though, one of the eleven hundred mosquitoes that have bitten me had a malaria germ, and I won't live long."

"Well, old man," returned Sinclair, "here is where we both learn a big lesson in scouting. It's this: Never do anything in the woods or elsewhere, *anything,* understand!—never anything without looking forward and trying to find out what *might* happen."

"You're dead right!" said Dave.

They were so earnest about it that they might have shaken hands on it, but there in the scant seclusion of the bushes, the naked Scouts were too busy—slapping and scratching.

Jonathan carried the horse blankets across—also a package of sandwiches and two small pieces of cake. The returning messenger almost choked with laughter as he gave his message to Mr. Hallowell:

"Dave and Sinclair want to tell you that they'll go home by the back road. They're awful hungry, and are gobbling up the sandwiches like savages. And they want me to tell you that they are chumps, but that they *did* make the fire without matches and that they've learned a mighty big lesson."

Late that afternoon, as two boys, dressed in the ordinary clothing of citizens, examined with exceeding care the little peninsulas and coves along the creek above the village, one of them made a discovery and gave a shout of satisfaction:

"The raft has drifted right into the eddy of Narrow Brook; with a long pole we can reach it easy."

So the Scouts regained their uniforms. But there is good reason to believe that the plain common sense which had been so pushed home to them that day will outlast all the khakis they will ever wear.

(*Continued from page 80*)

and when the last car went by Mr. Anderson was still beating his drum and everybody cheered.

They all got around Mr. Dobb and asked him when the next troop train would go through, and he said he thought about 8 o'clock, and we went uptown, and Carl and Spike and I went to Mr. Judith's store and Carl said, Those soldiers sure were thirsty—and Mr. Judith said, *Well?* like he was asking a question. I told him about one soldier stealing Mr. Dobb's pail from Carl—and Mr. Judith said, *Well?* again, and then Carl said the other train would get in about 8 o'clock, and Mr. Judith said, WELL again, louder, and Carl asked him if he meant a well of water or some other kind of well, and Mr. J. said, Good Peter, but you Scouts are slow in the head, and we said, Why, and he said, I thought you had your eyes open for a chance to do a good turn, and——

Then Carl yelled, I'm on, and I was too, and I said, How can we do it, and he said, *Think.* I said maybe each Scout could bring a pail from home, but where would we get enough cups, and Carl said each soldier had a cup of his own, and he thought it would be all right to ask Mr. Hartwell if he could let us take a dozen pails from his store, and maybe he would. Mr. Judith said we could ask him, and we went to his store and did, and he said, Sure, it was a good idea.

Well, then we went home to supper and Spike helped me tell all the Rattlesnakes and Carl and Fred told all the Beavers. We were all at Mr. Hartwell's about 7 o'clock, and got the pails and went to Mrs. Ross' pump and pumped them full, and went to the depot and waited and waited, and so did everybody, and the train came about half past eight, and *it didn't stop at all.* We felt bad, I tell you, and Spike said, Let's take this water up to Mr. Judith's and pour it into his *well, well, well.*

We took the pails all back to Mr. Hartwell's store, and he knew what had happened and laughed, and just said it was all right boys, and better luck next time.

Buck isn't sick any more, but he's awful mangy. Not now so much, because mother and I gave him a hard bath today with some stuff in it, and he jumped out of my arms all wet and ran across the hall and got on the window seat and spoiled one of the pillows almost.

Your dear son,
ROBERT.

TUESDAY.

Dear Father—Mr. Jones got a flag today and hung it out on his porch, and we can see it from our dining-room. I asked Mother if we couldn't get one. She said we had one in the closet, upstairs, and I could get it. So our flag is out today where the vines are in summer.

Old man Anderson went by on his crutch and cane this afternoon, and when he saw the flag he stopped and took off his hat. Mr. Judith saw it when he went

to supper, and he called to me, Fine, but he said it was nearly dark and I should take the flag in at sundown, so I took it down.

We read the newspaper report of the Scouts you sent. It was fine. It seems like six months since you started west, and it's only one—and not quite that.

I talked with Mother about mobolizing. She said she hoped they won't ask me and the other Scouts to go away to war. I told her I didn't think they would, because Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Judith said about helping our country *at home*.

I can tell her more about it after meeting tonight, and you too, maybe.

Your loving boy,
ROBERT.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

Dear Father—I got to write you tonight because it was so fine about the mobolization meeting, only I can't tell you all of it. Fourteen of the fellows were there, and William was the only Rattlesnake who was not there. Carl had got all of his Beavers out by hustling, for he had to get Stony to come back to town from his sister's for the meeting.

Mr. Judith was there, and there was another man, too, and he was the man who went out of Mr. Buchanan's house with Mr. Kistler and Mr. Judith so fast the other night. He was quite an old man, but slim and awful spry, and had a beard about an inch long right under his under lip, and long white mustache, and I saw a bronze button in his coat button-hole like Grandpa's, so I knew he was an old soldier.

Spike whispered to me and said he was *on*—that this man was a big army officer, and the War Department had sent him here to *mobolize* our troop in the army and we might have to go way off and fight in battles, and just then Mr. Judith got up and pointed to the flag he had brought down from the store and hung up and said, Scouts, you are all live American boys and you know, without my telling you, that our country has declared war against a foren foe, so our National Honor may be preserved. So this is a critikal time. Everybody in the United States must help our country. I can't do much, but you fellows *can*, and I want to help you. Let's sing America, and then I have a pleasant surprise for you.

Well, we sang America—and we were glad Mr. Buchanan had made us learn all four verses—and we sang them fine. And then Mr. Judith said we would pass the minutes and get to the surprise.

The surprise I have for you, Mr. Judith said, was found on the battlefield at Gettysburg on the evening of the second day of the wonderful battle fought there, and we didn't know what he meant. It was taken away in a wagon, and a kind woman took care of it for weeks, and out of that great care there came forth, hole again, a great man, and after three terrible years of fighting for the Union, and after that awful time of wounds at Gettysburg, he kept on serving his country in peace times for years and years—and now he has come here to honor Troop 1 tonight, because he knows what Peace Scouts can do in time of war.

You'll be glad to greet him and hear him—General Wallace Law, for 56 years in the patriotic service of our country; for three years a member of a Troop Committee there—a troop of which his own son is Scoutmaster—and *now* he has come to our town to live with his daughter, Mrs. Curtis, and he is going to be a member of the Troop Committee of Troop 1 of Amesty. Scouts, your greeting to General Law.

And then Carl was up quick, and every fellow knew what to do, for that was some more of Mr. Buchanan's teaching—and when Carl's arm swung down we let out our *yell,* which is a dandy, you know—and General Law stood there at salute while we gave it, and when we were through with the yell, Carl raised his arm again, and when it came down we all said, slowly, like Mr. Buchanan taught us—

On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout Law—to help other people at all times—to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

Then we gave a *snappy* salute, and all sat down together on the count. Well, General Law's little sharp blue eyes shined. He said, Scouts of Troop 1 of Amesty, I thank you, and then—oh, I wish you could have heard him, father. I can't tell you what he *did* say, but it was GREAT—about a battle he was in and a boy who fought with him and was killed, and his Cernel saw it, and General Law told what the Cernel said about his dead comrade, and he cried, and nobody laughed—not even Spike. When I looked at Spike his mouth was wide open. And then General Law just shut his eyes two or three times and turned and pointed to the flag and—oh, I wish I knew as much as HE does about the flag and when he got done we started cheering, and after we had cheered a long time, Mr. Judith raised his hand, and we stopped and he said, Don't raise the roof, fellows, or we'll freeze to death in here this cold night, and everybody laughed.

Now, he said, we have as our special subject for this special meeting, MOBOLIZATION. That's a name we give to getting together quick for special service. The army is being mobolized—got together—to protect our frontiers, and for battle if need be. The Scouts should be mobolized for anything that is to be done at home when the men go away to war. It might be anything—fire, or storm, or famine, or to help poor folks or sick people or—oh, anything.

You Scouts who have learned swimming and life-saving know when a fellow's drowning you want to get to him *quick,* because if you lose one minute he may lose his life. You all know that a bucket of water will put out a fire one minute, but three minutes later it would take a ton of water to put out. You first-aiders know that if you lose a few minutes a patient might bleed to death. I don't need to talk to *you* about such things.

But with *joint* service it's different. If Troop 1 is going to be worth keeping alive, now that war has come to our country, it must learn to act *as a unit*—to act as *one man.* Here comes a call for something to do and (he cracked his hands together, sharp), here's the troop *right on the job* and *prepared.* Of course, if we had the whole town there and nobody knew what to do we couldn't get anywhere. But with a Scout Troop, as I understand it, it's *different.* We're going to *know how.*

So, he said, we have two things to learn —getting together and knowing what to do when we get together. It's getting late, and I'm going to work out a plan with the Patrol Leaders and we'll have it all ready to practice at the regular meeting next Friday night, if that's all right with the troop, and everybody yelled, Sure and Of course, and then Mr. Judith sat down. We started to hurray and Carl got up and held up his hand and said, serious-like, I just want to ask the Troop one question, if it's all right with the Scoutmaster, and Mr.

Letters of a Boy Scout in War Time

Judith nodded and said, Go ahead, and Carl yelled—*What's the matter with Mr. George Judith, our new Scoutmaster?* And you can guess what we said and how loud we yelled, but Mr. Judith was helping General Law on with his coat then and acted like he didn't hear at all, but, of course, he did. And then Carl asked, What's the matter with General Law, and we did it again. Then Carl made an O with his thumb and finger and let his arm fall, and we gave the Scout Oath again and then we quit.

Spike, who always wants to do something, said, Let's go and meet the old soldier, and Carl said, Come along, and Mr. Judith introduced us and we shook hands, and I noticed Mr. Judith just *yelled* our last names into General Law's ear, close, and the General gave a strong grip and said he was glad to meet us, but he didn't seem to hear our names, and I knew that maybe he was *another* man whose ears had been hurt in a war, so he couldn't hear even a dandy speech about him like Mr. Judith made, or maybe couldn't hear any music for years and years, or hear any birds sing, and I thought of the men drilling and drilling down in the Town Hall to go to a war, and Mr. Buchanan already *gone,* and—say, father, I wish you were home now.

But I'm all right—don't you worry—and Buck is all right, too, now, and I'm going to be busy on the mobilization work with Carl and Mr. Judith this week, but I'll write you about all things. I wish I knew where you are tonight, because your last letter did not say for sure.

Your dear son,

ROBERT.

THURSDAY.

Dear Father—Carl and I went to Mr. Judith's store last night, like he said, to talk about the mobilization plan. It was chilly and raining, an awful dark night when we went down, and the wind was blowing and whistled awful in those big elm trees by Spong's house, and I grabbed my hat when it nearly blew off, and Carl said, Let's run, and we ran and the rain stung our faces. When we got to the store Mr. Judith was out in front trying to brace up his sign and keep himself from blowing away, and we helped him. In a minute, though, he yelled, Come on in, Scouts—we could hardly hear him—but we followed him in and we all had to push the door shut—the wind was that hard.

Fine night, said Mr. Judith, shaking the rain off his coat. Come on back by the stove and listen to the heat whistle up the flue when it ought to be staying in the

store. He put some more coal in, and Curly curled up under my chair and Carl sat on a box, and then Mr. Judith said—This big blow reminds me of a time I had out in Kansas once upon a time—out there they have BIG blows, not little breezes like this one. Well, he said (calling Curly out and taking off his collar and rubbing his neck), about that time—I was riding on a bicycle with a friend out in the country on the Kansas prairie, which is as flat as that counter, and a big cloud came up in the west. We watched it and saw it twisting itself into the shape of a funnel and we knew it was a *tornado* coming, so we took refuge in a farmhouse. The house began to shake worse than this store does now—lots worse—and we ran down in the cellar, and just then the house blew

(*Continued on page 172*)

How to Rig and Handle an Open Paddling Canoe

BY WARREN H. MILLER

EDITOR OF "FIELD AND STREAM." AUTHOR OF "THE BOY'S BOOK OF CANOEING AND SAILING," AND "THE BOY'S BOOK OF HUNTING AND FISHING"

OF all craft the open cruising canoe probably gives the most sport, the most change of scene, and the greatest ease of woods travel with the least effort. Compared with rowing a boat, riding horseback and back-packing through the forest trails, the canoe is paradise, as the work of paddling is so divided among the muscles of the whole body as to make none of them ache, and one sits down comfortably and not with bumping seat and strained knees as on horseback. A down-stream canoe trip, particularly on a wild river where there is plenty of fish and game and one camps nightly along the banks, is one of the most enjoyable outings a boy can take, and none of it is too hard work for the unformed muscles of youth.

Wherefore, owning a canoe is the ambition of every boy living within reach of lake, stream or bay. Nowadays they are very cheap, as boats go, a good canvas canoe, staunchly built, canvas covered over wooden sheathing being had for around $20. One of the best canoes in the world is only $28, and extra-well built canoes cost around $40, so the boy from twelve to twenty has a wide range of choice in the quality purchasable. I should not advise trying to build such a canoe.

A Keel—or Not?

In choosing a canoe the first question comes up, Shall we have a keel or not? This has been argued *pro* and *con* by many an experienced woods voyageur. The keel adds staunchness, but increases her bottom, most of them being on the stick in getting over a ledge or down a tree, while the other canoe would slip over. On the other hand, the keelless canoe will get her canvas badly scraped if the ledge is sharp and she touches, and in lifting over trees when heavily loaded is apt to buckle or hog-back amidships. My own, which has done over a thousand miles of wilderness river travel, has a keel an inch deep and she bears few scars on her bottom, most of them being on the turn over the bilge, yet going over dams and down trees is her specialty—I should say at least four thousand of them have passed under her keel first and last! A compromise measure, adopted by recent canoeists and suggested by the writer, has been to put on a flat strip of keel of hard maple about three-eighths of an inch thick and three inches wide, which will protect her from scraping, yet only increase her draft a tiny bit.

Safest and Fastest Model

In picking a canoe, the safest and fastest model is with flat bottom and sharp round to the bilge. The tippy ones are those deep and round on the bottom, having no more stability than a barrel. The flat bottom draws but little water, slides over the stream like a duck, and is a prime

Correct beginning of the paddle stroke (stern boy). Boy in bow shows incorrect seat and paddle position

Lateen rig for open paddling canoe. This is about as much sail as this type of canoe can carry

Except in a high wind, a canoe is about as easily carried by one as by two

Canoeing Is a Boy's Sport

(*See story, page 112*)

Whittling to a good purpose

If you want to see an over-loaded canoe, turn this picture upside down

When a boy really loves the tub

Scouts Just Bridge It!

When they come to creek or gully they're not stumped, because —well, a Scout is Resourceful

A short span is easily constructed. Two logs, firmly anchored at the ends, good cross pieces or planking, and strong hand rails are the essential parts. Don't forget the last. Even one log and a rail would do for a foot bridge, but fasten the ends of the log so it cannot turn. [*Photograph from M. J. Burelbach, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

Here the "scissors" are underneath. They stiffen the string pieces and greatly increase their carrying capacity. As the ends of the logs rest in the ground, oak, chestnut, cedar or cypress should be used if possible. Some woods decay rapidly

sailer because she is so staunch. The dimensions of my own canoe, a faster canoe by hours than many another model which she has reached down stream, are: length, 16 feet; beam, 33 inches; depth, amidship, 12 inches; depth bow and stern, 24 inches; width of comparatively flat bottom, 24 inches. The cheaper type, $20 canoe, one of which is owned by my boys, has the following dimensions: length, 15 feet 6 inches; beam, 31 inches; depth, amidship, 12½ inches; depth, bow and stern, 22 inches; width of comparatively flat bottom, 16 inches. This latter canoe is much more tippy than mine, hard to sail and nowhere near so staunchly built. Each canoe weighs about 60 pounds.

How to Paddle

Having purchased the canoe, the first thing to learn is how to paddle her. The stern paddle, by the way, should be heavy, of hard maple, and copper shod, five feet long, 28 inches blade, 6½ inches wide. The bow paddle is lighter, of spruce, five feet long, 26 inches blade, 5½ inches wide.

The sign of the novice is reaching far ahead for his water. Do not let yourself do that; you have no leverage there, most of your strength is to be put in as the left wrist passes your left hip, the while your right hand is sweeping the top of the paddle forward. This will put your shoulder and body into it and the motion can be kept up all day without fatigue. If paddling with another fellow in the bow, the stern man is always captain, and he is to correct with a turn of his paddle any deviation from the true course during each stroke. Your mate may be weaker than you, and the canoe tends to swing towards his paddle side, which is generally opposite to yours. In that case correct him at the end of each of your strokes with a turn of the paddle.

If paddling alone, it makes a vast difference where you sit as to how the canoe behaves. Abandon the rear seat and find a place kneeling somewhere just forward of the rear brace. Here you can paddle on one side indefinitely, holding the paddle blade at a slight angle inward from straight across. If you find that the canoe tends to sheer away from course opposite from the side where you are paddling, move a bit further forward and alter the angle of your paddle slightly until you get her balanced just right. It is the only way to win a race, for the time lost in correcting your course with the paddle at each stroke, as you would have to do sitting in the rear seat, will lose you out every time.

River Paddling

River paddling, especially in rapid white water is full of kinks which you have to know and use instantly. If in the bow, never embarrass your stern mate by striking at rocks, etc., with your paddle. You will do no good whatever and may upset the canoe. The water always takes care of the bow, the stern is the thing to be swung clear with the paddle. You report, "Rock ahead!" and see that he sees it, helping with a side slice of the paddle if necessary, but generally leaving it to him.

The bow man's hard work comes in going around bends. The river tends to swing the canoe into the main eddies, and your aim is to keep out of them, cutting across in the still water. If you want hard work going down stream, just let the canoe stay indefinitely in the deepest and fiercest waters! And so the bow man must anticipate the river each time and get his bow headed out of the eddies and into the quiet part of the bends, and in

doing this, the stern man can aid but little. As soon as the bow is right the stern man puts in his strength and shoves her ahead across the head of the bend.

When You Must Think Quickly

Down trees and shallows require instant decision as to where to take them and agreement at the same time between bow and stern as to what they are going to do. Don't argue or fight when the river is bearing you swiftly on the obstacle! All other things being equal, the stern paddle has the say. There is usually a hole around one end or the other, through which the canoe can be snaked. Occasionally it is advisable to cross the stream without going either up or down, and to do this bow back-paddles lightly and stern paddles forward heavily, which will have the effect of holding the canoe stationary at a slant upward to the stream. The current will then take her across.

In approaching a down tree which cannot be gotten around, back her and let her swing gently until broadside to the stream alongside the log. Pull out the heaviest duffle and lay it on the log. One man gets on the log, on either side of the canoe, and between them she is slid over. Most of the duffle can be left aboard.

'Ware the Rapids

In rocky waters, go ahead and look over the rapids before venturing out, for once started there is no turning back. More than once you will need to have the courage to be afraid, for it takes a brave boy to say "No!" when an inexperienced crowd want to run a rapids that better men than any of them have portaged around. If there is a portage trail it is a pretty fair sign that most canoeists go around instead of shooting the rapids. Look for a landing apparently much used.

If you have decided to run, see that all duffle is lashed securely and go to it, the stern man being the responsible one. As the current splits over rocks it forms a cushion which will float your bow away if the stern man guides it in the current and takes care to keep his stern clear. Keep where there is plenty of current and water, but avoid the main bend, if possible, particularly if there are many rocks.

If You are Upset in a Rapids

If upset in a rapids hang to the canoe and let the paddles go; you can find them somewhere in an eddy down-stream later, but to swim after them in rough water is folly. One man takes the bow and the other the stern and you work her ashore as soon as possible, build a conflagration and dry out everything.

In crossing a lake or bay, look carefully at your whitecaps first, or indications of wind if the water is calm. A canoe lightly loaded will live in an incredible sea; heavily loaded she becomes a log and a death trap.

A Wild Ride Through "White Water"

Once in November, I came spinning down the Metedeconk with seven miles of white water behind me, in which even a heavy 25-foot launch made desperate weather. I had my boy and a chum along and all our duffle, but one look at the whitecaps made me decide on a back-packing expedition for them along shore, while I took the canoe alone. I left fifty pounds of duffle in her and started down-wind for a point three miles away.

It was sure a wild ride! The seas were three to four feet high, whitecapped, and

the wind so strong that it blew the canoe bodily across the waters. Gradually I got the canoe out abreast of the point, but I blew down on it so fast that I suddenly realized that I would clear it, if at all, only by the most desperate paddling. As it was, I ran into the big combers off the point, the second one of which picked up the canoe broadside and curled her over as if to dash her bottom up on the shoals.

"No you don't!" I gasped, and shoving hard down on the weather gunwale I righted her and took the sea aboard. It filled her a third full of water, but before the next comber could pour in its cap, I had flown around the point and was in the still water under its lee, where the boys soon joined me. So, if you must traverse (cross) and the seas are high and choppy, better make it in two trips lightly loaded than try to do it in one and get swamped.

When a Sea Curls Aboard

When you see a sea about to curl aboard, give the canoe a flip so she shows her bottom to the wave, when it will go under you and all will be well. If any comes in and there is likely to be more, lay to and one of you start bailing. Always have your paddle tied to the crossbar by about eight feet of small cotton rope in making a traverse, and have the duffle loose.

If swamped or upset, hang to your paddle and regain the canoe, for it's a drowning matter if she gets away from you.

Bailing Out After an Upset

In reasonably still waters one boy can bail out an upset canoe. There are two good methods, rocking it out and shoving it out. In the first, swim around to the stern of the canoe and get out the water inside, rocking from side to side so that it flops out at each reverse. As soon as enough is out to give her a good freeboard, get aboard over her stern and dash out the rest with your hands. Shoving the water out also depends on the momentum of a body of water. Swim astern, and, grasping the stern breasthook, give her a smart pull toward you. The water will slop out in a torrent over her bows. Then shove away from you with all your strength, and the water will come rushing aft and slop out over her stern. Keep this up until about half emptied, then get aboard over the stern and dash out the rest with your hands.

I do not believe that a single man or boy can bail out a swamped canoe in a heavy blow; stick to her, for she is your only hope, and get overboard all the heavy duffle. If the water is not too cold, get out some twine or fish line and buoy-mark rifles, axes, etc., by lowering them to the bottom and tying a floating duffle bag at the surface anchored by the gun. This leaves the canoe free; right her and get into her still awash. Watch your chance to get water out and do so at every opportunity. Sooner or later she will drift ashore, and if you feel yourself getting numb rest your head on bow or stern breasthook and keep quiet. If the water is cold, act quickly; heave out all duffle, right the canoe, get in and bail steadily. You may beat out the waves and at least will keep exercising while you drift to the shore.

The Portage

But upsets and the like seldom happen more than a few times in a lifetime with a staunch canoe, most of which are more able in a sea than a rowboat of the same size. The portage is the surest preventative of disasters, and how to do it right

is worth knowing. Two boys each carrying an end of a canoe under their arms will work much harder than one boy alone carrying it properly. Even carrying it upside down, with an end over each boy's head, is preferable, but the time-honored Hudson Bay method is to lash the paddles to the middle and forward thwart braces, the blades of the paddles resting on the middle thwart.

Then, when you turn the canoe over, your head will go between the two paddles and the blades rest on your shoulders. With a coat or sweater bunched up on each shoulder you can carry an ordinary 60-pound canoe with ease, while the other boy packs the duffle.

Keep your baggage light in weight if you are going to have many portages, for double tripping it means four times the time and work lost. Suppose you have a two-mile portage from one lake to the other. With a single trip that is two miles there, launch the canoe, and on your way; with a double trip you have two miles there loaded, two miles back empty and two miles there again loaded—six miles! Ever hike six miles along a woods trail with no load at all? I'd rather do that two mile portage in one lap if I had to stop and rest every five minutes.

Canoe Sails

The sail for my canoe, which I have used for over four years in lake and bay cruises, has a 2-inch diameter mast, 6 feet 9 inches long and a lateen rig, 10 feet 2 inches head and 11 feet 2 inches foot, with 10 feet 6 inches leach. The jaw is attached so as to bring the mast 19 inches from the fore peak of the sail. The sail is made of light 4-ounce duck canvas and with it she is very fast. The mast is stepped with a cross brace, attachable with brass hooks and wingnuts, and the foot step is screwed stoutly to three ribs, giving the mast a very slight rake backwards. The leeboards for this rig are gotten out of inch spruce and are 30 inches long with a 12-inch by 20-inch blade. They are secured to stout shoes on the ends of the cross-piece by brass wingnuts passing through holes in the shank of the lee-boards. The cross-piece is 1 inch by 38 inches long.

FIRE prevention begins at home. If you live under a shingle roof, see that there are cleats on it or some other means of reaching any spark which may drop there. Have a ladder handy.

Pails of water should be placed where they will be within easy reach if needed.

A piece of old carpet which could be soaked and then used to smother a flame doubles the efficiency of the water bucket.

Clear the rubbish from attic, closets and cellar. If you are so unfortunate as to have smokers in your family, provide sandpaper match strikers and metal trays for burnt matches and ashes.

While you are doing all this, get the neighbors' kids excited about it. Then help them put their homes in readiness to pass safely through the annual fire-fest.

A May Day in Manila Bay

A Story of a Famous Battle

BY ARMSTRONG PERRY

THE squadron headed toward the harbor. It was after midnight, but the stars illuminated the swelling ocean from horizon to horizon.

The Quartermaster, at the wheel of the flagship, kept an eye on the compass. Over the port quarter, the Big Dipper and the Pole Star were so plainly visible that he might have been able to keep his course without it.

The chart showed that less than fifty nautical miles separated the *Olympia* from Boca Grande. Boca Grande was the main channel into Manila Harbor.

In Manila Harbor, if their information was correct, lay seven Spanish ships of war, and twenty-five small gunboats. Besides the flagship which the Quartermaster was steering there were five other ships in the squadron which was making its way into the enemy port. These were superior, in class and in armaments, to the Spaniards' seven, but there were the gunboats which might be transformed into torpedo boats for night attack or defense of the entrance to the bay. Besides these there were the shore batteries. Underneath the water, in all probability, were mines ready to explode at the least touch of a hostile vessel.

The Quartermaster felt a chilliness in the region of his spine. He gave the wheel a spoke to starboard and then one to port to make sure that the good old *Olympia* was minding her helm. He wasn't quite sure that she wouldn't get skittish and pivot, like a horse when he sees a locomotive ahead.

The ship obeyed promptly and the Quartermaster put her on her course again. Still those shivers played tag up and down his backbone. He looked out on the bridge, where the Commodore had been pacing slowly back and forth. He had stopped. Against the blue, star-sprinkled sky the Quartermaster could make out his clear-cut profile. Calmly as though he were on a summer excursion, the man upon whom depended the safety of the squadron, the honor of the country, the destiny of the nation, was enjoying the night.

The Quartermaster straightened up and, in the darkness of the pilot house, silently saluted his superior. He remembered how the Admiral, when only twenty-six, had taken the crew off the sinking *Mississippi* at Port Hudson, with shot and shell raining upon her. The men on the first boatload had mutinied. They had been saved themselves, but none was willing to go back after the others.

"Do you mean to desert your comrades?" asked Dewey.

No answer.

The eyes of the commander flashed with scorn at their cowardice. "Mr. Chase, draw your revolver," was his brief order. They went then.

That was during the Civil War. Four months before the Manila battle Commodore Dewey had been assigned to the com-

mand of the Asiatic Squadron. For several years he had been doing important land duty, but he asked for sea duty. A good little squadron it was for those days, but it was nearly out of ammunition.

The Quartermaster knew something of the Commodore's struggle to get the necessary powder and shells. Letter after letter, cable after cable, he had sent, but not until the very day before war was declared did the *Baltimore* arrive with enough munitions to risk a battle.

All this the Quartermaster remembered as he studied that calm face on the bridge. He remembered, too, the stories he had heard of Dewey as a boy—exaggerated, probably, but interesting. A fighter by nature, they called him.

But he was something more than a fighter, too. He had a head for system. From stem to stern every vessel in the squadron was kept as neat as a new pin. If it wasn't, the captain heard of it. There was a place for everything, a time for every duty.

From stoker to Commodore every man knew what he was to do under all possible conditions. The organization was as nearly perfect as it was humanly possible to be.

Soon the Quartermaster realized that the cold chills had ceased. Under the silent influence of that calm confidence of the man on the bridge he found himself looking keenly forward, anxious to bring his ship within range of fort and fleet.

It was 5:05 by the ship's chronometer when the *Luneta* battery opened fire. Two others joined, in quick succession. Their shots flew wild, well over the *Olympia.* Dewey smiled and said a word to the signal boys. In prompt response to the flag message which they hoisted, the *Boston* and the *Concord* each fired two shells. Then the squadron swept by contemptuously. There was no ammunition to waste.

At 5:40 the Spanish line of battle was within two and a half miles. Every man on every ship was intensely waiting for the signal to begin the action. Every man within sight of the Admiral watched for some sign of the excitement which they thought he must feel on this, the most important day of his life.

His lips moved. There was about as much excitement in his manner as though he were saying "Fine day!" to the *Olympia's* captain, who stood alertly at his side.

The Quartermaster heard his quiet remark and gripped the spokes of the wheel more firmly. *"When you are ready, Gridley, you may fire!"*

An 8-inch gun in the forward turret of the *Olympia* let out a roar of defiance. It was the signal for the fleet. In five minutes the air was full of sulphurous vapor, the thunder of half a thousand dogs of war, and the shrieking of the flying shells.

Zing! A five-inch shell grazed a forestay only twelve feet above Commodore Dewey's head. The signal boys, Trotter and Ferguson, ducked instinctively. The Commodore, looking calmly upward and seeing that no damage had been done, put his glasses to his eyes again to watch the progress of the fight.

When the squadron started on its fifth run past the enemy, the Commodore signaled for all hands to have breakfast, in relays. They knew that victory was theirs. As they had had only a cup of coffee since four o'clock, their appetites were good.

At 11:16 they stood in to complete their work. They found only one ship to meet them. The plucky little *Ulloa* fought till the last. Dewey's regret at concentrating the fire of his entire squadron upon her showed in his expression, but

war is war. She went down with colors flying.

Our ships were hit but not a man was lost.

After the victory the commander of a German fleet, not yet convinced that the United States had risen to the rank of a first-class power, persisted in violating the rules of international courtesy. Finally Dewey asked him, bluntly: "Do you wish the United States to consider you as a belligerent?" He assuredly did not, and the Germans did nothing more to embarrass the Americans. It was characteristic of the man. When there was a disagreeable job to be done he did not waste time nor mince words.

Evidently because he believed that the President and Congress had enough to worry about, Commodore Dewey cut the telegraph cable and prevented his difficulty with the Germans from becoming known until after it was settled.

After his seagoing days were ended, and the rank of Admiral had been revived and bestowed upon him, he became head of the General Board of the Navy. On January 16 his long and useful life ended. At the Capitol in Washington his body lay in state while all America and representatives of every nation did him honor. The memory of the Vermont boy who fought for his ideals and country from youth through manhood shows to every Scout the true meaning of trustworthiness and loyalty and patriotism.

Know How to Swim? You Should!

ABOUT this time of year Tommy Tenderfoot wanders off through the lots some sunny Saturday with his head over his shoulder to see if anyone is watching him from the house.

Along toward supper time he comes furtively back with his hair wet and his shirt wrong side out.

He is welcomed or walloped—depending upon the perspicacity or petulance of his parents.

Though he may not know it, Tommy has been doing a patriotic duty. He may have done it in a very unwise and unnecessarily obscure manner but the thing itself is all right.

Every person in the world ought to know how to swim. The number of drowning accidents in the United States is a national disgrace.

A person who cannot swim misses all the fun of a fine exercise and sport. He may at any time be caught in a water accident and other persons may have to rescue him at the risk of their own lives. He may have to see his mother or sister drown before his very eyes and not be able to help them. Water does not always wait for you to go to it—the floods come and get you.

Since the organization of the National Court of Honor seven years ago 167 Scouts have received Honor Medals for saving life and 92 have received Letters of Commendation. Most of the cases were water accidents. This illustrates the danger and the defense.

The Detectives' House Party

BY RALPH D. PAINE

JERRY KENDRICK dismounted from his bicycle and pushed it up the long hill, pausing at the top to sit on a stone wall and wipe his dripping face. As agent for the Duplex Rotary Mousetrap and the Fireless Home Soldering Outfit in his first summer out of high school, a week on the road had given him self-confidence and the venture promised to be successful. He had been calling mostly at farm-houses but now beneath him sparkled a small lake whose shore was fringed with cottages half-hidden in the pines. Several motorboats were passing up and down and the sound of their engines rose faintly to his ears like the tap-tap of busy woodpeckers. Canoes drifted in the shade. Fishermen sat motionless in anchored skiffs.

Without enthusiasm Jerry surveyed this pleasant colony but resolved to invade it. City people away for a holiday might think him a nuisance or refuse to take him seriously. He suddenly felt like a vagabond, for his khaki clothes were dusty and needed mending and he intended to get his hair cut in the next town. Coasting swiftly along the winding descent, he shot into a grove where there was a rustic dancing pavilion and so came upon the lake with its little boat-landings and floating platforms. Beside the nearest cottage four boys and girls were playing tennis while others looked on. They were about Jerry's own age and he flushed with a sense of awkwardness as he marched by them and knocked at the side door.

A raw-boned youth in white flannels turned from the tennis net to call out:

"Nobody home. Call again. What do you want, anyhow?"

This nettled the broad-shouldered Jerry, who could be pugnacious when the occasion demanded. He disliked the other fellow's face, which was unwholesomely sallow, perhaps from too many cigarettes, and his grin was as annoying as his manner of speech. The girls, who seemed much nicer, were regarding the visitor with friendly curiosity. He left the door and, crossing to the tennis court, replied with impressive emphasis:

"I am selling mouse-traps, for one thing. They are so simple to understand that I shouldn't wonder if you could learn to set one."

"Ha! ha! Why is a mouse when it spins?" laughed the youth. "Here's the guy that can give us the answer. Did you hear him hand me the sharp retort? Run along, Reuben! You are delaying the game."

The other lads snickered but the prettiest girl was evidently displeased. Possibly

The stout detective unfolded a story

she had something to do with Jerry's lawless outbreak. Stepping closer, he exclaimed:

"If I can't sell you anything I can teach you a thing or two and it won't cost you a cent."

The edge of the lake was no more than a few yards distant and the temptation was too urgent to withstand. Whirling the insulting youth about, Jerry grasped him by the collar and the slack of the trousers and started him on the run. Before the victim could dig his heels in and offer resistance his momentum was so great that he had to keep on going. Jerry's stout back and hardened muscles had the propelling power of a steam engine. The object of this punishment emitted a frightened yelp or two and squirmed desperately but his legs continued to move and without a halt he went flying over the bulkhead into four feet of water.

"First down without losing the ball," said Jerry as he watched the young man bob to the surface and scramble for the wharf. "I wonder if I wasn't sort of rude and hasty myself?"

The prettiest girl was clapping her hands, which somehow eased his conscience. None of the other lads seemed anxious to avenge the wrongs of their dripping comrade and Jerry walked away at a dignified gait. The episode made him unwilling to linger in this part of the summer colony, for parents were apt to be touchy when their children were abused and it would be most inconvenient to suffer arrest for assault and battery. He was more than half inclined to quit the lake altogether but it meant a long climb and his bicycle tires needed an hour's work with cement and tape. In this deep hollow among the hills the afternoon sun had begun to cast wide shadows and the region was unfamiliar.

Following the shore road and crossing a bridge, he approached a red bungalow tucked among the trees and facing a beach of white sand. Four men in bathing suits were grouped upon a flat rock, heads together, arms about each other's necks, while they sang in close harmony and with tremendous gusto "I Am Selling Kindling Wood to Get Along." One of them was stout and bald and another wore a heavy black mustache. Jerry listened to the melodious outburst and said to himself:

"That sounds like a hunch to me. No harm in trying to sell them my line of goods."

At the beach, however, he stood aside and looked on with fascinated interest. The four men were industriously playing leap-frog and presently one of them was violently grabbed by the arms and legs and carried out into the lake. There they soused him under, roared with laughter as he came up to breathe, and ducked him under again. When he escaped to the beach, they scooped a grave with bits of board, rolled him in and buried him to the chin. He was a tall, melancholy person who never once smiled and Jerry Kendrick felt sorry for him. Mustering courage to accost the stout man, he explained his errand.

"Surest thing you know, kid," was the cordial reply. He aimed a finger at the mound of sand and added, "Leave it to Kelly. He pays the freight. Run up to the house and go through his clothes, McClintock. How much? Half a dollar each. Kelly treats us to mouse-traps and solder."

"Maybe you will be able to catch something when you go back to New York," came from the unfortunate Kelly.

"Wow! There was a warm one, right in the center," cried the stout man.

It was entertaining company and they

began to question Jerry so shrewdly and with so much jovial kindliness that he had to tell them all about himself. He was to stay to supper and spend the night, instead of wandering off somewhere, they promptly agreed. Leave it to Kelly. He was cook and chambermaid and a frightfully bad one. The air grew chill and they romped up the path to dress. Kelly last because he had to dig himself out. He delayed to say to Jerry Kendrick:

"How is that for a bunch of outlaws. I am surely ashamed to be seen in the same county with them."

"I like them," was the frank response. "They know how to enjoy themselves. Are you business friends?"

"Yes, in a way," answered the sad-featured Mr. Kelly. "We agreed to spend our two weeks' vacation together. I wonder if I'll live through it. I am the police reporter for The New York *Chronicle* and they are getting square for a story or two that rubbed it in. They are headquarters detectives and the best of the lot."

"Real New York detectives?" echoed Jerry in tones of awe. "You don't say so! And I am going to have supper with them?"

"If they will let me alone long enough to scramble it together. The fat one is Bill Davison. You have read about his work—the Mercantile National Bank case and the Van Slyck murder. He got back from Africa last week—trailed a crook clear to Mombassa. McClintock, the man with the mustache, is in charge of the Black Hand squad just now, and Peters, the runt, cleaned up the 'Benny' Lasky gang last winter even if they did drill him with three bullets."

Mr. Kelly trotted to the bungalow, leaving a youth whose mouth hung open and whose knees trembled, not in fear but with sheer, unutterable delight. These were no dime novel heroes but the real thing, and such affable, ordinary human beings that they welcomed him as a guest. "Headquarters detectives, the best of the lot." The words had a magical sound and he repeated them aloud. Rather timidly he advanced as far as the piazza where a bedlam of racket led him to infer that they were throwing shoes at Kelly.

After a while they sauntered out, freshly shaven, bright-eyed, immaculate, and lifting their voices in the refrain of "The Little Old Red Shawl." Mr. Bill Davison insisted that Jerry join the glee club and after several selections Mr. Kelly was escorted into the kitchen and sternly commanded to stay there under penalty of the third degree.

"We take turns at the house-keeping," exclaimed Mr. McClintock, "and this happens to be his day. He is a smart reporter —writes well—but discipline will improve his style."

They basely slandered Kelly's ability with the pots and pans, for he turned out an excellent supper, although nobody had a good word for it. His temper was unruffled, however, and Jerry, who thought him ill-used, volunteered to wash the dishes. Then they all sat outside in big wicker chairs, with the moonlight dancing on the lake, and discussed fishing when they were not cracking jokes at each other's expense. It was clean talk, quick-witted and vigorous, and they might have been so many lawyers or merchants out for a lark. Jerry Kendrick was profoundly disappointed. Three famous detectives and not a word about their marvelous experiences! He dared not suggest it, but Kelly had a sensitive imagination and he could read the heart of a boy.

"By the way, Davison," drawled the reporter, "there was lots of inside stuff on that Van Slyck job that never got into

print. On the level, was a piece of green thread the only clue you had to start off with?"

The stout detective rose to the bait and unfolded a story of groping a step at a time, but always advancing, through a blind maze of circumstances which had baffled everyone else. He told it simply but the scenes were so vivid that Jerry Kendrick breathed only when absolutely necessary. This reminded McClintock of a fight in a garret where three Italians were making bombs, and little Peters was kind enough to show the scar of a bullet and relate the true biography of the gangster who had tried to kill him. There was no boasting, nothing theatrical in the manner of these defenders of society against crime. Like the trade of a soldier, it was all in the day's work.

At length Mr. Bill Davison yawned and murmured:

"Early to bed suits an old-timer like me. I need the sleep. And I'm slated for a tour of duty as cook tomorrow."

"I hope you drop a stove-lid on your toe," ungraciously remarked Mr. Kelly.

They went indoors and lighted the candles. A June bug darted through an open window, circled wildly around a flame, changed its erratic course and smote the long-suffering Kelly in the right eye. Between his teeth was an empty clay pipe which he promptly dropped. It struck the edge of a chair, broke, and fell on the floor. Jerry Kendrick stooped with a candle and searched a moment before finding the bowl, which the owner peevishly tossed into the fire-place.

"Serves you right," said McClintock. "Why don't you quit smoking like the rest of us and give your health a chance? I was about due to smash that clay pipe myself."

Drowsily they climbed the stairs, nerves relaxed by bodily fatigue and the sweet air of the pine forests. Ten minutes later five cots creaked in as many low-roofed bed-rooms and the snore of Mr. Davison officially proclaimed the end of a perfect day. He had set the alarm clock for six and when it went off he groaned, smothered it with a pillow, and then recalled the painful fact that there was a fire to build and griddle-cakes demanded by unanimous vote. Ambling down to the beach, he plunged in like a porpoise and became cheerily wide-awake. He was singing as he jumped into his clothes but his voice died when he failed to find his trousers. In the pockets were a gold watch and a purse stuffed with bills.

After scowling at the walls and ceiling, he charged into Kelly's room, which was next to his. The reporter still slumbered and was hauled out of bed while the detective bawled in his ear:

"Where did you put your money last night? I can't find mine. Wake up. This is no joke."

"In the top bureau drawer. Ouch, don't twist my ear," mumbled the other. "You can't borrow a cent."

Mr. Davison hopped to the bureau, ransacked it, and announced:

"You too, Kelly. They didn't leave you street-car fare. Lucky you didn't lose your trousers. Mine were new—white serge and made to order."

"Robbed?" shouted the reporter, "with three sleuths to guard me through the night? Are the returns all in?"

There came a bellow from McClintock who mourned the loss of his valuables, two suits of clothes, and a pair of tan shoes. Last came the sawed-off Mr. Peters, aroused by the riot, who declared that he was not only penniless but had nothing to wear excepting pajamas. Jerry Kendrick sat on the edge of his cot,

amazed and reluctant to intrude, until Davison appeared with the question:

"Another sad story, or was innocent childhood spared? We have been very thoroughly harvested, it seems."

"I had only six dollars and it's still under my pillow," was the excited reply. "What isn't needed for expenses I send home. Honestly, did a thief get into this house? I can't believe it."

"We'll mighty soon find out whether he got in or not," rather curtly answered the detective as he walked out. Jerry missed the meaning of this remark but while he was jumping into his clothes he overheard parts of a whispered conversation that carried through the thin partition of pine boards. Presently McClintock's voice rose to a growling undertone as he said:

"What do we know about him? How do you know he didn't run away from a reform school or something? None of us ever laid eyes on the youngster before."

It was Kelly who impatiently objected:

"Nonsense! This habit of suspicion makes you sound foolish. Were you ever a kid yourself? You are positively the most formidable, all-wise persons he ever met in his life. Fancy his collecting this stuff, sneaking out to hide it somewhere and then crawling into bed again. It's absurd."

