

A NEW PAPER FOR BOYS.

THE WOLF CUB

Official Organ of the
Wolf Cubs.

Founded by Sir ROBERT
BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B.

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THE OLD WOLF HOWL

By Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B.

Good Hunting!

HELLO, Wolf Cubs!
What swells you are to have a newspaper all to yourselves!

I don't think that any boys of your age ever had a real newspaper of their own before. How proud you must be of it!

I hope you will be pleased with it too, for it will have heaps of exciting stories and good pictures, lots of funny bits, news of the different Packs, and useful hints on Cub work. It will be like a plum pudding—full of good things of every kind.

I hope when you devour it you won't pick out the plums and leave only the stodgy part, but that you will read it all, the serious as well as the amusing bits, as they will be helpful to you in getting on as a Cub.

I shall write to you myself each month, just as the Old Wolf speaks to the Cubs in the Jungle, and will give you yarns about camp life that may interest you, as well as games for you to play, and tips for getting your badges.

"Good-hunting" to you all—as the Jungle folk say to each other, and good luck and long life to your newspaper THE WOLF CUB!

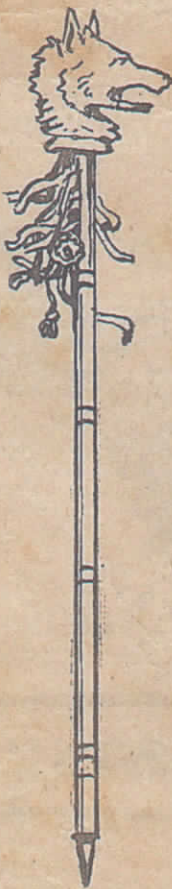
Badges for Cubs.

I ASTONISHED some of you Cubs a few months ago by suddenly asking whether any of you could turn head-over-heels, and I told you that before long all Cubs would be doing it. Well, the new "Hand-book for Wolf Cubs" is now out, and you will see if you read it, as well as this newspaper, that there are now any amount of new games for you to play, and there are jungle dances in which you can act the part of old Baloo, the bear, or Shere Khan, the swanky tiger, or Kaa, the hissing snake, hunting the silly Bunderlog, the monkeys.

Also, there are whole lots of badges that you can win and wear on your uniform.

Formerly you could only get the two stars to wear on your cap, but now, besides these, you can, if you are awfully clever, get no less than twelve badges and a War-Service Badge!

If you are good at athletics and games you



can earn a badge either for swimming or for athletics or for team games.

If you like collecting things and so on, you can get a badge for making collections or for observation or signalling.

Then, if you fancy yourself at making things, you can get a badge for weaving (which includes knitting, sewing, etc.) or for art or for woodwork.

If you are inclined to do good service for other people, why, there is a badge to be got for first aid, and one for home-craft, and one for knowing how to be a guide.

A Totem Pole.

Have you ever seen a Totem Pole?

It is a very sacred thing with the Red Indians—a big pole with a carved animal's head upon it and many secret signs, which tell of the great deeds done by the tribe to which it belongs. The warriors of the tribe would rather be killed to a man than allow disgrace to come upon their Totem or that it should be captured.

Well, a Wolf Cub Pack can have its Totem Pole. This is a coloured staff of wood and brass with a wolf's head at the top of it. Every time that a Cub wins a badge a coloured ribbon is attached to the pole, and, if the pack is a really smart one, the pole soon becomes fully decorated with these streamers, and with rosettes and coloured tassels for winning competitions and life-saving.

The Totem stands in the centre of the Council Rock (or place where the Pack assembles), and is carried on the march at the head of the Pack. Every Cub will do his best to win a ribbon for the Totem, and to keep it more decorated than that of any other pack.

The Scout and the Mouse.

The story goes that a Boy Scout once woke up in the night and remembered that he had forgotten to do a Good Turn to anybody that day. He was so worried about it that he could not go to sleep again.

Why worried? you ask. Well, because as a Scout he had promised that he would always try to do a Good Turn to somebody every day, and here he had been and gone and forgotten to do it. He was very unhappy.

Suddenly he heard a mysterious scratching in a dark corner of the room: it was a little mouse that had got caught in a trap.

And then a grand idea came to him. Instead of doing a Good Turn to a

person, you can do it to an animal, and it counts the same. So he jumped out of bed and went to the trap, and he very carefully got his hand in and gently caught hold of the little mouse.

What do you think he did with it then? Let it go? No; he went quietly downstairs with it and gave it to the cat. Then he went back to bed and slept soundly, because he had done his Good Turn to the cat.

Good Turns.

Now, of course, that's only a funny story. As you're a friend to animals, you wouldn't go and do *that* kind of a Good Turn to the mouse!

But one thing about that boy is worth imitating: he'd got so used to doing his Good Turn that he just couldn't sleep when it hadn't been done.

A Wolf Cub must remember that besides his many other duties his most important one is to do a Good Turn to somebody every day. This you are trusted on your honour to do, just like a Knight of the olden time was trusted, and just as a grown-up man to-day is trusted. So I hope you will, as a true Cub, do your BEST to carry out this promise—to do a Good Turn to somebody every day.

It is quite an easy thing to do if you only remember to do it. But that is the difficulty with small boys who are not Cubs—they forget to do what they are told, and even when they remember they don't always do their best like a Wolf Cub does.

By a Good Turn I don't mean that you have got to go and wait for somebody to be drowning, and then dive gallantly in to the rescue. You might have to wait a good many days or weeks before such an adventure happened. No! What you've got to do is to look about and see where a helping hand is wanted, and at once give it.

You can generally do this very well in your own home, by helping your mother, by making your own bed, cleaning your own boots, putting things tidy, and in this way saving other people from having to do it. And you can get loads of chances, also, as you go along the roads, or in school among your schoolmates, or when at work or play.

Do any little thing you can to help other people. You must do *at least* one Good Turn; but you need not be satisfied with one. Go on and do others if you see the chance.

The Scout and the Orange Peel.

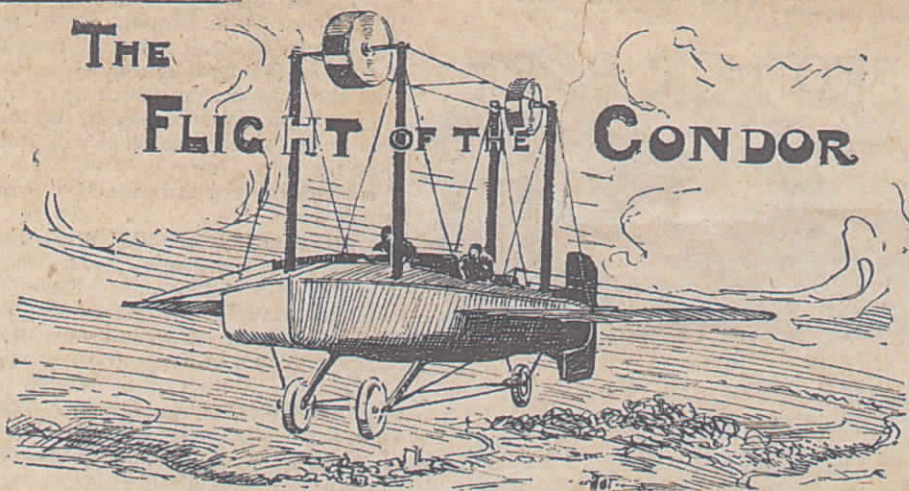
A Scout once saw a bit of orange peel lying safely in the gutter, so he did his Good Turn by putting it back on the pavement. How would that be a kindness to anybody? Well, he knew that there must be other Boy Scouts looking about for a Good Turn to do, and this would give them their chance: they would find the orange peel and be able to put it into the gutter to prevent people slipping. So he did his Good Turn by helping others to do theirs!

Now, I know I needn't point out that that's another example of what *not* to do!

Robert Baden-Powell

A THRILLING SERIAL.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CONDOR



The Story of a Plucky Boy who was Left to Guard a Wonderful Aeroplane.

By CHRISTOPHER BECK.

(Author of "The Crimson Aeroplane," etc.)

THE STRANGER.

WHISTLING cheerfully, Jimmy Dick made his way across the narrow bridge over the Doyne, and up the hill towards his uncle's house. Although the autumn evening was fast closing down, there was not a glimmer of light about the place. There was no one in or about Loxley who was more careful to obey the lighting regulations than Mr. Frank Brett, and no one who had better reasons for doing so.

There was a bend in the road a hundred yards from the gate. As he rounded this bend Jimmy saw in front of him, in the dim light, a man limping along very slowly. His boots squelched as he walked, and as the boy got nearer he saw that the stranger's clothes were dripping wet.

Jimmy quickened his steps.

"Hulloa!" he said. "What's up?"

The man turned, and Jimmy saw that he was a bigish man, with a square sort of face and a heavy jaw. One leg of his trousers was ripped up, and water was streaming off him.

"I've had an accident," he answered in a deep, rather gruff voice. "I slipped on the stones just before the parapet begins and went rolling down the bank into the river. I fancy I was lucky to get out alive."

"I should think you were," said Jimmy. "You'd best come into our house—this one just in front. Here, lean on me."

The stranger glanced down at Jimmy, whose head came no higher than his elbow. As sturdy a youngster as could have been found anywhere, Jimmy was quite tall for his age, which was just on eleven.

"Thanks," he said. "I'll be very glad to come in and get dry. But don't you worry about me! I can walk all right."

He quickened his pace a bit, and in a couple of minutes Jimmy had him inside the house, and took him straight through to the kitchen, where a stout, elderly woman was busy about supper.

"Maggie," said Jimmy in a loud voice—for the old lady was very deaf—"here's

a chap who's fallen into the river, over the bridge. Look after him, will you, while I fetch Dr. Armitage?"

