# REAT SERIES OF CARAVANNING STORIES! See Below.

No. 892. Vol. XVIII. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending July 13th, 1918.

# THE SORROWS OF SERGEANT KETTLE!

CONQUEST.

## The 1st Chapter.

Late Hours.

"On dear!"
"Dry up!"

"I'm awfully tired!" "Cheese it!

"Shut up!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell ferociously. And Tubby Muffin shut up, only

emitting an occasional groan, to show how tired he was, and how hardly he considered that he was being used. High over the woods and the Ken-

tish lanes the round moon soared. It was a beautiful night.

But the beauty of the night was lost

upon the Rookwood caravanners. Jimmy Silver & Co. were fatigued, and they wanted to stop and camp, but

luck was not their way. Raby was leading the horse, who was tired, too, and obstinately refused

to proceed at more than a snail's pace. Newcome gave the horse an occasional dispirited prod to buck him up.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell strode beside the van, and Tubby Muffin dragged on behind, groaning. Tubby Muffin did not see why he

should not sit on the van and ride. The Fistical Four did see, however.

The horse was tired enough, without having Tubby's tremendous weight to pull up hill and down dale.

Caravanning was a joyful way of spending a holiday, but it has its downs as well as its ups, and Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood, were experiencing some of the downs to begin with.

Having been shifted out of their camp at a late hour by an irate farmer, they had to take to the road again, and hitherto no favourable spot for a fresh camp had been sighted.

They passed sleeping villages and dark, silent farms, where dogs began to bark as the rumble of the wheels broke the silence of the night.

Jimmy Silver, who always looked on the bright side of things, declared that shortly they would find an ideal spot for camping.

His suggestion was to keep smiling. His comrades, however, seemed

rather inclined to keep grunting.
"I say—" began Tubby Muffin dolefully.

Lovell turned on him.

"Will you shut up?" he demanded.

"I'm tired."

"Well, you can be tired without jawing. Give your lower jaw a rest."
"We'll camp soon, Tubby," said Jimmy Silver.

"I say-"Shut up!"

"Yes, but I say-

"My hat! I'll pitch him into the ditch if he doesn't dry up!" exclaimed Lovell, in great exasperation.

"But I say." persisted Tubby, with a wary eye on Lovell. "There's a field yonder that will do rippingly." "Oh! Why couldn't you say so,

then?" grunted Lovell. 'I was trying to-

"Oh, ring off!"

Arthur Edward Lovell was not in a very reasonable mood just then.

WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE

"Halt!" said Jimmy Silver. Raby stopped the horse.

Jimmy looked over a gate by the roadside, which Tubby had spotted. It led into a field, with a haystack at

the further end. "It would suit us," said Lovell.
"Only it's too jolly late to ask leave

of the owner. "We don't want another blessed old Hun raging on our track," said New-

come dismally. "Let's risk it," said Raby. "After all, they can't do more than turn us

out in the morning."

Jimmy Silver did not reply.

He was staring across the field at a large object that loomed up dimly in the moonlight.

"You fellows see that?" he asked, pointing.

It's another caravan.

"My hat! So it is!" exclaimed ovell. "I say, if one lot of caravanners can camp in this field, another lot can. Let's chance it."
"I wonder—" began Jimmy.

"Don't start wondering now, old chap. My legs are fit to drop off."
"I wonder!" repeated Jimmy thoughtfully. "Tommy Dodd and

those Modern worms are caravanning in this part, you know. That may be

"Jolly queer to run on them, if it's," said Lovell. "Like their cheek to be camping there so jolly comfy, the Modern worms! Bless Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, and every other Tommy in the wide world! We're going to camp in this field!

And Lovell opened the gate. "Can't do better," agreed Jimmy

The horse was led in at the gate, and the caravan rumbled into the field.

Glad enough were the tired juniors to come to a halt.

As soon as the caravan stopped, Tubby Muffin plunged into it, rolled into one of the berths, and fell fast

The Fistical Four took the horse out of harness, to graze or sleep as he chose, and Robinson Crusoe laid down in the grass. The juniors had named the caravan horse Robinson Crusoe because he was monarch of all he sur-

The Co. looked at one another. "What about the tent?" murmured

Raby.
"Too jolly tired!" said Lovell, with a yawn. "It's a warm night, Let's

try rugs in the grass.' 'Good egg!

"There's another berth in the van," said Jimmy. "You have it, Newcome, and we'll camp out with rugs.' "Right you are!

Newcome was asleep in two minutes. Jimmy Silver, George Raby, and Arthur Edward Lovell took rugs and coats out of the van, and disposed themselves in the thick, rich grass.



"PENNY POPULAR." WAR TIME PRICE

But Jimmy sat up on his rug, looking across the moonlit field at the

other caravan. He was tired, but he was wondering whether that caravan belonged to Tommy Dodd & Co., the chums of the

Modern side at Rookwood. He nudged Loyell as that youth was settling into balmy slumber.

"Lovell, old chap." "Yaw-aw! Wharrer marrer!"
Lovell sat up. "Don't say the beastly farmer is coming after us!" he gasped.

"I was thinking-"Is it the farmer?"

"No; it's nobody. But-"

"Go to sleep, then, fathead!" snorted Lovell, settling down again. Can't you let a chap snooze?

"I was thinking-"Br-r-r-! You can't think, or you'd think it was time to go to sleep. Dry up, there's a good chap

"I was thinking if that's the Modern caravan-

"Blow the Moderns!" Lovell dozed again.

He was awakened by another dig in the ribs. "Groogh! Wharrer marrer?"

"I say, Lovell, if that's the Modern van, Tommy Dodd & Co. are fast asleep, and they don't know we're

"Shurrup!" "Shurrup:
"What a chance to jape the Modern
bounders!" urged Jimmy Silver.
"You frabjous bandersnatch!" said
Lovell, in sulphurous tones. "Are

you thinking of japing at this time of the night, when we're all dog-tired? You dangerous maniac, go to sleep!"

"But, I say-"You-say another word, and I'll brain you with a tent-peg!" shrieked Lovell.

And he closed his eyes, and snored resolutely. Jimmy Silver grinned, and rose to

At Rookwood Lovell was one of the keenest on the rivalry between Classi- | night.

Lovell and Raby closed their eyes at I cal and Modern, and always ready for a "rag," with Tommy Dodd & Co. as the victims.

But he was too sleepy now to care a brass farthing for Tommy Dodd or the whole Modern side, and japes did not appeal to him.

But Jimmy Silver was made of sterner stuff.

Leaving his comrades fast asleep, the captain of the Rookwood Fourth crossed the field, to scout around the other caravan, with many humorous plans in his head, if the caravanning party should turn out to be the Rookwood Moderns.

> The 2nd Chapter. Jimmy Silver Gets Busy.

The camp was silent as Jimmy Silver approached it in the glimmering moonlight. Only a steady crop-crop came from a horse tethered somewhere

Near the caravan was a tent, and as Jimmy Silver drew nearer he heard a sound that mingled with the cropcropping of the feeding horse.

It was a low bass, rumbling sound, which rather surprised Jimmy for a moment, and made him glance up at the moonlit sky, thinking of German air-raiders.

But the sound came from the tent, and he grinned as it dawned upon him what it was.

"The merry old sergeant," he murmured, "snoring!"

He was aware that Mr. Kettle, the school sergeant, was with the Modern trio, his duty being to "look after" them on the tour. And Jimmy recognised that power-

ful bass snore now; he had heard it before, at Rookwood School.

He was pretty certain that it was Sergeant Kettle who was sleeping in But he had to make sure, and he ap-

proached the caravan. Door and window stood wide open, to let in the air on the warm summer's

Jimmy listened. Only the sound of deep breathing

came from within. The occupants of the van, whoever they were, were fast asleep, as was natural at that hour.

Jimmy stopped, and detached a stone from the earth, and tossed it into the van, keeping back out of sight by

one of the big wheels. There was a startled exclamation in

"Hallo! What's that?"

Jimmy grinned silently. It was the voice of Tommy Dodd, of the Rook-wood Modern Fourth, and all his doubts were set at rest now. It was undoubtedly the Modern party the Classical caravanners had come upon. "What's that, I say?" repeated

Tommy Dodd. "Bedad, and what's the matter wide ye?" came Tommy Doyle's sleepy voice. "Is it an air-raid, begorra?"

"Something woke me up. "Go to sleep again, then!" This time it was Tommy Cook's voice. "No need to wake us up, too, fat-

"Something hit me on the nose!"

"How could it, ass?"

"Well, it did!" "Faith, it's dhraming ye are!" said Doyle. "Go to slape, and dhrame about something else!

"I tell you something hit me on the nose!" exclaimed Tommy Doyle excitedly. "If one of you fellows is playing tricks-

"Oh, go to sleep!" Tommy Dodd grunted, and laid his

head on the pillow again. The voice died away, and soon the silence was broken only by deep

breathing. Jimmy Silver did not move for some

But, as soon as he was sure that the Modern juniors were asleep again, he crept to the door of the van, and peered in.

(Continued on the next page.)



Published

**Every Monday** 

It was dim enough inside, but enough moonlight penetrated by door and window for Jimmy to make out the

There were two berths inside, one above the other, as in the Classical van. A third bed was made on the floor, and

Jimmy guessed that it was Tommy Dodd who occupied that, from the fact that the pebble had fallen on his nose Apparently the sergeant had the tent all to himself.

Possibly it was the old military gentleman's formidable snore which accounted for that fact.

Jimmy's sleepy, but cheerful, face grinned into the van.
Tommy Dodd's head was towards the

door, doubtless for the air.
With a deft hand, Jimmy tossed another

pebble into the van, and it dropped on the sleeper's face. Tommy Dodd came out of the land of dreams with a jump.

In a twinkling Jimmy Silver was back in cover behind the wheel. "What's that?" spluttered Tommy

He sat up, in startled wrath.

"Cook! Doyle!" he shouted. "Begorra, and is it awake ye are agin?" exclaimed Tommy Doyle. "Can't ye go to slape intirely?

"Who's playing silly fag tricks?" yelled Tommy Dodd. "Something dropped on my face again and woke me up! "You're dreaming," snapped Cook.

"For goodness' sake, go to sleep! "How can I go to sleep when some thundering ass keeps on waking me up, dropping things on me?"

'Oh, rats!' "Was it you, Cook?"