Poor Jerry's sunburned cheek was pale and his jolly smile had vanished when he went downstairs. There was no telling what might happen to him. Forgetting breakfast, the three famous detectives had begun to investigate, Mr. Peters almost lost in a pair of trousers several sizes too ample. They paid no heed to Jerry, whose sense of humor struggled with his gloomy forebodings. The melancholy Mr. Kelly, regardless of his own loss, sat and laughed with cruel glee, declaring his intention of wiring the story to the New York *Chronicle* with instructions to use photographs of the victims.

It was soon discovered that a window facing the piazza had been forced open with a sharp instrument which scarred the sash. In Bill Davison's opinion, this might be the work of a burglar's jimmy and perhaps it was a professional job. The ground around the house and the paths through the woods were so thickly carpeted with pine needles as to leave no footprints. On the white beach there was no furrow to show where a marauding boat had been drawn up. Mr. McClintock thoughtfully twisted his black mustache and suggested an automobile.

"You stay here, Kelly, and keep an eye on things," he went on to say, with a glance at Jerry Kendrick. "We'll take along some bread and sardines and try to report by noon."

"It looks like rain so you had better stick under cover," Mr. Peters grimly remarked to the youthful guest. "Spend another day with us anyhow."

They hurried in the direction of the road and the nearest telephone in a manner so prompt and business-like that Jerry's personal anxiety diminished. A burglar would have to be superhuman to avoid speedy capture with his booty. It was rather disappointing that their methods had not been more like those of Sherlock Holmes, such as examining the floors with a microscope, but this was explained by Kelly who said:

"They don't tell all they know. If any little thing got by them it would surprise me. Some clever operator may be raiding these summer resorts. If that is a good guess, Bill Davison is apt to recognize his style of work."

"Of course, they will succeed," confidently replied Jerry who felt that he had

a staunch friend in the reporter. "I didn't mean to listen this morning, Mr. Kelly, but I suppose I am a prisoner in your charge until they come back."

"Pshaw, I'm awfully sorry you took any notice of McClintock's ravings. He is the original human pessimist. Do as you like as far as I am concerned. You are as free as a bird."

"Then I'll get busy with a broom and a mop, for I simply can't bear to leave before we get some news. And it would seem too much like running away."

Three hours later Mr. Peters returned on foot to inform them that his comrades were scouring the country in a hired automobile. Glum and mysterious, he ate a hasty meal and departed to borrow a launch at one of the cottages. It was to be concluded that the ablest detectives in New York had failed to find their own money, watches, and clothing. After dinner Mr. Kelly stretched himself in a hammock and closed his eyes, remarking before he went to sleep that a reporter seldom had any money and could therefore survive the shock of losing it.

Jerry Kendrick's mood was uneasy and the bungalow was, indeed, too much like a prison. It was situated at one end of the summer settlement, between an inlet and the densely wooded hills which climbed from the edge of the lake. Just behind it the highway swung off to follow an easier grade, and the road that skirted the shore beyond was no more than a narrow, leafy trail. By the way of exploring it, Jerry sauntered idly on until he had strayed perhaps a mile. His mind was so unhappily perplexed that time and distance were unnoticed.

His eyes, for the most part, were fixed rather abstractly on the path when suddenly a small, white object caught his eye. It lay in the middle of the path and appeared to be a bit of crayon. This was the first surmise as Jerry picked it up, was about to toss it away, and then stared with alert, wondering interest. Carefully stowing it in a pocket, he stood intensely absorbed for at least five minutes. Then he wheeled in his tracks, broke into a trot and made for the bungalow. Slackening his pace to a more cautious approach, he discovered that Mr. Kelly still reposed in the hammock, the siesta unbroken. His eyes dancing, Jerry tip-toed into the living-room, went straight to the fireplace and picked up the bowl of the broken clay pipe which had been thrown there the evening before.

From his pocket he extracted the stem of white clay which he had found in the path and fitted the fractured end to the bowl. The joint was perfect. They belonged together. So much for the evidence! Dashing out to the hammock he shook the reporter wideawake and said:

"Do you mind showing me where you hid all the plunder so I can help bring it back?"

Mr. Kelly fell out of the hammock, imitated a man having a fit, and indignantly replied:

"How dare you? I am insulted beyond words. Is there a streak of insanity in the Jerry Kendrick household?"

"A confession, if you please," cheerfully insisted the brightest member of the family. "You did it as a joke, to get square with them. They certainly treated you scandalously, Mr. Kelly, and I don't blame you for the stunt. It was a pippin."

"Rather neat! I think so myself," was the amiable agreement, "but how in thunder could you fasten the crime on me? I give you my word, it was a performance without a flaw. Opening that window with the ice-pick was a fancy touch. I walked in and out of the front door, of course,

and not a blessed one of you even turned over in his sleep. My hands are up. Are you bluffing me?"

Jerry laughed and displayed the two pieces of the clay pipe. Mr. Kelly gazed blankly and could find nothing to say. His bewilderment was complete. The riddle was hopeless.

"When you dropped it last night," explained the very young detective, "the bowl fell on the floor but the piece of the stem didn't, for I was hunting with a candle. I happened to see what had become of it. Your trousers were turned up and the broken stem flipped into one of the cuffs and stayed there. It wasn't worth mentioning and I forgot all about noticing it until I found the piece lying in the path by the lake, quite a way from here."

"Ah, I see a glimmer of almost human intelligence, my son," smiled the reporter, "And then what?"

"Merely that it was easy to figure out the rest of it. You haven't been away from the house all day. The trousers that you wore last night weren't stolen. You have them on now. The pipe-stem fell out when you stumbled in the dark."

"By Jove, I did trip and tumble flat," exclaimed the admiring Mr. Kelly. "The loot flew out of my arms and I had to crawl around on my hands and knees with a flashlight to find it all. Um-m, the joke appears to be on me."

"When did you expect to return the stolen goods?" somewhat sternly demanded Jerry, as though conducting a cross-examination.

"After supper tonight, when my sagacious friends had worn themselves out chasing all over the landscape. I felt a bit ashamed of myself, though, at letting you worry. I never dreamed they'd suspect you but perhaps you will enjoy the laugh and forgive me."

"You just bet I will, Mr. Kelly. This is the greatest experience that ever happened."

They set out, arm in arm, along the path and turned off where giant bowlders were strewn among the stumps and bushes of a cut-over timber lot. One of these stones, dropped from a vast glacier, had so toppled against another as to form a tiny cave or pocket now screened by a clump of young birches. The reporter had discovered it while rambling alone over the hills. Having laden themselves with the spoils from this secure hiding place, they hastened to the bungalow and

Jerry stared with alert, wondering interest

awaited the three industrious detectives. Presently Davison and McClintock trudged in. Their car had broken down and they were weary, foot-sore, out of sorts. Mr. Peters arrived a few minutes later, petulantly hitching up the voluminous trousers and muttering to himself. His audience assembled, Mr. Kelly observed, in a careless manner:

"The stuff is all upstairs. Help yourselves, gentlemen. Be kinder to your cook and you will save a lot of trouble."

"Huh!" grunted Bill Davison, his expression comically sheepish. "One of these fresh newspaper men! They ought to raise your salary."

The other victims choked up, glared murderously, and walked toward the beach.

"Hold on," shouted Kelly. "That isn't the story. I put one over on you and it was easy. Now let me present to your respectful attention a genuine detective. Listen to young Mr. Jeremiah Kendrick and learn how it's done."

Bashfulness overcame the hero so the reporter took pity on him and told the tale of the broken pipe-stem. Every word of it received flattering, silent attention. Then the headquarters men shook Jerry's hand and slapped him on the back, and the big voice of Bill Davison rose above the others.

"Say, boy, in case of a vacancy will you consider coming to New York and taking charge of our office?"

"What about a reward?" suggested McClintock. "It's usual. If he doesn't deserve it, then I never earned one myself. I'll start off with a ten spot."

"I should say not," firmly and finally declared Jerry Kendrick. "I am selling mouse-traps for a living. A reward? Why, there isn't money enough anywhere to make me feel any happier than I am this minute."

Mind Your Face

BY JOHN HARGRAVE

QUEER things, faces, aren't they? "Poor chap, he can't help it!" one so often hears. Of course there are some things a fellow cannot help, but there is a good deal he can help if he only knows how, and has enough determination to do it.

For instance, that v a c a n t, mouth-left-open-by-mistake sort of expression. You know what I mean. It looks brainless and silly. The boy with that expression o n l y needs to realize what an ass he appears, and he can quite easily make up his mind to alter it.

Then again, there's t h a t hang-dog, miserable, slouching expression (of course, Scouts never have it!); but if by any c h a n c e you should happen to let your "physog" drop into this bad habit, have a look in the mir-

Mind Your Face

ror and laugh at it. It'll change. I can guarantee a change if you only laugh at your own dismal face in the glass.

There is another expression which you should avoid, and that is the high-and-mighty, top-dog, disdainful air—nose atilt and a sort of sneer on the mouth. That is "swank"—and it's silly.

That senseless grin of the giggle-all-day boy. Don't, whatever you do, allow that to develop on your own countenance. A Scout's smile lights up the whole face, but this giggly-grin is quite a different expression, and means nothing.

Beware, however, of looking too serious, as if all the troubles of the world rested upon your shoulders—they don't.

Don't put on that expression, "I know everything—follow me"—you don't.

I can hear you saying, "Well, this is all very well; but what are we to do with our faces?"

Above all—look natural. But if any of the foregoing expressions are natural to you, correct them now. Don't leave them there. They dry hard, like clay, and in later years you can't "rub them out."

Keep your face calm and happy, and determined to "win through" everything.

But don't allow your face to do as it likes, otherwise you have lost control. You'd think it rather queer if your feet began to walk when you wanted to sit still, wouldn't you? It's the same thing with your face.

Keep it in order—and "under orders."

Mind your face! You can help a good deal in expression, anyway. Go in for a course of "Smile Drill" before the mirror, and get your face right while there's still time to alter it.

If it is right, keep it right; don't allow temper or ridiculous mirth to make lines and creases all over it. Keep it composed, and calm, and happy, and Scout-like.

A Scout's smile is part of his costume. See to it that your costume is neat and clean and in order.

Mind your face!

Want to Be an Electrical Engineer?

Here's a Story About the Life and Its Prospects

THERE are many kinds and degrees of electrical work. Its chief branches today are railway and telephone systems, light and power plants, the installation and repair of wiring in buildings, and the manufacture of electrical machinery and apparatus.

An untrained man, starting as conductor, motorman, barnman, or lineman, will remain in the ranks of unskilled workers unless he adds to his limited daily experience such a study of electrical principles as will give him an intelligent understanding of the forces with which he works. Private study and reading, correspondence or night school courses are his way out to a broader field and an increase of income. Mathematics, chemistry, physics, and electrical principles will fit him for a position as foreman, inspector, or installation engineer.

In manufacturing plants electrical machinery has become so standardized that one capable engineer can direct the work of hundreds of workmen, who, unless they are alert and quick to learn, may fall into the rut of machine tending just as in other kinds of factory work.

The Boy Who Starts

The average boy starting with one of the larger companies to learn by experience would be paid not over $8 or $9 a week. Many college men are content to start at $9 a week to get practical experience from the ground up.

For the boy who goes to work after his high school course, or even after his grammar school course, there are a number of ways of getting ahead. Schools like Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh give industrial day and evening courses suited to the student who can spend only one or two years in preparation, or who is already at work. The city public schools, the Y. M. C. A.'s, such free institutions as Cooper Union in New York and Lowell Institute in Boston offer vocational and industrial training. Mechanics' Institutes offering trade and industrial courses at moderate rates are to be found in a number of cities.

The Electrical Engineer

The training necessary for electrical engineering is a thorough four years' course at a technical school or university. The boy who looks forward to engineering may begin his specialization in mathematics, science, mechanical drawing, and shop work in his high school days. For the higher course there are many schools to choose from.

The best training in this field is to be found at our best technical schools and the larger universities. Such schools require at least fifteen units of secondary

Want to be an Electrical Engineer?

school work for entrance. A unit means the study of a subject for one full school year with the equivalent of five recitation periods a week. Some schools admit by certificate from approved high schools and private schools, others by examination only.

The poor boy is not necessarily barred from the best schools and the best schools are not always the most expensive. In all schools there are students who earn a part or all of their expenses without neglecting their studies. All schools have a limited number of scholarships and other means of aid for students with more ambition than money.

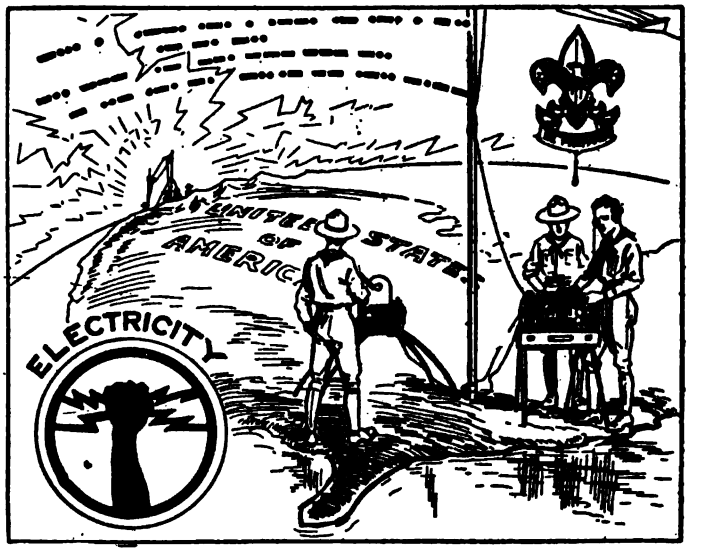
School catalogues usually give an estimate of the average cost of a year's attendance. They advise the student who expects to earn his own way to come with enough money for the first half year.

After Graduation

Schools help their graduates to find positions, although they do not guarantee positions. But the demand for well trained men from the best schools is great enough to insure the placing of practically all graduates soon after graduation and in many cases before graduation. The higher the reputation of the school the more are its graduates sought.

Getting ahead after graduation means hard, dogged work. A technical graduate has to learn many things before he gets his bearings in practical engineering. Many electric companies have established apprenticeship courses for technical graduates, where they may start in the ranks and work through the various departments to a thorough experience and grasp of the whole business.

There are opportunities for a considerable number of technically trained men in the sales departments of the manufacturing companies. The sales engineer who combines scientific knowledge with business ability, is a well paid man. Salaries of $2,000 to $2,500 a year are not uncommon for such work and a man of marked ability might go several thousands higher.



The contracting field has proved profitable to engineers who possess business judgment and execute ability in addition to technical training.

Competent designers of electrical machinery are rare in all parts of the field and correspondingly well paid.

Electrical engineering offers unlimited work and unlimited opportunity to the boy who has the brains, the grit, and the ambition to make the most of it.

Men All Boys Delight to Honor

Professor Michael Pupin
(See Story, page 135)

David Lloyd George Speaking
(See Story, page 55)

General Joseph Joffre
(See Story, page 181)

Admiral George Dewey
(See Story, page 119)

Col. William F. Cody—"Buffalo Bill"
(See Story, page 179)

Boy Scout Tests

Applying head bandage—First Aid

Demonstrating prone-pressure method of resuscitation

Special Field Scout Commissioner Wilbert E. Longfellow of the National Red Cross Life Saving Corps, is the man to the left of picture

Rustic Bridge constructed by St. Louis scouts. One of the tests for the Pioneering Merit Badge

What Dreams Can Do

BY ALBION NELSON

MICHAEL IDVORSKY PUPIN, 15 years old, stepped from the immigrant barge at Castle Garden, in the city of New York, and looked about him.

It was a relief to be on terra firma again. The steerage in the Hamburg-American liner which had brought him from Europe was interesting in its way, but two weeks of it was quite enough.

Of the money which he had raised by selling his old watch and books, $11.00 had been paid for passage, and the balance on hand was exactly five cents.

Michael had been born in the village of Idvor, as his middle name indicated. Idvor was on the Austrian side of the Danube River, a few miles north of Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. He was a Serb through and through, and proud of his nationality, but there were reasons why he did not wish to remain in his mother country.

Like American boys, Michael, in far-away Serbia, had read the lives of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, and in the newspapers he read many incidents of the great Abraham Lincoln. He knew that America meant freedom, therefore America was the place for him.

The five cents he had, Michael invested in a piece of plum pie as soon as he had landed. It was a relief to swallow something with the assurance that it would stay down, after two weeks on the ocean. His five cents were gone, but he had his five senses and he used them to the best advantage.

Having lost his hat on the way over, while engaged in that classic exercise known as "feeding the fishes," Michael had for headgear only an old Turkish fez, as he started up Broadway in search of adventure. This fantastic cap helped him to find it. He had gone but a little way when a Battery bootblack cried, "Say, fellers, pike the ginney," or words to that effect.

Not knowing one word of English, Michael was not offended by this salutation, but before he had gone as far as Wall Street he found himself surrounded by a motley crowd whose gestures, if not their words, were unmistakable. They were guying Michael. In a moment his Serbian fighting blood was up.

He picked out one of the crowd and challenged him to mortal combat by the well-known sign language. The challenge was accepted and the crowd, hostile but showing the American spirit of fair play, formed a circle around the combatants.

Michael came out victorious, but victory as well as defeat presents its peculiar problems. Feeling that he had done well to win this, his first battle in the western world, his pride received a sudden jolt when he was taken in charge by a very tall gentleman, dressed in blue clothes with brass buttons, and speaking with an Irish brogue.

Just as he had visions of spending the remainder of the time in America behind prison bars, another gentleman interfered. This one did not carry a club, but he had most persuasive manners. At the close of a short but very earnest argument, the policeman yielded and the civilian took Michael back to Castle Garden, where in the

presence of the immigrant authorities, he engaged the lad to work on a farm near Delaware City, in the State of Delaware.

The civilian was a foreman on the farm. Under his direction Michael worked hard for three months. His duties consisted of taking care of a pair of mules, driving them, and doing all kinds of hauling and carting work on the farm.

One of the mules was more than unusually stubborn. He particularly objected to having the bridle put on his head. The other farmhands knew his disposition and waited anxiously in the morning at hitching time to see how young Michael would handle the problem.

They found out. Having put the bridle on once, he left it there, removing only the bit at feeding time. Very soon the mule forgot all about his objections to the bridle and thereafter was as good as any mule could be.

This and other instances of resourcefulness made the Serb lad popular with the other farmhands, and particularly with the superintendent and his family. He spent every evening with them, and the superintendent's young daughter, who was about the same age as Michael, gave him oral instruction in the English language. Under such conditions it is no wonder that at the end of three months he spoke the language fluently, with just enough accent to amuse and delight all who heard him.

Everybody felt sorry to see him go, when at the end of three months he asked to be honorably discharged. In his opinion he spoke English too well to spend his life in driving mules, and he decided that the right place for his activity was the great metropolis, New York.

Here his troubles began again, and he regretted having left his friends on the Delaware farm. He knew no trade, and was skilled in nothing in particular, and times were hard. Only the year before, 1873, had occurred the well-remembered "Black Friday," and the financial condition of the country was still very poor.

Michael tried his hand at everything—drawing, painting, paper-hanging—but in everything he found unsurmountable competition. Many a hungry day and cold night he spent without shelter. He saw that the competition must soon be overcome or utter defeat would result in his struggle for existence.

One day he saw a boy of about his own age recording books at the library of Cooper Union. This youth was ambidexterous, writing with his left hand just as well as with his right. Michael felt discouraged when he considered that he had to compete with young fellows of that kind. This feeling of discouragement was increased while he was employed in a cracker bakery. He found that he could not hold his own against boys and girls of his own age who, like himself, were stamping the finer brands of biscuits.

He observed, however, that these boys and girls could not hold their own against him when it came to a discussion of the topics of the day. Through reading the Sunday editions of the New York papers he had become well-versed in the topics of scientific and literary character. At that time the famous physicist, Tyndall, was giving in this country his famous course of lectures on light. Bell had invented the telephone, and Edison was beginning his career of electrical invention. The papers had full accounts of these things, and young Pupin knew all these articles by heart.

On holidays and when out of employment he would walk on Broadway and study every show window where there was anything of interest to be seen. He looked at photographs, pictures, and mechanical

contrivances, and in this way he soon became acquainted with the men and things of those days. Reading and observation convinced him that he was superior, mentally, to the boys and girls of his own age who in the factory proved superior to him in manual dexterity. This was a great consolation.

He soon found an opportunity to enter the evening classes at Cooper Institute, where Peter Cooper himself gave not only his money, but his own time and personality in helping those who were ambitious to acquire an education. Pupin easily held his own in physics, mathematics, chemistry and drawing—especially in free-hand drawing. He began to realize that a college education might be within his reach.

Columbia College appealed to him for two reasons: First, a Columbia crew had just won at the Henley Regatta in England; secondly, the famous scientist, Barnard, was president of Columbia. Barnard, with his snow-white hair and long, patriarchal beard, had long been admired by Pupin, who had seen his photograph in the windows on Broadway. He longed to be a student under such a president, and he worked hard and saved every penny and studied evenings until he was ready for the entrance examinations.

When he had saved $300 he applied for admission. This was in 1879—five years after he landed at Castle Garden. He succeeded so well with his entrance examinations that he was not only admitted, but was given free tuition. He had passed his examinations with high honors.

The Serb boy's success in college was as great as his success in opening a way to get there. He took good care of his health and built up a strong physique. He took his studies seriously. His classmates liked him because he was modest and retiring. Had he been a braggart he would surely have aroused envy and jealousy, for he stood high both in his studies and in athletics, but his kindly disposition and retiring ways made him a general favorite. He became the college champion in Greek, mathematics, wrestling and boxing.

He loved Greek. His Greek professor won his confidence and admiration, and the Homeric poems reminded him of the heroic ballads of his own race. He acquired mathematics without effort. Wrestling and boxing, according to the traditions of the Serb race, were the proper exercise for every well-born youth, so it was quite natural that he should excel in these.

His scholarship became so well known that his fellow students engaged him as a tutor. In this way he not only paid his way through college, but saved enough to take up graduate studies in European universities after he graduated from Columbia in 1883. He started his studies abroad with his own money, but after two years, he was awarded the income of $650 a year from a new fellowship established at Columbia by Tyndall. With this assistance he continued his studies in mathematics and physics at the universities of Cambridge, England, and Berlin, Germany.

In 1889 he was called to Columbia to teach mathematical physics, and he has been there ever since—now Professor Pupin.

As a boy he had looked beyond the narrow surroundings of his village home to the freedom and opportunities of far-away America, and then made his dreams come true by finding a way to get there. As a man he looked beyond the covers of the books of science and dreamed of forces yet undiscovered. Electricity, the unseen power, mysterious in its nature, elusive in its manifestations, challenged him to bring it under control.

By days and nights of study and ex-

perimentation he discovered laws of electrical vibration hitherto unknown. He discovered that electrical "wave lengths" could be measured, controlled. He startled the world by proving that wireless telegraph apparatus could be "tuned" so that a message intended for a certain receiving station could be received at that station and no other. The patent rights for this invention were purchased by the Marconi Wireless Company.

Again he reached out into the unknown and again he put into tangible, concrete form, for the benefit of his fellow men, wonderful forces which had defied research. By introducing suitable coils of copper wire into electric telephone and telegraph wires, he made it possible to send messages over very long distances, over land and under water. This invention made telephony possible over wires connecting any point on the Atlantic coast with any point on the Pacific coast. In fact it brought the art of electrical telephony to a state of perfection which was hardly realized sixteen years ago. Telephone and telegraph wires, constructed according to this invention of Professor Pupin, are known all over the world as Pupin-ized wires. The French call them "lignes Pupinizé" and the Germans call them "Pupinizierte linien." The American Telephone and Telegraph Company purchased this invention.

It goes without saying that the technical success of several of Professor Pupin's inventions brought him a handsome financial return. He no longer felt that he was obliged to make provisions for his old age. Instead of wasting his substance in riotous living, or using his wealth and ability solely for building up a great fortune, he turned his attention to the helping of his fellow men, especially the immigrants belonging to his own race.

He wanted to help the poor Serbians who were coming to this country, to escape, so far as possible, the hardships which he had experienced when he came. He established the Slavonic Immigrant Home in West Twenty-second Street, New York, ten years ago, and he has been its president ever since. A friend of his, an American lady, Mrs. Helen Hartley Jenkins, presented a house to the Slavonic Immigrant Society, which Professor Pupin organized, and furnished it for work with immigrants.

This society has helped thousands, especially Serbian young women, and they looked upon the Home as their own, and its managers are parents and advisers to them.

Thousands of Slavonic immigrants have found employment through this society, and thousands have received protection and care when they were in distress.

In 1909 Professor Pupin united three mutual benefit societies of Serbian workmen into one, which they called the Serbian Federation. These three societies had met with financial disaster on account of mismanagement, and they owed over $80,000 to widows and orphans. By using the plan which Professor Pupin worked out for them as president of the Federation, they paid all these debts and now have nearly $100,000 in their reserve fund.

At the home of the Federation, in New York City, they have a printing establishment, where they publish a weekly newspaper. They do educational work among the Serbs who are members of the Federation, and also among others who are not members and who are scattered in camps in the mining districts of the West and in the industrial plants of the Middle West and East.

When the first Balkan war broke out, Serbia had no one to represent her in the

United States, and the Serbian government asked Professor Pupin to act as its Honorary Consul General. He has done this, giving his valuable time without pay.

He also organized a relief committee to collect voluntary contributions among the Serb immigrants for the relief of the wounded and the widows and the orphans in Serbia.

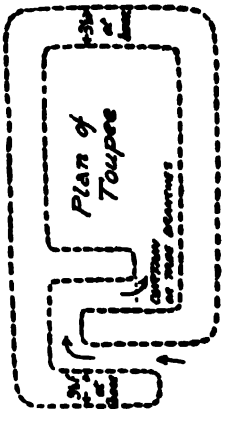
This relief committee has collected about $300,000 among the Serbs in this country. Ninety-nine per cent. of the contributors were born in Austria, and yet their sympathy is entirely with the Serbs in Serbia.

Though Professor Pupin is a Serb by birth and is proud of it, he is none the less an American. President Wilson appointed him as a member of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which was established by act of Congress a year ago. So he serves directly the Government that made possible his success in America.

How to Make an Igloo

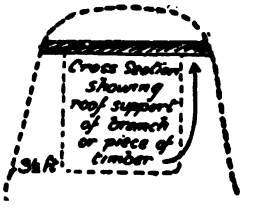
BY LODEMA B. SPENCER

ALMOST every boy in snow zones has tried to build a snow house. Sometimes it was but a dug-out in a big rolled snowball and again it was a massive fort with formidable stick cannon. Or maybe it turned out to be quite a house. You could even manage to climb into it if you huddled up. Usually it caved in before it was half finished; but then, what fun it had been to even try to build.



Here is a plan followed by hunters who build these snow huts for a brief camping or hunting trip. Any boy or even "boys grown tall" can build it and it is surprising how cozy it can be made. These huts are comparatively warm, even in bitter, windy weather. One built on this plan can be depended upon for shelter on an extended camping trip or can be erected, just for fun, in sight of home.

Our temperate winters have taught us many ways of building shelters other than that of snow, but if by chance we have a week or more of real wintry weather an igloo can easily be made and if properly built will be surprisingly substantial.



These snow huts, if placed in the shelter of a high rock or at the north edge of a thickly wooded patch will last a long time.

First build your side walls. Have the base at least three feet in thickness and taper the outside to about two feet at the top. Pack your snow balls tightly, filling all chinks as you proceed, if you wish a sturdy non-caving igloo.

Begin roofing at the center of your walls by placing poles or strong branches across from wall to wall to support the room. An arched roof may be built by building

How to Make an Igloo

one section at a time, each the width of a big snowball. A well-built arched roof will stand alone after the supports are removed in very cold weather, but the first thaw will make it collapse. So the supported roof is safer.

Be certain there are no open places between the packs of snow.

Low roofed igloos are most quickly heated and consequently the most comfortable. We do not mean heated artificially as that cannot be done satisfactorily in temperate climates. We mean the natural body heat of several occupants.

If you are aiming to make your igloo as nearly perfect as possible, follow the double entrance plan shown in the sketch.

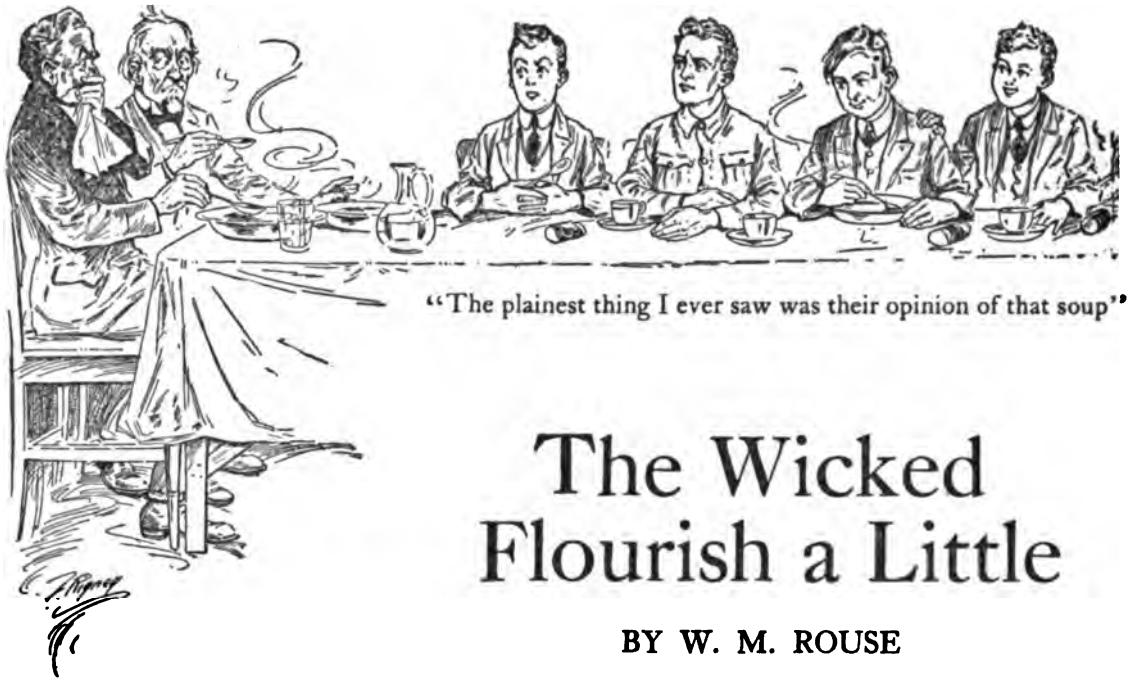
Have your igloo situated so that the outside entrance is turned away from the prevailing winds. A small branchy tree placed at a sheltering angle will give additional comfort. You might make the outer entrance of small proportions to further retain any inside warmth.

If convenient a blanket might be hung over the inner doorway, but a few tree branches will insure almost as much protection.

As to a window, if your igloo is built only for playtime then you may wish to add a window, otherwise it is not practical or necessary. Plenty of fresh air will be admitted without it.

However, if you do desire to have a window, stretch a piece of muslin over a space left for the purpose. Chuck it in tightly with snowballs without and within. It is apt to loosen unless fitted securely.

A fire should be kept burning at a fair distance from the hut.



"The plainest thing I ever saw was their opinion of that soup"

The Wicked Flourish a Little

BY W. M. ROUSE

THINGS was quiet in Cartersville for a long while after our private circus, which produced more lickings in one day than ever was known before. You can't have war all the time—it would be like trying to live on nothing but fruitcake and pickles.

Then a new boy came to town, and it was the same thing as when Gramp Hawkins dropped his pipe in amongst the fireworks they had for the Fourth of July. Snipe Blackwell is the new boy's name. He has got a lot of fine warts and he can wiggle his Adam's apple up and down the best I ever saw. He has also got a dog named Henry that begins at the nose by being a fox terrier and winds up with a pug dog tail. In between he is partly dashhound and partly some other kinds.

Snipe Blackwell looks as though he'd got such a start growing that his clothes would never catch up, and it's a sure thing nobody around here will ever catch up with him in thinking up things that don't agree with grown folks' ideers. Which is proved by what happened at Deacon Ellery Hodgkins' oyster supper.

Snipe had gone in with Smitty Henderson and his gang of Tommyhawk Avengers but, there not being any war, us Black Rovers was friendly with 'em just like Democrats and Republicans when there isn't an election. That was how I come to hear about the bottle of trouble that Snipe had.

"Snipe, he don't like John Nelson, the Boy Scout," Smitty Henderson told me the afternoon before the oyster supper. He looked as happy over it as a cat lapping cream for he don't like Nelson, either. "You just wait 'til tonight, Bunk Carson, and see what happens!"

"Shucks!" I told him. "Snipe ain't smart enough to do anything to Nelson."

"Wait and see!" says Smitty. "It's a secret, but I'll tell you this much—Black-

well has got a bottle of reg'lar trouble that'll make the Scout wish he was back in the city where he come from!"

It didn't worry me very much, but just the same I told Nelson about it and after supper had begun and us fellers was hanging around the outside edges of the grown folks we decided it was time for the trouble to begin, if there was going to be any. But nothing happened. You would of thought Snipe and the rest of the Avengers was angels. The Scout and me got a couple of good places together at one of the first tables.

"Watch out when you sit down," I told him, "and all the time you're eating. They's two or three Avengers peeking around door corners and some more standing out in the snow to look into the dining room windows."

Both of us was nervous. We got along through a couple of plates of oyster soup and Mrs. Deacon Hodgkins was just bringing us some more when Pa come into the dining room. Of course, him being the minister, there is quite a lot of fuss to see he gets good things to eat, and gets 'em quick.

Mrs. Hodgkins gave *our* soup to Pa and to Squire Thompson, that came in with him, and forgot all about us. Pa and the Squire picked up their spoons as one man and dipped in, all the while talking hard about something or other.

They swallowed a couple of big spoonfuls.

The plainest thing I ever saw was their opinion of that soup. Their faces told that they was awful surprised and upset. They stopped their spoons halfway up the second time, and sniffed. Then they looked at each other, and began to get white around the mouth. The next minute they went through the outside door like a team of horses.

The oyster supper was considerable upset—what with some folks running around and getting strong coffee for the Squire and Pa, and others asking what was the trouble and who done it. Doc Hornaday said it was Tomains done it and nobody was to eat any more of the soup. Sam Ferguson, who always tries to get into the middle of everything, from a dog fight up, said there wasn't any fambly named Tomains in Cartersville that he knew of. But if the Doc would show him old man Tomain or any of his sons he'd wrastle 'em collar-and-elbow, or square-holt, either one.

Doc Hornaday said Sam was almost as bright as a sheep and for a minute it looked like they would start some trouble of their own.

Just then Gramp Hawkins, who is an old soldier, came in out of the kitchen with his fierce look on and the Scout by the collar.

"I've got Mr. *Tomains* right *here,*" says he, "I ketched him in a corner of the kitchen a-looking at this bottle!"

"Asafetida!" yells Doc Hornaday. "I might have knowed it! Young man, what do you mean by trying to make the Rev. Mr. Carson and Squire Thompson sick?"

"I didn't," the Scout tells him. "I found it."

Nobody believed that. Pa says the trouble with most folks is that the truth is so plain and easy that they won't believe it. I guess he's right.

The Scout was set in a chair in a corner, and also in disgrace. If it had been any other feller he would of been licked and no more said, but Nelson, without trying, has got a reputation for being square amongst the grown folks and they couldn't figure out why he had turned into a black sheep and was lying after he'd been caught in the act, as they thought. He

stuck to the truth and that made everybody mad.

Of course he couldn't squeal, nor any of the rest of us that had heard about Snipe's bottle of trouble. But I heard Smitty Henderson whisper to Snipe:

"Why don't you own up?"

"Not much!" Snipe told him. "This is a reg'lar double-barreled joke."

A few minutes afterwards Grunter Perkins hunted me up and said to come out to the woodshed if I wanted to see something. I went, and little Runty Brown went along with me.

We looked in the door and there was Snipe Blackwell laughing fit to kill himself. It seems they had set the bad soup out there and his dog, Henry, had come along and gobbled it up without stopping to taste, the way dogs do. Henry was as sick a dog as ever I saw. He was as sick as two sick dogs.

"Dirty shame," says Runty Brown. "A feller that will laugh at his own dog's troubles!"

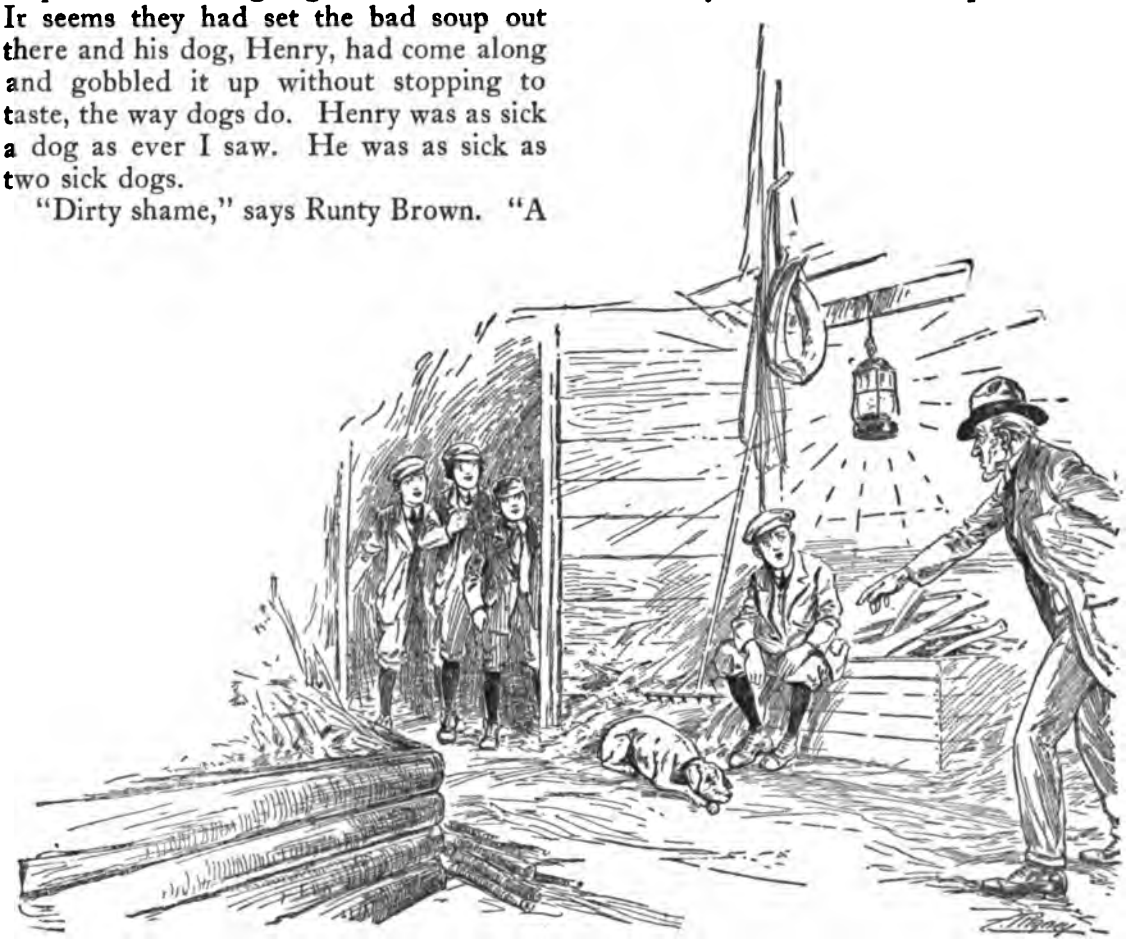
"The wicked flourish," says Grunter Perkins, "just like Bunk's Pa said in church last Sunday."

Grunter always sees the black side of things, but I believed him that time until I caught sight of Squire Thompson peeking through the kitchen door. Then I had hopes. He come out and stood looking at Snipe, who stopped laughing all of a sudden.

"Hum!" says the Squire. "Is that *your* dog, boy?"

"Yes sir," says Snipe.

"And you fed him that soup to see what



would happen, did you? Well, I'll *show* you what'll happen! I happen to like dogs!"

The Squire grabbed and caught Snipe by the slack of the pants and I guess he was going to shake him out a little and let him go. But all of a sudden the Squire got pale—there was a lantern hanging in the woodshed right near him—and began to sniff like he had at the table.

"Somehow you don't *smell* right to me, young man," he says, quiet but fierce. "I guess I'll look you over."

Squire Thompson dug the bottle out of Snipe's clothes—he had got hold of it again someway—and then he snaked Snipe into the house where everybody was.

Even before they made him admit it, Snipe showed in his face that he was the one that put the stuff in the soup. All the grown folks made it up with the Scout and Snipe got licked a considerable harder than any feller has been licked lately. The bottle was handed around to look at and I says to Grunter Perkins:

"How about the wicked flourishing now, hey?"

"It may seem like they don't, but they always do," he says. You can't cheer Grunter up, anyway.

Things quieted down after a while and I was wondering if there was any way of getting the women cleaning up in the kitchen to think it was better to give chocolate cake to boys than to carry it home when Runty punched me and said to come outdoors quick. Grunter was out there, with the Scout.

"Come along," says Runty.

We followed him around to the woodshed and there was Snipe Blackwell reaching down behind a rafter. He fished out something and looked at it, grinning all over his face.

"That's one of Aunt Arabella Greenfield's mince pies, that he's stole!" whispers Grunter. "Talk to me the wicked don't flourish!"

It certainly looked like the wicked *did* flourish.

We hid around a corner of the shed and then followed Blackwell to see where he'd go to eat the pie. He went home and sat down on the doorstep, which was safe, account of his folks being at the oyster supper. Henry was with him, but Henry didn't have such a sassy curl in his tail as usual. I guess the soup had took the sass mostly out of him.

You know when it's starlight and there's snow on the ground you can see pretty good. So we could peek around the corner of the house and watch Snipe looking at that pie. He broke it in four pieces and then he went to work on the first piece just like the dog had on the soup—kind of took it at a running jump on account of its being cold outdoors, I guess.

He had just got started on the second piece and I could hear Runty Brown breathing hard when all of a sudden Snipe stopped eating and stood up, quick. Then he threw what was left of the pie out into the middle of the road. Then he sat down again on the steps and put both hands over his stummick.

In less than a minute he rolled over against Henry, and curled up in a hard knot with his head hanging off the steps.

"What's the matter of Blackwell?" says the Scout. "The way he acts ain't human."

"I saw him steal that pie and watched where he hid it," says Runty Brown. "Also I found the bottle of asafetida after the grown folks got through looking at it. I done it for Henry's sake—I like dogs."

"Now, how about the wicked flourishing?" I asked Grunter Perkins.

In the Scout Cave

BY THE CAVE SCOUT

F. J. P.

HELLO, there, you old Cave Scout, you!"

Hello, bunch, come right in. Jumping gee-whiskers, but there's a mob of you! Guess the registration figures must have gone up to the 300,000 mark we've been getting so close to. Scout Goy, will you chuck a few more sticks of wood

on the fire? Got your letter the other day. Have you received the answer yet? Takes a letter quite a while to go way out to Arkansas. And Scout Harlan, will you please pull that bearskin curtain shut? There's an awful draught here. How are things going out in California? All right? That's the stuff!