"I don't want a doctor," said the man hastily. "Really, I don't. I'm not hurt anything to signify. Some dry things and a hot drink—that's all I want."

"All right, then," Jimmy answered. "I'll soon settle that. You stay here by the fire while I find a change. Maggie, is Uncle Frank in?"

"Not yet, Jimmy," answered the old lady, who was already mixing a cup of steaming hot cocoa for the new arrival.

Jimmy ran off, lit the fire in the spare bedroom, and got out an old suit of his uncle's. Then he fetched the stranger, took him up, and told him to make himself comfortable.

The man thanked him gruffly, and just then Jimmy heard the front door open, and tore downstairs, three steps at a stride.

"Hulloa, Jimmy!" came a cheery voice, and a tall, good-looking young man of about twenty-seven closed the door and turned up the gas in the hall. "How goes it? I wondered if you'd be back before me."

"I'm just in, Uncle Frank," replied Jimmy. "And, I say, I've picked up a chap who fell over the bridge into the Doyne."

"Picked him up! My goodness—you must have wanted a basket, I should think."

"No, he's not much hurt. But he's beastly wet, of course, and I've collared an old suit of yours, and he's up in the spare room."

"Poor beggar! I should think it's pyjamas and a bed he wants—not a suit of clothes. I'll run up and have a look at him, Jimmy. You help Maggie with the supper, for I'm jolly well starving."

Supper was on the table by the time Frank came down.

"Well, what do you think of him, uncle?" asked Jimmy, as he poured out tea for his uncle.

"He's got off mighty cheap," answered

the other. "I can't understand how he wasn't killed. But he's pretty much shaken up, and I've made him go to bed."

"Who is he?" asked Jimmy.

"Clegg, his name is—George Clegg. Says he's an insurance agent. He's a queer-looking card, with that big head of his and those fishy blue eyes."

He paused and stared at Jimmy thoughtfully.

Jimmy felt a little uneasy. "I say, Uncle Frank, I suppose it was all right, my bringing him in?"

"Bless you, yes, Jimmy," answered Frank with a smile. "That wasn't what I was thinking of. It occurred to me what a queer chance it was—this chap going into the river in the very same place where you did four years ago."

Jimmy started. "What do you mean, uncle?" he asked quickly. "You never told me."

"I know I didn't. Dr. Armitage wouldn't let me at the time, and then I let it go. But I've been meaning to for ever so long, and this seems as good a chance as any."

Jimmy leant forward and stared at his uncle.

"Tell me!" he begged eagerly.

"Don't get excited, lad," said the other kindly. "It's a simple story enough, if rather a queer one. Just over four years ago I was coming in at the gate when I heard a crash in the valley. I ran down, found a hole in the parapet of the bridge, and that was all. I looked all round, spotted something floating, jumped in and pulled it out. It was you, and you looked as dead as a door-nail. I got you up here, fetched Armitage, and between us we got you round."

"But you'd had a nasty knock on the head, and when you did wake up you couldn't remember a thing."

"I know," said Jimmy quickly. "You told me long ago I'd had an accident, and that was why I couldn't remember anything before I came here. But how did I get into the river?"

"That's the rub, old chap, I don't know any more than you."

DANGER!

"You don't know?" exclaimed Jimmy.

Frank Brett shook his head. "Not a thing! We thought you must have been in a car, but we dragged the river and never found anything. I set the police to work. They couldn't get a clue of any sort. I worked over it for months, but got no forrarder, so the end of it was that I simply adopted you, and here you've been ever since."

Jimmy was silent a moment. His small, keen face was very grave.

"Then I'm not your real nephew?" he said at last.

"You're no blood relation, Jimmy. Probably we shouldn't have got on half so well if you had been."

"I don't care," said Jimmy defiantly. "You're as good as a whole family rolled in one."

Frank's pleasant face lit up. "Now that's very nice of you, Jimmy," he smiled. "And I'll return the compliment by saying that no real uncle could have a more



By JOHN HARGRAVE ("White Fox").

(Author of "Lonecraft," "The Wigwam Papers," etc.)

It all happened this way :

After the measles the doctor said "Let him get as much fresh air as possible—let him live out of doors, in fact. . . ."

So they did. The Kid (who had always been fond of an out-door life) made himself a tent and a totem-pole and pitched his little Cubby Camp away up on a grassy hillside near the larch woods. All day long the Kid used to play at being a fur-trapper or an Indian guide, and he only ran home for his meals.

Now, you can't live long near the woods without getting to know the Little People—the Wood Folk.

The Kid was not allowed to mix up with other boys yet—he was all alone for the time being; and so, having no human Cubs to play with, he made friends with Young Cottontail, the baby rabbit, and with the baby field-mice, and even with the Tree-people—who-cannot-talk—Old Sprawler the Oak, Silverskin the Birch, Tasselcone the Tallest Larch in the Woods. It is wonderful how friendly the Trees are—if you once get to know them.

One evening, as the Kid was picking up dry fir-cones and larch-twigs for his camp-fire, he heard a low, hollow voice talking to him :

"Hoo-hoo-you? Hoo-you? Hoo-hoo-are-you?"

Looking up among the dark branches whom should he see but Hooter the Owl, with orange gleaming eyes and white, ghost-like wings!

"I'm the Kid," answered the boy, peering up at the Owl.

"What do you here, Little Brother—hoo-hoo-ter-hoo?"

"After measles; I'm living out here, over there in my own tent."

"Hoo! Hoo! Living out here, Little Brother—hoo—hoo!" said the Owl. "Did any of the Little People invite you to the Woods, O bold Little Man-Cub?"

"N-no—at least, howjoo-mean?" asked the Kid, rather afraid of the solemn words of the Owl.

"Only the Little People belong to the Woods; men and their cubs live in brick boxes with holes to let in the light; how is this, Little Brother, that you live among us, the Little People of the Woods?"

"Well, I've got to—doctor's orders, you see—fresh air and sunlight to get strong again."

"Surely, O Man-Cub, the Humans do not believe in fresh air and sunlight? I

have been taught since I was a tiny gaping owlet in the nest near the Sprawler, that the men-people do not like fresh air, that they shut themselves up in brick houses. Is this new wisdom? Do the men-people now bring out their cubs to grow strong in the open air! Wonderful! Wonderful! Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

Little Brother showed Hooter his tent and his totem, but the owl was very frightened of the fire, which he called "The Scarlet Nettle", because it burns red and "stings" with its "leaves."

All the Little People are terribly

afraid of "The Scarlet Nettle" which is grown by the men people in their houses.

Then Hooter taught him the Owl-Call of the Woods, by which it is possible to find the Owl-People by day or night.

Little Brother was very quick at picking up the calls, and Hooter told him of the Law of the Woods and the Wisdom of the Ant People.

"I must tell Big Brush the Fox and Spikey the Hedgehog of what I have seen this day," said Hooter. "How the men-people have found wisdom—the Wisdom of the Woods—how they now believe in sunshine and fresh air for their cubs, and that Little Brother of the Woods is to be shown the Way—the Outdoor Way, how he is to be taught the Calls and the Signs of the Wood Folk, and that none need fly from him or be afraid—that is, as long as you leave "The Scarlet Nettle" here, and do not let any of Us smell the awful stinging-smell which comes from it. You hear, O Little One?"

"I hear you, Hooter—many thanks!" said the Kid. With that the Owl sailed off into the gloom like a night-time ghost-bird, and Little Brother tucked himself into his blankets and fell fast asleep.

The story of Little Brother and the other creatures of the woods will be told next month.



Whom should the Kid see but Hooter the Owl, with orange, gleaming eyes!

NEXT MONTH!

This is the cover for the next number (January) of the "Wolf Cub." Inside it will be even better stories,

A NEW PAPER FOR BOYS.

THE WOLF CUB

Vol. 1, No. 1 JANUARY, 1917. Price one penny.



articles, and pictures than in this one—and another big competition, too!

Ask the man at the shop now to keep it for you, or you'll meet another boy coming out with the last copy.

ARE YOU A WOLF CUB?

If not, you'll feel very much out in the cold and you'll want to know just what they are and how you may become one, too.

Well, they are boys between the ages of eight and eleven who mean to be Scouts when they are old enough. They learn all sorts of jolly and useful things and win badges and Stars and life-saving medals.

If you want to hear more about them and how you may join a Pack, write to Miss V. Barclay, Assistant-Secretary for Wolf Cubs, 116 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

THE WOLF CUBS HANDBOOK.

The Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, has written a special book for Cubs and Cubmasters, called "The Wolf Cub's Handbook." This costs one and tenpence post free from The Editor of the "Wolf Cub," 28 Maiden Lane, W.C.

satisfactory nephew. There's only one thing makes me sad. That is, that your own people, if they are still alive, must be missing you terribly."

Jimmy nodded gravely.

"That's true, Uncle Frank."

Then he fell silent again. Presently he looked up.

"Why did you call me Jimmy Dick?" he asked.

"Because of the initials on your clothes. They were 'J. D.' Armitage and I was talking it over and I laughingly suggested Jimmy Dick, and he said it just suited you. So there you are."

"It suits me first-class," declared Jimmy stoutly, "and so does everything else. I think I'm a jolly lucky chap."

"Me, too, Jimmy," replied his adopted

uncle. "So, as we're both satisfied, suppose we change the subject. I had something rather important to tell you, but all this excitement put it out of my mind. I have to go London by the midnight train."

"What—about the 'Condor'?" cried Jimmy.

The other nodded.

"The War Office people have waked up at last. They want to see the model. If it pleases them they are going to send down their expert to see the 'Condor' herself."

Jimmy clapped his hands.

"Fine—oh, fine! If they once see her fly that'll be enough. And, uncle, I wouldn't give two pins for the German chances, once we've got a fleet of Condors."

