

# THE YOUNG AMERICAN

VOL. I.

ROSENDALE, N. Y., MARCH, 1912.

NO 2

## THE HAUNTED WATERMELLON FIELD

WRITTEN FOR "THE YOUNG AMERICAN" BY JOHN M. BUFKA

"Mornin,' Josh!" greeted Farmer Green, who was engaged in looking over his great field of ripening watermelons.

"Mornin.' Si," returned Josh heartily, pulling up a blade of grass and biting it, while his eyes roved over the field of great green and white objects. "Mighty fine patch o' melons you've got here, I must say. Look temptin' 'nough to make any nig's mouth water. By the way," he added, reflectively, "I'll bet they ain't been overlooked by them pesky coons, either."

Silas Green, an old melon planter, seated himself on an ancient rail fence, stroked his long, gray beard with one rather grimmy hand, and, bringing the other down on his thigh

with a resounding whack, replied:

"Waal, as to that, Friend Josh, lemme tell you a leetle story. 'Twas the evenin' afore last that Rastus Johnson an' Sam Jackson, two o' the wust watermelon-slaves I ever seed, come over to the shanty where me an' the boys take turns at watchin' the melons, an, tried to pick up a leetle conversation by makin' some remarks 'bout the weather an' the crops an' incidentally askin' how was chances o' gittin' work later on diggin' 'taters, euttin' corn an' so on. But it didn't take me long fer to see through their leetle game, 'This talk 'bout work is only a blind,' I says to myself. 'The pesky black critters aire jest pokin' 'round fer to see how the land lies, so to speak, an' outlinin' a

plan o' action ag'in' them melons, an' I'll bet my boots on that!' An,' needless to say I was right. You know, Josh, we uster suffer purty heavily at the hands o' them dusky pirates in former years; an' this year we jest made up our minds to put a stop to their thievin' bus'ness, regardless o' what desprit measures we might be obleeged to resort to.

"Waal, now with a couple o' rascals like 'Rast an' Sam—you, o' course, know what they kin do in the way o' stealin' watermelons—to contend with, I realized we was up ag'in a purty stiff proposition. How was we to perfect the melons ag'in' the ravages o' them on-erry coons? That the ancient shotgun policy which we was dependin' on didn't promise satisfact'ry results when it

come to dealin' with sich a couple o' experienced cusses we felt sart'in. Somethin' more up-to-date was needed fer to bring 'em to terms. How did we engineer the job? Waal, Josh, you jest lend me your ears fer a few minutes an' git wise."

The old planter picked up a gigantic, juicy melon cut off a number of liberal slices with his jack-knife, and, handing some to his neighbor, who was leaning over the fence, continued:

"Waal, the next day me an' the boys, we held a sort o' council o' war. That we taxed our wits to the utmost in our endeavor to devise some scheme whereby we might baffle them pesky niggers you may be sure. Ezra, who's takin' the correspondence school course in injineerin', he was fer stringin' a lot o' wire 'round the field an' chargin' it with 'lectricity—or whatever he called it. This was voted down. Then Hank, he suggested that we go an' git a number o' them things folks call burglar-alarms an' arrange 'em among the melons in sich a way so that when said melons was bein' tampered with an alarm would be given, which prob'bly would scare the thiev-in' coons away. This, too, was considered impractical an' subsequently killed. As fer me, the only idee I could scare up was that a number o' good, strong steel traps would do 'bout as well's anythin', but none o' the boys would 'low that; so we was obleeged to put on our thinkin' caps ag'in an' look fer new and better idees.

"So we pondered an' figgered an' studied on, an' at last Jerry—Jerry, you know, is a mighty bright youngster; says he's a-goin' to be an inventor some day, an' I guess he holds the winnin' hand, all right, all right—waa, Jerry, he looked up with a pleased expression on his face an' announced he b'lieved he'd hit upon a tip-top plan. This we all agreed to as soon's he explained his scheme. Oh, say, but it was a peach o' an idee, all right, all right. Not only the simplest, but the most effective an' the cheapest, like they say in them gas'line injine advertisements in the papers. Without no more ado we went an' put it into practice. Pullin' up a dozen big melons, we cut 'em in halves lengthwise an' scooped out the insides. Then the boys, they went an' ketched the same number o' our young pigs. Takin' one o' the shoats, we clapped the prepared halves o' one o' them there melons on each side o' it an' fastened 'em neatly together by means o' a stout cord; holes fer 'lowin' the leetle porker to stick its short legs through hayin', o' course, been previously cut. This process was repeated until the entire twelve was served in this way; an' there you've got the hull scheme in a nutshell, or melon shell, jest as you please. Waal, sir, I tell you when the job was done an' the pigs liberated they sart'inly was a sight. They looked fer all the world like great, juicy watermelons a-runnin' 'round on 'most invisible legs."

"An' so that was the terrible injine o' war with which you intended to drive 'Rast Johnson an' his gang off'n your melon field," commented Josh, as the garrulous old fellow came to a pause. He sniffed incredulously, while Farmer Green took a number of huge bites of watermelon from the slice he was engaged in consigning to his capacious insides, did some rather tall masticating, and then, as if his companion had not spoken, went on:

"So, soon after dark me an' the boys, we drove them there treated porkers into this here melon patch. O' course, the pigs, they made an infernal racket with their gruntin' an' squelin', as all members o' the porcine tribe allers will, but after a while they quieted down an' composed themselves to slumber. Lyin' there as they did, no difference could be detected between the bogus melons an' the real ones, unless, o' course, closely examined. Then me an' the boys, we concealed ourselves in the deep shadows among the vines, an' watched an' waited.

"We remained in hidin' fer a long time an' had 'most given up the idee that the niggers was a-goin' on the warpath that night, when all at once we glimpsed a number o' dark forms come along an' stealthily make their way among the melons. Needless to say, they

Next month this paper will be enlarged to 8 pages. It will contain two new departments, namely, a poultry department and a boy scout department.

was the pestiferous coons, 'Rastus Johnson an' Sam Jackson, accompanied by several o' their not too honest friends. All things was wrapped in gloom, but the moon, as it sailed from behind one cloudbank to another, occasionally gave us light 'nough fer to see what was a-goin' on. Soon we heard one o' the niggers give a delighted cry, in subdued tones. 'My Lawdy!' says he, 'Ah done got a big one. Ah tell yo,' 'Rast, dis mel'n am sho'ly a peach, or yo' kin kick dis brack niggah to yo' heart's content!' 'Golly!' come the reply, in a hoarse whisper, 'Ah done got one, too, an' though it was already broken off'n de stem, Ah'll bet yo' dat dollah yo' owes me it am bigger an' riper'n de one yo' discovered!'

But at this juncture a thrillin' thing happened. One o' the thievin' nigs—evidently the ringleader himself—had picked up a 'loaded' melon, an' as he didn't handle it very carefully, the pig inside woke up an' started wrigglin' an' squealin' fer all it was worth. To say that the coon was startled would be puttin' it mildly, indeed. Had a cart-load o' bombs dropped down from the sky an' exploded at his very feet he couldn't have been more astounded. Here he had picked up a nice luscious melon, an' now he seemed to be a-clutchin' somethin' resemblin' some small animal more'n the fruit his stummick craved. What under the sun—or moon, rather—had caused the sudden transformation? Passin' his hand over his forehead in a dazed, bewildered sort o' way,

he glared at his 'prize' through eyes, which, I dare say, was bigger'n saucers. In the dim light he wasn't able to find nothin' wrong with it. There in his black arms lay the green and white object, lookin' as juicy an' temtin' as ever. Yet what was the cause o' its actin' in sich an outlandish manner? Pshaw! Now he had it—it was only a dream! Evidently he was strongly o' the 'pinion that this was the case, fer I heard him ask one o' his partners in crime to pinch him, so's to find out the truth 'bout the matter. However, he was soon satisfied that he wasn't dreamin'. Then a terrible thought—the only apparent solution to the myst'ry—seemed to flash acrost his confused mind. The melon was bewitched! With a howl that was 'most 'nough to tear the azure robe o' night to shreds, he dropped the 'melon,' which at once showed its sprintin' abilities by dartin' here an' there among the other pigs like a streak, rousin' 'em from their slumber, an' fell on his knees an' frantically prayed fer mercy. The other members o' the gang, havin' witnessed the strange, not to say supernatural, occurrence, lost no time in follerin' suit. A more frightened passel o' darkies never existed, an' I'll wager my biggest melon on that. In a twinklin' ev'ry one o' the live 'melons' was on its feet an' a-rushin' 'round like all nater. They run here an' there, they bumped into the kneelin' forms o' the horror-stricken niggers an' knocked 'em out o' their religious atti-

tude ag'in an' ag'in. An' the squealin' was simply terrific! Waal, the would-be robbers, they jest glared at this uncanny bus'ness like they'd clean gone bug house; an' the moment they found their powers o' locomotion they took to their heels an' went flyin' away acrost the fields like the wind—leavin' all the ripe melons they'd found behind—while wild yells o' 'Spooks! Spooks!' come floatin' out upon the night air. Loudly callin' to some heathen god to save 'em from the 'evil spirits' an' swearin' they'd never, never sot foot on Silas Green's soil ag'in, they was swallowed up in the gloom.

"Waal, sir, all this you kin bet wasn't nothin' less'n sweet music to my ears. After enjoyin' a good, hearty laugh me an' the boys, we drove them pigs (worth their weight in gold, wasn't they?) back to their quarters an' went to bed, rejoicin' in the thought that we wasn't to be troubled by that pesky gang o' melon thieves no more. Great scheme, that, eh, Friend Wilson? Help yourself to some more watermelon. Haw, haw! By gum, I simply can't keep myself from laughin' whenever I come to think of how them darkies come tip-toein' down to this blessed melon patch at an early hour this mornin', p'intin' this way an' that, their dusky mugs lookin' leetle short o' prize puzzle boxes, an' not one o' 'em venturin' to sot foot on my domains. Watched 'em from the house through my new spy-glass, you see. Haw! Haw! Haw!"

**THE YOUNG AMERICAN**

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**INTERESTING FACTS**

The streets of London were first lighted in 1814.

Over half the population of Japan are agriculturists.

Over forty million gallons of oil are produced annually in the United States.

Typewriters were first patented in the year 1714.

President Taft is one of the greatest newspaper readers in the United States. Every day he reads all the leading daily papers of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and other large cities.

The coal mines of the world contain enough coal to supply the world for about 1,000 years.

Germany exports more leather than any other country in the world.

There are more than a quarter of a million specimens of coins and medals in the British Museum.

There are 412 species of trees in the United States, of which number Florida contributes one-seventh part.

**LIVE LIKE THE ESKIMOS.**

One of the most unique settlements in the United States can be found back of the village of Stone Ridge, Ulster Co., N. Y., where several hundred Italian laborers have their winter quarters. These men have been employed for some time upon the gigantic aqueduct which conveys the water from the Ashokan dam to New York city.

Their colony is located in an open field and consists of nearly two score huts, varying in size, material and beauty of architecture, according to the needs, constructive ability and artistic temperament of its occupants.

An endless variety of material is used in the building of these huts; some of them being composed of stone, mud, sod and strips of tin laid over a frame work of boughs presenting a ludicrous contrast to the more finely finished straw palaces of their more ingenious comrades, but the majority of them are built entirely of snow and with such crudeness as would elicit a guffaw from the most pessimistic son of the Arctic.

Here nightly can be seen groups of dusky featured men huddling close to the great campfire, smoking, jabbering, shivering, anon listening dreamily to the alluring tenor notes of a companion singing the songs of their sunny home land, 'neath whose blue sky the "Frost King" never held domain.

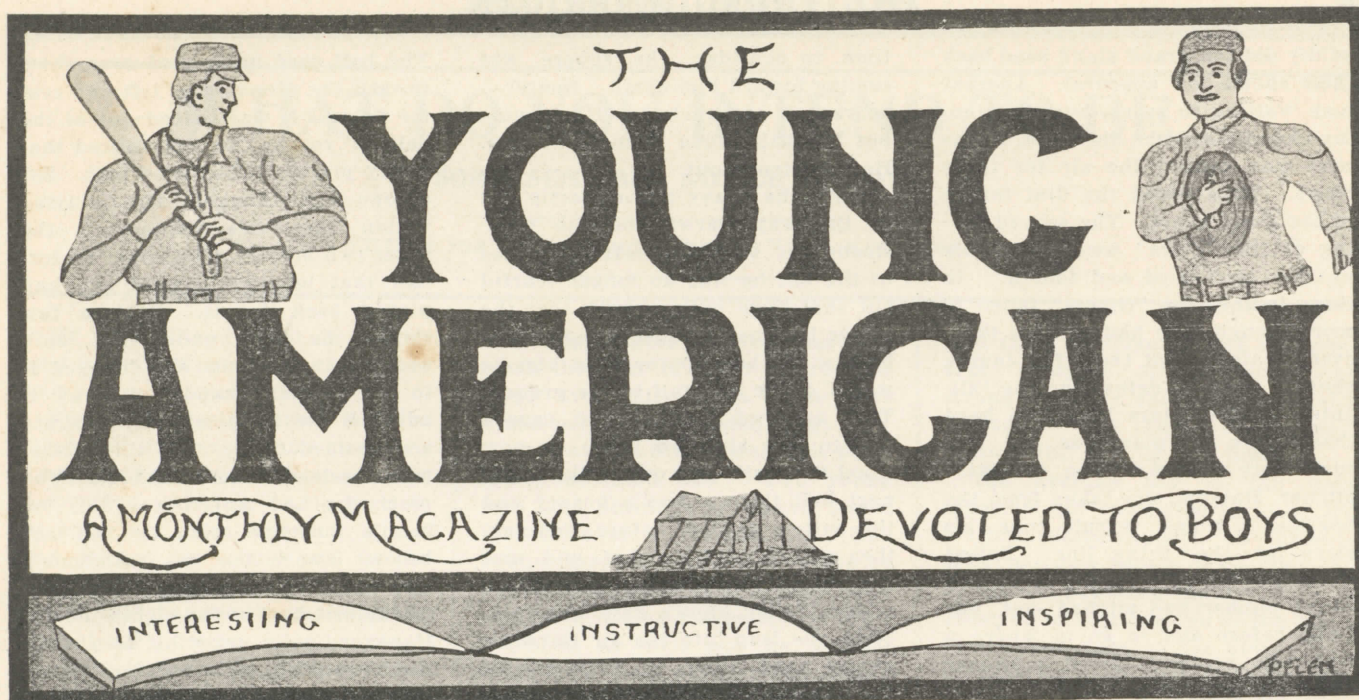
In their entirety they well harmonize with the nearby

stone mansions, the once stately country seats of the gentry of two centuries ago, now dilapidated, ivy clad and tottering, scarcely able to withstand the frightful blasts of the north wind as it swoops down from the wild rugged peaks of the adjacent Catskills.

**STAMPS, COINS AND CURIOS**

A peculiar feature of the study of stamps, which has much to do with its popularity, is the great amount of general information a person gains through the acquiring of a fair sized collection. Every stamp in your collection suggests some point of the history, geography, political policy or other characteristics of a country and by comparison with the stamps of other countries illustrate the curious diversity of opinions, ideals and modes of living between races occupying opposite parts of the world. They also recall through association some generally agreeable incident connected with their coming into your possession, a fact which enhances their private value with the passing years and keeps up your interest in them long after the enthusiasm of the beginner has disappeared.

One of the most attractive envelope stamps of the United States is the red, white and blue, issued in 1860. It is a 4 cent envelope stamp, made up of a 1 cent blue Franklin at the left and a 3 cent red Washington stamp at the right.



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VOL. I.

ROSENDALE, N. Y., MAY, 1912.

NO 1

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

A BASE BALL STORY IN TWO PARTS,

PART I.

WRITTEN FOR "THE YOUNG AMERICAN," BY PHILIP LAWTON

"Play ball," shouted the umpire and the great game of the season had begun. The game which was to decide the championship of Adams county. The two leading teams in the pennant race were to clash for the honors, the Essex Stars and the "Clinton Giants." Of the two the "Stars" were the better team but the "Giants" were better players in a tight game and in the pinches.