"Say, Cave Scout, what made you look so sober when we came in?"

Guess it must have been because I was thinking so hard. There are so many things to talk about this time that I'll be jiggered if I know which of them to tackle. There's Christmas, and the Pig-Eye Kelly story, and about forty letters in the question hole—we haven't dug into that for quite a while, have we?—and stunts for winter scouting and——

"Let's talk about Christmas first!"

All right, anything to start the ball rolling.

Within the Law

DID you ever stop to think why Christmas is the jolliest, happiest, best old season of the year?

"Sure! It's because we get so many fine presents, and have roast goose or turkey for dinner and apple sauce and candy and mince pie and plum pudding. Guess that's enough to make anybody feel jolly!"

There's a good deal in that, all right, but that isn't exactly what I had in mind.

"I'll bet it's because people *give* so many presents. I know it's lots of fun to give presents to Dad and Mother and my kid sister. It's a different kind of fun than I have when I *get* presents. Maybe Christmas is such a dandy time because we have both kinds of fun mixed up together—both the *giving* and the *getting* kind."

Yes, that comes a little nearer to it. But still that isn't *exactly* what I was thinking; it has something to do with Scouting.

"Say, isn't it because at Christmas, *everybody* is a good Scout?"

That's the time you hit the ball right on the nose for a home run. Let's look at some of the Scout Laws and see if Christmas time doesn't fit them as snug as the skin of an apple.

"A Scout Is Helpful." Of course, you all have noticed how anxious people are to be helpful on Christmas. You boys

rustle in the wood to help roast the turkey and shovel the snow off the sidewalk and just keep your eyes skinned all the time to do something helpful. Your sisters hustle around the house making beds and dusting things off and setting the table. Everybody seems to be anxious to do good turns. They do them without stopping to think about it at all, for it seems to be the natural thing to do—as natural as eating peanuts at a circus. Good turns everywhere you go, millions and millions of them!

Let's try another.

"A Scout Is Friendly." People *are* mighty friendly on Christmas. Even if you are in a strange place among folks you have never seen before, they will look at you with a jolly smile and say, "How d'ye do! Glad to see you. Great day, isn't it?" And as for the people you *know*, well, say, I guess they're *some* friendly all right, slapping you on the back and shouting "Merry Christmas!" and laughing fit to bust. There isn't any better fun on earth than meeting folks on Christmas!

"A Scout Is Kind." This law is worked for all it's worth on Christmas. You fellows who live in the cities know how people give away money like water to buy baskets of grub for poor folks and toys for poor children. And you boys who live in the country know what special care you take of your stock on Christmas—how you give your ponies an extra ear of corn for dinner and slip 'em a lump or two of sugar. You bet Christmas is a great old time for kindness!

"A Scout Is Cheerful." Well, I guess we don't need to talk about that one. Anybody who isn't cheerful on Christmas has a kink in his make-up some place that a steam roller couldn't straighten out.

"A Scout Is——"

But what's the use of going on? We all can see that Christmas and good Scouting are as close together as the freckles on Scout Smith's nose. When we stop to think about it this way, fellows, doesn't it really seem that Christmas is such a dandy fine season because everybody lives the Scout Law? Of course, people don't know they are living the Scout Law. They just don't think anything about it—they call it the "Christmas Spirit."

Well, here's wishing every single one of you a great, big, rollicking, joyful Merry Christmas!

The Question Hole

SAY, Mr. Mysterious Cave Man, what's that question hole you mentioned a while ago? I've been a Scout only ten days and this is my first visit here."

Oh, the question hole is this hole right over here in the side of the cave. Any fellow that has a question he'd like to have discussed, chucks it in this hole. Sometimes we talk them over here together and sometimes the Cave Scout answers them by letter.

"Suppose you take a grab and see what you can pull out."

All right, here goes. This looks like a short one, but it may have something interesting in it. Let's read it:

DEAR CAVE SCOUT:

I have come to ask you a favor in answering a question. What is expected of a troop leader? I have been a private, a patrol leader and now I have been elected troop leader and want to start in right, so have asked you to help me out.

Yours truly,
LAURENCE CHENEY.

P. S.—Thank you very much for the information. I wish I could visit you in your cave. Where *do* you live?

In the Scout Cave

Well, let's take up these questions in the order they come. The duties of the troop leader cannot be explained for the simple reason that there "ain't no such animal." The last edition of the Handbook makes no provision for this office.

In some large troops, however, one of the patrol leaders is selected to have rank above the other leaders, serving as a man through whom the scoutmaster and assistant scoutmasters can quickly get in touch with the heads of the patrols. This officer in some troops is known as the "senior patrol leader," although this title is also unofficial. In some troops he is the leader of the oldest patrol and in others the leader who has been longest in service at the head of a patrol.

His duties are usually confined to work with the patrol leaders, under the supervision of the scoutmaster or his assistants. He assists in arranging meetings of patrol leaders, helps the leaders in outlining work for their members, assists other leaders in preparing boys for their tests and delivers orders from the scoutmaster to the patrol leaders. In troops that have mobilization schemes, the "senior patrol leader" is usually responsible for notifying the leaders of the various patrols when the mobilization orders are issued. Roughly, the patrol leaders can be considered as a committee from the troop with the "senior patrol leader" as chairman.

I hope you are looking forward, Cheney, to the time when you can become an assistant scoutmaster. How old are you now?

"Hey, Cave Scout, you haven't told us about Pig-Eye Kelly yet."

That's so. Well, Pig-Eye was a logger back in the days when the lumber industry was in its prime on the headwaters of the Mississippi River. He was known in logging camps in the whole north country as a man of tremendous strength.

At the same time there was another logger in that part of the country whose name was Christie. Christie was also a regular brute for strength. He had a sharp tongue in his head and was famous in that section for talking to men until they lost their temper and attacked him in a fury of rage. Sometimes Christie got the worst of the argument, too. He had had pieces chopped out of his head with an ax and had had his face horribly cut under the spiked shoes of river-men. But these injuries never seemed to affect him a bit and the lumberjacks began to believe that it was impossible to hurt Christie.

One day he began to pester Pig-Eye. Pig-Eye tried to get away from him, but Christie followed and kept nagging away until Pig-Eye finally lost control of his temper altogether. Pulling out a rifle from behind the counter of a back-woods store, he shot Christie right through the body.

There was no doctor in the woods to attend to the case, so they ripped some cotton batting out of an old quilt, wrapped it around the ramrod of the gun, dipped it in alcohol and stuck the ramrod through the hole in Christie to clean out the wound. Then they loaded him onto a scow, shipped him down the river a couple of hundred miles to a settlement where there was a doctor and went back up the river leaving him there.

About two weeks later a boat drew up at the landing, and out stepped Christie, apparently as good as new. The first thing he did was to hunt up Pig-Eye.

"Say, Pig-Eye," he said, "don't get the idea there is any hard feeling between you and me about that little mix-up the other day. I don't hold that against you. That was just a good joke between friends."

In the Scout Cave

But jiminy crickets, I hope none of my friends play a joke like that on me!

O. K. and O. T.

LISTEN, fellows, come over here close and shut that bearskin door, because I'm going to tell you something about "The Great Mystery: Or, What's the Cave Scout's Name?"

I've a whale of a lump on the side of my nose,
Sand in my whiskers and warts on my toes.
I've ears like a Wympus and eyes like a cat,
But I'm not a bad fellow in spite of all that.

Well, "laying all seriousness aside," as we used to say in college, let's get down to business on this Scouting proposition:

How about it, Scouts? How many of you are bothered with the tardiness habit

in your troop meetings? Stand up, please, so I can count you. Jiminy Christopher! I guess pretty nearly the whole bunch is standing up. This problem must be worth talking about.

I notice there are a few of you sitting down. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to ask these chaps to tell us why nobody ever comes late to their meetings. Let's begin with Red over there.

"Well, Scouts, I'll tell you how we work it.

"We are going to take a big hike next summer—will be gone for two weeks and will cover 150 miles. We are building a trek cart now and figuring how much grub and things we must take with us. The fellows are all excited about it and are crazy to go. So we have made a rule that no member of the troop can make the trip if he has more than twenty-five demerits. These demerits are given for coming late, for disturbing meetings, for not paying dues, etc. We haven't had many demerits since the rule went into effect; the fellows are taking no chances on losing that trip."

That sounds to me like a bully scheme and it certainly ought to work. That idea of having something definite to work for—in your case the big hike—is a splendid plan, too. If every troop had something like that they were working for, instead of just holding meetings once a week, progress in Scouting would be much more rapid. It's a good thing, too, to start figuring early on your big summer stunt. That's half the fun, and your hike will be more fun, too, because you have prepared for it. Here's good luck to you!

The Cave Scout knows of a number of troops that have gone under because this disease of tardiness got started among the members of the troop. It is certainly a dangerous malady.

Let's think of it this way. Of course, we all know what O. K. means, and there isn't a scout in the Cave today who wouldn't like to be known as an O. K. Scout and an O. K. all-around fellow. Well, we can't be O. K. unless we are O. T. Guess what that means.

"On time!"

O. K. You got it right first shot out of the box. Guess you must have seen those letters in railroad stations. When

you see those letters "O. T." after the number of a train on the bulletin board, you know she's O. K. Get the idea?

There are thousands of fine places out in the business world waiting for fellows who can always be depended upon to be O. T. Now's a good time for us to get in training for one of them by being O. T. at our troop meetings.

Troop Digestion

HELLO, fellows, how goes the camp life? Oh, I can tell that a big bunch of you have been camping all right. I can see the marks of the open on your faces and hands—blisters and cuts and burns and scratches and tan—and you have about you that haunting smell of the campfire. But you're a mighty healthy looking bunch and I guess the outdoor life agrees with you. You're a huskier looking lot than you were when the summer began, even if you have lost a little hide. And the beauty of it is that you'll soon get the hide back without losing the health and muscle.

You know, fellows, somebody told me not long ago that it was "a waste of time to try to get boys interested in the serious side of scout work." This person had the idea that Scouting is "just a stunt to give boys a good time." He didn't take much stock in the Scout Law, and said he didn't believe boys paid much attention to it.

Well, I told him that I wasn't trying to get you boys "interested in the serious side of scout work"—I told him I didn't need to because you are *already* interested in it. You fellows who have been regular visitors to the Cave know that we come here because we can help each other with our scout work—and we know it is serious work, too.

The experience of a great many troops proves that this is true. The Cave Scout is thinking right now of one troop that had an idea that scouting was devised for no other purpose than to give them amusement. They seemed to think that when they joined the Movement they had done their duty and instead of getting out and hustling for themselves they sat down and waited for people to do things for them. They wanted their mothers to give them a scout banquet; the troop committee to fix up a camp for them and their dads to take them out to it in automobiles and the local council to arrange free moving-picture shows and other stunts to keep them amused. They expected more attention than a group of two-year-old babies.

What happened? The troop got sick and slowly died of the stomach-ache from an exclusive diet of lolly-pops and ginger ale.

I am thinking now of another troop which bucked along through all sorts of hard luck. It lost two or three scoutmasters, several of the weak-kneed members quit, nobody helped them and some people even hindered. But most of the fellows stuck and the troop tackled hard jobs and kept fighting along.

What happened? The troop kept getting stronger and stronger. It's going yet, and it's a corking good one, too. And it has developed such a good digestion that it can now get away with its full share of the lolly-pops without getting the stomach-ache.

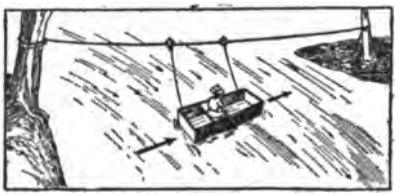
The difference between these two troops is that one realized that there is a serious side to Scouting and that it is *important,* while the other thought of Scouting as "just a stunt to have a good time."

Of course, it is possible to go too far in either way. A troop which doesn't have plenty of amusement is also likely to die.

The best way is to mix the two together. The most successful troops are those which get the most fun out of the serious features of the work.

Gimcracks and Gewgaws

THE Cave Scout visited the camp of the Philadelphia scouts on Treasure Island, in the Delaware River the other day. They have a cable ferry from the New Jersey shore to the island that you pioneering fellows might be interested in. It is an ingenious contrivance. A steel cable is stretched across between a tree on the island and a post on shore. To this



cable are fastened two pulleys which run on the cable. Ropes run from the pulleys to the ferryboat, one being tied to one end and one to the other on the upstream side. When they want to cross the stream they shorten the rope attached to the front end of the boat. This throws the boat slantwise in the current and the water striking the side of the boat and running down toward the back forces it ahead. On the return trip the rope on the other end is shortened. The current furnishes all the power. A small working model could easily be made to operate in small streams. The diagram gives a better idea of the way the ferry is constructed.

"I WANT to tell you about a trouble we have in our troop. We have a pretty good bunch of fellows but we never seem to get much done. We plan lots of things but they never seem to work out. When one of the boys is asked to do something he says, 'All right, after while,' or else 'I can't today, I'll do it tomorrow.' And the result is that 'tomorrow' never comes and 'after while' never comes and things don't get done."

Well, your troop has a terrible disease and the case is a serious one. The Cave Scout knows because he gets a touch of it himself once in a while. Almost everybody gets it some time or other and if they don't cure it they never amount to shucks in this world.

The disease is known as procrastination—isn't that a corking word?—better known as "put-it-off-itis." When it once gets a strong grip on a fellow it's a terrible thing, for it makes it almost impossible for him to accomplish anything. A chap who has "put-it-off-itis" in its worst form often fiddles around all day doing a job that ought to have been cleaned up in ten minutes. Things to be done "after while" pile up until there is such a mess of them that only a part is ever done and that part is done poorly. Yes, a man with a bad case of procrastination isn't worth much of anything.

But fortunately it isn't incurable; every sufferer can cure himself, if he really wants to. For all of us, you know, have something that is called will power. That is the thing that makes it possible for us to do lots of things whether we want to or not. Will power keeps us going on a long hike when with every step we take our legs say "Stop."

I read the other day about how will power helped a scout who was having a broken leg set, to shut his jaws tight and never whimper during the whole operation. Will power keeps you plugging away at that tough old problem in arithmetic long after you reach the point where you feel like throwing the book out of the

window. And will power has the Indian sign on this disease "put-it-off-itis" and can put it out of business.

Just say these words over a few times: "After while—do it now; after while—do it now; after while—do it now; after while—do it now."

Now then, the next time there is something you ought to do right away and you feel like putting it off you say "after while," the chances are that the words "do it now" will come into your mind too. Think of the two phrases together, then you will remember that will power is ready to help you fight off that attack of procrastination. DO IT NOW!

If you have a job to do,
Do it now!
Make a start and see it through,
Do it now!
Jump right in with all your might,
Show some ginger! show some fight!
Take ahold! The thing won't bite!
Do it now!

There's a lesson to be done,
Do it now!
Go right after it—it's fun,
Do it now!
If you once begin to lag
You'll be sure to strike a snag,
And you'll have *some load* to drag;
Do it now!

If you're asked to do a thing,
Do it now!
"After while" ain't worth a ding,
Do it now!
Up and at it! show some speed!
Get agoing! Quick! Proceed!
For the fellows who succeed
Do it now!

How About It?

Doesn't this weather make you feel like hitting it out into the country with a well-filled pack and loading your lungs chuck full of crisp autumn air?

A few days ago the Cave Scout was rambling through a cut-over country way back in—but I guess I'd better not tell you just where. Anywhere it's "way back" and the land was covered with a dense second growth of poplars and birch with a few spruce and an occasional white pine mixed in. While he was pushing his way through a tangle of wild pea vines and hazel brush the Cave Scout came to a place where the grass and weeds were all flattened down and he knew that a deer had been lying there not longer than a few minutes before he arrived. Then he went down to the sandy beach of a beautiful lake and there he found the sharp hoofprints of a deer in the sand. And in a little cove behind a point of land jutting out into the lake were two old mallard ducks and a whole family of young ducks about two-thirds grown feeding in the lake grass close to shore. And the Cave Scout wished that every last one of you fellows could have a chance to get into such a district. When he gets to be President he'll make Congress pass an appropriation to give every boy in the United States a trip to wild country every year!

IT won't be long now before the frogs begin to make their way back out of the fields to the ponds and lakes and rivers and streams where they will burrow down into the mud and leaf mold to sleep until spring. But if Moses Columbus is on the job there will be a whole lot of frogs who will not crawl out of their holes when the shadows shorten at noonday and the warm rains descend. Moses is a Sioux Indian and he makes the biggest share of his living supplying the markets with frogs' legs.

There are a great many big springs in

the district where Mr. Columbus lives. They break out along the foot of the big bluffs that form the boundaries of a beautiful river valley. These springs are choked with leaves and sticks and grass and make an ideal place for frogs to hibernate. But no sooner do the frogs get nicely settled in their winter quarters than along comes Moses with a steel garden rake and pulls them out of the—I almost said bulrushes—leaves and mud. Then he finds a soft spot on a mossy tree to lean against and sits down to a quiet smoke while Mrs. Columbus skins the catch.

IN a whole lot of ways the fall is the best season of the year. If I were a troop of scouts I'll bet I'd rustle around in the woods and get a lot of hazelnuts, or hickory nuts, or chestnuts, or butternuts, or walnuts and have a lot of fun with them at my meetings this winter. The Cave Scout has a wild grape vine spotted and just as soon as there has been a good stinging frost he's going out and harvest that crop of wild grapes, for you know the frost makes them sweet and altogether appealing to the palate. He has also had a lot of wild blueberries lately and has gummed up his digestive apparatus with choke-cherries. He has also been chewing the bark of the yellow birch. It's great stuff. How many of you have ever tried it?

Oh, there's something sets me going long about this time of year,
A sort of inward itching that's incurable, I fear.
When I hear the robins chirping, when I hear the blackbirds trill,
When the crows are all assembled for a confab on the hill,
When the partridges are drumming, when the ducks are on the wing,
When good old Nature calls to us "Wake up! Wake up! It's Spring!"
Then I long to load my packsack up and fasten down the clamp,
Pull up my belt a notch or two and hit the trail for camp!

When the crocuses are poking up their fuzzy little heads,
When the violets are stirring in their cozy winter beds,
When the buttercups are nodding in the cheerful, warming breeze,
When bursting buds are clothing all the naked winter trees,
When brimming brooks are gurgling and a-flashing in the sun,
When good old Nature calls to us, "Come on, let's have some fun!"
Then I long to load my packsack up and fasten down the clamp,
Pull up my belt a notch or two and hit the trail for camp.

When the air is soft and smelly and the grass with dew is damp,
Then I long to pack my duffel bag and hit the trail for camp!

Don't be alarmed, boys, I have a fit like that every spring but it never proves very serious. You know some people break out in the spring with a rash which is said to be caused by eating too many buckwheat flapjacks; others break out in verse. Of the two, buckwheat outbreak is the better, since it affects nobody but the one who does the breaking out. Howsomever, the attack is over for this season and you needn't fear another spring poem for a year.

Camping Recipes

TALKING about camping, Mr. Cave Scout, what advice would you give a fellow who is planning to go to camp this summer for the first time?"

Jiminy crickets, there's a big subject to

In the Scout Cave

talk about! Dozens of books have been written on camping and the story hasn't all been told yet.

It's quite a job to know just where to start in and just what particular parts of the subject to pick out.

Just for fun, what do you fellows think is the most important thing about camping, where a bunch of fellows go out together?

"Following orders!"

"Being a good sport!"

"Having something special to do!"

"Doing your share of the work!"

"Keeping good natured!"

Fine! I think so too. It's easy to tell that you have had some camping experience.

NOW, then, let's talk about these answers a little. Where the dickens would a camp end up at if it had no orders? Suppose there was no particular time for getting up or for serving meals. Suppose each Scout was permitted to do just whatever he felt like doing all the time. Such a camp would get into a hopeless tangle in less than a day and nobody would get any fun out of it.

It's easy enough to see that rules are necessary, and since they are necessary they must be followed out to the letter. The Cave Scout has seen lots of camps break up on this very difficulty. It is plain enough that we must get this idea of following orders stuck in our beans so tight it will never come out. If an order is given we must obey and obey *right away*. If it is found that certain rules are unfair they can be changed by a vote of the camp at a regular council meeting. But even unfair orders and rules must be followed until they are changed or cancelled.

"Being a good sport." There is an awful lot depending on good sportsmanship. And there isn't any place where real sportsmanship gets a better tryout than in camp. Just take special notice and see if the same fellow who gets sore when he loses a swimming race or a game of mumble-the-peg isn't the same chap who kicks about the grub and the weather and the rules.

If you have never been in camp before you might as well understand right now that there are some things about it that are not pleasant. But if you just make up your mind that you will take everything that comes along like a good sport you can turn your troubles into fun. Real Scouts welcome difficulties because it gives them a good chance to use their wits to overcome them.

"Having something special to do." That's a mighty good suggestion. There is always time in camp that is not occupied with regular activities. Some of the best Scouts I know make it a practice every summer to use this spare time to qualify for some advanced rank in Scouting. They come back from camp Second Class Scouts or First Class Scouts, and those who didn't have any particular plan in mind for using their time to advantage wonder "how in the dickens some fellows manage to get ahead so fast."

"Doing Your Share of the Work?" Everybody hates a slacker! Next to the camp grouch, who is probably the worst pest in existence—worse than mosquitoes, worse than woodticks—is the camp shirk. You find him everywhere. He is always a suspicious nuisance, scared to death for fear he may do a *little* bit more than his share. If he should happen to pick up one more scrap of waste paper than some other

fellow, the weight of it would break his back!

A chap who is so terribly afraid of work as some of these loafers seem to be, should keep away from camp, for it must be a harrowing experience for them. Show me a bunch of Scouts who go after a hard job just as enthusiastically as they do a dish of pork and beans, and I'll show you a bunch that will get somewhere in Scouting. And I'll bet my new hat they will put in a few extra licks for good measure when they have finished their allotted task.

"Keeping good natured." This is probably the most vital test of a real Scout. You know the genuine old wilderness men, the fellows who go back into the mountains and stay six months or a year at a time without seeing any other human being than their "partner," will overlook almost any defect in a man except a grouchy disposition. They pick their partners with the most extreme care and they will never take chances on a man whom they think might "go sour" on them, as they call it. "One swallow does not make a summer" so the old saying goes, but one grouch can spoil a camp. Just one single member with a cantankerous, ingrowing, whining, complaining disposition can cause more trouble than all the rain that ever poured, than all the skeeters that ever buzzed.

Now then, all of these things we've been talking about must be taken to heart by each one of us individually. If every single fellow will only make up his mind to *go straight* on these points, we will have the finest camping season ever. Let's not worry much about the other fellow. Let's each make it a point to keep his own record clean.

Sounds easy, doesn't it? Well it is just about as easy as pulling a tom-cat by his tail backward across a carpet. If we are going to make good on this decision we will have to watch ourselves every minute of the time.

This doesn't mean that we will lose any fun. On the contrary it ought to give us a whole lot *more* fun. You bet I believe in fun.

Whack der Kaiser

MR. CAVE SCOUT, I wish you'd give us a new song to sing—something with a little zip to it that we can use at our troop meetings and around the campfire."

All right, try this one to the old familiar tune of "Yankee Doodle."

Old Kaiser Bill, one summer day,
Was feeling kind of breezy.
Says he, I guess I'll lick the world,
I think it will be easy.
(*Chorus*)

Wallop him with peas and beans,
Paste him with pototoes,
Hammer him with cabbages,
And soak him with tomatoes!

And then this chesty Kaiser Bill
Conceived another notion;
He built a thousand submarines
And thought he owned the ocean.
(*Chorus*)

Wallop him with peas and beans,
Paste him with potatoes,
Hammer him with cabbages,
And soak him with tomatoes!

"No ships with food," said Kaiser Bill,
"May come across the water;
My submarines will send them down
To Davy Jones' locker!"
(*Chorus*)

"Friend Bill," said Uncle Samuel,
"That's going pretty strong, sir,
And if you try a stunt like that,
You'll surely get in wrong, sir!"
(*Chorus*)

Then Uncle Sammy filled a ship,
With flour and beans and lumber;
A submarine let drive at her
And blew her all to thunder.
(*Chorus*)

"All right," said Sam, "If you want war,
"By gum! you'll get your fill, sir!
I'll call two million fighting sons
And make you take your pill, sir!"
(*Chorus*)

And now his boys are coming in
From Maine and Minnesota,
From Florida and Idaho,
From Texas and Dakota.
(*Chorus*)

They're practicing with aeroplanes,
With guns they're getting handy;
They'll teach the Kaiser not to fool
With Yankee Doodle Dandy!
(*Chorus*)

And we will take our crack at Bill
By getting out and sowing,
By pulling weeds and catching bugs,
By harrowing and hoeing.
(*Chorus*)

Wallop him with peas and beans,
Paste him with pototoes,
Hammer him with cabbages,
And soak him with tomatoes!

Some Redskin Boy Scouts

BY CHARLES E. ASBURY
SCOUTMASTER CHEROKEE TROOP 2

HOW many of you fellows know that Old Hickory owed his life to an Indian once upon a time, in spite of the fact that he put so many of them out of business? The Creeks had General Jackson and his army surrounded and would have wiped them out had not Junaluskie, with a few thousand Cherokee braves who hated the Creeks like poison, come up and saved him. An old squaw near here, who died recently, was reputed to have one of the Creek scalps taken on that occasion. But I haven't told you where "here" is yet, have I? Well, that's part of the story.

Deep in the mountains of western North Carolina, not far from the place where that scalp was taken, there still remains a small band of the descendants of the great Cherokee Nation—a tribe that once boasted 25,000 warriors, an army over one-fourth the size of the standing army of the United States. They do not number one-tenth that now—men, women, and children—all because Old Hickory forgot them and his debt to Junaluskie, and allowed them to be driven from their native valleys to the western reservations. The present band are descended from those who refused to go and fled to the mountains until the storm blew over. Here they have a reservation of their own—the only one east of the Mississippi. Now for the Scouts.

When the writer came down here to Cherokee, N. C., to the big school Uncle Sam has provided for his red children, he found a whole raft of boys. Like other boys they wanted something to do besides milking and multiplication, something to

get excited about. All that was needed was a suggestion of Boy Scouts, and it was all off. A little quiet meeting in the superintendent's office, a big noisy one with the boys, a letter to New York, and we were on our way.

What do you think of this picture of our first Scoutmaster? On the side, I have to confess that he borrowed the war bonnet from a Sioux at the Carlisle Indian School, where he used to play football. If you can locate him in the group pictures, you will see that he isn't always on the war path. He's three-quarters red and one-quarter white on the outside, and all white on the inside. His grandfather had courage enough to defy the whole United States and remain in his own hills to make "medicine" for his neighbors. I would tell you more about these "medicine men" if I had time.

We soon found that we had as many applicants as there were eligibles in the school, so we proceeded to organize another troop. Then we got down to business.

Twenty-five-cent pieces are almost as scarce as black bears in these mountains, but there are some of both. We gave a box supper and divided the proceeds with the Campfire girls. Some of the boys worked on the new tennis court at a quarter for three hours; others chopped wood for the cottages, ran errands, made garden, and did anything and everything to get their registration fees paid. The box supper and an ice cream stand gave us funds for handbooks, axes, signal flags and subscriptions to *Boys' Life,* and we soon had the knots tied, the law learned, and our badges in place.

On our first hike we went nearly to the top of the Great Smoky mountains—the heart of the moonshine country. We saw a pheasant, a wild turkey, and caught a string of speckled trout. It was on our Big Hike, though, just before school closed that we took these pictures. We hit straight for the Tennessee line, camped the first night at the edge of civilization, and next morning entered the forest primeval. What born Scouts these Indians are! They snared trout in the deep pools, dug wild onions or ramps, swam, fought rattlesnakes, and wrestled naked in the grass. Likewise they traveled at Scout's pace, signaled, built a roaring campfire, made hoe cake, and ate everything in sight.

At night we thought we heard a wildcat scream near the camp. This started Scoutmaster Owl on hunting stories, and the other Scoutmaster, together with some of the smaller redskins, drew up closer to the fire. We were in what is perhaps the best hunting region left in eastern America, and as he talked, we knew that bears, wildcats, and even panthers might at that very moment be stalking around in the shadows.

What do you think of these for Boy Scout names: Saunooke, Waidsutte, Tesateskie, Wolf, Running Wolf, Wahyahnetah, Walkingstick? Most of them talk the Cherokee language in their homes, but they can speak English, too. In spite of their names and their bronze complexions, they are just live, healthy boys, like the rest of you, with just a little stronger leaning, perhaps, toward the woods, the hills, and the great outdoors.

This year we have had to organize two new patrols to take care of all the boys. Scouting will mean much for these red lads of the mountains. With their heritage of the blood of some of the noblest Indians in history, their lives are far too meager in the good things most boys enjoy. They not only *know* woodcraft—they *live* it; but they need the help Scouting can give them in the way of preparation for life.

The Hike's as Good as the Bike

They Hiked thro' the Everglades

Even the alligators couldn't scare these Palm Beach scouts. (*See page 53 for Story*)

Philadelphia's Troop of Blind Boy Scouts

They hike right ahead across country and no obstacles seem to stop them

A Ski Hike in the Mountains

State College (Pa.) Troop 2 starting out for a day's trip. *From H. M. Ryder, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Donald Mitchell, Topeka, Kan., Put This Automobile Together —Bicycle Wheels in Front, Motorcycle Wheels Behind; Rubber Belt from Motor to Rear Wheel.

Photograph from Charles B. Hoyt. (*One Dollar Prize.*)

Rug Weaving—A Scout of Troop 14, Louisville, Ky.

A Scout Is Handy, Too

Signal Tower of Oakland, Calif. Troop 1

Chicago Scouts Making "Camp Furniture" at Their Camp on Crystal Lake, Near Whitehall, Mich.

Bridge-Building by Deaf Scouts, Edgewood Park, Pa.

Photograph from Elmer D. Reed. (*One Dollar Prize.*)

On Custer's Trail

A Scout Troop's Unusual Hike Over a Massacre Battlefield in the Big West

THE Boy Scouts of Fort Hays, Kans., hiked this past summer over the famous Custer massacre battlefield, so let's have the story as these Scouts had it then.

Forty years ago the people of the United States were horrified to hear that General Custer and one-third of his command, the Seventh Cavalry, had been exterminated by Sitting Bull and his band of Indian warriors.

General Custer had divided his regiment into three parts to surround what had been reported to him as a small band of Indians. When the central column with Custer at the head, met the Indians they found themselves confronted by Sitting Bull and his entire army. The Indians surrounded Custer and his men and drew an ever-narrowing circle about them until not a man remained alive.

Only one person escaped from that circle of death. He was a half-breed guide. He was mounted on a pony which had been captured from the Indians. A bullet passed through both of his wrists, making it impossible for him to hold the reins, and the pony ran away. The Indians evidently mistook him for one of their own number, otherwise he would have been shot down.

The pony went straight for the Indian village. When the guide saw where he was going he threw himself off the pony's back and rolled into a hiding place underneath a rock. He was found there the next day by the soldiers who arrived too late to save Custer. They thought at first that he had turned traitor but he showed them his wounds and gave proof that his story was true.

William H. Webb, now engineer of the State Normal School in Salem, Massachusetts, was a cavalryman under Custer and was carrying dispatches to him, the day before the battle. He passed between Custer's lines and those of Sitting Bull without knowing it. The country was so rough and the Indians and soldiers so far apart that he missed them both.

The day after the battle he arrived at the scene. He tells of finding one trooper who had gone into the fight with a hundred rounds of ammunition and who had found a sheltering position among the rocks. In his gun were three unexploded cartridges —in a half circle in front of him were ninety-seven empty ones. The corpses of Indians within range proved that he had died hard.

Twenty-four miles north of old Fort Hays, the Boy Scouts hit the trail along the Saline River. Custer and his scouts had many encounters with the Indians along this old trail. The boys would locate the Indians and then the soldiers from Fort Hays and Fort Fletcher would go and intercept their raids upon the settlers in the Saline River and Big Creek Valley.

Among the things found by the Boy Scouts under Scoutmaster Harris on this interesting hike were army bullets of the 45.70 type and empty cartridges. Some alligator teeth were picked up which marked a period before the Indians came to live in these sheltering hills.

How Blind Boys Scout

ONE of the happiest troops of Boy Scouts in the country is that which is organized in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind at Overbrook, Pa. And every member of this troop is totally blind! But these boys are happy because they are real Scouts and because they are just like other boys in that respect.

In camp there are few things that these blind Scouts cannot tackle with complete success. They build their fires without difficulty, selecting wood for the fire by sense of touch. They know by sense of feeling just where the blaze is and they fan it into a flame with all the skill of veteran campaigners, getting a fire going in an astonishingly short time.

It would be thought that "hiking" would be impossible to blind Scouts. Not a bit of it. These blind Scouts go right ahead across country in the hikes and no obstacles seem to stop them. They drive straight ahead through bush and bramble, shielding their faces with the elbows bent at an angle and held as a protection. An almost uncanny sense appears to protect them from falling into holes or stepping into streams that cut across the line of hike.

They tell the time of day by their blind Scout watches and use these as compasses to keep them from traveling in the wrong direction and to guide them back to camp. The watches that the blind boys use are without crystals. The numerals are made in raised letters so that by feeling the position of the hands on the face of the watch and feeling the raised figures the boys can tell the time of day as easily as can a boy who sees.

The watches are used as compasses. Some boy whose eyes are still sensitive enough to tell from which direction the sun is shining indicates the direction to the others. The boy who wishes to know the points of the compass then directs the hour hand of the watch straight at the sun. All Scouts know how it's done after that.

The most interesting thing about the blind boy Scouts is their bubbling happiness. These boys have no use for sympathy. They are the happiest kids on the globe, especially since they got their new uniforms.

They play boyish games in camp and are particularly fond of leap frog. Card games are played by means of cards especially designed for the use of the blind, with the value of the cards indicated by means of raised letters in the corners. The boys call out the name of the card as they play it and depend upon their memories to know which cards have been played. Football is another favorite game. They kick the ball and the opposing player notes its position by the thud as it falls. Their keen sense of hearing enables them to follow the progress of the ball along the ground and they seem to have no trouble in locating the oval and kicking it back to the other side.

Everything considered, they are good Scouts, and worthy members of the great organization to which they belong.

The Shark

BY JOSEPH B. AMES

STOUT HARRY RITTER gave a sudden chortle of glee and looked up from the copy of the *Long Point Snort,* he was languidly perusing in the shade of a clump of cedars behind Tent Four.

"Say, fellows, have you seen this stuff about Bull Taggart?" he demanded joyously.

"How could we when you hog the paper the minute it comes out?" inquired Ted Hinckley sarcastically. He had sent in a poem the day before and for ten minutes or so had been waiting with ill-concealed impatience to see whether it had found favor with the editors. "Well, what is it?" he went on impatiently. "Why don't you get it off your chest? What kind of bull has he been throwing now?"

"He's been chased by a shark," chuckled Ritter fatly. "Monster fifteen feet long pursued his boat for over a mile out in the bay. Tried to upset him by bumping its nose against the keel. This is rich! Four rows of teeth sharp as razors. . . . Gleaming white belly—stomach would have been more re-fined, seems to me. Remember Dolly Wade who called 'em blue-*stomach* crabs? Where was I? Um—um. Oh, yes. Monstrous dorsal fin cutting the water like a knife. Gee-whiz! Bull will kill me dead one of these days with his romances. I s'pose he's training to be an author when he grows up. You can have it, Ted; I'm through."

He tossed the sheet lazily to Hinckley and lounged indolently against the trunk of the cedar.

"Does he pretend he really saw it?" asked Ben Powell, linking brown, muscular fingers about an equally brown knee; "or is it meant to be just—er—fiction?"

"Oh, he saw it, of course," said Ritter with a giggle. "No fiction about that. Recognized it as a regular man-eater, too, by something or other about its expression, didn't he, Ted?"

"Eh?" Hinckley started guiltily and hurriedly shifted his gloating eyes from the five-line verse which, even in crude mimeograph, thrilled him with the pride of authorship. "What's that? Oh! Why, sure! It—it's teeth, it was."

"Showed 'em in a glistening smile, I s'pose," chuckled Ritter. "I shouldn't think any self-respecting shark would lick his chops over Bull Taggart. Even served up on toast, he wouldn't make a good, respectable bite."

There was a responsive chuckle from

the half-dozen fellows lounging in the shade; then Powell glanced questioningly at the tall, striking-looking chap whose handsome head lay pillowed on Jim Donnell's knee, while his well-built body stretched comfortably out on the sand.

"There aren't any—man-eating sharks as far north as this, are there, Bruce?" he asked.

"Of course not. I should think you'd know better than that." Bruce Clavinger's tone was positive and a little impatient. "They're only found in the tropics. The sharks around here are nothing but big dogfish; I don't believe Bull even saw one of those. He's the most unmitigated—. Well, Midget, what's your trouble? Don't you know any better than to come in without knocking?"

An exceedingly small boy with snapping blue eyes, a shock of sunburned hair and an amazing self-possession of manner, darted around the tent and paused in their midst, somewhat heated with his haste.

"Trouble?" he repeated, scowling from one face to another. "There's plenty of trouble, let me tell you. What do you know about their cutting us out of the bay and making us swim in the *kids' place?*"

"Wa—hat!" came in an incredulous chorus—and then: "Cut out the fancy touches, Midge. You'll be as bad as Bull Taggart if you're not careful."

"Fancy touches!" snorted the infant with cold scorn. "That's what you think, is it? Huh! Well, it's up on the bulletin board in black and white. 'Until further notice all swimming will be restricted to the north side of the point,' and signed J. P. Wendell as big as life. That's the kids' place, ain't it? And because why? It's that nut Taggart shooting off a lot of bull about seeing a shark in the bay. He —makes—me—sick!"

If it was his purpose to stir up the group so comfortably taking their ease in the heat of early afternoon, Midge Willett was entirely successful. With one accord six boys sat up abruptly, their faces expressing various degrees of surprise, incredulity and indignation. And for a space the air resounded with shrill questions, heated comments and fragments of argument which satisfied even the small Willett's inordinate fondness for attention.

"It's true, all right," he declared, spreading his feet apart and rocking back and forth on his heels. "The stuff's all in the *Snort;* you must have seen it."

"So we have, Shrimp," admitted Bruce Clavinger. "We've also seen yarns of his before. You don't mean to tell us that Mr. Wendell takes any stock in it?"

"That's what Slater says. He heard 'em talking in Headquarters tent. Bull sticks to it that it's true. He says he really saw a shark and that it bumped into his boat."

"What if it did?" demanded Clavinger, irritably; "though I don't believe it for a minute. Why, the sharks up north here are as harmless as kittens. They'd no more tackle a man than—than one of those stupid blow-fish."

"Well, the chief don't seem to think so. Bob says he didn't know whether to believe Bull or not, but he and Mr. Cartwright talked it over and decided to cut out swimming in the bay till they find out something for sure. And then they stuck up that notice, and now we've got to go into that rotten hole where you can't dive and it takes half an hour to wade out to any decent depth. I—I'd rather stay ashore."

A concerted groan went up in which stout Harry Ritter joined heartily. Exertion of any sort was distasteful to him,

and it made little difference whether he undertook his languid splashings in the shallows, or in the wider, more varied waters of the bay. But he liked to criticize and seldom lost an opportunity.

As for the others there was some excuse for their annoyance. The Scout camp was located at the juncture of bay and river. On one side of Long Point, which thrust its sandy nose far out into the channel, lay the open water, wide, deep, and full of interest and variety. Here the older fellows and proficient swimmers had always gone, while the novices were limited to a shallow cove to the north of the point into which the tide had swept such quantities of sand that for a couple of hundred feet from shore it was not more than waist deep.

"Midge is about right," sniffed Hinckley, as the diminutive Willett departed to spread his news. "A lot of fun there'll be wallowing around over there. Bull ought to have his head punched."

"The big chump!" exclaimed Clavinger bitterly. "He'll get his if I have anything to say about it."

He stood up abruptly and shook off the sand. The khaki shorts and sleeveless gym shirt showed off his fine figure and well-developed muscles to uncommon advantage. Even the scowl failed to detract noticeably from his good looks, which were remarkable—the good looks of clean-cut features, clear skin, glowing red under the tan, blue eyes set wide apart, and wavy blond hair.

Powell watched him for a moment or two in silence, his rough-hewn face oddly wistful.

"I suppose he—he might have thought it was true," he said hesitatingly, "Whatever he saw he might have thought——"

"Oh, gee whiz, Ben!" interrupted Clavinger impatiently. "Don't try to make excuses for the nut. He just naturally can't tell the truth. Who's coming for a walk? I'm tired of sitting here."

They all arose briskly, even Ritter bestirring himself. Walking was no particular pleasure to him, but he rarely declined an invitation from Bruce Clavinger.

"We may as well stroll around by the bulletin board and see if Midge got things straight," remarked Hinckley as they moved away.

"Nothing to it!" retorted Clavinger decidedly. "I haven't seen the beastly thing, and I'm not going to know anything about it till I have to. At least we can get one more decent swim before the lid's clamped on."

"You mean you'd go in anyhow?" asked Donnell doubtfully.

"Why not? There hasn't been any official announcement. Willett's no town crier that we have to take everything he says as gospel. If we should happen to be over on the bayside at three-thirty and went in there as usual, they couldn't very well call us down."

"We're supposed to undress in the tents and wait for the whistle," remarked Donnell dubiously. "They'll think it's sort of funny if——"

"Oh, well, if you're looking for trouble you'll find it," cut in Clavinger shortly. "You don't have to come, you know. But if we hang around here much longer some other busybody is sure to come along and tell us about the notice. I'm going to start."

He led the way around the back of the tent, which was the last one in the row, and struck into a clump of cedars that bordered the clearing. The others followed closely; Bruce was somehow the sort others generally did follow. Ben Powell, bringing up the rear, found himself thinking about this, and for the first

time in their acquaintance he was a little troubled.

Of course, he told himself quickly, the notice had been posted only a few minutes and probably more than half the camp still remained blissfully ignorant of its contents. But all the same Bruce and the rest of them did know, and it seemed not exactly honorable, or like a good Scout, to do what they were doing.

"I suppose he just doesn't look at it that way," Ben said to himself, as they emerged into the open. "Maybe I'm too fussy. He's a corking fellow—corking!"

In this fashion he tried to excuse the other and dismiss the subject from his mind, but during the stroll which followed he was conscious of a vague discomfort that made him even more silent and repressed than usual. From the first day at camp he had been attracted by the handsome, accomplished fellow and in his shy, awkward manner had even "made up" to him a little. To his surprise Clavinger responded to a certain extent and they became friends as well as tent-mates. Ben had never understood what there was about himself to interest a chap so brilliant and so generally a favorite, but he had long since given up trying and accepted gratefully the thing which at first had seemed incredible. There was always, to be sure, a faint touch of tolerance in Clavinger's manner toward the big, black-browed, quiet fellow whose admiration he could not help but notice. It was the sort of attitude which said, almost as plainly as words, "Of course I know he's dull and heavy and not thrillingly interesting, but he's a good hearted chap and I like him."

If Powell noticed this he gave no sign. To him Bruce was a hero who could do no wrong. His blind allegiance had never wavered until this moment; and even now, troubled as he was and seeking excuses and explanations for Clavinger's behavior, he could not find that his liking had in any way lessened.

