



MASTERS ON STRIKE! LATEST NEWS!  
**ASTOUNDING BEHAVIOUR OF NEW MASTER!**  
**MATTERS GO FROM BAD TO WORSE!**



# The BOYS' FRIEND 1<sup>1d</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

No. 925. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending March 1st 1919.]

## STORMY TIMES!

A GRAND LONG COMPLETE TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.  
 By OWEN CONQUEST.



### THE NEW MASTERS DISAGREE! (SEE OUR GRAND LONG COMPLETE TALE OF JIMMY SILVER & CO.)

**The 1st Chapter.**  
**A Surprise for Jimmy Silver & Co.**  
 "Another new master!"  
 "Oh, my hat!"  
 Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, chuckled.  
 They were strolling in the quadrangle after morning lessons, which had been taken in the Form-room, with Bulkeley, the prefect, in charge.  
 For the present the Fourth Form lacked a Form-master.  
 That a new man was coming, in a hurry, they knew, and the sight of a stranger at the gates, speaking to Mack, the porter, interested them at once.  
 They guessed that this was the new master of the Fourth.  
 And the Fistical Four paused, at a respectful distance, to look at the "new man."  
 He was a short, plump man, with a little fat nose and a very rich complexion.  
 Good-nature beamed from his plump face, and in that respect he contrasted very strongly with the recent new master of the Fourth, who had come and gone since Mr. Bootles was dismissed by the Head.  
 "Looks rather a jolly dog," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. "Not like the last man."  
 Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful.

"Blessed if I like the idea of ragging that chap. He looks so good-tempered," he remarked. "But we've agreed to rag everybody. The Head puts in Bootles' place, till he lets Mr. Bootles come back."  
 "Yes, rather," said Raby.  
 "But, I say, that's rather hard on the new man, if he's decent," observed Newcome. "He can't help the Head being a rather obstinate mule, and he probably don't know anything about Bootles being sacked, and the other masters resigning in sympathy."  
 Jimmy nodded.  
 "Yes; perhaps we ought to give him a chance," he said. "Anyhow, we needn't be in a hurry. Hallo, here he comes!"  
 The stranger left Mack at his lodge, and came along across the quad, towards the four juniors.  
 As he evidently intended to speak to them, Jimmy Silver & Co. waited for him to come up, and "capped" him respectfully.  
 "Good-morning, my boys!" said the plump gentleman, in a rich, rolling voice.  
 "Good-morning, sir!" said the Fistical Four cheerily.  
 "Do you belong to the Fourth Form?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Then I am your new master," said the plump gentleman, with an expansive smile. "My name is Whibbs, my young friends."  
 And, somewhat to the surprise of the

chums of the Fourth, Mr. Whibbs shook hands with them one after another, inquiring their names as he did so.  
 Mr. Whibbs seemed bubbling over with good-nature. Indeed, Jimmy Silver & Co. had never come in contact with so very expansive a gentleman before.  
 The juniors could not help liking him, but, at the same time, they could not help thinking that it was a little odd.  
 "I hope we shall be very good friends," said Mr. Whibbs. "Delightful old place—what?" he added, looking round.  
 "We're rather proud of Rookwood, sir," assented Jimmy Silver.  
 It was true that Rookwood was a delightful old place, yet the remark seemed to come oddly from the new Form-master.  
 "And delightful boys, I am sure," continued Mr. Whibbs.  
 "Oh, quite so, sir," said Lovell gravely. "And in us, sir, you behold the pick of the bunch."  
 "I am sure of it," said Mr. Whibbs heartily. "Delightful! Undoubtedly. So you have lost your Form-master?"  
 "He's left, sir."  
 "Mistake on his part," said Mr. Whibbs, shaking his head. "Delightful place. Delightful boys. Delightful headmaster, I'm sure—eh?"  
 "Q—quite so!" stammered Jimmy, more and more surprised by the effusiveness of Mr. Whibbs.

"Why did he leave?" asked Mr. Whibbs. "Unsatisfactory—what? Drank, perhaps? Sad failing in a man."  
 The Fistical Four almost jumped, at the bare idea of Mr. Bootles drinking.  
 "Not at all," said Jimmy hastily.  
 "No! I'm glad. It's foolish of a man to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains," said Mr. Whibbs solemnly. "My dear boys, never look on the wine when it is red. Never touch the cup that inebriates! You will grow to be sorry for it. It may ruin your career. It may lead to infinite difficulties in securing a berth. Mark my words."  
 "Oh, my hat!" murmured Raby.  
 "Why did he leave, then?" asked Mr. Whibbs. "Does the headmaster drink?"  
 "Eh?"  
 "I hope not. It's a sad failing in a man."  
 "I—I suppose you're joking!" gasped Jimmy Silver, while Lovell and Raby and Newcome stared at Mr. Whibbs blankly.  
 "Eh? Oh, yes. Of course. Ha, ha!" said Mr. Whibbs. "Let me see. You were going to tell me why your late Form-master left."  
 Jimmy gave his chums a quick look.  
 This seemed an excellent opportunity for acquainting the new master with the state of affairs at Rookwood.  
 "Mr. Bootles didn't exactly leave, sir," said Jimmy. "He was dismissed, but

he hasn't really gone. He's staying in the village."  
 "By gad! Is he?"  
 "The Head was down on him," pursued Jimmy. "It turned out that he was wrong, but he wouldn't change his mind, so Mr. Bootles had to go. Nearly all the other masters went on strike, and resigned, as a protest."  
 "My word!" said Mr. Whibbs.  
 "They're all staying at the inn at Coombe," pursued Jimmy Silver. "And a new lot of masters have come in. They—ahem!—they're not quite like the old masters. They seemed to have been engaged in rather a larry."  
 Mr. Whibbs started.  
 "Oh! That accounts!" he ejaculated. "I was engaged in rather a hurry, too. But for that—ahem! Pray proceed."  
 "The man who came to take the Fourth had to go, and we've been taken by a prefect since," explained Jimmy Silver. "The other men are still here, but they don't get on with their own Forms. All the fellows want their own Form-masters back."  
 "Oh!" said Mr. Whibbs. "And you boys want your own Form-master back—what?"  
 Jimmy hesitated a moment.  
 It did not seem exactly polite to tell Mr. Whibbs that they did not want him. But he felt bound to state the fact.  
 (Continued on next page.)







# UNDER ARREST!

## A Splendid Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of FRANK RICHARDS & Co., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

### By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

#### The 1st Chapter.

##### The Track in the Snow.

"Cherub's not here!"  
"Late for once!" said Frank Richards, with a smile.

It was a sharp, clear morning, and there was a light powdering of snow on the trails, glistening frost on the firs and larches.

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless, on their way to school at Cedar Creek, rode up to the fork in the trail where they were accustomed to meet their chum, Vere Beauclerc.

As a rule, Beauclerc was there first, ready to meet his chums, but on this particular morning he was not to be seen.

The schoolboys drew rein at the fork, and looked along the branch trail in the direction from which the Cherub would come.

But Beauclerc was not in sight.

From the fork they could see a third of the distance to the lonely shack where Beauclerc dwelt with his father, the remittance-man, but the trail was clear.

"Late, by gum!" said Bob Lawless. "I wonder what's keeping him? He can't be so seedy; he was all right yesterday. Better trot along and meet him, Franky."

Frank Richards nodded.

The cousins turned their horses into the Cedar Camp trail and rode towards the Beauclercs' shack.

