# NEW ADVENTURE & DETECTIVE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE!

# GAME!" THE **OUR MOTTO** IS:

No. 797, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending September 16th, 1916.



# THE SMOKE INDIANS ON THE

(A thrilling scene from Our Great New Story of Adventure in the Wild West.)

# RAIDERS!

The Opening Chapters of a Thrilling New Story of Adventure in the Wild West.

### By DUNCAN STORM.

The 1st Chapter.

Bound for the Wild West.

The 1st Chapter.

Bound for the Wild Vest.

"Go West, my lade!" said Cisco Bill, a tall, bronzed man from America. "Go West—to the land of the Setting Sun. Dig out for the heart of the suncet where there's elbow room in the world and the air ain't bren breathed three times over and lett for the heart of the sunce than Stringy Law ins. It was a substance to the most of the most in the world heart and their chain Stringy Law ins. It was a substance to the most of them to go to the moon. They had barely a penny in the world between them.

The man laughed.

"I see yo I are looking for the bridge," said he. "D'ye know Shed 45 of the Victoria Nyanza Docks?"

"Yes, sir," replied Stringy. "There ain't a corn docks I don't know."

"Well," continued the American, "if you want to go West and make your fortunes, jest you slide aboard the Ringarooma tonight at ten o'clock, and stow yourselves away on the main deck. She sails for Galveston, Texas, at midnight, and she drops her Channel pilot off Dungeness and takes the mid-Channel course. Then you show up on deck, and I'll see you through. When the captain sends for you, as he will, you just pass the word for 'Cisco Bill, the cattleman. That's me."

The boss looked at one another, and the resolution seemed to take them altogether.

"Well do it, sir," said Ted.

"That's the music," replied 'Cisco Bill approxingly. "Nothin' like jumpin' into the game straight away. Don't forget, ten o'clock sharp."

"We sha'n't forget, sir, eaid Ted cheerfully.

And the boys did not forget, As ten o'clock was striking from a neighbouring church, they managed to creep aboard the Ringarooma, and hide themselves on the deck. Not acout witnessed their act, and when, a little later, the Ringarooma left dock, their presence on board had not been observed.

For over twenty-four hours the boys remained quietly in their hiding-place, and then, about one o'clock was striking from a neighbouring church, they managed to creep aboard the Ringarooma, and then,

(Continued on the next page.)

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Hands up, Ylario, Cherokee, Gaspar, Marillo, Tueco, Pacho!"
The six greasers named slowly lifted their hands, their yellow faces turning to the same olive-green of anger and desperation as Jose had shown. That was the Mexican's way of turning white.

of turning white.

The boys recognised four of these as the men they had seen plotting in the eating-house near the docks.

The greasers knew that their game was up, for behind them were gathered a group of the white members of the crew of the Ringarooma. These were firemen and deck-hands—about as stiff a crowd as could be raked up between Laith and Limehouse.

They were cowed by the revela-



to me, Captain Higgs, that the Circle Bar Outfit was not being served too well in its transport, and I find I am not far wrong. I never struck such a crew of hobos in my life as you've shipped here for cattlemen!"

The captain had dropped the

Ranse," he exclaimed-"the

"Mr. Ranse," he exclaimed—"the attle King!"
"That's me," replied 'Cisco Bill quietly, "Bill Ranse, King of the Kine, owner of the Circle Bar Line of steamers, and your employer, and none too well pleased by the way some of you are running things. Now I'll take things in hand myself in my own fashion."

He switched suddenly round on the chief of the Mexicans, whose ame was Jose.

the chief of the Mexicans, whose name was Jose.

"Put your hands up, you yellow dog!" he growled, and his blue eyes went to pin-points.

Jose slowly lifted his hands. The muzzle of a powerful six-shooter was pressed against his ribs.

"Now," said Bill Ranse grimly, "I want to find out what's the notion of firing my ship in this fashion!" He tore open the neek of Jose's shirt. Then he started back at sight of a little cross of blood-red Mexican garnets on the scoundrel's neek.
The cattle king was glaring at the cross with brooding eyes.
"Gum!" he muttered. "This is a higger thing than I thought for! So this is the work of the Red Raiders!"

bigger thin So this is Raiders!"

### The 2nd Chapter. The Mexicans' Downfall,

Bill Rause hissed out the words as a stood dumblounded, the tiny cross he stood dumbfounded, the tiny cross of Moxican garnets he had torn from the greaser's neck glittering red in his palm.

The light of the chart-room lamp fell down upon it, falling through the stones in their old-fashioned, Spanish setting. And it seemed to the boys that Bill's palm was stained with blood.

"Clap that man in irons!" ordered Bill Ranse sternly.

Jose, the greaser, turned a sickly green. His white teeth shone like the teeth of a cornered rat as he stood with his hands held above his head, and rolled his dark eyes on the gang of cattlemen who were gathered at the door of the chart-room.

A big Irish quartermaster, Pat Finnigan, shouldered his way through this mob.

"Hould out yez hands, ve black-

this mob.

"Hould out yez lands, ye blackan'-tan spalpeon!" said he, addressing the luckless Jose. "Since tha'
master has borrowed your pretty
necklet, I'll fix you wid a landsome
pair o' bracelets!"

A growl went up from the cattle
hands as the irons were neatly clicked
on Jose's wrists.

hands as the non on Jose's wrists.

on Jose's wrists.

There was a suspicious movement in the crowd, but Bill Ranse turned like lightning upon the group at the door, producing a second great .045 with the celerity of a conjuring trick.

wemen and kids alive in a barn 'cause their husbands and fathers were fighting against him?"

"That's the chap!" replied Bill Ranse grimly. "Fire is a favourite weapon with Rosse. These ducks we have just locked up in the paint-room were out to fire this ship, and kill all those horses on the cattle-deck. They were Rosse' picked men, part of his gang of Red Raiders. But I never thought that they would go to far as to play about with the shipping side of the Circle Bar Outfit."

He paused, and wiped his forehead with a big, red handkerchief.

"But some queer things have been happening on my ships lately," he continued, "and it was for that that I shipped on one of my own craft as 'Cisco Bill, head cattleman. I wanted to see what was moving; but, jiminy, this is a bit more than I expected! If it hadn't been for these boys we'd have lost every one of those horses, which are intended for the patriots who are fighting tooth and nail against Rossa, and, what's more, we might have lost the ship and the grand pianos which are storad away in the fore-hold!"

The captain locked puzzled. He had been puzzled all the time over the large shipment of grand pianos which were stowed away carefully on the floor of the ship.

Bill Ranse grinned as he rolled himself a cigarette of black tobacco and corn-husk.

"Those pianos are going to play a queer tuno in Mexico. captain," he said. "They are quick-firing pianos of the latest pattern, and they'll do up to five hundred shots a minute. And those cases which are supposed to hold the legs zer ammunition for said pianos!"

Captain Higgs gasped.

"I thought there was something queer about those pianos. They are

Captain Higgs gasped.

Captain Higgs gasped.

"I thought there was something queer about those pianos. They are all freighted for Alhama City, and I was sure that they couldn't want fifty pianos in Alhama City, not even if they had one in every saloon."

"So was Rosas," replied Bill Ranse grimly, "and he'd made up his mind that those grand pianos shouldn't find their way across the Rio Grande. That's why he set this gang on to firing the ship."

"But what about those boys?" asked Captain Higgs enepiciously.
"They're stovaways, ain't they?" and they were hidding in the bay wilkin. It was fired!"

brand by running a bar across the circle. But I raised my crowd, and ran him and his gaug to earth with the branding-irons in the fire, altering my trade mark on the stolen cattle. We had a stiff fight, but Mesquite Jack and his gang got the worst of it."

"And what did you do with 'em, sir?" asked Stringy broathlessly.

The cattle king amiled grimly.

"Most of the boys were for hanging them." he answered—"Mesquite Jack, and the whole boiling o' black and the whole the whole the whole here hadn't been a General Rosas in Mexico, and if there hadn't been a dender he many thousands o' poor widows and orphane that he made. There would nove hat been a trail o' ruined homes and burned-out villages to show where he'd passed!"

Bill Ranse sighed.

"But it's too late now to worry about that," he continued. "I could have hanged him easy, for it's the law o' the order that you may take a man's life if you can. But you mustn't touch his cattle! I had my way, and I put my mark on the whole gang. Before we let 'em go we branded every man on the flank with the same red-hot brands they had got ready for my cattle. Rosas can fight and murder his way to the Presidency of Mexico, but "—here (Cisco Bill brought his fist down with a bang on the saloon table that made the plates jump and the glasses ring—"he can never get away from my brand!" he cried. "It's burned into his dirty hide for life! He's marked with a circle bar in a big, red, flaming scar. And it's burned into his black soul! And that is why General Rosas, late Mesquite Jack, has sworn to be marked with a circle bar in a big, red, flaming scar. And it's burned into his lark soul! And that is why General Rosas, late Mesquite Jack, has sworn to be marked with a circle bar in a big, red, flaming scar. And it's burned into his kindly eves.

"It's sort of asking you to a funeral, looys," said he, "to join the Circle Bar Outfit and the Red Raiders!"

Bill Ranse paused, glancing round at the boys' faces with a whimsical smil

boat those planes. They are related to the control of the control

of the wireless as the operator in his cabin above acknowledged the receipt

cabin above acknowledged the receipt of a message.

Soon the operator himself appeared in the door of the saloon. He was looking puzzled, and he earried a wireless slip in his hand.

He gazed with some surprise at the group sitting at the saloon table. He knew that the boys were stowaways, and he recognised 'Cisco Bill. He could not understand why the head cattleman and these stowaway boys were seated in state at the table reserved for the captain.

"What is it, Marconi?" asked Bill, a sudden note of authority in his voice.

a sudden note of authority in his voice.
"I was looking for the captain," replied the operator. "They said ho was down below."
"I guess the message is for me," said Bill, holding out his hand.
"It is for Mr. Ranse," replied the operator. "But Mr. Ranse—why, he's the owner of the line—the Cattlo King!"

operator. "But Mr. Ranse—why, he's the owner of the line—the Cattle King!"

"That's me!" said Bill calmly. "Hand it over, sonny!"

The operator's eyes grew round with wonderment. He recognised now in the rough cattleman the man whose portraits were broadcast in the Press of the United States as the greatest power on the Mexican border short of President Wilson himself. Indeed, they said that Bill Ranse, the Cattle King, was more powerful than President Wilson, for Bill acted while the. President talked.

"It's just a single code word, sir," said he, a note of respect and awe creeping into his voice. "Piekles."

Ile handed the slip to Bill, and retired, soft-footed, from the saloon.

Bill's eyes were gleuming now. "More news for you, boys!" said he; "and you, Stringy, will soon get your desire. This wireless comes from my confidential man at Alhama City. The Smoke Indians are on the warpath. And Rosas is behind them!"

### The 3rd Chapter.

# by the one of the half flittle with the content of the cartes of the border of the locked up bebind in the state of the game of desperadoes had filed off the bridge when the last of the game of desperadoes had filed off the bridge when the last of the game of desperadoes had filed off the bridge when the last of the game of desperadoes had filed off the bridge when the last of the game of desperadoes had filed off the bridge when the last of the game of desperadoes had filed off the bridge when the last of the game of desperadoes had filed off the bridge. "It means that a gentleman year amped on my trail and on the stand of my business," replied Bill Ranse, with a grin. "That gentleman used to be called Mesquite Jack in the days when I served in the Texan protty missome has cartied by chicked movement has the served in the Texan protty missome of the protection of the border. Now he calls timself General Garcias Ross, and he's large with a grin. "That gentleman used to be called Mesquite Jack in the days when I served in the Texan protty missome of the selon with me!" He led the way to the handsomely, the selon with me!" He led the way to the handsomely, the selon with me!" He led the way to the handsomely, the selon with the salon, where a royal spread was already on the table. The days when I served in the Selon with the salon with me!" "Gee-whit!" exclaimed Captain the place of the bridge with the selon with the salon with me!" "Gee-whit!" exclaimed Captain the grin with the protection of Mexico!" "Gee-whit!" exclaimed Captain the solon with the salon with the place of the salon with the salon with the salon with me!" "Gee-whit!" exclaimed Captain the solon with the salon with the place of the salon with the salon with the salon with the way to the handsomely the salon with the sa ONE

This marvellous prize, which is well worth winning, may be yours if you care to try for it
You are asked to perform no difficult task, but only to exercise a little patience and spend just a little while piecing together a most ingenious

### DOG

It will prove a most fascinating pastime, and one well worth troubling about.
Full particulars regarding the prize, together with the puzzle, will be found in this week's

### FAMILY JOURNAL.

Everywhere.

One Penny.

beds am made already. Maybe dey like nice ico drink."

The nice ice drink."

The night was desperately hot, and the boys were glad enough to go with Julius to his little pantry at the end of the car, where, out of a refrigerator, he produced cool iced drinks flavoured with fresh fruits that tasted like nectar.

Julius laughed as he fixed up the



unceremoniou. , and the boys did not

But they soon forgot all about the greasers in the scene of American hustle that followed. It was evident But they soon forgot all about the greasers in the seene of American nustle that followed. It was evident that Bill Rance was a person of power in Galveston, for there was the train alongside the wharf ready for the borses, which, stiff and timid from their long sea journey, were led down and bowed in the ears.

Then the derricks got busy, and the grand pianos, as Bill called them, were hoisted out and loaded on to the waiting trucks. By two o'clock in the morning Bill called them off the ship and led the way to the handsome parlour-car, which was waiting to be hitched on to the train.

It was a splendid Pullman car, bright with electric light, and gleaming with silver-plated rails and futings.

"What about the tickets?" asked.

bright with electric ngm, and ing with silver-plated rails and fittings.

"What about the tickets?" asked Stringy, in awestricken tones, as he leoked down at his shabby clothes and contrasted them with the luxurious fittings of the magnificent car.

Bil Ranse laughed.

"We don't take tickets in this country, boys," said he. "This is my own private car, and they only charge up the haulage over the railways we shall use' on our way to Alhama City. And never mind your clothes, Stringy. We'll rig you out in a new outfit when we get on to the ranges." I suppose you boys can ride?"

ranges. I suppose you boys can ride?" I used to catch the gippies printes down on the parsh at there again the strings reflectively. "any of sould stick on ole Notes," and I reckets that carrying ride supply a state of the sweep's pony. And I reckets that carrying ride supply a state of the same of the sa

weed on the marsh the docks at home when he was a boy.
"We will find you up something more lively even then Nosey Walker's pony when we get to the ranges, Stringy," said he; "and, what's more, we'll teach you to ride in real cowpuncher fashion. Now, you can are off!"

The boys land.

cowpuncher fashion. Now, you can say good-bye to Galveston, boys; we are off!"

The boys, looking out at the great plate-glass windows, saw the arclamps of the docks slide by as the great engine, with its bell ringing budly, lid out through the docks and the freight-yards. And soon they were flying away across a flat country, laying the mice behind them one to the minute.

The boys could see a strange country flying past in the lights of the car. The hedges of the line were of prickly-peur and giant aloes, which cast up their spiky leaves in an impenetrable hedge twelve feet high. Now and then the train would roar past white station buildings and country villas which glimmered in the night, reminding the boys of posters they had seen on the walls at home of Sunny Italy and Monte Carlo. The air was sweet and heavy with the seen to orange-blossom, and the train raced past great fields which, Bill told them, were mostly of alfalfa and sugar-cane.

"We are running over the Texas and Pacific Railroad now, boys," said Bill, "towards the valley of the Celorado River. But we shall leave this main line at Brady, and get into very different country to this. But it's bed-time now. I'll call Julius. The boys could not help wondering who on earth Julius Cessar could be, as Bill Ranse pushed the electric button close by his chair.

In answer, one of the blackest niggers they had ever seen appeared at the door of the saloon compartment.

"Ju," said Bill, "make up beds for the saloon compartment.

"Ju," said Bill, "make up beds for these young gentlemen, and look after them well."

then well."
Juilins Casar looked at the boys out of eyer that held them fascinated, for they were China blue in a face as black as soot. Then his fread split in a great laugh, showing a row of perfect, white teeth.
"Shunh, boss," said he, "I'll look after deso yeah young gemmen! Do

mixed a long drink of fresh straw-berries and ice, which he handed to Raiders.

mixed a long drink of tresh straw-berries and ice, which he handed to the tramp. "I've come from Galveston under the car, and the dust—oh, the dust! Say, where's the boss?"

"In the parlour, sah," replied Julius, nodding in the direction of the mahogauy doer at the end of the corridor.
"I'll go to him at once," said the

corridor.
"I'll go to him at once," said the tramp calmly. "Get out some bandages and boracic lint, an' boiling water, Ju. Those stiffs clipped me in Galveston!"

He pulled up a tattered trouser-leg, and showed a bandage stained with

blood.
"Nawthin' much," he added. "Just a graze, and I stretched the greaser that threw the knife. It was that chap Ylario! He's dead, sure!"
He passed on through the corridor, apparently hardly noticing the boys, though his keen eyes took them in

All that day the long train of horse-All that day lie long train of norse-trucks and box-waggens drove on its way through a wild, sun-baked, desert country, dotted with isolated hills of savage rocks, and covered with grey chaparral, and huge clumps of wild-looking cactus.

As the afternoon were on, the

wild-looking cactus.

As the afternoon were on, the scenery grew even more wild and desolate, and the boys were held breathless by the brilliancy of the vivid colouring of the vermilion rocks, the wild shapes of the broken crags, and the dazzling blueness of the sky.

After their own grey, misty island, this strange country dazzled them.

They got Bills permission, when the train stopped at a wayside tank to water the horses, to ride on the roof of the box cars and the cab of the powerful engine, that they might get a better view of this marvellous country which was more like a painted scene from a theatre than real nature.

of the horses that were skipping liko cats from boulder to boulder. "Cowboys!" cried Stringy, clapping his hands in delight as the wild cavaleade came swooping down towards the train at a break-neck

towards the train at a break-neck gallop.