Following the shore line, with the glinting waters of the great bay spread out before them, the talk of the boys almost inevitably turned on sharks and presently waxed so fast and furious that none of them seemed to notice Powell's silence. Nobody knew very much about the subject, but that did not prevent them from taking sides and arguing hotly. Hinckley and Jim Donnell supported Clavinger's contention that the species found in Northern waters was entirely harmless, and probably there were none in this particular bay anyway. Taggart had seen something else, or made up the whole story, they declared. Ritter and Billy Blair opposed them as a matter of principle, and upheld their side with such hair-raising anecdotes of things they had heard and read that they actually succeeded in scaring themselves, besides arousing a certain amount of nervous apprehension in the minds of Donnell and Hinckley. Clavinger alone laughed them to scorn. When they returned to the forbidden bathing beach, which was hidden from the camp by a thick screen of evergreens, it was

He glimpsed a great gray-blue shape

quite plain that he meant to carry out his purpose.

"Guess we won't have time to go back to camp," he remarked seriously, but with a twinkle in his eyes, "so we may as well peel right here. Funny there's nobody else around."

Hinckley chuckled and shrugged his shoulders. Powell felt a little sting go through him. Was this the sort of thing Bruce meant to get off when they were discovered, as they surely must be? He would much rather have had his friend openly break the camp rules.

"Well, I hope you've thought of the risk you're taking," said Ritter, settling himself comfortably on the sand. In spite of his airy tone there was a touch of seriousness in his voice.

"Not going to join us?" queried Clavinger, kicking off one sneaker. "You would make an awful tasty morsel for a shark, that's a fact. If you'd only go in the rest of us would be quite safe. What's the matter, Ben? You're not scared, too, are you?"

"N-o; I just don't feel like it, that's all."

Clavinger paused, one stocking half off, and stared intently at the boy's serious face. Suddenly his color deepened and his lips curled a little at the corners.

"Oh!" he murmured. "I see." And then he laughed unpleasantly. "I forgot we had with us the only really *perfect* Scout in captivity. I'm surprised you could bring yourself to associate with such a bunch of hardened sinners—or did you hope by your virtuous example to win us back to the straight and narrow path?"

Powell shrank back as if he had been struck. His face turned white and then a dull crimson. "I don't——" he stammered. "I didn't say——"

"Of course not," sneered Clavinger. "You didn't have to say anything. You're so goody-goody it sticks out all over you." He yanked off his stockings petulantly and dropped the rest of his clothes in a heap on the sand. "Better stick around awhile till you've made sure we've broken the rules and then you can hustle back to camp and report us."

"Bruce!" cried Powell sharply. "You know I wouldn't——"

He broke off suddenly and bit his lips. Without replying, Clavinger had turned his back and was trotting out on the narrow spring board. For a moment the shapely white body stood poised against the deep blue sky. Then it flashed out and downward, and he struck the water in a perfect dive.

Ben watched him with blurred eyes and a dull hurt in his heart. The onslaught had been so brutal and so unexpected that it dazed him. He did not realize that Clavinger's own mental discomfort might have had much to do with the flare-up. Conscious that he wasn't doing the right thing, but too stubborn to draw back, it was not unnatural to vent his irritation on the fellow who seemed to be showing more strength of character than himself.

Powell did not think of this. In a moment it seemed as if the friendship which meant so much to him had toppled into ruins like a fallen house of cards. Rather, it had never existed save in his own mind. If Bruce really cared for him, even in his careless, tolerant fashion, he could not have deliberately hurt him so without a shadow of reason or excuse. Surely Ben had not shown himself the prig Clavinger made out. He had not said a word against the others going in. He had even been conscious of an awkward sense of embarrassment at not joining them himself.

Suddenly, out of the turmoil of hurt and longing and regret, came the desire to

win back at any cost what he had lost. If he went in with the rest wouldn't Bruce realize that he had been too hasty, and perhaps make amends? It wasn't too late. Donnell and Hinckley, who had stripped more leisurely, were even now moving slowly toward the spring board. If he hurried—

Instinctively the boy went down and untied his shoe laces with a jerk. Then he straightened slowly, face flushed and jaw squaring. He couldn't do it. Something within him made the thing impossible—the action of a coward and a weakling. What sort of a Scout would he be to deliberately fling overboard his principles and do a thing he felt to be wrong for the sake of winning another's approval? And what would anyone's approval be worth which could be won in such a fashion?

Downcast, motionless, the boy stood fighting out his brief mental battle. He was unaware of the curious glances and low-voiced comments of Blair and Ritter, sitting together a little to one side. For a space he did not even notice the three fellows in the water save to be conscious of their splashings and sputterings and occasional peals of laughter—laughter which grated somehow and made him feel like one apart. Then Clavinger's voice, still sharp and a little pettish, brought his head up and his troubled gaze sought out the fellow who had been his friend.

"I'm sick of this fooling," he heard Bruce say. "I'm going for one last decent swim."

"Better not get out too far," advised Hinckley joshingly. "Remember the shark."

Clavinger disdained reply. Already he had headed out into the bay and was cleaving the water with a swift overhand stroke. Ben watched him wistfully, and presently a faint touch of uneasiness began to grip him. Spectacular as he was at diving and other water "stunts," Bruce had never shown up very well when it came to long distances. He explained this once to Powell, who surpassed him immeasurably, by saying that several times he had been attacked with cramps and had learned to be careful. Suppose a cramp should seize him now, with scarcely anyone around to help, thought Ben, and instantly his uneasiness changed to acute worry. In troubled silence he watched the fellow draw farther and farther away from shore until at length he could not restrain himself.

"Why doesn't he turn back?" he exclaimed aloud. "He's crazy to go out so far."

"He's got more nerve than I'd have," commented Ritter nervously. "S'pose that shark should show up now. Where would he be then, I'd like to know?"

"I wasn't thinking of that," returned Powell, who had been inclined to agree with Clavinger's side of the shark argument. "But he's liable to cramp, and if he should be——"

He broke off with a sharp intake of his breath. Out in the bay Clavinger had suddenly turned about and was making for the shore with a wild, splashing haste which told instantly of something wrong. For a second Ben stood rooted to the spot. Then he ran toward the spring board, pulling off his shirt and jerking at the buckle of his belt. As he paused a moment to kick off his shoes and slide out of the scanty shorts, a shrill, inarticulate cry of horror from Ritter spurred him on. It was the cramp, then, just as he had feared. But Bruce was still keeping up. He was even making progress shoreward in spite of that frantic splashing which wasted so much energy. If only he kept his head—

The Shark

"The shark!" screamed Blair behind him. *"The shark!"*

Ben's feet were on the plank before the meaning of the words stung into his consciousness. As he ran his startled gaze swept over the glinting water and for an instant his heart froze within him. Beyond the struggling Clavinger, but much nearer to him than the latter was to shore, something thrust up above the water—something thin, triangular, erect, dull gray in color, that cut through the little waves with swift, smooth, gliding ease.

To Powell it seemed as if the plank slid backward under his feet. His dive was purely instinctive, but it was a fine one, wide and shallow, that carried him well out. As he shot to the surface he almost collided with Ted Hinckley, but he was quite unconscious of the other's nearness. Out of that numbed daze of horror and dismay but one thought, one motive rose to dominate him—he must reach Clavinger before the shark did.

What he could do then he did not know. But as he tore through the water with that powerful overhand stroke which had won him many a race, his sturdy self-control began slowly to return. Little by little scraps of things came back to him, things he had read and heard, some of them part of that very discussion amongst the fellows so short a time ago. Noise! That was the thing. Sharks were afraid of noises. If only he could reach Bruce in time there might be a chance.

His hands struck the water with an even, rhythmical slap-slap. Though he had not slackened his stroke, it seemed as if he were merely crawling. The temptation to increase his speed was almost irresistible, but he conquered it by a deliberate effort.

Already he was breathing hard, and he knew that unless he kept back something of his strength he would be helpless at the crucial moment.

At almost every third stroke his dripping face flashed up out of the water and his desperate gaze searched the wide bay for a sight of that ominous fin. Twice he found it; once circling off to the left of where Clavinger was swimming, whereat he was thrilled with a hope that the creature had abandoned the pursuit. But the next time it was cutting through the ripples straight toward Bruce, and the sight made Powell throw caution to the winds.

With every remaining ounce of strength he lunged forward. His muscles ached, his lungs were bursting. But still he managed to send his weary body sizzling through the water at a racing speed. Then Clavinger's face flashed up before him, strained, white, panic-stricken, and for an instant he slowed down.

"Keep on, old man!" he gasped. "Go straight ahead. I'll stay——"

He did not finish. Already Bruce had passed him and was laboring shoreward. Ben gulped in the precious air, took a few long strokes forward and stopped with a sudden gasp. The fin had disappeared!

The moments that followed were like nothing he had ever known. Cold horror gripped him by the throat and choked him—that horror of the unknown which is so potent and so paralyzing. The shark had dived and was swimming under water. At any moment he might feel—

For an instant he came close to screaming wildly, to beating the water with that mad frenzy which comes to drowning men. But just in time his teeth dug cruelly into his under lip and he jerked himself back into a semblance of sanity. And then he began to shout and beat the water, but with a set purpose. Noise was what the creature dreaded. He could not hope to

outswim the beast, but in this fashion he might hold it off till Clavinger was safe ashore, and perhaps himself.

Ceasing his clamor, he swam shoreward a dozen strokes and then paused again to splash and shout. Again and again he did this, and each time it was harder to make that deliberate pause. He was possessed by a panicky desire to speed ahead, trusting to his swiftness. Once he did let himself go and swam perhaps a score of strokes without stopping. When he finally forced himself to halt and glanced back over his shoulder, he seemed to glimpse under the water not a dozen yards away, a great gray-blue shape that struck terror to his heart. He splashed frantically and shouted hoarsely, and the thing slid away from his vision. But he knew it was there.

He had lost all track by this time of Bruce; he did not even know how near or far he was himself from shore. Presently he saw the creature again, nearer this time. As he strove to shout his voice seemed a mere croak; there was scarcely strength in his numbed arms to lash the water. A sudden splash near him brought a strangled sob to his lips; the touch of something against his body made him cringe.

"All right, Ben," said a voice in his ear. "Just let yourself go."

With a long-drawn, sobbing sigh, the boy's weary muscles relaxed and his eyes closed. He was vaguely conscious of being propelled swiftly through the water, of the clamor of shrill voices, of a constant, irregular splashing all about him. Presently his dragging feet touched bottom and he made an instinctive effort to stand erect. But now there was a muscular arm about him which not only held him up but urged him forward. Then he felt himself lowered gently to the sand and a moment later he opened his eyes.

Stripped to the waist and dripping wet, Mr. Wendell was bending over him. As he met Ben's glance, his lips curved in a curious smile that somehow thrilled the boy. There was pride in it, tribute, appreciation, but when the man spoke his voice was low and matter-of-fact.

"Better lie still for a minute or so," he said quietly. "You're about all in."

Ben nodded and his glance wandered over the beach. It was thronged with boys, all talking excitedly and many of them still hurling missiles at the water. A sudden thought struck him.

"Did Bruce——" he began, raising his eyes. And then he stopped.

The Scoutmaster had stepped aside; it was Clavinger who stood beside him holding some garments in his hands. His face was drawn and haggard, and in his eyes was a look which neither Powell nor anyone else had ever seen there.

"Ben!" he said at length in a low, uneven voice. "I——I——" He paused and bit his lips. Then his jaw squared. "I've been a beast, a perfect beast, Ben from—from the very first. You're—— When I think of what a chum you might have been, and I was fool enough—— You'll never want to——to have anything to do with me again, but I had to tell you——"

"Don't!" Powell sat up abruptly. His physical weariness had suddenly left him. All the regret and longing and soreness of the afternoon had vanished. "Why can't we——we just forget all that and——"

He paused. A sudden flash like sunlight swept into Clavinger's face, wiping away the haggard lines. His eyes met Powell's, longingly, incredulously.

"You don't mean you'd ever——"

Ben laughed happily.

"Why not?" he asked.

How to Keep Well in Camp

BY WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.

THE officials who establish a summer camp for Boy Scouts will see to it that the sanitary provisions are perfect, but that does not insure the brave Scout against a number of pestiferous troubles which, if not guarded against, are very likely to make his camp experience far from happy.

Getting Sunburned Without Pain

I remember once when a fellow persuaded me to camp out in a tent up the lake with him. We proceeded to get tanned the first day by going about in our bathing suits, and the other nine days we spent lying in the shade nursing some whopping big sunburns. A very little sunshine—not to exceed ten minutes of the pure article three times the first day—is quite sufficient, till you get used to it. The exposures may be increased ten minutes a day, for direct sunlight. This is a sort of safety first plan for white skins not accustomed to exposure to the sun.

There are a great many alleged remedies for sunburn, though the only cure is time.

A liberal application of freshly made cold cream, followed by a very liberal application of talcum or cornstarch powder will protect the skin against prolonged sun exposure, when this is unavoidable. Similar treatment is as grateful as anything for the relief of sunburn.

Don't Have the Toothache

Toothache is a cause of a great deal of unhappiness in camp. Be prepared. Give your dentist a call before you go into camp. A little trifling painless filling is better than raising general ructions around camp some night when the tooth begins to get too big for your head.

If a Scout is so inefficient and careless of hygiene as to develop a toothache in camp, don't put any blistering applications or heat on the face. Apply whatever is to be applied to the gums or to the back of the neck. Iodine, camphor, arnica or aconite may be painted upon the gums.

Be a Hero

One of the bugaboos of camp life is "cholera morbus." There is a popular superstition that eating green fruit is a cause of this trouble, but that is not true. It is usually a milk-borne infection, or an acute diarrhœa produced by eating food which has undergone bacterial change owing to lack of refrigeration.

However, this detail of causation is no concern of the fellow who has the cramps. What he wants is relief. He will get it from a great big man-sized dose of castor oil, as certainly and safely as from any remedy we have. Half a glass of oil is none too much. The treatment of acute "summer complaint" or "cholera morbus"

is the one excusable place for castor oil as a medicine, I think. Castor oil and a twelve hour fast—but then, a fellow usually doesn't care for anything to eat for several hours after castor oil anyway.

When Insects Sting You

Mosquitos, bees, and other biting or stinging insects inject a dose of formic or other acid when they administer their unwelcome hypodermic. The obvious relief is therefore some alkaline application, and nothing is better than saleratus or soda, a tablespoonful in a cupful of water, applied directly or on wet cloths.

If Ivy Poisons You

The irritant in poison ivy is also an acid substance, and soda solution, applied continuously on wet cloths, is one of the best remedies for the skin inflammation resulting from contact with the three-leafed ivy. If the exposed parts of the skin are smeared with vaseline or any grease before the region of poison ivy is traversed, there will be less likelihood of poisoning. And if the exposed skin is carefully bathed with alcohol immediately after contact, the degree of inflammation will be materially lessened. Persons susceptible to poison ivy, when compelled to come into contact with it, may immunize themselves by taking, for a month in advance, minute and gradually increasing doses of tincture of the poison ivy leaf internally, three times a day.

Keep the Flies Away

Flies about camp are a sure sign of faulty sanitation. Flies will poison themselves to death on salicylic acid or salicylate of soda, according to the United States Government Public Health Service, if you expose here and there a dish of sugar water containing the drug (not poisonous to man) in 1 per cent. solution. (That would require a five-grain tablet in each ounce of the solution.)

About Water and Milk

Scouts who have never had the typhoid prophylactic treatment which all United States troops now receive, should beware of well water when hiking through the country. Likewise, unless they have medical assurance about the milk supply, they should boil the country milk while in camp.

Care of Scratches and Small Wounds

Any Scout who doesn't acquire his knowledge of hygiene from the old gossips knows that there is but one cause of blood-poisoning—germ infection. Slight wounds or blisters or scratches are more likely to permit the entry of germs into the blood than are more severe injuries, because the latter bleed freely enough to wash out any germs which may have lodged in the wound at the instant of the injury. In the summer time, and especially about barns or lots where horses or cattle run, the possibility of lockjaw infection occurring in a trifling puncture or wound should never be forgotten.

The most effective bar to infection in blisters, scratches, slight cuts or punctures of the skin is the immediate swabbing of the wound or skin with tincture of iodine. If there is special reason to fear lockjaw infection—and there should be if the tissues are crushed or badly soiled with street dirt or manure (which contains the lockjaw bacillus naturally)—then an injection of anti-tetanic serum by a doctor should be had as soon as possible after the wound is received. The earlier symp-

toms of lockjaw are a sensation like a beginning sore throat, with great nervousness and jerkiness of all the muscles, and these symptoms may appear from four to fourteen days after the wound has apparently begun to heal nicely.

Viva La Cookery Scout

A Song Sung to a Familiar Tune—Author Not Known

A tenderfoot scout to his cooking test went,
Viva la cookery scout.
On dishes delicious his mind was intent.
Viva la cookery scout.
In uniform trim and hat so neat,
The figure he cut was very petite.
But the stuff he concocted goats couldn't eat,
Viva la cookery scout.

He started with doughtnuts that didn't bake through.
Viva la cookery scout.
He toyed with the soup and they used it for glue.
Viva la cookery scout.

They [illegible] adding to poison the [illegible]
His griddle [illegible] been used for door [illegible]
With his biscuit [illegible] gabled three cats.
Viva la cookery scout.

At last he made [illegible] said.
Viva la cookery scout.
'Twas tough as sole [illegible] er and heavy as lead.
Viva la cookery scout.
In the mess shack he [illegible] and went to bed.
A scoutmaster found it and on it he fed.
They found, in the morning, the poor toaster—dead.
Viva la cookery scout.

The Letters of a Boy Scout in War Time

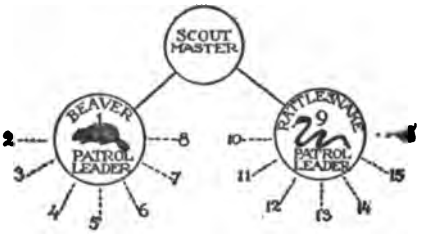
(*Continued from page 111*)

away. We were thanking our lucky stars for our escape, Mr. Judith said, when the *cellar* blew out and went rolling over and over like a hat. Then we were spilled out and we picked our way back in the teeth of the wind, and thought we would crawl into the hole out of which the cellar had blown, and be safe there, but we found that the *hole* had blown away.

We both sat awful still, and then Mr. Judith looked up from the dog and I saw he was smiling, and when he saw how we looked, I guess, he laughed and then we all laughed and knew he was only fooling. But it was a good story. Any story is a good one that makes you think it is real. Mr. Judith told it awful well—I guess that's what made it a good story. Maybe it won't sound so good when you read it.

Well, he said, let's see about that mobilization plan, and he went behind the counter and got a piece of wrapping paper—a big one—and laid it on the counter and began drawing on it. He made a big ring and then two more rings, and then he said, This begins to look like a velocipede but it's going to run like a motorcycle when it gets started, and we laughed and he kept on drawing, and Carl said, Why do you put the spokes *outside* the wheels instead of inside of them? And Mr. Judith winked his eye and kept on drawing, and we just watched and listen to the wind howl and the sign banged and banged. This would be a fine night to mobilize a troop of Scouts, wouldn't it? Mr. Judith asked, and I said, *Nit.*

Mr. Judith gave me the drawing and here it is—



When he had finished it he took a card out of his pocket that had something written on it and gave it to Carl, and it said—

MOBILIZATION RECORD.
BEAVERS
Leader, Carl Crawford

Home address.....
Home telephone .....
Nearest telephone .....
Telegraph instrument.....
Wireless outfit.....
Bicycle .....
Motorcycle .....
Automobile .....
Horse .....
Attending school .....
All other addresses on certain days and hours...
.....
Age .....
Scout rank.....
Special training.....

Now, he said, I want you to fill this out, Carl, and Shocky, you make a copy of it and fill it out for yourself. Then make a

copy for each boy in your Patrols—you can get some of the fellows to help you—then have each boy fill his out carefully.

Well, it seemed like an awful big job by the time Carl had filled his out, and I started on mine, but it was hard to think about that then because the storm was making such a noise.

Guess we'd better shut up shop and get home, Mr. Judith said, and began shaking down the stove, and while he was doing it there was an awful crash or something, and Curly jumped and then sat down quick with his ears standing straight up toward the front of the store. There was some glass fell, too. Mr. Judith said, Wow, here comes my sign through the window—guess the wind has evil de-*sign*-s on me tonight. When I laughed I didn't feel so scared.

The wind was coming in the hole in the window, and the rain too, and Mr. Judith said, Quick, boys, we'll get these books and these fancy paper trimmings out of the way—then let 'er blow. So we hustled with the books, but the red and yellow and green paper was all wet already. But they can't *drown,* said Mr. Judith, because they're *dead* already—at least they've been *dyed.* I was going to laugh, but just then there was the awfullest crash you ever heard. It sounded like the roof was coming in—it was right over my head. First there was a big bang and then rattling, and Mr. Judith said, Wow, again, and There goes my chimney. Anyhow, he said, we can pick the bricks up and stick 'em together again. That man has got *nerve,* father. I guess he'd make a good soldier if it wasn't for his leg.

We listened, and it wasn't blowing so hard now. We looked up at the ceiling to see if there was a hole in it, but there wasn't. Then Mr. Judith walked toward the front of the store where the window hole was. Half way I saw him stop quick, squat down and look in front, and then he ran to the door. Carl and I ran after him and I fell over Curly and hurt my hand on a box. Near the door I saw that the windows of the store across the street were all red, and I yelled, *Spong's store is on fire!* Curly barked loud.

Mr. Judith took hold of my arm—Carl's too, I guess—and held hard.

It isn't *Spong's* store, he said. Steady, Scouts! That's the *glare* of the flames you see on Spong's window. It's *Hartwell's* store that's afire.

Hartwell's! Why, that was next door to Mr. Judith's—the two buildings were built right together, I knew that, and both were wood.

Can you Scouts do as you are told? Mr. Judith said. We both said, Yes, and Carl saluted and I did too—it seems easy to do it when you like a man and he knows what he is doing.

Well, I can't tell you, father, all the things he told us to do—lots—and we did them. Carl ran out to ring the fire bell, but I guess nobody could hear it in that wind—and when I was carrying things out of Mr. Judith's store I saw Carl coming with five men with the hose cart he had got from the Town Hall. It was excitement after that. The fire burned and burned until it had burned all of Hartwell's store and all of Mr. Judith's. The rain and hose water kept it from burning Ferguson's meat market. They couldn't get anything out of Hartwell's. Carl said the fire was all through it when he ran out of Judith's—anyhow it was all hardware and I guess we couldn't of carried out any *stoves.* Curly got some of his curls scorched, and there was a rusty-looking spot on his rump.

Spike and Parley and Fred and Stony and all the other fellows were there early

in the morning to look at what was left, and Spike said, If we had been here with all that water the soldiers didn't drink down at the depot maybe we could of saved Hartwell's store—and the boys laughed, and Spike said, And think of all the sundays that were burned up in that soda-fountain, and without that many sundays we wouldn't have to go to Sunday school for a year.

I didn't laugh at that because I couldn't because there was Mr. Judith standing with a funny look on his face, which was all black, except in that red scar hole on his jaw, and his clothes were dirty too, and his hands were as black as night, and there was the queerest look in his red eyes you ever saw. I guess he got lots of smoke in them.

Just then Carl came along and motioned to me, and we went down in front of the barber-shop, and Carl said, Come over to my house this evening, I been thinking of something, and I said, All right, and we went to school.

I wonder what he has been thinking about. Carl is *some* thinker.

Your dear son,
ROBERT.

FRIDAY.

Dear Father—You couldn't guess what Carl wanted of me last night—nobody could guess it. Well, he said, Too bad about our new Scoutmaster, and I said, Yes, and he said, Shocky, if you were in trouble what would you want your friends to do for you? I said, Help, I suppose. All right, said Carl—we are Mr. Judith's friends, aren't we? Sure, I said, and he said, Then you want to help him, and I'll tell you how you can.

How? I said, quick, and he said, Just a minute, Mr. Hurry-up, and laughed and we laughed. Now, he said, Mr. Judith is burned out—you helped him save his papers—the prescriptions and books and some bills he's got to pay and some other things, but not enough drugs to start a drug-store in Lilliput, and he's going to start one right here in Amesty before this week ends.

This week? I said.

Yes, *this week*—that is, if Troop 1 helps. Do you think it will? I said, Of course, it would, and he said, Then see what you think of this—Mr. Judith has rented the old Badger home—that old dwelling on Main street, which has been empty nearly two years—and has telephoned to the city for drugs and other things a drug store sells. How do you know so much, Mr. Detective? I asked, and he just said, Never you mind, I can tell you *this* too, they told him they can't ship the goods for six or seven days, because the war takes so many cars for guns and shells and food for the soldiers, and you know it takes freight two or three days to come from the city after it starts, and so Mr. Judith phoned over to Lenniston and found it was true what he heard last week, that two drug-stores there had gone together and one of them had a full outfit to sell—soda-fountain, prescription case, show cases and a lot of medicine and jars and bottles and things. Now if he can get those things over here Saturday and put in, Mr. Judith will have his store running before night. What do you think?

I thought a minute and then I said, It's eighteen miles to Lenniston and maybe you can get Mr. Spong's auto delivery wagon, and he said, Oh, they can get the

things over from Lenniston in a big auto truck, all right, but how could Mr. Judith set up a store in such a looking place as that old Badger house, full of all kinds of trash and half the windows broken, and the other half so dirty you couldn't see through them? And I yelled, *I get you.*

Carl said, Well, we are the Patrol Leaders and we will have to fix it up at the Troop meeting, because Mr. Judith is so busy with his fire he can't come to the meeting, and anyhow we don't want him to know.

Your dear son,
ROBERT.

P. S. (*Friday Night*)—It's all right. The Scouts all said they would be there at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning but Spike. He has got to drive his mother over to Fairfax in the morning, but he will be back about noon and will work then. General Law came over to the church with Jack, but he went right on to drill the men downtown.—*Robt.*

We didn't talk much about mobilizing tonight because we talked all about the fire and tomorrow, but I got some of the mobilization cards fixed.—*Robt.*

SUNDAY.

Dear Father—The fellows all helped cleaning up the old house, and we had the downstairs all fine when the truck got there from Lenniston, but it broke down out by Johnson's farm and didn't get here until after dark.

Spike cut his hand on a piece of window glass, but Carl fixed it up and cleaned it and put stuff on it from his kit and bandaged it, and when Mr. Judith saw it, he said, Even a druggist couldn't do it better and asked Spike how it felt. And then he said, Thanks, Scouts, for the work we did, and he said, Hope I can return the good turn some day.

Then he told Carl and me we would have another talk about mobilization soon, and we said, All right, any old time.

I got your letter about the camp you saw. My, the Guards are going from all over, I guess. Spike says six went from Fairfax. Guess there will be thousands and thousands going. Buck's mange is all right now, but he had a fight with a dog I never saw before yesterday and cut his ear, but it isn't bad. Jack says his uncle (that's General Law) says more Scouts ought to take examinations on the tests and that's what Carl says, but we have been doing so many other things. Mr. Law will help us. That's what Jack says. FINE. We had a big dinner today, and we all said, Wish you were here.

Your dear son,
ROBERT.

MONDAY.

Dear Father—Every day at noon recess I go down town and read the telegram in *The Clarion* window and today there wasn't any there but a big crowd waiting for it, and talking with Mr. Harding, the editor. I had to hurry back to school and just got in my seat when the gong rang. At recess I saw Prof. Carstings talking with Spills (he's the janitor—that's what we call him anyway) and Spills was saying that somebody was *going* and Sadie wouldn't have any place to live and I didn't hear what Prof. Carstings said, because I went away. Just before we marched in I saw Spills again sitting on the steps by the furnace room door and he had his head in his hands, and I started to ask Parley about him, and teacher said,

(*Continued on page 238*)

Swimming Games—New and Old

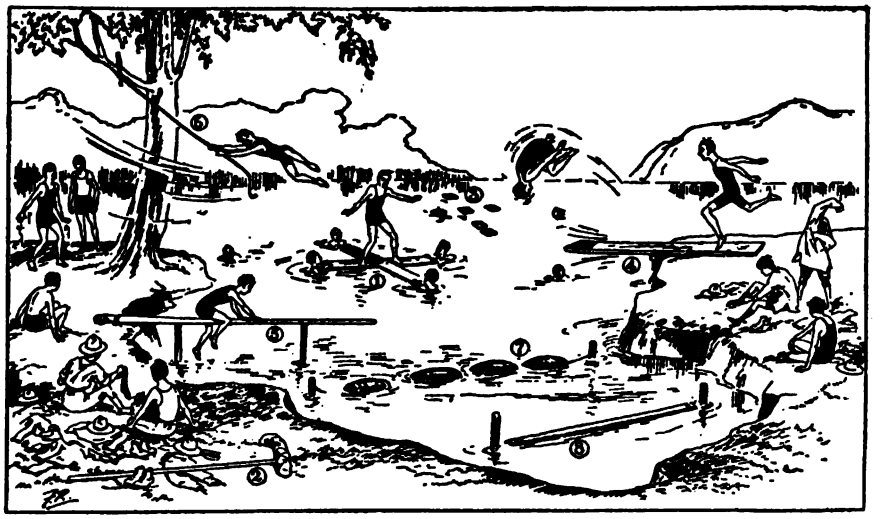
By C. ROLLAND GREEN

SWIMMING time will soon be here and the boys will be trying the water every day to see who'll be first in when it's warm enough. The first time is like the meeting of an old friend. By the way, the water is your friend, isn't it? After running all winter under the cold and unsociable ice it is looking for company and is only too glad to take you into its arms once more.

If you can't swim, now is the time to learn. I am writing now for boys who can swim, and to show boys who cannot the great treat they are missing. The customary dives and strokes that every good swimmer knows are not discussed here. New and old swimming stunts is what the writer is talking about—old stunts that may have been forgotten in your neck o' the woods, new ones that promise real fun.

Water Tag

Some of these games are adapted from land games. In water tag, one of a number of swimmers is chosen to be "it." The others immediately spread out of his way. To catch anyone, the one who is "it" grabs the one he is after and ducks him. He must put him completely under to make it a fair tag. The one caught becomes "it" in turn. Many times in playing tag on land a goal is chosen as a resting place. A swimmer cannot be caught when any



In the picture: 1, Fox and geese; 2, tilting pole; 3, baseball diamond; 4, diving board; 5, greased pole; 6, coasting; 7, mines; 8, net at submarine base

part of him is touching the goal. It is sometimes considered unfair to tag anyone back; that is, if you are caught you cannot tag the one who caught you until someone else is caught.

Fox and Geese

Who has not played Fox and Geese on land? Fox and Geese, as played in the water, is similar, but on a smaller scale. The game is usually played with five swimmers, one of whom is "it." Two boards are nailed crosswise and at right angles to each other. An empty barrel or keg or anything that will float is nailed underneath and the whole anchored in midstream. The one who is "it" takes his stand on the "hub" of the "wheel," while the others rest their hands on the ends of the "spokes." The game is, for the one who is "it" to get a place on one of the "spokes" while the one who belongs there is changing places with his neighbor. After each failure the one who is "it" must return to the "hub" and start anew. On the other hand the one who loses his place becomes "it" in turn.

Water-Buff

Water-Buff is taken from an old game and played the same as Blind-Man's-Buff. The one who is "it" swims up behind one of the other players with eyes blindfolded and guesses whom he catches. He must remain blindfolded until he guesses aright. The one caught then becomes "it." Any amount of novelties may be introduced to make the game more interesting.

Tilting

Tilting is an old water game and played at most summer camps. It is introduced here because, strangely, it is a stranger to many boys. For sheer fun I think this is about the best of all the water games. It must be remembered, however, that a game is according to the spirit in which it is played. The rules included here are the ones generally adopted, although there is no limit to the methods used in counting the points.

Two canoes or boats set out from shore with two men each. One man guides the boat while the other does the tilting. The tilting-pole consists of a long pole with a crook and a knot on the end. The crook is for pulling and the knot is for pushing. The stunt is for one man to pull or push his opponent overboard. It is unfair to hook or punch below the belt. To push an opponent overboard counts five points. To make an opponent take one foot from the seat, or go down on one knee, counts one point, and to make him take both feet from the seat, or go down on both knees, counts two points. If poles are well padded they will do no injury. Points may be counted for forcing an opponent's pole from his hands. Fouls also may be counted and points taken off for unfair plays. The game may be any number of previously determined points, the winner being the one who gains that number first.

"Life-Saver"

The game of Life-Saver is a first-aid game and should be played often. It develops efficiency in a stunt every swimmer should know. Many a swimmer is drowned every summer trying to rescue a drowning comrade when he didn't know how.

The game is played with five teams of two players each. There are two classes of players: the "savers" and the "drowners." Five drowners go out from shore a

certain distance and *pretend* they are drowning. Five savers swim out to bring them in. It is unfair for a drowner to assist himself in any way once a saver gets a hold on him. Any hold is permissible, but care must be taken to keep the drowner's head above water. The first saver who brings his burden safely across the line is the winner. There should be a starter, who will also referee the game. There are many possible variations to add excitement and try skill, as, for instance, requiring the savers to skin off their clothes (or some of them) after the starting signal is given.

Water Baseball

Baseball on the water requires a regular, but not regulation, diamond. There are two teams of five men each and the diamond is marked off with six rafts. A raft need not be any larger than will conveniently float a person. The rules are similar to those of the game played on land with this exception, a man may be put out by being hit by a *thrown* ball. The ball, of course, should be made of soft material.

To run a base the batter dives off a raft and swims to the next one. If any part of runner or swimmer touches base, he is safe. The game may consist of a certain number of scores or a certain number of innings.

Leap-Frog

A game which creates lots of laughter is Leap-Frog. When this is played in the water the "back" is invariably pushed under and sometimes the leaper also, only to bob up, and do it over again. The trick is to leap over the under-man without going under yourself.

Hand-springing from the Board

What would a swimming-hole be without a good diving board? A particularly good stunt to try from the diving board is the hand-spring. Stand back from end of board three or four steps. Take step forward, place hands on end of board and throw feet high in the air, with the intention of turning over. You will land feet foremost if you acquire sufficient momentum; as you gain greater proficiency the farther out over the water you will go. Be *careful* not to "land" on your back or stomach!

Fun on a Greased Pole

A greased pole is another great addition to the swimming resort. The entire length of the pole, with the exception of a few inches on the end, should be greased. The object is to straddle the pole with your weight resting on your hands and move out over the end into the water. A pillow-fight on a greased pole is a laughable affair. You will find it very difficult to keep your balance. *Never try to walk out on the pole.* If you do you may be seriously injured.

"Coasting"

Coasting is a new stunt. The only equipment necessary is a long rope tied to a tree branch near the water. Take a short run and grab the rope. Swing yourself back and forth, then let go on the outward swing. You will shoot out towards the water and, if done right, will "land" feet first and go under at a slant that will bring you to the surface almost immediately. It is safer to let go of the rope too soon than not soon enough. It adds fun to have a string of fellows line up on the bank

and swing themselves in quick succession into the water.

Submarine Base

A great game is Submarine Base, which sounds like *war*. Once the boys get the idea they will want to play nothing else.

Of course there are two sides, yourself and the enemy. The amount of equipment or number of players is not limited but should be the same on both sides. The base should be located in a cove or depression in the bank with two lines of defense. The first line consists of a string of anchored barrels, far enough apart to allow a boat to pass easily between. The second line consists of a boom or string of logs strung across with no opening through or around. There are two captains.

The "enemy" invades in a row boat while the "home" force awaits on the bank. The boat acts as tender, while the boys themselves are submarines. It is the duty of the captains to stand back and direct the operations. The first trick or stunt is to get the boat through the barrels without touching them. These are the "mines." If one is touched the tender is blown up. In other words, the game ends there. On the other hand, if the tender gets through the mines the boom or net has to be navigated. This is where the real fun begins. The submarines leave their tender and dive under the net. The defensive flotilla of submarines now dives out to meet the invaders. If any part of an invading submarine touches the net it is "sunk." After rising inside the net the captain will consider them sunk if they disappear from view again. The defenders, however, try to pull them under. This is submarining and everyone pulled under is "sunk." After both sides have played, turn and turn about, the side that lands the most submarines wins the game.

"Buffalo Bill"—a Scout Who Knew No Fear

From an Interview with Dan Beard

ONE of the greatest scouts who ever served under the Stars and Stripes," said Dan Beard as he swung into his editorial sanctum at the *Boys' Life* office on the day the news of Buffalo Bill's death arrived.

"Never think of him without thinking of what he did to Chief Yellow Hand, the Cheyenne. It was so characteristic of him.

"The Fifth U. S. Cavalry met the Cheyennes in 1876 at the battle of Indian Creek. In the midst of the fray Chief Yellow Hand caught sight of Buffalo Bill.

" 'I know you, Long Hair,' called the chief. 'Come out and fight, just you and me.'

"Buffalo Bill accepted the challenge. The other fighters, on both sides, ceased firing to watch the combat.

"It resembled, in some respects, the tourneys of the knights of old. Buffalo Bill, tall, straight as an arrow, long hair

falling to his shoulders, wore a black silk uniform. The trouser legs were thrust loosely into high morocco top boots. His spurs were hung with jinglers. His hat was ornamented with a long ostrich plume. Yellow Hand wore his war paint and feathers.

"When the moment came for the fight to begin Buffalo Bill drew his revolver and fired, killing Yellow Hand's pony. At the same moment his own pony stepped into a prairie dog's hole, fell and broke his leg. The two men were then face to face and on equal footing.

"Yellow Hand trusted his tomahawk. Buffalo Bill depended on his long, keen hunting knife. The battle was fierce while it lasted but it was very short. The hunting knife won.

"He was born on the plains of Iowa and was a scout from birth, you might say. Seventy-five miles a day on a pony, through wild country where 'road agents' lurked for booty and red-skins lay in wait for scalps—that is what Buffalo Bill was doing when he was only fourteen years old. The Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company established its 'Pony Express' mail service between Sacramento, Cal., and St. Joseph, Missouri, a distance of 1950 miles, in 1860, and Bill Cody soon became known as one of its best riders.

"The Pacific Telegraph Company completed its line the next year and the Pony Express was discontinued. Young Cody then became a scout and guide for the United States army. After two years of this service he formally enlisted in the Seventh Regiment of Kansas cavalry and remained with this command until the end of the war.

"How did he get the name 'Buffalo Bill'? Oh, that was applied to him because of a contract which he made with the Kansas-Pacific railway—and carried out—to supply its construction gangs with buffalo meat while the line was being extended through the wilderness.

"His work as a scout and guide during the trouble between our government and the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, from 1868 to 1872, increased his reputation. He had a remarkable sense of direction. Set him down in an unknown country, tell him where the army wanted to go and he would find the way.

"He had a most uncanny way of riding through the enemy's lines without being caught. General Nelson A. Miles was sitting before his camp fire one night, wondering how he would get his command *out* of the circle of Indians which completely surrounded it, when Buffalo Bill calmly rode *in*, dismounted and sat down beside him. He never told how he penetrated the 'iron ring' of the Indians and reached the camp.

"Some scout was Buffalo Bill. Always on the level, always doing a good turn. He never was a man-killer, like some of the sheriffs used to be in the days when the west was wild and woolly, but he wasn't afraid of anything that walked, swam or flew. He was patriotic to the backbone, proud he was an American and, like the rest of us, believed America was the greatest country on earth."

Then Mr. Beard turned to his desk and took up his Duffle Bag correspondence.

Joffre—Boy and Man

The Story of the Hero of the Marne

BY ALBION NELSON

HIS smiling face is looking out from the pages of a thousand magazines and newspapers at the boys of America today.

Why?

Gen. Joffre has been sent by France to America because he represents France today as Dewey did America after the war of 1898.

Why?

He was the Hero of the Marne.

Why?

Trace it back. It was not luck nor chance.

When France faced her foe at the river Marne, a military genius was needed. Gen. Joffre was chosen from all the thousands of men in the French army.

He won the fight.

Why?

When He Was a Boy

To explain any man's success it is necessary to go back to his boyhood. No man has ever yet done a great thing who did not, in his school days, show the stuff that heroes are made of.

Gen. Joffre was a shy boy. He was self-restrained. He did not set up a whoop when things pleased him nor a howl when they didn't.

Whatever he did, he did thoroughly. He dotted his i's, crossed his t's and put in all the decimal points.

He faced every issue squarely. When caught in a fault he said: "Yes, I did it." The other fellows might whine and say somebody else was to blame, but Joseph Joffre never dodged responsibility.

He said little but thought a good deal. They called him a dreamer. He was—and his dreams came true because he worked while he dreamed.

He planned. Having made his plan, he carried it out. No one could stop him. This trait led him into the only fight he ever had, outside of his battles for his country.

What He Did to a Boy Who Struck Him

He had planned to go right home after school. The boys asked him to stay and join a game. He refused. They taunted him. He kept right on. One boy struck him. Quick as lightning Joseph Joffre dropped his books—then dropped the boy. When it was over he calmly picked up his books and went home, exactly as he had planned.

No one ever heard him brag about this or any other exploit.

He made few intimate friends and fewer enemies. He excited no jealousies. He always let the results of his work speak for him. He never blew his own horn. Now all France, all America, is blowing it.

His long military career has not been brilliant. Day by day for forty-five years he has done his work and done it well.

Every day he has found time to add to his store of learning. Every day he has striven to increase his efficiency. That is all. He has had no political help. No lucky chance has brought him into prominence. He has never pushed himself forward. Yet he has reached the very pinnacle of fame.

In 1870 he was a second lieutenant. France lost to Germany in that year's war. Many a young French officer conceived a daring plan for wiping out the enemy—and lost his life in trying to execute it. Lieut. Joffre worked and fought but took no foolish chances.

After the war he settled down to the uneventful life of a soldier in times of peace. With others he was set to building fortifications.

One day Field Marshal MacMahon came to inspect the work. It was all done well, but when MacMahon reached the section supervised by Joffre he could not restrain his admiration of the perfection of every detail.

"I congratulate you—*Captain,*" he said.

Lieut. Joffre saluted, and went on with his work His Captain's commission arrived shortly after. He was then twenty-four.

Conquering an Enemy of the Mind

He was still only a captain when, years afterwards, he was thrown from his horse while inspecting fortifications at Versailles. He was badly injured and the doctors said he could never go on with his work and his mathematical studies.

For days he remained in his room, suffering agony. His family were afraid he would lose his mind. His father thought for a moment that he had gone crazy when one day he burst through the door shouting: "It's all right! I'm well! I'm saved!" It was the first time in his life that Joseph had ever shown so much excitement.

This was the explanation: Knowing that his mind might be affected by his injury, he laid out a problem—the longest, hardest proposition he could think of. He knew that no weak mind could find a solution. Day after day he worked, fearing and hoping. At last he solved it. He was so wild with joy to find his brain still in good working order that for once in his life he showed his enthusiasm.

An Expert on Garden Trenches—and Others

He made one famous remark—only one. While he was home on furlough Joffre and his father had an argument about digging trenches for draining the garden. His father wanted to dig them at right angles. Joseph advised digging them diagonally.

"What do you know about digging garden trenches?" asked his father.

"What!" exclaimed Joffre. "I know all about trenches. Trenches are my specialty!"

The French military authorities trusted his judgment though his own father didn't. He was sent wherever there was a difficult job to be done. Throughout France and her colonies he built trenches and fortifications.

When the Germans ran up against his trenches along the Marne they were forced to agree, with those who had inspected his work in more peaceable fashion, that he knew the job.

