

**The Project Gutenberg  
eBook of The Boy Scouts of  
the Naval Reserve, by Robert  
Shaler**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The Boy Scouts of the Naval Reserve

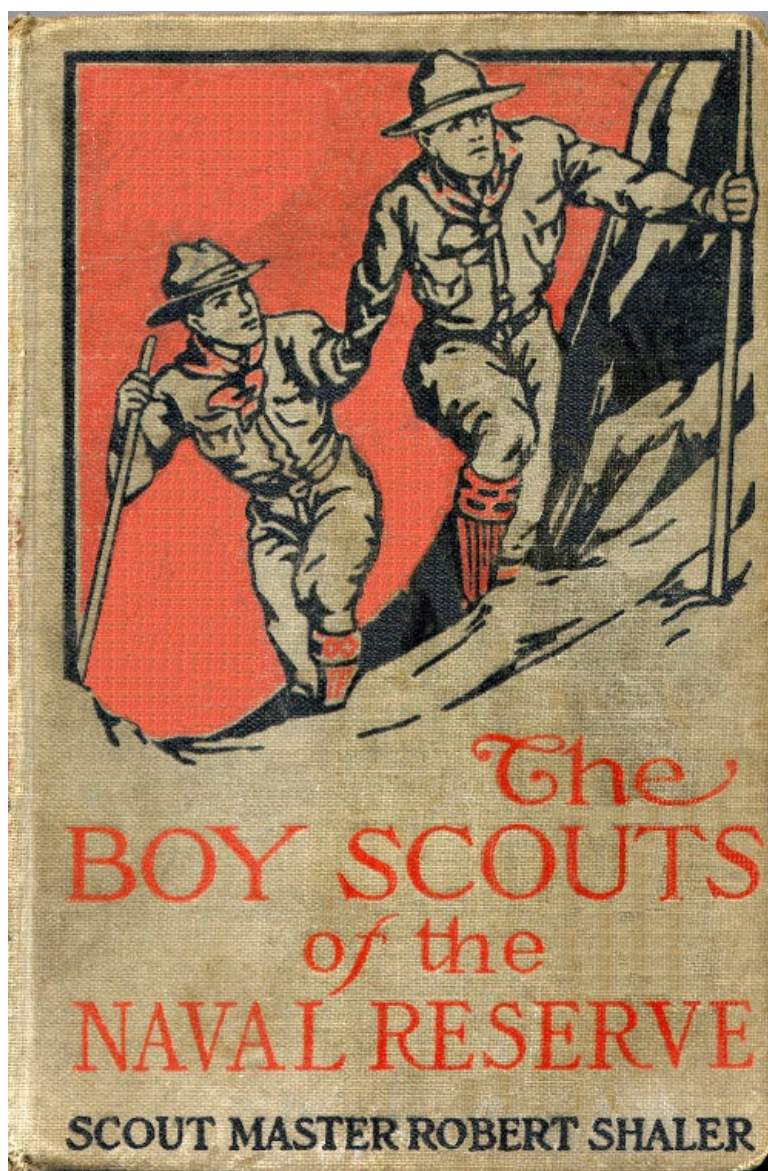
Author: Robert Shaler

Release date: March 5, 2015 [EBook #48410]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Stephen Hutcheson, Rod Crawford, Rick Morris and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE BOY SCOUTS OF THE NAVAL RESERVE \*\*\*



# THE BOY SCOUTS OF THE NAVAL RESERVE

BY  
SCOUT MASTER ROBERT SHALER

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY SCOUTS OF THE SIGNAL CORPS," "THE  
BOY SCOUTS OF PIONEER CAMP," "THE BOY SCOUTS OF THE  
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY," "THE BOY SCOUTS ON PICKET DUTY,"  
ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK  
HURST & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1914,  
BY  
HURST & COMPANY

## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. <a href="#">THE TRAIL UP CEDAR HILL</a>	5
II. <a href="#">SCOUT TACTICS</a>	18
III. <a href="#">THE DANCING BEAR</a>	31
IV. <a href="#">THE TRACKING GAME</a>	44
V. <a href="#">A SCOUT AMBULANCE</a>	57
VI. <a href="#">BILLY'S LUCKY JINX</a>	70
VII. <a href="#">"ALL ABOARD!"</a>	84
VIII. <a href="#">AFLOAT WITH THE NAVAL MILITIA</a>	97
IX. <a href="#">THE NIGHT LANDING OF THE SCOUTS</a>	110
X. <a href="#">ESTABLISHING THE SIGNAL RELAY</a>	123
XI. <a href="#">A TEMPTATION AND A VICTORY</a>	136
XII. <a href="#">WITH THE BATTLESHIP SQUADRON</a>	149

5

## The Boy Scouts of the Naval Reserve.

### CHAPTER I. THE TRAIL UP CEDAR HILL.

*"How-oo-ooo!"*

This weird sound, supposed to be very much like the mournful howl of the timber wolf heard on a wintry night in the wilderness, caused the boy on the bicycle to laugh softly to himself as he looked up.

After running an errand for his mother to one of the farmers' wives, he had been pedaling carelessly along up the dusty road.

A couple of fellows of about his own age, one of

6

whom was inclined to be rather stout, were coming along a side road, making frantic motions for him to wait until they arrived; the boy chuckled again.

"Seems like Billy is getting that signal cry of the Wolf Patrol down pretty pat," he told himself, as he dropped off his wheel at the junction of the two roads to await the arrival of his friends, both of whom wore the well-known khaki uniforms of the scouts, just as the lone rider did.

A minute later and they, too, dismounted, one gracefully, and the other with the awkwardness that usually accompanies the heavy-weight boy. Both of them were apparently pleased at having run across their comrade at just that particular time.

"Hello! Hugh!" called out the stout boy, "we stopped in at your house, and they told us you'd gone out to Farmer Benton's on an errand for your mother. So Arthur said we might run across you heading for home, which we sure have done."

"That's right, Chief," added the more slender lad who had been called Arthur. "We want you to come along with us and pass judgment on my contraption of a wireless outfit that I've rigged out up on Cedar Hill. I finished the work yesterday morning, and meant to get some of you fellows up there in the afternoon, but things kept on happening over at our house one after the other, till it was too late to bother. You'll go along, I hope, Chief?"

7

These three lads were all members of the well-known Wolf Patrol of the local troop of Boy Scouts. They had been chiefly instrumental in starting the popular movement in town; and had passed through many rather remarkable scenes in common, most of which have been described at length in previous stories of the Series.

Hugh Hardin had early been made the patrol leader, and when the assistant scout master of the troop had lately been compelled to resign, Hugh, as the most popular fellow among the scouts, had been elected to take his place. It is necessary that the boy who would take upon himself the responsibility of being an assistant scout master should above all be a first-class scout; secondly, he must be elected to the office by his mates; and last of all be recommended by the chief scout officers of that district. Only when these conditions have been met will the coveted certificate be sent out from Boy Scout Headquarters in New York City.

8

Hugh had received approval some weeks before, and a few of the boys had come to calling him "Chief" when off by themselves for a good time. Of course, when the regular scout master, Lieutenant Denmead, a retired United States army officer, was along, Hugh would expect to be treated with the same courtesy that was extended to that gentleman, and insist upon the usual scout salute at meeting.

Billy Worth had always been a great admirer and chum of Hugh. He believed the other to be the best all-round boy in that whole country. Consequently he had seemed more concerned than Hugh himself when Alec Sands, the son of the rich railroad magnate, and in many ways a

9

spoiled boy, had on various occasions tried to get the better of Hugh. Alec was the leader of the wideawake Otter Patrol, a clever scout, and with a small following of his own; but he was none too popular among the members of the Fox and Hawk patrols. This had accounted for his failure to be elected to the office of assistant scout master at the time he and Hugh locked horns while running for the position.

Arthur Cameron had been the last one to join the Wolf Patrol, completing its roster of eight members, and for some time he had been called the "tenderfoot." Hugh, however, managed to arouse his interest in the wonderful secrets of Nature a scout who keeps his eyes and ears wide open may learn, especially when in the woods. From that day on Arthur had striven to perfect himself in the knowledge of those things which a boy must know in order to climb the ladder of scout preferment.

Arthur had after a while become a second-class scout, and only at the last meeting of the troop he had been listed in the proud rank of those who were entitled to wear the full official badge, denoting that they were in the first division. The Wolf Patrol now had no tenderfoot and only three second-class scouts. Hugh hoped that in due time even these laggards would arouse themselves and show ambition to pluck the fruit from the tree of knowledge that was within such easy reach.

10

When Arthur made his appeal, Hugh looked a little thoughtful; the other boys at the same time showed signs of more or less eagerness. Hugh's opinion was worth considerable to Arthur. While perhaps the patrol leader did not know half as much about the intricate details connected with a wireless outfit as Arthur himself, at the same time he could always grasp things in a broad way, and make valuable suggestions that others might profit by.

"Well, I don't see any reason why I shouldn't turn around and take a little spin up there with you boys," Hugh announced, presently. "I've done the errand for my mother, and have one of Mrs. Benton's good yeast cakes in my pocket. She wants my mother to try a loaf of her morning's baking. It's tied to the handle bars of my wheel. But there's no need of my hurrying back home because mother doesn't mean to use the yeast till to-morrow, anyhow. All right, Arthur, I'll go along. I'm mighty much interested in this scheme of yours. Perhaps after all, if the wireless works, and we get in touch with you while along the coast, you'll have nearly as much fun staying home here as the lucky scouts who accompany the Naval Reserve on their maneuvering cruise aboard the scout cruiser, *Vixen*."

11

"Glad to hear you say so, Hugh," said the other, flushing with pleasure. "I was away down in the dumps when I found that I hadn't a look-in on that trip. It was Billy here who asked why I didn't finish that wireless I'd started up on the top of Cedar Hill. He said what was the harm in my trying to pick up messages you fellows would send out from time to time while aboard the scout cruiser, practicing all sorts of things, just as though there was a regular war on between the United States and some foreign power,

12

Japan for instance. And now she's ready for business. Let's be off. If you say my outfit works fairly decent I'll be feeling fifty per cent. better. It's awful to see my chums going away on such a picnic, while I have to stay home."

"Huh!" grunted Billy, as he threw a plump leg over his saddle and prepared to begin pedaling, "what about poor me? I came in *third* on the list when only two in a patrol could go. Just missed being a favored son by a hair's breadth. I nearly swooned when I saw what a narrow escape I'd had from getting to go on the dandiest trip that ever came down the pike. I'm getting as thin as a rail peeving about my hard luck. By the time you fellows come back, Hugh, I'll be fit to enter a freak museum under the name of a Living Skeleton."

13

"Like fun you will," jeered Arthur, who knew Billy like a book. "I notice that you're just as fond of eating and sleeping as ever. No fellow who can do the stunts along those lines that you're capable of is going to lose flesh. Don't ever worry about Billy, Hugh. He may feel bad about not going, but all the same, mark my words, he'll have a good time at home. He always carries the sunshine with him."

And indeed that was about the truth, for Billy could joke and make merry when many of his mates were pulling long faces over the troubles that pressed thick and fast upon the patrol. It was his nature to be happy and jolly; he could not help radiating sunshine all the time.

They sped along the road, gradually getting to where the woods came down on either side, and elevations could be seen close by. The particular place which the amateur wireless operator had chosen as the site for his exploits in constructing his masts and aerials was known as Cedar Hill. It chanced to be a bit of the extensive property which the Camerons owned up in this region; which possibly was one reason Arthur had chosen it. He could lop off branches from such trees as he wanted to use without danger of being taken to task by some irate farmer, who might seriously object to destruction of valuable cedars.

14

There was quite a dense woods leading up to the crown of the hill and the boys would of course have to abandon their wheels down by the road.

"I guess I'd better take this precious home-made loaf of bread along with me," Hugh said as they thrust their bicycles in among the bushes near by. "It's got such a fine smell of baking about it that some wandering hog might find it out. Wouldn't I be mad clear through to get back here and find it gone!"

15

"Say, that does go right to the spot," remarked Billy as he leaned over to sniff at the paper-covered package. "If we should happen to get lost now, like the babes in the wood, why that same bully loaf'd keep us from starving to death. Any danger of your losing the trail, Arthur?"

"Well, I've been up here so often that I've marked it pretty well," replied the other laughingly. "Suppose you lead the way, Billy, while I talk with the Chief."

"Sure I will," Billy sang out cheerfully. "Always

willing to be a victim. Anything to oblige, boys. 'Walk this way,' please, as the bow-legged salesman said to the haughty lady, before he started to show her through the store. What impertinence! I should say you had worn a plain trail, Arthur. A greenhorn could follow it in and out, past logs, and around holes. You had your Injun woodcraft down fine when you laid this out."

Unconsciously the two who were engaged in some serious conversation, lagged more or less, though perhaps it was Billy, anxious to reach the crown of Cedar Hill, who displayed an unwonted animation in ascending the rather steep rise, and see what the final result of the other scout's labors had been.

16

Once or twice Hugh—glancing up—saw that Billy had passed from sight, though he could still be heard clambering through the brush beyond. Occasionally some exclamation told that he might have clumsily stumbled over a root or a clinging vine. They were all of two-thirds of the way up when there came a sudden shriek from Billy that made the other boys stop short and look startled. Billy, however, was so prone to play practical jokes that no one knew how to take him. He could be plainly heard tearing headlong down the face of the wooded hill, and in a few seconds came panting back, his usually florid face white with sudden fear.

"What ails you, Billy?" demanded Hugh, puzzled to account for his actions.

17

"Seen a garter snake, did you, Billy?" jeered Arthur. "Oh! plenty of that kind around here, but they can't hurt you. Thought it was a rattler, now, I bet you?"

"It's a b-e-a-r—a great big black bear 'bout ten feet tall, and standin' on his hind legs awaitin' to hug a feller to death!" came from the white lips of the scout who had led the van of the trail followers.

18

## CHAPTER II. SCOUT TACTICS.

Hugh had known Billy Worth to be addicted to playing practical jokes on many occasions, but he was really puzzled to guess the truth when the other so loudly declared he had met with a bear on the trail above.

There were a number of small wild animals still to be found in that section of the country. Hugh himself had met with a ferocious wildcat on one of the camping trips of the troop up at Pioneer Lake, but such a thing as a black bear had not been seen by any one for many years.