"Better not let those chaps hear you say so!" aid Bill, with a grim smile. "They faucy themselves a let more'n any compuncher. Those chaps have the power o' life and death on the border. They are the famous Texan Rangers!"

With a yell and a rush and a clatter the Rangers dashed up to the car, reining their horses back suddenly from a wild gallop to a dead stand.

The hoys gasped. They had never

dead stand.

The boys gasped. They had never seen riding like this, not even in a circus. The mob, eighty strong, had come to a standstill as though they had suddenly been turned by magic into bronze statues.

With a simultaneous tinkle of silver spurs, they threw their reins on the necks of their horses, and slid to the ground.

"We got your whisper from Cy Sprague this mortain", Bill!" cried an enormous cowboy, who was apparently leader of, the party. "It was a rustle to get here in time. But here we are."

He looked inquiringly at the boys as he spoke.

"Some young friends of mine," explained Bill Rahse—"new recruits to the outfit. Boys, this is Kit Buckley, a good friend of mine!"

The leader of the Rangers swept off his broad-brimmed Stetson hat and bowed gravely. That was Kit Buckley's way. He had the manners of a prince, and was counted the deadliest quick shot on the border. His name counted little to the boys. They did not know who Kit Buckley was. But in three weeks they were to count his name amongst the herces of the world. And Kit was all that.

He was just one of the knights of eld come to life in Texas, and the atories of his daring deeds, his courliness, and his mstrellous, skill with horse and weapons were recrited round the camp-fires; of the Southern and Souts-Western Butsets like the legends of some laser of the olden times.

But the boys had little time to countend the two languages, left bring the first two compty cattle-trucks lined with earl-bags. Rifles were thrust five their own liands by Julius, and they were told to lie down on the roof of the leading box car in which the brakesman was posted.

They knew that the train would be attacked by Indians within the next sixty miles.

The train moved on through the sattering gloom, the rough track winding in and out of some jagged hills. They saw the two Rangers, left behind with the horses, awaing their hats as the string of cars rounded a then in the valley, and the waterlook was lest to sight.

The train moved on through the sattering glo

cliffs.

Of a sudden a red glare showed ahead, outlining the dense black masses of the overhanging rock.

There were three sharp blasts of warning from the engine-whistle as the powerful locomotive ground on her brakes, sending the sparks flying as she came sliding round a sharp curve.

her brakes, sending the sparks flying as she came sliding round a sharp curve.

She came to a standstill in the nick of time. The trestle bridge that spanned the gorge was burning. The rails came to a sudden end over a black abyss, in which they could hear the rush and tumble of a swift torrent.

The Smoke Indians had destroyed the Wind River Bridge.

Then from the darkness at the side of the track rose a terrible, deep-threated howl. A host of dark forms rose from amongst the rocks, and the cliffs echoed to the dread war-whoop of the Smoke Indians as they hurled themselves upon the train, swarming thick as bees on engine and tender and cars, as the boys, awaking as if from a dream, commenced to fire rapidly at the dodging, feathered warri

(Another magnificent long instal-ment of this grand serial in next Monday's issue of the Boys' Friend Order your copy in advance to avoid disappointment.)



"What you want?" demanded Julius Casser sternly of someone the boys could not see. "You move one single inch and I shoot!"
"Put up them guns, Ju," complained a weary voice. "You make me tired! Yaw! You make me weary! Gimme a strawberry jeulep and a couple o' long straws, and a pile o' crushed ice!"

Ju lowered the themurgles

and a couple o' long straws, and a pile o' crushed ice!"

Ju lowered the threatening muzzles of his sixes, and gave an "O-o-o-o-o-li!" of wonderment.

The boys, craning forward in the corridor, saw one of the filthiest-looking tramps they had ever seen in their lives. They had never seen an American hobo before—a real roadster. This was Weary Willy or Tired Tim in the flesh. A horrible, drink-sodden face, crowned by a mass of matted hair, showed beneath the brim of a battered straw hat, which boasted a grimed and filthy college riband. The man's clothes were a pile of rags. He swung himself up out of the night on to the platform of the parlour-car, crawling on his hands and knees.

He had apparently come from under the train.

"Mitth-—" began Lulius."

He had apparently come from under the train.
"Mistah—" began Julius.
But he cut off short as the tramp gave a meaning glance at the boys.
Ju swung himself into the pantry where, bolstering himself up against the swing of the racing train, he

one comprehensive glance as he passed them.

"Golly!" exclaimed Julius, following the tattered figure with awestricken eyes. "And to tink dat I nearly pulled off on him!"

"Who is he?" asked Stringy breathlessly. "Not Charlie Chaplin!" he added, with inspiration. "An' what a tramp!"

a tramp!"
Julius shook his head.
"Dat am no tramp, Massy Stringy,
Dat am a biggar card dan Charlie
Chaplin," he answered solemniy.
Then he lowered his voice to a
whisper.

whisper.

"Dat am Cy Sprague, de famousest 'tee in all America!" he muttered.

"Cy Sprague ob der N'York Police Bureau, greatest 'tee in de world. An' where you see Cy Sprague dero am gwine to be trouble!"

### The 4th Chapter. Attacked by Smoke Indians,

Attacked by Smoke Indians,
The boys saw no more of the tramp.
They retired to their beds, and slept
through the long, but night whilst the
train raced on. They were sleeping
when the train came to a suddlen
stop in a dense thicket of prickly-pear,
and the tramp, after a long, twohours' talk with Bill Ranse in the
parlour-car, dropped off into the
night as mysteriously as he had
boarded the train.

or smoke against the lemon-yellow sunset.

"Crikey! Look, there's a volcano!" he cried. "It's smokin!"

"It's a volcano of sorts, my boy," said Bill, in a sober tone; "and that smoke shows a pretty big fire. It is not the sort of volcano that you think it is, though. That is one of the signal lires of the Smoke Indians. They are clever at signalling that way, and that's where they get their name from. Look, and you will see the smoke shut off and come on again. They have their own code, like the Morse Code, and those puffs of smoke mean that they have spotted the train."

"And what does that mean, si?" asked Ted.

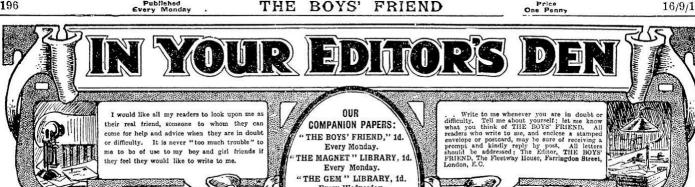
"It means that we shall be attacked to-night before we want

"And what does that mean, sir?" asked Ted.

"It means that we shall be attacked to-night before we get to Alhama City!" repited Bill Ranse. "Rosas has got wind of us already, and he means to stop this train getting through somehow. But forewarned is forearmed, and I'm getting a little surprise ready for them. It will be along directly. That is why we are waiting at this waterhole."

The words were hardly out of Bill's mouth when a wild storm of yells and whoops sounded from the hillside near by, and a crowd of mounted men burst out amongst the tumbled rocks as though they had popped up from the bowels of the earth.

Regardless of broken ground and of the rocks, they came racing down the hillside, swinging in their saddles as though they were part and parcel."



### A REALLY CREAT SERIES!

AM quite expecting to receive hundreds of letters praising our great new see of stories in-troducing Derrick Brent, the Schoolmaster Detective, and Tom and Teddy Rawdon, his two boy

assistants.

At any rate, I shall be extremely disappointed if I don't, for I consider that Victor Nelson's stories are the best of their kind that have ever been written. They are full of thrill and excitement, and the plot of each yarn is a deep and well-thought-out one.

I have read countless boxing stories in my time, but in my opinion not one of them is worthy of as much praise as "The Great Boxing Mystery!" which appears in this issue. It is a well-written story, with an ingenious plot, and I am sure that it will meet with the approval of all my chauns.

my chums.

Next Monday's issue of the Boys
FRIEND will contain another rattling FRIEND will contain another rathing fine story, introducing Derrick Brent and his two assistants. The title of this story is

### "THE CLUE OF THE PIERCED WATCH!

watch!!"
and from start to finish it is an amazing story. The clue which Derrick
Brent receives is a most ackeder one;
but, bringing his great detective
powers into action, he is successful in
bringing a most desperate criminal
to justice. Will you tell all you
rehums about this grand new series of
stories? I want every British boy
to make the acquaintance of Derrick
Brent and Tom and Teddy Rawdon,
for they are characters everyone will

for they are characters everyone will like.

Needless to say, next Monday's issue of the Boys' Friend will contain another magnificent story of Jimmy Silver & Co., the Rockwood chums. The title of this grand tale is

### "THE COLONIAL SCHOOLBOY."

"THE COLONIAL SCHOOLBOY."

For many months now m yreaders have been writing to me, asking me to persuade Mr. Owen Conquest to introduce a South African boy into the Rockwood stories. I talked the matter over with Mr. Conquest, and he readily consented to adopt the suggestion. The result is that m next Monday's eplendid stery of Jimmy Silver & Co. a South African schoolboy makes his appearance at Rookwood.

Townsend and Topham meet the new boy at the station, and attempt to rag him. However, the Colonial schoolboy proves one too many for the cads of Rookwood. Arrived at the school, Higgs, the bully, comes into contact with the new follow, with disastrous results to Higgs. A stand-up fight takes place, and Higgs experiences the discomfiture of being soundly defeated.

The Colonial schoolboy is a real good sort, and you, like Jimmy Silver & Co., will, I feel sure, take a great fancy to him. At any rate, you should not miss reading this splendid tale of the Rookwood chims.

Next Monday's issue will also contain the third article in our great series of articles on the Air Service. The title of this article is

### 'THE INITIAL FLIGHT,"

and it gives you some more useful information about the life of an air-

here will be another thrilling long instalment of

"THE RED RAIDERS!"

By Duncan Storm, in next Monday's number, and the instalment of

"TREASURES OF THE DEEP!" By Maurice Everard,

is quite one of the best which has appeared so far. If you want to make sure of reading this grand budget of fiction, you should pop round to your newsagent and order your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance. That is the only safe way of avoiding disappointment.

### THE "BOYS' FRIEND" TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION-No. 20.

The correct reading of the twentieth Boys' Finesd picture puzzle is as follows:

One day a mother crab scelded her daughter, and with rage ordered her to walk less awkwardly. "Wellmother," said the small crab, "I walk as gracefully as I can: but if you would have me go otherwise, then please teach me by your own example how you would have me walk."

One competitor sent in a perfectly correct solution, and thus wins the First Prize of £1:

LEONARD WILSON

orrece son.
irst Prize of £1:

LEONARD WILSON,
8, Princess Avenue,
Blackpool.

Tuck Hampers have been awarded to the following six competitors in order of merit:

Every Wednesday.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND " 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY. "THE PENNY POPULAR."

Every Friday. CHUCKLES," PRICE 3d Every Friday.

(9)

John Collins, 7, Tower Street,
Harregate, Yorks: Thomas Edwards 55, May Street, Cathays,
Cardiff: Cecil H. Parker, 25, Monteagle Avenue,
Barking, Fescex;
Richard Stoyles, 5, Alexandra Road,
Torquay: Cecil Townsend, 5, Queen's
Road, Srirling, Scotland;
J. J.
Hayes, ill, Co. Waterford.

### BOOKS FOR ALL.

Once again I would draw my chuns' attention to the magnificent issues of the Boys' FRIEND Library which are now on sale. The charge made for these books is only three-pence, and cach one contains an 80,000-word complete story as good as a three-and-sixppmy novel.

Here are the titles of this month's sues of the Boys' FRIEND Library:

110. 345.

"BLACK AND WHITE!" A Splendid Long Complete Story of the Boxing Ring. By Arthur S. Hardy.

No. 346.

"SONS OF THE EMPIRE!" A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Adventure in the Wild West. By Brian Kingston,

No. 347.

"THE PRIDE OF THE POLICE!" A Grand Long Complete Story of the Metropolitan Police Force. By Andrew Gray.

No. 348.

"THE CAD OF THE FIFTH!" An Enthralling Story of School Life. By Henry St. John.

Don't forget the price of these books is only threepence cach, and they are on sale at all newsagents'.

BRIEF REPLIES.

6713 Ptc. A. Wardrobe, 73 Coy., M.G.C., B.E.F., France, would

READ THESE RULES VERY

CAREFULLY.

greatly appreciate the gift of an accordion or a mouth-organ. Will one of my chums oblige this needy Tommy?

Back numbers of the companion papers are needed by Sea Scott J. Bird, 38. Wensleydale Terrace, Blyth, Northumberland. Perhaps some of my chums will send on their old copies to Master Bird.

Miss P. Moore (London).—As space is so limited, I am afraid it is im-possible for me to publish a longer instalment of Mr. Dunean Storm's serial. However, I am very pleased to learn that this story makes such a strong appeal to you.

F. W. Smith (Luton).—For the information you require you should apply to your nearest recruiting-office.

A. E. Marchant (Forest Gate).— Write to the Civil Service Commis-sioners, Burlington House, Burlington Gardens, London, S.W. for the information you require.

"Glowboy."—Write to Messrs. Hugo, 33, Graccehurch Street, London, E.C., for the text-book you require on the French language.

B. A. Laffen (Golder's Green).—
Have taken careful note of your complaint. I am afraid, however, it is impossible, for me to adopt the arrangement your suggest. Why not proceed to axive copy of the BOYS FRIEND? This is the best way cut of the difficulty.

II. F. A. F. (Shepherd's Bush).— Very sorry, but "Pete's Boyhood!" is out of print.

"Spanish."—I should advise you to learn the French language, as I think it will be of more use to you than a knowledge of the Spanish language.

R. Webster (Derby).—Will consider your suggestion with regard to re-introducing Dan, Bob, and Darkey, Your suggestion concerning Mornington shall be conveyed to Mr. Owen Conquest. Rookwood is in Hampshire. Cannot say whether there are any boys from Derbyshire at Rookwood. Your suggestion concerning a B.F.C.C. shall be considered.

G. Clarke (West Australia).—Garnett Bell was entirely an imaginary character. The same applies to Jimmy Silver & Co. The boxer you mention is eighteen years of age. Do not think Dan and Darkey remember their surnames. You see, their parents died when they were quite young. Which is the best paperthe "Gem" or "Penny Popular"? Why not try them, and judge for yourself?

W. Sullivan (London).—Higgs is, I think, the oldest boy in the Fourth Form at Rookwood.

G. Pellender (Kingston).—I note your remarks concerning the Tom Belcher series. Sincerely trust our new series make a stronger appeal to you.

A. Spearey (Canada).—The characters you mention are entirely acters you imaginary.

Private C. Oakes, 5668, B Cov., 5 Platoon, 2.8 Worcester Regt., B.E.F., France, is in need of a set of boxing-gloves. Would one of my chums oblige this needy Tommy?

Jour Editor

# 

**NEW COMPETITION!** 

1st Prize, £1. SIX OTHER PRIZES AS TUCK HAMPERS.

I enter THE BOYS' FRIEND Tuck Hamper Competition No. 26, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Write carefully.

Can you read this Picture Puzzle Fable of the Lion and the Four Bulls?

This week your Editor is giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple little task. Adjoining this you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I myself wrote the original paragraph, and nny artist drew up the puzzle. The original paragraph is locked up in my safe, and the first prize of £1 will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my "par." Tho other prizes, which consist of hampers crammed full of most delicious "tuck," will be awarded to the readers whose solutions are next in order of merit. If there are ties for the money prize, this will be divided, but no reader will be awarded more than one share. Should more than six readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to. You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page. ind on this page.

Write your solutions in ink, on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon on this page, and pin to this, and address to "26th Tuck Hamper Competition, the Boys' Faien, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tucsday, September 19th, 1916.

Romember that your Editor's decision must be accepted in all matters concerning this competition as absolutely binding. as assonitely binding.

The result will appear in the Boys' FRIEND as soon as possible; but readers should remember that, apart from the time required for properly judging the competition, each week's issue of the Boys' FRIEND goes to press nearly three weeks before the date of publication. THEM TU EACH RN

# CO-OPERATO

A Magnificent Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

### CONQUEST.

### The 1st Chapter. War Profits,

Published Every Menday

Tupponee-halpenny;
Tubby Muffin of the Fourth
Form, made that remark, in tones of
sulphurous indignation, as he came
into the junior Common-room at
Bookwood.

tookwood.
"Tuppence-ha'penny!" he
cated. "Do you hear."
Jimmy Silver looked round.
"A-sk next door!" he suggested.
"Eh?"
"Don't you what Shakepeare says.—"

"Don't you" what Shake-speare says.—"
"Blow Shakespeare."
"Shakespeare says '- either a borrower nor a lender be "said Jimmy Silver severely. "Shat up!"
"You silly ass!" hooted Tubby Moffin. "I'm not trying to borrow tuppence-ha'penny. Ginger-pop has gone up. It's tuppence-ha'penny at the tuckshop now."
"Oh!"

the tuckshop now."
"Oh!"
"Tuppence-ha'penny!" repeated Tubby, in tones of thrilling indignation. "Old Kettle says it can't be sold for less. Fancy old Kettle joining the war profiters! I say, something ought to be done, you know." Leoks as if we shall be done, remarked Lovell. "Old Kettle is going it rather strong, though, with tarts twopence cach, and ginger-pop twopence-ha penny." "Everything's gone up, said Tubby lugnbriously. "I don't think they ought to have a war at all, when it makes the price of grub go up. Of course, I want to mop up Germany as much as anybedy, and colour their colonies red on the map, and all that, but when it comes to paying tuppence-ha'penny for ginger-pop, its really time to call a halt, you have I don't suppose Asquith forests within 1914."
"I don't suppose he did," grinned Raby. "You know what these poli-

I don't suppose Asquith foresaw that in 1914."

"I don't suppose he did," grinned Raby. "You know what these politicians are. They never think of the really important things."