"I believe you are right, lad. If we had such a fleet we could knock Krupp's works into a cocked hat within twenty-four hours. We could land whole battalions with guns behind the German front—in fact, we could win the war in six weeks."

"Well," he continued, "I shall leave you and Braby in charge. I needn't tell you to be careful. If anything is wrong you can always call the police up on the telephone. I hope to be back the day after to-morrow."

"Trust me," said Jimmie firmly. "I'll take care of the 'Condor' and everything else. Now I'll help you pack."

Three hours later Frank Brett left, and Jimmy took charge. Of course, he was not alone. Braby, Frank's foreman, slept on the place, and there was also a watchman named Greenhow, who was on guard every night outside the big hangar where lay Frank's new flying-machine, which had just been completed.

After Frank Brett had left, Jimmy made a final round and found everything all right. Then he went back to the house to turn in.

But, first, he thought he would have a look at Clegg and see if he were asleep. Somehow he was not quite easy in his mind about Clegg.

He went upstairs, treading softly, for he did not want to wake the man up if he were asleep. He stood at the door and listened before entering.

A voice came to his ears. It was Clegg's. Though no more than whispered, there was no mistaking those hoarse accents.

But whom could he possibly be talking to at this time of night? Jimmy's heart beat so hard that he could hardly hear.

"You be careful! The kid's not in bed yet," came Clegg's voice. "We can't do anything till he's asleep."

"All right," someone answered. "I'll wait a while. You flash your light when he's turned in. Then I'll know."

Jimmy gasped with dismay. The second speaker was Braby—Braby, Frank's trusted foreman. What was he doing to be talking so queerly with this mysterious stranger?

(Next month you will see that this conversation is the beginning of an adventure which calls for all Jimmy's pluck and bravery.)



W-O-O-O-O-OW!

By NANCY M. HAYES.

Away in the forest, all darksome and deep,
The Wolves went a-hunting when men were asleep:

And the cunning Old Wolves were so patient and wise,

As they taught the young Cubs how to see with their eyes,

How to smell with their noses and hear with their ears,

And what a Wolf hunts for and what a Wolf fears.

Of danger they warned: "Cubs, you mustn't go there—"

"It's the home of the Grizzily-izzily Bear!"

"W-o-o-o-o-oww!"

The Cubs in the Pack very soon understood
If they followed the Wolf Law the hunting was good,

And Old Wolves who'd hunted long winters ago

Knew better than they did the right way to go.

But one silly Cub thought he always was right

And he settled to do his own hunting one night.

He laughed at the warning—said he didn't care

For the Grizzily-izzily-izzily Bear!

W-o-o-o-o-oww!

So, when all his elders were hot on the track,

"I'm off now!" he barked, to the Cubs of the Pack.

"I'll have some adventures—don't mind what you say!"

A wave of his paw—and he bounded away.

He bounded away till he came very soon,
Where the edge of the forest lay white in the moon,

To what he'd been warned of—that terrible lair—

The haunt of the Grizzily-izzily Bear!

W-o-o-o-o-oww!

He came And what happened?
Alas, to the Pack,

That poor silly Wolf Cub has never won back.

And once, in a neat little heap on the ground,
The end of a tail and a whisker were found,

Some fur, and a nose tip, a bristle or two,
And the kindly Old Wolves shook their heads, for they knew

It was all of his nice little feast he could spare—

That Grizzily-izzily-izzily Bear!

W-o-o-o-o-oww!



By "WHITE FOX."



WHAT is the Nature Trail?

It is the Trail of the Woods—the Woodcraft-camp-trail—the Out Trail—the Open Air Trail—the Great Trail.

It is the trail which every Wolf Cub must follow if he would learn from the Wood Folk the wisdom of the Wilds.

For the birds, animals and insects—know the Way, the way of the woods—they follow the Trail.

From the spider we learn the art of bridge-building and net-making, from the Old Owl we learn the art of seeing things by night, from the Cunning Fox how to run silently with sure-footed steps over the dead twigs and rustling autumn leaves.

All the other animals have their own particular method of Scouting, and the good Cub—the keen Cub, who wants to know all there is to know of Cubcraft, must go into the woods and fields and get to know the Little People by sitting quietly; never talking or moving.

These are the two secrets of success in following the Nature Trail:

1. Be Silent.
2. Keep Still.

You may come upon a party of baby squirrels rushing and scampering up and down the branches of a larch, and you will notice that when they take a flying leap from one tree to another the great bushy tail is spread behind like the rudder of a ship—and they really do "steer" with the tail as they go jumping and falling in and out of the tree-trunks. Sometimes you will see Brother Squirrel sitting up on his hind legs holding a beech-nut in his front paws, his sharp little teeth gnawing and cracking the husk.

You are sure to come upon the Cottontail Tribe—the Rabbit People. They are awfully good tunnellers and miners. They make long passages right into the ground, with "observation-gaps" and "funk-holes" and "dug-outs." They keep a jolly good look-out, and when they show the "White Tuft" signal (their little cotton-woolly tails) you know there is someone approaching.

You will see their ears twist round and listen at the back, and then twist round to the side and listen.

The Bunny-Cubs are taught not to stray away too far from "home," and that they must scamper into the "dug-out" as soon as they hear a sound or see the "danger signal" of the Old Ones.

You should always carry with you a pocket sketch-book and pencil in which to make drawings and notes of the animals you see.

Try drawing a hedgehog—he's very easy and can be drawn with straight lines sticking out like needles.

Talking about hedgehogs—did you know that the Romany gypsies like hem to eat? They kill the hedgehog, plaster his spines all over with clay, and bake him on the camp-fire. I wonder if you would like hedgehog for dinner?

When anyone is near, Brother Hedgehog rolls himself into a ball and "sits tight." You can roll him about, but he will not uncurl unless you sit quietly and keep silence. Then you may have the pleasure of seeing him slowly unroll and crawl away into the woods.

Sometime you are sure to hear a sort of hissing sound in the woods, like someone drawing in breath through his teeth.

Cubs who follow the Nature Trail know what this sound means.

Do you know? It is the sound made by the Owl-Cubs gaping for food. They are waiting with wide-open beaks for Mother Owls to bring some delicious fat grub or maggot, or a beakful of young gnats for supper!

You should practise making the calls of birds and animals. The owl call is one of the easiest to learn.

Then, again, crawling and hiding is a great game—and one which every follower of the Nature Trail must learn.

Learn how to creep along the grass slowly, slowly—like the hands of a clock—so slowly. By this means you can get close up to birds and animals without frightening them.

In doing this, always *face the wind*. Thus your own scent (which the wild creatures can smell quite easily) is blown

behind you, and not in the noses of the animals you are stalking.

If they "catch scent" of you, they go running away for all they are worth, and you will never see the sign of a wild creature all day.

Not every Cub has the chance of going into the woods to learn these things, and, therefore, to help Wolf Cubs who live in towns we are printing the "Nature Trail" each month.

The "Snow Moon" (as the Red Indians call December) is just the "moon" (month) for learning tracking, because the wild creatures leave their footprints in the snow as if they were printed on clean white paper.

The art of tracking is very important in following the Nature Trail; indeed, no Wolf Cub could follow the trail without learning the difference between the track



TRACKS OF THE NATURE TRAIL.

Here are some of the tracks you may find if you keep your eyes open and follow the Nature Trail:

1. The track of Brother Squirrel,
2. Mr. Cottontail's footprint.
3. Old Father Hawk leaves his toe-mark in the mud.
4. Mother Water-hen leaves her sign on her way to the river bank.

of a fox and the trail of a rabbit, the footprint of a bird and the "spoor" of a badger.

The difference between one kind of feather and another—the grey and white wood-pigeon and the black of the crow—the blue-tipped jay's-wing and the speckled pheasant-feather—all that is part of Nature Trailcraft.

So you see, Wolf Cubs, what a lot there is to know about the wild things of the woods and fields. It is up to you as good Wolf Cubs to learn all you can of the Woodland Brotherhood—the wild animals of the woods and fields.

Each month, under the heading "The Nature Trail," I hope to tell you of the ways of the woodland creatures—the birds and beasts and insects—and also the flowers and trees.

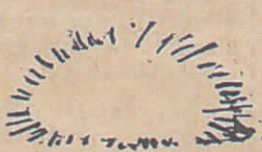
I hope you will send me some of your own nature trail sketches from your own notebooks, so that we may help each other in following the most wonderful Trail in the world.



Harry the Hedgehog: "I hear someone!"



"Is he there?"



"I'll have a look."



"He's gone!"



THE COUNCIL ROCK.

The Pack meets at the Council Rock for a jolly ramble with Mrs. Barclay, the author of "The Rosary."

DEAR WOLF CUBS,

I am glad to be able to talk to you in this first copy of your own paper. And I want you to come for a walk with me.

Have you noticed how well you can talk when you are walking, and how easy it is to learn to know a new friend if you go for a walk together? You may feel rather shy, sitting on chairs thinking what to say next! But nobody can feel shy tramping along in the open, blue sky overhead, something fresh to see every minute, bright sunshine all around—if it happens to be a fine day; and it is sure to be a fine day when we go our walk, because, as we shall be arranging the walk, we can also arrange the weather. You see, we must take our walk in the pages of your magazine.

This is really better than if I could look in at the door and say: "Wolf Cubs! Will you come for a walk with me?" The whole Pack would come, no doubt, but I could not talk to more than two or three Cubs at a time as we walked, and we should have to go along roads you know already. But this way I can talk to every Cub in each Pack, and I am going to take you to places to which you have never been, show you things you have not already seen, and tell you things you have not heard before.