The first man to step to the plate was Loughran, an "Essex" man. A wild cheer went up from the "Essex" fans. The "Giants" pitcher, Marrow, steadied himself, then with a sharp swing of the arm threw the first ball. The batter swung hard and the next second the "Essex" man was landed on first base. The ball had been placed just back of first base. A clean hit. The cheering of the crowd did not tend to make the "Giants" pitcher rattled at all, for the next man up was struck out with only two balls to his good.

The runner on first was advanced to second on a sacrifice hit. The next man up received his base on balls. A double steal worked very

nice and the "Essex" men were safe on second and third. Would they score? That was the question in every mouth. The next man up was a safe hitter but he was not always to be depended upon. With one strike and two balls he swung at a wide one catching it on the end of his bat. "Crack," the ball was flying at a great speed over short. With a great jump, Hanley, the short stop, barely missed the speeding sphere and undisturbed in its course it kept on sailing on between left and center. The "Essex" man on third held his base until the short stop missed the ball, then made a dive for home, the man on second going for third. But! If one should chance to see the two fielders running in the direction of the high fly, he would say it was impossible that it could be caught. Yet, there was a man in pursuit of that ball who never falters at anything in the line of high flies. This was left fielder, "Charlie" Brock. With a great spurt to get under the ball he plunges headlong to the ground, but in his flight grabs the ball from the

air, grasps it tight. That was enough to keep "Essex" from scoring. The Giants crowded in front of the field ready for the inning. Their batters were in the pink of condition and as the first one stepped to the plate he brandished the bat as if it were a straw. "One ball," shouted the umpire. "Crack!" Away went the sphere to center field good for two bases. Landed on second the coach signaled to come to third on the next ball thrown. As the pitcher let the ball go the runner started for third. The ball met the batter's bat and sped rapidly rolling towards first. The batter was out but there was a man waiting on third to tally the first run of the game. The next batter struck out. What? was the only man that had seen third on that side to be left on the base when only a hit would net them a run. Hanley, the short stop, stepped to the rubber. With muscles relaxed he gripped the stick. The pitcher swung, the wagon stick rung and the ball hummed over the head of the center fielder for a three bagger. The first run had been scored by the "Giants" and

wildly did the grand stand send back their shouts of approval. Another man waiting to score, but that inning closed before he did score, as the next man fanned the air for three times. Thus ended the first inning of the great game. The second inning of the "Stars" went off mildly as did the third and fourth. In these innings the "Giants" failed to score though they had men on third every inning. But the fifth inning showed signs of defeat for the "Giants" as the "Stars batted so hard that before one man was out two runs were scored. The "Giants" pitcher, Marrow, was taken from the box and a young recruit took his place at the firing line. Defeat stared the "Giants" in the face. The young pitcher had pitched—but one game before and to go in where a man who was considered a pitcher could not stay was indeed a great thing to ask of a young fellow like Darwin. But it must be said that he held the "Stars" down nicely and only one more run was scored that inning. "Three and one" in favor of the "Essex Stars," the score board announced. Manager Conlin of the "Giants" was conversing with Captain Schultz. The "Giants" hit heavily but without avail. The fielders were on every ball and a goose egg was placed to their credit for that inning. The sixth inning was slow. Young Darwin gave two bases on balls and the next man up was made fan the air by his unsolved curves. A double steal similar to the one in the first part of the game was successful. Another base on balls was given by Darwin. The bases full, only one out, defeat now was sure, as that heavy hitter Martin, stepped to the plate. Darwin steadied himself by putting his left foot in the foot hold. The perspiration trickled down his face. His arm swung, the ball was speeding toward the batter. He stepped back, swung at it. "Whack," but the sound came from the catcher's glove. "One strike," shouted the umpire. In a moment the batter was bracing himself for the second time, then relaxed his muscles. The ball sped over the plate. "Strike two," shouted the umpire. Everything was silent on the Essex side and the Clinton fans kept silent for fear of rattling pitcher Darwin. Martin knew this was his last chance to show his batting ability, and as he watched Darwin rub the ball on the ground his eyes wandered to second. The signal from the runner on second was a "safe hit." Could he make it? No

time to consider, the sphere was coming toward him again. Nearer—nearer—it approached. He swung, but the ball failed to meet his bat. He had struck out.

With the heavy hitter Martin out of the way Darwin became more steady and when the next man came to the bat he was no longer fearful but shot them over so swift that the batter became bewildered, and when he saw the ball approaching him he would dodge and fall to the ground. This annoyed Darwin and caused him to give him two balls. It now stood two balls and one strike. The next ball thrown was a beauty and the batter paused before dodging, then swung hard his bat and met the ball. It sped toward second on a line, better known as a bee-liner. With one leap into the air Darwin's gloved hand came in contact with the sphere. A wild cry came from the grand stand. Darwin had made a one handed catch of that swift liner. Indeed, he was fast winning his own game.

The last half of the sixth inning proved a fatal one for the Giants. While at bat, Hanley, their star short stop, was hit with the ball and rendered unable to play. In this inning they failed to score but they did not lose courage. The seventh inning was an uncertain one, as each side had men ready to score but a fine catch or heady play would nip them on their very point of scoring. In this inning neither side scored. Then came the eighth inning. Essex began with a two bagger, the next man bunted safe, the next sacrificed, advancing one to third and one to second. The next man hit a high fly which was muffed by the substitute short stop. The bases were now full with only one out, but let's have hope.

The one man dreaded by Darwin was Martin, and if he came to bat the game was won. Manager Williams of the "Stars" knew this and thought it over. But as Martin was on third coaching, Williams left him go and sent the next man to bat. Darwin gave him three balls in succession. He seemed to be fast weakening. The next ball thrown was an "in shoot." If Darwin only knew that this batter could hit an "in shoot" better than any other curve thrown he would no doubt not given him it. but accidents will happen and such was the case with Darwin. The man at the plate met the ball even. Away it sped over short. If only that old veteran, Hanley, had been at his post that would be the sphere's end.

The ball sped unchecked over short toward the direction of left and center fields. It was indeed out of the fielders' reach. No one noticed that heady player, "Charlie" Brock. Everyone had thought him playing within the same distance as the other two fielders. No doubt he foresaw that long hit coming and had played back for it. With a few strides he was under the ball, snapped it from the air, changed it to his throwing hand and threw it with all the force of his accurate arm toward third. The third baseman received it on his base. The man who had scored was out, for in his hurry to score he had not become aware that his teammate's long fly had been caught. Thus ended the first half of the eighth inning. Manager Conlin urged his men to do their best in this inning for if they failed to score the ninth inning is not a very good inning to be depended upon. The "Stars" pitcher realized the fact that he had a hard inning before him. He became more nervous than in any other inning of the game. He walked the first man to the bat, struck out the second, the third hit safe to left field advancing the man on first, who was a very swift runner, to third. The fourth man to the bat struck out. The next man was given two strikes, then he waited one ball—two balls—three balls. When the next ball was delivered, the deciding ball, the batter steadied himself. "Crack!" The ball was placed for a safe hit back of first base. The man on third made a dive for home plate, the ball following. A cloud of dust blotted the scene. The stands awaited the umpire's decision. "Safe," shouted the umpire. The figures on the score board changed to 3 and 2 in favor of the Essex "Stars." While this was going on the two "Giants" men had advanced to second and third. The "Stars" pitcher became more nervous. The next man had three balls and one strike. A wide ball gave him his base on balls. There was consternation written on every face. The bases were full, the score 3 and 2, and Darwin, the "Giants" pitcher, at the bat. One strike—two strikes—a pause. One ball—two balls—a yell of applause. The next ball came toward Darwin. Was it to be a ball or strike? No time to consider. The ball was on top of him, not going over the plate, but as Darwin was about to swing he saw the ball had curved in the direction of his head. The ball hit.

(To be continued next month.)

# WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO BE.

## SOME SENSIBLE ADVICE TO BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR "THE YOUNG AMERICAN" BY C. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

My young friend, what do you intend to be? What do you intend to do when you become a man?

These are questions that must be faced and answered some time by every young person who expects to accomplish anything, or, in fact, to be anything. The sooner it is met and decided the sooner will be the start in the right direction and the better the chances of obtaining the goal of one's desire.

Ask a class in the primary room of our schools this question and you will be surprised at the number of children who are ready with a definite reply. The little fellows have already given the matter their attention and each has in mind some trade or profession which appeals to him as a desirable calling. Foolish and impossible of accomplishment this choice may seem, but it is to that boy an ideal to be cherished and striven for and in many cases attained. While one may never realize all the dreams of childhood, it often happens that the man of thirty has fulfilled many of the aspirations of eight.

By most boys in the upper grammar and high school grades this subject is given little attention. The dreams of younger days have given place to interest in the immediate affairs of life, and so far as the future is concerned they rarely give it any serious thought. At that age the boy is simply drifting and he continues to drift unless parents or stern necessity puts a stop to it and place him in a position where he must at least make an effort to do something if not to be something.

Of course there are exceptions. There are boys whose surroundings at home compel them to seek work of some kind in order to make a living for themselves or those dependent upon them. Their school days are brought to a close and they are forced into the world to bear life's burdens at an age when their companions have no thought beyond the result of the next ball game.

It is a well known fact that the boys who have the most to overcome and apparently the least chance of

achieving success are the ones who reach the goal of their desires far more frequently than these boys whom parents have aided most.

An incident illustrating this point comes to mind now. Two young men hold positions as United States Inspectors at a certain port. The Senior Inspector at thirty years of age is practically a self-made civil engineer. Being compelled to leave school at an early age he worked steadily to help support the family of his father's second wife, and at eighteen possessed but a limited education possibly that of the seventh grade in the public schools. Surely his was not a promising outlook for the future. But energy, perseverance and a desire to do something won the day.

The night schools of his home city gave him an education in most of the usual high school subjects. At twenty-two, though married and working at any common manual labor for support, he made the choice of his life's work. Under such circumstances he contrived to save funds sufficient to make the necessary payments on a correspondence course in Civil Engineering. Winters he worked at any odd job and studied during the long evenings. Summers he sought employment at bridge and railroad construction, at first as common laborer, and thus combined in his studies the practical with the theoretical. Today he is a finished civil engineer, is Senior Inspector of Harbor Improvements with good prospects of further advancement.

By way of comparison it should be noted that the junior inspector at the same port is the son of a wealthy father who gave him every advantage closing with a thorough course at a well known university. Not the fault of the schools but the difference of dispositions is the cause of this difference in rank. The boy who had a settled determination to be something, became what he wished. The boy who had simply drifted, whose course had been directed solely by his parents and the rules of his schools, finally drifted into this subordinate position in life.

And there he remains with no apparent prospect of developing the strong initiative and grasp of affairs demanded of those who would achieve the highest and best.

The average boy in the high school is not compelled to labor for his immediate support. He expects sometime as a matter of course to go to college, behind a counter, into an office, or to do some one of the many things now open to the young men of America. He expects to do this, perhaps, because his father did it before him, or because other young men of his acquaintance have done so. Be it said to his credit, it is not consistent with the average American boy's idea of manliness that his father should continue to support him after his school days are over. He expects to work, but at what? On this he makes no intelligent decision based upon a careful consideration of his likes and dislikes, his capabilities and limitations.

The boy who waits until he is out of high school before deciding upon an occupation has not only lost much valuable time but he will then make the choice too hurriedly. He is apt to rush for the first opening presented without a thought of his fitness for the position. He does not stop to consider the chances for advancement which it affords nor whether he wishes to make it a life work. Let the choice of a calling be made as soon as the boy shows a decided inclination for something. At leisure this selecting may be investigated and after due consideration, if it is found unsuitable, there is yet time to change.

It is a question the boy should decide largely for himself. He it is who risks the success of a life upon the final selection, and, within reasonable limits, he is the one who should be allowed to make the decision.

Many a parent has chosen a learned profession for his son, and has lived to see him a third rate lawyer or physician who might have been a first rate mechanic. Better by far and of more use in the world is a good blacksmith or carpenter.

than an inferior practitioner of one of the so-called learned professions.

So long as a boy chooses an honorable calling he should be permitted an opportunity to make good at the work of his choice. He should be permitted to realize his ideal so far as it be in him to do so. There is not a trade or profession on the face of the earth in which education and a well trained mind do not count. And whatever the degree of success or prominence attained, not the least of this success will lie in the effort to live up to the ideal which, consciously or unconsciously, the young man has formed in his mind.

It is in the lack of an ideal in life that the greatest danger lies. The youth who drifts aimlessly through school and into the first position that opens is apt to drift out of that position into another and another, always seeking something for which he imagines himself better fitted. Finally with youth and its helpful enthusiasm passed, he finds himself at middle age still drifting without having attained any of the real successes and enjoyments of life and without half the chance of attaining them that was his at twenty. He is destined to go through the remainder of life as he has already passed the first half, a misfit, a failure.

Must the boy spend his school days in direct preparation for his future occupation? Assuredly not. This is too much an age of specialism. The young man who specializes too early is apt to find his knowledge unwieldy and top-heavy for want of a suitable foundation. The pendulum has swung to the extreme of specialism and already, if one read aright the signs of the times, it is on the return vibration toward a broader training.

If a boy's circumstances permit he will do little real work on a specialty in the high school. Although a business career may have been selected, he will not consider it necessary to spend his time chiefly on the strictly commercial studies. He should first complete one of the literary courses. He should remember that, first of all, he is to be a man, an American citizen, and as such he owes to himself the fullest possible development of all his faculties.

Whatever the choice of a profession, and whatever branch may be selected for its cultural or disciplinary or practical value—or because personal inclination points that way, there should always be a broad training for citizenship in English,

history, mathematics, and if possible one or more of the modern foreign languages. If a college course is not possible, following the high school period, one year in a good commercial school will usually prepare the young man for a position in the business world in which he can show what there is in him. Fortunately custom and law have prescribed the studies for the various professions so thoroughly that little choice is left to the student.

Whatever the calling lucky is he who is first permitted a four years' in college. And there much better will it be for the youth if he confine himself to studies of a general nature for at least two years. There is yet remaining plenty of time for specialism.

It is said by some that a college course unfits a man for beginning at the bottom of any vocation, that having made such attainments in his studies he considers himself fully prepared for an advanced position in any line of work.

This criticism is not wholly undeserved. Yet other things being equal statistics show that a college training fits a man to deal intelligently with many problems for which the man of high school rank is not prepared. Furthermore this increased fitness is in practically the same ratio as the number of years spent in collegiate study. (From statistics prepared by President J. W. Mauck of Hillsdale College.) However one who would be thorough in any business must learn it from the ground up. College training equips a man for learning these details in less time. It helps to create within him an initiative to meet and deal successfully with emergencies. But no general learning however thorough can supply or supplant the details and processes of any business which pertain only to actual employment in it. The young man who goes through college with the right understanding of these conditions will be greatly benefited by the four years' experiences, and at their close, all the better fitted to grapple successfully with the problems of his life work.

The world needs men of broad culture for its choicest positions. It calls for such men to control the vast educational and industrial institutions and corporations with their accumulations of millions of dollars and aggregations of thousands of human beings. Many of these are not filled satisfactorily because among all the trained subor-

dinates, each a specialist in his department, there is not one with the broad liberal culture required of him who must direct the entire concern. Men of rounded culture and refinement who have retained the ability to deal with the practical affairs of life are always above par.

Can all boys become what they wish and thus attain what they consider the highest degree of success? Not while human nature remains as it is. Many will fail through want of perseverance. Others are prevented by circumstances over which they have no direct control. Nature does not deal her gifts to all alike and some go down in defeat before conditions which others would have wielded for their own advancement. But one thing is certain—one will never succeed who never tries. It is the merest chance which leads a man to hit a mark at which he never aimed, and it is sheer folly to expect a frequent re-occurrence of the same success.

Remember the motto of that giant among men, James A. Garfield, who said, "Aim high, for you must always expect to fall a little below your mark," Emerson expressed the same thought when he said, "Hitch your wagon to a star," and again we read, "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

Not all of us can hitch our wagons to a star and keep them there, however hard we try. But we can aim high. We can wish to be something, and after we have decided what that something is to be, we can work for it, strive for it, yea, struggle for it with all the strength of the powers God has given us. When this has been done, we may all feel assured that a certain degree of success has been attained however much we may have failed in accomplishing our ideal. And in the end, how frequent it is that the striving to be, the endeavoring to attain, the great, full-hearted struggling for the mastery, is what we most enjoy and which counts for most in the years to come. The attainment itself is but the olive leaf token of triumphs which lie too deep in life for others or more complete expression.