They fully expected to meet Beauclerc on the way, but to their surprise no rider came in sight, and they came in view of the shack at last.

The little structure of logs and lumber stood near the creek, and the clearing round it was powdered with snow.

The door of the shack stood open on its leather hinges, and the glow of a fire came from within.

"There's the Cherub!" exclaimed Bob Lawless, pointing with his riding-whip.

"And Mr. Beauclerc!" said Frank in wonder. "What the dickens are they up to?"

At a distance from the shack the remittance-man and his son could be seen, bending low, and apparently examining the snow on the ground.

They looked as if they were searching for a trail.

Bob Lawless put his hands to his mouth and shouted.

"Hallo, Cherub! Hallo!"

Vere Beauclerc sprang up at once, and waved his hand to his chums.

His father glanced up for a moment, and then continued his examination of the powdery snow.

"Come on!" said Bob.

Frank Richards and his cousin trotted across the clearing towards the father and son.

"What's the row, Cherub?" asked Bob as he came up. "Looking for bear-tracks?"

Beauclerc shook his head.

"Man-tracks," he answered.

"Somebody been nosing about the shack in the night?" asked Bob.

"That's it."

Bob Lawless whistled.

"That's queer," he said.

"So queer that we're looking into it," said Beauclerc. "I found the tracks when I came out for my horse to start for school. Somebody has been about the place during the night, and left tracks, but the snow's not thick enough to show much."

"What on earth could he want, whoever he was?" asked Frank Richards in astonishment.

"That's what we want to find out. The horses are safe, and there's nothing else here to steal. I can't understand it."

"You'll be late for school, Vere," said Mr. Beauclerc, looking up. "You'd better get off with your friends. There's nothing more to be found out here."

Beauclerc hesitated.

"Someone was here last night, father," he said. "It can't have been a friend, and it must have been an enemy. You'll be careful to-day, father. You haven't forgotten what Poker Pete tried on—"

"I shall be careful, Vere. But I don't think there is any danger. I fancy it was some horse-thief, and he found the shed padlocked, and gave it up," said the remittance-man. "Poker Pete cleared out of this section, you know."

"I thought so, father, but—"

"He has not been seen in the valley, Vere."

"But I don't believe now that he's gone, father," said Beauclerc earnestly. "You know the Flour-Bag Gang were rounded up yesterday, but their leader escaped, after shooting down the sheriff of Thompson. I believe it was Poker Pete. I am sure it was!"

"Jolly likely, I think!" said Frank Richards.

Mr. Beauclerc's face clouded.

The mention of the gang of road-

agents, who had haunted the Thompson Valley for several weeks past, brought bitter memories to his mind.

"If Poker Pete was the man who shot down the sheriff, Vere, he is not likely to linger here," he said. "Mr. Henderson is lying between life and death, and if the man who wounded him was found he would most likely be lynched. If it was Poker Pete, I fancy he is a good many miles away by this time."

"He is, if he's got any hoss-sense," remarked Bob Lawless. "But I say, Cherub, we're late already, and Miss Meadows will be getting annoyed."

"Go at once, my boy!" said Mr. Beauclerc. "You need not fear for me. I shall be indoors, too. There is no work to be done in the fields this weather."

And Vere Beauclerc fetched his horse and rode away with his chums, but his brow was clouded with thought.

The three schoolboys rode at a good pace, to make up for lost time, and they did not speak till they were nearing Cedar Creek School.

"All serene," said Bob. "We sha'n't be late after all, and we shall hear the bell from here. No need to break our necks over it. Cherub, old scout, you're looking doleful."

Beauclerc smiled faintly.

"I'm a bit worried over what happened last night," he said. "Of course, it may have been only a horse-thief, looking for a chance. But I don't feel easy in my mind. I'm certain that the leader of the Flour-Bag Gang, the man who escaped, is Poker Pete; and you know he tried to shoot my father from the timber."

"But he must be miles away, most likely over the border in the States!" said Frank Richards.

"Yes, I suppose so. After all, my father's on his guard now."

The three chums arrived at the school as the bell began to ring for morning lessons.

They put up their horses, and joined the crowd of Cedar Creek fellows heading for the lumber schoolhouse.

Frank called to Chunky Todgers before they went in.

"Any news from Thompson, Chunky?"

"Only the sheriff's in a bad way," said Chunky. "Dr. Jones was looking jolly serious about it. They're talking about lynching the road-agent, if he's caught."

"But he's not been caught?" asked Bob.

"Nope. But—" Chunky Todgers glanced at Beauclerc, and stopped abruptly.

"But what?" asked Frank.

"Nothing!" answered Chunky evasively. "Chunky's fat face reddened, and he hurried into the schoolhouse, without saying anything further."

Frank Richards & Co. looked after him in surprise.

Chunky Todgers was generally willing to talk, and he prided himself on knowing the latest news, but just now he seemed embarrassed, and desirous of avoiding questions.

"What's the matter with Chunky?" asked Bob Lawless in wonder. "He doesn't want to wag his chin. If there's

any news, I don't see why he can't tell us."

"Let's ask Lawrence," said Frank.

Tom Lawrence and his sister Molly were coming in, and the Co. turned to them.

Chunky Todgers' mysterious manner had rather surprised them, and especially the peculiar look he had given Beauclerc.

"What's the news, Lawrence?" asked Frank. "Is there anything going on in Thompson?"

Lawrence coloured, and Molly looked confused.

"Only a lot of silly chinwag," said Lawrence hesitatingly. "I don't believe a word of it."

"It is all wicked nonsense!" said Molly. "But what is it, then?" exclaimed Frank.

"Oh, nothing; only rot!"

Lawrence hurried into the schoolhouse, and Molly followed him, evidently to avoid further questioning.

Harold Hopkins came along, and clapped Beauclerc on the shoulder.

"Don't you worry!" said the Cockney schoolboy. "It's all balderdash, that's wot it is, and I ain't believing a word of it."

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished Beauclerc.

But Hopkins went in without any further explanation.

The bell had ceased to ring, and Frank Richards & Co. had to go into the school-room.

They went in in a state of astonishment and wonder.

Something, evidently, was the talk of Thompson, and the fellows who came from that quarter knew what it was, but had an evident objection to telling the chums what they knew.

It was no wonder that Frank Richards & Co. were mystified.

#### The 2nd Chapter.

##### A Strange Mystery!

Miss Meadows' eye lingered for a moment on Vere Beauclerc, as he took his place in the class with his chums.

It was only for a moment, but the Canadian schoolmistress's glance was very kindly, almost tender.

Frank Richards noticed it, and he knew at once that the schoolmistress was aware of the secret whatever it was.

Whatever it was, it concerned Beauclerc, that was clear. Hopkins' words were a proof of that.

And if further proof was needed, it was soon forthcoming.

Vere Beauclerc was the object of unusual attention in class that morning.

Every few minutes a glance would be turned on him.

Both Mr. Slimmey and Mr. Shepherd glanced round at the boy once or twice, and the members of their classes did so a good many times.

Beauclerc could not fail to observe that he was the centre of attraction in the school-room, so to speak, and it made him uneasy and a little angry.

He could think of no explanation of it. The attention he received was far

from hostile. Most of the glances turned on him were kind and friendly and sympathetic.

But why should he be an object of sympathy? That was a perplexing puzzle.

His sense of uneasiness deepened as the morning wore on.

He was thinking, too, of the mysterious footprints near the shack.