"Was what me, fathead?"
"Dropping something on my face."
"Oh, rats! I'm trying to forget your race—I don't like nightmares!" snorted

"Was it you, Doyle?" howled Tommy Dodd.

"Sure I'm not responsible for yere dhrames, Tommy. Shut up, and let a chap get some slape!"
"Well," said Tommy Dodd, in sulphur-

ous tones, "if it happens again, I'll have one of you out of those bunks fast enough! You ought to be glad to have the bunks, without playing tricks on : fellow because he's sleeping on the floor!'

Tommy Dodd snorted, and settled down

But it was some time before balmy slumber reigned in the Modern caravan once more; Tommy Dodd was cross, which was not surprising.

Outside the van, Jimmy Silver nodded off, sitting against the wheel in the grass. He dozed for a quarter of an hour or so, and woke again as he slipped from the

awoke with all his wits about him,

and as humorous as ever. Convinced by the steady breathing in the van that all was balmy slumber once more, Jimmy disinterred a pebble from the ground, and crept to the door.

"Yoowwwp!" Tommy Dodd bounded to his feet in the

Whiz!

You silly chumps!" he roared. "Oh, crumbs! You awake again!" "Phwat's the matter intirely?" ex-claimed Doyle. "Hallo! Wharrer you up

Tommy Dodd was dragging him forcibly out of the berth.

"I told you I'd do it!" raved Dodd. "Begorra! Is it potty ye are?" yelled

Doyle. "Lave me be!"
"You shouldn't drop stones on my face, then, you duffer!' "Sure I didn't, at all, at all."

"Well, if you didn't, Cook did."
"I didn't, you ass!" roared Cook, from
the other berth. "You've dreamed it. I was fast asleep till you woke me up.

Bump! Tommy Doyle landed on the floor, and Tommy Dodd plunged into his berth.

There was a howl of wrath from

"Ye spalpeen! Ye loon! Sure I'll "You can settle it with Cook," said Dodd grimly. "I'm having this bunk, I know that! I'm fed up with your silly

"Sure, I'd rather slape on the floor than be woke up every ten minutes by a blethering blatherskite!" growled Doyle.

Slape in the bunk and be blowed to you intirely! And Doyle settled down in Tommy Dodd's bed.

Jimmy Silver smiled up at the full round moon, admiring the beauty of the

with a patience that really did him Moderns to get credit, he waited for the Moderns to get

to sleep again. He did not have long to wait, for the three Tommies were tired with a day's

Ten minutes later a pebble was projected deftly into the van, and it dropped on Tommy Doyle's nose as he lay on the

It brought him out of dreamland with a jump, and he sat up, roaring.

Ye howling asses! Ye thundering chumps! Ye silly spalpeens! Phwat are ye up to at all, at all?" he roared.

Great pip, is that ass beginning now?" exclaimed Cook, in great exasperation, as I

Doyle's voice brought him suddenly back to wakefulness. "Ye're pelting me with stones!" roared

Doyle. "Oh, you've got it now, have you?" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "Then it was Cook all the time!"

"It wasn't!" yelled Cook. "I was fast asleen!

Doyle jumped up.

"You can tell that to the marines, ye blatherskite!" he exclaimed. "Tommy's had it, and now I've had it, and so it must be you!"

tell you-" raved Cook "Lind me a hand, Tommy darling." Tommy Dodd willingly lent a hand, and Cook was dragged out of his berth, and

bumped on the floor, yelling.

Doyle and Dodd took possession of the berths, while Tommy Cook sat on the floor and raved. His comrades did not heed his ravings,

however. They settled down to sleep. Tommy Cook talked to them for a good five minutes, with emphasis, and finally settled to sleep in the bed on the floor.

Once again slumber reigned. Jimmy Silver, in joyous mood-not feeling at all sleepy now-waited till he was sure that the Moderns were safe in the arms of Morpheus.

Then, pebble in hand, he looked in at There was a faint whiz as the pebble flew, and it dropped into Tommy Cook's

It was rather a larger pebble than before, and it gave Cook a smart tap. He awoke with a grunt, and his hand flew to his ear, where the stone was still

He clutched it, and jumped up.
"Tommy Dodd, you rotter!" he roared.
"Oh, crumbs! Wharrer marrer?"

It's you, is it?" Who chucked this stone down on me?"

shrieked Cook. "Oh, don't be funny!" said Dodd eepily. "Nobody chucked a stone at you. It was you all the time."
"Feel it, then!" By way of convincing

Tommy Dodd, Cook jammed the stone on his nose, and Dodd certainly felt it, and atarted up with a yell. "That's what bunged into my car, you idiot!"
"Yarooh!"

Faith, and if that's thrue-"

Feel it, you-

"Yoop! Ye thundering ass-leave off hammering my nose, you dangerous

"Well, then, perhaps you believe now it's a stone, and it dropped in my ear!" howled Cook.

"Faith, and it's the sergeant playing thricks on us, then!" exclaimed Tommy Doyle, with conviction. "It can't be anybody else-there's nobody else here, except the horse intirely."

As all three had suffered from the unknown practical joker, they could not help being aware that the stones must have come from outside, and Sergeant Kettle was the only other member of the party. Jimmy Silver dived under the caravan

for cover, and lay very low, as the three Tommies came furiously out. "It must have been the sergeant," said Tommy Dodd. "There's nobody else

within half a mile. Fancy a man of his age playing such tricks!"

Sure it's because I dropped the saucepan on his toe at supper," said Doyle. 'He was ratty at the time.

Hark! He's snoring," said Cook. Pretending to," snorted Tommy Dodd. "It's only camouflage. He can't be asleep if he was chucking stones at us a minute Lend me a hand with these tentpegs! We'll give him chucking stones!" Doyle and Cook chuckled, and joined Tommy Dodd at the tent-pegs.

Under the caravan, the hidden Classical grinned with silent enjoyment. The three Tommies were quick workers.

There was a crash as the tent came down, and a roar like unto that of an angry buffalo from beneath the sprawling

And Tommy Dodd & Co. went back to the caravan, leaving Sergeant Kettle to sort himself out from the wreck of the tent. And while he was doing so the sergeant could be heard making remarks which certainly were not complimentary towards the Modern chums.

### The 3rd Chapter. Sergeant Kettle Waxes Wrath!

Sergeant Kettle crawled out from under the collapsed tent, breathing wrath. 'Blow it!" he said. "Bust it! Bless What's made the blank old thing

come down like that there? Blanketyblankety-blank! Now that there tent's got to be fixed up again afore a man can get any sleep! Blow it!

The sergeant tramped to the van. He wanted assistance, naturally, in setting up the tent. Master Dodd! 'Ere, wake up!"

Deep and steady breathing answered him from the Modern caravan. The three Tommies were apparently fast

"Wake up!" roared Mr. Kettle.

Snore! "Oh, my heye!" grunted the sergeant, in impatient wrath. "Never seed such 'ogs for sleepin' in all my natural! Ere, wake up!

He groped in the van, and caught the !

foot of Tommy Dodd, who was on the He gave it a jerk, and Tommy had to wake up.

But he did not wake up for nothing. "Hallo! Burglars!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

He had placed a mop in readiness. In a moment he grasped it, and shoved it violently at the shadowy figure in the doorway.

Mr. Kettle disappeared into the gloom with a loud yell. "Burglars!" panted Tommy Dodd. I've downed him!"

"Good for yez, Tommy!" "Oh, my heye! Yarooh! You young idjit, I ain't a burglar!" wailed the "You young dummy, I'm the sergeant!"

"My hat! Is that you, Kettle?"
"Yow-ow! Yes."

"Dear me!" said Tommy Dodd.
"What a sad mistake!" murmured
Cook. "I say, sergeant why ain't you
asleep? Not sleep-walking, I hope." "My ole tent's come down, and I want

you to 'elp me fix it up again!" boomed the sergeant.
"Dear me! What could have made it

come down?" "The way you 'elped me fix it, I expect!" growled Mr. Kettle.- "Turn out and lend a 'and.

"It must have been the sergeant's snore that did it, intirely!" said Tommy Doyle. No tent could stand that for long!

Do you think it was that, sergeant?' "Don't give me any of your imperence!" roared the sergeant. "You jest turn out and lend a 'and! Look lively there!" "Can't be done, old nut!" answered Tommy Dodd, "I think your tent very likely fell on you because you'd been chucking stones in this van."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You young idjit!" snorted the ser-geant. "Who's been chucking stones?" "You have, you old donkey!"
"I haven't!" roared Mr. Kettle. "Mean-

ter say you lugged that there tent down on me, you young varmints?"
"Well, I really think the tent will come down on you every time there are stones

chucked into this van," answered Tommy "By gum, if I 'ad you in my old regi-ent!" murmured the sergeant, in

sulphurous accents. He tramped back to the tent. There was evidently no aid to be obtained from

the juniors in the caravan. Mr. Kettle stood looking at the tent for some minutes, making remarks to space, and then he rolled himself in a rug, and settled down to sleep on the canvas, without troubling to set up the tent again.

In about ten minutes the sergeant's formidable snore was audible once more in the Modern camp.

By that time Jimmy Silver was growing rather cramped under the van. But when he heard the deep and

resonant sound once more he crept out softly and tiptoed towards the sleeping sergeant. A pail stood near the van, half-full of water, with several dishes in it, appar-

ently the remains of unfinished washing-Jimmy Silver took out the dishes, and laid them on the grass, picked up the

pail, and trod softly on. Sergeant Kettle was deep in dreamland again.

He woke up as he felt something plump on his manly chest.

It was a pail, and it stood there, balancing nicely, till the sergeant moved. But naturally when he jumped the pail overturned. Swoooosh!

Sergeant Kettle gave a gurgling roar as the pail tipped over and the wash-up water smote him on the chest.

Jimmy Silver was fleeing in the dimness across the field to the Classical

He felt that he had done enough for one night, and that it was time to get to Mr. Kettle probably felt that too much

had been done. He jumped up like a jack-in-the-box. and the tin pail clattered to the ground.

The sergeant breathed fury. He had not the slightest doubt that the three merry Moderns had paid him that friendly attention.

He caught up a stick, and rushed to the caravan. The three Moderns had been awakened

once more by the noise, and Tommy Dodd was looking out of the van.

