

FREE COUPONS FOR THE PICTURE THEATRES! See Page 435.

Free Picture Coupon No. 1. Available till Monday, December 12, 1910.

# THE BOYS' FRIEND 1<sup>d</sup>

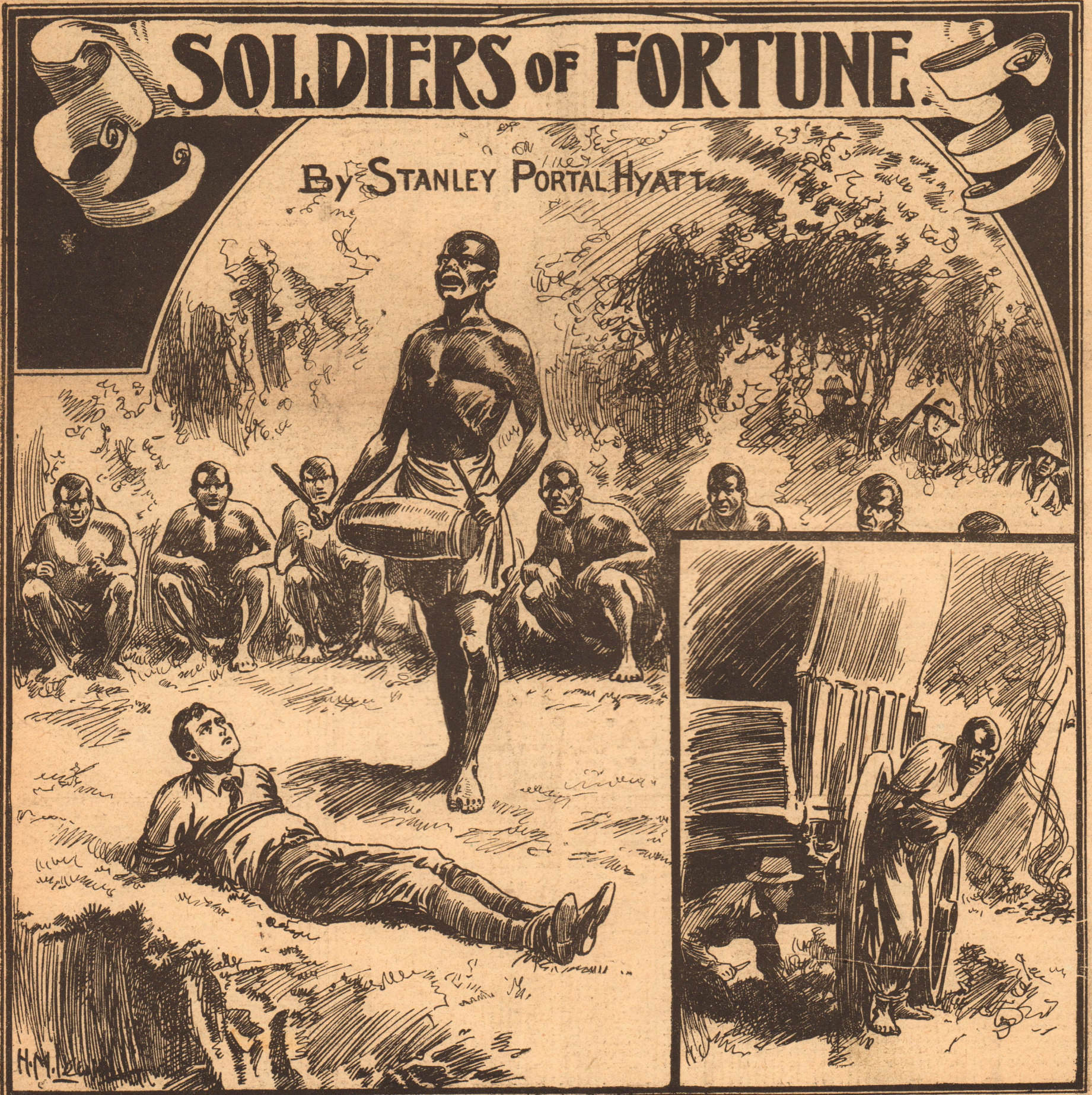
EVERY TUESDAY.

The object of THE BOYS' FRIEND is to Amuse, to Instruct, and to Advise Boys.

No. 496.—VOL. X. NEW SERIES.]

ONE PENNY.

[WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 10, 1910.]



Splendid Incidents from our Grand Adventure Serial. No Boy Should Miss this Great New Story Just Starting.







## YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

I want all my boys to look upon me as their firm friend and adviser. There are few men who know boys as well as I do, and there are no little trials and troubles, perplexities and anxieties, in which I cannot help and assist my readers.

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of THE BOYS' FRIEND. All boys who write to me, and who enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply.

All Letters should be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, 23, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

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### OUR SIXTEENTH CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

WITH the next issue of THE BOYS' FRIEND I publish Our Sixteenth Christmas Double Number. I have spent a lot of time and care on this number, and I hope my friends will think the result of my labours are satisfactory and pleasing. Of one thing they may be sure, they are going to get one of the strongest and best Christmas numbers which THE BOYS' FRIEND has turned out for many a long day. Here are some of the items which will appear in it—the full list my friends will discover on another page.

There will be a new serial story, entitled "Sexton Blake, Spy"—four big pages of the first instalment appear next week.

There will be a new school story, entitled "The New Broom," by Maxwell Scott, and this tale will form a sequel to "The Blot," which proved so very successful.

Then there will be full-length instalments of "Soldiers of Fortune" and "Yorkshire Grit." Further, there will be a long 15,000-word novel by Allan Blair, entitled "Philip in Search of a Father," and another long complete story, by Sidney Drew, entitled "Gan-Waga's Christmas Revels."

A very great attraction in this issue will be a page of words and music of a splendid song which I think every boy knows, or would like to know. Its title is, "A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother."

And I have also arranged for the re-publication of an extremely popular recitation, by W. A. Eaton, entitled, "The Fireman's Wedding." Every lad who wants to prove an attraction at any party to which he may be going this Christmas ought to make sure of getting a copy of this number of THE BOYS' FRIEND, and of learning this recitation, which is always received with great applause.

But I could almost fill this page in describing the attractions which are in store for you next week. As I have said, full details of Our Great Christmas Number will be found on page 442.

#### DOING HIS DUTY.

One of my young friends tells me he is a carman, and he puts to me a very searching question—"Don't you think I could do my duty in this trade as well as any other?"

My answer must be "Yes." It does not matter really what calling you are engaged in so long as you put your heart and your soul and the best that is in you into it. Be it simply driving a van and delivering goods, if you do it to the very best of your ability and with enthusiasm, you are doing your duty. You are giving to those who employ you the best you can give, and you are living up to the very highest traditions of self-respect. If a task of any kind is given to a lad to do, and he does it wholeheartedly, does it as if it were the greatest pleasure he could ever experience, he is doing the best and noblest thing it is possible for him to do, and his position can be justly as proud as that of the most important ruler of the State.

#### MOVING-PICTURE SHOWS.

I have no doubt that a very large number of my friends take a keen interest in cinematograph picture shows, and because I have realised this I have made arrangements with a certain number of theatres so that readers of THE BOYS' FRIEND may be admitted at half-price to any part of these picture theatres. All a reader has to do is to consult the particulars on page 435 of this issue, and to present the coupon which will be found on our front page. This coupon will entitle him to admission at half-price.