In the circumstances, his attention to lessons was a little random; but Miss Meadows found no fault with him that morning.

The schoolmistress was unfailingly gentle and kind.

The three chums were anxious for lessons to end, so that they could discover what it all meant. They were determined to have an explanation from somebody.

Lessons seemed interminably long to them that morning.

At last the hour of dismissal came, and the Cedar Creek crowd poured out into the playground.

Frank Richards collared Chunky Todgers at once, in spite of the desire that fat youth evinced to escape.

"Now, Chunky—" began Frank.

"I—I say, I—I've got to go out," stammered Todgers. "I'm going to see a— Hillcrest chap."

"You're not," said Frank. "Tell us what it all means."

"Eh?" said Chunky vaguely. "I say, leggo my shoulder, you know."

"Not till you've explained," said Frank sharply.

"I—I say, weren't the Flour-Bag Gang dished yesterday?" said Chunky Todgers. "You know, they made up gold sacks with nothing in them but quartz powder."

"I know that."

"One of them got away, with four of the buckskin bags—the leader, so the Thompson folk say. Fancy his face when he opens the buckskin bags, and finds only old quartz in them!" grinned Chunky.

"Keep to the point, you duffer! What's going on in Thompson?" exclaimed Bob Lawless.

"The sheriff's pretty bad. Bulet in the chest."

"We know that. What else?"

"Oh, same as usual," said Chunky. "Gunten's store was open when I came through this morning."

"Bother Gunten's store! Is there any news?"

"News!" said Chunky Todgers reflectively. "Oh, no! Nope! Not that I know of. I say, Franky, do let go my shoulder."

"Will you tell us, or not?" demanded Vere Beauclerc angrily.

"No, I won't!" said Todgers, driven into the open at last. "You wouldn't like it if I did."

"Why shouldn't I like it, you duffer?"

"Oh, I—I don't know! I say, do you think the creek will freeze this afternoon, Franky?"

"The creek?" repeated Frank.

"Yes. If it does we can get some more skating. What about going along to Hillcrest on the ice, and having a row with Dicky Bird and his crowd?"

Frank released the fat schoolboy in disgust.

It was pretty clear that no information was to be got out of Chunky Todgers.

The three chums looked for it in other directions.

But, to their amazement and exasperation, every fellow they questioned was as non-committal as Chunky.

The fellows who came from Thompson evidently knew all about it, and pretty clearly had told the others.

But they did not want to tell Frank Richards & Co., and they did not tell them.

It was clear, too, that it was Beauclerc whom they wanted to leave out of the secret, not his chums, and that their motive was friendly.

It was so perplexing that the chums did not know what to think, but a sense of deep uneasiness was growing in their breasts.

Whatever it was that was going on in the frontier town, concerned Beauclerc, and the fellows, in refusing to reveal what it was, were actuated by motives of kindness.

That much was clear, but it only made the whole affair more perplexing.

Even from Molly Lawrence nothing could be extracted.

The girl was so obviously distressed when questioned that the Co. did not persist, and they gave it up.

Vere Beauclerc walked away to the corral, his brow knitted, and his chums followed him.

"There's something up," said Beauclerc abruptly. "It looks like something serious. I'm going to ride over to Thompson. I shall have to miss dinner. That can't be helped."

"We'll come with you," said Frank.

"I'll bag a corn cake from Black Sally, and we can munch it as we go along," said Bob Lawless. "Bother dinner!"

And in five minutes the chums led out their horses, and started on the Thompson trail, eating the substantial corn cake as they rode.

As they came in sight of the town, three schoolboys came into view on the trail—Dicky Bird and Fisher and Blumpy, of Hillcrest.

The three exchanged glances at the sight of the Cedar Creek fellows, and Dicky Bird ran out into the middle of the trail, and held up his hand as a signal to halt.

Frank Richards & Co. drew rein.

"No larks now, Bird," said Frank. "We're in a hurry."

"You're going to Thompson?" asked Dicky Bird, his eyes lingering on Vere Beauclerc's handsome, set face.

"Yes."

"I—I say, I guess I wouldn't," said Dicky. "I'll tell you what. Come along to Hillcrest, you fellows, and have a look at my new sleigh. It's a regular beauty, I can tell you."

"Well, my hat!" said Frank.

Dicky Bird's object was so palpable that the chums of Cedar Creek could only stare at him.

Dicky plainly wanted to prevent them from going to Thompson, and certainly from a friendly motive.

"We'll see your blessed sleigh another time, Dick," said Bob Lawless. "Blessed if I don't think everybody in the valley is going off his roof! What's going on in Thompson?"

"I say, I want you to help me try my sleigh," said Dicky Bird persuasively.

"Yes, do come," said Fisher. "Anyway, you come, Beauclerc. No rows to-day, you know. We'd really like you to come."

"Jolly glad if you would!" said Blumpy heartily. "We'll get you some dinner at Hillcrest, too."

"Thank you!" said Beauclerc. "But I'm going to Thompson."

And he rode on, his chums following.

Beauclerc's face was pale now.

There was bad news for him to hear in Thompson. He knew that now.

Even his old rivals of Hillcrest School had tried to keep him away from the town, and plainly for his own sake.

What did it all mean?

Personally, there was nothing going on in Thompson that could concern him. It must be something in connection with his father.

What danger, then, could be threatening the remittance-man?

For that was the only explanation Beauclerc could think of.

There was a pang in his heart as he rode on at a gallop.

The three schoolboys rode into Main Street at last.

The street was crowded, and there was a buzz of incessant voices.

Outside Gunten's store the crowd was thickest.

As the schoolboys were seen there was a sudden shout:

"That's his son!"

And men with excited, angry faces surged round the chums of Cedar Creek as they drew in their horses.

#### The 3rd Chapter.

##### Black News!

The three riders drew close together, the horses tossing up their heads, startled, as the crowd surged round.

The reception was a surprising one.

"That's his son!"

"That's Old Man Beauclerc's boy!"

Vere Beauclerc's face was pale and set, but his eyes glinted.

He needed no further proof that the excitement in Thompson that morning was in connection with his father.

What did it mean? What terrible peril was impending over the remittance-man?

"Here! Stand clear, you galoots!" exclaimed Bob Lawless sharply. "Do you want to be trampled on? Stand clear!"

"You shut your yap-trap, young Lawless!" bawled a big, broad-shouldered fellow, whom the chums recognised as Four Kings, the "king-pin" of the Red Dog crowd. "This hyer ain't your funeral! I guess you know what Old Man Beauclerc has done!"

"My father has done nothing!" said Vere Beauclerc, in a clear voice. "And you, least of all, have any right to call him to account, you ruffian!"

"What?" roared Four Kings.

He made a grasp at the remittance-man's son, as if to drag him from the saddle.

Frank Richards pushed his horse between, and Four Kings was shouldered roughly back, and nearly fell.

Mr. Gunten, the fat storekeeper, called out from his doorway:

"Hands off the boy! He's not responsible! Let the boy alone!"

"Look hyer—" yelled Four Kings furiously.

"Keep your hands off the boy, my man!" It was Mr. Penrose, the newspaper man, who spoke, as he pushed through the rough crowd. "The boy's done nothing! He can't help what his father's done!"

"I guess he's had his share in what the old man brought home off the trail!" shouted Euchre Dick.

"Nonsense! Men of Thompson," exclaimed Mr. Penrose, "you will not see a schoolboy ill-used!"