He gave a gasp, as the sergeant rushed

# FILL IN THIS FORM AND HAND IT TO YOUR NEWSAGENT!

**聞~~~~~~~ 週** 

# ORDER FORM FOR THE "BOYS' FRIEND."

To Mr. ..... Newsagent (Fill in name.)

Will you be good enough to order and keep for me each week until further notice a copy of the BOYS' FRIEND, at 13d., which I undertake to accept?

(Fill in your own name here.) Address .....

up, seized him by the collar, and yanked him out. Then the stick rose and fell.

Whack, whack, whack Tommy Dodd wondered whether it was a dreadful nightmare for a moment.

But it was only too real! "Leggo!" shricked the Tommy. "Great Scott! Help! Rescue!

Whack, whack, whack! "Rescue!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. Cook and Doyle leaped out of the van. They rushed on the sergeant in great

'Leave me be!" roared Mr. Kettle. "I'll thrash yer! That's what you want! You want it bad! Drenchin' a man with cold water! Leave me be! I'll thrash yer all round! I'll—I'll— Yah!"
"Down him!" panted Tommy. "Hodrunk or mad! Down him!"

excitement, and dragged him off.

With combined efforts the three juniors downed the sergeant.

Then they bolted into the van, slammed the door, and fastened it.

Crash! Sergeant Kettle's stick beat on the out-

side of the door.
"Hopen this 'ere door!" he thundered. "I'm goin' to thrash you all round! Young varmints! That's wot you want, bad! You're goin' to 'ave it! Hopen this door!"

Crash, crash!
"Mad as a hatter!" gasped Cook.
"Lucky there's a lock on the door! Oh, my hat, what a night!

Crash! "Go away, you lunatic!" howled Tommy Dodd. Sergeant Kettle left them in peace at last, and retired, snorting, to slumber

once more. But it was a long time before the Moderns slept. It was very warm in the van with the door closed, and there was a raving

maniac outside-at least, so it seemed to That was not a happy night for the Modern caravanners.

# The 4th Chapter.

Jimmy Silver was up bright and early in the morning, late as had been the hour

of retiring. Sunshine streamed down on the green fields and meadows, and a pleasant breeze came scented from the woods.

In the sunny morning the camp on the other side of the field could be seen, and moving figures in it.
"They've seen us!" grinned Newcome. "I shouldn't wonder if they guess that they had a visitor last night, now they

know we're here," yawned Jimmy Silver.
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Co., for they had been told all about Jimmy's japa on Moderns. Jimmy stepped into the van to help

Tubby Muffin make up his mind that it was time to rise. Tubby came out of the van with a

bump and a roar.

Jimmy followed him out, in time to see Tommy Dodd & Co. crossing the field towards the Classical camp. "Hallo!" said Tommy Dodd, as he came up, eyeing the Classicals very curiously

and suspiciously. 'Same to you, and many of them!" answered Jimmy Silver affably.

"I didn't know you were camping here," said Dodd. We arrived rather late," explained Jimmy. "Had a good night's rest?" 'Did you come over to our camp during

the night?" "Did I?" said Jimmy reflectively. "Now I come to think of it, I may have taken a stroll in that direction."

"Then it was you, begorra-" exclaimed Doyle. "Oh, you funny idiot!" said Tommy Dodd. "We thought it was the sergeant, and the sergeant thought it was us."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I've a jolly good mind to wade in and mop the lot of you!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd wrathfully.

"Pile in, old scout!" grinned Raby. "I don't quite see how you're going to do it. But go ahead!"

Tommy Dodd felt very much inclined to go ahead, but the three Moderns were hardly equal to mopping up four Classicals, without counting Tubby Muffin. Tommy's good-humour came to the

rescue. "Well, I suppose you can't help being a funny idiot, Jimmy Silver," said Dodd, after a pause. "I say, did you drench the sergeant last night? He says somebody stuck a pail of water on him, and it fell over him when he moved. We thought he had gone mad.'

Ha, ha, ha!" "He actually laid into me with a stick!" said Tommy wrathfully. "Of course, we're not going to stand that! We're fed up with Kettle!

"He's growling like a Hun this morning," said Cook dismally. "The worst of it is that Tommy's pater planted him on us to look after us, and we can't give him the boot. Rotten, ain't it?"

"Too bad!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Let's make it pax this morning, you

kids, and you stay to brekker."
"Done!" said Tommy Dodd. fetch some grub, and pool supplies for brekker. I wish you'd take the sergeant along with you when you go.

"No jolly fear!" grinned Raby. "You're welcome to him.' "We're paying five bob for camping in this field," added Tommy. "You'd better

get along to the farm and do the same, or the farmer-man may be crusty if he finds you here. See if you can get any "Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver.

In great spirits the caravanners set

about preparing breakfast. Jimmy Silver walked up to the farm-

house, armed with a huge enamelled jug. He found a very good-natured farmer there, and paid for his camping rights in the field, and purchased several quarts | Doyle.

of milk, and was lucky enough to secure

a large piece of cheese. There was a cheer in the camp when he returned with the milk and the cheese.
"That's something like!" said Tubby
Muffln. "Now, if I open the rest of the
sardines and pilchards and salmon we

shall do. "You open one of them and you'll get scalped!" growled Lovell. "You're going to have cold potatoes and cheese for

breakfast, Fatty!"
"Well, I don't mind," said Tubby, eyeing the big chunk of cheese. "But what are you fellows going to have?"

Apparently Tubby felt equal to disposing of several pounds of cheese by his own

unaided efforts. "What are we going to have?" repeated Jimmy Silver. "I know what you're going to have, Tubby! You're going to have my boot, you fat Hun!"

And Tubby had it, with the threat of a second application if he exceeded his

"Kettle's boiling!" announced Tommy "What silly ass stuck that kettle

there?" howled Jimmy Silver. The kettle was a tin one, and it was planted in the middle of a wood fire, with

flames licking it all round. It certainly was boiling—in fact, it was hissing and spluttering and jumping!

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Lovell. "It's boiling, ain't it?"
"Here's the coffee-pot!" said Raby.
Lovell took hold of the kettle-handle, and released it at once, with a yell worthy

of a cannibal. "Yarooooh!"
"Hot?" asked Jimmy Silver sarcastic-

"Grooch!" Lovell sucked his fingers frantically. "Yurrrgggh! Mummmmm! "Better make a kettle-holder, or some-thing," said Cook anxiously. "Lend me

your handkerchief, Newcome."
"Lend you rats!" grunted Newcome, "Use your own!" "Well, this rag will do."

The spout dropped off into the fire, the solder having been melted by the heat, and Cook dropped the kettle after it as the water rushed sputtering out, and jumped back. 'Oh, crumbs!" he ejaculated.
'You silly ass!" Lovell left off sucking

Cook anxiously lifted the kettle in a

his fingers to make that remark. "Now you've done it! Just like a Modern!"

"You chump!" roared Cook. "You've done it, you mean! You stuck a tin kettle

in the middle of a blessed furnace, you Classical ass!' "Yurrrrgggh!" was Lovell's next remark, as he renewed his attentions to his

"Well, it's done, anyway," said Jimmy

Silver. "Never mind, there's the iron pot,

You can boll anything in that. Better wash it, perhaps. I don't know whether the flayour of potatoes and carrots would hurt the coffee It was some time before the iron pot

boiled, and then the coffee was made, and the eight Rookwooders sat down to break It was not very long since the rivals of Rookwood had parted at the old school.

but they had plenty to talk about, and "brekker" was a very cheery meal. Tubby Muffin did not join in the talk, his jaws were otherwise engaged, and he succeeded in annexing the lion's share, as

Breakfast was still going strong, when the bull-voice of Mr. Kettle was heard across the field. "Time to start!"

Tommy Dodd turned his head. "Go and eat coke!" was his polite reply. "Well, I'm starting with the van," said Mr. Kettle grimly. And he proceeded to put the horse to the Modern caravan.

Evidently Mr. Kettle was the autocrat of the Modern caravan-party. The 5th Chapter.

Jimmy Silver to the Rescue.

Tommy Dodd frowned over his bread and cheese "You fellows are jolly lucky to be on your own," he said. "Your pater's got some sense. Silver. Of course, so has my pater," added Tommy hastily. "Only he doesn't understand that we should be all right on our own. He arranged with the Head for Kettle to be planted on us-

meaning well, you know. "I believe paters always do mean well," remarked Raby reflectively. "To do 'em justice, they always mean well." "The sergeant is a good old sort, of course," went on Tommy Dodd. "I re-

spect him no end. But he's not cheery company. He wants to run a party of caravanners like a squad of recruits. Laying into a chap with a stick is the limit. We've got to shed him somehow. "We have, intirely," said Doyle "Can't you Classical asses make a suggestion?" asked Cook. "What would you

do if you had Kettle planted on you, blotting out the blessed sunshine with his Jimmy Silver laughed. "Well, it's easy enough," he said. "You can't drop him if he's sent with you by the powers that be. But suppose he left you of his own accord, because you're not

nice company-what?' Tommy Dodd grunted. "Do you think we haven't tried that, ass? We drop things on his toes, spill water into his boots, and hide his hat, and leave his tent-pegs loose, and put salt in his coffee. It seems to make him even worse-tempered!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "It's not a laughing matter. The worsetempered he gets the bigger his sense of duty seems to grow. The fact is, he's having a rotten time, and he'd rather be off, only his dashed sense of duty keeps him sticking to us!" said Tommy Dodd

dismally. "Like a beastly wet blanket!" groaned chap for us?"
"I'll try," said Jimmy modestly. "Let's keep together on the road to-day, and

Done! The Modern caravan was lumbering out into the road now, the sergeant leading

Mr. Kettle was starting, and if his troublesome charges did not want to start, too, they were going to be left behind; that was the grim old military gentle-

man's determination. "Well, so-long, you chaps!" said Tommy Dodd, rising. "Follow on, if you're going to keep us company to-day. Nothing will stop old Kettle. He won't even let us stop to look at the scenery! He marks out a certain number of miles, and keeps on. It's like being a blessed convict! Come on, kids!"

The three Moderns, with the remainder of their breakfast in their hands, followed the sergeant out into the road.

Jimmy Silver & Co. finished their morning meal in a hurry, and put Robinson Crusoe in harness, and the Classical van lumbered out into pursuit.

