

THE REBEL KID

By the Rebel Kid:
JOHN REDMOND

The night before my departure from Brooklyn to New York, or my last night in Brooklyn, there was but little sleep for the anxious boy. Sleep was out of the question, wide awake and open eyes. The sweet and lovely thought of going toward home to meet my mother was a happy solace to a boy away from home so long. The next morning I went down to the store and met my good employer. He was glad to see me, said, "The boy looks fatigued, you did not sleep so well." "No sir." "Johnny you are thinking of your journey home. You should not get troubled in this way but feel elated and not be so impatient. It will take some time before you reach home, and I hope your voyage over the water will be a pleasant and safe one. Now Johnny, I will pay you off. I guess you want to make a start." Opening his pocket book, he said as he tendered me my wages, "Johnny, here's your money." I thanked him and put it in my pocket, then bidding him farewell I repaired to my boarding house and got my grip. After telling all my friends good-bye, I started for New York. On reaching New York I wended my way along the North river side of the city. In a short time I reached the pier where the steamship was moored. There was a heavy smoke issuing from her funnels, everything was busy life. On nearing this large mail packet I stepped in front of her, observing her full model. She was a fine ship, I concluded. The Stars and Stripes were flying from her halyards near her topmast; under this was a flag with the name of the ship on it, in large letters, Steapsip Champion. On the side of the ship near the gangway, from the pier to the ship a notice, "This ship sails for Charleston, S. C."

to me. I could almost imagine the ship was on her way and the Kid was aboard of her on his way homeward. This ship plying between New York and Charleston, there must be some one engaged on her from Charleston. With this impression I loitered about on the pier, keeping a watchful eye for some one I knew. This diligence and vigilance looked to the anxious boy as going to be unfruitful for a while, but before I abandoned the last hope I caught a glimpse of a face passing from the ship to the pier. I kept the trail. After my second view I made a venture to meet him. Looking him in the face I said, "Is this Mr. Burns of Charleston?" "Yes, that's my name. Your name's Johnny Redmond, your father Geo. Redmond? Yes, I know him. We are old shipmates. We ran the blockade together on the same ship and I knew you when you were a small child. What are you doing in New York?" "I am trying to get home." "How long has it been since you were at home?" "Nearly five years." "Where was your father living then?" "Wilmington, N. C." "Johnny, I think your father has moved away from there. I have heard he was living in Fayetteville. Then it was reported in Charleston he was living in Lumberton, N. C. This ship will sail for Charleston at 3 o'clock. You can go with me. I will help you all I can. When you reach Charleston you may get some authentic tidings of your parents' whereabouts and Johnny you will be perhaps 600 or 700 miles nearer home. So come and go with me and when you get to Charleston you can write to North Carolina, try both places, Fayetteville and Lumberton and make your home at my place until you hear from them. Will this suit you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, follow me and you will get home."

As soon as we got aboard he took me to his quarters and told me to sit down. "I will make all arrangements for your passage over." This relieved the Rebel Kid's mind. The arrangements were fine. I was about worn out and everything was inviting. There were three bunks in front of me in Mr. Burns's cabin. The more I looked at them the more anxious the Kid became. I decided quick to repose in one of the bunks, so I tumbled in feeling very much at home and soon was asleep. Mr. Burns came in and as he entered the cabin he said, "Hello, boy, are you asleep?" "I have been, sir." "Do you know we have left New York? The ship has just crossed the bar and we are now at sea. You must be very sleepy and worn out. You did right to take a rest. It will restore you and you will feel so much better by doing so."

The weather was fine and the seas calm. The ship was steaming along at a good speed. All were enjoying this voyage, no one better than your humble servant, the Rebel Kid, and the moonlight time made our voyage so lovely at night on the ship's deck. There was amusement on hand—music, glee songs, jokes. Some of the sailor boys were good in singing.

As soon as our ship steamed along the South Carolina coast, I was delighted. I was getting near home and soon to be reminded of my childhood days. Steaming in from the coast to Charleston was grand to the boy who had been and was longing for his home. Steaming along the shore for the islands that I saw when a little boy made my eyes fill with tears. Oh, what I had passed through since I saw these last! My mind reverted to the wreck of the steamship Mary Bowers. She was wrecked during the Civil War on Drunken Dick shoal near the shores of Sullivan and the Isle of Palms, the latter known as Long Island before the Civil War. I could picture myself the only living soul on the ship, one hand grasping to the rigging and one arm around the spar, holding a sure hold while I sat on the cross-trees. The ship was in a constant thump as if she would split in twain. This is a nerve tester for a man, let alone a boy 12 years old. As the ship steamed along all the forts and islands looked natural to me, especially Fort

Sumter. I was reminded of the beginning of the Civil War, the firing on Fort Sumter. This was in April, 1861. I was a boy, a small boy, then, just past my 10th year, like the boys in towns and cities, always on the alert for some news. It was war-times. The boys would collect on the water front of the city looking toward the islands. The day of the bombardment of grand old Sumter I was a witness, standing on one of the

warfs of the city all day long watching the bombardment; but when night came on the shells with their burning fuses, the reports from the guns and the flashes and bursting of shells in the air, was terrific. The fighting on Morris Island was another great war display I witnessed from the wharfs at Charleston. This was more than horrible. Every river steamer boat in Charleston harbor was pressed into service by the gov-