Boys, don't get disheartened

Because at first you fail;

If you but keep on trying,

At last you will prevail;

Be stubborn against failure;

Try! Try! and try again;

The boys who keep on trying

Have made the world's best men.

—Young Hustler.

# THE BOY COLLECTOR

EDITED BY JOSEPH H. CARTER

When beginning a collection of stamps the young collector should secure as many varieties as possible of the stamps of his own country. Afterward by reading the advertisements of reliable stamp companies, he will find many attractive offers of foreign stamps, which can be obtained very cheaply. As most of these bargain offers are full sets of a particular issue of some country, by their purchase the boy not only becomes possessed of the stamps, but also gains information concerning the number of denominations issued by that country. Every boy interested in stamps should read the stamp department of his favorite paper. Read the articles and the advertisements as well, as very often more information is gained concerning varieties of stamps through the reading of the advertisements than in the reading of an article crammed with terms the meaning of which the beginner has yet to learn.

Opinions differ as to whether stamps be arranged in an album, in alphabetical order or in their geographical relation to the stamps of other countries. Both methods have their advantages and the adoption of either plan is left to the collector's individual taste. The beginner should not decide upon any system until he has become more advanced in the study, and has seen and taken careful notice of at least one large collection, that has been assembled by an expert philatelist. A good album should be procured and the stamps attached with hinges. Never paste a stamp flat in an album. The use of hinges which can be obtained cheaply, permits of the easy removal of a stamp when a change of its position is desired.

The United States has issued a new set of postage stamps and they are now on sale. The new 1 cent stamp bears a portrait of Washington.

Postage stamps were first used in England in 1840, and in the United States in 1847. The first United

States stamps had the portrait of Franklin and were worth five cents.

Some of the stamps of New Zealand, issued in 1893 and 1894 have advertisements on the back. This was done by the government as a means to raise revenue.

Among the many countries that have printed postage stamps bearing a portrait of Christopher Columbus, are the United States, Chili, Argentine Republic, Honduras, Nicaragua and Venezuela.

The United States has just issued a new one cent envelope stamp for use in connection with the postal savings bank.

## BOY SCOUT DEPARTMENT.

The leaders of the Boy Scout movement are planning to send 500 Boy Scouts from the United States to visit the Boy Scouts of England this summer.

Every boy should join the Boy Scouts. The benefits derived from them are many and of great value to the growing youth. The long "hikes" and "camping trips" on which the Boy Scouts are taken are in every way beneficial besides giving the boy exercise and bringing him out into the open air. It develops the muscles and learns him a good many things that are helpful and develops self reliance which will be valuable to him if he is thrown on his own resources.

We would advise every boy to join a Boy Scout Patrol as soon as possible. The men in charge of the Scout Movement have the best interests of the boy at heart and are doing everything in their power for the good of the boys.

A daily paper gives an account of how a Patrol of Boy Scouts extinguished a fire in their neighborhood. This proves that "The Boy Scouts" are fast becoming of interest to the country and their work is indeed ap-

preciated by a large number of citizens.

The leaders of the Boy Scout movement in the United States are planning to open headquarters in Chicago, Washington, Denver and San Francisco in addition to the main office of the Boy Scouts in New York City.

In all parts of the United States the Boy Scouts are making preparations to march with the veterans on Memorial Day.

## STAMPS.

**Get a Stamp Collection Free** by selling stamps from our approval selections and taking commissions in stamps or money. Secret discounts. One agent in every town. 2c. stamp and good reference brings you trial selection first letter. Packet A 50c. cat. val. U. S. for 10c. Kootenai Stamp Co., Lenia, Bonner County, Idaho, Dept. A.

**70 per cent discount**—Send for approval books, with your references. E. S. Weiss, 1497 Third Ave., New York City.

**FOR A SQUARE DEAL**, try the Day Company. Free packet for 2 cent stamp. Special five hundred stamps, album, packet of hinges, millimetre scale, ten unused, all for twenty-five cents. Everything for philately low priced supplies. One trial will convince. The Day Company, 144 West 141st St., New York City.

**ALL for 10c.** 2 unused stamps, 1 album, 250 hinges, 2 Japanese stamps, 5 U. S. stamps, 50 different foreign. R. S. Newkirk, 2581 E. 61 St., Cleveland, O.

**STAMPS 100 different foreign, 40 different U. S., including revenues.** All for -7c. Wallace Thauer, 810 Seventh St., Watertown, Wis.

**EXCHANGE wanted**—I will exchange Foreign postage for perforated initials on United States stamps that I can use, any denomination, Scott's 1911 catalogue as basis. W. C. Emery, 31 Westminster St., Springfield, Mass.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG AMERICAN BY CHARLES MEADE

Joe Reynolds whistled loudly through his fingers at the front gate of Harry Palen's home. In a minute Harry appeared at the door. I'll be right out, Joe, he said and closed the door again. Joe stood blowing his fingers to keep them warm for it was a cold day in October. Presently Harry appeared at the door and came walking down the cinder path that led to the gate. "Got your's Joe?" he asked. "All but the large one, it's broken." The boys were speaking of their traps, as the occasion that brought about this meeting was none other than one of the many trapping trips that Joe and Harry so often went upon. "Where do you think is the best place to set them?" inquired Harry, as they were walking down the street. "Raney's Brook," answered Joe. "That's too far away," said Harry. "Yes, it's pretty far, but all the other fellows have their traps set around here in the near places and nobody ever sets in 'Raney's Brook' because all the fellows are afraid to go there. It's so far away. I'm not afraid. Are you Harry?" "No," answered the other boy, but his tone proved the contrary. "Then we'll go," said Joe. They walked on until they came to a small path that turned to the south. After about fifteen minutes walk they came to a small stream of water. "Is this it?" asked Harry, for he had never been there before. "No," answered Joe, "I think it's up a little way's further. I don't just remember, but there's a big chestnut tree at the mouth of 'Raney's' and this little brook runs out of it. I was there but once, with my father trout fishing, about two years ago." "Let's set them here," said Harry. "No, we may as well go on now, it can't be far away," replied Joe. Again the boys started on their way tramping through dead leaves and underbrush until they came to a turn in the path. Suddenly Joe shouted, "Harry, there's the tree." Harry, who had been trailing behind, came running up. "Let's set them and go home," he said. "All right," answered Joe, "you go up on this side and I'll go up on the other side and be 'sure and fasten your traps.' Then the boys took four traps out of the eight they had with them and

started off to set them. When they had finished setting the traps and were about to retrace their steps homeward, they were startled by a noise in the bushes. Turning around they confronted a large black bear. One look was enough for the boys. Wheeling around they started toward home as fast as their legs could carry them. In the excitement Joe's hat dropped from his head but he did not stop to pick it up. The boys never looked behind them to see if the bear was following them. But the animal did not follow in pursuit of his panic stricken victims. They did not stop running until the outskirts of the village was reached. "Let's go and get Dan Shirley," said Joe after they had regained their breath. Dan was regarded as the best all around hunter in the county. "We'll go and look for him," said Harry, and they hastened to the village postoffice where Dan spent his leisure hours. When they arrived at the office Dan was not there, but Mr. Ackert, the postmaster, was talking earnestly to a strange man. "Seen Dan Shirley today Mr. Ackert?" asked Joe. "He hasn't been here since yesterday," replied Mr. Ackert. "What ails you boys, anyway?" he asked, noticing that they were panting heavily and out of breath.

Joe told him about what they had seen at "Raney's Brook." When he had finished his story the stranger, who had been paying strict attention to every word Joe said, started up and exclaimed: "I'll give you boys ten dollars if you take me to where you saw that bear."

"I'll go, if Harry will," spoke up Joe. Harry did not approve much of going back but the thought of the ten dollars cheered him on. "You won't let him hurt us, will you?" he implored of the man.

"No, I'll see that no harm comes to you."

"Come on then," said Joe impatiently, and they left the postoffice. After a half hour's walk they again arrived at the chestnut tree. The first sight which met their eyes was the bear sitting on all fours with Joe's hat on his head. At the sight of him the boys began to run but the man called to them to come back. After consoling them with the usual

words, "he won't hurt you," he succeeded in getting them to stay. Then calling to the bear, "Come here, Mischief!" At the sound of his voice the bear came running toward him. "Is this your hat?" he called to Joe.

"Yes, sir," answered Joe his voice trembling and edging back ready to run.

"Give the boy his hat," commanded the man in a sharp voice. Immediately the bear ran toward Joe and placed the hat upon his head before he had a chance to run.

"Now boys," said the man, "we'll go back to the village. 'Come on Mischief,' and they started off.

When they reached the village the man gave the boys five dollars each for their kindness in showing him the place where the bear was and also for their trouble. They accompanied the man to the train and after the cars pulled out of the station bearing the man and bear back to the circus troop from where the bear had escaped and which was playing in the next town. The man was Mr. Whiley, of Whiley Bros. Circus, who had been searching for the fugitive bear.

The two boys rejoicing over their good luck went home relating to everyone they met the thrilling story and making plans to spend their money.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Man, woman, girl or boy** in every town, make big money, be a manufacturer, cost you 2c. to make, sell the same for 25c., everybody buy, everybody has to have it in the house. Send me 25c. for formula and go to work. E. L. Bowman, 40 Norton St., Readville, Mass.

**Boys and Girls** can earn good money during spare time. No canvassing, no goods to sell. Particulars free to any one reliable. Ask your parents to investigate. Robert S. Landergin, 5615 Hazel Ave., Philadelphia.

**Boys and Girls!** Get big mail! Get thousands of samples and letters from all over the world. You will receive money making propositions. Send 10c. silver and get your name on our list. Bailey Co., 50 Christopher St., New York City.

**BOYS.** Make some easy money selling new household necessity to friends and neighbors. You can make it yourself for 2c. in spare time sample and complete direction for a dime. Sterling F. Hopper, 5909 Greene St., Germantown, Phila. Pa.

## THE YOUNG POULTRYMAN AND GARDENER

The Editor of this department would be pleased to hear from boys who are interested in poultry keeping and gardening. Write and tell us your experience. If there is any questions you wish to ask we will be glad to answer them in these columns.

This month we are going to tell you about the success of a sixteen year old boy raising ducks. In the spring of 1909, Roy Gaines moved with his parents from the city to a small farm of twenty-five acres. Among the stock his father bought to begin farming was five Pekin ducks. Roy took an interest in them and made pets of them. The following spring Roy got the consent of his parents to raise a flock of ducks of his own. His father selected from the flock four fine ducks and presented them to the boy. Roy at once busied himself with the building of a shed which he constructed from odd bits of waste lumber that lay about the farm yard. That summer he raised seventeen ducks and sold all of them but six, and made a profit of a little over five dollars from the ducks and eggs sold. Last spring he raised forty odd ducks and cleared over sixteen dollars. His flock now numbers fifteen and with the experience he has gained in the past two years, and the arrangements he is making for this season's work, it looks as though this boy will make a success of this branch of poultry keeping.

If there is a boy who does not like watermelons we have never heard of him. The watermelon is a native of the southern climate but can be raised with success in other parts of the country. The ground should be prepared a week or ten days before sowing the seed. Dig to a depth of about a foot. A day or two after you break ground take a fine rake and rake the upturned soil well, breaking all the lumps. Allow the patch to lay a few days longer before planting. When ready to sow your seed, plant in hills, three feet apart each way. The hills should be at least eight inches deep. Fill the hills with some kind of fertilizer. Scatter a thin coating of soil over the fertilizer, then plant eight or ten seeds to a hill and cover the seeds with a light covering of soil. When the plants appear over ground, which

takes from ten to twelve days. If the weather is good great care should be taken to keep out weeds. Do not leave too many plants in one hill. Thin out leaving about four of the largest plants in each hill. When the plants are large enough to hoe, draw the ground closely around them. Cultivate the plants until the vines begin to run. If troubled with bugs shake a handful of land plaster over the plants early in the morning, but never during the heat of day, as it will burn the plants. The best time to plant watermelons is the latter part of the month of May, and the best soil to plant them in is a sandy soil.

There are many ways for boys who live on farms and in villages to make money by raising vegetables. Among the many vegetables that are easily raised are lettuce, radishes, carrots, beets, sweet corn, cucumbers and tomatoes. A small patch of ground, if properly taken care of, will grow a large quantity of these vegetables. The work is both pleasant and profitable.

### POULTRY NOTES.

Keep plenty of charcoal near the chickens at all times.

Put the colony coops with the setting hens and little chicks in the shade when the days get very warm.

Keep the drinking water fresh for the young chickens.

### TALKS TO BOYS.

Boys, the baseball season has opened and as usual every live boy is on the diamond every chance he gets. Playing baseball is one of the best exercises for a boy. The best way for a boy to play baseball is to play it for the sport that's in the game. Play a fair game. It will give you good exercise and bring you out in the fresh air, and exercise and good air promote good health. The swimming time is close at hand and is another great sport among the boys. Swimming, with not too much of it, will do a boy a great deal of good as it is one of the best sports for developing the muscles. The summer vacation will soon be here. Now, boys, I think it would be a nice thing for you to have to say that this summer you bought all your own

clothes and earned the money to do it with. During the summer vacation why don't you try and get a job in some store in your town or city, or if this is impossible begin selling papers or some useful article. By doing this in a short time you will have enough money to make a deposit in the bank. Just think of having it to say that you have money in the bank and carry a bank book in your pocket. When you have grown older and if you keep adding to your small deposit you will be surprised to find how fast it has accumulated. There are many other ways for boys to earn money during vacation. The country boy can pick berries and sell them, or if he has a small patch of ground around his home, plant it with vegetables. Sell peanuts or soft drinks at the baseball games. These and hundreds of other plans will net you a nice sum. Be HONEST in all your dealings and you will gain a great deal of experience that will help you in after life. We would be pleased to have readers of the Young American write and tell me how they earn money, or about their baseball team, or anything of interest to boys.

### FORTY-EIGHT STARS.

On July 4th, 1912, two new stars will be added to the American flag to represent Arizona and New Mexico. This will make a total of forty-eight stars in the flag, representing the forty-eight states in the Union. The stars will be arranged in six rows of eight each. It will undoubtedly be a long time before another star is added to our flag, as the only possessions that are still territories are Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Phillipine Islands, none of which promise growth sufficient to warrant admission to statehood for many years.

**BIG MONEY** in hot drinks 12 hot soda formulas as used by high salaried dispensers, only 22c. Get ready for the winter trade. They are making big money for me and they will you; set up a stand on busy street corner and make some money this winter. Address C. F. Cross, Dept. N. B. Box 25, Boring, Oreg.

**START A MAILING BUREAU.** Send 25 1 cent postage stamps for 100 circulars and complete instructions. Start at once. Lingerman Co-operative Mailing Bureau, 705 North 5th St., Philadelphia.

## THE YOUNG AMERICAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO BOYS

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PUBLISHER

Rosendale, - - - New York

## EDITOR'S CORNER.

As a result of our request last month asking our readers to show *The Young American* to their boy friends we are in receipt of an encouraging number of new subscribers secured in this way. We wish to thank our friends for the interest shown and request that they keep up the good work.

If you receive a copy of *The Young American*, and you are not already a subscriber, it is an invitation to become one. The subscription price is only twenty-five cents a year.

## DON'T WAIT.

Don't make up your mind to be a great successful man some day and then sit down and wait for that day to come. It never will come unless you are doing something every day of your life which contributes toward the end you desire to attain. There are thousands of boys throughout this country who despite their youth and the unfavorable conditions surrounding them, have already made a good start toward providing for the future. Some of these boys live on farms where the work is hard and the hours long, yet they take advantage of their spare time by engaging in some study which will eventually qualify them for a higher position. More of these farm lads lease small plots of ground which they cultivate after school hours. Others engage in poultry raising as a means to provide pocket money and lay the foundation of a bank account. In villages many boys act as news agents, or work as clerks or do odd jobs on Saturdays. Of course this means lots of hard work and the boys miss a good many ball games, but since most of them do it of their own accord, without being influenced by any one, they

must consider it worth the sacrifice of their pastimes to know that they are developing self reliance, gaining experience, and putting aside a sum of money which, though small, will if they persist in their thriftiness, result in their becoming men of at least independent means before they have reached middle life.