But the Modern caravan had a good start, and the sergeant was proceeding at a steady pace, never slackening a moment. The Moderns were half a mile ahead when the Classicals started along the

white road after them. "Jolly hard cheese on those kids,"
Arthur Edward Lovell remarked. "There
was some talk of planting Kettle on us, wasn't there? I think we'd have lynched

"Well, they can't lynch him," remarked Jimmy. "But they ought to be able to drop him somewhere. He can't be enjoying the trip; he doesn't look as if he is. If he would get into a tearing temper and chuck up the job, that would suit all

'He's got into the temper right enough, but he won't chuck up the job," grinned Raby.

"I'm going to have a big think," answered Jimmy Silver. "It's up to us, as top side of Rookwood, to help silly Moderns out of a fix.

'Hear, hear!" grinned his chums. And Jimmy Silver thought it out very carefully, as he walked along beside the

horse in the sunny morning. Towards noon the Modern caravan turned into a rough cart-track that lay across a wide heath, and bumped on its way, with a jangling of tin-ware and crockery, and the Classical van followed in its wake.

Halt was made in a very solitary spot, where a shining stream ran by thick trees, out of sight of any human

"I'm jolly ready for lunch, Jimmy." grumbled Tubby Muffin, who had not ventured to raid the supplies in the van during the morning's march.

The Classical van lumbered on, and halted near the Modern vehicle. Sergeant Kettle eyed the Classical

chums rather morosely, and only grunted in reply to their cheery greetings. Lunch together, what?" said Jimmy

"Oh, yes!" said Tommy Dodd.

Bathe afore lunch, Master Dodd," grunted the sergeant. "That's what we've stopped 'ere for.'

"Well, that's not a bad idea," agreed Tommy Dodd. "Ripping to get off the dust of the road! You're a merry old genius, sergeant!"

Grunt! "You'd be a nice man if it wasn't for your temper, and a handsome one if it wasn't for your face," added Tommy sweetly.

Grunt! There was a pleasant spot for bathing, under overhanging trees, and the Rookwood juniors changed in the vans, and plunged into the cool water with great enjoyment.

Tubby Muffin preferred a nap in the grass, but the three Tommies and the Fistical Four were glad of a swim. The sergeant was a good swimmer, and

he kept an eye on the juniors, ready to rescue any of them that should get into difficulties. He had changed into his bathing-

costume in the thicket, and left his clothes under the trees, a fact that Jimmy Silver had noted.

Jimmy called to Tubby Muffin, after swimming a while.

Tubby sat up in the grass drowsily. "Hallo! I'm not going to swim," he said. "I'm tired."

"Like some chocs, Tubby?" "What-ho!" said Muffin, with great promptitude, and he came down through the rushes. "Eh! Where are they?

"In my jacket-pocket, on that bush," said Jimmy, and then he lowered his voice "Tubby, the sergeant's clobber is there under the trees. Take it away and hide it somewhere-sharp! Mind you put it where the sergeant can't find it. Then you can have the chocs,

Tubby Muffin grinned.

"Right-ho!" he whispered. Jimmy Silver swam out again, in a happy and contented frame of mind. Tubby Muffin disappeared into the

thickets. For a quarter of an hour longer the Rookwooders disported themselves in the stream, and then they came ashore for their towels.

The sergeant, in a rather better temper after his bathe, plunged into the green thicket where he had left his clothes, and towelled himself down with great satis-

Then he looked round for his clothes. He looked and looked again!

Then his voice was heard from the thicket, like unto the voice of the Bull of

Where's my clothes?" "My hat!" murmured Tommy Dodd, pausing with one leg in his trousers. "Has

some blessed tramp lifted Kettle's "Where's my clothes?" boomed the sergeant.

Phew! "Doddy," whispered Jimmy Silver, "I suppose the sergeant's got a second suit in the van.'

"I believe so—yes, in a bag," answered the Modern junior. "Why?" "Cut off, then, and pinch the bag."

What for? "And lose it somewhere," whispered Jimmy.

"Oh, my hat!" Tommy Dodd understood.

While the sergeant was raging in the thicket for his clothes, Tommy sped to the Modern van.

He came back in five minutes, a sweet smile on his face.

The juniors finished dressing cheerfully on the grassy bank, deaf to the booming voice from the trees.

They had finished when Sergeant Kettle reappeared in view, still clad in the light and airy costume of bathing-pants and

And the expression on Sergeant Kettle's face would have stricken awe to the heart of Von Tirpitz.

### The 6th Chapter. Fed Up!

"Where's my duds?" "Which?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"My clothes!" boomed the sergeant. "How the merry dickens should I know?" demanded Tommy Dodd. "Why don't you look after your clobber?"

"Somebody's taken my clothes away!" roared Mr. Kettle, glaring over the draping towels with a red and furious

"Careless," said Jimmy Silver. left ours here on the bank, where Tubby could keep an eye on them. Which of you has taken away my

'My dear old nut, we were all in the

second suit, and entered the Modern van once more, and then there was another

THE BOYS' FRIEND

Where's my bag?" "Do you mean your bags?" asked

"I mean my bag, with my other clothes in it!" raved Mr. Kettle. "Somebody's taken it out of the van."

Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd, in alarm. "You don't mean to say so, sergeant!"

"I'll spifficate somebody for this!" groaned Mr. Kettle. "I believe it was one of you young rips. I was a hass to come on this 'ere trapesing about the country with a set of young varmints.

A silly hass, that's what I was."

"Well, you always were," agreed
Tommy. "No good complaining about
that, old nut; you're too old to change

now."
"Where's my bag?"
where "Echo answers where."

"I can lend you a pair of trucks, if you like, sergeant," offered Raby.

Mr. Kettle only gave the generous youth a glare in return for that offer. The junior's "trucks" would not have been of much use to the burly sergeant.

And you can have my second pair of socks," said Dodd. "And my cap," said Doyle generously, "and wan of me collars, bedad!"

Sergeant Kettle, picturesquely draped in towels, roved around the camp for some time, wondering whether a tramp had robbed the caravan, and wondering where his clothes were, and hunting for them with intensifying fury.

He returned at length with a purple face, and found the juniors putting the horses to the vans.

The sight of those preparations for departure made Mr. Kettle give a very good imitation of Vesuvius in a state of eruption.

What are you up to?" he roared. "Time to start, isn't it?" said Tommy Dodd, in surprise. "We've got a good

way, the Modern horse starting to follow of its own accord.

"Stop!" shrieked the sergeant. "Can't be did, old man. Get inside, if

you like. "Will you-will you go into a shop for me and get some noo clothes, if I do?" gasped the unhappy sergeant.

The three Moderns grinned, and shook

"Couldn't be done," said Tommy Dodd. 'You wouldn't be satisfied, sergeant; you grumble at everything. gasped Mr. "I-I won't grumble!"

Done, then! Hop into the van!"

Mr. Kettle hopped into the van, towels In a most unenviable frame of mind, he

sat there, while the Modern caravan lumbered after the Classical. The latter was soon overtaken, and

passed. Jimmy Silver had his own reasons for falling behind.

As soon as the Modern van was well ahead, Jimmy Silver cut back to the camping-place, and shinned up a beech-tree, and recovered the sergeant's bag, which Tommy Dodd had hidden

The clothes which the sergeant had left on the bank, however, were not recoverable, for the simple reason that Tubby Muffin had thrown them into the stream.

Bag in hand, Jimmy Silver ran after the caravan, and the bag was tossed into the Classical van for the present.

The sergeant, anathematising Fate in the Modern van, was quite unaware of that proceeding.

The caravanners walked cheerily on, across the sunny heath, with the caravans, bursting into cheery song as they

walked. It was a couple of hours before a village was reached, and on the outskirts the caravans halted.

Sergeant Kettle put his head out of the Modern van.



Swooosh! Sergeant Kettle gave a gurgling roar as the pail tipped over, and the water smote him on the chest.

water with you," answered Cook, in surprise. "Don't be an ass, you know!"

The sergeant choked. It was true enough.

The seven juniors had been in the stream; only Tubby Muffin had remained ashore.

Mr. Kettle strode to the fat Classical, who had his eyes closed, and a smear of chocolates about his mouth. He woke Tubby by sticking a very large toe into his fat ribs.

"Yow!" gasped Tubby, sitting up in the grass. "Wharrer that? Ow! I say, if you chaps have finished, let's have lunch!' "Did you take away my clothes?" boomed Mr. Kettle.

Eh! "Clothes!" raved the sergeant.

"What clothes?" "My clothes!"

"Do you think I'm a sleep-walker?" demanded Tubby Muffin. "Run away and play, do! I say, Jimmy, are we going to have lunch now?

'Yes, rather!" Sergeant Kettle trod into the trees again, and indulged in another frantic hunt for his clothes, as the juniors prepared lunch.

It was quite possible, of course, that a tramp had come along and lifted the clothes; if one of the caravanners was guilty it was certainly Tubby Muffin. Mr. Kettle searched again through the

thickets, and then searched the Modern van; and then, with a glare at the Fistical Four, searched the Classical van. But he came out fuming.

He was almost convinced by this time that a tramp had lifted his clothes in the thicket, and made off with them. Certainly they were not in the vans, or

anywhere near the camp. He bethought himself now of his

many miles to do this afternoon. You can get some lunch in the van as we go along, Kettle. My clothes-

"Haven't you found them?" roared the sergeant. hain't!

"Well," said Tommy thoughtfully, "it's jolly warm weather. You won't need them.

Mr. Kettle filled the air with wrath. It was quite true.

He really did not need clothes that sunny afternoon, and had the caravan tour been taking place in the South Sea Islands, it would not have mattered at

.But it was scarcely possible to travel along English lanes attired in a bathingsuit and two or three towels.

No doubt it was simply a question of local custom, but customs of that sort had to be respected.

"You ain't going to start till I've got my clothes!" he roared. 'How long will it take you to get

"How can I get them when they're

"My dear man, we can't remain on this spot for the rest of the vacation, said Tommy Dodd, in a tone of patient "You can't expect it. remonstrance. You can travel in the van, if you like, and keep out of sight. It will be nice and cool. When we come to a town you can get out and buy some clothes.' "Ow can I go into a shop like this

gasped Mr. Kettle. 'Ask me another, old chap. Tell 'em you're the Wild Man from Borneo, and

"Follow on, Doddy!" Silver. And the Classical van lumbered on its

"Now, 'urry up with those clothes, Master Dodd!" he said.

