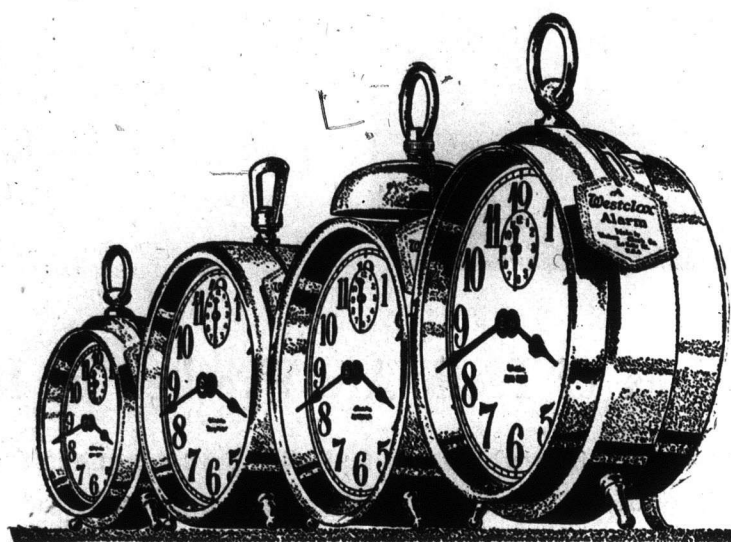




Westclox

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

WHEN you wind and set Big Ben at night, you put an inexpensive clock on the same job a high-priced watch held down all day.

The responsibility is even greater! Your alarm not only must keep time but it must call you on time.

Westclox are good timekeepers and alarms combined. They're handy, dependable household clocks. More than one in a home is getting to be the rule. Several clocks save many steps.

We're doing our best to meet the big demand for Westclox. But we must keep a close eye on quality. For it was quality that created this demand.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox
La Salle & Peru, Ill., U. S. A.



The Farmer's Delight
A well filled barn—A well
stocked stable — and a
pipe well filled with—
MACDONALD'S
BRIER
PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO



The Making of a Champion

"You'd better look out," came a voice from Scrubby's direction, "Bruiser Young's here, and he's going to lick you."

By Gene MacLean

SCHOOL had been dismissed. A whooping horde of small boys and a decorous group of small girls poured from opposite doors of the old brick building and moved toward the gate.

It was a warm day in December, of the sort that comes sometimes to break the course of central Ohio winters. A breath from the south stirred the withered leaves upon the trees into factitious dancings, and filled the children with longings for marbles, jumping ropes, scrub ball and wood tag.

"You're it!" shrieked a little boy, slapping one of his seniors of the sixth-year grade upon the back. "You're it! Can't catch me!"

But the boys of the Sixth ignored his sally. They were solemnly converging at the gate. Outside the fence the girls were standing in a silent group, and gazing intently at a boy and girl who stood together on the sidewalk. The boy was shifting awkwardly from one leg to the other and making vain endeavors to gracefully dispose of his hands while he made bashful return to the laughing chatter of the girl. She was a dainty little creature, with long, curling braids

would enable him to enter the house puffing beneath the weight of a bucket of coal, and thereby evade explanations



The manœuvre demoralized the enemy

as to why he was late from school. The alley had been lately coated with gravel and he scuffed up a mass of sand and small stones as he neared the barn-door. "I better get out my sling-shot," he reflected. "I—"

He came to a dead stop before the door. Facing him, printed in scrawling characters, were the outrageous words: "Phillip and Queenie."



He saw a contingent of the foe rushing upon him, led by Bruiser Young —

and rosy cheeks that glowed brighter as she talked.

The small boy who had attempted to institute the game of tag, grasped the situation and burst into explosive demonstration of the fact.

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl," he chanted. "Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl!"

The children paid no attention to him, but watched the boy and girl move slowly away toward home. Two youngsters from the feminine cluster outside the gate even followed after, making verbal note of the fact that Lola, mounting the high curb across the street, touched Philip for a moment on the sleeve by way of assisting herself. This same pair viewed the parting at Lola's front steps, and saw the boy kicking confusedly at a tuft of belated grass as he said good-by, and writhing with embarrassment as he backed away. Later, when he came past, whistling shrilly they stood aside and delivered a singsong:

"Lola's Philip's gir-r-rl."

The boy was secretly pleased. This recognition of his status was not ungratifying, for the chant they rendered had been true only since yesterday.

But he flung back a casual, "You're a liar!" as he continued his melody and his march.

He executed an elaborate detour around the block in which he lived, and approached his home from the rear. This

He drew a long breath. It was not hard to trace the insult. Queenie Bowser, a little sloven who lived at the far edge of the town, was a butt for schoolyard quips and sallies, and was deemed utterly beneath the notice of the small aristocracy of Crayville. Some contemptible trifter, jealous of his new-found favor with Lola Cameron, had conceived this slander and plotted to make a mock and a byword of him in the Sixth. Bitterly he saw it all.

At this moment, Petey Martin, Philip's comrade in school, made a fortuitous appearance at the end of the alley. Philip picked up a stone and bounced it off Petey's head. He was sure the assault would not be wasted. He did not pause to inquire if the Martin boy was responsible for the legend on the barn. In his profound knowledge of Crayville methods he was aware that even if Petey had not actually written it, he would shortly become one of the jeering crowd that would exploit the jest.

He listened to Petey's howls of pain as the stricken youth fled up the street. When they had died away, he made preparations for the inevitable battle. Reinforcements for the enemy would shortly be on hand, he was quite sure, armed and with full knowledge of the hateful legend that Petey had found him reading on the barn door. Hastily

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