Billy was certainly not playing a part, Hugh quickly decided. The patrol leader had thrown out an arm, so as to block the passage and prevent Billy from continuing his mad flight, for he gave evidences of being inclined that way. He kept looking back along the hill trail as though fully anticipating seeing a huge hairy monster

19

suddenly loom up. He stood ready to break away and once more dash down toward the road to the place where the bicycles had been left.

Arthur, though not free from a touch of panic himself, began to suspect that it was all a humbug. He turned on Billy and scornfully demanded:

"Show us your old bear, can't you? March him up and let's look him in the eye! I reckon that you're trying to rattle your boon companions, that's what you're up to, Billy Worth. It don't go, and you might as well call it off."

Billy began to get a grip on himself, for there is nothing like derision to bring a boy to his proper senses. He straightened up, and a tinge of color came back into his plump cheeks as he retorted:

"If you don't believe me—let's see you go right along up there, that's all! Let me tell you this, Arthur Cameron, if you'll agree to walk straight along this same trail right up to your old wireless fixing on top of Cedar Hill, I'll—yes, I'll agree to *give* you that hunting knife of mine you asked me to trade for your spare compass. Get that, do you? And I'm safe in making the offer, too, because I know you'll get the rattles as bad as I did just as soon as you set eyes on that terrible monster!"

20

Hugh was still studying the other. He wondered what it could have been that Billy had really seen to alarm him so much. As a rule the other scout was not given to wild imaginings like several other boys connected with the troop whom Hugh knew very well. On the contrary Billy had generally shown a steadiness much to his credit; he was matter-of-fact and not often given to romancing.

"This thing has gone far enough, Billy," he said sternly.

"I know you don't believe what I say, Chief," complained the other, "but I'm going to raise my hand, and on the honor of a scout say once more that I did really and truly see a bear!"

21

"Well, let it go at that," said Hugh. "We'll believe that you thought you saw some sort of thing that *looked like a bear*. I've known fellows who saw ghosts and believed it as much as they could anything, till it was proven that the moving white object was a pillow-slip left out on the clothes line, floating up and down in the soft night air. Sometimes in the dim woods a stump can look mighty like a big black bear, I'm told."

"P'raps that's all true enough, Hugh," persisted the other, "but when you see it rear up on its hind legs, and start at you—that looks different, don't it?" demanded the other.

"Oh! then it moved, did it? actually got up on its hind legs and wanted to give you the high sign?" jeered Arthur still unconvinced. "Well, that's what you get for belonging to the Wolf Patrol. This wonderful bear thought you might be his own cousin. He meant to shake hands with you, Billy."

Billy shrugged his broad shoulders. Though still looking a little anxious, he was no longer white in the face. This scepticism on the part of Arthur

22

had the good effect of arousing what was combative in his jolly nature, and putting fresh courage in his boyish heart.

"Well," he went on to say resolutely, "I can see that you'll never be satisfied till you meet up with that bear for yourself, Arthur. So s'pose you hike out. We'll follow after you. I dare you to, get that?"

No boy can easily stand being put on his mettle. With quaking heart many a lad has started into a country churchyard on a dark night or in some other such reckless venture just because his mates have given him the "dare."

Arthur gave a quick look up the trail. So far as he could see, there did not appear to be anything amiss in that direction. Surely if a hungry bear did lurk near by he would have been apt to show himself ere this.

23

So Arthur, feeling that he had gone too far now to show the white feather, threw out his chest, and stepped ahead of the other two.

"All right, you watch me show you up for the biggest fakir going, Billy," he remarked with all the firmness he could command. "I've passed up and down along the same trail dozens of times, and if there'd been such a thing as a bear around—well, wouldn't I be apt to know it? Guess I would. Now, I've seen a fox once, a little red fox; likewise a skunk that I gave a wide berth to. There was a rabbit that used to jump out of the bushes every single day, sometimes giving me a start, if I happened to be thinking hard and forgot about it. Wonder whether anybody could make out one of those to be a bear!"

"Oh! go on and climb, that's all," chuckled the confident Billy. "You'll see if I've got magnifiers in my eyes this time."

"And what if we don't see your bear?" asked Arthur. He started rather slowly to mount the trail, keeping a bright lookout ahead, which caution rather belied his confident way of expressing his disbelief.

24

"You will, all right," replied the other from behind Hugh. "Even if he's dusted out, can't we look for his tracks? What's the use of being scouts if we aren't able to tell what the marks of a bear's paw and claws look like?"

Arthur did not reply in words. He did cast a quick glance over his shoulder, however, which may have been simply to make sure his chums were close at his heels, though Hugh rather suspected the leader to be desirous of making certain that there was a clear field for flight open to him in case of necessity. Caution as well as valor is a part of a scout's education, and he who is wise will always know of a way for retreat though scorning to make use of the same.

Billy in the rear was evidently very much in earnest. Hugh could hear him breathing hard, as if his excitement were returning in full force the closer they drew to the place where he had met his recent alarming adventure.

25

Although he could not believe it possible that Billy had actually seen such a thing as a bear,



still Hugh confessed to feeling considerable curiosity himself in the matter. He had already made up his mind that it would turn out to be some old stump that stood in a rather dark and gloomy spot. Perhaps a squirrel had run up the stump, frightened by the sudden appearance of the boy, and this movement, coupled with the queer appearance of the remnant of a tree, had given Billy his scare.

Well, they would soon know what it might have been. Arthur was steadily advancing up the hillside, none too swiftly it must be confessed. He had apparently remembered all he had ever learned about the habits of a real scout when passing through lonely woods where dangers were apt to lurk, for it could be seen that he was turning his head to the right and to the left from time to time, as if determined that nothing should escape his observation.

26

"Listen! didn't you hear something that sounded like a whine?" asked Billy from his position of safety in the rear.

It might have been just like him to try and add to the nervousness of the scout who led the van, but Hugh knew that this was not so; he too had caught some sort of odd sound at the same time that the other spoke so thrillingly. As for Arthur, he stopped short.

"What could that have been, Hugh?" he asked anxiously, while the satisfied Billy actually began to chuckle with glee at seeing the doubting one begin to show signs of wavering.

"I couldn't say, Arthur," replied the scout master promptly. "Some sort of animal made it. I should think even a fox could bark loud enough for that, or a weasel snarl because he was bothered while feeding. Want me to lead off, Arthur?"

27

Perhaps the boy would have been glad of the chance to say yes, but knowing how Billy would exult at his sudden change of heart he shut his teeth hard together and merely replied:

"Well, I should say not, Hugh. I don't make out to be the bravest scout in the troop in the Wolf Patrol, but I hope I am not ready to lie down and crawl just because I happen to hear a silly old whine. Chances are it's some dog that's been digging out a rabbit burrow up here and wants to let us know he's on deck. Come on, both of you, and let's see what's up."

With that Arthur resumed his upward progress, covering foot after foot, continuing his careful survey ahead. Hugh was really proud of the way the late "tenderfoot" managed to carry on the lead so successfully; even under the exciting conditions the scout master could pay attention to such things, since they concerned his duties as instructor.

"Just a little further, Arthur, and you'll turn that sharp bend," almost whispered Billy, pressing up against Hugh in his intense eagerness to see what would happen. "Oh! there was that whine again, Hugh! Mebbe you'll believe me after a bit. Mebbe you'll give me credit for havin' eyes in my head! Steady now, old wireless! A few more steps, and you're bound to strike something or I'll eat my hat!"

28

This sort of talk was well calculated to increase the manifest nervousness of Arthur, but he was at least game to the backbone, not dreaming of showing the white feather, the thing above all others that any ordinary boy dreads to do.

Hugh pressed a little closer to the leader. He wanted to be on hand for what was going to happen, no matter whether this turned out to be along tragic or comical lines. And besides, Arthur was visibly trembling, as though he needed some strong arm to back him up. If he felt Hugh touching his elbow it would doubtless afford him more or less comfort.

29

Then Arthur, with set jaws, summoning all his resolution to the fore, made the last step needed to take him around that bend in the trail where the tall bushes seemed to shut out what lay beyond.

No sooner had he done so than he seemed to be changed into stone, for he stood there like a statue carved out of marble, staring at something that lay just beyond. Billy came pushing up just in time to hear the pilot of the expedition gasp:

"Look! look, Hugh! Is that really a bear, or am I seeing things I shouldn't?"

When the scout master had taken a second look he made a discovery that seemed to afford him more or less satisfaction, for he immediately called out:

"It's a live bear, all right, Arthur. Billy wasn't dreaming, it seems. Look closer and you'll find that the poor thing is tied to that tree with a rope; and chances are it's the performing bear I heard was over at Salem last week!"

30

At that both of the other boys breathed freely once more. Billy puffed out his chest, filled with pride because his astonishing declaration had at least been proven true.

31

### **CHAPTER III. THE DANCING BEAR.**

"But it is a bear all right, isn't it?" Billy was saying with evident satisfaction, "and you'll have to take back all you said about my being so scared 'cause I saw a whole lot of things that never could happen, Arthur. Mebbe there aren't any wild bears a-roamin' around these parts any more, but I did see a hairy monster, didn't I? And when I told you he reared up on his hind legs and made like he wanted to dance with me, I wasn't yarning, you see. Huh! next time you won't be so ready to make out I'm a fakir. Magnifying a stump into a live beast! Whew! look at him stretching right now, will you? What are you meaning to do, Hugh?"

The patrol leader had started toward the imprisoned bear, causing Billy to ask this last question.

"Why, I wonder where his master can be?" Hugh Hardin readily observed, his curiosity aroused

32

afresh.

"Oh! taking a good long sleep somewhere in the bushes around most likely," Billy remarked unconcernedly. "You know the breed all right, fellows. They're as cruel a bunch as you'd find anywhere. I reckon this poor thing's got heaps and heaps of big welts under his hair from being whipped when he wouldn't feel like dancing, his pole held in his forepaws. I've watched 'em do it."

All of them now approached the bear more closely. The animal did not seem to be of the common black American variety, but had a sort of cinnamon hue.

"I think they bring them over from Russia, down along some part of the Caucasus or Ural Mountains," Hugh was saying as the shaggy beast, still standing erect on its haunches, started to make those queer whining sounds again.

"What d'ye reckon the old thing means by that, Hugh?" asked Arthur.

33

"And look at the way he keeps working his mouth, will you?" added Billy. "Tell you what, I think he must be hungry! He smells that fine loaf of bread you've got under your arm, Chief. Better give it to the poor beggar. Look at him putting out his tongue, and slathering his lips. He's sure begging for something."

"I think I know what he wants most of all," said Hugh. "You can see from the way the ground's torn up around that he must have been tied here all night."

"Whew! that would be tough on the poor thing, wouldn't it?" declared Billy, who had a tender heart and could not bear to see any beast or bird suffer when it lay in his power to change things for the better.

"He wants a drink of water the worst kind, boys," continued the patrol leader.

"And I know of a fine little spring not five minutes' walk away from here, too. I've often stepped over there when working at my wireless to get a cold drink," Arthur hastened to remark.

34

"You're elected then unanimously, seeing that you're the only one that knows where the water tank lies," Billy told him.

"Elected to what?" demanded the other scout.

"Why to lead the poor old bear to his drink," Billy went on to say, without betraying the least sign of humor in his round face. "Step right up and unfasten that greasy rope, Arthur, while I stand by this tree ready to climb, if so be he breaks away and comes my way. He keeps on looking at me like he thought I was good enough to eat. That's the trouble with being nice and plump. But what ails you, Chum Arthur? I don't see you jumping forward to pat our hairy brother and tell him his troubles are all over, since you've come along."

"Hugh! what are we going to do about it?" Arthur asked, turning from his tormentor toward the scout master.

35

"If you lead the way, I'll go along with you to that spring," replied the other quietly. "We might fill our hats and perhaps that'll be enough. I never saw a bear drink water, but in hot summer weather I should think they'd want it as well as any other animal. Come along, Arthur."

Billy seemed in doubt whether to offer to accompany his comrades or remain there. He did not altogether like the idea of finding himself left alone with the bear. The rope looked thin and worn, and might break. So as soon as the others had departed, and he could hear their voices growing fainter as they hurried on toward Arthur's pet spring, Billy proceeded to climb the tree against which he had been leaning.

"Gives a fellow a better outlook, for one thing," he told himself, as he straddled the lower limb, "and then in case the sly old rascal did break loose, why I'd have a halfway chance to kick at him, and keep him down below till they came back and Hugh tied him up again. Scouts should be cautious as well as brave; that's always been my motto. There, Hugh went and left that loaf of bread when he took Arthur with him to get the water. See that bear sniffing as hard as anything, would you? One thing sure, if he did break loose he'd start in to gobble that bread, and let me alone."

36

Listening he could hear the other two talking some little distance away. It was from this that Billy judged they had arrived at the spring, and were proceeding to fill their campaign hats. Although this idea of Hugh's might seem a little strange on the face of it, there was really nothing uncommon about his desire to relieve the sufferings of the thirsty animal. Scouts are taught to do just these helpful things whenever the opportunity comes along; and many a fellow has found a chance to turn his reversed medal over for the day by an act of mercy toward dumb beasts,—horses, cows, or even dogs in pain or trouble of any sort.

Given time, Billy might have thought to the same end himself, but his brain did not work as rapidly as that of some of the other boys, and as a rule he made slow progress.

37

He sat there, keeping a wary eye on the performing bear and guessing at the progress of his chums by catching the sound of their voices coming louder and louder with every half minute.

Then Billy breathed more freely when he saw their figures flitting carefully among the trees near by, so as not to spill more of the water than could be helped.

"Good for you, boys!" he called out as he hastened to slip down from his elevated perch, but not soon enough to escape the sharp eyes of Arthur, who immediately took him to task for deserting the solid earth.

"Wise old Billy, ain't it?" he remarked, jeeringly. "He wasn't going to take any chances of being nibbled at by the tame bear, was he? Climbed a tree, didn't you, son? Just as if bears couldn't shin up a trunk like hot cakes! You're a bright one, I must say, Billy."

38

"That's all right and I am not ashamed to admit

it, either," asserted the other stoutly. "A scout should never be rash, the rules say. Why should I take unnecessary chances, when I knew that bear had his eye on me, and thought I'd make a good lunch? If he'd been tackling you, Arthur, I'd show you what I'd do if I had to grab him from the back, and wrestle with him like his master does; only he hasn't his muzzle on right now, and that'd be bad. Does he drink, Hugh?"

While the others were indulging in this little exchange of sentiments, the scout master had advanced toward the tied bear holding out his hat water-pail. The animal eagerly thrust his snout into the cool liquid and seemed to be drinking after a fashion, which told that Hugh had been right when he said the beast must have been fastened here for some time.