'Right you are!" answered Tommy. 'You're sure you'll trust to my taste, sergeant?"

"Yes, yes!" "You wouldn't rather go yourself?"

"No!" roared Mr. Kettle. "Right-ho! Keep your wool on. You come with me, Jimmy. The other chaps can look after the vans till we get back.' Jimmy Silver and Tommy Dodd walked

into the village together, smiling. The other fellows were smiling, too, as they sat down under the trees by the roadside to wait.

In the Modern van the sergeant waited and fumed. He did not smile. It was an hour before the two juniors came back from the village, each of them

carrying a bundle. 'Here you are, sergeant!" called out Tommy Dodd. The van door was opened and the

bundles tossed in: There was no word of thanks from inside: the sergeant was not in a thankful

mood. He was still less so when he had opened the bundles. The door opened again, and a red and

furious face looked out. "You young varmints!"

"Hallo! What's the matter now?" asked Jimmy Silver. The vans were in motion once more, turning off to keep clear of the village

and following a long country road that led away towards hazy blue hills. "Do you think a man can wear these

'ere clothes what you've brought me?" shrieked Mr. Kettle. 'You promised to be satisfied with my taste in clothes," answered Tommy Dodd

manent arrangement. The door opened at last, and the sergeant came red and gasping out of the stuffy van.

You-you-you- Turn that van

"I'll come out to yer!"
"Oh, do! There's some ladies coming along in a trap."

For a long time, as the caravans rum-

bled merrily on, there was an incessant

stream of mumblings and grumblings from

But the sergeant realised that he had

Either he had to don the clothes Tommy

Dodd and Jimmy Silver had brought for

him or he had to remain attired in towels,

which really was not feasible as a per-

The van door slammed hastily.

back!" roared Mr. Kettle.

Bow-wow!

the Modern vehicle.

no choice left.

219

There was a wild shrick from the caravanners at the sight of him.

Sergeant Kettle was attired in bright check trousers much too short for him, reaching a few inches below the knees, and giving a splendid view of brilliant

red-striped socks. His coat was also made for a small man —it did not meet at the buttons, and the sleeves came just beyond his elbows.

This gave a pleasant view of a bluestriped cotton shirt.

The waistcoat was cut for evening-clothes, and just buttoned round the waist, exhibiting a broad expanse of blue shirt-front.

No collar had been provided, but his neck was adorned by a crimson muffler. On his head was a plaid cap, containing as many hues as Joseph's celebrated

His feet were encased in tennis-shoes, but these, by way of compensation, were much too large for him, and flopped about as he moved.

"Oh, laugh!" gasped the sergeant. "This 'ere is a laughin' matter, ain't it? Laugh, you young varmints!

"Thanks, we will!" stuttered Jimmy Silver. "Ha, ha, ha!" Sergeant Kettle shook a furious fist at

the hilarious caravanners. There was an ominous rending sound, and he ceased his gesticulations very hurriedly.

A farmer's cart drove by, and its occupants simply jumped as they saw the sergeant.

There was a howl of laughter from the Mr. Kettle's face was as crimson as his

muffler. He dodged back into the van again. "Better walk, sergeant!" called out immy Silver. "Isn't it jolly stuffy in Jimmy Silver.

"Do come out, sergeant!" pleaded Tommy Bodd: "You'll cheer up every-body we pass! You're a regular cure for

war-worry!" Snort! "Blessed if he isn't still dissatisfied, after all the trouble we've taken!" sighed

Jimmy Silver. Ha, ha, ha!" The caravanners moved on merrily.

sergeant jumped out of the van at last. The expression on his face then showed that his mind was made up. "I'm off, you young varmints!" he announced. "'Ow I'm to get 'ome in this rig I don't know! But I wouldn't travel another day with you if I 'ad to go 'ome

It was a couple of hours before the

dressed like an 'Ottentot!"
"You're not leaving us, surely, scrgeant!" said Tommy Dodd sorrowfully.
"I am that!" snorted the sergeant. "I told Mr. Dodd I'd look arter you. But there's some young varmints that can't be looked arter, which I'll write to your

father and tell 'im so, Master Dodd!" "Oh, sergeant!" Sergeant Kettle tramped off, heading for a village that the caravans were pass-

ing. Jimmy Silver ran to the Classical van and extracted the bag containing Mr. Kettle's second suit. Even the humorous Jimmy could not let

Mr. Kettle enter the habitations of men attired in so remarkable a manner. Better take your bag, sergeant!" he

called out. "Catch!" said Jimmy cheerily.

found it for you, old chap. Catch!"
He tossed the bag to the sergeant, who caught it in great relief. Bag in hand, Mr. Kettle retired to the nearest clump of trees for a change.

The caravans rumbled on. "Poor old Kettle!" murmured Tommy Dodd, wiping his eyes. "I don't think he has really enjoyed caravanning with us. By the way, we'll stop in the next village, and send him a money-order to pay for his clobber that went down the river, and you fellows can whip round for

a tip if you like. "I think he's earned that!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

An hour later quite a handsome remittance was despatched from a post-office to the sergeant's address, which probably fully consoled Mr. Kettle when he received it. Then through the gathering dusk the

caravans rumbled on by road and lane, Classicals and Moderns for once on the best of terms, and in the highest of spirits. Through the summer dusk fresh, boyish

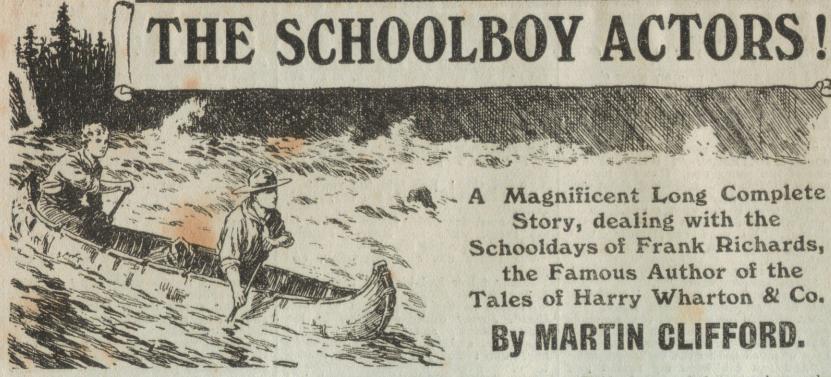
voices carolled merrily, awakening the echoes in green thickets and cool, shady woods.

THE END.

## NEXT MONDAY.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story, dealing with the Schooldays of Frank Richards, the Famous Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## The 1st Chapter. The Play's the Thing!

"Shakespeare!" said Frank Richards. "Ahem!" remarked Bob Lawless. Vere Beauciere looked doubtful. And Chunky Todgers asked:

"Who's that?" It was a meeting in the old corral near Cedar Creek School.

Frank Richards, as president of the Cedar Creek Thespians, was presiding. Frank was responsible for the existence of the Thespians.

It was he who had introduced amateur theatricals at Cedar Creek, and he had displayed great energy in making a success of the idea.

Quite a number of Cedar Creek fellows, and some of the girls, had joined the Thespian Club, the subscription being fixed at a low figure, suitable for all pockets.

The subscriptions did not, as a matter of fact, cover the cost of the "props," especially as the latter had to be brought all the way from Fraser.

But the wealthier members of the club were at liberty to stand the extras, it they liked—and some of them liked.

Bob Lawless' father had generously "donated" fifty dollars to the club, and that handsome sum went a very long way, for Frank Richards, who was treasurer as well as president, was a very careful manager, and looked at every cent twice before he expended it.

The Thespians had met to discuss a new play shortly to be produced, and the first step, of course, was to decide

Chunky Todgers had offered to write a play all on his own, and promised in advance that it would be a regular sockdolager, but the offer was received with plentiful lack of enthusiasm, and Chunky had indignantly withdrawn the generous offer.

So far the Thespians had been successful in a small way, but the honourable

president was growing ambitious. Moreover, he had secured a "job lot" of props that were going cheap in Fraser, which were suitable for a Shakespearian production.

So Frank Richards suggested Shakespeare.

"Chap you know?" inquired Chunky

Todgers innocently.

"Fathead!" was the president's reply.

"I've heard the name before, I believe, remarked Chunky thoughtfully.

he write plays? "Well, of all the jaws!" said Tom Law-nce. "How can he write plays when he's been dead about a thousand years?

"Not quite that," said Frank Richards, "Nearer three hundred." Weil, if the galoot wrote plays three

hundred years ago I should think they were jolly old-fashioned!" said Chunky. "What we want is something a bit more modern.

Chunky, old sport, don't chew the g!" said Bob Lawless. "What you "What you don't know on this subject would make a pile as high as the Rockies. Franky, isn't Shakespeare a bit above our mark? I don't think so," said Frank stoutly. "We're jolly good actors-"Hear, hear!"

'None better!" said Lawrence, grinning. "We can knock spots off any of the barnstorming companies that come up the valley, anyhow! I guess we are the goods!"

"Suppose we take 'Julius Cæsar,' " said >

"You can't," said Todgers. "Eh? Why not?"
"Because he'd bite."

Frank Richards stared at Todgers

blankly. "Bite!" he repeated.
"You bet! He's jolly savage," said

Chunky. "Old Gunten has to keep him chained up.' "Is he potty?" asked Frank Richards

in wonder. "You must be if you're thinking of taking Julius Casar!" retorted Chunky.
"He bit Injun Dick in the leg the other

day."
"Who did?" shricked Frank.

"Julius Cæsar did."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless.
"Chunky means the mastiff at Gunten's store in Thompson. He's named Julius

"Well, isn't Frank talking about Gunten's dog?" demanded Chunky. "There's no other Julius Cæsar in this section that I know of. 'Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you ass!" exclaimed Frank, laughtalking about Julius Cæsar!'

Well, he's Julius Cæsar!"

Gunten's dog?" exclaimed Chunky in astonishment. "That mightn't be a bad idea. Good dodge to bring a dog on the But it's no good thinking of Mr. Gunten's dog; he's too jolly savage."
The Thespians roared.

"Oh, dry up, Chunky, for goodness' sake!" said Frank. "Haven't you ever heard of Julius Cæsar, the giddy old Roman?"

"A Roman, was he?" said Todgers, rather disdainfully. "One of those Italian chaps?'