**GREAT BARRING-OUT AT ROOKWOOD!**

**ON SALE!**

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# BARKER, THE BOUNDER!

A Splendid New Serial, introducing Bob Travers & Co., the Chums of Redclyffe.

.. BY ..  
**HERBERT BRITTON.**

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN  
THIS STORY ARE:

BOB TRAVERS, DICKY TURNER, JACK JACKSON, and BUNNY, the chums of Study No. 5.  
MASON and HARRIS, the bullies of the Fourth, who share Study No. 2 with  
BARKER, the bounder.  
MR. CHAMBERS, the master of the Fourth Form.  
JIMMY WREN & CO., the chums of the New House.

In recent instalments it was told how Barker, the bounder, having been defeated in a fight with Jack Jackson, resolved to make the latter's life a misery, and disgrace him in the eyes of his schoolfellows. Barker discovered that Jackson's father was employed by his own father, and threatened to secure Jack's father's discharge if he did not obey his—Barker's—orders.  
It has been described how Jack Jackson was accused of drinking whisky, and was sent to Coventry, and how Bob Travers was sentenced to the same punishment for standing by the convicted junior.  
Jack Jackson saved Harris' life, and very soon afterwards the Fourth-Formers' attitude towards him underwent a change. Barker was indignant, and asked Jackson to break bounds, and accompany him to the Plough and Harrow. Jack replied by punching the bounder's nose.  
The next day Jack Jackson received a letter containing the information that his father had been discharged from his firm.

(Read on from here.)

## Jack Jackson Amazes the Juniors.

The junior footballers stared at Jack Jackson in amazement.  
Jack had gone ghostly white.  
The letter he had received lay on the ground; not one of the Fourth-Formers cared to pick it up.  
Bob Travers moved to his chum's side. "Bad news, old son?" he asked softly.  
Jack Jackson looked round quickly, as though he was almost unaware of the Fourth-Formers' presence.  
"I—I— Oh, yes; it is rather bad!" he said haltingly. "I—I—"  
"Excuse me, young sir," said the man who had brought the note. "I'm sorry for what's in that there note, but if you'll give me an answer I'll see about 'opping it."  
"There's no answer," said Jack Jackson.  
The man did not move.  
"But I understood there was one," he said. "Your father, he says to me—"  
"Yes, I forgot," said Jack Jackson quickly. His mind was in a bewildered state, and he hardly seemed capable of collecting his thoughts. "Tell my father I'll meet him at the place he mentions."  
"Worry good!"  
A moment later the man had disappeared from the juniors' view.  
Not that the latter paid much attention to the bringer of the bad news; they were more attentive to the receiver.  
Jack Jackson looked as though he had received a severe blow—as, of course, he had—and there was not one junior there who was not deeply sorry for him.  
They looked at Jack inquiringly, hoping that he would take them into his confidence, so that they could offer him their assistance.  
"I—I'm jolly sorry, old son!" said Jimmy Wren sympathetically. "If I can help you in any way I should be only too glad to do so."  
"Same here!" said Lucas and Lane.  
"And here!" chimed in several others.  
Jack Jackson smiled faintly and shook his head.  
"It's very kind of you fellows," he said quietly, "but—I'm afraid there's nothing you could do."  
"Sure?" asked Jimmy Wren. "Just think for a moment, and—"  
"It would be no good," said Jack Jackson hopelessly.  
"But—"  
"It's no good my keeping everything to myself," said Jack Jackson confidently. "I might just as well tell you fellows. The long and short of it is that my father has been sacked from his firm!"  
"Sacked?"  
"Yes; and it's all my fault!" said Jack Jackson bitterly. "If only I'd—"  
Jack Jackson paused and hung his head.  
The juniors gazed at him in perplexity. "What the dickens—" began Dicky Turner, who was as puzzled as the rest.  
"If only I'd done as the bounder wanted me to," muttered Jack Jackson. "This wouldn't have happened, and—and—"  
"Oh, dear! I've been a fool—a silly fool!"  
"The—the bounder!" gasped Dicky Turner in bewilderment. "What has Barker got to do with—"



## IN DEADLY DANGER!

"Oh, I'll tell you!" said Jack Jackson miserably. "I've been bound to secrecy all along, but now that the rotter has carried out his threat there is no need for me to keep quiet."  
"What rotter do you mean?" asked Dicky Turner.  
"Barker?"  
"The bounder?"  
"Yes!" said Jack Jackson, raising his voice. "It's all his fault that my father's lost his job! It's all his fault, too, that you fellows thought badly of me!"  
There came a whistle of amazement from the juniors.  
"My hat!"  
"Do you remember that time I had a fight with him?" asked Jack Jackson.  
"Rather!" responded Dicky Turner. "You gave him a jolly good hiding, and—"  
"Yes; if he had licked me everything might have turned out differently," said Jack Jackson sadly. "As it was he was bitter to obtain his revenge on me."  
"The cad!"  
"He found out that my father was employed by his gov'nor," explained Jack Jackson, "and he threatened to get my father the sack if I didn't do everything he ordered me to."  
The juniors' breath was almost taken away at this statement.  
"But—but how the dickens could he have done it?" asked Dicky Turner curiously. "Surely Barker senior isn't as bad as his precious son?"  
"Apparently he is," said Jack Jackson. "Barker showed me a letter from his gov'nor, in which the old man promised to kick my father out of the firm if I upset the bounder."  
"My hat!"  
"I had to obey the rotter, and—"  
"I'm hanged if I would have done!" said Dicky Turner with emphasis.  
"It was either that or running the risk of getting my father the sack," said Jack Jackson glumly. "The gov'nor told me more than once that his crib was a jolly good one, and that he wouldn't lose it for anything. I couldn't bear the idea of being the cause of getting him sacked, so I—I—"  
"So you did everything the bounder told you to?"  
"I had to!" Jack Jackson's eyes blazed with anger as he thought of all that he had to put up with from the bounder of the Fourth. "I know you fellows thought me to be a rotten pub-haunter—"  
"Ahem!"  
The juniors shifted uncomfortably on their feet; they did not like being reminded of this fact.  
"It's all right," said Jackson, as several of the fellows coloured from shame. "I don't blame you now. If I had been in your position I should probably have thought the same as you did. But perhaps you'll believe me now when I tell you that I didn't go to the Plough and Harrow of my own free will."  
"The bounder made you go?"  
"Yes!" said Jack Jackson hotly. "I begged of him to let me off, but the beast wouldn't do it! He simply revelled in making me act like a black-guard!"  
"The cad!" exclaimed Dicky Turner.  
"The utter rotter!" cried the others in chorus.  
"Every time I went to that disreputable inn it was Barker who forced me to go," went on Jackson. "That bottle of whisky that was brought to me here was ordered by the bounder!"  
"By gum!" exclaimed Dicky Turner indignantly. "The unscrupulous cad! He ought to be horsewhipped! He—"  
"You chaps can imagine how I felt," interrupted Jack Jackson, "when you all accused me of being a whisky-drinking pub-haunter. I knew I was innocent, but I couldn't say a word in my own defence. The bounder's threat was always over my head, and—"  
"My hat!" exclaimed Jimmy Wren. "I wonder how you stood it!"  
"I stuck it until you fellows came round," said Jack Jackson. "Then I couldn't stand it any longer. I felt that, having regained your friendship, I couldn't run the risk of losing it again. Barker asked me to break bounds the