"That's all very well." grunted the fat Classical. "But look here, what's going to be done? We shall starve at this rate."

"You look like starving," said Newcome sympathetically.

"I'm growing thin," said Tubby, with pathos in his voice. "I'm losing flesh. I know I am. We don't get enough to eat here. Bootles makes faces at a chap if he asks for a fourth helping."

"It isn't a laughing matter, said Tubby warmly. "A chap used to be able to eke it out at the tuckshop; but with prices going up all round, what's a chap to do? We might as well be blockaded like Gernany. If rotters are going to be allowed to charge us double for our rub it comes to the same thing."

might as well be blockeded like Germany. If rotters are going to be allowed to charge us double for our grub it comes to the same thing." "Well, something ought to be done," he remarked. "We ought to put our foot down, you chaps." "Can't be helped," said Lovell, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I believe war profitering is catching, like measles. Old Kettle's caught it."

"Chap naturally wants to make hay while the sun shines," remarked Leggett of the Fourth. "I'd do the

hay while the sun sinnes," remarked Leggett of the Fourth. "I'd do the same."

"Yes; I've no doubt you would," said Jimmy Silver, with a scornful glance at the cad of the Fourth.
"But you can't call it honest."

"Oh, rot' I suppose there wouldn't be a war at all if somebody didn't make a profit out of it," sneered Leggett.

"Oh, dry up! .ook here, you chaps. Old Kettle isn't a bad sort; but he's going past the limit, and he's got to be stopped," said Jimmy Silver. "I've got in idea for stopping him, too."

"Expound," said Levell.
"Suppose we go and tell him that if his prices don't go down to the level of Mrs. Wicks we won't deal with him any more.

"Rot!" said Townsend, "We can't go down to the village for our tuck. Too nuch fag."
"We could keep it up for a week, and that would give him a lesson," "Catch me," said Topham. "I'm!



dish Classicals, you know," said They thou had been we set wasped Tommy. "Oh, you can

not faggin' down to the village every time I want a bun to save a ha'-

penny."
"The ha pennies mount up in the

long run.
"I dare say you're short of hapennies," said Tophant loftily.
Jimmy Silver did not heed that re-

mark.
"Hands up for boycotting the school shop for a week!" he called

ut.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome put
p their hands. Oswald and Flynn up their hands. Oswald and Flynn followed suit.

But the rest of the Classical juniors

grinned nly grinned.
"Too much fag!" said Peele.
"Silly rot!" remarked Morning-

"Silve rot!" remarked Mornington.

Jimmy Silver grunted.

"Well, if you're not willing to help yourselves, you must expect to be swindled," he said.

"By the way, we'd better get our supper before the shop closes," grinned Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go down to the village for it," chuckled Townsend. "Perhaps Bulkeley will give you a pass out of gates—perhaps!"

"And perhaps it's worth a mile there and back to save tuppence," said Peele. "I suppose it is, if you're hard up for twopence."

"Oh, come on," said Jimmy Silver gruffly. And he left the Commonroom with his chums, leaving a general chortle behind him.

The Fistical Four crossed the dusky quadrangle to the school shop. Tubby Muffin was there, inhibiting the ginger-beer, which had cost him twopence-hallpenny.

Old Sergeant Kettle was behind the counter.

Jimmy Si gave his orders rather gruffly.

Schoolboy allowances did not go so far as they went, once upon a time, and funds had to be laid out with care.

"Ham's gone up," the sergeant re-

and funds had covered and funds from the funds gone up," the sergeant remarked casually. "It's another tuppence," "Oh, is it?" grunted Jimmy.
"And a pound of jam comes to another penny now."
"What for?"
"The war, you know," said Ser-

"The war, you know," said Ser-geant Kettle affably.

"Have the Germans captured the jam factories?"

"And bioater paste penny—"

"I suppose the German submarines have been expturing the bloaters?" said Jimmy Silver sareastically.

The sergeant did not seem to hear.

"And cheese is another apenny," he remarked. He set out the goods on the counter, and made a calculation. "Two and threepence for that lot, Master Silver."

"One and tenpence," said Jimmy Silver.

Silver.

"Two and threepence, please."
"One and tenpence," ro
Jimmy Silver.
The sergeant shrugged roared

"One and tenpence, roared Jimmy Silver.

The sorgeant shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, shell out, and let's get off, Jimmy," said Lovell. "I'm hungry, and it's close on bedtime."

"I'm shocked at you, sergeant, eaid Jimmy Silver. "You're an old soldier, too, and so you ought to know better."

"Prices have gone up, Master Silver," said the sergeant, unmoved.
"Buck up, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.
"We're not taking any," he said.
"Is that lot one and tenpence, sergeant?"
"No, it ain't. It's two and three-

"No. it ain't. It's two and three-

pence."

"Then you can keep it."

"Look here, Jinnny, we can't go down to Coombe at this time of night," exclaimed Raby. "It's too jolly late."

"We can go without."

"Oh, my hat!", said Jinnny resolutely. "If all the fellows were of my mind, they wouldn't touch another thing here till the prices were reasonable."

"But what about supper?" de-

other thing her till the prices were reasonable.

"But what about supper?" demanded Newcome.

"Biow supper!"

"But I'm hungry."

"My dear chap, you're going to be a soldier when you're eighteen, and then you'll have to stand lots of things. Nothing like going into training."

"Look here, I'm jolly well not going into training to do without meals," exclaimed Newcome. "Don't be a silly

"Yes; don't be a silly ass, Jimmy," urged Lovell.
"You fellows can please your-selves," said Jimmy, "Ym not taking any. You ought to back me

"Are you taking them things?" asked the sergeant stolidly.

asked the sergeant stolidly.

"No."

"Please yourself, Master Silver."

"Oh, you're an ass!" growled Lovell. "Let's get out. I suppose wo've got to back you up, you howling duffer!"

The Fistical Four left the tuckshop. Tubby Muffin followed them out, and caught Jinmy by the sleeve.

"I say, Silver—"

"Well, fatty?"

"You're not going to spend any money at the tuckshop—"

"No!" growled Jimmy.

"Then I've got an idea!"

"Well?"

"Lend it to me."

"Well?"
"Lend it to me."
"End it to me."
"En it want it, you know, as you're going without your supper. I'd rather not go without mine, so you can lend me the tim—yarocoods!"
Tubby Muffin found himself sitting down suddenly in the quad, and the Fistical Four walked ou and left him

### The 2nd Chapter.

The 2nd Chapter.
Co-operative.
"I've got it!"
Jimmy Silver uttered that exclamation suddenly at tea in the end study the next day.
His eyes were glistening.
Evidently a wheeze was working in the fertile brain of the captain of the Fourth.

the fertile brain to the Fourth.

"Well, what is it?" yawned Lovell.

"Pass the jam first."

"If you want a thing don, it's always best to do it yourself," said Jimmy.

"That's what we're going to do."

Jimmy. "That's what we're going to do."
"Eh?" said Lovell blankly.
"Old Kettle is weishing us because he's got the only supply of tuck in the school." went on Jimmy. "I suppose he thinks he can make hay while the can shines. It suits him, but it doesn't suit us. It's no good grambling at shopkeepers who put up prices. The only thing is to take it out of their hands."

"Take what out of their hands, fat-

197

'ake what out of their hands, lathead?"
"Shopkeeping."
"Shush-shush-shopkeeping!"
stuttered Lovell.
"Exactly."
Jimmy Silver's chums starad at

him.
"Are you thinking of opening a shop?" demanded Lovell at last, with

shop?" demanded Lovell at ass, crushing sarcasm.

Jimmy Silver nodded calmly.
"Vag."

"Yes."
"Opening a shop?" yelled Raby.

Certainly."
You howling ass!"

"Certainly."

"You howling ass!"

"You howling ass!"

"You howling ass!"

"You howling ass!"

"If you must say these funny things, send 'em to 'Chuckles,' and get half-acrown for 'em!"

"Lend me your care, my sons," said Jinmy Silver cheerfully. "I'm not talking out of my hat. Pve been thinking it out. Old Kettle is bitten with the war-profit fever, and he's beginning to weish us. Well, all we've got to do is to open a stores."

"On co-operative principles."

"Ge-co-operative principles."

"Ge-co-operative principles."

"Only "cjaculated Raby. "Only money! Why don't you suggest that we all become millionaires and peers—it only needs money—only that!"

"The money having been raised, we can—"

we can

"The money having been raised, we can—"
"But how are you going to raise the money?"
"For goodness' sake don't waste time diseasing small details, Raby. We can settle that afterwards. The money having been raised, we order the goods from a wholesale firm, and they come down in a big consignment. We open the shop—say, in the box-room."
"The Box-room Co-operative Stores, Limited," suggested Lovell sarcastically.
"The Rookwood Co-operative Supply Stores," said Jimmy Silver calmly. "Everybody takes shares in the—"
"Tuck?"
"No, ass—the business. You com?

"Tuck?"

"No, ass—the business. You compand buy your own goods, you know, and all profits are divided in the form of dividends at the end of the financial year. My dear children, there are co-operative stores all over the country, and they flourish, toe. You save all the middlemen's profits—that's why middlemen are so down on them. You eliminate the middleman."

"You what him."
"You've been reading that in a paper or something," said Lovell suspiciously.

"Ahem! I may have see... an article about congressive stores, and

"You've been reading that in a paper or something," said Lovell suspiciously.

"Alem! I may have see, an article about co-operative stores," said Jimmy. "What does a chap read for, except to learn things? Why, if everybody joined a co-operative stores, all the middlemen who make profits would have to work for their living. I dere say they could be put on munitions, and help on the war. Suppose we buy a jam-tart wholesale for a ha'penny—"

"You can't buy one jam-tart wholesale for a ha'penny one jam-tart wholesale. That's retail," said Lovell, with a shake of the head.

Jimmy Silver glared.

"Fathead! I'm putting that as a case. You buy a jam-tart wholesale for a ha'penny, or, say, three-farthings in war time, and in your co-operative stores you sell it at a penny. The purchaser saves the other penny he would give to the common or garden shopkeeper, and there's a farthing also to be whacked out in dividends."

"That wouldn't be much for each chap."

"That wouldn't be another chap."

"Br-r-r The whole business won't consist in selling one jam-tart, you remain the prussian-headed chump!" howled Jimmy Silver. "We may have a turn-over of thousands, perhaps millions."

"Make billions," suggested Rahv.

Raby.
"Why not trillions?" said New-come heartily.

stores, and an profits—if any.
"My hat!" "The capital-

"If any!" said Tommy Dodd. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hany: salt Johns Jood.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The capital will be expended in the purchase of tuck at wholesale prices. I know a place in Rookham where we can get the stuff. All members of the company will subscribe half-a-crown!"

"What rot!" said Mornington.
"Bloated millionaires needn't apply." said Jinmy, with a glance of disdain at the dandy of the Fourth. "Fellows who aren't recking with money can join the company."

"Not a bad idea," said Tommy Dodd approvingly. "I suppose you want a Modern chap to manage the concern?"
"No jolly fear!"

concern?"
"No jolly fear!"
"You don't mean to say you think
a Classical chap could run it?"
oxclamed #famy ura-tonishment
"Shut up. you Modern assi-roared Lovell.

"Order!"
"The manager will have to have some sense, you know," explained Jimmy Silver. "Under the circumstances, no Modern need apply for the job!"

once.
Tommy Dodd jumped on a chair.
"Gentlemen, I put it to the faceting that the management is placed entirely in Modern hands!"
"Hear, hear!"
"Shut up!"
"Get down!"
"Hooray!"

in a roar at

"Rats!" "Go home!"

"Hooray
"Yah!"

"Oh!" The combat ceased.

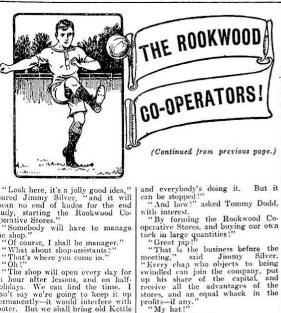
grim frown.

Dusty and dishevelled youths glared at one another, and blinked at the master of the Fourth.

Mr. Bootles surveyed them with a grim frown.

"Every boy present will take two hundred lines!" he rapped out. "Now disperse to your studies at once, and remain there till bedtime!" The meeting was over!

The Moderns



"Look here, it's a jolly good idea," roared Jinmy Silver, "and it will mean no end of kudos for the end study, starting the Rookwood Cooperative Stores."

"Somebody will have to manage the shop."

operative Stores."
"Somebody will have to manage the shop." so the shop and the shop are the sho

"In shares, say, of half-a-crown each. That will be forty members, A half-crown won't hurt a chap. And, mind, we shall get as much tuck wholesale for five quid as we get from old Kettle for ten."

wholesale for five quid as we get from old Kettle for ten."

"Something in that," agreed Lovell, "and it will be one in the eye for the greedy old Hun, anyway."

Jinmy Silver jumped up,
"Buck up with your tea," he said.
"We want to get this going. Strike the iron while it's hot, you know."

Lovell & Co. grinned at one another. It was a rule in the end study to back up Uncle James' schemes, whatever form they took.

Lovell & Co. were of opinion that Uncle James was biting off more than he could chew this time; but they were prepared to back him up.

And immediately after tea a meeting of the Fourth Form was called in the Common-room to hear Uncle James expound his views.

### The 3rd Chapter. A Difference of Opinion,

"What the dickens is it all about?"

"What the dickens is it all about?" yawned Mornington.
"Some rot of Jimmy Silver's," said Townsend.
"We won't go," remarked Peele.
Mornington shook his head.
"Yes, we'll go, and beckle him."
"Good idea!" chorused the nuts of the Fourth; and Mornington & Co. proceeded to the junior Common-room, where Classicals and Moderns were gathering in force.
Tommy Dodd & Co, had come over from the Modern side on hearing of the Form meeting. They had the impression that it was something to do with football. All the fellows excepting the end study were in the dark, so far.

The room was crowded with

The room was crowded with Classicals and Moderns when Jimmy Silver and his chums came in. Jimmy Silver jumped on a chair, "Gentlemen of the Fourth—" he

began

Hear, hear!" bawled

Dyally.

"This meeting has been called to deal with an important matter, affecting Classicals and Moderns alike.

The country is at war with Germany.

inany—"
"You don't say so!" ejaculated
Tommy Dodd, with a look of surprise,

Tommy Dodd, with a 100k or and there was a chuckle.
"Shut up, you Modern bounder! Owing to the state of war, lots of

"Shut up, you Modern bounder!"
Owing to the state of war, lots of
rotters have been putting up prices!"
"Go hon!"
"Old Kettle, who keeps our shop,
has followed the lead of the shipowners and other nefarious
characters—" characters-

characters—"Tuppence-ha'penny for a ginger-pop!" interjected Tubby Muffin.
"And it's time he was brought to his senses," said Jimmy. "It's no good blaming people for doing these things. It's in the air at war-time,

The Ath Chap:
Geing Strong!

Jimmy Silver was not easily discouraged. The next day he was a keen as ever on the subject of the Rookwood Co-operative Society. The Moderns were "out of it." but the fact that Tommy Dodd & Co. had ragged on the subject made the Classicals all the more ready to follow Jimmy's lead.

The Classical Fourth agreed that they would carry out the scheme, if only to show the Moderns what was what, and who was who.

In the end study, after lessons, details were arranged.

The Fistical Four were the first shareholders in the new concern. Oswald and Flynn and Rawson and Hooker and Jones minor and Dickinson caune next, and Higgs and Tubby Muffin, the last-named borrowing the necessary cash from 'himny Silver. Other fellows followed suit, only Mornington & Co. keeping out. The lofty Morny declined to follow any-body's lead but his sown, and the nuts generally snifled at Jimmy Silver's co-operative society.

Jimmy Silver expounded the co-operative principles most eloquently to his followers, and his followers loyally agreed that it was a ripping idea, and more especially that it would be one in the eye for the Moderns if it was a success.

That it would be a success was a foregone conclusion, according to Jimmy Silver, on the principle that the end study never made mistakes.

There were fifteen shareholders to begin with, and each of them subscribed five shillings, which made as sum of three pounds fifteen shillings.

There were fifteen shareholders to begin with, and each of them subscribed five shillings, which made as sum of three pounds fifteen shillings.

Later, when the profits ralled in, the dividends could be invested in the business, and it could be conducted on a larger scale.

Ludeed, the ambitious Jimmy was already scheming to make the Rook.

business, and it could be conducted on a larger scale.

Indeed, the ambitious Jimmy was already scheming to make the Rookwood Cooperative Stores a permanent institution, with a man in charge, and tuck at reasonable prices till the end of the war.

Out of the huge profits an attendant's wages could be paid, as Jimmy explained to the somewhat sceptical end study.

Loyell \$\frac{1}{2}CO\_0 had their doubts, but have very norms in Ref.

Jimmy had to be given his head, anyway.

Fifteen fellows bud put down their names as shareholders for a subscription of five shillings each, and the Fistical Four had actually handed in the money, with an extra five shillings from Jimmy as Muffin's share.

But the rest of the subscriptions were a little difficult to collect.

Fellows who entered quite keenly into the scheme found that they were a little short of tin, and several shareholders showed a disposition to invest on the same lines as Tubby Muffin.

But the energetic Jimmy dunned them without mercy, and the money was gradually shelled out, in some cases the shillings being extracted like teeth.

It was a proud moment for Jimmy "Hooray!"

"Yah!"

Moderns and Classicals were evidently divided upon that point. Lovell dragged Tommy Dodd off the chair, and they rolled on the floor together.

Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle rished to the rescue, and Jimmy Silver & Co. piled in, and in less than a minute a terrific combat in the Common-room.

The object of the meeting had unfortunately been lost sight of in the general excitement.

Instead of the establishment of the Rookwood Co-operative Society, the affair had become a rag between Moderns and Classicals.

Mornington & Co. strolled out of the Common room, grinning. Rags were not in their line.