## INTERESTING FACTS.

There are 9,000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb.

There are 6,714 windows in the tower of the Metropolitan Building in New York City.

The only tea plantation in the United States is in South Carolina.

Over fifty different languages are spoken in the Phillipine Islands.

Pins were first manufactured in England.

In 1911 there was 12,000,000,000 telephone messages in the United States.

In Italy the railroads use concrete ties instead of wood.

A New York music firm has a mammoth bass horn nine and a half feet high. The bell is three feet wide and the mouthpiece is five inches in diameter. It is used as an advertisement.

Fifteen hundred pounds of coke can be produced from one ton of coal.

Cyrus Curtis, the publisher of the *Saturday Evening Post*, began his career as a newsboy.

What is the difference between an organist and a cold in the head?

One knows the stops and the other stops the (nose).

The prismatic lake in Yellowstone Park is the largest body of hot water in the world.

The number of different plants known to botanists exceeds 100,000.

The longest railroad in the world is the Union Pacific having over 12,000 miles of tracks.

A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## GREATEST MAGIC PACKAGE.

Everything for performing all kinds of tricks with coins, cards, etc., etc., fun and mystery for old and young, 10c. Beyer, 251 W. 16th St., New York.

## RECEIVE POSTCARDS.

from everywhere. We have members in foreign countries. Send 10c for 3 month's trial membership. Agents wanted. Dillard Novelty Co. Box 4, Parkersburg, W. Va.

BOYS, would you distribute circulars for 30c per hour after school? Honest pay for honest work. No fake. Silver dime brings instructions, etc. Kochersperger Bros., Brookview, Md.

## YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

in U. S. Big Mail Directory one month for 10c., 3 months 25c., including 25 postcards. This Directory is sent to 5000 firms every month, who will send you samples of their merchandise, pictures, books, novelties, agents' outfits, circulars, etc. 150 pieces mail matter guaranteed or money refunded. Ben W. Newnham, Waukegan, Ill.

50 DIFFERENT European stamps sent for only 12c. to introduce our illustrated catalogue. Send 10c for our book *How to Make Easy Money*. A. Werich, 1226 S. 40th Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HOME AMUSEMENTS, the book to drive dull care away. No more dull parties or long winter evenings. 64 pages of games, tricks, puzzles, etc., for a dime. H. G. Huber, 810 Dauphin St., Phila., Pa.

BOYS earn a football by selling 12 jars Massage Cream, at 20c a jar. Century Mfg. Co., Perfumers, Camden, N. J.

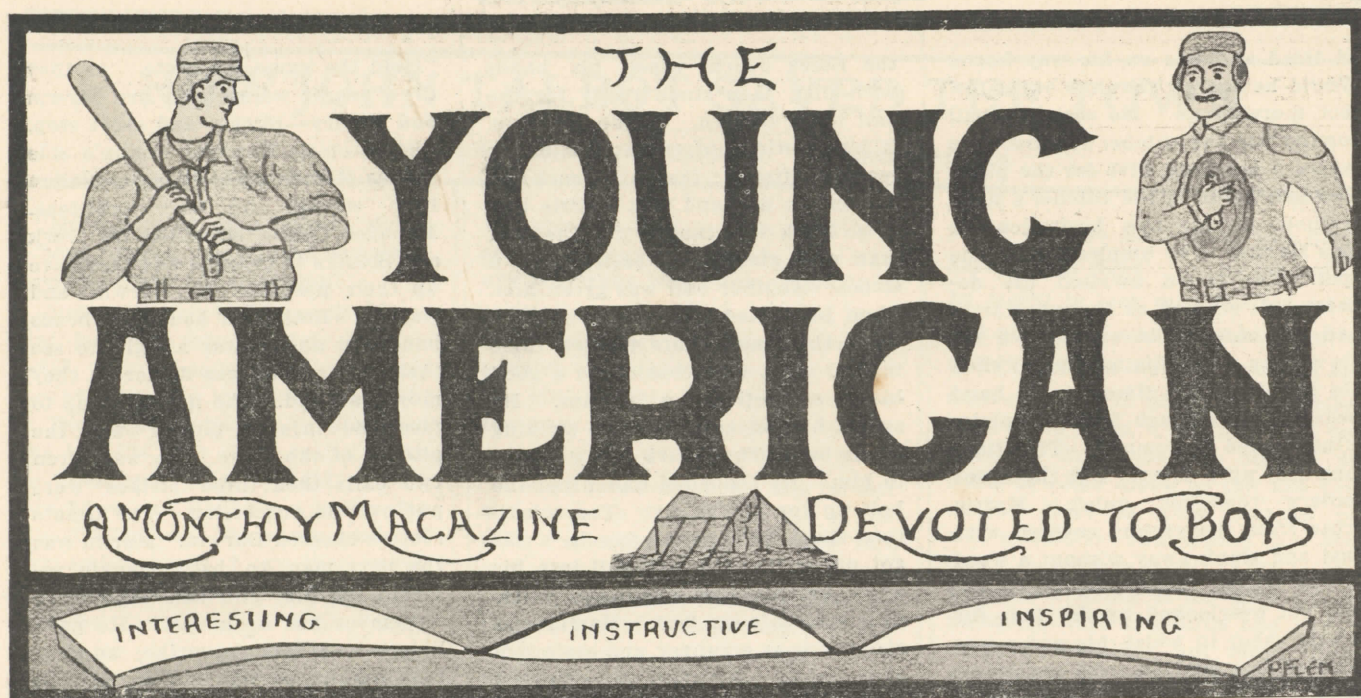
## 20 POST CARD VIEWS.

free, with one quart of Blend Wash Bluening free. 10c postpaid. BEALL CO., Cicero, Ind.

50 FIRMS paid me cash for mailing their circulars. Send me 10c for list and get busy. GEORGE NIES, 33 Glover St., Baltimore, Md.

BOYS when you need anything send me 25c. I will tell you where to buy it cheap. Boy's Handy Encyclopedia, 20c postpaid. S. Nicosia, Nesconset, N. Y.

BOYS, if you have any boy friends you think would like *The Young American*, send us their names and addresses and we will send them a sample copy.



Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Rosendale, N. Y., March 11th, 1912, Under the Act of March 3rd, 1879.

VOL. I.

ROSENDALE, N. Y., JUNE, 1912.

NO. 5

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

A BASE BALL STORY IN TWO PARTS,

PART II.

WRITTEN FOR "THE YOUNG AMERICAN," BY PHILIP LAWTON

(Concluded.)

Darwin just back of his temple and he fell to the ground unconscious. A runner taking his place forced in the run that tied the score. Three and three. The next "Giant" batter hit hard but it went on a line to first where the first baseman gathered it in making the third out. This ended the fatal eighth inning. The ninth was to decide the champions of Adams county. Let us hope that Darwin will recover to pitch that deciding inning for the "Giants."

The Giants started for their positions in the field. All places were occupied but the pitcher's box. The crowd awaited in suspense to see the pitcher who was to fill Darwin's place. Five minutes elapsed; no one appeared yet. In another minute a crowd came rushing from the club house; they were surrounding someone and giving cheers at intervals. Was it Darwin? As the crowd drew nearer and broke away one could see a young

fellow considerable younger than Darwin getting ready to take his place at the firing line. He trotted to the pitchers box. The ninth inning was about to commence, the inning on which would depend the championship winners. A new pitcher with less curves and not as steady as Darwin in the box. He could not last with those awful sluggers the Stars. "Play ball!" shouted the umpire, and the game was on again. The first ball was thrown wild over the catcher's head.

A wild shout went up from the Essex fans. This seemed to make the new pitcher more nervous as the next two balls were thrown in like manner to the first. "Three balls" and no "strikes." Shouts of "get a new pitcher," rang through the air. Manager Conlin looked perplexed. He had no other pitcher in condition to go into the box but this one and it seemed as though he were going to lose the game. This victory, which was fought so hard for, was to be lost for the want of a pitcher. The next ball sped over the plate a dead

strike. The next ball was thrown wide, but the batter swung at it and missed. Three balls and two strikes and couldn't be that the batter was going to "fan." Burk (for that was the pitcher's name) did not hesitate in throwing the next ball, but made a "quick delivery." Before the batter was ready the ball sped over. The umpire hesitated, then cried, "out!" "Three strikes!" batter's out. This gave Burk some courage. The next man to the rubber was that terrible hitter, Martin. Burk had witnessed the strife between him and Darwin before. He gave him two balls in succession. The third ball was delivered. With an awful swing Martin landed on it. It met the bat square. The next minute it was speeding through the air for the center field fence. It was impossible for any fielder to get it as the ball hit the fence before the fielder was half way to it. Center fielder Colman was in pursuit of the ball and in a moment he had it ready to throw.

Martin was going from second to third at a great speed when the center fielder, Colman, picked up the ball. He threw it with all his might for home plate. Martin had round-

ed third and was on his way home. Would he score? He has but a few feet more to go. He sees the ball coming for the catcher's glove. He makes a headlong dive for the plate. The ball lands in the catcher's mitt. Without a minute's hesitation he tags Martin. The umpire was on the spot. The crowd awaited his decision. It seemed as though Martin had slid safe as he was known for his sliding. But his wonderful slide did not work this time for his hand rested about an inch from the plate. "Out!" cried the umpire. The Giant fans sent up a cheer. But the Essex rooters remained quiet. Martin arose from the ground covered with dust and slunk away without a word to the bench. Colman's fine throw was not overlooked by the fans for a wild cheer in which his name was mingled was sent up from the grand stand. The next batter hit the ball safe for a two bagger. A safe hit by the next man advanced him to third base.

Things still looked dangerous for the Giants. When the next batter took his position at the plate the Giants manager urged his men to do their best. He cried out, "Don't let them score, boys!" "Do your very best." But! It looked as though his words were unheeded as the ball was knocked swiftly over first base on a low line. The first baseman's hand just missed it. The man on third had taken a big lead off and by this time had crossed the rubber. But! lo! out in right field shows Easton running swiftly towards the fast descending sphere. He makes a final swoop with his hands as the ball was about to fall to the ground. He caught it between the tips of his fingers. Grasping it tight he holds it in the air. A cry and a rush of Giant players in from the diamond is enough to tell you that nobody scored that inning. The Giants were ready to go to bat. The second baseman, Williams, was first to the stick. He got to first on a hit but died when he tried to steal second. The catcher, Shanler, came to bat. He struck at one and missed it. Then he waited. Two balls were called on him. The next was a strike. He swung at the next ball thrown. It rolled to short and he was thrown out at first base. Two out. It looked like a ten inning game sure enough. The next batter hit a liner to the pitcher who knocked it down and tossed it to first before the runner reached there. The tenth inning was about to begin. The batter from

the Essex bench wiped his hands with dirt; then stood ready for the ball to be thrown. Burke let it go. It was a wide out curve; the batter reached after it; the ball struck the bat on the end and sent a little toss fly to Burk who caught it. The next man was given two balls, then a strike. Another ball was given him. Then he fouled out to the catcher. Then the Essex Stars pitcher came to bat. He was considered a good hitter as well as a pitcher. He swung his bat as if he were striking at the ball. Then Burk threw a drop to him. He crouched and lifted the ball up for a high fly. The substitute short stop went after it. He got under it. The ball fell into his glove but bounced out again. The man was safe on first. Martin was given him as a runner and stole second before the ball was thrown again. On the swing of the pitcher's arm Martin started for third. The batter hit the ball. Martin gained third safe and the batter went to second. A hit meant a run at that very minute. Davidson, the second baseman of the Stars came to bat. He was hit by a pitched ball. The bases were now full. The next man was a pinch hitter who was put in to bat. He waited for two balls. Then he let a strike be put over on him. The next ball cut the corner of the plate. "Strike two," cried the umpire. The batter swung at the next ball; it went rolling on the ground to the first baseman. He touched the bag. There was three out. The Giants had two men on bases and no outs when the new pitcher, Burk, came to bat. He struck out as did the next man. Then came the short stop. He had two strikes, then he waited and got two balls. Then another ball was given him. He swung at the next ball and hit to right field. The ball came nearly being muffed by the fielder but he succeeded in catching it one handed. The eleventh inning the score was 3 and 3. The first man from the Essex side was given his base on balls. The next batter hit safe advancing him to second getting first himself. Then Manager Conlin stopped to consider. The game went on. The next man flied out. The next batter hit a swift grounder which was fumbled by the first baseman. Everyone was safe. Three men in all. A wild cry came from the grand stand. All eyes were turned in the direction of the club house. Two men were seen running in the direction of the diamond and as they ran they yelled,

"Hold the game a minute. As they drew nearer we see they are Darwin and Hanley—pitcher and short stop. They stop at Manager Conlin's side and as if they gained his permission they started for their positions. Manager Conlin beckoned for Burk and Somers to come in and they gave up their positions to Darwin and Hanley. Both men had their heads bandaged and it was a sight to see their white bandages flutter as they moved around. The next man up to face the injured pitcher was the pitcher of the Stars. He was given two balls then three strikes were put over in succession. The Giants rooters cheered Darwin. Martin was the next man to bat. Darwin remembered him and also seemed to remember his weak spot. He gave him a ball then a strike, another ball, another strike. When he sent the next ball speeding toward the batter he expected to see it go flying for a home run. But, no! Martin swung with great force. He hit the air, but missed the ball. He struck out for the second time under Darwin's puzzling curves. The Giants part of the eleventh began with a strike out. The next man up also struck out. The fans were looking forward to a twelve inning game. When the next man came to bat a wild cheer greeted him. It was Hanley, the short stop. He waited for the pitcher to throw the ball. It was a wide one. One ball shouted the umpire. The next was also wide. This was two balls. The next ball was also a ball. Hanley thinking that the pitcher was afraid to let him hit it, determined to strike at the next ball, good or bad. He did, and the result was that the ball met the bat with a whack and it was sent flying towards the right field fence. Hanley, who was a swift runner, sped around until he reached third base. Then he hesitated, the ball was on its way to the first baseman. Could he make it to home plate? He decided quickly and started on a run for home plate. The catcher was about to receive the ball from the first baseman. Hanley crossed the plate a second before he received it and scored. The figures on the score board changed to 4 to 3 in favor of the Clinton Giants. The last out was not taken by the Giants. They had won the championship of Adams county. Darwin and Hanley were borne by their teammates on their shoulders to the club house amid a shout of cheers. Indeed they had won that great game.

## HOW JOHN TALBOT SAVED THE TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR "THE YOUNG AMERICAN" BY EDITH WALLACE.

"Mother," said John Talbot, "didn't I hear you say you wanted some barberries to put up, yesterday?"

Mother Talbot looked smilingly at her fourteen year old boy and replied, "I guess someone wants to get out of a husking job. Isn't that so?"

"No indeed, mother," protested the lad, "It isn't that; really I like to husk corn; but you did say so, you know and it's such a lovely day for Old Hill and there are loads of barberries there. I saw them when we were fishing last Saturday."

"Well," said Madam Talbot, yielding to the entreaty in her son's eyes, and half wishing she could go with him, for she too loved the beauty and wildness of the great hill which overshadowed the bay so near her home, "go along. I will put up a lunch for you, and be sure you fill the baskets with barberries before you stop to bathe or admire the view off-ocean."

John promised, happily. It was one of the joys of his hardy pioneer life, this yearly picnic, as he called it, on dear Old Hill. The other boys wondered at his odd taste. Unless a whole lot of lads had gone along, the work would have been too lonesome to have suited them, and they used to laugh at John for his joy in the permission to spend a solitary day on the old woodsy eminence.

John didn't care what they said, however. Off he went, two big baskets in hand, and permission to fish, bathe, go clamming or do anything he wished after they were filled with the pretty red berries which his mother would make into preserves for the family use in the long winter.

This was in 1813. The war of 1812 was well under way and that was why, as John turned down the narrow lane, his mother's friend, Aunt Harriet Minot, stopped him to say, half in jest and half in earnest, "John, boy, if you were to spy a war vessel coming up the harbor, what would you do?"

"I'd run back and tell you," laughed the lad, "so you could hide all your nice things."