"Ha, ha! Yes."

Published

Every Monday

"Like the galoots who work on the Canadian Pacific?"

"Not quite," grinned Frank Richards. 'Chunky, old man, use your ears instead of your mouth for a bit. What do you fellows say to Julius Casar? I've got a copy of the play at home, and we've got the props—with a bit of altering. Molly will help with the altering and cutting and sewing and things—won't you,

"Oh, yes!" said Molly Lawrence. "Anything you like!"

"Molly will make a good Portia, too," said Frank. "She will look nobby as a Roman matron. Beauclere can play old Julius; he's got the manner."
"Thanks!" said Beauclerc, laughing.

"I'll put myself down for Brutus, if you fellows agree," went on Frank modestly. "Does Brutus have most of the chinwag?" asked Chunky Todgers.

That's got nothing to do with it, ass!

"I guess it has." "Bob can take the part of Cassius," continued Frank. "That will suit him all right. Lawrence can be Octavius Cæsar. As for Mark Antony—" He paused. "Does Mark Antony chew the rag a

inquired Chunky. "Well, yes, a good bit."

"Put me down, then." "My dear chap, you're too fat for Mark Antony. Besides, we shall want you as —as First Citizen," said Frank.

"I don't mind so long as it's a good part," said Chunky. Frank Richards diplomatically left that

remark unanswered.

"Hopkins can play Mark Antony," he went on. "We'll whack out the other parts later. You see, we can handle it all right. My idea is that we ought to go the whole hog, you know, and play something really topping. Do you fellows agree

to 'Julius Cæsar' "Well, you mean to have 'Julius Cæsar,' anyhow, so we may as well agree first as last," remarked Bob Lawless. "I'm on!"

There was a general nodding of heads. It was decided unanimously that the Thespians were to undertake the rendering of "Julius Cæsar."

Just as the amateur actors came to that decision Gunten and Keller came into

the old corral. The two Swiss looked rather loweringly at the Thespians.

They did not belong to the amateur theatrical club.

'Hallo! Chewing the rag as usual?" remarked Kern Gunten, with a sneer.



GET ONE OF THESE CARDS. If you haven't one of these War Savings Cards, get one to-day from any post-office.

Each card is divided up into thirty-one spaces. Whenever you have 6d. to spare, you just buy a stamp at the post-office and fix it on one of the spaces. As soon as all the spaces are filled up you can take the card to a post-office and ex-change it for a 15s. 6d. War Savings Certificate.

In five years' time that certificate will be worth £1.

This is the best way for a patriotic boy to put money by. Won't you try it? "The play, I mean!" yelled Frank. Soy to put money by. Won't you try it?

"We'd better find somewhere else, Keller."

THE BOYS' FRIEND

"I guess this'll do," answered Keller, sitting down on a log. "I suppose those galoots won't tell Miss Meadows they've seen us playing poker.'

Gunten took a pack of well-worn cards from his pocket. "Can't you rotters go and gamble somewhere else?" exclaimed Frank Richards

"Don't care to." "Well, I'm blessed if you're going to play poker here!" exclaimed Bob Law-less, jumping up. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves—with ladies present, too! Vamoose the ranch!"

"Go and chop chips!" retorted Gunten. He began to shuffle the cards.

Bob Lawless strode towards him, and with a well-aimed kick knocked the pack out of his hands.

Gunten jumped to his feet, with a yell, as the cards were scattered far and wide. He clenched his fists and strode at Bob Lawless, who put up his hands coolly and waited for him.

Gunten changed his mind, however, before he reached the Canadian school-

boy. "Hang you, you interfering rotter!" he muttered savagely.

"Are you going to vamoose?" answered ob. "You're interrupting the meeting." Gunten sullenly gathered up the scat-tered cards, and the two young rascals lounged out of the corral.

The Thespians were left to discuss the forthcoming production of "Julius Cæsar uninterrupted.

Before the meeting broke up, the parts were allotted, and to Frank Richards was assigned the task of copying out the script required by the various members of the company

That evening, at the Lawless Ranch, Frank was very busy, and when he arrived at Cedar Creek the next morning he had the written parts all ready in his pocket.

The businesslike manager of the Cedar

Creek Thespians did not allow the grass to grow under his feet.

# The 2nd Chapter.

The Thespians Get to Work. "' Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your hears! I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise 'im!'"

'Oh, my hat!" said Frank Richards. Lessons were over, and most of the Thespians were improving the shining

hour by learning up their parts. Harold Hopkins, the Cockney of Cedar Creek, had been cast for the part of Marcus Autonius.

In handing that important part Hopkins, who was a keenly enthusiastic member of the society, Frank Richards had forgotten Hopkins' delightful accent, which he had brought to Canada with him and never lost.

The cheerful Cockney always referred to himself as "'Arold 'Opkins," and Miss Meadows had striven in vain to drive into him some slight respect for the aspirate. But to compensate for leaving out aspirates where they were wanted, Hopkins frequently put them in where they were not wanted, and that, Bob Lawless had remarked, made it all right in the long run.

But it certainly was a drawback, when it came to delivering the declamations of Mark Antony.

"'The hevil that men do lives after them, The good is hoft interred with their bones.

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus 'Ath told you Cæsar was hambitious.'

"Ye gods!" murmured Bob Lawless. "Bide a wee, Hopkins," said Frank.
"Ain't that all right?" asked Hopkins, who rather prided himself upon his

delivery. 'Topping-but put in an 'h' or two, old chap!'

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Hopkins. "You coves are always cuttin' jokes about my aitches.

your ears.' See? "I got that all right. 'Lend me your hears,' " said Hopkins. "Not hears-ears!"

"F'rinstance," said Frank. "'Lend me

"What?" "Ears-not hears!"

"Hears, not hears," repeated Hopkins. 'I don't savvy. What are you getting Ears!" yelled Frank.

"Well, I said hears, didn't 1?" Yes, you did; but you ought to have

"If this 'ere is a joke, I don't see it. said hears, and now you say I ought to I

'ave said hears. There don't seem any sense in that there."

"It's his own ears that are to blame," grinned Bob. "I mean, his own hears."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look 'ere, if you're goin' to larf at a chap!" said Hopkins indignantly.

"But this is serious, old sport," said Frank Richards. "We can't have Mark Antony dropping 'h's' all over the place. Now, listen to me, 'Lend me your ears.' Like that, see?"

"Lee! 'Lend me your hears!'" said "I see! 'Lend me your hears!'" said

'Oh, my hat!"

"What's wrong with that there?" demanded Hopkins warmly. "What are you all larging at, I'd like to know? I'm surprised at you, Molly Lawrence, larfing at

"I'm sorry!" gasped Molly. "I didn't mean to laugh—ha, ha! But what do you do it for?'

Wot do I do wot for?"

"Oh, get on with it, and let's see how you manage it!" said Frank Richards And Harold Hopkins went on:

"'The noble Brutus, Ath told you Casar was hambitious

'Ambitious!" shouted the manager.

"I said hambitious!" "Yes, you ass, you said hambitious, but you ought to have said ambitious!" Hopkins cocked his head on one side

to listen very attentively. But it was his ear that was at fault, and he really seemed to see no difference between the word with and without the

"Not quite so emphatic, you know," suggested Vere Beauclerc. "I wasn't specially hemphatic, that I

"'If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously 'ath Cæsar hanswered

'Hath!" yelled Frank.

"What do you mean, 'ath?" "Take the 'h' off hambitious, and stick it on 'ath, and there you are!" roared Bob Lawless.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Look 'ere-"

know of. But 'ere goes.

"Here!" shrieked Bob.

"I said 'ere, didn't I?"
"My only hat!" said Frank Richards. "I don't think we can give Hopkins a fat part, unless we play the 'Dumb Man from Manchester.' Then he could have the title role.

I say, Frank-" Dry up a minute, Chunky!"

"But look here!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers indignantly. "I've been looking over my part, and it's rotten. Only a few lines for me."

that they'll be the success of the piece,' said Bob Lawless solemnly. But the soft answer did not turn away

You do them so jolly well, Chunky,

wrath. Chunky Todgers was not satisfied with the meagre role of First Citizen. "I'll tell you what," said Chunky.
"Give me Mark Antony. I can do that a treat; I've looked at Hopkins' part.
Hopkins can be First Citizen, and he can chuck 'h's 'all over the place."

"You let my aitches alone!" growled

'Let's see how you do the First Citizen. Hopkins. Give him your script, Chunky."
Hopkins took the paper from Todgers.

"Go on from 'Thou art a cobbler,' said Frank And Hopkins went on:

'Truly, sir, hall that I live by is with the hawl-"' All that I live by is with the awl!"

shouted Frank. "That's right," assented 'Arold 'Opkins. "Hall that I live by is with the hawl."
That's wot I said." "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, that's better as First Citizen than as Mark Antony," said Frank. You'd better change over with Chunky You can come in as a trumpeter, and a soldier, and a senator, and a page, and things, all through the play "Oh, orl right!" said Hopkins. "Hany-

thing for a quiet life." Let's see how you do it, Chunky." Chunky Todgers took Hopkins' script, and blinked at it, and puffed out his podgy chest, and started.

A condensed cinematograph enter-tainment for Home, Trench, or Battleship. This is:



The only journal in which CHARLIE CHAPLIN, THE COMICAL KING OF THE KINEMA, appears in a new and other leading attractions consist of an entirely new and original story drama, especially written to appeal to boys and girls, by Leonard Leonard, entitled "FOR THREE YEARS"; o"O.H.M.S.," by Dudley Tempest, a thrilling and exciting naval adventure yarn; "THE SCHOOLBOY DETECTIVE," a rattling school story with a deep mystery; and also a splendid variety of humorous pictures. Place a standing order with your newsagent for this bright, breezy, and entertaining journal AT ONCE, and advise all your chums to do likewise. "THE FUNNY WONDER"

published every Tuesday. War-time

price 11d.

Grinning faces surrounded him as be delivered Mark Antony's celebrated

13/7/18

Certainly, Chunky did not look a very

convincing Mark Antony, but at least his aspirates were in the right places.
"Just my part!" wound up Todgers.
"You wait till you see me in the togs."
"The toga," said Frank, laughing.
"Well the toga was the Pomen togs."

"Well, the toga was the Roman togs, wasn't it?" said Chunky. "I tell you, I guess I shall simply live this part. You can see that what it needs is a fellow with a commanding presence."