other night, and go with him to the Plough and Harrow."  
"And you refused?"  
"Yes," said Jack Jackson. "I refused, and Barker, rotter that he is, must have written to his gov'nor at once, and got my father the sack. That note I just received came from my father. He's come down to Mervale, and he wants me to meet him near the old quarries between half-past two and three."  
Jack Jackson reached down, and picked up the letter he had received from his father.  
The juniors watched him with angry looks.  
Their anger, however, was not directed towards Jack Jackson, but towards Barker, the fellow who had so cunningly contrived—and, apparently, succeeded—in bringing disgrace on the heads of Jack Jackson and his father.  
"I'm afraid I shall have to miss footer-practice," said Jack Jackson regretfully. "I mustn't keep my father waiting, and—"  
"You're not the only one who's going to miss footer!" said Dicky Turner resolutely. "I'm going to hunt out that rotter Barker, and give him the soundest thrashing of his life!"  
"Good idea!" agreed Jimmy Wren. "What's more, I'll lend you a hand."  
"And I!" chorused several other Fourth-Formers.  
"Good!" said Dicky Turner. "Come on! I don't suppose the rotter's gone out just yet. We'll just be in time to nab him!"  
But Dicky Turner was wrong there.  
Barker had left the precincts of the school by scaling the side wall.  
The bounder had had a special desire not to be detained that afternoon, and, fearing that the juniors might stop him were he to try and pass through the gates, he had adopted an unorthodox method of leaving the school.  
Dicky Turner and others hunted high and low for the bounder, without success.  
They were deeply annoyed at not finding the cad, but when they at length gave up the search as being hopeless, they were resolved to increase Barker's punishment upon his return.  
The bounder's hour of reckoning was very near at hand now!

## The Taunting Bounder!

"Ten past three!"  
Jack Jackson muttered the words in an undertone of impatience.  
He was standing near the edge of the old, disused quarry, gazing to right and left.  
In one direction the school stood out prominently; in another, it was possible to see the village of Mervale.  
But no sign was there of any human being.  
The whole countryside seemed bleak and desolate; and Jack Jackson turned up his coat-collar as the wind freshened.  
He had reached the old quarry, expecting to find his father waiting for him.  
But, although he had tramped wearily up and down for fully half an hour, his father had failed to put in an appearance.  
Jack took out the note he had received, and read it over again.  
It had occurred to him that he might have made a mistake in the time he was to meet his father.  
But, no; there it was plain enough—between half-past two and three.  
And now it was nearly quarter-past the hour, and still there was no sign of his father.  
Jack gazed around, and his brows knitted suddenly as he observed a short figure leave the road, and take the path leading to the quarries.  
Jack uttered a grunt of annoyance as he recognised the figure.  
It was Barker, the bounder!  
Jack made up his mind there and then that if Barker had come to taunt him he should suffer for it.  
He gripped his hands hard, and waited for the bounder to approach.  
Barker sauntered up, with his hands dug deep into his pockets, and his nose held high in the air.  
"Cheero, old fellow!" he said jauntily. "Why didn't you let me know you were

strolling in this direction? I would have come with you."  
"I should have asked you for your company if I'd wanted it," said Jack Jackson icily.  
Barker glared at him; he understood the meaning of Jack's remark.  
But next moment the bounder's features curved in a cynical grin.  
"I suppose you haven't heard from your gov'nor lately?" he remarked, in a careless manner.  
Jack Jackson gave his enemy a grim look.  
"You cad!" he muttered between his teeth. "You know I've heard. You know that my father has been sacked from your gov'nor's firm!"  
"Really?" said Barker innocently.  
"Don't talk like that, you rotter!" exclaimed Jack. "You know very well that you're responsible for my father losing his job!"  
"Not at all, old fellow!" said Barker. "If you had broken bounds with me as I suggested, this wouldn't have happened!"  
"No," said Jack Jackson, in a shaky voice. "If I had agreed to act like a blackguard, and disgrace myself and the school as well, you would never have carried out your threat."  
"That's so," said Barker. "Mind you, I'm awfully sorry for you! It must be rotten to know that your gov'nor is out of a job!"  
"You—you—"  
"I suppose you'll be leaving Redclyffe now?"  
"I-I-leave Redclyffe?" stammered Jack Jackson. "Why should I?"  
The bounder made a gesture.  
"Well, I suppose that's bound to happen now that your father's got the push!" he said triumphantly.  
"Oh, you cad—you taunting cad!" cried Jack Jackson miserably. "Haven't you done enough to me already? Aren't you satisfied—"  
"My dear fellow—"  
"Oh, leave me alone!" murmured Jack. "My father will be here soon."  
"I don't think he will," said Barker casually.  
Jack Jackson started.  
"What?" he exclaimed.  
"I don't think your gov'nor will put in an appearance—at least, I'm sure he won't!" said the bounder.  
"How do you know?" demanded Jack. "My father's staying in Mervale, and—"  
"He's not, old fellow!" said Barker, with a grin. "Your father is many miles from here at the present moment. I shouldn't be surprised if he's slogging away in the office, and not even thinking of you."  
"But—but—"  
Jack Jackson was too flabbergasted to make a coherent remark.  
Barker laughed heartily.  
"My dear fellow, you needn't look so scared!" he said. "If you only knew, you've got nothing to worry about."  
"Look here—"  
"That letter you received was not written by your father," said Barker.  
"Not—not—" stammered Jack Jackson. Then he added: "Who could have written it, then?"  
"Little me," said the bounder coolly. "I suppose you'll admit that I imitated your gov'nor's writing pretty well?"  
"You imitated my father's handwriting!" said Jack Jackson incredulously. "You've forged his signature, and—"  
"Tut, tut!" said Barker, with a wave of the hand. "Don't put it like that."  
"There's no other way of putting it," said Jack Jackson hotly. "I suppose you helped yourself to one of my father's letters, so that you could—"  
"Never mind about that," said the bounder. "The fact is, I've given you a jolly fine scare."  
"Yes, you cad!" cried Jack Jackson fiercely. "You—"  
"Really, you ought to be jolly grateful to me for not writing to my gov'nor to sack your father," said Barker calmly. "I did write a letter, but I tore it up. I decided to give you a bit of a scare to see if I couldn't bring you to reason. You must confess that it would be rather rotten if you received a genuine letter from your father, saying that he had been given the boot."  
"You—you—" Jack Jackson's temper was rising.  
"Now, there's no reason why this