"They are hidden now," replied the woman, "but I couldn't hide Bess or Black Racer."

"What could the enemy do with cows or horses?" asked John. "It's

valuables or men to man their vessels that they're looking for; and any way they won't come here."

"I'm not so sure," said Aunt Harriet, "the selectmen should have put a watch at the old fort on the top of the hill, for this is a rich town and far from help, if the enemy took a notion to call on us some fine day."

John's face reddened. His father, Elder George Talbot, was one of the town's selectmen, and he knew full well, that many of the town's people blamed his father for objecting to the expense of maintaining a guard on the summit of this hill which commanded so splendid a view of the bay, the harbor and the more distant Atlantic.

"If the war vessels heave in sight," he said manfully, "you may be sure I will alarm the town in some way."

"If you can," returned the woman, "it's a long run from the hill to the town."

John made no reply but waved a "good bye" and hurried down the shaded road until he came to a trail that led to the barberry pastures on the west side of the great hill. His first mission was to fill the baskets with the sour fruit. No danger of any boy stopping to eat any of this kind of nature's spoils and as they were as thick as spatters, by noon John had the biggest basket heaping full. He stopped to eat his dinner but did not take much time for he wanted, by and by, to go over on the east side and wander along the beach and have a swim. He also had a desire to examine the walls of the old fort built in the days of the Revolutionary War to defend the Colonial settlement, which was now such a flourishing town.

They were on High Rock at the very tiptop of Old Hill and one could see clear across Dorchester Bay, all over Boston Harbor and even catch a glimpse of the dear dark Atlantic.

John wanted to see if, as some folks said, a warning sent out after a vessel was sighted down the harbor would be of much avail in warning the people of their danger. His father too, said there was no danger. That there was no earthly use of spending the town's money in keeping idle men stationed on the hill at the busy season of the year, and

John, loyal to his parent, was quite sure he was right. At the same time he meant to look over the old walls and play there was a warship coming and that it was his duty to alarm his native place. If there was anything John loved to do, it was to "make believe." That was one reason he liked to come alone to the hill and beach. Here he could pretend he was a soldier and march up and down, or declaim loudly, with no one to hear or laugh at his good times, unless it were the birds and squirrels, and John did not mind these creatures. Indeed, he was on friendly terms with them for the squirrels would eat from his hands, while the birds seemed to understand that no harm would come to them from this queer two-legged visitor.

The barberries were all ready by three o'clock and the rest of the afternoon was play time. John improved it well. He had a swim in the sheltered bay, dug a few clams, gathered a big bunch of autumn wild flowers, golden-rod, purple aster and sumach, and he found some catnip and tied a big bunch on the basket handle to take home and hang in the attic until some one should want dosing with catnip tea. Then as it would soon be dark, he began to climb the big boulders of pudding stone that lay between the bay and the top of the hill. John might have gone around by the path but it was more fun to scale the rocks, and he was about as agile and sure footed as a mountain goat.

When the boy reached the hill top he wished he had started earlier. The dusk was creeping over everything and a bit of sea mist, an October fog, was prophesied by the blue haze and the faint veil of vapor that was creeping over the water and the lowland. Well that it was so, for John had hardly begun to look over the broken down walls of the ancient fort when he espied, far off at the entrance to the bay, a strange looking craft. John knew all the vessels which had a right to sail into Dorchester Bay. He knew in a moment that this was no fishing schooner, no lumber vessel, no ship at all that could claim a rightful passage up the channel to the wharves at Commerce Point. It

didn't take a bright boy like John to decide what the strange, uncanny visitor was.

"As true as you live," he said loudly, "that's a war ship." Then his thoughts turning to the many discussions he had heard on the subject, he added, "and now what will they say to father."

It was a natural first thought but in a second it was blotted out by another. "What can or shall I do to save the town?" There wouldn't be time to get back to the village and warn its people. The most he could do in that direction would be to reach a few outlying homes, by dint of swift and instant racing. This the lad half started to do when another idea seized him. His "make believe" instincts came to the front.

What was it he heard Deacon Davis say one day? "That if the enemy found an armed fortress awaiting them, with an armed people back of it, they would never risk the unequal battle that it would mean."

This had been one of the arguments for having a force kept at the Revolutionary Fort on the Hill.

It was dusk. Could John deceive the foe into thinking him a sentinel? They were already lowering a boat, evidently to look about a little before coming much nearer. He could but try and if unsuccessful, then try racing back to the nearby farms to tell as many as possible of the invasion.

With his heart beating wildly, John grabbed a long branch which he had intended throwing up into the chestnut trees, and placing it over his shoulder at what he conceived to be a soldierly slant, he began to pace the walls in as military an attitude as he could. He hardly dared look seaward and when he had to, he was deeply disappointed to note that the boat load of men seemed to be steadily coming onward. His trick had failed, then. With fear, not for himself, but for the happy little town apparently doomed, gripping him, he turned, threw the useless branch down into the fort and then jumped in after it. It was his intention then to crawl out on hands and knees, creep to the first clump of trees and make a rush for the nearest house.

He caught his foot on a root as he leaped and went headlong into a clump of nettles ere he could stop. Smarting and burning he jumped into a standing position before he thought, but it gave him a great and joyful sight. The boat was putting

about. It was going back to the vessel. It was going in haste too. John decided to wait a bit before he started homeward. He must be sure the men were going aboard and the war craft going away before he made any move to leave. They might be just going back to report. But no, they were really going. The boat was emptied, hoisted aboard and the vessel in swift time, headed seaward again.

He had not much heart for further fun that day, and it was almost dark, so he took his day's spoils and started homeward. He had made up his mind that he would only tell his father about the affair. He felt he must tell him so that, in case the ship came again, there might really be a guard on the fort to alarm the place. But his good intentions were spoiled. As he passed Aunt Harriet Minot's farm she ran out to meet him. To John's shamed surprise, she threw her arms around him, basket and all, and said: "Oh, you blessed boy! I've a mind to give you Black Racer for your own. I saw it all. I had gone down to get some wild grapes and was over on the cliff, and I was so frightened I couldn't even run home and hide Bess and Racer in the woods, as I always meant to do if the soldiers came. Then I saw your trick and when they went I was so wrought up at first, I laughed until I was out of breath and then ran home to tell the men folks, and they're at the village now telling every one."

It was so, and when John hove in sight a crowd of people were excitedly awaiting him. He was the hero of the place for many months, and at the next town meeting a medal for bravery was voted him.

I might add that though the war continued for a long time, this was the only attempt to land soldiers at this point, because fourteen year old John Talbot saved his home town from destruction by a happy use of good wit.

The annual encampment of the Boy Scouts of America will be held in Philadelphia this year.

Be sure that the young chickens have plenty of green food.

The Rock of Gibraltar is about 1,500 feet high.

Mails were first sent by railroads in the year 1838.

#### BOY SCOUT DEPARTMENT.

The Boy Scouts of Ft. Wayne, Indiana earned some of the money to buy their uniforms by collecting old newspapers and magazines from their neighbors and they sold them as waste paper.

A Boy Scout troop in Springfield, Mass., helped the police keep back the crowd when Theodore Roosevelt spoke in that city recently.

Tiger Patrol, No. 1, Boy Scouts of Rosendale, N. Y., and the Boy Scouts of Rifton, N. Y., went on a hike to Tillson recently. A game of baseball was played, the Rifton patrol winning by a score of 6 to 2.

On May 25th, President Taft made an address at the opening of the Boy Scouts headquarters in Baltimore.

Arrangements are being made to send 2,000 Boy Scouts to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. The following countries will send delegations: United States, England, Germany and Australia.

Many thousands of Boy Scouts in all parts of the United States marched with the veterans on Memorial Day.

We would be pleased to have any of our readers who belong to the Boy Scouts to write and tell us about their patrol and we will print their report in The Young American.

The Common Council of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has voted to award medals to Boy Scouts in that city. In order to earn a medal the boys must qualify in the following phases of civic knowledge: The boy must be able to read a map; give the names of the streets of the city, and the location of the fire alarm boxes and fire companies, and the location of all public buildings, etc.

#### A VALUABLE BOY.

Lawyer—"Have you any reference from your last place?"

Boy—"Nope. I didn't like it, so I got meself discharged."

"Hum! Why didn't you resign?"

"I was 'fraid if I left without bein' sent off, they might sue me for breach o' contract,"—P. Y. America.

# THE BOY COLLECTOR

EDITED BY JOSEPH H. CARTER

The Earl of Crawford recently sold part of his stamp collection to a dealer in postage stamps in London. It is supposed that he received about five hundred thousand dollars for the stamps. The Earl is one of the greatest stamp collectors in the world.

The first postage stamp issued was in England. It bore the portrait of Queen Victoria and ever since a portrait of the ruler of the country has appeared on British stamps.

The new envelope stamp issued for use by the postal savings banks of the United States has a green stamp bearing the words "One 1 Cent, Official mail."

Robert Holitscher, a stamp collector of Budapest, Hungary, a few weeks ago sold his collection for \$175,000. He had been collecting the stamps for over eight years, and his collection contained some very rare stamps from every country in the world.

Stamp collecting is growing more popular every day. Thousands of boys in all parts of the United States are interested in the hobby. Besides the pleasure derived from collecting stamps it gives a boy a better knowledge of history and geography.

Every boy who is interested in stamp collecting should subscribe for a stamp paper. There are many good ones published and they will keep you well posted about stamps.

Belgium has just issued three new stamps of the 1 cent, 5 cent and 10 cent denominations.

A Chicago man has entered an order with the post office department at Washington for five million 3 cent postage stamps. He will use them at the rate of two hundred thousand per day.

A silver dollar bearing the date 1804 was recently sold in Chicago for \$650.00.

The Republic of Portugal will issue a new set of postage stamps in the near future.

The new set of United States stamps have been on sale for some time. The 1 cent and 2 cent stamps have numerals in the lower corners, and the 6 cent, 8 cent, 10 cent, 15 cent, 50 cent and \$1.00 stamps bear a portrait of Franklin.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

If your paper does not reach you on or before the 15th of the month of issue, just drop us a postal card and we will send you another copy, as it often happens that papers are lost in the mails. We will be very thankful if our subscribers will do this as we want every one to get their paper.

THOMAS B. FLEMING,  
Publisher.

If you receive a copy of The Young American, and you are not already a subscriber, it is an invitation to become one. The subscription price is only 25 cents a year, and it is the best 25 cents worth of reading any boy can buy. Send in your subscription today.

Boys, by the time this issue of The Young American reaches you, the summer vacation will have begun and we hope you will have an enjoyable time. We presume that many of our young friends will go on camping trips, or go visiting. Others will spend their leisure time in playing baseball, swimming, fishing and other sports, and quite likely many of you will go to work for the summer months. Studies for a time will be abandoned, and it will do the boys good to have a rest and get out into the fresh air and get plenty of exercise, and when school reopens in the fall, you can take up your studies with renewed energy.

The United States annually exports more spirits of turpentine than all the other countries of the world. 16,000,000 out of 24, 000,000 gallons.

London motor bus drivers are fined being ahead of time, but rarely for being late.

The value of goat skins imported in 1909 will alone amount to about \$30,000,000 out of the approximately \$100,000,000 representing the grand total of imported hides and skins of all kinds.

## THOMAS JEFFERSON'S ADVICE.

Thomas Jefferson, third President of the U. S., gave this advice to the folks of his generation:

Do not sit up late at night; study and work in day time.

Rise early and go to bed early.

Avoid novel reading and cultivate the companionship of good books.

Never tell a lie or stoop to a mean trick.

Be kind to every living creature. Speak no evil of any one.

Be good, adore God, be loyal to friends and love your country better than yourself.

Take hold of things by the smooth handle; avoid disputes; do not turn pleasant conversation into heated argument.

Too much speaking is not best.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

Never spend your money before you have it.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

The wealth of a man is the number of things that he loves and blesses and that he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Not what we think or say, but what we do, will have its effect upon the world. Let, then, the thinker do, and the doer think.—Rob Roy McNulty.

# THE ADVENTURE OF THE AQUA

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG AMERICAN BY RALPH C. YOUNG

"Starboard helm, quick, quick!"

"That was a lucky escape. Just six inches further and we'd have been on the rocks."

"Right you are. This is dangerous ground around here for a boat like the Aqua." It was indeed a bad place for any boat to be in, with shallow water and hundreds of little islands and rocks all about. It was just off the Maine coast along the Atlantic. The three chums, Sam Selsby, Al Allan and Bob Bowler were spending their vacation cruising about in their speedy twenty foot motor boat, the Aqua, with no particular destination in view. The many little waterways among the islands were alluring and the youths had loafed around enjoying themselves immensely. It was noon and they were steering back toward the hotel on the mainland for lunch.

"Why, look over there!" exclaimed Sam, as they turned into a hitherto unnoticed channel. "There's a cave like over there on that piece of land, only it's a water cave." Bob and Al looked and gave a word of surprise. The thing certainly looked like an underground cavern of some sort except that it opened into the ocean and the water flowed in and out. The land itself was an island, perhaps five hundred feet long with rather dense vegetation of trees and low bushes.

"That is a funny thing," said Bob. "What do you say if we investigate?"

"Sure," agreed the other two. Then Al, looking at his watch, added: "But we'd better go back to the house and eat first. It's almost one o'clock and I'm hungry." This was voted the best plan, so the Aqua was steered toward the wharf.

During lunch the chief topic of conversation was the queer cave that they had chanced upon. How came it there? Where did it lead to? Was it anything more than a mere depression of a few feet worn away by the swish-swash of the waves? Certainly the boys' curiosity was aroused, for neither Sam, Al nor Bob had ever seen anything like it before. Luncheon was soon dispensed with, the "eats" being quickly swallowed, and the chums raced down to the dock and put off in the Aqua.

When they got out into midstream

they found themselves stumped.

"Which way did that island lay, anyhow?" asked Bob perplexed.

"Doggone if I know," returned Sam equally puzzled. "There's so many islands around here anyway and they all look alike to me. Where do you say it is, Al?"

"I don't say. It's got me. I guess the only thing to do is to cruise about a bit. It's off there somewhere," and he waved his hand in an indefinite direction.

"Sure, it's right over there," said Sam with a laugh, pointing in all four directions. "But to get down to business, I move that we steer over toward the northeast a bit." Bob and Al agreed that the place was probably in that neighborhood but for a full hour they rambled about without finding any traces of it.

"Land ahoy!" finally shouted Al, who was looking off the port side while Sam searched from the starboard and Bob steered. "There she is, fellows, over there about half a block distant up this side stream."

"Right you be!" shouted Sam gleefully. "The old villain's discovered at last." Bob turned the wheel and the Aqua swung up the channel and closed up to the cavern. It was an opening probably thirty feet wide with the roof some ten feet from the level of the sea. Certainly it had never been eroded away by the waves for the walls were of a hard granite, moss covered and dirt begrimed. The top of the cave was a half dozen feet from the surface soil of the land.

"What if we go inside?" suggested Sam.

"Ay, ay, Captain Kiddoe," responded Bob and Al in unison. "Shove her in." Sam threw over the slow speed ahead clutch and the Aqua slowly pushed her nose into the darkened recess. Foot by foot she advanced into the dark and earthy-smelling tunnel whose damp and clammy walls could almost be seen standing out in bold relief on either side.

"Let's have a light," said Al. "I'm feeling lonesome."

"That's a good idea. Light up the carbo lamps, will you, Bob?" The lamps were a decided improvement, for now the boys could get some idea of where they were going. And it

was a good thing that they were lighted, for soon the walls of the passageway came closer together and the ceiling became so low that the youths had to lie almost flat on their backs to pass under it.

"We must have come a half mile already," Bob said after a while. "I wonder where we are." Just at that moment the Aqua puffed out into a harbor that made the boys sit up and whistle. It was a great room, perhaps a hundred feet square with the sea water as a floor. At one end was a platform projecting out over the water, much like a dock, and this led back and into a subterranean passage of some sort. But it was the walls and roof that caught the eyes of the chums. Lined with great layers of mica, or isenglass, as Al called it, they glistened and sparkled with a splendor that the boys had not thought possible! It was surely a magnificent sight and the chums stood and gazed at it in wonder. After a few moments of silent admiration, Sam caught sight of the pathway leading out from the room.