So General Joseph Joffre is the idol of the French people today. Sent to America to represent the French nation in the important councils of the United States and its allies, he is honored by everybody.

He is famous without ever having bragged about himself; without ever hav-

ing asked others to brag about him; without ever having played politics. He has just worked, and kept his mouth shut, and left it to others to decide whether he was good or whether he wasn't.

Visits Washington's Tomb

The other day he entered the tomb of a hero who was the same kind of a boy. He took off his hat and silently saluted the mortal remains of George Washington.

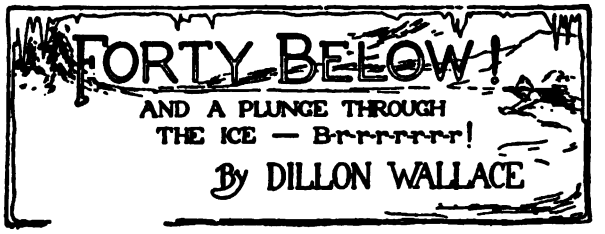
The great Frenchman and the great American were made of the same kind of stuff. A hero saluted a hero.

The world is always needing Washingtons and Joffres. Many who could be as great are wasting time, wasting energy, instead of working to prepare for the opportunity which is coming tomorrow, or next year, or ten years from now.

He Started Early—as Any Boy Can

General Joffre could never have been famous if he had started at twenty or forty or fifty. If he had dilly-dallied in grammar school, divided his high school days between football and girl parties, gone through college on a "pony," he would always have been behind the procession. He would have been a joke, just as every fellow is who thinks that intelligence consists in knowing the latest flavor at the soda fountain and in being able to distinguish brands of tobacco by the smell.

The time to be a hero is now. It is as hard to say, "No!" when the gang wants you to waste your time as it is to storm a trench, but it must be done. It may be a long time before the nation discovers the hero, but sooner or later he comes into his own.



IT was quite natural that during the two and one-half years that I spent in Labrador I should have met with many adventures. In that rugged, bleak land no one knows when he may be called upon to meet adventure, and sometimes grave danger, too, for up there Adventure and Danger are close companions. They lurk in the mysterious shadows of forest solitudes, they stride boldly out over the wild wind-swept barrens, and they crouch beside every winter trail, and you never know when they may stand up to you face to face to challenge your courage and your fortitude.

And so it came to pass that adventure caught me unawares one winter evening, and it was only because I had trained myself, as every Scout should, to keep my head and avoid excitement in the face of danger, and to think quickly, that I escaped with my life.

The cold was bitter and searching that day, with a temperature close to 40 degrees

Forty Below!

below zero. I was traveling on snowshoes, returning from an expedition into the country, and as twilight fell was descending the frozen bed of a large river. Near the mouth of this river was a trading post where at this time I made my home; and as I trudged along toward the end of my journey, weary enough, I remember, with a hard day's work, I was thinking of the good venison supper and cozy warmth that awaited me.

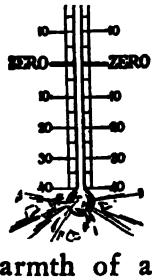
I had passed up and down this river many times on snowshoes and with dogs and sledge, and now never a thought of danger entered my head, though I was well aware that at a point a quarter of a mile above the post, where the river narrowed and the current flowed big and strong, there was always likely to be "bad ice." Here, however, as everywhere else on the river, the ice was well covered with packed snow and gave no indication of weakness, and observing a freshly made sledge track across it, I followed the sledge trail as a short cut to the post.

And so it came about that I was about midway of the stream when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the ice fell from under me, and I plunged neck deep into the black, cold water. This would have been bad enough under any circumstances, but now I was not only hampered by heavy winter clothing, but snowshoes were on my feet, and as the current caught their broad surface I felt a strong pull downward.

Under me was a full six fathoms of water, running swiftly, like a mill race, and below me an unbroken ice field reaching away over the frozen bay into which the river flowed. An area only about six feet in circumference had broken down with my weight. There was immediate danger that the water drawing upon my snowshoes would sweep me under the ice beyond all hope of rescue, and instantly and naturally I realized the peril. Through instinct, to some degree perhaps born of training and habit, I did the one thing that I should have done. I threw out my right arm at full length upon the snow covering the ice at one side of the hole, dug my fingers into it and held on for dear life, but did not attempt any vain struggle.

I was well aware that the ice to which I clung would not bear my weight, and also that there was no one within hailing distance to lend me assistance. I *had* to save myself.

With my left hand I began at once to break away bit by bit the rotten weak ice next to my body, pushing my extended right arm forward and maintaining a grip upon the snow as I did so, and was rewarded in a few moments by finding hard, clear ice. Then with both arms reaching out I secured a firm hold on the packed snow with my fingers, and with one mighty effort was out of the water upon solid ice.



My water-soaked clothing and snow-shoes were, of course, instantly frozen so stiff with a thick coating of ice that it was difficult to bend my knees or to walk, but presently I reached the post house to enjoy the venison supper, and the cozy warmth of a roaring wood fire in the big box stove, and, best of all, with no other inconvenience as a result of my dip than slightly frostbitten fingers.

The Live Perch Contract

A Fishing Story of Two Live Pioneer Scouts

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY SCOUTS OF WOODCRAFT CAMP," "BOY SCOUTS ON LOST TRAIL"

"HELLO!"

"'Lo, Slim!"

"Hatched any new ideas since last night?"

"Nope. How about you?"

"Same here. The old nut seems to be holler." Slim rapped his head with his knuckles. "Empty as a soap-bubble. Let's go fishin'."

"Now you've said something!" Runt's freckled face lighted with a grin. "I can always think best when I'm fishin'. Get busy and help me with this wood."

"Aw, can't you let that go till we get back? I'll help you then."

"Can, but ain't going to. Might rain." Runt grinned again and looked up at the cloudless sky. "A good Scout does his work first and plays afterwards. You pile the wood in the shed while I split. Get a move on!"

Slim gave vent to a long, doleful sigh. "That's one thing about scouting that gets my goat; it keeps a feller's conscience so blamed active he never gets any peace."

"Until he's earned it," grinned Runt, picking up his ax.

A shadow of a smile flickered across Slim's long face. "At that it's easier to earn than those uniforms," he grumbled, picking up an armful of split wood and starting for the shed. "Other Scouts have got it all over us Pioneers, when it comes to earning money, real money. In a city or town there's always something doin' and a feller has a chance to pick up a quarter now and then."

"And we Pioneers have got it all over the other fellers when it comes to the real fun of scoutin', 'cause we're right out in the country where you find it," retorted Runt, punctuating his remarks with blows of the ax.

For half an hour the two boys worked with vim, and then as the last stick was split and carried in Runt drove the ax into the end of the chopping log and ran for his pole. A few minutes digging around the chip-pile furnished a canful of angleworms and they were off across the sunlit fields towards Upper Pond. On the way Slim cut and trimmed a pole and rigged it with line and hook produced from a capacious pocket. Arrived at the pond they bailed out a leaky flat-bottomed boat and soon were in their favorite cove.

"Now," said Runt, as he looped a wriggling worm on his hook and spat on it for luck, "we'll see if we can hatch out some ideas for earning those uniforms."

But something was wrong. Perhaps the weather was too hot for hatching ideas. Anyway at the end of an hour they had caught three perch big enough to keep

The Live Perch Contract

"Ain't there no way of getting rid of them?"

but not a single solitary idea worth considering had been produced.

"Hang these pesky little perch!" grumbled Slim as he put another worm on his book. "They nibble off the bait faster than a feller can put it on. Just look at 'em swimmin' around down there! If we had small enough hooks we could catch a barrel of 'em, but they wouldn't be no good if we did. Let's——"

A sudden lurch of the boat which all but sent Slim overboard and a wild yell of "I've got it!" from Runt, who had jumped to his feet, cut his remarks short.

"Well, for the love of Mike, don't upset the boat if you have. What is it, a pickerel or a bass?" shouted Slim catching something of the other's excitement.

"Neither," retorted Runt, his ready grin splitting the freckles of his small round face. "'Tain't fish, and yet it is too. It's the idea, the big idea. Listen! You know old man Chapman who grows pink pondlilies and ships 'em to the city?"

Slim nodded. "Of course I do," he grunted. "Everybody does."

"Well the other day I was down there and I heard him talking about those lilies," continued Runt eagerly. "He said snails or water-worms or critters of some sort are eating the lily-pads and he didn't know any way to stop it unless he could stock his ponds with fish that would eat the pesky things. Said if he knew how to get 'em he'd put in a lot of striped perch. Now what's the matter with——"

"Whoopse! You've got it! I'm on! Wonder how many he'll want and what he'll pay!" howled Slim, throwing his old straw hat in the air quite forgetful of the fact that he was in a boat. Then as he fished it out of the water on the end of his pole he solemnly addressed a school of the little perch which but a few minutes before had so ruffled his temper. "Little fishes," said he, "you don't know it but you are wearing two perfectly good brand new Scout uniforms and we've got to take them away from you because we need 'em in our business. We hate to do it, but we must. Runt," he added, turning a long face on which was expressed the most earnest solicitude, "does your head ache?"

"Not so's I notice it. Why?" replied Runt.

"I don't see how you do it. Really I don't, Runt. If I ever had an idea like that my head would ache for a week. But there's no danger. Mine's like my stomach." Slim shook his head sadly.

"Meaning?"

"Empty." Slim looked tragic, mournfully tragic.

"Quit your kiddin', and let's get down to cases," protested Runt. "I told you I can always think best when I'm fishin'. Now the idea's hatched, we've got to put it in a brooder and nurse it. Can we catch the fish? If we can how can we keep them alive? And if we can keep them alive how are we goin' to get them down to Chapman's ponds?"

"Whoa, Bill! Back up! You've got the wagon before the horse. If those two suits really are swimming around down there we'll get 'em out all right. Trust your Uncle Slim for that." He paused to toss a worm into the water and leaned over the side of the boat to watch the hungry perch dart at it. "What we want to find out first is if old man Chapman really does want those perch, and if he does, how many and what he'll pay for them. I move that we quit fishin' and hike down there right away. There's time before dinner. If he wants 'em we'll take an exclusive contract to furnish 'em. This afternoon we'll make our plans and tomorrow morning we'll be on the job. What do you say?"

Runt agreed.

The two poles were soon hidden in the bushes and the boys were on their way to the Chapman place, something over two miles distant. Here they found Mr. Chapman busy cutting lily-buds for shipment to the city. The lilies were grown in a series of a dozen or more artificial ponds fed by a brook. These ponds were long and narrow so that from either side the center could be reached with a slim ten-foot pole in the end of which a sharp knife-blade was set at an angle. When this was slipped down the stem of a bud ready for cutting and given a sharp jerk the stem was cut and the bud floated on the surface to be picked up by means of another pole in the end of which two wires were fastened like the tines of a fork.

The boys noticed at once that the lily-pads were badly riddled and asked what had done it. Mr. Chapman explained that it was the work of a snail or slug.

"Ain't there no way of getting rid of 'em?" asked Runt artlessly though rather inelegantly.

"I haven't been able to find any way," replied Mr. Chapman. "I have a theory that striped perch would eat them. I'd try them if I knew where to get some without too great expense."

"How many would you take and what would you pay for them?" asked Slim.

Mr. Chapman looked sharply at the tall slim lad and his short freckled-faced companion, and his eyes twinkled. "I'll give you three cents apiece for three hundred delivered here in my ponds," said he. "Want the job?"

"Is it an exclusive contract, sir?" asked Slim in a business-like tone.

"That depends," replied Mr. Chapman, his eyes twinkling more than ever. "Of course if it is to be exclusive you must comply with certain conditions. The three hundred fish must be delivered within one week from date. They must be alive and vigorous when liberated in the ponds. Weak ones will not count. And they must be big enough to take a hook. Minnows won't do. What do you say?"

"We'll take the contract," replied Slim promptly. "Of course," he added as an after thought, "it is understood that we are to be paid promptly on the delivery of the last of the fish."

"Of course," returned Mr. Chapman. "However, you must agree to deliver the full three hundred. Unless you complete the contract there is to be no pay." This also was agreed to and the contract was ratified by shaking hands.

Once out of sight the boys gave vent to their joy by throwing their hats in the air, turning handsprings, and punching each other in the ribs. Then as they trudged homeward they settled down to a discussion of ways and means.

"I guess if we use the smallest size trout hooks we can catch 'em all right, all right, but how will we keep 'em alive?" said Runt.

"Get a big box, bore it full of holes, make a trapdoor in the top and fasten it behind the boat. As fast as we catch 'em we'll drop 'em in that," replied Slim. "It's a cinch."

"I've got a better plan than that!" exclaimed Runt. "We'll beg one of those vegetable crates at the grocery. They're made of slats set so close together that the fish can't get through between, and they've got solid ends. We'll make a trapdoor in the top and it will be a regular fish-car."

"Bully!" cried Slim. "We can tow it behind the boat to the end of Upper Pond and then each grab an end and beat it across to the Mill Pond. It ain't more than two hundred yards. Then we can take my boat down there and tow it to the lower end. There's nothin' to it!"

"And then what?" Runt's matter-of-fact tone brought the exuberant Slim back to earth.

"Wheelbarrows, washtubs, and the sweat of our manly brows," said he laconically.

Runt reached up and tapped him on the head. "Nothin' the matter with the old coco as I can see," said he. "It may not be an incubator of ideas but it's a good brooder once they're hatched. I don't see but what you've got everything all worked out and all we've got to do is to get busy and collect the mon. There's only one thing wrong with that contract. I wish we hadn't agreed that there should be no pay unless we deliver the whole three hundred fish. Supposin' we get most down there with the last lot and one dies. Then we've got to go way back there again with one measly little fish in order to get our money."

"That's all right," replied Slim airily. "We'll carry along a few extras to make up for any that croak on the way."

The afternoon was spent in making a fish-car out of the vegetable crate, digging a supply of bait, and wheedling two mothers into the loan of the much-needed washtubs. Runt's mother was sure that the next time she washed clothes in that tub they would smell of fish. Runt promised that when he was through with it he would scour it out with soap and hot water, which promise won the day.

Six o'clock the next morning found the young contractors rowing to their favorite cove on Upper Pond. This was the higher of two small lakes, though they had not then attained to the dignity of being called lakes save by a few summer visitors. To the natives they were just plain ponds. The one the boys were on was half a mile wide by perhaps three quarters of a mile long, very deep in places, spring-fed, and was the main source of supply for the lower lake, commonly known as the Mill Pond. This was a winding sheet of about a mile in length and irregular width, the lower end being fairly in the village. The two ponds were separated by not more than two hundred yards. By far the best fishing was to be found in Upper Pond and this was why the boys had chosen it for the scene of operations.

Instead of the usual long poles each was supplied with a short fairly springy wand about four feet long to the end of which was tied a three-foot line ending in

a No. 7 hook. The boat was anchored off the place where the small perch had been so troublesome the day before, the fish-car put overboard and tied to the stern and the boys were ready for the most serious fishing of their lives. You see, this time it was for business instead of pleasure.

"Hope they're here," grunted Slim as they baited the hooks.

"Of course they're here. You mean you hope they'll bite," retorted Runt. "Here goes for the first one!"

Hardly had the bait disappeared when a series of gentle tugs proved that the perch were both there and hungry. Runt struck sharply but without success and Slim had no better luck.

"Gee! My back's about broken——"

"Too much bait," grumbled the lanky youth. "Perch are nibblers and they've got small mouths. Put on just enough bait to cover the point of the hook and yank quick. Ha! What did I tell you?"

A five-inch perch came flapping into the boat, and two seconds later was in the fish-car uninjured, for it had been hooked through the lip. Before Slim could re-bait, Runt had one. For the next two hours the fun was fast and furious. The fish bit eagerly and the boys soon caught the knack of hooking them. At the end of that time the fish stopped biting. After an hour without a single nibble Runt proposed that they give it up.

"We've got a hundred and two, and that's about all that car will hold," said he. "Allowing that two may die on the way down we will have a third of what the contract calls for and that means three dollars. Gee, this is the easiest money I ever earned."

"You haven't earned it yet," replied Slim sententiously. "You've got to wheel a washtub full of water two miles yet. Come on, let's get at it!"

It was but a short distance to the end of the pond. Arrived there the boat was made fast. Each taking an end of the crate they raced across to the Mill Pond and plunged their flapping load into the water. Apparently the fish had suffered no harm from their brief sojourn out of their native element and with a sigh of relief the boys fastened the car to the stern of the boat which they had ready there, and began the next stage of the journey. This was slow work. It would not do to go fast lest they drown the fish, for you know fish can be drowned.

At the lower end of the pond the fish were transferred to the tubs, fifty-one in each, and in high spirits Runt and Slim began the two-mile journey to Chapman's

ponds. For the first half mile they made comparatively rapid progress, though both were perspiring freely for it was a hot day. By the time they were half way stops to rest were frequent.

"Gee!" groaned Slim. "My back's about broken, and by the time we get there my arms will be pulled out of their sockets. Wonder if we can't dump out some of the water."

"Nope," retorted Runt. "I have a hunch we haven't got enough as it is. There's two belly-up in my tub now and three in yours and there isn't any place to change the water on the way. Some more of 'em are beginnin' to look kind of feeble. Come on, Slim, we've got to beat it or we won't have *any* when we get there!"

He resolutely grasped the handles of his wheelbarrow and started on. With a groan Slim followed. The sun beat down mercilessly on the white dusty road. The perspiration got in their eyes and made little channels through the dust on their faces. The handles of the barrows became slippery with it. Arms, backs and legs ached almost beyond endurance. But every time they stopped for a moment of rest a few more white bellies with red fins moving feebly or not at all made them desperate and drove them on. They exchanged burdens in the hope that this would help, but it didn't.

At last Chapman's ponds came in sight, and gritting their teeth they staggered on. Mr. Chapman was cutting lilies and his eyes twinkled as the two young contractors dropped their burdens at the edge of one of the ponds, but his face remained coldly business-like as he directed the placing of the fish. The dead ones were thrown to one side. "They'll do for my cats," said he. Those that were almost dead but still showed some signs of life he had placed in a pond by themselves, making a note of the number and saying that if any recovered they would be placed to the credit of the contractors. The remainder, fifty-two in number, were liberated in the pond where they were most needed. Then he told the boys to help themselves to early harvest apples and went up to the packing-house to prepare his lilies for shipment.

For a long time the two boys lay under the apple tree in the cool soft grass too tired and dispirited to do anything but munch apples. At last Slim, looking ruefully at his blistered hands, gave vent to his feelings. "Let's chuck the contract and let those old uniforms go hang if we can't earn 'em any easier way than this," he grumbled.

"And make the old man a present of those fish? You remember it's three hundred fish or no pay, and, suffering cats, you bet I'm goin' to get something for this mornin's work!" Runt spoke savagely. "Nice Scouts we'd be to give up now!" he continued. "The trouble with us, Slim, is that we didn't use our heads. Those pesky fish died because we had too many and the water was too warm. It was just like crowding a lot of people in a little room without ventilation. If we could have changed the water on the way down they would have been all right. What's the answer? Take half as many at a time and wheel 'em down here in the cool of the mornin' or after the sun goes down. Wish we had a horse and wagon, but we haven't and we can't afford to hire one 'cause that would eat up the profits. What we'll do is to catch our fish this afternoon, get 'em down to the lower end of the Mill Pond and leave 'em there over night. Then at daylight tomorrow morning we'll take twenty-five or thirty apiece and wheel 'em down here. I'm goin' to

see the thing through if I have to do it all alone. You can quit if you want to, but I won't!"

Slim grinned. "All right, you sawed-off, freckled-faced mule. It's three hundred or bust! I'm mighty glad it isn't a thousand," said he. "Let's get a move on. Ouch! I only wish you were as tall as I am."

"Why?" asked Runt.

"So's you'd know what a real backache is like. I've got twice as much as you." Then he began to chuckle.

"What's eatin' you now?" demanded Runt.

"This is the easiest money I ever earned!" quoted Slim maliciously. "And there was that little matter of an allowance of two that might croak, instead of which fifty turned their little white tummies up. Easy money! There ain't no such thing."

Fortunate it is that boyish spirits are elastic and rebound quickly. That afternoon back on the pond they made light of their morning's sufferings as they yanked in the perch. Then, as abruptly as in the morning, the perch stopped biting and they had caught only half as many as they needed. For an hour they fished in vain.

"What ails 'em?" grumbled Runt, scowling down in the water. "There was plenty more around when we caught the last one. I should think something had frightened 'em away."

"That's it, old Scout!" exclaimed Slim. "Betcher something has and betcher I know what. There's a big fish hangin' round here somewhere and they've beat it into hidin'."

He drew in his line and reached for a dead perch on the bottom of the boat, one that had been injured too badly to live when the hook had been removed. From the belly he cut a long strip of white skin with two red fins attached at one end and between these thrust the big hook of his regular fishing outfit. Making a long cast he drew the bait towards him by a series of short jerks which kept it near the surface and caused it to dart from side to side. At the third cast there was a swirl in the water just beyond where the bait had struck and then a lunge that nearly pulled the pole from his hands.

"You've got him!" yelled Runt. "He's a regular whale! Don't let him get away!" His voice was imploring.

The fish was well hooked and after a few desperate plunges was drawn alongside and lifted into the boat. It was a three-pound pickerel.

"Now," said Slim, complacently, as he resumed his short rod again, "we'll get back to business."

Sure enough in about fifteen minutes the perch began to bite as freely as ever and before long they had sixty in the car. This was deemed enough and they were towed down to the end of the pond to be carried over to the Mill Pond. Half way across, the slat by which Runt was carrying his end came off and of course the end dropped, barking his bare shins and landing on the big toe of his right foot.

"Wow!" he yelled, dancing about on one foot while he clasped the other in both hands, his face contorted with pain.

"Never mind your shins. Fish can't live out of water, you know!" Slim's voice was coldly unsympathetic. The tall youth was on his hands and knees frantically grabbing right and left. In the grass sixty perch were flapping, twisting and jumping. Now be it known that the back or dorsal fin of a striped perch is armed with sharp points or spines. When

the fin is compressed the fish may be handled easily, but when the fin is spread woe betide the hand that grasps it carelessly. Every one of those sixty dorsal fins was spread and there was no time to be particular as to how a fish was grabbed. So with many a half-smothered grunt and more emphatic exclamation the boys clutched at the flapping forms and tossed them back into the car, and when the last one was in caught it up and raced for the pond.

When it was safely in the water and they had satisfied themselves that they hadn't lost a fish they took account of stock. Both had lacerated hands and in addition one of Runt's shins was minus considerable skin and one big toe was badly bruised.

"Easiest money I ever earned," murmured Slim to no one in particular. Then the funny side of it striking them, they laughed uproariously and prepared to tow the fish down to the other end of the pond.

Early the next morning fifty fish were delivered in good condition, only ten dying on the way. With the fish standing it better, the boys could rest oftener. Then, too, it was fairly cool. To be sure their backs and arms ached and their hands showed one or two more blisters, but it was no such torture as on the day before and they went back to the day's fishing in good spirits. In the evening of the fifth day the last of the fish called for in the contract were delivered. To be exact 303 fish in perfect condition had been liberated in the lily ponds. When they went to collect their money Mr. Chapman handed Slim two crisp five-dollar bills.

"This is more than the contract called for and we haven't any change," stammered Slim.

The old twinkle crept back into Mr. Chapman's eyes.

"The extra dollar is from my cats," said he. "They've had the greatest feast of their lives this week. Besides I guess you've earned it. The next time you make a contract watch out that you don't forfeit your proper pay for work done in case you cannot complete the contract. I congratulate you that you didn't forfeit this time. When I want some more perch I'll know who to go to."

"Phew! I'm glad it's over," said Slim as they trundled the tubs homeward. "I guess we won't be proud of those uniforms when we get them! What?"

"You bet we will!" declared Runt, and then added: "But do you know, Slim, I have a hunch that the thing we are going to be most proud of is the fact that we didn't quit. I guess it was a sort of unofficial test. It showed that we've got the stuff that real Scouts are made of, and we did it without any Scoutmaster to know whether we won or failed. It isn't the easiest money I ever earned, by a jugful, but I think it's the best."

"Me, too," replied Slim.

YOU have answered the "ad." You have landed the job.

How bewildering is the office. Rows of desks, with many officers and clerks, clicking typewriters, tinkling telephone bells, the coming of visitors, of the mail carriers with their burdens of letters, of messengers with telegrams and packages; then a quick call for *you*—the new boy—for some quick service.

Here's your chance! It's your first "play" in this big game of business. There are several ways you can muff it. There is one way you can *make* it.

How? By responding quickly, noiselessly, being respectful, listening *hard* (so you may understand *perfectly* what the order is), and then carrying out that order quickly and *correctly*. It may be merely to take a letter or a simple memorandum on a bit of paper to someone else in the room, or in another room: Get it there without delay—and be *sure* not to leave it at the *wrong* desk or in the *wrong* room.

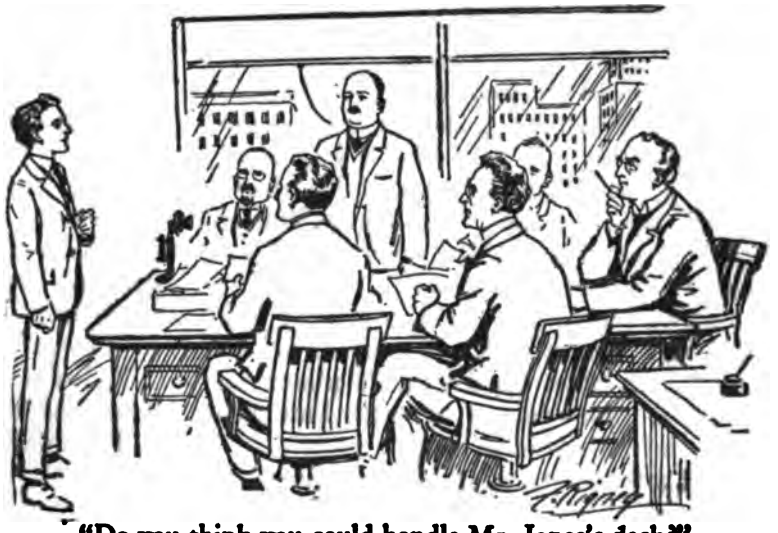
There may be no apparent appreciation of your honest effort. There may even be a complaint because you were not quicker. In the hustle and bustle of business your employer has no time to think of your difficulties.

"If I don't like this job I can get another," you say. The boy who says that, or even thinks it, has made his first big business *mistake*.

Why? Because *men* are needed as well as boys—and boys will be men. To you it may seem a long time until you will be twenty-one. To the middle-aged, successful business man, it seems a very short time. He has seen many boys grow from short pants to long trousers and from long trousers to moustaches.

Flunkers Likely to Flunk

He knows the marks of a winner. He has his eyes on *you*. He is watching



"Do you think you could handle Mr. Jones's desk?"

closely to see what kind of a man you are going to be.

He considers your past—what kind of a boy you have been. Did you leave grammar school before graduation? If you did, for any reason except the absolute necessity of earning or helping to earn a living, he will be doubtful about you. A boy who does not know the value of education is of little use in business.

Did you go to high school? If not, why? If you have not studied languages, sciences, arts, you will not understand what he is talking about half the time and he will not dare to give you any very important work to do.

Have you a college education? You will have to start at a boy's wages just the same, and do a boy's work, but your promotions will come earlier and oftener.

Fun to Surprise the Boss

Whatever your schooling may have been, he is watching your *disposition.* Once in a while he comes in at seven-thirty in the morning. He finds you on the job.

"Hello! Thought you were not due until eight!" An agreeable surprise, you see.

"No, sir, but I wanted to get the desks dusted before the men came." That has been the first upward step in many a successful career. A boy who is *interested,* even in the common round of his simple duties, makes a man who can be trusted in an important position where there are many details to be watched.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab played hide and seek with a water boy in one of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation's plants for a while. He wanted to catch him napping, but he couldn't.

He made him a clerk and continued to keep an eye on him. No matter what hour Mr. Schwab passed through the plant, his clerk was there—busy, and getting results.

Who got the job when they wanted an assistant superintendent? Naturally, the fellow who wasn't afraid of work. Now he is at the head of a great steel company. His name is Alva C. Dinkey.

How You Can Prove Yourself

You can be a boy for only a few years. By the time you are twenty-five, your reputation will be made for better or worse.

The hardest thing in the world is to convince hard-headed business people that a boy who has been shiftless, careless, inefficient, is worth considering for a man-sized job.

The next hardest thing is to convince them that a boy who has been industrious and cheerful and progressive is not going to succeed when he has more important things to do.

Charley and Dick and Harry and John

Every little while, in every big concern, there is a conference of department heads. There is a vacancy to be filled.

"How about Charlie?"

"No. He loses a grandmother every time there's a ball game."

"Dick?"

"Oh, he's a good fellow, but he lacks education. If he had only finished high school, or if he had taken my advice and gone to evening school, he might have qualified."

"Harry?"

"Always watching the clock. Flares up if you ask him to stay a minute overtime."

Then they sit and think. "I hate to go outside the organization for a man," says the manager. "What would you think of John?"

Boy Wanted!

"Rather young," says one, "but he's a dependable boy."

"Helped me out the other night by doing an errand on the way home," says another.

"Always good natured, and always finds something to do; and not afraid to ask for advice if he really needs it," says another.

The Boy and the Man's Job

The first thing you know, you, who have just been doing everything that came your way as well as you knew how, learning everything you could, and not worrying about hours or wages, are called in on the carpet and asked: "Do you think you could handle Mr. Jones's desk?"

You color up and get a little confused and excited, but after looking at the friendly faces around you, and the boss looking at you, sort of proud and indulgent, you suddenly realize that you are no longer a boy. You are ready for a man's job and a man's responsibilities.

Right there is where you begin to reap the reward of being a good-for-something boy. The older you grow the more reward you get.

Some fellows kick. "I never had a chance," they whine. Don't you believe it!

When you stop to think of it, a boy's job is just as important as anything in the business, anyhow.

Suppose Mrs. Smith is the biggest customer in town. She has company and wants a dozen of the best eggs. The other store, where she has always traded, sent her some and a careless deliveryman dropped the box, but left it and said nothing.

She tells her trouble to your boss by 'phone, and he sends *you* up on your bicycle with a dozen fancy white. Mrs. Smith meets you and says: "Oh, I forgot. I wanted a nutmeg, too."

Instead of saying, "Well, why didn't you order it so I could bring it up with the eggs!" you hustle back and deliver the nutmeg just as she wants it to put the finishing touch on the pudding.

Naturally, Mrs. Smith begins to buy all her groceries at the store where they have "that very polite boy."

You have captured the heaviest customer in town. Could the proprietor do any better?

Being a boy is the biggest job in the world.

You can't have a straight tree, without a straight sapling; you can't have a straight man without a boy who decides to go straight from the moment when he first becomes conscious of the fact that he will be a man some day.

The Best Man on the Team

BY EARL REED SILVERS

THE referee's whistle blew shrilly.

"Foul on Glenwood," the official called sharply. "Holding!"

Tom Allen's black eyes flashed angrily.

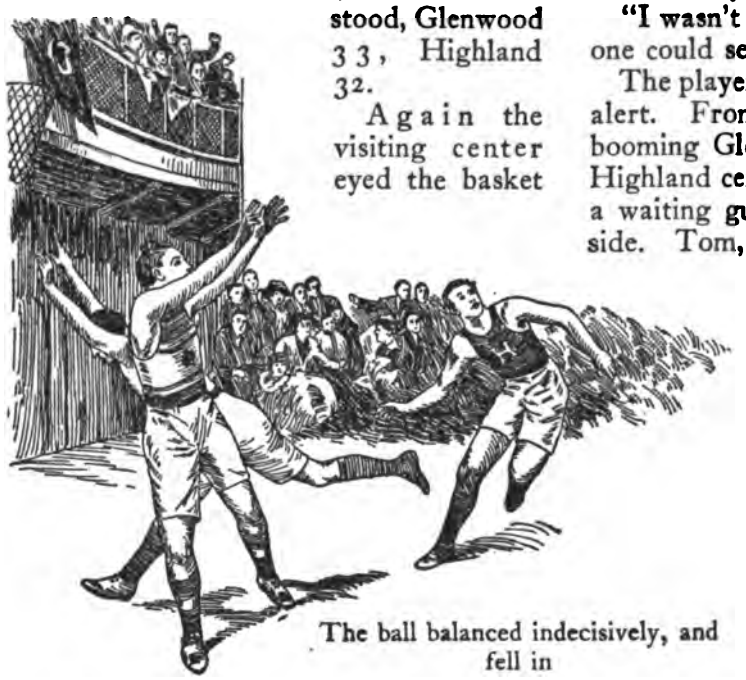
"I wasn't holding," he protested, "just trying to block the throw."

"Are you the captain?"

"No!"

"Double foul on Glenwood."

Without a word, the stocky guard of the Glenwood School took his place under the basket. The Highland center walked leisurely to the white foul line and held the ball rigidly before him. The gallery of the big gymnasium grew quiet—then suddenly a shrill cheer burst from the Highland rooters. Another point had been added to their total; the score now stood, Glenwood 33, Highland 32.



The ball balanced indecisively, and fell in

Again the visiting center eyed the basket reflectively, twirling the ball carelessly with his fingers. Suddenly his body grew tense; the crowd resumed its attitude of expectant silence. The ball, turning easily, struck the iron hoop, balanced indecisively, and fell in.

Pandemonium broke loose; the score was tied and there was only two minutes to play.

Captain Ned Bartlett slapped Tom Allen on the shoulder.

"Go easy on the holding," he cautioned. "The referee is watching you."

Tom's eyes gleamed resentfully.

"I wasn't holding," he protested. "Anyone could see that."

The players glided to their places, eager, alert. From the north gallery rang the booming Glenwood cheer. Jennings, the Highland center, tapped the ball lightly to a waiting guard, who had shifted to one side. Tom, rushing forward, snatched it from the other's hands and started to dribble it down the floor. The whistle blew.

"Held ball!" the referee called.

They jumped, and the opposing player, taller than Tom, knocked the ball sharply toward the basket. It struck the hoop and bounded back into Tom's arms. His opponent leaped at him, but Tom shot it to

Bartlett who, in turn, passed it on a line to Bergen Merritt who waited under the basket. A warning cry rang out from the Highland rooters. A visiting guard leaped desperately upon the boy prepared to shoot. The whistle blew.

"Foul on Highland, charging!"

Merritt smiled pleasantly, trotted to the white chalk-mark and, with a graceful, nonchalant movement, tossed the ball fairly through the basket.

The Glenwood supporters cheered wildly. Ned Bartlett, clapping Merritt upon the back, sped to his position, his eyes shining, his lips phrasing words of encouragement to the team. The centers jumped; the ball shot back and forth; but suddenly a blue-suited youth dashed upon the floor, hand held high. The whistle blew.

"Time's up," the referee announced. He raised his hand for silence. "Grenwood wins, thirty-four to thirty-three, and will play Millville next Friday for the county championship."

When the din of this announcement had died away, Tom Allen followed the other players into the dressing room. He saw Ned Bartlett grasp Merritt's hand and tell him he had played a great game. In his heart there arose a sullen resentment against the brilliant forward whose work had made the victory possible.

He eyed his team-mates speculatively. Flushed with the thrill of victory, they chatted eagerly, mentioning this good pass, that sensational shot; and always Bergen Merritt was given the greatest credit.

Tom dressed slowly, pondering over the whim of fate which had led Merritt to return to Glenwood after a two years' absence. If he had only waited until after the basketball season, Tom would have been satisfied, for then there would have been no rivalry for the honor of being chosen the "best basketball man."

Basketball had taken a big hold on the people of Glenwood, not only among the students of the school, but also among the townsfolk. Mr. Alonzo Harding, the young president of the Glenwood State Bank, who had played the game himself—and played it well—while in college, had given a silver trophy, surmounted by a silver ball, upon which the name of the best man on the team was inscribed at the end of each season. The practice had been in vogue for only one year, and but one name adorned the cup, that of Captain Ned Bartlett, who, although he had still a year to play, was voted the best man at the conclusion of his Junior term.

Everybody had believed that Tom Allen's would be the next name on the cup, and Tom himself had thought so until Bergen Merritt appeared to contest his claim. Bergen had been the star forward of the school, and in every contest he had accounted for the majority of the team's points. Tom, at guard, had done his very best, but his work was steady and consistent rather than brilliant, and Merritt had gradually become the favorite of the spectators. Tom, pondering rather sullenly over the probable outcome of the season, drew on his coat and made his way leisurely out of the dressing room, meeting Ned Bartlett on the steps of the school.

"Some game, wasn't it?" The captain spoke enthusiastically. "All we have to do now is to beat Millville and the championship is ours."

Tom walked along silently, filled with a sudden resentment at Ned's lightheartedness. It was all right for *him* to talk; *his* name was already on the trophy. But to Tom, the winning of the championship was only of secondary importance; the one thing that mattered was the honor of

being chosen the best man on the team. Suddenly he realized that all through the season he had been playing, not for the school, but for himself. Slightly abashed at this disclosure of his selfishness, he walked along silently, answering in monosyllables Ned's attempts at conversation. He wanted his name on that trophy—but was he really deserving of it? He tried to convince himself that he was, and resolved to prove it.

On Monday afternoon he reached the court early, resolved to get in some extra practice before the other players appeared. For twenty minutes or so he tried long shots from the end of the court, with fair success. Ned Bartlett, standing on the side-lines, watched him for a time without speaking, a thoughtful light in his eyes. Finally, the others having arrived, he called the players together.

"I've got the Millville game all planned out," he announced. "We're going to play the short passing game. No long shots, no big chances; if we want to win, we'll have to use team-work."

"But we always did have team-work," Tom protested.

"Yes, but not good enough to beat Millville. This time it's different. We'll have to keep one man free, and feed him."

"Who's the man?"

"Why, Merritt, of course!" Ned looked surprised. "He'll play hang forward and it's up to us to feed him all we can." He glanced at the clock. "Come on, we'll get in a good practice."

Throughout the afternoon Tom and the others "fed" Bergen Merritt. The new plan worked well against the second team, and when the captain called a halt, the score stood 72 to 13. In the dressing room the players bubbled over with enthusiasm.

"We'll play Millville right off her feet," "Stew" Terrill, the second forward, announced. "With Tom as hang guard and the rest of us all over the floor, they won't stand a chance."

Even Tom admitted that Ned's idea was a good one. But with it, he saw his own hopes go glimmering. All through the week he pondered over the turn affairs had taken. It was hard to lose his one ambition when it was just within his grasp, doubly hard because of the manner in which it was being lost. Gradually his resentment grew. It wasn't fair! They had no right to take it from him!

On the night of the contest he made his way listlessly to the gymnasium. What he wanted most then was to have the game over with; he felt that he never wanted to see a basketball court again. Bergen Merritt smiled at him pleasantly, but Tom only nodded.

Outside in the "gym" the rival rooters were cheering noisily. Millville, thrice champions, had brought over a large band of followers; Glenwood, in her home court, was not lacking in supporters. It promised to be a great game.

In practice the Glenwood team worked smoothly; up and down the court they swept; their passing sure, deliberate, their handling certain. And always, when they reached the basket, the ball was shot to Bergen Merritt, who tossed it neatly through the hoop. The Millville players watched closely. They were larger than the Glenwood boys; their brawny arms and sturdy limbs gave an impression of rugged strength.

At the sound of the referee's whistle, they took their places quickly, eagerly.

The ball shot into the air. Ned tapped it to Terrill; Merritt dashed across the floor, took the pass from his fellow-forward and flung it cleanly into the basket for the first score. The Glenwood rooters

cheered happily. Twice more the process was repeated before the Millville players became alive to the situation. But with the score six to nothing against them, they settled down to the game which had brought them a steady stream of victories throughout the season, until, at the end of the half, the score stood 11 to 9 in favor of Glenwood. Bergen Merritt had been the only man to make a basket for the leaders; his three field goals and five free throws had accounted for the Glenwood total.

The second half started much the same as had the first. Glenwood got the jump and scored three times before the visitors found themselves. And then, with his team eight points in the lead, Tom's long-nourished resentment suddenly found an outlet. He refused to play according to directions. Snatching the ball from his opponent, he ignored Ned's shrill warning and, aiming hastily, caged a neat basket from his end of the floor.

The Glenwood rooters cheered wildly, but Ned Bartlett faced him with flashing eyes.

"Cut out the long throws," he said shortly. "Pass the ball."

Tom took his place sulkily. Yes, that was it! Give Merritt all the glory! The ball flashed into the hands of his opponent who in turn slipped it through the hoop for a basket. Tom had been caught unawares; his man had made a goal!

"Wake up!" Ned warned him. "Come on, fellows, get in the game!"

Play waxed fast and furious. The ball shot back and forth, bodies clashed, cheers shook the rafters of the building; occasionally the piercing whistle of the officials punctuated the din.

Gradually the Millville team cut down the lead which Glenwood had gained; try as they might, Ned and his team-mates could not stop the onward rush of the visitors. Twice Merritt broke loose and scored, but three times in succession the visiting center found the basket.

Tom, in the thick of the scrimmage, played desperately, almost savagely. He followed his man closely, taking grim pleasure in thwarting his efforts to cage the ball. But in spite of all that he could do, the visitors gradually closed the gap. With but three minutes to play, the score stood 27 to 25. Then a Millville forward, making a sensational shot over his shoulder, counted two more points for his team, and the game was tied.

The players ran to their places and stood waiting, tensely alert. Ned Bartlett, arms raised, leaped upward, but his opponent, timing his jump, tapped the ball over the Glenwood captain's shoulder. Tom and his opponent rushed forward and seized it. The whistle blew.

"Held ball!"

They were directly under the visitors' basket. Tom, glancing backward, saw the danger and jumped with all his might. But the Millville player, placing a heavy hand on his shoulder, held him down and knocked the ball cleanly through the hoop. The visiting rooters, rising from their seats, cheered wildly. Tom, suddenly beside himself with anger, rushed to the referee.

"It was a foul," he shouted. "He used his arm."

The official looked at him quietly.

"I think I'm capable of refereeing this game," he remarked. He held up his hand for silence. "The basket doesn't count," he announced. "Double foul—holding, and talking to the referee."

Amid the most intense silence, the Millville center took his place carefully on the white foul line. Apparently unaffected by the tension of the occasion, he glued his

eyes on the basket, the crowd forgotten. Slowly, deliberately, he raised his arms, shooting the ball squarely through the iron hoop. A cheer arose from the Highland rooters but died down as Bergen Merritt, with assumed carelesness, walked to the fifteen-foot line before his own basket. His hand was steady as he took careful aim. Suddenly the ball shot out, struck the baseboard, bounded back, hit the front of the hoop, wavered for a moment, and then fell—outside. A groan went out from the Glenwood section.

Ned Bartlett, eyes flashing with determination, sprang into position. His lips moved, but the noise was too great for the others to hear what he was saying. The ball shot upward, the players shifted, and suddenly Tom found the ball in his hands, the nearest man ten feet away. He took a step forward, and still no one came to intercept him. And then, out of the mass of players shot Bergen Merritt. For a brief instant he stood under the basket, uncovered, needing only the ball to bring victory to Glenwood.