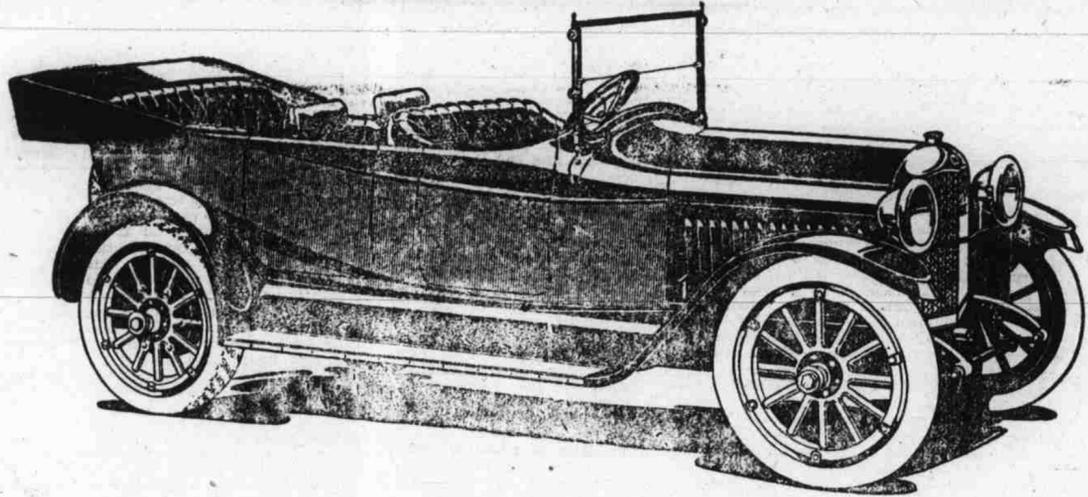
ernment to bring the dead and wounded from Morris Island to Charleston. When the boats came to the wharf it was beyond a doubt heart-rending to hear the groans of the wounded and dying, the cries of mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and kindred. It was awful; why it was beyond expression. Language is inadequate to define the horrors. When Maj. Anderson and Col. Coccean capitulated there were two blockade runners in

Charleston harbor, the Fanny and Alice. My father Geo. Redmond was one of the crew of the Alice. They were two fine English-built steamers. These two ships were selected by the Confederate government to remove Maj. Anderson, officers and men from the Fort to Charleston and then to the Federal lines.

Our Jitney Offer—This and 5c DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with five cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup. Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.

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This is the anniversary of the Paige entrée in the field of six-cylinder motor cars. Think of that—only a year ago! In twelve months Paige Sixes—on sheer merit of the cars, on their sheer quality—on their sheer value—have utterly swept and dominated the six-cylinder field—have won universal recognition as the unchallenged leaders of the Sixes. It is vastly more than a dollars-and-cents Success. It is the victory of an economic principle and a sound American idea. A year ago we staked our huge investment on our belief that the American people would be quick to see in these Paige Sixes Supreme Quality at the lowest possible price for such quality. And the overwhelming endorsement of the American people has been our reward.

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Overwhelming and gratifying as the Year's Success has been, there is a still greater event, a still more important step in Paige Progress that we are celebrating in this Paige Jubilee.

That is the opening of the huge four-story concrete annex to the already enormous Paige factory. To say that thousands and thousands of square feet of floor space has been added to Paige manufacturing facilities perhaps means little. But to say that

Paige Production is Now Doubled

means a very great deal—both to us and to you. Although the huge Paige plant has been operated night and day since last January, we have never caught up with orders for Paige Sixes. Until now we have never caught up with this tidal-wave of demand. Thousands of Paige Purchasers have been disappointed and we couldn't avoid it.

Now—for the first time—with the enormous factory addition, with our doubled production, with ample deliveries of Paige materials, we can promise you your Paige Six. We can now give the thousands of Paige Enthusiasts, whom for nine months we have been forced to disappoint, the car of their choice. Whether it be the improved seven-passenger

Fairfield "Six-46"—or the new five-passenger Hollywood Light "Six-36".

Paige is making Immediate Deliveries.

Other motor car manufacturers are crippled for materials or because of manufacturing difficulties or for lack of mechanical equipment. The Paige is prepared—prepared now to keep every promise—to sell you one of the country's two most popular Sixes at \$1295 or \$1095—and

Deliver It To You NOW.

That is the reason we are jubilant—why Paige Success is being celebrated across the Continent.

You Can't Afford To Miss This

We are keeping "open house" to our friends. We have a special exhibit of Paige Sixes. You will find a striking scheme of decorations. You will find a special corps of trained Paige demonstrators who will give you valuable information in the designing, construction and operation of motor cars which you can't afford to miss. You will learn scientifically why Paige Sixes are the fastest selling Sixes on the market.

There is no obligation of any kind. You will be our guest. You will be given a hearty welcome. And, we believe, you will be entertained and interested at our Paige Jubilee.

Why A Paige Six Is Supreme?

You will answer that question for yourself after you have seen the world famous seven-passenger "Six-46," and ridden in it, as we shall want you to do. You will marvel at the beauty and distinction of its lines, the harmony of its colors and red-trimmed running gear. You will marvel at the comfort of the easy-riding; of the genuine French glaze, hand-buffed leather and full hair upholstery; of the disappearing chairs in the tonneau. You will marvel at the amazing power and flexibility and silence of the Paige six-cylinder motor. You will marvel at the supreme luxury and smartness and charm of this splendid vehicle—and at the price \$1295.

But we want you to see for yourself. That's why we invite you.

And The Light Six

In the exquisite five-passenger Hollywood—the Paige Light "Six-36"—you will be equally interested—the car that took the American motoring public by storm when it was introduced last June. It is in every detail, every essential, Paige Quality, Paige Elegance, Paige Value, and the price is \$1095.

So, come to the Paige Jubilee.

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Hollywood "Six-36" \$1095
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You can equip the Fairfield with a most luxurious Winter-Top—permanent roof, removable windows. It is really a touring limousine. Price \$250

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