"Let's follow it up and see where it goes," The others voted this a good suggestion and, steering the Aqua over to the Nature-made wharf they fastened her and clambered up onto terra firma. With a lamp from the motor boat to illumine their way they started down the passage, a close narrow path, exceedingly damp. They had gone but a short distance when suddenly two glaring yellow eyes confronted them.

"For the love of Mike, what's that?" exclaimed Sam taking a step backward.

"It's an animal of some sort," whispered Al. "Beat it." And the three began to beat a retreat. The animal approached and as the boys began to hasten, the beast likewise quickened its pace. Then they broke into a run and the heavy bear began waddling run after them. It was gaining and the youths were well nigh exhausted. It didn't seem that they had come so far.

Bob fell behind, out of breath. The bear by this time was almost upon them, fast as they were running, and it ran full tilt into the boy, bowl-

(Continued on page 8.)

## THE YOUNG POULTRYMAN AND GARDENER

We have received a number of letters from our subscribers asking us questions about raising pigeons, and we presume that there are a great many more of our readers who are interested in these birds and for their benefit we have decided to print the following article on how to raise and care for pigeons:

Pigeons when raised for pleasure or profit need a great deal of care. Many people think that these birds will thrive in small quarters, but this is a great mistake, as they need plenty of room so they can fly and get exercise. Especially is this true with tumblers and tipplers as they are noted for their great flying qualities, and they will not thrive if they are closed in a small shed or coop for any length of time. The quarters occupied by the birds should be well ventilated and have windows to admit plenty of sunshine and should be kept thoroughly clean. Fresh water should be kept near the birds at all times. The beginner before purchasing pigeons should decide on just what kind he wants. If you want them for flying, the tipplers are credited with being the best. If you want them for fancy flying or performing, then select the tumblers. Or if you want fancy birds for the show room you should get fantails. But if you are about to begin raising squabs for the market, the best birds that you can get are the homers. But before making any plans to begin raising squabs we would advise our readers to read some of the best books on pigeons. By doing this you will avoid many mistakes and a great deal of discouragement.

Chickens for winter laying should not be hatched later than June as they will not be full grown by fall.

At this time of the year many country boys, especially boys in the Southern and Western states, are preparing ground to grow corn to win a prize. These prizes are given by the departments of agriculture of many states, and besides the experience the boys get the prizes they get are worth winning as they sometimes amount to fifty dollars in cash.

Harold V. Glenn, Stuttgart, Arkansas, one of our subscribers, writes us that he and his brother are raising red Cuban game chickens. He says they lay lots of eggs.

Eddie Flynn of High Falls, N. Y., writes and tells us that he keeps Belgian hares. He says, he has eleven of them. He says he feeds them clover hay and enjoys keeping them, as they are fine pets.

### POULTRY NOTES.

Be sure and give the young chickens plenty of green grass, fresh water, oyster shells, grit, charcoal and beef scraps.

Give the growing chickens some scratch feed. It contains a variety of grains and that is just what they need to make them grow.

Do not let the young chickens roost in the trees. If they once learn it, it will be hard to break them of it in the fall.

See that the young chickens have plenty of shade.

The Editor of this department would be pleased to hear from boys who are interested in poultry keeping and gardening. Write and tell us your experience and we will publish your letters in this department.

## Letters from Our Readers

Gardenville, N. Y.

Thomas B. Fleming:

Dear Sir:—I am a reader of The Young American and think it a good paper. I think a drawing department would interest your readers.

Yours truly,

Robert Biddle.

Highland, N. Y.

Thomas B. Fleming, Publisher:

Dear Sir:—I received my first copy of The Young American today and like it very much. I like the department, "The Young Poultryman and Gardener." I have a small garden and raise vegetables. Last year I made \$8.40 on my garden.

Yours truly,

George Kern.

Chicago, Ill.

The Young American:

Rosendale, N. Y.

I saw in the May number of The Young American that you would like to have boys write and tell you how

they earn money. I sell papers every day after school and on Saturdays. Last vacation I worked in a store and I am going to work this vacation. I think your paper, The Young American is fine. Wishing you success, I remain,

Yours truly,

Fred Brown.

New York.

Thomas B. Fleming:

Dear Sir:—I have been a reader of The Young American since the first number and I thought I would write and tell you how I like it. I think it is all right; the stories are just the kind of stories I like. I think the story, "The Reward of Honesty," in the April number, was fine. From

Yours truly,

Roy Wade.

West New Brighton,  
Staten Island,  
New York.

Young American,

Rosendale, New York.

Dear Sir:—I just received my first copy of your paper, The Young American, and was very much pleased with it. When I sent my ten cents (for six months trial subscription) I did not think I was going to get such a nice little paper. You may use this letter as you like as I have no objection. Hoping you make it a success, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Charley Skelton.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Thomas B. Fleming,

Publisher The Young American:

Dear Sir:—You asked your readers to write and tell you what departments in The Young American they like best. I like the Stamp Department best. I have a collection of over 300 fine stamps, also I have a small collection of coins. I would like to see your paper have a department devoted to photography. I have a camera. I think your readers would be interested in this department. Hoping to see your paper grow, I remain,

Yours truly,

Earl Carney.

Success seldom comes to anyone because they possess greater talent than others but oftener favors ordinary people who work constantly to improve and develop their talents and put their knowledge into practical application.

## THE YOUNG AMERICAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO BOYS

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—TWENTY-FIVE CENTS  
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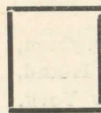
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## EDITOR'S CORNER.

We wish to thank our subscribers who have sent us subscriptions for their friends, and also those who have sent us the names and addresses of boys to whom we sent sample copies. We feel very grateful for the amount of interest shown by our readers and every month we are striving to make The Young American better. We have many plans in mind for improving our magazine, but in order to carry them out we must first build up a large circulation, and the bigger our circulation grows the better paper we can publish. We would like to increase the circulation of The Young American to 10,000 copies a month. In order to do this we must have the co-operation of our friends. Now, boys, we will allow you a commission of 20 per cent. on every new subscription you send us at 25 cents a year. On every subscription you get for The Young American, send us 20 cents and keep 5 cents for yourself. Every boy has a number of boy friends that he can get to subscribe for The Young American, and if every one of our readers will send us one or more new subscriptions, we will be able to get out a larger magazine with more pages and more stories, and our friends can rest assured that we will publish only good, clean stories and articles that will inspire boys to do good, and grow up to be good, truthful, manly men. Now, boys,

let's all get to work and all help in making The Young American one of the best boys papers in the United States.

## BE CAREFUL, BOYS.

Boys sometimes think that no one notices their actions and that they can do what they will without creating unfavorable comments, or opinions detrimental to their welfare. Business men are very close observers and quickly notice any lack of courtesy or any disgraceful act on the part of the boys whom they know.

It is safe to say that no self-respecting merchant would employ a boy with a cigarette between his teeth or a boy who was known to have other bad habits. It is the lad with a clean collar and a frank, open expression, who is wanted in the business world and who will be noticed by business men. It is the clean, bright, self-respecting boy who will grow into the thoroughly respectable, highly respected, useful citizen. Everybody is ready to assist the boy who tries to assist himself. Honest, reliable, manly boys are not so plentiful as might be wished, and business men always have an eye on the promising lad. Remember this, boys, and be careful.—P. Y. America.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late,

They touch the shining hills of day;

The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.

—Whittier.

Economy no more means saving money than spending money. It means spending and saving, whether time or money or anything else, to the best possible advantage.

All we can do is to learn how to do our work, to be masters of our material instead of servants, and never to be afraid of anything.—Kipling, "The Light That Failed."

Neither woman nor man, nor any kind of creature in the universe, was born for the exclusive, or even the chief purpose of falling in love or being fallen in love with.—Carlyle.

There's nothing finer 'neath the sun  
Than brave right living; duty done  
At stroke of hour; kind thought bestowed;

And life to ease a brother's load.

—Exchange.

## FELT NOVELTY NECKTIES.

Get one of our felt novelty neckties with your initials on same and in any colors for 25c in stamps or coin. Will send prepaid upon receipt of fifty cents in stamps or coin, large pennant with any name on same and in all colors. Send ten cents in stamps for a hat band with the following on same: Love for you, Oh you bear. Out for a good time, Etc. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commission

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CHICAGO, ILLS., DEPT. 12

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE AQUA.

(Continued from page 6.)

ing him completely over. Then it turned to secure its prey but Rob was by this time on his feet and picking up a stout stick that lay close by, he prepared to defend himself. Al and Sam had seen the plight of their companion and hurried to help him, Sam with a hunting knife, and Al with a club. The way the bear had bowled Bob over, however, left the boy on one side of the animal and his two friends on the other, so that they could not stand and fight together.

With one claw outstretched, the bear advanced upon Bob, pressed up against the wall. The boy swung his stick with all his might when the animal came near enough, at the same time Al and Sam attacked on the other side. Then followed a great rough and tumble fight. The bear got Bob down but Sam and Al in turn got in whacks at the bear. Finally it was all over. Sam had got the enemy in a vulnerable spot with his knife and the grizzly lay still. Bob was a much bruised and scratched boy, but the joy of victory amply repaid that.

"That was some tussle," Sam declared as they made their way out and homeward with the bear in the cabin. "But we'll have some good bear steaks now."

"Not any for mine," said Bob. "I had bear close enough to me when he had me in his grip. I don't want any inside of me." But he changed his mind later when he smelled the delicious aroma as the cooked bear was brought to the dining table.

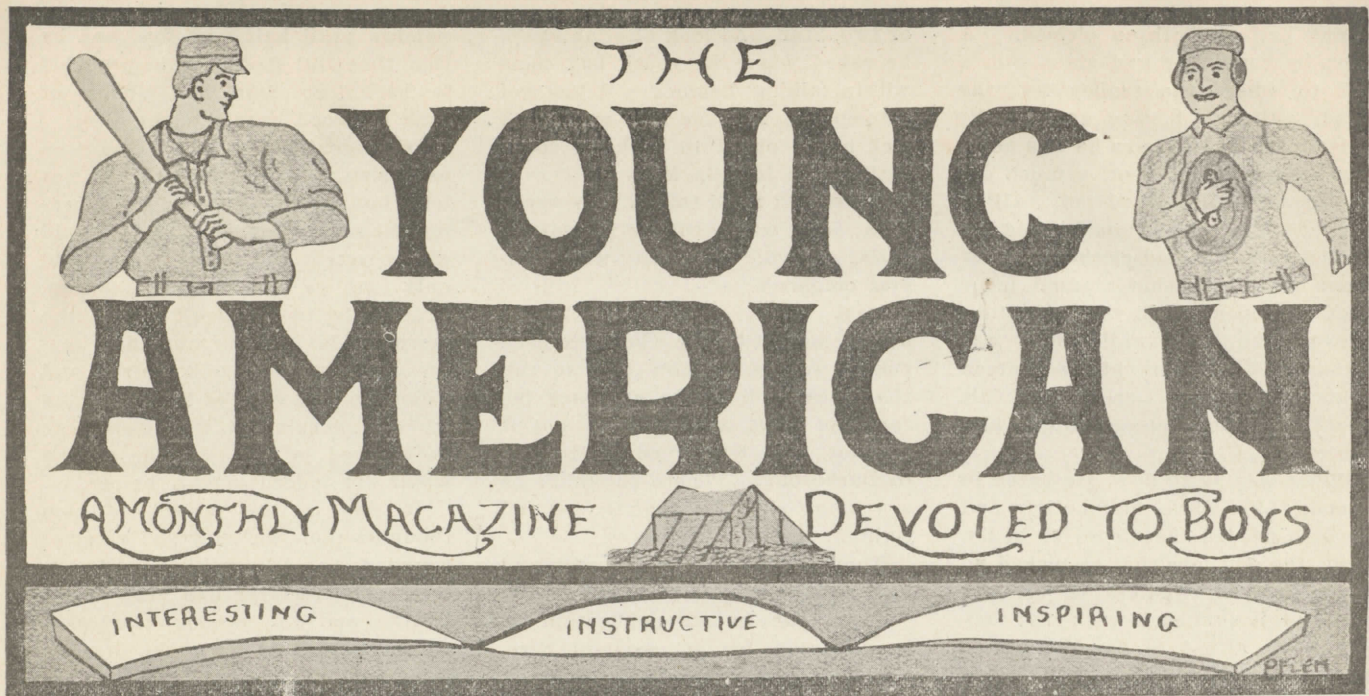
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THOMAS B. FLEMING, Pub.  
ROSENDALE, N. Y.



*Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Rosendale, N. Y., March 11th, 1912,  
Under the Act of March 3rd, 1879.*

VOL. I.

ROSENDALE, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1912.

NO. 6

## STAN'S PLUCK.

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG AMERICAN, BY RALPH C. YOUNG.

"Well, I've got to do something," decided Stan gloomily as he turned in at the gate. "Though to save my neck I can't see what."

"Here's some blackberries, Mother, for dinner," he said a trifle more cheerily as he deposited the can on the kitchen table where Mrs. Blaker was mixing dough preparatory to the midweek baking. "They're extra big ones. I got them over on the Ayrestown road."

His mother glanced up smilingly.

"They look fine, Stanton. Did you sell any?"

"Yes. Here's fifty cents that Mr. Bronen over at the Eagle House paid me for twelve quarts."

Then he added rather abruptly:

"Don't you think, mother, that I ought to be able to get steady work somewhere around Adamsville here? The only way I seem to earn any money is by doing odd jobs like selling berries and trimming lawns. We need the money bad enough."

"Yes, we need money. Even the chickens seem to have deserted us. They are not laying nearly as well as they did."

Mrs. Blaker was thoughtful for a moment. Then:

"There isn't much opportunity for a boy of seventeen in such a small place as Adamsville. What did Mr. Smethson say when you asked him if he needed a boy in the store?"

"He has a nephew coming over from Bonnerstown this week to work for him. Mr. Smith, the butcher, said he didn't need one and of course if Mr. Jepson wanted a boy, his Tom would be the one."

"There doesn't seem to be any position open at all," said his mother. "But then, I guess we'll get along all right some way or other. Your berries and chores around the village bring us in several dollars each week and with the vegetable garden we surely won't starve."

"If only we had a little spare money I could buy some hens and start a regular chicken farm."

"Yes, there are a great many things that we might do if we had a few dollars. But we won't worry. Something will certainly turn up before long."

"I think I'll walk over to Briars-

dale this afternoon and see if I can get any work there. It would be quite a walk to go to work every morning but it'd be better than nothing."

Briarsdale was a good-sized town about four miles from Adamsville. The two communities were connected by a road, a typical country highway. It was along this road that the trolley ran from Briarsdale until it reached within a mile of Adamsville, when it cut across to the southwest to Atlanta, a city of some proportions. Thus it crossed the railroad about a half mile west of Adamsville and at this point were placed gates operated by electricity and not requiring the services of a gateman. Whenever a train approached, the pressure on the rails brought the gates together, and this closed the roadway so that any trolleys passing would not be in danger. This was a very necessary precaution against accident for the inter-urban trolleys ran almost as speedily as did the trains.

Stan Blaker was coming homeward on the road from Briarsdale

about half past three o'clock. A friendly conductor had given him a lift to where the trolley left the road, although it was against the rules to do so, and now he was nearing Adamsville on foot, a much dejected and discouraged lad. All of the business men whom he had interviewed either had clerks or didn't want any; and what manual labor that was open would require a full-grown man, and while Stan was strongly built for his seventeen years people, on account of his youth, were not disposed to give him the work.

What was he to do? He hated to remain idle while his mother and he both needed the money so badly. True, the odd jobs that he picked up in and about Adamsville brought them a tidy sum each week that they could not afford to despise, but if Stan could only get a steady position he could earn double that amount. Now, with the vegetable garden in full bloom and berries to be had for the picking, they could get along nicely, but fall and winter would soon be here and what then? Clearly, if they were to live comfortably throughout the winter Stan must find the means of support and that without further delay.

Stan thought bitterly of his education. For four years, before the death of his father, he had pursued a commercial high school course learning bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting and the other business subjects, and now he was penned up in a rural neighborhood badly in want of a position and none available. He had the ability but not the chance to prove his worth.