should happen," said Barker. "I'll give you still one more chance—"  
"I don't want it!" snapped Jack Jackson irritably.  
"That's all rot!" said Barker. "Think of your father. Do you want him to lose his job? Don't forget he's getting on in years, and that he might find it difficult to obtain another decent crib."  
"That's no business of yours."  
"It concerns you, though," said Barker. "You ought to think a good deal about your father's future. There would be no need to worry if only you'd listen to reason, and do as I ask you."  
"Yes, if I lower myself to follow in your blackguardly ways."  
"You needn't put it like that," said Barker. "All I want you to do is to break bounds with me to-night, and go down to the Plough and Harrow."  
"I won't."  
"Think, old fellow. Just—"  
"I tell you I won't go with you!" said Jack Jackson, in a high-pitched voice. "I'd rather be drowned before I'd do anything of the kind!"  
The bounder remained silent for a moment.  
"Then you'll sacrifice your father instead?" he remarked.  
"What do you mean?"  
"It's plain enough, isn't it?" asked Barker.  
"You mean that if I don't obey you, you'll get my father discharged?"  
"Most decidedly," said Barker. "I've been jolly lenient with you, but I can't be lenient any longer. Come with me to-night, and—"  
"I'll do nothing of the kind."  
"Then you can regard your father's fate as settled," said Barker tauntingly. "Incidentally, your own fate will be decided. Just think of it, old fellow. Your father sacked, you forced to leave Redclyffe, and perhaps earn your own living. Then—"  
"You cad!" exclaimed Jack Jackson, gripping his hands harder than ever. "You utter cad!"  
"It isn't a nice prospect, is it?" said Barker airily. "Just think for a moment. You can easily prevent— Here, don't you dare to lay hands on me!"  
Jack Jackson had advanced on the bounder, shaking his fists threateningly. "Put your fists up, you cad!" he cried vehemently.  
"Look here—"  
"Put your hands up! D'you hear?"  
"I—I—I—"  
Smack!  
Jack Jackson's fist landed full on the bounder's nose, sending him hurtling to the ground.  
"Ow! You beast! Yaroooooogh!" yelled Barker.  
"Get up, you cad," cried Jack Jackson fiercely, "and I'll give you some more!"  
The bounder, his face red with rage, scrambled to his feet.  
He rushed towards Jack Jackson, and threw his arms round the latter's body.  
Jack tried to hit out at his enemy, but Barker held on like grim death.  
The two swayed backwards and forwards on the slippery ground.  
At the commencement of the tussle they were fully a dozen yards from the edge of a yawning cliff.  
But they gradually surged nearer, and, seeing this, Jack Jackson uttered a warning shout.  
"Look out, you fool!" he shouted. "You'll have us over the edge if you're not careful!"  
But Barker was incapable of listening to reason.  
He held on to Jack Jackson in an endeavour to throw the latter to the ground.  
Jack tried his utmost to drag the bounder away from the edge of the cliff.  
But Barker was in a savage temper. Jack had defied him; he was determined that the junior he had persecuted should suffer for his defiance.  
Backwards and forwards the two swayed.  
Nearer and nearer they approached to the cliff-edge.  
Time after time Jack Jackson uttered warning cries, all to no purpose.  
He tried to drag himself free from the bounder's clutch.  
But it was no good; he was held as though in a vice.  
"Be careful, you idiot!" he shrieked frantically. "Another yard, and—"  
Jack Jackson broke off abruptly, as his foot slipped on the edge of the cliff.  
Barker felt him going, and instantly released his hold.  
An instant later, Jack Jackson had disappeared from sight.  
He had dropped over the edge of the cliff!  
Barker fell back to the ground, and for a few seconds he remained there.  
He had so completely lost control of his temper that he barely realised what had happened.  
But slowly he calmed down, and began to gaze around.  
"Jackson!" he muttered. "Jack—"  
And then it dawned upon him. Jackson had fallen over the edge.  
The bounder went pale, and drawing to the edge of the cliff, looked down.  
The side of the cliff was perpendicular, and there was a sheer drop of a hundred feet.  
But of Jackson he saw no sign.  
The bounder shook from fear.  
He realised what he had done.  
He had sent Jack Jackson reeling over the side of the cliff—sent him, perhaps, to his death below.  
"Jackson!" he shouted. "Where are you?"  
But there was no reply.  
"Jackson!" repeated Barker again and again.  
No answer came, however.  
Jack Jackson had disappeared as though into thin air.  
But Barker knew what had happened to him.  
He had fallen down, down, down— His mangled body was possibly lying below.  
Small wonder, therefore, that Barker

# BARKER, THE BOUNDER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

quivered from head to foot, as the thought surged through his mind. "Oh!" he groaned. "I never meant to do it!"

No, the bounder had not meant to exact such a terrible revenge. He had made Jack Jackson suffer. He had meant to make him suffer still more. But this—

In his wildest longings for revenge, Barker had never thought of causing his enemy any bodily injury.

But he had done it.

He had sent Jack Jackson to a terrible death. He had—

The bounder groaned in his agony of mind.

He wanted to peer over the edge of the cliff once more, in the hope of catching a sight of Jack Jackson.

But he was stayed by the thought that his eyes might light on a battered human shape.

He sat for a while, gazing vacantly ahead of him.

What should he do?

Jack Jackson's disappearance would be bound to be noticed very soon.

The police would commence to search for him.

They would find his mangled body, and then they would begin to search for the cause of the tragedy.

They would find him, and he would be accused of being Jack Jackson's murderer.

Barker made up his mind quickly. Coward that he was, he could not bring himself to face the music.

Had he possessed a vestige of pluck, he would have searched for Jack Jackson there and then.

But heroics were not in the bounder's line.

Personal safety was the greatest concern to him, and thus, having decided to save his own skin at all costs, he rose to his feet, and walked in the direction of the school.

He tried to pull himself together.

But, in spite of all his efforts, his teeth were chattering as he walked up the lane, leading to the gates of the school.

His knees were knocking together, too, and the sight of Mason and Wilson coming through the gates did not tend to improve his condition.

Mason gave him a curious look.

"By gad!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you?"

"N-n-n-nothing!" faltered the bounder.

"You look as though you're frightened out of your life," said Mason. "Jackson been pummeling you, or—"

Mason broke off abruptly, so amazed was he by Barker's appearance.

The bounder strode on, and entered the gates.

His one aim was to pack his bag, and get away from Redclyffe as quickly as possible.

The sooner he had shaken the dust of Redclyffe from his feet the better his chance of escaping punishment.

He broke into a run as he entered the quadrangle.

But suddenly a crowd of juniors came tearing out of the house, shaking their fists at him.

"Here he is!" shouted Dicky Turner, at the head of the juniors. "Here's the rotter! Collar him, you fellows!"

Next moment the angry Fourth-Formers rushed towards the bounder in a body.

(Another magnificent long instalment of this splendid new serial in next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND. I should be glad if readers would write and let me know what they think of this new story.)

# THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE KAISER!

### An Amazing New Adventure Serial.

-- BY --

## DUNCAN STORM.



### FOR NEW READERS.

The astounding news that the KAISER has escaped in a super-U-boat reaches CY SPRAGUE, the famous American detective, and CAPTAIN HANDYMAN, who resolve to go in search of the arch-villain and bring him to justice.

They leave the London docks in a vessel called the South Star, taking with them a merry band of boys, chief amongst whom are DICK DORRINGTON, CHIP PRODGRERS, ARTY DOVE, SKELETON, PORKIS, and PONGO WALKER.

LAL TATA, a cheery Hindu, and TOOKUM EL KOOS, a native wrestler, are also amongst the party, as well as the boys' pets, CECIL, the orang-utang, HORACE, the goat, and GUS, the crocodile.

In recent instalments Horace, the goat, ran away from the ship, Dick Dorrington, Pongo Walker, and Porkis left the ship, and landed on an island named St. Jago's Rocks, with the intention of searching for their pet.

They had not gone far before they were captured by the Kaiser and three other Germans, who took them to an underground prison. The boys were left alone, and in scouting round Dick Dorrington made the amazing discovery that the Germans had constructed a submarine base in the heart of St. Jago's Rocks.

The boys also discovered the Kaiser's intention to depart in a submarine. They fixed a towline to the propeller guard, and when the submarine began to leave its base, they held on to the line. With a sudden jerk they were dragged under water, but they clung madly to the quivering line, with the firm hope that their desperate venture to escape would meet with success.

(Read on from here.)