But a dozen or more juniors were engaged in deadly strife, and there was a terrific uproar of shouting and yelling and trampling of feet.

In the midst of the din Mr. Bootles rustled in.

"Cease this disturbance at once!" shouted Mr. Bootles.

"Oh!"

The combat ceased. was a proud moment for Jimmy Silver when the three pounds fifteen—an imposing sum—lay on the study table.

That same day Jimmy Silver cycled over to Rookham, to make his arrangements with the wholesale firm there.

Here.

He came back in cheerful spirits.

He came back in cheerful spirits.

Formmy Dodd & Co. met him as he wheeled his bike in at the gates.

"Well, how's the co-op society going on?" Tommy Dodd asked "able".

ttably,
"Ripping!"
"You don't want a Modern
nanager?"

"Thanks, no! We want it to be a success, you know."
"How many terms will it take you to raise the capital?" Tommy Dodd wanted to know.
Jimmy Silver chuckled.
"The capital's raised, my son, and spent," he said. "Tve just done the trick, and to-morrow afternoon we get the stuff."
"Gammon!"

get the stuff," morrow afternoon we "Gammon!"
"Well, you'll see, said Jimmy.
"Three pounds fifteen worth of best tuck; we get it by the carrier to-morrow afternoon, and Smith & Co, pay for delivery. What do you think of that?"
"You're really making."

of that?"

"You're really making it go!" said
Tommy Dodd admiringly.

"And we sell at half tuckshop
prices," said Jimmy, "fifty per
cent, on the prices for non-members;
but you'll save money by dealing
with us. You can take shares if you
like under the best Classical
management,
"Bow-wow!"

"Rate. Jimmy Silver wheeled his bike on, and the three Tomnies looked at one another.

"Looks like being a success, after all," said Tommy Dodd thoughtfully. "Those Classical asses will be crowing over us if it turns out all right."

"This is where we take a back seat," remarked Tommy Cook.

"No, we don't!" said Dodd emphatically. "We've offered Jimmy Silver to come into the firm, under Modern management. We couldn't say fairer than that. Well, it's up to us to knock it on the head."

"But how?" said Dovle. "I can tell you the Modern chaps will all be dealing with them soon. They won't pay higher prices at the tuckshop if they can help it.

"It will be a regular corker," said Cook. "We ought to have thought of it, Tommy. We're put in the shade this time."

"It won't be a success," said

of it, Toniny, We're put in the shade this time."

"It won't be a success," said Toniny Dold decidedly. "Under Modorn management it might be. But those Classicals can't manage anything. Suppose they have to open their giddy stores without any tuck?"

"But it's coming to-morrow."

"The carrier's going to deliver it,"

"But it's coming to-morrow."

"But it's coming to-morrow."

"The carrier's going to deliver it," said Tommy Dodd. "Suppose he delivered it to the wrong chaps."

"Eh;"

"U's, for example!"

"Us, for example!"
"Ch!"
"That's the idea," said Tommy
Dodd. "They can't run a co-operative stores without anything to sell."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"We take possession of the tuck,"
pursued the Modern leader. "We let
Jimmy Silver have it back on condition that there is a majority of
Moderns on the managing committee to—to ensure success, you
know. If he doesn't agree—"
"Ha, ha! He won't."
"Well, if he doesn't, we confiscate
the tuck.—"

"Well, if he doesn't, we confiscate the tuck.——"
"Confiscate it!" ejaculated Cook.
"Certainly. In war, you know, you seize the enemy's supplies when you can. Well, we're at war with the Classicals, I wuppose?"
"Of course we gre," said Tonnny Cook heartily. "Why, it would make a' stunning feed for all the Modern Fourth."

Fourth.

"Exactly. We'll give Silver a chance first to do the sensible thing. If he refuses, we confiscate the grub, as—as contraband of war, you "kia, ha. ha."

"The three Tombies chortled over the little plot. Needless to say, they did not mention it in the hearing of the Classicals.

the Classicals.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were looking forward keenly to the delivery of the tuck on the morrow afternoon, which was a half-holiday. The three Tommies were looking forward to it with equal keenness.

### The 5th Chapter.

The 5th Chawter.
Contraband 1
Tubby Muffin looked anxiously from the school gates.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and that afternoon the carrier from Rookham was to deliver the supplies for the Rookwood Co-operative Society. Half an hour before tea-time the stores were to open in the box-room, with the Fistical Four in charge. The carrier was not expected to arrive till half-past two at the earliest; but immediately after dinner Tubby Muffin was on the watch, like Sister Anne, at the gate. The packing-case would be impervious to Tubby's greedy fingers, certainly: but, at least, he could feast his eyes upon it. He hoped, too, to be enlisted to help set out the goods in the box-room stores. In that case, some of the goods were certain to disappear before the shop opened.

While Tubby was watching the

certain to disappear before the shop opened.

While Tubby was watching the road, the three Tommies came out with Towle, another Modern. The four Moderns grinned at the fat Classical, and Doyle playfully knocked his cap off, and they walked away up the road towards Rookham.

Tubby Muffin snorted and fielded his cap, and looked after the Moderns. They were grinning and alking together as they walked up the road.

Tommy Dodd's plan was already cut and dried; it was simple and efficient, as became the plans of a great general.

A quarter of a mile from Rookwood the four Moderns stopped in the leady lane, and waited.

The carrier's car: from Rookham came rumbling along at last.

Tommy Dodd detached himself from a grassy bank, stepped into the middle of the road, and held up his hand.

Old George, the carri

hand.
Old George, the carri ancient horse to a halt.
"Stop!" said Tommy
"Good-afternoon, George!" his Dodd.

Afternoon, Master Dodd! What's the matter?"
"We've come to meet yeu, George," said Tommy Dodd affably, "You've got a case for Rookwood in that cart, I think?"
"Yes,"

Addressed Jimmy Silverwhat

"Yes, Master Dodd.
"That's right! It's been decided not to have it sent to the school, after all; we've come to take charge of it."

of it."

Old George blinked at the junior.

"That ain't allowed, Master Dodd," he said, in his slow way.

"I got to deliver that there packing-case at the porter's lodge, and 'ave a receipt for it."

"I'll give you a receipt. George.

"Tain't the same thing, Must Dodd."

"The fact is a said."

Dodd."

"The fact is, said Tommy seriously, "that packing-case contains contraband of war, George,"

"Loramussy" said George,

astonishment.

"Fact, I assure you." While Tonny Dodd was talking Cook and Doyle and Towle were climbing into the carrier's cart from behind, old George being quite ignorant of that circumstance. "You're liable to heavy penalties, George, for running the blockade in this way, with supplies for the enemy."

"Lawks!" si'd the George. astonishment.

supplies for the enemy."

"Lawks!" so'd the
George.

"In fact, you're liable to be tried
by a court-martial of Moderns,
under the Offence to Classicals Act,
and severely bumped for a period not
exceeding three months, without the
option of a fine."

"Haw, haw!" said George.

"Under the circumstances, as you
have broken the blockade in ignorance, George, we shall let you off,
but the contraband goods must be
handed over at once."

"You gerrout of the way, Master
Dodd, and lemme drive on!" said
old George, grinning. "I got to
take that there packing-case to
Rookwood."

Bump!

Rookwoon.

Bump!
Old George started round in astonishment. Cook and Doyle and Towle had found the case, and coolly bumped it over the tail-board into

bumped it over the tail-board into the road.

"You young raskils!" roared the carrier. "You put that there case into the cart agin! You 'ear me?"

Togray Dodd stepped gaide.

"If you refuse to hand your the

"If you refuse to hand over the code on the voluntary principle, leorge, compulsion will be applied," he said. "You don't want to be

George, compulsion will be applied. lie said. "You don't want to be bumped. I suppose?"
Old George blinked at him. Certainly the ancient carrier would not have been much use in "scrapping" with four juniors.
"Look 'cre—" he began.
"Here's your receipt," said Tommy Dodd.

The old carrier mechanically took the paper Tommy passed up to him. It ran:

"This is to certify that a consignment of contraband goods, intended for the enemy, has been taken possession of, according to the laws of war, by the Modern Forces.

"(Signed) Thomas Dopp,
"Commander-in-Chief" Modern Forces.

"My heye!" gasped old George.
"Hand that to Jimmy Silver, and he will understand," said Tommy Dodd cheerfully. "Now drive on!"
Tommy started the old horse, and the carrier's cart rumbled on, old George sitting there in a state of dazed astonishment.
The Moderns gathered round the packing-case in great glee.
"This is where we smile!" grinned Tommy Dodd.
"Ifa, he, ha!"
"If say, it's jolly heavy!" remarked Towle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I say, it's jolly heavy!" remarked Towle.
"We haven't got to carry it, fathead. We'll shove it into the trees and hide it while we're making terms with Jimmy Silver. If he doesn't agree to our terms—"
"Ha, ha!"
"Then we'll bring out the Modern Fourth to a pienie."
The four Moderns yelled with laughter at the idea. They seized the big ease, and, by combined efforts, dragged it out of the road into the wood, where they proceeded to conceal it. And they were so busy that they did not observe a pedgy youth who was watching them from a distance, with eyes wide open with astonishment and wrath.

### The 6th Chapter. Tommy Dodd Does Not Score,

Jinmy Silver & C were at the gates to meet the carrier when he arrived. Jinmy's filver's feelings

when Temmy Dodd's "receipt hunded to him can be more easily imagined than described.

"The Moderns have scoffed the tuck!" he roared.

"Oh, my hat!" said Lovell. "You Timmy."

nuck!" he roared.
"Oh, my hat!" said Lovell. "You Jimmy!"
"You fathend!" said Raby and Newcome together.
"How could I help it, you duffers?" exclaimed Jimmy indignantly.
"Well, you're manager, ain't you?"
"Oh, rats! Look at that!"
The Classical chums looked at the receipt signed by the commander-inchief of the Medern forces.
"The checky beast!" growled Lovell.
"The Modern worm!"
"The awful rotter!"
"What on earth will the chaps say"! gasped Lovell. "The co-operative society will have something to say to, you about this, Jimmy. Those Medern beasts will soeff the let!"
"Wot about it. Master Silver!"
sked old George. "Is it of right, or ism I to go to the 'Bad about it?"
"Oh, it's all right!" said Jimmy Silver hastly. "This—this receipt is quite in order. Nothing to worry wild old George cautiously.

bout."
"You put that down in writing,"
said old George cautiously.
Jimmy Silver did so, and the carrier
went on his way satisfied.
"Must play the game." said Jimmy,
as his chums glared at him. "It's
only what we night have done to the
Moderns if they'd had the brains to
think of starting a co-operative
stores."

think of starting stores."

"What's the good of a co-operative stores without any grub?" demanded Raby.

"I—I say. Silver——"
Tubby Muffin came, panting and perspiring, down the road.

"Oh, go and cat coke!" said Jimmy crossly.

"Don't you bother now, crossly. "Don't you bother now, Tubby!"
"I-I say, the Moderns—they've got it!" gasped Tubby.
"I know that!"
"They're hiding the packing-case in the wood!"

"I know that!"

"They're hiding the packing-case in the wood!"

Jinmy Silver jumped.
"You've seen them?" he exclaimed. Tubby panted.
"Yes, ve seen them?" he exclaimed. Tubby panted.
"Yes, rather. I trotted along to meet the carrier, as he was late, and saw the beasts. They're sticking the packing-case in the wood, and covering it up with branches and things. And I know just where they're pating it," trilled Tubby triumphantly, "Yarooh! Wharrer you ab?"
"Yarooh! Wharrer you ab?"
"Yow-wow!"
"Yow-wow!"
"Call the chaps!" rapped out Jinmy "We'll have that packing-case back before the Moderns know where they are. Get a dozen chaps, and we'll mop them up!"
"Hurrah!"

In a few minutes Oswald and Flynn and Higgs and three or four more

where they are. Get a dozen chaps, and we'll mop them up!"

"Hurrah!"

In a few minutes Oswald and Flynn and Higgs and three or four more fellows were gathered. The indignation of the Rookwood co-operators knew no bounds when they learned rhat their supplies had been seized by the enemy as contraband of war.

Jimmy Silver led the way, and the Classicals started up the road, with Tubby Muffin as guide. Tubby had done the distance once at top speed, and he grunted and gasped as Jimmy urged him on. But as Jimmy had hold of his fat ear, it was impossible for Tubby to slacken down.

Jimmy Silver & Co. reached the wood, and Tubby Muffin led them triumphantly to the spot where he had watched the raiders concealing the packing-case.

The case was certainly well hidden, and, but for Tubby's guidance, the Classicals would certainly have had no chance of uncarraining it.

As it was, however, they found it without difficulty, and the branches and twigs were dragged away, and the prize revealed.

"Good luck!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "You're worth your weight in currency notes, Tubby! Jolly lucky you have such a nose for grub!"

"I—I say, we'd better open it!" and Tubby cagerly. "I'm hungr.

"Get it up on your shoulers, said linumy "We cau carry it amone."

"Get it up on your shoulders, said immy. "We can carry it among Jimmy.

Jimmy. "We can carry is among its."

"Shurrup! I'll stand you half a dozen tarts when the shop opens." said Jimmy. "Now, get under this sase, and shu up!"

The case was big and heavy, but there were plenty of carriers. In great triumph, the Classicals bore it down the road to Rookwood.

There was a howl as they carried it in at the gates.

Tommy Dodd and nearly all the

Tommy Dodd and nearly all the Modern Fourth were coming down from Mr. Manders' House, just ready to start out for the picnic.

Tommy Dodd could scarcely believe his eyes as the Classicals marched in with the packing-case, and dumped it down at the porter's lodge.

"They—they—they found gasped Tommy, "How did you find it, you rotters?" roared Cook.

Published Every Monday

"How did you find it, you rotters?" roared Cook.
"Ha, ha, ha
"Oh, you can't dish the Classicals, you know" said Jinmy Silver coolly.
"We simply walked straight to the place and picked it up."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Somebody must have stuttered Tommy Dodd.
"He, he, he "; cackled Tubby.
"You're done, you' rotters! I was watching you all the time. He, he, le!"
The Moderus looked at one another

watching you all the time. He, he, he!"

The Moderus looked at one another in a sickly way. The pienic was off-very much off. The packing-case was safe in the porter's lodge, and there it could not be raided. And old Mack, with the assistance of Jünny Silver & Co., bore it away to the box-room on the Classical side.

"Done" growled Tommy Dodd.

And what about the pienic?" demanded Leggett.

"Oh, go and eat said Tommy Dodd erossly.

The pienic was off, and for some minutes the disappointed Moderns

snack," said Tubby. "Still, if you like to lend me a bob, Morny.—" "Bow-wow! Why don't you help yourself?" suggested Mornington. The dandy of the Fourth winked at his chums. "You're really entitled to

it."

The nuts grinned. If Tubby Muftin could be started on the tuck, there was not likely to be much left for the cooperative stores at tea-time.

"I can't get at it," sighed Tubby.

"I can't get at it," sighed Tubby.
"The beass has got the key in his

pocket."
"Unjust, I call it!" said Morning-ton scriously, "We ought to help Muffin somehow, you chaps. We ought to see him righted."
"Just what I think!" said Tubby cagerly. "Suppose you lend me a bob

"Old Mack has keys to all the rooms," said Mornington. "Juniors ain't allowed to lock up the box-rooms and take away the keys. If you mentioned to Mack that somebody has locked the Fourth box-room, he'd lend you a key."

Tubby shook his head.
"Not unless I tipped him," he said,
"and I'm stony."

"Well, I think we ought to see you rough, Tubby," said Mornington oughtfully. "I'll go and speak to "Well, I think we ough to see you through, Tubby," said Mornington thoughtfully, "I'll go and speak to Mack, if you like," "Good eeg!" said Tubby heartily, Mornington sauntered away to the porter's lodge.

nuts. And he hardly realised that the whole supply was gone before he had finished the last one. Taturally, Tubby was thirsty. Ginger-pop was soon popping merrily

Ginger-pop was soon popping merrily.

The number of bottles of ginger-pop Tubby found himself able to consume was extraordinary.

Then a big fruity cake tempted him, and he fell.

After that, he made no further effort to resist temptation. He was no more capable of temperance than a pig in clover.

It was the chance of a lifetime for Tubby Muffin, and he set himself to the task of travelling through the packing-case with heroic determination. And the progress he made was really astounding.

### The 8th Chapter. Nothing Doing!

Jimmy Bilver & Co. came in warm and ruddy from the river. It was close on tea-time, and a good many fellows were waiting for Jimmy to come in. It was high time the Co-operative Stores opened in the box-room.

the Co-operative Stores opened ...
hox-room.
"Waiting for you," growled Higgs, "I'm ready for tea, When is that dashed shop going to open?"
"Call this attending to business, you omadhauns?" asked Flyun.
"Come along," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "You can all lend a hand

the crowd of Classical juniors rushed

A heartrending sight m their

A heartrenting sign.

Tubby Muffin was stretched across a trunk, with a face like chalk, his round eyes staring wide, greating from the depths of his heart. Tubb was evidently in a bad way.

The juniors looked at the packing-case.

case.

A few bottles of ginger-beer, a few fragments of cake, a few small articles remained.

But the bulk of the supplies of the Rookwood Co-operative Society had vanished!

Rookwood Co-operative Society had vanished!

They gazed at the unhappy Tubby transfixed. Lovell found his ice first.

"That fat villain's scoffed the whole blessed lot!" he gasped.

"He-he can't have!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. "A-a beaconstrictor could hardly have done it!"

"But he has!" velled Raby.
"Tubby, you villain!"

"Muffin, you fat scoundr Groan!

strictor could hardly have done it!"

"But he has!" velled Raby.

"Tubby, you villain!"

"Muffin, you fat seound?

Groan!

Silver grasped the fat Classical by the shoulder, and shook him.

Tubby Muffin looked at him with lack-lustre eyes, and groaned deeply.

"Tubby "gasped Jimmy.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" meaned Tubby.