The electric picture theatre has become quite an established form of amusement in this country, and I am not at all surprised at its success. After all, the next best thing to seeing an actual thing is to see a photograph of it; but when you can view the whole of a particular incident, whether it is the arrival of some great person at some particular place, whether it is a scene from a theatre, or some spectacle in the open air, if the event can be seen as it actually happened with all the life and movement it possesses, in the comfort and shelter of a theatre, then it is no wonder that these places are attractive. So, knowing how very popular these theatres are, I have made arrangements so that my friends may be admitted to them at certain performances at half-price.

Of course, I do not say that they can go into any theatre with THE BOYS' FRIEND coupons, but they can go into any of the theatres mentioned on page 435 at half-price at the performances indicated.

#### A LAD IN DOUBT.

J. C. junr. is in a difficulty. He is a healthy young lad of seventeen, over six feet in height, and he does not know what to make of himself.

Sometimes he thinks of going in for the electrical engineering profession, at other times for railway engineering, but he has been warned off both by his friends, with the result that to-day he has not made up his mind what to do. So, like a sensible lad, he comes to me and says, "Make up my mind for me." Now, this is thrusting on to my shoulders a very important and very responsible task. J. C. junr. asks me to say to him, "This shall be your future walk in life," thus depending on me to plan out his career.

It is very easy to do things on the responsibility of other people, and it is easy to throw the blame on others if the result does not turn out well; but it is the hardest thing in the world to think out for yourself a course of conduct and to follow it in defiance of the advice and opinions of your friends. It is awfully hard to make up your mind to do a thing, and to do it at the risk of losing the good opinions of others. So J. C. junr. says, "I will get out of my difficulty and write to the Editor of THE BOYS' FRIEND." I do not blame him, for I would do it myself were I similarly placed, and, because I know a good deal of the world, I am willing to take the responsibility.

Let my young friend go in for civil engineering. It is to my mind one of the most fascinating callings any man can undertake, particularly when it takes one to foreign countries, where pioneer work such as bridge building and railway construction can be carried forward by the forces of civilisation unto the uttermost ends of the world.

The civil engineer finds himself one month in Siberia, another month in Patagonia, another month bordering on the North Pole, and another frizzling on the Equator. It is a pleasant life, but it means hard work to qualify for it. It is a profession full of adventure and interest; it has its disappointments and its victories, and it can produce big rewards for those who follow it.

#### SHERLOCK HOLMES AND SEXTON BLAKE.

One of my young friends who lives near Wrexham, in Wales, asks me to tell him if there ever was such a detective as Sherlock Holmes, and also if a man named Sexton Blake ever existed.

Sherlock Holmes, although he did not live under that name, was created by Conan Doyle upon the

characteristics of a famous Dr. Bell of Edinburgh. There never was an actual Sherlock Holmes, neither has there been an actual Sexton Blake. In the latter case the stories have been founded on an individual not known as Sexton Blake, but one who has accomplished many of the things described in the stories associated with this character.

#### A YOUNG SHAVER.

"Inquisitive" tells me he is sixteen, and has just begun to shave, and he wants to know if I think this age too early for him to start, because every morning after shaving a lot of pimples break out on his chin. He used to rub zinc ointment on his chin, but it did no good, so he wants advice.

In the first place, the age when one should begin shaving depends on

the constitution of the individual; and some men ought to commence earlier than others. In "Inquisitive's" case it is obvious that he has an extremely sensitive skin, so I would advise him to adopt the following method. First secure the very best shaving soap possible; there is an excellent one made by Gibbs. Pears' soap is also good, and there are heaps of others which any chemist can recommend. Work this soap into a thick lather, and apply it to the chin vigorously. Give the chin a thorough rubbing with the lather until every hair is soft and pliable; then get a good keen razor which has been properly stropped, and shave lightly—not too closely, as this is apt to bring-up pimples. I think if my correspondent follows this advice he won't have very much more trouble with his shaving.

#### SANDOW EXERCISES.

It is this same friend of mine—"Inquisitive," of Cork—who asks me whether when a new Sandow exercise appears, he should drop the old ones, and adopt the new one.

No; my young friend should practice each exercise as it comes out, and, limiting himself to a quarter of an hour every morning, do a little of each exercise in succession.

In this way his body will be developed all round, because each exercise develops particular muscles in different parts of the body. Therefore my young friend should learn each exercise and practise them all in turn every morning.

#### TWO DETECTIVE NOVELS.

It is not often my chums have the opportunity of securing two three-and-sixpenny detective novels for the absurdly small sum of twopence! Yet to-day they have a unique chance of doing so, and I sincerely trust they will avail themselves of it. Every newsagent in the United Kingdom has now in stock the superb Christmas Double Number of the "Union Jack," which contains two powerful complete novels of the world-famous detective Sexton Blake, and his two clever assistants, Tinker and Pedro.

The first of these absorbing yarns is entitled "The Coster's Christmas," and has been specially written to appeal to readers of all ages. The title of the second is "Sexton Blake, Unemployed."

As I have already mentioned, both these novels are of the kind usually sold at three-and-sixpence each, and my chums will be making the mistake of their lives if they do not instantly call round at their newsagent's and invest twopence in this mammoth budget of Christmas literature.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

### BOXING NOTES.

By J. G. B. Lynch.

IT is curious, when you come to think about it, how easy it is to overbalance when you are standing awkwardly on your two feet. In boxing this is fatal.

If you follow out the rules you have been told about "position," and so forth, you won't overbalance, but it is difficult to remember these rules in the thick of a hard rally or "mix-up."

Yet a boxer is easily liable to get into an awkward position, such as with crossed legs—that is, the right foot in front of the left, when it ought to be behind. Then quite a light tap on the head will send him to the floor, and the resulting shake-up will be far from pleasant.

If, however, the blow that sends a badly balanced boxer to the boards is a hard one, he will stand a very good chance of being seriously damaged, for he will strike

#### his head against the floor.

So the keeping of the left foot in front is a very important rule to remember always.

Never stand "square" to your antagonist. A straight blow while in such a position is liable to send you backwards with the utmost ease.

If you keep these things in mind you will not only refrain from awkward positions yourself, but you will be able to take advantage of them in the case of your opponents.

The man you are boxing with, let us say, dashes at you carelessly—charges, in fact. What should you do?

There are two ways, and both are good. Either stand quite still and let him run straight on to your extended left hand, which will give him a nasty punch without any effort of yours, or else step back. His blow will then be wasted on the air, and as his arm stretches to its utmost reach in search of your face you will step in nimbly and send home a strong left or right. Your man will not be guarding, and you will probably be able to inflict a very hard blow. Another time I shall have a lot more to say on the subject of boxers "charging."

THE END.

#### HOW BOYS CAN

### MAKE MONEY.

IN my previous chats in this series I have dealt with spare time employment in two directions—the keeping of rabbits and cycle repairing. This week I am going to tell you about clerical work.

Naturally enough, in considering clerical labour, your first thought will be for envelope addressing. Now, this is one of those tasks against which I want to warn you. Generally speaking, it is ill-paid work, and it is so dreary and monotonous that unless one is well-paid, it is not worth undertaking at all. Sometimes a boy will get envelope addressing through influence from a private individual at a fair price; in this case, I would say do the work by all means.