### Three in Danger.

Dick Dorrington, Porkis, and Pongo Walker had the experience of their lives as they were towed by the huge German super-submarine through what was nothing more or less than a submarine tunnel, two hundred yards in length.

As they clung to the long line of stout insulated copper cable, which Dick had attached to the rudder-guard of the submarine, they were conscious only of the tremendous strain upon their arms, and of a tremendous pressure upon their bodies.

Porky afterwards declared that he felt exactly as if he had been shoved between the rollers of a huge mangle, and was being wrung-out like a wet dishcloth.

Dick said it was much the same as having a tooth out with gas.

All he remembered of their experience was that he clung to the cable as the submarine jerked them from their perch on the cave wall.

Then, when he could hang to the line no longer, it tore from his grasp, and he popped up to the surface, to find himself bobbing about in a clear, fresh, moonlit sea, with Porky and Pongo swimming close alongside him.

And this was all that happened.

The boys had been jerked out of the cave by the tremendous power of the submarine, which carried them deep down below the surface.

If they had hung to the line a few seconds longer they would have become insensible.

As it was, half-asphyxiated by the pressure of the water, they had released their hold, and popped up to the surface outside the cave.

There they lay on their backs, paddling in the long swells, and drinking in the pure, fresh night air.

When they looked round them they found that they were not more than fifty yards from the black walls of St. Jago's Rocks.

"Are you chaps all right?" panted Dick Dorrington, as he swam to his chums.

"My arms feel as if they had been pulled out of my shoulders!" replied Pongo. "My hat! I don't want to hang on to the back of a big submarine again! It's as bad as hanging on behind a railway train!"

He turned over and began to swim, and Dick and Porkis followed his example.

There was a good old swell running on this side of the island, bursting up in

great surges against the walls of the black basalt rocks.

And as the great waves, all molten and shimmering in the moonlight, heaved them up, Dick gazed out to sea for any sign of the Kaiser's pirate submarine, which had so obligingly towed them out of the death-trap to which they had been condemned.

But nothing broke the great moon track on the sea.

It was evident that the Huns were in the habit of making and departing from their secret base, running submerged.

Then Dick looked for some shore mark which would show the entrance to the cavern.

It was there right enough, a white patch on the rocks, which, to the careless eye of a passing ship, would have betrayed nothing.

There were similar white patches of incrustation all over the black basalt of St. Jago's Rocks.

But this particular white patch, when viewed near at hand, was diamond-shaped, and above it, slightly inland, rose one of the queer pillars of basalt which were dotted all over the lonely rocks.

This pillar was similarly whitened, and it was plain enough that a submarine, picking up these landmarks with her periscope, and keeping the apex of the diamond in line with the whitened pillar, could plunge and pass into the submerged entrance of the cavern with absolute certainty.

"You chaps have got to save your breath," said Dick Dorrington. "I've marked the entrance to the cavern, but we've got to swim round yonder point before we can find water smooth enough to let us get ashore. If we tried to land hereabouts we'd get knocked into putty!"

This was apparent enough.

The walls of weathered basalt, worn into a thousand spiky rocks by the run of the eternal sea, presented no sort of landing-place.

Three hundred yards farther on was the end of the ridge, over which the boys had climbed on the previous morning, to stumble into their wonderful adventure.

This projected into the sea in a pile of fantastic arches and towers and spires, through which the sea thundered with a deep roar of surf.

"If we get round that headland we are all right!" called Dick.

He struck out, and his chums swam on either hand, keeping well beyond the white water which was thrown back from the jagged rocks.

The tide was running strong in their favour, and the strange, weird pile of rocks seemed to be sliding of its own

accord over the dark, rolling sea towards them.

Soon they were rounding it, and Dick headed in for the shore, swimming with a strong breast-stroke.

Behind the shelter of this projecting cape he had seen a stretch of white sand, which seemed to offer them a landing-place.

If they could only get ashore there they could make their way overland to the spot where the South Star was hidden away in her snug harbour.

But, alas for their plan! they soon discovered, as they bobbed past the stack of jagged rocks, that they were in the grip of a current, which ran like a mill-race, and which set off the end of the point out to sea.

In vain they stiffened their stroke and struck in for the inviting patch of sandy beach, which showed white under the dark shadows of the rocks.

"We shan't make it!" cried Porkis, as the beach went sliding past like the beach of a dream. "The tide has got us! It's setting us off from the land!"

"Tired?" asked Dick rather anxiously.

"Middling!" replied Porkis bravely.

To tell the truth, Porkis had nearly had enough of it.

That tremendous battering under the water, as they had been plucked out of the cave by the flying submarine, and taken the wind out of him more than he would admit.

"Look here, Dick," he added, "you and Pongo fight through. I'll turn over on my back and go on drifting. Bunk or the ship as hard as you can when you get ashore, and tell 'em to send you a boat to search for me. You'll know pretty well where I've drifted to, if I am still afloat."

And Porky rolled over on his back, exhausted.

"Rot!" replied Dick. "We aren't going to leave you in the cart, Porky, old chap. If you're done, we'll stand by. Maybe the current sets round on this side of the island in a sort of eddy. Lie back in the water, so; I'll keep your head up."

Dick supported the exhausted Porky, whilst Pongo, paddling round them like a friendly seal, gazed anxiously inshore.

All of a sudden Pongo gave an exclamation.

Far inshore of where they were he could descried against the dark rocks a white shape, which bobbed and danced on the water like a cork.

"It's one of our boats!" said Pongo. "I suppose she is patrolling along the rocks, looking out for our bodies. Half a mo! I'll just get a bit of breath into my lungs, then I'll let them have a shout!"

Pongo laid back for a moment, filling up his lungs.

Then, as a big swell swung him high, he let loose a yell, which aroused the echoes of St. Jago's Rocks above the thundering of the surges.

It was not exactly a yell.

As a matter of fact it was Pongo's imitation of a fox-terrier which has had its tail shut in a door.

"Yah-hoo! Yah-hoo! Yah-hoo! Yah-hoo!" Yip, yip, yip!" yelled Pongo, waving his arm from the crest of a great huddling swell.

The wave slid from under him, and he dropped into the valley between the water hills alongside his two chums.

"They've heard us!" he gasped. "I thought that'd fetch 'em!"

And, sure enough, plain over the waters came the school howl of the Bombay Castle, accompanied by the rattle of oars in the rowlocks.

The next wave that swung them up showed them the whaler of the South Star, tearing over the water towards them at a racing-stroke.

In her bows stood a tall black figure.

It was Tookum-el-Koos, the nigger, whose eyes, catlike in the darkness, were better than any pair of glasses.

Good old Tookum had spotted them.

He was waving directions to the steersman, and soon they could hear the smack of the whaler as she fell into the hollows of the waves.

And in another minute there she was, dancing about alongside them, sidling up cleverly in the huddled seas, so that the exhausted swimmers should take no harm of her.

A figure plunged over her side carrying a coil of line, and Chip Prodgers, swimming round the exhausted Porky, made the line fast about his chest.

Then, one by one, the panting and exhausted boys were pulled into the whaler, and sank, dead to the world, upon her floorboards.

Dick Dorrington looked round, blinking his eyes.

He was aware that Nah Poo, the Chinese cook, was bobbing about on the floor of the boat in front of him, whacking his yellow head, with its coiled pig-tail, on the boards.

Nah Poo was blubbering with relief.

"Me too muchee glad you come back," sobbed Nah Poo. "Me tink you all gone ta-ta for keeps. Me tink you deaders!"