"He wasn't there when I came down from the top of the hill yesterday morning, I give you my word for that, Chief," Arthur announced, as he stood ready to hand his hat of water over to the other, should the first supply prove insufficient to satisfy the poor beast. "You can see for yourself that it would be impossible for me to have passed on this trail and missed running across him."

39

"But what d'ye reckon has become of his master, and how are we goin' to get the dancing bear back to town, when he don't know us? That's what I'd like to know," Billy demanded apprehensively, not as yet daring to come within five feet of the sleek monster.

"I'm bothered to know what it all means," Hugh told them. "When he fastened the bear here, the man must have had some notion in his head but he's been kept from coming back again."

"Would he want to abandon the poor thing just because it wasn't paying him to tote the bear along?" asked Arthur.

40

"I wouldn't think that could be," said Hugh. "As far as I know, these men who own trained bears always make a good deal of money and they spend mighty little. Besides, such an animal would be worth fifty or a hundred dollars for exhibition purposes, I'd think. No, there's some other reason for it. I've got half a notion to try to find the man's track leading away from here, and see which way he did go. What if he fell down some little precipice—there are such things around these hills—and broke his leg? Why, he might lie there and die for all anybody'd hear him call, up in this lonely region."

Both of the other scouts were more or less worked up by what the patrol leader had just said. It was not very difficult for them to picture a variety of serious perils along the lines suggested by Hugh; they rather liked the idea of picking up the departing trail of the foreigner just to see if they would be equal to the task of discovering him, perhaps asleep, near by.

41

"But I don't see how anybody could sleep through all that noise Billy here put up," Arthur chose to remark, "when he came rushing down the hill with his hair standing on end, and his eyes looking as if they would drop out of his head."

"Oh! hold on, there, go easy with a fellow, can't

you?" urged Billy reproachfully. "Of course I own up I was some scared, but it wasn't as bad as all that, and you know it, Arthur. Guess anybody'd have had some shock to run across that thing all of a sudden and believe it to be a wild bear."

"Why, before we're done with it," boasted Arthur, "you may see me riding on the old fellow's broad back like as not. They're really as tame and docile as kittens, I was told; that is, after they get to know you, and you've fed 'em a few times so they'll look on you as a friend. There, he acts as though he'd had all the water he wanted, Hugh. Just throw out the rest, and I'll put on my wet hat, which ought to feel nice and cool after all that soaking."

42

Hugh was already commencing to cast around in search of tracks that would be of a far different type from their own,—prints made by broad-soled hob-nailed shoes, such as these Russian immigrants wear. This made it look as though he had been quite in earnest when he made that assertion about feeling in the humor to try and follow the trail the bear's master had left when he departed on his unknown errand.

Billy happened to think of that loaf of bread which the patrol leader had laid down when arriving on the scene. Some spirit of mischief caused the boy to step over, and picking the package up advance toward the tied bear, holding it out to see what the animal would do.

He found out, and in a big hurry too, after a fashion he had evidently not suspected would come to pass. The animal sniffed harder than ever as he caught the tantalizing odor of the freshly baked bread. If it had held a good scent for the boy who had stuffed himself at breakfast only an hour or two ago, fancy how it excited the bear, which must have been very hungry indeed.

43

Before Billy could realize how all those frantic pullings might result, he heard the worn rope give a sudden sharp snap where it had gone around the tree. Then he saw that the eager bear was now loose, and advancing quickly toward him, growling and whining with eagerness, and impatient to break his long fast!

44

## **CHAPTER IV. THE TRACKING GAME.**

"Hugh, oh! Hugh! he's loose!"

These boys of the Wolf Patrol had become so accustomed to depending on their energetic leader when trouble threatened that this cry pealed from the lips of Billy Worth as naturally as he would eat his supper, given half a chance.

The sight of that bear standing on his two hind legs and advancing eagerly toward him gave Billy the shock of his life. He realized that being without any kind of weapon, he was powerless to resist should the hungry animal seize hold of him, and commence breaking his fast. Billy did not know, or at least failed to remember then

under such tremendous excitement, that bears, at least of this species, are more addicted to a diet of roots, berries, and cereals when they can get them, than flesh.

He dropped the loaf of bread, though the act was more the result of his fright than any idea of coaxing the beast to turn his attention elsewhere, and let him, Billy, alone.

45

Arthur was close by, but as incapable of assisting his chum as Billy was of helping himself; it seemed as though Arthur must have been paralyzed by the sight of that tall monster pushing directly at the other scout. Arthur remained standing there with open mouth and staring eyes, never so much as lifting a hand.

When the bear began to sniff eagerly, and then dropped suddenly on all fours, as though meaning to hunt for the loaf which had fallen, Billy experienced a feeling of intense relief.

He was actually able to get some momentum, for up to then, while desirous of beating a retreat he had seemed frozen to the ground; he could remember passing through a similar experience when suffering from a species of nightmare.

So Billy fell back several paces, all the while observing the actions of the educated bear as though fascinated.

46

It would seem that the animal must have been given a loaf of bread tied up in paper many times in the past. Perhaps that was his customary daily allowance. He started to tear the covering away, undoubtedly fully aware of the necessity for doing this before he could get at the contents. And Billy thought he showed almost human intelligence about it, too; in fact, he afterward declared his positive belief that Bruin had deliberately untied the string with his teeth and claws.

At any rate, whether that was true or only imagination on the part of the staring boy, the bear was munching eagerly at the bread by the time Hugh arrived on the spot, which proved how quickly all this had been accomplished.

"What's happening, Billy?" asked the patrol leader, though of course he could see that the bear was busily engaged with something just then.

47

"He's hooked your lovely bread, that's what, Hugh!" gasped the other, pointing.

"Oh! well, let it go at that," replied Hugh, with a short laugh. "Seems like a pity to waste Mrs. Benton's prime bread on such a beast; but since he's nearly starved, and has got his teeth in the loaf, there's no stopping him now. But how did it happen *you* had the bread in your hands, Billy?"

"It was all my fault, I guess, Hugh," answered the now contrite Billy. "I just thought I'd see how he acted when he got a whiff of that new bread, and would you believe me, he just leaned so hard on his rope that it snapped where it was fastened around the tree. Whoop! if I hadn't had the good sense to drop the bread I reckon he'd have bitten a hunk out of my leg!"

"But he's free now, Hugh," spoke up Arthur.

"What can we do about it?"

"While he's so busy with the bread I'll try and see if I can get hold of that rope and fix him again," remarked the patrol leader, not believing it would prove a very difficult task.

48

"Be careful, Hugh. He's got wicked-looking teeth! I can see 'em!" Billy warned his chum anxiously.

"And his claws haven't been trimmed this long while, seems like," added Arthur.

"I'll look out, make your minds easy on that question," Hugh told them. "Both of you stand where you are, and keep moving your arms so as to sort of hold his attention. I think I can see how the job is going to be done."

"A good idea, sure it is!" Billy declared and immediately began to swing both of his arms as though they were parts of some windmill with a twenty-mile-an-hour gale blowing.

"Easy now, not quite so hard, Billy!" Hugh admonished as he started to pass to the rear of the munching brute, where he had discovered the broken end of the rope lying on the ground.

The others continued to move their arms and talk as they watched Hugh work. In the first place he bent down and secured the rope. He found that by advancing closer to the bear he would be able to pass it around a stout little sapling and knot the end securely. What if the munching beast did growl more or less as he became conscious of Hugh's presence. That was just the way any dog would do when disturbed while crunching a bone between his teeth; and the scout master did not mean to let it deter him from the task he had set out to perform.

49

"All done, Hugh?" burst out the admiring Billy when he saw the other starting to move back.

"Yes, and if the rope only holds this time he'll stay there till his master shows up to take him in charge," came from the other.

"You did it in first-class style, and that's a fact, Chief!" asserted the relieved Arthur.

50

"Now, what's next on the program?" demanded Billy.

"Why, as I've managed to find the tracks of the foreigner leaving here, I thought we might start out and follow the trail," suggested the patrol leader.

"Fine!" ejaculated Billy.

"And I think the same," added Arthur, "though I hope that after we're all through with this job you'll still come back with me, and try out my wireless, Hugh. Promise me that, won't you, please?"

"You can count on me, Arthur," the other assured him. "I'm almost as much interested in your experiment as you can be yourself. I think it would be a great thing if we could talk across all the distance between while you're home here and some of the scouts are on board the *Vixen* bound up the coast. It would show the boys of the Naval Reserve that scouts are not so *slow*

51



after all to keep up with the procession. Yes, you can count on me, Arthur, to watch you work your wireless."

"All right, Hugh. Let's see if we can find out what's become of the man who owns this poor bear."

Hugh immediately led his chums over where he had been working at the moment that the tocsin of alarm from Billy announced that something unusual had happened, and that he was needed in another quarter.

"See here and here," Hugh told them, pointing as he spoke to the ground.

"That is his trail as sure as anything," admitted Billy instantly. "And he's wearing shoes with great big hob-nails in them, too. Most of these foreigners do that, I guess. They make their shoes wear twice as long; and every cent saved means they can go back all the sooner to their old home with a little fortune tucked away in their corduroys or jeans. Lead off, Hugh, and we'll be right at your heels. And show us anything queer you happen to run across on the trail, see?"

"Because as scouts," added Arthur, promptly, "we want to be up to all the wrinkles of the business, you know. I find out new things every day, and it seems like the more you know the more you discover you don't know."

52

"That's a queer way of saying it, Arthur," laughed Hugh, "but it covers the ground, I think. You mean the field keeps on getting larger the more our horizon is extended, which is what one writer says. Come on then, we'll leave the bear to finish his bread, and lick up the crumbs. I had thought to have a share of that brown loaf myself, but it went in a good cause and I don't feel sorry."

With the scout master leading them and all bending low so as to keep a close watch on the tracks, they started forth. None of them could tell just where that trail might take them,—a dozen possibilities opened up before their mental vision. If they thought anything at all, possibly Billy and Arthur were convinced that the foreigner may have wanted to get rid of his charge, and had thus basely abandoned the poor bear to its fate. Then again there was a chance that in going to town he may have been arrested for some trivial thing, and was even then languishing in the lockup, unable to make the police understand that his performing bear would starve unless some one went up to Cedar Hill to relieve the animal's wants.

53

Several times Hugh did call a temporary halt. He had come upon some phase of the trail that might have mystified a greenhorn, but which proved no puzzle to him, because of his wide experience in these things. And he took pleasure in explaining to his comrades what the combination meant.

"It seems that the fellow might be trying to blind anybody that chanced to be following his tracks," Hugh once told his mates. "Three times now he's even gone to the trouble to walk along a fallen tree trunk, and jump from the further end. If I didn't know the old Indian dodge, it

would have fooled me, too."

"And I never heard about such a game," admitted Arthur, while Billy nodded his head acknowledging the same thing.

54

"But whatever do you think he wants to do that for, Hugh?" the last named asked.

"I don't know, Billy," replied the patrol leader thoughtfully. "Seems to me he might be following a series of marks somehow, for look here at this plain 'blaze' on this tree, made at least several months ago, perhaps even last year. Now, it might be possible that the man has got a secret *cache* somewhere around, where he keeps his valuables; and whenever he finds himself in this neighborhood he goes there to add to the hoard, looking to the time when he thinks he will have enough saved to go back home with. And he has made a secret trail from where he left his bear to this hiding place."

"Yes, but while that sounds all to the good, Hugh," protested Billy, "why should he stay away so long?"

55

"We'll hope to find that out before we're done," Hugh told them; "that is, fellows, if you don't say you've had enough of this tracking game, and want to call it off."

Both the others immediately vigorously protested that they were not dreaming of such a thing; that they stood ready to back the scout master up, even if they had to continue this rambling around up and down among the rough places of the mountain until dark set in.

"All right, that settles it," said Hugh. "Let me tell you this is just pie for me. I'm never so happy as when trying to find out the answer to some knotty problem. We'll keep right on, even if the zigzag trail takes us all the way to the town lock-up!"

Ten minutes later Hugh held up his hand warningly.

"Steady, boys!" he remarked quietly. "Here's a bad place where the bushes seem to screen the brink of a little precipice; you can see for yourselves that the man we're tracking must have stumbled at the worst spot he could have picked out to take the dip. Here is where he crashed through the bushes; and look, when I part them with my hands, you can see that there's a bad drop beyond."

56

"Listen!" said Arthur.

"What did you think you heard?" gasped Billy, looking somewhat awed.

"Sounded awfully like a groan!" replied the other solemnly.

57

## CHAPTER V. A SCOUT AMBULANCE.

All of them crouching there listened eagerly.

"There it comes again!" exclaimed Arthur, excitedly.

"And it is a groan as sure as anything!" added Billy.

"Yes, the poor fellow must have fallen over here, and been hurt so badly that he wasn't able to get up again," Hugh announced, and then crawling forward to the verge of the precipice he took an observation.

"See him, Hugh?" questioned Billy.

"Yes, he's down there in a heap," came the reply. "Looks as if he might have tried again and again to work his way up, and had to quit through weakness. Come on, let's work our way around, boys. I think there must be some easier path down there than the one he took."

"Gee whiz! I should hope so!" muttered Billy, who had also ventured to take a peep over the edge, though without seeing the fallen master of the bear.

58

They skirted the precipice and as Hugh had predicted, soon discovered that it was possible to make the descent by means of a shelving path, which doubtless the wretched man had not found out. Presently they had reached the place where he lay.

He was looking terribly gaunt and haggard, more from the result of his intense pain and anxiety than because he had been imprisoned so long in that trap. When the trio of scouts came upon him, the man's face lighted up with new hope. He held out his hands eagerly toward them, bursting into a torrent of words, most of which they failed to understand because they may have been Russian, and like so much gibberish in their ears.

If the poor fellow was in any doubt as to their pacific and kindly intentions, the reassuring smiles on the faces of the scouts must have soon allayed his fears.

59

Hugh tried to tell him that they had found his bear, and followed his trail all the way along the side of old Stormberg Mountain to this place where he had met with his accident. He also gave the man to understand that they would stay by, and get him to a place of safety.

First of all the young scout master started to make an examination so that he might understand the extent of the man's injuries.

"Isn't it queer how history likes to repeat itself?" remarked Billy while he and the third chum stood there watching Hugh go through with this examination. "Just the other day it seems we saw our leader look over another party who had met with an accident, only in his case it was a fractured arm and not his leg."