Really handsome pay is to be earned by a bright boy who can save up and purchase himself a typewriter. The demand for skilful typists is an increasing one, and there are always

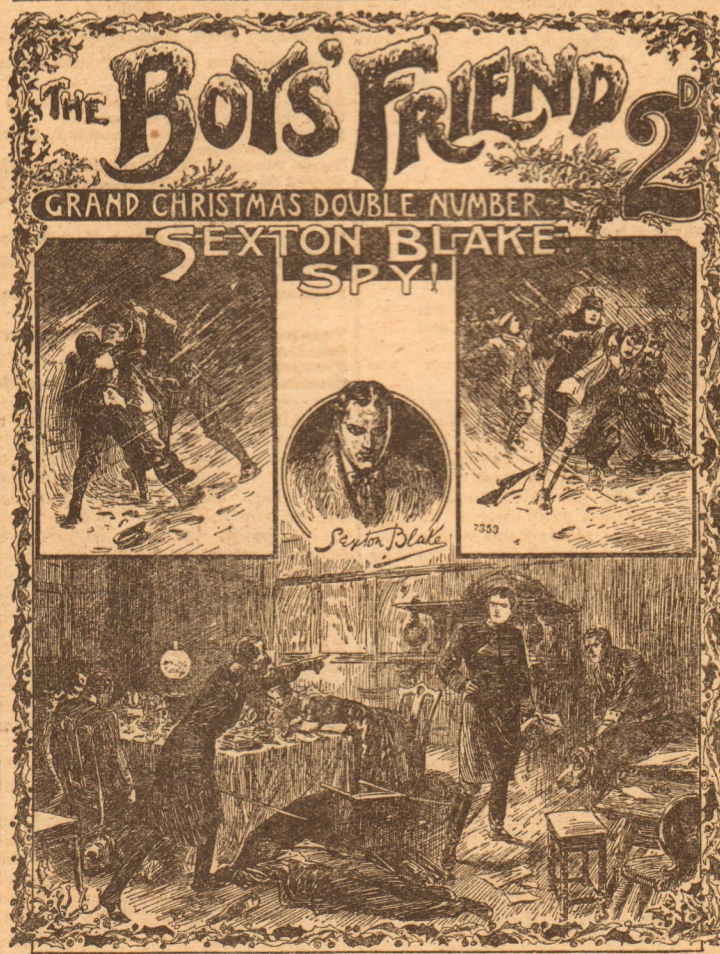
#### good second-hand machines

to be bought quite cheaply, as the advertisements in our newspapers will show. Having mastered the intricacies of typewriting, a boy should find little difficulty in obtaining work. He may be so fortunate as to get an introduction to a solicitor or author, in which case there should be a goodly batch of work forthcoming. Authors' MS. is usually charged at 9d. per thousand words, including paper. Then there are always tradesmen and others who would like their letters typed, and if you cannot get a start by influence, you should advertise.

Copying circulars by means of a hectograph (the recipe has appeared countless times in THE BOYS' FRIEND) is a splendid spare time task, and I have heard of many smart boys with a knowledge of book-keeping putting in their leisure hours keeping tradesmen's accounts. It is surprising that there are still so many tradesmen who do not know much about the art of keeping accounts.

A quick, clear writer, a boy with a good head for figures, or a lad with a typewriter can always make pocket-money, and there should be no dearth of clerical labour for the boy who seeks it and who can be relied upon.

THE END.



A greatly reduced facsimile of "Val's" Cover for our Christmas Number.

"The New Broom," Maxwell Scott's Latest and Best School Serial, Commences Next Tuesday in Our Grand Christmas Number













In trying to ruin Philip they had brought overwhelming ruin on themselves—for Heath knew before the doctor spoke what was coming next. "If I hadn't heard all this myself," said Dr. Paul, "I would never have believed that two of my boys could have been guilty of such despicable wickedness. Needless to say, I cannot allow either of you to remain at the school another day."

"You are goin' to expel us?" said Heath sullenly. "Of course," said the doctor. "Sir David will take Mortimer away this morning, and I have wired to your father to fetch you away this afternoon."

"And is the Blot goin' to be expelled, too?" demanded Heath.

"If you refer to Ashley, he is not. He has done nothing to merit expulsion."

"He has!" shouted Heath, carried away by a gust of vindictive fury. "If we are expelled, it's only right that he should be expelled too! He's a thief! He stole a five-pound note out of my study!"

"That is another falsehood," said Mr. Walker quietly.

"It isn't!" cried Heath. "He went into my study while I was out, and took the fiver off the mantelpiece. Afterwards he was caught in the act of trying to hide it in Card's box!"

"I say it is false," said Mr. Walker. "And I can prove it."

He turned to Philip. "You admit that you went into Heath's study that evening and took something off the mantelpiece?" he said.

"Yes," said Philip, in a low voice. "But Heath knows what it was."

"Of course I do!" jeered Heath. "It was a letter from my gov'nor, enclosin' a five-pound note!"

"It was not," said Philip.

"What was it, then?" asked Dr. Paul.

"Yes, what was it?" said Mr. Sporth.

Philip hung his head. "I cannot tell you," he said. "My lips are sealed. I cannot explain."

"But I can," said Mr. Walker.

"It was a photograph of my daughter, Gertie. She has just told me the whole story. Unknown to me, the silly girl had given Heath one of her photographs, and had written across it: 'With love, from Gertie.' When they quarrelled, he took a mean and caddish revenge by sticking the photograph on his mantelpiece for all the boys to see. Gertie asked Ashley to get her the photograph, and he did so. Afterwards, sooner than betray the girl's secret, he refused to say what he had taken, and allowed himself to be branded as a thief."

"You contemptible cad!" cried Dr. Paul, regarding Heath with a glance of withering scorn. "Until now I thought that Mortimer was the worst of the two, but even Mortimer would

not have descended to such depths of meanness as that."

"Wouldn't he?" snarled Heath. "That shows how much you know! Mortimer knew all about it. He was as bad as I was."

"No, I wasn't," retorted Mortimer, stung to retaliation. "You didn't tell me anything about it until after you had hidden the fiver in Card's box."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Now we're getting at the truth! So it was Heath who put the note in Card's box?"

"Yes," said Mortimer. "When he found that the Blot had taken Gertie's photo, he thought he saw a chance of makin' it out that he was a thief, so he took the fiver out of his desk, and ran up to Dormitory B. He meant to put it in the Blot's box, but he made a mistake, and put it in Card's. When he discovered his mistake, he went up to the dormitory again in the middle of the night, intendin' to take the fiver out of Card's box, and say that Ashley had returned it. He was disturbed while he was fumblin' in Card's box, but he made his escape in the darkness, and afterwards the boys thought it was Ashley who was fumblin' in Card's box."

"You treacherous brute!" hissed Heath, glaring at Mortimer. "But I'll be even with you!"

He turned to Sir David.

"You remember takin' Mortimer and the Blot for a ride in your motor-car?" he said. "Some cards fell out of the Blot's pocket, and afterwards Mortimer told you that the Blot was in the habit of playin' cards for money with the villagers. All that was a lie. The cards were Mortimer's. We were playin' cards in his study when the Blot ran up and told him you had just arrived. Mortimer told him to clear away the cards, and the Blot had just time to thrust 'em into his pocket before you walked into the study."

Sir David walked quickly across the room, and laid his hand on Philip's shoulder.