"Tub ying! Wow!"

"You've scoffed our grub!" velled Oswald. "All the bicsaed lot! What are we going to have for tea?".

"Bump him!"

"Scalp him!"

"Scalp him!"

"Scalp him!"

"Sumsh him!"

"Sumsh him!"

"The very of the care with me! Ow! Ow! Perhaps it was the tarts—or the doughnuts—or the cake—or the ginger-pop—or the lemonade—or the plums—or the oranges—or the apples—or the candy—or the saveloys—or——Yow-ow-wow!"

The infuriated Classicals gathered round Tubby Muffin. But Jimmy waved them back.

"Better call Bootles," he said.
"The fat beast is ill. I shouldn't wonder if he's going to be seriously ill. Don't touch him."

And the juniors, realising that the gornandising youth was undoubtelly ill—as was not to be wondered atforbore-to take vengeance. Mr. Bootles was eached, and he gazed at Tubby in horror.

"The disgusting boy has over catch himself!" he exclaimed. "But how did such a quantity of food come to be here, Silver?"

Jimmy Silver explained, and Mr. Bootles listened in amazement to the story of that great scheme of a junior co-operative society.

"Bless my soul!" was all he said.

The grouning, moaning Tubby was taken at once to the school santorium, and Mr. Boetles telephoned for the doctor. And then the shareholders of the Rookwood Co-operative Society grinly inquired of Jimmy Silver where their tea was to come from, a question which Jimmy found himself entirely unable to answer. From words the enraged shareholders proceeded to deeds, and when Jimmy escaped to the end study, and locked himself in, he was very dusty and dishevelled. And shareholders proceeded to deeds, and when Jinmy escaped to the end study, and locked himself in, he was very dusty and dishevelled. And even then furious shareholders bawled opprobrious remarks to him through the keyhole.

Tubby Muffin was missing from the Fourth-Form room for a fortnight; and in the sanatorium he had ample leisure to reflect upon his sins. The lessure to reflect upon his sins. The Rookwood Co-operative Society was also, as Lovell said, on the sick-list, When Jimmy Silver proposed to raise a fresh subscription and carry on the ripping scheme, the sharcholders fell upon him and bumped him till he

ripping scheme, the shareholders fell upon him and bumped him till he roared.

The Classical Fourth scened to be fed up with co-operation. But the matter having come to Mr. Bootles' knowledge, the Forn-master reflected on it, and mentioned it to the Head, who in turn had an interview with the sergeant, and that enterprising old gentleman's quest of war-profits came to a sudden end. Prices at the school shop ruled the same as in the village, and Jimmy Silver claimed that it was a triumph for the end study, in which Lovell and Raby and Newcome heartily agreed with him, if nobody clee did.

THE EXD

NEXT FRIDAY!

THE COLONIAL SCHOOLBOY! By OWEN CONQUEST. Don't Miss This Grand Story!



Tubby Muffin was stretch the supplies of the Rockwood "That fat villain's scoffed the d across a trunk, groaning from the Co-operative Society had vanished whole blessed lot!" gasped Lovell. depths of his heart. The bulk of inside Tubby's capacious stomach.

were busy in telling Tommy Dodd what they thought of him. And the three Tommies could only hide their diminished heads.

The 7th Chapter.
The Chance of a Lifetime.
Tubby Muffin grunted discontentedly.
Tubby was dissatisfied.
It could not be denied that Tubby had been instrumental in rescuing the property of the co-operative society from the hands of the enemy.
Yet Tubby was hungry, and the supplies were locked up in the box-room, and the key was in Jimmy Silver's pocket.

pocket.

It was in vain that Tubby had offered to stay in the box-room with the tuck and mind it, in case of any further attempts on the part of the enemy.

further attempts on the part of the enemy.

He joined Mornington & Co., when the nuts of the Fourth came out to get a little fresh air after playing bridge in the study. They grinned heartlessly when Tubby told his tale of woc. and replied unanimously "Rats!" when Tubby suggested that a small loan would tide him over rill tea-time.

"And I saved the tuck from the Moderns," said Tubby mournfully, "and now that awful beast Silver has locked it up. Just as II I couldn't be trusted with it, you know!"

"And, of course, you could!" grinned Mornington.

"Well, I think I'm entitled to a

He came back in a few minutes, and handed the key to Tubby.

"It's got to be taken back," he said. "You'd better open the door, and give me back the key."

"Right-to!"

Tubby Muffin's feet fairly flew on the way to the box-room at the end of the Fourth-Form passage.

He unlocked the door, and leaving the key in the outside of the lock, boited in.

Mornington coolly locked the door

Mornington coolly locked the door after him, and extracted the key.
"I'll take this back to Mack," he remarked. "Isn't it a pleasure to make a dear schoolfellow happy, you

fellows?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the nuts.
Within the box-room there was a sound of cracking wood. Tubby Muffin was already busy on the packing-case.
Tubby, to do him justice, intended to take only the six jam-tarts Jimny Silver had promised him.
But to Tubby Muffin six jam-tarts were simply as six drops of water in the deep ocean.
They vanished almost ling.

They vanished almost ling.

Then Tubby eyed the packing-case hungrily. He decided that he would be justified in trying the doughnuts. The Co-operative Society could put them down to his account. Surely he was, as a sharehelter, entitled to run an account! Tubby honestly intended to take only three dough.

unpacking the case, and the stores will be open in two jiffles."

And a crowd of Classicals proceeded to the box-room.

Jimmy Silver stopped at the door, and felt in his pocket for the key. He was not in any doubts about the safety of the tuck. Old Mack had duplicate keys, but he would certainly not have given to any of the Moderns a key to a room on the Classical side. And Jimmy had not given a thought to Tubby Muffin. But, as he felt for the key in his pocket, he jumped as a weird sound came from the box-room.

Groan!

It was a deep, anguished groan,

t was a deep, anguished groan, that of a person in terrible suffer-

Jimmy jumped back a little.
"What the dickens!" he he ex-

claimed.

"Somebody's in there exclaimed Lovell, in astonishment.
Groan!
"But the door's locked!"
Groan!
"And nobody could get in at the window," said Jimmy, "My hat!
If some cad has got the key from Mack, and.
Groan!
"Agith

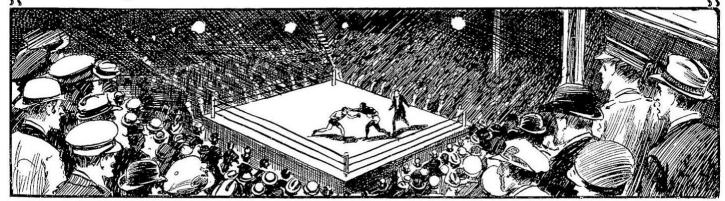
exclaimed faith.

Flynn Grean Jimmy Silver hurriedly unlocked the door. He hurled it open, and

# GREAT BOXING MYSTERY!

A Grand New Complete Story, introducing Derrick Brent, the Schoolmaster Detective, and Tom and Teddy Rawdon, his Two Boy Assistants.

POPULAR VICTOR By NELSON.



### The 1st Chapter.

The End of a Fight-Seaman Young

The End of a Fight—Seaman Young.

A dead lilence, the spectators in the tier upon tier of seats seeming to hold their breath. The timekeeper, watch in land, stepped forward, and commenced counting:

"One-two-three four—Knocked out, his bis badly fuct, his body flecked with bleed, the well-known heavy-weight, Jack Aymoss, who, until the advent of the negronow standing over him, had carried all before him, did not move until eight was counted. Then it was only to feebly turn over, artempt to rise to his knees, and fall back upon his side, his ewollen eyes closing and his head sagging limply to an outstretched arm.

"Nine—ten
Sam Jackson, the white man's adversary—not a big man for a black and a heavy-weight, but superbly made and possessing the muscle and agility of a panther—allowed a contemptuous little suils to curl his thick lips as he heard the roar from his followers and saw them making a rush for the ring. In innate conceit he stood waiting for their praises, fresh compared with the white man, although he had fought ten ding-dong rounds.

"I somehow thought he'd wi, and Table Parkey to the ring.

atthough he had fought ten ding-doing rounds.

"I somehow thought he'd will said Teddy Rawdon to the rather pale-faced gentleman seated beside him in the front row near the Pressbox. "Look at poor Aymoss! He's unconscious now, and it's only sheer grit that has kept him up during the last two rounds."

Derrick Brent—until quite recently better known as Mr. Brent, Fourth-Form master at St. Cyprian's School—smiled down at the flushed young face of his companion as he, too, rose.

"Jackson has not been besten since his first appearance in this country

face of his companion as he, too, rose.

"Jackson has not been besten since his first appearance in this country nearly a year ago, my lad," he replied. "Yet it should not be hard for a boxe who fights with his brain as well as his hands to beat him. He lacks science, and wins his bouts by sheer brute force."

"He does hit, and no mistake, sir!"

"He does hit and no mistake, sir!"

"he does hit and no mistake, sir!"

"he science and wins his bouts by sheet his horder going, sir!" he asked, glancing up into his late master's strong, clean-shaven face.

"There'll be some more scrapping, won't there?"

"Yes; but it will not be worth seeing, comparatively speaking, after this," Brent answered. "And, even now, it will be very late before we arrive home."

Tom looked regretfully towards the

seeing, comparatively speaking, after this," Brout answered. "And, even now, it will be very late before we arrive home."

Tom looked regretfuily towards the ring, out of which the knocked-out Aymoss was being borne by his seconds; but he made no further protest, and followed the master as he began to push his way through the crowded hall.

The twins were st ying with Derrick Brent at his country house, situated in view of Hayes Common, in Kent. He had taken a liking to the two boys since they had been associated with him in the clearing up of the deep mystery of St. Cyprian's School, and had invited them to spend a week or two with him on discovering that an unfortunate investment on the part of their widowed mother had made it im-

possible for them to remain at the

Published Every Monday

possible for them to remain at the school.

A fortune rather unexpectedly left him by a deceased relative made it unnecessary for Derrick Brent to follow any fixed profession, and during the time the boys had been in his care he had taken pleasure in showing them the sights of London, and making sure that they enjoyed their holiday with him to the full.

They were at the National Sporting Club to-night on Derrick Brent's suggestion. The noble art appealed to the late schoolmaster, and he had seen no reason why they should not accompany him to eee this fight between Aymoss and the negro Jackson, about whom so much had been said in the boxing world of late. Derrick Brent held that boxing tixelf wars and that enlytthe betting that sometimes is a quached to it was wrong.

"Hallo, Tornlinson:"

Mr. Brent had felt a hand upon his arm as they neared the exit, and.

and that only the betting that sometimes is attached to it was wrong.

"Hallo, Tornlinson!"

Mr. Brent had felt a hand upon his arm as they neared the exit, and, turning, found himself confronted by a promoter with whom he was fairly well acquainted, he being a frequent visitor at the N.S.C. when at leisure.

Bill Tomlinson, as he was known to his intimates, was accompanied by another man of somewhat morose appearance, with a perpetual frown upon his heavy face and a shock of bright yellow hair.

"How is the world using you?"

Mr. Brent queried. "I've been reading that you've found a man to put up against Jackson next week at the Paxton Music Hall, Brixton. Have you, three seats left?"

"No; but I'll squeeze you and your friends in, Mr. Brent," the promoter answered, as they shook hands. "I want to introduce you to my protege. This is Seaman Young the chap who's going to fight the darkie on Thursday week. Mr. Young—Mr. Brent!"

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Young." Detrick Brent said, extending his hand. "Do you think you'll put him to sleep?"

Seaman Young shrugged his broad shoulders as he just touched the tips of Mr. Brent: fingers.

"Carn't say yet," he said. Then, a curious look creeping into his eyes: "I shall be better able to say a bit later to-night, if you wants to have a bet on my chance!"

"Thanks, but I never bet!" Mr. Brent, said, a trifle stiffly, for he was not preposessed by the fellow's manner. "But why will you be more certain later on?"

Seaman Young's light blue eyes looked for a moment into those of the ex-schoolmaster, them he laughed curiously, and half-turned away.

"That's my secret, I reekon!" he said bluntly. "Where'll you be in laif an hour, boss?"

"At the usual cafe in Agar Street," William Tomlinson replied. "Where

"That's my secret, I reckon!" he said bluntly. "Where'll you be in lualf an hour, bess?"

"At the usual cafe in Agar Street," William Tomlinson replied. "Where are you going, Luke"

"Got an appointment!" Scaman Young growled. "But I'll join you at the restaurant in about half an hour, and have some supper. S'long!"

He pushed his way unceremoniously through the exit. Tomlinson turned to Mr. Brent, and made a grimace.

"Come and have some supper," he

said—"you and your two friends. I want to have a chat with you, sir."
"I'll come with pleasure!" Derrick Brent answered.
They were soon in Agar Street, and Tomlinson led the way to a quiet little Italian restaurant, at which be seemed to be well known. He ordered supper for himself and guests, then he began to discuss the coming combat.
"It was at the Payron Marie Italian."

he began to discuss the coming combat.

"It was at the Paxton Music Hall, about five weeks ago, when the migger was giving a show of exhibition sparring there, putting down everyone who came up against him, that I made this challenge, Mr. Brent," he said. "Cyrus O. Langworthy, the Yankee who is running Sam Jackson, was boasting about what he could do, and as good as man to ba found to stand up against him. The way he spoitted sometimes to be the same of the same in the

and that's straight!"

"Why?" Mr. Brent asked curiously.

"Well, what do you think of a boxer who goes an gazes into crystals and feols about in that way?"

Tomlinson asked disgustedly.

"But surely Soaman Young doesn't do that?" Brent asked, in surprise.

"He does, the idiot!" Mr. Tomlinson growled. "I knew where he was going to-night, though I asked him and pretended not to. It's common knowledge amongst his pals that before he enters for a bout he goes to some stupid old woman in Shaftesburg Avenue to know how he's going on. The old hag gazes into a crystal thing, and Young pays her his hard-carned money for telling him a lot of fairy-tales!"

fairy-tales!"

"Well, seamen are alw., superstitious, my friend," Derrick Brent
remarked, "so you must not attach
too much importance to Young's
diosynerasies. I shouldn't let it
trouble you."

"I can't help it, Mr. Brent, sir,"
the promoter said, shaking his head.
"I don't like this crystal-gazing business. It ain't natural for a boxer to
do anything so silly! I'll wager he
has gone to Shaftesbury Avenue, and
is fooling around gazing into the
thing now, and only bad can come of
it."

it!"

And could Mr. William Tomlinson been gifted with second-sight and have foreseen how prophetic his words were to prove, he would not have attacked his supper so heartily. Indeed, it is doubtful if he would have touched a morsel, for surely it would have choked him.

# The 2nd Chapter, At the Crystal Gazers—Startling News.

Seaman Young pushed aside the heavy curtain hanging before the parlour of the dingy shop in Shaftes-

bury Avenue as a cracked voice bade

bury Avenue as a cracked voice said-line enter.

Willfam Tomlinson had been correct in thinking that the man he was putting up against the negro Sam Jackson was bound for the abode of the seer, in whom he possessed such superstitions faith, for when he had left the National Sporting Club. Sea-man Young had hailed a taxi and been driven to within a few steps of the tobacconist's kept by the clair-voyant's daughter.

the tobacconist's kept by the clairvoyant's daughter.

This was done more as a blind for
the benefit of the police more than
anything close, the art of "seeing," now
being adjudged illegal and punishable
as trickery by the law. The girl in
the shop had seen the boxer many
times in the past, and knew him well;
and immediately he had appeared, she
had "one to the darkened room at the
wind "come who sat there, fondling a
sleek black cat.

Seaman Young did not see the
young woman's fare as he thrust aside
the currain and entered the presence
of her mother, or he might have felt
that he was treading dangerous
ground. As it was, he went into the
semi-darkness without hesitation,
straining his eyes to pick out the
huddled, shawl-clad figure he knew
was scated in the gloom.

"Well, my son," the cracked coice
said, "so you have come to me again
to learn your fate?"

"Yes, mother," the boxer growled,
as he felt her skinny hand truch his.
"I am fighting on Thursday a
negro"Called Samuel Jackson, the old

size & black cat.

Scaman Young did not see the peculiar smile that fixted across the poung woman's face as he thrust aside the curtian and entered the presence of her mother, or he might have felt that he was treading dangerous ground. As it was, he went into the semi-darkness without hesistation, straining his eyes to pick out the huddled, shawl-clad figure he knew was scated in the gleom.

"Well, my son," the cracked coice said, "so you have come to me again to learn your fate?"

"Yes, mother," the boxer growled, as he felt her skinny hand touch his in an inghing on Thursday a negro.

"Called Samuel Jackson, the old woman in the gloom finished." It know, my son. There is no need to woman in the gloom finished. "It know, my son. There is no need to woman in the gloom finished." "Yes," the pugliks answered, sinking into the seat to which the fortune teller guided him. "Be quick about it, too. I've got to meet someone in twenty minutes."

"Yes," the pugliks answered, sinking min to the seat to which the fortune caller guided him. "Be quick about it, too. I've got to meet someone in twenty minutes."

"All in good time, my son," the old crone mumbled—"all in good time.

And then with a studienness that caused the boxer to start, she fung some description of highly-seenire, powder into a brazier, and a red fame, powder into a brazier, and a red fame, for her fare was the colour of parch ment, and a mass of hollows and myrides, the checked ground proportion of highly-seenire of the ring; now a freek-powder into a brazier, and a red fame, of or wispiss of grey have a proportion of the sking A for woman is powder and a red and a mass of hollows and wire of the ring; now a freek-powder into a brazier, and a red fame, and the referce springing into the caused the red fame, and the red fame, and the referce springing into the sking A for wishing t

reipping hard upon the

his hands copping hard upon the of his dai, tree minutes the fortune teller stood cesting upon her stick and gazing into the crystal, then she suddenly receiled, attering a blood-curdling wall, copping her stick, and covering her with her fleshless hands.