Have you ever noticed that reading a story is very much like going for a walk? Your body sits still, but your mind travels. Do you remember, just as you were beginning to read a new book the other day, somebody asked you how you liked it? And you answered: "I don't know. I haven't got into it yet." You see, you hadn't really started. Opening the covers is like opening the door and stepping out on to the road, and turning the first page is like turning the first corner—and the interesting thing about corners is that you are never sure what you will see when you get round them!

If an author knows his business, he takes you firmly by the hand and walks with you all the way. And you do not want him to leave go, or to stop, or to go more slowly. You want to go right on to the end of that jolly, breathless walk. That is what people mean when they say that a story "grips" them.

And when you open that magic door—

the covers of a new book—you may find yourself walking in wonderful places.

If it is a war-story, you creep along the trenches, you hear the rush and roar of the shells, you see the gleam of the bayonets, you listen to the shouting and cheering, and you watch our splendid soldiers doing brave things.

If it is a book of the sea, instead of trotting down a country lane or along town pavements, you find yourself pacing the quarter-deck of a big battleship; you overhear the most private things the Captain says to the Commander, and, of course, you get the first sight of the enemy ships when they sneak out of the mist on the horizon, and you are in for every moment of the battle, when it comes off.

Sometimes you read a story of olden days, and then you walk right into a past century and find yourself among people who wear queer clothes, ruffles, and doublets, and jerkins, who use all sorts of funny words, and keep saying "Ha!" "Forsooth!" and "By my halidom!"—people who have leisure for all they wish to do and say, because there are no motor cars or trains to make them hurry, no telegrams to make them jump, or penny posts to keep them busy. So you go nice calm walks in those romantic olden days, and find plenty of time to go to the fairs and the tourneys, and plenty of time for adventures with outlaws and robbers and people who spring up from behind bushes; and plenty of time for the blacksmiths to turn into earls, and the dairymaids into duchesses. Don't you like going back into those good old days when the fastest you could go was to jump on to your horse and set off at a gallop?

But the book in which we can go for the most wonderful walks of all, is the Bible. And we walk into such perfectly true scenes that, though they happened so long ago, the part of them that matters most, happens over again for us each time we think of them.

As we walk along the green Jordan valley, or the dusty Jericho road, sail on the Sea of Tiberias, or climb the hills of Galilee, we soon see an eager crowd, with little children scampering on before, and there is our dear Lord Jesus coming!—and when He comes wonderful things soon begin to happen. And as we watch Him doing those wonderful things nineteen hundred years ago, suddenly we know that He is close beside us, here and now, ready to do them for us also.

I used to go walks in the Bible many years ago, before I was able really to go to the land where most of the Bible scenes

took place. But at last I went there, and stayed a long time, living in tents, and riding to all sorts of interesting places. So next month you shall come for a walk with me in Palestine, and I will tell you a very funny story about Eastern beggars, and you shall learn two Arabic words, "backsheesh" and "bookrah"—I have spelt them as they are pronounced. See if you can find out, before next month what they mean.

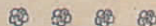
Well, after all, we have not been for a walk to-day! I think you asked me in, and gave me a very comfortable chair, and all sat round "in the circle," while I talked to you. I seem to see a ring of happy faces and bright eyes. Next time we must start off at once for our first walk in Palestine.

Till then, goodbye. God bless you every day, and help us all to DO OUR BEST.

Very truly your friend,

FLORENCE L. BARCLAY.

(All rights reserved by the author.)



THE PACK SONG OF THE CUBS.

By WHITE FOX.

This is the song of the Wolf Cub Pack;

"Dyb! Dyb!—Dob!"

The Cubs are out on the prowl,—the prowl!

Hark to the Wolf Cub howl—the howl,—

"Dyb! Dyb!—Dob!"

Sharp eyes and running feet,

Little men you cannot beat;

Smiling face and cunning paw,

Kids who keep the Wolf Cub law;—

"Dyb! Dyb!—Dob!"



This is the way of the Wolf Cub Pack;

"Dyb! Dyb!—Dob!"

The Cubs who grow to be strong—so strong!

And this is the lilt of the song—the song;

"Dyb! Dyb!—Dob!"

Kind hearts and truthful tongue,

Little men and very young;

Steady hand and silent jaw,

Kids who keep the Wolf Cub law;

"Dyb! Dyb!—Dob!"



Then sing the song of the Wolf Cub Pack,

"Dyb! Dyb!—Dob!"

Let the howl of the Cubs be heard—be heard!

Pass it along! the word—the word;

"Dyb! Dyb!—Dob!"



DANNY THE DETECTIVE

By V. C. BARCLAY.

This ripping yarn tells of the adventures of a smart Wolf Cub.



As Danny tied up the man's head, he wondered who the stranger could be. "Foreigner, I suppose," he said to himself.

IN THE STRAW-LOFT.

DANNY MOOR was feeling very happy as he sat on the garden gate swinging his legs.

He had lived all his life in a very dull and smoky part of London. Now, at last, his mother had come to live in the country in a village called Dutton, as lodge-keeper to Sir Edward Finch. And Danny found himself in a dear little house at the bottom of a long drive. Danny was not quite an ordinary boy. His schoolfellows used to laugh at him; the big boys sometimes jeered at him; while his own pals admired him and thought him very clever. And everybody called him "Danny, the Detective." This is why he came to be known by that name:

Ever since he was quite a little chap Danny had loved anything mysterious. Detective stories were his delight. He would creep about the dark old house in London, playing at being a policeman tracking down a burglar. When he grew a little older he would play at "private detective," scanning the faces of the

people in the streets as he went to school, noticing their footprints and anything strange about their appearance or behaviour.

It was Patrol-leader Dick Church who gave Danny the most ripping idea he ever had in his life—namely, to become a Wolf Cub.

Dick was the stable-boy up at the Hall. He was also the Patrol-leader of the Otters—the best Patrol in the Dutton Troop. He had soon made friends with the lonely little boy from London, and Danny was now as keen an admirer of Dick Church as every other small boy in the village.

It was on the day they sat in the straw-loft up at the Hall, eating gooseberries, that Danny learnt about Cubs. He had often longed to be a Scout; it seemed the next best thing to being a real detective. But he was only ten, so there was no hope. Now, as they sat together in the dusty, golden straw, among the cobwebs and the old black beams, Danny learnt that it was possible to be a Junior Scout or Wolf Cub, even though you were "only a kid!"

His heart beat fast.

"Do they learn tracking?" he said.

"Rather," said Dick, "and signalling and swimming and first-aid and all sorts of things—just like us."

"I'll join 'em," said Danny, wriggling about in the straw in his excitement.

Dick laughed and aimed a gooseberry at a big rat who happened to be passing.

"Look here, youngster," he said, "Don't you trot away with the idea that Scouting is all play, all ragging about, and dressing up, and paper-chasing—'cos it's not."

"Isn't it?" said Danny.

"No," answered the Patrol-leader, lying back till his head was half-smothered in his stinky pillow.

"It means doing good turns to other people every jolly old chance you get. And it puts the stopper on telling lies or sneaking or pinching things or swearing. It means making a solemn promise and doing anything rather than break it. It means jolly well bucking up all round. And it means *sticking to it*."

"Oh!" said Danny, and he pondered in silence for quite a long time.

Dick looked at his small friend.

"Cheer up, kid," he said. "You'll make a top-hole Cub if you try. The Cub motto is '*Do Your Best*.' D'you think you can live up to that?"

"Not half!" said Danny, and from that time he decided to be a Cub—a *real* Cub, inside as well as out.

A PAPER-CHASE.

The Cubs' bare knees were splashed with mud as they pounded along the lane, their eyes looking out keenly for the little scraps of white paper that formed the "scent" of the hares.

"Phew!" panted one of the hounds, "I'm hot."

"Stick—to—it!" panted back his pal.

"Are we downhearted?" called Jim Tate, the Sixer, as he had heard the Tommies call out at the end of a long route march.

"No—o—o!" came the answer, right down the road, for some Cubs were getting left behind.

"I'm done!" gasped Danny.

"No, you arn't," called his Sixer.

"Here—hang on!" and he held out a hand to his recruit. "We shall get them, I bet. We've kept it up hot so far."

Just then the white paper showed up a bank, and over the fence, into a field. With a howl the Cubs scrambled up the grassy bank, clinging to weeds and sticks and stones, and were soon in full cry across the grass. Danny felt his legs giving way—but he meant to stick to it. On, on they went, and through a hedge on to the road beyond. But there was no 'scent' on the road; no paper showed on the brown mud.

"False trail!" groaned the hounds.

"Bad luck," called Jim, the Sixer, "we must go back. We may get them yet." And off dashed the hounds across the field again, to get back to the old "scent." But it was too much for Danny. He sank down, tired out.

"They *could* run!" he said. And he thought a little sadly that they would think

him a rotter to have fallen out. "I stuck it as long as I could," he said. "I did my best—I couldn't do more."

He was just going to start back to Headquarters when something happened which was the first step in the curious adventures that befell him from that day onwards.

MYSTERY.

"Swish-sh-sh!" sounded the tyres of a bicycle on the muddy road, as it flew past Danny like a streak. The rider was bareheaded and seemed in an awful hurry. Then something happened that made Danny jump up and start running down the road for all he was worth, quite forgetful of his weary legs. A dog had jumped out from the hedge, and, in trying to avoid running over it, the cyclist had skidded badly, and now lay quite still on the road.

Danny panted down the muddy lane, hoping the man was not dead, but, before he reached the place where the accident had happened, the stranger had got up and was sitting on the bank, his head in his hands.

"Can I help you, sir?" said Danny, eager to do a good turn.

The young man started and looked up at Danny with wild eyes; then peered about him and looked up and down the road, as if he were afraid of being followed. Blood was streaming down his face from a nasty gash in his forehead.

"Can I help you, sir?" repeated Danny. "Let me tie up your head—it's bleeding badly."