"Yes. By Jingos!" put in Lal Tata's voice from the group in the stern of the boat. "We have been making great mournings for you boys. We have put dust on our heads, and our livers have turned to water. We have made great sorrowings! We have come out to look

for your corpse bodies. Where have you been?"

Dick was too exhausted to laugh.

He sat on the floorboards and panted. Captain Handyman was rummaging in a locker astern for a bottle and a teaspoon, as the boat was turned and rattled off at full speed towards the spot where the South Star lay.

"Come out of the way, Lal! The boys will be corpse bodies, indeed, if we don't look after 'em!" said the captain.

And, lifting Porky's head, he spooned some mixture from the bottle between his lips.

Whatever the mixture was it did Porky good, for he sat up and sneezed.

Then Captain Handyman dosed Dick and Pongo.

Cushions were next thrust under their heads, hot-water bottles were packed round them, and they were rolled in warm blankets.

"Now, lie there!" ordered the little captain. "And not a word, any of you, till you are safe on board the South Star. You can tell us all about your adventures when you've had something to eat."

And Dick, with his two chums, was very well content to lie there during the half-hour in which the whaler played pitch-and-toss over the long, tumbling seas, coasting round the island to the secret harbour of the South Star.

Presently the water smoothed, and she shot in under the dark shadows of the rocks with a sharp twist and turn, which brought her alongside the hidden ship in her smooth harbour.

The crew gathered up the boys, blankets and all, and carried them up to the chart-room, where they were placed in ready-warmed bunks.

Then Nah Poo brought them warm, stimulating soup, and the chill and exhaustion of their swim passed away in a warm glow.

The three of them were in top-hole condition, and the young blood soon came coursing back through their veins.

They demanded their clothes and more to eat.

Nah Poo was delighted.

He brought them their clothes, and fetched up from the galley a noble seapie, piping hot, with layers of onions and hard-boiled eggs, meat and gravy.

And when Porky had had two helpings of this he said that he felt good enough to swim round the island three times and stand on his head on the top of it.

Then Skeleton turned up with a huge plate of raspberry jam puffs.

Skeleton said that there was nothing more restorative than jam puffs and coffee.

And Nah Poo came bouncing up into the chart-room with huge pots of coffee-and-milk, whilst the boys gathered round, eager to hear the adventures of the three truants.

But not a word did they reveal till Captain Handyman and Cy Sprague made their appearance in the chart-room.

"Now, boys," said Captain Handyman, "let us hear all about it. We made certain that you had tumbled off the rocks somewhere, or that, worse still, you had been captured by some Germans, who had remained hanging about in some secret hiding-place."

"That is just what did happen to us, sir," said Dick. "We climbed over the big ridge of the rocks yonder, and we arrested a German between us, a chap you will all know."

"Not—" began everyone, in chorus.

"It was, though," responded Dick, enjoying the excitement he was creating. "It was Kaiser Bill. He was sunning himself outside his burrow like a jack rabbit!"

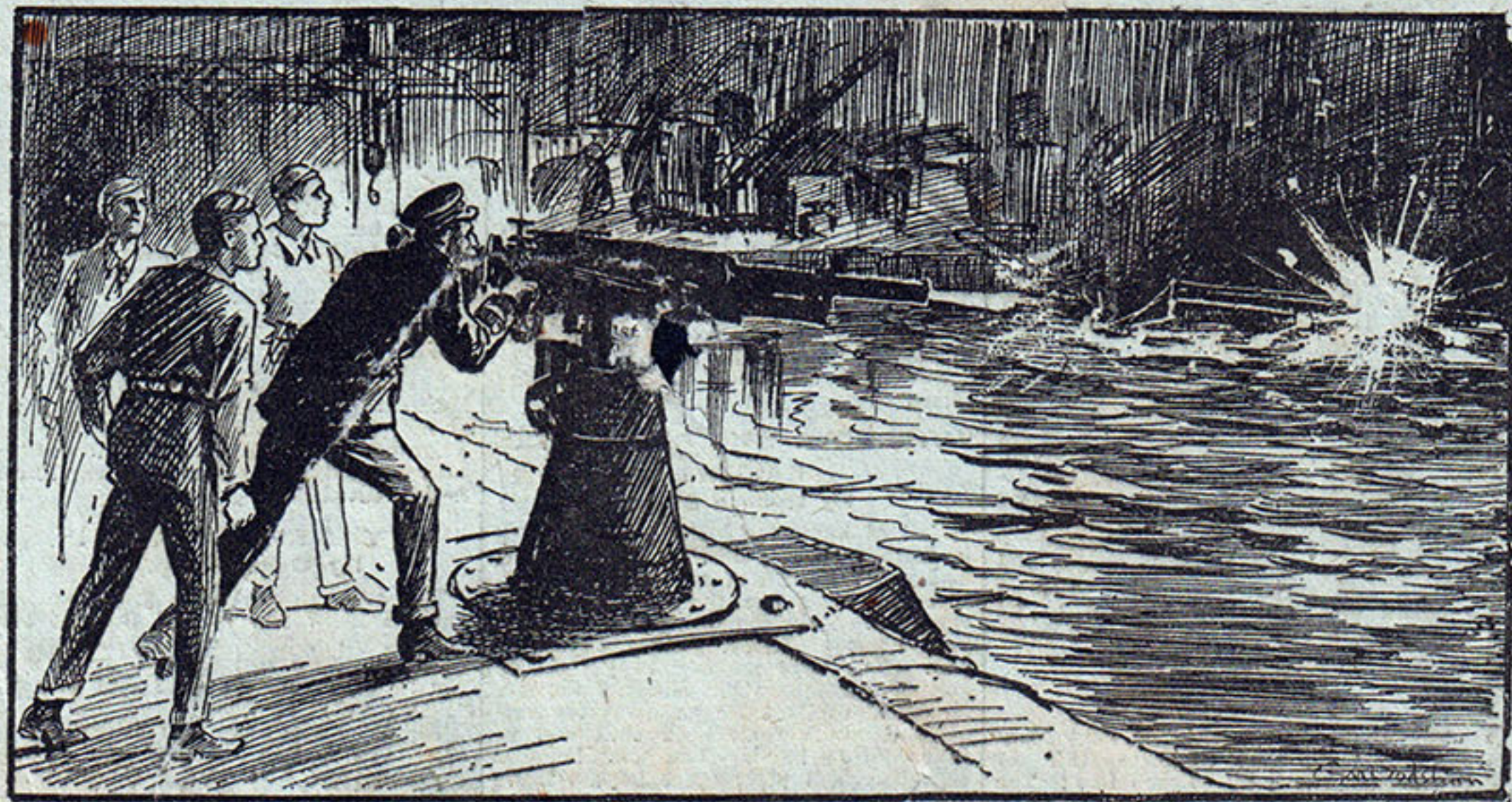
"Then what happened?" asked Captain Handyman eagerly.

"Why, we thought we had got him safe, when we found ourselves surrounded by Germans," explained Dick. "They hopped up a hidden stairway in the rocks and nobbled us. Horace tried to save us, and boosted the Kaiser himself. But didn't you hear the shots that they fired at Horace when he got away?"

Captain Handyman shook his head.

"The wind was blowing strong this morning," he said, "and there was a good set of sea on the outer rocks that would have drowned the sound of shots."

"Well, they didn't hit old Horace," resumed Dick. "But they carried us away



CAPTAIN HANDYMAN BAGS A GERMAN SUBMARINE!