"Yes," added Arthur, "an aeronaut in one case, and the owner of a dancing bear this time. They say extremes meet, and I guess that's so with us. But it makes no difference who's in pain and trouble, a scout has got to stand by him; isn't that right, Hugh?"

60

"Every time," replied the scout master promptly. "I find that this man has broken a bone in his left

leg. I can feel it grate when I press it, even if it hasn't come through, like some do when the fracture is extra bad. But he's been trying to stand on it, and drag himself up here, only to fall back again and again, so that it's pretty badly inflamed by now. Want of attention has hurt him more than the original break. I'm going to fix that leg as best I can, and wrap it up with the fresh surgeons' tape I happen to be carrying with me."

There was really no "happen" about it, for Hugh always made it a point to carry a small supply of that useful bandage tape with him all the time. It is one of those things which when required at all is needed badly. On several previous occasions the scout master had found cause to thank his forethought in thus going prepared for emergencies. Boys take so many desperate chances in their rough play that they are in constant danger of meeting with some accident.

61

The man seemed to understand that he was in the hands of Good Samaritans, though it doubtless hurt him keenly when Hugh worked; he stifled many a groan, he gritted his teeth, and managed to keep from fainting under the strain.

"There, that's all done, and as good a job as anything I ever tackled," Hugh finally declared, as he arose and stretched his cramped limbs. "And now the next thing is to get him up out of here. Suppose both of you try taking him by the shoulders while I look after his legs. I know how to handle him with as little pain as can be done. We can move him a little way, and then rest, till we're up on the level again. Ready, boys?"

The others understood what Hugh had in mind. They had practiced carrying a helpless person in some of their "first aid to the injured" lessons; and hence were quite competent to attend to their end. Hugh knew that the wounded man was in for more painful experiences, but then there was no other way of getting him out of that deep gully.

62

Resting as many as half a dozen times, the three scouts finally reached the level ground again. All of them were panting heavily, for the man was no light weight, and climbing the steep side of the ravine under such conditions was a much more difficult task than they had found when descending.

"And now what?" asked Billy as he looked to Hugh to lay out a plan.

"We must make a litter or stretcher, just as we've done more than a few times when practicing this game of carrying a wounded comrade," the scout master told them.

"That would be easy enough if only we had some sort of hatchet along," Arthur declared, "but you see, none of us dreamed we'd need such a thing. Now, I've got an old one hidden near where my wireless masts stand up on the top of Cedar Hill, if only you'd wait till I could go there and back."

63

"No need," observed Hugh, who had as usual been keeping his eyes on the alert, and made a few discoveries. "Here are all the poles we'll need, lying in a bunch. Probably some fellow had been gathering them for bean poles or something like that, and then forgot to take

them away."

"Talk to me about luck, we get it in hunks, don't we?" cried Billy. "Why, where could we have run across better poles to make a stretcher? All we want is some stout cord to fasten the ends together, so they won't slip."

"Here's a piece of rope the bear man seemed to have been carrying along with him for some purpose or other," said Hugh. "I picked it up near where he lay, knowing we might make use of it some way. By unwinding these strands we'll have more than all the cord we need to tie the poles across each other."

All of them immediately busied themselves, and so well had their lesson been learned that in a very short time they had fashioned a splendid litter. The wounded man watched them work with a sparkle of gratitude in his eyes. He must have realized by now that those khaki uniforms which these boys wore meant succor for him, and it is greatly to the credit of Boy Scouts everywhere that seldom does this confidence in their willingness to give aid in times of distress meet with disappointment.

64

After the litter had been finished, they laid enough hemlock browse upon it to make a pretty soft mattress. As Billy felt of that and scented the delightful piney odor, he nodded his head and remarked:

"I only hope that if ever I break a leg and have to be carried to the doctor's, I'll be lucky enough to lie on as fine a stretcher as this, that's all I can say."

Hugh took hold of one end, and Billy started at the other. They meant to take turns and in this way "rest up," as Billy called it.

65

"You're heading so as to reach the road, I take it?" remarked Arthur presently.

"Just what I'm doing," the scout master replied. "We ought to make use of our wheels in some way to take off most of the strain of carrying this man to town."

"Who'd ever have thought of that but you, Chief?" cried Billy, who was looking a little tired. The task of stumbling along, bearing half of that weight over rough ground, was far from an easy one.

When they reached the spot where the bicycles had been hidden these were brought out, and it was found that the stretcher could be rested on the handle bars of two of the wheels. By taking care, there was little danger of an upset. So presently a queer procession was passing along the road. Everything seemed to work so nicely that while they met several farmers going home from market, the boys declined the offer when they proposed turning back so as to carry the wounded Russian to the hospital.

66

Perhaps there was a little vein of pride about it, and the scouts wanted to let scoffers see how well they were able to manage when a sudden emergency confronted them. They were only boys after all, and felt that they had a perfect right to be proud of the way they had managed.

Hugh at such times as they paused—once to rest and again to give the injured man a drink from a spring that bubbled up near the road—managed to converse a little with the grateful fellow. He told the boy, whom he now looked upon as a good and tried friend, that he did have a little *cache* among the rocks on the side of Stormberg, where he kept his savings, being afraid to trust banks, and knowing what danger there must always be of his being robbed if he carried all his money along with him in his erratic wanderings. For three years he had come back here late every summer and in the early spring to add secretly to his hoard.

On the present occasion it had been his intention to carry his accumulations away with him, for he meant to sail across the sea to his old home, where he could live in what he considered comfort on the amount he had saved. Misfortune had overtaken him, however, and with a broken leg he must delay his departure a long time.

67

They reached the town limits at length, and great was the surprise of the good citizens when this queer ambulance took its way along the main street, headed for the hospital. As the excitement spread, people rushed out of stores and dwelling houses, and upon every tongue could be heard praises of the Boy Scouts.

“What won’t they be doing next?” men asked each other as they noted how splendidly Hugh and his two chums had made that stretcher for the wounded man, and how cleverly they were utilizing their wheels in place of a wagon in order to convey him from a distance to the town hospital. “It certainly was the best thing that ever happened for the boys of this country when that scout movement started here, and it has spread like wildfire. Why, it was only lately that they rescued that aeronaut, and the doctor said they’d fix his broken arm about as well as he could have done the job himself under the same conditions. If your boy doesn’t belong already, you can’t coax him to be a scout any too soon, believe me, neighbor.”

68

Having seen the wounded man safely cared for, and received his thanks, uttered in broken English it is true, but just as heartfelt for all that, Hugh next thought of the bear, left there in the hills. He hunted up a lot more of the scouts who were of a stripe to enjoy any lark of that kind, and armed with plenty of rope they started forth.

In the end they succeeded in bringing the trained bear all the way back to town, and as Hugh had been thoughtful enough to take along a supply of food for the animal, the task proved much easier than any of them had anticipated. All they had to do was to keep him well roped from several quarters, and then tempt him to shuffle along by holding some of the food so he could see it.

69

Their arrival created another furore. People once more came flocking to the streets to watch the little procession pass by. They were telling each other that nowadays there hardly seemed to arise any sort of necessity but what somehow the Boy Scouts were being counted on to meet and overcome the difficulty,—from finding a lost child to rescuing a wrecked balloon pilot or saving the life of a poor foreigner who had fallen

over a precipice and broken his leg.

All of which must have been so intensely gratifying to Hugh and his chums that the fatigue caused by their strenuous exertions was for the time being quite forgotten.

70

## CHAPTER VI. BILLY'S LUCKY JINX.

"To-morrow is the day set for starting to Boston to go aboard the Government vessel handed over to the Naval Reserve for their late summer cruise and practice, isn't it, Hugh?" remarked Billy Worth sadly on the Monday following their adventure up on the side of Cedar Hill and Stormberg Mountain.

He and Arthur happened to meet at Hugh's house that afternoon to help the scout master finish his packing, though that was probably only an excuse to be in his society, for Hugh was not the one to neglect the slightest thing, or leave it to annoy him in the rush toward the last moment.

"Yes, we leave on the ten-five morning train, and will be aboard before sunset, if all goes well," replied Hugh. "I wish both of you were going along; but as only two could be selected from each patrol, and Billy just missed being the second Wolf chosen, it can't be helped."

71

"Worst streak of luck I ever ran up against!" declared that individual with a look of supreme disgust on his face. "Just a measly five points stood between me and that dandy cruise. Oh! I'll never get over it, I tell you. Slowly but surely I'm crumbling away, losing flesh every single day, until when you come back none of you'll recognize me."

Hugh only chuckled at hearing this, but Arthur jeered the speaker.

"Well, my word for it you can keep on 'crumbling' like you say you are, for the next sixteen years and then beat me in weight two to one. Crumbling agrees with some people, it seems. But besides you and Andy Scott, who's on the lucky list, Hugh? I've been feeling so bad about it, and so busy working on my wireless, that I haven't paid much attention to these other things lately."

"From the Hawks there are Walter Osborne and Blake Merton; from the Fox Patrol Don Miller and that new member who took the place of the one moving away from our town; and they do say that 'Monkey' Stallings has belonged to a New York troop—he is entitled to wear the badge of a first class scout—and certainly gave Don a close race for first honors in the examination. Then from the Otters of course there will be Alec Sands and with him Sam Winter. That makes the full eight boys."

72

"But how about the Owl Patrol; don't they send representatives along too?" asked Arthur, surprised.

"No," Hugh replied, "because it was stipulated that only first-class scouts could go on this great voyage up the coast with the Naval Reserve; and you know that nearly all of our new members belonging to the Owl Patrol are tenderfeet, fellows who have a lot to learn before they can call themselves real scouts."

"I am glad that you think I have done a pretty decent job with my affair up at the Cedar Hill Station of the wireless circuit, Hugh," remarked Arthur.

73

"It was only what I expected to find. I happened to know what a clever hand you were at all such contraptions, Arthur," the scout master told him.

"And to think how fortunate it was that we were all there just when my aerals were working in sympathy with that Government station over on the coast near Cape Cod," continued the other with a happy light dancing in his eyes. "Say, let me tell you it was the proudest time of my whole life when I stood there and actually read a part of that Marconigram sent from the beach station to some other point, telling about a wreck that had happened on the coast. What was better, each of you had the pleasure of listening to some of that message too, sent a hundred miles away from here."

"Yes," said Hugh, "and that was further than I had ever heard a message before by wireless. One thing seems sure, Arthur, if they let us get in touch with you, we can have great times while we're away from home. And that code you gave me will enable us to simplify matters just fine. A letter stands for a sentence to the home folks, and every one of us has a particular sign. By the way, who's heard the latest news about our friend, the Russian bear man, and his pet?"

74

"Somebody was saying at our house they heard he meant to be around on crutches soon," remarked Billy, "but we happen to know the reason he won't leave town till he can pay another visit up there to the rocky side of old Stormberg. He wants to gather in that snug little nest egg he's got hidden away there. He sold his bear to the park people, who are thinking of starting a sort of zoo, you must know, to interest the children and teach them more about wild animals than they can ever get from traveling shows."

"I'm glad of that," Hugh observed. "Whenever any of us happens to be in the park we can give the old chap some peanuts, and remember the great times we had up there when we found him hitched to that tree, and as hungry as they make them."

75

"Wonder if he'll always look at me the same way he did then," mused Billy as he rubbed his chin reflectively. "Honest, fellows, I believe only for that loaf of Mrs. Benton's home-made bread that I tossed him as a coxer, he'd have taken a nab at one of my legs. But we did our duty as scouts, didn't we?"

"Why, we found a hungry and thirsty bear tied up, and not only fetched him water in our hats but fed him with the best there was," Arthur went on to say in a tone that was full of boyish satisfaction. "Then not only that but we tracked his master, and rescued him from that bad hole,

76



fixed his broken leg, toted him all the way to the hospital on a stretcher that only scouts would know how to make, and then brought the bear down in the bargain. I'm glad I took my camera that last time because I got a dandy picture of him standing on his hind legs and dancing, holding that long pole all the while. I have to laugh every time I look at that picture, boys. It enlarges fine, and some day I'll print each of you one six inches square, because all three of us are in the picture, along with Dancing Jumbo."

"That's good of you to make such an offer, Arthur," avowed Billy, "and I've got just the right place to put it over the desk in my den. It's fine to have something to show for your work, and a picture is the best every time. When you look at it you seem to be living the whole thing over again. That album of yours is something I never get tired of hanging over whenever I'm at your house. What great times it covers, and how some of those adventures stand out, eh?"

"How about that new member of the Foxes, Monkey Stallings, though I believe he is called Eben at home? Have you seen enough of him to know whether he's going to make a good addition to our troop, Hugh?" Arthur asked, changing the subject.

77

"I know that he's seen more or less service as a scout, and that counts for considerable, you know," the patrol leader answered. "Somehow I haven't happened to see enough of him at close quarters to say I know him real well. He's a regular gymnast and contortionist, they tell me, and can hang from the highest limb of a tree by his toes without a quiver, climb like a regular monkey, stand on his head as well as walk on his hands or his toes as it pleases him. In fact, he's a bundle of nerves, and can hardly keep quiet."

"Perhaps you'll be apt to know him better by the time you get back from this gay cruise," Billy told him. "Don Miller seems to think he's the best thing that's struck the troop this season, and I reckon he ought to know. But isn't there anything I could help you do in packing your outfit, Hugh? If I can't go along myself, the next best thing is to have a hand in getting you ready."

78

"Not a single thing left to do, Billy," the scout master assured him. "You see, I made out this little list, taking along only what I must have. We got pointers about that from Lieutenant Denmead, who was afraid some of the boys would load themselves down with all sorts of truck from camping stuff to banjoes. I checked things off as I put them in my knapsack, and it's all there with my blanket. When the time comes to say good-by, I'll be ready to shoulder this and be off."

Billy drew a tremendous sigh that seemed to come straight from his big heart. If he had ever been grievously disappointed in his life, it was right when Hugh and those seven other lucky fellows were about starting off on what promised to be a most glorious cruise on salt water, and he had to stay home all through those two long dreary weeks, just going along in the same old rut day after day with nothing exciting happening.

79

"There's somebody ringing your 'phone bell like

fun, Hugh!" remarked Arthur.

"That's so, and I forgot that about everybody happens to be out now; so I'd better go and attend to it myself. Excuse me, boys, I'll be back in a jiffy." And with these words Hugh hurried into the hall where the telephone hung.