In that brief instant, Tom Allen fought a fight with himself—and lost. All the pent up resentment of a season of disappointment seemed to burst forth. He forgot the team, forgot the training of the past week, forgot everything except that Bergen Merritt was waiting for the chance to cover himself with glory. A Millville player rushed toward him; he dodged, stepped aside, and then hurled the ball in a graceful semi-circle toward the basket. It struck the outer edge and danced crazily. A girl in the gallery shrieked hysterically. Tom watched, fascinated, as the ball rolled lazily around the edge, hovered uncertainly for a moment, and then dropped in. The whistle blew. "Time's up," the referee announced.

"Glenwood wins."

A group of rooters climbed down from the gallery and carried Tom in triumph to the dressing room. Merritt clapped him enthusiastically upon the back, and the others hovered around, offering congratulations. Tom was the big hero; he had made the deciding basket, and had brought the championship to Glenwood. His cup of happiness should have been filled to overflowing.

But somehow, something was wrong. Even in the tense excitement of the moment, he noticed that Ned Bartlett, out of all the team, did not come forward to shake his hand. Ned stood at the edge of the crowd looking at Tom with a queer expression on his face. Over the heads of the others, Tom caught the look, and blushed crimson. The joy of victory seemed suddenly to have deserted him.

It took an hour or more for the team to dress; there was so much to talk about, so many plays to review, that it was after ten before they adjourned to the school office for the selection of the "best basketball man." After Ned had called the meeting to order, "Stew" Terrill arose.

"I want to propose the name of Tom Allen," he said. "He's the man who won the game tonight; he deserves the trophy of the silver ball."

"He made the most points."

On the Hike

The others started to clap; all but Ned Bartlett, who sat with elbows on the table, his blue eyes fixed questioningly on Tom. And suddenly a new thought surged into Tom's almost reeling brain. He arose and held up his hand.

"I want to withdraw my name," he said, "and propose Bergen Merritt. He made the most points; he's been the star of the team all season."

Someone started to protest, but Tom shook his head.

"I nominate Merritt for the cup," he said.

There was no other objection, and the star forward was elected unanimously. Tom added his voice to the cheer which followed the announcement. His resentment had gone; he felt that he had paid in full for his mistake.

On the way out of the building, he met Ned Bartlett. "Good work, Tom," he said evenly. In the captain's eyes Tom saw a new look—a look of affection mingled with respect.

FEET should be in good condition for your hikes, Scouts. Inspect insides of shoes. Remove protruding nails. If rough spots cannot be smoothened, have the shoemaker cover them with insoles.

A man who walks a lot says, "Cut the toenails square across—not round like the finger nails—and keep them clean. Bathe the feet at least once a day. Have corns removed—if you have any—and avoid shoes that produce them. Take care of cuts and scratches, otherwise blood poisoning may result. Wear *whole* not *holey* stockings."

For a halfday or a whole-day hike in good weather the pockets are all the pack you need. Make up a packing list and try it out. For example:

Right trousers pocket—knife, metal match box (matches dipped in paraffin). Small box of grease for fire lighting.
Left trousers pocket—first aid outfit.
Watch pocket—cheap watch.
Right shirt pocket—whistle on lanyard.
Left shirt pocket—handkerchiefs.
Right coat pocket, lower—meat for lunch, well wrapped.
Left coat pocket, lower—bread, butter (in small glass jar), salt, potato.
Right coat pocket, upper—flash light, map, toilet paper.
Left coat pocket, upper—twine, fish line, fish hooks (in box), candle, extra shoe string, needle and thread.

If your stomach is larger than your pockets, carry additional grub in a package slung over the shoulder. But don't tote, or eat, too much.

HOW long does it take your troop to get together? Can you do it as quickly as the fire company? Work out a plan. Scoutmaster telephones to your patrol leaders. Patrol leaders notify their Scouts. In fifteen minutes every one at troop headquarters ready to help fight a fire or rescue flood sufferers.

Practice makes perfect.

How many people in your town know "The Star Spangled Banner"? Can your troop sing it from memory? Why not start a campaign of patriotism right in your own troop meeting with this as its beginning?

When the troop has learned it, tackle the school. The principal and teachers will welcome the effort. Then take the churches and the lodges. You never heard an American say "No, I'm not going to learn that song!" He may hem and haw and talk about his poor memory, but he is ashamed of himself all the time.

Have the editor print it in the paper. Invite the village choirs to sing it at the next entertainment. Practice it at home. Whistle it going down the streets.

A nation without a song is almost as bad off as one without a flag.

The forms of respect for the flag are not well enough known either. Lots of folks pass the school and town flag poles without even a glance of recognition.

Makes you feel a little strange the first time you come to salute, all alone, just as you would to a person, but think what it means. Think of Washington and Lincoln and the thousands who have lived and died for that flag. If *they* stood beside it you'd salute gladly enough. Are you going to let people forget the flag they gave you?

Suppose some day they would find the flag of England, or Germany, or Japan, or Mexico there? Would they notice *that?* Well—imagine it! Yet they walk by *their own* flag without even a passing glance.

Show them that even a boy can realize, and appreciate, the sacredness of the emblem of freedom.

You know when and how to raise and lower it, how to salute it, how to fold it. You know better than to let it touch the ground. By flag day next June make sure that every man, woman and child in town knows what respect is due the Stars and Stripes.

When the snow melts and the rains come, the puddles and mud holes begin to multiply. Often a little ditch will drain one or more of them and clean up the walk or road. Try it. Remember, of course, that water runs down hill.

The best maps for use on hikes can be obtained from the Department of the In-

A trek cart containing tents, six days' rations, cooking outfit and personal baggage for a patrol of Scouts has been loaded in 1 min. 32 sec. Rapid transit! [Photo by Gilbert H. Gendall, Roxbury, N.Y.

Ho! For the Camp

The time to swat the fly is before he is born. When the garbage and rubbish are purified by fire, and remains are buried, there is little danger from insect pests

Get the hook? Without it this method of baking a twist on a stick would be tiresome. The twist is one of the simplest forms of bread. Care in mixing the dough, and thorough baking, are essential

When Scouts Get Funny

A Class Demonstration of the "Crawl" Stroke

"The Fun's to Come"
From L. A. Crow, Ruston, La.

"Cutting Close to the Rind"
From Assistant Scoutmaster Frank Brossrit, Chicago

"The Mud Fight Victor"
From Ass't Scoutmaster, Wm. G. Rapp, New York City

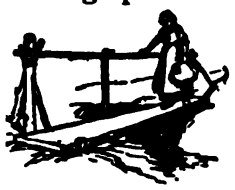
"Half Calf"
From Scoutmaster, J. Thomas Warren, Elsmere, Del.

terior, United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

These maps show practically everything there is to be seen on the ground. On request the department will send a circular which shows by red outlines and names the areas in your state that have been mapped. The regular price of the maps is 10 cents each. When fifty or more are ordered at one time the price is 6 cents each. A special price of 6 cents is made to Scout troops that order twenty-five or more.

Since last spring over seven hundred troops have ordered these maps, using over ten thousand maps in all.

Many a tired woman has had to follow a long path to get around a ditch. Wouldn't it be a good idea to try your hand at bridge building? Sometimes a single plank, or log, with a hand-rope or rail, will answer the purpose. Make it safe.

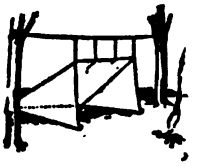


How does your troop meeting go? Half hour roughhouse outside; another half hour inside? An hour wasted? Time to go home before anything is done? Suppose you organize this way:

Patrol A in charge of arrangements for next meeting. Scout number one brings the key. Number two sees that room is heated. Number three, four and five get needed equipment ready. Numbers six and seven and the patrol leader maintain order and arrange furniture. Patrol leader on the job to see that all the above is done per schedule. Next week Patrol B takes it and so on.

Just like a factory system—and a lot more important for you're *making men.*

Camping season will be here before we know it. How about tents? Waiting for someone to make the troop a present? Make 'em yourselves. Begin now. Full directions are given in the Handbook.



"April showers bring May flowers." Before that, though, they bring April mud.

It gets on your shoes, on your clothes, on the carpets, on mother's nerves.

Fight it! Take the winter's ash heaps and fill up the wet spots. Lay planks. Make a shoe scraper from the worn-out hoe and fasten it beside the door. Keep an old broom and a rag handy to remove the real estate from your pedal extremities before entering the house. Make two door mats from old pieces of carpet. Clean one of them each day and use them alternately.

Discuss this in the troop meeting and work out a plan.

When the frost is coming out of the ground, the soil is soft and spongy. If everybody walks on the grass plots, the roots may be broken, the sod damaged and a place of beauty turned into a mud hole. A few stakes, a wire, a neat sign, will save all this if backed up by the public sentiment which you can arouse.

Remember that the people who cut the corners and walk on the grass are the same ones who kick about loose planks and the lack of sidewalks in the outskirts. Shame them. Set them to work to make the town attractive.

Fishin'? Of course. April's one of

the best months. How about the fellow who doesn't fish fair, the hog who takes too many, the geezer who will not throw back the little ones, the criminal who illegally uses nets, drugs and dynamite?

Invite the fish and game warden to a troop meeting. Ask him to tell you stories about the law breakers. He will tell you how you can do the State a good turn by encouraging the right use of the woods and streams.

How would it be to get a good book on camping and read one chapter aloud at each troop meeting from now until July?

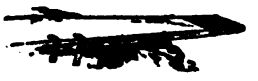
Every time a good suggestion crops out, appoint a committee to develop it. Have some sort of a cooking outfit at headquarters—or go outdoors for a half hour if you have a place—and cook *one* camp dish each time you get together. By the time you start for camp you will be well prepared.

Just before the spring rains it's a good stunt to look over the roofs—at home and at the troop headquarters. A new shingle, a square foot of tar paper, a little roofing cement, may save dollars' worth of plaster and interior decorations.

Make changes suggested by experience until you have a good system—then stick to it.

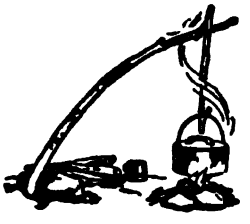
Clean up the swimming hole, banks and bottom. Ask the gang to help you build a latrine and keep it in condition. Make clothes hangers from strings and sticks and hang them from trees and bushes. Do away with the unpleasant sights and smells and dangers and make it a place that the town will be proud of.

Organize a life-saving corps. Have ropes and buoys handy. Never let a boy go into the water without having someone on the bank to see that he comes out again. Spread the knowledge that twenty minutes twice a day is enough, that the swim should be as far from meal time as possible, that it is bad to bathe when overheated and that cigarette fiends drown quicker than anybody.



When everything is shipshape, invite the public to an exhibition and see the men look foolish because they didn't think of these things when they were young.

A springboard adds the finishing touch. The board should be eight to twelve feet long, eight to twelve inches wide, two or three inches thick. Use oak if you can get it. It should hang two or three feet over the point of support. Cover the end with rubber or matting to prevent slipping. Piling rocks on the shore end will not hold it—use long wooden or iron stakes, as shown in the illustration.



The Game

BY THE COACH

What Are You Going to Play?

LIVING is a game! What are *you* in that game? Captain, regular, scrub—or are you just looking on? That doesn't matter. What are you *going* to be? That's what you ought to *think* about while you're a boy.

No! That doesn't mean that I want you to sit down and decide that you are going to be an ashman, dog-catcher, carpenter, engineer, doctor, lawyer. You *can* be any one of these if you want to. It's not a *being* this or *being* that. It's what *sort* of a this or that you are going to be.

There's a man in every boy. Do you ever feel the man in *you?* Do you ever *think?* They mean the same thing. The big difference between a man and a monkey is that the man thinks. Lots of grown people don't think. If you think, you *are* a man.

I want you to think while you read this. I'm thinking while I write it. Quit right now if you don't feel like using your head a great deal more than you do in school. We're boys together—be a man with me for just a little while—now!

You were born once. Men aren't all born equal—not as far as ability goes. What's *your* ability? That's the thing that counts. Maybe you don't know—yet. That's one reason why you should *think.*

I'm thinking about something inside of me that is just as real as a big dinner under my belt. It's almost in the same place, too. It isn't anything that I can touch or handle, or measure in a bushel basket or with a yardstick. It's the thing that makes me want to get up on my toes and *do* something. When I have a football under my arm, it makes me want to *get* there. When I have a lesson to do, it makes me want to get it done. *You've* got that. What is it? It's YOU.

Do you want to be a *big* man? You can't be any bigger than your own ambition. You can't do more than you *think* you can do. But you *can* do what you *want* to do. If you want a thing *hard* enough, you *can* get it.

You live in a house. Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin. You knew that,

but did you ever stop to *think* what it means? Another boy lived in a cabin, too—and he *stayed* there. Lincoln used his brain.

You're *poor.* So was Benjamin Franklin when he walked down Market Street in Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under each arm and a third in his right hand. *He* did it.

The Game

You're sickly and weak. Daniel Webster was such a frail child he couldn't go to school more than half the time. He made himself the most forceful orator of his time.

You want to be a leader and you don't know how to do anything but follow. General Grant was the most obedient child in the neighborhood. You can't be a great leader unless you know how to obey.

You're working and you don't see any way to get out of the rut of a *little* job. David Livingstone was a poor cotton spinner at nineteen. He walked nine miles to school every day. He wanted to do something better, but he couldn't do anything better until after he had done his best in what he *was* doing.

But you tell me these men are *heroes*. I know it. They're my heroes. Are they yours? You ought to have a hero. Don't you know some man you admire? Wouldn't you like to be like some man you know? He's *your* hero.

There are difficulties. Yes. You haven't any chance. You're wrong. I don't care if you're crippled, blind and deaf and dumb and have only one arm. You've got as big a chance as you are big *inside*. Say to yourself you *are* going to get there—and you *will*.

What have you got to start with? I don't know, but I do know that you've got *something*. If you don't know what it is, go hunt for it. You are somebody, and you are somebody different from everybody else. That's something. Now you're *thinking*.

The thing in you that makes you a person different from everybody else is what some people call *personality*. Develop it. Bring out what there is in you. You can't *be* your heroes; but you can be *like* them.

You've got to make *yourself*. Some time you must decide just what you want to do. Don't decide just for the sake of deciding. Do you know why Boy Scouts have over half a hundred different merit badge tests? To help them decide what they have in them—what they can do *best*.

After giving yourself a fair chance to know what things there are to be done in the world, then decide what *you* are going to do. That is a hard thing. But when once you do decide, stick to it. You'll never get anywhere if you don't.

If you are going to be a carpenter, be the *best* carpenter. If you are going to be an electrical engineer, be the *best* engineer. If you are going to be a doctor, be the *best* doctor. If you are going to be president of a railroad, be the *best* railroad president. Do you get that?

Living and being and doing is a game. *You* are a player in the game. Are you going to win? Are you going to succeed?

Let the man in you decide.

THE COACH.

The Life Savers

BY THE RANGER

THE joy of knowing that he has saved the life of a fellow being is so great that even the strain of a long and terrific struggle is soon forgotten by the life saver. But when he takes desperate chances, works until mind and body collapse under the strain, and finds at last that he has lost, he bears the marks of the conflict to his dying day.

Scout Honor Medal for Life Saving

Assistant Scoutmaster Aaron S. Smith, of Troop 139, Philadelphia, became delirious in the water while attempting to rescue two persons whose canoe was upset in the Delaware river during a flood. Scout Paul V. Magee assisted him to land, where he was restrained by force from continuing his hopeless effort. Both of them were so overcome that it was very difficult to get from them sufficient details for a report to the National Court of Honor.

Put on your overcoat, get close to the fire, and take a hot lemonade before you read this. Even then your teeth will chatter.

Alex Neshkin, age 17, a second-class Scout in Troop 9, Cleveland, Ohio, sent a member of another troop to report that a boy who was coasting had gone through the ice on Upper Shaker Lake. He blew his whistle for assistance. Without waiting he waded into the water up to his armpits. There was no ice next to the shore, but he reached the edge of it and pulled himself up. Crawling on his stomach, he felt the ice giving way beneath him. He called for a plank—he knew where it was. Meanwhile the boys on the bank tied their coats together, fastened a piece of burlap and a stone at the end of the improvised rope, and threw it out.

Neshkin threw it to the boy in the water. The ice was breaking up, but the Scout pulled him toward the shore and finally landed him safely. He did not stop there. Removing the boy's wet clothing he rubbed him until circulation was restored and then lent him his sweater. Then the police arrived, took the boy home, and called a doctor.

The National Court of Honor awarded a bronze medal.

"I'll do anything you will," said a boy to a Scout while they were boating on the Miami River, Florida.

He didn't do the same things as the Scout, but he did a lot of others—went down, couldn't get to the top again, got a mouthful, strangled, pulled the Scout down and nearly drowned them both. All the Scout did was to pull him out, but he had a peach of a time doing it.

It was two years before the news spread around and an application was made for an honor medal, but brave deeds are never forgotten and Ransom Furr, first-class Scout in Troop 3, Miami, Fla., has received his reward in bronze.

Aleck Batony, of Troop 1, Hammond, Ind., received a Letter of Commendation

instead of an offering of calla lilies because he studied in his Handbook and knew how to avoid the death grip of a drowning person. He was swimming with a friend, who became exhausted and lost his head for a few moments. Aleck knew just what to do and did it with neatness and dispatch.

When a certain young lady of Terre Haute, Ind., chose a Scout Camp as a place in which to learn to swim, she made a very wise choice. She erred a little in her selection of a swimming hole, for the bottom was about four feet too far away when she reached for it. For a minute or two her life was just one series of ups and downs. Every time she came up her mouth was so full of water she couldn't scream and every time she went down she took in more water.

Once when she came to the surface she found a brave youth waiting to rescue her. She took him to the bottom and he deserted her. Coming up again, she encountered Harold Jackson, a second-class Scout of Troop 9. She took him with her for three submarine trips. She was rather heavy for him to manage, but he decided that sort of thing would have to stop some time so he broke her grip and swam with her to shallow water.

And she sent Harold's Scoutmaster the nicest letter! There just had to be a medal. It's bronze.

Second Class Scout Robert W. Eddy, of Troop 7, Madison, Wisconsin, built a raft last summer.

When his father came home tired one hot July day he wanted to take a swim before supper and, of course, Robert was delighted to go with him and take the raft out to deep water.

When they were ready to go out, Robert swam ahead, pulling the raft after him. His father had been on it and although it pulled easier than Robert had anticipated, he did not think of the possibility of anything being wrong until he saw his mother standing by the boathouse and pointing out beyond the raft.

He stopped and heard her call, "Help your father!" Turning, he found that his father was some distance from the raft, very white and struggling hard to keep his head above water.

As there was a difference of fifty-five pounds in their weight it required coolness on the part of the Scout. The slightest mismanagement would result disastrously. Swimming up to his father Robert had him take hold of his swimming suit right under his chin.

At first his father's weight pulled the Scout under, but he came to the surface again and swam about twenty-five feet. They reached the raft. Robert helped his father to get a good hold at one end and steadied him until help arrived.

Look before you leap. It is an old saying but a good one. If boys would repeat it to themselves before diving into the water it would save other fellows from risking their lives, as First Class Scout Paul Gallagher, of Troop No. 1, Greeley, Colorado, did in August, 1914.

There were three Scouts in a swimming party and one of them went to the top of the bank, about five feet high, to dive. He landed on his stomach and it is possible that he also struck his head on the bottom. Anyhow he was knocked out, and in an unconscious condition drifted out into the rapid stream. Scout Gallagher quickly discovered that something was wrong and went to the rescue. At first he thought the boy in the water was fooling, but as he was floating face downward the Scout took

no chances. He reached him just as he was regaining consciousness and starting to struggle.

Using the methods explained in his scout handbook, he was able to get to the bank, where he was assisted by the third Scout. The unconscious boy soon revived after being removed to a place of safety.

The National Court of Honor awarded a bronze medal to the Scout who performed the rescue.

Some important gatherings—peace conferences and such things—have been held at The Hague in Holland. A gathering just as important, from the point of view of two boys, was held at "The Hague" in Norfolk, Va., on September 14, 1916.

It was a swimming party, for "The Hague" at Norfolk is a branch of the Elizabeth River. An old barge served as a diving platform.

The swimmers glided through the water so easily that a seven-year-old boy who had never learned to swim thought he could do it. He found out, after he had jumped off the barge into deep water, that there were points in the game which he did not understand. He went down like a sinker.

A boy who was swimming near him went to the rescue. He did not know how to handle a drowning person and was soon in trouble himself. There were all the makings of a double drowning when Archie H. Hosier, a first class Scout, went down to investigate.

Archie pried them apart, giving the would-be rescuer a chance to save himself, then finished the job by fishing the other fellow out of the drink. Just how near it came to being the youngster's last swimming lesson may be judged from the fact that he was confined to his bed for two days.

On account of the great difficulties which had to be overcome by the Scout, and the great risk which he incurred, the National Court of Honor believed that more than ordinary recognition was due and awarded a silver medal to Scout Hosier.

Fisherman's luck! Wet, tired, hungry, Paul Stephen, a Tenderfoot in Troop No. 1 of Vassar, Mich., was crossing a trestle on his way home.

"Dody's drowning!" came a cry from up the stream. Ninety-nine out of every hundred persons would have stopped, hesitated, wondered what to do about it. But Paul wheeled about and started back across the trestle.

A race ran under the trestle. Sixty feet up stream a creek emptied into the race. A four-year old boy had ventured too far out on the overhanging bank and it had given way. Paul had warned him of this very danger but he had disregarded the warning.

It was an open trestle and the Scout was in danger of slipping and breaking a leg or falling through the timbers as he ran. He did not know how deep the water was. He only knew that the bank was steep and slippery and that the bottom was full of snags. In spite of all that he dove in, clothes and all.

His promptness and daring prevented a tragedy. Choking, gasping, the youngster came up in the grasp of the Scout. With the help of another boy he was dragged up the bank, where he collapsed. Fortunately he recovered soon and reached home without the help of an undertaker.

Paul got a Letter of Commendation.

Anyone who has gone sailing—and most everybody has—knows how the boom watches for a chance to swat a fellow when he isn't looking. A five-year-old

caught it right behind the ear one afternoon last August. He was sailing with his ten-year-old brother at Weekapaug, R. I. It was a mean thing to do, but the boom picked out the smallest boy and knocked him clean overboard. The older boy was frightened and called for help.

A hundred feet to leeward, Mervyn W. Jewell, a Patrol Leader of Troop 3, Webster, Mass., was paddling his canoe. He heard the cry and tried to force his craft into the wind. The bow was light and would not turn. So the Scout took off his shoes and jumped in.

The water was full of grass. This made swimming difficult and dangerous. But it increased the small boy's peril too, so Jewell made the best time he could.

Before the Scout could reach the little fellow, the boy in the boat came about and ran over his brother. In spite of this the youngster bobbed up again and the Scout got him.

It was ten minutes before help arrived. With rare presence of mind the Scout simply held himself and the boy up by treading water. If he had attempted the long swim to shore, both might have been lost.

The brother with the unmanageable boat came back eventually, and other craft reached the scene.

The Scout reported that the accident occurred at 4:41 P. M. How did he know? Looked at his watch. What! While he was swimming? No, afterwards. Not being a submarine watch, it stopped when it filled with water. Jewell has a dandy bronze honor medal to wear on the fob now.

Swimming in a stone quarry sounds like a hard proposition. It turned out that way, too, in Philadelphia last June.

The swimming hole was eighty feet deep. The water went in when the rock came out.

Lex Newman, a twelve-year-old tenderfoot of troop 24, was sitting on the bank. He heard the ground sliding, looked up, and saw a boy fall in.

The Scout started on the jump. Before he could reach the first victim another boy, who had attempted the rescue, needed assistance. As he was nearer, Newman took him first. After breaking a double grip—arms around the neck and legs around the waist—he brought his "man" to shore.

Then he started for the other boy, but the deep, dark water had swallowed him.

The National Court of Honor awarded a bronze medal.

We all make mistakes sometimes, but not everyone is obliged to risk his life in order to atone for one. That was what Ray A. Wilber had to do last September.

Ray was sixteen and he knew how to swim. All right for him to go sailing, probably, but he ought not to have taken a fellow who couldn't swim on a day when the wind was strong.

The boat had a flat bottom. A puff, and over she went. Wilber was in the bow. The anchor line twisted about his feet. It took a minute or two to clear himself. Then he caught his comrade.

Every time he tried to help his chum into the capsized boat it rolled over. Three times this happened. Every time the task grew harder and his strength less. At last, help arrived.

Since he acted so courageously and efficiently in the crisis the National Court of Honor gladly sent a Letter of Commendation.

They do not teach physics in Kindergarten, so it would be unreasonable to expect

a six-year-old boy to know the laws of momentum.

There is one kid in Hull, Massachusetts, however, who knows this much about it now: That when a movable object (a small boy, for example) is superimposed upon another movable object (on the stern of a rowboat for example), and the heavier movable object suddenly stops, the later movable object keeps right on moving as a result of its momentum.

"Push me out," says he. Somebody did.

The boat came to the end of its rope and stopped. The boy wasn't tied and he didn't stop.

By the use of certain leverages, hydraulic principles and other physical phenomena—not to mention Scout training and common sense—Rhyner R. Lamm, of Troop 1, Fort Strong, Mass., extracted the small boy from his liquid surroundings, to which his lungs refused to adapt themselves, and thenceforth his physiognomy was lubricated only by the saline fluidity secreted by his own lachrymal glands. No risk, no medal, but the Scout was warmly commended for his promptness by the National Court of Honor.

A widowed mother with four children would have lost her main support if Melbourne H. White, first-class Scout in Troop 1, of Newport, Vt., had not been courageous, strong and well trained.

Her oldest boy was swimming in Lake Memphremagog. He became exhausted and his younger brother, although plucky, was too light to make the rescue.

The Scout sensed the situation and handled it admirably. By using artificial respiration, after bringing the young man up from a depth of eight feet and swimming forty feet to shore, he saved the widow from a terrible bereavement.

The hero testified that his own life was in little danger, and accepted modestly the Letter of Commendation.

Three campers were returning from a trip across the lake. Fifty feet from the shore their canoe tipped, and went over.

Two came up laughing and they started after the floating pillows. One of them suddenly realized that the third member of the party was missing. Promptly he dove. Remaining under water as long as possible, he made a careful search, but without success. The other tried with the same result.

Time was passing and the danger increased. The first Scout dove again as deep as he could, and this time he saw the boy for whom he was searching.

About fifty feet from the landing the boy who was being rescued began to struggle. The rescuer wrenched himself loose and got a new hold. Both were finally picked up by a boat which had put out from shore and resuscitation methods were applied to the boy who had been submerged.

The boy who made the rescue was Wallace V. R. Fretts, of Troop 4, Utica, N. Y. He is a first class Scout and has eleven merit badges. The National Court of Honor awarded a bronze honor medal.

Everyone feels an instinctive horror when quicksand is mentioned. It spreads out its smooth surface looking like solid ground, but anyone caught in its grasp sinks from sight, never to be seen again.

Two Scouts of Troop 12, Madison, Wisconsin, had gone on ahead of the other members of the troop during a hike last June. Out in the lake a dredge was at work pumping the sand back to the shore.

Harold Harrison, who wears a second class badge, heard Ralph Zwicker suddenly exclaim, "I am in quicksand, help!" He

ran to the spot immediately, but when he reached it, he found that Scout Zwicker had already sunk up to his knees.

It was a terrific struggle. The stronger Harrison pulled, the greater was the danger of becoming fast in the sand himself. He was larger and stronger than the Scout whom he was trying to rescue, but his weight increased the peril. But in the end he was victorious and both returned to the troop unharmed.

The National Court of Honor awarded a bronze medal to Scout Harrison, for it was shown from testimony that he had voluntarily risked his life to save that of his brother Scout.

Try Playing Music to a Woodchuck

AN interesting experiment is to play some simple music to almost any form of animal life. The old-fashioned Jew's-harp, harmonicon or some simple form of flute or whistle will do. Stand perfectly motionless until the animal has become used to you and then play a few low and soft notes. You will be surprised at the audience's interest or lack of interest. It is even amusing to play to hens and chickens and especially to many birds. Some ornithologists are able to get good responses from wild birds.

Mr. Schuyler Mathews tells of trying the pocket harmonicon with the woodchuck and there is no good reason why similar experiments should not be attempted.

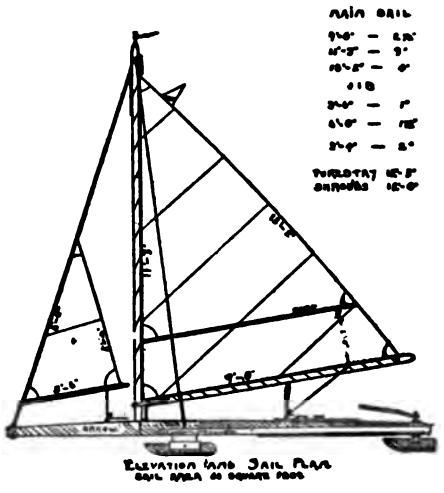
"In September the woodchuck sits by his hole, the perfect image of listlessness; he is as absolutely motionless as a bump on a log. Possibly he meditates upon the changing aspects of nature; at any rate, he does not move a muscle, and it is doubtful whether his mind works. Approach him ever so silently and cautiously, and he pops in without a preliminary movement. On one occasion though, I did actually see him change his position before he disappeared. At first sight he was upright; then, on my nearer approach, he dropped horizontally, and when I got within ten feet of him he was gone. Presently I took a harmonicon from my pocket and softly played upon it; being highly susceptible to the sweet influence of music, he reappeared at his doorstep, and, with a slight expression of disturbance on his usually dull countenance, eyed me with some curiosity and disapproval. I imagined if he possessed the power of speech he would have said, 'This may be quite a clever performance, Sir, but on the whole, I'd thank you not to disturb my Autumn reverie.'"

How to Make an Iceboat

Do It for Great Winter Sport

BY J. STERLING BIRD

IS there not a good sized body of water near your home, even a large mill pond that freezes over every winter? And would you not like to own a safe, fast boat to sail on the ice? As there is only one answer, I am going to tell you how to realize the wish, even if you are only moderately adept in the use of carpenter's tools, for aside from the runners the work is so simple any smart boy of twelve should be able to turn out a good job.



It will first be necessary to interest father in order to procure the materials and the work should be started as early in the fall as possible to allow sufficient time to make a first-class job, and not botch, for this boat is to last a good many years. The following list will complete the boat, except runners and sails, and by getting a price on the different articles, you can find how much the boat will cost in your locality.

Lumber as follows: Spruce, one, 3″ x 6″ timber, sixteen feet long; one, 3″ x 6″, fourteen feet long; one 2″ x 10″ plank, twelve feet long; three fourteen foot fence rails, and three 1″ x 6″ boards, fourteen feet long. Oak, one 2″ x 3″, fourteen feet long, one, 1″ x 10″ board, six feet long, and one, ½″ x 3″ piece, one foot long. Bolts, eight, ⅜″ x 6″, carriage bolts for chocks; one, ½″ x 9″ carriage bolt; and two, ⅜″ x 6″, and one, ⅜″ x 4½″ eyebolts for backbone and runner plank; two, ½″ x 7″ and one, ½″ x 3½″ machine bolts for runners, with two washers for each bolt on the list. Three thimbles for quarter-inch wire rope; fifty feet of telegraph wire. Six, 3″ screw eyes, four single and one double galvanized pulley blocks for ⅜″ rope. One pound ¼″ and three pounds ⅜″ braided cotton rope.

It will be a good plan to have an older person go with you to select the lumber which should be mill dressed and the best in the yard. This boat is designed for safety and speed and ease of building, so do not let anyone persuade you to make a single change. Study the drawings and directions thoroughly, do the work carefully and your completed boat will be not only a beauty, but a source of the greatest fun you ever knew.

How to Make an Iceboat

Starting the Job

Let's start work. The sixteen foot spruce timber is the backbone. This is left straight on the bottom edge, but should be tapered on top from the mast back toward the stern and from the mast toward the bow. The taper should run down four inches deep at the stern and three inches deep at the bow. The bow itself is tapered off half an inch on each side. The rudder post hole is one and one-quarter inches and should be bored from both top and bottom, meeting in center of timber. This insures a true hole.

As fast as a part is completed it should be planed and sandpapered. The plan gives all dimensions for side rails and cockpit, and shows the construction so plainly that little description is necessary. The side rails are made from the fence rails and the cockpit bottom from the boards. This part should be fastened together very strongly, using plenty of nails or screws. Plane the edges of bottom boards off neatly flush with side rails, and your hull is completed. Not very difficult, was it?

The handrail is made from the one-inch oak just as shown in the detail drawing, and the plan shows where it is to be thoroughly screwed to backbone. From the pieces cut out in making handrail, work out four cleats, two of which are screwed to the rail itself, and one each side the backbone directly under the mast. Use good long screws.

The mast step is made from two pieces of half-inch oak screwed together, the upper piece having a two and one-half inch round hole and the lower one a one and a half inch square hole that will center the round one when the two pieces are fastened together. Do not attach the mast step to the backbone until mast is completed. From the fourteen foot timber, rip out a full length piece three inches square for the mast. Slip the mast step over the foot, mark and cut square tenon. The round part of the step holds the mast and the square keeps it from turning. Screw the step permanently in place at the position indicated, nine feet seven inches from center of rudder post hole. All measurements must be taken from this point.

The boom is made in the same manner as the mast, two inches in diameter, and nine feet eight inches long, without taper, and rounded at after end. The jaws are cut from remaining one-inch oak, and can be either screwed or riveted to boom which should be slightly flattened to give the jaws a good bearing. Bore two three-eighth inch holes through the boom, where shown, to lace the sail through, and one-half inch hole, two inches from the after end for the same purpose. The jib boom is one inch in diameter by four feet long, with a notch cut one inch deep to fit over the forestay and a three-eighths inch hold at after end.

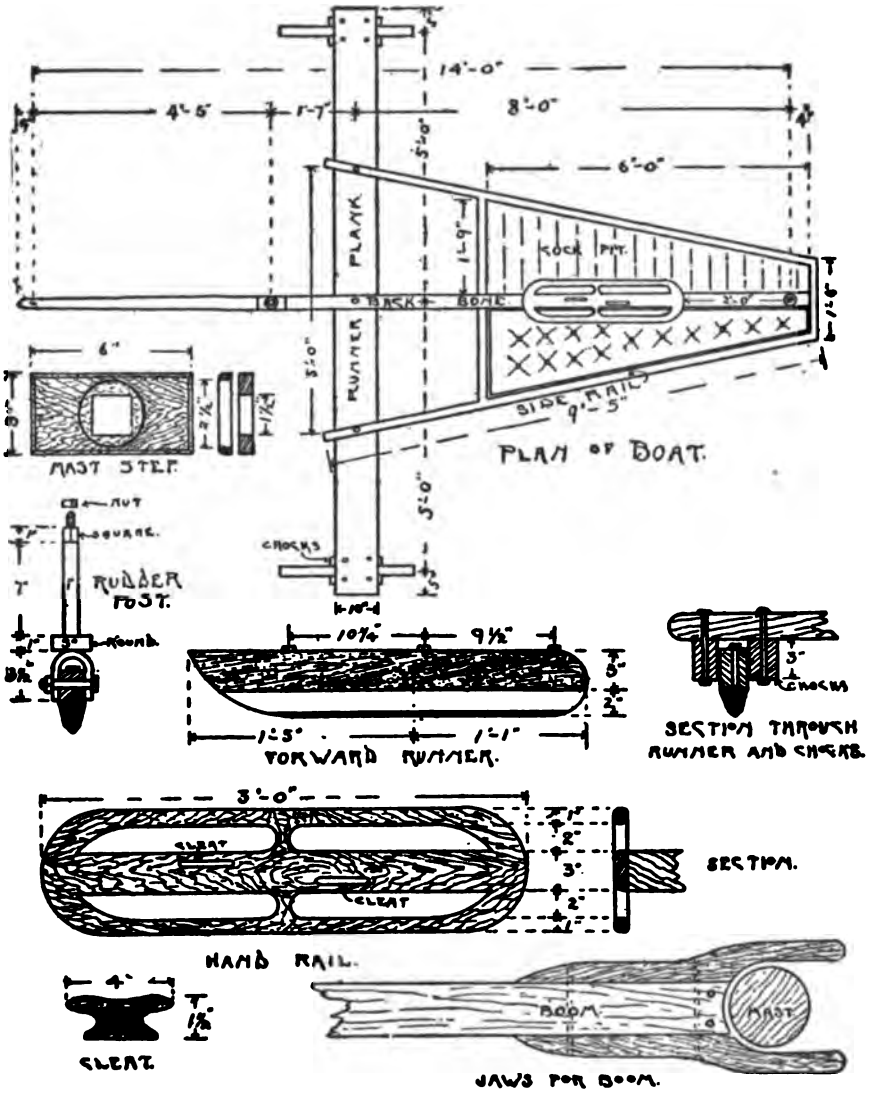
We now come to the runners and chocks, the only part where you may need assistance. The two front runners are two feet six inches long, by three inches deep, and the rudder two feet long, by two and one-half inches deep, cut from the 2″ x 3″ oak, with shoes of cast iron, bolted on as shown. Do not let anyone persuade you against cast iron, for *Jack Frost*, the finest and fastest ice yacht in the world uses it, and it is the only suitable material for this part.

The best plan will be to finish up the three oak runners, and make two patterns of spruce, one for front shoe and one for rudder; they are both two inches deep, with a section as shown in drawing. The running edge must be a right angle.

Any foundry will cast the shoes at a very moderate cost. The running edge must be planed in an iron planer at ma-

chine shop, the holes drilled and tapped for bolts, and nine of the latter made. When bolting to runners, smear the joint with white lead, and set up bolts tightly

fore and aft, it must have an even curve horizontally with the lowest part, directly under the bolt holes, filled up at each end an eighth of an inch, sharpened and kept



Diagrams of the various parts of the iceboat

as possible, with a washer under the heads. Finish up wood and bore one-half inch holes as shown for bolting to chocks. While the running edge must be straight

at right angle. Place in a vise for filing. The runners will need refiling once or twice each season and should never come in contact with anything that will nick them. A

boat with straight runners will not move in light winds and slides sideways in a blow.

While the runners are rather slow work they are not as difficult to make as they appear. Any good blacksmith can make tiller and rudder post like those in the drawings. There must be two quarter-inch plates to fit post snugly that are to be screwed permanently to upper and under side of backbone to form bearings.

Handle of tiller may be wound with cord and shellacked or painted. Make four chocks in pairs from the 2″ x 3″ oak, each one foot long, and bore one-half inch holes corresponding with those in runners, using care that shoe bolt heads do not project above chocks. Also bore a vertical three-eighths inch hole, two inches from each end of each chock. Now find and mark center of the spruce plank, and on one edge cut "A" with a chisel for aft. This edge is always to be toward stern of boat. From the center measure five feet each way and mark. This is to be center of runners. Bolt one inside chock with two of the carriage bolts in such position, it will be one inch inside the runner mark, and absolutely square both ways.

Place runner in position with forward end pointing opposite to "A" on plank, push bolt through chock, runner, a piece of cardboard shoe box and the second chock. Set nut up snug, but don't draw down tight, and bolt outside chock in place. When the cardboard is removed, runner must swing freely up and down. Find position of inner chock at opposite end, but only fasten with one bolt, then attach runner, cardboard, and second chock as before. If the runners are not parallel the boat will not be speedy, therefore proceed as follows: Take any straight batten or board edge, cut a "V" shaped notch near one end and place it over heel of the first runner, mark where heel of opposite runner touches batten, and slide it to forward end of both runners. If the runners do not correspond with mark keep shifting until they register exactly the same both ends, clamp chock to plank and bolt. Before removing runners, mark the left hand one "P" for port, and always use it on this side. Saw off ends of plank and round up. Put runners away in safe place where nothing can injure the edges.

Your boat is now completed, ready for finishing. To make a shipshape job, all parts should be varnished, two coats, but a light colored paint makes a neat finish. Never paint spars or runners. If not varnished, soak in all the boiled oil the wood will take up. The sails can be made at home, while the finish is drying, although the boat with sail-maker's sails will be much faster. Unbleached muslin may be used, but the goods known as "A A Drill" is far better.

If you wish cushions, make them to suit yourself, and your outfit is complete, ready for assembling, which should be done before putting on the ice.

Bore a one-half inch hole vertically through backbone eight feet from rudder post hole, and through center of runner plank, fasten together with large carriage bolt, setting nut up with fingers. Place the rudder post in position, and with a piece of light wire looped around it, measure to nearest corner of a chock, then to corresponding opposite corner, swinging plank on center bolt until measurements are equal, bore and fasten ends of side rails to plank with the eyebolts, putting a washer under the eye.

Now rig your boat and you are ready for the first sail—if the ice is four inches thick. As your boat is to give you more real fun than anything you ever owned, use the greatest care in making and finishing each part.

Some Detective

BY ARMSTRONG PERRY

HELLO, 'Knots'—hear the news?" The sandy-haired Scout with the spectacles looked up, but his fingers kept busy with the rope-ends, tying and untying them in a dozen different ways.

"Nope, what is it?"

"About Larry Gill—he robbed Rowan's candy store last night."

"So? How do you know?" The fingers kept on forming loops, thrusting ends through them, drawing them tight and then loosening them again.

"Dropped his jack-knife on the way out—Sergeant Stinson found it. You wouldn't think it of Larry, would you!"

"Why not? Always cheats in baseball, doesn't he?"

"Well—yes, he isn't always just square."

"Always holds in the line and slugs, too, when he thinks he can get away with it."

"Ye-es!"

"Never turns in any money for the tickets he sells."

"Say, Knots, what have you got against Larry, anyway? You know yourself he's won every baseball and football game and athletic meet for us the past two seasons. If you weren't so nutty over ropes maybe you'd be some use to the school yourself."

"Maybe I would. What did they do with Larry?"

"Nothing—he beat it, of course."

At home, Knots packed his haversack with grub and started out. To his mother's inquiry he replied that he was going to follow a trail.

A brisk hike, and he was at the old copper mine a mile up Red Run. Picking his way through the inky darkness by the aid of his pocket flashlight, he reached the "bottomless pool," as the boys called it, which apparently prevented further progress. He poked about with a stick until he located the narrow ledge just under the surface of the black water which he knew would carry him to the other side.

Reaching the "haunted chamber" he put down his haversack and flashed his light into a narrow passage which led off to the right.

"Come on out, Larry," he shouted.

"How did you know I was here, kid?" gruffly returned Larry shuffling out.

"Didn't know—just guessed at it."

"I s'pose you heard about me?"

"Yep, that's why I came."

"It'll be a long time before you go out of this cave again," and Larry, with a determined air, blocked the only way of escape.

"Ain't hungry, are you, Larry?" The voice of Knots was calm and unruffled.

"Gee! I should think I was—I could eat raw dog!"

"Start a fire and we'll eat some *hot* ones instead."

Larry ate ravenously, while the fingers of Knots were busy with the ropes, as usual.

"Say, you sure are the nuttiest kid I ever saw. What're you always tying knots for?"

"For fun! Learned a new one the other

day—see?" A twist, a pull and he held up something which resembled a double bow knot.

"What's that good for?" queried Larry, admiring the deftness with which it was tied.

"I'll show you." Knots slipped his hands through the loops. "The dickens!" he added a moment later, "can't work it alone—I wish I had four hands."

"Here," said Larry, "try it on my fists."

"All right! There! You pull it up like this, and tie a square knot like this, then you throw the end of the rope over something," and he lassoed the end of a timber well out of reach in the air shaft leading up from the chamber.