"Philip," he said, in a broken voice, "I have cruelly misjudged you, and I ask your forgiveness. I believed all that Godfrey told me. I thought you were a thief, a gambler, and a frequenter of low public-houses. Thank goodness, my eyes have been opened at last! I have treated you unjustly, but I will make amends. I had intended to send Godfrey from here to Oxford, and afterwards to take him into partnership. What I had intended to do for Godfrey, I will do for you. The place which he has forfeited shall be yours. Henceforth my house shall be your home, and your education and your future welfare shall be my care."

He turned to Mortimer. "As for you," he said. "I disown you from this day. You will return with me to Highfield this morning, but to-morrow you leave my house, never to return. If you choose to

emigrate, I will pay your passage and give you enough money to enable you to make a fresh start in life. Beyond that I will do nothing for one who has proved himself to be so utterly unworthy of my confidence and so dead to all sense of truth and honour."

The Blot's Triumph.

IN an ordinary way, at the conclusion of breakfast, the boys repaired to their various classrooms for morning school. They were about to do so on this particular morning, when a message arrived from the doctor, requesting all the boys to assemble at once in Big Room.

There were many speculations as to the meaning of this summons. Some conjectured that Philip was about to be publicly expelled. Others surmised that the result of the Beresford examination was about to be announced.

As the boys flocked into Big Room, it was at once perceived that the first of these conjectures was incorrect. Philip was not going to be expelled—that was evident, for he was sitting at the end of the room, looking very happy, and chatting volubly to Mr. Walker and Mr. Drummond.

When the last of the boys had filed into the room, it was discovered that Heath and Mortimer were absent. This again gave rise to further speculation, in the midst of which Dr. Paul entered the room, and mounted the dais.

Dr. Paul was immensely popular with his boys, and this was his first public appearance among them since his return from London after his recent illness. Like one man, the boys rose to their feet, and for several minutes the big room rang with round after round of welcoming cheers.

The doctor was plainly affected by the warmth of his greeting, and there was a suspicious huskiness in his voice when he rose to address the boys.

"You are wondering, no doubt, why I have summoned you here this morning," he said, after thanking them for their welcome. "I have done so because I have three announcements to make to you, the first of which is that I have resigned my position as your head-master."

The boys glanced at each other and at the doctor in blank dismay. Dr. Paul was leaving Rayton! The news was so unexpected, it stunned them.

"I had looked forward to spending many more happy years at Rayton," the doctor went on, "but certain circumstances—into which I need not enter—led to my placing my resignation in the hands of the governing body. I shall have other opportunities of saying good-bye to you before the end of the term, so I won't say any more on the subject now."

"My second announcement," the doctor continued, "is that the Beresford Prize has been awarded to

Philip Ashley, who has beaten all records by obtaining 56 marks out of a possible 60. In honour of his success, I follow the usual custom, and grant you to-day as a whole holiday."

In former years the announcement of the winner's name had always been the signal for a burst of cheering. But there were no cheers on this occasion. There was a moment's ominous silence, then several of the boys began to hiss.

The doctor turned sharply to that quarter of the room from which the hissing proceeded.

"Who dares to hiss?" he demanded.

Sadler, white with rage and disappointment, sprang to his feet. As the reader will remember, he had been one of the candidates for the Beresford, and it was on his behalf that Mortimer and his cronies had destroyed Philip's books and had done their best to prevent him working for the prize.

"It isn't fair!" said Sadler hotly, amid a murmur of approving cheers.

"What isn't fair?" inquired the doctor calmly.

"The Blot is a thief," said Sadler, "and it isn't fair—it's outrageous that the Beresford should be awarded to a thief!"

Loud cheers followed this bold pronouncement. The doctor waited quietly until they had subsided; then he signed to Sadler to resume his seat.

"I agree with Sadler that it would not be fair—that it would be outrageous to award the Beresford to a thief," he said. "But Ashley is not a thief. I am aware that a charge of theft was brought against him, but only this morning certain facts have come to my knowledge which prove that the charge was a wicked and unscrupulous conspiracy."

"It is not usual," he continued "for a head-master to take his boys so fully into his confidence as I am going to take you into mine. But Ashley has had to fight against so much prejudice since he came here, and he has acted throughout so honourably and unselfishly, that I feel I should be failing in my duty if I did not make every effort in my power to convince you that he is worthy of your highest admiration."

"I have a personal reason, too," he added. "Ashley has rendered me a priceless service. For the past three months a dark shadow has been hanging over my life. That shadow has now been removed, and it is Ashley who has removed it. As one good turn deserves another, I desire from the bottom of my heart, before I leave Rayton, to help Ashley to win your confidence and esteem."

Briefly, and in a voice that vibrated at times with indignation, the doctor then told the astounded boys of the various plots which Heath and Mortimer had hatched against Philip, and how, in the last two days, those plots had been unmasked. "I told you I had three announce-

ments to make to you this morning," he continued. "Two of them you have heard, and after listening to the story which I have just told you, you will not be surprised to learn that my third announcement is that Heath and Mortimer have been expelled. Mortimer has already left, and Heath leaves this afternoon."

"And now, before I dismiss you, I want to make an earnest appeal to you," he concluded. "You are all young, some of you are thoughtless, and some of you, perhaps, are cruel without meaning to be so, but you are all, I hope and believe, gentlemen at heart. Now that you know how unjustly you have judged Ashley, now that you know how little he has deserved your unfriendly treatment, will you not, like honest British gentlemen, acknowledge your mistake and make amends?"

Tubb leapt to his feet.

"I will, for one!" he cried.

"So will I!" shouted Holcroft.

"Three cheers for the Blot!" yelled Rigiden.

The cheers were given with hearty good will. Then as the doctor, with a happy smile on his face, announced that the proceedings were over, a rush was made for Philip, and he found himself surrounded by a jostling crowd of boys, each more eager than the other to shake him by the hand, to congratulate him on his success, to apologise for the past, and to vow eternal friendship for the future.

Thus did truth prevail in the end. Thus did justice triumph. And thus did the once despised "Blot," by steadfastly pursuing the path of duty, despite the enormous odds against him, win his way to the top-most pinnacle of popularity.

Conclusion.

THAT same morning Jim Cocker was brought before the magistrates, and was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, without the option of a fine, for being drunk and disorderly on licensed premises and for assaulting P.-c. Blobs.

Later in the day Dr. Paul paid a visit to Rayton Hall, and sought an interview with Margaret Goldie. What transpired at the interview may be gathered from the fact that two days later an announcement appeared in the "Morning Post" to the effect that "A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Dr. Paul, the retiring head-master of Rayton College, and Margaret, only daughter of Colonel Goldie, of Rayton Hall."

On the following Wednesday the school broke up, and Philip Ashley's first term at Rayton College came to an end.

THE END.

(What happened during his second term with a new head-master in charge of the school, will be told in our new serial, "THE NEW BROOM," which starts in next week's Grand Christmas Double Number.)

Grand Christmas Number of "The Boys' Friend."

READY NEXT TUESDAY—2d.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS:

THE BEST NUMBER OF THE YEAR.

4 GRAND SERIALS.

- 1. "SEXTON BLAKE, SPY,"  
A Tale of the Great Detective.
- 2. "THE NEW BROOM,"  
Maxwell Scott's Latest School Serial.
- 3. "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE,"  
Our Great Adventure Serial.
- 4. "YORKSHIRE GRIT,"  
By Stacey Blake.

- 1. "PHILIP IN SEARCH OF A FATHER,"  
15,000-word Complete Story by Allan Blair.
- 2. "GAN-WAGA'S CHRISTMAS REVELS,"  
By Sidney Drew.
- 3. "A HUSTLE FOR HOME,"  
By Malcolm Dayle.
- 4. "THE CHORISTER'S CHRISTMAS,"  
A "Lads o' London" Yarn.