"I don't know what to do," he said despondently to himself as he neared the railroad station, located on the edge of Adamsville. "There isn't a place around here that might need a boy where I haven't applied. I might get a job in Atlanta or Charles City, but my board there, or riding to and fro every day if I lived home would eat up half my salary."

As he passed the railroad station he was hailed.

"Hey, Stan, come in a minute, will you?"

Stan looked up, for he had been walking along with his eyes half closed. William Hesty, the young man who was Adamsville's station agent, came to the doorway of the little frame building and beckoned to Stan to cross the road.

"Could you stay here for an hour

or two, Stan, and look after things?" he asked when the youth had come within talking distance. "I just got a telephone message that my baby's sick and I ought to be home for a little while to help Mary."

"Sure, I'll mind things," answered Stan; here was a chance to make a dollar or two. Bill Hesty was a liberal employer.

"All right. Thanks. You've helped me out before when I've been rushed so you'll know how to run the place. I'll try to get back before the 5:40 train gets by but if I'm not, why, let her go on through to Darborough. There shouldn't be anything else so you'll be all right."

Then, as he put on his coat and hat, he added:

"I've put in an application at headquarters for an assistant here. I've needed one for a long time and I guess by next month I'll have him. I won't have to borrow the services of my friends then."

Stan started. Here was an opportunity perhaps for him. He knew he could make good in a position like that because he had often helped the station agent and was familiar with all the routine work of the office. Then too, he had some little knowledge of telegraphy, and while he was certainly not a proficient telegrapher, still he could understand messages and transmit slowly.

"Would there be any chance for me to get that job?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, I'm afraid not, Stan. You see, all the appointments are made by the central office and I haven't much say in the matter. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll write to them and recommend you for the position, telling them of what assistance you've been to me already. That may help some, though to tell the truth, I'm pretty sure they'll pick a stranger for the job. So don't count too much on it."

Stan was grateful for even this little bit of hope and thanked the station agent.

"Oh, that's all right. Well, I'm going now. I'll be back by six o'clock at the latest." And he went out leaving the boy to his own reflections.

There was not much to be done around the station at that time of day. At two o'clock the last train had passed, until 5:40, when the express to the east was due, there would be no business at the ticket

window until half past five, and by that time Bill Hesty would probably be back. So Stan had plenty of time for good hard thought.

If he could only get the position as assistant to the agent! It was long hours, from four in the morning 'til seven at night, but he would gladly accept the hours if he could only get a permanent position. Practically all the work was in the morning, for the surrounding country was almost all milk dairies and when the cans of milk began coming in each morning at four o'clock to be shipped to the city, the station agent did indeed need a helper.

It was in the midst of these thoughts that the telegraph receiver sounded Ae, Adamsville's call letters. The receiver had been ceaselessly active, passing messages through the line for other destinations and Stan listened twice before he was sure that someone was calling him. Then he answered on the sender.

"Company Special with general manager on board coming through to Darborough. Give right of way." Stan received the message first rate and passed it on to the next station. It really did not matter for the tracks were not being used and the train would have a clear right of way anyhow.

Hardly had he seated himself in the outer room, however, than again the Ae call struck Stan's ears, and this time, even to the embryo telegrapher's experience, unusually quick and sharp. Stan hastened to return the Ae and then paused for the reply. It came quick as lightning.

"E-l-e-t-r-i-c g-a-t-e-s n-o-t w-o-r-k-i-n-g. P-l-a-c-e w-a-t-c-h-m-a-n a-t c-r-o-s-s-i-n-g w-e-s-t o-f y-o-u!"

It was a full minute before Stan got the full import of the words.

Then he jumped up and grabbed his hat. He did not know when the Special was due, but what if it should come along and crash into a trolley car at the crossing? Stan shuddered at the thought of what would happen.

At the door he searched around for someone to take care of the station. But nobody was in sight; he would have to leave things to take care of themselves. Down the track he ran as fast as he could, snatching up the red danger flag as he went. The wind caught his cap and it sailed off behind him but he did not stop to recover it. The Special

might even now be approaching the crossing.

On he went down the track. He tried the ties but every other one he missed and running was not easy. The gravel banks on either side were not good either, for they were narrow and uncertain. Once he stumbled and fell, but determinedly he picked himself up and went staunchly onward. Again he fell and this time his face was cut and he was dizzy. He began thinking. The trolleys ran every fifteen minutes and crossed the railroad tracks at express speed, except when the gates were down. Those now passing did not know that the gates were open because they were not working and not because of a clear track. A trolley would come down the hill at full speed, the Special would rush on and on, the motorman on the trolley might perhaps attempt to stop his car, but Stan knew full well that the attempt would at such short notice prove unsuccessful; there would be a crash and then the cries of the injured, the moans of the dying!

Stan clenched his teeth. He would prevent it if he could, and he gave an extra spurt forward. But he was tired, mightily tired. It seemed ages since he had received that danger message, in reality it was but eight minutes ago.

He struggled on. His feet felt like leaden weights; the tramp to Briarsdale earlier in the afternoon was telling now. Around the curve he came within sight of the crossing. At right angles ran the tracks of the trolley—and over to the left was coming a great electric interurban car, at a rate of probably forty miles an hour.

Stan was relieved. Well, at any rate the Special had not yet reached the crossing and he was almost there. But with a shock came the harsh notes of the whistle of a locomotive and a train of three cars came down the track. It was a greater distance from the crossing than was the trolley but it was traveling at a faster clip and it seemed to the boy as he tottered forward with his red flag fluttering in the breeze that they could not help but meet in deadly collision.

The trolley would no doubt be the easier to stop and Stan cut across to the car tracks and ran toward the coming car waving his red flag as vigorously as his played-out muscles

(To be continued.)

#### LETTERS FROM OUR READERS.

Malta, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

I think you have a fine little paper. It is surely worth the money if any paper is. I like the "Boy Scout" department the best. I wish you had a larger department. I am a "Boy Scout," Patrol Leader, of Eagle Patrol, Troop No. 1, Pennsylvia, Ohio. I will tell you a little about the work of our Eagle and Wolf Patrols. We organized in March. Rev. L. R. Poole is our Scout Master. We have taken observation tests. We drilled in marching and on Decoration Day we marched to a neighboring town where our Scout Master was the speaker of the day. When he got up to speak we gave the scout yell. We also marched with the old veterans. The most of us have passed as Tenderfoot Scouts and are working pretty well on to second-class scouts. We usually have our meetings on Tuesday and Saturday evenings. Two weeks ago we had an ice cream social. We are using the proceeds for further equipment. We also go on all day hikes and on night camps. There are many other things I would like to tell but must close for this time.

Yours truly,

Byerla Newton.

Chester, Mass.

The Young American:

Dear Sir:—I was very much pleased with "The Championship Game" which was published in the May and June issues of "The Young American." I think it is a very nice little paper.

Truly yours,

Clarence White.

Colesburg, Iowa.

Thomas B. Fleming:

Dear Sir:—I am a reader of the Young American and thought I would write to you and tell you about the Boy Scouts in our town. We organized last fall. We have two patrols. Last spring we formed a baseball team out of the scouts and beat the scouts in a neighboring town twice. We also went on a camping trip to an island in the Mississippi river this summer. I am raising some potatoes and pop corn this year. I also am collecting stamps and have about 400 different stamps in my collection. I have a few coins too.

Yours truly,

Carl Mitzner.

#### THE YOUNG POULTRYMAN AND GARDENER.

Recently the editor of this department visited a friend who has a large farm. The farmer has two boys, John and Willie. John is sixteen years old and Willie is fourteen. While walking around the farm he noticed about an acre of land at one end of the farm all planted in vegetables. There was also a large patch of vegetables growing near the house. Turning to the farmer the writer asked: "Why do you not plant all your vegetables in one place instead of scattering them about the farm?" "I do," answered the farmer with a smile. That's my vegetable patch up near the house." "Well, isn't this patch yours too?" "No," answered the farmer, "that patch of vegetables belongs to the boys." "Belongs to the boys?" said I somewhat surprised. "Yes," he answered, "they planted and worked that piece of ground themselves, and when they are ready for market they intend to sell them from house to house around the village. I plowed and harrowed the ground for them, but aside from that the boys did all the work themselves."

I looked over the patch carefully. In it were beets, carrots, cucumbers, sweet corn, tomatoes, and at one corner of the patch was about eight or ten rows of potatoes. They were all growing finely and prospects looked good for a fine crop. "Do the boys raise vegetables every year," I asked the father. "No, this is the first year that they have done any gardening for themselves," he answered, "but last year they done some work in my garden. They wanted to try it on their own hook and I thought I would let them do so."

When we went back to the house the two boys sat on the front porch reading. I congratulated them on the fine appearance of their garden. The boys smiled and John said, "Willie and I are in partnership raising them vegetables and we are going to have a fine crop, don't you think so?" "I do," I answered. "I think if you boys keep at this work and get interested in it, read the farm papers and work hard, you will eventually make a success of gardening, and there is no more healthful, independent, or profitable work that a boy or young man can take up than farming."


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## THE YOUNG POULTRYMAN.

(Continued).

shells should be kept constantly before them. Fresh water is a great necessity in the poultry house, and as sixty per cent. of an egg is composed of water, the poultryman should see to it that a fountain of water is placed where the hens can have access to it at all times. Another problem that the poultryman has to confront in winter, is the supplying of green food to the fowls. Poultrymen have different ideas on feeding green food; some prefer steamed alfalfa, while others prefer sprouted oats. This is only a matter of difference of opinion and either the alfalfa or the oats will produce good results, but green food in some form should be fed at least four times a week.

The dry mash is another essential factor in feeding for egg production. The mash should contain a variety of ground grains, and added to this about ten per cent. of meat scraps. Next to feeding, housing the fowls for winter is important, for no matter how well fed they may be if they are not kept in clean, warm, well-ventilated quarters, results cannot and will not be obtained. There are many different styles of poultry houses, but the poultryman should build his house to suit the climate in which he lives. If possible the front of the house should have a southerly exposure and should contain windows that will admit plenty of sunshine. Great care should be taken to avoid dampness and draughts.

Well fed poultry kept in a warm house, if good stock, will lay eggs in winter and it is the winter eggs that make the poultryman's profits.

## INTERESTING FACTS.

The nut tree of the world, it is calculated, could provide food all the year round for the population of the globe. Brazil nuts grow in such abundance that thousands of tons are wasted every year.

The only fish that never sleep are said to be the salmon, pike and goldfish.

The world's largest prune orchard in Los Gatos, Cal., contains 50,000 trees, yielding an annual profit of about \$50,000.

The deepest lake in the world is believed to be Lake Baikal in Siberia.

The most spoken language is Chinese, there being 382,000,000 Celestials who speak this language. The next most spoken languages in the world are English, 120,000,000; German, 70,000,000; Russian, 68,000,000; Spanish, 44,000,000; Portuguese, 32,000,000.

The first newspaper in the world was published in 1494.

Visitor—"Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar."

Tommy—"Yes, sir."

Visitor—"If I give you the sentence, 'the pupil loves his teacher,' what is that?"

Tommy—"That's sarcasm."

—Cadet Corps News.

## STATEMENT.

Statement of ownership of "The Young American" required by the Act of Congress, of August 24, 1912.

Editor, Thomas B. Fleming, Rosendale, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Thomas B. Fleming, Rosendale, N. Y.; Business Manager, Thomas B. Fleming, Rosendale, N. Y.; Publisher, Thomas B. Fleming, Rosendale, N. Y.; Owner, Thomas B. Fleming, Rosendale, N. Y. No bond holders, mortgagees, or other security holders.

(Signed) THOMAS B. FLEMING.

Sworn to before James F.

(Seal) Brown, Notary Public,  
October 1st, 1912.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

100 CARDS PRINTED; name and address, 40 cents. Name only, 30 cents. Postpaid. Estimates furnished. M. ISRAEL, 440 East 146th St., New York.

## THE YOUTH'S LIBRARY

Volume 1 of The Youth's Library is now in preparation. This book will contain the best stories that money would buy. None of these stories have ever been published before. They are the best you ever read and we paid a good price for them; as we expect to sell several thousand copies. The looks of this library will be durably bound in heavy paper; printed on good paper in type easily read. Volume 1 is now ready for the press and will contain 120 pages. The regular price of these books will be 25 cents, but we will receive ADVANCE OR FRS FOR 15 CENTS PER COPY. Send postal money order or coins well wrapped. After we receive orders for 1000 copies the price will be raised to 25 cents. Send in your order early and take advantage of this offer. CLARENCE RICHARDSON, MGR., 196 HIGHLAND AVE., JACKSON, TENN.

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Mother—"Aren't your shoes wet?"

Little Dick—"No'm."

"Wern't you out in the rain?"

"Yes'm."

"Did you wear your rubbers?"

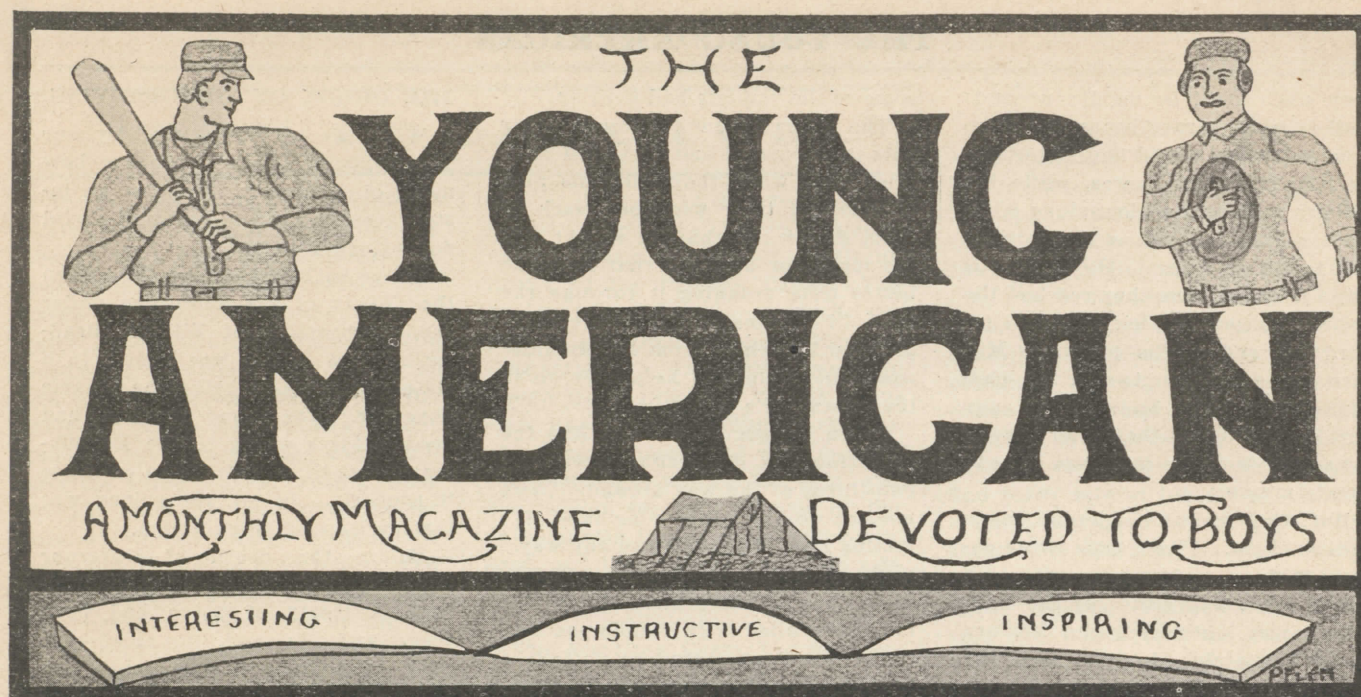
"No'm."

"Then your shoes must be wet."

"No'm, I kept 'em dry."

"How?"

"Left 'em in the house."



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VOL. I.

ROSENDALE, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1912.

