

**TOM SLADE: BOY
SCOUT OF THE
MOVING PICTURES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649722457

Tom Slade: Boy Scout of the Moving Pictures by Percy K. Fitzhugh

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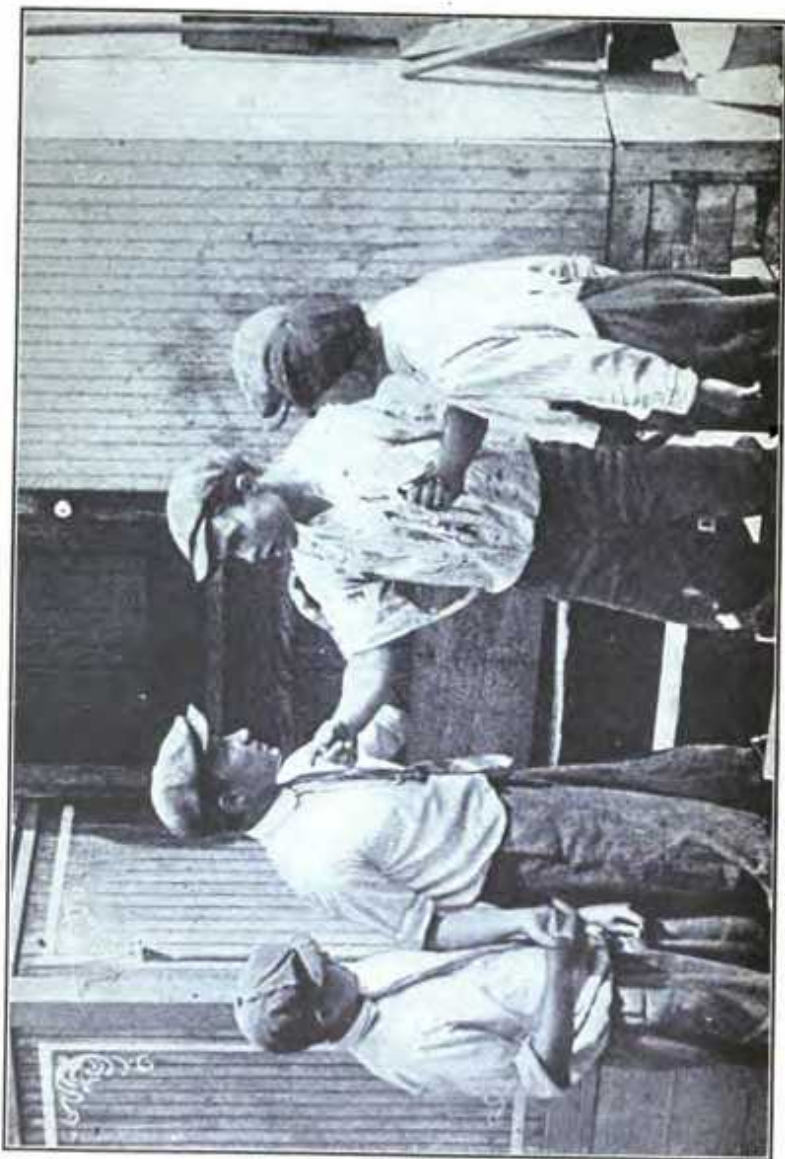
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PERCY K. FITZHUGH

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SCOUT OF THE
MOVING PICTURES**



"I SWIPED TWO O' THIM QUARANTINE SIGNS OFFEN TWO DOORS."

Frontiers (Page 20)

TOM SLADE
BOY SCOUT OF THE
MOVING PICTURES

BY
PERCY K. FITZHUGH

ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED FROM
THE PHOTO PLAY
"THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY SCOUT"

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GROSSET & DUNLAP
PUBLISHERS :: NEW YORK

Made in the United States of America

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TOM SLADE

BOY SCOUT OF THE MOVING PICTURES

CHAPTER I

STICKS AND STONES

It happened in Barrel Alley, and it was Tom Slade, as usual, who did it. Picking a barrel-stave out of the mud, he sidled up to Ching Wo's laundry, opened the door, beat the counter with a resounding clamor, called, "Ching, Ching, Chinaman!" and by way of a grand climax, hurled the dirty barrel-stave at a pile of spotless starched shirts, banged the door shut and ran.

Tom was "on the hook" this morning. In one particular (and in only one) Tom was like "Old John Temple," who owned the bank as well as Barrel Alley. Both took one day off a week. "Old John" never went down to the bank on Saturdays and Tom never went to school on Mondays. He began his school week on Tuesday;

and the truant officer was just about as sure to cast his dreaded net in Barrel Alley on a Monday as old John Temple was sure to visit it on the first of the month—when the rents were due.

This first and imminent rock of peril passed, Tom lost no time in offering the opening number of his customary morning program, which was to play some prank on Ching Wo. But Ching Wo, often disturbed, like a true philosopher, and knowing it was Monday, picked out the soiled shirts, piled up the others, threw the muddy stave out and quietly resumed his ironing.

Up at the corner Tom emerged around John Temple's big granite bank building into the brighter spectacle of Main Street. Here he paused to adjust the single strand of suspender which he wore. The other half of this suspender belonged to his father; the two strands had originally formed a single pair and now, in their separate responsibilities, each did duty continuously, since neither Tom nor his father undressed when they went to bed.

His single strand of suspender replaced, Tom shuffled along down Main Street on his path of glory.

At the next corner was a coal-box. This he