4 SUPERB COMPLETE STORIES.

Words and Music of that Wonderful Song:  
"A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother."

Your Editor's Christmas Chat, with Large Portrait of H. E.

Great Boy Scout Maze Puzzle. By "Yorick,"  
With an Attractive Prize List.

"The Fireman's Wedding," a Superb Recitation by W. A. Eaton.

How to Make a Panorama. By Geo. P. Moon.

TWO SUPERB NEW SERIALS COMMENCE:

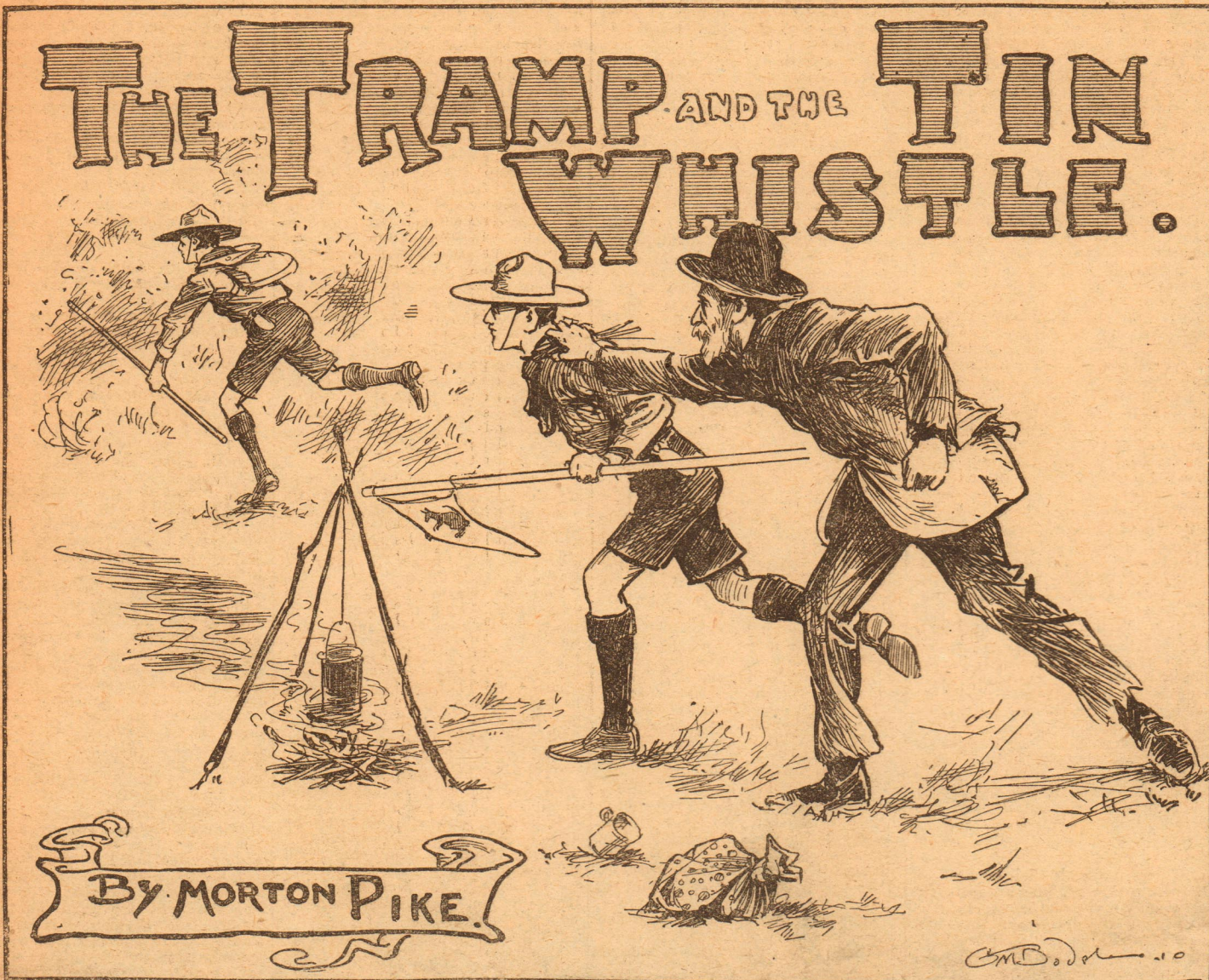
- "SEXTON BLAKE, SPY,"  
A Tale of the Great Detective.
- "THE NEW BROOM,"  
Maxwell Scott's Latest and Best School Serial.

Novel Christmas Cards, and How to Make Them.

A MARVELLOUS PROGRAMME OF SPECIAL ARTICLES:

- How Private Detectives Work.
- Snow and Frost Photographs, and How to Take and Fake Them.
- How I Run My Nigger Minstrels.
- A Boy Scout's Christmas.
- How Boy Scouts Can Decorate their Halls, Club Rooms, etc.
- Christmas Party Fun. How to Make Things Go with a Swing.
- A Play for Our Boys. Etc., etc., etc.

A SPLENDID LONG, COMPLETE STORY WITH A BOY SCOUT HERO. DON'T MISS IT.



At the bidding of the tramp, Billy took to his heels. A moment later Harvey Lashbrook, of the opposing troop, dashed across the hollow, and to his surprise was caught between the shoulders in a powerful grip.

**THE 1st CHAPTER.**  
**The Jackal Patrol.**

**B**ILLY stood on the stile, looking under the flat brim of his B.P. hat for the other members of the patrol, and Billy was in two minds—whether he should continue along the lane or cross the stile and take the field-path.

The Boy Scout's eyes had scanned the ground carefully without finding any sign for his guidance.

"That's Jones all over!" he muttered. "Why they ever made that conceited prig patrol leader licks me! He thinks he knows everything, and he has actually got the badge through soaping round the scoutmaster! I reckon if Mr. Buckley knew Jones as well as we do, he would not be in the Scouts at all!"

From which it may be gathered that all was not well with the Jackal Patrol of the 2nd Beeminster Troop.

From his point of vantage, Billy could see the lane winding away uphill, to quickly lose itself among the high nut-hedges; but across the meadow in front of him he knew that another road lay, out of sight, in the hollow beyond Poverty Farm, whose barn-roofs and chimneys were visible.

He had had a pebble in his shoe, which made him fall behind the patrol, and, as haste is always the worst speed, he had broken the shoelace, so that his comrades had got well on ahead before he reached the spot where he now stood.

It was very annoying, because, you know, the 2nd Beeminsters were keen rivals of the 1st Beeminsters, who, being all members of the well-known school, gave themselves no end of airs, and looked down very much on the town lads' troop.

There is a good deal of human nature, my readers, even among the Boy Scouts, which is quite the grandest movement ever set on foot, unless the sectarians ruin it, which they will if they are not watched.

He had lost enough time already, and thirteen-year-old Billy had nothing but his own common-sense to guide him in the choice of ways.

He thought a moment, and jumped down into the field-path.

The hay grass on either hand was knee high, and gemmed with dog-daisies, and as the fresh wind hurried

the cloud shadows over the meadow, the grass bent and rippled like a green sea.

Billy sprinted until he reached the next stile, and then took his way more soberly, for Bagot, the farmer, was a surly man, who resented intruders, and the path itself was disputed as a public right-of-way.