They heard him talking with some one, but paid little or no attention to what was going on. Arthur was examining some pictures he had run across on Hugh's table taken by a cousin out West, which depicted cowboy scenes that stirred the blood of the boy, who loved life in the open. Billy on his part was studying the list mentioned by Hugh, which had a blue pencil check against every item; and he seemed so intent on this labor that one might even think he contemplated packing his own knapsack, waylaying the column somewhere, and forcibly taking the place of some other scout.

When Hugh came back, his face was shining and his eyes dancing so that both of the other boys guessed he must have been hearing some very pleasant news over the wire.

"Who was it, and what did they want?" asked Arthur with a chum's familiarity.

"It was Lieutenant Denmead," replied Hugh, still smiling broadly as he looked straight at Billy.

"What did he want with you, Hugh, tell us?" appealed Arthur. "It had something to do with that trip to-morrow, didn't it?"

"You are a good guesser, Arthur—it certainly did," Hugh told him.

"Look here, I hope there hasn't been any fluke, or that something's happened to block the game?" Billy exclaimed, though he ought to have known that such a dreadful disaster would never have made Hugh grin as he was doing.

"It has been blocked for one scout, it appears, because his folks have decided at the last minute they don't want him to go," Hugh explained. "You see his brother was drowned only last summer, and they tremble at the thought of their only boy spending two long weeks aboard a boat at sea and in the coast harbors."

Billy became almost white as he clutched the arm of the other.

"A boy drowned, did you say, Hugh? Why, that must be Benjy Scott you're referring to! Am I right, Hugh? Oh! please hurry and tell me, for I'm nearly choking with suspense. Because you see it was his brother, Andy Scott, that just nosed me out of going on this bully trip. Is *Andy* the one that's had to back down? Is that what our scout master said, Hugh? Tell me!"

"That was what happened, Billy," replied the other as he held out his hand to the excited boy, "and when he tried to get you at your home, they said you were probably over here. Anyway, the lieutenant told me that as you were a close *third* on the list, and as Andy couldn't go along with the rest, I was commissioned to say that the place was open to you, if you cared to accept!"

"What, me accept?" gasped Billy, beginning to recover his usual rosy color as the delightful

prospect arose before him. "Why, I'd stay up half the night getting my pack ready so I wouldn't miss that train! Whoop! think of it, will you! I'm to go along after all? The same old lucky jinx is playing his tricks on me. Hugh, loan me this list of yours; it will save me lots of trouble. And where's my hat? I ought to slide over home in three shakes of a wolf's tail and get busy packing up. No sleep for me to-night, I'm afraid, with my nerves all singing little songs of joy like they are right now. If I don't see you again, Arthur, till at the train, here's the best of luck to you with your wireless! Be sure to stay up around that tree station every day you can! We'll try our level best to talk with you. Just to think how things change around! One minute I was eating my heart out with envy, and now I know I'm going along. Whoop! don't stop me—I'm off!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### "ALL ABOARD!"

"That was the go-ashore whistle, Hugh! It means we're due to leave the dock in five or ten minutes more!"

"And still nothing to be seen of those two hold-out scouts, Sam Winter and the latest recruit, Monkey Stallings. I'm beginning to believe they've got adrift seeing the sights of old Boston, and will lose the number of their mess."

"What fools some fellows can be, Hugh! As for me, now that I'm on the deck of this bully boat, nothing could hire me to go ashore again till the cruise is over. A life on the wide, wide sea for me, tral-la-la!" and Billy Worth danced a few steps as though he might already imagine himself a seasoned old salt practicing what is known as the "sailor's hornpipe."

"Better wait and see before you boast too loud, Billy," returned the scout master, grimly. "I've heard about all sorts of terrible things that happen to landsmen the first time they feel the roll of the ship under them. Solid earth may seem like the finest thing you can think of before many hours."

"Huh! don't make me out a regular greeny, Chief. Remember I've sailed on a bay before. I reckon some fellows with weak stomachs will double up; but it's different with me."

"You never can tell," Hugh remarked dryly. "So I say it's wise not to blow your horn too loud before you know. But whatever can be keeping those boys? Looks as if we might only count six noses at roll-call instead of the full eight."

The two members of the Wolf Patrol were leaning over the side of the Government vessel of the type known as a scout cruiser. This one had been fitted up especially for the convenience and education of the young jack tars who thronged the deck and the dock nearby, dressed for the most part in white togs, and with all the airs of experienced sea-going mariners.

These jaunty looking fellows constituted a

branch of the auxiliary arm of the United States Government known as the Naval Reserve, upon which Uncle Sam expected to call immediately should any war break out, to man his extra ships, and defend the coasts against an enemy.

They were from all walks of life, and as a rule bright, eager young men who knew considerable about what the duties aboard a warship were like. They had nearly all been afloat on preceding summers, since this cruise was a regular institution. Still, they desired to learn all possible new wrinkles connected with their vocation as voluntary naval men; and the two weeks' cruise along the New England coast was going to widen their knowledge wonderfully.

Just what the Boy Scouts were expected to do aboard the *Vixen*, Hugh did not as yet fully know. It was supposed, however, that they would be very useful in many capacities, especially when landing parties went ashore, defended by the big guns of the cruiser, with a force concealed behind land defenses to carry out the part of a hostile army.

87

It had all been a piece of tremendous good luck, this chance that came to some of the scouts to accompany the Naval Reserve on this summer cruise. Such a thing had, so far as Hugh knew, never been dreamed of before; and it all came about through the gratitude of the rich aeronaut, Mr. Perkins, whom Hugh and several of his chums had rescued from the top of a tall tree, where he had been stranded when his runaway balloon lurched and threw him out.

It seemed that he was a personal friend of the Secretary of the Navy; in fact they had been old-time chums in their school days. And Professor Perkins had used his influence with the Naval Department so as to have this wonderful invitation extended to the troop in which he had taken such a keen interest.

The scouts had all left the home town on the scheduled train, and before five that evening were aboard the cruiser, wild with delight over the prospect that loomed up ahead. They were given quarters forward with the men, and being accustomed to camping, believed they would be able to make themselves very comfortable while sleeping in hammocks.

88

And indeed, that night they had no complaint to make, though it did seem pretty noisy around the docks, especially to lads accustomed to the quiet of country life.

On the following day they were allowed shore leave with explicit instructions to be aboard at one o'clock, since that was close to the hour set for sailing; and as Hugh put it, "neither time, nor tide, nor yet Government war vessels wait for any man."

Here one o'clock had come, and as yet two of the scouts had failed to show up, so that Hugh was naturally bothered, for he considered this tardiness inexcusable in boys who had been taught the value of keeping their engagements to the letter.

89

All of the other scouts had lined up on that side of the vessel with scores of the Naval Reserves, deeply interested in what was going on. As is

usually the case when a boat is due to move out, there was great confusion. Trucks were being rushed this way and that, to get some late luggage or food supplies aboard; officers were shouting orders; men bidding good-by to wives and friends; and all in all, it was a sight the boys would never be apt to forget no matter what they might experience in coming days, such an indelible impression did it make on their young minds.

Again did the long and shrill whistle start blowing with frequent breaks. The Reserves, knowing that this meant "all aboard," broke away from the various little groups on the crowded dock and started up the gangways. Gradually order was coming out of apparent chaos, and it could be seen that every man was now aboard the *Vixen*; the vessel trembled from the escaping steam that roared like a giant, impatient to be off.

90

"Too bad," said Hugh, as this racket suddenly ceased, and he saw the men begin to unfasten the heavy hawsers that held the cruiser close to the wharf. "Those fellows have missed the chance of their lives."

"Look! there comes one on the run!" exclaimed Walter Osborne near by.

"It's Sam Winter, and he'll just make it, and no more!" echoed Alec Sands, who probably felt a deeper interest in the success or failure of the runner than any of the other boys, since he and Sam represented the Otter Patrol aboard.

The six scouts started a cheer to encourage the runner, and recognizing the familiar signal of the scout's troop, Sam looked up and waved his hand. He just managed to set his foot on the last gangway as it trembled on the rise; and the next moment was dragged aboard the boat, saved by an inch.

91

"That makes seven, anyhow!" said Billy. "But that new recruit, Monkey Stallings, is left in the lurch. Wow! what's that I see back yonder, Hugh? Looks mighty like a scout in uniform breaking through the crowd, doesn't it? Say, they've gone and got that boy blocked so he just can't make it in time! Now isn't that too bad? Whatever can he do, I'd like to know? So near and yet so far, with the boat beginning to move out, too. Poor Monkey, I'm sorry for you, sure I am!"

"Oh! look at that! Look at him, boys!" shrieked Blake Merton.

"It's going to be a cold day when Monkey gets left, let me tell you!" cried Don Miller, who, being the leader of the Fox Patrol, to which the new recruit belonged, probably knew more about the varied accomplishments of Monkey than any other scout.

Seeing that he had no chance to break through the solid crowd that barred his passage, the recruit had leaped up to the top of a pile of freight on the dock, and was even then skipping along almost over the heads of the dense mass of cheering spectators, clinging to all sorts of friendly objects, and exhibiting a nimbleness that caused his seven comrades fairly to hold their breath.

92

The entire crowd had by this time begun to understand that one of the Boy Scouts was in danger of being left behind; and like all crowds, this one started to send out volleys of encouraging shouts amidst much laughter. For the moment even bitter partings were utterly forgotten; everyone present became vitally interested in whether the daring and nimble lad was going to make it or not.

Monkey had apparently sized up the situation at a single glance. All of his efforts were directed to reaching the end of the pier in time to make a wild leap as the boat swept past, for she was going out stern first as was customary.

There never was greater excitement over the sailing of a vessel with a consignment of the Naval Reserve aboard, and all on account of one belated passenger who seemed bent on making a last desperate effort not to be left. The sympathies of every witness had been aroused, and encouraging cheers doubtless nerved the boy to even greater exertions.

93

As the crisis came, Hugh became rigid with anxiety, for it looked nip and tuck as to whether Monkey would land on the boat or drop with a splash in Boston harbor.

Monkey managed to catch hold of the rail, and clung there like a squirrel does to the trunk of a tree while cheer after cheer greeted the successful carrying out of the daring act. And then friendly jackies reached down to lift him over, for it seemed as though every fellow aboard felt that he would be glad to give the plucky scout a helping hand.

Of course the other boys considered that Monkey's achievement shed more or less luster on the entire organization; and for the next half hour they felt themselves of considerable importance aboard that boat, and doubtless puffed out their chests more or less in consequence.

94

Alas! pride is often doomed to have a fall, and it was almost due in this case, though few of those lads suspected from what quarter their Waterloo was fated to come.

They sat there looking back at the beautiful scene, as the *Vixen* passed down the harbor. Bunker Hill monument stood up like a finger pointing to the heavens, and as all the boys had climbed to its top the first thing that morning, they paid more attention to this than any other feature that opened before them.

"There's Nantasket Beach!" they heard someone, who was probably a Boston man, say near by, as he pointed to a strip of shore that seemed to be given up to all manner of merry-go-rounds, Ferris wheels, and the like, to be found at shore resorts such as have become known under the name of "Coney Islands."

"Sorry we didn't have time to run down there," remarked Billy, who was moving uneasily about along the deck. "Mebbe we'll get a chance to do it when we come back. Let's see, that will be in about twelve days, won't it, Hugh?"

95

"Yes, but I hope you're not counting the days already, Billy?" remarked the other with a

twinkle in his eye, for he suspected what was coming.

"What, me? Well, I should guess not. If it was forty days, it would make me all the happier. But we must be getting out to sea, aren't we, Hugh? The boat has begun to dip the queer way they told me it would when it had left the harbor behind. And say, what an odd, nasty motion it has, too?"

"Oh! let up on that, Billy! Just as if we don't know it without you forcing the fact in our faces," Walter Osborne told him, for Walter was sitting there, holding his head in his hands, and apparently trying to keep from seeing how things had begun to move up and down in that dizzy fashion.

As the roll of the sea became more pronounced, for it was rather rough outside, first one fellow and then another made some silly excuse and slipped away. Several of the Reserves seemed to be deeply interested in the green water and the white foam under the vessel's side, for they kept leaning over steadily.

Hugh was really the last to give in, and he only felt that he ought to be looking after the other fellows who had gone below to their hammocks. He found every one of the seven there "taking things easy" they assured him, though several had white faces, and their merriment was rather forced.

When supper time came along, Hugh and Alec Sands were the only scouts who cared to answer the bugle call and attend mess; and even they did not seem to have the customary scout appetite of which they had once been so proud.

96

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AFLOAT WITH THE NAVAL MILITIA.

As a rule boys seem to recover from seasickness much sooner than older people. While several of the scouts still looked a bit "peaked," and seemed to have only a shadow of their former appetite on the first morning out, Hugh knew they were coming around bravely. Before that day ended they would be all right, having adjusted themselves to the motion of the vessel.

With such a delightful experience before them, it would have been strange indeed if any fellow could have allowed himself to be chained down by such a small thing. And a determination to overcome the distressing malady is after all half the battle.

The *Vixen* was heading almost due north. It was no part of the commander's plan of campaign to go very far out of sight of land at any time. The annual practice of the naval militia is only entered into with the idea of giving the boys a certain amount of familiarity with handling a war vessel and all that this implies.

Uncle Sam does not expect to man all his battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats and other

97

98

fighting craft in the piping times of peace. It would be altogether unnecessary and at the same time very expensive. From time to time some of these grim vessels of war are laid up in the various Government yards, either undergoing repairs or just standing idle.

At such times their former crews are distributed around on other boats, or else discharged, the time of the enlistment of the men having expired. In case a sudden need should arise for manning these idle craft, the services of the Naval Reserve would become very valuable. Uncle Sam recognizes this fact, and in gratitude to the young men who form the main part of the reserve corps, extends every facility possible toward making their several weeks' practice afloat of real benefit.

On the *Vixen* they took almost sole charge, and with a few seasoned officers to superintend things, pursued a systematic course of drill that would enable them to man a cruiser or a torpedo boat during war times with the skill of regulars.

99

Besides this they showed the utmost enthusiasm in their work that was most promising. Their time being so short, and all these things so new and novel, the practice took on the atmosphere of a holiday rather than a working period. Perhaps had they been compelled to look forward to three long years of the same sort of thing, they might not have enjoyed it half so well.

As that first day wore on some of the scouts began to show signs of disappointment. There seemed to be next to nothing that they could do aboard but watch the drills of the Reserve men; and to boys that soon becomes tiresome since they aspire to have a hand in whatever is going on.