"Thank you," said the young man in a shaky voice.

Danny was glad to find he had put a large, clean handkerchief in his pocket before starting. He knew enough about first aid to realise the danger of putting anything on an open wound that is at all dirty. So he opened out the handkerchief and laid the part that had been folded up inside, on the wound. What could he use as a bandage? There was nothing handy.

So, with a sigh of regret, he realised he must sacrifice his beautiful new brown scarf. He took it off and folded it neatly into a "narrow bandage." This he tied firmly round the young man's head, securing it with a reef knot.

"You're a bit shaky, sir, aren't you?" he said. "My home is in the next village. Won't you come back and rest? Mother will give you some tea, and I'll run for a doctor. I think your head will want stitching."

"No, thank you," said the young man quickly, looking down the road again. "I assure you I am quite all right now. I was just a little stunned. I thank you for your assistance, my little friend."

There was something curious about the way the man spoke. Danny wondered what it was. "Foreigner," he said to himself, as he picked up the bicycle and held it for the stranger.

"Could you tell me the way to Thornhurst?" asked the man.

Danny thought a moment, and told him as well as he could.

"Thank you," said the stranger. He

was about to mount his bicycle when a thought seemed to strike him. Turning to the Cub, "Little boy," he said, "should any person ask you if you have seen me on this road, tell them you have seen *no one*—no one at all."

Danny grinned.

"Sorry, sir," he said. "Can't tell a lie. I'm a Wolf Cub."

The man swore under his breath. "Little idiot," he said.

Then he held out a bright half-crown. "That will keep you quiet," he said.

Danny flushed, and then laughed scornfully. "Not much—it won't."

"Well," said the man angrily, "tell them I've gone to Thornhurst, and am taking the train to London. I shall be in Dover to-morrow. You won't forget—London and Dover."

Danny nodded, and the man jumped on his bicycle and rode away.

"He's a queer fish," said Danny, "and I bet there's something on somewhere. Wish I knew what it was." The detective spirit was roused in him. Suddenly he forgot all about Cubs and paper-chases. He was a private detective again, as in the old London days. Kneeling on the ground he examined the man's footprints in the mud, and made a sketch of them in his notebook; and of the bicycle tracks. Then, feeling very important, he wrote a short report of the adventure in his pocket-book, added the date, and started off across the fields to get back to the Pack Headquarters.

About half a mile on, his path lay across the yard of an old deserted mill. As he clambered over the wall something made him glance at the mill pool a hundred yards away. By it, in the shadow of the mill, stood the mysterious stranger, who had bicycled away half an hour ago towards Thornhurst! His head was still bound up with Danny's scarf. Looking about him warily, he picked up his bicycle and flung it into the dark waters of the pool. Danny heard the splash and all was still. Then, like a shadow, the stranger vanished behind the crumbling walls of the deserted mill.

(What is the mystery that surrounds the queer stranger? It grows deeper in next month's instalment.)

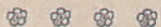


IT'S TRUE!

CUB BAKER: "I say, they are starting to send animals through the post."

Cub Banks: "How d'you know?"

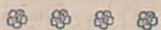
Cub Binks: "Why, only yesterday I received a letter with a seal on it."



MUCH HARDER.

JIMMY: "I saw a splendid trick done the other evening. I saw a man change a handkerchief into an egg."

Tommy: "That's nothing. I once saw a man turn a cow into a field."



IT COULDN'T BE DONE!

TRAVELLER: "I want to take the next train to London."

Porter: "Very sorry, sir, but we can't spare it."

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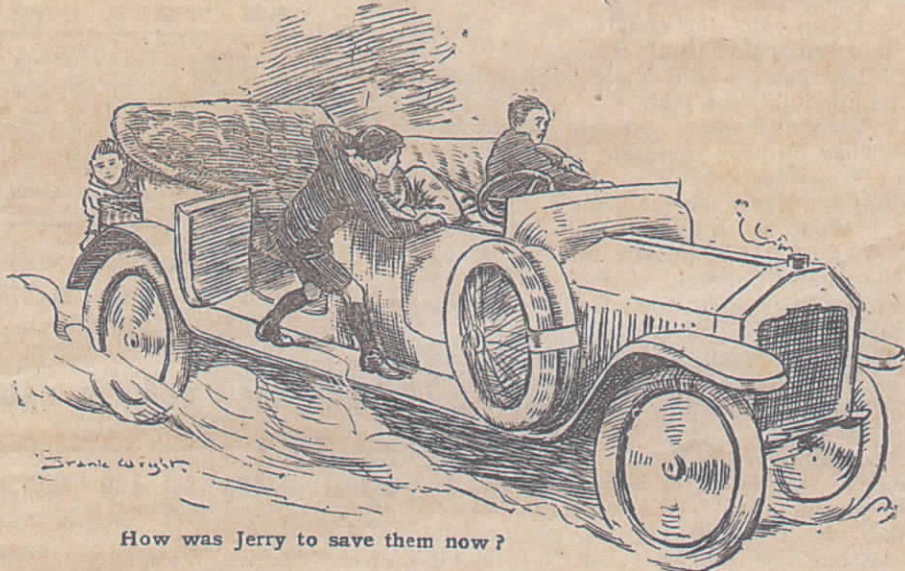
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JUST IN TIME.

A Yarn of the Smallest Cub in the Pack.

By N. M. HAYES.



How was Jerry to save them now?

THERE never was such a bit of a chap for his age as Jerry Wickhams. When he was teased about it, he grinned and got red and went on making things with bits of wire and wood, and nobody guessed just how much he hated being little and weak and "odd."

Jerry's great heroes were all inventors, and he had decided, as it was no good for him to think of doing anything brave and heroic, that he would become famous through a grand invention. He certainly had a wonderful head for machinery and could tell you things about his father's motor-car you wouldn't think a boy of nine would know.

Everyone was astonished when he joined the Wolf Cubs, and wondered if the Pack would make anything out of such a "funky little beggar." He looked smaller than ever in his dark uniform, and boys who were not Cubs used to tease him about it.

Three boys who were particularly fond of doing it were Norman Bates, Tom Hughes, and Andrew Johnson, and they caught up with Jerry one night as he was going to the Pack Headquarters. Jerry had found it easier to keep smiling when he was teased since he had worn the Wolf Cub Badge, and all went well until, turning down a long road, the boys came upon a motor-car standing outside a house.

"Hullo!" said Norman. "Here's just the thing for you, Wickhams. What's the thing making all that fuss and buzzing for, instead of standing quiet?"

"The engine's not been shut off," answered Jerry, proud to think he really knew something about it. "That's to save the bother of starting it again. You've only got to pull a lever thing now to get it going."

Norman looked up the road and down the road, and up at the windows of the house. No one was in sight.

"Here, I say," he suggested, "let's pretend it's *our* car for a minute and see how it works. I'm going to nip in."

And though the other boys, half-

frightened, tried to stop him, he climbed into the driver's seat. He put his hands on the steering wheel, looked at all the levers, and pretended to be driving an Army motor-lorry under fire in France.

The other two could not resist that, and they, too, mounted the steps.

"Come on, Wickhams!" they cried, but Jerry held on to the Pack Law.

"It's not doing a very good turn to be meddling about with people's things," he said, getting red again. "I won't come in."

"Don't be a stupid little funk!" cried Tom Hughes in disgust. "Tell you what, you chaps—let's make out he's a German we've caught trying to climb on board the lorry!"

"That's it!" cried Norman, delighted. "Secure the prisoner, my men!"

At the back of the car was a big shelf for carrying luggage, and on to this, despite his struggles, the Wolf Cub was hoisted. Andrew remained in charge of him while Tom climbed again into the front of the car.

"I say—let me go—I shall be late!" panted Jerry. "I—"

But the words were suddenly jolted out of his mouth. There was a jarring noise, a tremendous purr from the engine, and all at once the car began to move!

There was no time to jump off—no time to do anything. In a moment the car had gathered speed and was running at a terrific pace along the narrow road.

Nearly thrown from their perch, white-faced and shaking, the boys at the back clung on with all their strength, while the two who had caused all the mischief stared ahead with eyes dazed with horror. In his reckless meddling with the levers Norman had pulled the one which set the power of the great car free!

"Isn't there a foot brake?" said Hughes' trembling voice in his ear.

Norman looked down at the two foot levers and pressed one heavily with his foot.

Instantly the noise of the engine swelled into a great roar, and the car gave a

tremendous spurt forward. Unknowingly, Norman had pressed, instead of the brake, the "accelerator," which increases the speed. Utterly dazed at this result, Norman lost his head completely, and sank back on the seat with a cry of terror.

The boys on the luggage carrier, bumped from side to side, gasping and terrified, hung on for dear life. Andrew was helpless with fright, but the Wolf Cub, battered as he was, tried hard to think of what he ought to do. And suddenly he knew.

"I'm going over!" he panted above the roar of the engine, but Andrew did not seem to know he was speaking. Whatever there was to be done, Jerry must face alone.

Trembling a little, and nearly shaken from his hold at every jerk of the car, he reached up to the overhanging back of it and clung on. A huge struggle—an effort that nearly tore his arms from his sockets—and he was hanging on the top with hands and feet.

For a moment it seemed that there was no hope of escape for him—that he must be flung off roughly by the rushing car and left in a broken heap on the road. Jerry shut his eyes, set his teeth, and gasped out in his heart a little frantic prayer for help, and—he was over!

After that, the worst had been passed. Tumbling down on to the floor of the car, he crawled along, opened the door, and, crouching on the footplate, clutching to all holds with hands and feet, he made his way to the driver's seat.

There the two boys were hanging on helplessly, and Norman had hidden his face in the cushions. If the road had not been so long and straight the car would have crashed long before into some bank or tree, and all would have been over with its passengers.