"Then what?" So well had Knots played his game that even then Larry did not realize that he was caught.

"Then you find out what you want to know or you call the *police!*"

"Let me go, you measly kid or I'll fix you!" yelled Larry, purple with rage.

"They call it the Tom Fool's knot—another name for it is the handcuff knot," calmly explained Knots, ignoring Larry's threat as well as his struggles.

"Where's the stuff you stole last night?"

"Then you'll squeal!"

"I promise you I won't."

"Then what's the game?"

"South Side High needs an athlete, but a crook won't do!"

"When do I get loose?"

"Within an hour if you'll promise to be on the level."

"All right, it's a go!"

Sergeant Stinson listened incredulously but good-naturedly to the "four-eyed Scout."

"You'll get the stuff, eh?"

"Yes!"

"And the police can have the credit?"

"Yes!"

"But you must promise not to lock Larry up, nor do anything to him, nor say anything about it?"

"Yes!"

"All right, kid, I promise—where is it?"

"Here!" Sergeant Stinson's eyes bulged as he opened the haversack and counted the coin.

"By ginger, kid, you're all right—you'll get the reward!"

"No! Remember your promise."

"H'm—that's so—well, have it your own way."

"Much obliged, Sergeant. Good day!"

"Heard the news, Knots?"

"Nope, what about?"

"Larry Gill's workin' in Rowan's nights and Saturdays. The boss says the burglary story was a joke."

"That's good!"

"And what do you think—Larry asked Mr. Rowan while I was there if he wouldn't give me his first week's wages, because I'm the treasurer of the A. A., and he owes us for some tickets."

"Larry's all right, ain't he?"

"You bet! And say—Sergeant Stinson says we won't have to pay for the extra cops at the Thanksgiving Day game if we'll let him bring the Scouts along to help keep the crowd back—that's what I came to see you about."

"Guess they'll be glad to go all right—a quarter's more than some of 'em can spend."

Wouldn't You Like To Be a Cosmopolite?

HAVE you known the joys of being a Cosmopolite, or can we show you how to begin to become one? It's great, and most anyone who really wants to can learn. Let us explain.

Did you ever hear a wrist watch spoken of as an infallible sign of Percy the Sissie Boy? Did you ever hear a stranger laughed at or mimicked because his pronunciation or accent was not what we have always been accustomed to in Jonesville, Minnesouri? Was the visitor who sported a cane and a silk hat in your town immediately classed as a "city dude"?

Maybe not. But anyway let me tell you (of course a lot of you know it already) that wrist watches have been worn by real live men in Europe for years, and when American volunteers and ambulance drivers and aviators went abroad to serve the Allies they found that the wrist watch was the only practical one to use when both hands are busy with life and death matters. Also, if you happened to find yourself in France or Italy or Africa or the Orient and tried out your little stock of school French or German in a desperate effort to make your wants known, they would listen so politely and gravely to your atrocious pronunciation and hilarious blunders that you might even be deceived into patting yourself on the back at your success as a linguist. Thirdly, there *are* places where silk hats and walking sticks get by as quite the correct and usual thing.

Are You a Provincial?

It isn't necessary to be brought up in Jonesville to suffer from such mistaken notions. We may look down on the denizens of Hog Holler over the ridge because they sound the "r" in "dorg" or we may feel superior to Brooklynites and Hobokenites because we live on Manhattan Island. This vice of provincialism—that is the name for it—is one from which very few of us do not suffer in some form or other. It makes us scoff at ways of doing, speaking, and living different from our own, without inquiring into the real common sense of the other fellow's point of view or his most interesting reason for it. It is born of ignorance and thoughtless-

ness, and the worst of it is that the superior-feeling-one is usually betraying the limitations of his *own* experience in dress, language, geography, manners, and customs. He is not a Cosmopolite, not a citizen of the World, at home, or willing to be at home, with all classes and conditions of men. He is misled by the conviction that the Yanktown or Chicago way of doing things is the original, correct, and unquestionable method.

Sit down and think yourself over and see if you are a provincial boob. Undoubtedly you are, no matter where you live. How would you like to get over it?

Look at the Cosmopolite

Now the Cosmopolite has learned to be at home anywhere. He is not pompously and loudly superior to all who vary from his original pattern. He is fascinated by, not scornful of the infinite variations of speech, dress, and the curious reasons back of them, that go to enrich life for those who can see. He has learned to respect the different person's point of view, which he finds upon examination to be just as good and sometimes better than his own. He adopts new manners and customs wherever he finds an improvement on his own. The Cosmopolite usually acquires this happy attitude toward things in general through the education of living and traveling in many lands,—an opportunity that does not come to most of us. But although we may never have such a chance to rub off our outer crusts of provincialism, we can at least decide right away to become a Cosmopolite in imagination and to seize every opportunity that comes our way to cultivate the cosmopolitan spirit. Moving pictures bring new pieces of the world to our door; reading is a Magic Carpet on which we may travel to the ends of the earth. You knew of them before. All travel, of course, is a glorious opportunity to rub off the stiff discomfort of provincialism.

First Aid to the Young Cosmopolite

But we have another first rate aid to Cosmopolitanism which will bring you directly into touch with far away strange places that you will probably never have a chance to see, or make you enjoy them all the more if you should be fortunate enough to visit them. We can give you *real live boy friends* in lands half way round the globe, who will bring to your consciousness new things, who will make you think and wonder and begin to realize dimly the richness and variety of this marvelous ball we live on.

Have you ever received a letter that came thousands of miles by roaring express and throbbing steamship—it may have even come part of the way by jinrickisha or gondola, by desert caravan, snow-shoed forest runner, mule-back, or even stranger conveyances. It alights at your door, is put into your hand. You observe the unusual stamp, the thrilling foreign postmark, the thin, tinted paper, the odd handwriting; you almost sniff it to catch the scent of the faraway fragrant land from which it mysteriously came. (Already the instincts of Cosmopolitanism are astir in your breast—curiosity, wonder, humility, a desire to fathom and understand the mystery and strangeness in which the missive is wrapped.) Break the seal and a boy with bright dark almond eyes speaks to you in your own language, which he has cosmopolitanly learned at school. He says he wants to be your friend, perhaps so imperfectly and quaintly that you will have to smile—until you remember how you would sound if you

tried to speak a foreign language. The letter almost exhales a faint perfume of his isle of tea and spice and cherry blossoms. He is better than a story book. He brings you closer to the reality of his strange beautiful country where his people eat, sleep, dress, act, and *think* differently from all that you have been accustomed to. And there are reasons for everything they do—reasons that have grown naturally out of their climate, their religion, their geography,—reasons which go deep back into old, old history.

Friends in Fancy Dress

The boy in your letter may be a bonnie kilted Highlander; he may live in brilliant Ceylon, in emerald Ireland, on a cold Norwegian fjord, in the sunny Bermudas, in China, Africa, Alaska, New Zealand, Denmark, Java—where you will. You may have enough friends to make a good fancy dress party. Wherever he is he will teach you many new things, and give you a new outlook across the hills or plains or waters or whatever it is that your immediate environment is made up of.

Then think of the United States alone! It takes a good Cosmopolitan to begin to understand and appreciate the wonders within our own boundaries.

But by our plan the sugar camps of Vermont, the orange groves of Florida, the deserts and cattle ranches of Arizona, the lumber camps of Michigan, the lone trails of the Rockies, the mines, the rivers, the cotton fields, the seaports, the industries, of many states, not to mention our frigid and tropic possessions beyond those boundaries, may speak and make friends together through a great brotherhood of boys.

You will find among its members boys of all ages, classes, and nationalities. There are no age limits or any other limits. We have members interested in everything from aviation to rabbits.

Be a Linguist Too

And here is a fine opportunity to bring to life that French or German or Spanish you are trying to learn in school. It will put a new meaning into troublesome prepositions and conjugations when you try to talk to a real native. Even if your foreign correspondent writes English, try your foreign jargon on him. He won't mind.

But how? When? What?

Here is the simple secret and method of it, for *every boy in the world:*

How to Join the World Brotherhood of Boys

Write the best and most interesting letter you can to a boy—just to a *boy,* because you don't know who he is at all.

Put it in an envelope, but *do not seal it.*

Put your return address clearly in the upper left-hand corner.

If you wish it to go to any particular state or country write the name at the bottom of the envelope.

Put on two cents per ounce if it is to go within the United States or its possessions, or to Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Panama, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Bahama Islands, British Guiana, British Honduras or New Zealand. Put on five cents for other countries.

Postcards go for one cent to Canada, Cuba, Mexico, and Panama. To other foreign countries, two cents.

Be sure to put on extra postage if your letter is overweight.

A World Brotherhood of Boys

Write on a slip of paper the following information:

Name

Address

Age (nearest birthday)

Are you a Boy Scout?

Have you any special hobbies that you would like to correspond about?

Put this slip only in the *first* letter you send us.

Then enclose all in an envelope and send it to

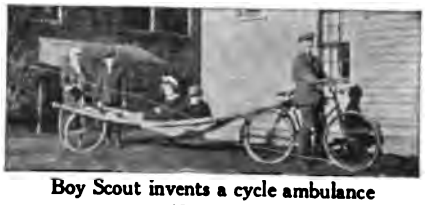
The World Brotherhood of Boys,
BOYS' LIFE,
200 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

When you receive a letter in reply answer it direct to the sender, not through this office. Get a lot of correspondents in places different from your own home. Then watch and listen and *think*—and you will be started on the long and delightful road which leads to Cosmopolitanism.

What will Boys be Doing Next?

A Boy's Ride in the Sky
(See page 227)

The airship going up and starting down.



Boy Scout invents a cycle ambulance
(See page 37)

Scout Seabrook—His invention above

Fire! Fire! Then the Scouts
(See page 118)

A Lawn-mowing Troop—Troop 1, New Richmond, Wisconsin, volunteered to keep the grass cut in the public park, and have done so all the season.

Boy Scout Builders

The log cabin has given way to the steam-heated house. Muscles are flabby and wills weak because life is so easy, now. With a crash war comes.

Scout, your country needs men. Men now, men in the making. Are you preparing to fill a man's place? By buiding a log cabin, by planting about it gardens and fields of grain, you can develop that brain and brawn which are your heritage from the man who conquered.

A Boy's Ride in the Sky

BY WILLIS LOCKHART

NOT many boys, I am sure, have ever had an aeroplane ride. I have had that unique experience and am going to tell about it.

My cousin owned an aeroplane and was booked to visit the city in which I live, for some exhibition flights. Any boy in my position would be mightily interested in seeing one's own cousin fly, and would want to go up with him. I was no exception to the rule.

My cousin came, accompanied by his mechanician and aeroplane. After a lot of hinting on my part, Cousin Tom's consent, mother's objection, the argument, the switching of father to our side and the final victory through Tom's argument, it was arranged that I should fly with him in one of his exhibition flights.

At last the great day came. Warmly bundled up in mackinaw, sweater, boots and mittens, I went with Tom to the grounds where he would make his ascent.

The Airship Itself

The aeroplane was a tractor biplane, that is an aeroplane with two wings one above the other, with the propeller in front. It was not very large, the main wings being only about twenty feet from tip to tip. The body was a long linen-covered affair with two cozy-looking seats near the front, forward one for passenger and rear one for pilot. The engine was just behind the propeller and its six cylinders protruded from the driving shaft in different directions like the spokes in a wheel. It is called a rotary engine.

About eight inches in front of the engine was the propeller, perhaps the most interesting part of the machine. It had a wonderfully smooth finish and was some seven feet end to end. It was gracefully shaped to catch the air and was secured to the end of the driving shaft.

The body was about fourteen feet in length, tapering toward the rear where the rudder and tailpiece were.

The rudder, shaped like a half-moon, was controlled by a lever in the pilot's seat. On each side of the rudder were flaps for raising or lowering the machine. These, and all other adjustable parts were controlled by the pilot. The main wings were covered with material that appeared to be balloon silk. There were many cross-spars and the wings were about three and one-half feet wide. On the rear edge and at either end of the top wing were small sections called ailerons that are used for righting the machine though it may tip out either side. The whole aeroplane rested on three wheels, two in front and one behind.

Bundled Up for the Ride

Arrived at the starting place, Tom gave me a pair of earlaps, so that I might not become temporarily deafened from the terrific noise. I climbed into the front or passenger's seat and Tom into the back. The mechanician strapped us into the seats. Then followed trying out of the engine and a lot of inspection to make sure that everything was in good order. With the start of the engine I realized the use

of earlaps, for it made a terrible noise.

The aeroplane started. It went at terrific speed over the field and the bumps I thought would jar it to pieces. I looked around just in time to see us leave the ground.

Up, Up Into the Air

When I was strapped into the seat before starting a great fear came over me. I could not help thinking of the aviators that had met their death in these things called aeroplanes. A sort of giddy feeling then overtook me. Glancing around I saw the spectators looking tense and excited. Those awful moments seemed like hours.

The former sweat and giddiness departed as soon as I was in the air. It seemed impossible to understand what I was doing. Everything seemed so unreal, so unnatural. The propeller sent back a swift stream of air which caused me to crouch way down in my seat.

Looking Down on the Earth

After being up what I judged to be three minutes I looked about. What a wonderful sight I saw! Little things that I knew were houses were huddled together in bunches far below. The automobiles and wagons in the streets looked like little bugs crawling about. I could see the residence district slip away, the business district with its many high buildings looked like toy building blocks as one sees them standing up. We were a mile above ground.

A Shocking Surprise

As I was looking out there came a lurch! The machine wabbled and sank. My heart took a jump. Something had broken! What could it be? But my fears were ended when the machine righted itself and continued on as before. Later I learned that we had fallen into an air pocket.

Looping a Loop in the Sky

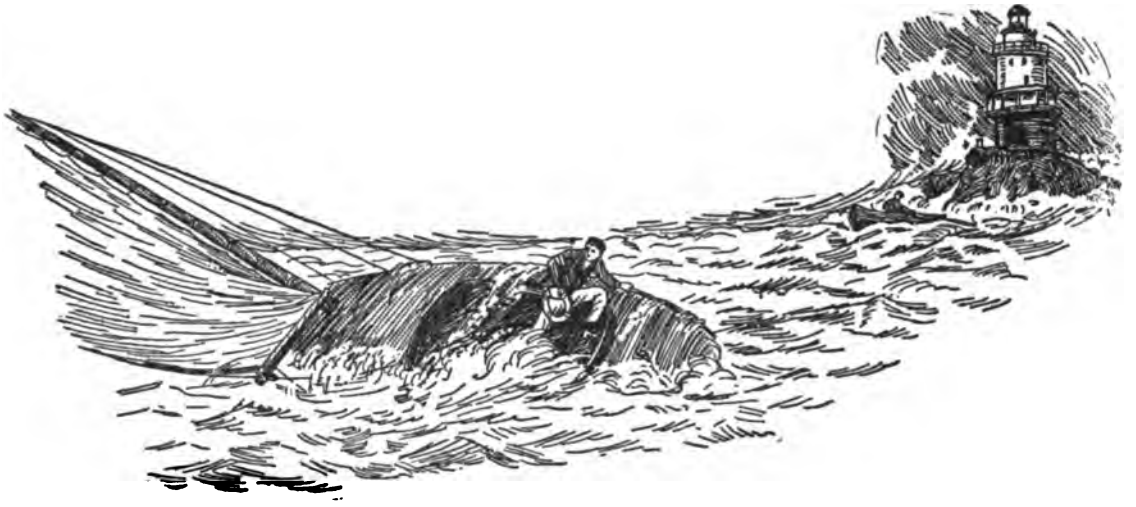
We began circling about and when over the center of the city Cousin Tom pointed the nose of the aeroplane skyward and it inclined more and more until it was in a vertical position. Then I saw the sky and earth all at once and felt something trying to pull me out of my seat. Clammy sweat formed on my face and I was much relieved when the machine righted itself. We had looped the loop.

By this time the novelty of the trip had about worn off and I really began to enjoy myself. Several more loops followed and each time I was intensely relieved when the machine would fly in its natural way.

Down, Down to Earth

When we began to swing around to the starting place a new fear arose. Would we make a safe landing? I felt nervous again and wished the time to land would never come. But for all my wishes it did come. From a height of 4,000 feet we swooped downward at an angle of 45 degrees.

While this mad fall was in progress it seemed as though the earth instead of the aeroplane was moving. Nearer, nearer, nearer it came. It was almost impossible to breathe with that swift stream of air in my face. When three or four hundred feet from earth, Tom pulled some levers and the aeroplane glided the rest of the way. The last part of the landing was tame compared to the sensation of practically falling nearly half a mile through space.



The Race

BY ARMSTRONG PERRY

"YOU'RE going to let me sail the race with you this afternoon, aren't you, George?" asked Tod Andrews.

"Why, I'd like to give you a chance," replied George, "but Greeley has sailed with me all the season and done all right and it seems like I ought to take him."

"Of course, in a way, but——" Tod hesitated a moment, then went on. "This is the deciding race of the series, isn't it?"

"Yes," said George.

"And the last race of the year?"

"Yes, that's one reason why I ought to take Greeley."

"Of course, looking at it that way—if it's just a question of friendship—you ought to take your old sailing mate, but as a matter of sportsmanship don't you think you ought to do everything you can to win? Everything fair and above board, I mean. The *Seabird* is pretty good, you know. Everybody says that the only difference between her and the *Gull* is in the sailing."

"Well, I certainly want the cup, and if you have any suggestions that will help the *Gull* to win, I'll be glad to have them." They hung their feet over the edge of the pier and George listened.

Tod was a newcomer. His bronzed skin indicated a summer on the salt water. He had a plausible way with him and a remarkable flow of language. He told yarn after yarn of the races he had sailed along the New England coast. Before George realized what he was coming to, Tod pointed a determined finger at him and said:

"Now I can win that race for you today. I don't want anything for it. I've sailed a lot of winners between Cape Cod and Bar Harbor and I just want a chance to show these Long Island lubbers what a twenty-footer can do if rightly handled. That sailing mate of yours may be all right for ordinary races, but you need somebody with experience for this crucial test. You can't depend upon those quiet

fellows. They lack nerve. You'll take me, of course."

And George answered: "Yes."

He did not realize what he had done until he met Greeley, wet, sticky, eager.

"George, the *Gull* never was more fit," he exclaimed. "I got up at four o'clock, so as to take advantage of the high tide. We pulled her up and polished her bottom till she was smooth as a mirror. Then we put her in again and I went all over the rigging. Just polished the brass so she'll look as good as she is."

George kicked at the sand nervously.

"Greeley," he said presently, "would you care so very much if I took someone else today?"

"Would I care——" Greeley's jaw dropped. He swallowed hard. "Wh—what's the matter?" he gulped.

"There's nothing the matter with you," said George, warmly, "but I've just been talking things over with Tod and I believe I need him to help me win this race. You're good, but of course he's had more experience. He's sailed a lot of winners. You've only sailed the *Gull*. I knew you'd want her to win, and——"

"Of course she'll win," said Greeley huskily, looking away. "You could tie her to the mooring and she'd be off with the starting gun and romp home ahead of the bunch, without any crew. But I *did* want to be with her, and I——"

Drawing his hand across his eyes he hurried away. Five minutes later George saw him in his little white skiff, rowing down the bay. "Poor old Greeley, he's all cut up," he muttered. "I ought not to have done it."

He watched his chum while he covered the two miles between the club pier and the point. A fresh westerly breeze was blowing. Under the lee of the shore it was safe enough for row boats, but beyond the point the white caps were racing.

George thought Greeley would turn back when he reached the point, but he kept straight on. It was Greeley's way. When things went wrong he always went away by himself to fight it out.

The judges picked the triangular course. It meant a reach across the bay, a beat out to the mark by Stepping Stones Light, and fast time home with the wind abeam.

The *Gull* made a fair start. She skimmed the water as airily as her namesakes. Tod was full of advice. "Run up the tops'l," he said, as they drew far enough away from the shore to feel the full force of the wind.

George looked at him in astonishment. Such a procedure would surely make the *Gull* top-heavy in such a breeze. Tod made the main sheet fast and began fumbling around for the tops'l halliard.

The *Seabird* was flying along close astern. George knew that a mistake would be costly. "No—mind the sheet!" he commanded.

Tod looked at him angrily. "Don't you think I know how to sail a race?" he demanded.

"I beg your pardon—I didn't mean to speak so sharply," apologized George, "but I know the *Gull*. This is not a tops'l breeze for her."

Tod slacked away the sheet. The *Gull* slowed down and the *Seabird* began to gain. George darted a keen look at his sailing mate. He was just in time to catch that young gentleman exchanging significant glances with the *Seabird's* skipper. Instantly he realized that he had a traitor aboard.

Holding the tiller with one hand, he jumped to his feet. "Trim that sheet!" he shouted.

Tod leered back at him. "I'm not ac-

customed to taking orders," he replied.

George left the tiller an instant, hauled in on the main sheet and threw a hitch around the cleat. The *Gull* keeled over as she got the full benefit of the wind again, putting the lee rail under the water. Suddenly he grasped Tod by both shoulders. "If you can't take orders you're of no use here," he said. With a jerk he threw Tod to the other side of the cockpit.

"Wh—what are you doing!" gasped Tod, stunned by the suddenness of the attack.

George's answer was a vigorous heave which landed Tod on the wet deck. He held him with one hand and brought the *Gull* back to her course with the other. The deck was so slippery from the wash that Tod dare not even squirm for fear of going overboard.

The *Seabird* had come up alongside and the other boats were closing in. "Will you obey orders, or would you rather go overboard?" demanded George.

"Let me up—I'll be good," promised Tod.

Over in the northwest a bank of clouds was piling up as they rounded the first mark and beat, close-hauled, up the Sound toward the lighthouse. Far away on the horizon a flash of lightning split the dark curtain, and thunder rumbled. It was too far away to cause George any uneasiness, but it might mean a sudden shifting of the wind which would affect the race. He kept his eye on it.

Tod, humbled, made fast the main sheet and stretched out on the cockpit bench. The *Gull* was now well in the lead, and gaining.

"Get ready to go about—we're near the mark," sung out George.

"Aye, aye," answered Tod, lazily. "Take your time, we've lost the bunch."

George looked back. He surely had a quarter of a mile on them, but a boat race is never finished till the line is crossed.

He made the turn neatly. Tod made fast the mainsheet again, laid down and closed his eyes.

They were headed toward the lighthouse. When the *Gull* had come within half a mile George discovered Greeley and the light keeper watching the race. He felt so ashamed of himself that he did not have the heart to wave.

Greeley's skiff was lying under the lee of the light, anchored at the bow and a line from her stern to the rocks at the foundation. George smiled as he saw the way she was moored. Greeley always fastened a boat as though he was expecting a hurricane and a tidal wave.

As he turned the second mark, he saw Greeley and the light keeper suddenly run around the balcony to the other side of the light. In an instant Greeley came flying back. Putting his hands up like a trumpet he shouted something toward the *Gull,* then pointed toward the west.

George stood up, keeping control of the tiller with his legs. A mile to windward a white scud was speeding toward him. Back of it the air was thick.

As he looked, the line of white reached a three-masted schooner which was tacking across the Sound. Her masts bent, she careened on her beam-ends and then her sails flew away like frightened birds.

Before George could make a move the squall reached the lighthouse. He was within two hundred yards of it now. He saw the keeper's skiff, which was hanging from davits, swing out almost at right angles from them, and hang quivering there, held by the force of the wind. Greeley went sliding down a ladder to the rocks nearest his boat. In another second the storm struck the *Gull.*

The Race

It all happened so suddenly that George had no time to lower the sails. The air was thick with rain. Lightning flashed and the crash of the thunder was deafening. The waves were beaten flat and covered with creamy foam. It was what sailors call a white squall.

Instinctively he threw his bow up into the wind. A shower of hail stones, driven by an eighty-mile wind, struck him so fiercely that he was obliged to duck and shield his face with his arm. Tod had sprung to his feet.

"Quick, Tod, loose the main sheet," shouted George. Instead of obeying orders, Tod dove into the cabin.

George dropped the tiller and sprang for the sheet. Instead of being fastened with a half hitch, the line was knotted about the cleat in a way which defied his efforts to loosen it. As he twisted and tugged, the wind caught the sail and the *Gull* careened until the water poured into the cockpit and cabin.

There were thirty-five hundred pounds of lead on her keel and George knew that the *Gull* would go down like a shot if she filled. He still struggled with Tod's knot, but with his foot pulled two life preservers from under the bench.

"Tod," he shouted, "can't you see we're capsizing! Come out of there or you'll drown like a rat in a trap!"

Tod poked his white face out, but when the hail stones struck him he pulled it back again.

George grabbed a life preserver and prepared to jump.

A blinding flash, a terrific crash, and the mast went over the side. Slowly the white hull righted. As she came to an even keel a skiff appeared, driven by the wind and a pair of madly working oars. It shot up alongside; the oars were slid under a seat; the rowlocks were slipped out so that they would not gouge the hull of the *Gull*. Greeley climbed aboard. At that moment the storm drove by and the sun came out.

Fastening his painter to a cleat, Greeley ran forward and put over the anchor.

"Quick, pull in the sails!" he shouted.

George was too dazed to comprehend what Greeley was driving at, but he dropped the life preserver and began to help.

They put the boom amidship and hauled away at the canvas. By strenuous work they got the mast aboard, too.

Greeley disappeared into the cabin. A few moments of sawing and hammering and the stump of the mast was shoved out of its step.

"Clear the boom!" he commanded.

"Say, old man, it's awfully good of you, but you mustn't work like this," said George. "There's no hurry now, we're all safe. We'll get the first motor boat that comes along to tow us in and we can fix things up afterwards."

"Tow!" said Greeley, his eyes blazing with sudden resentment. "Tow the *Gull* over the last leg of her race? Not if I know myself! She's going to *win*."

"But Greeley!" remonstrated George, "the race is off. Where are the rest of the boats?"

"There they are just coming out from behind City Island," replied Greeley. "They saw the squall coming before you did and ran for cover. But they're racing again now."

George saw that he was right. He went to work with a vim. They rigged the boom up as a jury mast and started to put the jib on her for a mainsail.

"The wind has hauled around to the north," said Greeley. "The rest of the boats will get little of it for some time—

they're under the lee of the island. If we can get under way before they catch it we've got a fighting chance."

Tod crawled out of the cabin just as Greeley got the anchor up and the *Gull* swung into the trough. He looked around sheepishly and then started forward to offer his assistance. A little pile of hailstones which had gathered along the rail had not quite melted. He stepped on these, slipped, and went overboard with a mighty splash.

Greeley ran aft and threw him a life preserver. The *Gull* was before the wind now and gathering headway.

"Hey! Come about and pick me up!" yelled Tod.

"Get out the way they do along the Massachusetts coast!" yelled back Greeley as he took the tiller.

"But what if anything should happen to him?" asked George, anxiously.

Greeley pointed toward the light. George looked. Grant, the light keeper, was lowering his skiff, roaring as he paid out the line. He waved them on their way.

Up the bay flew the good old *Gull*. After her came the others. When they caught the breeze they began to gain rapidly.

Nearer and nearer they crept. George nervously estimated his lead and the distance yet to go. Greeley sat at the tiller in calm confidence, simply keeping her on her course.

From the judges' boat and the club house pier came shouts of greeting and applause. The storm had not struck inside the bay, but it had been seen from the club. The condition of the *Gull* and the game fight she was making roused the crowd to a frenzy of excitement.

A quarter of a mile from the line she still had a lead of a hundred yards. An eighth of a mile and it was reduced to fifty.

A hundred yards out and there was only open water between the *Gull* and the *Seabird*.

Over his shoulder Greeley saw a bowsprit and a jib coming up abeam. One hand on the tiller, he reached around with the other and cast off the painter of his skiff, setting her adrift to lighten the *Gull*.

The bowsprit crept up—came even with the cabin—reached a point opposite the end of the broken mast. George gritted his teeth. Must they lose after all?

He looked at Greeley. Hair blown forward by the wind, eyes fixed on the finish line, he was handling the tiller as delicately as though it were a billiard cue, balanced for a deciding shot. In his face was no fear; no anxiety. His lips moved like those of a jockey who whispers words of encouragement in the ears of his flying mount.

Boom!

They were over. Greeley patted the wet deck outside the cockpit. "Good old girl!" he said affectionately. "Good old girl!"

George sat in silence as Greeley luffed up to the mooring and made fast. "Cheer up!" cried Greeley, with a hearty slap on the shoulder, "we won!"

"Yes, *you* won—you and the *Gull*," replied George, with downcast eyes.

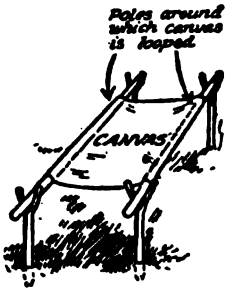
"Oh, fudge!—double fudge!" said Greeley. "Come on in and have a look at the cup."

To Heat a Tent

Scouts in camp often find it a serious problem to keep their tent warm and comfortable in cool weather. Here is a method I have used with considerable success: Get a bucket and fill it with red-hot stones and carry it into the tent. The tent will soon become warm and there will be no danger of fire.—*Morvin Winsett, Van Alstyne, Tex.*

Portable Cot for Over-Night Hikes

Take a strip of canvas 6 feet long, sewing a loop on each side running the whole length. Cut two poles or use boy scout staves to slip through these loops, and drive four forked sticks into the ground a little farther apart than the canvas is broad. By letting the pole stick out each end and resting the ends on the forks you can hold the bed tight, and will have a comfortable and easily made bed for overnight hikes.—*W. C. Moshell, Jr., Columbus, Ga.*

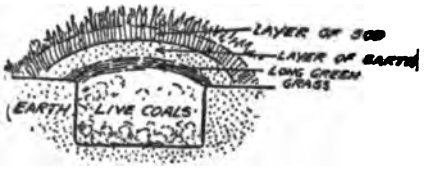


Keeping it Buried

On an over-night hike it is well to dig a hole for the garbage, but don't forget to put brush over the filled hole so as to keep chickens from scratching it up.—*Dr. Donald Morrison, Atlanta, Ga.*

A Fire to Dress by in the Morning

Here is a good way to keep a fire over night: Dig a hole 8 inches deep and as big around as necessary; fill with a good depth of coal; then pile on plenty of long,



green grass, and a layer of dirt, packed down. Then cover completely with sod. It feels good on an autumn morning on an over-night hike.—*Charles H. Runyon, Oskaloosa, Iowa.*

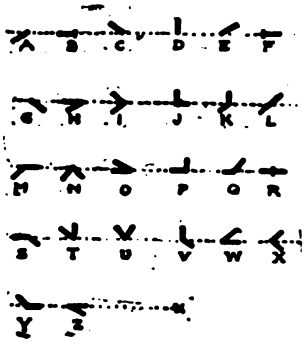
To Keep Code Before You

In flag signaling one is frequently apt to forget the code. Here is the plan I followed: A small piece of paper on which is written the code and conventionals is pasted or glued to the signaling rod at a convenient place where it may be visible while in action. The paper should then be rubbed over with candle wax to prevent it from tearing off and to make it waterproof.—*William Rapp, New York City.*

Scouts' Discoveries

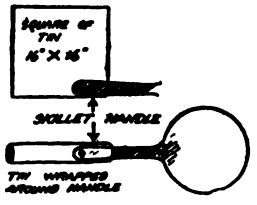
Writing in Code

Here is a semaphore code of flag signaling. You will notice that the B F and R have little marks on them so as to be identified one from the other. All letters have the line of centers. A cross (X) is used at the end of each word. This code is useful in writing notes to be picked up by others on a hike and also in learning the semaphore code of signaling.—*Clinton D. Hanover, Jr., Groton, Conn.*



Handling a Hot Skillet

Take a piece of heavy tin, 16 inches long, bend it around the handle of the skillet two or three times. Use it as a detachable handle for the skillet. Keep it away from the fire until you are ready to pick up the hot handle, over which the tin cylinder can be placed.—*Ray Gerard, Kansas City, Mo.*

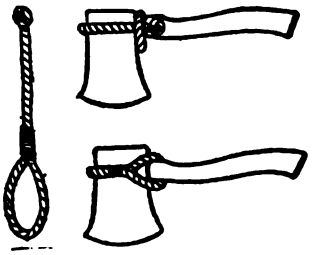


Handy for a Name Plate

To put your name on a piece of steel, first cover the steel with soap or wax. Write your name in the wax with a pin or toothpick. Cover this with nitric acid and let it stand for several minutes. When the soap or wax is wiped off you will see the name written deeply in the steel. Be very careful with the acid, because it causes ugly burns if it gets on the skin.—*Elton Raber, Elkhart, Ind.*

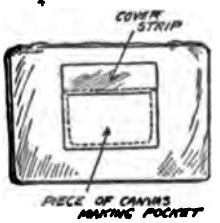
To Carry an Ax

Take a quarter-inch rope and braid an eye splice or small loop in the end. Put the ax handle through the loop. On the other side make a knot in the rope about one inch from the handle side of the ax head. Cut off the rest of the rope and slip the knot into the snap of the scout belt.—*Perley A. Tucker, College View, Nebraska.*



To Carry Your Handbook on a Hike

The handbook is a good thing to have along on a hike. Sew a strip of canvas or khaki a little bit larger than the size of the handbook on the back of your haversack. Sew carefully and neatly around the edges, leaving the top open. A flap over the top will serve as a cover in case of rain.—*Irving Gunderson, Chicago, Ill.*



Lanyard on Everyday Clothes

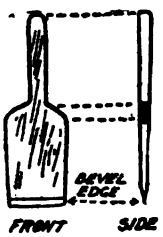
Before putting on your coat slip the lanyard up over the arm on the shoulder, but not over the head. When the coat is on it keeps the lanyard from slipping off and also hides it from view. The whistle or knife can be slipped into the pocket. One advantage of having the lanyard with you is to be reminded of your good turn

when seeing the knot at the end of it.—*Robert Crawford, Winston-Salem, N. C.*

Carry for Handkerchief on Hikes

There is no hip pocket in scout breeches, but on the back, just under the belt is a strap. Fix the handkerchief so that it will be in a flat rectangular shape, then slip it under the strap until it is half way through and it will stay there until wanted without falling out.—*Lyman Mathews, Merrisa, Ill.*

An Improvised Pancake Turner



Take a thin board or shingle and whittle to the shape given in the diagram. It must be greased well, so that it will not stick to the cake. Sharpen well on the end, so it will slip easily under the cake. This article is much handier than a common cake knife, being wider.—*Elmore P. Titut, Amity, Ore.*

Did You Ever Have 'Em?

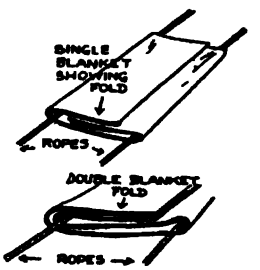
When "on nature's trail," always look at the leaves before you put them in your hat to take home, as there are sometimes millions of little bugs that get in your hair and are very hard to get out.—*Wesley Haywood, Providence, R. I.*

A Door-Knob Drill Socket

For a drill socket in the fire-making outfit, I use a door-knob which has broken off. When it is cleaned out, it is an excellent socket and works very smoothly. While this would probably not be acceptable in a contest, for ordinary purposes it is "bully."—*Scoutmaster K. Jones, Tappan, N. Y.*

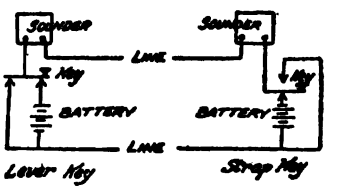
A Hammock Out of a Blanket

Pass a rope around two limbs or the trunk of two trees that are farther apart than the height of your body. Lay one side of your blanket over a rope so that the part above will equal 2/3 of the distance between the ropes. Draw the rest of the blanket under the other rope and over it, laying it down on and overlapping the side first laid over the rope.—*Paul H. Pfeiffer, Pomona, Cal.*



An Idea for Telegraphing

Two or more telegraph instruments may be operated on dry cells and connected together with only two line wires or one wire and a ground. Simply arrange another contact on the key so that the lever will form a circuit with it when the button comes up. If you have a regular telegraph key, such as those used commercially, the additional contact should be placed under the back adjustment screw, using a piece of sheet iron, isolating it from the base with some cardboard and securing it with a screw. For a strap key it should be placed so that it will make a contact on top of the strap just back of the button. As many instruments as desired may be connected in



series on either line.—*L. D. Hagenbook, Bringhurst, Ind.*

To Carry Eggs on a Hike

Take a fruit jar large enough to get your hand through the opening. Put a layer of salt at the bottom and then a layer of eggs and so on till it is filled. The eggs will be kept from breaking and will last even better than on ice. The salt may be used for seasoning and other purposes as needed.—*Norman Sharpe, Atlanta, Ga.*

A Good Way to Cook Fish

When one is in the forest and has not the necessary utensils to cook his fish, a good way to prepare them is to allow the camp fire to die down to glowing coals. Clean and season the fish, wrap them with thick white wet paper and put them into the ashes, placing the coals over the ashes. If paper cannot be had, wet clay will serve the same purpose in protecting the fish.—*Scout Edwin Berger, Owensville, Mo.*

A Camp Refrigerator

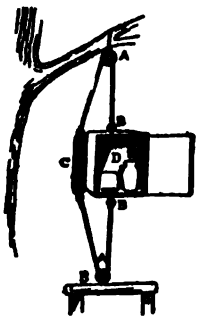
Here is a good way to keep milk and drinking water cool while in camp. Take some rope or wire and tie it to a limb of a tree about eight or ten feet from the ground. Let the wire extend down to where it reaches to four or five feet from the ground. On the end of this tie a bucket in which the milk or water is to be kept. Take a cloth, double it several times and tie it around the bucket. Keep the cloth wet and the milk or water will keep nice and cool.—*Scout Evetts Haley, Midland, Tex.*

A Novel Water Filter

This is how we cleared muddy water: We peeled several prickly pears and stirred them in the water until it was clean. Sometimes several pears were used before it was clear. When the dirt had collected on the pears or on fiber broken from the pears, we strained the water through a clean cloth and it was as clear as ever.—*Scout Carl H. Morrow, Omanah, Tex.*

Protecting Food in the Open

A Scout knows what it means to have an intruder—such as a skunk, for instance. The grub box should be kept in a safe place. Take an ordinary box of average size and fasten sheet metal to the outside of it. Hinge a cover to the box and lock it up when not in use. A screw eye is fastened to the top and one to the bottom of it. Take two iron pulleys of average size and fasten one to the limb of a tree and the other to the ground by means of sticks and a cross bar. In the rope circuit traveling over these pulleys is fastened the box, and a weight which must be heavier than the box so that it will stay in mid-air where no animal can reach it.—*Arthur Miller, Newark, N. J.*



A- Pulley Blocks
B- Screw Eyes
C- Balance Weight
D- Metal covered box showing interior

(*Continued from page 175*)

Quiet, and we went in. Right after school we went down town.

There was a bigger crowd in the street and everybody was talking, and when I got near the window to see the telegram I saw Mr. Harding had put flags around it—little flags like Mr. Judith sells two for a nickel, and a bigger one on top—and when I could read it, it said—

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS
URGE MEN
TO ENLIST AT ONCE
YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU

Mr. Kistler was there, and Mr. Kent and Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Spong and Dr. Whittier, and there were a lot of women, too, and so was Mr. Judith and some farmers. Mr. Kistler said there was going to be a meeting in the Town Hall at 5 o'clock for the drill company and everybody else could come, and Carl came up then and we got through the crowd to where Mr. Judith was, and Carl told him we were going to the meeting, and Mr. Judith said, Have you finished your Mobilization Record? and Carl said, All but one, and I said, All but two and part of some others, and Mr. Judith said, Well, if I were you I'd finish that *first* before *anything* else, and we said, All right, and the crowd all went to the Hall but Carl and me. We went over to the church steps and sat down there and looked over our cards, and Carl said he would help me.

We thought the boys would all be down to the Town Hall. We went there and when we got near we could hear a drum and fife. We met Mert and he said, Dr. Whittier was playing the fife and old Mr. Anderson, the one-legged harness man, was playing the drum, and he sure could play it great. Well, we went on and then I remembered I didn't have all of Mert's record, and I ran after him and got it all right, and then he said Willis was watching Mr. Judith's store while he was at the meeting, and Willis is on my Patrol so I went and got his record, and then Willis and Mert helped me fix up some of the others, only we couldn't answer all the questions. Then Mr. Judith came back and said the meeting was over and we boys had better go home and get our chores done because it was nearly supper time, and I said—

How many are going to the war, Mr. Judith? And he said, I don't know, but seven signed up this afternoon and others are thinking it over. The company's going to meet again tonight.

On our way home we walked past *The Clarion* office to see if maybe there was another telegram, but there wasn't, and

the office was all dark except for one light inside where a man was fixing the types and the shade made the window all dark on the top of the big lettering, and we

Letters of a Boy Scout in War Time

could only see on the bottom the words, YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU, and, of course, the little flags.

Are they enlisting where you are, father? Your dear son,

ROBERT.

TUESDAY—AFTER SCHOOL.

Dear Father—I can't find my school tablet and I am writing on mother's note-paper, and it is so small I can't write much. I haven't much time anyway—this mobilization work is hard. It was hard getting the dope, but it was harder writing the reports all out right. Roy Steele helped me some, but he spelled so many words wrong I had to copy his cards. A fine fellow to have for Troop Scribe—nit.

And Spike Tuller thought he'd be smart (like he always does) and wrote on his report like this—

Home address—*Wherever I am.*
Home telephone—*Nay, Nay.*
Wireless outfit—*Sure we're a wireless outfit—didn't I say we didn't have a phone?*
Bicycle—*Wish I had one.*
Automobile—*My name's Spike, not Rockefeller.*
Attending school—*Yes darn it.*

Don't you think, father, such a kid ought to be court-marshalled when it's such hard work for a Patrol Leader who is mobilizing his Patrol? I do.

I can't write much more because I have to get these reports all done for the meeting, tonight, at Mr. Judith's with Carl—and this letter looks awful big on such little paper, and it's all crooked because I can't write straight without lines.

Your loving boy,

ROBERT.

P. S.—Seven more men volunteered last night. That makes 14. One is Lon Older—he is Mr. Spill's son-in-law, who works at the packing house. Mr. Older is going to work at Prof. Carsting's and sleep there. That's what Parley's mother told him, and he told me.—*Robt.*

WEDNESDAY.

Dear Father—Mr. Judith is smart, I tell you. You just ought to see his plan to mobilize the Scouts. It's a PEACH. He told Carl and me all about it last night. He closed the store at 8 and got the mail, and then we all three came up to our house, and while mother was sewing she listened, and Mr. Judith told us all about it. Mother sewed a *big* pile of bandage rolls while we talked—all the ladies of the Aid Society are doing that now.

It's GREAT, but it isn't hard. When there is something all the Scouts can do for our country (Mr. Judith says when we do something for our town it is doing it for our country), when there is something to do Mr. Judith just calls me up and Carl and says, MOBILIZE, and that's all for him. Carl and I do the rest.

We look at our list and the time of day (or night, Mr. J. says), and we know where the boys of our Patrol are and the first one I call up is Parley, because he has a phone—Parle is No. 10 (I am No. 9) and he has two boys to get—they are Lew Mills (11) and Spike (12), because they live right near Parley, and if he gets Lew first then Lew helps him to get Spike, or the other way. Then I call Roy (13) who has a telephone, and 13 gets 14 (that's Merton Brownley who lives next door to Roy), and 15 (that's Willis McCall, who lives around the corner)—then we all go as fast as we can to Troop Head-

quarters in Mrs. Badger's old back bedroom, upstairs, over Mr. Judith's store.