The farm was a lonely place, and justified its name by the air of neglect which surrounded it.

The barns were old, and falling to pieces; the hedges round about it were untrimmed; the horse-pond was half-covered with duckweed, and there was no sign of movement or evidence of stock about the place, if you excepted some fowls that scratched and clucked in the yard, and some lean pigs in one corner, which could be smelt and heard, but not seen.

"I don't believe there is anybody at home," thought Billy, who knew that the footpath went on for some distance. "I'll chance it, and take a short cut behind the barns here."

He turned aside, opened and closed a dilapidated gate, and ran noiselessly along a red-brick wall, which the swallows and martens had pecked until it looked as though it were pitted with small-pox.

Behind the wall was a neglected, unkempt orchard, and at the northern angle of it the bank dipped steeply down into the road.

It was a very pretty road, tree-shaded and winding, like all the roads in the vicinity of Beeminster, and its banks were hollowed here and there, and fringed with hawthorn bushes.

Those hollows were excellent places wherein half a dozen patrols might have lain unknown to the enemy on the road beneath, and approaching the ragged hedge, half-expecting to find his own fellows concealed in one of them, Billy peeped over, and met a man's eyes looking full into his own.

The man was lying on his back, a short black pipe in his mouth, and his hands beneath his head, while close beside him a tin mug was suspended over a fire of sticks from a rough tripod.

"Hallo, Buffalo Bill!" said the tramp. "And what's your little game?"

The man did not speak roughly, although he was an unshaven, ragged-looking rascal, and Billy, accepting

the question as more or less an invitation to approach, slid through the hedge into the hollow.

"Have you seen our fellows pass this way?" he asked.

"There ain't been no circus along here since I came," replied the man, with a smile. "They don't overdo you in the matter of trousers!" And he looked at the expanse of bare knee that showed beneath Billy's short blue drawers. "I reckon you're enjoying yourself, nipper—having a good time—ain't you?"

"Rather!" said Billy, leaning a moment on his broom-stick and surveying the little camp and its occupier with a critical eye.

"So am I," said the man, blowing out a great cloud to mingle with the upright column of smoke from the wood-fire. "If you like to wait a few minutes, I'll give you a drink of tea!"

Billy paused and squatted down on his broomstick.

"It's very kind of you," said the lad. "Would you like an apple?" And pulling one out of his shirt, he offered it to his new acquaintance, who grabbed it without ceremony. "I never refuse anything," laughed the vagrant; "it wouldn't do in my line of life."

Billy, like a true scout, had taken in every detail of the man's appearance, from his shabby boots to his broken billycock, and he had seen, moreover, that the palms of his hands were soft and smooth as those of a fine gentleman.

"What is your trade?" said the boy, seeing no tools of any description—nothing but a small sack and a freshly-cut walking-stick.

"Haven't got any trade, sonnie, though I dare say I could teach a good many folk a good many things they never knew before."

"But don't you do any work?" inquired the lad.

The man's teeth were white and regular, and he threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"Oh, I work in the winter!" he replied. "But what's the good of working this weather? Give me the blue sky, and the fresh air, and the open road—that's what I like! I can always pick up a bob at the first town I come to, and it's astonishing how far a bob will go if you spread it out thin."

He laid his black clay carefully

beside him on the grass, produced an ordinary tin whistle from a slit in his patched jacket, and ran his fingers up and down the holes with marvellous dexterity and real feeling.

"Like music?" he said, raising his eyebrows; and Billy nodded, and the man began to play.

It was only an ordinary air of the clap-trap, popular sort, but he played it so exquisitely that he made real music of it, adding variations of his own that held his listener entranced.

He would not have stopped when he did had not the tea boiled over; and rescuing it from the tripod, the tattered genius produced a clean mug from the sack, poured a liberal quantity into it, and handed it to Billy.

"Ah, they teach you to make a fire with three pieces of stick, but not to make tea like that!" said the tramp. "I learned the secret in—never mind where I learnt it. Goes down all right, eh?"

"Delicious!" said Billy. "But I'm robbing you!"

"Oh, no, you're not—I'll watch it! There's plenty more where that came from, sonnie! Would you like to hear a hornpipe?"

Billy, alternately blowing and sipping the beverage, which was certainly like no tea he had ever tasted before, nodded delightedly, and the man struck up such a fascinating lilt that Billy's toes began to work in his shoes, and his whole body to keep time.

He had forgotten all about his duties, or where the Jackals might be, when on a sudden, from round the bush behind the musician's head, there peered the face of a well-grown lad of sixteen, dressed like himself in scouts' attire, but wearing the spotted blue handkerchief of the opposition troop, whose position the 2nd Beeminsters had come out to discover.

It was Harvey Lashbrook, the champion of Beeminster College, who instantly gave a loud "Coo-ee!"—the signal of his patrol—and made a dart across the hollow to capture Billy.

"Come on, you fellows! I've got one of the beggars!" shouted Lashbrook. And so astonished was the Jackal that he would inevitably have been taken had not Master Harvey reckoned without his host.

The musician, however, seeing how

the land lay, caught him by the middle in a powerful grip.

"Half a mo', cockie!" he laughed. "Hook it, nipper! I'll give you a fair start!" And, needing no second bidding, Billy vanished through the broken hedge.

"Let me go, you beast!" exclaimed the college boy hoily, his aristocratic feelings terribly ruffled to find himself in the embrace of a tattered tramp. "I'll make you pay for this! My father's a magistrate!"

"Lor', now! I shouldn't have been surprised to hear he was the Emperor of China!" And he cleverly mimicked young Lashbrook's tone. "Really, Bertie, you mustn't struggle so—it's quite too vulgar!" Then, seeing that the Jackal had gained sufficient start, he released the enemy's patrol-leader, who was scarlet with rage—the more so as the rest of the Kangaroo Patrol had come up the bank by that time.

Up went the broomstick with its fluttering flag, but before the blow could descend the staff had been snatched from its owner's hands and broken across the tramp's knee.

"Gently, my friend!" said the man. "I like your spirit, but I don't want to hurt you! Take my advice, and get on with your game. I want to finish my tea."

"You dirty hound!" exclaimed Lashbrook. "Don't think you've heard the last of this!" And for a moment the infuriated lad had wild ideas of mustering his companions and falling on the man.

Luckily for the self-respect of the Kangaroo Patrol—to say nothing of their skins—he thought better of it, and with one backward flash of his dark eyes that meant volumes, he sprang up the bank after the flying Billy, and left the tramp in peace.

An amused smile lingered for a moment on the tramp's unshaven face, and then he sat thoughtfully down, drew some pieces of bread and butter, wrapped up in a bit of newspaper, from the bundle, and applied himself to his interrupted meal.

"I suppose it was my fault," he muttered; "but I didn't think the young toff would take it so seriously. I only meant it in fun. But there! Whatever I do seems to be wrong. I've never had any luck since I was born, and that's a fact!"

A shadow fell over the wanderer's countenance, but it soon departed.

"I wonder if I ought to clear?" he thought. "I'd half a mind to have dossed in yonder barn to-night—and I reckon I will, too! That youngster has too much grit to come sneaking back here with a copper, if I know anything about his sort!" And the strange smile that chased away the shadow seemed to imply that the tramp had once had more intimate dealings with the better classes than he was likely to have in his present guise.