It is true that they learned many valuable things connected with the working of a war vessel, all of which would remain pleasant memories long after this cruise had become a thing of the past. The clever way in which the crew was piped to quarters as an enemy's vessel was supposed to be sighted ahead, being really a floating target previously arranged and anchored, was thrilling in the extreme. And then, as the guns with which the *Vixen* was armed began to thunder, with the water flying up like a big geyser whenever the shot struck alongside the wooden target—would they ever forget how it made their ears ring for hours!

100

Since the percentage of "hits" turned out to be larger than ever before in a given number of shots, everybody aboard was in fine humor. Only some of the scouts pulled long faces, because they did not have a share in the grand work.

Hugh had been talking with the commander, however, for whom he conceived a great liking, and was in a position to cheer up the drooping spirits of these grumblers, of whom Alec Sands and Billy Worth were the chief offenders.

101

The scout master managed to get all of the fellows forward where they would not be in the way. At the time they were within plain sight of the coast, and the sea happened to be fairly smooth so that even the sickest of the scouts had become himself again.



"You fellows must stop looking as though you felt sorry you'd come," Hugh told them. "Just see what we've learned already, and there are heaps of other things on the program that we've read all about, never thinking we'd have a chance to see with our own eyes how they were done. Just feel that salty air, will you? It makes me sniff right along, as if I couldn't get enough of it. Now I know what ails the lot of you; and let me say right here that in good time we're going to have our share in this war game!"

"Bully for you, Hugh!" exclaimed Billy, forgetting the respect due to the assistant scout master, which lack, however, went unnoticed in the general eagerness to learn what Hugh meant.

102

"You've had chances to pick up information," remarked Alec, in an aggrieved tone, as though he could not get over being jealous of Hugh's having been placed in the high position he occupied, "that none of the rest of us could command. I've seen you chatting time and again with the captain of the crew in charge here."

"That's where I got my information," replied the other smilingly. "You see, Captain Conrad had met our friend, Professor Perkins, and I guess he told him a lot about what the scouts have done in the past, for he mentioned several things, and asked me a lot of questions about how they really happened. To-morrow's program, if the weather permits, covers several maneuvers, the principal one of which is torpedo-launching practice. You know they have two tubes arranged for that very purpose aboard the *Vixen*, though as a rule scout cruisers don't go in much for that sort of thing, depending on their speed to work damage, and surprise the enemy."

103

"Torpedo practice, hey?" cried Billy, always having something to say. "That's a thing I always wanted to see done, and I'll be tickled half to death to get the chance right now."

"But what part do we take in the game, Mr. Scout Master?" asked Alec with just the slightest sneer in his voice as he pronounced the title. He had long ago convinced himself that the boys had made a great mistake when they selected Hugh to that high office and that his own general knowledge of scoutcraft should have entitled him to holding it, instead.

"Yes," added Monkey Stallings, "do we play the part of the torpedo, or the whale that we used to sing about, you remember in 'Pinafore'? I don't care who acts as the big fish so long as I'm allowed to be the shooting stick that gallops through the water and rams things in its way. You want to give Captain Conrad a hint that I'd make the finest torpedo in the bunch."

104

"I guess that's right, Monkey," laughed Don Miller, who thought the new recruit as comical a specimen as he had ever met, and was never tired of being amused by his remarks and antics. "If they chucked you into a torpedo tube and shot you out headed for a hostile ship there'd sure be something doing right away. You'd beat any old torpedo that ever wiggled its way under water. But we can't spare you, Monkey. We need you to keep the blues away, don't we, fellows?"

"So say we all of us!" declared Sam Winter.

"But, Hugh, you haven't told us if we're going to have any part in the torpedo-launching practice?"

"Nothing to count for much, I'm sorry to say," replied the leader. "The boats are sent out to recover the torpedo that has been shot and some of us may be allowed to go along. Our time comes on the third day!"

"That sounds more like it, Chief!" exclaimed Billy gleefully. "Please let us know what the program calls for then."

"You know," said Hugh, "that the Coast Artillery have their summer maneuvers about this time, and it happens that some of the boys are occupying a certain fort not more than fifty miles away from here, practicing firing at a target away out on the water with some of the big coast defense disappearing guns of a modern make."

"Oh! I begin to smell a rat!" Blake Merton exclaimed, his face lighting up with sudden enthusiasm and hope.

"Well, it has been arranged as a part of the practice for both arms of the Government service that the Naval Reservists try to take the fort by surprise. Of course the defenders will be on the watch every minute, and it is a part of the game that if those aboard the *Vixen* manage to get within a certain distance unobserved, after making a landing under cover of darkness, they will be credited with a victory; while the Coast Battery must be given a black mark. Well, that's where the commander gave me to understand the scouts might be used to good advantage!"

"Go on and tell us some more, Chief! You've got the whole bunch worked up to fever pitch right now!" urged Billy.

"Are we to be detailed to take the fort by creeping up in the dark?" questioned Walter Osborne, plainly very much excited at the idea of such a thrilling episode. If successful, it would go down in history as a gallant deed, and perhaps engrave their names on the scroll of fame alongside that of Paul Revere, he thought.

"Remember that I'm a champion crawler!" admonished Monkey, who evidently did not believe in keeping his light hidden under a bushel and felt that no one could blow his horn so well as himself.

"The plans have not all been worked out yet," Hugh told them, "but from certain things the captain let fall, I'm of the opinion the scouts will be set ashore at some secret cove with instructions to make their way up the beach unobserved until they can spy on the fort. After that I reckon it's up to them to have a series of posts, so that they can send the news flashing down the line. The scout who is furthest south can relay it aboard where one of our number will be waiting to take the messages. In that way you see it will be all scout work from beginning to end. If only the fellows at the head can find out the weak points of the defense of the fort, the Naval Reserve men can capture the place as easy as you please."

"It sounds like the boss scheme, Chief," Billy

admitted. "And please don't pick me out to stay aboard while the rest of you have such a glorious time ashore, with chances of your being captured by the enemy and put in the darkest dungeon under the magazine of the fort."

"You forget that the one who does have to stay will occupy a post of honor," Hugh told him. "The receiving of the messages will depend on the able way he takes them, whether by heliograph or wigwag work. And besides, a scout always stands ready to do his duty, however disagreeable it may seem."

"Oh! I reckon I'd look at it that way if I *had* to," admitted Billy, "but I only hope I'm lucky enough to be one of the shore party, that's all."

"Now, if only Arthur were along," said Don Miller. "He might get up some kind of a scheme to work his wireless on this job. We've got the fixtures right on board here," and as he spoke he glanced upward to where the delicate antennae of the naval outfit could be seen strung like spiders' web tracery between the wireless masts of the *Vixen*.

"I don't believe that would answer," said Hugh. "There'd be too much chance of the enemy discovering our tall masts. The relay system is better all around. Besides it gives us scouts an opening to show what we can do. When the full plans are worked out I'll be in a position to tell you more. By then, too, I'll have decided just what part each scout is to have in the game. And now let's go aft to see what's the next thing on the program for to-day."

"I'm a-hopin' it'll be that sweet bugle call," sighed Billy as he rubbed a hand over his stomach. "Beats all how keen this salt air makes a fellow. Seems like I could begin one meal where the other left off. A little seasickness must be a sort of tonic calculated to build up poor appetites."

At that remark the others broke out into a jeering laugh that indicated that they did not believe the speaker could be so afflicted.

## **CHAPTER IX.**

### **THE NIGHT LANDING OF THE SCOUTS.**

Another day saw the scouts feeling more like seasoned veterans. The motion of the vessel no longer had any terrors for the weakest among them, even though it chanced that in the afternoon the ocean began to get so rough that the boat fairly wallowed in the seas.

Luckily the commander had chosen to select the morning hours for the torpedo-launching practice, and it proved of considerable interest to the boys. They were on hand to see everything that was done, and they did not hesitate to ask many questions readily answered by the young men who made up the Reserve crew.

Hugh had cautioned the others to try and make good friends of the men who temporarily manned the *Vixen*, the vessel having been given completely over into their charge for the entire two weeks. This bore good fruit, and the wearers of the khaki suits had become prime favorites at every mess. Indeed, they were known to have already had considerable experience for boys, and of course it took very little urging to coax any one of them to relate some of the things that had come their way in the past, with which most of our readers are already familiar.

All of the scouts were really glad when night again set in, with half a gale blowing and the cruiser heading for an anchorage in a certain harbor.

"If this keeps up to-morrow, good-bye to our hopes of being set ashore on the coast," Alec told several of the others as they gathered around some of the crew who were bent on having a pleasant evening, discipline having been relaxed for a spell in order to ease the strain under which they were laboring.

"Yes," added Walter, "because they couldn't take chances of launching a boat to land us without danger of a capsize in the surf. It's nice and quiet back of this point, but you can hear the sea smashing up against the rocks out there right along."

"But there's no storm coming because Hugh told me he saw the barometer, and it reads well up to thirty, which means fair weather, though windy," Don Miller went on to say, and the information brought fresh hope to the rest.

"Like as not the breeze will have gone down more or less before night sets in again," Blake Merton gave as his opinion, though of course it was mere guesswork, as he did not pretend to be a weather prophet, and knew nothing, about the signs on the sea, even if he were something of a woodsman ashore.

"That's a fact," Alec remarked. "We don't land till long after dark, I understand. So there's plenty of time for it to quiet down."

"And to-morrow Hugh says the commander promised that he'd give a try to see if our Arthur can be reached by wireless," Billy announced with considerable pride. He had at various times assisted Arthur in perfecting his station on the crown of Cedar Hill, and Billy had some sort of proprietary rights in the wireless.

"Well, for the honor of the troop I certainly hope they get in touch with Arthur," Alec observed. He showed signs of envy and jealousy at times, but when his old nature got the upper hand of him, the leader of the Otters was really proud of the organization to which he belonged, and would exert himself manfully in order to reflect credit on the name of a scout.

"More than that, Hugh says," Billy went on, seeming to have been delegated to act as the mouthpiece of the scout master in order to convey all this important news. "The captain promised him that if we did our part of the landing game all right, he'd allow us to have half an hour's talk with our comrade at home every day that the wireless could be used. So that's a

spur to make us try to do our best, fellows, to spy on the fort defenders, and get the information aboard without making mistakes."

"Yes," added Don, "and we ought to go into this business seriously, too. No careless handling of messages will pass when so much depends on accuracy. Every fellow must be up on his toes, and bent on doing his level best."

"You are right there, Don," echoed Blake Merton. "We want to show these Reserve men that scouts can do things right up to the handle. Our signal corps work was always first class. Just now I kind of wish we had Bud Morgan along, because he worked with a surveying party, too, you remember, and is familiar with the business."

"Oh! don't let that bother you any," Alec told him jauntily. "There are others besides Bud Morgan who know the ins and outs of wigwag work, telegraphing, and the use of the mirror in the sun that we call heliographing. Why, there isn't a fellow in our bunch aboard this boat but who can stand his spell with the flags, and make mighty few blunders, too."

"Thank you, Alec, for the taffy," chuckled Billy, "but we ought to be up in that sort of work. Goodness knows, we've practiced it enough. Hi! Blake, they're calling for you to take your turn with a song. Somebody must have given them a tip that you've got Caruso beaten to a frazzle with that fine tenor voice you own. So step forward and remember to do the troop proud every time."

Blake Merton certainly did have a good voice, and while somewhat bashful about singing in the midst of such a large company of young fellows, he soon got over his timidity. Indeed, they gave him so warm an ovation after he had sung once that he arose to the occasion, and from that time on became the most popular scout aboard the *Vixen*. His services were called for to entertain the crew every night after discipline had been relaxed while they sat around on deck enjoying the salty breeze.

To these boys from inland there was no end to the new sights and sounds of their first trip afloat on the briny sea. They enjoyed taking a salt-water bath whenever the opportunity arose, drank in the wonderful sight of the seemingly endless ocean bounded by the horizon, often on all sides, and in every way possible sought to get the utmost enjoyment from this novel experience.

It was still pretty rough outside the next morning, and the *Vixen* remained comfortably anchored behind the point. There were numerous things to be done that could be carried out just as well there as at sea. Besides, the fort against which the Naval Reserve men had designs was not a great distance up the coast, so that the plans of the commander called for caution at this point in the war game.

It was a rather exciting time for the scouts when they gathered around the wireless operator, and watched him call the station of Cedar Hill. It was just at ten o'clock, the time Arthur had promised to be on hand every single day that it was not storming wildly.

There was more or less vain calling, and things began to look pretty blue when all at once there came a response. Every scout knew that some one was replying to the groping signal that the operator had sent out through space; and they only hoped that it might be their comrade a hundred miles away.

Presently the young operator looked up toward Hugh and said:

"Well, Old Brutus was poisoned last night by some mean party unknown!"

Now every fellow there knew just as well as anything that the old and faithful watchdog owned by the Cameron family was named Brutus; and this little piece of home news convinced them as nothing else could have done that they were in communication with Arthur perched up there at his station on dear old Cedar Hill.

To most of the boys this method of sending messages was a complete mystery, but there were several who had dabbled more or less in wireless, as some boys have a habit of wanting to know everything that comes along.

118

The operator was already aware that Hugh could send and receive messages after a fashion; he had talked with the scout master on several occasions, and even showed him many little things connected with this special outfit aboard the *Vixen*.

"He wants to know how you are all getting on," the obliging operator remarked presently after another series of flashes and crackling had announced the receipt of another message. "Suppose you tell him yourself, Mr. Scout Master?"

So Hugh sat down, and with trembling hands transmitted his answer, the regular operator gladly assisting him. The boy's confidence returned when he found that he was easily able to catch the strange dots and dashes as utilized in wireless work, and could even send a short message to far-away Arthur to the effect that they were all well.

119

He meant to make use of the code which had been arranged with Arthur should he have other opportunities to converse, which seemed likely. Then Alec asked for the privilege of exchanging a few words with Arthur, because he would never have been happy to have missed the glorious chance of saying he had once talked from a war vessel over a hundred miles away from the home town with the scout who had made his own wireless station.

The boys were allowed shore leave after the noon hour, being cautioned not to go out of sight of the boat. They were liable to be signaled to come aboard almost at any minute, should the commander decide to steam out of the harbor and continue the northward cruise. And with the recollection of what stirring times were ahead of them, there was little danger of any scout wandering off. Indeed, all they really did ashore was to roam the beach, wade in the shallows, hunt for pretty sea shells, and keep one eye anxiously fastened on the anchored *Vixen*, so as to discover the very first signal that would be

120

hoisted to tell the boys to come aboard at once.