How was Jerry to save them now? He needed all his courage as he looked ahead. The bend of the road was in sight, and just before the curve, clumsy and slow, there lumbered along one of H.M. Government's lorries! In a moment the car would be upon it.

Jerry had never thought or acted so quickly in his life as he did now. He dared not make a mistake. Desperately, he pulled the big levers that disconnected the engine and put the car out of gear, turned off, by pressing a knob, the spark that kept the engines going, and put his foot down on the foot brake.

There was a terrible jar, a bump, a sound of ripping, and Jerry was thrown heavily to the floor of the car as it came to a standstill. Then he fainted.

It was a long, long time before he came to his senses, to find himself surrounded by kind-faced soldiers and gazed at anxiously by three very shaky boys, who had evidently told the whole story.

"That's right—open them eyes, youngster!" said the soldier who was holding the boy's head upon his knee. "If you're not a marvel! Wolf Cub, are you? Never heard of them before. 'Just done your best?' I should just think you have. Say, boys, let's have three cheers for the Wolf Cub—the pluckiest little beggar that ever I see!"

KINKS FOR CUBS



By "GREY BEAVER," the Handyman of the Staff. He has Lots of Useful Hints to Give You.

Nose Bleeding.

If your nose ever bleeds, try this remedy. Lie on your back and press a handkerchief to your nose.



Also, something cold, like a key, cold sponge or a piece of ice, applied to the back of the neck is a good thing to stop the bleeding.

The object should be held between the collar and the neck of the patient, and should be kept there till the bleeding stops.



Name Your Clothes.

Cubs should always see that their name is clearly marked on all articles of clothing, especially such things as caps, overcoats, and boots.

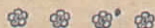
Then when any of these articles are taken off and laid down in the clubroom



there will be no question as to which is your property.

When several caps and overcoats are hanging up, it is quite easy to mistake someone else's for yours.

If, however, every Cub has his clothes clearly marked, there will be no fear of this happening.



Taking Off Your Jersey.

THERE is a right and wrong way of doing everything—even taking off your jersey—and Cubs should know how to do it properly.

The right way to do it is to cross your arms in front of you and hold the bottom edge of your jersey, as the Cub is doing in the picture. Then lift your arms above your head and the jersey will come off easily.



YOUR TESTS.

To pass the TENDERPAD TEST a Cub must know the Cub Law and Promise, the Salutes and the Howl.

To gain his FIRST STAR he must—

- Have had three months' service.
- Know the composition of the Union Jack, and the right way to fly it.
- Be able to tie the following knots, and know their uses: Reef Knot, Sheet-bend, Clove Hitch, and Fisherman's Bend.
- Turn a somersault; leapfrog over another boy the same size; bowl a hoop, or hop on one leg, round a figure-of-eight course. Throw a ball, first with the right hand and then with the left, so that another boy twenty yards' distance catches it four times out of six. Catch a ball thrown to him from twenty yards' distance four times out of six.
- Perform first two body movements of the Scouts' Physical Exercises by himself, and know what is their object.
- Know how and why he should keep his nails clean and cut, and his teeth cleaned; and why breathe through the nose.



Don'ts for Cubs.

MOST Cubs, boys and animals, are inquisitive, but they have to get over it as their fur grows.

Don't stare in at people's private windows.

Don't skate or play games in busy streets. It's dangerous to yourself and other people, too.

When you are out in the country, don't leave the farmers' gates open. Shut them after you or his cattle may stray off to see what the world is like and forget to come back.

Should you ever come across a sheep lying on its back, help to put it on its feet again. Once these poor animals are down they find it hard to get up again.

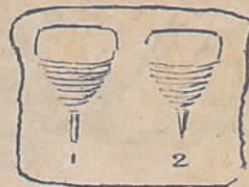
Don't miss an opportunity of making yourself useful to people. Even if you only chop some wood or go an errand for mother, it is still a good turn, and shows you are trying to Do Your Best.

Don't turn round a corner or come out of a doorway in a hurry or you may bash into someone and hurt yourself. Go slowly and look about.

Don't throw paper away, but save it and sell it for your Pack Funds.

A Tip About Tops.

You all enjoy top-spinning, so you'll be glad of a hint about it. Be careful when buying your top that you get one with a rounded, blunt-ended peg, as shown in Fig. I., and not a pointed one, Fig. II.



If you pick up a sharp-pegged one when spinning it may drill a hole in your hand and cut seriously a vein or artery. I once saw a boy hurt his hand in this way.

With a blunt-ended peg-top it is quite safe to have it spinning on your hand.



Your Flashlight.

As many of you own flashlights, you will be glad of an idea to revive the batteries when they give out.

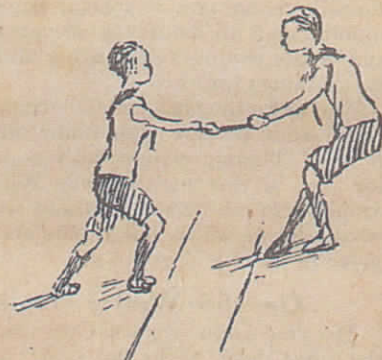
One way is to make a hole in each of the cells of the battery with a nail, and then lay them in enough water to cover them and leave them for some time. When you take the battery out it will show as bright a light as when you first bought it. Another way is to place the battery in the oven for a few minutes.



A Game for Cubs.

HERE is a game which can be played indoors or out.

First chalk two parallel lines on the ground, the space between being called



the river. Then one Cub should stand on one side of the "river" and one on the other side, and they should join hands or each hold the end of a piece of string. The game is for each Cub to try and pull the other into the "river."



Handy Things.

ALWAYS remember to carry a bootlace or a piece of string about with you; you never know when it may come in useful. A spare bootlace, besides being useful when one breaks in your boot, can also be made into a button by tying it into a large knot. A tourniquet can be made from a bootlace.

THE POW-WOW CORNER



Where the Editor and the Cubs
have a talk together.

Hullo, Wolf Cubs!

WELL, this is a fine, big Pack, to be sure! We have fifty Cubs of our particular own, and we've often thought them a pretty large handful for one Wolf to look after.

But here we are with thousands of Cubs from all over Britain and Australia and Canada and New Zealand and all the other parts of the world where the Wolf Cub Totem goes! And the more of us there are to gather round the camp fire, the merrier we shall be. Whilst it is warming us from our noses to the tips of our tails (Will that Cub from Westminster throw another log on, please?) we'll have a good old pow-wow.

All to Ourselves.

First of all, let's introduce everybody. Boys—THE WOLF CUB! Mr. Wolf Cub—THE BOYS! They're very decent chaps, Mr. Wolf Cub, if a little given to mischief, and we're sure they all mean to Do Their Best to make you a success by telling all their chums about you—what you're like, and how at last they really have a paper of their very own. Doesn't it make you feel rather important, Cubs? Here's the Chief Old Wolf, Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, giving you a special page every month, and all kinds of clever authors and artists writing and drawing and thinking of things for you.

And as for the Ha! ha! Wigwam—well, you'll soon be pals with funny old Grinnjoki. There are some jolly good yarns for you in this number, and White Fox to take you out on the trail and show you what a lot of wonderful things are taking place in the world of Nature.

On the Winter Trail.

Do you know what a Cub said to us the other day? Why, he said, "I didn't know there was any Nature going on in the winter." That was a funny remark to bring out, wasn't it? We go on working and playing and eating and everything else while the snow's on the ground. Why should we think the animals and plants and birds just do nothing at all?

There's no end to the things a Cub can learn with his ears and eyes and nose when he goes on the winter trail.

Prizes for Cubs.

Oh—we were nearly forgetting the competition, which is sure to be a great attraction to every keen Cub. We

expect to see entries simply rolling in, for the prizes are things every boy wants. And there'll be a competition just as good each month.

Then there's the "Kinks for Cubs" page—full of all sorts of useful tips. If you know of any more, send them along. By the way—what a tongue-twister that title is! We said to Grey Beaver, who's doing it: "Are the Kunks for Kibs ready?" He corrected us by saying: "You mean the Kumps for Kigs, don't you?" And the more we tried to get it right, the more tangled-up we got!

You and Us and the Other Chaps.

Well, altogether, we think you'll be looking out eagerly for December 30th, when the next number of THE WOLF CUB appears—and here knowing Cubs will listen to a word of wisdom.

By that time more boys will have heard of it, and more boys will want it, so our tip to you is—ask your father or mother to ask the newsagent to keep you a copy—or run round and ask him yourself while you think of it.

We don't want any Cub to be missing next time we have a pow-wow; we want him to be here with a smiling face, and as many other smiling faces—one, two, three, four, a dozen new readers—as he can get.

What They Want Down Newbury Way.

Now let's have a little talk from one of you chaps for a change! That Cub on the left has something to say, we're sure. Come along, Cub-Leader Reggie Button, 1st Newbury Pack!

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I am sending to you to tell you how glad I am. The very thought of having a magazine all to ourselves sends a thrill through me. As you ask me to tell you what sort of stories, I would like you to put detective stories. Please will you put incidents as to the parts of a bicycle, with a few pictures illustrating it? Will you put a few competitions, with prizes? I wish you would put a few war-heroes, such as Jack Cornwell, Flight-Lieutenant Robinson. Will you grant us a few indoor games, as we know but few?

Your obedient Cub-leader,
REGGIE BUTTON.

Right you are, Button—some of your wishes are granted right away, you see. "Danny the Detective" starts in this number, and there's a grand competition on page 14. The games will appear on the Old Wolf's page, and the stories of heroes will follow soon.

More letters from the Newbury Pack—

keen lot, we can see. We wish we had room for those from Reginald Cox and Norman Dale.