What the Young exclass his chairs.

"The visit: the crystal reveals to me:" the old crone meaned, dropping into her chair and recking herself to and fro. My son, you must not fight him, is you value your life!"

"Why?" the sailor-boxe demanded, taking step forward and standing over her. Speals, woman:
What have you seen?"

"The "An delith death for you most more than the sailor how and the

th you meet this negro!" she answered with a shidde "Be warned, my son! Be warned an old woman who is privile look into the

### THE GREAT BOXING MYSTERY!

Published Every Monday

By VICTOR NELSON.

(Continued from the previous page.)



nd Young reeled into the shop and passed into the street.

It was some half an hour later that a grimy urchin pushed open the swing doors of the restaurant in which Derrick Brent and Tom and Teddy Rawdon were seated with Mr. Tomlinson,

A swarthy-skinned waiter made to inmediately eject him, but the urchin thrust a dirty note into the Italian's hand.

thenst a dirty note into the Italian's hand.

"For a Mister Tomlinson, monkey-face!" he stated impolitely. "A gent gay me a shillin' ter bring it along!"

He immediately vanished through the ewing-doers, although Tomlinson, who had overheard the message, called to him to stop. The water knew the promoter by name, and, with box, brought him the note, which, with a word of encuse, Tomlinson at once unfolded.

There came a loud crash as he started and sent a bottle thudding to the foor. He scenned to reel in his seat, and the note fluttered from his land into Derrick Brent's lap.

"My heavens! Read it!" the promoter cried, in a shaking voice.
"Read it, sir! What did I say? That temfool crystal gazing has done this, I'll vow! He's—he's backed out—backed out and left me in the unce with only a little over a week to go!"

With a sharp exclamation of sur-prise, Derrick Brent secured the note and scanned it quickly, and this was it read:

"Dere Mr. Tomlinson.—For a very good reson, I can't fight the black nex week. If you only knew wy, you'd understand and be sorri for me, Don't try to find me; it won't be no use.—Yores regretfuly,

"LUKE YOUNG."

There was nothing else, save the figure "3" and a capital letter "X" in the top right-hand corner, as though the writer had, from sheer force of habit, started to pen an address he was accustomed to writing. The pen had been run through these character, veral times, and they were only just discernible.

"What shall I do?" the promoter grouned, almost beside himself with agitation. "Mr. Brent, this means run fer me!"

"Unless you can find him." the ex-

"Unless you can find him," the ex-schoolmaster suggested hopefully, "and induce him to reconsider what he has written."

"Or find another man to take his place!" the promoter exclaimed, new hope for a moment springing into his

"Would that be allowable?" Derrick Brent asked quickly.

"Yes, a saving clause in the contract he words 'or a substitute' are inserted after his name. I fixed it up before I really knew how Senaman Young would shape!"

"Then cheer up, Tomlinson!" Derric's Brent said, placing his hand upon his shoulder. "I am at present a very idle man, and I mean to help you because I know you to be a straight sportsman, and do not like to see such men come a cropper. It is straight sportsnian, and do not lifet to see such men come a cropper. It is too late to do anything to-night, but to-merrow I will call upon you, and go into this matter with you. I will give you a promise. Either I will find Scaman Young, convince him that anything he may have been told at this clairyoyant's is a pack of unat this convocant's is a pack of un-ritule, and get him to meet his man, or I will produce a boxer to meet the negro on the appointed ingist?"

The promoter turned in his seat and gripped his hand.

"You mean this, he asked

"You have the word of Derrick Brent," the late schoolmaster replied

simply.
"That's more than enough!" the promoter said, with a sigh of relief.
"I don't know how to thank you I don't know how to thank you sufficiently for promising to stand by me!" The 3rd Chapter.

Brent's Cluc — Sea ng's Startling Story :-Derrick Cluc - Seaman oung's Breut's Plan

Derrick Brent called upon the promoter the next morning, in company with Tom and Teddy Rawdon.

with Tom and Teddy Rawdon.

"You had better tell me," he said, when they were closeted with the promoter in his private sitting-room, "all you know concerning Seaman Young's private life. For instance, is he a married man, and where does he live when he is not in training?"

"He is a widower," Tominson replied, "and has a daughter of about fourteen, I believe, who is a chronic invalid."

What is wrong with her?"

can you think of beginning with the letter X?"

"By Jove, I never thought of that?" the promoter exclaimed. "There can't be many throughout the United Kingdom, but to find the one we want would be a tidy job, I'm thinking."

one we want would be a tidy job, I'm thinking."

"Well, let us try to narrow down our field," Derrick Brent continued.

"You say this child of Young's is suffering from consumption, and is at a seaside resort, where you think he frequently visits her.

"As this is so, he would be likely to choose a seaside town near London; and as Southend and its neighbouring towns are noted for the beneficial air they provide for those with chest trouble, we will begin with the southeast coast.

"Rawdon"—signing to Teddy—"you have heard what I have been saying. Run over to the library across the roud, and endeavour to see the directory, or directories, including southeast coast towns. Find out if there are any roads or streets beginning with X, and, if so, make a note of them!"

"Very good, sir!"
Teddy snatched up his cap and disappeared. He was absent for about twenty minutes, and when he roturned his face showed that he had met with some kind of success in his mission.

"There's only one, sir, so far as I can discover," he reported. "It's at

"There's only one, sir, so far as I can discover," he reported. "It's at

ing utterly confused and at a loss for

words.

The promoter noticed how ill and worn he looked. He might have received some awful shock that was playing havoe with his nerves, and there was a look curiously suggestive of fear in his eyes.

"The guv nor!" he gasped huskily, after an awkward pause. "I—I'm sorry for this, Mr. Tomlinso 1—1—1"

He broke off, stammeri g so that he could not voice his words; and now Bill Tomlinson's temper got the better of him, and he shook his list in the nuglist's face.

"So I've found you, you waster." he growled angrily. "What the thunder are you doing down here when you ought to be in training? Do you think it'll be funny to see me lose mone? Have you gone dotty, or have the other side bribed you to play this low-down trick? Out with it, man' What's wrong?" "I can't tell you, boss! You'd think I was a—a fool, or raving mad."
"Bat! Samething has upset you.

mad?"

"Rot! Something has upset you:
I an see that! To tell me you're
afraid of the nigger is all nonsense,
and I won't believe it!"

"Yet it is true!" Seaman Young
cried, a strange, furtive look upon his
face. "Hang it hoss"—with sudden
vehemence—"you'd be afeared if
you'd seen yourself al-ying dead, with
that son of darkness standing over

but you cannot believe that this ball of glass could really reveal to you the future, Young?"
"I only knows what I saw, sir," the boxer answered, shaking his head. "It made my flesh creep. I'll say again that, sorry as I am for Mr. Tomlinson, and much though I respects him, I can't agree to fight the nigger! It would mean death!" he concluded hoarsely. "Mark my words!"
"Nonsense, man!" Derriek Brent exclaimed, a trifle impatiently. "You have been duped! I am sure of it! Tell me did you make an appointment to see this crystal-gazer."

gazer?"
"Yes," Young
"You have to, u

"You have to, a being out!"
"Ah," Derrick Brent murmured, smiling grimly, "I thought so! You were clevely tricked. That is all. I am sure of it!"
"Do you mean you think it was some trick of Langworthy's to prevent him standing up against Jackson?" asked Toulinson.
"Yes," Derrick Brent replied, with conviction, "I believe Young with the vision' right enough. It

Jackson?" asked Tomlinson.

"Yes." Derrick Breut replied, with conviction. "I believe Young saw the 'vision' right enough. If was cunningly arranged. Possibly Langworthy knew of Mr. Young's labit of going to this seer, bribed her heavily, and arranged to produce a 'vision' to order. It is a clever trick, but I will expose it, and make them sorry for their underhanded work before many hours have passed. Look here, Young!" he added, turning to the boxer. "Give me a chance to expose these tricksters. Write to this seer, and any you mean to fight unless the crystal again tells you not to do so. Say you will be there at ten o'clock to-morrow morning!"

"But I sha'n't be!" Scaman Young protested, a look of horror in his eye. "I wouldn't look on that sight again for anything! No. you can't make me go there again!"

"But you have no objection to my going?"

"I don't follow you, sir."

"But you have no objection to my going?"
"I don't follow you, sir,
"My plan is quite simple. I shall borrow a suit of your clothes—the same garments, if possible, as you appeared in when you went to this seer's on the last occasion. A fair wig, a photo of you, nd a few sticks of grease-paint ought to do the rest!"
"Great Scott! You mean you are

rest!"
"Great Scott! You mean you are going to make up as Young here, and go in his place, sir!" Bill Tomlinson

"Great Scott! You mean you are so going to make up as Young here, and go in his place, sir!" Bill Tomlinson cried.

"Precisely. Mr. Brent answered.
"And I shall have near at hand several officials from Scotland Yard. if I can interest my friend. Inspect Lawson, sufficiently to gain his coperation. Where does this see carry on her sittings, my man?"

"At No. — Shaftesbury Avenue, th's a ground floor shop, and the room where she sees you is at the back. Her daughter's in the shop, and they pretend to sell tobacco and fags and things, as a blind, because their business is sort of illegal. "The shop, and the prefix of the fighten strong men like you out of their wits." Derrick Brent replied deily. "But write the letter. Young, and let us post if at once, If they fall into the tran, they shall be exposed, as sure as I am a living man!"

Crash! With all his force Dorrick Brent brought his heavy walking-stick down upon the crystal, smashing it into a thousand pieces and scattering splinters of glass upon every side. you, and the doctor takin' off his hat alled Xervia .

"Consumption, I've heard. When her father isn't training for some bout, he spends his time with het, if one can judge from what he says. But he's a morose sort of chap, and I only know that he is deeply attached to her in his rough way, and that he keeps her at some seaside resort."
"Humph!" Brent ejaculated. "It is pessible that he is with her now, then?"
"Yes: I thought of that myself.

"Yes; I thought of that myself. But, as I've never heard, so far as I can recollect, where she is staying, what is the use of thinking that sir?"

"With the clue his letter furnishes," Mr. Brent said, as he lit a cigar, "it ought not to be difficult to find him if he is with his child."

"But there is no clue in his letter, so far as I can see."

"On the contrary, there is a

so far as 1 can see."

"On the contrary, there is a distinct clue," Derrick Brent persisted. "You will recollect he started to put an address; then, when he thought of what he was doing, he struck out the figure 8—which is, of course, the number of some house—and the first letter of the street—namely, X. Now, how many streets

Leigh-on-Sea, Parade."

Parade."

"Good!" Derrick Brent said, rising and picking up his hat. "I propose, Tomlinson, that we make for there now, taking the risk that we are upon a wild-goose chase. We can but try our luck, and if we burry there is just time to reach Fenchurch Street and eatch the eleven-fiften down!"

control Street, and catch the elevenfifteen down!"

Derrick Brent, with the twins and
Bill Tomlinson, caught the train, and,
arriving at Leigh just over an hour
later, they had no difficulty in finding
the boxer's house. Just as they
approached the gate a broadshouldered, fair-haired man stepped
on to the pavement, turning and
waving his hand to a pale-faced,
wistful-eyed child seated at one of
the open upper windows of the house.
"It's him!" Mr. William Tomlinson breathed ungrammatically.
"You were right, sir!"

As they came up with the man he

As they came up with the man he turned and faced them; then, a sharp cry of surprise and dismay leaving his lips, he took a step backwards, seem-

you, and the doctor takin' off his hat sort of reverent."

"Done what?" Bill Tomlinson burst out explosively. "Have you gone out of your senses, Luke? How the dickens could a fellow see 'isself lying dead anywhere or anyhow?"

"Supposing," Mr. Brent said quietly, "you tell us the whole story, beginning at the beginning? May we come inside?"

The boxer nodded mechanically, and led the way to the frent door, opening it with a latchkey, and conducting them to a small sitting-room upon the ground floor.

And then he teld them exactly what had happened at the clair-voyant's abode in Shaftesbury Avenue, speaking in a low tone that convinced them he himself believed every word he uttered.

"I can only say I'm sorry, boss," the boxer concluded; "but I can't take on the fight."

"Yet surely you must realise that this is some trick, supposing you really saw this vision?" Derrick Brent put in. "You may be superstitious.

The 4th Chapter.

At the Seer's—Tom and Teddy Rawdon Come in for Some Excitement—Derrick Brent's Surprising

ment-Derrick Brent's Surprising Offer.

At about ten o'clock upon the following morning a tall, fair-haired man, dressed in a sweater and a suit of rather glaring checks, strolled down Shaftesbury Avenue.

He would have been taken by any member of the boxing world for Seaman Voung, the man who was believed to be fighting Sam Jackson at the Paxton Music Hall next week.

at the Paxton Music Hall next week.

Feeling secure in the thoroughness of his disguise. Brent entered the tobacconist's shop where Mother Carey held her sittings without the slightest show of hesitation.

He nodded to the girl behind the counter, and jerked his head towards the curtain before the door of the room beyond.

"I'll go and tell mother," the young woman said, and came round the counter and went into the room. Brent heard her conversing with someone, then, as she reappeared, a harsh female voice bade him:

"Enter, my son!"
Derrick Brent drew back the curtain and entered the darkness beyond; and out in the street the three arguing men, who were in reality plain-clothes detectives, the two lads and Mr. William Tomlinson crossed the road.

"So you disbelieve, you foolish"

### THE GREAT BOXING MYSTERY!

(Continued from the previous page.)

down, she pointed to the opaque glass ball, and cried:

"Look! You shall see again!"
Derrick Brent stared into the crystal, at first seeing nothing but the reflection of the dancing flames at its side, then the two eyes of light appeared, and then he saw, as Seaman Young had seen before him, the hazy boxing ring, the figures of the black and the white, the latter lying still and inert upon his side.

There entered into the picture the referce and the timekeeper, the man who looked like a doctor, who knelt and examined the prostrate boxer. But Derrick Brent had seen enough to convince him that the whole "vision" was a very carefully worked-up fraud, and—

Crash! With all his force Mr. Brent had brought the heavy walking-stick he carried down upon the crystal, sunshing it into a thousand pieces, and scattering splinters of glass upon every side.

A scream of mingled fury and disney came from the toethless Mother

glass upon every side.

A scream of mingled fury and dismay came from the toothless Mother Carey, and she tottered forward, clawing for him with her bony hands as he stood in the shaft of light that came from the hole in the table where the shattered crystal had strod a moment before—the hole which penetrated through the floor to the cellar in which the astonished tricksters, who had formed the sliut structure.

man?" voice asked Derrick Brent from the darkness. "Do you doubt the truth of the crystal's tellings?"

"I only want to make sure, mother," Derrick Brent answered, in an unetcady, husky voice. "Let me see the vision again! It means so much to me to keep out of this fight—a lot to my little girl, who is all! You will let me make sure?"

The sulphurous flame loapt upwards as the old crone flung her preparation upon the brazier, and now Derrick Brent was able to discern her withered face and form. She lecred at him and cackled harshly, then drew him towards the crystal, and as the flame in the brazier died down, she pointed to the opaque glass ball, and cried:

"Look! You shall see again!"
Derrick Brent saked into the

generand snapping nonic a pair of handcuffs.

Tomlinson and Tom and Teddy Rawdon were at the heels of the detectives. The youngsters faces were glowing with excitement, for they loved anything in the nature of a fight. And just as they entered there was a rush of feet on the stairs leading from the cellar, a door was dragged open, and the man who had played the part of the dector dashed into the room, the negro, the "dead" white man, the "time-keeper," and the "referee" behind him.

him.

Teddy Rawdon made a rush for the "doctor," who was still wearing his top-hat, and, taking him-by surprise, brought his two clenched fate down upon it so violently that it was smashed over the fellow's ears and eyes, while, almost simultaneously, Tom stooped sharply, gripped him by the ankles, and jerked his legs from under him, sending him sprawling upon his back.

The surprise of the five rogues was

ling upon his back.

The surprise of the five rogues was almost ludicrous when, after a short, sharp serimmage, they found themselves lying handcuffed on the floor.

"You are all under arrest for conspiracy," Lawson told them. "I warn you anything you say may be used against you." "It was Langworthy's wheeze!" the "doctor" snarled, realising that the game was up.

"We'll look after him later. Now shirt up," Inspector Lawson said

grufily. "As soon as the cabs come along, you'll be given some nice, healthy lodgings till they bring you up to-morrow morning."

Mr. Brent had stooped and picked something from the floor. It proved

up to-morrow morning."

Mr. Brent had stooped and picked something from the floor. It proved to be a pair of opera-glasses.

"That was how it was done," he said. "These glasses were fixed in a reversed position in the centre of the crystal. The person who looked through them saw what was going ou as though in the distance, and the figures of the actors in the little drama were much reduced. The filmy haze was caused by the glasses being slightly smoked. It was ingenious, but they were rather stupid to be led into trying the game a second time. By the way, how was Young when you left him this morning, Tominison?"

The promoter's face went gloomy. "He's a nervous wreck!" he answered. "He can never stand up to the darkie after his fright, Mr. Brent. If we can't get enough evidence against Langworthy to warrant his arrest and show him up he'll have the laugh of me after all." Derrick Brent shook his head, and there was a mysterious smile on his lips.

"Why, no," he answered. "I

lips,
"Why, no," he answered. "I
must produce the man I said I would
find to take Young's place. That is
all."

find to take Young's place. That is all."

"But who is he?" Tomlinson asked. "Where can you find him?"

"His name is Derrick Brent, and at the moment he is before you." the ex-schoolmaster answered coldly,

"What!" Bill Tomlinson's jaw dropped; and even the Rawdon twins, idolising Mr. Brent as they did, stared at him incredulously.

Derrick Brent took off his coat and rolled his shirt-sleeves well above his biceps, and now the police and the others uttered cjaculations of astonishment as they saw the muscles rippling beneath the one-time schoolmaster's white skin.