I guess I forgot to tell you that's where our Troop Headquarters are going to be while there is a war. The Troop don't know it yet, but they will next meeting. Mr. Judith said we could have the room and told Mr. Young, the preacher, about it, and said we could meet there any time without having to build a fire, because the big stovepipe from the store runs through that room and it's always warm, and then we could meet Wednesday nights if we had to and not bother the prayer-meeting, and then we wouldn't have to use any wood (costs money), and Mr. Young said, All right, if the other members of the Troop Committee said so, and they did—so now we have a dandy new Troop Headquarters. Now Mr. Judith won't have to go so far to our meetings.

Well, Carl does just what I do (mobilization). Only the Beaver Scouts have different numbers (1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8). Well, every Scout brings his staff and haversack, which he keeps packed like Mr. Judith says, and I forgot to tell you that when we work it all out every boy will have a *certain* thing to do when he gets to Headquarters, and he must do it. No. 1 (that's Carl) has charge of the First Aid Outfit, and his helpers are 3 and 5 (Howard Arrows and Jack Curtis, because they are good at First Aid, and Howard has a fine Red Cross kit, too), and in my Patrol the First-Aids are 11 (Lew) and 15 (Roy). Then No. 4 (Fred Ricer) and 6 (Lick), are Handymen—they know most about making things—carpenter work, bridge-building and like that—and Mr. Judith says if they don't know it now they *will*. And then 8 (Perry) and 15 (Willis) are Messengers, because Perry has a bike and Willis has a pony. Oh, there's a lot of other things for all of them to do, but I can't tell you all about it now. Mr. Judith said a man way off in Hawaii invented this plan and he read about it, and if we do it good he will write to the man in Hawaii and tell him what we do. The Scouts over there do the same thing.

I must get the ashes out now. Carl says Mr. Spong saw it in the city paper that Mr. Buchanan has gone to the mobilization camp with the Guards. I hope he don't get killed.

Your loving boy,
ROBERT.

At New Troop Headquarters,
SATURDAY.

Dear Father—We have a table and six chairs and a bench here, and we are going to hang up some pictures, too. It's a nice room, but the wall paper is all dirty and torn, and it looks rotten anyway. Mother cried when she got your telegram today, saying you were coming home right away—she was so glad. I was glad, too—but I didn't cry—I yelled. We thought you were not coming for nearly two weeks. I suppose there isn't much business on the road for a traveling man when there is a war. I asked mother to let me read your telegram, but she put it in her dress and said it was all right, and you would be home Monday, so you will get this in the city tomorrow.

We had a great Troop meeting last night and everything worked fine. General Law was there for a while, and read over the plan Mr. Judith had fixed for mobilization and all the reports Carl and I had written about the boys, and said it was great, and then he lined us up by Patrols and showed us how to *handle a mob*

—that's what he called it. He said we probably wouldn't have to do that, but we might just as well know how. He knows how to tell a fellow something so he will remember. But you will be here soon so I can tell you yourself. Come to our next meeting SURE. ROBERT.

P. S.—(*At home*)—Oh, father, are YOU going to enlist for the war?

Carl and I were down to the Town Hall this evening and watched Mr. Kistler drill the men, and General Law was there, too, and how they drilled for *him!* And then General Law talked to the men and he talked fine like he did to us Scouts, but he told them about obeying and being brave and said to remember that being a good soldier for your country meant more than just shooting an enemy—he said it meant being brave when you have a hard time in camp or marching and you get tired and don't have much to eat and have to sleep out in the rain and maybe get sick or wounded, and then is when a soldier has to be brave and think about his country and his Flag and cheer for them and keep *going* for his country and his Flag. Oh, it was fine.

The men cheered, and Dr. Whittier played Yankee Doodle, and old Mr. Anderson nearly busted his drum. When there was all that noise Charley Dobb came in and went right over to Mr. Kistler and gave him a telegram that I guess just came in at the depot.

Everybody waited, and Mr. Kistler tore open the envelope, and Mr. Dobb stood there with his hat in his hand, and Mr. Kistler's face had the funniest look you ever saw. He went over to General Law and handed the telegram to him, and General Law put on his glasses and read it. It took him a long time to read it. Then he said, loud—

Company—fall in.

The men took their places, and he said—

Attention to orders.

Then he handed the telegram back to Mr. Kistler and said, Read it.

They were all awful still and all looking right at Mr. Kistler, and Mr. Kistler said two or three words nobody could hear, and then he said awful loud—

All volunteers in your district are ordered to report in person as soon as possible at the Armory in Lenniston, prepared to entrain on order for the State Camp at Fergus Stream. Bring no equipment. Complete equipment will be supplied at Lenniston. Telegraph how many and when will arrive at Lenniston.

(Signed) HENRY WOODSTOCK,
Adjutant-General.

They were still a minute and then Lon Older dropped Spill's old gun that he was drilling with and then old man Anderson yelled, *Hooray* and banged his drum and some of the men cheered, but mostly they were still. Then Mrs. Tuller, Spike's mother, began to cry, and Mr. Tuller went over to where she was and she cried louder and they went home.

Everybody talked for a while and then General Law had them fall in again, and Mr. Kistler said he would call the roll and told them to answer if they were going to answer the call. Just then Mr. McCall came in and spoke to Mr. Kistler, and he asked Fred Eastman to call the roll and then he ran out.

Well, Fred started the roll-call and the first man said, Yes—and the second, Yes—and I couldn't hear the names read, but all I heard was Yes, *Yes,* YES, YES, YES—and they got louder all the time. Then there was a cheer and then General Law started talking to them about getting ready, and while he was talking Mr. Kist-

ler came running in and up to General Law and saluted, and said something to him, but I guess the General didn't hear because he waved his hand toward the soldiers and Mr. Kistler said—

Men, I have news for you—a new recruit and a valuable one—just had a long-distance telephone call over at the store and a man on the phone said, *Put my name down as a volunteer with your Company, I'll go when my Country calls me—I'll reach Amesty Monday.* It was ROBERT SHOCKLY, he said.

Oh, father—YOU—going to WAR! When your Country calls! and it *has* called *already!*

When I got home Carl said, Good-night, Shocky, and I didn't know until then that he was with me—I was thinking about you and about what Parley's grandpa told him, and the story General Law told our Troop—and Carl said, Good-bye, again, and I said, Good-bye and came in the house and came upstairs quiet, so as not to wake mother up—but she was sitting in her room in the dark, but I could see her looking out of the window, and I said, Good-night, mother, and she said, Come here, Rob—and I came and she kissed me twice and said, Good-night, boy, and turned back to the window and I came to my room—and it makes it easier to think of when I *write*—I guess that's why I write so much.

Two days and you'll be *here,* father!

And then maybe the next day you will be GONE—gone to the war! But I am glad you are going to be a soldier because you will be a brave one like *your* father was.

Your loving son,
ROBERT SHOCKLY, JR.

The Boy Who Recommended Himself

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves. Out of the whole number, he selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest stepped over it, showing that he was orderly; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding. When I talked to him, I noticed that his clothing was tidy, his hair neatly brushed, and his finger nails clean.

"Do you not call these things letters of recommendation?"

"I do."

First Aid to the Birds

(See Story on page 245)

No. 1—Lunch Basket

No. 2.—Feeding Place

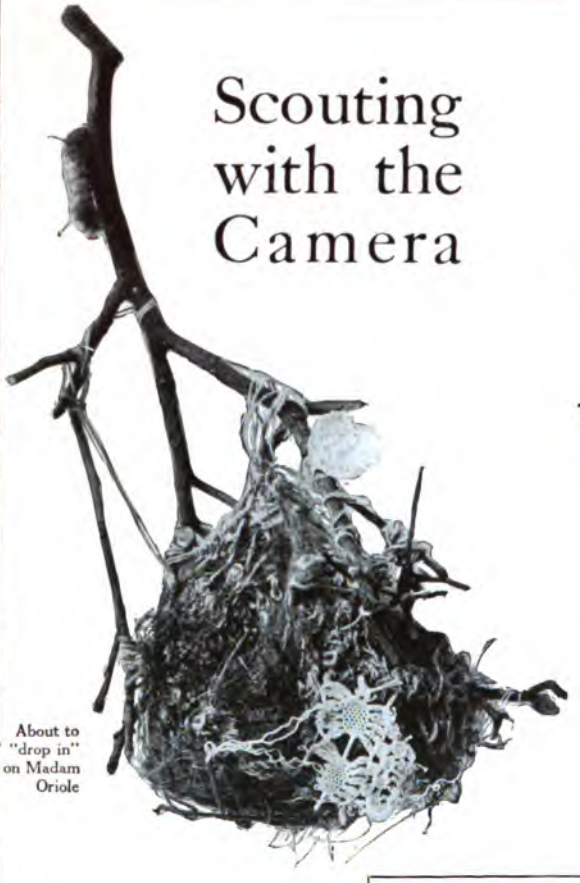
No. 3—Hammock House

Note the suet on the limb at the left. Grain and bread crumbs are in the sack.—*From Scoutmaster D. S. Stophlet, Kansas City, Mo.*

"Please, I'll take that," says the Pet Sparrow Hawk

No. 4—A "Plunge" for the Birds

Scouting with the Camera



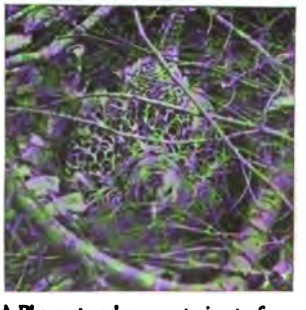
About to "drop in" on Madam Oriole

This Scout he *would* a nesting go.

An obliging wood-chuck

A live "ain't-he-cute"

Tamed Sparrow Hawks teaching a Scout to stand still



A Pheasant on her eggs trying to figure out what the camera means

Looking as pleasant as he can, inasmuch as he is wounded

Dan Beard Tells You How to Make Bird Houses and Lunch Baskets and Bathing Pools

ACCORDING to my Buckskin calendar, May is Audubon's moon, for Audubon was born on the 4th of May, 1780. He was born in America of foreign parents but he was never a hyphenated American. He was one of the most loyal, enthusiastic and patriotic of Americans and to prove our patriotism today to our country and to our patron saint of this moon, we must do something for the birds, for Audubon's moon is the bird moon. Ever since the formation of the Audubon Society birds have been associated with this naturalist's name. May is also the planting moon of the Indians and it is proper and right that we should plant birds.

Your National Scout Commissioner has been showing you boys how to make bird houses for many years and some of his plans are now being manufactured by professional bird house builders, notably his invention of a house for woodpeckers.

An Open-Air Lunch Counter

The first picture shows a birds' lunch basket I got from a man in Illinois whose advertisement I saw in *Boys' Life*. It is curved in at the back to fit the tree and is the best and most practical one that I have used. Plain every-day beef suet is a tempting morsel for the insect-eating birds. This basket is patronized liberally. The downy woodpecker practically hangs around the live-long day. But as long as foolish people allow stray cats to roam at large, it will be of little use to feed the birds. Cats are the enemy of trees, gardens and orchards, because the cats kill the birds who are the natural protectors of the plants.

A Three-Story Bird Road House

A "three-story bird road house," shown in the second picture, is made in three tiers, one above the other, and all protected by an overhanging, waterproof roof. The floors are covered with mixed grains —wheat, barley, ground corn, canary bird seed and—best of all—sunflower seed, which is especially attractive to our friends in feather coats.

Picture No. 3 shows a hammock house suspended between two trees. Formerly it was a herring kit. Just a few additions to it and an attractive dwelling was created. The box has been inhabited a major portion of the time it has been up. Our beautiful and useful purple martins will live in a swinging house, but the noisy English sparrows do not like moving houses.

The Plunge

At the bottom of the page is a "plunge." It is doubtful if the "old swimming hole"

has more charms for boys than this bath has for the songsters. Here they come for their daily dips. Accommodations are unexcelled.

Your National Scout Commissioner did not build all of these houses nor even design them, but they are good working bird houses just the same. Any house that will attract the birds to come and live in it is a good one and any boy that erects such a house is a good Scout. Be a "First Aider" to the birds.

A Dan Beard Pioneer Bridge

IF you are in the open country or wilderness with neither ropes, spikes nor nails, you may build a Dan Beard Pioneer bridge.

The diagram here is an aeroplane view

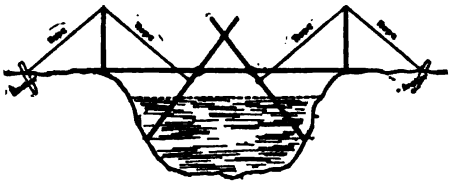
of the skeleton of one of these bridges. It is made of four long logs and one short one. The long logs are placed with the small ends crossing each other, each pair of logs forming what woodsmen call a scissors. Across the crotch of the pair of scissors the short log is placed. Now the more weight you place upon this bridge the firmer it becomes until you reach the breaking point, but the breaking point is beyond any weight that you boys will place upon the structure. After you have the skeleton as shown in the diagram a top structure may be added by laying logs from the shores to the short cross log in the crotch of the scissors. A pair from each shore may be laid across this way and then a corduroy pathway laid over the two logs.

An Engineer's Bridge

In planning a bridge for heavier and more permanent use, boys should always follow some standard design and be sure that they know just what they are doing.

The bridge shown in the illustration is known as the Single Sling Stiffened. The two uprights on shore and the anchor ropes are additions to an ordinary single sling bridge, and when these are used the span is said to be stiffened. This can be made by lashing the timbers together. Practically no hardware is needed.

The diagram, of course, shows only one



set of supports. Another set just like those shown are placed on the other side of the bridge. The A-shaped braces in the center carry most of the load. They should be firmly planted in the bank and ought not to slant from the vertical at an angle of more than 45 degrees. In other words, to get the best results, these center props should not be inclined more than half way from the vertical to the horizontal. The upright stakes on each bank, over which the anchor ropes pass, should, if possible, be made high enough so that the ropes which run to the main supports will, when drawn tight, approximate a right angle with the supports. The ropes are anchored by driving heavy stakes into the ground.

Second in Command

BY MARY ARMIGN AND JOHN HENRY SKEEN

THE Wolf Cub Troop of St. Augustine, silent and disgruntled, filed past their Scoutmaster, out into the darkness and the warm Florida rain.

"Down to the Slave-market—quick!" whispered Harper Cochran, patrol leader and first class Scout. "Pass the word!"

The boys dashed through the little square, past the ancient Spanish cathedral, and gathered under the weather-beaten roof of the old landmark. When Harper backed against a square white column and flung up his hand, the smallest Scout knew the storm was about to break.

"It's a measly shame!" he exploded. "I didn't think Mr. Mawson would make that sissy Prescott assistant scoutmaster!"

"Right!" yelled the troop heartily. They seldom agreed; it meant trouble ahead for Prescott.

"'Member how he wouldn't go in a canoe at camp, 'cause he'd promised his mother not to?" said an agitator.

"Promised nothin'," sneered Harper. "He was afraid!"

"He was scared when we had the woods fire too—he said so himself," put in Terry Thomas.

"We'll be the laughing stock of the city," said the injured Harp.

"And of the Jacksonville Fire-eaters," cried Lolly Lawton, champion swimmer of the troop, and Harper's companion in arms.

The Fire-eaters were their feared and respected rivals; and the two troops fought it out in all forms of scouting and athletics.

"Shut up, Lolly, you're getting away from the point," said Terry.

"Yeth," squeaked little "Simp" Simpson, the troop comedian. "We want to thit darlin' Willie Prethcott on the point."

"That's right," retorted Lolly. "Simp, you do have a human thought now and then. How?"

Sat on the seawall kicking his feet

"Well, how about when we go through Fort Marion?" suggested Terry. "Mr. Mawson put him in charge an' said he'd tell us the history about it."

"He ain't going to tell *me* no history," piped up tiny Simp. "I'm a *man!*" He threw out his chest and thumped it, only to be laid low by Terry, who hit him sharply across the bend of his knees.

"Cut that out," said Harp. "I'm thinking."

Simp scrambled up and pointed his finger up his forehead. "I'm thinking, too," he proclaimed. "Don't let's go to the Fort."

"We don't want to miss it, dummy; we all want to see the old dungeon they just found," replied Lolly. Harper had a bad inspiration.

"Tell you what! Let's haze Prescott good the day we go to the Fort."

There was a hearty shout of assent.

Terry Thomas, late, hurrying to the Fort on the afternoon of the "historical excursion," was signaled by Harp, who sat on the sea wall kicking his feet. There was a thick drizzle out of a lowering sky and a searching wind off the ocean. No Wolf Club ever bothered about the weather.

"Don't overheat yourself," called Harp, getting up, with raindrops sliding round his hat brim.

"Don't want to be too late," said Terry. "Come on."

Harper smiled scornfully. "Have you forgotten about hazin' Willie darlin'?"

"Oh, let's let up on him. Mr. Mawson thinks he's all right, and I guess he is. Cracky, what a day! Hear the surf pounding on Anastasia Island?"

"Let up nothing! You're an easy mark, Terry. All the fellows are down on him, and—and you know he's not fit to be Assistant Scoutmaster of this troop."

"I know what ails you. You think you know who ought to have the job—one of us two, and it ain't me." The ambitious Harper did not deny it.

"Aw, you make me tired! I'm not saying anything about that," he answered. "All the fellows are down on him for being so sissy. Maybe after today he won't like his new job so much after all."

"Oh, well, come on in; we're late," replied the peaceable Terry, dropping the argument. "Where's the rest of the troop?"

"They're hid in that palm clump, 'cause I told 'em. 'Course we're late—we mean to be. Darlin' Willie's in the Fort, cooling off in the rain—waiting! Now and then he pokes his long nose out and looks for us. He don't see anybody but me, and he's afraid to call me!" Thus the quarrelsome Harp.

"Oh, well, I'm goin' in," persisted Terry, and he started for the gate.

Harper started, too, but first gave several low whistles, one long, six short, the signal of the troop. The palm cluster erupted a yelling mob of Scouts who swooped down on the two patrol leaders. Brimming over with the spirit of disorder which Harper had stirred up, they would have been a hard handful, even for their Scoutmaster, and woe betide the inexperienced assistant and his "historical excursion."

Prescott came across the moat to meet them. His face was white and strained, and there was a worried look about his eyes, but he said nothing. He was learning.

"Come on, fellows. Let's go through the Fort. I have some interesting things to tell you."

Harp and Lolly hung back, silent and aloof. After a little, Lolly asked,

"What shall we do?" looking to Harper.

"Oh, I don't know. Let's slip off and go to see the dungeon ahead of the bunch. Maybe we can hide in there and scare 'em—especially Willie."

"All right, but let's have some fun with him before that. Let's put the 'historical excursion' on the bum."

The troop was trailing around under

Prescott's control—more or less—one eye on him, the other alert for mischief. They lacked only the chance and a leader. Harp's coming supplied both.

They were in what had been the chapel. Nature's vestments of feathery fern growing thickly from the arching walls seemed to preserve the sanctity of the place. The niches for holy water fonts and statues, the raised platform where the chancel had been, the iron ring from which a great crucifix had hung, were still to be seen. Outside the rain still floated down and the sea wind whirled it about like smoke.

Harp seized Simpson and whispered, "Preach us a sermon, Simp." The irrepressible Simp knew one negro sermon, which he would deliver, with or without encouragement, at any time and place. He sprang to the place where, two and a half centuries ago, a pulpit had stood, and began to bawl. "Breddern an'—er sistern! Onst on er time—ah Adum en Eve dey dun keep house in er gyarden patch, an—er de Lawd, He say, 'Yo' Adum——'"

The troop had heard this foolery fifty times, but they shrieked with laughter and yelled encouragement. A party of tourists passing through was scandalized.

Prescott turned quickly. "Quit that at once, Simpson," he rapped out. "Get down from there!" Simp wavered and looked at Harper, who covertly urged him on. Simp stood his ground, drew a fresh breath, and continued, "'Yo' Adum——'"

Prescott flushed, but when he spoke it was good naturedly. "Come on, now, Simp. Don't make a show of us all. A Scout is reverent."

Simp glanced again at Harper, who gave no sign, but looked rather ashamed of himself. The little comedian jumped down from the platform and followed the troop.

Prescott led them to the prison of Osceola, the great-hearted Seminole chief, and launched into his sad story; how the Indian had been betrayed and imprisoned with two companions in the dismal room in which they stood; how the others had starved themselves until they could squeeze through the narrow barred window high up in the wall, and had so escaped; how Osceola had scorned this opportunity and had died a wronged captive. Prescott told the story sincerely and well, and the boys listened with bright-eyed interest. "Looks like a cat couldn't get through those bars," exclaimed Simpson earnestly.

Lolly had been standing by in surly silence. He turned his back on Prescott, and, taking chalk from his pocket, began to draw on the wall, a thing forbidden by the regulations of the Fort. Prescott, absorbed in his story, did not see what he was up to until too late. Lolly stood aside and proudly displayed for public admiration (just as the tourist party came in) a spirited sketch showing a lean, wild-eyed, foolish figure topped off with a scout hat, and plainly labeled, "Our Willie asst scoutmaster?" Several girl tourists looked and tittered.

Prescott was sure that one of the big boys had done it. He knew that he could not pass it by, yet he did not know what to do or say. At last he blurted out, "Who did that?" No one answered; the boys grinned. Prescott looked discomfited. He could not think quickly, but he did not lose his head.

"Rub it off, will you, Lolly, old man?" he asked concilatingly. "I don't mean to say you did it, but rub it off anyhow. I don't mind, but it might get us all in wrong."

"Don't see why I should," replied Lolly

sullenly, while Harper nodded his approval. "Make the fellow who put it there rub it off."

The custodian of the Fort came in. He was a large, formidable looking man with simple notions of his duty.

"Here you," he said to Lolly, who was nearest the offense, "rub that off there quick, or the whole lot of you will have to get out!"

Lolly found himself sheepishly obeying. He scrubbed away at his artistic effort until it disappeared.

Following Prescott, the Scouts entered the old council chamber. The assistant was now heartily sick of the rank he had so much desired, but he set his jaw and began telling the story of the intriguing governor of the Fort, who, suspecting a plot against himself among his officers, had prepared a niche in the wall of the adjoining powder magazine, where he could crouch and overhear all that was said in the council chamber, and so discover their plans. The Scouts filed into the magazine to see the governor's arrangements. Huddled around Prescott, they listened.

Arthur Hancock, who was next to Harper, furtively slipped a box of cigarettes from his pocket, opened it, and hesitated. Smoking was one of the few unpardonable offenses. Harper noticed his indecision and quickly turned it to his purpose. "Dare you!" he hissed. Hancock stuck the cigarette in his mouth, struck a match on his trousers and puffed away. No one saw him except Harper. Prescott was full of his story; the boys were interested; but the pungent smell spread until even Prescott could not ignore it. He stopped. A sense of big events impending ran through the group. All were quiet—so still that the grinding of a heel on a cigarette stump was plain to hear.

"Who's smoking?" demanded Prescott angrily. For the second time that afternoon there was concerted silence. Prescott spoke out again boldly.

"Who's been smoking?"

Hancock, not a bad fellow at heart, said, "I was—but——"

"But what?"

"—Harp dared me to."

Harper burst out furiously, "You fool, what did you tell him that for?"

"Well, you *did* dare me——" began Hancock. He was cut short by Prescott, who now knew with whom he had to deal. He fronted his rival. The others unconsciously formed a ring around the two white-faced, angry boys.

"This is all your fault, Harper Cochran! You put him up to it, an' you've been nagging me all day. Now you've *got* to stop it!"

The boys gasped and drew closer. Prescott had never talked like this, and no one had ever so laid down the law to Harper Cochran. Harper's mouth hardened, his eyes flashed. He made one step forward, and looked Prescott squarely in the eye.

"You've got no right to talk to me like that! Suppose I did dare him—he didn't have to do it, did he?"

"No, but you oughtn't to have put him up to it, and you know it!" Prescott was getting himself in hand, and spoke firmly, but more quietly.

"I ain't responsible for what they do—you are!" retorted Harper, hotly. Then he lost his head. "Anyhow, Prescott, I ought to have been Assistant Scoutmaster. Nobody wanted you, and you might as well know it!" Harper thought this accusation would make Prescott wince. It only made him glare the harder.

"That's not true, and you know it. Mr. Mawson wanted me and his word counts for something in this troop, I guess," he returned quietly.

This reminder of their beloved Scoutmaster, and their native sense of fair play turned the tide against Harper. There was a murmur of approval of Prescott's retort. Harper saw that the troop was against him. He had brought this on himself, and he could not face it out.

"I'm done," he said shortly. "Come on, Lolly," and turning on his heel, he stalked out, Lolly following.

Prescott's first feeling was a kind of savage triumph. He had outfaced his rival, the most popular Scout, a boy who had always, he felt, secretly disliked him. Then he thought, "I suppose they'll both leave the troop. What will Mr. Mawson think?" After that came memories of eating, swimming, sleeping by the same fire and under the same canvas with Harp and Lolly, and, with the memories, a tinge of regret. But he did not speak; and, after a little pause, he went bravely on with his talk.

The troop listened quietly enough, but every boy of them was thinking of things very different from the cruel old Spaniards' plots and counterplots. Prescott was finishing "—an' so that way he found out they were scheming against him, an' the next thing they knew——"

"Help! Help!" rang out an excited voice. Lolly burst in with a queer, stumbling run. Wild-eyed, quivering, unstrung, with tears streaming down his white face, he plucked at Prescott's sleeve as he dragged him along.

"Harp an' me went in the dungeon—the *inner* one," he gasped, "Where they found the skeletons in iron cages, you know. Oh, Bill, what a terrible place! Dark, slimy, no air! *Harp's in there yet!*" All the while he was dragging Prescott across the court yard. The rain was pouring down, but no one thought of rain.

"I tried to get him out, honest I did, Bill! I couldn't get him out! Bill, you don't know what an *awful* place it is! Don't ask me to go back! I *can't!*"

The hurrying group had come to the outer door of one of the most fiendish places devised by man, the inner dungeon of Fort Marion. Their rush stopped in what had been the outer dungeon of the Fort. It was like a great stone cave. A faint gray light from a tiny barred window in an adjoining room struggled with the obscurity. The air was thick and stifling.

"Where is he?" cried Prescott, straining his eyes.

"Not here, Bill," cried Lolly. *"Here!"*

He pointed to one corner, but he did not go near the place. Prescott went, and made out an arched tunnel, little higher than his waist, and only noticeable because it was darker than the pervading gloom. Prescott recoiled from this horrible hole.

"Where does it go?" he asked.

"In! In!" cried the nearly frantic Lolly. "Harp's in there! You crawl through an'—" He shuddered.

Prescott said, "A couple of belts—quick! And a strong rope! Who'll go with me?"

The things were thrust into his hands, and he deftly buckled the belts together, hung them around his neck, and knotted a bowline in the rope.

Lolly gritted his teeth. "I'll—try it," he said, faintly. Then Hancock volunteered. "I will, too."

"Come on then," ordered Prescott. "Terry, hold the rope, and when I jerk it, you all get hold and pull."

He struck a match and thrust it into the archway near the floor. It burned blue and promptly went out. Prescott dropped on his knees with the loop of rope over his arm. Lolly and Hancock dropped, too, but Lolly balked.

"Bill, I can't! I just can't!" He got up. Hancock got up too.

"I can't either," he said. "I'm afraid."

Prescott drew deep breaths and started to crawl in. Terry paid out the rope, which was crawling in too; fast at first, then more slowly. Then it stopped. They heard the crack and fizz of a match. They saw a faint brief flash, and then blackness again. Then the rope began to crawl in again, more slowly. Then it stopped once more—a long time. Lolly was almost hysterical.

"Something's happened to them! I know it! Pull 'em out, Terry!" he shouted.

All the boys took hold of the rope to pull when Terry gave the word. They threw their weight upon it and—tumbled down in a pile on the damp stone floor. They had met no resistance, and the empty loop on the end of the rope came flying out of the black hole.

They picked themselves up, and looked at each other with blank, frightened faces. Suddenly Lolly dashed through the group to the arched entrance. Several boys tried ineffectually to stop him. He fell on all fours and looked in.

"What a terrible place! Dark, slimy, no air! Harp's in there yet!"

"They're right near—on the other side, both together, but both unconscious. I can't pull 'em through—they're too heavy. Come on, Terry!"

Terry stooped, and the two, with much struggling and puffing, at last dragged out the limp and silent forms of Harper and Prescott. The belts were around Harper's body, and Prescott's head and one

shoulder were thrust through them. He had crawled, hauling the insensible Harper, until his own strength had failed him, just short of safety.

"Outside with them, quick!" ordered Terry. "Never mind the rain. Ponchos and blankets on the ground and lay 'em down."

Swiftly the two were carried out and stretched on their faces. Terry kneeled over Harper, and Lolly over Prescott, to give resuscitation. They worked anxiously, while the troop, gathered round, held its breath and hoped.

At last Terry felt Harper shiver beneath his hand. Then the unconscious boy sighed through his parted lips, and tried feebly to turn on his back. Terry sprang up, and seizing his shoulders, turned him over, and then kneeling beside him, put his hand on his heart. Harper was breathing! Unsteadily at first, then as in a healthful sleep. His eyelids fluttered and opened. A great shout went up. Then they were quiet as mice, for Harper's lips were moving.

"Where—am I? Who—got me out?" he murmured.

A score of hands pointed to Prescott's form beside him, over which Lolly was still laboring. A score of high-pitched voices cried, "He did! He did!"

"Much obliged, Bill, old man," he said

Then up jumped Lolly, and rolled his patient over. Prescott weakly raised himself on one elbow, and seemed to be trying to scramble to his feet.

"Where's old Harp?" he asked eagerly.

"Right beside you! Prescott! Prescott! Prescott!" screamed the troop.

Harper reached out, fumbling for Prescott's hand. He found it, slipped his little finger inside of Prescott's, and squeezed hard.

"Much obliged, Bill, old man," he said.

Think and Grin

A Variety of Brain Ticklers

U is 21

TEACHER—Tommy, give me a sententce.

TOMMY—I is——

TEACHER—You mean "I am——"

TOMMY—I am the ninth letter in the alphabet.

Sticking the Dealer

BOY—I want to buy some paper.

DEALER—What kind of paper?

BOY—You's better give me flypaper. I want to make a kite.

Had His Eyes Open

The applicant for office boy had been standing waiting for an interview. Finally the employer turned to him and said, "And now, my lad, do you know what the motto of this firm is?"

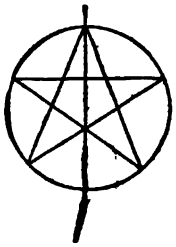
"Yes sir, 'Push.' I saw it on the door as I came in."

Colored Shame

TOM—Why is it that the leaves turn red in autumn?

JOHN—They're blushing to think how green they've been all summer.

This Will Make You See Stars!



Draw this without taking your pencil off the paper, or retracing a line

You Can't Fool 'Em

POSTOFFICE CLERK—Here, your letter is over weight.

MCFIRE—Over what weight?

POSTOFFICE CLERK—It is too heavy, you'll have to put another stamp on it.

MCFIRE—Yerra, get out wid your fooling. Shure if I put another stamp on it, won't it be heavier still?

Drawn by HUBERT PARK, Little Rock, Ark.

Ten Horses

How is it possible to put ten horses in nine stalls?

Oh, yes, it can be done. We tell you how in the "Answers," but try hard, first—it's so much fun to "get away with it," you know. Of course, if you *can't*, then see the solution and wonder why you didn't think of it.

Doing His Turn?

JACK—What is your birthstone?

BILL—Grindstone, I guess.

Think and Grin

Stuck

OLD SCOUT—Persevere, my boy, persevere! There's only one way to accomplish your purpose and that is "stick to it."

TENDERFOOT—But suppose your purpose is to remove a sheet of flypaper that you've sat upon.

Talking About "Fists"

"Is there anything that you can do better than anyone else?"

"Yes," replied Willie, "I can read my own writing."

Practice Makes Perfect

"Pardon me a moment, please," said the dentist to the victim, "but before beginning this work I must have my drill."

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed the patient irritably, "can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

Take a Day Off

Here is a real brick. Draw twenty-two straight lines within the circle, so as to divide it into four equal parts of similar shape, each part containing three of the dots. Only once may one line cross another. Solve this puzzle and you'll be throwing a mighty hard brick at Old Five Minutes.

Quick on this One

See the figure? Why has it gone? — LORNE HALFYARD, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Light Wit

"The evening wore on," continued the man who was telling the story.

"Excuse me," interrupted the would-be wit, "but can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I do not know that it is important," replied the story teller, "but if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer day."

Volcanoes?

SCOUTMASTER—What kind of stoves did prehistoric men have?

TENDERFOOT—Mountain ranges.

Couldn't See

MISTRESS—Did you see if the butcher had pigs' feet?

MAID—No ma'am, I couldn't. He had his boots on.

Look Out!

What goes around a button?
A billy-goat.

Think and Grin

This is Easy

Take a word with five letters in it. Take away two (2) and leave (1).—Harold G. Stafford, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Look Out!

The lanky youth who occupied a seat in a passenger coach persisted in sticking his head and shoulders out of the window.

"Better keep your head inside the window," advised the brakeman.

"I kin look out the window if I want to," answered the youth.

"I know you can," answered the brakeman; "but if you damage any of the iron work on the bridges, you'll pay for it."

Packing His Trunk

CIRCUS MAN (after runaway elephant): Have you seen a queer looking animal around here?

FARMER: I sure have; thar wus a injun rubber ball here eatin' my carrots with his tail.

Try it—Try Hard!

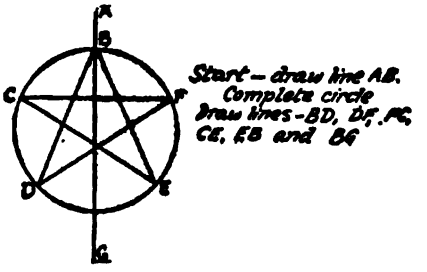
Arrange sixteen matches like this, making *five* diamonds.

Laying Him Cold

"There must be some mistake in my examination markings," complained the student. "I don't think I deserve to be marked zero."

"I don't think so either," agreed the teacher, "but it is the lowest mark I can give."

Answers to Puzzles

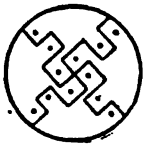


Ten Horses in Nine Stalls

Here they are; it's just as simple, like this—

T|E|N|H|O|R|S|E|S

There are twenty-two lines dividing the circle into four equal parts of similar shape, each part containing three of the dots.



Why Has it Gone?

Because it is D parted. Look at it again.

D

Five Minus Two Equals One

Take away two letters from the word "stone" and you will have "one" (1).

The Diamond Problem

Take matches from dotted lines "1 and 2" and place them in lines "a and b."

What's a Boy Scout?

A Glimpse of the Life of the Boy Who "Belongs"

A SCOUT! He enjoys a hike through the woods more than he does a walk over the city's streets. He can tell north or south or east or west by the "signs." He can tie a knot that will hold, he can climb a tree which seems impossible to others, he can swim a river, he can pitch a tent, he can mend a tear in his trousers, he can tell you which fruits and seeds are poisonous and which are not, he can sight nut-bearing trees from a distance; if living near ocean or lake he can reef a sail or take his trick at the wheel, and if near any body of water at all he can pull an oar or use paddles and sculls; in the woods he knows the names of birds and animals; in the water he tells you the different varieties of fish.

A Scout walks through the woods with silent tread. No dry twigs snap under his feet and no loose stones turn over and throw him off his balance. His eyes are keen and he sees many things that others do not see. He sees tracks and signs which reveal to him the nature and habits of the creatures that made them. He knows how to stalk birds and animals and study them in their natural haunts. He sees much, but is little seen.

A Scout, like an old frontiersman, does not shout his wisdom from the housetops. He possesses the quiet power that comes from knowledge. He speaks softly and answers questions modestly. He knows a braggart but he does not challenge him, allowing the boaster to expose his ignorance by his own loose-wagging tongue.

A Scout holds his honor to be his most precious possession, and he would die rather than have it stained. He knows what is his duty and all obligations imposed by duty he fulfills of his own free will. His sense of honor is his only taskmaster, and his honor he guards as jealously as did the knights of old. In this manner a Scout wins the confidence and respect of all people.

A Scout can kindle a fire in the forest on the wettest day and he seldom uses more than one match. When no matches can be had he can still have a fire, for he knows the secret of the rubbing sticks used by the Indians, and he knows how to start a blaze with only his knife blade and a piece of flint. He knows, also, the danger of forest fires, and he kindles a blaze that will not spread. The fire once started, what a meal he can prepare out there in

the open! Just watch him and compare his appetite with that of a boy who lounges at a lunch counter in a crowded city. He knows the unwritten rules of the campfire and he contributes his share to the pleasures of the council. He also knows when to sit silent before the ruddy embers and give his mind free play.

A Scout practices self-control, for he knows that men who master problems in the world must first master themselves. He keeps a close guard on his temper and never makes a silly spectacle of himself by losing his head. He keeps a close guard on his tongue, for he knows that loud speech is often a cloak to ignorance, that swearing is a sign of weakness and that untruthfulness shatters the confidence of others. He keeps a close guard on his appetite and eats moderately of food which will make him strong; he never uses alcoholic liquors because he does not wish to poison his body; he desires a clear, active brain, so he avoids tobacco.

A Scout never flinches in the face of danger, for he knows that at such a time every faculty must be alert to preserve his safety and that of others. He knows what to do in case of fire, or panic, or shipwreck; he trains his mind to direct and his body to act. In all emergencies he sets an example of resourcefulness, coolness and courage, and considers the safety of others before that of himself. He is especially considerate of the helpless and weak.

A Scout can make himself known to a brother Scout wherever he may be by a method which only Scouts can know. He has brothers in every city in the land and in every country in the world. Wherever he goes he can give his signs and be assured of a friendly welcome. He can talk with a brother Scout without making a sound or he can make known his message by imitating the click of a telegraph key.

THE SCOUT OATH

On my honor I will do my best:
1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law;
2. To help other people at all times;
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

THE SCOUT LAW

1. A SCOUT IS TRUSTWORTHY.
A Scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his Scout badge.

2. A SCOUT IS LOYAL.
He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due: his Scout leader, his home, and parents and country.

3. A SCOUT IS HELPFUL.
He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.

4. A SCOUT IS FRIENDLY.
He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.

5. A SCOUT IS COURTEOUS.
He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people, and the weak and helpless. He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.

6. A SCOUT IS KIND.
He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

7. A SCOUT IS OBEDIENT.
He obeys his parents, scout master, patrol leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. A SCOUT IS CHEERFUL.
He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks nor grumbles at hardships.

9. A SCOUT IS THRIFTY.
He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. He may work for pay but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns.

10. A SCOUT IS BRAVE.
He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear and has to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.

11. A SCOUT IS CLEAN.
He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd.

12. A SCOUT IS REVERENT.
He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the conviction of others in matters of custom and religion.

The Daily Good Turn

A Scout is kind to everything that lives. He knows that horses, dogs and cats have their rights and he respects them. A Scout prides himself upon doing "good turns," and no day in his life is complete unless he has been of aid to some person.

A Scout does not run away or call for help when an accident occurs. If a person is cut he knows how to stop the flow of blood and gently and carefully bind up the wound. If a person is burned his knowledge tells him how to alleviate the suffering. If anyone is dragged from the water unconscious, a Scout at once sets to work to restore respiration and circulation. He knows that not a minute can be lost.

A Scout knows that people expect more of him than they do of other boys and he governs his conduct so that no word of reproach can truthfully be brought against the great brotherhood to which he has pledged his loyalty. He seeks always to make the word "Scout" worthy of the respect of people whose opinions have value. He wears his uniform worthily.

A Scout knows his city as well as he knows the trails in the forest. He can guide a stranger wherever he desires to go, and this knowledge of short-cuts saves him many needless steps. He knows where the police stations are located, where the fire-alarm boxes are placed, where the nearest doctor lives, where the hospitals are, and which is the quickest way to reach them. He knows the names of the city officials and the nature of their duties. A Scout is proud of his city and freely offers his services when he can help.

A Scout is a patriot and is always ready to serve his country at a minute's notice. He loves Old Glory and knows the proper forms of offering it respect. He never permits its folds to touch the ground. He knows how his country is governed and who are the men in high authority. He desires a strong body, an alert mind and an unconquerable spirit, so that he may serve his country in any need. He patterns his life after those of great Americans who have had a high sense of duty and who have served the nation well.

A Scout chooses as his motto "Be Prepared," and he seeks to prepare himself for anything—to rescue a companion, to ford a stream, to gather firewood, to help strangers, to distinguish right from wrong, to serve his fellowmen, his country and his God—always to "Be Prepared."

How to Become a Boy Scout

HOW can I join the Scouts? Hundreds of boys ask this question every day.

If you want to become a Scout, the first thing for you to do is to find out whether or not there is a troop organized in your town or city. If there is, you should call on the Scoutmaster of the troop and apply for admission. The Scoutmaster would then tell you just what you would have to do to become a member.

If you live in a large city where there is a Scout Commissioner or Scout Execu-

tive—and nearly every large city has one—it would be better for you to apply to him. He will tell you which troop it would be best for you to join—or possibly he will help you organize a troop of your own

But if there is no Scout organization in your town your problem is entirely different, for you must have a troop organized. The first thing to do is to get a copy of the official "Handbook for Boys." You may be able to buy one at your local bookstore, but if not you can get one from National Headquarters, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for 25 cents. Read this book carefully.

Next you must talk with your boy friends and get them interested. When you have enough boys to form a patrol—at least eight boys—you are ready to organize.

Your next problem is to get a Scoutmaster. He must be a man over twenty-one years of age whose good character will be vouched for by others. If you have not already found one who is willing to take charge, you must find one, for you cannot become Scouts until you have a man at the head of your troop. Try all your fathers and brothers and see if one of them will not consent to help you out. If none of them will do this, pick out some other man you know, and try to get him interested. Send his name to the National Headquarters and ask them to write to him. In the meantime, show your man that you mean business. *And don't quit!* If you try long enough you will get one.

Probably your troop will be connected with some school or church or other institution. If so, your scoutmaster will see the head man of the institution and explain to him that a troop committee must be appointed. This committee will be composed of three or more men appointed by the proper authorities of the institution, i. e., Board of Trustees, Directors, Executive Committee, etc. If the troop is not connected with any institution the committee should be composed of prominent men who represent the best elements in the community. These men may be selected by the scoutmaster or they may constitute themselves a committee, for purposes of organization, subject to approval of National Headquarters. The Scoutmaster or the troop committee will apply to Headquarters for Scoutmasters' and Assistant Scoutmasters' application blanks, as well as registration blanks. These will be approved by members of the Troop Committee, who will agree to provide a new leader if it should become necessary to appoint one.

The scoutmaster will ask you and the other boys to sign applications for admission to the troop and these applications will be endorsed by your parents. He will send in your fees, which are 25 cents a year for each scout, and your names will be officially enrolled with those of the tens of thousands of other boys who are members of the great organization. You will then receive an official certificate and be entitled to wear the official badges and uniform and will be in a position to begin your progress in scouting and advance through the various degrees. Possibly you will become an Eagle Scout, and thus reach the highest rank in the organization.

Respect for Country


BE PREPARED