From the 1st Westminster Pack comes this little letter:

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I would like a story called "Adventures in Indian Jungles" in the Cub Magazine.

WALTER CHARLES MELLOWS.

We'll see what can be done, Mellows!

Now for the 16th Westminster Pack:

DEAR EDITOR,

When I joined the Cubs a few weeks ago, I won my badge after a little while's training. This makes me stronger in mind and body to get a Star. We have to learn the composition of the Union Jack, and the right way to fly it, to tie knots, and do body exercises. We learn to use our eyes to look for signs which are left behind in field or forest. This is useful in after life, to see how to help others in many ways, by seeing how things are done. I hope to become a Scout. They are helping in everything, doing good work at home here like our brave Scouts at the Front.

HAROLD MARKHAM (9).

Cyril Platey joined the Pack a fortnight ago, and wants to know lots of things that will help him to pass his tests. He says:

There are many ways in which we can help people. If we see a blind man on the other side of the road—who cannot get on the side we are on, it is our duty to help him. There are many ways of helping people when they have had an accident one time or another. If a boy is weak he could join the Cubs, and it might bring him on more.

There's a nice letter, too, from Edward Weekes, which we wish we had room to print.

Now here's someone from Sheffield:

DEAR SIR,

I am a Wolf Cub in the 1st Sheffield Pack, and I should be grateful if I could have the Tests of the First and Second Stars published. I would also like a story of Cubs camping out, and what occurred there. I am asking for the Tests, not only for myself, but for some other Cub to learn.

Yours truly

JOE WORTHINGTON.

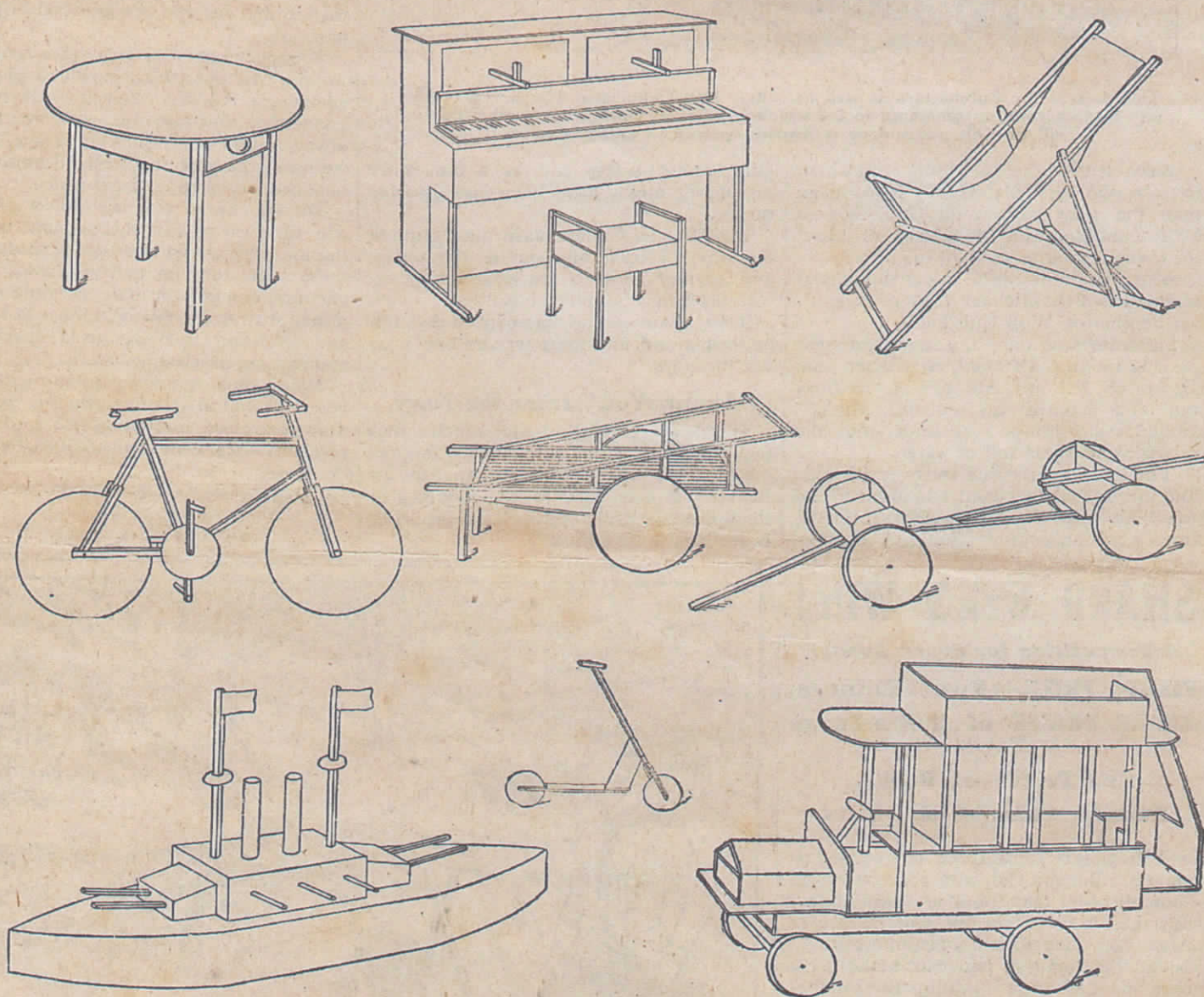
We like you chaps to speak up and say just the kind of things you would look out for in the paper. And we want to hear all about you and about your Packs. So sit down now and write us a letter, boys. It would be rather a good idea (and it would save stamps, too!) if all your Pack were to send up their letters together. Ask your Cubmaster about it; perhaps he will let you all write one on a Pack night. There's such a lot we want to hear about you and your hobbies, and if you're well up in Cubcraft and so on. The most interesting letters we shall print on this page every month.

And bring along your questions! We know you Cubs are always wanting to know something or other—and we'll do our best to tell you about it.

Well, this has been a pretty long pow-wow, and the camp fire is burning low—so here's good-bye, Wolf Cubs, till the postman comes staggering up with your bags and bags of letters addressed to The Editor, THE WOLF CUB, 28 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.

Just the thing for Christmas.

BRYANT & MAY'S MODEL-MAKING OUTFIT.



Illustrations of Simple Models made with the Outfit.

COMPLETE OUTFIT, 1/-. Post Paid, 1/4. (TWO OUTFITS, Post Paid, 2/6.)
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CUBBY NEWS & PACK NOTES.



This page is for Cubmasters as well as Cubs. Any Cubmaster who has a bright idea on Cubcraft, or something to tell which is specially interesting to other Packs, will find his account of it heartily welcomed and passed on.

WHAT could be a finer thing with which to start the very first Cubby News page than the story of a Wolf Cub hero—a Wolf Cub who won the Medal of Merit for saving life at the risk of his own?

At the beginning of this year this medal was awarded to Michael Cullen (age 9), 1st Pemberton Wolf Cub Pack.

Some boys of about the same age were playing by an old stone quarry when one, H. Mason, fell in. Another of the boys ran and fetched his cousin, Michael Cullen, who jumped at once into the quarry, which was full of water.

The stone quarry was thirty yards wide and four to nine feet deep, and Michael had to swim about five or six yards to reach the boy, who could only struggle. He had

gone under twice, and in a few more minutes it might have been too late for rescue.

But Michael Cullen was in time, gripped the boy, brought him out of the water, and carried him to his grandmother's, with the help of another boy.

The gallant rescue was carried through entirely alone, and there was no one near but the boys.

"Thank You" from the Navy.

Here's a really jolly letter, which shows that the work Cubs do is really appreciated, and will be encouraging to all Packs. It was sent to the Longworth Pack, whose Cubs have been growing vegetables for the Fleet.

Mess II., H.M.S. Kingfisher,
DEAR CHUMS,

Many thanks for all the fine lot of vegetables you have sent us; it is jolly good of you boys to work hard in your spare time to grow vegetables for us chaps, and I might tell you that all the men in our Mess think a lot of you for it.

We get a jolly good share to take out with us when we are at sea, but, of course, use them all up before we come in again. Then when we come into harbour a message comes on board to say that someone has sent us some fresh vegetables, and it isn't long before we get the pot on boiling and in go the vegetables, and we have another jolly good feed, and then forget all the troubles outside the harbour.

I expect some of you boys wouldn't mind a trip out to sea now and again to see what it is like. Well, it is all right in peace time, but just now, well, we are not always safe, as no doubt you know. Still, we never think of that; all we want is to beat the Germans, and get peace.

Do you know you are doing a lot to win this war? For this reason, that in thinking of us fellows and growing all these vegetables for us you give us more encouragement, and make us more determined than ever to protect those at home, and to bring this war to a successful ending—an everlasting peace.

Now I must not write any more, or else you will be tired of reading it, so will draw to a close, and Good Luck to all of you, and once more many thanks for your kindness.

I remain, on behalf of all the crew,

Your very sincere friend,

(Signed) G. A. SIPLE, P.O.I.

SHARP EYES WIN!

A Competition for Every Reader.

FIRST PRIZE — Five Shillings.

THREE PRIZES of Half-a-Crown Each.

Ten Prizes of Books.

Twenty Consolation Gifts.

This picture looks quite correct at first glance. But the Cub with sharp eyes will soon discover that there are some queer mistakes in it. Can you find them all? After you have found and put a number on all the blunders you can, make a list on a sheet of paper, putting the number against each one. Write your name, age and address on the coupon and fasten it to the paper.

No competitor must be more than twelve years of age.

In the event of a tie, neatness of writing will be taken into consideration.

The Editor's decision is final.

Do not enclose anything with your entry. Send any letter separately.

Post your entry to "Sharp Eyes," The Editor, "THE WOLF CUB," 28, Maiden Lane, London, W.C., so that it reaches this office not later than by first post on Thursday, January 6th.