"By Jove!" cjaculated Tomlinson.
"I can see you are going to save

"I can see you are going to save me! You'll make a ripping boxer after a week's steady training!"

The 5th Chapter.
The Fight at the Paxton—A Present from Derrie's Brent,
It was the night of the great fight.
The charge against the men who had taken part in the "fake" at Mother Carey's had fallen through, they

getting off scot-free with a caution, as did the fortune-teller's daughter. Cruss O. Langworthy had gone back hurriedly to the States, leaving his affairs in the hands of agents. Thus he had avoided exposure, and the great fight at the Paxton had dily

the great light at the Paxton had duty come off, and was nearing conclusion. Seaman Young, hyper-superstitious, as all sailormen are, had allowed what he had seen at the clairyoyant's to weigh so heavily upon bis mind that it had been useless thinking of pitting him against the Yankee, and Mr. Brent had gone into strict training to take his place. take his place.

When his place.

When his name had been announced, and the crowded heuse had looked upon his slim figure, there had first come a dead silence, then a howl of derision, and shouts that the whole show was a fraud. But when the audience had noticed Mr. Breut's easy grace and rippling muscles, they had become quieter, whist as soon as the ex-schoolmaster had begun to fight, those who knew anything about boxing at all had known that they were about to witness the efforts of no novice. novice

novice.

And now, as the men lay back in their seats in the corners after the tenth round—there is, unfortunately, not the space to describe the whole fight—the odds were against the negro, it being evident that he had met his match.

"Time!"

As the word rang through the crowded house voices were hushed, and every eye was fixed upon the ring. Out from the corner came the two men, the black heavily, like a man who knew he was beatren, but meant to doggedly do his best; Mr. Brent lightly, a gilely, a hard look in his eyes, and his manner suggesting that he meant to finish the fight without delay. out delay.

Their gloved hands touched, then Their gloved hands touched, then for a few seconds they sparred warily, both careful not to take any chances, neither taking any unnecessary risk. The negro fought for one of his terrific body blows: but Mr. Brent was not taking any, knowing only too well that one such blow might turn the point in his opponent's favour even now.

now.

Ah! They got to close quarters, and it looked very much like a hold, the referee making to spring into the ring to separate them; then Jackson got in a terrific punch upon the

16/9/16

ex-schoolmaster's neck that sent him staggering backwards.
He lost his balance, and fell flat upon his back, but although he was shaken he was up almost before the timekeeper could start to count, and after keeping his commont at a disupon his back, but although he was shaken he was up almost before the timekeeper could start to count, and, after keeping his opponent at a distance by his marvellous footwork for a while, he suddenly changed his tactics, rushed in, and, breaking through the negro's guard, fairly smothered him with a rain of blows about the head and face.

Jackson tried to recover himself, but it was futile. A swinging left upon the point of the jaw sent him sideways to the boards with a resounding thud, and for a few seconds he lay where he had fallen.

"One, two, three—" The time keeper began to count. But with a display of real pluels the black staggered to his feet, just managing to dodge away from his agile opponent. He was to gain no appreciable respite, however. Mr. Brent jumped after him, got to close quarters, and gave him a short-arm jab that sent his head sagging forward; then, looking as though he hated doing it, he brought his right up in a relentless upper-cut, lifting Jackson clean off his feet, and making an end of the combat.

The black laid with closed eyes until many seconds after he was counted out, and Derrick Brent had won the fight. It had been an example from start to finish how science can triumph over brute force.

A little later, in his dressing-room, in the midst of the delighted Tom and Teddy, Mr. Tomlinson. Inspector Lawson, and other admirers, Mr. Brent turned to the promoter, smiling a trifle ruefully, for he had not come through unseathed.

"Yes," the promoter replied, nodding. "And—"
"Send it to Seaman Young's daughter. Just say Derrick Brent presents her with a sea voyage to make her well, and that he hopes the roses will soon be back in her cheeks."

THE END.

(Another amazing story of the Schoolmaster Detective and his two boy assistants in next Monday's issue of the Bors' Friend, entitled "The Clue of the Pierced Watch?" Order your copy of the Bors' Friend in advance to avoid disappointment.)

# ------BOYS & the AIR SERVICE A Magnificent New Series of Articles, as Interesting as they are Instructive, Specially Written for the BOYS' FRIEND by an Air Pilot.

THE AIRMAN'S FIRST

No. 2.

The appointment to a commission in one of the flying services can be either temporary or permanent. The former holds good until the end of the war, the latter for as long as the would-be airman wishes to retain it. For a period of from four to six months he must underge a probationary course; if office that time he has served satisfactorily, he will be confirmed in his rank.

Upon first joining up he will receive a uniform allowance of £20, and at the confirmation a further £20. These amounts should easily cover his requirements, and enable him to buy a complete flying cufft. During the probationar period he will receive 1s. a day in pay; when he is confirmed in rank 18s, a day in the Royal Naval Air Service, and 20s, per day in the Royal Flying Corps.

Service etiquette plays a prominent part in the matter of uniform. In the military wing he will be expected to wear the button-over tunic and forage cap of the Flying Corps, with breeches and long brown field boots.

In the R.N.A.S. the matter of dress is a more difficult and more delicate one. In the first place with regard to the cap, there are four entirely separate badges in the Naval Service; they are (1) the big silver anchor and the gold crown of the regular Navy; (2) the smaller replica of the Royal Naval Receive; and (3) of the Royal Naval Receive; and (3) of the Royal Naval Reserve; and (3) of the Royal Naval Policity and (4) the sliver bird of the R.N.A.S., worn only by pilots.

In howery the Naval flying man must confine his taste to plain white shirts with collars to match. Black

ties, and socks of the black and black with white clock variety. His shoes must be unadorned of toccap, and it is a cardinal sin to leave the buttons of his jacket undone, if he reveals as much as a button of the waistcoat beneath.

There is an amusing story told concerning a famous English airman who has since resigned from the R.N.A.S. On the occasion of his appointment to the Service he had to visit a certain man at the Admiralty, and arrived there in the brass hat of a full-blown Naval commander, with a black-and-white striped tie, in which there coyly reposed a large diamond pin.

diamond pin.

When the interview was over the big man called him back.
"You've forgotten something."

"You've forgotten something."
"What is it, sir?" the airman in-

quired.
"Your pink shirt and your purple

gured.
"Your pink shirt and your purple socks," was the reply.
Another new hand, an Australian, presented himself to the astonished and apoplectic commanding officer of his first station wearing a blue jacket, white flannel trousers, green socks, and brown shoes.
Luckily he was a good-tempered youth, or he would never have been able to live down the subsequent ragging he got from all the other members of his mess.
Flying clothes must be the warmess procurable. A black or brown leather coat lined with lamb swood, with trousers to match. Good flying coats cost from three to five guineas, and the trousers range from a guinea to thirty shillings in price.
A khaki balaclava helmet, a wool-

lined aviation cap fitting closely round the skull, and costing approximately half-a-guinea. A pair of triplex glass goggles, price 12s, 6d. Cheaper ones of ordinary glass can be obtained for as little as 3s, 6d. but it is always advisable to get triplex, as in the event of a smash-up ordinary glass would splinter, fly into the eyes, and possibly blind one for life.

A good pair of leather gauntlets, large enough in size to permit the wearing of a warm pair of woollen gloves beneath, and a grey sweater to wear underneath the leather coat are all that are required, bringing the total cost to about six pounds.

As in other professions and walks in life, a certain slang has sprung into heing in flying circles, and this the new hand will discover will take him a considerable time to pick up—at least, with any degree of satisfaction or success.

First he will discover that

a considerable time to pick up—at least, with any degree of satisfaction or success.

First he will discover that a "quirk" or a "hun" is no less a person than a youngster who aspires to flying honours, and who has not yet taken his ticket. Even the acroplanes themselves have nicknames, as the "Bristol Bullet," noted for its speed; the "Bloater," so called because of its peculiar slape.

Airships and balloons are always referred to, and somewhat contemptuously it must be admitted by aeroplane pilots, as "gasbaga." The small, silver-coloured airships that are to be seen occasionally floating over a certain western suburb of London are known in the Service as "Babies," on account of their diminutive size, on the other hand as "Blimps," and again as "S.S.'s "—submarine seckers

-that being their principal duty when

DAYS.

—that being their principal duty when on active service.

Various parts of the machine have their own particular nichname, as the "fuselage," or body which contains the engine, pilot and observer's seats, and the petrol tanks. That wonderful control lever which is placed immediately before the pilot's seat in the fuselage, and which manocurves the machine both upward and downward, and to the left and to the right, or, as it is referred to in the R.N.A.S., to port and to starboard, is known as the "joy-stick." No self-respecting pilot will ever refer to a trip in the air as such, but rather as a "joy-ride." A bomb-dropping expedition or a raid he speaks of as a "stunt."

To "nose-dive " is for the front portion of the machine to plunge suddenly downwards at an angle of approximately 90 degrees with the carth. To "pancake," the aeroplane must fall flat to the earth. It is possible sometimes to recover from a "nose dive," but never from a "pan-"

earth. To "paneake," the aeroplane must fall flat to the earth. It is possible sometimes to recover from a "nose dive," but never from a "paneake," Sometimes in banking—turning in mid-air—a pilot will overdo the angle at which be turns; the result is that the machine commences to rotate, and whirls round like a humming-top; this again invariably develops into a "nose dive," and is known as a "spin."

The majority of pilots when first starting off run their machines some distance across the aerodrome, then rise gradually at an angle of about 15 degrees with the earth; others, on the other hand, prefer to run their machine a considerably greater distance across the ground, and thus attaining a much greater speed, to

rise almost vertically for about 200 feet, then to flatten out—bring the machine level; this trick is known as "zuoming."

feet, then to hatten out—bring two
machine level; this trick is known as
"zuunning."

To "switchback" is to fly up and
down, up, and down, as the name
implies. It was through switchbacking that poor young Warneford
was killed. He had seen the expert
who was testing Henri-Farman aeroplanes, and who had been flying the
same type of machine for months on
end, and who knew its every little
trick and mycement, switch-backing at a height of some 5,000 fer
in the morning; and when he took up
Needham, the American journalist; as
a passenger in the afternoon, he tried
to switchback at a height of only
about 200 feet above the ground.
The result was that the strain on the
machine was too great; it crumpled
up, and they fell headlong to the
ground.

Immediately after leaving the

up, and they fell headlong to the ground.

Immediately after leaving the ground the aeroplane invariably commences to plunge and to dive like a ship in a stormy sea—this is when it enters a patch of rarefied air known as a "bump"; this latter often causes the machine to drop suddenly, and drops of as much as 200 feet at a time have been recorded.

No airman is capable of talking through his hat—at least, not literally, for he does not possess such a thing. That article of his attire always being referred to as a "grummet." If he meets you for the first time and be unaware of your right name, he will, with the utmost same-froid, address you as "George."

To have "cold feet" in the air is to have a bad attack of nerves or funk. One day at Hendon, before the war, a well-meaning, but somewhat dense journalist attached to a big London daily paper was told that Handl was suffering from "cold feet." meant in the start of the suffering from "cold feet." meant was suffering from "cold feet." meant was the first time and was suffering from "cold feet." meant that the suffering that "cold feet." meant that the suffering that "cold feet." meant the suffering that "cold feet." meant the suffering that the suffering t

feet."
Imagining that "cold feet " meant some ailment of the feet, like chilblains, and solicitous for his welfare, this enterprising individual approached the famous airman immediately after his descent from a trip

up above.

"Excuse me asking, but is it true that you suffer from cold feet, Mr. Hamel?" he asked.

Hamel's reply is not recorded.

(Next Monday's article in this great series is entitled "The Initial Flight!" Don't miss reading it!)

# TREASURES OF THE DEEP!

An Amazing New Story of Underwater Peril and Adventure. BY FAMOUS MAURICE EVERARD.

### THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

GREVILLE WAYNE and his chum, ERIC HARPER, are in possession of a wonderful invention for recovering treasure from the depths of the sea. They submit their invention to the Government, but the authorities refuse it. The boys fall in with a millionaire named BRUCE CLAXTON, who ofers to finance an expedition. The boys accept the offer with alacrity, and preparations are made for leaving the country.

The boys decide to take old FOC'S LE JIM, a good old salt of the sea, with them, and just before they embark on the Esmeralda they discover that a man named RAT-CLIFF, whom they have befriended, has turned traitor and played them false. They realise immediately that they have to contend with a desperate rival.

They go on board the Esmeralda.

rival.

They go on board the Esmeralda, and eventually locate the wrecked Lutine. They are successful in recovering some three-quarters of a million of treasure from the depths of the sea. They then return to London, and the boys, parting from Claxton and Fo'es'le Jim, arrange to meet a week later.

(Read on from here.)

### In the Enemy's Hands,

It was on the Tuesday evening, just as the boys were tidying themselves for slinner, that the hotel page knocked on their door.

Greville opened it in the midst of a timne struggle with a rebellious class reliant solling.

knocked on their door.

Greville opened it in the midst of a titanic struggle with a rebellious clean collar.

"Please, sir, gentleman on the plone wanted to speak to you; said he's something important to say, and could you un along and see him some time this evening!" the box. announced.

Wayne frowned.

"What gentleman?" he asked.

"Said his initials were B. C., and you'd know all about him, and that he was staying at the Burleigh Hotel, off the Strand."

"If'm, Mr. Claxton!" was the thought that flashed through Wayne's mind.

"Did he say me or nly friend?"

"Both of you, sir. His room is forty-seven, in suite C, and directly you arrive the commissionaire will show you up. And could you get there by eight o'clock?"

"Yes, that's all right. We can manago nicely, if you have a tax ready at the door. Hurry up, Erie!"
—as the door closed on the box. "Governor wants to see us at his lotel. We'd better make ourselves look decent, as it's something of a swarger, indeed, it proved to be, steep say for themselves when,

swagger show.

Swagger, indeed, it proved to be, as they saw for themselves when, half an hour later, the taxical disgorged them in the forecourt to the Burleigh.

Burleigh.
Immense marble columns supported
a flower-hung belgeny, and through
the open doors of the vestibule the
litting strains of a magnificent
orchestre came to them from behind
a screen of massed forms and swaying

a screen of masses tens and palms.

Wayne expressed their mission to the gold-braided and smartly-uniformed commissionaire.

"Oh, yes! Room forty-seven. The gentleman left instructions you were to go straight up. I'll show you the way."

to go straight up, way."

They slipped through space in an elegantly appointed lift, and passed silently down a corridor hung with tapestrice and other rich hangings.

At the door of No. 47 the man left them.

Wayne knocked.

A voice, apparently room, answered him ently from an inner



'Come in!" it said

"Come in!" it said.

Wayne threw wide the doo., and stepped inside. Eric followed. For an instant the blaze of light and the samptuous richness of the room fazzled/befre ir all Their lives they had gover looked on anything so had never looked on anything so extravagantly beautiful. Handsome pictures adorned the walls; china and fine ornaments glowed in the light from the electric chandelier.

line ornaments glowed in the light from the electric chandelier.

"Come in, you two!" a voice called through an open door.

They advanced, had almost reached the threshold, when the lamps snapped out, and from each side of the doorway, behind the hangings, a figure emerged swiftly, and clapped a pistol to their heads.

"Make a sound, either of you," a voice hissed, as the cold muzzles of the weapons pressed into their yielding flosh, "and you'll be shot where you stand!"

"We're in the soup!" Wayne managed to whisper, pressing his chum's hand in the darkness—warning enough to Eric to play a watching and waiting game rather than throw away their lives on some desperate and useless hazard.

Harper returned the pressure, and from that time on largely left himself in the older boy's hands.

"Well, what's your game?"

Greville asked moving slightly back.

in the older boy's hands.

"Well, what's your game?" Greville asked, moving slightly backwards, in the hope of finding the door through which they had just entered against a man, and the end of the pistol-barrel bit more deeply into the nape of his neck.

"You're playing the game; we're issuing instructions!" answered a mocking, softly insimuating, voice from out the darkness. "The pair of you are in a big and fashionable London hotel, where you imagine you are safe. Get rid of the idea. You're in my hands absolutely. Understand?"

Wayne thought he might just as well chance his arm.

stand?"
Wayne thought he might just as well chance his arm.
"You deren't shoot us! The noise of the pistols would bring a crowd to the rescue," he said.

A smooth, silken laugh came out of the blackness.

"My young friend, you don't know me, or you wouldn't pass such foolish remarks. Both pistots are charged with noiseless powder. A pull on the trigger, a slight puff, a few convulsive kicks, and out goes your light! Besides, there's a way of pressing a blade well home, just full in the nape of the neck—a strangled sighing, and away you go just the same! Show them, as a warning!"

The voice rose to a command, and a sharp point of cold steel sent little shivers down each spine.

Wayne drew in his breath.

"Go on! Say what you want, and get it over!" he muttered, clenching his toeth.

"Swing your hands downwards flat to your sides! I'm going to switch on the light. Let me hear the movement! You're as dead as frozen beef if you don't obey!"

The bulbs in a shaded chandelier overhead trembled into life, and in the soft radiance the chums looked upon a strange scene.

At a flat-topped rosewood desk in the middle of the room sat a huge man, if anything, bigger than Bruce Claxton. On his massive shoulders was set an immense head crowned with startlingly light straw-coloured hair. He would have been decidedly good-looking but for his eyes—eyes as bright and as blue as tho summer's sea flashing in the sun, but for all that cold and deadly and wickedly glittering.

"A Dane or a Teuton—one of the Boche breed of brute beasts without

that cold and deadly and wickedly glittering.
"A Dane or a Teuton—one of the Booche breed of brute beasts without feeling or mercy." Wayne thought, and met that cold, pitiless gaze with

of feeling or mercy." Wayne thought, and met that cold, pittless gaze with a fearless stare.

"What do you want?" he found himself asking in a strange, far-away voice; for, aithough the man in the chair was smiling and revealing snowwhite, even teeth, the smile was a beast's snarl, and the lips were unsutterably cruel.