NO. 8

## HOW COOPER WON THE MEET

WRITTEN FOR "THE YOUNG AMERICAN" BY ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Milburn College and the Henderson Institute held a dual field meet every spring, and for a number of years honors had been nearly enough even to keep things very interesting. But Henderson was growing rapidly and Milburn was not; and everything else being anything like equal, the school that has the larger number of boys to choose from will get the better team together. For two or three years Henderson had won by a small margin, and although the Milburn boys always found some accident or some official's unfair ruling to explain the victory, it was beginning to be clear to unprejudiced minds that Milburn was slowly but surely being outclassed. Then came the year of our glorious victory, the year of our glorious victory, the writer may as well confess at the outset that he was a Milburn man. The victory was a great feather in Milburn's cap, and if you ever happen about Milburn, even to this day, you will still hear stories of the time Henderson had to knuckle under, and you will hear too how she would still be knuckling under once a year if a dis-

agreement between the managers had not caused the next year's meet to be dropped, and prevented the two schools from ever getting together since. They may be right, for Milburn has taken a big boom too in the last years and is now very strong in all branches of athletics; but it is very convenient that things happened as they did, for now we can boast without fear of successful contradiction.

The two towns were not more than twenty miles apart, but there was no direct railroad connection. To go by rail from one to the other, it would have been necessary to travel fifty miles, besides spending half the day at a junction point, so that the track team was always taken overland in hacks. The journey was a rather hard one, and the visiting team always complained that they were at a disadvantage, but as the meet was regularly held this year at one school and next year at the other, it was just as broad as it was long. But the glorious victory we propose to tell something about was won on the en-

emy's ground, which makes it all the more glorious

Of course the Henderson boys had their excuses, just as we always had when we were beaten. Their principal one was based on the accident that it had rained steadily for twenty-four hours and cleared up only an hour or two before the time set for the contest to begin. The track was so heavy that it was almost impossible to do anything, and the Henderson manager wanted to call the meet off; but the Milburn boys protested. It was Saturday, and it couldn't be postponed till the next day because school contests are not held on Sunday; and everybody had to be back in their places at chapel time Monday morning, or there would be some "cuts" that would be embarrassing. After a good deal of heated argument the Henderson men gave in, and the events began.

The Henderson boys said the whole thing was unfair because Milburn College was down in a swamp where it was wet all the time, and the Milburn boys were so used to mud that they were just as active in it as any-

body else would be on dry ground; so that when a race began the Henderson runners would flop and struggle like flies in molasses, while the Milburn men would plow along without any trouble, just as they always had to do at home. However this may be, by the time they reached the five-mile bicycle, which was well toward the end of the program, Milburn was a point or two in the lead, although nobody had broken any world's records. If the writer's memory serves him, the mile was done in twenty minutes.

But the five-mile bicycle was a ticklish point. There were three entries, Milburn hadn't even entered a second man, and either of the Henderson men outclassed the Milburn man completely. In the race the year before, at Milburn, one of these same Henderson men had finished his tenth lap while this same Milburn man was still on his ninth. Milburn had tried in vain to develop on bicycle talent, and this man Cooper, who was riding for Milburn because she had nothing better, was a substantial young fellow who made very creditable records with the hammer and the shot, but was entirely too heavy for bicycle riding.

The three lined up at the mark with their wheels, Cooper's short, stocky form with the broad chest and muscular arms contrasting strongly with the two lithe, slender young men who were to ride for Henderson. "No use trying to ride in this mud!" exclaimed one of the latter. "We'll be so clogged the wheels won't turn, before we've gone twenty feet." Cooper looked up as if the idea were a new one to him. He glanced at the skinny arms of his two opponents and his eyes brightened.

"Go!" and the pistol rang out. But nothing worth mentioning went. The three bicycles plowed on a few yards, and stuck, just as the Henderson man had prophesied. The three riders dismounted, still almost abreast. "What are we going to do?" one Henderson rider asked the other. "I know what I'm going to do," said Cooper gritting his teeth. "I'm going to finish the race." And he trudged on, trundling his wheel, while the other two gazed after him in amazement. Before he had gone twenty yards farther, he stopped again, but this time only for a second. Another idea had struck him. He shouldered his light racing wheel, which was a toy in his muscular arms, and pounded on around the track at almost as good a pace as

some of the runners had kept up.

The others had recovered their wits in an instant and struggled after him. But when they tried his plan of carrying their machines, each of them discovered that its weight was too much for him and that he made better time dragging it through the mud. First one and then the other dropped his wheel from his shoulder again and stumbled helplessly on in the conqueror's wake.

When Cooper passed the line the first time his competitors were not two-thirds of the way around. "You needn't do the other nine laps; it's getting late, and you'll win any way," came from the group of officials, amid howls of protest from the bleachers filled with Henderson students and sympathisers. And a moment later the announcer, a Henderson student with a sense of humor, paddled along through the mud in front of the grand stand, calling, "Five-mile bicycle. Cooper, Milburn, first. Jones, Henderson, second. Cranshaw, Henderson, third. Time, four hours, twenty minutes and three seconds"

When the points were footed up at the close of the last event, Milburn was two points ahead. Cooper's exploit had won the day and Cooper was carried to his hack on the shoulders of four grateful colleagues. "I never was much of a bicyclist," Cooper admits when he tells his experience, "but I might be a good deal more of one if you could ride with your arms instead of your legs."

#### READ THE BULLETINS

People who are interested in agriculture and who wish to keep posted on the work being done in the interest of it, should study carefully the agricultural bulletins. These bulletins are published by the department of agriculture, and every state in the union also has an experimental station. The bulletins are distributed to interested people and they contain much valuable information on stock raising, poultry raising and the growing of crops. By reading these pamphlets you get the benefit of the experience of the best authorities on agriculture in the world.

The United States has more newspapers than any other country. Every week day there are 19,600,000 copies issued, and Sundays the number is 11,500,000 copies.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING.

When we sit down to enjoy our Thanksgiving Dinner I wonder how many of us stop to think for an instant the ancient origin this joyful day brings with it.

We go back to the year 1621 when the Colony of Plymouth was under the governorship of William Bradford. This colony was almost in a state of starvation before he became governor. The crops of corn had been failures owing to the Englishman's lack of knowledge to cultivate it properly. In all, the colony was fast on its way to ruin.

Before the death of Governor John Carver, who preceded Bradford, a treaty of peace had been made with Massasoit, the chief of a tribe of Indians in the southwest. When Bradford began his term of office, in the spring of 1621, this treaty was still kept between the Indians and the Colonists. By the aid of the Indians, who helped in the raising of Indian corn, and also in the erection of houses, the colony began to flourish.

In honor of his first successful year of governorship and in thanksgiving to God for the good crops, he invited all the neighboring tribes of Indians and held a three days' festival. He ordered his men to kill wild turkeys enough to last for the three days and, in addition to the feast of turkeys, there were held all sorts of games and sports in which everybody participated and enjoyed themselves.

Ever since this glorious occasion in the fall of 1621 Thanksgiving Day has been held to offer up thanks for the gifts of the past year.

The size of the Atlantic waves has been carefully measured for the Washington Hydrographic Bureau. In height they usually average 30 feet, while in rough weather they attain from 40 to 48 feet. During storms they are often from 500 to 600 feet long, and last 10 to 11 seconds, while the longest wave yet known, measured half a mile and did not spend itself for 23 seconds.

The greatest Alpine avalanche was that which in 1827, swept away the town of Biel and killed nearly ninety persons.

One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between Ural and the Okhotsk sea in Siberia.

## THE COLLECTOR

Picture post cards were originated in 1870, by Mr. Leon Besnardeux, a French book seller and stationer. It was during the Franco-Prussian war, there were forty thousand men in camp in the vicinity of his store, the supply of envelopes was limited at the time and it was difficult for the troops to obtain them. The stationer thought that the soldiers would appreciate some way of letting their friends know of their environment and life in the camp, without the necessity of writing long letters, and the consequent hustle for envelopes. He tried the experiment of having cards engraved with cannon, tents, and various things which might prove of interest to far away relatives of the men. The soldiers promptly took up the cards, and used them to send messages from the camp to their friends. Thus began the use of picture post cards, the collection of which has become one of the greatest fads in the world.

Opinions differ as to whether stamps be arranged in an album, in alphabetical order or in their geographical relation to the stamps of other countries. Both methods have their advantages and the adoption of either plan is left to the collector's individual taste. The beginner should not decide upon any system until he has become more advanced in the study, and has seen and taken careful notice of at least one large collection, that has been assembled by an expert philatelist. A good album should be procured and the stamps attached with hinges. Never paste a stamp flat in an album. The use of hinges which can be obtained cheaply, permits of easy removal of a stamp when a change of its position is desired.

Postmaster General Hitchcock, has approved the proofs submitted to him by the bureau of engraving and printing for the new special issue of postage stamps to be issued as commemorative of the opening of the Panama Canal, four denominations will be issued, comprising one, two, five and ten cent varieties. The stamps are about three-fourths of an inch high, and one and a sixteenth inches wide. On the top of the stamps appear the words United States Postage, San Francisco 1915. The one cent stamp is green and bears a de-

sign of Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. The two cent stamp is red, and bears a design of the Gatun Locks, of the Panama Canal. The five cent stamp is blue, and the design is the Golden Gate. The ten cent stamp is a dark yellow, and the design is the Discovery of San Francisco Bay. Thirty million of the one cent, one hundred and fifty million, two cent, eight million five cent, and five million ten cent stamps, of the new Panama-Pacific series will be issued, and they will be placed on sale January 1st, 1913.

The American Eagle, has only appeared on the stamps of two series. The one which is part of the design of the four cent, 1902 issue, is believed to be a memorial to old Abe, the war eagle.

The design of the five cent piece will soon be changed, the face of the coin will bear the design of a buffalo, and the reverse side of the coin will contain the head of an Indian.

Forty-five thousand people visited the Jubilee Stamp Exhibition held in the Royal Horticultural Hall, London. This is evidence that stamp collecting is growing more popular every day. Some of the finest collections in the world were displayed at the exhibition.

Mrs. Charles H. Parkhurst of New York City, recently sold ten million cancelled postage stamps to Joseph F. Negreen, a dealer in stamps and coins. Mrs. Parkhurst had been collecting the stamps for thirty years and disposed of them for want of storage room. These stamps, if placed side by side, would reach from New York to Pittsburg, and when they were new represented an outlay of about \$200,000.

The seven scarcest British colonial stamps are, British Guiana 1856, 1c red, British Guiana 1850, 2c rose, Mauritius, 1847, 1p orange, Mauritius, 1847, 2c blue, Canada 1852, 12p black, New Zealand, 1872, 1d, brown, Natal 1857, 9d. blue.

For the ascent of Mount Omi, on the border between Western China and the Thibetan plateau, there is an artificial staircase consisting of 20,000 steps, cut in slippery limestone.

## THE YOUNG POULTRYMAN.

The young poultryman should use good judgment in the care of the fowls during the winter months if he expects them to lay eggs. Winter is not the natural season for fowls to lay, and the only way that they can be induced to produce eggs is for the poultry raiser to make the conditions as near like summer as possible. The big money in poultry comes from winter eggs, during the months of November, December, January and February. Fresh eggs find ready sale at top prices. There is only one reason for the high price and that is, the hens, unless they are properly cared for, do not lay during these months, consequently fresh eggs are scarce and the prices are high and remain high until along about the middle of March, when the hens, encouraged by the warm days of early spring, begin to lay. The market is soon filled with eggs and prices drop, therefore, if you want to make money out of poultry you must get eggs during the winter months, and to get them you must use judgment in feeding, housing and caring for the flock.

How many people have you heard say, "there's money in poultry." No doubt you have heard a great many people make this remark, and no doubt you have seen these same people embark in the poultry business and by shiftless haphazard methods make a failure of it. Then they begin to cry down the business. Yet these same people attempted to run their poultry plants on business principles that would not be tolerated by any merchant or manufacturer. The point we wish to bring out is, that raising poultry for profit is a business proposition, and if results are to be obtained, the poultry plant must be run on as rigid a business principle as you would bring into force if you were running a store, a bank or managing a railroad.

There is money in poultry. The writer knows this to be a fact because he has been engaged in the poultry business for some time, and while his profits were not as large as those claimed by a great many poultry raisers, they were sufficiently large enough to teach him that it is a paying business if properly conducted. The most essential point in getting results from poultry is feeding. During the winter months the fowls should be fed a variety of grains, grit, charcoal and oyster (Continued on page 4).

## THE YOUNG AMERICAN

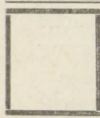
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## EDITOR'S CORNER.

## An Apology to our Subscribers.

This is the first issue of The Young American that has been published since June. Unavoidable reasons prevented us from getting out the July and August numbers. Our subscribers will not lose anything by the omission of these issues as all subscriptions will be extended for two months and every subscriber will receive the number of papers that he has paid for. We are sorry that our subscribers had to wait so long for The Young American, but we assure them that the future issues of our magazine will be issued regularly and on time. Beginning with the October issue we will mail The Young American to subscribers on the tenth of the month of issue. If you do not receive your paper by the fifteenth of the month please send us a postal card stating that your paper has not arrived and we will immediately mail you another copy. This number of The Young American only contains four pages, due to the lack of time that we had to get our copy to the printer in order that we might get the September number out on time. We have a lot of good stories and articles of interest to boys that we are going to publish this fall and winter, and with the November issue our magazine will again contain eight pages as usual. With apologies for our delay and assuring the subscribers of The Young American that in the future they will receive their papers regularly and on time, I remain,

Yours truly,

Thomas B. Fleming, Pub'r.

## DEATH VALLEY WATER.

Every boy has heard of the far-famed Death Valley, that arid expanse of sand teeming with a hundred perils. Foremost among the dangers which beset the traveler who ventures into this deadly waste lurk in the pools of water he chances to find on his way. Burning with thirst, the unsuspecting wayfarer, coming to a pool of clear and sparkling water, will naturally want to appease his longing for some of the inviting liquid. Yet this water, for all its apparent clearness and purity, is heavily loaded with arsenic, and many a life has been lost by its use. Strange as it may seem, the only water in the desert that is safe to drink, however repulsive it may appear to eye and palate, is muddy and inhabited by such loathsome creatures as bugs and snakes.

## FEAR OF AIRSHIPS.

It is a fact that animals and game birds of all kinds evince the greatest fear at the approach of a flying machine of any type. For instance, when Count Zeppelin made the flight from Dusseldorf to Essen in his dirigible, it was observed that the airship created much excitement among horses and cattle, who ran wildly about the meadows as it approached. Partridges, quail and other game birds did their best to conceal themselves, while domestic cocks gave utterance to warning crows, as if they perceived some huge bird of prey come swooping down upon them. When at a moderate height, VanHouken, the Swedish aeronaut, noticed that his machine had the same effect on foxes, hares, elk, dogs, etc.

## A CABIN OF BONES.

Boys, what would you think of a house built on a foundation composed entirely of fossil bones? Near the Medicine Bow River, in Wyoming, there stands such a house, or, more properly speaking, a cabin. Bones of perhaps all the animals of the reptilian age have been employed in its construction. There are bones of the dinosaur, diplodocus, ichthyosaurus, brontosaurus, camarasaurus, brachiosaurus, stegiosaurus, and other animals with names just as long and unpronounceable. The hut was built by a Mexican sheep herder, who chanced to come across a bed of bones of pre-historic animals.

From all appearances this was once a river bar, and as the dead bodies floated down the stream they were here arrested to lie for thousands of years, till the sheep herder made use of the bones in the construction of the most curious cabin in the world.

## LETTERS FROM OUR READERS.

Lakewood, N. J

Thomas B. Fleming:

Dear Sir:—I have received my first copy of "The Young American" and I thought I would write and tell you how much I like it. I like all the departments and I am very much pleased with the stories. I think a puzzle department would interest your readers.

Yours truly,

Raymond Pharo.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**BOYS!** THE AMERICAN YOUTH is a high-class illustrated magazine that appeals to every live boy. It contains Exciting Serials and Short Stories, Instructive Articles, Prize Letters, Club Notes, Essays, Jokes, Poems, etc. There are depts. devoted to BOY SCOUTS, STAMPS & COINS, Photography, ATHLETICS, Carpentry, Journalism & MECHANICS. Sometimes forty big pages are published in a single issue, and every month a beautiful illustration adorns the front cover page. Boys, don't be without it, for it's a boy's best companion. Send 25c in silver for a whole year's subscription. Send it to-day!

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## THE YOUTH'S LIBRARY

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