A whatter? "A commanding presence." said Chunky

firmly. "A stately sort of galoot." Ob, my heye!" said Hopkins.

"I don't see what you're cackling at. A fellow with a presence and some flesh on his bones, you know."

"Well, you've got a ton or two," said Frank, "if that's any good. Anyhow, we'll give you a trial as Mark Antony. Now, you chaps, take your script home with you, and slave at it, and get letter-perfect. We're going to have a dress rehearsal on Friday. I'm going to bring all the props with me, and stack them in the cabin on the old elearing. That's the place for the rehearsals.

And the members of the Thespian company dispersed for their various homes, and some of them astonished parents and relations that evening by speaking in language that was certainly not customary in the Thompson Valley.

### The 3rd Chapter.

The Gentle Shepherd is Alarmed!

Mr. Slimmey, the assistant master at Cedar Creek, received a surprise the following day, when Bob Lawless looked into his cabin after dinner, and asked for the loan of the hunting-knife that

hung over his chimney.
"My dear Lawless, what do you want a hunting-knife for?" asked Mr. Slimmey. To kill the Cherub, sir."

"Wha-a-at?" "I-I mean Beauclere, sir." Mr. Slimmey's gold-rimmed glasses

nearly fell off his nose. What can you possibly mean, Lawhe stammered.

We're going to kill him, sir." "Are you insane, boy?"
"I—I mean, the Cherub's Julius Cæsar, and we've got to assassinate him," explained Bob.

"Oh," said Mr. Slimmey, "you are act-

ing a play?"
Yes, sir. "You had better use something a little less dangerous than a real knife, then." do not want to change your play into a real tragedy, Lawless."

And Bob retired without the hunting-But several table-knives were borrowed from Black Sally's kitchen in the lumber schoolhouse, the "property" daggers

being still at the ranch. After lessons it had been arranged for Julius Cæsar's death scene in the Roman senate-house to take place in a corner of the playground, so that Frank could judge how his company was getting on; and the knives gave an air of reality to the scene-in the eyes of the schoolboys, at least.

Black Sally's table-knives were not sharp enough to do much damage. Bob Lawless was practising a thrust

at Beauclerc, when Mr. Shepherd, the new master, came by. The Gentle Shepherd, as the Cedar Creek fellows called him, was a tenderfoot from Tenderville, as Bob expressed

He had brought great stores of know-ledge with him from the Old Country, but not much adaptability, and he found it very difficult to get into Western ways. The boys rather liked him, but they were never tired of pulling his leg; which was all the easier, because Mr. Shepherd never dreamed that anybody could pull his leg, or would venture to

do so if he could. Mr. Shepherd halted in amazement as Bob made a thrust at Beauclerc with the

gleaming steel, exclaiming "Die!"
The new master ran forward, seizing Bob's arm just in time, and stopping the thrust.

"Lawless!" he gasped.
"Oh, crumbs!" said Bob. "All right, sir: no harm done.".
"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Shep-You should not play such jokes, Lawless. It is dangerous. Please put that knife away at once, my boy. You may cut yourself." herd. "Is that a joke-a Western joke?

Mr. Shepherd shook his head seriously, and walked on, leaving Bob Lawless blinking after him, and Beauclerc grin-

"Well, my word!" ejaculated Bob.
"Of all the howling idiots! Blessed if
the ass didn't think I was going to stick you, Cherub!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Frank Richards.
"Isn't he a prize jay?" exclaimed Bob.
"A joke—a Western joke, the howling chump! I don't believe that galoot knows enough to go in when it rains.' 'He is an ass, and no mistake," agreed

A jay from Jaysville!" growled Bob. During afternoon lessons Mr. Shepherd glanced at Bob Lawless several times, as

if in doubt. Bob caught his glance once or twice, and he wondered whether the "tenderfoot" was still in doubt as to whether he had really intended to slaughter Vere Beauclere in the playground.

The new master was so unacquainted with Western ways, and had so many queer ideas on the subject, that there really was no telling what he might or might not get into his head.

After lessons, however, Bob forgot all about Mr. Shepherd, as the chums of Cedar Creek repaired to a retired corner of the playground to rehearse the senate-



Published

not want to be disrespectful to Mr. Shep-

The new master rose to his feet, his face crimson. He, too, understood at last, and realised that he had put

He walked away very quickly, leaving Frank Richards & Co. almost in con-

morning Mr. Shepherd was still looking rather pink.

The 4th Chapter.

Gunten is Humorous!

Kern Gunten, who heard the remark, looked round.

"You're bagging the corral again, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes; if you want to sneak off somewhere to play poker, Gunten, you can sneak off somewhere else. The corral's

Gunten gave a sniff, and said no more. Immediately after dinner, Frank Richards & Co. repaired to the old

This was a secluded spot, and

"Dress rehearsal after dinner!" said

When he met the Co. in class the next

herd, but he could not help it

his foot in it once more.

Frank Richards on Friday.
"Right you are!"

Frank Richards nodded.

corral near the school.

vulsions.

booked."

The other fellows were yelling.

house scene from the third act of "Julius

Vere Beauclere was there as Cæsar, and Frank Richards as Brutus, and Bob as

Cassius.

Dawson was Casca, and Hopkins was Metellus Cimber.

And all the conspirators were armed

with table-knives, which had been polished but not sharpened, and looked quite dangerous, though they would not have cut into cheese without some push-

The scene went quite strong. The actors were well up in their parts, and Vere Beauclere made quite an im-

posing Cæsar.

But though Bob Lawless had forgotten
Mr. Shepherd, the Gentle Shepherd had not forgotten him.

The new master noted the fact that Frank Richards & Co. did not leave after lessons as usual, and after a time he strolled out of his cabin, to take a glance at the retired corner whither the schoolboys had retired.

He was quite uneasy in his mind. He had heard of brawls in the backwoods in which knives were used, and though certainly he had never heard of a case of knifing at Cedar Creek, he would

not have been greatly surprised.

Mr. Shepherd had an enormous amount to learn about Canada - and a great deal

to unlearn! He started a little as he saw the group of schoolboys in the distant corner, surrounding Beauclere with very serious looks.

And even as he glanced at them, Dick Dawson's shining blade was flashed at

Beauclerc, who staggered. Mr. Shepherd had never even heard of the Thespians of Cedar Creek, so naturally he did not know that it was

only Casca stabbing Cæsar. He stood rooted to the ground with horror, as Beauclerc staggered artistic-ally, and caught Dawson by the arm

as if to stop a second stab. Bob Lawless stabbed him at the same moment, and then Hopkins, and then, last of all, Frank Richards.

"Et tu, Brute!" groaned Cæsar, as the dearly-loved Brutus stabbed; but the horrified master was too far off to hear

Beauclere sank to the ground. He moved for a moment or two, and

then stretched out still.

Over him were brandished the fatal weapons.

Pale with horror, Mr. Shepherd dashed towards the group.

"Stop!" he shricked. "Wretched boys, stop! Hold your hands!"

The conspirators spun round in amaze-

The speeches that were about to be delivered over Cæsar were never delivered.

The amateur actors stared at Mr. Shepherd instead, blankly. The new master dashed up breath-With a swing of his arm, he sent Frank

fellows jumped out of his way. Mr. Shepherd threw himself upon his knees beside the still form of Vere

and Bob staggering back, and the other

"Good heavens," he panted, "you have killed him!

'K-k-kick-kick-killed him ." stuttered Bob Lawless. 'Wretched boy!"

"Wha-a-at?" "My poor lad!" Mr. Shepherd raised Beauclerc's head, and Vere's eyes opened wide in utter amazement. "Ah, he lives!

He lives! Thank Heaven he lives! Stand back, you reckless young ruffians! Touch him again at your peril!"

"My heye!" gasped Hopkins.

orf his rocker?"

"My poor boy, you are hurt!"

"Eh? I'm not hurt, sir," gasped Beau-

clerc. "What?" Frank Richards burst into a yell.

He understood now that the new master had taken the scene seriously, and that discovery was too much for

He yelled almost hysterically.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless, as he, too, understood. "Oh, by gum! Ha, ha, ha! This is too rich!"

Mr. Shepherd looked up at them in horrified amazement.

"Do you dare to laugh in the presence of your victim?" he thundered. "Are you lost to all sense of humanity?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Oh, sir!" gasped Frank. "You see-ha, ha!—we—we—ha, ha!—oh, dear!" And Frank Richards went off into another yell, quite unable to explain for the moment

To Mr. Shepherd's surprise, the dying youth on the ground joined in the yell

of laughter. The new master could scarcely believe his eyes or his ears.

"Beauclere!" he gasped: "You-you are hurt-"Not at all, sir," gurgled Beauclerc. "It's only-ha, ha!—it's only-ha, ha,

"Only a-ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dawson. "Only a-ha, ha!-play, sir!"

"What?"

colour about the costumes, and they were very pleasing to the eye.

The schoolboys stripped off their more prosaic everyday garments in the cabin, and donned togas and hoods and sandals. They grinned at one another a good deal during the process of transformation from Canadian schoolboys into ancient

The window was darkened as a head appeared there, and Frank Richards glanced round, and saw Kern Gunten

looking in, and grinning.
"Buzz off!" he snapped.
"Mayn't a galoot look on?" jeered
Gunten. "By gum, you look a precious
set of circus performers!"
"Vamoose!" roared Bob Lawless.

He picked up a property Roman sword, and Gunten vanished from the window, chuckling.

The dressing was finished at last, and the crowd of Romans, in their togas, moved out into the old corral. In a corner of the corral grew a big

tree, and under its wide-spreading branches the schoolboys started the rehearsal of the third act.

Frank Richards was a hard-working and exacting manager; but he was very well satisfied with the progress of his company

pany. The senate-house scene was voted a great success, and even Chunky Todgers'

oration in the Forum went very well. While the rehearsal was going on under the big tree, Kern Gunten's keen and cunning face looked in at the window of the old cabin again—the Swiss being careful to keep the cabin between him and

the actors. Gunten's eyes gleamed as he looked in. About the cabin were thrown the clothes the schoolboys had discarded when they put on the Roman costumes, with a dozen pairs of boots, and as many

Gunten chuckled softly. He turned from the window, and made a sign to Keller, who was waiting at a distance; and his comrade came up quietly, keeping, like Gunten, the cabin between him and the party rehearsing

under the tree.
"All safe?" asked Keller.
"You bet! You stand here and take

Richards & Co. to work out, as best they could, the toughest problem that the Thespian Club had ever had to deal with.