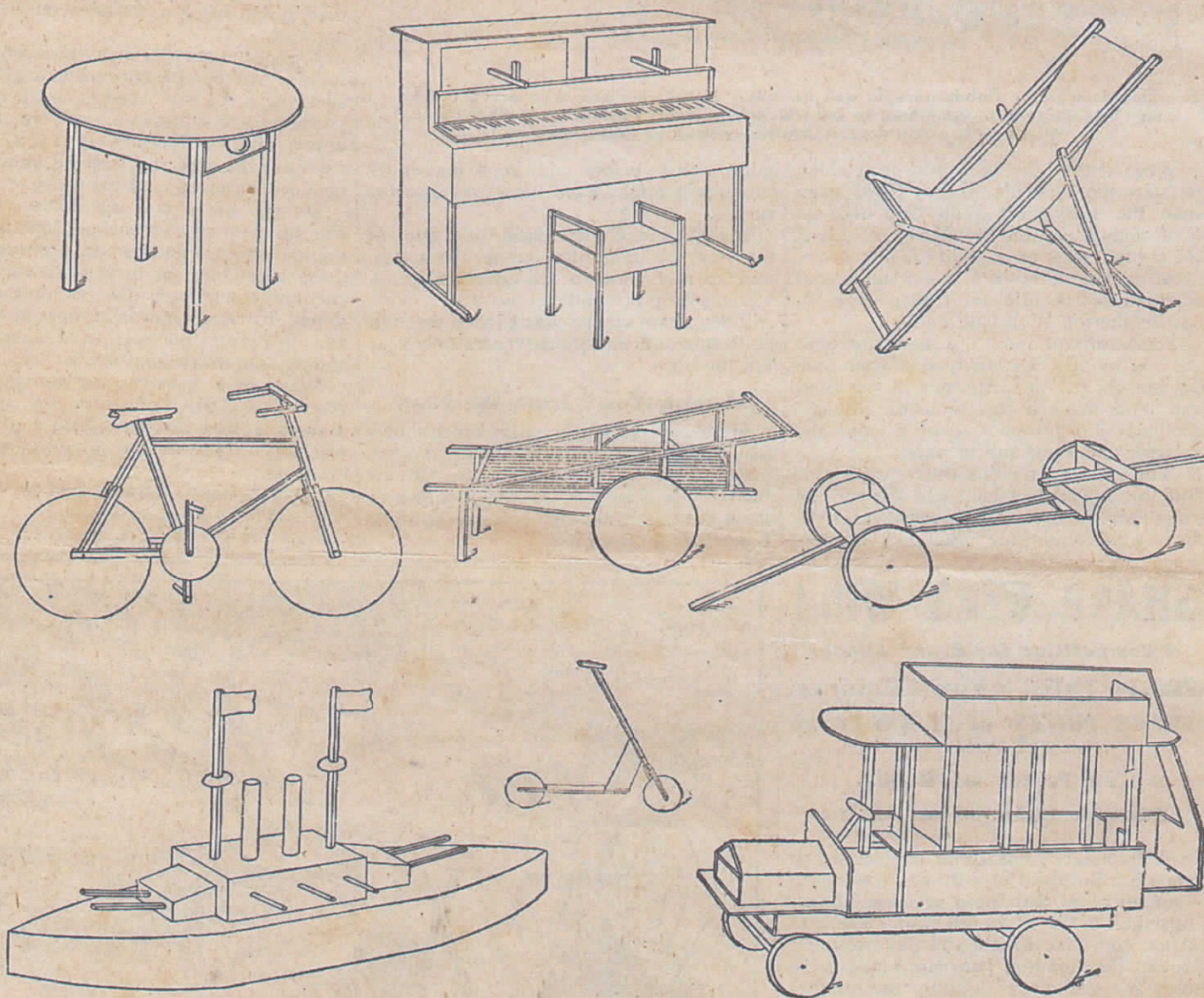


Name..... Age.....

Address

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SAY, WOLVES! HERE'S A GOOD BITE FOR YOU!

A fine tin box of Harbutt's splendid PLASTICINE—no post to pay: we pay that because we want you to see what a good thing our PLASTICINE is. The box we offer you is handsomely enamelled and contains a generous supply in assorted colours and modelling tool. We need not say what HARBUIT'S

PLASTICINE

is for, need we? But if you don't know we will tell you next month.

As an alternative you can have the same box full of PLAY-WAX in 12 colours with tool. Now, if you do not for the moment want this box for yourself, remember that Xmas is close at hand and it makes a splendid present.

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GAMAGES

for Tricks, Jokes, Puzzles, etc.

Every Scout should have one.



The Sebactroscope.
With the aid of this instrument the possessor can see behind him. You will find lots of fun in owning a Sebactroscope.
Price 6d. Post 2d.

Cabinet and Boxes of Conjuring Tricks.

Box	A	B	C	D	E
Price	4/11	6/6	11/9	22/6	45/-
Post	5d.	5d.	7d.	1/-	Carr. paid.
Cabinet 423	Price 42/- Carr. pd.				
" 424	" 63/- "				

The Disappearing Coin.

The coin is there! Now it's gone!!
Oh! here it is again!!!
Very clever, everyone says. No skill required to perform it. Quite mechanical.
Price 9d. Post 2d.

Send for Complete
Conjuring Catalogue, post
free on application.



The Flash Light Joke.

Just like the ordinary Flash Light, only with this difference: Instead of a light appearing when the button is pressed, a large snake makes its appearance.
Price 9d. Post 3d.



The Wizard Water Pistol

Nickel-plated; reliable.
Price 1/9 Post 3d.
Another make 1/2 Post 3d.
Smallest size 7 1/2 Post 2d.

A. W. GAMAGE Ltd., Holborn, LONDON, E.C.

B. P.

would tell you that

just as a Scout needs to be well trained in Scout Lore to gain promotion, so you must be well trained in Business Methods to succeed in Business, or in the necessary subjects to succeed in a Civil Service Exam.



Clark's College will train you for Business or the Civil Service by means of Day, Evening, or Postal Classes, and what is more, when you are proficient, will place you free of charge into a good salaried Appointment.

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Complete OUTFITS for the Wolf Cub

JERSEYS.

Strong Worsted, Regulation plain green, very warm and comfortable.

Chest	26 in.	28 in.	30 in.
	3/6	3/9	4/-

SHORTS.

Strong Navy Serge, 24 in.

26 in., 28 in. ... 2/6 per pair

REGULATION CUB CAPS.

Green, with yellow stripes

price 1/6

(When ordering please state size of head.)

CUB HOSE.

Navy, with green tops

price, per pair 2/-

MERCEEN SCARFS.

All colours ... 6d. each



HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

"THE HA! HA! WIGWAM"

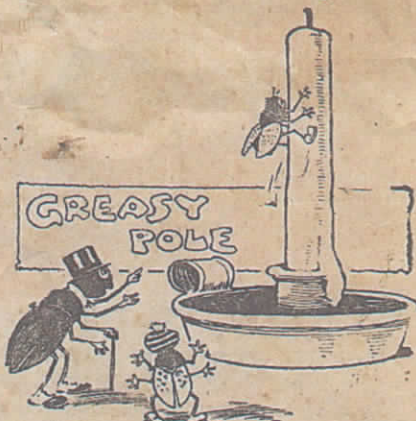
By GRINNIJOKI.

HELLO, Palefaces—come along in! The only charge we make for entrance is one grin, please! No; not one of the two-inch kind—a real big one like the one I'm wearing—the sort that only stops when it gets to your ears. That's it, everybody! Now we can all be comfy.



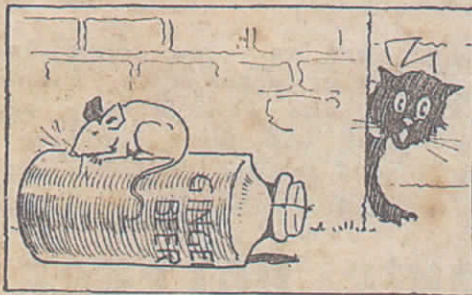
This is the way I sit, day in and day out, only Iaving off for meals, and even then I laugh between the bites.

A Wolf Cub was cooking some pie,
On a fire by his father's pigsty,
Said the pig, "Well, I'm glad,
That's all for his Dad,
If I ate it I know I should die!"

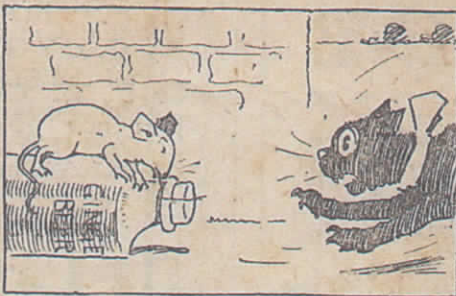


"AT THE CIRCUS."

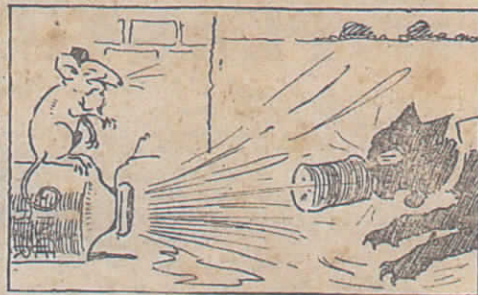
MR. BEETLE: "Look there, Billy, at the man climbing the greasy pole!"



Old Tom-the Teaser softly crept
To where young Maurice Mouser slept.



But Maurice woke and nibbled through
The wire tha' held the cork. It flew!



"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "Pray won't you stop
And share my jar of ginger pop?"

MIXO AND MOCASSINO HAVE A GREAT IDEA.

(More of their adventures next month)