The night promised to be fairly dark, at least sufficiently so to cover the landing of the scouts from the cruiser. At three o'clock the anchor came up, and they steamed slowly out of the snug harbor to find that the sea had gone down, and nothing seemed to be in the way of making a successful landing when the proper time had arrived.

Hugh talked the whole thing over again with the captain, and received his final instructions. The scouts were each given some food to be taken along, since it was possible they might have to remain ashore until the storming party was put off to creep up the beach and try to surprise the garrison, who were constantly on the watch for signs of the enemy in either direction.

121

Charts of the coast had been shown the boys, and Hugh even made a rude map for his own guidance so that if in doubt he might consult it and shape his plans accordingly.

Again darkness came, with a young moon hanging in the western heavens. It would not set until about ten o'clock; and preparations had been made for sending a boat ashore soon after that hour containing all the scouts save Blake Merton, whom Hugh had finally selected as the receiving end of the signal chain because he was especially clever at this particular work.

When they dropped down over the side and huddled in the boat, the scouts felt their hearts beating much faster than ordinarily. Of course it might have been somewhat more exciting had there been a real enemy to be spied on instead of just a make-believe one, but for all that the sensation of having the success or failure of the whole maneuver depending on their work gave each boy a feeling of vast importance.

Almost noiselessly the oars dipped into the water, and they headed for the shore not more than a quarter of a mile away from where the cruiser was anchored. Finally through the darkness they could begin to distinguish objects faintly as the trees were outlined against the sky. Then they entered the gentle surf, and presently the keel of the boat ran up on the sand.

122

"Steady now, and no hurrying!" warned Hugh softly. The six other scouts proceeded to clamber out of the boat as silently as they could, after which it put back to where the one light aboard the *Vixen* showed her anchorage.

"Now for a tramp along the beach of a couple of miles," said Hugh, "and remember there's to be no talking above a whisper. I understand that the defenders of the fort may have men out on the watch. Forward now, and move along like ghosts."

123

## **CHAPTER X.**

### **ESTABLISHING THE SIGNAL RELAY.**

The seven scouts were soon moving along the beach, headed north. They quickly lost sight of the single light aboard the cruiser and to some of them this seemed like the cutting of all communications with their allies. From that time on they must count every one ashore as an enemy who would betray them if given half a chance.

When two miles or more had probably been passed over, Hugh began to pay strict attention to the landmarks as they opened up. The stars overhead gave abundant light on the beach for them to see fairly well where they were going. On the right the soft murmur of the little wavelets rolling up the pebbly strand, so new a sound to these lads from the interior, was like sweet music in their ears. On the left lay sand dunes that were like great Indian mounds, and which might conceal any number of spies should the defenders of the coast fort have thought it worth while to send them out in order to keep watch for the coming of the enemy; Hugh hoped this would not prove to be the case.

Several times the boys had little scares. An owl that had been prowling in search of food close to the water's edge suddenly flew off with a rush, and went winnowing its way to the nearby woods. Then a little later on some small animal scurried away, none of them being able to identify it positively in the uncertain light, although Hugh guessed it might have been a fox that had wandered down in hopes of picking up something worth eating.

These were small matters, it is true, but with the nerves of the scouts on edge, as it were, they served to keep them thrilled with anticipations of possible discovery. Hugh redoubled his caution when the second mile had been passed over. He knew that they were now getting near the shore front. If by the use of marine glasses the commander in charge had been able to pick up the distant *Vixen* before the shades of night had enveloped her advance, he would of course have his men use double vigilance in order that the fortunes of war might not be decided against them by the Naval Reserve capturing his post.

Here was where the knowledge obtained from the chart on board came in handy for Hugh. He was able at any time to know just where they had arrived, and to understand the situation ahead.

The scouts were now advancing very slowly, bringing into use many of the little tricks they had learned when playing the Indian game in the woods. It was easy work making their way along the open beach. Hugh had now taken them away from the water so as to secure more or less protection from the trees further back. Here they felt more at home, and the forward movement was kept up steadily, minute after minute.

Then finally the scout master discovered that just ahead of them there lay a peculiar formation of rocks. It ran all the way down to the water, and further out, until lost to sight under the sea. This line of ragged rocks had all the characteristics of a reef, only that it did not agree with the conformation of the coast as most reefs do.



Here was the place that had been selected for the clever work of the signal corps on the morrow. The scouts were to hide amidst these rocks until dawn allowed the leaders to spy upon the fort with the field glasses they had brought along for the purpose.

An hour or so before daybreak three of their number were to start back along the beach to take up positions which had been pointed out by the scout master while they were making their advance. These were to remain constantly on the watch for any signals which might come in the shape of the semaphore alphabet, wigwag work, or through the use of a piece of broken mirror, with which each fellow had been armed before leaving the ship, and which, in case of the sun shining, was to be used as a means of sending messages along the line.

Should Hugh deem it safe to wave the white flag with its red square in the center, he would expect that method to be put in practice, but as this would mean more or less exposure on the beach, possibly it could not be used.

It was with more or less thankfulness that he led his scouts into the clump of rocks where they meant to make themselves as comfortable as the conditions would allow. Here they could move around even after day came, so long as they kept themselves from being seen by those in the fort. Doubtless, the garrison would have numerous duties to perform, and beyond keeping a fairly smart lookout for signs of an advancing suspicious vessel, it would not go to any further trouble.

It was far from comfortable, though, sitting on those hard rocks, but the boys made themselves believe that they were enjoying themselves hugely. They could only converse in whispers, and Hugh even cautioned them against doing too much of this, so that the time hung heavy on their hands.

As they had all had considerable experience in roughing it at various times, they finally settled down in the softest places they could find near together, and managed to secure some sleep, though it came in what Billy termed "cat naps."

Hugh himself did not expect to get any rest. The whole success or failure of the enterprise depended pretty much upon him. At least he would be held responsible for any lapse that spelled defeat for the bold mariners from the *Vixen*, when they attempted on another night to get close to the fort in order that they could command its unconditional surrender with the coming of dawn.

So the anxious scout master kept moving about much of the time. He would crawl to a certain spot he had selected near the crest of the ridge of rocks, and from which he was able to see the lights of the fort. Here he expected in the morning to take observations through his powerful glasses, and when the sun was suitable transmit any important intelligence he had gleaned along to the scout next in line. In turn the latter would pass it on until finally it was received aboard the war vessel by Blake Merton, the entire work having been done by scouts.

Midnight came and went with all being well.

By now the other fellows seemed to have sunk into a sound sleep, and this impressed Hugh so much that he tried his best to follow their example. But the excitement under which he labored was so intense that while he secured some comfort from stretching out at full length and closing his eyes, not for a single minute was he able to forget himself.

Long practice in camping out in the woods at night had enabled Hugh to tell successfully what the time might be from observing the stars in their never-ceasing march toward the western horizon. When the young moon went down it had been a few minutes after ten. That was nearly three hours ago, as it must now be close on one o'clock. As daylight could not be looked for until somewhere near half-past four he knew there were still three more hours for him to lie around, first on one side until that felt sore, and then turning on the other for a change.

130

When another hour had passed Hugh aroused three of the scouts, these being the fellows who were to take up their stations as arranged on the back trail, and relay each message as it came along. Perhaps there was really little necessity for doing this, but Hugh believed in making things doubly sure. If one of the signal senders failed to receive properly the message, the next in line would likely have read it correctly, and could relay it on.

There was another hour or so to wait after Sam, Walter and Billy had been dispatched to their posts. Hugh allowed the rest to sleep on. He stood watch, and cast many anxious glances toward the east where the first faint flush of dawn would finally make itself manifest.

131

He knew that the *Vixen* would have slipped her anchor, and gone further down the coast before then, to take up a new anchorage at a place where the conformation of the land promised to hide her presence from the watchers at the fort. The scout who was located at the most southerly station would thus still be in position to communicate with those aboard.

Once Hugh had been greatly tempted to sally forth under cover of darkness, and approach closer to the unseen fort, urged by the impression that he might be lucky enough to pick up valuable information in some fashion.

On second thought, however, he decided that his orders did not contemplate any such rash movement. If in taking such a hazard he were discovered and made a prisoner of war, of course all hope of taking the garrison by surprise must be abandoned, and the game would go against the Naval Reserve men.

132

Hugh had learned how scout law meant implicit compliance with orders, and that under such conditions nothing should be attempted beyond the bare reading of the duties as set forth by the commanding officer. He must crush down any temptation looking to self-elevation, and the desire to engage in an adventure for the sake of enjoying the thrill it might entail.

How slowly the minutes dragged along! Hugh did not remember of ever before being in a position where he almost counted the passing seconds. But it could not be for long, and before

133

daylight came he expected to have the balance of his little band scattered among the rocks. In this way they would run small chances of discovery, even though officers or men from the fort took a notion to cross over to the land reef for some purpose or other during the day.

He had just aroused Alec, Monkey Stallings and Don Miller by a gentle touch and whispered words when he plainly heard the crunch of heavy footfalls approaching.

Whoever it might be, the fact that he was coming from the direction of the unseen fort, and would likely cross the rocky reef just at the point where they happened to be crouching, made matters look serious.

"We will have to capture him, most likely!" Hugh whispered again, for he knew that if they started to creep away there was already enough light with the coming of dawn for them to be seen.

It was supposed that every member of the Coast Artillery in charge of the fortifications beyond knew the rules by which these mock attacks are governed. If they suddenly confronted this enemy, and made a demand for his surrender he must immediately elevate his hands, and refrain from trying to call out so as to warn his comrades of the impending peril. That was one of the rules to be strictly observed on both sides. It meant that the man had unwittingly placed himself in a position where his capture or death at the hands of the hidden foeman could have been easily accomplished, and therefore he must eliminate himself from subsequent events just as though his life had indeed been sacrificed.

134

Hugh, however, thought that they would do better to leap suddenly upon the other, and get him down before demanding that he surrender. They were only boys, to be sure, but four to one is pretty heavy odds; and besides they would have all the advantage that comes of a surprise.

Nearer came the crunching footsteps. Plainly the party did not seem anxious to take any one unawares, for he walked as though wearing heavy sea boots. Now he was ascending the reef, and the night air blew a whiff of tobacco smoke from his pipe to the nostrils of the crouching scouts. They saw his head, surmounted by a fisherman's sou'easter hat rise above the ridge, and then he walked straight into their extended arms.

135

They sprang on him furiously, and Alec, catching his leg adroitly in that of the unknown, by a movement along the jiu-jitsu order as practiced by the Japanese, managed to throw the man over, with every one of the boys clinging to him.

"Surrender!" hissed Hugh, as he poked the man in the ribs with a shell he had picked up. "Not a sound above a whisper, you hear? You're a prisoner of war, and held in the hands of the enemy!"

"Gosh all hemlock! whatever does this here mean?" gurgled the fallen man; and when he heard him speak, Hugh knew their prisoner was not an artilleryman, but a lobster catcher.

136

## CHAPTER XI.

### A TEMPTATION AND A VICTORY.

The four scouts were all sitting on their prisoner, and Alec Sands was feeling around the man's throat as though half tempted to try to shut off his wind if he manifested any inclination to shout. But the captive seemed to be so overcome with surprise that he could only express his feelings in that short sentence ending the last chapter.

Quick to think, Hugh realized that he must enter into some sort of explanation if he wished to save the day. This fisherman was not supposed to be in the confidence of the fort's commander and would know next to nothing about the rules governing the great landing game. At the same time if they allowed him to get away he might betray them to those who were defending the shore batteries.

"What's your name?" he asked shortly, in a tense whisper.

137

"Bige Quick!" came the ready reply.

"You're a fisherman?" Hugh said next.

"I got some lobster traps out yonder, boss," answered the man.

"And you were going out to make your regular morning visit to the crawls—is that right, Bige?"

"That's just what I calkerlated on doing as soon as sun-up kim erlong."

"Well, you can't go this morning, Bige," continued Hugh. "And I'll tell you why. We belong on board a Government war vessel, and there's one of those war games on right now, you see? The Coast Artillery are manning the fort, and they've defied the jackies to get close enough to demand their surrender. We expect to hang out here all day, and you'll have to give us your promise that you'll act with us. For letting your lobster pots go till to-morrow I'll promise you a five-dollar bill. Swear to stand by us, and act just as though you belonged on board the scout cruiser *Vixen*. Understand all that, do you, Bige?"

"Reckon as haow I do, Mister," replied the man cheerfully, as it began to dawn on his mind that he had stumbled on great luck at the peep of dawn, since he could not make that much money half as easy by attending to his lobster pots.

138

"Will you give us your solemn promise to stick by us through thick and thin, and not try to get away at any time?" the scout master went on to say.

"Yuh kin count on me bein' with yuh, Mister. I ain't got any too much love for the sojers naow in thet fort. Every day they keep abangin' away with them big guns, till nigh all the chiny we got tuh hum hes been broke. 'Sides thet, hang the luck, if they ain't sot their old target nigh bout over where I hes my lobster pots. Skeered 'bout all the fish away sense they kim up here, they has. I give yuh my solemn promise, and I sure hopes as haow yuh captures the hull shebang.

Mebbe then they'll clear aout, an' leave honest fishermen tuh their business."

"All right, Bige, we'll call it a bargain," said Hugh, as he reached for the big fist of the prostrate coast dweller. "Get up, boys. No need of sitting on him any longer. Bige is one of us from now on. I'll explain some of the things to him while we hide among the rocks."

139

After all, the seeming difficulty had turned out to be a blessing in disguise; they had gained a recruit who might be useful to them in many ways.

Hugh managed to let considerable light in on Bige Quick's mind as they lay hidden awaiting signs of life at the fort. In return the lobster fisherman told him not a few valuable things about the habits of the Coast Artillery, all of which Hugh soaked in, with an eye to making the knowledge useful later on.

They were close enough to the fort to see the sentries walking up and down, and when the breeze proved favorable they could even hear loud voices at times, for close to the sea, the air was a good conductor of sound.

140

When they knew the garrison must be at breakfast, the boys bethought them of the cooked food they had carried along in their haversacks. So Hugh gave the order that they should break their fast, which every one proceeded to do, according to his fancy. They even fed Bige, having an abundance of eatables along—trust boys for looking out to this end when allowed to stock up of their own accord, for they know how a fellow's appetite may stretch.