Meanwhile Harvey Lashbrook and his companions raced their hardest after the flying figure in the distance; nor did they give up the chase for close upon a mile, until they saw him join his own patrol on the railway-bridge, where two other patrols of the 2nd Troop had gathered—a force too strong for the Kangaroos, who retired gracefully while there was yet time.

Friendly rivalry is an excellent thing, and the two troops of Beeminster Scouts had probably got more fun and profit out of it in consequence than any association I know.

Every Saturday they had a field-day of some sort—stalking each other for miles, and learning a great deal of their particular craft—but neither the young gentlemen of the college nor the humbler lads of the little town could have foreseen the results of this particular Saturday.

Hot and dusty, tired and very happy, they mustered in the evening, and marched back to headquarters, and the sun went down fiery red behind the woods beyond Poverty Farm.

**THE 2nd CHAPTER.**  
**The Crime at Poverty Farm.**

**T**HE tramp, busy with his own thoughts, lay in his sheltered nook until the warm sunshine left the hollow, and he was just preparing to rise when something moved on the bank above him, and a woman looked down into the road.

She was bareheaded and poorly dressed, and her face as he saw it through the screen of boughs that hid him was pinched and full of anxious care.

She had come from the farm—for she was Mrs. Bagot—and not knowing that she was watched, she wrung her hands with a despairing gesture, setting her head on one side to listen, and peering along the empty road,

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THE TRAMP AND THE TIN WHISTLE.

(Continued from the previous page.)

is the only place in the county where we find red clay; I've got Bagot's bicycle outside, and the rims are covered with it, which is pretty clear proof that he must have been there, and could not possibly have visited Barford at the time he says he did. "This is nonsense!" exclaimed the farmer, leaning heavily on the rail of the witness-box. "I appeal to you, Colonel Lashbrook, am I being tried, or is that man there the prisoner?" "Don't lose your temper, Bagot," said the presiding magistrate. "Of course, it does not follow from that, Heath, that Bagot was at Slopston on Saturday."

would have sprung over the rail and rushed towards the prisoner. One or two constables stepped forward to restrain him, but there was no need, for at that moment a new arrival appeared in the court-room in the person of Dr. Antrobus, who walked quickly up to the clerk's table and bowed to the Bench. "I think, Colonel Lashbrook," said the doctor, who was a person of considerable importance in Beeminster, "you will have to amend the charge altogether from one of murder"—and he glanced significantly at Constable Heath. "The unfortunate woman is not dead after all; in fact, she has recovered consciousness. I have removed a piece of fractured bone from the brain, and it is more than likely she will recover." A loud murmur ran through the court, and the astonished husband clutched the sides of the witness-box to prevent himself from falling. "Not dead!" he cried, in a voice that rose almost to a scream. "No, sir!" said the doctor sternly, looking at him with a glance of withering contempt. "But sufficiently well to make a very important statement, and to accuse you as her assailant!" Bagot's face turned purple, and, leaping out of the box, he made a dash for one of the doors immediately behind him. "Sergeant, stop that man!" The words, delivered with all the abruptness of a military command, came from the prisoner in the dock, and as Sergeant Stevenson, to whom they were directed, seized Bagot by the waist, the eyes of "John Smith, of London," and those of Colonel Lashbrook met, and remained riveted upon each other. The tramp was standing squarely at attention now, one of those slanting beams from the tall Georgian window falling full upon his face, which had a curious smile upon it. "You and I have met before, prisoner," said the colonel, after a

momentary pause. "Your face has been strangely familiar to me all the morning. Where have I seen it?" "Often enough in the orderly-room, sir, I'm afraid," replied the wandering minstrel. "I wish I had as many shillings, colonel, as I have had C.B.'s and 'cells' from your lips, when we were both in the 30th Hussars—the good old 'Scarlet Runners'!"

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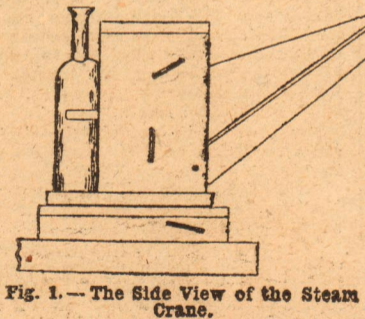
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The colonel adjusted his eyeglass and scrutinised the speaker closely. There was a familiarity in his voice that was not in any way insolent, and his heart warmed to one who had been a member of his own regiment. "Your name is not Smith," he said. "What was it?" "I'd rather not say, sir," said the tramp; "but do you remember one afternoon, about five miles out of Snarlersdorp, when we got jammed between two commandoes, and your horse was shot, in the middle of the barbed wire?" "Yes, yes—go on!" "There's not much more, sir, except that a man stopped behind and got you clear just as the pom-pom opened on us from a little kopje on the right—" "Stop! You are forgetting one thing, Private Gregory!" exclaimed the colonel, starting to his feet and bending towards the prisoner. "You ought to add that that man, finding me badly cut about by the wire, hoisted me on to his own pony, started it off, and stayed behind, covering my retreat with his rifle, and most assuredly saving my life. Do you know that I recommended you for the Victoria Cross for that action, and that you would have got it if you had not deserted in the meantime?" A flush passed over Private Gregory's face. "I stuck it, sir, as long as we were before the enemy," he said, in a low voice. "Peace was declared when I bolted." There was a dead silence in court; even the scoundrel Bagot, held in the grip of Sergeant Stevenson, listened with all his ears to that strange incident. "What on earth possessed you to take that false step, Gregory?" said the colonel at last. "You were a changed man from the moment the war broke out; it seemed to stiffen you, and from being a perfect waster, you were perhaps the smartest soldier in B Squadron."

"I don't know, sir," said the tramp. "I think I must have a lazy bone somewhere in my composition, and I hated the restraint." The colonel looked at his brother magistrates, among whom were three or four retired officers, and his face assumed a look of sorrowful regret. "I fear you are incorrigible, Gregory," he said. "I am sorry for you, but it is my duty to remand you in custody pending the arrival of an escort to take you back to the regiment at York." "I always said I never had any luck!" sighed the tramp, instantly losing all trace of his military bearing as he slouched from the dock to make room for the man Bagot. No one quite understood how it came about, but when a corporal and two privates of the "Scarlet Runners" arrived in all their glory of yellow braid and red Hussar caps, the deserter's cell was empty! I know that Harvey Lashbrook was out very late on the London Road the night before, and that five pounds which he had saved disappeared at the same time as the man who had saved his father's life. It has also struck me as somewhat strange that the colonel's son and the police-sergeant's son are occasionally seen in conversation when there is no one about, and that a very intelligent smile mantled the features of Constable Heath when he came upon them thus on one occasion—but the constable said nothing, and neither do I. Still, the fact remains that Billy has attained wonderful proficiency on the tin whistle, and the instrument on which he plays is one which I believe will be familiar to you, my readers. THE END. (The best Christmas Double Number of THE BOYS' FRIEND ever published will appear next Tuesday. It is full of Christmas stories and articles. Tell all your chums about this record number.)

A MODEL DERRICK CRANE, And How to Make It. By GEO. P. MOON.

GENERAL view is given in Fig. 1 of a model derrick crane which is worked by hand. It has several movements—all the movements, indeed, which the original possessors. The jib can be raised towards the perpendicular or lowered towards the horizontal position, the whole concern swinging



round to carry the load to the point desired, or to return for fresh stuff, and, of course, the end of the cable descends or ascends at will.