The 5th Chapter.

Surprising the School. "' Bring me to Octavius!' " concluded Chunky Todgers.

The school bell was ringing as Mark

Antony wound up.

"My hat! We've run it rather close!"
exclaimed Frank Richards. "Only just time to change before we get in! Get a move on!

The rehearsal of the third act had been a great success. All the Thespians agreed that the costumes lent reality to the scene, and, indeed, the more enthusiastic members felt as if they really were ancient Romans.

But the clang of the iron bell at the lumber school summoned them back to everyday life, and they rushed into the cabin to change back to modern life

And then there was a chorus of dis-

mayed exclamations. "Where's our clothes?"

"Great gophers!" The Romans stared into the empty

cabin in astonishment and dismay.

It was quite empty, save for an odd boot or two lying about.

Frank Richards blinked round him.

"Who on earth—" he ejaculated.

"One of you duffers been larking?"

exclaimed Bob Lawless.

"Somebody's been larking!" growled

Dawson. "Where's our clothes gone?"

"Somebody's been 'ere!" said Hopkins.

"Perhaps—perhaps the things are outside!" exclaimed Franky.

side!" exclaimed Franky. He ran out of the cabin again with two or three others. But there was no sign of

the clothes outside.

It was evident that the garments had

been taken clean away.
Outside the cabin the dozen schoolboys
gathered in blank dismay.

'It's a rotten practical joke!" said Vere Beauclerc.

"I guess so. But where's the joker, and where's our truck!" groaned Bob Lawless. "I say, the bell's stopped!"
"Oh, my hat!" said Frank.

Utter dismay fell upon the Thespians.



With crimson faces, and their eyes fixed on the floor, Julius Cæsar & Co. came up the middle of the big schoolroom. Next moment there was a roar of laughter. "Ha, ha, ha!"

weather was so fine and clear that a rehearsal in the open air was no disadvantage.

The "props" were in the old cabin, packed there in readiness, and the altering and cutting and sewing had been

There was not time for a full rehearsal before afternoon lessons, and the Thespians were going to rehearse the senate-house scene in full dress, chiefly to make sure that the costumes were all

"We shall have time to do the third act if we don't waste any," Frank Richards remarked. "We can do the fourth after lessons, the fifth to-morrow. One Saturday we must have a grand rehearsal of the whole thing, with all the

characters present. And after that—"
"After that the terrific performance!"
grinned Bob Lawless. "Well, Franky, I
really think we shall get through the performance without having things thrown at us-unless they heave rocks at Mark

Antony. "You silly jay!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers. "Mark Antony's the best of the bunch! Just hear me do the oration as we go along-

"Mercy!" Chunky Todgers snorted.

Every time he rehearsed that oration he was more and more pleased with it, which, according to some other members of the company, showed how easily satisfied he was.

There were no feminine characters in the third act, which Tom Lawrence rather ungallantly declared was an advantage. At all events, it enabled all the rehearsers to use the old cabin in the

corral as a dressing-room. All the "props" that were required had been conveyed there during the week, and

were locked up in a big chest. Frank Richards opened the chest, and the costumes were handed cut.

eminently suitable for rehearsals; and the I them as I pass them out of the window," whispered Gunten. Gunten squeezed himself in through the

window, Keller's grinning face watching him from outside.

With swift hands the Swiss collected up the clothes left there by the Thespians, made them into bundles, and passed them out to Keller.

Laden with bundles, Keller hurried away, and returned in a few minutes for more.

In ten minutes the cabin was cleared of the clothes belonging to the amateur theatrical society. The boots were next handed out, and

conveyed away, and after them the hats. The cabin was left quite bare. Then Gunten squeezed himself through the window again, and dropped quietly

From the other side of the cabin came the fat voice of Chunky Todgers:

"f For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart!'

"They're still going it!" grinned Keller.
"They'll go it till the bell rings!"
chuckled Gunten. "And then how they'll turn up to classes without their duds they can work out for themselves.

'Ha, ha, ha! Laden with the last of the boots and the hats, Gunten and Keller crept softly away, leaving the old corral by a gap in

the broken palisade. Outside, on the ground, lay the clothes piled by Keller.

For the next ten minutes the two Swiss were very busy carrying them to a safer spot farther off, where they were hidden in the thickets.

Then, with grinning faces, the two young rascals strolled away to the lumber school, reaching it as the bell began to ring for There was plenty of brightness and latternoon classes, and leaving Frank

The Roman costumes had given reality to the rehearsal, and the amatetur actors were very pleased with them: but those light and airy garments were not suitable for the lumber school.

Their cheeks crimsoned at the thought

of the merriment that would greet them if they turned up at Cedar Creek, in broad daylight, habited as Cæsar, Mark Antony, Brutus, & Co. But Miss Meadows was a stickler for

punctuality, and already the school bell had ceased to clang.

Cedar Creek had gone in to lessons now, excepting the unhappy cast of Julius Cæsar.

"Wh-at on earth are we going to do?" ejaculated Lawrence. "We-we-we can't

go in like this!"

"Miss Meadows will be mad if we don't go," said Dawson. "We're late already."

"We—we can't!"

"But we've got to go some time," said Bob. "We-we can't stay here all the afternoon and the evening, too. We've got to make a move, Frank! "Oh, my hat! I wish I had that practical joker here!" gasped Frank. "It

was Gunten, of course-I'm sure it was Gunten. He was watching us. "I'd rather have the clothes here!" groaned Bob.

The schoolboys made another desperate search for the missing garments, inside and outside the corral, but there was not a trace of them. It was borne in upon their minds that

there was nothing to be done but to return to the lumber school as they What Miss Meadows would say, when they presented themselves in the school-

room as ancient Romans, instead of

modern Canadians, they could not even But it had to be done. They were late already, and it was evidently impossible to wait there the whole afternoon, hoping

that their clothes would turn up. We-we'd better go," said BeauclercFrank Richards nodded.

"Can't be helped," he said. "C-c-come on! Oh, my hat, what awful asses we shall look!"

And the unhappy Thespians started at last.

In a body they came out of the corral and started for the lumber-school.

As they came in at the school gates Cæsar, Antony, Brutus, & Co. all seemed to be trying to hide behind one another.

Black Sally, the cook, was crossing the school ground with a pail when they came in. Black Sally gave them one look and shrieked, and the pail went with a clatter

to the ground.
"It—it—it's only us, Sally!" called out

Frank Richards.
"Golly!" gasped Black Sally, her black

face a picture of astonishment. "Golly! Dat Mass' Frank? Oh, golly!"

"Golly!" mumbled Bob Lawless hopelessly. "Golly isn't the word! Miss Meadows will snatch us bald-headed for this!

The unhappy Romans marched in at the porch, but they paused in the passage outside the school-room door.

It required a great deal of nerve to enter the crowded school-room in the garb of ancient Rome. As they hesitated outside the open doorway, Miss Meadows' voice came to them

from within in very severe tones. "Twelve boys are absent! This is ex-traordinary! Gunten, do you know where

the others are? 'No. Miss Meadows." answered Gunten's smooth voice. "I haven't seen them since dinner.

"Have you seen them, Keller?"
"No, Miss Meadows." "This is very serious. We must com-mence without them, but I shall punish

them very severely for this." Miss Meadows' voice was very stern, and it made the miserable Thespians look at one another hopelessly.

"Better get in!" said Bob desperately.

"Here goes!"

Here goes! And he marched as boldly as possible

into the school-room, with the others at "Oh, here they are!" exclaimed Miss Meadows at the sound of many footsteps, and she turned to look sternly at the newcomers. Then her expression changed, and she gasped, "Why-why-who-how

Words failed her. With crimson faces, and their eyes nxed on the floor, Julius Cæsar & Co. came up

the middle of the big school-room. Mr. Shepherd rubbed his eyes. Mr. Slimmey blinked over his glasses like a man petrified.

Miss Meadows was rooted to the floor.

Then a roar of Homeric laughter sounded through the school-room. "Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

It was in vain that Miss Meadows made frantic gestures for silence and called for

Her voice was drowned in the roar of merriment that rang and echoed through

Cedar Creek. Boys and girls were almost weeping with mirth as they stared at the unhappy crowd of ancient Romans.

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Frank Richards & Co. stood sheepishly before Miss Meadows, their eyes on the At that moment they fervently wished

that the floor would open and swallow them up. But the floor didn't had to face the really terrific look that the school-mistress fixed upon them. "What-what-what-" Miss M dows fairly stuttered. "What-what-Silence! There is nothing-nothing what-

ever to laugh at! Silence, I say! Richards—Lawless—what does this mean this-this ridiculous masquerade?' 'Ha, ha, ha!' "If-if you please, ma'am," mumbled Frank Richards. "If-if you please, we-

we were rehearsing, and some beast col-lared our clobber—I mean, clothes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Silence! I will cane the next boy of girl who laughs! Richards, this—this is—is—is—unheard of! I-—" "We couldn't help it, ma'am!" groaned Bob Lawless. "Our truck's been pinched,

and-and we had to come in. We-we couldn't find our clothes!" "Leave the school-room at once!" gasped Miss Meadows. "You—you should not have come here like that. Go—go into the dining-room, and-and I will send some of the boys to look for your clothes!

Bless my soul! Leave the school-room at Frank Richards & Co. were only too glad to leave. And in spite of Miss Meadows' wrath a fresh yell of laughter followed them as they went.

The Thespians had to wait some time before their clothes were found and brought in, and it happened to be Gunten and Keller who found them.

Frank Richards & Co. did not feel grateful. They had a shrewd suspicion that those who hid could find.

When they took their places at last in the school-room all Cedar Creek was on the broad grin, and even Miss Meadows' severe face was twitching a little.

The Thespian Society of Cedar Creek decided to postpone the great performance of Shakespeare's masterpiece, after

due consideration. After what had happened it was probable that the audience would have taken it as a comedy instead of a tragedy. But though Gunten declared that he knew nothing of the matter, the Co. found some slight satisfaction in pommelling him on suspicion.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY,

"IN MERCILESS HANDS!" By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

DON'T MISS IT!