Hugh crept up to his lookout to use his glass cautiously. Bige had assured him that seldom did any of the garrison venture to walk along the beach in the direction of the rocky reef; they had too many things to do each day connected with the manning of the defensive coast works, and the firing of the big disappearing guns.

About ten o'clock the first heavy detonation told that they were at their business, and at long intervals until nearly noon the boys were almost deafened by the cannonading. They could understand that the work must be progressing favorably, since hearty cheers often followed the discharge. Hugh might have noted where each projectile struck only that he could not change his position without some danger of being seen, and he was there for a different purpose than that of marking the hits and misses of the Coast Defense Artillery.

141

He had mapped out his plans, and knew how the jackies aboard the *Vixen* could surprise the defenders of the fort, once they received his instructions as to how to proceed up the shore. He had closely examined every spot with his glass, and felt positive that they did not have any videttes posted below the rocks; doubtless they depended entirely on their lookouts on the ramparts to discover the first signs of a hostile ship either to the south or the north.

It was now high time, while the garrison still kept up their exciting gun practice, to get in touch with those aboard the scout cruiser. So

142

Hugh set himself to work to manage this.

He kept his glass handy, that he might detect the least evidence tending to show that their presence was suspected. At the same time he wrote out a short sentence in cipher, which he gave to the other boys to transmit.

The sun was shining brightly, and the conditions were as nearly perfect as they could be for heliograph work, if only it could be managed that the next relay station might pick up the messages without those in the fort being any the wiser.

It required careful treatment, but Alec and Don were skillful manipulators of the mirror, and could send the quick flashes in a way that would not be seen at the other side of the rocky reef, which acted as a friendly barrier.

Alec quickly reported that he was in communication with the next station. Then the scout master gave the order for the first message to be sent along. It was going to take some little time to manage all this; but the code simplified matters, since a single sign frequently stood for a whole sentence.

143

When the next station gave the pleasing information that it had all been correctly received and sent along the line, Hugh felt that things were certainly progressing splendidly. And it may be mentioned that the rough lobster fisherman was watching all this wonderful work with open mouth and staring eyes; it had never occurred before to him that people could "talk" while many miles apart with only a piece of broken looking-glass and the sun's bright rays to assist them.

So far all had gone well. Hugh could detect no sign in the region of the hostile fort to indicate that suspicion had been aroused. Nevertheless he did not mean to send a single unnecessary word along the relay line, since it would be taking needless chances of discovery.

144

What he told the commander of the scout cruiser was that if he landed a force of jackies they could come up the shore safely by keeping back of the scrub, and being careful not to show themselves even once. He knew only too well that the white suits of the Naval Reserve men would be instantly spotted by the glasses of those who were watching all through the livelong day for the first token of a hostile force in the vicinity.

Three different short messages did Hugh send. They took upwards of an hour to move along; and when the last sign had been given, to tell the next station on the south that the signaling was done, Hugh breathed a sigh of relief.

So far as he knew all was well. He could see nothing unusual going on in the fort, where the men were evidently getting their midday meal, and strict discipline must have been relaxed for a spell, since snatches of laughter and even of song came floating to his ears.

He lay there counting the minutes, wondering how long it would take the men from the cruiser to arrive. Again and again did Hugh turn his glasses backward and survey the beach as far as

145

he could see it. Orders had gone forth that the natives should keep away from the vicinity of the fort as much as possible during the two weeks when the Coast Artillery manned the same for their annual practice with the big guns. This would account for the fact that the beach seemed quite deserted as far south as he could see.

But then Hugh did not expect to catch any glimpse of the coming force. If they were unwise enough to show themselves so that he could discover them, what would hinder the sharp-eyed videttes on the ramparts of the fort from doing the same, since they had been posted there with instructions to report the least suspicious sign in any direction?

The other boys were taking things easy according to their several notions of what constituted comfort. Had Billy been present, his idea would have run along the line of a nice nap, for sleeping was one of Billy's strong points. Alec, Don and Monkey Stallings were more inclined to spy on the enemy than do anything else. Several times Alec gave a quick glance toward Hugh. He seemed to be struggling with something that was gripping him pretty hard, and apparently fighting an inward battle.

146

The truth of the matter was that Alec had made an important discovery, and at the same time a terrible temptation had come upon him. By the merest accident in the world he had sighted a couple of officers from the fort approaching the reef from an angle that was really beyond Hugh's range of vision. No one else had as yet seen them but Alec. If he remained silent, the chances were that they must presently discover the figures of the scouts crouching among the rocks, taking them by surprise as it were.

Well, such a thing would spell the ruin of the game, from the standpoint of the Naval Reservists. At the same time the failure of the plan was bound to give the young scout master a black mark.

147

Perhaps after making a failure of this important game, Hugh might feel it incumbent to resign his position as assistant scout master of the troop; or the boys on their part might request his stepping down into the ranks. That would mean the elevation of Alec to the proud post he aspired to fill!

The temptation was very strong for a brief time. Alec hardly breathed, and had observers been watching the boy they would have seen that his hands opened and shut many times almost fiercely. In fact it was one of the greatest crises that would ever come into his young life; and much depended on the result.

Perhaps his better nature arose to denounce any such treacherous action for which he could find no excuse whatever. Possibly, too, he looked back to that time when Hugh and he had been up on the side of old Stormberg Mountain, and he sprained his ankle so that he could not walk; when instead of deserting him, that loyal comrade had taken him on his back and carried him much of the way, until he could limp along with his arm around Hugh's neck.

148

Then and there the victory was won. Alec gritted

his teeth hard together and his eyes flashed fire. With the resolution to do his full duty as a true blue scout, he crept over to where Hugh lay, and communicated his important discovery to the other. Of course after that, the four boys, together with the raw recruit, Bige Quick, found places of concealment. The two officers sat down on the rocks not twenty feet away, discussing all manner of matters of interest connected with the occupation of the fort and their readiness to anticipate any attack, not once up to the time they moved off suspecting that enemies hovered near by.

## CHAPTER XII. WITH THE BATTLESHIP SQUADRON.

"No sign of the jackies yet, Chief?" asked Don Miller when another half hour had crept by and the afternoon was well on its way.

The boys had emerged from their places of concealment after the artillery officers departed, and from time to time the scout master made good use of his glasses, either to observe what was going on around the fort or else to scrutinize the shore to the south.

"I was just going to tell you," began Hugh, "that there's some reason to believe they're coming right now. I caught a flash from the next station, and you remember the boys had orders to signal us in case the force from the cruiser came along. Hold out for another half hour and perhaps something will happen."

"Whee! I'm glad to hear you say so, Chief," whispered Monkey Stallings, who was evidently having a harder time keeping quiet than any of his chums because of his restless nature.

Slowly the minutes dragged along. Occasionally one of the boys would believe he had caught some slight motion in the bushes below. Imagination, however, must have magnified the movements of a rabbit or some other small animal into the cautious advance of a human being, for none of them really saw any one until there came creeping toward them from the nearby bushes a figure that they recognized as belonging to Sam Winter.

Behind him came a second scout in khaki, none other than Walter Osborne, and as Hugh saw still a third, who turned out to be Billy, he understood that the column from the cruiser must be at hand.

Sure enough the white-clad jackies came trailing along, some even getting down on their stomachs in order not to be discovered by the videttes walking the ramparts of the nearby shore fort.

One by one they came with several leading officers in charge until the whole space back of the friendly rocky reef was peppered with uniformed Reservists, to the great wonderment of Bige Quick, who crouched there thinking it the strangest sight he had ever laid eyes on. No



doubt he would also believe that to be the easiest five-dollar bill he had ever earned in all his life, when Hugh paid it over as agreed upon.

Everything was now ready for the surprise. They had reached a striking distance of the fort without being discovered. All that remained was for them to notify the artillerists who had been caught napping that they were prisoners of war, according to the rules of the game. And great would be the glory accorded the navy for having played their part so successfully. The Boy Scouts would of course come in for their share of the honors, and nothing would be too good for the eight aboard the *Vixen* during the remainder of that memorable cruise.

At a given signal the rocks swarmed with men in white uniforms, and as a bugle pealed out, hearty cheers announced that the navy had sprung a tremendous surprise upon the army. This, following the well-won victory of the navy football team only the preceding Thanksgiving, when the army was humbled in the dust, would convince many scoffers that one arm of the Government service seemed to be just at that time vastly superior to the other.

152

Although the defenders of the fort were very much shocked at the ease with which an enemy had been enabled to creep up and capture their stronghold, doubtless it served as a lasting warning to them in the future. They soon recovered from their feeling of chagrin, and welcomed the naval men with open arms.

While men and officers were fraternizing, Hugh, at the wish of the commander of the expedition, made good use of the mirror again. Getting into communication with Blake Merton aboard the *Vixen*, hidden behind that cape of land that jutted out so conveniently, he forwarded orders that the scout cruiser should steam up the coast and embark the shore expedition later on in the day.

153

And when they finally did go aboard, after having formally received the surrender of the fort in order to complete the war game, they were a jolly lot of jackies, for success always warms the heart and brings smiles to the face.

The Boy Scouts had by this time become greater favorites than ever. The splendid manner in which Hugh and his comrades had played their parts in spying on the enemy and relaying the information they had succeeded in accumulating until it was received aboard, had quite won all hearts.

When torpedo practice came along again, they were given every opportunity to observe the clever manner in which the deadly missile was discharged through the tube, and to join in the cheers that announced when a hit had been made, although of course the whitehead torpedo had not been charged for explosion.

154

Other features of the cruise consisted of certain maneuvers in connection with the North Atlantic Squadron of battleships, then first starting in for their late summer gun practice at sea off Portsmouth. Greatly to the delight of the boys they were given an opportunity to observe some of this big gun shooting, in which the gunners acquitted themselves so creditably as to beat all

previous records.

As the commander had promised should be the case as a reward for their services in helping capture the hostile fort, Hugh and his mates were allowed to have possession of the wireless for a certain length of time almost every day. What messages those boys did send home, each of them being determined that there should be preserved in the family archives a record of a true wireless message sent by the son of the house from aboard a Government war vessel cruising along the coast.

155

In return the eager operator up at the tree station on Cedar Hill told them all the latest gossip of the home town, understanding how anxious those eight exiles would be getting by this time for news that concerned their neighbors and friends.

They learned much during those never-to-be-forgotten days aboard the gallant *Vixen*. Each setting sun was viewed with deep regret as marking one day less for their wonderful vacation. And many times did Hugh and the rest declare that the first thing they meant to do upon arriving at home was to send a hearty vote of thanks to Professor Perkins for having been instrumental in securing them this undreamed-of happiness.

"And forever after this I'm going to keep my eye aloft when out on a hike, in hopes of another balloon coming along, where the aeronaut will require a helping hand! It surely pays better than anything I ever ran across before," was the way Billy expressed his feelings in the matter.

156

"Lightning never strikes in the same place twice, Billy, they say," Hugh told him, "but it's just as well to keep your eyes open all the time, because you never know when you may happen to run across a good thing. Besides, a scout is supposed to be wideawake and on the alert. I was wondering whether Arthur has found time to print those copies of the dancing bear, Jumbo, that he promised us. Next time we get in touch with the Cedar Hill Wireless Station I mean to ask him."

"At the same time will you ask if the Russian got well enough to go up after his hidden money so that he could start across the sea for his home land?" asked Alec, who had taken considerable interest in the affair, even though fortune had not allowed him to be one of those connected with the rescue of the wounded owner of the hungry bear.

157

Hugh remembered this, and greatly to his delight Arthur managed to tell, by using their condensing code, of course, how he had actually accompanied the foreigner, at the request of the latter, to get his secreted money, which showed what confidence the poor fellow now placed in every boy who wore that significant khaki uniform.

The man had succeeded in finding the secret *cache* which he had been aiming to reach on that day when he slipped and fell over the fatal little precipice. And by the time Hugh took this message, the Russian was probably outside of Boston harbor bound homeward.

All this home news, with much else connected with their girl and boy friends, as well as the love sent by parents and brothers and sisters, was eagerly received by the eight exiles. They cudgeled their brains trying to think up the most important messages to send back to Arthur *via* wireless; and Hugh had to cull out many as impossible to transmit in the limited time allowed them for their use of the apparatus, considering the slow receiving capacity of the scout on Cedar Hill.

So day followed day and each one seemed to bring new experiences to the boys who accompanied the Naval Reserve men along the coast. Once they met with quite a lively storm, and some of the scouts even feared they might never see the dear ones at home again, but good management on the part of those who had charge of the vessel averted the danger.

Then there was a baffling experience with the dense fog that came drifting down from the Banks. There the warm water of the Gulf Stream meets with the colder currents of air from the region of perpetual ice and snow, causing vapor to form almost every day in the year.

No accident occurred during the hours in which the *Vixen* was shrouded in fog, but they heard the fog horns sounding, and the heavy whistle that told of a liner off her course.

Finally the time came when the *Vixen* had to return to port, as the vacations of the jackies aboard had about expired, and most of them would have to buckle down to business again, much to their regret.

Hugh and his seven comrades took train for the home town, feeling that their experience with the Naval Reserve on their annual cruise had been a most valuable lesson all around, and one which had brought them new laurels as well.

"It was the greatest time ever," sighed Billy as he and Hugh watched from the car the familiar landscape fly past as they drew near home. "And chances are we'll none of us ever have such a glorious opportunity again."

Hugh did not answer, for truth to tell Billy was voicing his own sentiments when he said this. Yet how little could they see ahead! Even at that very minute events were shaping themselves so as to bring about another combination that was likely to afford certain of the scouts yet another wonderful experience in a new field that none of them had ever dreamed of occupying. Just what that might be it would hardly seem fair to tell at this late point in the story. For the benefit of those readers who have become interested in the fortunes of Hugh Hardin and his chums, it ought to be enough to say that their further adventures will be continued in the next volume of this Series under the title of "The Boy Scouts in the Saddle."

THE END

**Transcriber's Notes**

- Copyright notice provided as in the original—this e-text is public domain in the country of publication.
- Silently corrected palpable typos; left non-standard spellings and dialect unchanged.
- In the text versions, delimited italics text in underscores (the HTML version reproduces the font form of the printed book.)

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE BOY SCOUTS OF THE NAVAL RESERVE \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE  
THE FULL PROJECT  
GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

## **Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase

“Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on,

transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

## **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation’s EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state’s laws.

The Foundation’s business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation’s website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

## **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50

states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

## **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.