I have let the model represent a steam crane for the sake of appearance. Obviously, if you want something more simple, you can easily leave out the boiler and the house, and replace the latter

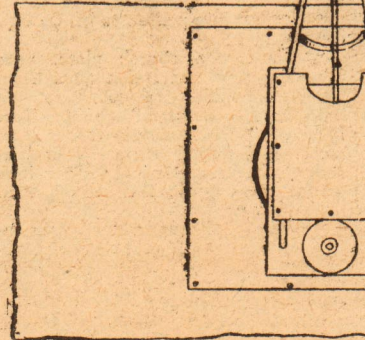


Fig. 2.—Plan of the Steam Crane.

by a couple of standards to take the windlasses, etc. If you inspect Figs. 1, 2, and 3—side view, plan, and front view—you will get a good idea of the mechanism of the affair. For one thing you will note that there are a couple of windlasses, one to lift the load, and the other to raise or lower the jib. Both these windlasses have ratchets, so that each remains at rest when you remove your hand from the crank. And both have friction brakes to enable you to lower away gradually when the ratchet levers are moved.

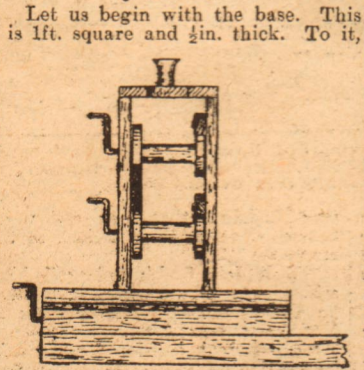


Fig. 3.—The Front View of the Crane (jib removed).

Let us begin with the base. This is 1ft. square and 1/2 in. thick. To it, in the middle, is to be attached by an absolutely central screw the 3 in. by 3 in. disc which bears the mechanism, etc. (Fig. 4). A hole must be bored in the base for the screw, so that the disc may rotate, but not too freely. Fig. 5 shows how the disc is made to rotate. A piece of thin cord goes round the disc and is nailed at one point; the ends are wrapped about a roller 1/2 in. in diameter and 5 in. long, in opposite ways, so that when the roller is turned the cord at one extremity is wound up while the other is unwound. To secure the ends of the

cord, they are passed through holes in the roller and knotted. Two



Fig. 4.—Section of Disc and Base.

pieces of stout wire, one 1 in. long and the other 3 in., have an end flattened by beating, and this flattened end is driven into the extremities of the roller to provide axles, and, in the case of the longer piece, a crank for working. These wires pass through holes in two pieces of 1/2 in. wood, 5 in. long and 1/2 in. wide, which, with two others 1/2 in. longer, make an enclosure round the disc, as Fig. 5 shows. They are glued to the base, and further secured by screws inserted in their lower edge through the base, holes being made in the latter to allow of the use of shorter screws. (Fig. 6.) Upon this screw a piece of wood a trifle under 1/2 in. in thickness and 5 1/2 in. square, in which is cut a hole to allow it to fit over the disc. The crank is formed naturally, after the wire into which it is bent is passed through its bearing hole.

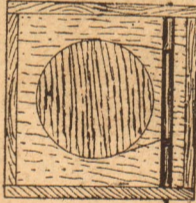


Fig. 5.—Showing the Method of Rotating the Disc.

The "house" is formed of two side pieces, 2 1/2 in. wide and 4 in. long, a back piece, 1 1/2 in. wide and 4 in. long, a roof piece 2 in. wide and 2 1/2 in. long, and a lower part, which carries the boiler also, 4 in. by 2 1/2 in. all of 1/2 in. wood. The roof piece is shaped as Fig. 7 indicates, the cut away portion providing

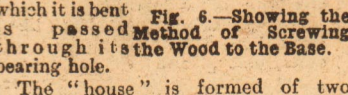


Fig. 6.—Showing the Method of Screwing through the Wood to the Base.



Fig. 7.—The Top of the Engine House.

room for the jib stay when the jib approaches the vertical. The back is also cut as shown in Fig. 8, the position and extent of the parts being governed by experiment.

Before gluing and screwing these parts together, we must make and fit on the windlasses. One of these is seen in Fig. 9. It consists of three parts, a barrel and two flanges, one of which is cut to form a ratchet. The barrel is 1 1/2 in. long and 3/4 in. in diameter. Square the end 1/2 in., as Fig. 10 illustrates, for the flanges, which are 3-16 in. in thickness and 1 in. in diameter. One of them is shaped as Fig. 9 shows, the ratchet being cut with a sharp penknife. Fig. 11 gives a view of the inside of the house nearest to us in Fig. 1, and



Fig. 8.—Showing the Back of the Engine House.



Fig. 9.—The Windlass.

the ratchet flanges, which occupy the furthest position in Fig. 1, being removed for the sake of clearness. This diagram shows us the brake which acts upon the flanges of the windlasses; the top one when the lever is depressed, the bottom one when it is pushed up, the elastic band keeping the brake out of action till its operation is required. The windlasses are supported and worked by wire driven into each end of the barrel, as in the case of that which rotates the whole crane. And these wires pierce the sides of the house in the situation shown in Fig. 11.



Fig. 10.—The End of the Barrel.

The brake lever, seen in Fig. 11, is about 3 in. long and 1 in. wide; its thickness is 1/2 in. A screw pivots it, as shown, to enable it to come in contact with the top and bottom flange as desired. Fig. 12 illustrates the other side of the house, showing the ratchet and pawl levers, the latter being 3 in. long, 1/2 in. thick, and 3/4 in. wide at

their widest point. The illustration is so clear that further explanation is not needed. Glue and screw the sides and back to the bottom, and add the top piece when the bottom has been screwed to the disc.

We come now to the boiler. This measures about 5 in. in height and 1 in. in diameter. It can be cut from one piece of wood, but it will be better to let the chimney be a later addition. Fig. 2 shows its position; it must not be in the way of the brake or the pawl levers, which, of course, project at the rear of the engine-house.

The jib is our final task. Fig. 13 gives a good idea of this part, which is made up of two pieces of 3-16 in. wood—fretwood would be very suitable—10 in. long, and merging from 3/4 in. to 1/2 in. in width, and joined by a couple of blocks as shown. The pulley, 1/2 in. in diameter and 1/2 in. thick, is cut out with a fretsaw, and grooved with a round file. Its axle, a piece of sufficiently stout wire, turns in holes bored in the brass plates screwed to the end of the jib, as Fig. 13 depicts.

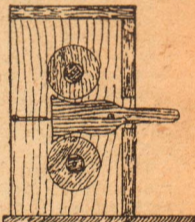


Fig. 11.—The Brake Arrangement.

The jib is hinged to the sides of the engine-house by means of screws inserted into the block at its wider end.

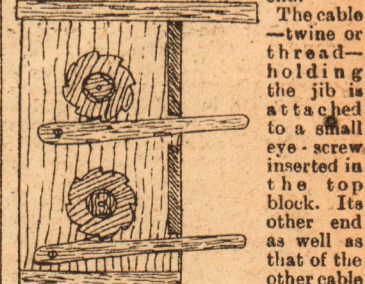


Fig. 12.—The Ratchet Arrangement.

The cable—twine or thread—holding the jib is attached to a small eye-screw inserted in the top block. Its other end, as well as that of the other cable, is wrapped round the barrel of the windlass and terminates in a small tack hammered into the barrel at one side. The hauling cable passes through an eye-screw into the lowest block on its way to the barrel. Paint to taste.



Fig. 13.—The Jib of the Steam Crane. THE END.