"You're going to be bound, the pair of you!" came back the quick answer. "At the slightest show of resistance out goes your light! Don't consistance out goes your light! Don't warned you. We are all desperate game! All the shower of Lesons and their shows are testing and their shows are getting the short-fellow that contrast and their shows are getting to you." Wayne glanced for Parks, Lendon, N.

"So you're the captain—eh?" he asked, glancing towards the figure in the chair, determined to find out as

much as possible.

The other stroked a soft flaxen moustache that adorned his upper

lip. "That's right, Wayne; I'm the captain," he replied, in the most musical voice the boy had ever heard. "Glad you know, so that when you come to work for me you'll remember how to address me. Now to business!"

how to address me. Now to business!"

He glanced down at a litter of pepers and maps on his desk, and laid his weapon carefully aside, the muzzle, however, still remaining on a line with Wayne's chest.

"We are finding ourselves in a little bit of a difficulty." he said, looking up suddenly, as though the boys were there purposely to supply him with information. "Doubtless you can guess what that difficulty is. Now listen, Wayne, and you as well, Harper' I'm in no mood to be fooled with. Time's precious—at least, my time is. If you've got the slightest regard for your safety,

answer my questions, or two dead bodies will be smuggled out of this hotel before the morning!"
There was no mistaking the deadly earnestness of the man, and for the first time Wayne realised the full danger of their position. This man knew nothing of nercy; his life-story was written in a face as cruel and as remorseless as a tiger's.

"What questions?" asked the boy, fighting for time.

The captain settled himself back in his chair.

"That's better! You are getting more tractable. I hate obstinate boys! They're only fit to float in the Thames, tied in a sack! You remember Rateliff here?"

"Too well!" retorted Wayne.

"He's a traitor, and one day we'll make him pay for his treachery!"

"Say 'yerhaps'! Sounds safer!" the other levered. "Now, this matter of treasure-hunting? You've got Bruce Claxton behind you and Captain Morander, a decent ship, a fair crew, and pretty good chances of winning a tidy haul—ch!?"

"You are welcome to the opinion!" was the cool reply.

The captain merely smiled.

"To return to my first statement. I suppose you understand I'm running a rival show?"

"There's nothing to prevent you. The sea is an open road. We've no wish to interfere, provided you let us alone."

"There's nothing to prevent you.
The sea is an open road. We've no
wish to interfere, provided you let
us alone."
The man's carefully-kept finger-nails
drummed on the polished rosewood.
"Precisely. But the point is, we
don't know where these treasure-ships
lie."

don't know where these treasure-sinjs coized on it gladly.

"Oh, that's a pity! Then your paid crew of scoundrels don't serve you properly. I thought Rateliff, here, stole our charts and plans, and gave them to you. Like as not, seeing what a dirty rat he iss—first part of his name suits him well!—he sold the information to a second gang of thieves!"

An oath broke from the exmechanic, who advanced threateningly on the boy, his lean arm upraised.
"T'll got even with you for that,"

ing uprais "I'll "na

ingly on the boy, his lean arm upraised.

"I'll get even with you for that," he snarled. "Let me get at him, sir!"

"Stand aside, you fool! Do w want this room turned into a beavgarden?" the chief snapped, reaching out and giving his lieutenant in crine a push which sent him crashing against the further wall. "Now. Wayne, no more fooling. This job must be got through quickly. Time is running against both of us. You know what I want—an admission of Bruce Claston's plans."

Wayne laughed.

"You've knocked at the wrong door. Couldn't possibly oblige you with what has already been stolen from us or, rather, copied. Pretty much like walking to Newastle to buy a bag of coals, isn't it?" The captain flushed.

"No, it isn't. You know what I mean. Claston has changed his original plans, because he happened to discover that Rateliff had copied them and communicated them to me." Well, you don't blame him for

to discover that Ratchin had copied them and communicated them to me."

"Well, you don't blame him for that, do you?"

"I'm not blaming anyone!" the man flung back hotly. "I'm in search for information, and I mean to get it. Look here, you know just as well as I do what Claxton's arrangements are. You were aware, before your ship left Plymouth, that he meant to visit and raise the sunken Lutine. Now, what and where is your next item on the programme?"

Wayne felb his courage returning. Certainly his hopes ran higher. So long as this information was unknown to the enemy, their own expedition certainly held the whip-hand.

"For one thing, I don't know; for another, if I did, I certainly shouldn't tell you. Don't you think your best plan would be to ask Mr. Claxton?"

The man did not believe a word freville uttered.

Claxton?"
The man did not believe a word
Greville uttered.
A flush of dull-red colour mounted

FREE TO AMBITIOUS Leading British Athlete and World's Champion decides to present 20,000 STRENGTH DEVELOPERS to British Boys.

abous of the wonderful strength that a little practice has produced. Send only 26 as, and their chur abous of the wonderful strength that a little practice has produced. Send only 26 as, and the developer will be sent free—absolutely free. Readers abroad send 1/- extra for—A. DANKS (Dept. B), 50, O Creacent Road, Alexandra Park. L.



angrily into his fair face, and he pulled something from his pocket.

pulled something from his pocket.

"I don't care a button whether you live or die new!" he hissed. "I'm through with the pair of you! You see that watch!"—banging a gold repeater face upwards on the desk. "Watch the minute-hand! I give you both five of those little spaces—three hundred seconds in all—to decide. Refuse to tell me all you know, and I shoot you where you stand, and sink your bodies in the Thames! And, mind, no man ever spoke truer words!"

Fo'e's'le Jim Takes a Hand in a Merry Game.

Had you been walking about the hour when most fashionable London is either dressing for dinner or seated gaily at its great meal of the day along the wide road that branches at right-angles off the main thoroughlare leading from Hyde Park Corner

right-angles oft the main thorough-fare leading from Hyde Park Corner to Bayswater, you might have wit-nessed a sight which would have filled

At least, this was the effect produced on many people, from hurrying business-men to pert-eyed pages standing in the verandahed or orticoed doorways of the many residential hotels in which this neighbourhood boasts.

neighbourhood boasts.

Along the lot, sun-bathed pavement a rhan was walking, careless and sublinely indifferent to the many various giances turned on him. There is only one such round, smiling face in all London Town, a face as brown and wrinkled as an old apple, only one such rolling, swaying form, only one such rolling, swaying form, only one such deep, musical voice jerking out in enatches fragments of some old sea-song of the pirate days.

The soft wind blew among his

The soft wind blew among his strangling whiskers, and took up the notes of the buccaneer's refrain:

"Dead men, dead men, dead men all, Gone to their doom with hands

you with amusement and amaze

# Treasures of the Deep

(Continued from the previous page.)

Men and women stopped, turned round and stared, but still Eo'c's'le Jim continued in swaying gait, and rolled out, in a cracked, hoarse voice, a tune that has been roared to the wash and scream of the sea since Morgan's day.

Nor was his song the strangest part about him. Nor was his song the strangest part about him, wind-blown hair, the blue jersey, much darned and stained, was slung across his shoulder, the bottoms of his trousers were rolled high up, aimost to his knees, and the brown feet that trod the hot pavements were as devoid of covering as a new-born child's.

In his left hand Joe carried his

In his left hand Joe carried his

In his left hand Joe carried his boots at his side.

A little way down the road he stopped a dapper-looking gentleman in frock-coat and silk hat.

"Say, matey, ever heerd tell of sich a place as the Mally Traverse Hottel?" he asked, breaking off suddenly in the middle of a line.

The stranger stared at Jim as though he were a wild man escaped from another world.

"Never, my good man. Better report your condition to a policeman. There, get along; you reck of the sea!"

scal!'
Fo'c's'le Jim pulled at his forelock and ambled on, his twinkling, keen eyes roving everywhere.

"Gone to their doom stained red. Give 'em a cheer, and a-

Then he came to a dead halt, and stared up at a bold sign in big, gilt letters.

"Reached port at last. Warp her in, my hearties! Sling them feuders, you lubbers, and remember the paint! I say, young felter-me-lad, lest tell the managine! I want blim! Name? Oh, Fot s'e Jim, and known, my boy, from Cape Horn to Hatteras! That's me; third in command o the good ship Hesiemeralda, and

"'Sling 'em a shout and a cheer,

cheer-o!
And pitch 'em a stave for their deeds so bold!'

"What, hevin' his dinner? Then, like as not you'll do, Metal Polish. Young, gentlemen name o' Wayne and Harper respectiverly. What, not here? Where are they, then?"
"Went out good half-hour ago. Had a telephoue-message from a gentleman name of Claxton, arstin' em to go to his hotel, the Burleigh it was, and he wanted to see 'em both mighty particular, so they cut their dinners out, and off they shied."

Jim looked grave.

"Cut their dinners out, did they? And them same dinners in their tunnines, too! Poor boys, how they must have suffered! Weel, laddie, here's a bawbie to buy a new toothbrush,' as the Scotsman says when he gives his son a weddin'-present, and, thank you all the same, I'll be steering for a fresh hanchorage."

He tossed a shilling into the lad's ready palm, and ambled off to his scargait again, his boots dangling at his side, and his jersey swinging to the like of the pirate soug.

At the corner of Leinster Gardens he came up with a sudden jerk as a hurrying form collided heavily with him.

"Hi, avast there, you swab, you swinging land-lubber!" he bawled "Can't you bring up properly? Port you, engines, then full-speed astern "Fo'c's'le Jim!" laughed a rich, "Cut their dinners out, did they? nd them same dinners in their

"Fo'c's'le Jim!" laughed a rich, familiar voice, and at that the sailor stiffened and saluted respectfully, "Mr. Claston, sir, beggin' your pardon! Never expected you this side o' the Pool, and I've joss left me old grandmother, what lives at Hornsey Rise, and a hunnered-an'thirteen she is, if a day, or may I never sail the King's seus agen!" Bruce Claxton laughed, and stared in amaze at the sailorman's strange appearance.

m amaze at the sailorman's appearance.

'Then what brings you thi he asked.

Jim jerked his head shoulder.

'Stoored a sailorman's

shoulder.
"Steered a course for the Mally Traverse Hottel, to see them byes; but the boy at the door—hang his imperance and his shining buttons!—he said as how you'd rung up from your hottel, and arst 'em along to see you."

Claxton's brow became suddenly

Claston's brow became suddenly puckered.

"II Sure, I've never done anything of the sort. Who told you this?"

"Boy on the door. Said a 'phone message came through that you wanted to see 'em both at the Burleigh, so they didn't wait for dimer, but scooted right there."

Claston placed a silver whistle to his lips, and at the shrill call a taxical drew along-ide the kerb.

"No such thing. Someone has laid a trap for those boys. Burleigh Hotel, off the Strand, please!"—this to the driver. "Get inside, Jim. I don't like the look of things at all."

"You mean those boys are in dager?" Jim said, paling under his lan.

The Rhodesian frowned.

Tou mean those boys are in danger." Jim said, paling under his tan.

The Rhodesian frowned.

"I hardly know what to think. It seems strange someone should have fung them up, and delivered a message supposed to come from me. I haven't been in the hotel all day. I left early this morning to see the Naval Treasure Trove Commissioners at Whitehall about our respective shares of the bullion taken from the Lutine, and hurried back here to let Wayne and Harper know what their shares are. Yours, Jim, is three thousand odd pounds."

Fo'c's'le Jim gasped.

"Three thousand golden jimmy-o'goblins! Lumme!" he cried. "I'll be able to buy up Plymouth Sound, order all the other ships out, and fish for tiddlers to my heart's content. But, I say, though, if them boys is in danger—"
"Perhaps it's not as bad as that."

danger—"
"Perhaps it's not as bad as that,"

of him. t w o young gentlemen been here to see me?" he asked.

The man saluted.

"Yes, a good half-hour back, sir.

They said they had an appointment with you, so I showed them up to your room."

your room."
"Which one-the old suite or the

new?"
"Didn't know you'd changed,
"Claxton stamped his foot.
"I'm in Suite 47 now. Never
mind, take me up. Who's in my old

mind, take me up. Who's in my old rooms?"
The commissionaire shook his head. "Really don't know the name, sir, but a big gentleman he is, very tall and broad, even larger than you-begging your pardon, sir—with yellow hair and blue eyes."
Was it faucy, or did Bruce Claxton really smother an exclamation of surprise.
"Never mind; we can go up. My friend"—nodding towards Fo'e's'le Jim—"will come with me."
The lift was just descending, packed with trunks and two immense wickerbaskets similar to those generally used by members of the theatireal profession. Claxton stepped imnatiently aside while three of the hotel porters helped to move them out. Then the lift whirred him and Jim to the second floor.
The lift-attendant followed them as far as Claxton's previously occupied rooms. His knock on the sitting-room door met with no response. He knocked again—still with the same

door met with no response. He knocked again-still with the same

"Have you a master-key?" leasked, furning to the man.

The fellow fitted one into the lock, and the door swung in. Claxton groped for the wall-switch. The metal knob clicked, but no answering glow illumined the bulbs.

"Have your lights fai he

"Have your lights fai

asked.
"No," replied the man. "All right

"No," replied the man. "All right everywhere else."
"Then strike a match!" Claxton commanded.
The attendant did so, and held the flaming vesta close to the wall.
"Strange! The wires have been cut through just above the switch, sir," he announced.
Claxton said competitive universely.

sir," he announced.

Claxton said something unintelligible, and strode into the room, only to stumble over something stretched across the carpet.

"Bring candles," he growled.

"Something wrong here."

The cangles duly appeared and life.

"Bring candles," he growled.
"Something wrong here."

The candles duly appeared, and lit up a scene of extraordinary velaos. The richly-furnished apartment was been clears and feeth of the carpet, and less was pushed up into one corner. Broken glass littered the carpet, and here and there they sneed to blood cluing moistly to the thick pile.
Claxton was obviously alarmed.
"Those boys have been here, and have fought for their lives!" he cried, and, stooping swiftly, picked up a snapped length of cord. "Look, Jim! A piece of rope, evidently used to bind them. In the struggle, one of them cast it off, but their captors were too many for them. I say, you."—turning to the startled attendant—"where is the gentleman who occupies this suite?"

The fellow wed a frightened, palled face.

"where is the gentleman who occupies this suite?"

The fellow wed a frightened, pallid face.

"Don't know, sir," he stammered.
"Then go down to the manager's office and find out. The commission-aire tells me two young friends of mine came to these rooms some time this evening. They can't have gone out by the front door, or he would have seen them, and informed me when I inquired about them. Losno time, and 'phone up from the hall what you can find out.

As the man ran swiftly to his lift. Claxton started a quick examination of the room. Nothing of the occupants remained; no clothes, no papers, not a sign to tell of their occupation save the marks of a ferce struggle.

The wall telephone rang.

"Yes. Who are you?" the Rhodesian asked breathlessly. "Any news of my friends?"

"None at all, sir," came the startling reply. "I've got half my men making inquiries. The gentleman who occupied the suite you're now in has left the hotel without paying his bill."

"When?"

"When?"

"When?"
"Only a few minutes ago. He must have come down by the stairs as you went up in the lift."
"Anyone else with him as he passed out?"
"Yes; a tall, thin, sallow-faced chap who stoops. Rough, dirty hands, looking like a working man's. Ratty, the commissionaire, tells me the gentleman called him as they walked side by side out of the vestibule."
"Gregory Ratcliff for a cert!" cried

Claxton. "And the other—well, never mind. I say, manager, had they any luggage?"
"Yes. a good deal. Some big.

mind. I say, manager, had they any luggage?"
"Yes, a good deal. Some big trunks, and a couple of large-size wicker-baskets. But we haven't seen anything of the young gentlemen."
"They came in, anyway. Your commissionaire saw them, and directed them up to these rooms, which, by the by, are in a dreadful state of damage and disorder. You'd better put the matter in the hands of the police at once, and have the occupant of the suite arrested. He and his friend between them have done pounds and pounds' worth of damage. Now, what can have become of those two lads?"
"Have you examined every room."

what can have become of those two lads?"
"Have you examined every room thoroughly—looked in the cupboards and under the bed?" the manager asked.

asked.
"Everywhere!" Claxton exclaimed hotly. "They came in, and in some mysterious way the two men have smuggled them out, prisoners. I've got it—in the wicker-baskets! Manager, is there time to stop that hurgage?"

luggage?"
"I think so," came back the reply.

Manager, is there time to stop that lungager, "I think so," came back the reply. "The porters are only just roming back into the hall, after loading it on to a big car. You'd better come down, sir, and lay information to the police. I'll send for a constable now." Claxton went down the stairs three at a time. In the right-hand pocket of his coat he gripped an automatic pistol. It might be a fight to the death, on there in the crowded street, against a man playing for desperate odds.

One of the porters came towards him as he ruched towards the door. "Quick, sir! The man with the gentlenan's luggage refuses to stop. When I told him to, he threatened to knock me down. What's to be done?"

"I'll show you!" the Rhodesian cried, darting through the revolving doors. "Which is the car?"

"That one, sir!" shouted the porter. "The big, black, closed-in one. Look! The baskets are tied on the top. There goes the big gentleman with the yellow hair, just stepping inside."

Claxton raced forward just as the strend.

"Stop! Stop!" he shouted, and, whipping out his pistol, leapt on the

Strand.
"Stop! Stop!" he shouted, and, whipping out his pistol, leapt on the

whipping out his pistol, leapt on the step.

A huge hand rea-hed out suddenly, and gripped the pistol. A sharp by recool. A cry of pain from Bruco Claxton, and the pistol clattered into the readway. Cartigle exploding harmlessly in the air. Then the car dashed forward, leaving Claxon sprawling helplessly. By the time he was able to scramble to his feet it had swung round the corner, and was swallowed up by the fast-moving traffic in the Strand. "Unless I stop the scoundrel those boys are as good as dead!" he muttered.

Jim rushed up, panting.

"You can't—you can't!" he cried.
"They've done us—got clean away, with not one chance in a million to pick up their trail!"

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